THE COMPLETE WORKS
IN VERSE AND PROSE
OF EDMUND SPENESER.
EDITED, WITH A NEW LIFE, BASED ON ORIGINAL RESEARCHES
AND A GLOSSARY EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
BY THE
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IN EIGHT VOLUMES.
VOL. III.
COMPLAINTS
1590—91.
ESSAY ON ENGLISH PASTORAL POETRY. BY E. W. GOSSE.
RIDER ON THE SAME
WHO WERE ROSALIND AND MENALCAS? BY THE EDITOR.
NOTICES OF EDMUND KIRKE
(PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY
1882.

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**ILLUSTRATIONS.**

In largest paper only, (steel) portrait of Alice Countess of Derby to face title-page

Fac-simile of title-page of ‘Complaints’ on largest paper and ‘Spenser Society’ (4to) only to face page 1

Fac-similes from “Theatre of Worldlings” (1569), in the “Visions” in all the impressions.
NOTE.

I cannot send out Vols. III. and IV.—completing the Minor Poems of SPENSER—without accentuating my sense of obligation to my friends EDMUND W. GOSSE, Esq., and FRANCIS T. FALGRAVE, Esq., LL.D., London, for their Essays. I believe that they will prove a right acceptable gift to all true Spenserians.

In the preparation of the Rider and of my paper ‘Who were Rosalinde and Menaleas’? and ‘Notices’ of Edward Kirke, I have to acknowledge—and which I do most cordially—my obligation respectively to my other friends, J. M. THOMSON, Esq., Edinburgh, W. A. ABRAM, Esq., Blackburn, the Rev. J. H. CLARK, M.A., West Dereham, Norfolk; F. W. COSENS, Esq., The Shelles, Lewes, and GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Esq.

I have endeavoured to bring the same thoroughness and painstaking to the giving of the text of these Minor Poems of Spenser that I did to ‘The Shepheard's Calender.’ ‘To err is human,’ but I cherish a hope that in these volumes—and throughout—a minimum margin of errors has been gained.

In the large paper (4to) the (steel) portraits of—

(a) Alice, countess of Derby,
(b) Sir Walter Raleigh,

have never before been engraved. The former is after an original oil painted by Frederick Zuccaro—brother of Thadeus Zuccaro, or Zuchero—in 1598, which hangs in the dining-room of Knowsley. The late William Derby, who did the series of copies from authentic portraits for Lodge’s ‘Illustrious Persons,’ made a miniature copy from Zuccaro. I am deeply indebted to the Earl of Derby for the loan of this portrait for engraving. The latter is after an original oil in the possession of the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A., of Lew Trenchard, Devon—a companion picture to the Spenser engraved for Vol. II. I must repeat my warm thanks to him for his long loan of these two priceless hereditary-held portraits. I am also overjoyed to be able to cancel ‘late’ before his name in Vol. II. By an odd mistake I had confounded another’s death of the name with my good friend.

The facsimiles of the woodcuts from Van der Noodt’s ‘Theatre of Worldlings’ I furnish in all the four forms, as being indispensable to the full understanding of the ‘Vilions.’ I wish to thank heartily the Trustees of the British Museum for allowing these facsimiles to be taken from the fine exemplar of Van der Noodt in their Library.

Anything else needing explanation will be found in the places.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.
THE ruling fashion of the day in literary criticism delights to bring whole groups of composition under its patronage or its ban. Certain forms of poetry are considered fit to be encouraged and imitated, while others are scouted as if in themselves immoral or anti-social; and pastoral poetry undoubtedly comes under the latter denomination. It is cold, unnatural, artificial, and the humblest reviewer is free to cast a stone at its dishonoured grave. For my own part, I can see no meaning in these generic classifications of literature. A poem is a good or a bad poem. It is no business of the critic to condemn it because it is an eclogue or a pindaric ode, or to patronise it because it is a ballad or a moral idyl. We get sadly mystified with such terms as “exotic,” “galvanized,” “foreign to the genius of the English language,” and the like phrasing. I do not know why we should
consider it wicked to love Russian violets because the lanes in May are blue with germander speedwell. There is a freshness of the hedgerow, a brilliance of the pasture, a perfume of the hothouse, and the wise man will try to attune his senses into an harmonious enjoyment of them all in turn. It seems to me exceedingly idle to ask from a work of poetic art more than it is its function to give us,—namely, a stimulus to the heart, a solace to the brain, a realisation of colour and odour and music in the actual absence of all these. It is not therefore necessary to one who holds this broader and more tranquil theory of poetic art to defend any one recognised branch of it, or to contend that the qualities of the wild-flower are all to be found in the conservatory. Pastoral poetry has indeed usually, in modern Europe, existed as an exotic, an art cultivated with the consciousness that it could scarcely hope to survive the neglect of its caretakers. It is native to Greece, or to the Greek colonies in Sicily, and as Mr. Andrew Lang has shown, it flourishes to-day in mountain districts where Greek is spoken. If we go still further back, it was in the little island of Cos that pastoral poetry, as we know it, first took root. The echoes are still ringing from that pleasant music which the poets made on a day far back in the world's history, when Eucritus and Theocritus were walking under the shadow of the Coan elms and poplars, and were met in the hush of the noontide heat by a certain Cydonian, "the best of men." The larks were silent in the stubble; the lizard was basking motionless on the glaring wall, while Lycidas sang of the goatherd in the miraculous cedarn chest, and the poet answered
in tender appeal to Pan to heal the heart-wounds of a learned and unhappy friend. The goddess who stood by smiling, when those songs were over, with her brown hands full of corn and poppies, was no other than the buxom muse of pastoral poetry.

There were no later eclogues so entirely fresh and natural as those of the Alexandrian Greeks; for when Virgil came to imitate them, the pure gold of innocent rustic song was already mixed with such alloy as was needed to give it currency in Rome. It was no longer enough to sing in unaffected terms the loves and the wranglings of simple herdsmen. Lifted and broken by the wave of political revolution, it was not possible that Virgil should revert to his happy rural life without some bitter reflections and some personal excitement. The future of pastoral poetry might have been other than it is if the great Mantuan singer had not been born into so tragical an age. The vicissitudes of his fortune temper these beautiful and peaceful verses with a movement of specific and autobiographical allusion which is infinitely valuable to us in studying the career of Virgil, but which has destroyed the absolute truthfulness of his eclogues as studies of farm-life. This introduction of personal and allegorical figures offered so great an attraction to satirists, and so excellent a means of eulogy, that these soon overshadowed the genuine swains and herd-maidens. Calphurnius, who forms the principal link between Virgil and the modern writers of pastoral, frankly adopts the eclogue as a vehicle for the flattery of patrons. "Dic, age, dic, Corydon," how like the immortal gods a Domitian or a Carus can be! and we observe that almost without a struggle the
beautiful forms of bucolic poetry have fallen into the service of a fulsome and fluent parasite. At the Renaissance, this debased species of eclogue was revived by men like Petrarch, who gave to it more dignity and moral elevation, but who had as little idea as possible of transcribing in Latin verse the modes of life of actual Italian peasants. Finally, late in the fifteenth century, a writer whose very name is almost forgotten, but whose eclogues enjoyed the greatest possible success throughout Europe for at least a hundred years, contrived to fossilise bucolic dialogue in verse as a medium for moral and satirical teaching. This was a fellow-townsmen of Virgil, the once famous Mantuan, with references to whom the scenes of the Elizabethans are studded; and it is really through him, and not directly from Theocritus or Virgil, that the tradition of English pastoral poetry descends.

The dawning of such poetry in England were certainly of a very dispiriting kind. In the early part of the sixteenth century, Alexander Barclay, who paraphrased *The Ship of Fools*, took upon himself to translate the aforesaid eclogues of Mantuan—more as a key or crib for schoolboys, one would fancy, than in any serious pursuit of literature. In these terrible performances the one excellence of the famous humanist, his superficial grace of style, has evaporated and left nothing but a coarse sediment of morality. Barnabe Goche, or Googe, who was probably still unborn when Barclay died, next essayed the bucolic vein, and with slightly better success. He began to write under the inspiration of *Tottel's Miscellany*, and with the aid of much study of the Italian poets of the generation before
him, yet too soon to have caught much of the fervent music of the age that was to dawn before he died. His note is feeble and faltering, yet he is not unworthy of attention as perhaps the most elegant of those who tried to blow, ere Spenser came, the trump of English song. Googe's *Egloges, Epytaphes, and Sonnettes* were published in 1563, and it is therefore worthy of note that the word *eglog* or *aeglogue* was used for a collection of English verse sixteen years before the author of *The Shepherd's Calendar* professed to introduce it. Googe is not happy in straying far from the model of Mantuan, but he does contrive occasionally to chirp a few wood-notes of his own. The strong English instinct of revolt against literary eloquence makes itself timidly felt in such lines as the following:—

"Fetch in the goat that goes astray,
And drive him to the fold;
My years be great; I will be gone,
For spring-time nights be cold;"

or in the simplicity of such a passage as this, although the landscape is not eminently English:—

"Menalcas, lest we now depart,
My cottage us shall keep,
For there is room for thee and me,
And eke for all our sheep;
Some chestnuts have I there in store,
With cheese and pleasant whey;
God sends me victuals for my need,
And I drive care away."

But the vices of contemporary style are more obvious in these *Eglogs* than the virtues. It is delightful to imagine a neatherd of Alvingham, in the county of Lincoln, addressing a vision of his head upon his bed with such a pedantic volubility as this:—
"O Lord! quoth I, what means this thing?
Is this Alexis' sprite?
Or is it Daphnis' soul that shows
To me this dreadful sight?
Or come some fiend of hell abroad
With fear men to torment?
Megera this, or Tisiphon,
Or is Alecto sent?"

It turns out to be the ghost of one of his fellow-villagers, a ploughboy lately deceased, who has returned from the nether regions to warn his friend to shun the dangerous passion of love. It requires more exquisite art than poor Barnabe Googe possessed to enable us to take much pleasure in such feeble imaginings as these.

Nor, indeed, except for purposes of historical accuracy, is it worth our while to linger at all over these or any other attempts to blow the bucolic flute in the middle of the sixteenth century. But with the romantic reign of Elizabeth there came over the English people an unextinguishable desire for expression of their highly wrought nervous excitement in verse. Like a man long dumb, who, in a moment of rapture, finds himself by a miracle restored to speech, nothing came at first but murmurings and broken sounds. It was in the midst of the pedantic, but sensitive and elegant circle which formed around Gabriel Harvey and young Sir Philip Sidney that the nightingale's voice was first heard above the well-meaning tits and finches. It is no part of my business here to analyse The Shepherd's Calendar, that momentous cycle of poems in which the peculiar genius of the great age was first revealed; but something must be said here of its relation to pastoral poetry in general, and to immediately preceding verse in particular.
Perhaps it is not too whimsical to say, though the proud muse of Spenser would have disdained the impeachment, that in the special form that these earliest writings of his adopted there was something vaguely borrowed from those early writers of the reign of Elizabeth, to whom the title of poet can scarcely be awarded. In Gascoigne, and still more in his friend and biographer, Whetstone, an ingenious reader may be inclined to discover some union of moral and satirical purpose with a setting of green pastoral valley and opulent hillside. In the phraseology more than in the imagery, in a tendency to such sweet names as "The Castle of Delight," or "The Garden of Unthriftiness," or "The Arbour of Virtue," we seem to see the true Elizabethan love of melody and colour breaking through a very dry didactic purpose. At all events, whatever symbols of the dawn we may or may not be right in perceiving, 1579 is undoubtedly the date of complete sunrise, and the Shepherd's Calendar, on the whole, the most finished and successful pastoral in the language. It is a commonplace to say that it was founded on a foreign inspiration, and conducted upon exotic models. In the Cambridge of Spenser's youth "Petrarch and Boccace was in every man's mouth," and if the circle of Gabriel Harvey's friends boasted of their purer humanism, it was with a strong Italian accent that they mouthe their Greek and Latin.

It is, however, noticeable, and very characteristic of Spenser as an English poet, that when he followed his foreign model most closely, he was almost nervously anxious to be native. The "abuses and loose living of popish prelates" must not be chastised without
such extravagant and almost laughable rusticisms as—

"Diggon Davie! I bid her god day,
Or Diggon her is, or I missay,"

which reminds one of the Gaelic dialogue in an Anglo-Scottish novel; or without the employment of such homely words as "vetchie" and "frowye." Thus we find Spenser at once taking his stand in one of the two great camps which were to divide English pastoral poetry; namely, the school which endeavours to give to the landscape of the eclogue, and the pursuits of its personages, the actual character of English scenes and English peasants. It is left to another hand than mine to analyse these twelve pieces, so important in the history of our poetry, so refined and varied in their scope and style. But I must ask leave to dwell a little on this point, that Spenser, whether with much real knowledge of Theocritus or not it is hard to say, went back for the first time to the tradition of the great Sicilian, and attempted to bring upon his pastoral stage the actual rustics of his native country, using their own peasant dialect. That his attempt was a very faulty and partial one, that his shepherds were called upon to discuss themes of statecraft ludicrously foreign to their station, while the swains of Theocritus had strictly kept their tuneful talking within the limits of their personal experience, does not militate against the reality of the effort, which the very adoption of such names as Willie and Cuddie, instead of the usual Damon and Daphnis, is enough to prove. We shall see later on that an infinitely inferior poet, Gay, made another effort in the same direction, which was certainly more suc-
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cessful. But the genuine pastoral of this class remains to be written, unless the very remarkable anonymous poem called *Dorothy* may be considered to belong to it. The poet who is to compete with Theocritus will have to be one utterly indifferent to the preaching of a political or didactic homily, and interested in nothing except the simple passions of the poor, the language they use, and the landscape they move in. If Mr. Thomas Hardy wrote in verse instead of prose, or if the surprising talent of Mr. Barnes included a faculty for dramatic verse, we might yet have eclogues of the genuine kind. In the meantime, Spenser dreamed of this, though the practice of his friends and the whole temper of the age thrust him far from a complete or consistent fulfilment of the dream.

To the Elizabethans there seemed little charm in the sordid and painful life of an English peasant. The principal patrons of poetry were the nobles, and it was natural that to men of letters in that perilous age, hanging between heaven and earth upon a patron's whim, and liable to all the strangest and saddest vicissitudes possible to existence, there should be something very desirable about an aristocratic paradise, out of space, out of time, where all the men were rich and stately and all the women beautiful and young, where the sun was always shining, yet never piercing umbrageous tracts of forest, through which sinuous paths, lined by strange and unfading flowers, led placidly up or down to some enchanted palace. It was an Italian who had first conceived this dream which was to fascinate for so long a time the imagination of every country in Europe. The noble Neapolitan, Messer
Giacomo Sannazaro, turned from the labours of a Latin epic on the Birth of Christ to walk in the cool glades of a fabulous pagan paradise, and with so great a measure of success, and with so obvious a sincerity, that to read his *Arcadia* is as agreeable as to read his *Partus Virginis* is difficult. The first-named book is the type and the original of a whole literature, and the glowing fancy of its creator set Saxon and even Batavian imaginations on fire for at least two hundred years. The *Arcadia* is written in rich but not laborious periods of musical prose, into which are inserted at quick intervals passages of verse, contests between shepherds on the "humile fistula di Coridone," or laments for the death of some beautiful virgin. The shepherds are not so unconscious of what goes on around them as to be incapable of paying a tribute to "the memory of the victorious King Alfonso of Aragon," or even of naively mentioning the excellent Sannazaro himself; but as a rule they are far too much occupied with their own stately wooings and magnificent intrigues to be troubled about mundane things. They move in a world of supernatural and beautiful beings; they commune without surprise with "i gloriosi spiriti de gli boschi," and reflect with singular completeness their author's longing for an innocent voluptuous existence, with no hell or heaven in the background. That the book was instantly and excessively popular is a proof that the aching conscience of the sixteenth century was only too glad to forget its sorrows in such a dreamland. But it would be idle to speculate whether this imaginary country would ever have revealed itself to English eyes, if Sir Philip Sidney, himself strangely like one of its miraculous denizens, had
not walked through it for a season, and made himself master of its topography.

But when, in the heyday of his youth, Sidney set himself to emulate, in the untried field of English romance, the dreams of the great Neapolitan, he did so in no slavish spirit, but coloured the whole vein of pastoral with a chivalrous tincture of his own. When he wrote his *Apology for Poetry*, a few years later (for we have reason to conjecture that the *Arcadia* was written first), he specially named Theocritus, and Virgil, and Sannazaro, as beyond dispute the three first pastoral poets of the world. Of English eclogues he found "poetical sinews" only in the *Shepherd's Calendar*,—a book still anonymous, but already enjoying an unparalleled success. Sidney's own pastoral romance is too generally known to need analysis. That its digressions, its leisurely style, and its intricate plot, make it somewhat tedious to modern readers, demoralized with journalism, does not prevent it from being a noble work, full of solemn and dignified imagination, amorous and gentle, scholarly and chivalric. So far from attempting to sink to colloquial idiom, and adopt a realism in rustic dialect, the tenor of Sidney's narrative is even more grave and stately than it is conceivable that the conversation of the most serious nobles can ever have been. In these two remarkable books, then, we have two great contemporaries and friends, the leading men of letters of their generation, trying their earliest flights in the region of pastoral, and producing typical masterpieces in each of the two great branches of that species of poetry. Spenser carried on the Latin adaptation of the Greek
tradition. To write of shepherds and their loves merely for the love of them, and without arrière pensée, had become an art lost since Theocritus, and only to be recovered in very late times; but Spenser was as Sicilian as the authority of Virgil and Mantuan would allow him to be. He justified his rural theme by the introduction of satire and political reflection, and made his swains somewhat more learned than is the wont of a Cambridgeshire clodhopper. This “old rustic language” scandalised Sidney, and he almost simultaneously set himself to introduce an eclectic kind of pastoral, the unalloyed product of the Italy of Renaissance humanism.

Sidney and Spenser were universally admired, but not so easily imitated. A great impetus was given to the writing of Sidneian pastoral by a poet not precisely of the first class, yet possessing a delicate talent to which justice has scarcely yet been done. It is pretty certain that Robert Greene had become acquainted with the bucolic romances of the Italians while he was travelling in the south of Europe. He was in Italy in 1583, and certainly under foreign influence in the composition of his Morando; but Mr. Richard Simpson has conjectured that he made a second journey southward in 1586. If it were so, and if during that year he became acquainted with the Arcadia of Sannazaro, we can easily understand the change of tone, the mellow and sensuous romantic fervour of Menaphon, and still more of Pandosto, without forcing ourselves to invent any premature study by Greene of Sidney's posthumous romance. A native influence is more obvious than either of them. The prestige of Lyly’s
Euphues in 1579 can scarcely have been without effect on the mind of no less a man than Shakespeare himself. It pervades the style of Sidney like a beautiful silver cobweb, and without it the novels of Greene and his successors would scarcely have existed. We reach the extreme confines of what may legitimately be termed pastoral in such treatises as Penelope’s Web and Ciceronis Amor; we return to the heart of Arcadia in such purely bucolic stories as Menaphon and the two parts of Never too Late. Yet, even in these, there is noticeable a wider horizon, a more wandering fancy, than is customary in an eclogue, and the stories are pastoral only if the Greek novels of Longus and of Achilles Tatius can be so regarded. But if in the prose part of his works Greene belongs to the Sidneian class, in his verse he is curiously at one with the Shepherd’s Calendar. He is not merely rustic, he is violently and coarsely realistic in some of these versified eclogues. Doron’s dialogue with Carmela in Menaphon exceeds anything that Spenser wrote in country language, and it has had no rival since. We may be allowed to quote part of this extraordinary poem: —

“Sit down Carmela, here are cubs for kings,  
Slies black as jet, or like my Christmas shoes,  
Sweet cider which my leathern bottle brings;  
Sit down Carmela, let me kiss thy toes.

CARMELA.
Ah Doron, ah my heart, thou art as white  
As is my mother’s calf or brinded cow;  
Thine eyes are like the slowworms in the night,  
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.  
The lines within thy face are deep and clear,  
Like to the furrows of my father’s wain:  
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear,  
Like to my mother’s fat and kitchen gain.
Ah leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love,
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee:
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove.
At football sport, thou shalt my champion be.

Doron.

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes:
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple pies.
Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair,
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine,
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air:
Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine.

* * * * * *

Carmela.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of delight:
Before I break my vow the Gods forbid,
No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

Doron.

Even with this garland made of holihocks,
I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss.
Heigh ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks,
My frolick heart even now a free man is.

Carmela.

I thank you Doron, and will think on you,
I love you Doron, and will wink on you.
I seal your charter patent with my thumbs,
Come kiss and part, for fear my mother comes.”

This is curious, but not pretty. Some of Greene's pastoral lines, however, contain such beauties as were almost unique in their early sweetness. Such lines as these:—

“When tender ewes, brought home with evening sun,
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,”

were little short of a portent in 1587.
ESSAY ON ENGLISH PASTORAL POETRY.

Inspired by Sidney and by Greene, but not at all by Spenser, Thomas Lodge joined the little band of pastoral poets in the "delectable sonnets" appended to his epic poem of Scilla's Metamorphosis in 1589. Lodge had been writing in a satirical and polemical vein for several years, but it was by this volume that he first asserted, as he afterwards fully sustained, his claim to be considered one of the most delicate and florid lyric poets of his age. The pastoral pieces that succeed the story of Glaucus and Scilla are but slight shadows of beauty:

"Even such as erst the shepherd in the shade
Beheld, when he a poet once was made."

In Rosalynde: Euphues' Golden Legacy, 1590, Lodge made a much more important contribution to English literature in general, and to Arcadian poetry in particular. This beautiful and fantastic book is modelled more exactly upon the masterpiece of Sannazaro than any other in our language. The poet defined his romance as containing "perhaps some leaves of Venus' myrtle, but hewn down by a soldier with his curtle axe, not bought with the allurement of a filed tongue." He wrote it on board ship, while becalmed off Terceira in the Azores, and it retains not a little of the tropic environment of its composition. To us moderns the great interest of Rosalynde lies in the exquisite and varied lyrics that intersperse its pages in the Italian manner. The fair and beauteous shepherdess, Aliena, deprecates the amorous insanity of a muse-mad swain; the forester, Rosader, excites the wonder of the page, Ganymede, by the melodious ecstasy of his praise of Rosalynde; the
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"gorgeous nymph," Phæbe, replies in lines of serious music to the passion of the love-lorn shepherd, Montanus, she being dressed in a scarlet petticoat, with a green mantle, and a wreath of roses to shield her wonderful eyes from the sun. All is courtly and elegant: the romance moves with a rhythmical swing, like the steps of some stately round, danced upon a smoothly shaven lawn. Without the passages of rhyme, perhaps, Rosalynde would have few readers now-a-days, but it is evident that it exactly struck the taste of the last decade of the sixteenth century, and was perhaps more instrumental than any other book in rendering this artificial kind of pastoral popular. There was no other propriety than this sudden popularity of the word in Lodge's "honouring" his Phillis in 1593 with "pastoral sonnets," and the other book of his which might be included among the objects of our present inquiry, his Margarite of America, 1596, is Arcadian only in form, without any intermixture of shepherds and nymphs.

The next group of bucolic writers may be briefly dismissed. George Peele in 1593 praises

"Watson, worthy many Epitaphes
For his sweet Poesie, for Amintas teares
And joyes so well set downe."

Amyntas (1585) and Amyntæ Gaudia (1592) were Latin elegiacal eclogues. The former was translated into English by Abraham Fraunce in 1587. Watson also published in 1590 an eclogue entitled Melibœus, in English and Latin. An idea of the frigid allegory that pervades this poem may be given by the fact that England throughout is spoken of as Arcadia, Queen
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Elizabeth as Diana, Sir Francis Walsingham as Meliboeus, and Sir Philip Sidney as Astrophel. John Dickenson printed at a date unknown, but probably not later than 1592, a "passionate eclogue" called the Shepherd's Complaint, which begins with a harsh burst of hexameters, but which soon settles down into a harmonious prose story, with lyrical interludes. This closely imitates the styles of Sidney and of Greene, but still more of Lodge, of whose Rosalynde it seems to have been a prompt and pleasing imitation. In 1594 this ingenious but little-known writer published another work of the same kind, the romance of Arisbas. Drayton is the next pastoral poet in date of publication. His Idea: Shepherd's Garland bears the date 1593, but was probably written much earlier. In 1595 the same poet produced an Endimion and Phobe, which was the least happy of his works, and Drayton turned his fluent pen to the other branches of poetic literature, all of which he learned to cultivate in the course of his active career. After more than thirty years, at the very close of his life, he returned to this early love, and published in 1627 two pastorals, The Quest of Cinthia and The Shepherd's Sirena. The general character of all these pieces is rich, vague, and uninpassioned. They are much more fervid in style than most of Drayton's work, but must on the whole be considered as uncharacteristic of his genius. The Queen's Arcadia of Daniel must be allowed to lie open to the same charge, and to have been written rather in accordance with a fashion, than in following of the author's predominant impulse. It may be added that the extremely bucolic title of Warner's first work, Pan: his Syrinx, is
misleading. These prose stories have nothing pastoral about them. The singular eclogue by Barnfield, *The Affectionate Shepherd*, printed in 1594, is an exercise on the theme "O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas," and in spite of its juvenility and indiscretion, takes rank as the first really poetical following of Spenser and Virgil, in distinction to Sidney and Sannazzaro.

In 1599, there first appeared in print anonymously in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and in 1600 in *England's Helicon*, above the signature of "Chr. Marlowe," the pastoral lyric which is by universal admission the finest in the English language. But in 1599 Marlowe had been dead six years, and moreover two lines which read like a rough version of part of the song,

"Thou in these groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me, and be my love,"

occur in the fourth act of *The Jew of Malta*, a play which was written, according to the usual conjecture, in 1589. Marlowe must therefore be named as scarcely later than his friends Greene and Lodge, in adopting the new manner of writing, which he employed with a sweet and limpid simplicity, which puts their arduous Italianate style to the blush. Well known to everybody as this little poem is, it needs not that we quote it here.

The name of Breton has been vaguely mentioned as that of a rustic poet by most writers on English verse, but it is grave matter for doubt whether any of them have deeply studied his claims to that title. Until his rare and scattered works were collected in 1879, by the editor of these volumes, Breton was practically only
known by his beautiful contributions to England's Helicon. It was on the reputation of

"In the merry month of May
In a morn by break of day,"

or still more charming, the Sweet Pastoral,

"Good Muse, rock me to sleep,
With some sweet Harmonie;
This weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company;"

that the name of Breton was preserved in the history of literature. It was, perhaps, natural that it should be taken for granted that all his voluminous poetry was written in the same style. But we now know that he had been publishing poetry for more than forty years before he so far gave way to the prevalent Jacobean taste as to print a pastoral volume. The Passionate Shepherd, which is only known to exist in a single exemplar, appeared in 1604, and is for the first time laid open to the public in Dr. Grosart's complete collection of his works in the Chertsey Worthies' Library. It proves to be an exquisite production, in my opinion distinctly the jewel of its author's repertory, and it gives Breton so high a place among bucolic writers, that I am fain to dwell upon it for a moment.

The opening by 'Pastor primus' is in itself a notable piece of fancy:—

"Tell me all ye Shepherd swains,
On Minerva's mountain plains:
Ye that only sit and keep
Flocks (but of the fairest sheep),
Did you see this blessed day,
Fair Aglaia walk this way?
If ye did, oh tell me then,
If ye be true meaning men,
How she fareth with her health,
All the world of all your wealth:
Say a truth, and say no more:
Did ye ever see before,
Such a shepherdess as she?
Can there such another be?
Ever did your eyes behold
Pearls or precious stones in gold,
Or the stars in Phoebus skies,
Sparkle like her sunny eyes?
Do but truth, and truth confess:
Is she not that shepherdess,
That in state of beauty's stay,
Carries all the prime away?
Tell me truly, shepherd, tell,
On you plain's did ever dwell
Such a peerless paragon,
For fine eyes to look upon?
Oh the chaste commanding kindness,
That dissuades affection's blindness!
Sets it not your hearts on fire?
Yet forbids ye to aspire.
Doth it not conjure your senses,
That ye fall not in offences?
Hath she not that wit divine,
That doth all your wits refine?
And doth limit love his measure,
That he purchase no displeasure.
Hath she not your spirits wrought,
In obedience to her thought,
Where your hearts unto her eye,
In a kind of sympathy,
Frame the best conceited fashion
Of a blessed fancy's passion,
Which may never pass that ace,
That may keep you in her grace!
O ye truest hearted creatures!
In the truest kindest natures,
Who, when all your thoughts assemble,
Never do in one dissemble:
In love's, beauty's, honour's face,
Let Aglaia be your grace."

The book consists of four lyrical "passions" to the Shepherdess Aglaia, and of eleven "sweet sonnets"
which are not sonnets at all. The "passions" are written in octosyllabic verse, so fresh and light and leaping, that the sound of them is like the babble of a rivulet descending a sunny meadow. The knowledge of English landscape displayed, the gracious unaffected manner of its presentment, and the joyous laughing air of the speaker, are so delightful, and, even in that rich age, so rare, that one cannot but wish that this exquisite little volume might be presented to the general public.*

As, however, this has not yet been done, we must find place for two extracts from it. The first is from the third "passion":—

"Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green bark
May at pleasure sit and walk?
And amidst the azure skies
See the morning sun arise!
While he hears in every spring,
How the Birds do chirp and sing:
Or, before the hounds in cry,
See the Hare go stealing by:
Or along the shallow brook,
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play,
In a blessed sunny day:
Or to hear the Partridge call,
Till she have her covey all:
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box:
After feeding on his pray,
How he closely sneaks away,
Through the hedge and down the furrow,
Till he gets into his burrow.
Then the Bee to gather honey,
And the little black-hair'd Cony,

* Dr. Grosart hopes to do so ere long, together with other Pastoral selections from Breton and others.
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On a bank or sunny place,
With her fore-feet wash her face:
Are not these with thousands me:
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights,
That may breed true love's delights?"

The other, from the second "sonnet," has a less peculiar grace, but displays to greater advantage the true qualities of English pastorals:—

"At shearing time she shall command
The finest fleece of all my wool;
And if her pleasure but demand,
The fatted from the lean to cull.
She shall be mistress of my store;
Let me alone to wake for more.

My cloak shall lie upon the ground,
From wet and dust to keep her feet;
My pipe with his best measures sound,
Shall welcome her with music sweet.
And in my scrip some cates at least,
Shall bid her to a shepherd's feast.

My staff shall stay her in her walk,
My dog shall at her heels attend her;
And I will hold her with such talk,
As I do hope shall not offend her;
My ewes shall bleat, my lambs shall play,
To shew her all the sport they may.

Then I will tell her twenty things,
That I have heard my mother tell;
Of plucking of the buzzard's wings,
For calling of her cockerell,
And hunting Reynard to his den,
For fighting of her setting hen."

(The description and fame of her fairerst love. Sonnet 2.

From Breton the transition to Braithwaite is natural. We pass without surprise from the pensive and delicate poet to the vivacious poetaster that imitated him. If the one adopted pastoral late in life, the other opened
his literary career of sixty years with it. Whether The Golden Fleece of 1611 be pastoral or not, I cannot say, for I have never seen a copy of this rare pamphlet; but certainly Braithwaite’s second production, The Poet’s Willow, which in its sub-title impudently plagiarises from Breton, is as bucolic as heart can wish, and displays the first exercise of that truly remarkable feeling for metrical subtleties, which is, on the whole, its author’s main claim to distinction. The three Shepherd’s Tales, printed in 1621, are closely reminiscent of Spenser, though with nearly all the music and all the refinement omitted, except in the spinet-song, which is inspired by a genuine spirit of bucolic comedy. His later works, though adorned with such titles as The Arcadian Princess, do not lie within the limits of our present inquiry.

But in following the leisurely existence of Braithwaite, who was born before the death of Marlowe and lived to see the birth of Congreve, we have gone too far into the Restoration, and must return to the year 1610, a date memorable in the annals of pastoral poetry. The Faithful Shepherdess was the first pastoral play in our language, for the dramas of Lyly and Day scarcely come under this category, and it has remained the best. Its rich flow of blank verse, its larklike bursts of rhymed octosyllabics, rising from the body of the play as airs in an opera do from the recitative, the exact touches of natural description which startle us with their happy realism, the enthralling sweetness of this Arcadian to give this poem that fascination all critics worthy of the name. It
that the ethical faults of the piece are almost as marked as are the literary merits of its style. A nerveless resignation of the soul to the body, an indolent and voluptuous spirit, powerless against the riot of the pulses, a sort of melting and intoxicating fervour, pervade this beautiful poem, and render it really dangerous for those who may pass unscathed over all the rough places of Elizabethan literature. And, as in an atmosphere overladen with dissolving sweetness and the vapours of "the gum i' the fire," the physical nature will sicken and revolt, so at last the panting irresolution of these pretty little Cloes and Amarillides begins to irritate and disgust the reader, who finds at last that the poor Satyr is the only one individual who can return his sympathy.

English pastoral verse is of direct Italian parentage. If Spenser was inspired by Mantuan, and Sidney by Sannazaro, it is no less certain that Fletcher introduced in his Faithful Shepherdess the manner of Tasso in the Aminta, first published in 1581. In those days it took at least thirty years for a new literary influence to make itself felt across the continent of Europe; and in Fletcher's poem we find still no trace of Pastor Fido, of Guarini, printed in 1590. Tasso is still in the full stream of late Italian humanism; Guarini holds out a hand to Gongora on the one side, and to Racine on the other. Fletcher is, however, unconscious of any master except Tasso, and follows the Aminta almost with as much reverence as Ongaro is said to have done in his fisher-drama of Alceo. Nor do I think that it is pushing conjecture to any dangerous excess to say that we may find the delicate landscape
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of Worcestershire concealed under the mythological Arcadia of The Faithful Shepherdess exactly as we may discover that of the neighbourhood of Ferrara under the disguise of Tasso's pagan paradise.

Two very illustrious and austere writers permitted themselves to be bewitched into imitation or emulation of The Faithful Shepherdess. There is, however, no other excuse for mentioning Milton's moral masque of Comus, acted in 1634, in an essay on English pastoral poetry. The Arcades, on the other hand, is a true bucolic ode in praise of a stately English lady. It begins rather stiffly and coldly, wakens to melody in the lips of the Genius, and proceeds in the first two songs with a kindling harmony, to close, in the third song, with a varied music, fully worthy of the great master of symphonies who wrote it. We miss, even in Fletcher, this stately movement of verse:

"Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lised banks;
On old Lyceus or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A bitter soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalous
Bring your flocks and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen."

In the Sad Shepherd of Ben Jonson, and in his pastoral masques, we see another genius greater than Fletcher's not disdaining to follow along the track that the Faithful Shepherdess had marked out. The
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Sad Shepherd has come down to us as a fragment, in the folio of 1641. The general aspect of the poem has suggested to some critics the idea that it was mutilated in one of those cataclysms which embittered the life of Jonson, but a phrase in the prologue,—

"He that hath feasted you these forty years,  
And fitted fables for your finer ears,"

makes it almost certain that it is a work of 1635 or 1636, and therefore belonging to the extreme close of his career. However this may be, it is at least certain that its imperfection is a notable loss to our literature. What remains of it—that is to say, the first two acts and part of a third—contains more singular felicities and beauties of language than any other of its author's dramas, being as much richer in plot and character than the masques, as it is more lyrical than the tragedies and comedies. The scheme of the play is an exquisite one. I do not know whether the suggestion has already been made, that Jonson may have been fired to its composition by a vague rumour of Milton's Comus, acted at Ludlow at Michaelmas 1634. In any case, there is much in the Sad Shepherd that suggests the method of Milton. The story is charming: Robin Hood has invited all the shepherds of the valley of the Trent to attend a festival in Sherwood Forest. All come exceptÆglamour, who cannot be persuaded to break through the melancholy into which he has fallen since the disappearance of his love Earine, who is supposed to be drowned in the river Trent. Suspicion falls on Maudlin, the witch of Poplewick, from whom at last Robin Hood violently rends her magic
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girdle. There is an ancient argument, from which it would appear, if this is genuine, that the piece did not long continue after this point, where it at present breaks off, but ceased at the conclusion of the third act.

A play which would be too inconsiderable to be mentioned on its own account claims notice because it is an early example of an English pastoral drama, not lyrical, and still more because Ben Jonson deigned to imitate closely its opening lines. This is the Careless Shepherdess, by the Rev. Thomas Goffe, written before his wife henpecked him to death in 1629. The scene of this clumsy drama is laid partly in Arcadia, partly in the gardens of Salisbury Court.

Two friends of Ben Jonson, under the names of Willie and Philaretus, did much to make a certain form of poetry traditional in English, and combined to give a bucolic character to as much of their poetry as posterity has permitted to survive. There has never been a time when William Browne, the laureate of Devonshire, has failed to command a select body of admirers, but it was not until our own day that his place in English literature began to be defined. This amiable and beloved man, who carried "a great mind in a little body," sent out the first part of his famous Britannia's Pastorals from the Inner Temple when he was a youth of twenty-three. He had been exiled for several years from the tors and hurrying streams and bosky wildernesses in which his childhood had been spent, and the echo of the bubbling Tavy filled his ears in memory, and tuned his tongue. A sort of haunting nostalgia inspires these Devonia's Pastorals, and while Browne
thought that he was singing on the traditional oaten pipe, his strong love for the peculiar scenery of the slopes of Dartmoor was encouraging him to produce a new and essentially modern species of poetry. It is by a most curious superstition that Denham’s insipid poem, *Cooper’s Hill*, has so long received the credit due to the “linked sweetness long drawn out” of Browne’s celebration of the valley of Tavistock. The latter is genuine, though far from unalloyed, topographical writing, and still more credit is due to Browne for being the first man to celebrate the minute details of country life, not as part of the setting of a poem on human passion, but as in themselves entirely worthy of occupying a considerable work. It is this curious quality in the imagination of Browne which has led his latest panegyrist, Mr. W. T. Arnold, to compare him to Wordsworth, a startling and apparently paradoxical criticism, to which, on reflection, we are bound to give in our adhesion. In 1614, Browne published a charming little volume, to which Wither, Christopher Brook, and John Davies of Hereford, contributed; a slender garland of loving friendship woven by a group of young men who temper the happiness of their pipings by the sad memory of the lad who too soon went from them, and took “wings to reach eternity.” Browne’s elegy on the death of this youth, Thomas Manwood, forms a link between Shakespeare’s *Sonnets* and *Lycidas*:

“Then not for thee these briny tears are spent,
But, as the nightingale against the breere,
’Tis for myself I moan, and do lament
Not that thou left’st the world, but left’st me here.”
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And again, in the very tones of *In Memoriam*:

“Cypress may fade, the countenance be changed,
   A garment rot, an elegy forgotten,
A hearse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
   A tomb plucked down, or else through age be rotten;
   Yet shall my truest cause
   Of sorrow firmly stay,
   When these effects the wings of Time
   Shall fan and sweep away.”

Wither’s early efforts in pastoral seem to have been directly inspired by the companionship of Browne. He amused himself during his tedious imprisonment in the Marshalsea by composing the best-sustained of all his numerous works, the series of eclogues entitled *The Shepherd’s Hunting*, printed in 1615. The fourth of these pieces, a dialogue on human vicissitude and the consolations of poetry, supposed to be told by the poet himself with his friend the author of *Britannia’s Pastorals*, has been admired by every successive critic of Wither, and marks the highest level of his style. It is written in a bright rhyming measure of six syllables, and reminds the reader very pleasantly of various predecessors of its author, and of Breton and Barnfield in particular. This imaginary conversation might be taken as a typical specimen of Jacobean lyrical verse. But Wither’s strongest flight in the pastoral direction, if pastoral it can be called, is the well-known song beginning, “Hence away, thou Syren, leave me.”

Phineas Fletcher, whose loyal enthusiasm for the memory of Spenser preserved the fine old notes in his song when they were already in the main neglected, struck out a somewhat new vein in pastoral by his *Piscatory Eclogues*, published in 1633. These seven poems introduce a pleasant variation on the conven-
tional flocks and herds and shepherd’s pipe; the scene
is laid by the banks of the Cam, and the conversations
which compose the idyls are held by fishermen, who
denounce the river, deplore the loss of their nets, or
rejoice in a rich take of fish, in a graceful Spenserian
style, of which this stanza is a fair example:—

“A fisher-lad,—no higher dares he look,—
Myrtill, sat down by silver Medway’s shore;
His dangling nets, hung on the trembling oar,
Had leave to play, so had his idle hook,
While madding winds the madder ocean shook,
Of Camus had he learned to pipe and sing,
And frame low ditties to his humble string.”

Unfortunately the writer did not realize the value in
literature of exact observation, and his stanzas, with all
their delicacy, grace, and melody, lack those realistic
touches that poetry needs to make it live. In this
Phineas Fletcher stands far below John Dennys, whose
little-known, but extremely clever poem, *The Secrets of
Angling*, had been published twenty years earlier, but
probably, if we may judge from the style of the two
pieces, written about the same time. The artificiality
of the *Piscatory Eclogues* may be indicated by the signif-
ificant fact that throughout the work there is not a single
mention of any one particular fish by name, nor the
smallest reference to any of the modes of angling. The
idyls are, in fact, a succession of more or less gorgeous
dreams of passion, human or divine, with such a back-
ground of shaded winding river and cool meadow,
starred by ruddy naked figures conventionally fishing,
as an Italian painter of the fifteenth century might have
chosen to devise. Here is a stanza which presents an
exquisite picture to the mind’s eye, but can scarcely be
said to be founded on actual reminiscence of a day's trout-fishing:—

"Scarce were the fishers set, but straight in sight
The fisher-boys came driving up the stream,
Themselves in blue, and twenty sea-nymphs bright
In curious robes, that well the waves might seem;
All dark below, the top like frothy cream;
The boats and masts with flowers and garlands dight,
And, round, the swans guard them in armies white;
Their skiffs by couples dance to sweetest sounds,
Which running cornets breath to full plain grounds,
That strike the river's face, and then more sweet rebounds."

In Herrick our literature produced a pastoral lyrist, unrivalled as such by any modern author, if indeed antiquity itself produced a maker of brief homely melodies and harvest-songs, so deeply touched by rural beauty and so exquisitely master of his theme. No Italian Linus can be named who is worthy to contest with, or can plausibly be expected to conquer, our wonderful Devonian Lityerses, in whose sickle-songs, however, there is scarcely any trace of the antique haunting melancholy. The delicious flutings of Herrick are too familiar, and have been too often discussed, to call for analysis here, but on their technically pastoral side it may be noticed how exact and realistic they always are at their best, how justly they value and adopt those touches of exact portraiture, the absence of which in Phineas Fletcher we have just regretted, and how genuinely, under their pagan colouring, and in spite of the southern and wistful temper of their author, they reflect the features of genuine English life. They form a page of our poetic literature which is absolutely unique in character, and the priceless quality of which we are learning to appreciate more and more every
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year of our lives. Among the other lyrists of that age of sunset, that dolphin-coloured decadence, more or less pastoral songs and dialogues may be found in Carew, Lovelace, and Cartwright; but none of these authors was a pastoral poet in the high sense in which Herrick demands the title.

During the Restoration all the fresher and more spontaneous branches of poetry languished, and among them none more than pastoral, which is nothing if not spontaneous and fresh. To judge fairly the extreme poverty of the close of the seventeenth century in this respect, it is only necessary to give our attention somewhat closely to that specimen of bucolic dialogue which attained most repute during its own age. No similar effort made during the reign of Charles II. attained so much success as the Pastoral Dialogue between Thirsis and Strephon of Sir Charles Sedley. Capable critics asserted that the hero of this piece might teach Ovid how to love, and asked why, with such a paragon before us, we should step back to Fletcher. The poem begins with a few lines in which the Jacobean richness is tolerably well simulated. Thirsis seeks to know why Strephon, once the jolliest lad, sits musing all alone, teaching the turtle yet a sadder moan. So far so good; then, with the insipidity of the age upon him, the unhappy poet cannot fail to spoil it all with the curious inquiry:—

"Swell'd with thy tears, why does the neighbouring brook
Bear to the ocean what it never took?"

A little further on the English shepherd makes the following statement with regard to the pursuits of his English rival:—
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"Ere the sun drank of the cold morning dew,
I've known thee early the tuskt Boar pursue;
Then in the evening drive the Bear away,
And rescue from his jaws the trembling prey.
But now thy flocks creep feebly through the fields,
No purple grapes thy half-drest vineyard yields."

This does not "palpitate with actuality"; on the contrary, there is a complete absence of literary sincerity. The poet does not realise the scene he sings; he forms no new observation of nature; he merely serves up again, in tolerable verse, the commonplaces which he learned when he read Virgil with his schoolmaster. Nor has he the slightest instinct to guide him in choosing what are and what are not suitable images to adorn his thoughts. He makes one of his rustic swains remark:—

"Our hearts are paper, beauty is the pen
Which writes our loves, and blots 'em out again."

The piece takes, it must be confessed, an ingenious turn at the close, and, notwithstanding all its faults, is on the whole a careful and a graceful composition. But it is by far the best eclogue written during the Restoration; and when the best is found to be so poor and strained and perfunctory, we need not examine the others, nor trouble ourselves to consider what Aphra Behn and Congreve perpetrated of a pastoral nature.

There are few books in literature at once so often mentioned and so seldom read as the Pastorals of Ambrose Philips. The controversy in the Guardian, the anger and rivalry of Pope, the famous critique, and the doubt which must always exist as to Steele’s share in the mystification, have given to the poor little poems
of Philips an historical importance vastly beyond their merits. Published in 1708, the Pastoralps were an attempt to revive a form of writing in which Ambrose Philips admired the achievements of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. "It is strange," he says in his preface, "to think, in an age so addicted to the Muses, how pastoral poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering, especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller poems. Virgil and Spenser made it the prelude to heroic poetry, but I fear the innocency of the subject makes it so little inviting at the present." Philips is full of errors and anachronisms; Pope pointed out with great delight that he spoke about wolves, and produced the lily, rose, and daffodil at one season; but he is by no means the worst of writers. There is a passage,—the best I can find, it is true,—at the beginning of the Fourth Pastoral, which distinctly shows an eye for some of the features of an English landscape:—

"This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,
So lovingly these elms unite their shade;
The ambitious woodbine, how it climbs, to breathe
Its balmy sweets around on all beneath!
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread
Through which the springing flower uprears its head.
Lo! here the king-cup of a golden hue,
Medleyed with daisies white, and endive blue.
Hark how the gaudy goldfinch and the thrush
With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-bush."

This calls for no very positive praise; but it is one of the first signs extant of the reawakening of naturalistic poetry in England; and it is at least far ahead of anything in the bucolics of Congreve or Sedley. Meanwhile, as we all know, the precocious Alexander
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Pope had also been imitating Spenser in the production of pastorals, and to him it was an overwhelming misfortune that, although his eclogues were written three years sooner than Philips', he could not secure a precedence in publication. Pope succeeded in throwing ridicule on his predecessor in a most ingenious and, indeed, impudent way; and his own pastorals were greatly admired. For modern readers they have, however, no attraction, save that of their quick and flowing numbers. In avoiding anachronisms, Pope did not succeed in approaching nature; he is more chilly and faultless than Ambrose Philips, but not one whit more genuinely bucolic.

When the frigid tunelessness of Philips and the puerile smartness of Pope clashed together with so loud a clatter, they produced, as if in spite of their own petty discordance, a very melodious and considerable echo. This was the Shepherd's Week of Gay, a work over which the writer of English pastoral poetry is tempted to linger only too long, and of which almost the sole fault is the burlesque taint which mars the verse wherever Pope persuaded Gay to try and annoy Ambrose Philips by parodying him. For the first time since the reign of Elizabeth, a serious attempt was made to throw to the winds the ridiculous Arcadian tradition of nymphs and swains, and to copy Theocritus in his simplicity. Gay's preface to the Shepherd's Week, in spite of its tiresome frivolity of tone, is exceedingly interesting on account of its tribute to the vigour of Theocritus, and of its warm recognition of Spenser, then all but forgotten by English readers. As a statement of Gay's own theory of pastoral writing, we may
quote this passage, addressed to the reader of his English eclogues:

"Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray, driving them into their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as Master Spenser well observeth:

'Well is known, that, since the Saxon king,
Never was wolf seen, many or some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom.'

Forasmuch as I have mentioned Master Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memory."

He goes on to point out the great defect of the Shepherd's Calendar as pure pastoral poetry—namely, that the idyllist permits his clowns to discuss ecclesiastical rules and affairs of State which are foreign to their low degree. But, in fine, Gay demands from us very special attention in this particular inquiry, on account of the direct way in which he imitates Spenser's plan:

"Moreover, as he called his eclogues The Shepherd's Calendar, and divided the same into the twelve months, I have chosen, peradventure not over rashly, to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship."

Gay was a country man, and as full of memories of his rustic childhood in Devonshire, as Browne had been a century before. That he misses the delicacy and aerial melody of Browne it is needless to say, but it is an act of not unnecessary justice to point out that he excels his Elizabethan predecessor quite as much in concision and propriety, and in a sort of bright Dutch realism of style. The Shepherd's Week, as a purely
literary composition, is undoubtedly Gay's masterpiece, though his *Fables* and his *Trivia*, in each of which he is writing more for the public and less for himself, have always held a higher place in general estimation. The picturesque touches which adorn his pastorals are the best things of their kind produced in the early part of the eighteenth century, and leave all his competitors, except Lady Winchilsea, far behind. Here is a contention from the first eclogue:

**LOBBIN CLOUT.**

"My Blouzelinda is the sweetest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass;
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows,
Fair is the gilliflower of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marigold, for potage meet,
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisy, marigold, or king-cup rare.

**CUDDY.**

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol played,
Clean as young lambkin or the goose's down,
*And like a goldfinch in her Sunday gown.*"

From a passage intentionally comic in the third Pastoral, that eclogue which so Wittily parodies or reproduces the second of Theocritus, we may extract a few lines in which the instinct of a faithful student escapes in a manner strangely non-Augustan:

"I've often seen my visage in the lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make;
Though Clumsilis may boast a whiten dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the withered leek,
But Catherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek."
ESSAY ON ENGLISH PASTORAL POETRY.

Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain, poor Sparabill's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling-straits unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite,
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose,
Since love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,—
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass!"

In Gay's other bucolic works the charm forsakes him. Those must criticise the solemn "pastoral tragedy" of Dione who have contrived to read it through, and if any one now turns the pages of The What d'ye Call it, it must surely be to search for the ballad of "'Twas when the seas were roaring." But in spite of these failures, and the frivolous pieces in his later style, called Eclogues, Gay deserves a very high place in the history of English pastoral poetry on the score of his Shepherd's Week.

Swift proposed to Gay that he should write a Newgate pastoral, in which the swains and nympha should talk and warble in slang. This Gay never did attempt; but a Northern admirer of his and Pope's achieved a veritable and lasting success in lowland Scotch, a dialect then considered no less beneath the dignity of verse. Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, published in 1725, was the last, and remains the most vertebrate and interesting bucolic drama produced in Great Britain. It is the one pastoral play which has enjoyed real popularity; it is the only one which has actually reflected the genuine sentiments and expressions of the rural poor. The literary value of this unique piece has been exaggerated. Were it all written in so fine a style as are the opening lines of the second scene of Act I., it would demand for its author a place above Tasso and Guarini. But only Scottish patriotism can
hold that it is sustained at this high level of excellence. Its merits are those of simplicity, humour, an adroit handling of common sentiments, and a treatment of the natural affections which is not too refined to come home to every rustic reader. The drama is well-constructed, and in this respect stands alone among English dramatic pastorals. If the lyrics were as good as the dialogue the piece would have a greater charm for poetical students. It is a very clever essay; it is the masterpiece of its author, and the best proof of its success as a painting of bucolic life is that it is still a favourite, after a hundred and fifty years, among lowland reapers and milkmaids.

With the name of Ramsay our present field of investigation practically closes. Such later eighteenth century attempts as those of Byrom and Shenstone may possess greater or less interest as lyrical studies; they possess none of the characteristics of true pastoral poetry. When the romantic revival began with Gay, the doom of such artificial pieces was finally pronounced, and perhaps the last and worst eclogues in the language are those by which Collins and Chatterton first attempted to attract public attention. It would be purely fantastic to try to claim for Wordsworth a place among the pastoral poets; his was the influence which, more than any other, was fatal to the Virgilian tradition of piping swains and the artless rural fair. His method of considering rustic life was something quite new, modern, and exact, and if any future pastoral poet shall follow in the steps of Wordsworth, it will have to be at a great distance. So adverse was the sense of the time to anything artificial in poetry, that neither Coleridge nor Keats,
who were fitted by temperament to blow the oaten flute, made any attempt in that direction. In our own day Tennyson has occasionally, in his lyrics, approached the true idyllic vein; those narrative poems of his, which he names idyls, being as far removed as possible from the idyllic spirit of the Greeks. Two curious experiments, each of great power, yet neither entirely satisfactory—the Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich, and Dorothy—contain more of the genuine spirit of pastoral than any other poems of our century. The first of these is an ingenious and speculative disquisition of a political and religious nature, framed in a country setting; the other is more strictly an idyl, and does undoubtedly point in the direction from which we may perhaps yet expect to see the modern English pastoral proceed. If bucolic drama should ever revive with us, it will need to be strictly realistic and exact, full of nature, human and divine, and delicately balanced between a foolish stateliness on one side and a crude severity on the other. It will undoubtedly throw in its lot more with Theocritus than with Virgil, and more with Spenser than with Sidney; and will be a protest against what is artificial, not a stereotyped copy of tradition. However, as yet we see no signs of the revival of pastoral poetry in England, and we may content ourselves with the dispassioned examination of its developments in the past. It has never been more than a silver thread in the wide champaign of literary history, now flashing across the landscape, and now lost for many a mile of varied leafage.
RIDER ON MR. GOSSE'S ESSAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

The preceding Essay of Mr. Gosse is so full and thorough, that it may seem presumptuous, on the first blush of it, to supplement it in any way. But my 'Rider' will I believe supply its own raison d'être and apology, and remove any (perhaps instinctive) first feeling of the sort indicated.

Primarily, I accentuate that Mr. Gosse keeps pretty close to the lines laid down by "E. K." in his "Epistle Dedicatory" and statement of the "General Argument of the Whole Book" of The Shepheards Calender. That is to say, Edward Kirke glances at certain prior and (in part) semi-contemporary Pastoral Poets,—from Theocritus and Virgil to Sanazarro,—and our present-day friend fills in admirably those characteristics and specialities of detail that alone enable us to master them in their relation to the "new Poet" Spenser. The capable Reader (meo judicio) will appreciate the light touch and brilliancy of phrasing, with which Mr. Gosse presents earlier and later Poets of Pastoral—the later of course necessarily additional to those of the
original "Gloser." I know not that anywhere will be found a fuller or richer or more suggestive piece of literary criticism and discourse, than this Essay, within its self-chosen limits. But a little more is needed: and what I contemplate in my Rider is a brief pointing-out of so-to-say bye-paths from the main road travelled by Mr. Gosse. Into these, if the reader be tempted to turn, I can promise him kindred delights of the "singing of birds" and melody of running brooks and leafage, and many a dainty bloom and clustered fruit. Elsewhere, in another Essay,* I discuss critically and historically, wider relations and influences, acting and re-acting. Here and now, I propose to limit myself to a few leaves by way of interesting some readers, at any rate, in names passed over or subordinated by Mr. Gosse.

In limine, I venture to note that any close dealing with the Shepheards Calender suggests, as required, a distinct vision and a firm grasp of not merely the classical pastoral poetry, as represented by Theocritus and Virgil, but of the Sicilian shepherd-songs which gave birth to it. Materials for this have only very recently been worthily brought together. In England (I fear) those materials are only meagrely and at second-hand known. The Legends and Myths and Achievements of Sicily—all in a setting less or more "pastoral"—deserve and demand recognition by those who would get at many a secret of our own Elizabethan poets and prosaists, from Gower and Chaucer to Skelton and Spenser, Lyly and Greene, onward.

Equally vital to an adequate apprehension and com-

* "The Influence of Spenser on his Contemporaries, and onward;" Vol. I.
prehension of Spenser as a pastoral poet, is a like
vision and grasp of the medievæl pastourelle, or courting
of a shepherdess by a man of rank, with its kindred—
the Latin pastoralia, where the assailant is a "scholar,"
and the later dialogue between shepherd and shep-
herdess, of which Henryson's Robene and Makayne
and Breton's Corydon and Phillis are good examples; while
simultaneously, it is scarcely less important to empha-
size the satirical use of the eclogue:* the last, fashioned
not only on classical models, but coloured by some pas-
sages in the Hebrew prophets and "Sweet Singers" (or
* As subsidiarily illustrative, I place here two specimens of the
Pastoralia—the one perhaps not quite proper, yet none the less
characteristic. Doubtless these came from some of the vagabond
scholars called 'Goliardi.'

PASTORALIA.

Exuit diluculo
rustica puella,
Cum grege, cum baculo,
   cum lana novella.
Sunt in grege parvulo
lupus et asella,

Vitula cum vitulo
caper et capella.
Conspexis in caspite
scolarem sedere:
Quid tu facis domine?
   i mecum ludere.

Vere dulci mediante
Non in Maio, paulo ante,
Luce solis radiante
Virgo vultu elegante
Fronde stabat sub vernante
Canens cum cicutu.
Illic veni fato dante;
Nymphæa non est formæ tantæ
Adquipollens ejus plantæ :
Quæ me viro festinante
Grege fuit cum balante
Meta dissoluta.
Clamans tendit ad ovile;
Hanc sequendo precor "sile":
Precés spernitus et monile.

"Nihil timeas hostile."
Quod ostendi, tenet vile
Virgo sic locuta:
"Munus vestrum, inquit, nolo,
Quia pleni estis dolo;"
Et se sic defendit colo,
Comprehensam jeci solo.
Clario non est sub polo
Vilibus induta. **
"Si senserit meus pater
Vel Martinus major frater,
Erit mihi dies ater;
Vel si sciret mea mater,
Cum sit angue pejor quater,
Virgis sum tributa."
psalmists). And then, as a further element, not to be without loss ignored, there is the development of pastoral Romance and Drama—both, I think, having started from the Eclogue—the first, in classical times, with Daphnis and Chloe, the second with the Orfeo of Poliziano: the former becoming the popular form of romance in Renaissance times, and developing gradually into the modern Novel, the latter culminating in Tasso's Aminta, and Guarini's Pastor Fido, and calling in the aid of music, which by slow yet sure steps threw the poetry into the shade and produced Italian Opera.

If these hints—and they are mere hints—be thought-out and practically utilized, three conclusions will be arrived at—at least, I have myself arrived at them.

1. That Spenser's introduction of political-ecclesiastical "talk" and debate into his Shepheard's Calender was born not of the classical, but in a slight way of the mediæval pastourelle and largely of the "Satirical" eclogue.

2. That Spenser, as well as the mediæval and satirical poets, is true to the facts of "rustic" character and experience in turning the conversation on the highest affairs of State and Church. It betrays extreme ignorance of the 'commonalty' of any period to suppose that they did not "talk" of everything their titular "betters" did. I—for one—hold it in nicest keeping with "character," therefore, that Spenser worked into his Shepheard's Calender as the talk of his rustics exactly what he did. Is it said that the charge made, or the fault found, is not so much that shepherds talk of the doings of their 'betters' as that they should allude to kings and queens, etc., in a far-fetched alle-
RIDER ON MR. GOSSE'S ESSAY.

gorical way—as in calling the Queen a shepherdess, etc., etc.? I must urge, in reply to this, that the 'far-fetched allegorical way' is not one whit more incongruous in the mouths of the lower classes than in those of the higher. Besides, the fact is thus left untouched, only the form. That the 'form' is absurd, I do not for a moment gainsay. Contrariwise, I would accentuate the absurdity, and note here, that the climax is reached in an eclogue by Ronsard, where the Duchess of Savoy as Margot, the Duke of Guise as Guisin, the King of Navarre as Navarre, etc., sing against one another for wagers of fawns, he-goats, shepherds' crooks, tame blackbirds, etc., and speak, e.g., of Henry II. as "berger Henriot."

3. That the Shepheards Calender, being of the lineage named, must be studied less as Pastoral-proper than as Poetry framing itself in rural scenery and rural human experiences. This also widens—and on sure ground—the Nature-painting poetry of our language. For with this for golden key, just as in the portraits and other paintings of the great masters you have backgrounds of rock and tree and water and sky, showing penetrative insight into nature, so if once you be put on the alert in reading the early poetry of England, you come on bits of nature-painting and realism touched of imagination, all unsuspected—so much so, that to one who has thus open-eyed read our national poetry (and in part prose) it is the grotesquerie of nonsense to date so modernly the "seeing" of nature. Wordsworth was heir of all the ages.

Following up these observations and conclusions, I have now to furnish, as the substance of my Rider,
typical quotations from representative 'Pastoralists,' (if the name be allowable).

It will not (I hope) be held as provincial that I begin with a poet of Scotland, than whom none outside of the classics more absolutely deserves revival and critical and learned commentary—George Buchanan. I do not in these quotations adhere to chronology, but to kind and quality.

1. Desiderium Lutetiae (Buchanani Opera, 1714: Poematum Pars Altera, pp. 51-2).

O quoties dixi Zephyris properantibus illuc,
Felices pulchram visuri Amaryllida venti,
Sic neque Pyrene duris in cotibus alas
Atterat, et vestros non rumpant nubila cursus,
Dicite vesanos Amaryllidi Daphnidos ignes.
O quoties Euro levibus cum raderet alis
Æquora, dicebam, Felix Amaryllide visa,
Dic mihi, num meminit nostri? num mutua sentit
Vulnera? num veteris vivunt vestigia flammæ?
Ille ferox contra rauco cum murmure stridens,
Avolat irato similis, mihi frigore pectus
Congelat, examines torpor gravis alligat artus.
Nec me pastorum recreant solamina, nec me
Fistula, Nymphaumque leves per prata choreae,
Nec que capripedes modulantur carmina Panes:
Una meos sic est praedata Amaryllis amores.
Et me tympana docta ciere canora Lycisca,
Et me blanda Melænis amavit, Iberides ambæ,
Ambæ florentes annis, opibusque superæ. * * *
Sæpe suos vultus speculata Melænis in unda
Composuit, pinxitque oculos, finxitque capillum,
Et voluit simul et meruit formas a videri. * * *
Sæpe choros festos me prætereunte, Lycisca,
Cernere dissimulans, vultusque aversa canebat
Hæc pedibus terram, et manibus cava tympana, pulsans; * *
Vidi ego dum leporem venator captat, echinum
Spernere, post vanos redeuntem deinde labores
Vespere nec retulisse domum leporem nec echinum.
Vidi ego qui nullum peteret piscator, et arctis
RIDER ON MR. GOSSES ESSAY.

Retibus implicitam tincam sprevisset opinam,
Vespere nec retulisse domum mullum neque tincam.
Vidi ego qui calamos crescentes ordine risit,
Pastor arundineos, dum torno rasile buxum
Frustra amat, (interea calamos quos riserat, alter
Pastor habet,) fragiles contentum inflare cicutas.
Sic solet immodicos Nemesis contundere fastus.
Hæc et plura Melaenis, et hæc et plura Lycisca
Cantabant surdas frustra mihi semper ad aures.
Sed canis ante lupas, et taurus diliget ursas,
Et vulpes lepores, et amabit dama leenas,
Quam vel tympana docta ciere canora Lycisca
Mutabit nostros vel blanda Melaenis amores.
Et prius æquoribus pisces, et montibus umbræ,
Et volucres deerunt silvis, et murmura ventis,
Quam mihi discedent formasæ Amaryllidos ignes :
Illâ mihi rudibus succeddit pectora flammis,
Finiet illâ meos moriens morientis amores.

My next poet is also of Scotland—JOHN BARCLAY—
typically artificial, and reminding one of the celebrated
description of pastoral elegies in The Guardian.

II. From Deliciae Poëtarum Scotorum (Vol. i.).

(1) The Shepherd at Court.

Cur mihi, Phæbe parens, facies pulcherrima rerum
Qua renovas campos et das nova sæcula mundo,
Cur radii placuere tu? cur pascua nostra
Deserui demens, et me spes yana fefellit?
Tunc mihi præsage frustra dixere volucres,
“Quo properas Corydon? cur regia tangit agrestem?
Cur fugis hos saltus et concipis improbus aulam?”
Talia dicebant, nec me movere volucres,
Nec qui congreguit, liqui cum pascua, taurus.
Sed veni, et gemina cecini tibi lœtus avena;
Forsitan et placui; certe tu vertice toto
Assensus, “nostro” dixisti “in limine persta.” * * 
Sepe mihi arridens, “Corydon Pete munera” dicis.
Quid petat ah Corydon? Corydoni delige munus
Ipse pater: nescit que poscat munera Pastor.
Sponte mea sanctas pendebit carmen ad aras;
Sponte tue nostræ resonabant nomen avenæ;
Sponte tua mihi dona feras. Non improba posco.
Thura Jovi ferimus: secundos Jupiter imbres, etc., etc.
(2) The Same, after being rewarded.

Nunc mf speis lentæ, positum nunc cura tumulta,
Securusque timor placet et dilata voluptas.

(3) From an Eclogue on the death of James I.

Corydon. Tityre pone metum, placavimus æthera luctu.
Ecce redit ccelum vibratis lætius astris.
Daphnis habet ccelum, Daphnis tenet astra, nitetque
Ipse novum sidus (numera modo sidera) Daphnis.

Titurus. Daphnis habet terras, novus en regit omnia Daphnis
Ile quidem parvoque pedo, fundaque minore,
Crescentique manu; genius tamen omnia major
Implet, et dum quantos illi jam destinat annos!
Ite pecus lætum, consuetaque carpite prata, etc.

I turn now to PETRARCH—little more than named by either Spenser or "E. K.," but who unquestionably influenced the "new poet" profoundly. Regarded broadly, Petrarch in his native Italian seems really to grieve for the person, in Latin his grief is evidently for the loss of a subject to write upon.

I select his "pastoral" Lament for Laura, as peculiarly and crucially typical:

III. Death of Laura (Ecl. x.).

Ipse ego (quid longus, quid non valet improbus usus?)
Edidici variare modos, ac multa per herbam,
Sed non magna, canens, demum me frondibus ësdem
Exorno; celsos poteram nec prendere ramos,
Ni sublatum humeris tenuisset maximus Argus.
Hinc mihi primus honor, dulcis labor, otia leta
Pastorumque favor multus; collesque per omnes
Illicet agnosci incipio, digitoque notari.
Laurea cognomen tribuit mihi, laurea famam,
Laurea divitias; fueram qui pauper in arvis
Dives eram in silvis, nec me felicior alter;
Sed letum fortuna oculo conspexit iniquo. * * *
Hei mihi quo nunc fessus eam? quibus anxius umbris
Recreer? aut ubi jam senior nova carmina cantem?
Illic notus eram; quo nunc vagus orbe requirar?
Quæ me terra capit? Potes ad tua damna reverti,
Infelix, sparsasque solo conquirere frondes,  
Et laceros ramos et jam sine cortice truncum  
Amplecti, lacrimisque arentia membra rigare.  
Ibis, an ignotas fugies moriturus in oras?  
Infaustum vivaxque caput! dulcissima rerum  
Spes abiit: quid vita manes invisa fruenti?

The inevitable successor to Petrarch is MANTUAN. I give representative passages, the first being often alluded to in Elizabethan books.

IV. (1) Ecl. 4. On Women.
Femineum servile genus, crudele, superbum,  
Lege, mode, ratione caret, confinia recti  
Negligit, extremis gaudet, facit omnia voto  
Practipiti, vel lenta jacet, vel concita currit  
Femina, semper hiems atque intractabile frigus,  
Aut canis ardentes contristat sidere terras;  
Temperiem nunquam, nunquam mediocria curat. **
Credite pastores, per rustica numina juro,  
Pascua si gregibus vestris innoxia vultis,  
Si vobis ovium cura est, si denique vobis  
Grata quies, pax, vita, leves prohibete puellas  
Pellanturque procul vestris ab ovilibus omnes  
Thestylis et Phyllis, Galatea, Neera, Lycoris. **
Est in eis pietas crocodili, astutia hyenae;  
Cum flet et appellat te blandius, insidiatur.  
Femineos pastor fugito (sunt retia) vultus. **
Monstra peremerunt multi, domuere gigantes,  
Evertere urbes, legem imposuere marinis  
Fluctibus, impetui fluviorum, et montibus aspris.  
Sacra coronarunt multos certamina, sed qui  
Cuncta subegerunt, sunt a muliere subacti.

(2) Ecl. 9. The Court of Rome.
Hoc est Roma viris, avibus quod noctua, trunco  
Insidet, et tanquam volucrum regina superbis  
Nutibus a longe plebem vocat; inscia fraudis  
Turba coit; grandes oculos mirantur et aures,  
Turpe caput, rostrique minacis acumen aduncum;  
Dumque super virgulta agili levitate feruntur,  
Nunc huc, nunc iluc, alis vestigia filum;  
Illaqueat, retinent alias lita vimina visco;  
Prædaque sunt omnes verubus torrenda salignis.
Perhaps I ought earlier to have quoted CLEMENT MAROT. More of him in the sequel from one pre-emminently qualified: and meantime I reproduce passages from the eclogue avowedly imitated by Spenser—partly to show the likeness and partly to show the contrast. A second quotation illustrates the religious use of the Pastoral. It has qualities ample to defend it from any charge of profaneness:—

1. Eclogue on the death of Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I.  
(This is the Eclogue imitated in the 11th eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar.)

THENOT.

Le rossignol de chanter est le maistre:  
Taire convient devant lui les pivers:  
Aussi, estant là où tu pourras estre,  
Taire feray mes chalumeaux divers.

Mais si tu veux chanter dix foys dix vers,  
En deplorant la bergere Loyse,  
Des coignz auras six jaunes et six vertz,  
Des mieux sentans qu'on veit depuis Moyse.

Et si tes vers son d'aussi bonne mise  
Que les derniers que tu feis d'Ysaboe,  
Tu n'auras pas la chose qu'ay promise,  
Ains beaucoup plus, et meilleur et plus beau. * * *

COLIN.

Tu me requiers de ce dont j'ay envie:  
Sus donc, mes vers, chantez chantz doulourez,  
Puis que la mort a Loyse ravié,  
Qui tant tenoit noz courtiz vigoureux. * * *

Dès que la mort ce grand coup eut donné,  
Tous les plaisirs champestres s'assoupirent;  
Les petits ventz alors n'ont allené,  
Mais les forts ventz encore en souspirent. * * *

Terre en ce temps devint nue et debile;  
Plusieurs ruyseaux tous à sec demourèrent;  
La mer en fut troublée et mal tranquille,  
Et les dauphins bien jeunes y pleurerent.
Biches et cerfs estonnes s'arresterent;
Bestes de proye et bestes de pasture,
Tous animaux Loyse regreterent
Excepté loups de mauvaise nature.
Tant en effect griefe fut la pointure,
Et de malheur l'advanture si pleine,
Que le beau lys en print noire taincture,
Et les troupeaux en portent noire laine.
Sur l'arbre sec s'en complaint Philomene;
L'aronde en faict cris piteux et trenchans;
La tourterelle en gemit et en meine
Semblable dueil, et j'accorde à leurs chants. * * *
D'où vient cela qu'on voit l'herbe sechante
Rtourner vive alors que l'esté vient,
Et la personne au tumbeau trebuschante,
Tant grande soit, jamais plus ne revient? * * *
Chantez, mes vers, fresche douleur conceue.
Non, taiser-vous, c'est assez deploré:
Elle est aux champs Elisiens receue
Hors des travaux de ce monde esploré.
Là où elle est n'y a rien defloré;
Jamais le jour et les plaisirs n'y meurent;
Jamais n'y meurt le vert bien coloré,
Ne ceulx avec qui là dedans demeurent.
Car toute odeur ambrosienne y fleurent,
Et n'ont jamais ne deux ne trois saisons,
Mais un printemps, et jamais il ne pleurent
Perte d'amys, ainsi que nous faisons.
En ces beaux champs et nayfves maisons
Loyse vit, sans peur, peine ou mesaise;
Et nous ça bas, pleins d'humaines raisons,
Sommes marrys (ce semble) de son aise.
Là ne veoit rien qui en rien huy desplaise;
Là mange fruit d'incestimable prix;
Là boyt liqueur qui toute soif appaise;
Là congoistra mille nobles esprits.
Tous animaux playsans y sont compris,
Et mille oyseaux y font joye immortelle,
Entre lesquels vole par le pourpris
Son papegay, qui partit avant elle.
Là elle veoit une lumière telle
Que pour la veoir mourir devrions vouloir.
Puis qu'elle a donc tant de joye eternelle,
Cessez, mes vers, cessez de vous douloir.
Mettez vos montz et pins en nonchalair,
Venez en France, ô Nymphes de Savoye. * * *
RIDER ON MR. GOSSE'S ESSAY.

Portez rameaux parvenus à croissance:
Laurier, lierre et lys blancs honorez,
Romarin vert, roses en abondance,
Jaune soucie et bassinetz dorez,
Pass'veloux de pourpre colorez
Lavende franche, cèilletz de couleur vive,
Aubepins blancs, aubepins azuréez,
Et toutes fleurs de grand' beauté nayfve
Chascune soit d'en porter attentive,
Puis sur la tumbe en jectez bien espais,
Et n'oubliez force branches d'olive,
Car elle estoit la bergere de paix.

II. From La Complaincte d'un Pastoureau Chrestien.

J'ay veu le temps, ô Pan, que je soulois
Aller louant ton grand nom par les bois;
J'ay veu le temps que ma joyeuse muse
Me provoqoit sus douce cornemuse
Dire tes loz et tèss bontez aussi;
Mais à present tant plein suis de soucy,
De tant d'ennuyys, de travaux et d'encumbre,
Que je ne puis t'en reciter le nombre,
Tant que de deuil je laisse ma houlette,
Et en un coing je jette ma musette.
Mais dessus tout accróist ma passion
Le dur regret que j'ay de Marion,
Qui est, ô Pan, ton humble bergerette,
Et du petit bergeret qu'elle allaicte.
O Pan, grand dieu, j'ay solide memoire
Que quand nous deux vouions manger ou boire
Ôù que la nuit estondoit son manteau
Dessus Phebus, qui rend l'air clere et beau,
Je l'enseignois, et toute sa mesgnie
Disant ainsi: "O chere compagnie,
Exaltons Pan, qui par vertu divine
Par tous les lieux de ce monde domine,
Et lequel fait par ses divines graces
Que nous ayons en tous temps brebis grasses;
Lequel de nous a toujours un tel soing,
Que de nos parcz tout danger met au loing."
Puis, par souhait a Marion disoys:
"Pleust or à Pan que mon fils de six moys,
Ton bergeret que tu vas nourissant,
Fust pour porter la musette puissant!"
RIDER ON MR. GOSSE’S ESSAY.

Certes, en luy tel labeur je prendrois,
Que bon joueur de fleutes le rendrois,
Ou de hautbois et musette rustique,
Pour au grand Pan faire loz et cantique."

Of pastoral songs I wish Mr. Gosse had said a good deal more. As his editor I may be partial, but I have a feeling that his estimate of Robert Greene is strangely inadequate and the quotations equally so. Let the reader possess himself of Samela’s song in *Menaphon*, and his “O what is love” in the *Mourning Garment*, and his simply delicious (so-called) *Odes*. Constable’s *Diaphenia*, and Nicholas Breton’s *Phyllida and Corydon*, and many exquisite snatches in *England’s Helicon*, one might linger over long.

I can only now ask attention to a very well known Italian pastoral song assigned to Sacchetti (1335-1400): but I give the current version ascribed to Poliziano. It is surely a bright, pleasant thing. The — mark the changes of speakers.

*Dialogue between Town-girls and Shepherdesses.*

Vaghe le montanine, e pastorelle,
Donde venite si leggiadre e belle?—
Vegnam dall’ alpe presso ad un boschetto;  
Piccola capannela è il nostro sito;  
Col padre e colla madre in picciol tetto,  
Dove natura ci ha sempre nutrito  
Torniam la sera dal prato fiorito  
Ch’ abbiam passiate nostre pecorelle.—

Qual’ è il paese dove nate siete,  
Che sì bel frutto sovra ogni altro adduce?  
Creature d’ Amor voi mi paretet,  
Tanta è la vostra faccia, che riluce.  
Nè oro né argento in voi non luce,  
E mal vestite, e parette angiolelle.  
Ben si posson dolor vostre bellezze  
Poiche tra valle e monti le mostrate,  
Che non è terra di si grandi altezze  
Che voi non foste degne ed onorate,
RIDER ON MR. GOSSES ESSAY.

Ora mi dite, si vi contentate
Di star nell’ alpe così poverelle?—
Più si contenta ciascuna di noi
Gire alla mandria, dietro alla pastura,
Più che non fate ciascuna di voi
Gire a danzare dentro a vostre mura;
Ricchezza non cerchiam, né più ventura,
Se non be’ fiori, e facciam ghirlandelle.

I know not that I can better or more ad rem point the significance of former passages from Mantuan than by kindred (and yet having their own distinctive touch) from AMALTEI. I shall here recall to living eyes a good specimen of Italian (through Latin) 16th century pastoral poetry. The hestiest glance can scarcely fail to reveal the likeness to some of our Elizabethans, Lodge and Greene especially:—

v. Giovan Batista Amaltei (Deliciae Poet, Italorum, Vol. i.).

(1) Acon laments the sickness of Hyella.

O qui Dictaei statuat me in vertice montis,
Aut fortunatos Erymanthi sistat ad amnes,
Ut saturis panacem calathis, ut molle cyperum
Dictamnumque legam et fragrantia germa myrrhæ,
Et releve infirmos artus languentis Hyellæ.
Ilia quidem vix agram animam sustentat anhelo
Pector, et indignis singultibus interrumpit;
Nec vis ualla potest sævum lenire dolorem.
Illam etiam lacrymantem, etiam sua fata querentem,
Stellarum vigiles ignes, et primus Eous,
Et Sol Hesperias vidit deexus ad undas. * * *
At vos quæ nemora et rorantia fontibus antra
Incolitis Nymphæ, vestras si sepius aras
Verbena primisque rosis donavit Hyella,
Et dedit aureolis insignia serta corymbis,
Vos ferte Eos ditantia cinnama lucos,
Felicemque Arabum messem, Assyriosque liquores;
Vos ægram refovete, et tristes pellite morbos. * * *
Fons quoque desiliens prærupti tramite clivi
Contraxit liquidas nunc terræ in viscera venas:
Et desiderio formosæ accensus Hyellæ
Vix fertur tenul per levia saxa susurro.
RIDER ON MR. GOSSE'S ESSAY.

Abde caput miserande, et fracta turbidus urna
Muscoso occultare situ caecisque latebris:
Non est quae vitreis tecum colludat in undis.
Abde caput miserande, cavoque inclusus in animo,
Et lucem indignare et aperti lumina coeli:
Non est quae blandor currentem carmine sistat;
Non est quae dulces latices dulci hauriat ore.
Crudeles morbi, vestro de semine labes
Insedit roseisque genus roseisque labellis
Dejectisque decorem oculis; et saevior eheu
Ingruit, et miseram silvis avertit Hydram.

(2) Corydon to the Breezes.

Felices aures quae circum roscida culta,
Mollibus incinctae Zephyris et vere perenni,
Æternos alitis flores et amœna vireta;
Vobis Ædalia e myro ac Peneide fronde
Constituit lucum, viridique e cespite ponit
Septem aras Corydon muscosi fontis ad undam:
Vos lenite æstus, atque alludente susurro
Mulcet ardentis radiantia lumina solis.
Sic nunquam vestros obscurent nubila cursus,
Sic tellus vobis, sic vobis rideat æquor.

* * * * * *

Vos vero tenues animæ rorantibus alis
Et cælo regnate et iniquum arcete calorem.
Invideo vobis aures: vos carmine blando
Detinet et roseis exceptat Nisa papillis,
Aut gremio herbarum aut vacuo projecta sub antro.
Illic et nostros secum meditatur amores.
Assurgunt silvae et tacito stant gutture circum
Intentæ volucres, et cursus flumina sistent
Dum canit; arrident pleno tum lumine ccelum. * * *

Invideo vobis aures: lustratis opaca
Silverum hospitia, incustoditosque recessus;
Et nostis quo Nisa jugo, qua valle residat.

Finally, I cannot withhold the prologue to Daphnis and Chloe, which gives the spirit of pastoral Romance to the life:

Ἐν Δαφνὶς ὑπὸ τὴν Ἑλένην Ὀμφάλων θάλασσα ἔδωκεν κάλλιστον ἀνὴρ ἑαυτήν ἑκόνα, γραφήν, ἱστορίαν ἴστιος. Καλὸν μὲν καὶ τὸ Ἑλένης,
Turning back upon CLEMENT MAROT, and the French sources of Spenser in the Shepheardes Calender, it is my privilege to introduce at this point a little paper communicated to me with many “good words” by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Esq., whose Short History of French Literature is winning, as I write, praise from those whose praise is fame. I gladly and gratefully enrich my Rider with this short but really exhaustive criticism:

“The question of the French originals which Spenser, writing in 1579, may or must have had before his eyes, is an exceedingly interesting one, but it could only be fully treated at very great length. The French pastoral poem has a longer ancestry than almost any similar growth of the kind in European literature. The charming mediæval pastourelles—innumerable and by no means monotonous variations on the general theme of a knight meeting by the roadside a beautiful shepherdess, and endeavouring, with or without success, to win her from her rustic love—form an important department of old French literature. The genius of Adam de la Halle (later thirteenth century) in dramatising the common form of these poems into the delightful operetta of the Jeu de Robin et Marion produced one of the epoch-making works of the middle ages. But
there is no sign that Spenser knew or followed any of this early work. The constituent parts of his pastoral, however, the liberal use of allegory, and the borrowing of a certain Theocritean or rather Virgilian mannerism, had been anticipated in French poetry, and the Shepheardes Calender follows that anticipation so closely that there can be little doubt of the following being intentional. There are few things of the kind more amusing in old English literature than the spiteful reference to Marot in the notes to the first eclogue. The good 'E. K.' was evidently one of those persons—very numerous in literature—who must 'take a side.' At the time he wrote the Pleiade poetry was in full flourishing, and it was the proper thing for an admirer of the Pleiade to scorn Marot. So much so was this the case, that though the pastoral poetry of the Ronsardists is among the chief of their titles to fame, they studiously eschewed the eclogue form. Vauquelin de la Fresnaye, not the least happy of them in treating country subjects, deliberately and expressly rejects it in his idylles; and a moment's thought will remind those who know French sixteenth-century poetry that all the famous poems of the time—Ronsard's 'Mignonner, allons voir,' Du Bellay's 'Vanueur,' Belleau's 'Avril,'Passerat's 'First of May'—are lyrics of the style best known to English readers by Herrick's work nearly a century later. But Spenser was not of the same class as his faithful commentator. Between some, at least, of the great ones of literature there is freemasonry, and the translator of Du Bellay's glorious Antiquités de Rome could appreciate and imitate the different work of the man to whom Du Bellay and his school did scant justice. The resemblance to Marot's pastorals in the Shepheardes Calender is exceedingly strong. There is the same variety of metre and the same alternation from the most serious to the most trivial subjects. The intrusion of controversial matter is almost certainly borrowed from Marot, and the very style of the dialogue often seems to be a reminiscence. This being so, some notice of the work of the unlucky poet who died thirty-five years before the date of the Shepheardes Calender may not be improper. The sources of inspiration of that work have been already indicated. On the one hand Marot was a descendant, and in his youth a pupil, of the allegorizing rhétoriqueurs, who carried out for two centuries the tradition of the Roman de la Rose in a fashion very different from that of the original author of that charming poem. On the other hand, he was himself a man of the Renaissance, imbued with its classical culture, strongly tinctured with its peculiar militant religiosity (a religiosity which did not exclude the freest of free living) and (representing as he did its earlier rather than its latter stage) animated with the curious buoyancy and childishly playfulness which is at first as remarkable in it as the melancholy which ulti-
mately prevailed is remarkable later. Marot therefore took the Virgilian form (for of Theocritus he is not likely to have known much directly), and he carried it out in the spirit of the respectable authors of Castles of Honour, Orchards of Chastity, and so forth, in the fifteenth century. But he corrected that spirit partly by his own natural taste, partly by the gaiety of the time, and partly by the serious enthusiasm which so oddly accompanied that gaiety. His eclogues are not numerous, but they are remarkable. The Dialogue des Deux Amoureux, which seems, like most of the poems of this class, to have been the work of his later life, is a brisk poem in octosyllables, with occasional snatches of downright song, and some instances of the rather laboured wit (such as continued answers in monosyllables) of which the best known examples are to be found in Rabelais' contemporary and infinitely greater work. Then (the order of Jannet's edition being followed) comes the Eclogue to the King under the names of Pan and Robin, which is narrated and not arranged dramatically.

"Another extremely characteristic piece which must be held to have influenced Spenser, and, either directly or through Spenser, Milton, is the Sermon du Bon Pasteur et du Malevais Prés et Extrait du Dixième Chapitre de Saint Jehan. Of the same style is the Complaint of a Christian Shepherd addressed to God under the style of Pan, God of Shepherds, which was found after the death of Marot at Chambery." There is no need to insist on the unsuitableness of form and matter in these poems—that is clear enough. Marot has made it more prominent still by insisting upon dragging Marion, the old and decidedly Pagan heroine of the pastourelles, into his sacred eclogues, with an effect which is equally ludicrous and improper. Spenser—a greater poet than Marot, and master of the serious energy to which Marot seldom or never attained—did not fall into this mistake after his master's model. But that Marot was in a sense, and to a certain degree, his master there could be little doubt, even if E.K. had not by implication admitted it. Of direct indebtedness to any French poet, except Marot, it is not very easy to discern traces. But it is well to remember that, in many of the details of his phraseology, Spenser is indebted to his predecessors from Chaucer downwards, all of whom, without exception, borrowed freely from the now forgotten French poets of the fifteenth century."

Of course Mr. Saintsbury must not be understood too literally when he states that the Ronsardists "studiously eschewed the eclogue form," seeing that regular eclogues are among the works of Ronsard,
Baif and Belleau, who were all members of the "Pleiade." Indeed, the *Bergerie* of the latter is a kind of pastoral romance after the manner of Sanazzaro, only Belleau was not careful to produce a homogeneous work, and contrived to find place for any poem of any class which he happened to have by him ready to print.

Before concluding these summary notices of the Pastoralists of Scotland, France, and Italy, a glance may be cast on Spain and Portugal.

But the Pastoral, in the sense of the others, can hardly claim at any time to have been spontaneous in either. In both it was clearly an importation from Italy, and may be traced to the influence of that "Sanazzaro" already repeatedly referred to, and whose family, curiously enough, had been carried from Spain to Naples by the political revolutions "in the early part of the fifteenth century."

Speaking from recollection mainly, we think in no Spanish or Portuguese Pastoral extant, can be found that intense admiration for sylvan scenery and flowers which is the characteristic of parts of Spenser's work. The Spanish and Portuguese poets were familiar enough with Virgil and Theocritus, but nowhere prior to the publication of the *Arcadia* of Sanazzaro (1504) do we find anything in print approaching the real pastoral. Umbrageous woods, golden-sanded rivers, shepherds and flocks, are common enough; but beyond roses and violets, we find no flowers, nothing in the sense of

"The pincke and purple Cullambine:
Bring Coronations, and sops in wine
Worne of paramoures;"
RIDER ON MR. GOSSE’S ESSAY.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,  
And Cowslips and Kingcups and loved Lillies.  
The prettie Pawnce  
And the Chevisaunce  
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.”

The long and sanguinary struggle in Spain to expel the Moor necessitated the aggregation of the population in towns and “fenced cities,” and was clearly inimical to the cultivation of Pastoral poetry after nature, if not after art.

It is only latterly that even landscape art has been cultivated in the Peninsula. Following on the works of Sanazzaro (within the limits of the Spenserian period) we have Saa de Miranda, 1495—1558), Montemayor (1561), Garcilasso (1536), Gil Polo (1564), Boscan (1540), Mendoza (1575), and some later down to Cervantes’ Galatea. Of most of these it may be said, with the author of Don Quixote, alluding to Montemayor—

“ He is no shepherd, said the priest,  
But an ingenious courtier.”

These so-called Pastoral poets were mostly only belted knights and courtiers masquerading in a shepherd’s dress.

“Oh, Sir,” said the (Don Quixote’s) niece, “pray order them to be burnt, for should my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may possibly, by reading such books, take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing upon a pipe, and, what would be still worse, turn poet, which they say is an incurable and contagious disease.”

Saa de Miranda forsook the law for poetry, visiting
both Spain and Italy. He died in 1558. No edition is quoted of his works earlier than 1614. The specimen given by Sismondi is elegant, but breathes none of those wood-notes wild which charm in Spenser:—

"En vi ja por aqui, sombras et flores,
Vi agoas, et vi fontes, vi verdura,
As aves, vi cantar todas d’amores.
Mudo et seco he ja tudo, et de mistura,
Também fazendome, eu fuy d’outras cores.
E. tudo o mais renova, isto. he sem cura."

Translation.

"Here amid this silent shade and flowers,
River, fountain, and soft greenwood bowers,
'Mid songs of birds, I pass the am’rous hours;
Now mute and barren—all their verdure fled.
Again shall bloom and blossom sweet spring fed,
Alone, alas! I grieve, till lingering life be sped."

Of Sanazzaro Sismondi gives a translation (Roscoe: Colburn, 1823, vol. iv., p. 212):—

"Thine, other hills, and other groves
And streams, and rivers never dry,
On whose fresh banks, thou pluck’st the amaranth flowers
While, following other loves
Through sunny glades, the Fauns glide by,
Surpassing the fond Nymphs in happier bowers,
Pressing the fragrant flowers."

An English translation of the Diana of Montemayor was made by Bartholomew Yong (London, 1598, folio).

I have incidentally referred to English "Pastoral" plays. The first I know is Llyly’s Gallathea (1584), and Peele’s Arraignment of Paris (1584)—both professing at least to be pastoral dramas. The beauties of the first act of the latter play everybody knows through Lamb. There are also the Maids Metamorphosis (1600), recently reprinted by Mr. Bullen in his most welcome
volumes; the Faithful Shepherdess (of which Mr. Gosse has written well); Comus and Arcades; and Montagü's somnolent Shepherd's Paradise (1659).

There were at least two pastoral plays founded on Sidney's Arcadia—viz., Day's Isle of Gulls (1606), and Shirley's Arcadia (1640). Lodge's dry-as-Aaron's-rod Rosalynd blossomed and fruited into Shakespeare's As You Like it better than Aaron's almond-bearing rod. Greene's Pandosto was in recollection while Shakespeare was writing his Winter's Tale. Both have pastoral elements at least. Greene's Menaphon produced only Webster's (?) very bad Thracian Wonder (1661).

The Shepheards Calender, passing as it so (comparatively) rapidly did through five editions, certainly gave an impulse to pastoral poetry. In the Stationers' Register, in 1581, there is entered, A shadow of Sannazar. Munday's lost Sweet Sobbes of Shepherds and Nymphs came a year or two later. The often quoted Curan and Argentile episode in Warner's Albion's England, followed in 1586, and Watson's and Fraunce's imitations of Tasso soon after.

As stated in the outset, I elsewhere enter more fully into Spenser's relations to others and others to him. There is also Mr. Palgrave's matterful and brilliant Essay (in Vol. IV.) I content myself therefore now with a very few closing words. It must have been by mere oversight that Mr. Gosse left unnoticed the "pastoral" bits in Robert Burns—perhaps the fineliest wrought of all his poetry (e.g., "Lament for Henderson")—and the inestimable Shepherd's Calender of John Clare—worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Spenser's. No one who knows both will gainsay this.
A page might also have been found for "Hermas or the Acarian Shepherds: a Poem in Sixteen Books, The Author John Spencer." (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 2 vols., 1772.) So too for Thomson and Cowper earlier, and Bloomfield later.

Summarily, in retrospect of the whole subject as presented in Mr. Gosse's Essay and this Rider to it, one is at no loss to understand the pathos of the Lament by Euterpe in the Teares of the Muses over the contemporary decline of pastoral poetry, or rather of taste for it. Spenser was hardly satisfied with the recognition given to his Shepheards Calender. By the date of the Teares of the Muses (1590-1), it had so far (though only temporarily) grown dry and antique. The original edition of 1579 was followed by another in 1581; but the next was not called for until 1586, and the next not until 1591 (and the next not until 1597).
WHO WERE ROSALINDE AND MENALCAS?

By the Editor.

The "first love" and the later marriage of Spenser—primary elements in his Life as a man and of his Poetry—will be found fully narrated and discussed in our new Life of him (Vol. I.) Thither, therefore, the Reader is referred alike for Facts and Criticism, and also for a detailed examination of the interchanging names and emotions in the Minor Poems and Faerie Queene. Here and now, my purpose is a limited one—viz., briefly to answer the question placed at the head of this little Paper. This seemed expedient ad interim, in order to meet inevitable inquiries started by the occurring and recurring names of "Rosalinde" and "Menalcas"—more especially in the Minor Poems now completed (Vols. III. and IV.), in the Shepheards Calender, and in the related "Glosse" of E. K.

It will clear our ground (so-to-say) to bring together in the outset, the scattered notices of Rosalinde and Menalcas referred to. They are as follows—exclusive of incidental and semi-anonymous allusions (which are also appended for the Reader's guidance and consultation "an' it please him").

I. The Shepheards Calender, IANUARIE: ARGUMENT.

In this first Aeglogue Colin Clout a shepheards boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a country lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being verie sore travelled, he coppareth his careful case
WHO WERE ROSALINDE AND MENALCAS? lxxiii

to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robb'd of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in pieces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.—pp. 45-6.

At this point it will reward, carefully to read the whole Eclogue of "Januarie." Specifically, let these descriptions be noted:—

A thousand sighs I curse that carefull houre,  
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:  
And eke ten thousand sighes I blesse the stoure,  
Wherein I saw so faire a sight as shée.  
Yet all for nought: such sight hath bred my bane:  
Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine.

It is not Hobbinoel, wherefore I plaine,  
Albée my loue he seeke with dayly suit:  
His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdaine,  
His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit.  
Ah, foolish Hobbinoel, thy gifts bене vaine:  
Colin them giues to Rosalinde againe.

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why do I loue?)  
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)  
Shée deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,  
And of my rurall musicke holdeth scorne.  
Shepheardes deuise she hateth as the snake:  
And laughes the songs, that Colin Clout doth make.

The relative "Glosse" on this first mention of "Rosalinde" thus runs:—

Rosalinde, is also a fainde name, which being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouid shadoweth his loue vnder the name of Corynna, which of some is supposed to be Iulia the Emperor Augustus his daughter, and wife to Agrippa. So doth Aruntius Stella, euer where call his Ladie Asteris and Ianthis, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Statius in his Epithalamium. And so the famous paragon of Italy Madonna Celia, in her letters enuelpeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima, and Petrona vnder the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfaiiting the names of secrete personages.—p. 54, ll. 50-63.
2. *Ibid, APRILL.*

*Hobbinoll.*

Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,  
But for the lad, whom long I loved so deare,  
Now loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorn:  
He plunged in paine, his tressed lockes doth teare.

Shepheards delights he doth them all forswear.  
His pleasant Pipe, which made vs meriment,  
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbeare  
His woonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

*Thenot.*

What is he for a Lad, you so lament?  
Is loue such pinching paine to them, that prove?  
And hath he skill to make so excellent,  
Yet hath so little skill to bridle loue?

*Hobbinoll.*

Colin, thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boy:  
Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.  
Whilome on him was all my care and ioy,  
Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton heart.  
But now from me his madding minde is start,  
And wooes the widdowes daughter of the glenne:  
So now faire Rosalinde hath bred his smart,  
So now his friend is changed for a fren.—pp. 96-7, ll. 10-32.

The relative "Glosse" is as follows:—

*Colin, thou kenst,* knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As lithe, as lasse of Kent.

*The widowes,* He calleth Rosalinde the widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a countrie Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowne, even in spight of Colin and Hobbinoll, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endued with any vulgar and common giftes, both of nature and manners: but such in deede, as neede neither Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinoll be greeued, that so she should be commended to immortality for her rare and singular vertues.—pp. 105-6, ¶. 18-33.
AND MENALCAS?

3. Ibid, IUNE.

Colin.

O happie Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, which Adam lost.
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Withouten dread of Wolves to bene ytost:
Thy louely layes here maist thou freely boste,
But I vnhappy man, whom cruel fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can no where finde, to shroude my lucklesse pate.

Hobbinoll.

Then if by me thou list advised be
Forsake thy soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:
Leuue me those hilles, where harbrough nys to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor breere, nor winding witch.
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
And fruitulf flocks bene euery where to see:
Here no night Rauenes lodge more black then pitch,
Nor eluish ghosts, nor gasily Owles do flee.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphs can chase the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst sisters nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
Do make them musick, for their more delight:
And Pan himselfe to kisse their cristal faces,
Wil pype and daunce, when Phoebes shinethe bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

Colin.

And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres,
Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reprooue,
My fansie eke from former follies mooue
To stayed steps, for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth new delights with hoarie haires.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnyrpe,
To giue my Rosalinde, and in Sommer shade
WHO WERE ROSALINDE

Dight gaudie Gironds, was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks : but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose loue as life I wayde,
Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

Then should my plaints, cause of discuteseé,
As messengers of all my painful plight,
Fly to my loue, where euer that she bee.
And pearce her heart with point of worthie wight:
As shée deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou Menalcaes, that by trecherie
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to waxe so light,
Shouldest wel be knowne for such thy villanie.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle sheepeards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hilles, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked deede:
And tel the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a wéede,
And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse féere,
That she the truest sheepeards heart made bléede,
That liues on earth, and loued her most déere.

Hobbinoll.

O careful Colin, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faithlesse Rosalinde, and voyd of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthless woe.

The relative "Glosses" are these:—

Forsake the soyle. This is no Poeticall fiction, but vnfeignedly spoken of the Poet selve, who for speciall occasion of private affaires (as I haue beene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remouing out of the North partes, came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeed advised him priavately.

Those hilles, that is in the North countrey, where he dwelt.
Nis, is not.

The dales. The South partes, where he now abideth, which though they be full of hilles and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore so called: for Kantish in the Saxons toong, signifieth woody) yet in respect of the North partes they be called dales. For indeed the North is counted the higher countrey.
**AND MENALCAS?**

*Discurtisie:* hee meaneth the falseness of his lover Rosalinde, who forsaking him had chosen another.

*Point of worthie wite,* the pricke of deserved blame.

*Menalcas,* the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but here is meant a person unknowne and secret, against whom he often bitterly inueth.

*Vnderfong,* vndermine and deceiue by false suggestion.

**Embleme.**

You remember, that in the first Aeglogue, Colins Posie was *Anchora sprege:* for that as then there was hope of favour to be found in time. But now being cleanse forlorn and reiect of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into dispaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come, which is all the meaning of this Embleme.

p. 164, ll. 94-108.

4. *Ibid, AUGUST.*

*Perigot.* It fell upon a holy eue,

*Wily.* hey ho holiday,

*Per.* When holy fathers wont to shrieue:

*Wll.* now ginneth this round delay.

*Per.* Sitting vpon a hill so hie,

*Wll.* hey ho the high hill,

*Per.* The while my flocke did feed thereby,

*Wll.* the while the shepheard selfe did spill:

*Per.* I sawe the bouncing Bellibone:

*Wll.* hey ho Bonnibel,

*Per.* Tripping ouer the dale alone,

*Wll.* she can trip it verie well:

*Per.* Well decked in a frocke of gray,

*Wll.* hey ho gray is greet,

*Per.* And in a Kirtle of greene say,

*Wll.* the greene is for maydens meete:

*Per.* A chapelet on her head she wore,

*Wll.* hey ho chapelet,

*Per.* Of sweeet Violets therein was store,

*Wll.* she sweeter then the Violet.

*Per.* My sheepe did leaue their wonted food,

*Wll.* hey ho seely sheepe,

*Per.* And gazde on her, as they were wood,

*Wll.* Wood as he, that did them keepe.

*Per.* As the bonilasse passed by,

*Wll.* hey ho bonilasse,

*Per.* She rou'de at me with glaucing eye,

*Wll.* as cleare as the christal glasse:
WHO WERE ROSALINDE

Per. All as the Sunny beame so bright,  
Will. hey ho the Sunne beame,  
Per. Glauceth from Phoebus' face forthright,  
Will. so loue into my heart did streaume:  
Per. Or as the thunder cleaues the cloudes,  
Will. hey ho the thunder,  
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,  
Will. so cleaues thy soule asunder:  
Per. Or as Dame Cynthia's siluer ray  
Will. hey ho the Moone light,  
Per. Vpon the glitttering waeue doth play:  
Will. such play is a pitteous plight.  
Per. The glance into my heart did glide,  
Will. hey ho the glyder,  
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gride,  
Will. such woundes soone wexen wider.  
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,  
Will. hey ho Perigot,  
Per. I left the head in my heart root:  
Will. it was a desperate shot.  
Per. There it rancleth aye more and more,  
Will. hey ho the arrow,  
Per. Ne can I finde salue for my sore':  
Will. loue is a curelesse sorrow.  
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,  
Will. hey ho heauie cheere,  
Per. Yet should thilke lasse not from my though  
Will. so you may buye golde too deere.  
Per. But whether in painfull loue I pine,  
Will. hey ho pinching paine,  
Per. Or thrue in wealth, she shalbe mine.  
Will. But if thou can her obtaine.  
Per. And if for gracelesse griefe I dye,  
Will. hey ho gracelesse griefe,  
Per. Witnesse, she slue me with her eye:  
Will. let thy folly be the priefe.  
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple sheepe,  
Will. hey ho the faire flocke,  
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,  
Will. and mone with many a mocke.  
Per. So learnd I loue on a holy eue,  
Will. hey ho holy day,  
Per. That euer since my heart did greue.  
Will. now endeth our roundelay.

pp. 192-6, II. 68-1;

**Thenot.**

Colin my deare, when shal it please thee sing,
As thou wert woont, songs of some louisaunce?
Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleep through loves miscouragement.
Now somewhat sing, whose endless souenaunce,
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine:
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honour *Pan* with hymnes of higher vaine.

**Colin.**

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor *Pan* to herie, nor with loue to play:
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or sommer shade ynder the cocked hay.
But now sad winter welked hath the day,
And *Phæbus* weary of his yearly taske:
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowly lay,
And taken vp his ynne in Fishes has-ke.
Thilke sullen season saddre plight doth as-ke,
And loatheth sike delights, as thou doest praise:
The mournefull Muse in mirth now list ne mas-ke,
As she was woont in youngth and sommer dayes.

*pp. 252-3, ll. 1-22.*


Loue, that long since hast to thy mighty powre,
Perforce subdude my poore captiued hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doest tyrannize in euerie weaker part;
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing be.

And now t’asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meant to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed:
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wyde wounds embrewed,
And by thy cruel darts to thee subdued.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,
WHO WERE ROSALINDE

Should faint, and words should faile me, to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great godhed.

So hast thou often done (ay me the more)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore
That whole remaines scarce any little part,
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfroisen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor vnto thee,
Thus to ennable thy victorious name,
Since thou dost shew no favour vnto mee,
Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her liue thus free, and me to dy.

7. Ibid, HYMNE IN HONOVR OF BEAUTIE.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame,
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
It may so please that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace, into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

In lieu whereof graunt, ð great Soueraine,
That she whose conquering beautie doth captiue
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

8. COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN.

So hauing said, Melissa spake at will,
Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd:
Of loue and beautie and with wondrous skill,
Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd.
To thee are all true louers greatly bound,
That doest their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend.
    That ill (said Hobbinol) they him requite,
For hauing loued euer one most deare:
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.
    Indeed (said Lucid) I haue often heard
Faire Rosalind of diuers fowly blamed:
For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
To vse him so that vsed her so well:
Or who with blame can iustly her vprayd,
For louing not? for who can loue compell.
And sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyte creatures so diuine,
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heauen, though graft in frailnesse feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest Helene did reule:
Through judgement of the Gods to been ywroken
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise:
Beware therefore, ye grooms, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise.
    Ah shepheards (then said Colin) ye ne weet
How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw:
To make so bold a doome with words vnmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye neuer saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
But of diuine regard and heauenly hew,
Excelling all that euer ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie:
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not loue:
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit aboue,
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the griefe
And long affliction which I haue endured:
Such grace sometimes shall gie me some reliefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recure.
And ye my fellow shepheards which do see
And hear the languours of my too long dying,
Vnto the world for ever winnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophie of her great conquest.


Turning back upon these various direct and indirect namings and allusive celebrations of "Rosalinde," one of E. K's "Glosses" stands out from all the others, and excites (as it invites) to a discovery of the love-secret: This must again be placed before us:—

"Rosalinde, is . . . a fained name, which being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth." (_Shepheardes Calender_, Januarie, p. 54.)

There have been differing interpretations of what E. K. meant by "well ordered." In my judgment, the prior word "fained" puts out of court an early solution by a supposititious "Rose" or Rosa Lind or Linde or Lynde (of Church—not the present Dean of St. Paul's, but an editor of Spenser [_Fairy Queen, 1758_])—and so any other actual name as distinguished from an actual name _anagrammatized._

It is, therefore, in the "well-ordering" of "Rosalind" or "Rosalinde" or "Rosalynde" (the first is the spelling in _Shepheardes Calender_, Q. 1, 2, 3, 4: the second of Q. 5: the third contemporaneously and onward), as an anagram or metagram, that we must find the solution of the small mystery.

We know from many authorities, and summarily from Camden (in his "Remaines"), that thus to play with names and words and letters was a favourite "sport of
AND MENALCAS, bxxiii

wit" earlier and later. On this I gladly allow the late Rev. N. J. Halpin, of Dublin, to speak, in a discussion of which I shall have more to say in the sequel:—

"By 'well ordering' the 'feigned name' E. K. undoubtedly means disposing or arranging the letters of which it is composed in some form of anagram or metagram,—a species of wit much cultivated by the most celebrated poets of the time, Spenser included, and not deemed beneath the dignity of the learned Camden to expound.

A few examples of this 'alchemy of wit,' as Camden calls it, will reconcile our modern notions of the ἄφεσις with the puerile ingenuity thought graceful, at that unripe period of our literature, by some of the most accomplished writers and readers of the day. Let us take an extravagant instance. Sir Philip Sidney, having abridged his own name into Phil. Sid., anagrammatized it into Philisides. Refining still further, he translated Sid., the abridgment of sidus, into ἄφεσις, and, retaining the Phil., as derived from φίλος, he constructed for himself another pseudo-nym and adopted the poetical name of Astrophil. Feeling, moreover, that the Lady Rich, celebrated in his sonnets, was the loadstar of his affections, he designates her, in conformity with his own assumed name, Stella. Christopher Marlowe's name is transmuted into Wormald, and the royal Elizabetha is frequently addressed as Ah-te-basile! Doctor Thomas Lodge, author of 'Rosalinde; or Euphues, his Golden Legacy,' (which Shakespeare dramatized into As you like it,) has anagrammatized his own name into Golde,—and that of Dering into Ringde. The author of Dolarney's Primrose was a Doctor Raynold. John Hind, in his Eliosto Libidinoso, transmutes his own name into Dinohin. Matthew Roydon becomes Donroy. And Shakespeare, even, does not scruple to alchemize the Resolute John, or John Florio, into the pedantic Holofernes of Love's Labour's Lost. A thousand such fantastic instances of 'trifling with the letter' might be quoted; and even so late as the reign of Queen Anne we find this foolish wit indulged. The cynical Swift stoops to change Miss Waring into Varina; Esther (quasi Aster, a star) Johnson is known as Stella; Essy Van-homrigh figures as Vanessa; while Cadenus, by an easy change of syllables, is resolved into Decanus, or the Dean himself in propriæ personæ and canonicals.

"In the Shepherd's Calendar, the very poem in which Spenser's unknown mistress figures as Rosalinde, the poet has alchemized Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury, into Aigrind, and made Ellmor [Aylmer], Bishop of London, Morell, (it is to be hoped
he was so before,) by merely transposing the letters. What wonder, then, if, complying with an art so general and convenient, he should be found contriving, in the case of both his mistresses, at once to reveal his passion and conceal the name of his enslaver from the public gaze?"

(p. 676, Atlantic Monthly, Nov. 1858.)

All this being so, I am not aware, on the other hand, of a single example of an actual name (such as "Rosa Lind" would be) having been employed as "Rosalinde" is in the Shepheards Calender. So much for the first point—to wit, that "Rosalinde" is a "fained name, which being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth."

A second point must next be looked at. It is—That another portion of E. K.'s "Glosse" furnishes a fundamental condition of any and every "well-ordering" of Rosalinde, viz., that whoever she were, she belonged to "the North." This, it is vital to keep in recollection: for solutions that have made a stir and been semi-accepted, are instanter destroyed by it. Professor Hales thus summarily puts it:—"Many solutions of this anagram have been essayed, mostly on the supposition that the lady lived in Kent; but Professor Craik is certainly right in insisting that she was of the North."* The Lines and relative "Glosse" place this beyond dispute, as thus :

* Memoir prefixed to Dr. Morris's Globe edition of Spenser, p. xxi. Professor Craik's words, after giving Church's solution by "Rose Lynde" and Malone's of "Eliza Horden, the aspiration being omitted,"—both of Kent, are these:—"But it must have been in the north of England that Spenser saw and fell in love with Rosalind, as clearly appears from the sixth Eclogue, and from E. K.'s notes upon it." (Spenser and his Poetry, 3 vols. 12mo, 1871 : vol. 1., pp. 46-7.)
AND MENALCAS?

Hobbinoll.

Then if by me thou list advized be
Forsake thy soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:
Leauie me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witch.
And to the dales resort, where shepheardes ritch,
And fruitful flocks bene every where to see:
Here no night Rauenes lodge more black then pitch,
Nor eluish ghosts, nor gnostly Owles do flée.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphs can chase the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst sisters nyne, which dwel on Parnasse hight,
Do make them musick, for their more delight:
And Pan himselfe to kisse their chrislal faces,
Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.
Shepheard's Calender, p. 152, ll. 20-35.

Forsake the soyle. This is no Poeticall fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poet selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affaires (as I haue beeene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remouing out of the North partes, came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeed advized him priately.

Those hilles, that is in the North countrey, where he dwelt.
Nis, is not.
The dales. The South parts, where he now abideth, which though theye be full of hilles and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore so called: for Kantsch in the Saxons toong signifieth woody) yet in respect of the North parts theye be called dales. For indeed the North is counted the higher countrey.

pp. 158-9, ll. 14-27.

Biographically it is now accepted that Lancashire was the North and native soyle of the Spencers; while historically and topographically, the district dominated by famous Pendle, answers with nicest exactitude to Hobbinoll's description of its hills and wastes, bogs and glens, and peculiarly and notoriously to his vivid recounting of its dark superstitions in contrast with the brighter and happier beliefs of the sunny
South.” Any one who has read these portions of the Shepheards Calender—as I have done—on Pendle, and acquainted himself with the FACTS, must have been struck with the aptness and realism of the touches wherein “the North,” in this particular locality, is set forth. More of this onward. Nothing whatever of these desolate places and credulities belong to “the South,” whether of Kent or Gloucestershire.

So much again for the second point—that it was in “the North,” not “the South,” Rosalind was found and loved.

Coming nearer to the “well-ordering” of “Rosalinde” of “the North,” only two attempts at opening the secret call for notice and—refutation.

I. By the late Rev. N. J. Halpin, of Dublin.

Before “The Royal Irish Academy,” on January 14th, 1850, this writer read a paper on “Certain passages in the life of Edmund Spenser,” in which he discussed the entire problem.

I consulted the published “Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy” (1847-50) in eager expectation of finding therein this Paper. I venture to assume that the reader will share my indignation with the “Royal Irish” Academicians, when I state that, though ample room was found for the merest trivialities and irrelevancies, in such “Proceedings,” this Paper was so abridged and mutilated by those in authority as utterly to fail in placing the Facts and Conclusions before the public. Four meagrely-filled small octavo pages were all that could be spared for this Paper (three being occupied with a like consideration of “Spenser’s Wife”).
This unscholarly and unliterary treatment of a noticeable Paper, and a still more noticeable man, would have been more lamentable and culpable had the manuscript perished. Fortunately it did not. It fell into the possession of one of the sons of its author, and having been by him carried across the Atlantic, was printed in extenso in the Atlantic Monthly for November 1858 (Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Co.).

By a twofold error of judgment the Paper thus for the first time fully published, appeared anonymously, with the result that it has come to be regarded as an original American criticism and solution. Neither was there the slightest intimation of its prior appearance (ut supra) in the "Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy." One is surprised, and more, that neither Major C. G. Halpin (or Halpine as he spelt his name), who furnished the M.S., nor the editor of the Atlantic Monthly, recognized the importance of a "certain sound" on the authorship of the Paper if its author was not to be robbed of any accruing honour belonging to such authorship.*

* I am indebted to Professor Child, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A., for my first knowledge of the communication of the Paper to the Atlantic Monthly by Major Halpine; and since I have had the fact confirmed by a surviving son of the author (in Dublin). That the supposed American authorship is no fancy, let one out of numerous proofs show: viz., in Whipple's The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth (Boston: Osgood, 1876), p. 194: "Here he fell in love with a beautiful girl, whose real name he has concealed under the anagrammatic one of Rosalind, and who, after having tempted and baffled the curiosity of English critics, has by an American writer (in the Atlantic Monthly for November 1858), who has raised guessing into a science, been satisfactorily proved to be Rose Daniel, a sister of the poet Daniel."
The Paper is thus headed:—

"COLIN CLOUT AND THE FAERY QUEEN.

"Edmund Spenser in a Domestic Point of View. His Mistress [= lady-love] and his Wife." (pp. 674-88).

In limine, I must observe that Major Halpine has not "well-ordered" his father's "Notes." They are ill put together, and there are (self-evidently) insertions and phrasings that the author would hardly have countenanced. Still, I for one am thankful that so elaborate and interesting a Paper has reached us. I shall have to put it aside as being mistaken in its data, inferences, interpretations, etc., etc., and so worthless as an answer to our question "Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?" but none the less does it demand reproduction here.

I wish Mr. Halpin's putting of his 'solution' to be in full possession of the reader. Hence I give every "jot and tittle" required to do so, as follows:—

"The prolific hint of 'E. K.' set the commentators at work,—but hitherto without success. The author of the life prefixed to Church's edition conjectures Rose Linde,—forsooth, because it appears from Fuller's Worthies, that in the reign of Henry the Sixth—only eight reigns too early for the birth of our rural beauty—there was one John Linde, a resident in the county of Kent! Not satisfied with this conjecture, Malone suggests that she may have been an Eliza Horden—the s changed, according to Camden's rules, into s, and the aspirate sunk. Malone's foundation for this theory is, that one Thomas Horden was a contemporary of John Linde, aforesaid, and resided in the same county! But these conjectures are absurd and unsupported by any collateral evidence. To have given them the remotest air of probability, the critics should have proved some acquaintance or connection between the parties respectively,—some courtship, or contiguity of residence, which might have brought the young people within the ordinary sphere of attraction. Wrong as they were in their conclusions, the search of these commentators was in the right direction. The anagram, 'well-ordered,' will undoubtedly bewray the secret. Let us try if we may not follow it with better success.
"Rosalinde reads anagrammatically into Rose Daniel; for, according to Camden, 'a letter may be doubled, or rejected, or contrariwise, if the sense fall aptly'; we thus get rid of the redundant s, and have a perfect anagram. Now, Spenser had an intimate and beloved friend and brother-poet, named Samuel Daniel, author of many tragedies and comedies, an eight-canto poem called 'The Civil Wars of England,' 'A Vision of Twelve Goddesses,' a prose history of England, and 'Musa,' a defence of rhyme. Spenser alludes to his poetic genius with high praise in his Cotin Clout. This Daniel had a sister named Rose, who was married in due time to a friend of her brother,—not, indeed, to Spenser, but to a scholar whose eccentricities have left such durable tracks behind them that we can trace his mark through many passages of Spenser's love complaints, otherwise unintelligible. The supposition that Rose Daniel was Rosalinde satisfies every requisite, and presents a solution of the mystery; the anagram is perfect; the poet's acquaintance with the brother naturally threw him into contact with the sister; while the circumstance of her marriage with another justifies the complaint of infidelity, and accounts for the 'insurmountable barrier,' that is, a living husband. Daniel was the early prodige of the Pembroke family, as was Spenser of the house of Leicester. The youthful poets must often have met in the company of their mutual friend Sir Philip Sidney,—for the Countess of Pembroke was the 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,' celebrated by Ben Jonson, and consequently niece, as Sir Philip was nephew, of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Rose and Edmund were thus thrown together under circumstances every way favourable to the development of love in a breast so susceptible as that of the 'passionate shepherd.'

"Other circumstances in the life of Rose Daniel correspond so strikingly with those attributed to Rosalinde, as strongly to corroborate the foregone conclusion.

"Rosalinde, after having given encouragement to her enamoured shepherd, faithlessly and finally deserted him in favour of a rival. This is evident throughout the Shepherd's Calendar. The first Eclogue reveals his passion:—

'I loue thilke lasse, (alas! why do I loue?)
And am forlorn, (alas! why am I lorne?)
Shée deignes not my good will, but doth reprowe,
And of my rural musick holdeth scorne.'

Her scorn, however, may have meant no more than the natural coyness of a maiden whom the learned Upton somewhat drollily designates as 'a skittish female.'* Indeed, Spenser must have thought so himself, and with reason, for she continues to receive

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* Upton's Fairy Queen, vol. I., xiv.
his presents, 'the kids, the cracknels, and the early fruit,' sen through his friend Hobbinol (Gabriel Harvey).

"We hear of no alteration of his circumstances until we reach the sixth Eclogue, in which the progress and utter disappointment of his suit are distinctly and bitterly complained of. 'This eclogue,' says the editorial 'E. K.,' 'is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colin's ill-success in love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lass, Rosalinde, and having (as it seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his dear friend Hobbinol that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his stead Menalcas, another shepherd, received disloyally: and this is the whole argument of the eclogue.' In fact, she broke her plighted vow to Colin Clout, transferred her heart to Menalcas, and let her hand accompany it.

"Now, from this and the preceding circumstances, the inference appears inevitable that, at or about the time of the composition of this sixth Eclogue, the Rosalinde therein celebrated was married, or engaged to be married, to the person denounced as Menalcas.

"Whether the ante-nuptial course of Rose Daniel corresponded with the faithlessness ascribed to Rosalinde we confess we have no documentary evidence to show: but this much is certain, that Rose was married to an intimate friend of her brother's; and from the characteristics recorded of him by Spenser, we shall presently prove that that friend, the husband of Rosalinde, is no other than the treacherous rival denounced as Menalcas in the Shepherd's Calendar. Who, then, is Menalcas?

"Amongst the distinguished friends of Samuel Daniel was a man of much celebrity in his day,—the redoubted, or, as he chose to call himself, the 'Resolute,' John Florio (Shakespeare's Holofernes). This gentleman, an Italian by descent, was born in London in the same year with Spenser, and was a class-fellow with Daniel at Oxford. He was the author of many works, well received by the public,—as his First Fruits, Second Fruits, Garden of Recreation, and so forth; also, of an excellent Italian and English dictionary, styled A World of Words,—the basis of all Anglo-Italian dictionaries since published. He was a good French scholar, as is proved by his translation of Montaigne; and wrote some verses, highly prized by Elizabeth and her successor, James I. Indeed, his general learning and accomplishments recommended him to both courts; and on the accession of James he was appointed classical tutor to Prince Henry, and reader of French and Italian to the Royal Consort, Anne of Denmark; he was also a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Clerk of the Closet to his Majesty; and finally, it was chiefly through his influence that Samuel Daniel was appointed Gentle-
man Extraordinary and Groom of the Privy Chamber to Queen Anne.

"Long prior to this prosperous estate, however, his skill as a
guillist had recommended him to the patronage and intimacy of
many of the chief nobility of Elizabeth's court; and at an early
period of his life we find him engaged, as was his friend Daniel,
as tutor to some of the most illustrious families,—such as
Pembroke, Dudley, Essex, Southampton, etc.;* all which, together
with his friendship for Daniel, must needs have brought him into the
acquaintance of Edmund Spenser, the friend of Sidney and
his relatives. He was also on the most friendly terms with Gabriel
Harvey, and a warm admirer (as his works attest) of the genius
of Daniel. We have thus gathered our dramatis personae, the
parties most essentially interested in Spenser's unlucky passion,
to one familiar group.

"Of Rose Daniel's marriage with the 'Resolute John Florio' there is no manner of question. It is recorded by Anthony à-Wood
in his Athena Oxonienses, acknowledged by Samuel Daniel in the
commendatory verses prefixed to Florio's World of Words,
and she is affectionately remembered in Florio's will as his
'beloved wife, Rose.'† Thus, if not Spenser's Rosalinde, she
was undoubtedly a Rosalinde to John Florio.

"We shall now proceed to gather some further particulars of evi-
dence, to add their cumulative weight to the mass of slender prob-
abilities with which we are endeavouring to sustain our conjectures.

"Spenser's Rosalinde had at least a smattering of the Italian.
Samuel Daniel was an Italian scholar; for his whole system of
versification is founded on that model. Spenser, too, was well
acquainted with the language; for, long before any English version
of Tasso's Gerusalemme had appeared, he had translated many
passages which occur in the Faery Queen from that poem, and—
without any public acknowledgment that we can find trace of—
appropriated them to himself.‡ What more natural than that
Rose should have shared her brother's pleasant study, and, in com-
pany with him and Spenser, accepted the tuition of John Florio?

"The identity of Florio's wife and Rosalinde may be fairly
inferred from some circumstances consequent upon the lady's
marriage, and otherwise connected with her fortunes, which
appear to be shadowed forth with great acrimony in the Faery
Queen, where the Rosalinde of the Shepherd's Calendar ap-
ppears before us again under the assumed name of Mirabella.
Lest the ascription of these circumstances to particular parties

* See Wood's Athena Oxonienses.
‡ Book II., canto vi. etc.—See Black's Life of Tasso, vol. ii., p. 150.
may be imputed to prejudice or prepossession for a favourite theory, we shall state them on the authority of commentators and biographers who never even dreamed of the view of the case we are now endeavouring to establish.

"The learned Upton, in his preface to the *Faery Queen*, was led to observe the striking coincidence, the absolute similarity of character, between Spenser's Rosalinde and his Mirabella. 'If the *Faery Queen*,' quoth he, 'is a moral allegory with historical allusions to our poet's times, one might be apt to think that, in a poem written on so extensive a plan, the cruel Rosalinde would be in some way or other typically introduced; and methinks I see her plainly characterized in Mirabella. Perhaps, too, her expressions were the same that are given to Mirabella,—"the free lady," "she was born free,"' etc.*

"'We are now come,' says Mr. G. L. Craik, by far the most acute and sagacious of all the commentators on Spenser, 'to a very remarkable passage. Having thus disposed of Turpin, the poet suddenly addresses his readers, saying,—

"'But turn we back now to that lady free
Whom late we left riding upon an ass
Led by a carte and fool which by her side did pass.'

This is the "fair maiden clad in mourning weed," who, it may be remembered, was met, as related at the beginning of the preceding canto, by Timias and Serena. There, however, she was represented as attended only by a fool. What makes this episode especially interesting is the conjecture that has been thrown out, and which seems intrinsically probable, that the "lady" is Spenser's own Rosalinde, by whom he had been jilted, or at least rejected, more than a quarter of a century before. His unforgiving resentment is supposed to have taken this revenge.'

"So far with Mr. Upton and Mr. Craik we heartily concur as to the identity of Rosalinde and Mirabella; and feel confident that a perusal and comparison of the episode of Mirabella with the whole story of Rosalinde will leave every candid and intelligent reader no choice but to come to the same conclusion. We shall now collate the attributes assigned in common to those two impersonations in their maiden state, and note the correspondence.

"Both are of humble birth,—Rosalinde being described in the *Shepherd's Calendar* as 'the widow's daughter of the glen'; her low origin and present exalted position are frequently alluded to,—her beauty, her haughtiness, and love of liberty. Mirabella is thus described in Book VI., *Faery Queen*, Canto vii.:—"

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AND MENALCAS

*She was a lady of great dignity,
And lifted up to honourable place;
Famous through all the land of Fabric;
Though of mean parentage and kindred base,
Yet decked with wondrous gifts of Nature's grace. . . .
*But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
And scorned them all that love unto her meant. . . .
*She was born free, not bound to any wight."

Of Rosalinde, we hear in Colin Clout that her ambition is

*So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,

and that she

*Loatheth each lowly thing with lofty eye."

Her beauty, too, is dwelt upon as a *thing celestial,*—her humble family alluded to,—the boasted freedom of her heart; and upon Rosalinde and Mirabella an affection of the demi-goddess-ship, which turned their heads, is equally charged. In all essential characteristics they are *twin cherries growing on one stalk.*

"Of Rose Daniel's life so little is known, particularly during her unmarried years, that we are unable to fasten upon her the un-amiable qualities of the allegorical beauties we assume to be her representatives; but if we can identify her married fortune with theirs,—then, in addition to the congruites already mentioned, we can have no hesitation in imputing to her the disposition which brought down upon them, so bitterly and relentlessly, the poetic justice of the disappointed shepherd. We may thus dispose of them in brief.

"Mirabella's lot was severe. She was married (if we rightly interpret the language of the allegory) to a *fool,*—that is to say, to a very absurd and ridiculous person, under whose conduct she was exposed to the *whips and scorns,* the disdain and bitter retaliation, natural to the union of a beautiful and accomplished, though vain and haughty woman, with a very eccentric, irritable, and bombastic humourist.

"Rosalinde was married—with no better fate, we fear—to the vain and treacherous Menalcas.

"And Rose Daniel became the wife of the 'Resolute John Florio.'

"We shall commence with the substantial characters, and see how their histories fall in with the fortunes attributed to the allegorical. Rose Daniel's husband, maugre his celebrity and places of dignity and profit, was beset with tempers and oddities which exposed him, more perhaps than any man of his time, to the ridicule of contemporary wits and poets. He was, at least in his literary career, jealous, envious, irritable, vain, pedantic and
bombstical, petulant and quarrelsome,—ever on the watch for an
affront, and always in the attitude of a fretful porcupine with a
quill pointed in every direction against real or supposititious
enemies. In such a state of mental alarm and physical vapouring
did he live, that he seems to have proclaimed a promiscuous war
against all gainsayers,—that is, the literary world; and for the
better assurance to them of his indomitable valour, and to himself
of indemnity from disturbance, he adopted a formidable prefix to
his name; and to any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,
to every address, prelude, preface,* introduction, or farewell, ac-
companying any of his numerous works, he subscribed himself the
Resolute,—' Resolute John Florio.'

"Conduct so absurd, coupled with some personal defects, and a
character so petulantly vainglorious, exposed the 'Resolute' to
the bitter sarcasm of contemporary writers. Accordingly we find
him through life encompassed by a host of tormentors, and pre-
senting his chevaux-de-frise of quills against them at all and
every point. In the Epistle Dedicatory to the second edition of
his Dictionary, we find him engaged morsu et ungubus with a
swarm of literary hornets, against whom he inveighs as 'sea-
dogs,—land-critics,—monsters of men, if not beasts rather than
men,—whose teeth are cannibals',—their tongues adders' forks,
—their lips asps' poison,—their eyes basilisks',—their breath the
breath of a grave,—their words like swords of Turks, which strive
which shall dive deepest into the Christian lying before them.'
Of a verity we may say that John Florio was sadly exercised when
he penned this pungent paragraph. He then falls foul of the
players, who—to use the technical phrase of the day—'staged'
him with no small success. With this 'common cry of curs' in
general, and with one poet and one piece of said poet's handiwork
in particular, he enters into mortal combat with such vehement
individuality as enables us at a glance to detect the offense and
the offender. He says, 'Let Aristophanes and his comedians
make plays and scour their mouths on Socrates, these very mouths
they make to vilify shall be the means to amplify his virtues,'
etc. 'And here,' says Dr. Warburton, 'Shakespeare is so
clearly marked out as not to be mistaken.' This opinion is
fortified by the concurrence of Farmer, Steevens, Reid, Malone,
Knight, Collier, and Hunter; and, from the additional lights
thrown upon this subject by their combined intelligence, no doubt
seems to exist that Holofernes, the pedantic schoolmaster in
Love's Labour's Lost, had his prototype in John Florio, the
Resolute.

"'Florio,' according to Farmer, 'gave the first affront by

* Vide that to Queen Anne,
asserting that "the plays they play in England are neither right comedies nor tragedies, but representations of histories without any decorum.""

We know that Shakespeare must, of his own personal knowledge of the man, have been qualified to paint his character; for while the great dramatist was the early and intimate friend of the Earl of Southampton, the petulant lexicographer boasts of having for years been domesticated in the pay and patronage of that munificent patron of letters. Warburton thinks 'it was from the ferocity of his temper that Shakespeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne.' Were the matter worth arguing, we should say it was rather from the proclivity with which (according to Camden's rules) the abbreviated Latin name Joh. nes Florio or Floreo falls into Holofernes. Rabelais and anagrammatism may divide the slender glory of the product between them.

"But neither Shakespeare's satire nor Florio's absurdities are comprehended within this single character. Subsequent examination of the text of Love's Labour's Lost has enabled the critics to satisfy themselves that the part of Don Adriano de Armado, the 'phantastical courtier,' was devised to exhibit another phase in the character of the Resolute Italian. In Holofernes we have the pedantic tutor; in Don Adriano a lively picture of a ridiculous lover and pompous retainer of the court.

"By a fine dramatic touch, Shakespeare has made each describe the other, in such a way that the portrait might stand for the speaker himself, and thus establishes a dual-identity. Thus, Armado, describing Holofernes, says, "That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical,—too, too vain,—too, too vain; but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna della guerra";—whilst Holofernes, not behind his counterpart in self-esteem, sees in the other the defects which he cannot detect in himself. 'Novi hominem tanguam te,' quoth he;—'his humour is lofty; his discourse peremptory; his tongue filed; his eye ambitious; his gait majestical; and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thronical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it; he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms,' etc.

"Should further proof be needed that Florio, Holofernes, and Armado form a dramatic trinity in unity, we can find it in the personal appearance of the Italian. There was something amiss with the face of the Resolute, which could not escape the observation of his friends, much less his enemies. A friend and former pupil of his own,—Sir Wm. Cornwallis,—speaking in high praise of Florio's translation of Montaigne, observes,—"It is done by a
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fellow less beholding to Nature for his fortune than to wit; yet lesser for his face than his fortune. The truth is, he looks more like a good fellow than a wise man; and yet he is wise beyond either his fortune or education.'* It is certain, then, that, behaving like a fool in some things, he looked very like a fool in
others.

'Is it not a remarkable coincidence, that both his supposed dramatic counterparts have the same peculiarity? When Armado tells the 'country lass' he is wooing that he will 'tell her won-
ders,' she exclaims,—'skittish female' that she is,—'What, with that face?' And when Holofernes, nettled with the ridicule showered on his abortive impersonation of Judas Maccabæus, says, 'I will not be put out of countenance,'—Byron replies, 'Because thou hast no face.' The indignant pedant justifies, and, pointing to his physiognomy, inquires, 'What is this?' Whereupon the wagging courtiers proceed to define it: it is 'a cittern-head,' 'the head of a bodkin,' 'a death's-face in a ring,' 'the face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen,' and so forth.

'The satire here embodied is of a nature too personal to be considered the mere work of a riotous fancy. It is a trait individualizing and particularizing the person at whom the more general satire is aimed; and, coupled with the infirmities of the victim's moral nature, it fastens upon poor Florio identity with 'the brace of coxcombs.' Such satire may be censured as un-
genrous; we cannot help that,—litera scripta manet,—and we cannot rait the seal from the bond. Such attacks were the general, if not universal, practice of the age in which Shakespeare flour-
ished; and we have no right to blame him for not being as far in advance of his age, morally, as he was intellectually. A notorious instance of a personal attack under various characters in one play is to be found in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, wherein he boasts of having, under the characters of Lanthorn, Leatherhead, the Puppet-showman, and Adam Overdo, satirized the celebrated Inigo Jones,—

'By all his titles and whole style at once
Of tireman, mountebank, and Justice Jones.'

'It was probably to confront and outface 'Aristophanes and his comedians,' and to 'abrogate the scurility' of the 'sea-dogs' and 'land-critics,' that our Resolute lexicographer prefixed to the Enlarged Edition of his Dictionary, and to his translation of Montaigne, his portrait or effigies, engraved by Hole. This portrait would, to a person unapprised of any peculiarity in the original, present apparently little or nothing to justify the remark of Cornwallis. But making due allowance for the address, if not the

* Cornwallis's Essays, p. 99.
flattery, of a skilful painter, it were hardly possible for the observer, aware of the blemish, not to detect in the short and close-curl'd fell of hair, the wild, staring eyes, the contour of the visage, —which, expanding from the narrow and wrinkled forehead into cheek-bones of more than Scottish amplitude, suddenly contracts to a pointed chin, rendered still more acute by a short, peaked beard,—not to detect in this lozenge-shaped visinomy and its air, at once haggard and grotesque, traits that not only bear out the remark of his pupil, but the raillery also of the court wits in Shakespeare's dramatic satire.

"Whatever happiness Rose Daniel may have had in the domestic virtues of her lord, his relations with the world, his temper, eccentricities, and personal appearance could have given her little. That he was an attached and affectionate husband his last will and testament gives touching post-mortem evidence.

"Let us return to the fortunes of the faithless Rosalinde. It appears she married Menalcas,—the treacherous friend and rival of the 'passionate shepherd.' Who, then, was Menalcas? or why was this name specially selected by our poet to designate the man he disliked?

"The pastoral name Menalcas is obviously and pointedly enough adopted from the Eclogues of Virgil; in which, by comparing the fifteenth line of the second with the sixty-sixth of the third, we shall find he was the rival who (to use the expression of Spenser) 'by treachery did underfong' the affections of the beautiful Alexis from his enamoured master. In this respect the name would well fit Florio, who, from his intimacy with the Danes and their friends, could not but have known the passion of the poet, and the encouragement at one time given him by his fickle mistress.

"Again, there was at this time prevalent a French conceit,—'imported,' as Camden tells us, 'from Calais, and so well liked by the English, although most ridiculous, that, learned or unlearned, he was nobody that could not hammer out of his name an invention by this wit-craft, and picture it accordingly. Whereupon,' he adds, 'who did not busy his braine to hammer his devise out of this forge?'* This wit-craft was the rebus.

"Florio's rebus or device, then, was a Flower. We have specimens of his fondness for this nomenclative punning subscribed to his portrait:

'Florret adhuc, et adhuc florebit: floreat ultra
Florius hac specie floridus,—optat amans.'

And it was with evident allusion to this conceit that he named his several works his First Fruits, Second Fruits, Garden of

* Camden's Remains, folio, 1614, p. 164.
Recreation, and so forth. Spenser did not miss the occasion of reducing this figurative flower to a worthless weed:—

'Go tell the lass her Flower hath wax a weed.'

In the preceding stanza we find this weed distinctly identified as Menalcas:—

'And thou, Menalcas! that by treachery
Didst underfong my lass to wax so light.'

"Another reason for dubbing Florio Menalcas may be found in the character and qualities ascribed to the treacherous shepherd by Virgil. He was not without talent, for in one of the Eclogues he bears his part in the poetical contention with credit; but he was unfaithful and fraudulent in his amours, envious, quarrelsome, scurrilous, and a braggart; and his face was remarkable for its dark, Italian hue,—'quarnnis ille fuscus,' etc. Compared with the undoubted character of John Florio, as already exhibited, that of Menalcas so corresponds as to justify its appropriation to the rival of Spenser.

"There is a further peculiarity in the name itself, which renders its application to John Florio at once pointed and pregnant with the happiest ridicule. Florio rejoiced in the absurd prefix of Resolute. Now, Menalcas is a compound of two Greek words (μινός and ἀληθή) fully expressive of this idea, and frequently used together in the sense of RESOLUTION by the best classical authorities,—thus, μενός δ' ἀληθὴς τε λάθωμαι.* Again, in Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon μινός in composition is said to 'bear.always a collateral notion of resolve and firmness.' And here we have the very notion expressed by the very word we want. Menalcas is the appropriate and expressive nom de guerre of the 'Resolute.'

"Every unprejudiced reader will admit, that in emblem, name, character, and appearance, John Florio and Menalcas are allegorically identical; and it follows, as a consequence, that Rosalinde, married to the same person as Rose Daniel, is one and the same with her anagrammatic synonyme,—and that her sorrows and joys, arising out of the conduct of her husband, must have had the same conditions.

"Having identified Rosalinde with Rose Daniel, it may be thought that nothing further of interest with respect to either party remains, which could lead us into further detail;—but Spenser himself having chosen, under another personification, to follow the married life of this lady, and revenge himself upon the treachery of her husband, we should lose an opportunity both of interpreting his works and of forming a correct estimate of his"
character, if we neglected to pursue with him the fortunes of Mirabella. Like her type and prototype, we find that she has to suffer those mortifications which a good wife cannot but experience on witnessing the scorn, disdain, and enmity which follow the perversity of a wayward husband. Such, at least, we understand to be the meaning of those allegorical passages in which, as a punishment for her cruelty and pride, she is committed by the legal decree of Cupid to the custody and conduct of Scorn and Disdain. We meet with her for the first time as

'a fair maiden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetly set.
And a leud fool her leading thorough dry and wet.'

Again she is

'riding upon an ass
Led by a carle and fool which by her side did pass.'

These companions treat her with great contempt and cruelty; the Carle abuses her

'With all the evil terms and cruel mean
That he could make; and eke that angry fool,
Which followed her with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting-tool
Oft whip her dainty self, and much augment her dool.'

"All this of course, is to be understood allegorically. The Carle and Fool—the former named Disdain, the latter Scorn—are doubtless (as in the case of Holofernes and Armado) the double representatives of the same person. By the ass on which she rides is signified, we suppose, the ridiculous position to which marriage has reduced her haughty beauty; the taunts and scourges are, metaphorically, the wounds of injured self-respect.

"The Carle himself is extravagantly and most 'Resolutely' painted as a monster in nature,—stern, terrible, fearing no living wight,—his looks dreadful,—his eyes fiery, and rolling from left to right in search of 'foeman worthy of his steel'; he strides with the stateliness of a crane, and, at every step, rises on tiptoe; his dress and aspect resemble those of the Moors of Malabar, and remind us forcibly of the swarthy Menalcas. Indeed, if we compare this serio-comic exaggeration of the Carle with the purely comic-picture of Don Armado given by Holofernes, we shall see at a glance that both depict the same object of ridicule.

"That Mirabella is linked in wedlock to this angry Fool is nowhere more clearly depicted than in the passage where Prince Arthur, having come to her rescue, is preparing to put her tormentor to death, until his sword is arrested by the shrieks and entreaties of the unhappy lady that his life may be spared for her sake:—"
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'Stay, stay, Sir Knight! for love of God abstain
From that unwares you weetlesse do intend!
Slay not that carle, though worthy to be slain;
For more on him doth than himself depend:
My life will by his death have lamentable end.'

This is the language of a virtuous wife, whom neither the absurdities of a vain-glorious husband, nor 'the whips and scorns of the time,' to which his conduct necessarily exposes her, can detach from her duties and affections.

"Assuming, then, that the circumstances of this allegory identify Mirabella with Rosalinde, and Rosalinde with Rose Daniel, and in like manner, the Fool and Carle with Menalcas and John Florio, have we not here a thrice-told tale, agreeing so completely in all essential particulars as to leave no room for doubt of its original application to the early love-adventures in which the poet was disappointed? And these points settled, though intrinsically of trivial value, become of the highest interest, as strong corroboration of the personal import of all the allegorical characters introduced into the works of Spenser. Thus, in the Shepherd's Calendar, the confidant of the lover is Hobbinoll, or Gabriel Harvey; and in the Faery Queen, the adventurers who come to Mirabella's relief are Prince Arthur, Sir Timias, and Serena, the well-known allegorical impersonations of Spenser's special friends, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Elizabeth Throckmorton, to whom Sir Walter was married. Are not these considerations, added to the several circumstances and coincidences already detailed, conclusive of the personal and domestic nature of the history conveyed in both the poetical vehicles? And do they not amount to a moral demonstration that, in assigning the character and adventures of Mirabella and Rosalinde to the sister of Samuel Daniel, the wife of John Florio, we have given no unfaithful account of the first fickle mistress of Edmund Spenser?"

Two simple yet inexorable matters-of-fact shatter the whole of this "airy fabric" and most ingenious speculation.

1. There was no "Rose Daniel," sister of Samuel Daniel, to be married to John Florio, or any one else. Florio was twice married—first, not impossibly, to a "sister" of Samuel Daniel, albeit (pace Anthony à-Wood) the inscription of that poet's verse-tribute to Florio in
the "Dictionary" of 1611, "To my deare friend and brother, M. John Florio," might have meant other than brother-in-law; and second, certainly, to "Rose Spicer." The second marriage I am enabled to attest by a hitherto unfound and unprinted entry, thus:—

"Register of St. James' Clerkenwell, London.
"1617, Sep. 9. John florio, esquier, and Rose Spicer marr'd by licence from Mr. Weston's Office." *

This, and not a "Rose" Daniel, was the "beloved wife, Rose," of John Florio's Will; and Mr. Halpin too hastily connected Joseph Hunter's note of a "Rose Florio" in New Illustrations of Shakespeare (vol. ii., p. 280) with Anthony à-Wood's statement. Samuel Daniel had probably two sisters; but neither was named "Rose"—and a "Rose Daniel" is a mere figment. This cannot need enlargement.

2. John Florio did not sign himself "the Resolute" until a good nineteen years after the publication of the Shepheards Calender, and not until two years after the other "Rosalind" reference poems. His notorious signature of "the Resolute" occurs in none of his books until 1598. The Shepheards Calender appeared in 1579. So vanishes Menalcas as = μένος and ἀληθή— and all the rest of these baseless ingenuities.

These two certainties seem to me two nails driven right through Mr. Halpin's "solution"; and so it must abide as a kind of (literary) scarecrow on a barn-door

* This reached me from a trusted Copyist, who having been employed by me to transcribe Florio's will, and thinking I was interested in him, concluded he might as well send this chance-taken entry. He was in utter ignorance of its importance to me, or of its bearing on our present problem.
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to warn off your theorisers from imperfect or inaccurate data.

II. By the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A.

This "solution" is given in his Guide to Chaucer and Spenser (Collins' School and College Classics, 1877), under his "Summary of Spenser's Changes of Residence for Reference in Chronological Investigation," and is as follows:—

"Since this chapter was set up in type, I have, I believe, discovered the real name of Rosalinde. E. K. says of her: 'He (Spenser) calleth Rosalinde the widow's daughter of the glen, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which, I think, is rather said to colour or conceal the person, than simply spoken; for it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endowed with any vulgar and common gifts both of nature and manners.' Drayton, in his ninth eclogue, says:

'Here might you many a shepherdess have seen,
Of which no place as Cotswold such doth yield.
Some of it native, some for love, I ween,
Thither were come from many a fertile field.
There was the widow's daughter of the glen,
Dear Rosalynde, that scarcely brookt compare.
The moorland maiden, so admired of men;
Bright goldy looks, and Phillida the fair.'

As the natives are first mentioned, Rosalynde is probably one of them. In this case the glen must be the Vale of Evesham, and in that vale we must look for her family. But Camden mentions only one family in this vale, that of the Dinelys of Charleton. But E. K. again tells us that the name Rosalinde 'being well ordered, will bewray the very name of his (Spenser's) love and mistress.' Now Rosalinde anagrammatised is Rosa Dinline, or, if spelt Rosalynde, and the y taken as two i's, Rosa Dinline, the very name of this family. There can be little doubt that we have here the solution of a riddle that has puzzled all the commentators on and investigators of Elizabethan literature." (p. 81.)

This is intrepidly but hastily and uncritically put. The already-seen FACT that "Rosalinde" belonged to
“the North,” alone disproves this attempted localisation of her in the “Vale of Evesham.” With that for guide and sanction, it logically follows that “Rosalinde” was not of the “some native,” but a mere visitor “for love.” Then congruous with this, is her designation of “the Moreland mayden”; which, exactly true of “the North” under Pendle (in the Spenser county and country), is absolutely impossible of “the Vale of Evesham,” while “glen” for “vale”—and such a vale!—is preposterous. Drayton evidently knew “Rosalinde,” and took the opportunity of complimenting her by a (tacit) reference to her poet’s immortal praise of her as “the widow’s daughter of the glen.”

Mr. Fleay’s quotation from Drayton is inaccurately and incompletely given. I would now add it here literatim and in full—the latter in order to present the entire bevy of fair ladies present at this gathering (imaginative rather than actual) among the Cotswold Hills:—

“ . . . the nymphs came foorth vpon the plain.
Here might you many a shepherdesse haue seene,
Of which no place as Cotswold such doth yeeld,
Some of it natие, some for loue I ween,
Thether were come from many a fertill field.
There was the widows daughter of the Glen,
Deare Rosalynd that scarsely brook’d compare,
The Moreland mayden, so admyr’d of men,
Bright Gouldy-locks, and Phillida the fayre.
Lettice and Farnell pretty louely peats,
Cusse of the Fould, the Virgine of the well,
Fayre Ambrie with the alabaster Teats,
And more whose names were heare to long to tell.” *

* Poemes Lyrick and Pastorall. Odes, Ecloggs, “The Man in the Moone,” 1631 (ninth eclogue, G. 3). It is difficult to say whether “Bright Gouldy-locks” (not “goldy looks,” as in Mr. Fleay) is a further description of Rosalinde or another fair lady. Spenser celebrates her “golden locks” repeatedly.
CAMDEN mentions no Dinlei of Charleton or anywhere else contemporary with Spenser in 1579, and no "Rose." Dinlei appears in any of the Charleton Dinleis' pedigrees. But all unconsciously Mr. Fleay hit on that "well-ordering" of the name "Rosalinde," which holds in it the secret according to my long-before worked out conclusion—as will appear immediately.

Having thus submitted the only attempts at reading the "well-ordered" name of "ROSALINDE" in any way plausible, it will now reasonably be asked what my own answer to my own question, "Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?" is.

I have, accordingly, in conclusion, to give my answer. I must first of all recur to the incontrovertible Fact that Spenser and "Rosalinde" were in and of "the North." I re-accentuate, also, that the most convincing of sundry intrinsic evidences that the Shepheards Calender was written and its scenes laid in the wild and waste mountain and moorland and woodland region of the Pendle Forest is—that this region was then and long subsequently the reputed rendezvous of WITCHES, and inhabited by a people strongly possessed with superstitious belief in birds of ill omen, elves and diabolic assumptions by "old women" of animal forms. With this FACT in hand, let the reader ponder this re-quotation from "June" in the Shepheards Calendar, wherein Hobbinol (≡ Harvey) begs his friend Colin (≡ Spenser) to "forsake the soyle that so did him bewitch," and to betake him to the rich and pleasant southern dales [of Kent], in which none of the weird phantoms that haunted his present place of sojourn were ever seen, as thus:—
"Here no night Rauenes lodge more black then pitch,  
No eluish ghosts, nor gastoY Owles do flee" (ii., p. 152).

As already emphasized, no place in "the North" of England where possibly Spenser could have resided at this time, answers so strictly to such allusions as the gloomy, desolate, and (still) legend-haunted district of Pendle Forest and "Moreland."

Advancing now from this to another Fact established in his life, viz., that the relatives in "the North" of England, with whom Spenser spent in retirement the interval from his departure from Cambridge to his removal to London or its neighbourhood in 1579, were one or other of the several families of the name of Spenser then living in and near Burnley, at the Spenser "tenement" of Filey Close, in the Forest of Pendle, and at Clitheroe—Laurence Spenser, whose wife was a Nowell, in 1570 is described as of Castle Parish, i.e. Clitheroe—during which period he composed the Shepheard's Calender, the "Rosalinde" with whom he fell in love whilst so staying in "the North" must have been some "fair young damsel" of the district, and equally so "Menalcas," his successful rival, must have been a neighbour of "Rosalinde." The entire data of the Shepheard's Calender and related "Glosses" place these within fact, not hypothesis.

Were there any families thus resident whose names "Rosalinde" and "Menalcas," being "well-ordered," would reveal? I have been in search of such for a considerable number of years; but unhappily a number of the most likely parish registers of the period have perished. Still, I have come upon two families of the district and period, whose surnames suggest the very
disguise required for the Lady and the Poet's sup-planter.

The first was the chief family of the district, viz., the Dineleys, or Dyneleys, who possessed; until 1545, the manor-estate of Downham, at the foot of Pendle, in the north-west, about three miles from Clitheroe; and various members of it were still resident there and thereabouts in 1578. There were also other Dineleys at Read—seat of the Nowells, Spenser's friends—and elsewhere around Clitheroe. The natives, then, as to-day, pronounced the name Dinela. So that if the Lady's name was "Rose Dineley," it would be expressed, according to this local sounding, by literal tranposition, "Rosalinde." The Downham parish Registers of the period are gone; and hence I have been unable to trace any of the Dineleys; but I indulge the Pleasures of Hope of some day coming upon a "Rose Dineley." It is a curious and independent confirmation of the "well ordering" of the name "Rosalinde" into "Dineley" that Mr. Fleay, though certainly wrong in his localization, fixed on "Dinelei."

Assuming—as we seem entitled to do—that "Menalcas" was also anagrammatized; for if it be said, "Menalcas" was an already accepted shepherd name, equally I answer was "Rosalind" an accepted name, as in Romeo's "first love" (Lodge, etc., etc.)—there was then a local yeoman family of two or three branches, respectively of Pendleton, Standen, Clitheroe, etc., named Asynall, or Aspinall. These Aspinalls were thus all neighbours of the Dineleys named and of the Spensers of Filey Close and Clitheroe.

A peculiarity of this name of "Aspinall" (like
Dineley) is that it was pronounced “As'mall” and
“Asmenall” or “Asmenal” by the people. Thus
“Menalcas” is not only “Asmenal” transposed, but in
the “c” inserted to make it a pronounceable word, pro-
vision is ingeniously made for a C[hristopher] or C[harles],
Asmenal (i.e. Aspinal).* These Aspinalls were of much
the same social grade as the “Dineleys,” and an
“Aspinall” might be considered by her friends a better
match for a daughter of one of the Dineleys than a
young kinsman of the Spensers come down from “the
South” on a visit, who had no land or other visible
means.

I would add, finally, that whilst I give Mr. Fleay
frank thanks for his clever quotation of Drayton—
congratulating him on his happy ‘find’ of it—I yet
must accentuate that my researches (along with Mr.
Abram) for Lancashire Dineleys preceded by seven
years his suggestion of the (impossible) Evesham
Dinleis.

I offer these (tentative) suggestions to my fellow-
Spenserians. I add only, that “the neighbour town”
which Spenser had “longed to see,” and where on going
he got his first glimpse of “Rosalinde,” was doubtless
the castled town of Clitheroe.

* In my new Life of Spenser (Vol. I.), among other fruits of
local researches, will be found at least one actual parish church
register entry of Aspinalls in the spelling “Asmenall.”
NOTICES OF EDWARD KIRKE, AUTHOR OF
"THE GLOSSE," ETC., IN "THE SHEP-
HEARDS CALENDER."

BY THE EDITOR.

In Spenser's well-known letter from Leycester House,
dated 16th October, 1579, to Gabriel Harvey, we
thus read:—

"Maister E. K. hartily desireth to be commended unto your
Worshippe; of whome what accompte he maketh, your selfe
shall hereafter perceiue, by hys paynefull and dutifull Verses of
your selfe.

"Thus much was written at Westminster yesternight; but
comming this morning, beeing the sixteenth of October, to
Mystresse Kerkes, to haue it delivered to the Carrier, I receyued
your letter sente me the laste wekke."

Then at the close, referring to writings or "newes"
to be communicated, this:—

"You may alwayses send them most safely to me by Mistresse
Kerke, and by none other."

Again, in another of the "Three proper and wittie
familiar Letters," there is this noticeable further reference
in its "Postscripte":—

"I take best my Dreams shoulde come forth alone, being
grown by means of the Glosse (running continually in maner
of Paraphrase) full as great as my Calendar. Therin be some
things excellently, and many things wittily, discoursed of E. K."

Connecting the full name of "Mystresse Kerke" (bis)
a mere variant spelling of "Kirke"—with the E. K.
(also bis) of these Letters, it has long been accepted
NOTICES OF EDWARD KIRKE.

cix

that the E. K. who was (probably) editor and (certainly) Glosse writer of The Shepheards Calender was an

EDWARD KIRKE,

contemporary with Spenser and Harvey at the University of Cambridge. I have been unable to verify who first thus appropriated the initials; but certes such appropriation commends itself as against the fantastic and impossible theories whereby Spenser himself is made out to have been his own Glosse writer, the absurdity culminating in that of Notes and Queries, which gravely reads E. K. as = Edmund Kalenderer?

With Charles H. Cooper (in his Athenaæ Cantabrigienses, vol. ii., pp. 244-5) I have to regret that it is not in my power “to furnish” much “additional information respecting one so intimately associated with the history of our early poetry.”

That he was a chosen and confidential friend of Spenser appears on every page of “The Glosse”; for, while the Poet in some few instances held his own secret, there are many revelations that could only have been made to one who was absolutely trusted. A little incidental proof of the familiar and open way in which the “Glosse” was prepared may be here noted. Under “May” on Tho with them, E. K. annotates:

“Tho with them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king Sardanaplus, which he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke; which verses be thus translated by Tullie:

‘Hæc habui quee editi, queque exaturata libido
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac preclara relicta,’

which may thus be turned into English:

‘All that I eat did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged;
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.’

(vol. ii., pp. 140-1.)
NOTICES OF EDWARD KIRKE.

In Spenser's letter to Harvey ("Three proper and wittie familiar Letters," as before), on sending a specimen of his "toying" in a Tetrasticon, he adds:—

"Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you 
ex tempore
in bed the last time we lay togethier in Westminster?
That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for those many goodye matters leaft I for others."

There is a little difference in the first line of the two versions; but practically E. K. utilizes his friend's, and skilfully covers this by the phrase "which may be thus translated," not as usual, "I have translated." For sufficient reason, evidently, Spenser did not care to claim the trifle in "The Glosse."

Of E. K.'s relations to Spenser, and of Spenser's to him, and of the character and characteristics and value of "The Glosse," etc., etc., I speak fully in my new Life of our Poet (Vol. I.). I note here simply, that Spenser showed his full acceptance of E. K.'s "Glosse" on the Shepheards Calender by handing him over his "Dreames" to be similarly treated (ut supra).

In this place I give only such slight notices as I have been able to bring together, as deeming it well to have these before the reader in direct association with these volumes of the Minor Poems.

Of his parentage or lineage or birthplace nothing has been transmitted. I am not without hope that the various names that occur in his Will—which I print for the first time—may yet enable Spenserians to trace these out; but at present the earliest 'notice' of him is at the University. He matriculated as a sizar of Pembroke Hall (Spenser's college) in November 1571. He subsequently removed to Caius College, and as a
NOTICES OF EDWARD KIRKE.

member of the latter house proceeded B.A. 1574-5, and commenced M.A. 1578. It thus appears that Kirke was strictly 'contemporary' with Spenser and Harvey. In 1579 the first edition of The Shepheards Calendar was published, without the author's name—as were the after-editions of 1581, 1586, 1591, and 1597. The anonymity of the publication perhaps explains the semi-anonymity of the editor and "Glosse" writer.

It is to the imperishable honour of Edward Kirke that he discerned and affirmed with no uncertain sound, the genius and sure fame of the "new poet." The "new poet" must have been satisfied with "The Glosse" and Epistles; for, as has already been seen, E. K. had similarly prepared a "Glosse" for the lost Dreames of Spenser.

When Kirke published The Shepheards Calendar in 1579, he was in all likelihood resident in London. I think "Mistresse Kerke" must have been his (widowed) mother.

The only other bit of new biographic fact (exclusive of the Will) is that Edward Kirke became rector of the parish of Risby in Suffolk. He was 'instituted' on 26th May 1580, on the presentation of Sir Thomas Kytson, as he was, on 21st August 1587, to the adjacent parish of Lackford on the same Patron's presentation—in whose 'Account Book,' en passant, under date of April 1583 occurs the following observable entry—"For a Shepheards Calender, is."*

* Notes and Queries, 3rd Series, vol. vii. p. 509: "Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell" (p. 189). In the above Nowell MS., as edited by me (1 vol. 4°, 1877) this entry appears: "To one S'— Kyrke Bacchelare of arte of Gonwell and Gaius college in Cambridge the xiiij. of Maye 1575 . . . . xvi."

NOTICES OF EDWARD KIRKE.

The quaint old church remains, with portions at least of the original fabric in it; and my excellent friend the Rev. J. H. Clark, M.A., of West Dereham, Norfolk, has been inspired to write a sonnet in commemoration of the ancient friendship of Spenser and the rector. The reader, I feel sure, will thank me for preserving it here:—

Risby! the inevitable hand of Time
Hath touch'd thee, but we still have cause to praise
Hands that have left thee link'd to other days,
Nor deem'd thine hoar antiquity a crime.
The flock that in the Elizabethan prime
Here sat, on Spenser's friend were wont to gaze:
Thro' these fair chancel lights the sun's rich rays
Shone on the "glosser" of that Lord of Rhyme.
And sat he ever here? who can resist
The thought that some time in his busy life
Leaving the Court awhile, and all its care,
He came to greet his early eulogist;
Glad to shake off the dust of city strife
For Kirke's choice talk and Suffolk's dainty air.

"We surmise," says Mr. C. H. Cooper (Ath. Cant., as before), "that Mr. Kirke was living at the last-mentioned date" [1597]. He survived for many years after 1597, viz., to 1613, as both his Epitaph and Will show. I have the satisfaction to print these successively.

1. Epitaph on gravestone:—

"HERE LYETH THE BODY OF M. EDWARD KIRKE DSÖ
OF RISBY WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE THE 10 DAYE
OF NOVEMB' ANO DÑI 1613 5 YEARE OF HIS AGE 60."

2. Will:—

"In the name of God Amen The viijth day of November in the yeare of our Lord god one thousand sise hundred and thirteene I Edward Kyrke of Rysby in the countie of Suff Clic beinge of
fect memoric praised be god therfore doe make this my laste
will and Testamen[t] in manner and forme followinge first I
commend my soule into the handes of Almightye god trusteing
to be saued by the merritts of Christe Jesus my sauiour and
Redeemer And my bodie I will shall be decently comitted to the
earthe from whence it came Item I will that thirtie pounds of
lawfull money shall be bestowed vpon houste or landes by mine
executrix which shall be assured to certaine of the beste Inhabi-
tauntes of the parrishe of Risby as feoffes in tructe, And the
yearlie reuenewes of the same houste or landes to be yearlie
bestowed vpon the poore people of Risby for ever. Item I will
that thirtie pounds of lawfull money shall be bestowed vpon
houste or landes by my Executrix which shall be assured to certaine
of the beste Inhabitauotes of the parrishe of Lackford for ever.
Item I gieue and bequeath to Hellen my wife all my howses landes
Tenements and hereditaments whatsoever with all and singular
their appurtuernes aswell free as Coppie scitate lyeinge and
beinge in Risby or in any other towne thereto nere adjoyneyenge.
To haue and to houle to her and to her Assignes for and dureinge
the tearme of her naturall life, shee kepeinge the howses in
necessarie reparacons And after her decease I gieue all the same
houste landes Tenements and hereditaments with their appur-
tuynes to my nephew Thomas Cheston sonne to my sister
Johane Axhame and to his heires foreu. Item I gieue and be-
queth to George Axhamme my brother in lawe and to Johane
Axhame my sister his wife twoe hundred pounds of lawfull
money. Item I gieue Juliane Cheston my neece fiftie pounds of
lawfull money. Item I gieue to George Axham the younger my
nephewe, Sara Axham and Mary Axham my neeces to euer of
them fiftie pounds a peecce. Item I gieue to my sister ffrancis
Spicer late of Sherbourne in the Countie of Dorsett wid. one hundred
pounds of lawfull money. Item I gieue to Sara one of the daughters
of the said ffrancis fiftie pounds of lawfull money. Item I gieue
to the other daughter of the said ffrancis which was married to
one Studbury fiftie pounds of like money. Item I gieue and
bequeath to Richard Buckle my sonne in lawe my houste or Tene-
ment in Bury Saucte Edmond comonly kneowne or called by the
name of the Kings heade neere the Risby gate with thappurtuynes
To haue and to houle to the saide Richard his heires and
Assignees for euer after the deathe of John Hamner and his wife.
I gieue to George Whiter my sonne in lawe fortie pounds of
lawfull money And to Margaret his wife other fortie pounds of
like money. Item I gieue to George Whiter Margaret Whiter
and Hellen Whiter children of the saide George and Margarett
to euer of them fortie pounds a peecce of lawfull money. Item
I gieue to John Godfry of Horningherth and Johane his wife five
pounds of lawfull money. Item I gieue to Nicholas Trott and
Margarett his wife five pounds of like money. Item I gieue to
NOTICES OF EDWARD KIRKE.

Clement Kirke and his wife five pounds of lawfull money. Item I give to John Kirke my godsonne fiftie shillings Item I give to Hellen Kirke my wives goddaughter fiftie shillings Item I give to Hellen Lyng my servant five pounds of lawfull money And to every other of my servauntes which shall dwell with me at the tyme of my deathe fiftie shillings And to Roger froste tenne shillings. Item I give to William Kirke my kinsman five pounds of lawfull money, And to William Kirke his sonne five pounds of like money. All the residue of my goodes and chattles of what sorte seo ever I give and bequeath to Hellen my wife whom I make Executrix of this my laste will and testament therewith to pay my debtes and legacies. In witnes whereof I haue heareyned sett my hande and seale the daie and yeare aboue written. Edward Kirke, witnesse John ffalke. Memorandu that in these twoe sheetes of paper subscribed by my hande the laste whereof is seale with my seale is conteyned the laste will and testament of me the within named Edward Kirke. Edward Kirke. Sealed vpp and testified by the saide Edward to be his laste will in the presence of vs James Greene Willm Halle, Jo: ffalke.

"Probatum fuit Testamentum Suprascriptum apud London coram venerabili viro Dno Johanne Benite milit legu doctore Curie p'ogatiue Cantuar mfo Custode siue Comissario Itiue constitut secundo die mens Decembris Anno Domini millimo sex centesimo decimo terto Juramento Ellene Kirke retce dicti defuncti et Executricis in huissmodi Testamento nominet cui comissa fuit Administraco omniu et singulorum bonorum iurium et creditoem eiusdem defuncti De bene et fidel Administrand eadem Ad sancta dei Evangelia vigore Comissionis Jurat.
Exd.

Prerog. Court of Canterbury (121 Capell.)
Somerset House.
II.

COMPLAINTS.

1590-91.
NOTE.

The following is the original and only entry of 'Complaints' in the Stationers' Registers:

29 Decembirs [1590]

William Pon- / Entred for his Copie / vnder the handes of Doctor Staller
fonbye. and bothe the wardens, A booke entytuled Complainties con-
teyninge fondrye smalle Poemes of the worldes vanity... v5
(Arber's Transcript ii. 570).

It is noticeable that 'Mviopotmos' which forms part of the 'Complaints,' bears on its (separate) title-page, the date of 1590, in accord with the above entry, while the general title-page, the date of 1591, Of the wood-cut title-page of 'Complaints' a fac-simile is furnished in our post quarto and small quarto impressions. The same borders are used in the separate title-pages. A large rough-edged uncut exemplar (believed to be unique) of 'Complaints' is in the 'Huth Library'; and for the leisurely use of which I owe and offer right hearty thanks to ALFRED H. HUTH, ESQ., London. The collation is as follows:

General title-page, with ' A note of the fundrie Poemes contained in this Volume' on verso: The Printer to the Gentle Reader, A2 (1 leaf), Epistle-dedictory 3 pages (2 leaves): The Ruines of Time 12 leaves (B—D3): The Teares of the Mufes—separate title-page (verso blank)—Epistle-dedictory 1 page—the Poem verso of leaf and 10 leaves (E3—G3): Virgils Gnat 12 leaves (H—K3): Poropopodia or Mother Hubberds Tale—separate title-page (verso blank)—Epistle-dedictory 1 leaf (L2)—the Poem 22 leaves (L3—Q3): Ruines of Rome: by Bellay, 8 leaves (R—S3): Mviopotmos—separate title-page (verso blank)—Epistle-dedictory 1 leaf (T2)—the Poem 8 leaves, last page blank (T3—X2): Visions of the Worlds Vanity 7 leaves (X3—Z): The Visions of Petrarch 2 leaves (Z2—Z3).

Of succeeding editions, see our Life in Vol. I.

Our text is that of 1590-91, which is reproduced in integrity throughout, and in the precise order of the original—so departing from the faulty example of most of Spenser's Editors, who have arbitrarily separated and redistributed them, as well as mutilated.
NOTE.

Occasionally, the after-readings of the folio of 1611 are placed below, albeit its text must always be very critically regarded when it alters the Author’s own of 1590-91. In no case is even an obvious correction or revised punctuation adopted in the text without being recorded in the place.

In the largest paper (post 4to) alone, is given a (steel) portrait of Alice, Countess of Derby, to whom as ‘The Ladie Strange,’ the ‘Teares of the Muses’ was dedicated. The original miniature—never before engraved—was kindly placed at my disposal by the present Earl of Derby. On this illustrious Lady and the other ‘faire ladyes’ commemorated in the ‘Complaints’ and elsewhere, full information will be found in (a) the Life in Vol. I. as before, (b) the Index of Names along with the Glossary in Vol. VIII. Ad interim, because of her portrait appearing in this volume (ut supra), I may refer the Reader to a charming Notice of the ‘Countess’ in my friend Professor Masson’s ‘Note’—in itself a delightful Essay—on the ‘Arcades’ (The Poetical Works of John Milton: Vol. II. pp. 210-226: 3 vols. 8vo, 1874). I gladly quote one suggestive bit here:—“Of course... he [Milton] cannot have forgotten that it was in honour of the venerable Countess-Dowager of Derby, Spenser’s Amaryllis, in her youth, that he had written the poem [of Arcades]. And in this fact alone there is romance enough for us now. It brings Spenser and Milton picturesquely together within one length of Time’s out-stretched hand. ‘Vouchsafe, noble Lady,’ Spenser had said to Lady Strange in 1591 [1590], when dedicating to her his Tears of the Muses, ‘to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of yourself, yet such as perhaps, by your acceptance thereof, you may hereafter call out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts.’ May we not fondly construe these words into a prophecy in 1591 [1590] of Milton’s Arcades in the same lady’s honour in 1631?” (p. 225). I only add further at present, that to have been celebrated and revered of Spenser and Milton; to have for the first time planned and achieved the performance of Othello for entertainment of Elizabeth at Harefield (July 31—August 3, 1602); to have taken a part in Ben Jonson’s Masque of Queens, when performed at James’s Court by the Queen and her ladies—and these are but a few gleanings of her honours—more than warrants Warton’s fine phrase and praise—“The peerage-book of the Countess is the poetry of her times.” It is no common satisfaction to us to be the first at this late day, to engrave the portrait of so memorable and noticeable a Lady.

As with the ‘Shepheards Calender,’ all Notes and Illustrations of the ‘Complaints’ must be sought for in the Glossary in Vol. VIII. under the successive words or things.

A. B. G.
Complaints.

Containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanity.

Whereof the next Page maketh mention.

By Ed. Sp.

LONDON.
Imprinted for VVilliam Ponsonbie, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Bishops head.

1591.
A note of the sundrie Poemes contained in this Volume.

1 The Ruines of Time.
2 The Teares of the Muses.
3 Virgils Gnat.
4 Protopopioia, or Mother Hubberds Tale.
5 The Ruines of Rome: by Bелlay.
6 Mуiopotmos, or The Tale of the Butterflie.
7 Visions of the Worlds vanitie.
8 Bellayes visions.
9 Petrarches visions.

1. 8, while it is 'Tale' here and in all the edns., it is 'Fate' in the separate title-page, etc.
THE Printer to the

Gentle Reader.

INCE my late setting foorth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a favouable passaage amongst you; I haue sithence endeoure by all good meanes (for the better encreafe and accompliishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale Poemes of the fame Authors; as I heard were disperft abroad in sundrie hands, and not eafie to bee come by, by himfelfe; fome of them hauing bene diuerfie imbeziled and purloyned from him, fince his departure ouer Sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered togethaer thesefewe parcels prefent, which I haue caufed to bee imprinted alto/geather, for that they al feeme to containe like matter of argument in them: being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie; verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderftand that he befides wrote sundrie others, namelie Ecclefiasties, & Canticum canticorum translated, A fenights flumber, The hell of louers, his Purgatorie, being all dedicated to Ladies;
so as it may seeme he ment them all to one volume. Besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad: as The dying Pelican, The howers of the Lord, The sacrifice of a sinner, The seven Psalmes, &c. which when I can either by himselfe, or otherwise attaine too, I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set forth. In the meane time praying you gentlie to accept of these, & graciously to entertaine the new Poet, I take leaue. /

l. 31—misprinted 'Poet. I take leaue'—corrected by comma after Poet.
THE RUINE OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beauti-

tfull Ladie,

THE LA. M A R I E

COUNTESS OF PEMBROOKE.

MOST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long

fithens deepe sowed in my brest, the seede of most

entire loue & humble affection unto that most braue

Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking roote

began in his life time some what to bud forth: and to

shew theselves to him, as then in the weakenes of their

first spring. And would in their riper strenght (had it

pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired

forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath

disdeigned the world | of that most noble Spirit, which

was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my

young Mufes; togeather with him both their hope of anie

further fruit was cut off: and also the tender delight of

those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet fithens

my late cumming into England, some frends of mine
THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

(which might much preuaile with me, and indeede com-
maund me) knowing with howe straignt bandes of duetie
I was tied to him: as also bound unto that noble house,
of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) haue fought
to requie them by upbraiding me: for that I haue not
shewed anie thankeful remembrance towards him or any
of thè; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and
forgetfulness. Whome chiefe to satisifie, or els to awoide
that fowle blot of unthankfuffle, I haue conceived this
small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of the worlds
Ruines: yet speciallie intended to the renowninge of that
noble race, from which both you and he fprong, and to the
eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased.
The which / I dedicate vnto your La. as whome it most
speciallie concerneth: and to whome I acknowledge my
selfe bounden, by manie singular favours & great graces.
I pray for your Honourable happinesse: & so humblie kisse
your handes.

Your Ladifhips euer
humblie at commaund.

E.S. /

l. 39, 'handes' is misprinted 'haudes.'
THE RUINES OF TIME.

I chaunced me on day beside the shore
Of siluer streaming Thamesis to bee,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor anie little moniment to see, 5
By which the trauailer, that fares that way,
This once was she, may warned be to say.

There on the other side, I did behold
A Woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yeolow locks, like wyrie golde, 10
About her shouders carelesslie downe trailing,
And streames of teares fro her faire eyes forth railing.
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heauen shee semd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Riuers Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some dere loue lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or the auncient Genius of that Citie brenyt: 20
But seeing her so piteoulsie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.
THE RUINES OF TIME.

Ah what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I, wretched creature haue?
Whose happines the heauens envying,
From higheste fiare to lowest step me draue,
And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds fad spectacle, and fortunes fcorne.

Much was I mooued at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh ruen in my brest
With tender ruth to see her fore constraint,
That sheding teares a while I stille did rest,
And after did her name of her request.
Name haue I none (quoth she) nor anie being;
Bereft of both by Fates vniuft decreeing.

I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, deliuered vnto me
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see:
Verlame I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and waiftfull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnstedfaft state
Of all that liues, on face of sinfull earth,
Which from their first vntill their utmoast date
Taft no one hower of happines or merth,
But like as at the ingate of their berth,
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
So wailing backe go to their wofull toomb.
THE RUINES OF TIME.

Why then dooth flesh, a bubble glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and aduauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for deuouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his daies for euer should remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gaie,
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaie.

Looke backe, who lift, vnto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where / be those learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wisedome knew the perfect forme:
Where those great warriors, which did ouercomme
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th' earth & of their raine?

What nowe is of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,
Of whom no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the Persian Beares outragioufnesse,
Whose memorie is quite wore out with yeares?
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought heares,
That ouerran the East with greddie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to deoure?

And where is that fame great seuen headded beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her beheaf,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous weth nowe hide?
With her owne weight downe pressed now shee lies,
And by her heaps her hugenesse testifies.
THE RUINES OF TIME.

O Rome thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall ouerthrowe,
That whilom was, whilfe heauens with equall vewe
Deignd to behold me, and their gifts beftowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew:
And of the whole world as thou waft the Emprefs,
So I of this fmall Northerne world was Princesse.

To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
Adorned with pureft golde and precious ftone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare
That by my foes are now all fpent and gone:
To / tell my forces matchable to none,
Were but loft labour, that few would beleue,
And with rehearuing would me more agreeue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie palfaces,
Large ftreetes, braue houfes, facred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweete gardens, fately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries,
All those (ô pitie) now are turnd to duft,
And ouergrown with black obliuions ruft.

Theretoo for warlike power, and peoples ftore,
In Britannie was none to match with mee,
That manie often did abie full fore:
Ne Troyouant, though elder fifter fhee,
With my great forces might compared bee;
That ftout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a fiege feaven yeres about me dwelt.

1. 84, period (,) for comma (,).
THE RUINES OF TIME.

But long ere this Bunduca Britonneffe
Her mightie hoast against my bulwarkes brought,
Bunduca, that victorious conqueresse,
That lifting vp her braue heroick thought
Boue womens weaknes, with the Romanes fought,
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed:
Yet was she foyld, when as she me assailed.

And though at last by force I conquered were
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full deere,
And prizde with slaughter of their Generall:
The moniment of whose sad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me lafted;
But now to nought through spoyle of time is wafted.

Wafted it is, as if it neuer were,
And all the rest that me so honord made,
And of the world admired eu'rie where,
Is turnd to fmoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,
But greisfie shades, such as doo haunt in hell
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

Where my high steeptles whilom vide to stand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand,
For the Shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to powre
Her refles plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
There now haut yelling Mewes & whining Plouers,
And where the christall *Thamis* wont to slide
In siluer channell, downe along the Lee,
About whole flowrie bankes on either side
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee,
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no riuers courfe is to be seene,
But moorifh fennes, and marshes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuere for great griefe
Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained,
From my vnhappy neighborhood farre fled,
And his sweete waters away with him led.

There alfo where the winged ships were seene
In liquid waues to cut their fomie waie,
And thoufand Fihers numbred to haue been,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praine
Of fish, which they with baits vsde to betraie,
Is now no lake, nor anie fihers ftore,
Nor euer ship shall faile there anie more.

They all are gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet it is comfort in great languifhment,
To be bemoned with compassion kinde,
And mitigates the anguifh of the minde.

L. 154, period (.) for comma (,).
THE RUINES OF TIME.

But me no man bewailleth, but in game,
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie:
Nor anie liues that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of posteritie,
Saue One that maugre fortunes injurie,
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-feeming fort.

Cambden the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne vnto late successing age,
To see the light of simple veritie,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage;
Cambden, though Time all moniments obscure,
Yet thy iust labours euer shall endure.

But whie (unhappie wight) doo I thus crie,
And grieue that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doo dailie see things higheft placed,
So soone as fates their vitall thred haue shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of moft renowned race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did fue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the boosome of his Soueraine,
And Right and loyall did his word maintaine.
I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare,
I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare:
Scarfe anie left to close his eyelids neare;
Scarfe anie left vpon his lips to laie
The sacred sod, or Requiem to faie.

O triflesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your felues halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises fings,
And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and truftie to you trow.

All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That euerie shower will wafh and wipe away,
All things doo change that vnder heauen abide
And after death all friendship doth deceaie.
There-fore what euer man bearft worldlie fway,
Liuing, on God, and on thy selfe relie;
For when thou diest, all fhall with thee die.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Saue what in heauens storehouse he vplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to paffe his dread,
And euill men, now dead, his deedes vpbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that liuing neuer baid.
He now is gone, and whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

1. 214, comma added after 'men,'.
THE RUINES OF TIME.

He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse vpon the water shone,
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
His name is worn alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet seekes him to reuie;
Yet manie Poets honourd him aliue.

Ne doth his Colin, careless Colin Cloute,
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raife,
Ne tell his sorrow to the lightning rout
Of shepheard grommes which wot his songs to praife:
Praife who so lift, yet I will him dispraife,
Vntill he quite him of his guiltie blame:
Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
(For manie did, which dou it now denie)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And / I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilste he liued, was of none enuyde,
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,
Deare vnto all that true affection beare:
But vnto thee most deare, o dearest Dame,
His noble Spoufe, and Paragon of fame.
THE RUINES OF TIME.

He whilest he liued, happie was through thee,  
And being dead is happie now much more;  
Liuing, that lincked chauntef with thee to bee,  
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore  
As liuing, and thy lost deare loue deplore.  
So whilt thou, faire flower of chastitie,  
Dost liue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die.

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verfe  
Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for ever:  
For euer it shall liue, and shall rehearfe  
His worthie praife, and vertues dying neuer,  
Though death his soule doo from his bodie feuer.  
And thou thy selfe herein shalt also liue;  
Such grace the heauens doo to my verses giue.

Ne shall his fitter, ne thy father die,  
Thy father, that good Earle of rare renowne,  
And noble Patrone of weak pouertie;  
Whose great good deeds in countrey and in towne  
Haue purchaft him in heauen an happie crowne;  
Where he now liueth in eternall blis,  
And left his sone t' ensue those steps of his.

He / noble bud, his Grandfires liuelie hayre,  
Vnder the shadow of thy countenaunce  
Now ginnes to shoote up fast, and flourifh fayre,  
In learned artes and goodlie gouernance,  
That him to higheft honour shall aduaunce.  
Braue Impe of Bedford, grow apace in bountie,  
And count of wisedome more than of thy Countie.

l. 259, period (.) for comma (,).  l. 267, catchword by misprint is ‘The.’
THE RUINES OF TIME.

Ne may I let thy husbands sifter die,
That goodly Ladie, fith she eke did spring
Out of his flocke, and famous familie,
Whose praiises I to future age doo sing,
And foorth out of her happie womb did bring
The sacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heauens powrde all their gifts vpon her.

Moift gentle spirite breathed from aboue, 281
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
Appeared in their natieue propertis,
And did enrich that noble breast of his,
With treasure passyng all this worldes worth,
Worthie of heauen it selfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirite full of power diuine 290
And influence of all celestiall grace,
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime,
Fled backe too foone vnto his natieue place.
Too foone for all that did his loue embrace,
Too foone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happie soule to heauen went
Out of this fleshlie goale, he did deuise
Vnto / his heauenlie maker to present
His bodie, as a spotles sacrificie;
And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offring of his guiltles blood: 300
So life exchanging for his countries good.

l. 291, period (.) for comma (,).
O noble spirite, liue there euer blessed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heauens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here distressed
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
But where thou dost that happines enjoy,
Bid me, δ bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies fee.

Yet whileft the fates afoord me vitall breath,
I will it fpend in speaking of thy praife,
And sing to thee, vntill that timelie death
By heauens doome doo ende my earthlie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raife,
And into me that sacred breath inspiere,
Which thou there breatheft perfect and entire.

Then will I sing, but who can better sing,
Than thine owne fifter, peerles Ladie bright,
Which to thee fings with deep harts forrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight.
That her to heare I feele my feeble spright
Robbed of fene, and rauished with ioy:
O sad ioy made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I sing, but who can better sing,
Than thou thy felfe, thine owne felves valiance,
That whileft thou liuedft, madeft the forrests ring,
And / fields relowe, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And shepheards leaue their lambs vnto mischaunce,
To runne thy shrill Arcadian Pipe to heare:
O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were.

l. 319, period (,) for comma (.), and l. 321, colon (:) for comma (,).
THE RUINES OF TIME.

But now more happie thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the woned sweetnes of thy voice,
While thou now in Elisian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that euer did in rimes reioyce,
Conuerfeft, and dooft heare their heauenlie layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praiue.

So there thou liuest, singinge euermore,
And here thou liuest, being euer song
Of vs, which liuing loued thee afore,
And now thee worship, mongst that blessed throng
Of heauenlie Poets and Heroes ftrong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And euerie where through excellent defart.

But such as neither of themselfues can sing,
Nor yet are fung of others for reward,
Die in obscure obliuion, as the thing
Which neuer was, ne euer with regard
Their names shal of the later age be heard,
But shal in rustie darknes euer lie,
Unles they mentiond be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue beene rich alioye?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth furuiue
Of former being in this mortall hous,
But sleepe in dust dead and inglorious,
Like / beaft, whose breath but in his nofgrels is,
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.
THE RUINES OF TIME.

How manie great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies most famoulsie did florish;
Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now see,
But as things wipt out with a sponge to perishe,
Because they liuing cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whils ye liue,
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
Which vnto men eternitie do giue;
For they be daughters of Dame memorie
And Ione the father of eternitie,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

The feuen fold yron gates of griflie Hell,
And horrid house of sad Properpina,
They able are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the foules to bring awaie
Out of dread darknesse, to eternall day,
And them immortall make, which els would die
In foule forgetfulness, and nameles lie.

So whilome raied they the puissant brood
Of golden girt Alcmena, for great merite,
Out of the duft, to which the Oetaan wood
Had him confum'd, and spent his vitall spirite:
To highest heauen, where now he doth inherite

1. 360, 'to'—this is usually printed 'do,' from 1611 folio onward; but 'to' of the 4to gives a good sense. 1. 363, 'couetise' is misprinted 'couertize': corrected in folio of 1611 onward—accepted.
All happinesse in Hebes siluer bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure.

So / raıfe they eke faire Ledaes warlick twinnes,
And interchanged life vnto them lent,
That when th’ one dies, th’ other then beginnes
To shew in Heauen his brightnes orient;
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

So happie are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the Pierian sacred fisters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate
And power of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambrosia do feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselues decay,
But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Mufes, liue for ay;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age, nor enuie shall them euer waft.

In vaine doo earthly Princes then, in vaine
Seeke with Pyramids, to heauen aspired;
Or huge Colosses, built with costlie paine;
Or brafen Pillours, neuer to be fired,
Or Shrines, made of the mettall moat defired;
To make their memories for euer liue:
For how can mortall immortalitie giue.

Such one Maufolus made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such / one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder:
Such one Lifippus, but is wore with raine;
Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine moniments of earthlie maffe,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe. 420

But fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
Then who so will with vertuous deeds aslay
To mount to heauen, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweete Poets verfe be glorifide.

For not to haue been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could fawe the fonne of Thetis from to die;
But that blinde bard did him immortall make 430
With verfes, dipt in deaw of Caftalie:
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man, whose vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to found.

Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good Melibæ, that hath a Poet got,
To fing his liuing praiifes being dead,
Defeuring neuer here to be forgot,
In fpight of enuie that his deeds would fpot:

1. 414, is misprinted 'Manfolus.'
Dr. Jortin hypercritically suggests 'had,' but the phrasing is frequent
contemporaneously and later.
THE RUINES OF TIME.

Since whose deceafe, learning lies vnregarded,
And men of armes doo wander vnrewarded.

Those two be thofe two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble spright
Of Salomon with great indignities;
Who whilome was alie the wisest wight.
But / now his wisedom is disprooued quite;
For he that now wields all things at his will,
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill.

O griefe of griefes, o gall of all good heartes,
To see that vertue should dispiied bee
Of him, that firft was raisde for vertuous parts,
And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot vp, that nigh him planted bee:
O let the man, of whom the Mufe is scorned,
Nor alie, nor dead be of the Mufe adorned.

O vile worlds truft, that with such vaine illufion
Hath fo wise men bewitcht, and ouerkeft,
That they see not the way of their confufion,
O vainefe to be added to the rest,
That do my foule with inward griefe infeft:
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee:
And in my case their owne enexample see.

1. 447 in the folio of 1611 reads,
‘For such as now have most the world at will.’
1. 451, ‘him, that’: in 1611 reads ‘such as.’
1. 454, ‘O let the man’: in 1611 reads ‘O let not thofe.’

1. 455, in 1611 runs, ‘Alive nor dead be of the Mufe adorned.’ On these and other emendations or corrections of 1611 onward, see the Life and Essays, as before.
And who so els that fits in higheft feate
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call ;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himselfe be moou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her piteous plaint,
With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away,
That I through inward forrowe waxen faint,
And all astonished with deepe dismay,
For her departure, had no word to say :
But / fate long time in fenseleffe fad affright,
Looking still, if I might of her haue sight.

Which when I misse'd, hauing looked long,
My thought returned greeued home againe,
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that fame womans piteous paine ;
Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,
I felt such anguish wound my seeble heart,
That frozen horror ran through euerie part.

So inlie greeuing in my groning breft,
And deepelie muzing at her doubtfull speach,
Whose meaning much I labored forth to wreste,
Being aboute my slender reafons reach ;
At length by demonstration me to teach,
Before mine eies strange fights presented were,
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appeare.
THE RUINES OF TIME.

I.

I saw an Image, all of maffie gold,
Placed on high vpon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the fame from farre beholde,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest faire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compaire,
To which the Assyrian tyrant would haue made
The holie brethren, falselie to haue praid,

But th' Altare, on the which this Image staid,
Was (6 great pitie) built of brickle clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid,
With showres of heauen and tempefts worn away,
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scor/ned of euerie one, which by it went ;
That I it seeing, dearelie did lament.

2.

Next vnto this a flatelie Towre appeared,
Built all of richeft stone, that might bee found,
And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vpreared,
But placed on a plot of fandie ground :
Not that great Towre, which is so much renownd
For tongues confusion in holie writ,
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.

l. 499: 1611 prints 'brittle,' and early texts—viz., that coming fully the correction and emendation is twenty years later the spelling and valuable as a key to the principle of grammatical forms, etc., of the nearly the whole of the first folio's later date are made to supplant or departures from the original and 'smooth' the earlier—unauthorisedly,
THE RUINES OF TIME.

But δ vaine labours of terrestrial wit,
That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and fit,
And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle :
I saw this Towre fall sodainlie to dust,
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was brust.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradize,
Full of sweete floweres and daintieft delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devise,
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprights ;
Not that, which Merlin by his Magicke flights
Made for the gentle squire, to entertaine
His fayre Belphabe, could this gardine staine.

But δ short pleasure bought with lasting paine,
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
In earthlie blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,
Since / that I sawe this gardine wafted quite,
That where it was scarce seemed anie sight ?
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
Of wondrous power, and of exceeding stature,
That none durft vewe the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of speach, and meeke of nature.
Not he, which in despight of his Creatour
THE RUINES OF TIME.

With railing tearmes defied the Iewish hoast,
Might with this mightie one in hugenes hoast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast,
Stretch his strong thighes, and th' Occæan ouerstride,
And reatch his hand into his enemies hoast.
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride;
One of his feete vnwares from him did slide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe Abiffe,
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie bliffe,

5.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
Ouer the Sea from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' vpholde,
But like the coulored Rainbowe arched wide:
Not that great Arche, which Traian edifide,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.

But / (ah) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not faftned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of fo braue a building ought remained,
That grieue thereof my spirite greatly pained.

l. 541, 'Occæan.' See note on 'with' in the 4to. Former accepted,
l. 499. Here 1611 spells 'Ocean.' as in 1611.
l. 551, 'which' is misprinted
6.

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie caue,
Of milde aspeçt, and haire as soft as silke,
That salvage nature seemed not to haue,
Nor after greedie spoyle of blood to craue:
Two fairer beasts might not elswhere be found,
Although the compaft world were fought around.

But what can long abide aboue this ground
In state of blis, or stedfaft happinesse?
The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleepeing found,
Was but earth, and with her owne weightinesse, 571
Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,
That for great forrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaued quight,
And I in minde remained fore agaft,
Diftraught twixt feare and pitie; when at laft
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called, 580
That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.

Behold / (said it) and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griehe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heauen, and heart to God inclinde;

1. 571, in 1611 reads 'Was but of earth and with her weightinesse,'—
needless emendation. 1. 574, 'worlds' misprinted 'words.'
THE RUINES OF TIME.

For all the rest must needs be left behinde:
With that it bad me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide?

1.

¶ Upon that famous Riuers further shore,
There stood a snowie Swan of heauenly hiew,
And gentle kinde, as euer Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie criew
Of white Strimonian brood might no man view:
There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores refounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight aboue the earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest heauen mounted:
Where now he is become an heauenly signe;
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

2.

Whilest thus I looked, loe adowne the Lee,
I saw an Harpe stroong all with siluer twyne,
And made of golde and costlie yourie,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to haue been
The harpe, on which Dan Orpheus was seene
Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of Philisides now dead.

1. 588, the ? was — 1 in Spenser and contemporaneously, and later.
THE RUINES OF TIME.

At length out of the Riuere it was reard
And borne aboue the cloudes to be diuin'd,
Whilst all the way most heauenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wroght both ioy and forrow in my mind:
So now in heauen a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

3.

Soone after this I saw, on th' other side,
A curious Coffer made of Heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this bafer worldes good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almoost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much grieu'd my penfiue thought.

At length when most in perill it was brought,
Two Angels downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
Aboue the reach of anie liuing sight:
So now it is transfromd into that starre,
In which all heauenly treasures locked are.

4.

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for anie Princes couche be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
Be for some bride, her ioyous night to hold;

610
620
630
THE RUINES OF TIME.

Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay;
A fairer wight saw never summers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo her Bridegrome was in readie ray
To come to her, and seeke her loues delight:
With that she started vp with cherefull sight,
When suddeinly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

5.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged steed,
The same that was bred of Medusaes blood,
On which Dan Perseus borne of heauenly feed,
The faire Andromeda from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That streams of blood foorth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (small joy to him alas)
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
Through braue atcheiuements from his enemies:
Fainting at laft through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

1. 647, 'was bred' is improved into 'bred was' in 1611 onward. Cf. note on l. 447.
Laftly I saw an Arke of purest golde
Vpon a brazen pillour standing hie, 660
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,
Enclofde / therein for endles memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heauens with the earth did disagree,
Whether shoulde of those ashes keeper bee.

At laft me seem'd wing footed Mercurie,
From heauen descending to appeafe their strife,
The Arke did beare with him aboue the skie,
And to those ashes gaue a second life,
To live in heauen, where happines is rife: 670
At which the earth did grievie exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L'Envoy.

Immortall spirite of Philifides,
Which now art made the heauens ornament,
That whilome waft the worlds chieft riches;
Glue leave to him that loue thee to lament
His loffe, by lacke of thee to heauen hent,
And with laft duties of this broken verfe,
Broken with fighes, to decke thy fable Herfe.

l. 661, 'Prince' misprinted 'Prinee.'
l. 664, 'the earth' in 1611 is 'th' earth.' Cf. note on l. 447.
l 673 printed 'L: Envoy.'
THE RUINES OF TIME.

And ye faire Ladie th' honor of your daies,  
And glorie of the world, your high thoughts scorne;  
Vouchsafe this moniment of his laft praife,  
With some few filuer dropping teares t' adorne:  
And as ye be of heauenlie off-spring borne,  
So vnto heauen let your high minde aspire,  
And loath this drosse of finfull worlds defire.

FINIS.
THE

TEARES OF THE MU-

fes.

BY E D. SP.

LONDON.
Imprinted for VVilliam
Ponsonbie, dwelling in Paules
Churchyard at the signe of
the Bishops head.

1591.
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
The Ladie Strange.

MOST braue and noble Ladie, the things that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie known to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, & your noble match with that most honourable Lord the verie Paterne of right Nobilitie: But the causes for which ye haue thus deuered of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and also some privite bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladisship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part worthie, I devisd this last slender means, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladisship and also to make the same uniuersallie known to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe noble Lady to accept this simple remembrance, thogh not worthy of your self, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet & memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So recomending the same to your Ladisships good liking, I humbly take leaue.

Your La: humbly euer,

Ed. Sp. / 25
THE

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

REHEARSE to me ye sacred Sifters nine:
The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowful sad	
tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the siluer Springs of Helicone,
Making your musick of hart-breaking
mone.

For since the time that Phaebus foolifh sonne
Ythundered through Iones auengefull wrath,
For trauerfing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Sifters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her Palici, whom her vnkindly foes
The fatall Sifters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Mufes did bewaile long space
Was euer heard such wayling in this place.
For all their groues, which with the heavenly noyse,
Of their sweete instruments were wont to found,
And th' hollow hills, from which their siluer voyces
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but ruffull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne vp into the skies.

The trembling streams, which wont in channels cleare
To romble gently downe with murmure softe,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Bases part amongst their conforst oft ;
Now forst to overflowe with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares.

The joyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faeries
Which therther came to heare their mufick sweet,
And to the measur of their melodies
Did learne to moue their nimble shifting feete ;
Now hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heauily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in fight,
So made by nature for to serue their will,
Was turned now to dismall heauinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull vglinesse.

Ay me, what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the caufe of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend with felon deeds
Hath stirred vp so mischievous despight?
Can grieue then enter into heauenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts?
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.  

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concerns,
To me those secret causes to displaie;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin thou eldeft Sifter of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee enfew.

Clio.

HEARE thou great Father of the Gods on hie
That moft art dreaded for thy thunder darts:
And thou our Syre that raignment in Caflalie
And mount Parnaffe, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare / and behold the miserable state
Of vs thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day vnto us wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They not contented vs themselues to scorne,
Doo seeke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly duft,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce;
But they, whom thou, great Ioue, by doome vnjuft
Didst to the type of honour earst aduaunce;
They now pufht vp with disdainfull insolence,
Despife the brood of blessed Sapience.

l. 52, Mr. J. Payne Collier mis-
prints ' Gan,' and notes that Todd
'abandoning the oldest authority, printed ' Can' rightfully aread';
but it is ' Can' in the original ed-
tion.
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

The sectaries of my celestiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to shoote vp still,
And grow to hight of kingdomes gouernment
They vnderkeep, and with their spredding armes
Do beat their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoues the honorable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wifedome to sustaine,
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themselues behoues to bee;
That is the girdon of Nobilitie.

But (ah) all otherwise they doo esteeme
Of th' heauenly gift of wifdome influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deeme;
Base / minded they that want intelligence:
For God himselfe for wifedome most is praiied,
And men to God thereby are nighest raised.

But they doo onely strue themselues to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
And onely boaft of Armes and Auncetrie:
But vertuous deeds, which did those Armes firft glue
To their Grandsyres, they care not to atchieue.

So I, that doo all noble feates professe
To regifter, and found in trump of gold;
Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulness,
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames,
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

So shall succeeding ages haue no light
Of things forepast, nor moniments of time,
And all that in this world is worthie hight
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime:
Therefore I mourne with deep harts forroweing,
Because I nothing noble haue to sing.

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares,
That could haue made a stonie heart to weep,
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with salt humour steep.
So ended shee: and then the next anew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enfew.

Melpho | mene.

O who shall powre into my swollen eyes
A sea of teares that neuer may be dryde,
A brazen voice that may with shrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heauens and fill the ayer wide,
And yron sides that sighing may endure,
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah, wretched world the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and fowle inquitie;
Ah wretched world the house of heauinesse,
Fild with the wreacks of mortall miferie;
Ah wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vaflals of Gods wrath, and flaues of sin.

1. 113, 'anew' here probably is misprint for 'in rew,' Cf. ll. 173,
233, etc., etc. See Glossary, s.v.
Moist miserable creature under sky
Man without understanding doth appeare;
For all this world's affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes is wisely taught to beare:

Of wretched life the onely joy shee is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She armes the brest with constant patience
Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts,
She folaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds; in midst of worldlie smarts:
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his spirits when they be were.

But he that is of reafons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisdome him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Withouten helme or Pilot her to swaye,

Full sad and dreadfull is that ships event:
So is the man that wants intendiment.

While then doo foolish men so much despise
The precious store of this celestiall riches?
Why doo they banish vs, that patronize
The name of learning? Most unhappie wretches,
The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
Yet doo not see their owne unhappines.

My part it is and my professed skill
The Stage with Tragick bukin to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaint, and outcries shrill
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can finde
Then this, of men depriu'd of sense and minde,
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedy,
Full of sad sights and sore Catastrophees;
First comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes like dolorous Trophies,
Are heapt with spoyle of fortune and of feare,
And he at laft laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,
Fit for Meera or Persephone;
But I, that in true Tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, finde nought to buffie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise;
And all her Sifters thereto answering,
Threw / forth lowd shrieks and drierie doleflll cries.
So refted she: and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth enfew.

Thalia.

WHERE be the sweete delights of learnings treasure,
That wont with Comick fock to beauteifie
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The liftners eyes, and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well befeene?

O all is gone, and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,

l. 163, comma put after 'fild.'
l. 171, misprinted period (.) for comma.
50  

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome vnseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and greifly countenaunce,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutifh Ignorance, ycrest of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deepe Abyfme,
Where being bredd, he light and heauen does hate: 190
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudenes foule difguize.

All places they with follie haue poiffeft,
And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine;
But me haue banished, with all the refT
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
Fine Counterfefaunce, and vnhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter deckt in seemly fort.

All / these, and all that els the Comick Stage
With seafoned wit and goodly pleafance graced; 200
By which mans life in his likeft image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
And thofe sweete wits which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter vnder Mimick shade,
Our pleafant Willy, ah is dead of late:
With whom all joy and iolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learneds talke vpon him take.

But that fame gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honnie and sweete Neéter flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth fo rafhlie throwe ;
Doth rather choose to fit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to fell.

So am I made the servuant of the manie,
And laughing stocke of all that lift to scorne,
Not honored nor cared for of anie ;
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne :
Therefore I mourn and sorrow with the rest,
Vntill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

There / with she lowdly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streams of teares abundantly,
And all her Sifters with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.
So rested she : and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enfew.

Euterpe.

LIKE as the dearling of the Summers prye,
Faire Philomele, when winters stormie wrath

l. 232, 'singults' is misprinted 'singuls'—the former accepted as in 1611 onward.
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

The goodyl fields, that earft so gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her cheerlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earft were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whileft fauourable times did vs afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will:
All comfortlesse vpon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culerus doo fit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme than winters floowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wafted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to floowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted:
And those yong plats, which wont with fruit t' aboud,
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumb'd the fence
And liuelie spirits of each liuing wight,
And dimd with darkness their intelligence,
Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night?
And monstrous error flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that femed fayre.

Image of hellish horroure Ignorance,
Borne in the boforme of the black Abyffe,
And fed with furies milke, for suftenaunce
Of his weake infancie, begot amiffe
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So hee his fonnes both Syre and brother hight,
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

He armd with blindnesse and with boldnes stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light defaced;
And, gathering vnto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced
And our chaft bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutifhnesse and beastlie filth hath stained. 270

The sacred springs of horfes foot Helicon,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And speaking streams of pure Caftalion,
The famous witnesse of our wonted praife,
They trampled haue with their fowle footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles haue them made.

Our pleafant groues, which planted were with paines,
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the Shepheardes swaines
Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to fing, 280
They haue cut downe, and all their pleafauence mard,
That now no pastorall is to bee hard.

In stead of them fowle Goblins and Shriekowles
With fearfull howling do all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments and howles,
The / dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill.
So all is turned into wilderneffe,
Whilst Ignorance the Mufes doth opperffe.

And I whose joy was earft with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to found aloft,
My spirits now dismayd with forrow dull,
Doo mone my miferie with silence soft.
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till pleafe the heauens affoord me remedy.

1. 288, printed with small i—cap. substituted, as in 1. 259.
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe,
And pitious lamentation did make,
And all her sifters seeing her doo soe,
With equall plaints her forrowe did partake.
So rested shee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensow.

Terpsichore.

WHO so hath in the lap of soft delight
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet,
Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes spight,
To tumble into forrow and regret,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Finds greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee that earst in joyance did abound
And in the boosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin Queenes with laurel garlands crown
For vertues meed and ornament of wit,
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Bee now become most wretched wightes on ground:

And / in our royall thrones which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of fowle infamy ;
Blind Error, scornfull Follie, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong, that wee should have by right.

They to the vulgar fort now pipe and sing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries,

1. 310, comma (,) for period (.).
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

They cherelie chaunt and rymes at randon fling,
The fruitfull spawne of their ranke fantasies:
They feede the cares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and laves magnify:

All places they doo with their toyes posseffe,
And raigne in liking of the multitude,
The schooles they fill with fond new fangleneffe,
And swayne in Court with pride and rashes rude;
Mongst simple shepheardes they do boast their skill,
And say their muficke matcheth Phæbus quill.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faire Ladies loues they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights diataine:
Clerks they to loathly idlenes entice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule and tyrannize,
For their unfurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
The whiles we filly Maides, whom they diapproze,
And with reprochfull scorne discountenance,
From our owne native heritage exile,
Walk through the world of every one reuilde.

Nor / anie one doth care to call vs in,
Or once vouchsafe vs to entertaine,
Unlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties fake compassion our paine:
And yeeld vs some reliefe in this distress:
Yet to be so relieued is wretchednesse.
So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafe to answere to our call:
Therefore we mourne and pittiesse complains,
Because none liuing pittith our paine.

With that she wept and woefullie waymented,
That naught on earth her grieue might pacifie;
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented
With shrikes and groanes and grieuous agonie.
So ended she: and then the next in rew,
Began her piteous plaint as doth enfew.

_Erato._

Ye gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
Where ye in _Venus_ siluer bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe deuine, full of the fire of loue,
With beawtie kindled and with pleasse feed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse,
Forgetfull of your former heauinesse:

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye vfe your loues to deifie,
And blazon forth an earthlie beauties praise,
Aboue the compasse of the arched kie:
Now / change your praises into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies:

Such as ye wont whenas those bitter frounds
Of raging loue firft gan you to torment,

1. 364, comma inserted after 'deuine.'
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loues did take you unto grace;
Those now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And we to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of Louers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practice of my kindlie skill,
Banishd by those that Loue with lawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the deuicefull matter of my song;
Sweete Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
Out of th’ Almighties bosome, where he nefts;
From thence infused into mortall brefts.

Such high concept of that celestiall fire,
The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot gesse,
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in loue;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire Cytheree, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maist go pack;
For lo thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay Sonne, that winged God of Loue,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Doue.

1, 401, ‘that’ in 1611 is ‘the’—needlessly.
And ye three Twins to light by Venus brought,
The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom what euer thing is goodly thought
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with vs, and be companions still
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Find entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meed, is now lent to the foole,
He sings of loue, and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly prayfe.

With that she powred foorth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Sifters seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she: and then the next in rew
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth enfew.

Calliope.

To whom shall I my euill cafe complains,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell baniishment.

For / they, to whom I vsed to applie
The faithfull seruice of my learned skill,
The goodly offpring of Ioues progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

Whose liuing praifes in heroick stile,
It is my chiefe profession to compyle.

They, all corrupted through the ruf of time,
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through vnnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Haue both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to haue the auncestfrie
Of th' old Heroës memorizde anew,
Ne doo they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speake their praifes dew:
But die forgot from whence at firft they sprong,
As they themselues shalbe forgot ere long.

What botes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bredd?
What oddes twixt Itrus and old Inachus,
Twixt beft and worst, when both alike are dedd;
If none of neither mention shoule make,
Nor out of duft their memories awake?

Or who would euer care to doo braue deed,
Or ftriuue in vertue others to excell;
If none shoule yeeld him his defuered meed,
Due praife, that is the spur of dooing well?
For if good were not praied more than ill,
None would chuse goodnes of his owne freewill.

There for the nurfe of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,
And mortall men haue powre to deifie:

Bacchus and Hercules I raifd to heauen,
And Charlemaine, amongft the Starris fcauen.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more find worthie to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raife,
Now onely fecke for pleASURE, nought for praiSE.

Their great reuenues all in fumptuous pride
They fpender, that nought to learning they may fpare;
And the rich fee which Poets wont diuide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants doo fhare:
Therefore I mourn and endelife forrow make,
Both for my felfe and for my Sifters fake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and fhrike,
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,
And all her fifters with compaffion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her fhowre.
So ended she: and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein enfew.

Urania.

WHAT wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres confpiring wretched men t' afflicft,
Hath powrd on earth this noyous peftilence,
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
With / loue of blindnesse and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkenesse without fouerance?

1. 487, query—misprint for 'fouenance' = remembrance (F. Q. c. viii.
v. 21, l. 9)? But 'fouerance' = sovereignty, gives a good sense.
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

What difference twixt man and beast is left,  
When th' heauenlie light of knowledge is put out,  
And th' ornaments of wisdome are bereft?  
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,  
Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,  
Through fieshes frailtie, and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,  
It is the onelie comfort which they haue,  
It is their light, their loadstarre and their day;  
But hell, and darkenesse and the grifflie graue,  
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,  
That mindes of men borne heauenlie doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,  
How in his cradle firt he fostred was:  
And judge of Natures cunning operation,  
How things she formed of a formelesse mas:  
By knowledge wee doo learne our felues to knowe,  
And what to man, and what to God wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft vnto the skie,  
And looke into the Chrißtal firmament,  
There we behold the heauens great Hierarchie,  
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift mouement,  
The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,  
And Angels waighting on th' Almightyes chayre.

And there with humble minde and high insght,  
Th' eternall Makers maiestie wee viewe,  
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,  
And / mercie more than mortall men can vew.
O soueraigne Lord, o soueraigne happinesse
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse:

Such happines haue they, that do embrace
The precepts of my heauenlie discipline;
But shame and sorrow and accursed calle
Haue they, that scorne the schoole of arts divine,
And banish me, which do proffe the skill
To make men heauenly wise, through humbled will.

How euer yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And pleafe my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heauenlie wroght:
So loathing earth, I looke vp to the sky,
And being driuen hence I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserye of men,
Which want the blis that wisedom would the breed,
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den,
Of ghostly darknes, and of gaftlie breed:
For whom I mourne and for my selfe complains,
And for my Sifters eake whom they disdaine.

With that shee wept and waild so pitifully,
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells:
And all the rest her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth enfew.
Polyhymnia.

A DOLEFULL case defires a dolefull song,
Without / vaine art or curious complements,
And squallid Fortune into basenes flong,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee:

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to runne at libertie
By those which haue no skill to rule them right,
Haue now quite loft their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideously,
With horrid found though havinge little fence,
They thinke to be chiefe prais of Poetry;
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Haue mard the face of goodly Poëtie,
And made a monster of their fantastie:

Whilom in ages past none might professie
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill,
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verfes fill:
Then was shee held in soueraigne dignitie,
And made the nourslng of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintayne
But suffer her prophaned for to bee

l. 566, misprinted 'bee.'
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie.
And treadeth vnder foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kefars and of Kings.

One / onelie liues, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers maiestie ;
That with rich bountie and deare cherifhment,
Supports the praise of noble Poëfie :
Ne onelie fauours them which it professe,
But is herselfe a peereles Poëtrefsse.

Most peereles Prince, moft peereles Poëtresse,
The true Pandora of all heauenly graces,
Diuine Elia, sacred Empereffe :
Liuе she for euer, and her royall P'laces
Be fild with praiifes of diuinest wits,
That her eternize with their heauenlie writs.

Some few befide, this sacred skill efteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence,
Which being lightned with her beawties beme,
And thereby fild with happie influence :
And lifted vp aboue the worldes gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortall praize.

But all the reft as borne of salvage brood,
And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed ;
Can no whit fauour this celestitiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,
And kept from looking on the lightfome day :
For whome I waile and wepe all that I may.
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

Eftsoones such store of teares shee forth did powre,  
As if shee all to water would haue gone;  
And all her sifters seeing her sad stowre,  
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,  
And all their learned instrumens did breake:  
The rest vntold no louing tongue can speake.

l. 598, comma after 'mone,' substituted for (:) colon, and (:) colon for comma after 'breake' in l. 599.  
l. 600, 'louing' was substituted for 'louing' in the first folio (1611).  
and it has been since adopted: but surely uncritically, not to say nonsensically. See Life and Essays, in Vol. I.

FINIS.
Virgils Gnat.
Long since dedicated
To the most noble and excellent Lord,
THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,
late deceased.

WRONG'D, yet not daring to express my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In cloudie teares my case I thus complaine
Unto your selfe, that onely priuie are:
But if that any Oedipus vnware
Shall chance, through power of some divining spight,
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my euill plight,
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to gloze upon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what so by my selfe may not be shown,
May by this Gnatts complaint be easely known.
E now haue playde (Augustus) wantonly,
Tuning our song vnto a tender Mufe,
And like a cobweb weauing slenderly,
Haue onely playde: let thus much then excufe
This Gnats small Poeme, that th' whole history
Is but a leaft, though enuie it abufe:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme than this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as seafon more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Mufe shall speake to thee 10
In bigger notes, that may thy senfe allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poesie,
The golden ofspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Ioues progenie,
Phæbus shall be the author of my song,
Playing on yuorie harp with silver strong.
He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
Faire Xanthus sprincled with Chimeras blood;
Or in the woods of Aslery abide;
Or whereas mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forhead like two hornes diuide,
And the sweete waues of founding Castaly
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sistors which the glorie bee
Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades,
Go too, and dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: and thou holie Pales,
To whome the honest care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall succeffe,
Hau / care for to pursue his footing light;
Throgh the wide woods, & grousers, with green leaues
dight.

Proseffing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forrest wide and starrie sky:
And thou moost dread (Oelanius) which oft
To learned wits giuest courage worthily,
O come (thou sacred childe) come sliding soft
And faavour my beginnings graciously;
For not these leaues do sing that dreadfull stound,
When Giants bloud did staine Phlegraean ground.

Nor how th' halfe horsy people, Centaures hight,
Fought with the bloudie Lapithaes at bord,

l. 23, wau s’—some Purists, innocent of all knowledge of the usage of the period and later, as well as neglectful of the thing, would read 'waue' because of the singular verb 'doth' in l. 24.
VIRGILS GNAT.

Nor how the East with tyrannous despight
Burnt th’ Attick towres, and people flew with sword;
Nor how mount Athos through exceeding might
Was digged downe, nor yron bands abord
The Pontick sea by their huge Nauy caft,
My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

Nor Hellespont trampled with horse’s feete,
When focking Persians did the Greeks affray;
But my soft Mufe, as for her power more meete,
Delights (with Phæbus friendly leave) to play
An easie running verfe with tender feete.
And thou (dread sacred child) to thee alway,
Let everlafting lightforme glory striue,
Through the worlds endles ages to furuiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongst heauenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest;
And let long lafting life with ioysous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deferuest best,
Hereafter / many yeares remembred be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest;
Liue thou for euer in all happinesse:
But let vs turne to our firft businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
Vp to the heauenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden Charet glistering light;
And fayre Aurora with her rofie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,
When as the fhepheard seeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan drieue out of their stalls,
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.
VIRGILS GNAT.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickest graffe did cloath the open hills:
They now amongst the woods and thickets went,
Now in the valleys wandring at their wills,
Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent,
Some on the soft greene graffe feeding their fills;
Some clambring through the hollow cliffses on ly,
Nibble the bushie shrubs, which growe thereby.

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freshely bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft Willow, or new grown ftdud;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another high doth ouerlooke
Her owne like image in a chriftall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards haue,
Who fo loathes not too much the poor estate,
With / minde that ill vfe doth before depraye,
Ne meafures all things by the cofty rate
Of riotife, and feblants outward braue;
No fuch fad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie mindes of couetous men,
Do euer creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
Be not twice steeped in Asyrian dye,
Ne glistering of golde, which vnderlayes
The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye.
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious ftones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup emboft with Imagery
Of Batus or of Alcons vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles efteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian seas brought far away:
But with pure breft from carefull forrow free,
On the soft graffe his limbs doth oft disply,
In sweete fpring time, when flowres varietie
With fundrie colours paints the spринckled lay;
There lying all at eafe from guile or fpight,
With pype of fenne reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himfelfe, with palme bedight,
His loftcr locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milk dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitefull Pates, and the forrefit greene,
And darkefome caues in plefaunt valleys pight,
Whereas continuall fhaie is to be feene,
And where freh fpringing wells, as chrifall neate,
Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirtifie heate.

O / who can lead then a more happie life,
Than he, that with cleane minde and heart fincere,
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare,
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may reare,
A trophee of his glittering fpoyles and treafure,
Or may abound in riches aboue meafure.

1. 122, 'heart' is misprinted 'hear' (not 'heat' as Mr. J. P. Collier states),—a mere dropping of the 't.'
Of him his God is worshipt with his scythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished:
He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered;
Ne frankincens he from Panchaea buyth,
Sweete quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect pleasure builds his joyous bowre,
Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts deuowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indeuour,
To this his minde and fenshe he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matches treafour,
Content with any food that God doth send;
And how his limbs, resouled through idle leisour,
Vnto sweete sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O flocks, O Faunes, and O ye pleasaunt springs
Of Temple, where the countrey Nymphe's are rife,
Through whose not softly care each shepheard sing's
As merrie notes vpon his rufticke Fife,
As that Ascrean bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as joyfull life.

Free / from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights whilst thus his careleffe time
This shepheard driues, vpleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime,  
*Hyperion* throwing foureth his beames full hott,  
Into the higheft top of heauen gan clime,  
And the world parting by an equall lott,  
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,  
As the great *Ocean* doth himselfe diuide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one  
His fragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,  
Whose caerule streame, rombling in Pible stone,  
Crept vnder moffe as greene as any goord.  
Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,  
When he his heard back from that water foord  
Draue from the force of *Phæbus* boyling ray,  
Into thick shadowes, there themeselves to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood  
(O *Delian* Goddeffe) saw, to which of yore  
Came the bad daughter of old *Cadmus* brood,  
Cruell *Agaue*, flying vengeance fore  
Of king *Nyctileus* for the guiltie blood,  
Which she with cursed hands had shed before;  
There she halfe frantick, hauing slaine her sonne,  
Did throwd her selfe like punishment to shonne.

Here also playing on the grassy greene,  
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,  
With many Fairies oft were dauncing scene.  
Not so much did Dan *Orpheus* represse,  
The / streames of *Hebrus* with his fongs I weene,  
As that faire troupe of woodie Goddeses  
Staid thee, (O *Peneus*) powring foureth to thee,  
From cheereful lookes great mirth & gladsome glee.
The verie nature of the place, resounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
For first the high Palme trees, with braunches faire, 190
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shooe vp their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
Vlysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew
The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rafh decay
Of Phaeton, whose limbs with lightening rent,
They gathering vp, with sweete teares did lament. 200

And that same tree, in which Demophoon,
By his disloyalty lamented fore,
Eternall hurte left vnto many one:
Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one;
The Oke, whose Acornes were our foode, before
That Ceres feede of mortall men were knowne,
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine,
The great Argoan ships braue ornament 210
Whom / golden Fleece did make an heauenly signe;
Which coueting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres diuine,
Deck the forest with embellishment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watre vale,
And the sweete Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest the clambring Yuie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Leaft that the Poplar happily should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughs the doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet vnmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the small Birds in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their fundrie tunes with sweete content,
And vnder them a siluer Spring, forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;
Theroeto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them around:
All which the ayrie Echo did refound.

In this so pleasant place this Shepheards flocke
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On euerie bush, and euerie hollow rocke
Where breathe on the the whistling wind mote beft;
The whiles the Shepheard self tending his flocke,
Sate by the fountain side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumber sleep oppresed him,
Displaid on ground, and seized euerie lim.

l. 216, comma after 'Cypresse' inserted. l. 227, ditto after 'Spring.'
Of / trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,
But looflie on the graffie greene dispredd,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleepe;
Which weighing down his drouping drowsifie heedd,
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
Deuoid of care, and feare of all fallestedd:
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time in that same place
An huge great Serpent, all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide:
He passynge by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandished tongue the emptie aire did grille,
And wrapt his scallie boughtes with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now more and more haunging himselfe enrolde,
His glittering breast he lifteth vp on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde;
His creste aboue spotted with purple die,
On euerie side did shine like scallie golde,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfullie,
Did seeme to flame out flakkes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine, and most trustie guide:

1. 250, comma after 'Serpent' inserted.
Eftfoones more fierce in vifage, and in pace,  
Throwing his srie eyes on euerie side,  
He / commeth on, and all things in his way  
Full stearnly rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he diddaines, that anie one should dare  
To come vnto his haunt ; for which intent  
He inly burns, and gins straignt to prepare  
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent :  
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,  
And hath his iawes with angrie spirits rent,  
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stain'd,  
And all his foldes are now in length outftrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to preuent,  
A little nourfiling of the humid ayre,  
A Gnat unto the sleepie Shepheard went,  
And marking where his ey-lids twinchling rare,  
Shewd the two pearles, which light vnto him lent,  
Through their thin couerings appearing fayre,  
His little needle there infixing deep,  
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpstart,  
And with his hand him rafly bruizing, flewe  
As in auengement of his heedles smart,  
That strelight the spirite out of his senees flew,  
And life out of his members did depart:  
When suddenly casting aside his vew,  
He spide his foe with felonous intent,  
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.
All suddenly dismayed, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and catching hastie holde
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and stright about him gan beholde,
What / God or Fortune would aasift his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie backe of that most hideous snake
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to affaile, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his creast front tyre;
And for he was but lowe, did lowth off shake,
And gazing ghastly on (for feare and yre
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feared;)
Yet when he saw him flaine, himselfe he heard.

By this the night forth from the darksome bowre
Of Herebus her teemed steedes gan call,
And laefie Vesper in his timelie howre
From golden Oeta gan proceeide withall;
Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpe stowre,
Seing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
And vnto rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whose sense so soon as lighter sleepe
Was entered, and now loosing euerie lim,
Sweete slumbering dew in carelesnesse did steepe,
The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weep,
With greuellie countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good haftning his cruel fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deferu'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am outcaft,
Whileft / that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, fo long as it did laft?
I now in lieu of paines fo gracious,
Am toft in th' ayre with euerie windie blast:
Thou fafe deliuered from fad decay,
Thy careles limbs in loose sleep doft display.

So liueft thou, but my poore wretched ghost
Is forft to ferie ouer Lethes Riuier,
And spoyle of Charon too and fro am toft.
Seefth thou, how all places quake and quiuer
Lightned with deadly lamps on euerie post?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiuer
Her flaming fire brond, encountering me,
Whoze lockes, vncombed cruel adders be.

And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo bave
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whose necke in terrible array,
Ten thoufand fnares cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glifter firie red;
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten,
With painfull torment to be sorely beaten.

1. 340—1611 mis-inserts 'not' after. 1. 343—1611 prints 'fier'—needlessly. ['lockes.' 'thou'—superfluously, albeit Dr. Morris adopts it. 1. 344, comma inserted after
Ay me, that thankes so much should faile of meed,  
For that I thee restor'd to life againe,  
Euen from the doore of death and deadlie deed.  
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?  
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?  
The praise of pitie vanisht is in vaine,  
And th' antique faith of Justice long agone  
Out of the land is fled away and gone.  

I saw / another's fate approaching fast,  
And left mine owne his safetie to tender:  
Into the same mishap I now am cast,  
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render:  
Not vnto him that never hath trespaft,  
But punishment is due to the offender.  
Yet let destruction be the punishment,  
So long as thankfull will may it relent.  

I carried am into waste wilderness,  
Waste wilderness, amongst Cymertian shades,  
Where endles paines and hideous hauntinesse  
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.  
For there huge Othos fits in sad distresse,  
Fast bound with serpents that him oft inuades;  
Far of beholding Ephialtes tide,  
Which once assai'd to burne this world so wide.  

And there is mournfull Tityus mindefull yet  
Of thy displeasure, O Latona faire;  
Displeasure too implacable was it,  
That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre:  
Much do I feare among such fiends to sit;  
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
VIRGILS GNAT.

To the black shadowes of the Stygian shore,
Where wretched ghosts fit wailing euermore.

There next the utmost brink doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being dride
His senfe to seeke for ease turns euery way:
And he that in auengement of his pride,
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray,
Against / a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can haue none.

Go ye with them, go cursed damoells,
Whose bridale torches foule Erynnis tynde,
And Hymen at your Spoufalls sad, foretells
Tydings of death and massacre vnkinde:
With them that cruell Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiu’d in her reuengefull minde,
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to slay,
And murdred troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There also those two Pandionian maides,
Calling on Itis, Itis euermore,
Whom wretched boy they flew with guiltie blades:
For whome the Thracian king lamenting sore,
Turn’d to a Lapwing, fowlie them vpbraydes,
And fluttering round about them still does sore;
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

l. 387, ‘throat’ is misprinted ‘thrt’—corrected as being an obvious misprint.

l. 406, ‘fluttering’ was emended in the folio of 1611 onward, into ‘fluttering’—accepted.
But the two brethren borne of Cadmus blood,
Whilst each does for the Soueraignty contend,
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood
Each doth against the others bodie bend
His cursed steele, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

Ah (waladay!) there is no end of paine,
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Where other powers farre different I see,
And / must passe ouer to th' Elision plaine:
There grim Persephone enconcurring mee,
Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestlie,
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

There chaft Alcestis lives inuiolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate,
Lo there liues also the immortall praisse
Of womankind, moft faithfull to her mate,
Penelope: and from her farre awayes
A ruleffe rout of yongmen, which her woo'd
All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And sad Eurydice thence now no more
Must turne to life, but there detained bee,
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee.

L. 417, ‘waladay’—improved by 1611 onward into ‘weladay.’ Cf. note on
l. 499 of ‘The Ruines of Time.’
VIRGILS Gnat.

Bold sure he was, and worthie spirete bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
And could beleue that anie thing could please
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease.

Ne feared the burning waues of Phlegeton,
Nor those same mournfull kingdomes, compassed
With rustic horror and bowle fashion;
And deep digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
With bloody night, and darke confusion,
And judgement feates, whose Judge is deadly dres,
A judg, that after death doth punish fore
The faults, which life hath trespassed before.

But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde:
For the swift running riuers still did stand,
And / the wild beasts their furie did withhold,
To follow Orpheus musick through the land:
And th’ Okes deep grounded in the earthly molde
Did moue, as if they could him vnderstand;
And the shrill woods, which were of senfe bereau’d,
Through their hard barke his siluer found receau’d.

And eke the Moone her haftie steedes did stay,
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie:
And didst (of monthly Virgin) thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?
The same was able with like lovely lay
The Queene of hell to moue as easely,
To yeeld Eurydice vnto her sere,
Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

L. 458, colon (:) for commas (;).
VIRGILS GNAT.

She (Ladie) hauing well before approoued
The feends to be too cruell and feuere,
Obseru'd th' appointed way, as her behoueed,
Ne euer did her ey-sight turne arere,
Ne euer spake, ne cause of speaking mouued:
But cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiffe her, brok'ft the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'ft her euer damn'd to be.

Ah but sweete loue of pardon worthie is,
And doth deferue to haue small faults remitted;
If Hell at leaft things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:
Yet are ye both receuied into blis,
And to the seates of happie foules admitted.
And you, besside the honourable band
Of great Heroës doo in order stond.

There / be the two stout fonnes of Aeacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and joyeouse
Through their Syres dreadfull iurisdiction,
Being the Judge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them by strange occasion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues cariage.

For th' one was rauisht of his owne bondmaide,
The faire Ixione captiu'd from Troy:
But th' other was with Thetis loue affaid,
Great Nereus his daughter and his ioy.
On this side them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy;
VIRGIL'S GNAT.

from th' Argolick ships, with furious yre,
back the furie of the Troian fyre.

hoe would not recount the strong divorces
at great warre, which Troianes oft behelde,
oft beheld the warlike Greekeish forces,
n Teucrian soyle with bloodie riuers fwelde,
wide Sigaen shores were spred with corfes,
Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde,
ft Heclor raged with outrageous minde,
ies, weapos, wouds, in Greeks fleeete to haue tynde.

Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
of her mountaines ministred supplies,
like a kindly nourse, did yeeld (for spight)
: of firebronds out of her nourferies,
: her soister children, that they might
me the Nauie of their enemies,
/all the Rhetaan shore to afhes turne,
re lay the ships, which they did seeke to burne.

ft which the noble sonne of Telamon
: d himselfe, and thwarting his huge shiled,
: battell bad, gainst whom appeard anon
: r, the glorie of the Troian field :
: fierce and furious in contention
: untred, that their mightie strokes fo shrild,
: e great clap of thunder, which doth ryue
: ratling heauens, and cloudes asunder dryue.

: one with fire and weapons did contend
ut the ships, from turning home againe
rgos, th' other stroute for to defend
force of Vulcane with his might and maine.
Thus th' one Aeacide did his fame extend:
But th' other ioy'd, that on the Phrygian playne
Hauing the blood of vanquisht Hector shedd,
He compast Troy thrice with his bodie dead.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death vnfaithfull Paris sent;
And also him that false Vlysse slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambushment:
Therefore from him Laertes fonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and boafts his good euent
In working of Strymonian Rhæsus fall,
And eft in Dolons subtle furpryfall.

Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay,
And blacke Lastrigones, a people stout:
Then greedie Scilla, vnder whom there bay
Manie great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then / doo the Aetnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out:
Laftly the squalid lakes of Tartarie,
And griesly Feends of hell him terrifie.

There also goodly Agamennon bofts,
The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greeke inhabitants,
Vnder whose conduct most victorious,
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack pofts,
Ah but the Greekes themselfes more dolorous,
To thee, 6 Troy, paid penaunce for thy fall,
In th' Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

1. 536, 'flye' is emended in folio by 'fubile'—accepted, albeit scarcely the fitting word.
Well may appeare by proofe of their mischaunce,
The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduaunce,
Himselfe therefore to heauen shou'd eleuate:
For loftie type of honour, through the glaunce
Of enuies dart, is downe in dust prostrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

Th' Argolike power returning home againe,
Enrich't with spoyle of th' Eriottonian towre,
Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
And with good speede the fomie billowes fcowre:
No signe of fstorme, no feare of future paine,
Which soone enfued them with heauie ftower.
Nereis to the Seas a token gaue,
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or haplesse rifing of some froward fтарre,
The heauens on euerie side enclowded bee:
Black fstormes and fogs are blowen vp from farre,
That now the Pylote can no loadfitarre fee,
But skies and seas doo make moft dreadfull warre;
The billowes fтриuing to the heauens to reach,
And th' heauens fтриuing them for to impecch.

And in auengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and fтарres and all the heauenly powres
Confpire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
And downe on them to fall from higheft towres:

l. 575, 'billowe'—'s' dropped by obvious misprint, so reading 'billowe'
—corrected.
VIRGILS GNAT.

The skie in pieces seeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, & haile, & harmful showres,
That death on euerie side to them appeares
In thousandd formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

Some in the greecie flouds are sunke and drent,
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throwne;
Some on th' Euboick Cliffs in pieces rent;
Some scattred on the Hercaan shores vnknowne;
And manie loft, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne:
Whilft all the purchase of the Phrigian pray
Toft on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

Here manie other like Heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
Descended all from Rome by linage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in souereigntie,
And doth all Nations vnto her subdue:
Here Fabij and Decij doo dwell,
Horatiij that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of stout Camill
Doth euer liue, and constant Curtius,
Who stifly bent his vowed life to spill
For Countreyes health, a gulph moft hideous
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T' appeafe the powers; and prudent Mutius,
Who in his feflh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by ensample of the fame.

l. 596, semi-colon (;) for comma (,).
And here wise Curius, companion
Of noble vertues, liues in endles rest;
And stout Flaminius, whose devotion
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to deteint;
And here the prais of either Scipion
Abides in higheft place aboue the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd,
Trembling their forces, found their praiies lowd.

Liiue they for euer through their la sting praiie:
But I poore wretch am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes, that Phebus sunnie rayes
Doo neuer see, where foules doo alwaies mourne,
And by the wayling shores to waite my dayes,
Where Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth burne;
By which just Minos righteous foules doth feuer
From wicked ones, to liue in blisse for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell,
Girt with long snakes, and thoufand yron chaynes,
Through doome of that their cruell Judge, compell
With bitter torture and impatient paines,
Caufe of my death, and iuft complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complains
To be the author of her ill vnwares,
That careles hearft my intollerable cares.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
I now depart, returning to thee neuer,
And leaue this lamentable plaint behinde.
But doo thou haunt the soft downe rolling riuier,
And wilde greene woods, and fruitful pastures minde,
And let the flitting aire my vaine words feuer.
Thus hauing said, he heauily departed
With piteous criе, that anie would haue smarted. 640

Now, when the floathful fit of lifes sweete rest
Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieued mind full fore oppreft;
That balefull forrow he no longer beares,
For that Gnats death, which deeply was impreft:
But bends what euer power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being such, as through their might
He lately flue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that fame Riuer lurking vnder greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place, 650
And squaring it in compass well beleeue,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:
His yron headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig vp sods out of the flowrie graffe,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiu'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on euerie side,
And thereupon did raiue full bufily
A little mount, of greene turffs edifide;
And / on the top of all, that passers by 660
Might it behold, the toomb he did prouide
Of smootheft marble stone in order set,
That neuer might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to growe.
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigolde, and cherefull Rosemarie,
The Spartan Mirtle, whence sweet gumg does flowe,
The purple Hyacinthe, and fresh Coftmarie, 670
And Saffron sought for in Cilician foyle,
And Lawrell th' ornament of Phæbus toyle.

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre
Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frankincence:
And pallid Yuie, building his owne bowre,
And Box yet mindfull of his olde offence,
Red Amaranthus, lucklesse Paramour,
Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell. 680

And whatsoeuer other flowre of worth,
And whatfo other hearb of louely hew
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth enfue.

To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life faued,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.

l. 675, comma after 'Yuie' inserted. l. 680, period for comma.
PROSOPopoia.

OR

Mother Hubberds Tale.

BY E D. S P.

Dedicated to the Right Honorable

THE LADIE Compton AND

Mountegle.

L O N D O N.

Imprinted for VVilliam Ponsonbie, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Bishops head.

1591.
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE
LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

MOST faire and vertuous Ladie; having often
sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make
nownen to your Ladiship, the humble affection and faithfull
devotion, which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to
care to that House, from whence yee spring; I haue at
length found occasion to remembe the same, by making a
simple present to you of these my idle labours; which
arising long sithens compos'd in the raw conceit of my
outh, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was
easy others, which liked the same, moued to set the forth.

Simple is the device, and the composition meanes, yet
arrieth some delight, even the rather because of the sim-
plicitie & meanesse thus perfonated. The same I be-
seech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of
that profession which I haue made to yee, and keepe with
you untill with some other more worthie labour, I do
redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost
humble. Till then wishing your Ladiship all increase of
honour and happiness, I humble take leaue.

Your La: euer humbly;

Ed. Sp.

1. 7, semicolon (;) for comma (,) after 'spring.'
PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

Mother Hubberds Tale.

T was the month, in which the righteous Maide,
That for difdaine of sinfull worlds vpbraide,
Fled back to heauen, whence she was first coceiued,
Into her siluer bowre the Sunne received;

And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting,
After the chased Lyon’s cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th’ ayre with noyforme breath,
And powr’d on th’ earth plague, pestilence, and death.
Emongt the refl a wicked maladie
Raign’d amongst men, that manie did to die,

See Appendix to ‘Prosoopoia’ for Various Readings of a MS. in the Editor’s possession; also the Life in Vol. I.  

1. 5, MS. ‘vpon him wayting.’
1. 6, ‘chased’ for ‘chased’—not accepted.
1. 7, ‘his’ deleted, as in MS.
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

Depriu'd of senfe and ordinarie reason;
That it to Leaches seemed strange and geason.
My fortune was mongst manie others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weake bodie set on fire with griefe,
Was rob'd of reft, and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight, there came to vifite mee
Some friends, who forie my fad cafe to see,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wife,
And meanes of gladfome folace to deuife.

But feeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
They fought my troubled senfe how to deceauce
With talke, that might vnquiet fancies reauce;
And fitting all on feates about me round,
With pleafant tales (fit for that idle ftound)
They caft in courfe to wafte the wearie howres:
Some told of Ladies, and their Paramours;
Some of braue Knights, and their renowned Squires;
Some of the Faerics and their strange attires;
And / some of Giaunts hard to beleueed,
That the delight thereof me much releueed.
Amongft the reft a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre furpas
The reft in honфе mirth, that feem'd her well:
She when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguided;
The which for that my senfe it greatly pleased,
All were my spirite heauie and diseased,

1. 25, 'on' accepted for 'in.
Ile write in termes, as she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muses aide me needs heretoo to call;
Bafe is the style, and matter meane withall.

† Whilome (said she) before the world was ciuill,
The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their euill
And bafe eftate, determined to feeke
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke:
For both were craftie and vnhappie witted;
Two fellowes might no where be better fitted.

The Foxe, that first this cause of grieue did finde,
Gan first thus plaine his case with words vnkinde.
Neighbour Ape, and my Goship eke beseide,
(Both two sune bands in friendship to be tide,)
To whom may I more truefully complaine
The euill plight, that doth me sore contrainne,
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?
Heare then my paine and inward agonie.
Thus manie yeares I now haue spent and wore,
In meane regard, and bafeft fortunes scorne,
Dooing my Countrey seruice as I might,
No leffe I dare saie than the prowdest wight;
And / still I hoped to be vp aduaunced,
For my good parts; but still it hath mischaunced.
Now therefore that no lenger hope I see,
But froward fortune still to follow mee,
And lofels lifted vp, where I did looke,
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.

1. 46, comma (,) inserted after 'Ape.'
1. 47, 'bafe' accepted for 'hard.'
1. 53, 'Goship.' See Glossary. 1611 spells 'Goship.'
1. 67, 'on high' deleted as in MS., and also 1611
Yet ere that anie way I doo betake,
I meane my Gossip priuie first to make.
Ah my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape,)
Deeply deare your fad words my wits awhape,
Both for because your griefe doth great appeare,
And eke because my selfe am touched neare:
For I likewise have wasted much good time,
Still wayting to preferment vp to clime,
Whilest others alwayes haue before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away have swept;
That now vnto despaire I gin to growe,
And meane for better winde about to throwe.
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread
Thy councell: two is better than one head.
Certes (said he) I meane me to disguize
In some straunge habit, after vncouth wize,
Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
Or like a Gipfen, or a Iuggeler,
And so to wander to the worlds ende,
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend:
For worse than that I have, I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote, and euerie streete
Is full of fortunes, and aduentures straunge,
Continuallie subject vnto chaunge.
Say my faire brother now, if this deuice
Doth like you, or may you to like entice.
Surely / (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrouse well;
And would ye not poore fellowship expell,

l. 87, 'worlds' is in 1611 infinitively printed 'worldes.' Even Dr. Morris prints 'worlds.'

l. 93, MS. 'advise.' Cf. l. 82, 'council.'

l. 94, period (.) for comma (,)
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

My selfe would offer you t' accompanie
In this adventures chauncefull iepardie.
For to wexe olde at home in idlenesse,
Is disaduentrous, and quite fortunelesse:
Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee.

The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:
So both resolu'd, the morrow next ensuing,
So soone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
On their intended iourney to procede;
And ouer night, whatso theretoo did neede,
Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
The morrow next, so soone as one might see
Light out of heauens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments vnto them tooke,
And put themselues (a Gods name) on their way.
Whenas the Ape beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t' aduise;
Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wife,
What course ye weene is best for vs to take,
That for our selues we may a liuing make.
Whether shal we professe some trade or skil?
Or shal we varie our deuise at will,
Euen as occasion best to vs appeares?
Or shal we tie our selues for certaine yeares
To anie seruice, or to anie place?
For it behoues ere that into the race
We enter, to resoluie first herevpon.
Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
Ye haue this matter motioned in seafon:
For euerie thing that is begun with reafon

l. 102—here and onward I mark
l. 119, MS. reading accepted for
new ¶ by indented line, ‘Euen as new occasion appeares?’
Will / come by readie meanes vnto his end;
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I aduize vpon the case,
That not to anie certaine trade or place,
Nor anie man we shoulde our selues applie;
For why shoulde he that is at libertie
Make himeselfe bond? sieth then we are free borne,
Let vs all feruile base subieection scorne;
And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,
Let vs our fathers heritage diuide,
And chalenge to our selues our portions dew
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the rest doo rob of good and land.
For now a few haue all and all haue nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gaue like blessing to each creature
As well of worldly liuelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought cald mine or thine: thrice happie then
Was the condition of mortall men.
That was the golden world of Saturne old,
But this might better be the age of gold;
For without golde now nothing wilbe got.
Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot,
We will not be of anie occupation,
Let such vile valettes borne to base vocation

1. 134, in MS. reads ‘Lest ser-
vitude and base subiection scorne.’
1. 151, ‘world’ accepted for ‘age,’
   and l. 152, ‘age’ for ‘world’ from MS.
Drudge in the world, and for their liuing droyle
Which haue no wit to liue withouten toyle.
But / we will walke aboute the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our eafe a treasure. 160
Free men some beggers call, but they be free,
And they which call them so more beggers bee :
For they doo swinke and sweate to feed the other,
Who liue like Lords of that which they doo gather,
And yet doo nouer thanke them for the same,
But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
Such will we fashion both our selues to bee,
Lords of the world, and so will wander free
Where so vs lifeth, vncontrol'd of anie.
Hard is our hap, if we (emongst so manie) 170
Light not on some that may our stale amend ;
Sildome but some good commeth ere the end.

Well feemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce :
Yet well considering of the circumstauce,
As pausing in great doubt, awhile he staied,
And afterwards with graue aduizement saied ;
I cannot my lief brother like but well
The purpuse of the complot which ye tell :
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that Beggers life is best :
And they that thinke themselfes the best of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withall that we shall ronne
Into great daunger like to bee vnдонne,
Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eye,
Withouten pasport or good warrantie,

l. 169, period (.) after 'anie'—dropped in error.
l. 184, comma (,) for period (.).
For feare leaft we like rogues should be reputed,  
And for eare marked beasts abroad be bruted:  
Therefore I read, that we our counsells call,  
How to preuent this mischief ere it fall,  
And / how we may with moft securitie,  
Beg amongft those that beggers doo defie.  
Right well deere Goffip ye aduized haue,  
(Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt will faue:  
For ere we farther passe, I will deuife  
A pasport for vs both in fitteft wize,  
And by the names of Souldiers vs proteft;  
That now is thought a ciuile begging seet,  
Be you the Souldier, for you likeft are  
For manly semblance, and small skill in warre:  
I will but wayte on you, and as occasion  
Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion.

The Pasport ended, both they forward went,  
The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th' intent,  
In a blew jacket with a crosse of redd  
And manie flits, as if that he had shed  
Much blood throug many wounds therein receaued,  
Which had the vse of his right arme bereaued:  
Vpon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,  
With a plume feather all to pieces tore:  
His breeches were made after the new cut,  
Al Portugefe, loose like an emptie gut;  
And his hofe broken high aboue the heeling,  
And his shoos beaten out with traveling.  
But neither sword nor dagger he did beare,  
Seemes that no foes euengement he did feare:  
In stead of them a handfome bat he held,  
On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.
Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abufion, 220
And that, which is the noblest mysterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie.
Long / they thus travailed, yet neuer met
Aduenture, which might them a working fet :
Yet manie waies they fought, and manie tryed ;
But for their purposes none fit efpyed.
At laft they chaunft to meete vpon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray ;
Yet though his vesture were but meane and bace,
A good yeoman he was of honest place, 230
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing :
Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.
The Foxe him spying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe he was in fight,
That (if he er'd not) shold them entertaine,
And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
Eftfoones the Ape himselfe gan vp to reare,
And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good seruice he were fit to doo ;
But little thrift for him he did it too : 240
And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
That like a handsome swaine it him became :
When as they nigh approached, that good man
Seeing them wander loofly, first began
T' enquire of cuftome, what and whence they were ?
To whom the Ape said, I am a Souldiere,
That late in warres haue spent my deereft blood,
And in long seruice loft both limbs and good,

1. 226, MS. ' But ' accepted for 1. 246, ' said ' accepted from MS.
'Yet ' of 4to.
And now constrain'd that trade to ouergiue,
I drieuen am to seeke some meanes to liue:
Which might it you in pitie pleafe t' afford,
I would be readie both in deed and word,
To doo you faithfull seruice all my dayes.
This yron world (that fame he weeping sayes)
Brings / downe the stowtest hearts to lowest fate:
For miferie doth the brauest minds abate,
And make them seeke for that they wont to scorn,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne.
The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,
Was grieu'd, as he had felt part of his paine;
And well difpos'd him some reliefe to showe,
Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thatch, to mowe;
Or to what labour els he was prepar'd?
For husbands life is labourous and hard.
Whenas the Ape gan heard so much to talke
Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
He would haue flipt the coller handsomly,
And to him said; good Sir, full glad am I,
To take what paynes may anie liuing wight:
But my late maymed limbs lack wanted might
To doo their kindly seruices, as needeth:
Scarce this right hand this mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painfull worke endure,
Ne to strong labour can it selfe endure.

1. 251, comma (,) is substituted for period (.) of the 4to.
1. 256, 'the' accepted from MS.
1. 264, 'thatch'—1611 characteristically corrects into 'thatch.'
1. 267, MS. reading accepted for 'him hard.'
1. 274, 'this' (2nd) for 'the' of 4to accepted.
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

But if that anie other place you haue,
Which askes small paines, but thriftines to saue,
Or care to ouerlooke, or truft to gather,
Ye may me truft as your owne ghooftly father.

With that the husbandman gan him auize,
That it for him were fitteft exercife
Cattell to keep, or grounds to ouerfee;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his sheep, or to attend his fwyne,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne?
Gladly / (sai de he) what euer such like paine
Ye put on me, I gladly will suftaine:
But gladly I of your fleecie sheepe
(If foe you pleafe) would take on me the keep.

For ere that vnto armes I me betooke,
Vnto my fathers sheepe I vnde to looke,
That yet the skill thereof I haue not loft: Thereto right well this Curdog, by my cofte
(Meaning the Foxe) will ferue, my sheepe to gather,
And druiue to follow after their Belwether.
At this the goodness was meaneely well content,
Triall to make of his euenoeurnent,
And home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie ful large,
Giuing accomplt of th' annuall increace
Both of their lambes, and of their woolley fleece.

l. 279, MS. reads, 'Or care over to looke, to saue, to gather.'
l. 288, MS. accepted for 'I will the same.'
l. 290, MS. accepted for 'Might it.'
l. 294, comma (,) after 'Curdog.'
l. 297, MS. accepted for 'The Husbandman.'
l. 301, 'and give . . . yearly' for 'Giving accomplt. . . . annuall'—to be noted.
Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,  
And the false Foxe his dog, (God give them paine)  
For ere the yeare haue halfe his course out-run,  
And doo returne from whence it first begun,  
They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.  

Now whenas Time flying with wings swift,  
Expired had the terme, that these two iauels  
Should render vp a reckoning of their trauels  
Vnto their master, which it of them fought,  
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,  
Ne wifte what answere vnto him to frame,  
Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,  
For their false treafor and vile theueerie.  
For not a lambe of all their flockes suppyle  
Had they to shew: but euer as they bred,  
They slue them, and vpon their fleche they fed:  
For that disguised Dog lou’d blood to spill,  
And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will.  
So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,  
And when lambes fail’d, the old sheepes liues they rest;  
That how to quyte themselues vnto their Lord  
They were in doubt, and flatly set abord.  
The Foxe then counsell’d th’ Ape, for to require  
Respite till morrow, t’ answere his defire:  
For times delay new hope of helpe till breeds.  
The goodman granted, doubting nought their deeds,  
And bad, next day that all should readie be.  
But they more subtil meaning had than he:

1. 303, comma after ‘swaine.’  
1. 306, ‘it’ for ‘he’ from MS.  
1. 318, MS. accepted for ‘their fleches.’  
1. 323, MS. reading ‘quyte’ accepted for 410 ‘t acquite.’
For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
For feare of afterclaps for to preuent.
And that fame euening, when all shrowded were
In careles sleep, they without care or feare,
Cruelly fell vpon their flock in folde,
And of them flew at pleasure what they wolde:
Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night.

So was the husbandman left to his loffe,
And they vnto their fortunes change to toffe.
After which fort they wandered long while,
Abusing manie through their cloaked guile;
That at the laft they gan to be defcryed
Of euerie one, and all their sleights efpyed.
So as their begging now them failed quyte;
For none would giue, but all men would them wyte:
Yet would they take no paines to get their liuing,
But feeke some other way to gaine by giuing,
Much / like to begging but much better named;
For manie beg, which are thereof ashamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th' Ape a cafocke sodelong hanging downe;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other state abroad to range:
For since their fouldiers pas no better spedd,
They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke-redd.
Who passing forth, as their adventures fell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell;
At length chaunft with a formall Priest to meete,  
Whom they in ciuill manner first did greete,  
And after askt an almes for Gods deare loue.  
The man straight way his choler vp did moue,  
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them reuile,  
For following that trade so base and vile;  
And askt what licenc, or what Pas they had?  
Ah (faid the Ape as sighing, wondrous sad)  
Its an hard case, when men of good deseruing  
Must either druen be perforce to steruing,  
Or asked for their pas by euerie squib,  
That lift at will them to reuile or snib:  
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see  
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.  
Natheles because you shall not vs mifdeeme,  
But that we are as honest as we seeeme,  
Yee shall our pasport at your pleasure see,  
And then ye will (I hope) well moued bee.  
Which when the Priest beheld, he vewd it nere,  
As if therein some text he studying were,  
But little els (God wote) could thereof skil:  
For read he could not euidence, nor will,  
Ne / tell a written word, ne write a letter,  
Ne make one title worfe, ne make one better:  
Of such deep learning little had he neede,  
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede  
Doubts mongft Diuines, and difference of texts,  
From whence arife diuerfitie of sects,  
And hatefull herefies, of God abhor'd:  
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,  

1. 371, MS. 'else be askt their.'
Ne medled with their controuerfies vaine;
All his care was, his fervice well to faine,
And to read Homelies vpon holidayes:
When that was done, he might attend his playes;
An easie life, and fit high God to please.

He hauing ouerlookt their pas at eafe,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entretaine,
But loft their time in wandring loose abroad,
Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad,
Had wavyes enough for all therein to thrive;
Such grace did God vnto his creatures giue.
Said then the Foxe; who hath the world not tride.
From the right way full eath may wander wide:
We are but Nouices, new come abroad,
We haue not yet the trac of anie troad,
Nor on vs taken anie state of life,
But readie are of anie to make preife.
Therefore might please you, which the world haue proued,
Vs to aduife, which forth but lately moued,
Of some good courfe, that we might vndertake;
Ye shall for euer vs your bondmen make.

The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be fo praide,
And thereby willing to affoord them aide;
It / feemes (fayd he) right well that ye be Clerks,
Both by your witty words, and by your werks.
Is not that name enough to make a liuing
To him that hath a Witt of Natures giuing?

1. 401, MS. 'thrieu' for 'liue'—accepted.
1. 406, MS. 'trade,' which shows 'troad' was r.g. for 'trade.'
1. 418, the MS. 'witt' corrects misprint of 410 'whit.'
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

How manie honest men see ye arize
Daylie thereby, and grow to godly prize?
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, and to Commissaries,
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries;
All holy Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
Who euer them enuie: yet spite bites neare.
Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise
Might vnto some of those in time arise?
In the meane time to liue in good estate,
Louing that loue, and hating those that hate;
Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker
Content with little in condition ficker.

Ah but (saith th' Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
To feed mens foules, and hath an heauie threat.
To feede mens foules (quoth he) is not in man;
For they must feed themselves, doo what we can.
We are but charg'd to lay the meate before:
Eate they that lift, we need to doo no more.
But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
The bread of life powr'd downe from heauenly place.
Therefore saith he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Iewes, All shalbe taught of God.

That same hath Iesus Christ now to him taught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught:
He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee;
We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
Therefore herewith doo not, your felse dismay;
Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may;
For / not fo great as it was wont of yore,
Its now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and fore:

l. 421, 'and' from MS. accepted.
They whilome vfed duly euerie day
Their seruice and their holie things to say, 450
At morne and euen, besides their Anthemes sweete,
Their penie Masses, and their Complynes meete,
Thei Dirges with their Trentals, and their shrifts,
Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.
Now all those needlesse works are laid away ;
Now once a weeke vpon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our smal deuotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion.
Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we lift,
Ne to weare garments base of wollen twift,
But with the finesst filkes vs to aray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Resembling Aarons glorie in his place :
For farre vnfit it is, that perfon bace
Should with vile cloaths approach Gods maieftie,
Whom no vncleannes may approache nize :
Or that all men, which anie mafter serue,
Good garments for their seruice shoulddeferue ;
But he that serues the Lord of hoafts moft high,
And that in higheft place, t' approach him nigh, 460
And all the peoples prayers to present
Before his throne, as on ambassage fent
Both too and fro, shouold not deferue to weare
A garment better, than of wooll or heare.
Befide we may haue lying by our siedes
Our louely Lasses, or bright shining Brides :
We be not tyde to wilfull chaftitie,
But haue the Gospell of free libertie.

1. 453, the MS. 'with' accepted as restoring the rhythm spoiled by 'Dirges' for 'Diriges.'
By / that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson; 480
And of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aspire.
Marie there (said the Priest) is arte indeed.
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed,
For that the ground-worke is, an end of all,
How to obtaine a Beneficiall.
First therefore, when ye haue in handsome wife
Your selfe attyred, as you can devise,
Then to some Noble man your selfe applye,
Or other great one in the worldes eye, 490
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion:
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reueale:
For each thing fained, ought more warie bee.
There thou must walke in sober grauitie,
And seeme as faintlike as Saint Radegund:
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And vnto euerie one doo curtseie meeke:
These looks (nought faying) doo a benefice seeke, 500
And be thou sure one not to lacke or long.
But if thee lift vnto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then must thou thee dispose another way:
For there thou needs must learne, to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
To crouche to please, to be a beetle flock
Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock:

1. 485, MS. 'an' accepted for 4to misprint 'and,' albeit 'and' was thus used.
1. 501, 'or'—corrected needlessly in 1611 into 'ere,'
SO MAIFT THOU CHAUNCE MOCK OUT A BENEFICE,
VNLEFFE THOU CANST ONE CONIURE BY DEUICE,
OR CAT A FIGURE FOR A BISHOPRICK:
AND IF ONE COULD, IT WERE BUT A SCOOLE TRICK.
THESE BE THE WAYS, BY WHICH WITHOUT REWARD
LIUINGS IN COURT BE GOTTEN, THOUGH FULL HARD.
FOR NOTHING THERE IS DONE WITHOUT A FEE:
THE COURTIER NEEDES MUST RECOMPENSED BEE
WITH A BENEVOLENCE, OR HAUE IN GAGE
THE PRIMITIAE OF YOUR PARSONAGE:
SCARFE CAN A BISHOPRICK FORPAS THEM BY,
BUT THAT IT MUST BE GELT IN PRIUIITIE.
DOO NOT THOU THEREFORE SEEKE A LIUING THERE,
BUT OF MORE PRIUATE PERFONS SEEKE ELSEWHERE,
WHEREAS THOU MAIFT COMPOUND A BETTER PENIE,
NE LET THY LEARNING QUESTION'D BE OF ANIE.
FOR SOME GOOD GENTLEMAN THAT HATH THE RIGHT
VNTO HIS CHURCH FOR TO PRESENT A WIGHT,
WILL COPE WITH THEE IN REASONABLE WIFE;
THAT IF THE LIUING YERELY DOO ARIFE
TO FORTIE POUND, THAT THEN HIS YONGEST FONNE
SHALL TVENTIE HAUE, AND TWENTIE THOU HAST WONNE:
THOU HAST IT WONNE, FOR IT IS OF FRANKE GIFT,
AND HE WILL CARE FOR ALL THE REST TO SHIFT;
BOTH THAT THE BISHOP MAY ADMIT OF THEE,
AND THAT THEREIN THOU MAIFT MAINTAINED BEE.
THIS IS THE WAY FOR ONE THAT IS VNLEFF'N'D
LIUING TO GET, AND NOT TO BE DISCERN'D.
BUT THEY THAT ARE GREAT CLERKES, HAUE NEATER WAYS,
FOR LEARNING FABLE TO LIUING THEM TO RAIZE:

1. 518, M.S. accepted for 'PRIMITIUS OF,'
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driuen
T' accept a Benefice in peeces riuen.  540
How faift thou (friend) haue I not well discourft
Vpon this Cõmon place (though plaine, not wourft)?
Better / a short tale, than a bad long shriving.
Needes anie more to learne to get a liuing?
Now sure and by my hallidome (quoth he)
Ye a great master are in your degree:
Great thankes I yeeld you for your discipline,
And doo not doubt, but duly to encline
My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare.
The Priest him wistht good speed, and well to fare.  550
So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
Through the Priests holesome counsell lately tought,
And throgh their owne faire handling wisely wroght,
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And craftie Reynold was a Priest ordained;
And th' Ape his Parith Clarke procur'd to bee.
Then made they reuell route and goodly glee.
But ere long time had passed, they so ill
Did order their affaires, that th' euill will 560
Of all their Parishners they had contraind;
Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fowlie they their offices abuf'd,
And them of crimes and heresies accuf'd;
That Purfiuants he often for them sent:
But they negleñted his commaundement.
So long persifted obstinate and bolde,
Till at the length he publiched to holde

1. 543, MS. 'long tale then a long shrivinge.'
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

A Visitation, and them cyted thether:
Then was high time their wits about to geather;
What did they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbor Priest for light condition,
To whom their liuing they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.

So / passing through the Countrey in disguise,
They fled farre off, where none might them surprize,
And after that long straying here and there,
Through euerie field and forrest farre and nere;
Yet neuer found occasion for their tourne,
But almoast ieru'd, did much lament and mourne.

At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and busses, that full lowly rung,
And costly trappings, that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise;
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meanesse; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.
Whereat the Foxe, deep groning in his sprite,
Said, Ah sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attyres, and eke your filken hyde
Fil'd round with flesh, that euerie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo liue,
Or fortune doth you secret fauour giue.
Foolishe Foxe (said the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed.
For well I weene, thou canst not but enue
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miferie,

1. 577, MS. 'straying' accepted for 4to's misprint of 'straithed.
2. 592, MS. accepted, as correcting 'with round' of the 4to.
That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.

Ay me! (said then the Foxe) whom euill hap
Vnworthy in fuch wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee:
But read (faire sonne of grace) from whence come yee?
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?
Newes may perhaps some good vnweeting beare.
From / royall Court I lately came (faid he)
Where all the brauerie that eye may fee,
And all the happinesse that harts defire,
Is to be found: he nothing can admire,

That hath not seene that heauens portraicture:
But tidings there is none I you assure,
Saue that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers as the tide doo rife and fall.
But tell vs (faid the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest fway.
That if fuch fortune doo to vs befall,
We may seeke faavour of the beft of all?
Marie (faid he) the highest now in grace,
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chafe;
For in their speedie courfe and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the moft delight:
But chiefflie, ioyes on foote them to beholde,
Enchafte with chaine and circulet of golde:
So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands, is ioys to fee.

1. 604, MS. 'fonne' accepted for 'Sir.'
1. 609, 'harts' of MS. accepted for 'heart' of 4to.
1. 626, comma (,) inserted after 'bands.'
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

So well his golden Circlet him beseemeth:
But his late chayne his Liege vnmeete esteemeth;
For braueft beasts she loueth best to see,
In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free,
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to liue,
In cafe thou euer there wilt hope to thrive,
To fome of thefe thou muft thy selfe apply:
Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
So vainly shalt thou too and fro be toft,
And loofe thy labour and thyruitles coft.
And yet full few which follow them I see,
For vertues bare regard aduaunced bee,
But / either for some gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit.
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle foe,
That ye may better thrive than thousandes moe.

But (said the Ape) how shal we firt come in,
That after we may fauour feek to win?
How els (said he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a fately pace,
That men may thinke of you in generall,
That to be in you which is not at all:
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that fame that seemeth.

Ne do I doubt, but that ye well can fashon
Your felues theretoo, according to occasion:

l. 629, MS. accepted 'For braeuf't
for 'fo braue': 'she' is stupidly
altered to 'hee' in 1611 onward.
The Queen is self-evidently meant.
Was the 'hee' intended as a
courtly transference of homage to
James?

l. 648, 'at' is supplied from our
MS., an obvious inadvertence of the
4to being thus rectified.
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee;  
So proudlie neything, from them parted hee.  
Then gan this craftie couple to deuize,  
How for the Court themselues they might aguize:  
For thither they themselues meant to addresse,  
In hope to finde there happier successe.  
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon  
Himselfe had cloathed like a Gentleman,  
And the flie Foxe, as like to be his groome,  
That to the Court in seemly fort they come.  
Where the fond Ape himselfe vprearing hy  
Vpon his tiptoes, ftalketh ftately by,  
As if he were some great Magnifico,  
And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go.  
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesauce,  
Supports his credite and his countenaunce.  
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on euerie side,  
And stare on him, with big lookes bafen wide,  
Won/dring what mifer wight he was, and whence:  
For he was clad in strange accouftrements,  
Fashion'd with queint deuises, never seene  
In Court before, yet there all fashions beene:  
Yet he them in newfangenesse did pas:  
But his behauiour altogether was  
Alla Turchesca, much the more admyr'd,  
And his lookes loftie, as if he afpyr'd  
To dignitie, and deign'd the low degree;  
That all which did such strangenesse in him fee

l. 654, comma inserted.  
l. 656, MS. reads 'they might'  
l. 658, period (.) for comma (,).  
l. 667, comma (,) inserted after 'Reynold.'  
l. 673, comma (,) inserted after 'deuises.'
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

By secrete meanes gan of his state enquire,
And priuily his seruant thereto hire:
Who throughly arm'd against such couerture,
Reported vnto all, that he was sure
A noble Gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
And seene the manners of all beasts on ground;
Now here arriu'd, to see if like be found.

Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine
With gallant shewe, and daylie more augment
Through his fine feates and Courtly complement;
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,
And all that els pertaines to reueling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts.
Besides he could doo manie other poyns,
The which in Court him serued to good stead:
For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merie leafings tell,
And iuggle finely, that became him well:
But he fo light was at legier demaine,
That what he touche, came not to light againe;
Yet / would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them, that they greatly him mistoke.
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great feliciteit;
And with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
So whilste that other like vaine wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased.

l. 682, 'did his' for 'his'—to be noted.
l. 688, 'be' of MS. for 'he' of 4to accepted.
But the right gentle minde would bite his lip,
To heare the Iauell so good men to nip:
For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
And common Courtiers loue to gybe and fleare
At euerie thing, which they heare spoken ill,
And the beft speaches with ill meaning spill;
Yet the braue Courtier, in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath fuch bafe condition, to backbite
Anies good name for enuie or despite:
He stnds on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after euyer tattling fable flie;
But heares, and sees the follies of the reft,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the beft:
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes vpright with comely stedfaft pace,
And vnto all doth yeeld due curtesie;
But not with kised hand belowe the knee,
As that fame Apisf crue is wont to doo:
For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
He hates fowle leafings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble Gentrie;
And / lothefull idlenes he doth deteft,
The canker worme of euerie gentle breft;
The which to banifh with faire exercise
Of knightly feites, he daylie doth deuife:

1. 713, comma (,) for period. reads 'genetrie,' which is to be
1. 719, 'or for spight,' MS. noted as marking the pronunciation.
1. 734, 'Gentrie'—The MS.
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,
Now praclifying the profe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare;
At other times he cafts to few the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
T’enslarge his breath,(large breath in armes moft needfull)
Or els by wrestling to waxe frong and heedfull,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,
And manly legs still passing too and fro,
Without a gowned beast him faft beside;
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride,
Who after he had wonne th’ Assyrian foe,
Did euer after scorne on foote to goe.

Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
Himself hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Vnto his rest, and there with sweete delight
Of Muficks skill revuies his toyled spright,
Or els with Loues, and Ladies gentle sportes,
The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts;
Or laftly, when the bodie lift to pause,
His minde vnto the Mufes he withdrawes;
Sweete Ladie Mufes, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light:
With whom he close confers with wise discours,
Of Natures workes, of heauens continuall course,
Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of diuers gouernment,
Of / dreadfull battailes of renowned Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praisfe of noble fame,
The onely vphot whereto he doth aym:

125

740

750

760

770
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he leuels all his purposis,
And in his Princes seruice spends his dayes,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place;
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso pleafe employ his personage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praiſe:
For he is fit to vs in all assayes,
Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wife and ciuill gouernaunce.
For he is praetiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his Courtie most applie:
To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
To marke th' intent of Counſells, and the change
Of states, and eke of priuate men somewhile,
Supplanted by fine falſhood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth, what is fit
T' enrich the Storehouſe of his powerfull wit,
Which through wife speaches, and graue conference
He daylye eekes, and brings to excellency.

Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde:
But unto such the Ape lent not his minde;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would deſcrie his lewd conditions:
But the yong luftie gallants he did choſe
To follow, meete to whom he might diſcloſe
His witlesſe pleafance, and ill pleafing vaie.
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thristles games, that may be found
With mumming and with maskinge all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre vnfit,
With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and cofly riotize,
Whereof stille somewhat to his share did rize:
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes fcorne
A Pandares coate (so safely was he borne);
Thereto he could fine louing verfes frame,
And play the Poet eke. But ah, for shame,
Let not sweete Poets praiſe, whose onely pride
Is vertue to aduanсе, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of lofels wit defamed,
Ne let fuch verfes Poetrie be named:
Yet he the name on him would raſhly take,
Maugre the sacred Mufes, and it make
A fervant to the vile affection
Of fuch, as he depended moſt vpon,
And with the fugrie sweete thereof allure
Chaft Ladies eares to fantafies impure.
To fuch delights the noble wits he led
Which him relieud, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies, and vnfound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble fprights
Defire of honor, or braue thought of armes
Did euer creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceipts he would it driue away,
Ne fuffer it to houfe there halfe a day.
And whenfo loue of letters did inſpire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wife defire,
That / chieffe doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
The Seftaries thereof, as people bafe
And simple men, which neuer came in place
Of worlds affaires, but in darke corners mewd,
Muttred of matters, as their bookes them shewed,
Ne other knowledge euer did attaine,
But with their gownes their grauitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lewde speach
Against Gods holie Minifters oft reach,
And mocke Diuines and their profession:
What elfe then did he by progreffion,
But mocke high God himselfe, whom they professe?
But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
All his care was himselfe how to aduaunce,
And to vphold the courtly countenaunce
By all the cunning meanes he could deuise;
Were it by honest wayes, or otherwife,
He made small choyce: yet sure his honestie
Got him small gaines, but shameles flatterie,
And filthie brocage, and vnfeemly shifts,
And borrowing bafelie, and good Ladies gifts:
But the beft helpe, which chieffly him sustain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchafe which he gain'd.
For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill
Of close conueyance, and each praetife ill

first made the correction on the alleged authority of Drayton of 'kindle'; but it scarcely commends itself.

l. 846, 'the' of MS. accepted for 'his' of 4to.

l. 852: the MS. restores sense to the reading of the 4to, 'And bor- rowe bafe, and some good Ladies gifts.'
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

Of coofinage and cleanly knauerie,
Which oft maintain'd his masters brauerie.
Befides he v'de another flipprie flight,
In taking on himselfe in common fight,
Falfe personages fit for euerie fted,
With which he thousands cleanly coofined:
Now / like a Merchant, Merchants to deceaue
With whom his credite he did often leaue
In gage, for his gay Masters hopelesse dett:
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or fell fee-simples in his Masters name,
Which he had neuer, nor ought like the same:
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he feeume a Farmer, that would sell
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
Thereby to coofin men not well aware;
Of all the which there came a secret fee
To th' Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.

Befides all this, he v'd oft to beguile
Poore futers, that in Court did haunt some while:
For he would learne their busines secretly,
And then informe his Mafter hastely,
That he by meanes might caft them to preuent,
And beg the fute, the which the other ment.
Or otherwise falfe Reynold would abuse
The simple Suter, and with him to chufe
His Mafter, being one of great regard
In Court, to compas anie fute not hard,
In case his paines were recompenst with reafon:
So would he worke the filly man by treafon.
To buy his Masters friulous good will,
That had noe power to doo him good or ill.
So pitifull a thing is Suters state /
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywift,
That few haue found, and manie one hath mist :
Full / little knowest thou that haft not ywift,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide :
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent;
To waft long nights in pensiue discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To haue thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To haue thy asking, yet waite manie yeerees;
To fret thy soule with croisses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to giue, to want, to be vndonne.
Vnhappie wight, borne to defaftrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend !
Who euer leaues sweete home, where meane estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke ;
And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himselfe will one daie crie :
That curfe God send vnto mine enemie.

1. 890, MS. 'noe' accepted for 'not' of 410.
1. 900—the MS. reads 'pyne away wth feare and forrow.'
1. 901, MS. 'the Princefe.'
1. 902, MS. 'their' for 'thy.'
1. 907, 'preposterous' for 'defaftrous.'
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

For none but such as this bold Ape vnblest, Can euer thrive in that vnluckie quest; Or such as hath a Reynold to his man, That by his shiffts his Master furnish can. But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide His craftie feates, but that they were descride At length, by such as fate in iustice feate, Who for the same him fowlie did entreate; And hauing worthily him punished, Out of the Court for euers banished. And now the Ape wanting his huckster man, That wont prouide his necessaries, gan To / growe into great lacke, ne could vpholde His countenaunce in those his garments olde; Ne new ones could he easily prouide, Though all men him vncarfed gan deride, Like as a Puppit placed in a play, Whose part once past all men bid take away: So that he drieuens was to great distresse, And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse. Then closely as he might he caft to leave The Court, not asking any paufe or leave; But ran away in his rent rags by night, Ne euere stayd in place, ne spake to wight, Till that the Foxe, his copeymate he had found, To whome complayncing his vnhappy ftoond, At laft againe with him in trauell ioynd, And with him far'd, some better chaunce to fynde.

1. 924, MS. reads 'him out from.
1. 931, MS. 'Moift like.'
1. 942, comma (,) inserted.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;
That them repented much so foolishly
To come so farre to seek for misery,
And leaue the sweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fome.
Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
Whilst through the forest recklesse they did goe,
Lo where they spide, how in a gloomy glade,
The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
And hauing doft for heate his dreadfull hide:
Which when they sawe, the Ape was fore afrayde,
And would haue fled with terror all dismayde.
But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all cowardize away:
For / now was time (if euer they would hope)
To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for euer highly to auaunce,
In case the good, which their owne happie chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake,
Yet as he could, he askt how good might growe,
Where nought but dread & death do seeme in shou.
Now (fayd he) whilst the Lyon sleeppeth found,
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our felues (if we thinke good)
Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of forefts all,
Subiect vnto that powre imperiall.

l. 962, comma (,) inserted.
l. 969, comma (,) inserted after 'skinne.'
Ah but (sayd the Ape) who is so bold a wretch, 
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch: 
When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide, 
To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside? 
Fond Ape (sayd then the Foxe) into whose braught 
Neuer crept thought of honor, nor braue geft; 
Who will not venture life a King to be, 
And rather rule and raigne in foueraignie, 
Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace, 
Where none shal name the number of his place? 
One ioyous houre in blisfull happines, 
I chuse before a life of wretchednes. 
Be therefore counselled herein by me, 
And shake off this vile harted cowardree. 
If he awake, yet is not death the next, 
For we may couler it with some pretext 
Of this, or that, that may excufe the cryme: 
Elfe we may fye; thou to a tree mayft clyme, 
And / I creepe vnder ground; both from his reach: 
Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach. 
The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake, 
Now gan some courage vnto him to take, 
And was content to attempt that enterprize, 
Tickled with glorie and rafh couetife. 
But first gan question, whither shoule affay 
Those royall ornaments to steale away?

l. 974, MS. reads 'dares... hands... them.' 
l. 978, ; for ,
l. 980, MS. 'foueraignie' accepted for the 4to 'foueraigne fee' misprint.

l. 984, MS. 'chufe' accepted for 'chofe' of 4to.

l. 997, 'whither' and 'whether', as 'there' and 'their', etc., were interchangeable, then and onward—no need to correct into 'whether' here.
Marie that shall your selfe, (quoth he theretoo)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo;
Of all the beasts which in the forrests bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,
And euer thinke a Kingdome is your part.
Loath was the Ape, though praifed, to aduentuer,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of euerie leafe that stir'd him by,
And euerie sticke that vnderneath did ly;
Upon his tiptoes nicely he vp went,
For making noyse, and still his eare he lent
To euerie sound, that vnder heauen blew;
Now wet, now stopt, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good sport had been him to haue eyde:
Yet at the laft, (fo well he him applyde,) 1010
Through his fine handling, and his cleanly play,
He all those royall signes had stolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside,
Into a secret corner vnepide.
Whether whenas they came they fell at words,
Whether of them should be the Lord of Lords: 1020
For th' Ape was strieufull, and ambicious;
And the Foxe guilefull, and moft couetous;

l. 999, comma (,) after 'selfe' inserted.

l. 1012, 'stopt' is recommended to be changed by Mr. J. Payne Collier into 'stopt,' on the alleged authority of Drayton. But it does not vindicate itself. There is the general description 'went,' and next comes the manner 'stopt,' 'crept,' and 'backward drew,' as details. Even the 1611 folio did not alter. See Life and Essays in Vol. I., as before. Our MS. reads 'crept, nowe stopt.'

l. 1014, comma (,) after 'laft' inserted.

l. 1015, 'his' accepted from MS. before 'cleanly.'

l. 1019, 'Whether'—see on l. 997.

l. 1021, MS. 'strieufull' accepted for the 4to meaningless 'stryfull.'
That / neither pleased was, to have the rayne
Twixt them diuided into euen twaine,
But either (algates) would be Lords alone :
For Loue and Lordship bide no paragone.
I am most worthie (said the Ape) sith I
For it did put my life in ieopardie :
Thereto I am in person, and in stature
Most like a man, the Lord of everie creature,
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a Kingly soueraigne.
Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape you are astray :
For though to steale the Diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did first devise the plot by pollicie ;
So that it wholly springeth from my wit : 
For which also I claime my selfe more fit
Than you, to rule : for gouvemment of state
Will without wisedome foone be ruinate.

And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape
Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite ;
But I therein most like to him doo merite
For my flie wyles and subtill craftinesse,
The title of the Kingdome to possesse.
Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are
Vnto this point, we will appease our iarre,
And I with reaon meete will rest content,
That ye shall haue both crowne and gouvemment,
Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee ;

I. 1044, our MS. reads ' I most resemble him, and therefore merite.
And that ye let none other euer drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:
And herevpon an oath unto me plight.
The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And thereto swore: for who would oft sweare,
And oft vnswear, a Diadem to beare?
Then freely vp those royall spoyle he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke;
But it dissembled, and vp on his head
The Crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,
And the fals Foxe him helped to array.
Then when he was all right he tooke his way
Into the forest, that he might be seene
Of the Wilde beasts in his new glory heene.
There the two first, whom he encountred, were
The Sheepe and th' Asse, who striken both with feare
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye:
But vnto them the Foxe alowd did cry,
And in the Kings name bad them both to fly,
Vpon the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly naythles, were they refrayned so,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there dissawed them from needless feare,
For that the King did fauour to them beare;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte:
For no wild beasts shouled do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his maiefteye
Vfe them but well, with gracious clemencye,
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

As whome he knewe to him both fast and true;
So he perswaded them, with homage due
Themselfes to humble to the Ape prostrate;
Who gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyued them with chearefull entertayne.
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the simple Camell raged fore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion,
Upon his fleshly corpe to make inuasion:
But soone as they this mock-King did espy,
Their troublous strife they flinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was:
He then to prowe whether his powre would pas
As currant, sent the Foxe to them ftreight way,
Commaunding them their caufe of strife bewray;
And if that wrong on eyther fide there were,
That he should warne the wornger to appeare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the meane time vpon the King t' attend.
The subtile Foxe so well his meffage sayd,
That the proud beafs him readily obayd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Foxe;
That King indeed himfelfe he shortly thought,
And all the Beafs him feared as they ought:
And followed vnto his palaice hye,
Where taking Conge, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared sight, which late they fawe.

1. 1108, misprinted 'Couge' in 4to—see MS. Various Readings in Appendix.
The Ape thus seized of the Regall throne,
Eftstones by counsell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to prouide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might lenger haue endurance.
First to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,
That none might enter but with issue hard:
Then for the safegard of his perfonage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of / forreine beastes, not in the forest bred,
But part by land, and part by water fed;
For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
Then vnto him all monstrous beastes resorted
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beauers, and Centaures:
With those himselfe he strengthened mightelie,
That feare he neede no force of enemie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill,
And all wylde beastes made vassals of his pleasures,
And with their spoyles enlarg’d his private treasures.

No care of iustice, nor no rule of reafon,
No temperance, nor no regard of seafon
Did thenceforth euery enter in his minde,
But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
And fdeignfull pride, and willfull arrogaunce;
Such fol’owes those whom fortune doth aduaunce.

But the falfe Foxe moft kindly plaid his part:
For whatsoeuer mother wit, or arte
Could worke, he put in proofe: no practife flie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie.

No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purposre wring.
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

Nought suffered he the Ape to giue or graunt,
But through his hand must passe the Fiaunt.
All offices, all leafes by him kept,
And of them all whatso he likte, he kept.
Justice he folde injustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it proper, that ill gotten was,
But so he got it, little did he pas. 1150
He fed his cubs with fat of all the foyle,
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle,
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And fed their mouthes with meeds of malefices;
He clothed them with all colours faue white,
And loded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were:
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were fet,
And breach of lawes to priuie ferme did let; 1160
No statute so establisshed might bee,
Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet vnder colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repof'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdoms corner stone.
And euer when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was:
And, when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry, 1170
For to encreafe the common treaures store;
But his owne treasure he encreased more
And lifted vp his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky;
The whiles the Princes pallaces fell faft
To ruine: (for what thing can euer laft ?)
And whilst the other Peeres, for pouertie,
Were forft their auncient houses to let lie,
And their olde Caftles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers, famous ouer all,
Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long moniment.
But / he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie,
The Realmes chiefe strength and girlod of the crowne.
All thefe through fained crimes he thrust adowne,
Or made them dwell in darknes of difgrace:
For none, but whom he lift, might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but small regard,
But kept them lowe, and freigned verie hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed;
His wisedome he aboue their learning deemed.
As for the rafcall Commons leaft he cared;
For not so common was his bountie shared;
Let God (faid he) if pleafe, care for the manie,
I for my felfe muft care before els anie:
So did he good to none, to manie ill,
So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
Yet none durft speake, ne none durft of him plaine;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
Ne would he anie let to haue accessi
Vnto the Prince, but by his owne addresse:
For all that els did come, were fure to faile.
Yet would he further none but for a vaile.

l. 1180, comma (,) inserted after 'forefathers' and 'all.'
l. 1204, MS. 'a vaile' explains 4to 'auaile' hitherto left uncorrected.
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
Came to the Court, her caue there to complaine,
How that the Wolfe her mortall enemie
Hath sithence slaine her Lambe moost cruellie; 1210
And therefore crau'd to come vnto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
Soft Gooddie Sheepe (then said the Foxe) not foe:
Vnto the King fo rafh ye may not goe,
He / is with greater matter busied,
Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne certes may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe fo fowly thwart,
And seeke with flauder his good name to blot:
For there was caufe, els doo it he would not. 1220
Therefore furceafe good Dame, and hence depart.
So went the Sheepe away with heauie hart.
So manie moe, fo euerie one was vfed,
That to giue largely to the foxe refudef.

Now when high Joue, in whose almighty hand
The care of Kings, and power of Empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes with his blacklied eye,
Whatfo the heauen in his wide cope containes,
And all that in the deepest earth remaines, 1230
And troubled kingdome of wilde beafts behelde,
Whom not their kindly Souereigne did welde,
But an vfurping Ape with guile suborn'd,
Had all subuerft, he sdeignfully it scorn'd

1. 1224, MS. 'foxe' at once accepted for the 4to nonsense-word of 'boxe.'
2. 1229, 'cope' accepted for 'vawte' of 4to.
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
But that with thunder bolts he had him flaine,
And driuen downe to hell, his dewest meed:
But him auizing, he that dreadfull deed
Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
Him to auenge, and blot his brutifis name
Vnto the world, that neuer after anie
Should of his race be voyd of infamie:
And his falso counsellor, the caufe of all,
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
From whence he neuer should be quit, nor stal'd.
Forthwith he Mercurie vnto him cal'd,
And bad him flye with neuer resting speed
Vnto the forrest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
And there enquiring priuily, to learne
What did of late chaunce happen to the Lyon stearne,
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought;
And whence were all those plaunts vnto him brought
Of wronges, and spoyles, by sauage beasts committed;
Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted
Into his feate, and those fame treachours vile
Be punished for their presumptuous guile.

The Sunne of Maia soone as he receiued
That word, streight with his azure wings he cleau'd
The liquid cloudes, and lucid firmament:
Ne stal'd, till that he came with steep descent
Vnto the place, where his prescript did showe,
There stouting like an arrow from a bowe,
He soft arriued on the grasfe plaine,
And fairly paced forth with easie paine,

l. 1245, 'stal'd'—1611 spells 'stall'd.'
l. 1258, 'his' from MS. accepted.
Till that vnto the Pallace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himselle new shape to frame,
And that faire face, and that Ambrosiall hew,
Which wonts to decke the Gods immortall hew,
And beautifie the shinie firmament,
He doft, vsfit for that rude rabblemment.
So standing by the gates in strange disguize,
He gan enquire of some in secreit wise,
Both of the King, and of his gouernment,
And of the Foxe, and his false blandiffment:
And euermore he heard each one complaine
Of foule abuses both in realme and raine.
Which yet to proue more true, he meant to see,
And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
Tho / on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
Which maketh him invisible in sight,
And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them thinke it but a vision.
Through power of that, he runnes through enemies swerds
Through power of that, he passeth through the herds
Of ravenous wilde beastes, and doth beguile
Their greedi mouthes of the expected spoyle;”
Through power of that, his cunning theeueries
He wonts to worke, that none the fame espies;
And through the power of that, he putteth on
What shape he lift in apparition.
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He tooke Caduceus his snakie wand,
With which the damned ghosts he gouerneth,
And furies rules; and Tartare tempereth.

I. 1291, MS. reads, 'That he upon his head and on his hand.'
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
And feare the hearts of all his enemyes;
And when him lift, an vniuerfall night
Throughout the world he makes on euerie wight;
As when his Syre with Alcumenæ lay.

Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,
Both through the gard, which neuer him descride,
And through the watchmen, who him neuer spide:
Thenceforth he paft into each secrete part,
Whereas he saw, that forely grieu’d his hart;
Each place abounding with fowle injuries,
And fild with treasure, rackt with robberies:
Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,
Which had been flaine, to serue the Apes beheasts;
Gluttonie, malice, pride, and couetize,
And lawlesnes rainging with riotize;
Besides /the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And caft to seeke the Lion, where he laie,
That he might worke the auengement for this shame,
On thosse two caytiues, which had bred him blame.
And seeking all the forrest bufly,
At laft he found, where sleeping he did ly:
The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
From vnderneath his head he tooke away,
And then him waking, forced vp to rize.
The Lion looking vp gan him auize,

1. 1306, comma (,) inserted after
4to—accepted.
As one late in a traunce, what had of long
Become of him: for fantasie is strong.
Arise (said Mercurie) thou sluggishe beast,
That here liest senselesse, like the corpe deceaft,
The while thy kynsdome from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with dishonour blent:
Arise, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,
And be aueng'd on those that breed thy blame.

Therat enraged, soone he gan vpstart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
And rouzing up himselfe, for his rough hide
He gan to reach; but no where it elpide.
Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
And chafte at that indignitie right fore.
But when his Crowne and scepter both he wanted,
Lord how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and panted;
And threatned death, & thousand deadly dolours
To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours.
With that in haft, difroabed as he was,
He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forrest with astonishment
Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
Fled faft away from that so dreadfull din.
At laft he came vnto his manfion,
Where all the gates he found faft lockt anon,
And manie warders round about them stood:
With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,
That all the Pallace quaked at the fround,
As if it quite were ruen from the ground,
And all within were dead and hartles left;
And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and euerie corner sought,  
To hidehimself from his owne feared thought.  
But the falsé Foxe when he the Lion heard,  
Fled closely forth, streightway of death afeard,  
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,  
With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,  
T' excufe his former treafon and abufion,  
And turning all vnto the Apes confusion:  
Nath'les the royall Beast forbore beleeuing,  
But bad him Iay at eafe till further preeuing.

Then when he saw no entraunce to him graunted,  
Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,  
Vpon thofe gates with force he fiercely flewe,  
And, rending them in pieces, felly flewe  
Thofe warders stronge, and all that els he met.  
But th' Ape still flying, he no where might get:  
From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled  
All breathles, and for feare now almoft ded:  
Yet / him at laft the Lyon ipide, and caught,  
And forth with shame vnto his judgement brought.  
Then all the beasts he cauf'd assembléd bee,  
To heare their doome, and fad example see:  
The Foxe, firft Author of that treacherie,  
He did vncafe, and then away let flie:

But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight  
Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;  
Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares haue left,  
And of their tailes are vitterlie bereft.

l. 1363, comma (,) for period (.),  
l. 1371, MS. 'stronge' for 'strange,'  
which is doubtless = strong, but apt  
to be confounded with 'strange.'  
l. 1380, MS. 'vncafe him quyte  
and then lett flie' for 'vncafe, and  
then away let flie.'
So Mother Hubberd her discoure did end:
Which pardon me, if I amisse haue pend,
For weak was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde.

FINIS.
APPENDIX TO PROSOPOPOIA, OR MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE, 1591.

In the Life (Vol. I.) the after Various Readings of 'Profopopoia' are critically examined in common with those of all the other Poems. Here I place on record such as occur in a carefully written and prepared Manuscript in my possession, which is dated 1607. It consists of fourteen closely-written folios. The text of 1591 contains in all 1388 lines, this 1363 only. It reveals itself immediately as no mere transcript of the 1591 print. I have marked a number of the MS. readings 'to be noted.' I have put a star (*) at mistakes; but these are of a kind that could scarcely have been made from print, but rather in reading an early and difficult MS., such as Spenser's own handwriting was. I place † against those Various Readings that I feel disposed to accept, or at least to commend to critical study of Spenserians. Meantime I have introduced only a few readings that vindicate themselves. Each is noted in the place. Those accepted or noticed are not repeated in this Appendix, but only where they occur. What the source of this MS. was, it is now impossible to tell. See on it as above. I do not deem it necessary to note mere changes of spelling—e.g., moneth for month, or very slight capitals and italics, pronoun and preposition changes—e.g., to for too, hee for he, of or off; only such as suggest criticism. Throughout it is called 'Mother Hubbards Tale,' not 'Hubberds.' The Epistle-dedicatory is not in the MS.

†l. 12, 'all men feemed a wondrous feason' for 'Leaches feemed strange and geason'—to be noted.
I. 21, 'pleaunnt' for 'kindly.'
I. 35, 'which' for 'that.'
I. 41, 'wright' for 'write.'
Ii. 43-4 omitted.
I. 45, 'It was fayd thee' for 'Whilome (fayd thee).'
I. 49, 'They' for 'For.'
I. 50, 'noe where might' for 'might no where.'
†l. 52, 'caufe' for 'cafe'—to be noted.
†l. 53, 'Gofhipe' for 'Goship'—to be noted as not 'Gossip' here. See also Ii. 70-1.

l. 83, 'Certayne' for 'Certes.'
Ii. 85-6 omitted.
†l. 88, 'To trie where beft I may my flate amend' for 'To feekte my fortune, where I may it mend'—to be noted.
Ii. 89-92 omitted.
I. 108, 'they' for 'one.'
I. 110, 'abilliments' for 'habilli-
ments.'
I. 131, 'nor yett to any men' for 'Nor anie man we should.'
I. 135, 'We being fonees left to be our owne guide' for 'And as we bee fonees of the world so wide.'
Ii. 137-40 omitted.
APPENDIX TO MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE. 149

l. 142, 'bretheren alyke' for 'brethren ylike.'
l. 145, 'lawes' for 'law.'
l. 147, 'livinge' for 'liuelode'—to be noted.
†l. 156, 'vilde' for 'vile'—to be noted.
l. 158, 'without their' for 'without.'
l. 160, 'a' for 'our.'
l. 186, 'both w#out' for 'Without.'
ll. 187-94 omitted.
*l. 195, 'but' for 'for.'
†l. 205, 'and' for 'with'—to be noted.
l. 210, 'of feathers' for 'plume feather'—to be noted.
l. 214, 'with much travelinge' for 'with traveling.'
l. 223, 'thus they' for 'they thus.'
l. 232 omitted.
l. 233, 'bid' for 'bad.'
l. 237, 'Ful foone' for 'Eftfoones.'
ll. 239-42 omitted.
*l. 248, 'seruices' for 'seruice.'
l. 264, 'thetch not' for 'thatch'—to be noted.
l. 273, 'kindly service as them' for 'kindly seruices as.'
*l. 278, 'labour' for 'paines.'
l. 282, 'fitt to exercife' for 'fittest exercife.'
l. 283, 'and' for 'or.'
*l. 294, 'me' for 'my.'
†l. 296, 'them faft to follow their' for 'drie to follow after their'—to be noted.
*l. 298, 'full well did like' for 'Triall to make.'
l. 299, 'And foorth . . . his' for 'And home . . . the.'
l. 300, 'And bid him walke his libbertye at lardge' for 'Of all his flocke, with libertie full large.'
†l. 302, 'of all his lambes' for 'both of their lambes.'
†l. 303, 'the' for 'this.'
†l. 308, 'When the tyme that euer flies doe' for 'Now whenas Time flying with wings'—to be noted.
†l. 313, 'skild they how their anfwer to him' for 'wift what anfwere unto him to'—to be noted.
l. 314, 'and' for 'or.'
l. 316, 'the' for 'their.'
l. 326, 'defier' for 'defire.'
l. 329, 'bid' for 'bad.'
l. 333, 'fell cruelie . . . flocks' for 'Crucely fell . . . flock.'
l. 339, 'carried,' not 'cover'd' as suggested by Mr. J. P. Collier.
†l. 368, 'and' for 'as.'
l. 369, 'It is a' for 'Its a.'
l. 375, 'And yet' for 'Natheles.'
l. 378, 'then I hope you will' for 'then ye will (I hope)'.
l. 379, 'when that . . . and' for 'Which when . . . he.'
*l. 387, 'amongst' for 'mongst.'
†l. 393, 'the holly dayes' for 'vpon holidayes.'
†l. 395, 'And like an epicure his mynde he pleafe' for 'An eafie life, and fit high God to pleafe'—to be noted.
l. 396, 'but' for 'He.'
l. 397, 'began at length' for 'Gan at the length.'
l. 403, 'faith . . . who hath not'
for "Said . . . who hath the world not."

l. 404, "foone" for "eath."
l. 408, "preuve" for "preife."
l. 409, "maie it" for "might please."
l. 411, "weh" for "that."
†l. 414, "ther fore" for "thereby."
l. 417, "gett" for "make."
†l. 426, "theife" for "thofe."
l. 432, "a" for "an."
l. 433, "faith" for "quoth."
†l. 436, "wee neede not doe for "we need to doo."
l. 439, "faith" for "said."
l. 441, "vnto" for "now to."
l. 444, "ordeyned" for "ordain'd to."
l. 446, "to beare aweie" for "but beare ye may."
l. 448, "Is it" for "It's."
†l. 456, "For" for "Now."
l. 462, "heaven" for "God."
l. 466, "approch him" for "approachen."
l. 470, "and on that place for to approach him nighte" for "And that in higheste place, t'approach him nigh."
l. 481, "full foone" for "eftoones."
l. 494, "contrarie" for "contrayre."
†l. 499, "to" for "vnto."
l. 506, "the" for "thee."
†l. 519, "for scarce . . . can passe them" for "scarce can . . . fors-"e - to" be - noted.
†l. 529, "pounds" for "pound."
l. 530, "and thou haft twenty" for "and twentie thou haft."
l. 554 omitted.
l. 581, "length" for "laf."
l. 597, "wott" for "weene."
l. 598, "compared to thicke" for "compard to thine owne."
l. 613, "that that" for "that which."
l. 624, "chaines and circuletts" for "chaine and circulet."
*†l. 625, "it ought" for "ytought."
l. 627, "circulet" for "Circlet."
l. 628, "vnmee his liege" for "his Liege vnmeete."
l. 646, "But" for "And."
*†l. 666, "the boldly" for "the bold-
 eft."
l. 677, "turchesfia" for "Turchesfia."
†l. 679, "fcornd" for "fdeign'd"—
to be noted.
l. 680, "that" for "which."
l. 698, "amongst" for "mongst."
l. 709, "light" for "like."
l. 712, "good men fo" for "fo good men."
l. 718, "that" for "which."
l. 719, "conditions" for "condition."
l. 727, "crouch nor creepe" for "creepe, nor crouche."
*†l. 746, "that" for "or."
l. 748, "wandering" for "paffing."
l. 757, "loue" for "Loues."
l. 768, "kindles" for "kindleth."
l. 779, "might . . . a" for "may . . . him."
l. 782, "or" for "and."
l. 799, "pleasure" for "pleasance."
l. 803, "moff" for "farre."
l. 807, "sometyme would he" for "would he sometimes."
†l. 823, "folly" for "follies"—to be noted.
l. 828, "And suffer it not to" for "Ne suffer it to."
l. 832, "would he" for "he would."
l. 840, "out-reach" for "oft reach."

APPENDIX TO
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

*l. 844, 'But'—dropped.
l. 847, 'meanes' for 'wayes.'
*l. 855, 'was' dropped.
l. 883, 'And' for 'or.'
l. 892, 'noe' for 'not.'
l. 896, 'haue' for 'hath.'
†l. 902, 'their' for 'thy'—to be noted.
l. 909, 'wheres' for 'where.'
l. 914, 'my' for 'mine.'
l. 915, 'noe one else but this' for 'none but such as this.'
l. 942, 'went' for 'far'd.'
†l. 948, 'To' for 'Though'—to be noted.
l. 958, 'bid' for 'bad.'
l. 964, 'he did foe quake' for 'so did he quake.'
l. 977, 'then said' for 'sayd then.'
†l. 981, 'ignomynyous' for 'in-gloryous.'
l. 989, 'our' for 'the.'
l. 990, 'muft' for 'may.'
l. 1014, 'hisselfe foe well' for 'so well he him.'
*l. 1034, 'Diamond' for 'Diademe.'
*l. 1038, 'moft' for 'more.'
l. 1047, 'nercles' for 'Nath'les.'
†l. 1049, 'glue content' for 'reft content'—to be noted.
†l. 1053, 'you neuer lett none other drawe' for 'ye let none other ever drawe'—to be noted.
l. 1058, 'weare' for 'beare.'
l. 1060, 'gently' for 'inly.'
l. 1066, 'new'—dropped.
l. 1073, 'neereleffe' for 'naythles.'
†l. 1078, 'hurt' for 'torte'—rhyming to 'Court' for 'Corte,' l. 1089—
to be noted.
*l. 1084, 'him' for 'them.'
l. 1085, 'gentle' for 'chearefull.'
l. 1086, 'gentle' for 'princely.'
l. 1095 omitted.
l. 1096, 'to know' for 'bewray.'
l. 1097, 'and quicklie fent the fox to them theretoo' takes the place of l. 1095.
l. 1100, 'tend' for 't' attend.'
l. 1130, 'inlargd' for 'enlarg'd.'
†l. 1135, 'focernfull' for 'fideignfull.'
†l. 1144, 'fyante' for 'Fiaunt'—to be noted.
*l. 1145, 'lent' for 'lept.'
l. 1146, 'him' for 'he.'
l. 1155, 'foe' for 'faue.'
l. 1160, 'he' for 'did.'
l. 1166, 'counted' for 'reckned.'
l. 1167, 'aught' for 'ought.'
†l. 1170, 'thritfe and care of' for 'care of thrift, and.'
l. 1175, 'whelt' for 'whiles'—and 'princes pallas fell full' for 'Princes pallaces fell.'
l. 1177, 'while' for 'whileft.'
l. 1178, 'lett' for 'to.'
l. 1181, 'haue' for 'had' and 'their' for 'the.'
l. 1187, 'and' for 'Or.'
l. 1198, 'spill' for 'pill.'
l. 1199, 'yet of' for 'none durf.'
l. 1207, 'did first the kingdome for 'the kingdome first did.'
l. 1210, 'since then' for 'fitthence.'
l. 1214, 'rashly' for 'rafh.'
l. 1216, 'on a lambe or lambes' for 'a Lambe, or the Lambes.'
l. 1217, 'certaine' for 'certes.'
l. 1226, 'powers' for 'power' and 'empourers' for 'Empiers.'
l. 1228, 'buidled' for 'lidded.'
152 APPENDIX TO MOTHER HUBBERTS TALE.

l. 1230, 'all that in' for 'alloe what in the.'
l. 1233, 'subborne' for 'suborn'd.'
†l. 1234, 'disdaynfullie in scorne for 'he deignfully it scorn'd.'
l. 1235, 'he' for 'and.'
l. 1240, 'revenge' for 'avenge.'
l. 1246, 'Mercurie he' for 'he Mercurie.'
l. 1255, 'trecherous' for 'treachours.'
†l. 1260, 'that' dropped.
l. 1263, 'a' for 'the.'
l. 1264 omitted.
l. 1265, 'And ceaft not till' for 'Till that vnto.'
l. after 1265, 'And fairly paffed forth with easie Payne'—added.
l. 1271, 'gate' for 'gates.'
l. 1275, 'the fox' for 'each one.'
l. 1278, 'he' for 'an.'
l. 1281, 'that looketh' for 'the lookers.'
l. 1296, 'feares' for 'fear.'
l. 1297, 'him' for 'he.'
*†l. 1298, 'maketh' for 'makes.'
l. 1301, 'who never him' for 'who him never.'
l. 1304, 'Where he sawe that which' for 'Whereas he saw, that,' and 'greatly' for 'forely.'
*†l. 1310, 'riotous' for 'riotize.'
l. 1313, 'could' for 'would.'
l. 1317, 'revenge'sent' for 'the auengement.'
*†l. 1330, 'doth' for 'with.'
†l. 1333, 'gan to start' for 'gan vpstart.'
l. 1334, 'bold' for 'great.'
l. 1337, 'gan he moft' for 'he gan full.'
l. 1344, 'towards' for 'toward.'
l. 1368, 'he' for 'it.'
l. 1372, 'could' for 'might.'
l. 1382, 'pared their height' for 'pared of their bight.'
l. 1383, 'but'—dropped.
Ruines of Rome:

BY BELLAY.*

I

E heauenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
Vnder deep ruines, with huge walls oppreft,
But not your praife, the which fhall neuer die
Through your faire verfes, ne in ashes rest;

If fo be shrilling voyce of wight aliue
May reach from hence to depth of darkeft hell,
Then let thofe deep Abyffes open riue,
That ye may vnderftand my fhreiking yell.

* The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.]
Entitled, in the edition of Bellay's Poems published at Rouen in 1597,
"Le Premier Livre des Antiquitez de Rome, contenant une generale description de sa grandeur, & comme une deploration de sa ruine." At the end follow the fifteen "Songes" of Bellay, which Spenser has translated; omitting the concluding Sonnets "An Roy" and "A la Royne."
——Dr. Todd.
Thrice hauing feene vnder the heauens veale
Your toombs deuoted compasse ouer all,
Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
   The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
   Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing.

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praife,
And sharped steeples high shot vp in ayre;
Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze;
And Nylus nurplings their Pyramides faire;
   The fame yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
Of Ioues great Image in Olympus placed,
Mafulus worke will be the Carians glorie.
And Crete will boaste the Labyrinth, now raced;
   The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;
And what els in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
   But I will sing aboue all moniments
Seuen Romane Hils, the worlds 7. wonderments.

Thou / stranger, which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiu’st at all,
The seame olde walls, olde arches, which thou seeest,
Olde Palaces, is that which Rome men call.
   Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what waft,
   And how that she, which with her mightie powre
RUINES OF ROME.

Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at last,
The pray of time, which all things doth deuoure.

_Rome_ now of _Rome_ is th' onely funerall,
And onely _Rome of Rome_ hath victorie ;
Ne ought saue _Tyber_ hastning to his fall
Remaines of all : O worlds inconstancie,
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting, doth abide and stay.

4

She, whose high top aboue the starres did fore,
One foote on _Thetis_, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on _Scythia_, th' other on the _More_,
Both heauen and earth in roundnesse compassing,

_Ioue_ fearing, leaft if she shoulde greater growe,
The old Giants shoulde once againe vprife,
Her whelm'd with hills, these 7. hils, which be nowe
Tombes of her greatnes, which did threate the skyes : 50
Vpon her head he heapt Mount _Saturnal_,
Vpon her bellie th' antique _Palatine_,
Vpon her stomacke laid Mount _Quirinal_,
On her left hand the noyfome _Esquiline_,
And _Celian_ on the right ; but both her feete
Mount _Viminall_ and _Aventine_ doo meete.

5

Who / lifts to see, what euer nature, arte,
And heauen could doo, _O Rome_, thee let him see,
In cafe thy greatnes he can geffe in harte,
By that which but the picture is of thee. 60

1. 48, 'The old Giants'—1611 characteristically prints 'The Giants old'—needlessly.
Rome is no more: but if the shade of Rome
May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magicke skill out of eternall night:
The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,
And her great spirite reioyned to the spirite
Of this great maffe, is in the same enwombed;
But her braue writings, which her famous merite
In spight of time, out of the duft doth reare,
Doo make her Idole through the world appeare. 70

6

Such as the Berecynthian Goddesse bright
In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that so manie Gods she brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good daies found:
This Citie, more than that great Phrygian mother
Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her felse her equall match could see:
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble: 80
So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power shoule not resembe
Her that did match the whole earths puissance,
And did her courage to the heauens aduaunce.

7

Ye / sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine:
Triumphant Arcks, spyles, neighbours to the skie,
That you to see doth th' heauen it selfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flye,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:
And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad deires, reft therefore moderate:
For if that time make ende of things so sure,
It als will end the paine, which I endure.

Through armes & vassals Rome the world subdu'd,
That one would weene, that one sole Cities strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had suruew'd,
To be the measure of her bredbth and length:
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie,
Striuing in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest earth join'd to the heauen hie;
To th' end that hauing all parts in their power,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,
And that though time doth Commonwealths deuowre
Yet no time shoulde so low embafe their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundations deep,
Should not her name and endles honour keep.

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods vnkinde,
Heauen enuious, and bitter steedame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,
That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie creature;

1. 93, comma inserted after 'spyles.'
RUINES OF ROME.

Why haue your hands long sitthence trauelled
To frame this world, that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Romane palaces
Made of some matter no leffe firme and strong? 120
I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone haue being
Are temporall, and subiect to decay:
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some, that weene the contrarie in thought;
That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

10

As that braue sonne of Aeson, which by charmes
Atcheiu'd the golden Fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand; 130
So this braue Towne, that in her youthlie daies
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourlings praise
The firie fynnes both one and other hous:
But they at laft, there being then not liuing
An Hercules, so ranke seed to represse;
Emonyft themselues with cruell furie struing,
Mow'd downe themselues with slaughter mercileffe;
Renewing in themselues that rage vnkinde,
Which whilom did thosse earthborn brethren blinde. 140

11

Mars / shaming to haue giuen so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissance,

1. 119—as this line is deficient of a rhyme-word with "trauelled," Dr. Morris suggests that we read "p'laces [= palaces] failed."
Puft vp with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seem'd aboue heauens powre it selfe to aduance;
   Cooling againe his former kindled heate;
With which he had those Romane spirts fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage instil'd:
   Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giant brood,
To dart abroard the thunder bolts of warre,
And beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
   To th' end that none, all were it Ioue his fire
Should boaste himselfe of the Romane Empire,

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils, to scale the starrie skie,
And figh against the Gods of heauenly berth,
Whiles Ioue at them his thunderbolts let flie;
   All suddenly with lightning overthowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th' earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,
And th' heauens in glorie triumpht ouer all:
   So did that haughtie front which heaped was
On these feuen Romane hils, it selfe vpreare
Ouer the world, and lift her loftie face
Against the heauen, that gan her force to feare.
   But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

Nor / the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of fouldiers blood-defiring,
The which so oft thee (Rome) their conquest made;
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
Ne ruft of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men vnstable,
Nor thou oppo'td against thine owne, puiissance;
Nor th' horrible vprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God snakie-paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, haue thy pride so much abaced; 180
But that this nothing, which they haue thee left,
Makes the world woder what they from thee rest.

14
As men in Summer fearles passe the foord,
Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aaboord
The ploughmans hope, and shepheards labour vaine:
And as the coward beastes vse to despise
The noble Lion after his liues end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardise
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend: 190
And as at Troy most daftards of the Greekes
Did braue about the corpes of Hector colde;
So those which whilome wont with pallid cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldneffe vaine,
And conquer'd dare the Conquerour disdaine.

15
Ye / pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoafts,
Which loyng in the brightnes of your day,
Brought foorth those signes of your presumptuous boasts
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
Tell me ye spirits (fith the darklome riuer
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,
Enclofing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doo not refraine your images till mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here aboue him secretly doth hide)
Doo ye not seele your torments to acrewe,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old Romane works built with your hands,
Now to become nought els, but heaped sands?

Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from farre,
In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,
Eftsoones of thoufand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a Rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse:
Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blast,
Tofing huge tempefts through the troubled skie,
Eftsoones hauing his wide wings spent in waft,
To top his warie cariere suddenly:
And as ye see huge flames spred diuerflie,
Gathered in one vp to the heauens to spyre,
Eftsoones confum'd to fall downe feebly:
So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre
As waues, as winde, as fire spred ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

l. 210, ' Now ' first inserted in 1611 folio—accepted.
17

So / long as Ioues great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,
Heauen had not feare of that presumptuous might,
With which the Giaunts did the Gods afay.

But all so soone, as scorching Sunne had brenn
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerpredd,
The earth out of her maffie wombe forth sent
That antique horror, which made heauen adredd.

Then was the Germane Rauen in disguife
That Romane Eagle seene to cleaue afunder,
And towards heauen freshly to arise
Out of these mountaines, now confum’d to pouder.

In which the soule that servues to beare the lightning,
Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

18

Thefe heapes of stones, thefe old wals which ye see,
Were first enclofures but of saluage foyle;
And thefe braue Pallaces which maystred bee
Of time, were shepheards cottages somewhat.

Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornaments,
And the stout hynde arm’d his right hand with steele:
Eftfoones their rule of yearely Presidents
Grew great, and fixe months greater a great deele;

Which made perpetuall, rofe to so great might,
That thence th’ Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th’ heauen it selfe, opposing gaineft her might,
Her power to Peters successor betooke;

l. 243, ‘ornaments’ misprinted ‘ornament’ in 4to. See l. 245 as sug- gesting the obvious correction.
Who shepheardlike, (as fates the same foreseeing)
Doth shew, that all things turne to their first being.

19

All that is perfect, which th' heauen beauteesies;
All / that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feede our spirits and our eies;
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
Rome, in the time of her great ancesters,
Like a Pandora, locked long in store.

But destinie this huge Chaos turmoyling,
In which all good and euill was encloset,
Their heavenly virtues from these woes affoyling,
Caried to heauen, from femail bondage lofed:
But their great finnes, the causers of their paine,
Vnder these antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Estfoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
Doth plonge himselfe in Thetys boforme faire;

And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,
With his great bellie spreds the dimmed world,
Till at the laft diffouling his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile he forth his world;

1. 270, 'Thetys'—this is misprinted 'Tethys'—corrected into 'Thetys' in 1611 onward.
1. 271: Mr. J. P. Collier erroneously states that 'came' is misprinted 'come' in the 'oldest edition' (= 4to, 1591).
This Citie, which was first but shepheards shade,
Vprisng by degrees, grewe to such height,
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
At last not able to beare so great weight,
Her power didperst, through all the world did vade;
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade. 280

21

The same which Pyrrhus, and the puiffaunce
Of Afrike could not tame, that fame braue Citie,
Which with stout courage arm'd against mischaunce,
Sustein'd / the shocke of common enmitie;
Long as her shipe, toft with so many freakes,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was neuer seene, that anie fortunes wreakes
Could breake her course begun with braue intent.
But, when the obiecf of her vertue failed,
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme; 290
As he that hauing long in tempest failed,
Faine would ariue, but cannot for the storme,
If too great winde against the port him driue,
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell riuie.

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with Africa, and Byze,
With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arize;
Her nourlings did with mutinous vprore
Harten against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile, 300
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoyle'd within a while.
RUINES OF ROME.

So when the compaft courfe of the vnuiuerfe
In fixe and thirtie thoufand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th' elements fhall backe reuerfe
To their firft difcord, and be quite vnfonne:
The feedes, of which all things at firft were bred,
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wifedome of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from fpole fhould be forborne, 310
To th' end that his victorious people fhould
With cancring laiture not be ouerworne;
He well forefaw, how that the Romane courage,
Impa/tient of pleasures faint defires,
Through idlenes would turne to ciuill rage,
And be her felfe the matter of her fires.
For in a people giuen all to eafe,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As in a vicious bodie, grofe difeafe
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.
That came to paffe, whē, fwolene with plēties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

24

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creaft
What fell Brynnis with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noyfome rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romanes) your hard destinie?
Or some old sinne, whose vnappeaied guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at fyrst was spilt
Vpon your walls, that God might not endure,
Vpon the same to set foundation sure?

25

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall shade
Those antique Cafars, sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made:
Or that I had Amphions instrument,
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
The ftonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
By / which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd:
Or that at leaft I could, with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourtraitts of these Palacis,
By paterne of great Virgils spirit diuine;
I would assay with that which in me is,
To builde with leuell of my loftie style,
That which no hands can euermore compyle.

26

Who lift the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for vgage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or squaire, to mesure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight,
But him behooues to vew in compasse round
All that the Ocean grapes in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely starre doth scortch the ground,
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes.
RUINES OF ROME.

Rome was th' whole world, & al the world was Rome,
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome;
And naming Rome, ye land and sea comprizè:
For th' auncient Plot of Rome displayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at Rome aftoniñht doft behold
The antique pride, which menaced the sky,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples hie;
Judge by these ample ruines vew, the rest
The which injurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best,
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne:
Then alfo marke, how Rome from day to day,
Repaying her decayed fashion,
Renewes / herselfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would judge, that the Romaine Damon
Doth yet himselfe with fataõ hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corfe.

28

He that hath seene a great Oke drie and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of some Trophees olde,
Lifting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote in ground hath left but seeble holde;
But halfe disbowl'd lies aboue the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke all rotten and vnfound,
Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes;
And though she owe her fall to the first winde,
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And manie yong plants spring out of her rinde:
Who such an Oke hath seene, let him record
That such this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongst all Cities flourished much more.

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise,
All that which Greece their temples to embraue
After th' Ionick, Atticke, Doricke guise;
Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to graue;
All that Lysippus practike arte could forme,
Apelles wit, or Phidias his skil,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And the heauen it selfe with her wide wonders fill.

All that which Athens euer brought forth wife,
All that which Afrike euer brought forth strange,
All that which Asie euer had of prise,
Was here to see. O meruelous great change:

Rome/ liuing, was the worlds sole ornament,
And dead, is now the worlds sole monument.

Like as the seeded field greene graffe first showes,
Then from greene graffe into a stalke doth spring,
And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
Which earne the frutefull graine doth shortly bring;
And as in season due the husband mowes
The wauing lockes of those faire yeallow heares,
Which bound in sheaues, and layd in comely rowes,
Upon the naked fields in stalkes he reares:

1. 414, 'stalkes' is spelt 'stackes' in 1611 onward—scarcely needed.
RUINES OF ROME.

So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these olde markes to fee,
Of all which passers by doo somewhat pill:
As they which gleane, the reliques ufe to gather,
Which th’ hufbauðmâ behind him chanst to scater. 420

31
That fame is now nought but a champian wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosoeuer dost abide
By Nyile, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate,
Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brincks,
Nor the braue warlicke brood of Alemaine,
Nor the borne Souldier which Rhine running drinks:
Thou onely cause, o Ciuill furie, art
Which sorrowing in th’ Aemathian fields thy spight,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;
To th’ end that when thou waft in greatest hight,
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowne might’st fall more horriblie.

32
Hope / ye my verfes, that posteritie
Of age enfuing fhall you euer read?
Hope ye, that euer immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her meed?
If vnder heauen anie endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
Might well haue hop’d to haue obtained it.

l. 435, ‘verfes’ misprinted ‘yerfes’ in 4to.
Nath’les my Lute, whom Phæbus deignd to giue,
Cease not to found these olde antiquities:
For if that time doo let thy glory liue,
Well maist thou boast, how euer base thou bee,
That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
Th’ olde honour of the people gowned long.

L’ Envoy.

Bellay, first garland of free Poësie
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of braue wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long haist traueld by thy learned writs,
Olde Rome out of her ashes to reuie,
And glue a second life to dead decayes:
Needes must he all eternitie suruiue,
That can to other glue eternall dayes:
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayfe
Excelling all, that euer went before;
And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayfe
His heauenly Mufe, th’ Almightye to adore.
Luie happie spirits, th’ honour of your name,
And fill the world with euver dying fame.

FINIS.

l. 459. Joshua Sylvester was even then at work on his ‘Translations’ of Du Bartas, and it is pleasant to think that Spenser, as Milton later, must have read them. It may be recorded here that the entire Works of Sylvester—including all his Du Bartas—form two massive tomes in the present Editor’s ‘CHELTSEY WORTHIES’ LIBRARY.’
MVIOPOTMOS, or
The Fate of the Butterflie.

BY ED. SP.

Dedicated to the Most faire and vertuous Ladie: the Ladie
Carey.

LONDON.
Imprinted for VVilliam Ponsonbie, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of the Bishops head.

1590.
TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE;

THE LA: CAREY.

MOST braue and bountifull La: for so excellent favours as I haue receiued at your sweet handes, to offer these fewe leaues as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their divine benefites. Therefore I haue determined to giue my selfe wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage to haue the person yeelded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde & humble scale which I beare vnto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poore service therof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee haue by your braue deserts purchaft to your self, & spread in the mouths of all me: with which I
haue also presumed to grace my verses, & under your name to commend to the world this small Poeme, the which beseeching your La: to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: euer / humbly ;/

E. S.
MUIOPOTMOS:

OR

THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd vp through wrathfull Nemesis
despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great
estate,
Drawne into armes, and prooue of
mortall fight,
Through proud ambition, and hartswelling hate,
Whilest neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small iarre
Their wrathes at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne,
That wonst the tragick stage to direct,
In funerall complaints and waylfull tyne,
Reueale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at laft declyne
To lowest wretchednes; And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of siluer-winged Flies
Which doo posseffe the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire,
Whilft heauen did fauour his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldeft sonne and haire
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight
Of all aliue did feeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed,
Aboue th' ensample of his equall peares,
Did / largely promife, and to him forered,
(Whilft oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would fure proue such an one,
As shoulde be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh young flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of luftfull yongth began to kindle faft,
Did much disdaine to subiect his defire
To loathfome sloth, or houses in eafe to waft,
But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire;
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coaft,
And with vnwearied wings each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned fire.

1. 34, 'yongth'—misprinted 'yonght' in the 4to—modernised to 'youth
in 1611 folio, onward.
For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to flie
Vp to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light,
To mount aloft vnto the Chrifall skie,
To vew the workmanship of heauens hight:
Whence downe descending he along would flie
Vpon the fstreaming riuers, fport to finde;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a Summers day, when seafon milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in heauen Hyperions ferior childe
Asceding, did his beames abroad dispred,
Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smile;
Yong Clarion with vauntfull luftie head,
After his guize did caft abroad to fare;
And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breafplate firft, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmely bound,
That / mought his life from yron death assure,
And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter townd,
No leffe then that, which Vulcane made to sheild
Achilles life from fate of Troyn field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of some wilde beaft, whom hee
In faluage forreft by aduenture flew,
And reft the fpoyle his ornament to bee:
Which fpredding all his backe with dreadfull vew,
Made all that him so horrible did fee,
Thinke him *Alcides* with the Lyons skin,  
When the *Namean* Conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glistening Burganet,  
The which was wrought by wonderous deuice,  
And curiously engrauen, he did set:  
The mettall was of rare and passing price;  
Not *Bilbo* steele, nor braffe from *Corinth* fet,  
Nor costly *Oricalche* from strange *Phenice*;  
But such as could both *Phæbus* arrowes ward,  
And th' hayling darts of heauen beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,  
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,  
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:  
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde  
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,  
The engines which in them fad death doo hyde:  
So did this flie outstetch his fearefull hornes,  
Yet so as him their terrorre more adornes.

Lastly / his shinie wings as siluer bright,  
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre  
All Painters skil, he did about him sight:  
Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre  
In *Iris* bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,  
Distinguisbed with manie a twinkling starre,  
Nor *Iunoes* Bird in her ey-spotted traine  
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)  
The Archer God, the Sonne of *Cytheree,*
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken,
And heaped spoyle of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in his wings so mane a chanselfull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
If ought againft thine honour I haue tolde;
Yet sure thofe wings were fairer manifolde.

Full mane a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly enuide,
And wiht that two fuch fannes, so filken soft,
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide;
Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratisde,
From him would steale them priuily away,
And bring to her fo precious a pay.

Report is that dame Venus on a day
In spring whē flowres doo clothe the fruitful groud,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd,
To gather flowres, her forhead to array:
Enonght the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight / Astery, excelling all the crewe
In curteous viage, and vnftained hewe

Who beeing nimbler ioynted than the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour, than the others beft;
Which they in secret harts enuying fore,
Tolde Venus, when her as the worthiest
She praisd, that Cupide (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the spring.
Whereof the Goddesse gathering jealous feare,
Not yet vnmindfull how not long agoe
Her sone to Psyche secret love did beare,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare;
Reafon with sudden rage did ouergoe,
And giving haftie credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damzel by her heauenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plenteouflie
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion being readie dight,
Vnto his iourney did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight:
Ouer the fields in his franke luftinesse,
And all the champion he soared light,
And all the countrey wide he did posseffe,
Feeding vpon their pleasures bounteouflie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the medowes green,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnfeene,
Nor the ranke grafsie fennes delights vntride.

1. 149, 'champion he' in 1611 is emended 'champaine o're'—needlessly.
MULOPOTMOS.

But none of these, how euer sweete they beene,
Mote please his fancies, nor him caufe t' abide:
His choicefull sense with euerie change doth flit.
No common things may please a wauering wit.

To the gay gardins his vnftaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refreh his sprights:
There lauih Nature in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors, and alluring sights;
And Arte with her contending, doth aspire
T' excell the naturall, with made delights:
And all that faire or pleasanst may be found,
In riotous excesss doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes suruey with curious busie eye,
Of euerie flowre and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their filken leaues deface;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And euermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse (for all change is sweete)
He / caft his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now fucking of the sap of herbe most meete,
Or of the deaw, which yet on them doeth lie,
Now in the fame bathing his tender feete:
And then he pearcheth on fome braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyft wings to dry.
And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradife:
The wholsome Saulge, and Lauender still gray,
Ranke smeling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roses raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Ifope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigoldes, and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweet Marioram, and Daysies decking prime.

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,
Embathed Balme, and cheerfull Galingale,
Fresh Coftmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Red Poppie, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Veyne-healing Veruen, and hed-purging Dill,
Sound Sauorie, and Bazil hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perfeline,
Colde Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine.

And whatso else of virtue good or ill
Grew in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
Of euerie one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaied, and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffiaunce
Of all his gladfulness, and kingly ioyance.

What / more felicitie can fall to creature
Then to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from th' earth to higheft skie.

l. 196, 'Red'—I prefer this to 'Dull' of 1611 folio as emendation of the dropped word in the 4to. The Poppie is 'dull-ing' but not 'dull.'
MUIOPOTMOS.

To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what euer thing doth please the eie?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthie he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happie day;
Sith morning faire may bring fowle euening late,
And leaft mishap the moost blisse alter may?

For thousand perills lie in clofe awaite
About vs daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them auoyde, or remedie prouide.

And whatso heauens in their secret doome
Ordained haue, how can fraile fleshly wight
Forecast, but it must needs to iffue come?
The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and some
Do ferue to them, and with importune might
Warre against vs the vassals of their will.
Who then can faue, what they diispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion, though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, vnhappie happie Flie,
Whose cruell fate is wouen euen now
Of Ioues owne hand, to worke thy miserie:
Ne may thee helpe the manie hartie vow,
Which thy olde Sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' altars sprent:
Nought may thee faue from heauens auengement.

It fortuned (as heauens had behight)
That in this gardin, where yong Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondlaine of spight,
Had lately built his hatefull mansion;
And, lurking closely, in awayte now lay.
How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterflie
In this faire plot displacing too and fro,
Fearles of foes and hidden jeopardie,
Lord how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie:
His hearte did earne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with ranckling poyson swelde,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion helde.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced,
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The moft fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
_Arachne_, by his meanes was vanquished
Of _Pallas_, and in her owne skil confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wroght her shame, and sorrow never ended.

For the _Tritonian_ goddesse, hauing hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fil'd,
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
For her praif-worthie workmanship to yeild

1. 243. comma placed after 'wight,' 250. 'displacing'—Dr. Todd,
and after him Dr. Morris, prints 'dispaceing': but see Glossary, s.v.
Oddly enough, Mr. J. P. Collier rebukes Dr. Todd for emending into 'dispaceing,' and yet himself prints it so.
MUIOPOTMOS.

But / the presumptuous Damzel rashly dar'd
The Goddesse selle to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill,

Minerua did the chalenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they fit, and each doth chuse
What storie she will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Ioue did abuse
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe
Her through the sea did beare; so lively seene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene.

Shee seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
The daunching of the waues, that vp she tooke
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord) how she in euerie member shooke,
When as the land she sawe no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lament and wepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Ioue,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Doue;
The one his bowe and shafts, the other Spring.
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Syres new loue both triumphing:
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round,
And manie Tritons, which their hornes did found.
And round about, her worke she did empale
With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres,
En/wouden with an Yuie winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,
Such as Dame Pallas, such as Enuie pale,
That al good things with venemous tooth deuowres,
Could not accufe. Then gan the Goddeffe bright
Her selfe likewise vnto her worke to dight.

She made the storie of the olde debate
Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie:
Twelue Gods doo fit around in royall state,
And Ioue in midst with awfull Maiestie,
To judge the strife betweene them stirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like vimomie
Eathe to be knowen; but Ioue aboue them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;
Whencesforth issues a warlike steed in fight,
The signe by which he chalengeth the place,
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:
But seldom seen, for judgement proueth true.

Then to her selfe she giues her Aegide shield,
And steeled speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as she oft is seene in warlicke field:
Then sseth she forth, how with her weapon dredd
She smote the ground, the which sreight foorth did yield
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spredd,
That all the Gods admir'd; then, all the storie
She compaft with a wreathe of Olyues hoarie.

Emongst / these leaues she made a Butterflie,
With excellent deuice and wondrous flight,
Flutttring among the Oliues wantonly,
That seem'd to liue, fo like it was in fight:
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The filken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outftretched horns, his hayrie thythes,
His glorious colours, and his glistering cies.

Which when Arachne saw, as ouerlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood aftonied long, ne ought gaine said,
And with fast fixt eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:
Yet did she inly fret, and felly burne,
And all her blood to poynounous rancor turne:

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was, when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftsoones her white fpriet legs were alterd
To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe emptied,
And her faire face to fowle and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.
This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt, So soone as Clarion he did beholde, His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt; And weauing straignt a net with manie a folde About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt, With fine small cords about it fretched wide, So finely sponde, that scarce they could be spide. 360

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth moost In skilfull knitting of soft filken twyne; Nor anie weauer, which his worke doth boast In dieper, in damaiske, or in lyne; Nor anie skil'd in workmanship emboft; Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine, Might in their diuers cunning euer dare, With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that fame subtil gin, The which the Lemnian God framde crafitle, Mars sleping with his wife to compasse in, That all the Gods with common mockerie Might laugh at them, and fcorne their shamefull sin, Was like to this. This fame he did applie For to entrap the careles Clarion, That rang'd each where without suspition.

1. 354, 'Enfested.'—Mr. J. P. Collier suggests 'enfetterd.' See Glossary, s. v.
   370. 'framde crafitle.' It is so in the Huth exemplar of 1590; but in other copies it reads inaccurately 'did filly frame.' Hitherto the 1611 folio has been credited with first correcting (e.g. by Dr. Morris). See Life, and Essays as before.
MUIOPOTMOS.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandreth too and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wift he his fatall future woe,
But was secure, the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his gouernance.

Yet still Aragnoll (fo his foe was hight)
Lay lurking courtely him to surprife,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dreft in good order as he could deuise.
At / length the foolish Flie without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelesifie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemie.

Who, seeing him, with secrete joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in euerie vaine,
And his false hart fraught with all treasons store,
Was fil'd with hope, his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close vpgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing spide,
Where on a sunnie banke the Lambes doo play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambulancement of his hoped pray.

1. 394, 'hatefull'—1611 folio improves into 'fatall'—needlessly.
MUIOPOTMOS.

Ne stirreth limbe, till seeing readie tide,
He rushes forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little yonglings vnawares:
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now shall give vnto my heauie eyes
A well of teares, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I finde lamentable cryes,
And mournfull tunes enough my grieue to showe?
Helpe O thou Tragick Mufe, me to deuise
Notes fad enough, t' expresse this bitter throw:
For loe, the drerie ftownd is now arriued,
That of all happines hath vs depruiued.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultles him mish'd,
Or some vngracious blast out of the gate
Of Aeoles raine perforce him droue on hed,
Was (O fad hap and howre vnfortunate)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall ouerthowe.

There the fond Flie entangled, strugled long,
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For struing more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
In lyme snares the subtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine,
And all his yongthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercie of th' auenger lent.

l. 431, 'yongthly,' misprinted 'youghthy.' Cf. l. 34.
MUIOPOTMOS.

Which when the greifly tyrant did espie,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedelie
On the resiftles pray, and with fell spight,
Vnder the left wing stroke his weapon flie
Into his heart, that his deepe groning spright
In bloodie streames foorth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

FINIS.
Visions of the worlds vanitie.

I.

ONE day, whiles that my daylie cares
did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly
prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of com-
mon reafon;

Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her laft declining feason,
Griefe of good mindes, to fee goodnesse disgraced.

On which whē as my thought was throghly placed,
Vnto my eyes ftrange showes prefented were,
Picturing that, which I in minde embraced,
That yet thofe fights empaffion me full nere.

Such as they were (faire Ladie) take in worth,
That whē time ferues, may bring things better forth.
2.

In Summers day, when Phæbus fairly shone,
I saw a Bull as white as drieuen snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:

Vp to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay flores did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnes so did ouerflowe,
That he all wallowed in the weeds downe beaten,
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature,
And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleas'd:

So by the small the great is oft diseased.

3.

Befide / the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
Vpon a sunnye banke outstretched lay
In monstruous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That cram'd with guiltles blood, and greedie pray

Of wretched people trauailing that way,
Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.
I saw a little Bird, cal'd Tedula,
The leaf of thousands which on earth abide,

That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The greily gates of his deouring hell,
And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.

Why then should greatest things the leaft disdain,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

1. 39, 'doth'—Purists read 'did'—needlessly.
VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

4.
The kingly Bird, that beares Ioues thunder-clap
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his higheft seruice, and good hap,
That made all other Foules his thralls to bee:
The silly Flie, that no redresse did fee,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring neft,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt vp his yong ones, and himselfe distreft;
Ne suffred him in anie place to refit,
But drue in Ioues owne lap his eggs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infeft,
Forft with the filth his eggs to fling away:
For which when as the Foule was wroth, said Ioue,
Lo how the leaft the greatest may reprooue.

5.
Toward / the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fishe (if fishe I may it clepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to swepe
The fomie waues out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his fport, that manie makes to weep:
A sword-fishe small him from the rest did funder,
That in his throat him pricking softly vnder,
His wide Abyffe him forced forth to speue,
That all the sea did roare like heauens thunder,
And all the waues were stain'd with filthy heue.
Hereby I learned haue, not to despise
What euer thing seemes small in common eyes.
6.

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
    Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare
With shields of braffe, that shone like burnifht golde,
And forkhed stinging, that death in it did beare,
    Stroue with a Spider, his unequall peare:
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The subtill vermin creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke fled poyfon priuilie;
    Which through his entrailes spredding diuerfly,
Made him to fwell, that nigh his bowells bruft, 80
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
    O how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne.

7.

High / on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and f'treight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
    Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred 90
A little wicked worme, perceiu'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:
    Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That shortly balde, and bared she became.
    I, which this fight beheld, was much dismayed,
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

l. 75, comma (,) inserted after 'Spider.'
8.

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeoulsie,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedinglie;
That he himselfe through foolifh vanitie,
Both for his rich attire, and goodly forme,
Was puffed vp with paffing furquedrie,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorn.
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nozthrls creeping, so him pained,
That casting down his towres, he did deform
Both borrowed pride, and natuie beautie staine.'d
Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

9.

Looking far foorth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners brauely fight,
And flag in her top-gallant I efped,
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
Faire blew the winde into her boosome right;
And th' heauens looked louely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smil.
All sodainely there cloue vnto her keele
A little ffit, that men call Remora,
Which ftopt her course, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could moue her thence away.

Strange thing, me feemeth, that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

1. 110: Dr. Morris records 'nature' as the reading of 1591, but it is 'native,' so that he is mistaken in crediting 1611 with 'native' as a correction of 'nature.'
VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

IO.

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Hauing his hunger throughly satisfide,
With pray of beasts, and spoyle of liuing blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
   His sternesse was his pryse, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruel clawes.
I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defile,
And bad him battaile euen to his iawes;
   Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire;
   That dead himselfe he wished for despight.
So weakest may anoy the most of might.

II.

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and florisht moost in might,
The nations gan their foueraigntie disdaine,
And caft to quitt them from their bondage quight:
   So when all shrinded were in silent night,
The Gallis were, by corrupting of a mayde,
Possed nigh of the Capitol through flight,
Had not a Goofe the treachery bewrayde.
   If then a Goofe great Rome from ruine stayde,
And Rome himselfe, the patron of the place,
   Preferyd from being to his foes betrayde,
Why do vaine men mean things so much deface,
   And in their might repose their moost assurance,
Sith nought on earth can chalenge long endurance?
VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

12.

When these sad sights were overpast and gone,
My spright was greatly moued in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest:
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieued breft
To fcorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are opreff,
And vnawares doe into daunger fall.

And ye, that read these ruines tragicall
Learne by their losfe to loue the low degree;
And, if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
To honours feat, forget not what you be:
For he that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and vnfure.

FINIS. /
The Visions of Bellay.

1.

T was the time, when rest soft sliding downe
From heauens hight into mens heauy eyes,
In the forgetfulness of sleepe doth drowne
The careful thoughts of mortall miseries:

Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great riuers banck, that runnes by Rome,
Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heauen whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, lo now beholde (quoth hee)
What vnder this great temple placed is: 10
Lo all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God furmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

See Appendix to the text of these ‘Visions’ and ‘Visions of Petrarch’ from ‘A Theatre for Worldings,’ 1569.

l. 12, , for . of original.
2.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust aflate,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,

All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wise:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining Chrístall, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of Afrikes gold encase:
Golde was the parget, and the seeming bright
Did shine all caly with great plates of golde;

The floore of Iasp and Emeraude was dight.
O worlds vainesse. While thus I did behold,

1. 22, 'One' = 'On'—the latter printed by Dr. Morris: & Dr. forris queries 'Afrikes gold,' and I accept it.
THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

An earthquake shook the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruin great.

3.

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in square, appeare to mee,
Luftly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,
So far as Archer might his seuel see:
   The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour,
And in this golden vessell couched weare
   The ashes of a mightie Emperour:
   Vpon foure corners of the base were pight,
   To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas this world doth nought but grievance hold.
   I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this braue monument with flash did rend.

4.

I saw rayfde vp on yourie pillowes tall,
Whose bafes were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters Alablaster, the fryses chriiftall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke:
   On each fide portrait was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that wings of filuer weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine Peares.

1. 43—in the ‘Theatre’ of 1569 it is ‘pillers’ for ‘pillowes’ of 4to. See Appendix to this and Glossary s.v.
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for Ioue his fyre doth fit.

Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seen so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.
Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene,
Upon seauen hills to spread his gladesome gleame,

And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame;
THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

There many an auncient Trophee was addreft,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly showe,
Which that braue races greatnes did atteft,
That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.
Rauisht I was so rare a thing to vew,
When lo a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs down threw,
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
And since I saw the roote in great dideaine
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe. 70

6.
I saw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue
Nourfing two whelpes; I saw her litle ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,
While she her neck wreath'd from the for the nones:
I saw her raunge abroad to seek her food,
And roming through the field with greedie rage
T' embrew her teeth & clawes with lukermaw blood
Of the small heardes, her thirst for to aflwage.
I saw a thousand huntismen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie, 80
That with an hundred spareas her flank wide rended.
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne foyle:
Soone on a tree vphang'd I saw her spoyle.

7.
I saw / the Bird that can the Sun endure
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,

1. 6t, , for . of original inserted.
By more and more she gan her wings t' assure,
Following th' enample of her mothers flight:
   I saw her rise, and with a larger flight

To pierce the clouds, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughty mountaines hight,
Untill she raught the Gods owne mansions:

l. 91, , for ; of original.
THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

There was she loth, when sudden I behelde,
Where tumbling through the ayre in fire fold,
All flaming downe she on the plaine was feld,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
I saw the foule that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

8.

I saw a riuers swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground work of an old great wall; 100
I saw it couer'd all with grieously shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
There out a strange beast with seuen heads arose,
That townes and castles vnder her brest did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall rauine to deuoure.
Much was I mazed, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian mew 110
That sperst these cloudes, and in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

9.

Then / all astoined with this mighty ghoast,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With fide long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe;

l. 113, 'astoined'—1611 prints 'aftioned'; but see Glossary.
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pour'd foorth a water, whose out guishing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore aflot,

Whereon the *Trojan* prince spilt *Turnus* blood;
And at his feete a bitch wolfe fuck did yeeld
To two young babes: his left the *Palm* tree stout,

l. 117., for . of original.
Is right hand did the peacefull Oliue wield, 
And head with Lawrell garnisht was about. 
Sudden both Palme and Oliue fell away, 
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

10.

Hard by a riuers side a virgin faire, 
'olding her armes to heauen with thousand throbs,
THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

And outraging her chequees and golden haire,
To falling riuers found thus tun'd her sobs.
Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured face?
Where the great glorie and the auncient praife,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour vp did rase?
Suffi'd it not that ciuill warres me made
The whole worlds spoile, but that this Hydra new,
Of hundred Hercules to be affaide,
With feuen heads, budding monftrous crimes anew,
So many Nerocs and Caligulaes
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rase.

II.

Vpon / an hill a bright flame I did see
Wauing aloft with triple point to skie,
Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout vp to the throne of Gods did flye,
And all the way most pleafant notes did finge,
Whilst in the smoake she vnto heaven did feie.

Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On euerie fide a thoufand fhining beames:
When sudden dropping of a filuer dew
(O griuous chance) gan quech those precious flames;
THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

That it which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Christall gainst the Sunnie beames,
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
That bright Paolus washeth with his streames;
   It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could long;

And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of manie accords more sweete than Mermaids song:
   The seates and benches shone as yuorie,
And hundred Nymphes sate sife by sife about;
Then from nigh hills with hideous outcrie,
Troop of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray,
Threw down the seats, & droue the Nymphs away.

13.

Much / richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,
afting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see,
Upon the Latine Coast herselfe to reare:
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close enuie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare.
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke vp these riches, second vnto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie *Nereus*.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure drowned in the maine:
But I the ship saw after raised againe.

I4.

Long hauing deeply grom'd these visions sad,
I saw a Citie like vnto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame:
It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And no lesse rich than faire, right worthie fure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure.

Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which breathing furie from his inward gall
On all, which did against his course oppose,
Into a cloud of dust sperrt in the aire
The weake foundations of this Citie faire.
15.

At length, euen at the time, when *Morpheus*
Moist trulie doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heauens still wauering thus,
I saw *Typhaeus* sifter comming neare;

Whose head full brauely with a morion hidd,
Did seeme to match the Gods in Maiestie.
She by a riuers bancke that swift downe flidd,
Ouer all the world did raife a Trophee hie;
THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

An hundred vanquisht Kings vnder her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heauens in warre against her rize:
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder. 210

FINIS. /
The Visions of Petrarch

formerly translated.

1.

BEING one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieueth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appear’d to mee,

So faire as mote the greatest God delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruel race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time I spide,
Vnder a Rocke\textsuperscript{20} where she alas\textsuperscript{21} opprest,  
Fell to the ground,\textsuperscript{22} and there vntimely dide.

Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,  
Oft makes me wayle\textsuperscript{23} so hard\textsuperscript{24} a destenie.\textsuperscript{25}

\textsuperscript{20} 'rocke' '69. \textsuperscript{21} '(alas)' '69. \textsuperscript{22} 'grounde' '69. \textsuperscript{23} 'waile' '69. \textsuperscript{24} 'harde' '69. \textsuperscript{25} 'destenie' '69.
THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

2.

After at sea¹ a tall ship² did appeare,³
Made all of Heben and white Yuorie,⁴

The failes of golde,⁵ of silke the tackle were,
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd⁶ the sea to bee,⁷

¹ 'sea' '69. ² 'ship' '69. ³ 'apere' '69. ⁴ 'Yuorie' '69. ⁵ 'Golde Silke' '69. ⁶ 'seemed' '69. ⁷ ':' '69.
THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

The skie\textsuperscript{8} eachwhere did shew\textsuperscript{9} full bright and faire;\textsuperscript{10} With rich\textsuperscript{11} treaures this gay ship freighted was:\textsuperscript{12} 20
But sudden\textsuperscript{13} storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled\textsuperscript{14} vp the fca, that the (alas)\textsuperscript{15}

Strake on a rock,\textsuperscript{16} that vnder water lay,\textsuperscript{17}
\textsuperscript{18}And perished past all recouerie.
O how great ruth and forrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see loft and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

3.

The\textsuperscript{1} / heauenly branches did I see arise\textsuperscript{3}
Out of the\textsuperscript{8} freth and lustie\textsuperscript{4} Lawrell\textsuperscript{5} tree,
Amidst\textsuperscript{6} the yong greene\textsuperscript{7} wood:\textsuperscript{8} 9 of Paradys
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:\textsuperscript{10}

Such\textsuperscript{11} store of birds\textsuperscript{12} therein yfrowded\textsuperscript{13} were,
Chaunting in shade their fundrie\textsuperscript{14} melodie,\textsuperscript{15}
\textsuperscript{16}That with their sweetnes I was rauisht nere.
While on this Lawrell\textsuperscript{17} fixed was mine eie,\textsuperscript{18}

The skie\textsuperscript{19} gan euerie\textsuperscript{20} where to ouercraft,
And darkned was the welkin all about,\textsuperscript{21}

\textsuperscript{8} skie ech where '69. \textsuperscript{9} shew '69. \textsuperscript{10} full bright '69. \textsuperscript{11} riche '69. \textsuperscript{12} this gay ship '69. \textsuperscript{13} storme '69. \textsuperscript{14} tumbled '69. \textsuperscript{15} the (alas) '69. \textsuperscript{16} rocke '69. \textsuperscript{17} that vnder water '69. \textsuperscript{18} perished past all recouerie '69. \textsuperscript{19} The skie '69. \textsuperscript{20} euerie '69. \textsuperscript{21} was the welkin all about '69.
THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

When sudden\(^2\) flash of heavens fire out brake,\(^3\)
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,\(^4\)
Which makes me much and euer to complaine:\(^5\)
For no such shadow shalbe\(^6\) had againe.

Within this wood, out of a\(^1\) rocke did rife
A spring\(^2\) of water,\(^8\) mildly\(^4\) rumbling downe,

\(^2\) soddaine '69. \(^3\) outbraft '69. \(^4\) the '69. \(^5\) Spring '69. \(^6\) no
\(^1\) '69. \(^2\) '69. \(^3\) '69. \(^4\) shalt be '69. comma '69. \(^5\) mildly romblynge '69.
THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

Whereunto approched not in any wealthy wife
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne; But manie Mufes, and the Nymphes withall, That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce To the soft founding of the waters fall, That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.

But while herein I tooke my chiefe delight, I saw (alas) the gaping earth deoure The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight, Which yet agreeues my hart euon to this houre, And wounds my soule with rufull memorie, To see such pleasures gon so suddently.

5.

I saw / a Phoenix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and creft of golden hewe; Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone, That of some heauenly wight I had the vewe;

Till he came vnto the broken tree, And to the spring, that late deouered was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the Phoenix there, alas,
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride, Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,

5 'any' '69. 6 Shepherde '69. 7 'cloune' '69. 8 'many' '69. 9 'sweetly' '69. 10 'accorde' '69. 11 'voice' '69. 12 'Vnto the gentle' '69. 13 'I' '69. 14 The fight whereof did make my heart reioyce '69. 15 'I toke herein' '69. 16 'sawe' '69. 17 'spring' '69. 18 'agreues my heart...houre.' The two closing lines not in '69.
And so forthwith\textsuperscript{11} in great despight\textsuperscript{12} he did: \textsuperscript{13}
\textsuperscript{14}That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine, 

For ruth and pitie of so haples plight.
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

\textsuperscript{11} 'forthwith' '69. \textsuperscript{12} 'despite' '69.
\textsuperscript{13} '1. '69. \textsuperscript{14} 'For pitie and loue my heart yet burnes in paine' '69: last line not in '69.
At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That\(^1\) thinking yet on her I burne and quake;

On hearbs\(^2\) and flowres\(^3\) she walked pensiuely,\(^4\)
Milde, but yet loue she proudly\(^5\) did forfake:\(^6\)

\(^{1}\)in thinking on hir '69. \(^{2}\)herbes '69. \(^{3}\)fhoures '69. \(^{4}\) '69. \(^{5}\)prouldly '69. \(^{6}\) '69.
THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

White seem'd her robes, yet wouen so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought.
Above the waft a darke cloude shrouded her,
A stinging Serpent by the heele her caught;
Wherewith the languisht as the gathered floure,
And well assur'd she mounted vp to joy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

7.

When / I beheld this tickle trufles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe,
I wish I might this weary life forgoe,
And shortly turne vnto my happie rest,
Where my free spírite might not any moe
Be vext with fights, that doo her peace molest.

"Seemed '69. "snowe' '69. "bene'
'69. "waffe' '69. "hir' '69.
"hir' '69. "comma '69. "': '69.
"affurde' '69. "' Alas' in '69.
"no comma '69. "that dothe
our hearts anoy' '69; and last
two lines not in '69. Nor is the
last '7' in '69. The six are thus
closed:—"
And ye faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest
All heauenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
Loath this bafe world, and thinke of heauens blis:
    And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
    Yet thinke, that death shall spoyle your goodly features.

FINIS.
APPENDIX TO "VISIONS."

It is of the common-places of Bibliography that the Bellay "Vifions" had been published long before the volume of "Complaints" (1590-91)—viz., in 1569, in blank verse.

There seems no doubt that Spenser, by his heading of the "Vifions of Petrarch,"—"formerly translated,"—referred to this book. But there are two difficulties—(1) That the inscription had been more fittingly placed under the "Vifions of Bellay"; (2) That the translator claims all as his own work.

The following is the title-page of the "Theatre":—

"A Theatre wherein be represented as wel the miferies and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldings, As also the greate joyes and pleuries which the faithfull do enjoy. An Argument both profitable and delectable to all that sincerely love the word of God. Devised by S. Iohn vander Noodt. Seene and allowed according to the order appointed. Imprinted at London, by Henry Bynneman, Anno Domini 1569." 12mo. There follow two pages of Latin verses—"In commendationem operis ab Nobilibf. et virtutis Studiofissimo Domino, Ioanne vander Noodt Patricio Antuerpienti, æditi Carmen;" and "Doctor Gerardus Goosfenius, Medicus, Physicus, et Poeta Brabant moder. in Zoillum Odasfichon." And a Dedication to Queen Elizabeth, dated "At London, your Majesties Citie and seate royal, the 25. of May, 1569;" and signed, "Your Majesties most humble servant Ioan vander Noodt."

Next come the six "Vifions of Petrarch" (which are entitled "Epigramps") with four additional lines at the end, and then follow the remaining poems, entitled "Sonets"; with wood-cuts illustrative of them.

The prose consists of 107 leaves, entitled "A briefe declaration of the Authour upon his Vifions, taken out of the holy scripture, and dyvers Orators, Poetes, Philosophers, and true histories. Translated out of French into Englishe by Theodore Roelf." bl. l. The following is at once a speci-
APPENDIX.

men and an explanation of the book proper. "And to fette the vanitie and inconstancie of worldly and transitorie thyngs, the liuelier before your eyes, I have broughthe in here twentie fighthes or vyfions, & caused them to be graven, to the ende al men may see that with their eyes, which I go aboute to expresse by writing, to the delight and pleure of the eye and cares, according unto the sayyng of Horace,—

'Omne tulit punctum, qui miscit utile dulci.'

That is to say,—

'He that teacheth plesantly and well,
Doth in eche poynct all others excell.'

Of which our visions the learned Poete M. Francisci Petrarche Gentleman of Florence, did inuent and write in Tuscan the six fyrthe, after suche tyyme as hee had loued honestly the space of xxvi yeares a faire, gracious, and a noble Damofell, named Laurette, or (as it plefed him best) Laura, borne of Anниюon, who afterward hapned to die, he being in Italy, for whose death (to shewe his great grief) he mourned ten yeares togyther; and, amongst many of his songs and forrowfull lamentations, deuiled and made a Ballade or fong, contayning the sayd vyfions; which, bicaufe they serue wel to our purpose, I have, out of the Brabants speach, turned them into the Englyshe tongue. The first then is: That he being upon a day alone in his window, where he saw as it were in his minde by a vyfion a very faire hind, and also two swifte hounds, one white and the other blacke, chafing & puruing hir for long, that at length they caught and killed hir. Which fght caufed him to burst oute into fighthes and teares for the piteous deffinie thereof: that is, for the apointed time of y*deaths of his loue Laura, which he meant by the faire hinde, as by the hounds white and black he understood the daye and nyght, meaning the time passyng away, and not tarrying for any one.

"Moreouer, he saw a faire ship or vesell made of yuorie and Hebeone wood, whereunto also he compared his loue Laura, to wete, hir white coloured face unto Iuorie, and hir blackfie brouxes muche lyke vnto the wood of Hebene. The coardes and ropes were of fylke, and the sayles of cloath of golde, whereby are meant not only all hir costely rayement or apparell, but also hir noble and excellent vertues wherewith she was beautified and adorned.

"Againe, he sawe a newe bitte oute of a fair Laurrell tree, Holly bowes breddynge forth, vnder whole shadowe little finall birdes didde fyng, wyth a vrey sweete and melodius harmonie: vnderflundyng hereby hir louyng and curteous talke, hir moft pleasaunt and sweete fong. And by and by he sawe the lyttening and tempeft to wyther and drye upp this faire and goodly
tree. That is, that a burnynge sickneffe came, which tooke aways the life of this fayre damfell, his loue Laura.

"The other three Visions followynge, are in maner all one, notyfying hereby that there is nothyng else in thys worlde but miseries, sorowes, affliccions, and calamities: And all that man doth stay hym selfe vpon in thys worlde, is nothyng but vayne fancies, wynde, and snoise. And thus as he hadde pass'd ouer many a yeare in greate and vnfinayd loue towards hir (durynge hir life time), what with flatterie and what in commendynge of hir beaute, caus'd him vpon a sudaine chaunge after hir departure (as it is sayde) fo long a time to mourne and to lamente, but consideryng with hir selfe that there was no comfort, hope or salvation, in worldly loue to be loked for, turned him selfe to Godwarde, lamenting and forrowyng the rest of hys lyfe, and repented hym of his former life fo rudely and vndecency spent.

"The other ten visions next ensuing, are described of one Ioachim du Bellay, Gentleman of France; the whiche alfo, bicause they serue to our purpoze, I have translated them out of Dutch into English." (fol. 14.)

In our new Life of Spenser (Vol. I.) these claims of the translator will be found critically dealt with, as well as a much fuller account of Van der Noodt than any hitherto (in English). Here and now I reproduce the earlier form (blank verse) of these ‘Sonets,’ and for the first time since their original appearance, give all the sixteen ‘wood-cuts’ in admirable fac-simile in their successive places, only I have transferred them to Spenser’s later version. Thefe ‘deigns’ are absolutely necessary to the understanding of the text, and hence I furnish them in all the impressions (not merely in the large paper):

SONETS.

IT was the time when reft the gift of Gods
Sweetely sliding into the eyes of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulness of slepe.
The carefull trauailes of the painefull day:
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes,
On that great rivers bank that runnes by Rome,
And calling me then by my propre name,
He bade me vpwarde vnto heauen looke.
He crde to me, and loe (quod he) beholde,
What vnder this great Temple is containde,
Loe all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I knowing the worldes vnfetidatnesse,
Sith onely God surmountes the force of tyme,
In God alone do stey my confidence.
ON hill, a frame an hundred cubites hie
I sawe, an hundred pillers eke about,
All of fine Diamant deck'ng the front,
And fash'ond were they all in Dori'se wife.
Of bricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,
But shining Christall, which from top to base
Out of deepe vaute threw forth a thousand rayes
Vpon an hundred steps of purest golde.
Golde was the parget; and the fieling eke
Did shine all scaly with fine golden plates.
The floore was Iaspis, and of Emeraude.
O worldes vaineness. A fodein earthquake loe,
Shaking the hill euen from the bottome deepe,
Threw downe this building to the lowest stone.

THEN did appeare to me a sharped spire
Of diamant, ten feete eche way in square,
Justly proportionde vp vnto his height,
So hie as mought an Archer reache with shoot.
Vpon the top thereof was fet a pot
Made of the mettall that we honour moft.
And in this golden vessell couched were
The ashes of a mightie Emperor.
Vpon foure corners of the base there lay
To beare the frame, foure great Lions of golde.
A worthie tombe for such a worthie corps.
Alas, nought in this world but griefe endures.
A sudden tempest from the heauen, I saw,
With fufhe stroke downe this noble monument. [flashe ?]

I SAW raisde up on pillers of Juorie,
Whereof the bases were of richest golde,
The chapters Alabafer, Christall frizes,
The double front of a triumphall arke.
On eche side portraide was a victorie.
With golden wings in habite of a Nymph.
And set on hie vpon triumphing chaire,
The auncient glorie of the Romane lordes.
The worke did shew it selfe not wrought by man
But rather made by his owne skilfull hande
That forseth thunder darters for Ioue his fire.
Let me no more see faire thing vnder heauen,
Sith I haue seene so faire a thing as this,  
With sodaine falling broken all to duft.

THEN I behelde the faire Dodonian tree  
Upon seuen hilles throw forth his gladfome shade,  
And Conquerers bedecked with his leaues,  
Along the bankes of the Italian fireame.  
There many auncient Tropehes were ered,  
Many a spoile, and many goodly signes  
To shewe the greatnesse of the fletaly race  
That ered descended from the Trojan bloud.  
Rauisht I was to see so rare a thing,  
When barbarous villaines, in disordred heape,  
Outraged the honour of these noble bowes.  
I heard the tronke to grone vnder the wedge.  
And since I saw the roote in he dißlaine  
Sende forth againe a twinne of forked trees.

I SAW the birde that dares beholde the Sunne,  
With feeleble flight venture to mount to heauen.  
By more and more the gan to trufl hir wings,  
Still following th' example of hir damme:  
I saw hir rife, and with a larger flight  
Surnmount the toppes euen of the hieft hilles,  
And pierce the cloudies, and with hir wings to reache  
The place where is the temple of the Gods,  
There was the loft, and sodenly I saw  
Where tombling through the aire in lompe of fire,  
All flaming downe the fell upon the plaine.  
I saw hir bodie turned all to duft,  
And saw the foule that shunnes the cherefull light  
Out of hir afhes as a worne arife.

THEN all aftommed with this nightly ghost,  
I saw an hideous body big and strong,  
Long was his beard, and side did hang his hair,  
A grifly forched and Saturnelike face.  
Leaning against the belly of a pot  
He shed a water, whose outgushing fireame  
Ran flowing all along the creekie shoare  
Where once the Trojan Duke with Turnus fought.
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And at his feete a bitch wolfe did giue sucked
To two yong babes. In his right hand he bare
The Tree of peace, in left the conquering Palme;
His head was garnisht with the Laurel bow.
Then fodenly the Palme and Oline fell,
And faire greene Laurel witherd vp and dide.

HARD by a rivers side, a wailing Nymph,
Folding hir armes with thousand sighs to heau"e,
Did tune her plaint to falling rivers found,
Renting hir faire visage and golden haire,
Where is (quod fie) this whilome honored face?
Where is thy glory and the auncient praise,
Where all worldes hap was repofed,
When erft of Gods and man I worshipt was?
Alas, suffide it not that ciule bate
Made me the spoile and bootie of the world,
But this new Hydra mete to be aflaide
Euen by an hundred such as Hercules,
With feuen springing heds of monstrous crimes,
So many Neroes and Caligulaes
Must full bring forth to rule this crooked thore.

VPON a hill I saw a kindled flame,
Mounting like waues with triple point to heauen,
Which of incense of precious Cedar tree
With Balmike odor did perfume the aire.
A bird all white, well fetherd on her winges
Hereout did flie up to the throne of Gods,
And singing with most plesant melodie
She climbed vp to heauen in the fmoke.
Of this faire fire the faire difperfed rayes
Threw forth abrode a thousand fhining leames,
When fodain dropping of a golden thoure
Gan quench the gyltering flame. O greuous chaunge
That, which erftwhile fio plesaunt fcent did yelde,
Of Sulphure now did breathe corrupted imel.

I SAW a fresh spring rife out of a rocke,
Clere as Christall against the Sunny beames,
The bottome yellow like the shining land,
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That golden Paëtol drives upon the plaine.
It seemed that arte and nature striued to ioyne
There in one place all pleasures of the eye.
There was to heare a noife alluring slepe
Of many accordes more swete than Mermaids song,
The feates and benches shone as Iorie,
An hundred Nymphes fate fide by fide about,
When from nie hilles a naked rout of Faunes
With hideous cry assembled on the place,
Which with their feete vnclene the water fouled,
Threw down the feats, & droue the Nymphs to flight.

AT length, even at the time when Morpheus
Moft truely doth appeare vnto our eyes,
Wearie to fee th' inconstance of the heauens:
I saw the great Typhaeus fitter come,
Hir head full brauely with a morian armed;
In maiestie she seemde to matche the Gods.
And on the shore, harde by a violent freame,
She raifed a Trophee ouer all the world.
An hundred vanquift kings gronde at her feete,
Their armes in shamefull wife bounde at their backes.
While I was with fo dreadfull fighg afrayde,
I saw the heauens warre againft her tho,
And feing hir striken fall with clap of thunder,
With fo great noyse I start in foudaine wonder.

The sixth, eighth, thirteenth, and fourteenth 'Visions of Bellay,' which are in Spenser's translation of 1591, are not in the 'Theatre for Worldlings'; but four others are substituted, of which the writer thus speaks: "And to the end we myght speake more at large of the thing, I have taken foure visions out of the revelations of S. John, where as the Holy Ghost by S. John fetteth him (Antichrist) out in his colours." (fol. 20.)
These I add here, though (ut supra) they are doubtfully Spenserian.

I SAW an ugly beast come from the sea,
That seuen heads, ten crownes, ten hornes did beare
Hauing theron the vile blapheming name.
The cruell Leopard she resembled much:
Feete of a beare, a Lions throte she had.
The mightie Dragon gau to hir his power.
One of hir heads yet there I did efpc,
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Still fleshly bleeding of a grievous wounde.
One cride aloude. What one is like (quod he)
This honoured Dragon, or may him withfande?
And then came from the sea a fauage beast,
With Dragons speche, and shewed his force by fire,
With wondrous signes to make all wights adore
The beast, in setting of hir image up.

I SAW a Woman sitting on a beast
Before mine eyes, of Orenge colour hew;
Horrous and dreadful name of blasphemie
Filde hir with pride. And seuen heads I saw;
Ten hornes also the flately beast did beare.
She sente with glorie of the scarlet faire,
And with fine perle and golde pouf vp in heart
The wine of hooredom in a cup the bare.
The name of Mystery writ in her face.
The bloud of Martyrs dere were hir delite.
Moft fierce and fell this Woman seemde to me.
An Angell then descending downe from heauen,
With thondring voice cride out aloude, and sayd,
Now for a truth great Babylon is fallen.

THEN might I see vpon a white horse set
The faithfull man with flaming countenaunce,
His head did shine with crownes set therupon.
The word of God made him a noble name.
His precious robe I saw embrued with bloud.
Then saw I from the heauen on horses white,
A puissant armie come the selfe same way.
Then cried a shining Angell, as me thought,
That birdes from aire descending downe on earth
Should warre upon the kings, and eate their flesh.
Then did I see the beast and Kings also
Joining their force to fle the faithfull man.
But this fierce hatefull beast and all hir traine,
Is pitileffe throwne downe in pit of fire.

I SAW new Earth, new Heauen, sayde Saint John.
And loe, the sea (quod he) is now no more.
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The holy Citie of the Lorde, from hye
defcendeth garnisht as a loued spouse.
a voice then sayde, beholde the bright abode
of God and men. for he shall be their God,
and all their teares he shall wipe cleane away.
his Brightnesse greater was than can be founde.
square was this Citie, and twelve gates it had.
eche gate was of an orient perfect pearle,
the houses golde, the pauement precious stone.
a lively streame, more cleere than Christall is,
ranne through the mid, sprong from triumphant speat.
there growes lifes fruit unto the Churches good.

for the variations between the text of the 'Visions of Petrarch' (as before) in the 4to of 1591, and the earlier text of 1569, see in foot-notes to the poems. they will be found to be of much more moment and importance than Mr. J. P. Collier records. for more, consult our new Life in Vol. I., and Essays, as before.—G.

END OF VOL. III.

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