THE COMPLETE WORKS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF EDMUND SPENGER.

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ASTROPHEL, etc., AND Sonnets.
THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.
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.

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By F. T. Palgrave, Esq., LL.D.
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Astrophel, etc., and Sonnets.

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The (steel) portrait of Raleigh . to face title-page in 4° (large paper only)
ESSAYS
ON THE MINOR POEMS OF SPENSER.

BY FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

I. SPENSER IN RELATION TO HIS IMMEDIATE PREDECESSORS.

Spenser's greatness, and his permanent place in Poetry, are to be sought mainly in the Faerie Queene, which is criticized elsewhere in this edition. But for the development and the varied resources of his genius, and for many of the new poetical forms by which he has influenced English literature from his age to our own, we must look to those other poems, which the editor has committed to my diffident and reluctant hands. In the separate Prefaces it is intended to note the growth of Spenser's genius, and the quality of each production, with such attention to chronology as their often-conjectural dates of writing may allow. What I here wish to bring out, with all the clearness (imperfect as it must be in matter of this nature) that I can command, is the novelty of the models, whether in subject or in style, which he presented from 1580 onwards;—to show how far he was a Maker, (to use the fine Elizabethan phrase,) in the literature of the day, by comparison with those who wrote during the preceding half-century.
All great poets must be in advance of their own age; but though all must, at some period, influence those who succeed, yet this influence may neither be definite nor immediate. Spenser, however, unites both features in a very marked degree. He was, in point of style and form, singularly new; his influence was instantaneous as well as enduring. In fact, no candid reader of his lesser poems will, I think, be able to deny that whilst much, indeed, is consecrated for all time by exquisiteness and by power, yet much, also, remains of which the value is mainly relative, the interest historical. That we may judge him fairly, we have constantly to bear in mind the very peculiar position in which the development of European culture placed an Englishman during the latter half of the sixteenth century. For the Renaissance movement in literature, which we may trace back to the lyrical impulse of Provence and of Dante's age, if not even earlier, had nearly spent its creative power in its first seats when it reached Spain, Northern France, and England. The last wave of Italian poetry, we might almost say, wafted the Renaissance to our shores. And it was hence here mingled with elements absent from the original outburst in Italy;—with the genius of Greece and Rome, reawakening after the long sleep which followed the Barbarian conquests,—the spirit of theological reformation,—the spirit of physical science. These powers, penetrating our writers in very varying degrees, give a wider scope than was covered by the early poets of Italy and Provence to the Elizabethan lyricists. They had also a richer and longer national history behind them; they had even, in Chaucer and his followers, a noble literature wherein Mediaevalism
was already tinged by the early Renaissance, but which, in regard to poetical form and diction, could not be taken as a guide to meet sixteenth-century requirements; whilst, at the same time, the English national temperament, substantially the same, then and now, as it was in Chaucer's day, but radically different from that of the southern races, demanded representation under the new colours of Italianized classicalism. Hence so much had necessarily to be learned and attempted and incorporated, that there is often something artificial—something which threatened to be almost "Alexandrian," (a phase which, perhaps, was more distinctly and injuriously felt in France)—about our first fresh Elizabethan creations. There was more material, above all, than the poets could thoroughly fuse: our great early national outburst of poetry wants the perfect spontaneity by which the parallel lyrical movement in Hellas is distinguished.

To give proper form to this vast movement, to provide a language equal to the occasion, to blend in one English national sentiment, mediaeval feeling and tradition, and that Italianized classicalism under which the Renaissance impulse first reached us, was the peculiar task of Spenser. To trace all his proximate antecedents would hence be to write European history for some centuries preceding his youth. Waiving this immense task, let us now turn briefly to the writers whose language was practically identical with his own, and who were the earliest pupils in the "new learning" of Italy.

The names of Surrey and Wyatt, friends and fellow-workers, like the names of Petrarch and Boccaccio, Beaumont and Fletcher, Goethe and Schiller, are inseparable Dioscuri in the history of our literature. They,
as recorded by the author of the *Aste of English Poesie* (1589), were "the two chieftaines" in that "new company of courtly makers" who sprang up during the latter years of Henry VIII, and "polished our rude and homely maner of vulgar Poesie" by aid of the art they had learned in the "schooles of Dante Arioste and Petrarch." Surrey deserves well the priority assigned to him. Our poetry had fallen away grievously from its high estate under Chaucer when his work began: and the qualities which he and Wyatt show mark the advance made beyond their predecessors.* Murdered when about thirty by the jealous tyrant of the day (1547), and employed for some years of that short life on public service, Surrey's book of song (not published till 1557, but unquestionably known before by manuscript circulation), covers a singularly large range of novel attempt: lyrics telling the tale of his early life and fanciful love; satire; paraphrases from Ecclesiastes and the Psalms; a translation of two books of the *Æneid*. The quality of his work, where so much was tentative in English literature, and the time at his command so brief, of course varies. But the general characteristics throughout are of a high order, and precisely such as, like Spenser's, were most needed to guide our early school. They may be described as elegant simplicity, terseness and selection of phrase, unaffected naturalness, and yet the sense of art and form never absent. There is no aim at picturesqueness or colour; a sober and manly sincerity, often, (as has

* "If we compare the poetry of Wyatt and Surrey with that of Barclay or Skelton, about thirty or forty years before, the difference must appear wonderful." (Hallam, *Literature of Europe.*)
been always characteristic of English writers, and never more so than in those troubled days,) expresses itself in serious moralization. In the lighter pieces, Surrey has a naïveté and grace which recall the youthful Dante’s tender pictures of his more youthful lady-love in the Vita Nuova. And like Dante’s, Surrey’s is idealized passion; yet not so wrapt up in itself, (as with Shakespeare in his Sonnets,) but that the poet can connect or interweave his love with pictures of daily life. Many lines—most, perhaps—in language and sentiment, are perfectly modern,—rather, are of all time: far less mannered than we often find the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,—not to say our own. A few lines may be quoted from The Faithful Lover, perhaps the most delicate song Surrey has left us of youthful melancholy, of high-bred reverie, almost persuading one that the passion was truly felt as well as truly painted.

If care do cause men cry, why do not I complain?
If each man do bewail his woe, why show not I my pain?
Since that amongst them all, I dare well say is none
So far from weal, so full of woe, or hath more cause to moan.
For all things having life, some time hath quiet rest;
The bearing ass, the drawing ox, and every other beast;
The peasant, and the post, that serves at all assays;
The ship-boy and the galley-slave have time to take their ease;

* If we may ascribe to Surrey the piece printed by Tottel in 1557 as "uncertain," entitled The Lover describeth his whole state unto his love, and beginning—

The sun when he had spread his rays,
I should place this as his finest achievement as an amoureux: delicacy, passion, description of nature, are here united in a piece which does not fall far below the Allegro or Penseroso. But the evidence is doubtful: nor does Surrey, in his recognized work, ever quite seem to me to reach the perfection here shown.
Save I, alas! whom care, of force, doth so constrain
To wail the day, and wake the night, continually in pain.
From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bitter tears,
From tears to plainful plaint again; and thus my life it wears.

And when I hear the sound of song or instrument
Methink each tune there doleful is, and helps me to lament.
And if I see some have their most desired sight,
"Alas!" think I, "each man hath weal, save I, most woful wight."
Then, as the stricken deer withdraws himself alone,
So do I seek some secret place, where I may make my moan;
There do my flowing eyes shew forth my melting heart,
So that the streams of those two wells right well declare my smart.

Very different, however, is the tone of really wounded affection in the elegiac pieces commemorating Surrey's friend Wyatt; he—

That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.

Our literature, in the three centuries and a half since, has little of such condensed praise, at once so manly and so tender. The pure voice of Nature speaks throughout this short poem; it is hence, also, purely English; hardly a word or a turn of thought obsolete. Its simplicity, and freedom both from exaggeration and mannerism, place it at once above elegies to which art and ornament have given much greater celebrity; and few at twenty-five have written so well.

Surrey's Vergilian translation, according to Hallam, is the earliest introduction of "blank verse" into our poetry. The narrative is admirably presented, and there is a charm in the simple closeness of the version by virtue of which Surrey is nearer Vergil than most of his later translators. The metre, as must naturally occur in a first experiment, wants modulation. Of attempt
to render or to replace the exquisite touches of the original, the Maronian magic, there is no sign. But who, indeed, in that field has ever succeeded? Who without folly may hope for success?

A truly wonderful achievement, this little book, for the few and distracted years of the writer,—and the scaffold before him as his sovereign's reward for loyal service! Surrey's work has the best spirit of chivalry,—even beyond Sidney's, beyond Spenser's, deeply tainted as at least the latter is by Elizabethan servility. Surrey's rejection of trivial phrases; his power, whilst preserving simplicity, never to drop into the prosaic, his use of classical and Italian poetry not in the mere ornamental manner of most Renaissance writers, made him a natural model in style; and whilst these merits explain the many editions of his poems which rapidly followed that of 1557 (eight are enumerated by 1587), this popularity, we may fairly add, does great credit to the taste of his countrymen.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, a man at least thirteen years senior to Surrey (died 1542), spent most of his life also in the public service, and was only known by publication in the Tottel's Miscellany of 1557, where his poems follow his friend Surrey's. Wyatt's work (the actual date of which, as of Surrey's, can hardly ever be given), is often more primitive in style; the Sonnets especially have greatly the air of early imitations from Petrarch, though in reading them it is best not to remember the originals. A lighter touch appears in the Rondeaux; a more modern rhythm; these little poems, although somewhat monotonous, rise at times to a great elegance in the simple expression of feeling. Here also Wyatt
displays considerable power in satire; his love (or loves) have little of Surrey's sweet ideality. Wyatt, to use a modern phrase, is in every way more "realistic" than his friend; his passion has not the disinterested character of Sidney's chivalrous temperament. His satirical epistles, on the other hand, have more irony, knowledge of mankind, and point: the language is remarkably clear and direct, and the verse in general free from archaic rudeness. His "best poem in this style," says Hallam, "is a very close imitation of the tenth Satire of Alamanni": published in 1532.

But it is in the Odes that Wyatt, perhaps less hampered by foreign models, reaches his highest quality as a poet; and in these his skilful use of the refrain is especially noteworthy. What has been said of Surrey's style, in point of simplicity and clearness, applies to Wyatt's; the main difference being that he is less influenced by Renaissance elegance; he pushes absence of ornament to baldness; the one writes as an able man of the world, the other as the forerunner of Sidney. Hence the English didactic element, the seriousness of the race, becomes too prominent in Wyatt: his Odes have an elegiac rather than a lyrical movement. These characteristics were easier to seize than Surrey's; and we accordingly find Wyatt's style largely reproduced in the other numerous poems contained in Tottel (1557), and in that other early authority, the Paradise of Dainty Devises; which, though published in 1576, seems to represent in general, not the movement which was headed by Spenser and Watson, but that which began with Wyatt and Surrey.

It is noteworthy that, in case of these two poets,
as afterwards of Sidney, whilst we have some record of their active life, and letters from them regarding their public careers, not one syllable (so far as I have been able to ascertain) relating to their literary aims and studies can be discovered. To this melancholy dearth of that information which we are most anxious to possess I shall return hereafter. Here I notice that as we have evidence from his official letters that Wyatt was in Barcelona (accredited Ambassador to Charles V) twice during the year 1538, there is reasonable ground for supposing that he may have there met with the Barcelonese poet Boscan, who, (according to Bouterwek,) was then residing in honour and court-favour at his birthplace. As Boscan did for the poetry of Spain precisely what Surrey mainly, but Wyatt also in his degree, did for English poetry,—naturalizing Italian Renaissance models, strenuous to follow classical form, writing lyrics and Horatian epistles,—the parallelism between the two men is very close, and suggests that they may probably at least have met as friends on the ground of intellectual sympathy. Boscan's poetry was published about the time of his death, in 1543.

Space does not allow me here to examine closely these invaluable Canzonieri,* which, with the later and more distinctly Elizabethan anthologies, would form a body of early poetry no way beneath their Italian predecessors, if our collectors had not, as a rule, excluded two or three of the greatest poets from their pages. But I may note that Grimald, in Tottel's

* Tottel's (1557) has been reprinted by Chalmers and by Mr. Arber; and reprints, more or less accessible, of the Paradise (1576), the Phoenix Nest (1593), the Helicon (1600), the Rhapsody (1602), exist.
book, worthily accompanies Surrey in his sweet and musical directness of phrase, his simple and genuine expression of feeling. The "Garden" shows that lively sense of its charm in which Englishmen have rarely been wanting; yet here there is little selection as yet of idea and phrase; and, as one often notes in early description, little sign of close study from Nature. But the pedantry of immature and commonplace classical allusion often intervenes in Grimald and his contemporaries; they are only novices, as yet, in the school of the Renaissance. And much the same may be said, in general, of Edwards, the principal contributor to the Paradise, Lord Oxford, Lord Vaux, and others: graceful and tender pieces are not wanting; but on the whole a tone of melancholy moralization prevails; we feel the heavy and storm-broken atmosphere of England under Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth's first regnal years.* The old alliterative element of our poetry is also often unpleasantly prominent; the aid it lends is anything but artful; the metres almost without exception are forms of iambic, often disposed in lines of somewhat oppressive length,—a source of heaviness in effect which the skill of Surrey disguises. Rarely have we any lightly-pacing stanza, such as Tottel offers in the Paradise—the rhymes follow our present accentuation, the peculiar form of forced final accent which Spenser revived, with unsatisfactory effect, from Chaucer, being avoided. On the

* "Whatever be the subject," says Hallam, "a tone of sadness reigns through this misnamed Paradise of Daintiness, as it does through all the English poetry of this particular age. It seems as if the confluence of the poetic melancholy of the Petrarchists with the reflective seriousness of the Reformation overpowered the lighter sentiments of the soul."
whole, Tottel's volume, if it contains more rude work, has better writing, even in the work of its lesser poets, than the *Paradise*. Distinct advance, I think, cannot be claimed for the later work; and of the study of ancient form and sentiment in poetry no important trace as yet appears. The classical element, so far as I have noticed, in its essential features is, in fact, hardly beyond what we may find in such a work as Gower's *Lover's Confession* of 1393.

Another very curious point, which I can only indicate, is the almost entire absence of the poetry of common life, whether of the ballad or of the tale, from the whole of this early literature. The lyrical tale, indeed, as distinguished from the ballad by greater condensation and vividness, and corresponding diminution of the narrative element, was all but unknown in England for more than a century and a half later. The ballad, so far as this class of our poetry, English or Scotch, in its existing form at least, can be safely dated, appears during the sixteenth century. But by the middle of it the only example of any merit, and of proved date, so far as I am aware, and this rather a song of common life than a ballad as commonly understood, appears to be the drinking song in *Gammer Gurton*, published in 1557. This in its boldness of phrase and lively lilt of metre stands out among the serious lyrics of the time, and doubtless is but a specimen of a class which, probably, had not literary merit enough to find preservation. And even this we owe, more or less, to the "new learning"; Still, if he be rightly named the author, having been successively Master of St. John's and of Trinity at Cambridge.
The nearest exceptions, however, to the above remarks will be found in Gifford's Posie, which, though published in 1580, may, in his editor's opinion, represent work of the previous twenty years. Here we have a humorous tale, reminding one in substance of Chaucer and other old fabulists, of much spirit and liveliness; and (in a higher vein of poetry) a spirited address to the Soldiers of the day, which has a direct and practical air very unusual in the writings of the time. In these pieces, and in several charming addresses to lady-loves or friends, Gifford has the modern character which I shall notice in the following poets, whilst in point of tenderness, grace and inventive fancy, he stands much above them. But Gifford, even more than Watson, (afterwards to be characterized,) does not appear to have reached the popularity due to his merits in his own age.

Having, above, briefly noticed those writers who, as the first creators of our renewed poetry, possess an interest altogether special and peculiar, I shall with even more brevity review those who intervene, and who were the representatives of the art during Spenser's youth. Turbervile, whose volume of miscellaneous poems appeared in 1567 and 1570, strikes us at first by his singular modernness: his style, metres, language might be the commonplace of our own, or indeed of any age. He maintains a facile literary level through his long and, it must be owned, often tedious pieces, whilst his predecessors rarely attempt more than brief flights; in this respect only giving evidence of literary advance, for Turbervile wants alike the depth and seriousness of the earlier writers, and the charm and imaginative beauty which we associate with the Elizabethan period.
Turbervile further marks increasing culture in his translation of Ovid's *Heroides* (1567). The best piece I have found in him is the rendering of the *Asterie* epigram ascribed to Plato:

My Girl, thou gazest much upon the golden skies:
Would I were Heaven, I would behold thee then with all mine eyes!

With Turbervile, who "scarcely ventures to leave the ground," *we may join Tusser. His Points of Good Husbandrie* (1557) are homely precepts expressed in lively metre. Once popular, they now deserve note here only as showing the extension of literary activity into a practical field of common life; they speak of a wider class of readers than those whom Surrey or Edwards would have found.

George Gascoigne's *Hundred Flowers*, published in 1572, were, however, as his Preface notes, the "Posies and rimes" of his youth, and may date during the ten years following 1554. This miscellaneous collection appears to be more original in its sources than the title-page, which puts forward translations from Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, and Ariosto, prepares us to expect: and there is no strong impress of the Renaissance movement upon his allusions or his style. Amongst the numerous love-poems the "Arraignment" is a bright and neatly written allegory; and others show a musical fluency which, as with Turbervile, is in a certain sense more modern than the deeply-inwoven harmonies of Spenser, or Shakespeare in his lyrical work. Other pieces are in the moralizing vein of the older anthologies. The "Mask" devised for Lord Mountacute contains a rather

* Hallam: Part II., ch. v.
vigorous description of the Battle of Lepanto in fourteen-syllable metre, which is a kind of prelude to such narratives as we afterwards find in Drayton and others. But the "Fruites of Warre" and other long pieces of this miscellany are tedious and commonplace.

Gascoigne's *Steele Glas* (1576) has the credit of being "the earliest instance of English satire."* Beginning with a rather pretentious allegory on the birth of satire, the "Glas" professes to image the world as it is. But though we have here many curious details of the time, set forth in clear, simple language, and a flowing though monotonous blank-verse, it does not seem to me to show any real insight into its too-ambitious subject, and the style rarely rises above prose.

Several translations, including one from the *Phenissae*, described by Warton as full of paraphrase and omission, are also due to Gascoigne. It is, in fact, this wide range of matter which renders him noteworthy in the gradual development of our poetry: he attempts, in a commonplace way, much of what the next generation was destined to accomplish.

The last place in this little survey I have reserved for Sackville's Induction or Prologue to the *Mirror of Magistrates* (published, according to Sir E. Brydges, not before 1563), which, in Hallam's phrase, "in the first days of Elizabeth's reign, is the herald of the splendour in which it was to close." The gloom and grandeur of this piece places Sackville alone amongst the writers who, here and in Scotland, had preceded him in trying the difficult path of allegory,

* Hallam: Part II., ch. v.
and it is natural to suppose that Spenser was influenced in youth by so signal a display of vividness and power. In the seriousness and darkness of its atmosphere, the strange and gigantic forms which people it, this brief poem recalls the designs with which, not long before, Michel Angelo had vaulted the Sistine, and might be termed the consummation of that cast of thought which I have noticed in the writers who lived during the revolutions of that bad period which extends from the middle of Henry the Eighth's reign to the close of Mary's. Sackville's metre (the noble Rhyme Royal of Chaucer) and his diction seem to me of an intentionally antique quality; but the sustained majesty of his style, the closeness in thought and in imagery, are his own.

Sackville stands single in his strength among the writers of Spenser's youth, and preludes to him more clearly than any other since Chaucer. Putting him aside, I may sum up the result of the preceding essay thus:—We have first a period of true Renaissance impulse in its best sense in Surrey and those who worked in his manner. But the range of poetry attempted is narrow: the chief value of the work done lies in its grace, its elegance of form, its simple and incisive language. These high qualities then fade away: what follows is an epoch of fluency and variety of aim, whilst the style assumes a distinctively modern character, which is partly aided by the singular deficiency in imaginative power exhibited. The twilight is past: the hour is here for the auroral splendour of Spenser and his contemporaries.
II. General Introduction to "The Shepheardes Calender."

1579-80.

That side of Spenser's work for the advance of our literature which lay rather in the form than the matter, rather in showing his contemporaries how to deal with language and metre, how to give symmetry and unity, how to use foreign models, new or old,—than in creating poems of intense and enduring interest on their own account, is most fully exhibited in the Calender. It is at once the ante-room to his own glorious palace of poetry, and to that which, from Shakespeare to Milton, was created by the first and greatest group of the modern master-singers of England. Dating the age of conscious Renaissance among us from 1490 or 1500, the first fruits of its poetry (as my preceding sketch has noticed), during the fifty years before 1580, gave a fair number of single pieces which in simplicity of style, in depth of thought, in expression of natural feeling, occasionally in melody of words, equal or surpass Spenser's production. But "the strength of an eagle," as Hallam remarks, when comparing Sackville with Spenser, "is not to be measured only by the height of his place, but by the time that he continues on the wing"; and the Calender, as Spenser's latest and best biographer truly observes, proves that "at the age of twenty-seven Spenser had realized an idea of English poetry far in advance of anything which his age had yet conceived or seen."*  

* Dean Church: ch. ii.
English poets (to put out of sight the Scottish poetry of the century, which pursues, in part, an independent course), during this period had produced no one piece of such range in subject, such art in writing; nothing which (even at the vast interval that an honest judgment must recognize between a Vergil and a Spenser), could so fairly recall ancient master-works. It was to this continuous display of power, this bulk and mass, that, I think, we must ascribe much of the immense influence exercised by the Calender over the literature of its time: to the weight of the blow, not less than to the skill with which it was directed.

If the Calender proved to be a "turning-point in the history of our poetry," * a work with which only Chaucer's Pilgrimage could fairly be compared in point of extent and power, its position was, it appears, clearly recognized at the date of publication. The sense that a great poet had arisen has never been more clearly expressed than in the Epistle of E. K. prefixed; and it is noteworthy that he dwells most upon the style and command of language shown by the "new Poete"; thus showing a true if unconscious estimate of Spenser's peculiar literary mission; although at the same time betraying a sense that the artificial archaism prevalent in his diction requires apology. The love of mystery and allegory which is so marked in the literature of the Elizabethan age, (forming, doubtless, a parallel to its atmosphere of political intrigue and statecraft, as that itself is an expression of the Machiavellianism of the sixteenth century,) is curiously displayed in this Preface, and (so far as we may now infer)
in the circumstances attending the publication. It is certain that during several years, although new editions appeared in 1581 and 1586, Spenser was either really not recognized as the author, or at any rate not named: and this, though the author's own proudly-humble dedication to Sir Philip Sidney, and the fact that E. K.'s Epistle was addressed to Harvey, a littérateur then well known, would naturally, we might think, have led to the announcement of his name. What was the true reason of this mystery,—whether meant to advertise the book; or whether, as Dean Church conjectures, "the avowed responsibility for the Calender might have been inconvenient for a young man pushing his fortune among the cross currents of Elizabeth's court,"—is now, probably, beyond explanation. All students must be perpetually and painfully conscious how meagre and how fragmentary is the evidence surviving for precisely that period of our literary history when details would be of the highest value and interest. The age of youthful advance in the fine arts, the age of first maturity, are always the most fascinatingly attractive to later times;—they are always also (by a natural law) the ages of which the scantiest records remain. Eminently is this the case in regard to our own Renaissance, those "spacious times of great Elizabeth," which we seem to know so well. We are familiar with the grand and glittering outline which has been accepted as the history of that Empress (so Spenser names her), and of her England: the actual buildings, the books, survive; the names of a few writers are still household words of every day; yet that impenetrable cloud which hides from our closest research the personality of
Shakespeare is only the most typical and striking example of the darkness which everywhere meets us in reference to the inner and vital progress of sixteenth-century England, in every branch of art and thought and literature. The story of our Renaissance can only be now reached by critical inference from its remaining productions; of contemporary records, notices, and letters, till some distance into the following century, we are miserably barren—a deficiency which the explanatory comments on Spenser will be found conspicuously to illustrate.

It may be fairly inferred that the Calendar was, at least in great part, the work of the years between 1573 (when Spenser took his Bachelor's degree) and 1579, in the April of which E. K.'s Epistle is dated; and that it was also the main work of this period,—being, at least, the only one selected for publication amongst several which, known to us only by name, attest the fluency of the writer and the determined zeal with which he at that time gave himself to literature as his true profession. Meanwhile, evidence is afforded by various phrases in E. K.'s Glosses that the poems were read and criticized in manuscript: in fact, the Elizabethan age seems to present the last example of that older form of publication, anterior to the invention of printing, when a book circulated first in what may be called private manuscript, before it was transcribed for general sale.*

*A passage in the Arte of English Poesie (ascribed generally to Puttenham, and written, according to Mr. Arber, in his excellent reprint, between 1585 and 1589, when it was published), has been thought to show that this practice of manuscript circulation arose from causes special to the time. "As well Poets as Poesie
INTRODUCTION TO

No reader who wishes to enjoy this vigorous first-ling of Spenser's genius should fail to read the prefaces and notes with which the poem was originally published. The "generall argument," and those prefixed to each month, though I do not find them expressly so claimed, are doubtless due to "E. K.";—we cannot believe that Spenser himself would have cared to insert the pedantic reasonings in favour of beginning the year with January in place of April which fill the greater portion of that Argument. It is however noteworthy, as a fair specimen of the immature scholarship, and of the unreal, factitious elements which play too large a part in the Renaissance movement, especially that of Western Europe, at the date before us. Pedantries of this nature appear everywhere in the glosses added to the separate Aeglogues, and enhance the tone of artifice in poems already too artificial.

are despised," the author says, speaking apparently of his own age, "and the name become, of honorable, infamous, subject to scorne and derision... And this proceeds through the barbarous ignoraunce of the time, and pride of many Gentlemen, and others." By "others" he seems to mean princes, whose neglect of liberal encouragement he goes on to notice—a remark which, however veiled, can only be held to apply to the Queen—whence, he adds, those of the nobility or gentry who were gifted in poetry "have no courage to write, and if they have, yet are they loath to be a knowen of their skill;" suppressing their verse, or letting it be published "without their owne names to it."

This tale of national barbarism will come before us again; meanwhile, although the parsimony of Elizabeth and her political advisers must be fully conceded, I do not think that any one who is conversant with the angry personalities, the petty jealousies, of the critics of that age, and considers also how small was then the diffusion of literary intelligence, will be ready to accept this as a literally true version of public opinion in 1589.

With reference to the authorship of the Arte of English Poesie see Croft's Boke of the Governour of Sir Thomas Elyot (1880, 2 vols. 4to), Life, pp. clxxxii-ix, for evidence that Richard, not George Puttenham, was its most probable author.
On the disputed question of E. K.'s identity I need not enter; it is enough here to note that the full, though often mysterious explanatory details which he gives (to which we may add his adoption of Spenser's conventional spelling, unless this be due to the poet's own revision for the press), prove him clearly entitled to speak of Spenser as his "so very good and so choise frend";—although we may perhaps infer from the phrase "him selfe being for long time furre estraunged," from the conjectural character of certain notes, and the divergence of others from Spenser's own intention, that the familiarity between the Poet and the Scholiast in April 1579 had suffered some cooling interruption:—even if Spenser's praises of the (never-published) Glosse upon his Dreams by E. K., in his letter of April 1580, may support the interpretation which has been offered, that the estrangement noticed was rather local than personal.—How far, in case of the Calendar, Spenser precisely authorized the Gloss, remains uncertain; that he was virtually his own commentator, although recourse to such a literary device could not, in his case, be rejected on general grounds, is, I am convinced, a wholly improbable conjecture.

Turning, lastly, to the twelve poems before us, as I need not here linger over the general question of the Bucolic or Pastoral, a few words may be given to the relation between the Calendar and the models assigned to Spenser. E. K. gives several reasons, in his conjectural manner, why "this our new Poete" should have begun his career with Pastoral, naming as his examples the chief writers in the style, Theocritus, Vergil, and then several of their Renaissance followers, amongst whom
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Petrarch alone is now a living name to us. Marot and Sanazzaro, with “divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes,” seem to be suggested as Spenser’s immediate models; and this is confirmed in some degree by the Calender itself. Harvey’s letter of this date to Spenser, describing the studies popular at Cambridge, is in accordance: “Petrarch and Boccace in every man’s mouth,—the French and Italian highly regarded: the Latin and Greek but lightly.”—I find no certain trace of Thocritus, and hardly more of Vergil than Spenser might have learned without reference to the original. He has neither the power and variety of the Greek idyllist, nor the exquisiteness of phrase, the underlying passion, the magical charm of the Roman. Nor do the ten Bucolics of Mantuanus (died 1516), dedicated to Paris Ceresarius, supply evidence of any special influence on his part upon the Calender;—they are careful pieces of writing, full of minute detail, at times either too rustic and inelegant, or too copious in moralization; in short, quite worthy of the praise which Shakespeare, perhaps ironically, has placed in the mouth of the pedantic schoolmaster Holofernes.† The signs of Spenser’s study of Petrarch and Sanazzaro will be best looked for in his own Sonnets. That he has here closely followed the latter is not confirmed by the twelve Eclogues of his Arcadia. These are purely pastoral, not digressing into politics or theology, and greatly imitative of Vergil. In some the frightful trisyllabic rhyme (sdrucciole) is used: in some an Ode

* Reprinted in the Carmina Illustrium Poetarum Italorum, Florence, 1715.
† Love’s Labour’s Lost, Act iv, Sc. 3.
in blank verse or in lyrical stanzas is introduced. Spenser borrows nothing from the names of Sanazzaro's personages, which appear to be original inventions. The ninth Eclogue has the air of greater aim at country diction than the others, and the *Ofelia* who here strikes an English reader is probably only framed from the rustic *Ofellus* of Horace. Sanazzaro writes in literary Italian, making no attempt at dialect, and what there is of natural description is only introduced in immediate connection with the persons of the Eclogue.—To Marot, on the other hand, as my comment on *December* will show, Spenser is indebted for more than his Scholiast notices.

Yet, granting that the pastoral form was adapted by Spenser from recent Renaissance models, as in them from Vergil and Theocritus;—and by him, also, first employed in our literature,—the final impression left by the *Calendar* ought, I think, to be that it is in the main a thoroughly original work, imbued much more with an English than with a Renaissance spirit, and in its tone and its details derived in due course from our own poetry, not from those foreign sources, ancient and modern, to which E. K., in the fashion of the day, thought it seemly to trace his friend's inspiration. To Chaucer, of course, as incomparably the richest and the most vigorous genius who, to this date, had ennobled our poetry, Spenser looked up as his master; and Chaucer's general influence, doubtless, was the most powerful element (so far as such influences are really traceable) in forming the disciple. Here he found, not only "numbers," verse in its technical form, but "the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of Poesy" her-
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self. Yet—at any rate in the Minor Poems—Chaucer's inspiration is influential rather over the general manner of Spenser than his style, choice of subject, or quality of thought. This was best; and it was also inevitable. For the two men are obviously of very different gifts and natures: it is in the romantic plays of Shakespeare, not in the Faerie Queene, that the Pilgrimage makes its authentic reappearance. Chaucer's genius also shines far more in his longer works than in brief lyrics. Thus it is probable that Spenser formed himself most upon the writers of whom I have given a short sketch in the preceding pages; one finds among them, at least, his didactic tone, the quality which led Milton to call him "the sage and serious Spenser," whom he "dared to be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." Even in this field, however, my study has not lighted upon any distinct detailed debt from Spenser to his immediate predecessors and contemporaries. What we find is, that these take suggestions from each other, as others afterwards copied him, with a freedom from which Spenser was perhaps exempted by his own almost too fluent copiousness. The sonnet form, of course, he may have partially learned from Surrey or Wyatt. Sackville's admirably sustained loftiness of melody, as I have noticed, has a strong claim to be regarded as a model for Spenser's, as it is difficult not to believe that the Induction preluded to the allegories of the Faerie Queene. The literary influence, however, of that poet to whom one would have naturally looked as marked out for the strongest hold over Spenser is strangely absent, not only from the Calender, but from the whole body of his
It is part of that deep and irritating ignorance, already noticed, under which we lie as to the details of the English Renaissance, that no evidence appears to remain upon Spenser's introduction to Sir Philip Sidney,—no notice of him, personally, in any of Sidney's preserved writings. Even the dedication of the Calendar to

the president

Of Noblesse and of chevalree,

(with the reference to it in E. K.'s Epistle,) claims no personal knowledge, and might have been addressed to Sidney simply in his recognized position as beyond compare the most highly placed and conspicuous man of literary culture in England. But Spenser's letter to Harvey, dated from the house of Leicester, Sidney's too-predominant uncle, in October 1579, discussing the curious and instructive attempt initiated, as he boasted, by Harvey, to reform English metres after the Greco-Roman model, speaks of "Master Sidney and Master Dyer" as "twoo worthy Gentlemen," who "have me, I thanke them, in some use of familiarity." Beyond this, all is conjecture; though we may accept as possible that in 1578-9 Spenser was at Penshurst, and that the phrase of the fourth Eclogue describing him as "the Southerne shepheerdes boye" refers to his association with Sidney. Whether, however, Sidney at that time communicated any of his own poetry to Spenser,—the songs of the Arcadia, or the more intimate and passionate Astrophel series,—nay, whether any portion of these was completed by 1578-9, is wholly uncertain.* To add to our perplexity, Sidney's

* The possibly probable dates for Astrophel and Stella, after careful consideration of the circumstances of Sidney's life, I would
unhappy love, his love songs, his beautiful romance, all seem entirely unnoticed in his own correspondence; nor was any account of the date or circumstances of their composition given when the Arcadia, Astrophel, and other lyrics were published some years after his death. In short, although the most brilliant figure of that brilliant epoch, Sidney as an author is even less known to us than Shakespeare. Precisely the two poets with whose thoughts and aims in literature we should most eagerly desire intimacy, are hidden from us (and, it is to be feared, must always be) in a darkness which we may perhaps be allowed to compare to that cloud wherein Homer hides the Deities when they descend to mix with mortals.

Looking, however, to the leading dates in Sidney's life, it is likely that part of the Arcadia was in existence before 1580, and that this at least—for the Astrophel poems, I suspect, remained throughout life the secret of their heart-wrung writer—would be shown to Spenser. Yet the diction and sentiment of the comparatively few pastoral lyrics embodied in Arcadia seem to me to bear no relation whatever to Spenser's; who, it should be remembered, was himself by two years Sidney's senior, and had formed his own style in its main elements, as the translations published by Van der Noodt in 1569 indicate, at a very early age. This style is widely different from Sidney's; it is far more fluent and musical, more ornamented, more uniformly and distinctively poetical. It is as a fine art that poetry always appears in Spenser; place between 1577 and 1583; those for Arcadia between 1579 and 1583. To the long visit at Wilton from March to September in 1580 we may reasonably assign a large portion of the Romance, if not of the other work.
his work may at times be too overtly ornamented: merely ornamental and decorative his art never is. That "mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reason," which Sidney found in the majority of English poets, cannot be charged to Spenser, even in his most fluent and most conventional moods. In this respect he ranks with Dante in his lyrics, with Petrarch, perhaps we may add with Sanazzaro, and is on a higher level than we can assign to the great majority of his Italian contemporaries. Even in a poet so exquisite as Tasso, Form, in his facile cauno- niere, is too often inadequateely sustained by Material. Sidney, on the other hand, is unequal in point of style, lapsing not unfrequently into over- terseness and obscurity, and, though less often in the sonnets than in the Arcadia lyrics, into prosaicism. Nor has he any constant share in Spenser's singular gift of fluent melody, a quality rarely reconcilable with brevity of diction. Yet this terseness, this directness of speech, in their turn give Sidney's verse a simple power of appeal to human feeling which is, perhaps, the one quality notably lacking in his great contemporary. Spenser sees life, in his poetry at least, through more than one veil, always, though varyingly, conventional in character. The note of personal passion, as I shall have afterwards to point out, is very seldom clearly and irrefragably heard in his music. He does not speak,—it seems to me that, except at rare moments, he could not speak,—heart to heart. He has been described as adopting the allegorical style, using the word in its widest sense. But the truth is that he could do no otherwise. It was Allegory, rather, that
seized and adopted him.* With his illustrious friend, on the contrary, the allegorical elements of the Arcadia, despite the great genius everywhere shown, have a somewhat elaborate and artificial air, which contrasts strongly with the direct expression of feeling characteristic of Sidney's prose whether in his letters or his Apologie for Poetrie, and yet more of his lyrics. One example—a "ditty" quoted in the Arte of English Poesie (1589) from the Arcadia, with alterations clearly due to Sidney himself—will here illustrate sufficiently these remarks: further specimens are reserved for the Amoretti. Outside the magical circle of Shakespeare, I cannot find the truth and tenderness of this song anywhere equalled among our Elizabethan amourists.

My True-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other geven:
I holde his deare, and mine he cannot misse;
There never was a better bargaine driven:—
My True-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keepes him and me in one;
My heart in him his thoughts and sences guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his owne;
I cherish his because in me it bides:—
My True-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Looking again to the facts that Sidney was the younger man, and that Spenser's manner, as I have

* "Spenser's efforts," says Dean Church, "were in a different direction from that profound and insatiable seeking after the real, in thought and character, in representation and expression, which made Shakespere so great, and his brethren great in proportion as they approached him. Spenser's genius... to the last moved in a world which was not real... He never threw himself frankly on human life as it is; he always viewed it through a veil of mist which greatly altered its true colours, and often distorted its proportions."
noticed, was clearly revealed in 1569 (ten years anterior to the probable commencement of the *Arcadia*), if either writer distinctly affected the other, the inference would be that Sidney in his youth adopted from Spenser a turn for allegory, which the unfinished state of the romance suggests was discovered by the author to be unsuited to his genius. And the somewhat chilling or restricted praise with which the *Apologie* of 1581 notices the *Calendar*, disallowing Spenser's "framing his style in an old rustic language," bears witness in the same direction.

One more writer requires a notice, for the length of which, looking to the undeserved oblivion which for near three centuries has fallen on his work, I ask forbearance from the reader.

After or with Sidney, by far the most remarkable of Spenser's contemporary poets, at least during his youth, is Thomas Watson (*cir. 1557—1592*), a writer to whom Fame has been singularly unjust. Soon celebrated in his own day, coupled with Spenser and Sidney by R. Barnfield (1594),* honourd, it has been argued, by Spenser in his *Colin Clout* (1595), Watson's two chief English poems, the *Hecatomp Paidia or Passionate Centurie of Love* (1582), the *Teares of Fancie* (1593), never seem to have been reprinted (except a limited impression of the first in 1869), before the appearance of Mr. Arber's valuable edition of 1870, from which the above notices are taken. Yet, beside his absolute value as poet, Watson is one of the most complete examples of Renaissance cultivation in England: in variety of acquirement and variety of attempt surpassing even Spenser and

*The Shepheard's Content*: st. xxxiii.
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Sidney. Perhaps this learning overweighted him, as it was, in fact, apt to overweight all the writers of that age: it was long before a certain pedantry of classical allusion and deference to Italian or French models effaced itself from our poetry. The *Hecatompithia* exemplifies these limitations. Like the *Calender*, every poem in it is preceded by a careful and erudite argument,—whether by Watson or by some one who played for him the part played for Spenser by E. K., is uncertain. Like the *Calender*, transfusion from previous sources, mostly Renaissance, is freely acknowledged: Petrarch, Strozza, Serafino, Ronsard, Forcatel; with references to Sophocles and Horace, Theocritus and Chaucer. A tender and melodious elegance, which stops short of passion, is the chief note of this sonnet-series. It displays the neatly-finished, antithetical style which abounds from Surrey's time in our poetry, running often into conceit and learned fancy; but the diction is very clear and simple. Watson in this respect resembles Sidney rather than Spenser, as he resembles him also in that marked and convincing sincerity of personal expression, which renders his work, with Sidney's, much more trustworthy evidence than Spenser's upon the writer's life and opinions.

In the *Hundred Passions* Watson clearly avows that he wrote more from fancy than from fact;* his passion has the graceful unreality which I find in Spenser's for Rosalind. "Truly," wrote Sidney about this time,

* "My paines in suffering [these love-passions] although but supposed ":

"Dic tu [liber] mentito me tepuisse foco :"

are his prefatory phrases.
"many of such writings as come under the banner of irresistible love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me that they were in love":—Yet poetry of this class, when graced by charm of style and ingenuity of invention, has through all past time held a place in human interest which it is not likely to forfeit in the future. Such verse, like Spenser's own Amoretti, is best felt when read in sequence: we yield ourselves to the pleasant artificial atmosphere; each sonnet ripples by like the waves in a summer calm. Yet I will give one specimen from the Hecatompathia, in deference to the place which a just criticism must assign to Thomas Watson as the third with Spenser and Sidney amongst our earlier amourists:—

When May is in his prime, and youthful spring
Doth clothe the tree with leaves, and ground with flowers,
And time of year reviveth every thing,
And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing lowers:
Then Philomela most doth strain her breast
With night-complaints, and sits in little rest.

This Bird's estate I may compare with mine,
To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart must needs repine,
And storm with sighs to ease me as I may;
Whilst others are becalm'd, or lie them still,
Or sail secure with tide and wind at will.

And as all those, which hear this Bird complain,
Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
Without remorse, or pitying her pain:
So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint;
A just reward for serving such a Saint.

Watson calls his pieces Passions more frequently than Sonnets, and it will be observed that this, like most of the Hundred, is in fact a short poem of three six-line stanzas: as the form used by Spenser in his early
work, and afterwards by Shakespeare, consists of three four-line stanzas closing in a couplet. Some arrangement of this kind is in fact almost inevitable to us if sonnets are to be written in series: the strict Italian form (which, however, may be said to require no other proof beyond itself that it is the most elegant and the most perfect) calling for so many consonant rhymes that an English writer cannot hope wholly to escape either from an appearance of forced rhyming, or from diffuseness and commonplace of diction. In Watson's posthumous book, the Tears of Fancie (of which but one original copy, and that not wholly complete, is known), he has used the more condensed and passionate model with which Shakespeare, as I have just noticed, has familiarized us. And with this change in form comes a change in the substance of the song: the note of _vera passio_ is heard here at once as clearly as in the _Astrophel_ itself, and although the series must be ranked below _Astrophel_ in force and in variety, yet a few of Watson's may be placed near Sidney's best. The mere concetti of the earlier work, the over-frequent mythological allusions, have disappeared. The heart speaks here too clearly to require learned and illustrative glosses. We have now what no "true lover" can fail to recognize as the long lament of hopeless love, monotonous in its very depth and concentration. The sweetness and rhythmical flow of these sonnets is unbroken; the frequent double rhymes add a sort of melancholy cadence. Here again one quotation may be allowed:—

Those whose kind hearts sweet pity did attaint,
With ruthful tears bemoan'd my miseries:
Those which had heard my never-ceasing plaint,
Or read my woes engraven on the trees,
At last did win my lady to consort them  
Unto the fountain of my flowing anguish,  
Where she, unkind, and they might boldly sport them;  
Whilst I meanwhile in sorrow's lap did languish.

Their meaning was that she some tears should shed  
Into the well in pity of my pining:  
She gave consent, and putting forth her head  
Did in the well perceive her beauty shining:

Which seeing, she withdrew her head puffed up with pride,—  
And would not shed a tear should I have died.

In this remarkable group, Spenser, Sidney, Watson,—the last, though in point of poetical power beneath his brethren, is the most complete as an example of our English Renaissance movement in its most attractive form. He shows no sign whatever of Spenser's influence in the poems whether of 1582 or 1593; nor, though in candour of expression and simplicity of phrase he resembles Sidney, do I find any distinct evidence that he knew the *Astrophel* (published 1591) when writing the *Tears of Fancie*. But no one who cares to read that series can fail to perceive that in force of passionate feeling and in earnest sincerity of style these singular sonnets form a true link between Surrey, Sidney, and Shakespeare.*

* Sonnet 30 of the *Tears* (written by 1592, published 1593), closes with these lines:—

The leaves conspiring with the winds sweet sounding  
With gentle murmur plain'd my heart's deep wounding.

Compare the phrase in the *Adonis* of 1593:—

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding;  
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.
III. Prefaces to the Months of the Calender.

JANUARIE.

In this we have a true pastoral, wherein Colin (identified with Spenser in E. K's Epistle), complains of the scorn and cruelty of his mistress Rosalind, and expresses indifference to the love-suit of his fellow-shepherd Hobbinol. The Greek or Roman bucolic has been here obviously before Spenser's mind: we are reminded (it is true, at an immeasurable distance) of Corydon and Alexis; and E. K's awkward apologetic gloss rather draws attention to the anachronistic impropriety of this allusion than justifies it. Spenser is here, of course, only obeying the literary impulse of the age towards classical reproduction:—And, as E. K. in the gloss on September expressly identifies Hobbinol with his and Spenser's friend Harvey, we may see at once how little reliance can be placed on the relation between fact and fancy in Spenser's personal allusions,—a point of great importance, to which I shall have to recur.

Spenser's attractive fluency, his equable quality of poetic style, his harmony of diction (in which the old English alliterative element is still very conspicuous), are fully exhibited in this first brief Aeglogue. The traditional elements of the pastoral love-complaint are duly introduced; it is the beginning of the shepherd's calender, yet his life has already run through its spring and summer; all he sees sympathizes with his despair; but of true passion there is no sign, and the notice of Daffadillies as the ornament of Sommer in its prime,—

Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,—
would not have fallen from a poet who had his eye closely on natural fact. Nor does the emblème or motto, with which, in Italian fashion, this and the other months conclude, find support in the poem, which nowhere suggests any ground for hope. It seems to be only a poetical ornament added in obedience to a reigning literary custom.

On E. K's glosses we may remark here, once for all, that although we must be grateful to them for a few hints and explanations of value, and here and there for curious illustrations of contemporary thought, yet their pedantry and conceit, their heavy style and affectation of mystery, render it singular that the poet should have (as one must suppose) sanctioned the appearance of his first book with so unpoetical an accompaniment.

FEBRUARIE.

If Vergil was before Spenser's mind in the Januarie, in this he seems to have wished at once to bring his relation to Chaucer before us. Thenot, an old shepherd, scorned for unsucces in love by Cuddie, retaliates by a fable meant to rebuke the pride of youth. Among the numerous pastorals of this time, or in some fabulist, Spenser may have found this theme. But his treatment of it, if not, I think, marked by so much force and humour as commentators have discovered, is lively and original; there is more of real rustic character here than the Calender ordinarily exhibits. The subject has also, as noticed in the Argument, a certain appropriateness to February, as the last month in the year according to the old usage; although we may doubt whether this was before Spenser's mind.
The tale of the Oak and Briar is told with great narrative clearness and liveliness of motion. We see here already that gift of story-telling which the Faerie Queene displays on a much larger and more varied scale. But though in this point Chaucerian, yet the fable, though professedly learned from Tityrus (who stands for Chaucer in the Calender), yet has little humour, little of the broad and direct power of that great master, and, like other similar attempts on Spenser's part, cannot be reckoned as really in Chaucer's style. The Scholiast* was in some degree aware of this when he notes that though told "as learned of Chaucer," the tale "is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables." But the poem has lines of great vigour, beauty, and natural truth. We may perhaps feel the strong North Country air in it; and the style, here and there, singularly recalls that of Sir Walter Scott. See the paragraph beginning,—

The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:
Seemed, the senselesse iron did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.
For it had bene an auncient treè,
Sacred with many a mysterée.
And often crost with the priests crew,
And often hallowed with holy water dewe.
But sike fansies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserie.

Here, in Maye, and in September, Spenser uses a lilting metre, which seems to be what the author of the Arte of Poesie mistakenly imagined was the riding ryme, or ryme dogrell, of Chaucer and his contemporaries: and

* "I have added a certain Glosse, or scholion."—Prefatory Epistle of E. K.
it is possible that Spenser employed it under the same impression. It may, however, have been suggested to him by an ordinary ballad-metre, or by the French eight-syllabled line. The effect, to my ear, is not always pleasant.

MARCH.

A light and lively classical vein, resembling the spurious Anacreon, the Epigrams of the Anthology, or, again, the art of the later Renaissance, breaks out in this piece, which derives its main motive from Bion (named Theocritus by the annotator). This mode in art is not common with Spenser, or congenial to his essentially English mind; though the sentimental and picturesque manner of the later Hellenic literature had a natural attraction for the Renaissance artists and writers; partly because it has an element of the romantic, partly because an imitative movement inevitably seizes rather on the ornamental than the deeper and higher qualities of its originals.

English poetry has reached so much more force and intensity since, that we can now hardly appreciate the attraction which a little picture-idyl of this character naturally presented to the readers of 1580. Not a few short poems (putting the larger pieces of Chaucer and his school out of sight) even then, indeed, were in existence of far higher inspiration than Spenser's "Song of Dan Cupid"; but none, probably, in which antique grace and form, even in the very distant echo of the Greek original which we here find, were so correctly reproduced. The effect on readers must have been like that which we feel when we see a classical subject
by Botticelli or Lippi beside the altar-pieces of Giotto or Angelico. But the singularly infelicitous selection of names which throughout the Calender seems to strike a dissonant note and mar the beauty of the verse, detracts much from the elegance of an idyl such as that before us.

APRIL.

Majora canamus! Spenser now, in accordance with a fashion which, however prevalent in the literature of that day, was nevertheless tainted with fulsomeness, if not with hypocrisy, has to offer his tribute of flattery to Elizabeth, the key-note of which is struck by Hobbinol's embleme, "O dea certe!" Spenser naturally decorates that true child of the Renaissance with all the classical images which his scholarship, miscellaneous rather than exact, can supply. Elizabeth's praises (which, we may note, are ascribed by Hobbinol to Colin—that is, to Spenser himself) fill an Ode of nine stanzas, inserted among the quatrains in which the interlocutors, Thenot and Hobbinol, discourse. This Ode is now mainly interesting as the poet's first recorded experiment in a lyrical form, which he afterwards developed into singular excellence: he preludes here to the Epithalamion of 1596. Compared with that and other specimens of Spenser's later work, this piece is somewhat slight and halting in metre, the substance of it somewhat poor and commonplace. Even if the excess in flattery were condoned, good taste cannot be recognized in the genealogy which speaks of Henry VIII as Pan, of Anne Boleyn as Syrinx; whilst the flowers assembled in Elizabeth's honour are grouped (as we find in Januarie) with some disregard of
natural truth. But, when published, the Ode was probably far beyond any at that time written for the glorification of the Queen, in fluency and completeness of art.

Looking at the metrical structure of this Eclogue, it would be pedantic to criticize Spenser simply for deviating from classical usage, which does not admit of change in the metre when a song is placed in the mouth of one of the characters in the dialogue. Yet something of unity in effect, I venture to think, is always sacrificed by the method here adopted;—for which Spenser may have found a precedent in Sanazzaro.

Metrically considered, the intention of the *Elisa* Ode is Iambic: but vague anapaests occur, and give a rather uneven effect to the rhythm. A similar fluctuation marks the opening stanzas of *August*. These peculiarities I take to be experimental: they are not exhibited in Spenser’s later work.

**MAYE.**

This curious dialogue between Piers and Palinode, two shepherds representing “Protestant and Catholique pastoures,” is the first of the three in which Spenser has been led by the example of Mantuanus and other writers of the time into a field wholly alien from the pastoral. Piers must, in a general sense, be taken as representing Spenser’s own opinions;—yet the dialogue, when closely examined, is much less distinctly theological, less Puritan, than the commentators, beginning with E.K. (whose gloss is in his most extravagant and pedantic style), have held it; and the opponents, with a liberality
not common in any disputation, debate and part without any sign of personal animosity. In fact, we find Spenser here, as he probably remained through life, balanced between the great rival religious systems. To the older religion he is attracted by his temperament as a poet; to Protestantism partly by its severe tone of professed practical morality, partly by the influence, doubtless, of early friends, in especial of Leicester and Sidney. The bias towards the Puritan side, given by these powerful patrons, had a perturbing effect on Spenser's course as a poet; his natural impulse would not have been to a system which, even in Elizabeth's reign, although its excesses were repressed, had already (as in the reaction against liberal culture which marked the reign of her brother), showed its antagonism to what was large and elevating, not less than to what was debasing, in the Renaissance movement.

Spenser's internal sentiment, if it be here correctly interpreted, has deprived his satire of force and reality, even while, as could hardly fail in the work of so masterly a poet, he has some lines of much vigour and vivacity. Although I cannot agree with those who have found a model for this Eclogue in the Plowman's Tale, ascribed formerly to Chaucer, which is a long and tedious Lollard effusion carried on by way of dialogue between a ploughman and a pelican, yet Spenser here had probably in view Chaucer's anti-monastic and anti-clerical satires. He has been hence betrayed into a species of anachronism; the exposure and condemnation of faithless and cheating priests and monks, however justified by the corrupt England of the later Plantagenets, having much less object and verisimilitude in the reformed England
of Elizabeth. This unreality detracts much from the effect of the poem; the ascetic view of clerical life which Piers brings forward (even if it had the historical foundation claimed for it in line 103 and onward), being obviously opposed to Spenser’s own instinct for the reasonable enjoyment, for the poetry, of life. Palinode, in fact, replying

Thou findest faulte, ...

has the best of the argument, if argument it can be called; as in the opening lines of the poem his tone is much nearer Spenser’s own than that which Piers is compelled to adopt.* The parable of the Foxe and the Kidde (for the style of which E. K., as in Eclogue II, refers us to AEsop), is hence naturally without much point or power. It is misplaced in Spenser’s age, and Palinode puts it by at the end with ease.

JUNE.

We have here an Eclogue of what the Scholiast terms the “plaintive” or amorous class; being a dialogue between Hobbinol (Harvey), and Colin Clout (Spenser), on the latter’s ill-success in his love for Rosalind, who has the bad taste to prefer a certain Menalcas to Colin. The lovely music of the very difficult stanza probably invented by Spenser, and here employed with the greatest apparent ease,—the full, even flow of imagery

* Spenser might have given his satire on clerical love of wealth another turn, had he foreseen that his grandson would be robbed of the Irish estate which cost the poet so dearly, for the alleged crime of Catholicism at seven years of age, under the strict Puritan administration of Cromwell. See the Appendix to Craik’s Spenser and his Poetry, and Lecky’s History of England, vol. ii, ch. 7.

IV.
and reflection,—must have made this poem a kind of revelation to the readers of 1580; whilst it was not injured as a model of poetical style by that want of genuine passion, or touches of natural description (beyond those of the most obvious character), which marks it. The graceful lament for Chaucer, as if lately dead, accords well with the conventional atmosphere of the eclogue. If Spenser were not heart-whole in regard to Rosalind, this lament, at least, bears no evidence to the contrary. Nor can its coldness be ascribed to its pastoral disguise by those who recall that exquisite cry of passion with which Gallus the shepherd, nineteen centuries since, invokes the lost Love:

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori;
Hic nemus: hic ipso tecum consumerer aevō!

This piece shows a signal advance in art; it might have been a credit to Sanazzaro or Tasso to have written it. Yet justice to Spenser's earlier models requires us to confess that his imitative lay never really reaches that exquisiteness of phrase, that ever-rememberable choice and union of words, by which Theocritus or Vergil double the effect of the human passion and the natural landscape from which they have framed their most characteristic Idyls.

I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest,
Colin's own criticism, when we think of these ancient master-works, is more true than Spenser himself may have deemed it.

JULYE.

Another essay, which it is impossible to consider felicitous, in Spenser's peculiar vein of theological satire.
Thomalin addresses Morrell, described as a “proude and ambitious Pastour,” calling him to descend from the hill into the “humble dale.” Morrell is represented as interpreting this natural suggestion into a profane attack upon high places named, in mediaeval fashion, after saints, and next, as rambling on to notice the mountain where Phœbe met Endymion; whilst he concludes by praising the charm of the actual hill in Kent upon which he is sitting in some graceful lines which foreshadow Spenser's later style. But Thomalin is not to be diverted into poetry: he launches at Morrell's head the “old-sayd sawe,”

To kerke the narre, from God more farre;

—and proceeds forthwith on the well-worn descant which sings the golden age when the clergy were content with nothing; a theme which might seem to have been exhausted in the eclogue for May. It is noteworthy that Palinode, who in that poem represents Roman Catholicism, is now spoken of as having travelled to Rome, where the pomp of the Papal Court has impressed him unfavourably. Whether this refer to some real person of the time or not, there can be no reasonable doubt that by Algrind (noticed also in Maye) Archbishop Grindal is intended. Spenser here paints him, with fair reason, as the type of a Christian Shepherd; and the poem ends with what must be an allegorical allusion (though it is difficult to trace the analogy between the Archbishop's sequestration and the death of Æschylus), to the disfavour in royal eyes under which Grindal began to suffer in 1578. The last words,—words of pity and respect for the Archbishop,—
are placed, with a feeling worthy of a true poet, in the mouth of Morrell. This fact, taken with the general character of the piece, which assigns the element of poetry and charm also to Morrell, is in accordance with the view which, in the notes upon the Maye, I have expressed as to Spenser's own theological attitude. He rather condescends to popular prejudice and personal liking in this and similar poems, than is really anxious to advocate a cause from which his own nature as poet was distinctly alien.

It may be added that, like many theories framed on the strength of the personal allusions which are frequent in Spenser's poetry, the theory which ascribes Burleigh's unquestionable coldness to Spenser to his praise of Grindal, is untenable in the face of facts. For Burleigh, Grindal's original patron, appears in truth to have supported him, at the date in question, against Elizabeth; whom the Archbishop had made his enemy for reasons honourable to himself,—having resisted her interference with his own sphere of duty, and that pecuniary greed* of which her annals afford too frequent instances.

AUGUST.

The poet returns now to matter more fit for shepherd's song. Perigot and Willie, after a precedent long set in the Pastoral, praise their Bellibone or Bonnibell in short alternate lines of sweet and lively melody. Their dialogue was reprinted in England's Helicon, and doubtless is one of those portions of Spenser which became speedily popular and aided in correcting the roughness and gravity of our earlier style. Yet an

arrangement so artful as this can hardly avoid emptiness and commonplace; to write such a dialogue in short lyric rhyme is a feat greatly more difficult than that “stichometry” of the Athenian drama which, even in the hands of Sophocles or Euripides, is not always wholly natural in effect;—and many are the lines here which do nothing but support the rhyme. Cuddie, however, the third shepherd present, is as well satisfied with his friend’s performance as Mopsus in Vergil’s fifth Pastoral with the exquisite Daphnis song of Menalcaς. Similar self-praise (in which Spenser is lavish beyond former precedent), ushers-in a lament repeated from Colin (Spenser) over Rosalind. But this, to which one naturally looks with interest as a revelation of his own love, is one of his least successful efforts—unsubstantial and conventional;—a result, however, for which the artificial folly of the Sestine structure (as, despite its employment by Petrarch, I must term it) is partly responsible.

Diggon Davie, a shepherd who nowhere else occurs, here discourses with Hobbinol (Harvey) in the lilting measure adopted in Maye, and on the same unpoetical theme. Diggon “is devised,” says the Argument, “to be a shepheard that, in hope of more gayne, drove his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose living of Popish prelates, . . . he discourseth at large.” From a scheme thus framed, how should poetry—lyrical poetry in especial—flow? The eclogue is in fact neither pastoral, even in the most conventional and widest use of the word, nor satirical; only a tedious, though fluent stream of commonplace complaint, even
more unreal than the *Maye* satire from its want of application to contemporary England; and it is thus criticized by Hobbinol in the rejoinder

Fye on thee, Diggon, and all thy foul leasing.

The poem winds up with a tale of Wolf and Lamb; allegorizing, apparently, some real incident in which Spenser and a bishop or church-dignitary of Rochester (named here Roffy and Roffynn), had unmasked a clerical hypocrite: but the allegory, as usual, does its work so effectually that no definite allusion can be traced.*

This dialogue opens with a rather marked effort at rusticity of phrase, which the Scholiast notices as an attempt to render the speech of a man long absent "in forrain countryes"; a reason which seems so improbable that I class it with other remarks indicative that E. K.'s glosses cannot be held as absolutely endorsed or authenticated by Spenser. But, whatever be the explanation of the rustic tone, the style here has Spenser's perennial easy flow united with that terseness and vigour which is the point in which he often does present a true likeness to Chaucer.

**OCTOBER.**

Again, *Majora canamus*! Though placed in the mouth of Cuddie (a name which, with Tom Piper, * It is worth noticing that E. K.'s derivation of the name Roffy from the French poet Marot's Eclogue "of Robin and the Kinge" is incorrect. The name intended occurs in Marot's *Complainte* on the death of Loyse, to be noticed presently. Thenot tempts Colin to sing thus:

De moy auras un double chalumau,  
Faict de la main de Raffy Lyonnois.
sounds a note of too-rustic inelegance), not of Colin, this Praise of Poetry represents Spenser’s own aim and sentiment so clearly, that the reference made in the Argument to his unhappily lost book “called the Englishe Poete,” is hardly needed.

We see him here under that curiously twofold aspect in which Spenser throughout life presents himself;—at once as a man anxious for notice and reward, and as a poet with a passion for his art more ideal, more enthusiastic, than his fellows. As we might say of his poetry as a whole that it is apt to balance itself between mediæval and modern feeling, between Romantic and Renaissance influences, between Puritanism and Catholicism, so in the sphere of real life he seems curiously to move between the prose of patronage and flattery, and the seventh heaven of transcendental song;—between characters so sharply contrasted as history compels us to regard Leicester and Elizabeth,—Una and the Redcross Knight. But in the complaint which forms here the burden of the song, that Poetry now finds no favour with the rich and great, Spenser is in agreement with—or perhaps supplies—that made by Puttenham in 1589, quoted in my prefatory remarks. The same “Complaint of Poetrie for the death of Liberalitie,” we may note, is repeated by R. Barnfield in 1598, and (despite the exception offered by Lord Southampton’s friendship with Shakespeare, commemorated in his Poems of 1593 and 1594), may be considered as a chronic and characteristic grievance, (whatever its real grounds,) during the most brilliant period of Elizabethan literature.

The strain of this poem, it has been truly remarked,
is prelusive to the loftiness and the music of the *Faerie Queene*, which was indeed, as we elsewhere learn, already more or less planned and executed: and the whole Eclogue, looking to its sustained grace and dignified beauty of style, must have stood alone in our literature when published. For 1580 was a time when the sweet naïveté of our earliest Renaissance singers was nearly exhausted; when prosaic work in various forms was prevalent, while Sackville stood almost single in an effort worthy of poetry, and Sidney with Watson were unknown to the world—and perhaps to themselves. Yet this fine Ode also leaves room for great advance in Spenser's work of ten or fifteen years later.

The stanza used in *October*, though rather too severe, English resources considered, in its rhyme-requisitions, is of singular beauty. Alliteration is, perhaps, still over-abundant. But lines occur in Spenser's highest vein of melody and expressiveness, and the whole poem (unlike some of its predecessors) is one which should have not less interest to us than to his contemporaries.

**NOVEMBER.**

This piece, again, falls wholly within the natural sphere of the Pastoral. It is one long-drawn, musical lament over some unknown "mayden of greate bloud," for whom, especially if by Lobbin Leicester be intended—an identification for which I find no distinct evidence—we might perhaps look among the Dudley connection. The Argument appears to place this poem above the other eleven of Spenser's series, adding that "it is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loys the Frenche Queene." The poem
referred to is the *Complainte* of 1531, "de Madame Loyse de Savoye, mère du Roy," Francis I,—which at once obtained immense celebrity in France, and may have hence suggested to Spenser the names of Thenot and Colin as the interlocutors in his own Eclogue. But I do not find much other resemblance between the two poems, unless it be in a certain unreal and conventional tone, which is too frequent among the writers of the Renaissance period to have any special bearing on Spenser's connection with Marot.

The metre of the ode here assigned to Colin is an advance upon the Elisa ode of *April*, or the lyrics in *August*: and Spenser manages the four consonant rhymes required in each stanza with wonderful ease and variety. The first line is always an Alexandrine; a very unusual, but, as here employed, a beautiful arrangement. The song itself, though framed of material too trite and general to move the reader's feelings, has more substance than that contained in the *April*, or the "doole-full verse of Rosalend" in *August*. By its allusions to Kent in the second stanza we may reasonably place it among the latest pieces in composition of the *Calender*; written, perhaps, as Warton suggests, at Penshurst. Some lines of exquisite beauty occur:—

Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene; [leas
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene :

and if to our ears the Lobb and Lobbin, with the markedly rustic phrases of the dialogue (perhaps used in the way of contrast) sound ungracefully, yet in 1580 this ode, again, must have struck all Spenser's contemporaries,—and not least, we may fancy, Sidney and Watson,—as a lofty and equable strain of music in
words such as only Italy or Spain, among modern nations, had hitherto given them. The importance of the Calendar in this respect is nowhere more powerfully shown. We may indeed still feel that Spenser has not his eye directly on his subject; neither human passion nor landscape description here give the delightful impression which is afforded only by the sense of immediate reference to nature and reality. The note of sincerity, so often, and in general so artlessly, heard in the work of his immediate predecessors, as before in Chaucer, is not audible. But had Spenser aimed at closer truth to fact and feeling, possibly the effect of high and finished art would have been less overtly imparted; the model offered to his contemporaries less ideal. And it was in this direction that our then somewhat chaotic literature, so rich in native material, most needed guidance.

DECEMBER.

This final eclogue is gracefully contrived and written. Colin (who here and in November seems to be identical with Spenser) treats the course of the shepherd’s year, represented in the previous pieces, as a figure of human life itself. Only the spring, when he here paints himself as wandering freely in wild nature, like Wordsworth during his youth, and learning poetry from the “good old shephearde, Wrenock,” ignorant of love and Rosalind, is allotted to happiness. Summer, more by Colin’s own folly, as it appears, than by the imagined cruelty of Rosalind, has been wasted; winter and death are now at hand:—

Il di dopo le spalle, e i mesi gai.
Thus this conclusion neither really sums up the preceding poems, nor can be held as describing Spenser's own position in 1580. At first sight we might be disposed to name it the most conventional of these frequently conventional poems. It is a fancy picture designed by imagined old age. Even the strokes of country life, which have here more the air of genuine remembrance than is generally given to the rustic accessories of the Calendar, when we examine them closely, are not altogether Spenser's. For this poem, as Warton noted, (a fact which must, one would think, have been known to the Scholiast, despite his entire silence on the point,) is much more largely founded on Marot than November: the earlier part being a free rendering of the French poet's eclogue "Au Roy, sous les noms de Pan et Robin," dated 1539. Spenser, more suo, is more diffuse than his original; the first division of Marot's, fourteen lines, occupying the first three stanzas, eighteen lines, in Spenser. This preface ends:

Escoute un peu de ton verd cabinet
Le chant rural du petit Robinet.

In the stanza corresponding to Spenser's seventh Marot traces his own early attempts in poetry to the influence of his father Jean; whose lessons are described at much greater length than Spenser has bestowed upon his own relations with Wrenock;—an unidentified name which, perhaps, is only inserted as a paraphrase of Marot. After this point, although Spenser takes details from the French, the poems part company; Marot having nothing answerable to Spenser's melancholy moralization. It is in this element that we trace,—so far as in his ever-combined web of truth and poetry
we may believe we can trace,—the real Spenser. The December, which, from its lovely finish in style and evenly-supported power, we may reasonably conjecture the last written of the Calender, is such a complaint of the vanity of life as was at all times nearest on his lips;—the sad undertone which we read first in the "Preacher, the King of Jerusalem," or whoever wrote the melancholy music of Ecclesiastes, is here fully felt; the pastoral character disappears, and even the love of Rosalind, which Spenser may seem to maintain rather as a poetical necessity than as a vera passio, is almost effaced from the poem where one would naturally look for it as the leading idea in the poet's despondency;—a singular contrast, we may add, with Vergil, whose closing bucolic, (as before noticed,) paints love with a fervour and a loveliness hardly surpassed and rarely equalled in the world's amourist literature.

IV. Complaints.

(1591.)

THE RUINES OF TIME.

It is worth noting that of the nine "Complaints of the World's Vanity," authenticated by Ponsonby, publisher of the Faerie Queene, as Spenser's, no less than four are dedicated to women: the one before us to Sir Philip Sidney's gifted sister; the Teares, Prosopopoia, and Muiopotmos to three ladies of the house of Spencer;—as the great Queene herself is inscribed to Elizabeth Empresse.

This poem, beginning the series, and striking at once
the note audible throughout, we may reasonably hold one of the last in composition. The clearness of the plan and of the pictures presented is in strong contrast with the confused or obscure delineations to be found in several pieces among the Complaints;—a collection which unquestionably contains specimens of Spenser's work of a date anterior to the Calender of 1580. The Ruines is a lovely piece of melody in his most pregnant and finished manner. Amidst its sweet picturesqueness, here and there occur lines of strong and unmistakable feeling: as the stanzas on Leicester's death,* and those (216-17, 444-54) which—however rash on Spenser's part—it is difficult not to believe are really levelled at Burleigh.† Spenser by 1590-1 had received liberal rewards from Elizabeth,‡ and he may have hence felt himself secure, and in a position to write these singularly powerful lines, imbued with all the peculiar satire of a great imaginative poet, in revenge for the

* Compare, however, with Spenser's lament the Epitaph on Leicester ascribed to Raleigh:—

Here lies the noble warrior that never blunted sword;
Here lies the noble courtier that never kept his word;
Here lies his excellency that govern'd all the state;
Here lies the Lord of Leicester that all the world did hate.

These lines are in Raleigh's most characteristic atrabilious vein; yet it must be feared that they express the truth much more nearly than Spenser's.

† The changes by which, in the edition of 1611, the personal character of this attack has been effaced, may be read in the notes to the text.

‡ His annual pension of £50 (which we cannot reckon worth less than £300 compared with the same sum in 1882;—I should be disposed to say, not less than £500) dates from Feb. 1591; his grant of Kilcolman, even if not confirmed before the deed of Oct. 1591, from 1586.
not-unjustifiable coldness which Cecil had always shown to the follower of Leicester and Raleigh.

Several other commemorative epitaphs follow, marked by the same tone of reality as that upon Leicester. After these the elegy on Sidney, tuneful and ethereal as it is, seems to me neither coloured by the personal regret which would have been here, at least, worthily bestowed, nor distinguished by any eminent strokes of character-painting. But Spenser's strength, it may be remarked here once for all, does not seem to lie in that direction. The figures in an allegory he characterizes with an imaginative power of vividness rarely rivalled;—the figures of his contemporaries in actual life he could not equally define; and, if with diffidence and deference I may venture the remark, sufficient evidence, I think, remains in regard to the statesmen and writers whom, here and elsewhere, he commemorates, to prove that his insight into character and his critical estimates share in the same defect of vision:—

Alio mentes, alio divisimus aures:
Jure igitur vincemur!

It is disappointing, again, here (435) to find that whilst Spenser notices the Melibœus of Watson (an eclogue on the death of Sir Francis Walsingham, 1590), it is only in reference to its subject. Watson's peculiar merits in poetry are not noticed, and this, although in the Melibœus "sweet Spencer, the alderliefest swaine," is named with special honour.

The device by which the elegies embodied in The Worlds Ruines, (as Spenser in the Dedication names the poem,) are assigned to the Genius of Verulamium is not, perhaps, signally appropriate; but it has its purpose and
value, in enabling Spenser to unite his favourite theme of the havoc wrought by Time, especially upon Imperial Rome, with the death of the great persons here commemorated.

The closing series of Visions seem to refer to Sidney and to Leicester, who may be placed together as the Harpe and the Beare. Philisides (a name doubtless derived from the Arcadia) is employed as a suggestion, half veiled by the irregular construction of the word, for “lover of the star,”—with reference to the Stella of Astrophel.

One must regret that Spenser’s early association with Sidney,—friendship, in the strong sense, I cannot find evidence to name it,—by natural sequence should have brought him into relations so close with Leicester and with Raleigh.

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

We have here one of those pieces in which Spenser’s fluent melody and golden wealth of words, his endless variety of literary resource, his style which never slackens its movement or falls below itself, are qualities far more noticeable and important than the long-drawn-out substance of the poem; which, if these Complaints be taken as literally true, would paint rather an age of barbarism and decay than the great years of Elizabeth’s supremacy. However strongly we may suspect that the glory and genius of those years have, in popular estimate, been allowed to atone-for or to conceal inward rottenness,—however defective (as I have before noticed) our evidence for the inner history of the Elizabethan age,—it is yet impossible to accept
this sunless and lightless picture,—even if, as has been conjectured, its composition should be held some years anterior to its publication,—as genuine portraiture. Rather, despite Spenser's own authentication of the poem in the dedicatory letter to Lady Strange, would we wish to regard it as a fancy piece, a musical iteration of conventional complaint on the degeneracy of the present time. If taken otherwise, how little insight, how much unreasonable querulosity, must we not assign to Spenser?

Thus, even if a mere satirist might, in 1591, make the Muse of history find only ignorance, sloth, and barbarism among the higher orders in England, and mourn

Because I nothing noble have to sing;

yet Spenser's *Clio* might have remembered a Howard, a Hunsdon, a Grey; not to mention Leicester and Sidney, lately dead;—whilst, similarly, we are surprised to find *Melpomene*, in the age of Marlowe's maturity and Shakespeare's mighty youth,* lamenting that no poet now is employed upon Tragedy. *Thalia* follows, with her parallel burden of fluent and over-wrought lamentations; amongst which the withdrawal to inactivity of a dramatist (safely identifiable with Lyly) has been rashly referred to Shakespeare,—who cannot, by 1590, be clearly shown to have produced a single comedy. To us, indeed, the gentle Spirit,—

. . . the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,—

must seem to be Shakespeare, and Shakespeare only,

*Faustus* and *Edward the Second* are placed about 1588 and 1590 respectively in Mr. A. Ward's excellent History of our early Drama: and dates between 1588 and 1591 are assigned by Dr. Dowden to *Titus* and *Henry the Sixth.*
by natural right. But I shall comment upon Spenser's probable attitude toward his greatest contemporary afterwards: meanwhile, returning to the *Teares*, note that even the Muse of Love-songs can find nothing of merit in the age to which so many of our sweetest examples in that kind belong.—*Calliope* and *Urania* follow with equal notes of despair, until the climax of this singular elegy is reached when the ninth Muse, after a general censure of all contemporary poets, turns to the one only living claimant worthy of the name—

Divine Elisa, sacred Empresses!

Doubtless Spenser, with many or most of his contemporaries in politics and literature, had learned or taught himself to speak of the Queen in terms which,—if flattery were capable of blushing,—might put to the blush all previous flatterers of King or Caesar. Yet this extravagance, contradicted as it is by the many eulogies on the poetry of the time contained in the *Colin Clout* of the same year, one would gladly accept in proof that we have here a fancy piece, a conventional elegy:—yet one of which it were, in truth, almost too high praise to repeat with Ovid the

*Quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet*:

although this be almost always due, even to Spenser's least interesting poems.

**VIRGIL'S GNAT.**

Published in 1591, and "long since" dedicated to Lord Leicester, "late deceased." As he died in 1588, we may hence reasonably assign this piece to any time between 1575 and 1582: a date confirmed by the
evenly sustained quality of the execution, and the metrical structure of the introductory sonnet, which alludes to some obscure cloud between Leicester and Spenser, shadowed forth, he says, in the "Gnatt's complaint." The translation is fluent, musical, and brilliant in its language; it preserves throughout its poetical level. This is doubtless one among the most salient characteristics of Spenser's poetry, compared with that written in the preceding portion of the century; and this, as his original is not a work of very high power or interest as a story, may be reckoned as the chief merit of the version.

The choice of the "Gnat" is also curious as another example of Spenser's inveterate passion for allegory; which, however, as we so often find in his work, leaves us uncertain in regard to its application, and really explains nothing as to the poet's quarrel with Leicester, —unless we suppose that he had in a humble fashion done some good service, which the patron failed to recognize. The character of the Faerie Queene is strongly marked upon this little poem, which Spenser has characteristically lengthened from 413 lines to 688.

PROSOPOPOIA, OR MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

This, again, is introduced by Spenser as "long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth": a phrase which would suit 1576-7. And if the poem at first substantially contained the poignant satire on Church and Court and State which we now find in it, he might naturally have withheld it from earlier publi-
cation; although it is difficult to believe that some of these flowing and powerful lines, which Spenser himself has hardly surpassed, if surpassed, in his maturest work, were not inserted after his experience of Court life in 1589. If we add the inconsecutiveness of the fable, (the form under which the poem is presented), it becomes natural to think that Spenser's intended picture of "the world as it is" was gradually enlarged during the years between its first composition and its publication.

This "false impersonation," as the Arte of English Poesie translates Prosopopoia,—rightly termed by Dean Church the most remarkable piece contained in the "Complaints,"—is a youthful attempt in the style which Spenser carried out with more poetical success in the Colin Clout. He tries here to paint actual life in the fashion of Chaucer's analogous poems; preserving throughout a species of middle style, which, whilst rarely rising into high or serious poetry, yet shall never descend into vulgarity or prosaic diction. In this difficult aim Spenser has been eminently victorious. Nowhere else, I think, has he so nearly rivalled the great Pilgrimage; nowhere else has he more pregnant descriptive phrases, satirical strokes of more vigour and incisiveness. There are lines here, and in the Colin Clout,—and not a few,—beside which the satire of Dryden and Pope, masters though they be, yet not masters of high imaginative genius, seems forced and pale. Nor is the reason for this obscure. A poet gifted like Spenser cannot so lay aside the thought of Poetry in her ethereal sense as to write what is simply and only satirical. But hence
what elements of somewhat caricaturist scorn he introduces will have more essential poignancy than satire, avowed and unalloyed, can well reach. The touches are more effective, partly by contrast with the passages of poetry pure, partly through the wider range which belongs to the more imaginative mind. Yet the inner difference between Chaucer and Spenser, to which I have already alluded, reveals itself also in the Prosopopoia. Even here Spenser seems unable to present real life except in the guise of Allegory; and the Tale, conceived in this form, wants the directness, the clear purpose, the definite humour, which mark Chaucer at his best; while the story rambles in an uncertain and even awkward fashion from adventure to adventure.

The opening of the Prosopopoia flows with all the ease of Boccaccio's golden prose in the introduction to his Decameron, which may have here been before Spenser's mind; only an occasional obsolete word reminding us that the poem might not have been written to-day, if poetry of this species had still any life among us. In the first pranks of the Foxe and Ape, he seems to satirize the doctrine of Equality and Fraternity, as a cloak for selfishness and voluptuousness,—a theme to which he recurs in the very singular Talus episode of the Faerie Queene (Book V, Cant. 2). Next follows a picture of the churchmen of the day, contrasted with those of mediæval times. Here the same curious indecisiveness of view recurs which we have noticed in the similar theological eclogues of the Calender: the priest who represents the clergyman of Spenser's time treating the differences between the older Church and the Reformed in an ironical spirit, and
dwelling mostly on the abuses of patronage under great
men of Puritan tendency. Spenser's early attachment
to that party (due, probably, in part to the opinions of
his first patrons) seems, in fact, to have gradually died
away into what has been termed the Platonic Christi-
anity of his maturer poetry; or he may here, as a true
poet should, have been sufficiently impartial to censure
the misconduct of friends. Thenceforward the main
interest of the tale is to describe the Court of Elizabeth
in its personal and political aspects. The meanness of
those in high place, the misery of suitors for patron-
age, are described with that vivacity which betrays
personal feeling and experience; and, as a contrast, the
picture of a "very gentle perfect knight" is set before
us. But whether this splendid portrait of the Brave
Courtier be really intended for Sir Philip Sidney;
whether the Foxe (1171—1188) really figures Spenser's
opinion of Burleigh, does not seem to me open to certain
decision. Possibly the poet rather glances at Cecil and
Sidney than intends absolutely to present them; "lead-
ing and misleading" us in his ordinary allegorical
fashion. Yet it should be honestly owned that if
Burleigh, as, from the passages noted in the Ruines of
Time, one cannot but fear, be here aimed at, it is
difficult to justify a picture which might have been
drawn by the malignity of Raleigh or of Essex.

Something unsatisfactory runs, I may perhaps here
venture to remark, throughout Spenser's attitude toward
his own political contemporaries. This we may in part
attribute to the unfortunate chance which in youth threw
him under the baleful friendship of Leicester; in part,
to the almost more than Machiavellian statecraft, the
concealed baseness and hypocrisy, rise in this strange but fascinating portion of our annals. But until we possess something worthy to be named a history of the Elizabethan era, no final judgment on the whole subject is possible.

It should be noted, with reference to the view of England which this poem presents, that its tone was commented on as exaggerated by Spenser’s friend Harvey, who in 1592 (according to Mr. Collier) writes, “Mother Hubbard, in the heat of choler, . . . wilfully overshot her malecontented selfe.”

Purer, more sustained power in poetical fancy and invention, appears in the *Fate of the Butterflie* than in any other of the *Complaints*; and Spenser’s absolute mastery in the art of writing here reveals itself with an ease and airy grace, all his own, and such as poets might envy from his time onwards. The lyric, regarded from this point of view, is as light and fanciful, as winged and ethereal, as Clarion himself: the sunshine of the Summer’s day which it describes glitters through it: the musical ripple of rhyme and metre is unbroken.

The stanza in which Clarion flies to the garden wherein the scene is laid has obviously been studied closely by Milton for his pictures of Eden: and Spenser’s landscape here, like that in *Paradise Lost*, is nature beautifully felt, yet felt rather through literature,—through poetry if you will,—than through and for herself. Thus in the long series of flowers presently

* I postpone notice of *The Ruines of Rome* until we reach the *Visions*, also translated from Du Bellay.
noticed several are delineated by their uses, not by their appearance; nor are the purely descriptive epithets so choice and precise as a poet’s catalogue may seem to require. The difference here between Spenser and Wordsworth is very wide: it is homelier and higher at once, the strain which we hear in the sonnet upon Duddon banks:—

There bloom’d the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright show’d her sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even;—
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peep’d so fair to view,
All kinds alike seem’d favourites of Heaven.

Clarion, in his loves of the flowers, clearly represents the ideal of a gallant youth among the ladies of the court. On this life of pleasure Spenser moralizes in his facile manner: like the Butterfly, the only lesson which he deduces is that of mutable Fortune, and immutable Fate;—the tone of the Renaissance, in which one might call the Muiopotmos a study, is here allowed to exclude his English Puritanism.

The tapestries which are next described as explanatory of the wrath of Arachne-Aragnoll,—Jove and Europa, and the contest of Pallas and Poseidon,—seem to be imitative of the lovely Ariadna picture in the Thetis and Peleus of Catullus. But the connection between this episode and the story of Clarion is fantastically slight; and we may note that Astery, the beauty changed into a butterfly by the jealousy of Venus, and whom one expects to find reappearing in some connection with Clarion, like his father, Muscaroll, is introduced only to be dropped. The tale hence seems even more inconsecutive than Mother Hubberd’s; it
neither is a whole as a story, an allegory, nor a moraliza-
tion: and one asks in what humour a poet so sage
and serious as Spenser, an artist so finished, can have
painted this picture?—a question for sufficient answer
to which he might have pointed triumphantly to the
exquisiteness with which the fairy web is wrought and
embroidered; to the poet's right, now and then, to be
fancy-free.

VISIONS OF THE WORLD'S VANITIE.

Spenser, during the first half of his career, seems to
have been greatly impressed by the short pictorial
allegories and emblems, popular in art and in literature
at that time, which answered to his own love of the
mystical and allusive, and also by that sense of the
vanity of life, and the havoc wrought on men and cities
by Time, which was, perhaps, the dominant note in his
temperament. We have thus four short series of such
poems, three being professedly translations. The series
on the World's Vanitie may be dated with great pro-
bability later than the others; the sonnet-structure, the
same as that of the Amoretti, is more complex than that
in which Du Bellay and Petrarch are rendered; the
language, I think, shows a certain advance in sweet-
ness: but the fashion of these emblems in verse has so
completely passed away, and is, in itself, so difficult to
ally with strong poetical or other interest, that I will
only venture to ask the reader's attention to the ninth
sonnet. This is an enchanting specimen of charac-
teristic Spenserian style; the picture of the ship as a
thing of beauty should be compared with that of the
"great vessell" as a thing of power, in Colin Clout.
RUINES OF ROME.

The prefatory poem is entirely in the desponding vein of the Ruines of Time and the Teares. Whether the Visions which follow are the inventions of Spenser, or in some degree adapted, they are at least very similar to those with which the Ruines conclude.

THE RUINES OF ROME.

This series, translated from the French of Du Bellay (1525—1560), is written in the simplest scheme which can claim the title of sonnet—four independent quatrains, with a closing couplet. The last, however, which alludes to Du Bartas—another poet whose fame, if living, lives for us only through Spenser’s notice—presents the more complex and Italian form which we find in the series preceding. And as allusion is made in the Envoy to the Week of Du Bartas, published 1579, we may infer that this change in sonnet-structure does really, more or less, indicate the progress of Spenser’s art.

As few are likely to have Du Bellay before them, I subjoin the following from his Songes. It is the third in Spenser’s series, and, in common with the others which I have compared, is rendered with very remarkable grace, force, and fidelity.

Nouveau venu, qui cherche Rome en Rome,
Et rien de Rome en Rome n’aperçois ;
Ces vieux palais, ces vieux arcs que tu vois,
Et ces vieux murs, c’est ce que Rome en nomme.
Voi quel orgueil, quelle ruine, et comme
Celle qui mit le monde sous ses loix,
Pour dompter tout, se dompta quelquefois,
Et devint proye au temps, qui tout consomme.
Rome, de Rome est le seul monument ;
Et Rome, Rome a vaincu seulement.
Le Tybre seul, qui vers la mer s’enfuit,
These sonnets, besides their picturesqueness and power, have an interest as belonging to what one might call the last dirge of the Italian Renaissance, the force of which, in art and literature, was practically spent by the middle of the sixteenth century. Those numbered 3 and 26 are striking pieces in that rhetorical style which, from Du Bellay's time onwards to our own, has marked or infected French poetry. The fifteenth, where the ghosts of old Rome are painted as revisiting her ruins, is more genuinely poetic. But Du Bellay, and Spenser with him, show no evidence of personal knowledge of Rome. As with Spenser's landscape, the ruins are generalized, or rather, used as a background for poetical moralization.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

These little poems reproduce, in Spenser's simple and probably early sonnet-form, the similar blank-verse series, which was published in the English translation of Van der Noodt's Theatre for Worldlings. The date of this book is 1569, the year which saw Spenser's admission as a young student at Cambridge. Four, however, (Nos. 6, 8, 13, 15,) here replace four Visions "out of the Revelations of S. John," found in the Theatre. There is a difference, perhaps an advance, in style between these four pieces and those which were reproduced in rhyme by Spenser; the blank-verse is managed with greater freedom, the sentence being broken in the course of the line, and the lines themselves oftener
end with a full pause. Another hand may hence be conjectured here. In the rest, although there is a little evidence of youthful inexperience, Spenser's musical and fluent manner (to my perception) reveals itself: nor am I aware of any better English blank-verse before 1569. Taking this with the fact that the text of 1569 has been substantially followed throughout the metrical version published in 1591, I accept it as Spenser's. The rhyming is a little less rude than that of the preceding Ruines: though, looking to Spenser's laxity on this point, and to the momentary aims or fancies which may induce a poet, at any stage of his career, to revert to an earlier manner, his rhymes are a test upon which but moderate reliance can be laid.

Sonnet 6 (not in the series of 1569) may be noted for its power; Sonnet 12 for its pictorial beauty. But they are, altogether, an interesting series in their mysterious, melodious gloom, and may be taken in proof of Spenser's precocity in point of language and rhythm; as one would certainly be disposed to date the rhymed version not long after the unrhymed.

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

The original of these sonnets—which, with some variation and omission, appeared in the Theatre of 1569, and are hence here described as "formerly translated,"—is the third Canzone among the "Rime in Morte di Madonna Laura": the forty-second in Petrarch's whole series. As is natural where so fine and finished a writer as Petrarch was concerned, Spenser's version is not so satisfactory as his transla-
tions from Du Bellay, so far as I have compared those with the original. And the Canzone-stanza consisting here of twelve lines, Spenser has been constrained to expand his reproduction by a process which the notes upon the text elucidate. Yet this is, on the whole, an exquisite work for so young a writer. The sixth sonnet is all Spenser in miniature. The last embodies the thought of Petrarch's brief Envoy; the particular reference to a Ladie faire being Spenser's addition;—and this sonnet, we may also note, has the structure of the Amoretti.

Petrarch's Canzone, it should be observed, is not a poem eminently characteristic of his lyrics, either in subject or in treatment; it has been recommended to Spenser by its allegorical character. As such, it wants,—if, with the reverence due to this greatest Master of the mediæval lyric, I may say so,—that ethereal passion, that "holy simplicity" of phrase and of appeal, which render the translation of Petrarch even more hopeless than the translation of any true poetry must always be found by a true poet.

V. Daphnaida.

In this elegy only Spenser seems to have written without personal knowledge of the subject of his verse. And that the introduction to such a Threnos should be imagined and composed in his most gloomy, most world-weary style, is, of course, natural. But, as with the first two Complaints, we are soon made aware that the poet, for Art's sake, is deepening his tints,—over-colouring his sorrow. Perhaps he wishes at once to
strike the note of despair: yet when we find him, and this in a year which was apparently one of his most prosperous, speaking of himself as

of many, most
Most miserable man,

we must infer that the long iteration of grief and doleful scenery exhibited in this and similar pieces is,—how far, who should say?—a poetical convention. And a further indication follows, showing how little reliance (here and elsewhere) can be placed upon facts which Spenser seems to narrate autobiographically. For he himself is here described as suffering from the same grief,—"like wofulnesse,"—as Gorges; the death of whose wife is the subject of Daphnaida. Little as we know of Spenser's life, we cannot believe that he was at this time a desponding widower.

For the adoption of this style, which, without paradox, we might define as a style of natural artificiality, one may not venture lightly to criticize our great poet. Yet the convention seems inevitably to carry with it no slight obstacles to two elements which poetry can hardly dispense with,—contrast, and sincerity. And the sense of this latter deficiency is intensified by the pastoral form here used without any specific appropriateness, and prolonged through more than eighty stanzas.

Yet, when we have confessed to these signs of human imperfection, our admiration must be freely given to the exquisite melody, the sustained ideal loftiness of diction and manner, of which,—when writing of Spenser's maturer poetry,—it is superfluous.
repetition to remark the presence. And a higher tribute is due to the lovely strokes of gentle pathos which abound in Daphnaïda. Here we find even that unmistakeable note of genuine feeling which in Spenser rarely reveals itself; whether because he was a man too self-centred, too wrapt in "dream and solemn vision" for strength of human passion, or because Pastoral and Allegory,—chosen, perhaps, as styles harmonizing with his innermost nature,—bring with them a conventional atmosphere unfavourable to that simplicity which makes even real pathos doubly pathetic. However these things may be, the DapJina'ida, though we cannot rank it with the few loftiest specimens of imaginative Elegy, renders admirably the impression of eternal grief proper to the style: reaching this more by a musical monotone, a low-voiced iteration, than by strong strokes either of sentiment or of natural imagery. It is a twilight landscape, in which the forms, indistinguishable in soft half-tint and shadow, do not reveal themselves in definite shape. We have a cumulative effect of sorrow; and this long elegy, hardly more real than the ancient lamentations for Linus or Adonis, seems finally to leave upon us the impression of genuine feeling.

The first songs have many phrases of perfect charm, and a singularly pervading melody, which the beautiful structure of the stanza, skilfully modified from Chaucer's "Royal" form to elegiac cadence by transposition of rhymes, greatly aids. But the last divisions do not seem to add much to the earlier four;—even with Spenser's fluent copiousness, the lacrymarum fons at last exhausts its energy.
VI. COLIN CLOUT.

Spenser, in this, the most realistic of his poems, reverts to his first published book,—those “laies of love” which he sang after Tityrus-Chaucer,—and hence introduces once more the ungraceful shepherd nomenclature of the Calender, which was, doubtless, familiarly intelligible to his readers. Hobbinol-Harvey is represented as begging him to tell the fortunes of his late visit to England (1589-91): and Spenser preludes by a geographical allegory concerning two rivers near Kilcolman, which he describes himself as reciting to Raleigh during that visit to Ireland when he seems to have persuaded Spenser to bring the Faerie Queene to England and to Elizabeth for publication. That Raleigh is, at the same time, represented as in disfavour with her (for reasons which biographers have variously given), is perhaps here introduced rather as a poetical device than as a distinct record of fact: it allows Spenser to speak of his friend,—that “glory and shame of English manhood” (so Church truly names him),—as his fellow-shepherd and comrade in poetry; although if that portion of Cynthia which Dr. Hannay has printed be similar to the “lamentable Jay” which Raleigh read at Kilcolman, we cannot wonder much if it did not remove the unkindnesse of the Ladie of the Sea.

In the allegory of the rivers Spenser, before quitting fancy for fact, as it were renders homage to his favourite style; of which, however, this is an unattractive specimen. Here, as elsewhere, we note that, musical as was his ear, he shows little sense of the peculiar music which lies hid in names; nor, in general, is there much
propriety in their selection. Cuddie, Hobbinol, and Lobbin, match well with the Bregog, the Old Mole, and the Mulla.

Hitherto we have had only the machinery and introduction to the poem. The narrative of the journey now begins, and at once Spenser rises to his subject. The description of the sea and ship which carried him across to Cornwall is in his most vigorous and most picturesque style: I know no passage in which he reaches more direct and forcible delineation. It is truly a poet's first impression of the most impressive of all terrestrial spectacles; and Spenser has lawfully painted it as if he had never before crossed the Channel. Often as Englishmen have sung the grandeur and life of our great vessels, in the days of oak and canvas, they have never surpassed, if equalled, this splendid picture.

Ireland is then contrasted with England in some powerful lines; and we now find, in place of the querulous strains on the dishonour and low estate of literature, which begin the Complaints, that here—

Learned arts do flourish in great honor,  
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price.

This forms a fit preface to the glories of Elizabeth (here named Cynthia), described in a style of what, however reluctantly, must be termed servile rapture,* though such, of course, as no mere courtier, however servile, could hope to rival. But Poetry avenges herself here

* Some admirable remarks upon this subject will be found in the fifth chapter of Dean Church's unhappily too-brief Life of Spenser. But the true story of Elizabeth's reign (I repeat), still awaits a writer who shall possess the rarest and most unpopular gift of the historian,—courageous impartiality.
on her faithless votary, and amidst a profanity of praise by which even Vergil is outdone, there is little of true force or inner beauty; little, we may perhaps say, which carries with it the note of personal conviction. But this conventional strain (if conventional, in Spenser's case, it was) is precisely what, in proportion to the greatness of the Poet, we are least able to pardon.

Raleigh's introduction of Spenser to Elizabeth, by a graceful and a grateful transition, leads him to that singular enumeration of contemporary poets, in which we may fairly conjecture that he is intentionally singing a panegyric for that universal condemnation of the literature of his own age which fills the Teares of the Muses.* And as in that poem we cannot help noticing an obvious exaggeration in censure, so a reference to the extant work of several writers here highly eulogized, will show either that Spenser (as I have elsewhere ventured to suggest) was not eminently gifted with critical insight, or that he has allowed a kindly feeling towards his less-gifted and often less-prosperous brothers to transport him into parallel excess of eulogy. If Harpalus be Googe or Churchyard, Corydon, Fraunce, their poetry will disappoint readers impressed by Spenser's laudations: while still more extravagant seems the praise lavished on the (yet unpublished) Eliseis of Alabaster, if we may judge by the specimen which Collier quotes. But we may here suspect that Spenser found another reason for hyperbole in the goddess of Alabaster's clumsy hexameters.

* Note that the Colin Clout is dedicated in the same year as that of the publication of the Complaints.
The eulogies on Daniel and Raleigh, all circumstances considered, are not fairly chargeable with excess: and I would gladly hold that under Harpalus Sackville is really signified; that under the name Amyntas a due tribute is paid to Watson, of whose peculiar merit and importance I have already spoken.* As, however, the praise here given would be wholly below the deserts of Sackville's great Induction, whilst Watson's heroine is Phillis, not the Amaryllis here named (neither name, I may add, occurring in the Aminta itself), these identifications cannot be regarded as probable. Hence it is with pleasure that we now find a short, though worthy and powerfully-expressed recognition of Sidney's genius:—

Amongst all these was none his Paragone;—

yet neither here nor elsewhere have we evidence that Spenser was impressed by, or perhaps even felt, those singular excellences which give Sidney a place only second to himself in the lyrical poetry of that epoch, until the advent of Shakespeare.

This name leads us back to the praise of Action, immediately preceding that of Sidney in the Colin. Here, however gladly one would read Shakespeare, I cannot but concur in the argument by which Drayton

* It seems improbable to assign the name Amyntas to Lord Derby, whom I find described as a patron, nowhere as a poet.

† This argument (which is given at length by Todd and Fleay), rests upon the premises that Action, as indeed Spenser's metre and metrical canons require, must be pronounced Ætion; that action was a common Greek word then used for first-cause; that this answers without straining to Idea:—and that Drayton, —then rising to a popularity nearest, I imagine, to Spenser's,—had in 1593 published his "Idea: The Shepherds Garland,"
is treated as the probable claimant of the name, and that of Shakespeare absolutely excluded. For if we take *Colin Clout* as wholly written in 1591, the date of its dedication, the praise given to *Action* would hardly have been earned by the tragedies which Shakespeare had then exhibited,—even if the Drama had been anywhere else included in this review of literature. But if we suppose,—what is most probable,—that insertions were made in the poem between 1591 and 1595, is it likely that Spenser (especially considering his possible visit to England in the latter year) would not have known and distinctly specified in his list those powerful first-fruits of Shakespeare's lyrical genius, the *Adonis* of 1593, the *Lucrece* of 1594? If, however, we are hence entitled to the conjecture that Spenser was intentionally silent upon his only living rival, (as there seems reason, already noted, to think that he was in regard to Sackville and Watson,) no personal cause can be found for this omission: Essex, friend to Spenser at this period,* having been intimate with Southampton, honoured, in turn, by his friendship with Shakespeare. Yet I think we may rationally trace a silence which we might, at first, be disposed to hold unnatural, to two causes, powerful throughout Spenser's career: The radical difference between the two men in their whole attitude of thought in which, as *Rowland*, he notices Spenser with respect as author of the *Faerie Queene*.—To this I will add that the fashion of poetical pseudonyms was, in that age, very common,—whence *Rowland* might naturally be so quoted. But I doubt much whether any one would then have held the surname *Shakespeare* appropriate for similar quotation.

* See the eulogy of Essex in the *Prothalamion* of 1596.
and character: and the absolute originality of the earlier poet's own style in writing; which, formed in youth, seems to have so mastered, rather than have been mastered by, him,—that he was as it were physically incapable of receiving strongly influential impressions from any other writer, ancient, foreign, or native,—Chaucer alone excluded.

There is presumption in attempting to define them: yet of Shakespeare and Spenser one may, perhaps, without fancifulness, speak as the two great celestial luminaries of Elizabethan poetry:—the lesser, with his sad and silvery twilight of sentiment; the other, splendid as the sun in heaven. The interest which naturally belongs to the relations between them,—whether of repulsion or attraction,—has led me to prolong this discussion:—We now return to Colm.

Spenser has varied this poem with singular skill in the way of contrast. From the eulogies just noticed, he felicitously passes (as Poet should) to the praise of his own Love and of other ladies fair, of high degree, about the Court, or his friends in Ireland. If we have no lines that quite equal the ethereal grace and tenderness of some which were dedicated to Beatrice and to Laura, there are verses here rarely surpassed in a certain gracious chivalry; and when he returns once more, as by some fatal spell return he must, to the praises of the Queen, gratitude lifts the adulatory strain of "furious insolence" to higher poetry.*

But Spenser soon resumes his own more natural

* Yet we may doubt if pastoral absurdity ever reached a more excessive pitch than when Spenser represents his lambs as taught to baa Elizabeth (l. 639).
tone of the complaining Shepherd, and in a strain admirably written, though not in this instance of very striking power, he proceeds to renew his old attack upon the royal Court. Hobbinol-Harvey remarks with justice, (and somewhat in the manner of his already-quoted criticism upon Mother Hubberd's Tale, to which Colin Clout is a later parallel,)—that the censure "is too general"; alleging against it his own experience as a Courtier under the Lobbin, whose clumsy name (revived here from November in the Calender) is supposed by the commentators to cover Leicester. Colin justifies his severity, and describes the Love-worship of that day in a passage which blends humour, satire, and poetical imagination in a mode equally original and felicitous. Rising then, as if at the very name of Love, into a happier and more ethereal region, Spenser closes his narrative with a noble hymn upon the birth and supremacy of the celestial Eros,

—Lord of all the world by right,—

mingling thoughts and phrases from early Hellenic philosophy, (yet such as he might have learned without personal study of the Greek,) with exquisite reflection. Lucida, an unidentified beauty, takes lawful occasion hence to praise her own sex in some charming lines and to offer excuse for the cruelty with which Rosalind had treated her poet-lover; Colin finally replying in a palinode which refers that cruelty rather to his own unworthiness than to his Love's want of heart.

* It is worth observing here, that Spenser, in his noble sonnet of 1586, speaks of Harvey's critical insight and independence of character in a tone of respect which would imply or explain deference to his judgment.
Spenser's allegories and allusions are like the famous myths of Greece and Rome. One sees dimly certain underlying realities; but there is no test by which to discover them from the poetical mist in which they are embodied and transfigured. Hence it is with much diffidence that I suggest a meaning to the Rosalind allusions in this and in his later poems. But we may reasonably infer that the name had long since become a conventional figure for the lady-love almost inevitable to a poet, and that he here,—probably on the brink of marriage with his Elizabeth,—in this graceful manner either dismisses Rosalind from the sphere of his own poetry, or (as Dean Church argues) speaks of the lady of the Sonnets under the name of the lady of the Calender.

Colin Clout is one of Spenser's most interesting pieces, not only in regard of its contents, but of its treatment. In this it is a model such as our literature has rarely shown since; and, so far as my reading extends, had never before satisfactorily shown, of the true "middle" style: that style which, running generally on a familiar level, yet never touches prose; and is, on due occasion, capable of rising like the lark, without effort or breach of continuity, into the upper heavens of imaginative poetry. Wyatt, in the Epistles to John Polia, if more concentrated and nervous in diction than Spenser, has none of his lyrical elevation; and the writers nearer his own day who, more or less, attempted the style do not (so far as I have noticed) lift themselves above satire or commonplace. Later specimens of high degree may be found in Pope's letter to Martha Blount, perhaps in Cowper, markedly in
Shelley: None, however, to my judgment, blend the extremes so felicitously as Spenser.—A poem such as this deserved to "make an epoch" not less effectually than the *Calender* or the *Faerie Queene*; whilst, from its realism and its richness in the details of contemporary life and literature, it deserves and rewards general study better than many poems more ideal in character. These reasons, I trust, will be my excuse for the comparative length with which it has been here treated.

VII. AMORETTI.

"Written not long since," according to the edition of 1595, this series may be with little doubt assigned to the years of Spenser's finally successful courtship, 1592-4.

Always tender and chivalrous, almost always beautiful, here and there perhaps upon a level with Petrarch's ordinary vein,—these sonnets leave upon the mind a more thoroughly pleasing picture of the Poet himself than he gives elsewhere. The Queen, who so often appears to the disadvantage of Spenser's song, is here praised with more felicity, because more simply; his court-rewards are spoken of with deserved gratitude:—

My sovereign Queene most kind,  
That honour and large riches to me lent.

The pastoral disguise is less marked; and if the gracious and fantastic conventionalities of the love-sonnet, which he shares with a thousand other writers, throw a veil which blunts the outline of natural expression, yet the note of genuine feeling,—hardly, perhaps, rising to the authentic tone of absolute passion,—is
Audible throughout. On this point, indeed, we may quote Spenser's own words in Sonnet LI,

I, untrainde in lovers trade,

as evidence that,—thus far, at least,—neither the Rosalind of the glen, nor that Corculium of whom Spenser, in 1580, (the very year of the Calender!) writes to Harvey,—that altera Rosalindula, as his friend replying slyly names her,—had moved him long, or moved him deeply. Yet the Amoretti seem to come closer from Spenser's own heart, seem to express actual fact and feeling more than, as a rule, we find in his poetry; though, even here, some light suspicion may be roused, when we find the change in the lady-love from cruelty to tenderness brought into exact coincidence with the beginning of a new year. Nor is it easy wholly to forgive a lover of natural beauty,—a pastoral poet,—such commonplace of comparison, such want of floral accuracy, as we find in Sonnet LXIV;—although in face of a strain of song so pure and sweet as that of the succeeding, one is ready to recant any suggestion of criticism.

The series resumes now that general colour of sadness which may be held the legitimate and time-consecrated atmosphere of the love-sonnet;—always rather elegiac than lyrical in its movement. Is the absence from the Mistress which Spenser deplores a poetic artifice, or some real severance? The similarity to Petrarch’s final sonnet in the opening line of Spenser’s may suggest the first reason. But the difference between his chastened tone of sorrow and the heart-deep grief of “that sad Florentine”; between Petrarch’s
unapproachable magic and Spenser's easy grace, will be best felt if I give myself and the reader the pleasure of comparing them.

Vago augelletto che cantando vai,
Ovver piangendo il tuo tempo passato,
Vedendoti la notte e 'l verno a lato,
E 'l di dopo le spalle, e i mesi gai:

Se come i tuoi gravosi affanni sai,
Così sapessi il mio simile stato,
Verresti in grembo a questo sconsolato
A partir seco i dolorosi guai.

I' non so se le parti sarian pari;
Che quella cui tu pianti, è forse in vita,
Di ch' a me Morte e 'l Ciel son tanto avari:—
Ma la stagione e l' ora men gradita,
Col membrar de' dolci anni e degli amari,
A parlar teco con pietà m' invita.

Here there is more decided similarity than I have noticed anywhere else between either Petrarch, Sanazzaro (named by E. K. as Spenser's models), or Sidney, with whose Astrophel, at any rate before 1595, he must have been familiar. But the vast number of pre-existing examples, with the general monotony of the love-sonnet, renders it impossible to prove that general originality which Spenser's sonnets (in common with all his work) appear to me to present.

Petrarch has a choiceness and exquisiteness both in sentiment and in diction, an indescribable union of delicacy with dignity, which, speaking of style, bring him nearer to Vergil, (in the Art of Poetry, after all, the First Master absolute,) than any other poet known to me;— nor has any one blended the real and the ethereal in the poetry of love with such absolute skill. Much might hence be learned, by a man of Spenser's genius, from
Petrarch; but a model, in any sense beyond simple imitation, he could not be. Sanazzaro, however, who combines a share of Petrarch's charm with a prevalent tone of refined moralization, may have been of more direct service to Spenser. The subject is of some interest to those who study him lovingly; and I will hence add a few further specimens to facilitate comparison.

With this ecstatic vision of Laura compare a short *Canzone* by Sanazzaro. It is not unworthy of the honour.

* "In Morte di Madonna Laura:" Son. xxxiv.
And as Sanazzaro is not easily accessible, a lovely moonlight scene and one sonnet, full of the delightful hyperbole of Love, shall be added.*

Quante fiate questi tempi a dietro,
Se ben or del passato ti † rimembra,
Di mezza notte mi vestesti ir solo!
A pena allor traea l’ afflitte membra
Per fuggir un pensier noioso e tetro
Che fea star l’ alma per levarsi a volo:
E per temperar mio duolo,
Credendo che ’l tacer giovasse assai,
Non t’ apersi i miei guai;
Ma se ’l suo cuor senti mai fiamma alcuna,
E sei pur quella luna
Ch’ Endimion sognando fe’ contento;
Conoscer mi potesti al gir si lento.

Ecco ch’ un’ altra volta, o piagge apriche,
Udrete il pianto e i gravi miei lamenti;
Udrete, selve, i dolorosi accenti,
E ’l tristo suon de le querele antiche:
Udrai tu, mar, l’usate mie fatiche:
E i pesci al mio lagnar staranno intenti:
Staran pietose a’ miei sospiri ardenti
Quest’ aure, che mi fur gran tempo amiche.
E se di vero amor qualche scintilla
Vive fra questi sassi, avran mercede
Del cor che desiendo arde e sfavilla.

Ma, lasso, a me che val, se già nol crede
Quella ch’i’ sol vorrei ver me tranquilla,
Nè le lacrime mie m’ acquistan fede?

Last, two sonnets from the Astrophel and Stella: of

* I follow the text given in the Parnaso Italiano: (Venezia, 1787: Zatta.)
† La Luna.
all our greater poems, the one to which least justice
has been done, either by students or by readers
generally.

High-way, since you my chief Parnassus be,
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses’ feet
More oft than to a chamber-melody:—

Now, blesséd you bear onward blesséd me
To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet;
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.

Be you still fair, honour’d by public heed;
By no encroachment wrong’d, nor time forgot;
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed;
And that you know I envy you no lot

Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,—
Hundreds of years you Stella’s feet may kiss.

The following has that charm of simple diction,
reaching its purest note, its perfect chord, at the close,
which is one of the magical graces in which Petrarch
is supreme:—

Stella, think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history:
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.

Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree:
In truth, I swear I wish not there should be
Graved in my epitaph a Poet’s name.

Ne, if I would, could I just title make
That any laud thereof to me should grow,
Without my plumes from others’ wings I take:
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,

Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,
And Love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.
POEMS.

Had not these four little pieces appeared in Spenser's volume of 1595, immediately following the Amoretti, we might have reasonably questioned their authorship. Nothing in them recalls his power; the rhymes have occasionally a rudeness for which, in his work, a precedent has to be sought in the Bellay translations, dateable soon after 1570; the style and the metre, in regard to their quality, might have been by any hand among the crowd of versifiers to whom, during the last ten or fifteen years of Elizabeth's reign, we are indebted for endless madrigals in the Romano-mythological manner. In short, the remark ascribed to the poet Drummond by Ritson, as made upon Spenser's Sonnets, would apply much better to these little pieces: "I am not of their opinion who think them his; for they are so childish, it were not well to give them so honourable a father." As the Amoretti immediately precede the Poems in the edition of 1595, the doubt as to the authenticity of the latter may be disregarded; but the juxtaposition possibly justifies the suggestion which I have offered above.

Spenser can bring his power within "the sonnet's scanty plot,"—aided, no doubt, by its somewhat rigorous form and the long series of predecessors who had illustrated its capacity. But, except in this region, he, like Chaucer, never seems to have felt that "weight of too much liberty," to which Wordsworth ascribes the attraction which the Sonnet has long exercised over poets. Partly from the inexhaustible fountain of their creative power, (though here Chaucer's imagination is, in general, penetrative, where Spenser's is pictorial,)
partly, perhaps, from the sense which each may have justly entertained, that they were alone in their supremacy, and with a nation to listen to them,—they rank among the Poets who care not to keep narrow bounds, or carve statues in miniature. Nor were those masterpieces of lyrical brevity which the ancient world has left as an heritage to humanity (eternal, whilst the civilized races remain undeteriorated), as yet familiar to our singers. Byron with his fiery fluency, Byron, who hated Horace, makes the nearest approach that, in modern times, I can remember to the character here ascribed to our first two great Masters in poetry.

**EPITHALAMION.**

Hallam's forcible and sympathetic notice may here spare me the task, arduous and unnecessary, of attempting to praise a poem which, from 1595 onwards, has but rarely met with a rival in poetical fervour amongst our lyrical odes,—never, amongst our _Hymenaeas_: "It is a strain redolent of a bridegroom's joy and of a poet's fancy. The English language seems to expand itself with a copiousness unknown before, while he pours forth the varied imagery of this splendid little poem. I do not know any other nuptial song, ancient or modern, of equal beauty. It is an intoxication of ecstasy, ardent, noble, and pure.—But it pleased not Heaven that these day-dreams of genius and virtue should be undisturbed."

Spenser has here laid out his subject on his most congenial, most liberal scale; pouring forth all his exuberance, allusive and descriptive, with a refined picturesqueness worthy of Shakespeare in his own age,
of Keats or Tennyson in ours;—the invention so copious, the forms so beautiful, the melody so resonant, as fairly to resemble the Allegro with which Beethoven's orchestra is wont to close a Symphony. He seems to write here from the whole fulness of his heart; and being hence led to include and dwell on every bridal association, old or new, which he could recall, the wealth of the Epithalamion has, perhaps, tended a little to efface the impression that depth of feeling is involved. But, (even if it were not in itself a kind of treason to poetry to suppose this,) the lovely simplicity of the Envoy may reassure us.

Spenser has here, I conceive, unquestionably framed the scheme of his splendid stanza,—though not its lyrical movement and fire,—upon the Italian Canzone model; that beautiful form, the nearest recompense for the loss of the Greek Ode-structure, of which English poetry, I know not why, has been strangely negligent. Reference to the seventeenth Canzone of Petrarch (last in the series On Laura Alive) will show a stanza similar to Spenser's in length, and, speaking generally, in disposition of line,—this Song being one of those which end with two couplets. That peculiar cadence, equally elegiac and effective, which one might term the special note of the Canzone,—where a line of five feet is followed by one of three,—(the Italian rhyme-laws fixed by Petrarch's time adding a final short syllable to each), seems to have been imported into our poetry by Spenser, from whom Milton, with even added sweetness of rhyme-arrangement, may have taken it in Lycidas.*

* Petrarch, so far as I have observed, (and Spenser with him,) never uses this metrical form except as a rhymed couplet:—
If, however, the metre of this lyric be a melody from the South, for the idea of an English Hymeneal Spenser may not improbably have been, more or less, indebted to Sidney; from whose beautiful Epithalamium in the Arcadia (published 1590), I extract the following stanzas, which, in their merits and their defects, may be profitably compared with Spenser’s masterpiece. For the refrain neither poet was indebted, I imagine, to Italian models: it forms, as they have used it, a beautiful completion of the Canzone stanza:—

Let mother Earth now deck herself in flowers,
To see her offspring seek a good increase,
Where justest love doth vanquish Cupid’s powers,
And war of thoughts is swallow’d up in peace,
Which never may decrease,
But, like the turtles fair,
Live one in two, a well-united pair;
Which that no chance may stain,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

Virtue, if not a God, yet God’s chief part,
Be thou the knot of this their open vow,
That still he be her head, she be his heart;
He lean to her, she unto him do bow;
Each other still allow;
Like oak and mistletoe
Her strength from him, his praise from her do grow:
In which most lovely train,
O Hymen, long their coupled joys maintain!

Ch’ella ti porgerà la bella mano,
Ond’io son sì lontano.

But Milton (agreeing with Dante, although probably not acquainted with his lyrics), beside this arrangement, has—

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows—:
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd’s ear.
THE HYMNES.

VIII. FOWRE HYMNES.

I. IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

The first two Hymns are, once more, introduced by Spenser, (who, if one of our most copious poets, was also one of the least eager, in general, for publication,) as belonging to "the greener times of my youth." Looking, however, at their magnificently sustained power and perfection in style, we might reasonably interpret the phrase of 1596 as referring to a date between 1578 and 1582. All are written in Chaucer's Royal metre: nor was it ever more suitably employed.

In this stately Ode Spenser narrates the same mythe, setting forth how Love educed the world from Chaos, which he tells again, with more liveliness of movement, in Colin Clout: proceeding then to a long and lofty picture of human passion; the pangs of jealousy; the Paradise of Love triumphant. If there be not much novelty in this treatment of the oldest of poetical themes, the language is of amazing force, no less than fluency: and Spenser shows a singular and laudable boldness in exerting that eternal right of the Poet,—the creation of new or the use of unusual words. Yet the love painted here is at once so idealized and so general,—the human and the personal aspect of passion so faintly present,—that we feel as though this were some splendid procession unwinding itself before us in progress to the Capitol, rather than a Hymn sung in the inmost shrine of Eros. What we hear is far less the music of Love, than Love set to lovely music: a strain of gorgeous beauty, in which the chivalry of the Middle Ages blends audibly with the IV.
mythology of the Renaissance. If this were all that the great Artist sought, his aim has been triumphantly compassed. Yet, in his acceptance of the style; Spenser reveals that deficiency which, in every direction, underlies the Renaissance movement. Many as were the gifts it brought to mankind, one thing is all but always wanting.—*Innerness.* Not here, but in such notes of almost ineffable tenderness as Petrarch has found in his *Triumph*—in such simple stanzas as we owe to some unknown lover and singer of the North, do we hear Love's *ipsissima verba*:

When I think on the happy days  
I spent wi' you, my dearie;  
And now what lands between us lie,  
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
As ye were wae and weary!  
It was na sae ye glinted by  
When I was wi' my dearie.

II. IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

Beauty, as the garment or incarnation of Love, calls less imperatively for that personal experience in which Spenser's youth (as I read it) was but slightly grounded: whilst the very name announces to us that we have here the theme, above all others, most akin to the genius of this great beauty-worshipper. Hence in spirit and fresh flow of splendid music his second Ode perhaps even surpasses the preceding. Yet, amid all the pomp and pageantry of loveliness, the Neo-Platonism (if I may give the term this significance) into which the philosophy of the poem is thrown, seems to be present in a proportion rather too large to the proper praise of
Beauty; or, perhaps, this theory of the heavenly Ideal (which Spenser, as before noticed, might have reached with but slight study), is insufficient in itself to affect us forcibly. There is here, in short, as may be found elsewhere in Spenser's immense work, a kind of apparent depth, which leaves something lacking.

The references which the Hymns on Love and Beauty make to the Poet's cold-hearted or cruel mistress accord with the references made in other poems, by name or inferentially, to Rosalind. They may, possibly, express Spenser's actual experiences; yet the love which he offers is far indeed from that, for which another Rosalind would have allowed that men might die.* These two poems, however, if written by 1582, and thenceforward, as appears from the Dedication, widely circulated in manuscript, even more than the Calendar must have impressed every reader of intelligence with the conviction that a Poet, much beyond any of that age in sustained beauty of style and imagery, had arisen above our horizon; that England could now challenge France, Spain, and Germany with confidence, and surpass all that the poets of Italy,—one sad captive in Ferrara alone excepted,—were now capable of offering.

III. OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

I hold it as, for the most part, a poetical device, a trick of fine art, by which Spenser, in the prefatory letter to his fair and noble friends, sets forth these two latter Hymns as a sort of retraction or palinode in

* As You Like It: Act iv, Sc. 1.
regard of the two earlier. For the Heavenly Love leaves all that he had sung of human love intact, while carrying on the theme into higher and greater regions. Milton, who traced his poetical parentage to Spenser, must have had this poem more before him than any other; and the difference between it and the song of mortal passion is like that between the praises of holy love in the Comus and in the Paradise. Nowhere, I think, has Spenser written, in his longer pieces at least, with more uniformly equable dignity, nowhere with more serene melody, than here; and great is the gain in reasonableness and charm to the celestial vision and the pictures from Gospel story which he presents, from the absence of that Platonic colouring,—so far as Platonism it is,—which tinges the earlier companion Ode. Spenser, in fact, now writes from the fulness of his faith; and the poem has hence a reality which the most skilful art alone, in the most skilful hands, let the artist strive as he will, must ever fail to compass.

IV. ON HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

This Ode, however, as it seems to me, although written also, in general, with Spenser's full mastery, falls below its predecessor; which, in truth, so far from being anyway tainted with the grossness of the lower nature, or the corruptness of the Renaissance, anticipates all that is heavenly in the beauty of earth,—leaving little more which even a poet so fertile as Spenser in the field of the beautiful and the musical could add when he resumed the subject.
The remarks offered upon the metre of the *Epithalamion* apply here also; but the stanza is to my ear even more exquisitely constructed, the structure more completely symmetrical, the cadences more amorously melodious.

This noble Ode,—to which, with its companion, I can remember no rival, later or earlier, in its own style, none similar or second,—naturally and rightly does not attempt the rapture and impassioned detail of the *Epithalamion*,—a treatment which Spenser would, doubtless, have felt as wanting in propriety and elegance in case of other brides than his own. But the *Song before Marriage*, within its narrower scope, is written with equal force and picturesqueness; and the absence of a more erotic strain is admirably compensated by the fine personal and historical allusions which Spenser has nowhere else introduced with greater skill.

**X. Astrophel.**

If Spenser had reason to admire and to love one of his contemporaries above the rest, it was surely him who, in the corrupt society of that brilliant age, alone has some title to be named the Galahad of Elizabeth's Round Table. We know not, indeed, how soon after Sidney's death in 1586 *Astrophel* may have been written: although evidence remains to prove that all the added poems except two were in existence before it appeared. Perhaps, having deferred the publication (at least) to 1595, Spenser may have felt that he could
not then, in any direct way, express his grief to his own satisfaction;* perhaps his unfortunate alliance with Raleigh and Essex, (now husband to Sidney's widow, born Walsingham,) may have hampered his utterance, or have even half-effaced the remembrance of one so contrasted with them in the loyalty and chivalry of his nature:—the poet has, at any rate, here thrown himself so unreservedly into the merest pastoral conventionalism that *Astrophel is not a disguise of the truth so much as an entire abandonment of it. Dedicated to Lady Essex (whose husband, it should be remembered, was also brother to Lady Rich, Sidney's own Stella), the poem represents the victim of Zutphen dying in the guise of a second Adonis, and mourned by Stella, who dies herself forthwith: when he is metamorphosed into a flower, the unhappier lady-love into a star.

None of Spenser's poems, I apprehend, so completely and so unexpectedly disappoints a reader as this. None, if we except a few trifles, is so devoid of his lovely touches, of his prevalent beauty and picturesqueness. It is not indeed the only one, as I have had occasion to show, which, in its judgment of character and expression of personal feeling, falls below its subject: but no other falls below so deeply. And after we have made all reasonable conjectural excuses for this failure, (which is certainly not chargeable to any decline of poetical power in the author of the same year's *Epithalamion,) a suspicion remains that the friendship between Sidney and Spenser either never over-

* Compare, however, the not dissimilar notice of Sidney in the *Ruinies of Time of 1591.*
passed the bounds of patronage given and received, or that intimacy was broken off at an early date in Spenser's career. For this, several reasons may be given: the radical difference in poetical gift and style between the two; the foreign employment of Sidney; the somewhat intemperate zeal with which he threw himself into politics and into Puritanism; his dislike to the Court, and the imperfect or fluctuating favour with which a Sovereign who could not appreciate a nature so dissimilar to her own appears to have regarded him:—finally, Spenser's junction with Essex, and the lapse of time, acting on a disposition which, as his writings often suggest, was not highly gifted in strength of individual attachment, and looked on life, altogether, rather as a pageant or an allegory than a scene where men moved among men;—in the spirit of Jaques, we might say, rather than in that of Rosalind.

In connection with this criticism, we may note that the poem is itself planned as a direct introduction to the following elegy, which professes to be by Sidney's sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke. Despite this, however, and greatly as I hold mere conjecture in distrust, I am bound to confess that the "dolefull lay" of Clorinda seems to me so closely to follow the style and even, in some degree, the method of Spenser's prelude, as to suggest that it has either been freely revised, or even composed by him, as it were in character, some change of tone being therefore intentionally introduced;—a mystification which would be quite in accordance with the mythical character of the Introduction. But, be this as it may, the Clorinda has, perhaps, a little more truth and force of feeling;
it certainly has the same fluency, the same facile music; and not less certainly does it differ greatly in style from the pastoral "Dialogue in praise of Astrea," (Elizabeth), signed with Lady Pembroke's name in Davison's *Rhapsody* of 1602:—a poem which, as is natural, recalls her brother's manner, so unlike Spenser's at once in its directness, its condensation, and its want of his rippling melodiousness.

We may observe, further, that while Clorinda's lay, in the original edition, follows at once upon Spenser's, without any title, and is ended by two stanzas which he has indubitably inserted by way of preface to what succeeds, the next has its own distinct heading, as

**THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLISTS.**

Lodowick Bryskett, here presented under this pastoral name, was a friend of Spenser's, employed in Ireland during the poet's later and often unfortunately-spent years. These dreary Alexandrines, starting with some slight reference to the actual facts of Zutphen,—facts, truly, far more poetical in themselves than if they had been decorated by even Spenser's fancy,—soon fall into an extravagance of pastoralism which reveals the besetting weakness of that style even when removed above criticism by the melody of a Vergil or a Tasso. The

**PASTORAL AEGLOGUE**

which follows, and may, with Collier, be reasonably assigned also to Bryskett, is at any rate its worthy companion in the qualities just noticed. More truth
than either of these pieces offer is reached in one stanza of the fifth, the

ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PASSION,

by a certain little-known Matthew Roydon. Amidst a long stream of rather awkwardly expressed commonplace,* he thus describes Sidney:—

A sweete attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face;
The lineaments of Gospell bookes;
— I trow, that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

—Si sic plura! . . . The collection concludes with two

EPITAPHS UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

These are reprints from the Phanix Nest of 1593: and Mr. Collier has satisfactorily identified the author of the first with Sir Walter Raleigh. It has the pregnant but somewhat prosaic force of his authentic writing, anterior to the rudeness of style, the condensation pushed to obscurity, which prevail in the work of his unhappy later days. In complete contrast with the pastoral fancy of preceding elegies, the main facts of Sidney's life are here briefly and truly set forth,

* The following criticism of Roydon by Nash, given by Collier, "He hath showed himselfe singular in the immortal epitaph of his beloved Astrophell,"—may illustrate the value of contemporary laudation,—not in Elizabeth's age only. The date of Nash's Epistle fixes that of Roydon's Elegy to 1586 or 1587; whilst Mr. Collier has pointed out that Byskett's Mourning Muse was licensed for publication in the latter year.

IV. 
with the noticeable omission of any reference to *Stella*. Speaking of him as the

Petrarch of our time,

Raleigh shows a much greater critical discernment than any other of Sidney's eulogists: the phrase discovers that keen insight which (when personal interest does not intervene) is eminently characteristic of one of our first intellects during an age singularly fertile in intellectual eminence.

The final Epitaph, described in the *Phaiix Nest*, (which gives no clue as to the authorship of Roydon's and Raleigh's,) as "excellently written by a most woorthy Gentleman," remains unidentified. This is in that truly elegiac metre,—lines of twelve and fourteen syllables in rhyming couplets,—so common in our first Anthologies; and, like those, a little exceeds in alliteration. Whoever the author, it expresses (to my mind) a more genuine and deeper sense of sorrow in its naïf phrases than any of the preceding.

As a little gallery of Elizabethan art, I would venture to recommend the *Astrophel*, (which we may reasonably consider selected, where not composed, by Spenser,) in regard to the different styles in poetry exhibited, to the reader's attention.

**Sonnets from Various Sources.**

The first, dated 1586, but published 1592, I should rate as the finest sonnet among all those left us by Spenser. It has that quality of strong feeling, of direct expression, which,—even in presence of his
other amazing gifts,—one must often desiderate in our great Poet;—and, with this, a certain weight and dignity not only worthy of Milton, but singularly resembling the style of his own encomiastic Sonnets. And that it should have been called forth in honour of Spenser’s early friend Harvey adds to our pleasure.

On the rest, we need note only that the third,—prefixed to a book which, in 1596, describes itself as “newly translated,” is, with the eighth of the Amoretti, the only extant example of the quatrain and couplet sonnet-form which we find since the Visions which close the Complaints. To judge, however, by the diction and general style, this poem distinctly belongs to Spenser’s latest period,—a time to which the external evidence also clearly points. So little stress of argument, I should be disposed to urge, can we, in general, safely lay upon points such as metrical structure, use of certain rhymes, line-endings, taken by themselves as determinants of date in poetry. At any rate is this argument true in case of that great and noble Master,—third only, as, with Hallam, I would venture to say, among our sons of song,—whom I here quit with admiring reverence. For, among artists, Freedom is pre-eminently the Poet’s birthright; and, among poets, few if any have handled their divine art with more absolute freshness, originality,—in one word, mastery,—than Spenser.

F. T. P.
III.

DAPHNAIDA.

1596.
NOTE.

Our text of 'Daphnaida' is that of 1596, from a fine exemplar in my own Library. That of 1591—the original edition—I have collated from the Grenville Library, British Museum, with the result that, as in 'The Shepherds Calendar,' it does not prove to be superior to 1596. Dr. Morris magnifies its importance and value, without warrant. If it gives the one reading of 'deepe' for 'deere' as he points out (line 487), 1596 on the other hand corrects the vague plural of 'flarres' by the more vivid singular 'ftarre' (line 477) = the Evening star—the latter certainly an Author's correction in order to point the fine praise of the one 'fair lady' (see l. 483). Moreover I demur to Dr. Morris's revival of 'deepe.' It seems clear that the Poet himself was not satisfied with it and corrected by 'dreere' or 'drere,' albeit his Printer spoiled it by misprinting 'deere.' The lection 'deepe' in the light of the context is scarcely fitting. I place below such few Various Readings in 1591 as occur. It will be seen that they are of the most trivial sort, indeed almost wholly slight orthographical changes, while the punctuation throughout of 1591, as compared with 1596, is bad, commas and colons being dropped where really required.

l. 1, 'minde' for 'mynd.'
l. 3, 'finde' for 'fynd.'
l. 17, 'Doo ... threds' for 'Doe threeds.'
l. 63, 'treades' for 'treade.'
l. 64, 'whome' for 'whom.'
l. 67, 'weepe' for 'wepe.'
l. 72, 'tolde' for 'told.'
l. 76, comma (,) inserted after 'mis-hap'—being needed.
l. 93, 'careft' for 'car'ft.'
l. 110, 'playne' for 'plaine.'
l. 122, 'haire' for 'hayre.'
l. 124, 'wan so' for 'wanfo'—accepted.
l. 137, 'louelie' for 'lonely.'
l. 142, 'enuide' for 'enuyde.'
l. 144, 'wide' for 'wyde.'
l. 145, 'Were' for 'Where'—accepted.
l. 146, 'tri'de' for 'try'de.'
l. 148, comma (,) after 'happineffe' in 1591—accepted.
l. 158, 'deadlie' for 'deadly.'
l. 159, 'fro' for 'from.'
l. 162, 'awaie' for 'away.'
l. 163, 'vnworthie' for 'vnworthy.'
l. 185, 'extreamitie' for 'extremi-tie.'
l. 189, 'self' for 'selle.'
NOTE.

l. 196, 'dearnlie' for 'dearnely.'
l. 197, 'ayre' for 'aire.'
l. 199, 'vniustlie' for 'vuinstly.'
l. 200, 'wightes' for 'wrights.'
l. 205, 'fayre' for 'faire.'
l. 206, 'while' for 'why.'
l. 208, 'fhee' (bis) for 'she': and so l. 213.
l. 212, 'womankinde' for 'womankind.'
l. 218, 'fayre' for 'faire.'
l. 223, 'doubble' for 'double.'
l. 231, 'ruflick' for 'ruflicke.'
l. 240, 'whilit' for 'whilit': so l. 241.
l. 246, 'ftony' for 'ftone.'
l. 249, 'breeft' for 'breast.'
l. 255, 'trauail' for 'trauail.'
l. 261, 'readie' for 'ready.'
l. 266, 'chaunt' for 'chaunte.'
l. 269, 'needes' for 'needs.'
l. 274, 'dolor' for 'dolour': and so l. 440.
l. 294, 'weep' (bis) for 'weepe': and so ll. 392, 441.
l. 299, 'speeches doo' for 'speeches doe.'
l. 301, 'endles' for 'endlesse.'
l. 303, 'pourtraicure' for 'pourtraiture.'
l. 310, 'a round' for 'arownd'—accepted.
l. 314, 'Nimphiand' for 'Nymphes &;' l. 328, 'dreyry' for 'drearie,' and 'charfull' for 'charfull.'
l. 333, 'drouth' for 'drouth.'
l. 345, 'little' for 'litle.'
l. 377, 'finde' for 'fynd.'
l. 386, 'forrowe fatiffide' for 'forrow fattifyde.'
l. 388, 'pacifide' for 'pacifyde.'
l. 391, 'till' an obvious correction of 'tell' of the original.
l. 400, 'withhold' for 'withould.'
l. 402, 'mold' for 'mould.'
l. 409, 'dreyry' for 'dreary.'
l. 411, 'flye' for 'fly.'
l. 442, in 1596 catch-word is misprinted 'Who.'
l. 477, 'flarres' for 'flarre'—rejected.
l. 479, 'darknes' for 'darknesse,' and 'minde' for 'mind.'
l. 480, 'shinde' for 'shind.'
l. 486, 'darkfome' for 'darkfome.'
l. 487, 'deepe' for 'd[r]eere'—rejected.
l. 491, 'Hencefoorth' for 'Henceforth.'
l. 493, 'moulde' for 'mould.'
l. 496, 'held .. anie' for 'held .. any.'
l. 500, 'honors' for 'honours.'
l. 503, 'onely' for 'only.'
l. 510, 'wayle' for 'waile.'
l. 514, 'doo' for 'doe.'
l. 520, 'flocks' for 'flockes.'
l. 526, 'dere' for 'deare.'
l. 549, I print a 'fol[enfull]—misprinted as one word in both 1591 and 1596.
l. 556, 'desirde' for 'desyrde.'
l. 563, comma (,) inserted after 'leave,' as in '91. No one who critically studies these variations will accept the alleged superiority of the text of 1591. The following is the title-page of 1591: —
Daphnaïda.

An Elegie vpon the
deaht of the noble and vertuous
Douglas Howard, Daughter and
heire of Henry Lord Howard, Vis-
count Byndon, and wife of Ar-
thure Gorges Esquier.

Dedicated to the Right honorable the Lady
Helena, Marquess of Northampton.

By Ed. Sp.

AT LONDON

Printed for William Ponsonby, dwelling in
Paule's Churchyard, at the signe of the
Bishops head. 1591.

[410, 11 leaves, A3-C3.]
AN ELEGIE
UPON THE DEATH
OF THE NOBLE AND
VERTVOVS DOVGLAS
Howard, daughter and heire of
Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byn-
don, and wife of Arthur
Gorges Esquier.

Dedicated to the Right honorable the Ladie
Helena, Marquess of Northampton.

By Ed. Sp.

AT LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonby,
1596.
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VER-
tuous Lady Helena Marquesse of
North-hampton.

Haue the rather presumed humbly to offer
unto your Honour the dedication of this little
Poème, for that the noble and vertuous Gen-
tlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere allied,
and in affection greatly devoted unto your Ladiship. The
occasion why I wrote the same, was aswell the great good
fame which I heard of her deceaffed, as the particular
goodwill which I beare unto her husband Master Arthur
Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house,
as your Ladiship by marriage hath honoured, so doe I
find the name of them by many notable records, to be of
great antiquitie in this Realme; and such as haue
euer borne themselves with honourable reputation to the
world, & unspotted loyalty to their Prince and countrey:
besides so lineally are they descended from the Howards,
as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolk, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges Knightes. And therefore I doe assure my selfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children do so neerey participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommande this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection. London this first of Januarie, 1591.

Your Honours humbly ever.

Ed. Sp./
Daphnaida.

Hat ever man he be, whose heauie mynd
With griefe of mournefull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increafe would fynd:
Let reade the rufull plaint herein exprest,
Of one (I weene) the wofulf man aliue;
Euen sad Aleyon, whose empierced brest,
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand pieces rieue.

But who so else in pleasfure findeth fenfe,
Or in this wretched life dooth take delight,
Let him be banifht farre away from hence:
Ne let the sacred Sifters here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heauilie can fin:
For euen their heauie fong would breede delight:
But here no tunes, faue fobs and grones shal" ring.
In stead of them, and their sweete harmonie,
Let thofe three fatall Sifters, whose fad hands
Doe weaue the direfull theeds of destinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darkenes deepe come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly Ghosts to heare this dolcfull teene. 20

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to reft,
And sweatie steedes now hauing ouer run
The compaft skie, gan water in the weft,
I walkt abroad to breath the frething ayre
In open fields, whose flowring pride opprefte
With early frosts, had loft their beautie faire.

There came vnto my mind a troublous thought,
Which dayly doth my weaker wit poffeffe,
Ne lets it reft, vntill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauineffe,
Which she conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainneffe, and lifes wretchedneffe,
That yet my foule it deeply doth empassion.

So as I muzed on the miserie
In which men liue, and I of many moft,
Moft miserable man; I did espie
Where towards me a fory wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray: 40
And Iaakob staffe in hand deuoutly croft,
Like to fome Pilgrim, come from farre away.
DAPHNAIDA.

His carelesse lockes, vncombed and vnfhorne,
Hong long adowne, and beard all ouer growne,
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne ;
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne
As loathing light : and euer as he went,
He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his heart in pieces would haue rent.

Approa/ching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
And by the femblant of his countenaunce,
Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
Moost like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce ;
Alcyon he, the iollie Shepheard swaine,
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce.
And fill with pleafance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguize,
I softlie sayd, Alcyon ? There withall
He lookt a side as in disdainefull wise,
Yet stayed not : till I againe did call.
Then turning back, he faide with hollow found,
Who is it, that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedft man that treads this day on groud ?

One, whom like wofulnesse impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched cafe to heare,
And giuen like cafe with thee to waile and wepe :
Griefe finds some cafe by him that like does beare,
Then ftay Alcyon, gentle shepheard ftay
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my truftie eare
Committed, what thec dooth fo ill apay.
Ceafe foolish man (faide he halfe wrothfully)
To fecke to heare that which cannot be told:
For the huge anguifh, which dooth multiplie
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:
Ne doo I care, that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weep e that would,
But fecke alone to weep e, and dye alone.

Then be it so (quoth I) that thou art bent
To die alone, vnpitied, vnplainted,
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the caufe, which thee thereto constraine:
Leaft that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood haft spilt.

Who life dooes loath, and longs to be vnbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flefh (quoth he)
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie,
For harts deep forrow hates both life and light.

Yet since so much thou seemft to rue my griefe,
And car'ft for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:
For my reliefe exceedeth lying thought)
I will to thee this heauie cafe relate,
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For neuer didst thou heare more haplesse fate.
Whilome I vfde (as thou right well doest know) 
My little flocke on wefterne downes to keepe. 
Not far from whence *Sabrinaes* stremes doth flow, 
And flowrie bancks with siluer liquor steepe: 
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaúce, 
For all my joy was on my gentle sheepe, 
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

It / there befell, as I the fields did range 
Feareleffe and free, a faire young Lionesse, 
White as the natuie Rose before the chaungue, 
Which *Venus* blood did in her leaues impressè. 
I spied playing on the graffe plaine 
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse, 
That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine.

Much was I moued at fo goodly sight; 
Whose like before, mine eye had feldome seene, 
And gan to caft, how I her compasse might, 
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene: 
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine, 
That I her caught diporting on the greene, 
And brought away faft bound with siluer chaine.

And afterwards I handled her fo fayre, 
That though by kind shee stout and saluage were, 
For being borne an auncient Lions hayre, 
And of the race, that all wild beastes do feare; 
Yet I her fram'd and wan fo to my bent, 
That shee became fo meeke and milde of cheare, 
As the leaft lamb in all my flock that went.
For shee in field, where euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe ;
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe./

Safe then and safest were my fillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast:
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe:
My louely Lionesse without beheast
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their lasses which my luck enuyde,
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lyonesse, whose praiyes wyde
Were spred abroad ; and when her worthinesse
Much greater than the rude report they try'de,
They her did praise, and my good fortune bleffe.

Long thus I joyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my joy would haue no end:
But oh fond man, that in worlds ficklenesse
Repofedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend,
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changeful counsels bend
To make new matter fit for Tragedies.
For whileft I was thus without dread or dout,
A cruell Satyre with his murdrous dart,
Greedie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
Gaue her the fatall wound of deadly smart:
And refit from me my sweete companion,
And refit fro me my loue, my life, my hart:
My Lyonniffe (ah woe is me) is gon.

Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, vnworthy such a spoyle;
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter pray:
Much fitter than the Lyon, which with toyle
Alcides flew, and fixt in firmament;
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly foyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and wepe,
That I for pittie of his heauie plight,
Could not abftain mine eyes with teares to steepe:
But when I faw the anguiſh of his fpright
Some deale alaid, I him befpake againe.
Certes Alcyon, painsfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderftand
The riddle of thy loued Lionesfe;
For rare it feemes in reafon to be fkind,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule poffeſfe
Should to a beaſt his noble hart embaſe,
And be the vaffall of his vaffallesfe:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull cafe.
Then fighing fore, *Daphne* thou kneweft (quoth he)  
She now is dead; ne more endur'd to say:  
But fell to ground for great extremitie,  
That I beholding it, with deepe dismay  
Was much appald, and lightly him vprearing,  
Reuoked life, that would haue fled away,  
All were my selfe through grief in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my self,  
And with milde counfaile ftroue to mitigate  
The stormie passion of his troubled brest,  
But he thereby was more empassionate:  
As stubborne fled, that is with curb restrained,  
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate,  
And breaking foorth at laft, thus dearinely plained.

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire,  
Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?  
Which so vniuftly do their judgements share;  
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so fore  
The innocent, as thofe which do transgresse,  
And doe not spare the best or fairest, more  
Than worst or fowleft, but doe both oppresse.

If this be right, why did they then create  
The world fo faire, Sith fairenesse is neglected?  
Or why be they themselues immaculate,  
If purest things be not by them respected?  
She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,  
Yet was by them as thing impure reieected:  
Yet she in purenesse, heauen it selfe did pas.
In pureness and in all celestiall grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind;
She did excell and seem'd of Angels race,
Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
Adorn'd with wisedome and with chastitie:
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No /age hath bred (since faire Asvre left
The finfull world) more vertue in a wight,
And when she parted hence, with her she reft
Great hope; and robd her race of bountie quight:
Well may the shepheard laisses now lament,
For double losse by her hath on them light;
To loose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let Elisa royall Shepheardesse
The praifes of my parted loue enuy,
For she hath praifes in all plenteousnesse,
Powr'd vpon her, like showers of Caulaly
By her owne Shepheard, Colin her own Shepherd,
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of rusticke mufe full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade,
Mine, ah not mine; amisse I mine did say:
Not mine but his, which mine awhile her made:
Mine to be his, with him to liue for ay:
O that so faire a flowre so soone should fade,
And through vntimely tempest fall away.

IV.
DAPHNAIDA.

She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whilst yet her leafe was greene, & fresh her rinde, 240
And whilst her branch faire blossomes foroth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kinde:
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruit blowne downe with winde:
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderstanding.

2 What hart so stony hard, but that would weepe,
And pour forth fountaines of incessant teares?
What Timon, but would let compassion creepe
Into his brest, and pierce his frozen cares?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well 250
I wasted haue, my heart bloud dropping weares,
To thinke to ground how that faire blossome fell.

Yet fell she not, as one enforst to dye,
Ne dye with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with trauell downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And clode her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forfake, 260
She all resolu'd and readie to remoue,
Calling to me (ay me) this wise bespake;
Alcyon, ah my first and latest love,
Ah why does my Alcyon weepe and mourne,
And grieue my ghost, that ill mote him behoue,
As if to me had chaunst some euill tourne?
I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summons foules vnto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his soueraine behest:
Why should Alcyon then so sore lament,
That I from miserie shall be releaft,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

Our daies are full of doleure and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease.
Why then should I desire here to remaine?
Or why should he that loues me, forrie bee
For my deliverance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see?

I goe, and long desird have to goe,
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care, nor wafting woe
May come their happie quiet to molest,
But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones
Eternally him praise, that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,
My young Ambrosia, in lieu of mee
Louve her: so shall our loue for euer last.
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long:
So hauing said, away she softly past:
Weepe Shepheard weepe, to make mine vnderfong.
3 So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my brest,
And those laft deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet fugred speeches doe compare,
The which my soule first conquerd and possest,
The first beginners of my endless care; /

And when those pallid checkes and ashie hew,
In which sad death his pourtraiture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghastly night did fit,
I match with that sweete smile and cheerful brow,
Which all the world subdued vnto it;
How happie was I then, and wretched now?

How happie was I, when I saw her leade
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in arownd?
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender graffe with royce garland crownd?
And when she lift aduance her heauenly voyce,
Both Nymphes & Mufes nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards caufed to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard lasses, who shall lead
Your wandring troups, or sing your virelayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, fith she is dead
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your bliffe be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your ioyous playes,
And with the fame fill euery hill and dale.
Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to thrill,
That may allure the fenses to delight;
Ne euer Shepheard found his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
To idle pleasance: but let ghastlinesse
And drearie horror dim the chearefull light,
To make the image of true heauinesse.

Let / birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods refound with dreadfull yells:
Let fstreaming floods their haftie coursees stay,
And parching drouth drie vp the chrifall wells;
Let th'earth be barren and bring foorth no flowres,
And th'ayre be fild with noyfe of dolefull knells,
And wandring spirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature nurse of euery liuing thing,
Let reft her felfe from her long wearinesse,
And ceafe henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monfters full of vglinesse:
For she it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No nurfe, but Stepdame, cruel, mercilesse,
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderfong.

4 My litle flocke, whom carft I lou'd fo well,
And wont to feede with finceft graffe that grew,
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter Astrofell,
And ftinking Smallage, and vnfauerie Rew;
And when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of Wolues: ne will I rew,
That with your carkaffes wild beafts be glutted.
Ne worse to you my fillie sheepe I pray,
Ne forer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To carelesse heauens I doo daylie call:
But heauens refuse to heare a wretches cry,
And cruell death doth scorne to come at call,
Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' vnrighteous which aliue remaine:
But the vngodly ones he doth forfake,
By liuing long to multiplie their paine:
Els surely death shou'd be no punishment,
As the great judge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

Therefore my Daphne they haue tane away;
For worthie of a better place was she:
But me vnworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they so haue ordred, I will pay
Penance to her according their decree,
And to her ghost doe servise day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throuhout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my better age.
My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd,
My drink the teares which fro my eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardeft I may fynd:
So will I wilfully increase my paine.
And she my loue that was, my Saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne,
(In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my cafe bemone,
And pitie me that liuing thus doo die:
For heauenly spirts haue compasfion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So / when I haue with sorrow saffifyde
Th' importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th' eauens with long languor pacifyde,
She for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Will fend for me ; for which I daylie long,
And will till then my painfull penance eke:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe to make my vnderfong.

5 Hencefoorth I hate what euer Nature made,
And in her workmanfhip no pleafure finde:
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade,
So soone as on them blowes the Northern winde,
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leauing behind them nought but griefe of minde,
And mocking fuch as thinke they long will flay.

I hate the heauen, because it doth withhould
Me from my loue, and eke my loue from me ;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshly flime and fraile mortalitie ;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flyes,
I hate the Ayre, because fighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, because it teares supplyes.
I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my loue to see;
I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee:
I hate all times, because all times doo fly
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by. //

I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying:
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine cares:
I hate to taft, for food withholds my dying:
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares:
So all my senfes from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankind;
The one, because as they wretched are,
The other, for because I doo not finde
My loue with them, that want to be their Starre;
And life I hate, because it will not last,
And death I hate, because it life doth marre,
And all I hate, that is to come or past.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth euer too and fro,
And never standeth in one certaine state,
But still vnstedsfast round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midst of miferie,
Driuen with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying liues, and liuing still does dye.
So doo I liue, so doo I daylie die,
And pine away in selfe-confuming paine,
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine
Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolour and disdaine? 440
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderfong.

Why / doo I longer liue in lifes despight?
And doo not dye then in despight of death:
Why doo I longer see this loathfome light,
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
Sith all my forrow shoule haue end thereby,
And cares finde quiet; is it fo vncaeth
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I finde it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:
Therefore to dye must needes be ioyeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe.
But I muft lay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad me so,
She bad me lay, till she for me did fend.

Yet whileft I in this wretched vale doo lay,
My wearie feete shal euer wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way,
When as her messenger doth come for me:
Ne will I reft my feete for feeblenesse,
Ne will I reft my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I reft mine eyes for heauinesse.
But as the mother of the Gods, that fought
For faire *Eurydice* her daughter deere
Throghout the world, with wofull heauie *thought*;
So will I travell whileft I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping *Titan* draweth neere
To loose his teeme, will I take vp my *Inne.*

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more;
Ne shall with reft refresh my faulting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strenght restore,
But I will wake and forrow all the night
With *Philumene*, my fortune to deplore,
With *Philumene*, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I fee the starre to fall,
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call,
How my faire Starre (that fhind on me fo bright)
Fell fodiaingly, and faded vnder ground;
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a *Venus* starre is found.

But foone as day doth fhew his deawie face,
And calls foorth men vnto their toylsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darkefome place,
Or some d[r]eere caue, or solitarie fhade,
There will I figh, and forrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares vnlaide:
*Weepe Shepheard, weepe,* to make my vnderfong.
Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight:
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will be held in any stedfaft plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

And ye fond men, on fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought vnnder heauen repofe affurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride:
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only vfance
Of a small time, which none ascertaine may.

And ye true Louers, whom defaftrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and fad sufferaunce,
When ye doe heare me in that deift place,
Lamenting loud my Daphnes Elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miserable cafe,
And when life parts, vouchsafe to close mine eye.

And ye more happie Louers, which enjoy
The presence of your dearest loues delight,
When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empaffiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunft to me,
May happen vnto the moft happiest wight;
For all mens states alike vnstedfaft be.
And ye my fellow Shepheard, which do feed
Your carelesse flockes on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune, than did me succeed,
Remember yet my vndeuered paines,
And when ye heare, that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines;
That fad _Aleyon_ dyde in lifes disdaine. /

And ye faire Damfels Shepheard deare delights,
That with your loues do their rude hearts posseffe,
When as my hearfe shall happen to your fightes,
Vouchsafe to deck the fame with Cypareffe;
And euer sprinckle brackish teares among,
In pitie of my vndeferu’d diftresse,
The which I wretch, endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrimes, that with restlesse toyle
Wearie your felues in wandring defert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes affoyle,
When paffing by ye reade these wofull layes
On my graue written, rue my _Daphnes_ wrong,
And mourne for me that languilh out my dayes:
Ceafe Shepheard, ceafe, and end thy vndersong.

Thus when he ended had his heauie plaint,
The heauieft plaint that euer I heard found,
His cheekes went pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I (ftepping to him light)
Amouued him out of his ftonie fwound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.
But he no waie recomforted would be,  
Nor suffer folace to approach him nie,  
But cafting vp a 'fdeinfull eie at me,  
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,  
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubred face,  
As one difpos'd wilfullie to die,  
That I fore grieu'd to fee his wretched case.  

Tho/w when the pang was somewhat ouerpaft,  
And the outrageous passion nigh appeased,  
I him defyrde, fith daie was ouercaft,  
And darke night faft approched, to be pleased  
To turne afide vnto my Cabinet,  
And ftaie with me, till he were better eafed  
Of that ftrong ftownd, which him fo fore befet.  

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,  
Ne longer him intreate with me to ftaie,  
But without taking leaue, he foorth did goe  
With flaggring pace and difmall lookes difmay,  
As if that death he in the face had scene,  
Or hellifh hags had met vpon the way:  
But what of him became I cannot weene.
IV.

COLIN CLOVTS COME HOME AGAINE.

1595.
NOTE.

The only edition published by Spenser himself of ‘Colin Clovts come home againe,’ was that of 1595. This is our text, from a fine exemplar in my own Library. See Life in Vol. I., and Essays. I note here certain corrections, mainly of punctuation:—

1. 'knowen'—substituted for 'knowne' of the original—mere displacing of 'ne.'
2. comma (,) for period (.).
3. 'choofe': 1611 spells 'choofoe.'
4. 'singufts' for misprint 'fingulfs.' See F. Q., B. XI., c. xi., st. 11, l. 1.
5. comma (,) after 'regardful!'
6. period (.) for comma (,).
7. 'Duffi:'—the 'e' filled in. See l. 760, 'misfaring,' which explains the 'far' = fare. So Dr. Morris.
8. 'Drownded'—1611 characteristically changes to 'Drowned.'
9. period (.) for comma (,).
10. colon (:) for comma (,).
11. period (.) for comma (,).
12. colon (:) for comma (,).
13. comma (,) after 'life-giuing'—Dr. Morris's excellent correction of 'like-giuing' of the original, 1611, etc.
14. colon (:) for comma (,).
15. comma inserted after 'be.'
COLIN CLOVTS

Come home againe.

By Ed. Spencer.

LONDON
Printed for WWilliam Ponsonbrie.
1595.
TO THE RIGHT
worthy and noble Knight

Sir Walter Raleigh, Captaine of her Maiesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of the Countie of Cornwall.

(SIR, that you may see that I am not alwaies ydle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though not precisly officious, I make to you present of this simple pastorall, unworthy of your higher conceit for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly bezech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you, for your singuler favours and sundrie good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, and with your good countenance protect against the malice of
euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning.

I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December.

1591.

Yours ever humbly.

Ed. Sp.
COLIN CLOVTS

come home againe.

He shepheard's boy (best known by that name)
That after Tityrus first fung his lay,
Laiies of sweet loue, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) vpon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,
The shepheard swaines, that did about him play:
Who all the while with greodie lustfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare, dismayed with thunders found.
At last when as he piped had his fill,
He refited him: and fitting then around,
One of those groomes (a iolly groome was he,
As euer piped on an oaten reed,
And lou'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol) gan thus to him areed.

Colin my liefe, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke?
And I poore swaine of many greatest crosse:
That fith thy Muse first since thy turning backe

20
Was heard to found as she was wont on hye,  
Haft made vs all so blessed and so blythe.  
Whileft / thou waft hence, all dead in dole did lie:  
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,  
And all their birds with silence to complaine:  
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,  
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:  
The running waters wept for thy returne,  
And all their fish with languour did lament:  
But now both woods and fields, and floods reuiue,  
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,  
That vs late dead, haft made againe aliuë:  
But were it not too painfull to repeat  
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell  
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,  
Now at thy leiuë them to vs to tell.

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus,  
Hobbin thou temptest me to that I couet:  
For of good passed newly to discus,  
By dubble vsurie doth twise renew it.  
And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,  
Her worlds bright fun, her heauens fairest light,  
My mind full of my thoughts satietie,  
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that fame day in nought I take delight,  
Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleafure,  
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,  
My lifes sole blissie, my hearts eternall threaure.  
Wake then my pipe, my sleepe Mufe awake,  
Till I haue told her praises lafting long:
Hobbin desires, thou maile it not forfake,  
Harke then ye iolly shepheards to my song.
With / that they all gan throng about him neare,  
With hungrie cares to heare his harmonie:  
The whiles their flocks deuoyd of dangers feare,  
Did round about them feed at libertie.  
One day (quoth he) I fat, (as was my trade)  
Vnder the foote of Mole that mountaine hore,  
Keeping my sheepe amongft the cooly shade,  
Of the greene alders by the Mullaces shore:  
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,  
Whether allured with my pipes delight,  
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,  
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:  
Who hom when I afked from what place he came,  
And how he hight, himfelfe he did ycleepe,  
The shepheard of the Ocean by name,  
And faid he came far from the main-sea deepe.  
He sitting me beside in that fame shade,  
Prouoked me to plaie some pleafant fit,  
And when he heard the muficke which I made,  
He found himfelfe full greatly pleafd at it:  
Yet æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond  
My pipe before that æmuled of many,  
And plaid theron; (for well that skill he cond)  
Himfelfe as skilfull in that art as any.  
He pip'd, I fung; and when he fung, I piped,  
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery,  
Neither enuying other, nor enuied,  
So piped we, vntill we both were weary,  
There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,  
That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespake:  
And / shoud it not thy readie courfe refraine,  
I would request thee Colin, for my fake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie.
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loued laffe.

Nor of my loue, nor of my losse (quoth he)
I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that defart chose to dwell.
But of my riuier Bregogs loue I foong,
VVhich to the shyny Mulla he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and euer will, so long
As water doth within his bancks appeare.

Of fellowship (said then that bony Boy)
Record to vs that loucly lay againe:
The stafe whereof, shall nought these eares annoy,
VVho all that Colin makes, do couet faine.

Heare then (quoth he) the tenor of my tale,
In fort as I it to that shepheard told:
No leafing new, nor Grandams fable stafe,
But auncient truth confirm'd with credence old.

Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the Northside of Armulla dale)
He had a daughter freth as floure of May,
VVhich gaue that name vnto that pleafant vale;
Mulla the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The Nimph, which of that water course has charge,
That springing out of Mole, doth run downe right
To Butteuant, where spreding forth at large,
It giueth name vnto that auncient Cittie,
VVhich Kilnemullah cleped is of old:
VVhose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie,
To traualiers, which it from far behold.
Full faine she lou’d, and was belou’d full faine,
Of her owne brother riuer, *Bregog* hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with *Mulla* wrought to win delight.
But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which *Allo* hight, Broad water called farre:
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that riuer for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be done.
Nath leffe the Nymph her former liking held;
For loue will not be drawne, but must be ledde,
And *Bregog* did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got her first to wedde.
But for her father sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far obseru’d with icalous eie,
Which way his course the wanton *Bregog* bent,
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,
The wily louer did deuise this flight:
First into many parts his streame he shar’d,
That whilest the one was watcht, the other might
Passe vnepside to meete her by the way;
And then besides, those little streames so broken
He / vnder ground so clofely did conuay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the *Mullaes* water slide.
So secretly did he his loue enjoy:
Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepheards boy.
Who wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great auenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.
So of a Riuier, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought,
And loft emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lofe his name: so deare his loue he bought.

Which hauing said, him Thestylis bespake,
Now by my life this was a mery lay:
Worthie of Colin selse, that did it make.
But read now eke of friendfhip I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepheard sing?
For I do couet moft the fame to heare,
As men vfe moft to couet forreine thing
That fhall I eke (quoth he) to you declare.
His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great vnkindnesse, and of vitage hard,
Of Cynthia the Ladie of the sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
And euer and anon with singults rife,
He cryed out, to make his vnderfong
Ah my loues queene, and goddeffe of my life,
Who fhall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong?

Then gan a gentle bonylaffe to speake,
That Marin hight, Right well he fure did plaine:
That could great Cynthiaes fore displeafure breake,
And moue to take him to her grace againe.
But tell on further Colin, as befell
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence diffuade.

When thus our pipes we both had wearied well, (Quoth he) and each an end of finging made,
He gan to caft great lyking to my lore,  
And great diflyking to my lucklesfe lot:  
That banifht had my felfe, like wight forlore,  
Into that wafe, where I was quite forgot.  
The which to leave, thenceforth he counfeld mee,  
Vnmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,  
And wend with him, his Cynthia to fee:  
Whose grace was great, & bounty moft rewardfull.  
Besides her peerlesse skill in making well  
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,  
Such as all womankynd did far excelle:  
Such as the world admyr'd and praifed it:  
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,  
He me perfwaded forth with him to fare.  
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill:  
Small needments else need fhepheard to prepare.  
So to the fea we came; the fea? that is  
A world of waters heaped vp on hie,  
Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesfe,  
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.  
And is the fea (quoth Coridon) fo fearfull?  
Fearful much more (quoth he) the hart can fear:  
Thousand/wyld beafts with deep mouthes gaping direfull  
Therein ftil wait poore passengers to teare.  
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,  
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare:  
And yet would liue with heart halfe ftonie cold,  
Let him to fea, and he shal fee it there.  
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it feemes,  
Bold men presuming life for gaine to fell,  
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring ftremes  
Seek waies vnknowne, waies leading down to hell.
For as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold a huge great vessel to us came,
Dauncing upon the waters back to land,
As if it sound the danger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and frail,
Glewed together with some subtle matter,
Yet had it arms and wings, and head and tail,
And life to move it selfe upon the water.
Strange thing, how bold & swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor rain,
Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roar againe.
The fame afoord vs gently did receaue,
And without harme vs farre away did beare,
So farre that land our mother vs did leave,
And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.
Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare,
That sheheard I besought to me to tell,
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell.
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that fame was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia reign,
His liege his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.
If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she be,
Where be the flockes and herds, which she doth keep?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she bath for to feed her sheepe?
These be the hills (quoth he) the furges hie,
On which faire Cynthia her herds doth feed:
Her herds be thousand fishes with their fise,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton blowing loud his wreathed horne:
At found whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at euening and at morne.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
Of thinking Seales and Porcupines together,
With hoary head and dewy drooping beard,
Compelling them which way he lift, and whether.
And I among the rest of many least,
Haue in the Ocean charge to me asigned:
Where I will live or die at her beheaft,
And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.
Befides an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
And of immortall race, doe still attend
To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep whe they be shorne,
And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.
Those be the shepheards which my Cynthia serue,
At sea, beside a thousand more at land:
For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To haue in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descryde:
Which sight much gladed me; for much afore
I feard, least land we never should haue eyde:
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
We Lunday passe; by that same name is ment
An Island, which the first to west was showne.
From thence another world of land we kent,
Floting amid the sea in iecopardie,
And round about with mighty white rocks hemd,
Against the seas encroching crueltie.
Thos' fame the shepheard told me, were the fields
In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed:
Faire goodly fields, then which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The first to which we nigh approched, was
An high headland thruft far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea:
There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,
Which did a stately heape of flones vpreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frâme, which vs did beare:
There did our shiip her fruitfull wombe vnlade,
And put vs all afhore on Cynthia's land.

What land is that thou meanft (then Cuddy sayd)
And is there other, then whereon we f tand?

Ah / Cuddy (then quoth Colin) thous a fon,
That haft not scene leaft part of natures worke:
Much more there is vnkend, then thou doeft kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.
For that fame land much larger is then this,
And other men and beafts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, frefli herbage is
And all things else that liuing creatures need.
Besides moft goodly riuers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy Funchins praife,
Or vnto Allo or to Mulla cleare:
Nought haft thou foolifh boy scene in thy daies,
But if that land be there (quothe) as here,
And is theyr heauen likewise there all one?
And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,
Like as in this fame world where we do won?
Both heauen and heauenly graces do much more abound in that fame land, then this.

For there all happie peace and plenteous store Conspire in one to make contented blisse:
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No grievely famine, nor no raging swearld,
No nightly bo[r]drags, nor no hue and cries;
The shepheard there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger:
No rauenous wolues the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
There learned arts do florish in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest vpon her,
Advancing vertue and supprefing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to vfe:
For God his gifts there plenteoufly bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse.

But say on further, then said Corylas,
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded.

Fouorth on our voyage we by land did passe,
(Quoth he) as that fame shepheard still vs guyded,
Vntill that we to Cynthiæs presence came:
Whose glorie greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
Vpon a virgin brydes adored head,
With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow bee;
Or like faire Phoebes garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke by paragone
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdome, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I base shepheard bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to profane?
More fit it is t'adore with humble mind,
The image of the heauens in shape humane.

With that Alexis broke his tale afunder,
Saying, By wondering at thy Cynthiaes praise:
Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st vs more to wonder
And her vpraifing, doest thy selfe vpraife.
But let vs heare what grace she shewed thee,
And how that shepheard strange, thy cause advanced?

The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
For not by measure of her owne great mynd,
And wondrous worth she mott my simple song,
But ioyd that country shepheard ought could fynd
Worth harkening to, emongst the learned throng.

Why? (sait Alexis then) what needeth shee
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
And hath so many shepheards in her fee,
To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?
Or be the shpheards which do serue her laesfie,
That they lift not their mery pipes applie?
Or be their pipes vntunable and craefie,
That they cannot her honour worthylie?

Ah nay (said Colin) neither so, nor so:
For better shpheards be not vnder skye,
Nor better hable, when they lift to blow,
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
There is good Harpalus now waxen aged,
In faithfull seruice of faire Cynthia:
And / there is Corydon, though meanly waged,
Yet hablest wit of moft I know this day.
And there is sad Alcyon bent to mourne,
Though fit to frame an euerlafting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for Daphnes death doth tourn
Sweet layes of loue to endlesse plaints of pittie.
Ah penfiue boy pursue that braue conceipt,
In thy sweet Eglantine of Meriflure,
Lift vp thy notes vnto their wonted height,
That may thy Mufe and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is Palin worthie of great praife,
Albe he enuie at my rustick quill:
And there is pleasing Alcon, could he rafe
His tunes from laies to matter of more skill.
And there is old Palemon free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew:
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That fung so long vntill quite hoarfe he grew.
And there is Alabaster throughly taught,
In all this skill, though knowne yet to few,
Yet were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
His Elifes would be redde anew.

IV,
Who iues that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made?
O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun:
That when he finisht hath as it should be,
No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.
Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praifed,
Can / match that Mufe whe it with bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raise.
And there is a new shepheard late vp sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpasse:
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung vnto a scornfull lasse.
Yet doth his trembling Mufe but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
In loues soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly Daniell,
And to what course thou please thy selfe aduance:
But moft me seemes, thy accent will excell,
In Tragick plaints and passionate mishance.
And there that shepheard of the Ocean is,
That spends his wit in loues confumming smart:
Full sweetly tempred is that Mufe of his
That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now).
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
Hauing his Amaryllis left to mone.
Helpe, O ye shepheards helpe ye all in this,
Helpe Amaryllis this her loste to mourne:
Her loste is yours, your loste Amyntas is,
Amyntas floure of shepheards pride forlorn:
He whilest he liued was the noblest swaine,
That euer piped in an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
And there though laft not laest is Action,
A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
Whose / Mufe full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe Heroically found.
All these, and many others mo remaine,
Now after Astrofell is dead and gone:
But while as Astrofell did live and raine,
Amongst all these was none his Paragone.
All these do flourish in their sundry kynd,
And do their Cynthia immortall make:
Yet found I liking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.

Then spake a louely laffe, hight Lucida,
Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
Which fauour thee, and honour Cynthia:
But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd;
That seems, with none of thē thou fauor foundest
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest.

Ah far be it (quoth Colin Clout) fro me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deferue:
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serue;
The beame of beautie sparkled from aboue,
The floure of vertue and pure chaftitie,
The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect loue,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie:
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:
To her my loue I lowly do proftrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is shee,
And / I hers euer onely, euer one:
One euer I all vowed hers to bee,
One euer I, and others never none.

Then thus Meliffa said; Thrife happie Mayd,
Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie:
That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou haft made
Her name to eccho vnto heauen hie.
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?

They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,
That all I praife, but in the highest place,
Vrania, sister vnto Astrofell,
In whose braue mynd as in a golden cofer,
All heauenly gifts and riches locked are,
More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
And in her fex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne leffe praife worthie I Theana read,
Whose goodly beames though they be ouer dight
With mourning flole of carefull wydowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright;
She is the well of bountie and braue mynd,
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of womankind,
And Courts chief garlond with all vertues dight.
Therefore great *Cynthia* her in chiefeft grace
Doth hold, and next vn to her felfe advaucne,
Well worthie of fo honourable place,
For her great worth and noble gouernance.
Ne leff praife worthie is her fifter deare,
Faire *Marian*, the *Mufes* onely darling : 
Whofe beautie fhyneth as the morning cleare,
With / siluer deaw vpon the rofes pearling.
Ne leffe praife worthie is *Manfilia*,
Bef knowne by bearing vp great *Cynthiaes* traune : 
That fame is she to whom *Daphnaida*
Vpon her neeces death I did complaine.
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie :
Worthie next after *Cynthia* to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne leffe praife worthie *Galathca* feemes,
Then beft of all that honourable crew,
Faire *Galathca* with bright fhining beames, 
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited vpon *Cynthia*,
Yet there is not her won, but here with vs
About the borders of our rich *Coffma*,
Now made of *Maa* the Nymph delitious.
Ne leffe praifworthie faire *Neera* is,
*Neera* ours, not theirs, though there she be,
For of the famous Shure, the Nymph she is,
For high defert, aduaunft to that degree.
She is the blofome of grace and curtefie,
Adorned with all honourable parts :
She is the braunch of true nobilitie,
Belou'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
Ne leffe praifworthie Stella do I read,
Though nought my praiues of her needed arre,
Whom verfe of nobleft shepheard lately dead
Hath praif'd and raif'd aboue each other fтарre.
Ne leffe praifworthie are the fifters three,
The / honor of the noble familie :
Of which I meanes to boaft my felfe to be,
And moft that vnto them I am fo nie.
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis :
Phyllis the faire, is eldef of the three :
The next to her, is bountifull Charillis :
But th' younger is the higheft in degree.
Phyllis the floure of rare perfection,
Faire fpreading forth her leaues with frefh delight,
That with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereau of fence each rafh beholders fight.
But sweet Charillis is the Paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praife,
Admyr'd of all, yet enuied of none,
Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
Thriue happie do I hold thee noble fwayne,
The which art of fo rich a fpoile posseft,
And it embracing deare without disdaine,
Haft fołe posfeflion in fo chaifie a breft :
Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,
And yet there be the faireft vnnder fkie,
Or that elsewhere I euer yet did see.
A fairer Nymph yet neuer faw mine eie :
She is the pride and primrofe of the reft,
Made by the maker felfe to be admired :
And like a goodly beacon high addreft,
That is with sparks of heauenle beautic fired
But *Amaryllis*, whether fortunate,  
Or else vnfortunate may I aread,  
That freed is from *Cupids yoke* by fate,  
Since / which she doth new bands aduenture dread.  
Shepheard what euer thou haft heard to be  
In this or that prayfd diuerfly apart,  
In her thou maift them all assembled fee,  
And seald vp in the threasure of her hart.  
Ne thee leffe worthie gentle *Flauia*,  
For thy chafte life and vertue I esteeme :  
Ne thee leffe worthie curteous *Candida*,  
For thy true loue and loyaltie I deeme.  
Befides yet many mo that *Cynthia* ferue,  
Right noble Nymphs, and high to be commended:  
But if I all shoulde praife as they deserue,  
This fun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.  
Therefore in cloſure of a thankfull mynd,  
I deeme it beft to hold eternally,  
Their bounteous deeds and noble fauours shrynd,  
Then by diſcourfe them to indignifie.  
So hauing faid, *Aglaura* him beſpake:  
*Colin*, well worthie were thofe goodly fauours  
Beftowed on thee, that fo of them doeft make,  
And them requiſtet with thy thankfull labours.  
But of great * Cynthiaes* goodneffe and high grace,  
Finish the storie which thou haft begunne.  

More eath (quoth he) it is in such a caſe  
How to begin, then know how to haue donne.  
For euery gift and euery goodly meed.  
Which she on me beſtowed, demaunds a day ;  
And euery day, in which she did a deed,  
Demaunds a yeare it duly to diſplay.
Her words were like a fireame of honnyfleeting,
The / which doth softly trickle from the hiue:
Hable to melt the hearers heart vnweeting,
And eke to make the dead againe aliue.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the b[ra]unches of the fruitfull vine:
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the fame with store of timely wine.
Her lookes were like beams of the morning Sun,
Forth looking through the windowes of the East:
When first the fleecie cattell haue begun
Upon the perled graffe to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of Franckincence,
Which from a golden Cenfer forth doth rise:
And throwing forth sweet odours moûts fro thêce
In rolling globes vp to the vaunted skies.
There she beholds with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation:
Emongst the seats of Angels heauenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.

Colin (said Cuddy then) thou haft forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:
Such loftie flight, base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.

True (answerd he) but her great excellence,
Lifts me aboue the measure of my might:
That being fìd with furious insolence,
I feel my selfe like one yrapt in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:
And when I speake of her what I haue thought,
I / cannot thinke according to her worth.
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death thefe vitall bands shall breake,
Her name recorded I will leaue for euer.
Her name in euery tree I will endoffe,
That as the trees do grow, her name may grow.
And in the ground each where will it engroffe,
And fill with ftones, that all men may it know.
The fpeaking woods and murmuring waters fall,
Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame :
And eke my lambs when for their dams they call, 640
Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name.
And long while after I am dead and rotten :
Amogft the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
My layes made of her fhall not be forgotten,
But fung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who fo ye be, that fhall furuiue :
When as ye heare her memory renewed,
Be witneffe of her bountie here aliue,
Which she to Colin her poore shepheard shewed.

Much was the whole assembly of those heards, 650
Moov'd at his speech, fo feelingly he spake :
And ftood awhile aftenisht at his words,
Till Thesfylis at laft their silence brake,
Saying, Why Colin, fince thou foundft fuch grace
With Cynthia and all her noble crew :
Why didft thou euer leaue that happie place,
In which fuch wealth might vnto thee accrew ?
And back returnedft to this barren foyle,
Where / cold and care and penury do dwell :
Here to keep fheepe, with hunger and with toyle, 660
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.
Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold,
That may that blessed prefence still enjoy,
Of fortune and of enuy vncomptrold,
Which still are wont moit happie states t'annoy:
But I by that which little while I prooued:
Some part of those enormities did fee,
The which in Court continually hooued,
And follow'd those which happie feemed to bee.
Therefore I silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durft not adventure such vnknownen wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandifhment,
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose vtmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then having learn'd repentance late, to mourn
Emongst those wretches which I there descreyde.

Shepheard (said Theclylis) it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus against their felicitie,
Which thou enuiest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spy.
Cause haue I none (quoth he) of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demean'd so well:
But selfe-regard of priuate good or ill,
Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandering wit,
Which through report of that liues painted bliffe,
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
And leave their lambs to lose misled amisse.
For soothe to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,
To thruft downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit,
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by laudring his well deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie:
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie;
To which him needs, a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtezie,
A filed toung furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.
For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines,
And there professours find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Vnlesse to please, it selfe it can applie:
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares:
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts, that hornes the higheft beares.
For higheft lookes haue not the higheft mynd,
Nor haughtie words moft full of higheft thoughts:
But / are like bladders blowen vp with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
Euen such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away,
Such is their glorie that in simple eie
Seeme greatest, when their garments are moft gay.
So they themselues for praise of fooles do fell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rowmes in bowre and hall:
Whiles single Truth and simple honestie
Do wander vp and downe despyped of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Difdaines so much, that none them in doth call.

Ah Colin (then said Hobbinol) the blame
Which thou imputeft, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name,
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, fith I my selfe was there,
To wait on Lobbin (Lobbin well thou knewest)
Full many worhie ones then waiting were,
As euer else in Princes Court thou vewest.
Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now gheffe:
Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine profeffe.
And those that do to Cynthia expound,
The ledden of straunge languages in charge:
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And giues to their professors stipends large.
Therefore / vniuuffly thou doest wyte them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a few.

Blame is (quoth he) more blamelesse generall,
Then that which priuate errours doth purfew:
For well I wot, that there amongst thm bee
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faultie bee,
For all the rest do most-what far[e] amis,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see:

For either they be puffed vp with pride,
Or fraught with enuie that their galls do swell,
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,
In which like Moldwarps nourling still they lurke,
Vnmyndfull of chiefe parts of manlineffe,
And do themselues for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of laefie loue professe,
Whose seruice high fo basely they enfew,
That Cupid felfe of them ashamed is,
And muftring all his men in Venus vew,
Denies them quite for fervitors of his.

And is loue then (sai’d Corylas) once knowne
In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
I weened fure he was our God alone,
And only wooned in fields and forestes here.
Not fo (quoth he) loue moft aboundeth there.

For all the walls and windowes there are writ,
All / full of loue, and loue, and loue my deare,
And all their talke and studie is of it.
Ne any there doth braue or valiant seeme,
Vnlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he beares:
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Vnlesse he swim in loue vp to the eares.
But they of loue and of his sacred lere,
(As it shoule be) all otherwise deuise,
Then we poore shepheards are accustomd here,
And him do sue and serue all otherwise.
For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
And vs his ydle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not serue as they professe,
But make him serue to them for fordid vses.
Ah my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts posseffe,
Auenge thy selfe on them for their abufes.
But we poore shepheards whether rightly so,
Or through our rudeneffe into errour led :
Do make religion how we rashly go,
To serue that God, that is so greatly dreed ;
For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without Syre or couples of one kynd,
For Venus selfe doth soly couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixture ioynd.
So pure and spotted Cupid forth she brought,
And in the gardens of Adonis nurt : 
Where growing he, his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
Then / got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puißant he grew,
That loue himselfe his powre began to dreed,
And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.
From thence he shootes his arrowes euery where
Into the world, at randon as he will,
On vs fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himselfe vs pleaseth, faue or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to heauen vplifted hie,
That to true loues he may vs euermore
Preferre, and of their grace vs dignifie :  

Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheard swaine,
What ever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with cuil deed or leasing vaine
Blaspheme his powre, or termes vnworthie yield.

Shepheard it seemes that some celestiall rage
Of loue (quoth Cuddy) is breath'd into thy breft,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage,
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possed.

But never wift I till this present day
Albe of loue I alwayes humbly deemed,
That he was such an one, as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteemed.

Well may it seeme by this thy deep insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldest bee:
So well thou wot'ft the mysterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present fee.

Of loues perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed / (said Colin) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his powre diuine.

For long before the world he was y' bore
And bred aboue in Venus bohome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be euer drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree.
Through him the cold began to couet heat,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th' heauie downe to peize; the hungry t' eat,
And voydnesse to seeke full fatietie,
So being former foes, they waxed friends,
And gan by little learn to love each other:
So being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then firft gan heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day:
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drownd alway.
And shortly after cuerie living wight,
Crept forth like worms out of her slimie nature.
Soone as on them the Suns life-giving light,
Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,
And like himselfe desire for to beget:
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Doue
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dophinet,
But man that had the sparke of reasons might,
More then the rest to rule his passion:
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation.
For beautie is the byt which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kynd,
Beautie the burning lamp of heavens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mynd:
Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd,
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound,
But being hurt, seek to be medicynd
Of her that firft did stir that mortall frownd.
Then do they cry and call to love apace,
With prayers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares, & whē he lift shew grace,
Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.
So loue is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules their creatures by his powrfull powr:
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret fence which therto doth the draw.
Thus ought all louers of their lord to deeme:
And with chafte heart to honor him alway:
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit,
The name of loue, but of disloyall luft:
Ne mongst true louers they shall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.

So hauing said, Melissea spake at will,
Colin, thou now full deeply haft diuynd:
Of loue and beautie and with wondrous skill,
Haft 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 euery one moft 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 vfed her so well:
Or who with blame can iustly her vpbrayd,
For louing not? for who can loue compell.

IV.
And sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so divine,
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailnesse feminine.

And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest Helene did reuile:
Through judgement of the Gods to been ywoke
Loft both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
And made amends to her with treble praise:
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalind yeraise.

Ah shepheards (then said Colin) ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw:
To make so bold a doome with words vnmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which amongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heauenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookest 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 giue me some reliefe,
And cace of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye my fellow shepheards which do see
And heare the languours of my too long dying,
Vnto the world for euer witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophe of her great conquest.

So hauing ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him vprofe eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies,
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

FINIS.
v.

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION.

1595.
NOTE.

Like others, the only edition of 'Amoretti' published during Spenser's own lifetime was that of 1595, in a small volume (18mo): for which I am indebted to the British Museum. Our text is this of 1595. See Life in Vol. I., and Essays, as before. The following it is deemed well to record here:

**SONNET**

x., l. 7, for 'captiues' of original
Dr. Morris reads 'captue'—accepted.

xxi., l. 6, for 'loues' of original
Dr. Morris reads 'love'—accepted.

xlvii., catchword misprinted 'Thruft.'

liii., l. 6, for 'femblant,' 1611 characteristically prints 'femblance.'

lvi., heading—'By her'—Dr. Morris explains 'By = concerning.' But on this see Essays, as before.

These slight changes in punctuation, etc., are also to be noted:

**SONNET**

xv., l. 1, catchword 'In' by error.

xxiii., l. 4, period for comma.

xxx., l. 1, catchword 'See' by error.

xxxiii., l. 3, period in original by error; and l. 9, comma inserted; and l. 12, period for comma.

xlii., l. 11, comma inserted.

**SONNET**

Some would read 'To her:' l. 8, 'glories'—1611 again prints characteristically, 'glorious.'

lxxi., l. 9, 'aboue'—obvious correction of the original's misprint of 'about,' Dr. Morris asks—Did Spenser write: 'But as your worke is all about ywoe'? I for one answer—certainly never.

lxxxix., l. 3, 'vow'—obvious correction of the original's 'vew.'

G.
AMORETTI
AND
Epithalamion.

Written not long since
by Edmunde
Spenser.

Printed for William
Ponsonby. 1595.
18° 68 leaves, A—H 8].
To the Right Worshipfull

SIR ROBART NEEDHAM KNIGHT.

Sir, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland,
I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing
so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets,
the deede of that well deserving gentleman, maister
Edmond Spenfer: whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work: I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, under your name to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof, doth in some respetes properly appertaine. For, besides your judgement and delighte in learned poesie: This gentle Muse for her former perfection long wished for in Englaonde, nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy companye, (though to your selfe unknowne) seemeth to make
choys of you, as meetest to give her deferued countenaunce, after her retornue: entertaine her, then, (Right worshipfull) in sorte befit becominge your gentle minde, and her merite, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke no more, but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull affection.

W. P.
G. W. senior, to the Author.

Arke is the day, when Phæbus face is shrowded,
and weaker sights may wander soone astray;
but when they see his glorious raies unclouded,
with steddy steps they keepe the perfect way,
So while this Muse in foraine landes doth stay,
inuention weepes, and pens are cast aside,
the time like night, depriud of chearefull day,
and few do write, but (ah) too soone may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
and with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
dawnting thereby our neighbours auncient pride,
that do for poesie, challendge cheefest name.
So we that liue, and ages that succeede,
with great applause thy learned works shall reede.
To the Author.

H Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
pyping to shepherds thy sweete roundelaies:
or whether singing in some lofty vaine,
heroick deedes, of past, or present daies.
Or whether in thy lovely misris praise,
thou lift to exercise thy learned quill.
thy muse hath got such grace, and power to please,
with rare invention beautified by skill.
As who therein can enuer ioy their fill.
O therefore let that happy muse proceede
to climb the height of vertues sacred hill,
Where endles honor shall be made thy meede.
Because no malice of succeeding daies,
can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. I. /
SONNET. I.

HAPPY ye leaues when as those lilly hands, which hold my life in their dead doing might
shall handle you and hold in loues soft bands, lyke captiues trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines, on which with starry light, those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look
and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright, written with teares in harts close bleeding book.
And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke, of Helicon whence she derivued is, when ye behold that Angels blessed looke, my soules long lacked foode, my heauens blis.
Leaues, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
whom if ye please, I care for other none.
Sonnet. II.

VNOUIET thought, whom at the first I bred,
Of th' inward bale of my loue pined hart:
and fithens haue with fighes and forrowes fed,
till greater then my wombe thou wonen art.

Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
in which thou lurkeft lyke to vipers brood:
and seeke some succour both to eafe my smart
and alfo to sustayne thy selfe with food.

But if in preſence of that fayreſt proud
thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:
and with meeke humbleffe and afflicted mood,
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
Which if the graunt, then lye and my loue cheriſh,
if not, die foone, and I with thee will perifh.

Sonnet. III.

THE fouerayne beauty which I doo admyre,
 witneſfe the world how worthy to be prayzed:
the light wherof hath kindled heavently fyre,
in my fraile fpirit by her from basenesſe rayfed.

That being now with her huge brightnesſe dazed,
 bafe thing I can no more endure to view:
but looking ſtill on her I stand amaz'd,
at wondrouſe light of fo celeſtiall hew.

So when my toung would ſpeak her praifes dew,
it flopped is with thoughts aſtoniſhſment:
and when my pen would write her titles true,
it rauifht is with fancies wonderment:

Yet in my hart I then both ſpeake and write,
the wonder that my wit cannot endite.
NEW yeare forth looking out of Janus gate,
Doth feeme to promife hope of new delight:
and bidding th' old Adieu, his passed date
bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright.
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,
fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower:
wils him awake, and foone about him dight
his wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lufty spring now in his timely howre,
is ready to come forth him to receive:
and warne the Earth with diuers colord flowre,
to decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whô fresh youth doth raine,
prepare your selfe new loue to entertaine.

SONNET. V.

VDE/LY thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
the thing which I doo moft in her admire,
is of the world vnworthy moft enuide.
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
scorn of base things, & deigne of foule dishonor:
threatning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
that loosely they ne dare to looke vpon her.
Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is honor,
that boldned innocence beares in hir eies:
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,
spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,
without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.
Sonnet. VI.

Be nought dismayd that her unmoued mind,
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
Such loue not lyke to lufts of baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceiue the kindling fyre:
But when it once doth burne, it doth diuide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heauen aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new defire,
In gentle breft that shall endure for euer:
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chaste affectes, that naught but death can feuer.
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
To knit the knot, that euer shall remaine.

Sonnet. VII.

Fayre eyes, the myrroure of my mazed hart,
What wondrous vertue is contaynd in you
The which both lyfe and death forth fro you dart
Into the obiect of your mighty view?
For, when ye mildly looke with louely hew,
Then is my soule with life and loue inspired:
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew
Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But since that lyfe is more then death defyred,
Looke euer louely, as becomes you best,
That your bright beams of my weak cies admyred,
May kindle liuing fire within my breft.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. VIII.

MORE / then moft faire, full of the liuing fire
Kindled aboue vnto the maker neere : 
no eies but ioyes, in which al powers conspire, 
that to the world naught elfe be counted deare.
Thruough your bright beams doth not ¶ blinded guæst,
shoot out his darts to base affections wound ;
but Angels come to lead fraile mindes to reft
in chaft desires on heauenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts and fashion me within,
you stop my toung, and teach my hart to speake,
you calme the storme that passion did begin,
stroëg thruough your caufe, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world, where your light shined neuer :
well is he borne that may behold you euer.

SONNET. IX.

ONG-/WHILE I sought to what I might compare
those powrefull eies, which lighte my dark
yet find I nought on earth to which I dare [fpright,
refemble th’ ymage of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun : for they doo shine by night ;
nor to the Moone : for they are changed neuer ;
nor to the Starres : for they haue purer light ;
nor to the fire : for they confume not euer ;
Nor to the lightning : for they ftill perfeuer ;
nor to the Diamond : for they are more tender ;
nor vnto Chriftall : for nought may them feuer ;
nor vnto glaffe : such basenessfe mought offend her ;
Then to the Maker felfe they likeft be,
whose light doth lighten all that here we see.
iv.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. X.

VNRIGH/TEOUS Lord of loue what law is this,
That me thou makeft thus tormented be:
the whiles the lordeth in licentious bliffe
of her freewill, scorning both thee and me.
See how the Tyrannifie doth joy to see
the huge massacres which her eyes do make:
and humbled harts brings captive vnto thee,
that thou of them mayft mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
and that high look, with which she doth comptroll
all this worlds pride bow to a bafer make,
and al her faults in thy black booke enroll.
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
as she doth laugh at me, & makes my pain her sport.

SONNET. XI.

DAYLY when I do seeke and swe for peace,
And hoftages doe offer for my truth:
she cruell warriour doth her selfe address,
to battell, and the weary war renew'th.
Ne wilbe moo'd with reasons or with rewth,
to graunt small repit to my restless toile:
but greedily her fell intent pourfewth,
of my poore life to make vnpitteid spoile.
Yet my poore life, all forrowes to affoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
but then she seekes with torment and turmoyle,
to force me liue and will not let me dy.
All paine hath end and euery war hath peace,
but mine no price nor prayer may surcease.
SONNET. XII.

ONE day I fought with her hart-thrilling eies,
to make a truce and termes to entertaine:
all fearlesse then of fo false enimies,
which fought me to entrap in treafons traine.

So, as I then difarmed did remaine,
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long
in the clofe couert of her guilefull eyen,
thence breaking forth did thick about me throng.

Too feeble I t'abide the brunt fo strong,
was forft to yeeld my selfe into their hands:
who me captiuing freight with rigorous wrong,
haue euer fince kept me in cruell bands.

So Ladie now to you I doo complaine,
against your eies that iuftice I may gaine.

SONNET. XIII.

IN that proud port, which her fo goodly graceth,
whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie:
and to the ground her eie-lids low embafeth,
moft goodly temperature ye may defcry,
Myld humblesse mixt with awfull majefty;
for looking on the earth whence she was borne:
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
what so is fayreft shal to earth returne.

But that fame lofty countenance feemes to fcorne
base thing, & thinke how she to heauen may clime:
treading downe earth as lothfome and forlorne,
that hinders heavenly thoughts with drooffy slime.

Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
such lowlineffe shal make you lofty be.
Sonnet. XIII.

Returne / agayne my forces late dismayd,
Vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite,
great shame it is to leaue like one afrayd,
so fayre a peece for one repulse so light.
Gaynft fuch strong castles needeth greater might,
then thofe small forts which ye were wont belay,
fuch haughty mynds enur'd to hardy fight,
disdayne to yield vnto the first aslay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
and lay incessant battery to her heart,
playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay;
thofe engins can the proudef loue convert.
And if thofe fayle fall down and dy before her,
so dying liue, and liuing do adore her.

Sonnet. XV.

Ye / tradefull Merchants that with weary toyle,
do seeke most pretious things to make your gain:
and both the Indias of their treaures spoile,
what needeth you to seeke fo farre in vaine?
For loe my loue doth in her felfe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found,
if Saphyres, loe her eies be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubies, loe hir lips be Rubies found;
If P earles, hir teeth be pearles both pure and round;
if Yuorie, her forhead yuory weene;
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
if siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene,
But that which faireft is, but few behold,
her mind adornd with vertues manifold.
AMORETTI.

Sonnet. XVI.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
  on those fayre eyes my loues immortall light :
  the whiles my ftonisht hart ftood in amaze,
  through sweet illusion of her lookes delight.
I mote perceiue how in her glauncing fight,
  legions of loues with little wings did fly :
  darting their deadly arrowes fyry bright,
  at every rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
  ayming his arrow at my very hart :
  when suddently with twinkle of her eye,
  the Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne,
  yet as it was, I hardly fcap't with paine.

Sonnet. XVII.

THE glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
  Made to amaze weake mens confused fkil :
  and this worlds worthleffe glory to embafe,
  what pen, what pencill can exprefs her fill?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
  and eke his learned hand at pleafure guide :
  leaft trembling it his workmanship fhould fpill,
  yet many wondrous things there are befide.
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,
  the charming fsmiles, that rob fence from the hart :
  the louely pleafance, and the lofty pride,
  cannot expreffed be by any art.
A greater craftesmans hand thereto doth neede,
  that can exprefs the life of things indeed.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. XVIII.

THE rolling wheele that runneth often round.
   The hardeft steele in tract of time doth teare:
   and drizling drops that often doe redound,
   the firmeft flint doth in continuance weare.
Yet cannot I with many a dropping teare,
   and long intreaty offten her hard hart:
   that she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
   or looke with pitty on my payneful smart.
But when I pleade, she bids me play my part,
   and when I weep, she sayes teares are but water:
   and when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art,
   and when I waile she turnes hir selfe to laughter.
So doe I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
   whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

SONNET. XIX.

THE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
   His trompet thrill hath thrife already founded:
   that warnes all louers wayt vpon their king,
   who now is comming forth with girland crownd.
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds refounded
   their anthemes sweet deuized of loues prayfe,
   that all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
   as if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loues honour rayfe
   no word was heard of her that moft it ought,
   but she his precept proudly disobayes,
   and doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore O loue, vnlesse she turne to thee
   ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.
Sonnet. XX.

IN vaine I seeke and few to her for grace,
and doe myne humbled hart before her poure:
the whites her foot the in my necke doth place,
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
and reigneth ouer euery beast in field:
in his moft pride disdeigneth to deoure
the silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But the more cruell and more faluage wylde,
than either L.yon or the Lyonesse:
flames not to be with guittlesse bloud defylde,
but taketh glory in her cruelnesse.
Fayrer then fayre let none euer say,
that ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

Sonnet. XXI.

WAS/it the worke of nature or of Art?
which tempred fo the feature of her face:
that pride and meekneffe mixt by equall part,
doe both appeare t'adorne her beauties grace.
For with mild pleafance, which doth pride displac,
she to her loue doth lookers eyes allure:
& with fterne countenance back again doth chace
their loofer lookees that ftr fp luftes impure,
With fuch ftrange termes her eyes she doth inure,
that with one looke she doth my life difmay:
& with another doth it ftreight recure,
her fmiile me drawes, her frowne me dries away.
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes,
uch art of eyes I neuer read in bookes.
Sonnet. XXII.

THIS holy seafon fit to fast and pray,
   Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:
therefore, I lykewise on so holy day,
for my sweet Saynt some seruice fit will find,

Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
in which her glorious ymage placed is,
on which my thoughts doo day and night attend
lyke sacred priefts that neuer thinke amisse.

There I to her as th' author of my blisse,
will builde an altar to appeafe her yre:
and on the fame my hart will facrifise,
burning in flames of pure and chaft defyre:
The which vouchfafe O goddesse to accept,
amongst thy deereft relicks to be kept.

Sonnet. XXIII.

PENELOPE for her Vlisses fake,
   Deuz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:
in which the worke that she all day did make
the fame at night she did againe vnreaue.

Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
th' importune suit of my desire to fhonne:
for all that I in many dayes doo weaue,
in one short houre I find by her vn Donne.

So when I thinke to end that I begonne,
   I muft begin and neuer bring to end:
for with one looke she fips that long I fponge,
& with one word my whole years work doth rend.

Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,
whose fruitleffe worke is broken with leaft wynd.
Sonnet. XXIII.

When I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part:
of natures skill the onely complement,
I honor and admire the makers art.
But when I feel the bitter balefull smart,
which her fayre eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:
that death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new Pandora see.
Whom all the Gods in counsell did agree,
into this sinfull world from heauen to send:
that she to wicked men a scourge shou’d bee,
for all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge I will intreat,
that for my faults ye will me gently beat.

Sonnet. XXV.

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne myfery:
but waft and weare away in termes vnfure,
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
and shew the laft enfample of your pride:
then to torment me thus with cruelty,
to proue your powre, which I too wel haue tride.
But yet if in your hardned breft ye hide,
a close intent at laft to shew me grace:
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
as meanes of bliffe I gladly wil embrace.
And wifh that more and greater they might be,
that greater meede at laft may turne to mee.
SONNET. XXVI.

SWEET is the Rose, but growes upon a breere;
Sweet is the Juniper, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough.
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the browne-flowre, but yet fowre enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So euery sweet with foure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coueted the more:
For eafe things that may be got at will,
Most forts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accoumpt of little paine,
That endless pleasure shal vtnto me gaine.

SONNET. XXVII.

FAIRE proud now tell me, why shulde faire be proud,
Sith all worlds glorie is but droffe vnclene:
And in the shade of death it selfe shal stout,
How euer now thereof ye little weene.
That goodly Idoll, now so gay beseene,
Shal doffe her fleshes borowd fayre attyre:
And be forgot as it had neuer beene,
That many now much worship and admire.
Ne any then shal after it inquire,
Ne any mention shal thereof remaine:
But what this verse, that neuer shal expyre,
Shal to you purchas with her thankles paine.
Faire be no lenger proud of that shal perish,
But that which shal you make immortall, cherish.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. XXVIII.

THE laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare, giues me great hope of your relenting mynd:
for since it is the badg which I doe beare, ye bearing it doe feeme to me inclind:
The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
let it lykewise your gentle breft insprie
with sweet infufion, and put you in mind
of that proud mayd, whom now thofe leaues attyre
Proud Daphne scorning Phebus louely fyre,
on the Theffalian shore from him did he:
for which the gods in theyr reuengefull yre
did her transforme into a laurell tree.
Then fly no more fayre loue from Phebus chace,
but in your breft his leafe and loue embrace.

SONNET. XXIX.

SEE! how the stubborne damzell doth depraue
my simple meaning with diidaynfull scorne:
and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
accounte my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.
The bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,
yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
and they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,
to fing the glory of their famous deedes.
But fith she will the conquest challeng needs,
let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
and fill the world with her victorious prayse.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. XXX.

MY / loue is lyke to yfe, and I to fyre;
how comes it then that this her cold so great
is not dissolu’d through my so hot defyre,
but harder growes the more I her intreat?

Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
is nor delayd by her hart frofen cold:
but that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
and feele my flames augmented manifold?

What more miraculous thing may be told
that fire which all thing melts, should harden yfe:
and yce which is congeald with oversefe cold,
shoulde kindle fyre by wonderful deuyse.

Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
that it can alter all the courfe of kynd.

SONNET. XXXI.

A / why hath nature to so hard a hart,
giuen so goodly giftes of beauties grace?
whose pryde depraues each other better part,
and all those pretious ornaments deface.

Sith to all other beastes of bloody race,
a dreadfull countenaunce she giuen hath:
that with their terrour al the rest may chace,
and warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.

But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
through sweet allurement of her louely hew:
that she the better may in bloody bath,
of such poore thralls her cruell hands embrew.

But did she know how ill these two accord,
fuch cruelty she would haue soone abhord.
SONNET. XXXII.

The paynefull smith with force of fervent heat,
the hardeft yron foone doth mollify:
that with his heauy fledge he can it beat,
and fashion to what he it lift apply.
Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry,
her hart more harde then yron soft awhit:
ne all the playnts and prayers with which I
doe beat on th' anduyle of her stubberne wit:
But stil the more she fervent fees my fit:
the more she friefeth in her wilfull pryde:
and harder growes the harder she is smit,
with all the playnts which to her be applyde.
What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
and she to ftones at length all frozen turne?

SONNET. XXXIII.

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
to that moft sacred Empresse my dear dred,
not finifling her Queene of faery,
that mote enlarge her liuing prayses dead:
But lodwick, this of grace to me aread:
do ye not thinck th' accomplifhment of it,
sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
all were it as the reftr, but rudely writ.
How then should I without another wit:
thinck euer to endure fo tedious toyle,
sins that this one is toft with troublous fit,
of a proud loue, that doth my spirite spoyle.
Ceafe then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me reftr,
or lend you me another liuing breft.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. XXXIII.

LYKE / as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde, 
by conduct of some star doth make her way, 
whenas a storme hath dimd her trysty guyde, 
out of her course doth wander far astray.
So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray, 
me to direct, with cloudes is ouer-caft, 
doe wander now, in darknesse and difmay, 
through hidden perils round about me plaft.
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past, 
my Helice the lodestar of my lyfe 
will shine again, and looke on me at laft, 
with louely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse, 
in secret forrow and sad pensivenesse.

SONNET. XXXV.

MY / hungry eyes through greedy couetize, 
still to behold the obiect of their paine: 
with no contentment can themselues suffize, 
but hauing pine and hauing not complains.
For lacking it they cannot lyfe sufaynne, 
and hauing it they gaze on it the more: 
in their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine 
whose eyes him staru'd: so plenty makes me poore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store 
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke, 
but lothe the things which they did like before, 
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me, 
and all their showes but shadowes suauing she.
TELL me when shall these wearie woes haue end,
Or shall their ruthlesse torment neuer ceafe:
but al my dayes in pining languor spend,
without hope of affwagement or releafe.
Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their cruelty doth flill increace.
and dayly more augment my miseries.
But when ye haue shewed all extremityes,
then thinke how little glory ye haue gayned:
by slaying him, whose lyfe though ye despyfe,
mote haue your lyfe in honour long maintayned.
But by his death which some perhaps will mone,
ye shall condemned be of many a one.

WHAT guyle is this, that those her golden tresses,
She doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
and with flie skil so cunningly them dressies,
that which is gold or heare, may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
she may entangle in that golden fnare:
and being caught may craftily enfold,
theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe flare
henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
in which if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any being free,
to couet fetters, though they golden bee.
ARION, when through tempests cruel wracke,
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas:
through the sweet music, which his harp did make
allur’d a Dolphin him from death to eafe.
But my rude music, which was wont to please
some dainty ears, cannot, with any skill,
the dreadful tempest of her wrath appease,
or moue the Dolphin from her stubborn will,
But in her pride she dooth persever still,
all careless how my life for her decaye:
yet with one word she can it saue or spill.
to spill were pitty, but to saue were prayse.
Chuse rather to be pray’d for doing good,
then to be blam’d for spilling guiltlesse blood.

SWEET /smile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art:
with which she wonts to temper angry loue,
when all the gods he threats with thundring dart.
Sweet is thy vertue as thy felfe sweet art,
for when on me thou shin’dst late in sadnesse:
a melting pleafance ran through euery part,
and me reuiued with hart robbing gladnesse.
Whyleft rapt with joy resembling heauenly madnes,
my foule was rauisht quite as in a traunce:
and feeling thence no more her sorowes sadnesse,
fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce,
More sweet than Neétar or Ambrosiall meat,
seemd euery bit, which thenceforth I did eat.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. XL.

MARK / when she smiles with amiable cheare,
    And tell me whereto can ye lyken it:
when on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare,
an hundred Graces as in shade to fit.
Lykeft it seemeth in my simple wit
    vnto the fayre sunshine in somers day:
that when a dreadfull storme away is fit,
   through the broad world doth sprede his goodly ray
At fight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
and euery beast that to his den was fled:
   comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
and to the light lift vp their drooping hed.
So my storme beaten hart likewise is cheared,
with that sunshine when cloudy looks are cleared.

SONNET. XLI.

IS / it her nature or is it her will,
    to be so cruell to an humbled foe:
if nature, then she may it mend with skill,
if will, then she at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her wil be so,
   that she will plague the man that loues her most:
   and take delight t'encreafe a wretches woe,
then all her natures goodly guifts are lost.
And that same glorious beauties ydle boast,
is but a bayt such wretches to beguile:
as being long in her loues tempeft tost,
she meanes at last to make her piteous spoyle.
O fayrest fayre let neuer it be named,
that so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.
IV. 7
AMORETTI.

Sonnet. XLII.

THE loue which me so cruelly tormenteth,
fo pleasing is in my extreamest paine:
that, all the more my forrow it augmenteth,
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.
Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
to be acquit fro my continuall smart:
but joy her thrall for euer to remayne,
and yield for pledge my poore captyued hart
The which that it from her may neuer start,
let her, yf pleafe her, bynd with adamant chayne:
and from all wandring loues which mote peruart,
his safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,
and doe me not before my time to dy.

Sonnet. XLIII.

S HALL / I then silent be, or shall I speake?
And if I speake, her wrath renew I shall:
and if I silent be, my hart will breake,
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.
What tyranny is this both my hart to thrall,
and eke my toung with proud restraint to tie?
that nether I may speake nor thinke at all,
but like a stupid stock in silence die.
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
will teach to speake, and my iust cause to plead:
and eke mine eies with meke humility,
loue learned letters to her eyes to read.
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,
wil soon conceiue, and learne to construe well.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. XLIII.

WHEN / those renowned noble Peres of Greece,
 through stubborn pride among the selues did iar
 forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
 then Orpheus with his harp their strife did bar.

But this continuall cruel ciuill warre,
 the which my felse against my felse doe make:
 whilest my weak powres of passions warreid arre,
 no skill can stint nor reason can aflake.

But when in hand my tuneless harp I take,
 then doe I more augment my foes despight:
 and grieve renew, and passions doe awake,
 to battaile freth against my felse to fight.

Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
 the more I fynd their malice to increace.

SONNET. XLV.

LEAUE / lady in your glasse of chriftall clene,
 Your goodly felse for euermore to vew:
 and in my felse, my inward felse, I meane,
 moft liuely lyke behold your femblant trew.

Within my hart, though hardly it can shew,
 thing fo diuine to vew of earthly eye:
 the fayre Idea of your celestial hew,
 and euery part remains immortally:

And were it not that, through your cruelty,
 with forrow dimmed and deformd it were:
 the goodly ymage of your visnomy,
 clearer than chriftall would therein appere.

But if your felse in me ye playne will see,
 remoue the caufe by which your fayre beames darkned be./
WHEN my abodes prefixed time is spent,
   My cruel fayre freight bids me wend my way:
but then fro heauen most hideous stormes are sent
   as willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I or heauen or her obay,
   the heavens know best what is the best for me:
but as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
   my lower heauen, so it perforce must bee.
But ye high heuens, that all this forowe see,
   sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe:
aswage your stormes, or else both you, and she,
   will both together me too sorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to sustaine,
   the stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

TRUST / not the treason of those smyling lookes,
   vntill ye haue th'yr guylefull traynes well tryde:
for they are lyke but vnto golden hookes,
   that from the foolishe th'yr bayts do hyde:
So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth guyde,
   vnto her loue, and tempte to th'yr decay,
whome being caught she kills with cruel pryde,
   and feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet euen whylste her bloody hands them slay,
   her eyes looke louely and vpon them smyle:
that they take pleasure in their cruel play,
   and dying doe them selues of payne beguyle.
O mighty charm which makes men loue th'yr bane,
   and thinck they dy with pleasure, liue with payne.
SONNET. XLVIII.

Inno/Cent paper whom too cruel hand,
Did make the matter to avenge her yre:
and ere she could thy cause well understand,
did sacrifice unto the greedy fyre.
Well worthy thou to have found better byre,
then so bad end for heretics ordained:
yet here by nor treason didst conspire,
but plead thy masters cause uniuystly payned.
Whom she all careless of his griefe contrayned
to utter forth th' anguish of his hart:
and would not heare, when he to her complain'd,
the piteous passion of his dying smart.
Yet liue for ever, though against her will,
and speake her good, though she requite it ill.

SONNET. XLIX.

Fayre/cruell, why are ye so fierce and cruel,
Is it because your eyes haue powre to kill?
then know, that mercy is the mighties iewell,
and greater glory thinke to faue then spill.
But if it be your pleasure and proud will,
to shew the powre of your imperious eyes:
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,
but bend your force against your enemyes.
Let them seele th' utmost of your cruelyes,
and kill, with looks as Cockatrices doo:
but him that at your footstoolie humbled lies,
with mercifull regard, giue mercy too.
Such mercy shal you make admymred to be,
so shall you liue by giuing life to me.
Sonnet. L.

Long languishing in double malady,
of my harts wound and of my bodies greife:
there came to me a leach that would apply
fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
Vayne man (quod I) that haft but little priece:
in deep discouery of the mynds diseafe,
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?
and rules the members as it selfe doth please.
Then with some cordials secke first to appease,
the inward languour of my wounded hart,
and then my body shall haue shortly eafe;
but such sweet cordials passe Physitions art.
Then my lyfes Leach doe you your skil reveale,
and with one suale both hart and body heale.

Sonnet. LI.

Doe I not see that sayreft ymages
Of hardest Marble are of purpofe made?
for that they should endure through many ages,
ne let theyr famous moniments to fade.
Why then doe I, vntrainde in louers trade,
her hardnes blame which I shold more cömund?
fith neuer ought was excellent assayde,
which was not hard t' atchiue and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend,
mote soften it and to his will allure:
so doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
and that it then more stedfaat will endure.
Onely my paines wil be the more to get her,
but hauing her, my ioy will be the greater.
Sonnet. LII.

SO oft as homeward I from her depart,
   I go lyke one that hauing loft the field:
     is prisoner led away with heavie hart,
   despoyld of warlike armes and knowen shielde.
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yeeld,
   to sorrow and to solitary paine:
     from presence of my dearest deare exylde,
   longwhile alone in languor to remaine.
There let no thought of joye or pleasure vaine,
   dare to approch, that may my solace bread:
     but sudden dumps and drery sad disdayne,
   of all worlds gladnesse more my torment feed.
So I her abfens will my penaunce make,
   that of her prefens I my meed may take.

Sonnet. LIII.

THE / Panther knowing that his spotted hyde,
   Doth please all beafts but that his looks the fray:
      within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,
   to let them gaze whylest he on them may pray.
Right so my cruell payre with me doth play,
   for, with the goodly semblant of her hew:
      the doth allure me to mine owne decay,
   and then no mercy will vnto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so diuine in view,
   made for to be the worlds moost ornament:
      to make the bayte her gazers to embrew,
   good shames to be to ill an instrument.
But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
   as in theyr maker ye them best may see.
SONNET. LIII.

Of this world's Theatre in which we stay,
My loue lyke the Speciator ydly fits
Beholding me that all the pageants play,
Disguysing diuerfly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
And mase in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
Soone after when my joy to sorrow flits,
I waile and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet the beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my mirth nor rues my smart:
But when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry
She laughs, and hardens euermore her hart.
What then can moue her? if not mirth, nor mony,
She is no woman, but a fencelesse stone.

SONNET. LV.

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her crueltie compare:
I maruaile of what substanse was the mould
The which her made attonce so cruell faire.
Not earth; for her high thoughtes more heauenly are:
Not water; for her loue doth burne like fyre:
Not ayre; for she is not so light or rare:
Not fyre; for she doth frie with faint desire.
Then needs another Element inquire
Whereof she mote be made; that is the skye.
For to the heauen her haughty looks aspire:
And eke her mind is pure immortall hye.
Then fith to heauen ye lykened are the best,
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.
SONNET. LVI.

FAYRE / ye be sure, but cruell and vnkind,
as is a Tygre that with greedineffe
hunts after bloud, when he by chance doth find
a feeble beafl, doth felly him oppresse.

Fayre be ye sure but proud and pitileffe,
as is a fforme, that all things doth prostrate :
finding a tree alone all comfortleffe,
beats on it strongly it to ruinate.

Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
as is a rocke amidft the raging floods :
gaynft which a fhip of succour defolate,
doth fuffer wreck both of her felfe and goods.

That fhip, that tree, and that fame beaft am I,
whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and deftroy.

SONNET. LVII.

SWEET / warriour when fhall I haue peace with you?
High time it is, this warre now ended were :
which I no lenger can endure to fue,
ne your incessant battry more to beare :

So weake my powres, fo fore my wounds appeare,
that wonder is how I fhould liue a iot,
feeing my hart through launched every where
with thoufand arrowes, which your eies haue shot :

Yet fhoot ye fharply flill, and fpare me not,
but glory thinke to make thefe cruel fhoures.
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
in flaying him that would liue gladly yours ?

Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace :
that al my wounds wil heale in little fpace.
Amoretti.

Sonnet. LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

Weak is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth,
In her owne powre and scorneth others ayde:
that soonest fals when as she most supposeth,
her selfe assured, and is of nought affrayd.
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength vnstayed
like a vaine bubble blowen vp with ayre:
deuouring tyme & changeful chance haue prayd,
her glories pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wife, so strong or fayre,
but fayleth trusting on his owne assurance:
and he that f tandeth on the hyghest f layre
fals lowest : for on earth nought hath enduraunce.
Why then doe ye proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,
that to your selfe ye most assured arre.

Sonnet. LIX.

Thrise / happie she, that is so well assured
Vnto her selfe and setled so in hart:
that nether will for better be allureth,
ne feared with worfe to any chance to start,
But like a steddy ship doth strongly part
the raging waues, and keepes her course aright:
ne ought for tempeft doth from it depart,
ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight,
of grudging foes, ne fauour seek of friends:
but in the slay of her owne stedfaft might,
nether to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assurred doth rest,
but he most happy who fuch one loues beft.
SONNET. LX.

They, / that in course of heauenly spheares are skild,
To euery planet point his sundry yeare:
in which her circles voyage is fulfilled,
as Mars in three score yeares doth run his spheare.

So since the winged God his planet cleare,
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,
then al those fourty which my life outwent.

Then by that count, which louers books inuent,
the spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes:
which I have wafted in long languishment,
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.

But let my loues fayre Planet short her wayes,
this yeare enfuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET. LXI.

The / glorious image of the makers beautie,
My fouerayne saynt, the Idol of my thought,
dare not henceforth aboue the bounds of dewtie
t' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.

For being as she is diuinely wrought,
and of the brood of Angels heuenly borne:
and with the crew of bleffed Saynts vpbrught,
each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne;

The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morn,
the beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre:
what reason is it then but she should scorne,
bafe things, that to her loue too bold aspire?
Such heauenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.
SONNET. LXII.

THE weary yeare his race now hauing run,
    The new begins his compaft course anew:
with fhwew of morning mylde he hath begun,
    betokening peace and plenty to enfew,
So let vs, which this chaunge of weather vew,
    chaunge ecke our mynds and former liues amend
the old yeares finnes forepaft let vs efczew,
    and fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then fhall the new yeares ioy forth freshly fend,
    into the glooming world his gladfome ray:
and all thefe f tormentes which now his beauty blend,
    fhall turne to caulmes and tymely cleare away.
So likewife loue cheare you your heavie fpright,
    and chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

SONNET. LXIII.

AFTER long f stormes and tempefts fad assay,
    Which hardly I endured heretofore:
in dread of death and daungerous difmay,
    with which my filthybarke was toffed fore.
I doe at length defcry the happy fshore,
    in which I hope ere long for to arryue.
fayre foyle it feemes from far & fraught with f tore
    of all that deare and daynty is alyue.
Moft happy he that can at laft atchyue
    the ioyous safety of fo sweet a reft:
whose leaft delight sufficeth to deprive
    remembrance of all paines which him oppref.
All paines are nothing in repect of this,
    all forrowes fhort that gaine eternall bliffe.
COM/MING to kiffe her lyps, (such grace I found)
Me feemd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres:
that dainty odours from them threw around
for damzels fit to decke their louers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke vnto Gillyflowers,
her ruddy cheekes, lyke vnto Roses red:
her snowly browes lyke budded Bellamoures,
her louely eyes lyke Pincks but newly spred,
Her goodly bofome lyke a Strawberry bed,
her neck lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes:
her breft lyke lillyes, ere theyr leaues be shed,
her nipples lyke yong blossomed Iessemynes,
Such fragrant flowres doe giue moft odorous smell,
but her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET. LXV.

THE/doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre loue, is vaine
That fondly feare to loofe your liberty,
when loofing one, two liberties ye gayne,
and make him bond that bondage earft dyd fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tye,
without constraynt or dread of any ill:
the gentle birde feeses no captiuitie
within her cage, but finges and feeses her fill.
There pride dare not approch, nor discord spill
the league twixt them, that loyal loue hath bound:
but simple truth and mutuall good will,
seekes with sweet peace to value each others woul
There fayth doth fearlesse dwell in brafen towre,
And spotlesse pleasur builds her sacred bowre.
Sonnet. LXVI.

O / all those happy blessings, which ye haue, 
   with plenteous hand by heauen vpon you thrown: 
   this one disparagement they to you gaue, 
   that ye your loue lent to so meane a one. 
Yee whose high worths furpafsing paragon, 
   could not on earth haue found one fit for mate, 
   ne but in heauen matchable to none, 
   why did ye stoup vnto so lowly state. 
But ye thereby much greater glory gate, 
   then had ye sorted with a princes pere: 
   for now your light doth more it selfe dilate, 
   and in my darknesse greater doth appeare. 
Yet since your light hath once enlumind me, 
   with my reflex yours shall encreased be.

Sonnet. LXVII.

LYKE / as a huntsman after weary chace, 
   Seeing the game from him escapt away: 
   fits downe to reft him in some shady place, 
   with panting hounds beguiled of their pray. 
So after long pursuit and vaine assay, 
   when I all weary had the chace forsooke, 
   the gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way, 
   thinking to quench her thirft at the next brooke. 
There she beholding me with mylder looke, 
   sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide: 
   till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke, 
   and with her owne goodwill hir syrmely tyde. 
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wyld, 
   so goodly wonne with her owne will beguyld.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. LXVIII.

MOST glorious Lord of lyfe that on this day,
Didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:
and hauing harrowd hell didst bring away,
captiuity thence captiue vs to win.
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddest dye
being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
may liue for euer in felicity.
And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
may likewise loue thee for the same againe:
and for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,
with loue may one another entertayne.
So let vs loue, deare loue, lyke as we ought,
loue is the leffon which the Lord vs taught.

SONNET. LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the anticke world,
vsed Trophees to erect in flately wize:
in which they would the records haue enrold,
of theyr great deeds and valarons emprize.
What trophee then shall I moft fit deuize,
in which I may record the memory
of my loues conquest, peerelesse beauties prize,
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chastity.
Euen this verfe vowd to eternity,
shall be thereof immortall moniment:
and tell her prayse to all posterity,
that may admire such worlds rare wonderment.
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
gotten at last with labour and long toyle.
 SONNET. LXX.

FRESH spring the herald of loues mighty king,
in whose cote armour richly are displayd,
all sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
in goodly colours gloriously arrayd.
Goe to my loue, where she is carelesse layd,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
tell her the ioyous time wil not be staid
vnlesse she doe him by the foreclock take.
Bid her therefore her felse soone ready make,
to wayt on loue amongst his louely crew:
where euery one, that misseth then her make,
shall be by him amearft with penance dew.
Make haft therefore sweet loue, whileft it is prime,
for none can call againe the passed time.

 SONNET. LXXI.

I to see how in your drawen work,
your felse vnto the Bee ye doe compare;
and me vnto the Spyder that doth lurke,
in close awayt to catch her vnaware.
Right so your felse were caught in cunning snare
of a deare foe, and thralled to his loue:
in whose freight bands ye now captiued are
so firmely, that ye neuer may remoue.
But as your worke is wouen all aboue,
with woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine:
so sweet your prinon you in time shall proue,
with many deare delights bedecked fyne.
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.
Sonnet. LXXII.

OFT/when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges,
In mind to mount vp to the pureft sky:
it down is weightd with thought of earthly things
and clogd with burden of mortality,
Where when that fouerayne beauty it doth spy,
resembling heauens glory in her light:
drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth fly,
and vnto heauen forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy fed with full delight,
doth bath in bliffe and mantleth most at ease:
ne thinks of other heauen, but how it might
her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
but here on earth to haue such heuens blisse.

Sonnet. LXXIII.

BEING / my selfe captuyed here in care,
My hart, whom none with feruile bands can tye
but the fayre tresies of your golden hayre,
breaking his prifon forth to you doth fly.
Like as a byrd that in ones hand doth spy
desired food, to it doth make his flight:
euen so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
to feed his fill, flyes backe vnto your fight.
Doe you him take, and in your bofome bright,
gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
perhaps he there may learne with rare delight,
to sing your name and prayers over all.
That it hereafter may you not repent,
him lodging in your bofome to haue lent.

IV.
Sonnet. LXXIV.

MOST / happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
with which that happy name was first defynd:
the which three times thrife happy hath me made,
with guifts of body, fortune and of mind.
The first my being to me gaue by kind,
from mothers womb deriu'd by dew descent,
the second is my souereigne Queene most kind,
that honour and large riches to me lent.
The third my loue, my liues laft ornament,
by whom my spirit out of duft was rayfed:
to speake her prayse and glory excellent,
of all aliue most worthy to be prayfed.
Ye three Elizabeths for euer liue,
that three such graces did vnto me giue.

Sonnet. LXXV.

ONE / day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
but came the waues and washed it away:
agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
but came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,
a mortall thing so to immortalize,
for I my felue shall lyke to this decay,
and eek my name bee wyped out lykewise.
Not so, (quod I) let bafer things deuize,
to dy in duft, but you shall liue by fame:
my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
and in the heuens wryte your glorious name.
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,
our loue shall liue, and later life renew.
SONNET. LXXVI.

FAyre/boforme fraught with vertues richeft tresure,
the neaft of loue, the lodging of delight:
the bower of bliffe, the paradice of pleasure,
the sacred harbour of that heuenly spright.
How was I rauiuht with your louely sight,
and my frayle thoughts too rashly led aftaray?
whiles diuing deepe through amorous insught,
on the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray.
And twixt her paps like early fruit in May,
whose harueft seemd to haften now apace:
they loosely did theyr wanton winges dispay,
and there to reft themselues did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts I enuy your so happy reft,
which oft I wisht, yet neuer was so blest.

SONNET. LXXVII.

WAS it a dreame, or did I see it playne,
a goodly table of pure yvory:
all spred with iuncats, fit to entertayne,
the greatest Prince with pompous roialty.
Mongft which there in a filuer diish did ly,
twoo golden apples of vnualewd price:
far passing those which Hercules came by,
or those which Atalanta did entice.
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice,
That many fought yet none could euer taste,
sweet fruit of pleasure brought from paradice:
By loue himselfe and in his garden plaste.
Her breft that table was so richly spredd,
my thoughts the guefts, which would thereon haue fedd.
Sonnet. LXXVIII.

LACKYNG / my loue I go from place to place,
lyke a young fawne that late hath loft the hynd:
and seekte each where, where laft I fawe her face,
whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
I seekte the fields with her late footing fynd,
I seekte her bowre with her late preence deckt,
yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd:
yet field and bowre are full of her aspeect,
But when myne eyes I therunto direc, 
they ydly back returne to me agayne,
and when I hope to see theyr trew objeect,
I fynd my selfe but fed with fancies vayne.
Ceasse then myne eyes, to seekke her selfe to see,
and let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee:

Sonnet. LXXIX.

MEN / call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see : 
but the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
and vertuous mind is much more prayfd of me.
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew : 
but onely that is permanent and free 
from frayle corruption, that doth flech enfew.
That is true beautie : that doth argue you 
to be diuine and borne of heauenly feed :
deriu'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al true 
and perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made, 
all other fayre lyke flowres vntymely fade.
AMORETTI.

Sonnet. LXXX.

AFTER so long a race as I haue run
Through Faery land, which those six books copile
giue leaue to reft me, being halfe fordonne,
and gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then as a steed refreshed after toyle,
out of my prifon I will breake anew:
and stoutly will that second worke affoyle,
with strong euendeuour and attention dew.
Till then giue leaue to me in pleafant mew,
to sport my mufe and finge my loues sweet praife:
the contemplation of whose heauenly hew,
my spirit to an higher pitch will rayfe.
But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

Sonnet. LXXXI.

FAYRE/is my loue, when her fayre golden heares,
with the loofe wynd ye wauling chance to marke:
fayre when the rofe in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fyre of loue does sparke.
Fayre when her brest lyke a rich laden barke,
with pretious merchandize she forth doth lay:
fayre whè that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
her goodly light with smiles she drivyes away.
But fayreft she, when fo the doth displaie
the gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight:
throgh which her words fo wise do make their way
to beare the message of her gentle spright,
The reft be works of natures wonderment,
but this the worke of harts astonifhment.
SONNET. LXXXII.

IOY / of my life, full oft for louing you
I bleffe my lot, that was so lucky placed:
but then the more your owne mishap I rew,
that are so much by so meane loue embased.

For had the equall heuens so much you graced
in this as in the rest, ye mote inuent
som heuenly wit, whose verfe could haue enchafed
your glorious name in golden moniment.

But since ye deignd so goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, shall all be spent,
in setting your immortal prayses forth.

Whose lofty argument vplifting me,
shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET. LXXXIII.

MY / hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
still to behold the object of theyr payne:
with no contentment can themselfes suffize,
but hauing pine, and hauing not complayne,

For lacking it, they cannot lyfe suffayne,
and seeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in theyr amazement like Narcissius vayne
whose eyes him staru'd: so plenty makes me pore.

Yet are myne eyes so filled with the ftore
of that fayre fhit, that nothing else they brooke:
but loath the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.

All this worlds glory feemeth vayne to me,
and all theyr showes but shadowes fauing she.

Sonnet LXXXIII is nearly a repetition of Sonnet XXXV.: but compare.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. LXXXIII.

LET not one sparke of filthy luftfull fyre
breake out, that may her sacred peace moleft:
ne one light glance of wesuall defyre:
Attempt to work her gentle mindes vnrefl.
But pure affections bred in spotlesse breft,
& modest thoughts breathd fro well tepred sprites
goefit her in her chaste bowre of ref,t,
accompanyde with angelick delightes.
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous fights,
the which my selfe could neuer yet attayne:
but speake no word to her of thefe sad plights,
which her too constant stiffnesse doth confrayn.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
and bleffe your fortunes fayre elcion.

SONNET. LXXXV.

THE world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
when I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
fo does the Cuckow, when the Mauis fings,
begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heauenly matter,
all that they know not, enuy or admyre,
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,
but not to deeme of her defert aspyre.
Deepe in the closet of my parts entyre,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heauenly fury doth inspirc,
and my glad mouth with her sweet prayfes fill.
Which when as fame in her shrill trump shal thunder
let the world chose to enuy or to wonder.
SONNET. LXXXVI.

VENOUS toung tipt with vile adders stinging,
Of that selse kynd with which the Furies fell
theyr snaky heads doe come, from which a spring
of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well.

Let all the plagues and horrid paines, of hell,
upon thee fall for thyne accursed hyre:
that with false forged lies, which thou didst tel,
in my true loue did stirre vp coles of yre,
The sparks whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
and, catching hold on thine own wicked hed
confume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
in my sweet peace such breaches to have bred.
Shame be thy meed, and mischiefe thy reward,
dew to thy selfe, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET. LXXXVII.

INCE / I did leave the presence of my loue,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne:
and many nights, that slowly seemd to moue,
theyr sad protract from euening vntill morn.

For when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
and when as night hath vs of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly refcend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
and faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
that further seemes his terme stille to extend,
and maketh euery minute seem a myle.
So sorowse stille doth seeme too long to laft,
but joyous houre doo fly away too faft.
AMORETTI.

SONNET. LXXXVIII.

SINCE I haue lackt the comfort of that light,
   The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray:
I wander as in darknesse of the night,
   affrayd of ev ery dangers leaft dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clear est day,
   when others gaze vpon theyr shadowes vayne:
but th’ onely image of that heauenly ray,
   whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
Of which beholding th’ Idæa playne,
   through contemplation of my purest part:
with light thereof I doe my sel se fuftayne
   and thereon feed my loue-affamift hart.
But with such brightnessse whyleft I fill my mind,
   I starue my body and mine eyes doe blynd.

SONNET. LXXXIX.

LYKE / as the Culuer on the bared bough
   Sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
and in her fongs fends many a wishfull vow,
   for his returne that seemes to linger late.
So I alone now left disconfolate,
   mourne to my sel se the absence of my loue:
and wandring here and there all desolate,
   seek with my playnts to match that mournful doue.
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,
   can comfort me, but her owne ioyous fight:
whose sweet aspect both God and man can moue,
   in her vnspotted pleafauns to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
   and dead my life that wants such liuely blis.
IN / youth before I waxed old,
   The blynd boy Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
   In bitter hyue to grope for honny.
   But when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

AS Diane hunted on a day,
   She chaunft to come where Cupid lay,
his quier by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close conuay,
   into the others stead:
   With that loue wounded my loues hart,
   but Diane beast with Cupids dart.

I / SAW in secreet to my Dame,
   How little Cupid humbly came:
   and sayd to her All hayle, my mother.
But when he saw me laugh, for shame:
   His face with bashfull blood did flame,
   not knowing Venus from the other.
Then neuer blush Cupid (quoth I),
   For many haue err'd in this beauty.
Vpon / a day as loue lay sweetly slumbering,
    all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
    about him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
    and saw the beast so small:
What's this (quoth he) that gives so great a voyce,
    that wakens men withall.
In angry wise he flies about,
    And threatens all with corage stout.

To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
    twixt earneft and twixt game:
See thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
    if thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffreft neyther gods in sky,
    nor men in earth to rest:
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
    their sleepe thou doost moleft.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
    or giue lyke leaue vnto the fly.

Nath/leffe, the cruell boy not so content,
    would needs the fly pursue:
And in his hand with heedlesse hardiment,
    him caught for to subdue.
But when on it he hafty hand did lay,
the Bee him stung therefore:
Now out alaffe (he cryde) and welaway,
    I wounded am full sore:
The fly that I so much did scorne,
    hath hurt me with his little horne.

Vnto / his mother straignt he weeping came,
    and of his griefe complayne'd;
Who could not chose but laugh at his fond game,
    though fad to fee him pained.
Think now (quoth she) my sonne how great the smart
    of thofe whom thou doft wound :
Full many thou haft pricked to the hart,
    that pitty neuer found :
Therefore henceforth some pitty take,
    when thou doest spoyle of louers make.

She / tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
    and wrapt him in her smock :
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting,
    that he the fly did mock.
She dreft his wound and it embaulmed wel
    with value of foueraigne might :
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well
    the well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
    to be so bath'd in Venus blis.
The wanton boy was shortly wel recured,  
    of that his malady:  
But he soone after fresh againe enured,  
    his former cruelty.  
And since that time he wounded hath my selfe  
    with his sharpe dart of loue;  
And now forgets the cruell careless elfe,  
    his mothers heaft to proue.  
So now I languish, till he pleafe,  
    my pining anguifh to appeafe.

Finis.
EPITHALAMION.

E learned sisters which have oftentimes beene to me aying, others to adorne: Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes, That euen the greatest did not greatly scorne To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes, But joyed in theyr prayse.
And when ye lift your owne mishaps to mourn, Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did rayse, Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne, And teach the woods and waters to lament Your dolefull dremient.
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside, And hauing all your heads with girland[s] crownd, Helpe me mine owne loues prayses to refound, Ne let the fame of any be enuide, So Orpheus did for his owne bride, So I vnto my selfe alone will sing, The woods shall to me answere and my Eccho ring.
EPITHALAMION.

EARLY / before the worlds light giuing lampe,
His golden beame vpon the hils doth spred,
Hauing disperft the nights vnchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake and with frefh lufty hed,
Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
My trueft turtle doue
Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
And long fince ready forth his maske to moue,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr frefh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore and soone her dight,
For lo! the wished day is come at laft,
That fhall for al the paynes and forrowes paft,
Pay to her vfury of long delight,
And whyleft she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and folace fing,
That all the woods may anfwer, and your eccho ring.

BRING / with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
both of the riuers and the forrefts greene :
and of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beſcene.
And let them also with them bring in hand,
Another gay girland
For my fayre loue of lillyes and of rofes,
Bound trueloue wize with a blew filke riband.
And let them make great flore of bridale poses,
And let them eke bring flore of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot fhall tread,
For feare the ftones her tender foot fhould wrong,
Be streived with fragrant flowers all along,
And diaped lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt,
The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer and your Eccho ring.

Ye / Nymphes of Mulla which with carefull heed,
The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,
and greedy pikes which vfe therein to feed,
(Thofe trouts and pikes all others doo excell)
And ye likewise which keepe the rufhy lake,
Where none doo fishes take.
Bynd vp the locks the which hang scattered light,
And in his waters which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the chrifall bright,
That when you come whereas my loue doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the deere,
That on the hoary mountayne vfe to towre,
And the wylde wolues which seeke them to deuoure,
With your steele darts doo chace fro comming neer
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake / now my loue, awake ; for it is time,
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her siluer coche to clyme,
And Phebus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their laies
And carroll of loues praife.

1. 67 ' deere ' is an obvious correction of ' dore.' See 1. 70.
EPITHALAMION.

The merry Larke hir mattins fings aloft,
The thrufh replyes, the Mauis defcant playes,
The Ouzell thrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,
So goodly all agree with sweet content,
To this dayes meriment.
Ah my deere loue why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'awayt the comming of your ioyous make,
And hearken to the birds louelearned fong,
The deawy leaues among.
For they of ioy and pleafance to you fing.
That all the woods them anfwer & theyr eccho ring.

My / loue is now awake out of her dreame[s],
and her fayre eyes like fars that dimmed were
With darkfome cloud, now fhew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hefperus his head doth rere.
Come now ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight,
But firft come ye fayre houres which were begot
In Ioues sweet paradice, of Day and Night,
Which doe the feasons of the year allot,
And al that euer in this world is fayre
Do make and ftill repayre.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe ftill adorn her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifuleft bride
And as ye her array, ftill throw betweene
Some graces to be feene,
And, as ye vfe to Venus, to her fing,
The whiles the woods fhal anfwer & your eccho ring.

IV.
EPITHALAMION.

Now is my loue all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
And ye fresh boyes that tend upon her groome
Prepare your felues; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray
Fit for so ioyfull day,
The ioyfulst day that euer sunne did see.
Faire Sun, shew forth thy favhourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not feruent be
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O sayreft Phoebus, father of the Mufe,
If euer I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refufe,
But let this day let this one day be myne,
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy souerayne prayes loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal anfwer and theyr eccho ring.

HARKE / how the Minstreles gin to shrill aloud,
Their merry Musick that refounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or iar.
But most of all the Damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels Smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the fences they doe rauifh quite,
The whyles the boyes run vp and downe the street,

I. 116, no period in original.
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce.
Hymen io Hymen, Hymen they do shout,
That euen to the heauens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill,
To which the people standing all about,
As in approuance doe thereto applaud
And loud aduaunce her laud,
And euermore they Hymen Hymen sing,
that al the woods them anfwer and theyr eccho ring.

LOE / where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phoebe from her chamber of the East,
Aryfing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin beft.
So well it her besieemes that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres a tweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
And being crowned with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some mayden Queene.
Her modest eyes abashed to behold
So many gazers, as on her do stare,
Vpon the lowly ground affixed are.
Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
But blufh to heare her prayhes sung fo loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayhes sing,
That all the woods may anfwer and your eccho ring.

1. 158, comma for period in original.
EPITHALAMION.

Tell me ye merchants daughters did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before,
So sweet, so louely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store,
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yuory white,
Her cheeckes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame vncrudded,
Her paps lyke lillies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending vppe with many a stately stayre,
To honors feat and chasfties sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Vpon her lo to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did anfwer and your eccho ring?

But if ye faw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her liuely spright,
Garnisht with heauenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red Medufaes mazefull hed.

There dwels sweet loue and constant chastity,
Unspotted sayth and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and mild modestly,
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giueth lawes alone.

1. 190, 'mazefull'—Prof. Child reads 'amazeful,' but not to be accepted.
EPITHALAMION.

The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld their services vnto her will,
Ne thought of things vncomely euer may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And vnreuealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her prayses sing,
That al the woods shouold anfwer and your echo ring.

OPEN / the temple gates vnto my loue,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posies adorne as doth behoue,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to recyue this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' almightyes vew,
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces,
Bring her vp to th' high altar that she may,
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praiifes of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throates,
The Choristers the ioyous Antheme sing,
That all the woods may anfwere, and their eccho ring.

l. 209, comma for period in original.
l. 219, original has period in error.
EPITHALAMION.

Behold / whiles she before the altar stands
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes
And blessed her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush vp in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimfin dyde in grayne,
That euen th' Angels which continually,
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face that seemes more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes still fastened on the ground,
Are gouerned with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unfound.
Why blush ye loue to giue to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing ye sweet Angels Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere and your eccho ring.

Now / al is done; bring home the bride againe,
bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollity.
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
Whom heauen would heape with blis.
Make feaft therefore now all this liue long day,
This day for euer to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,

1. 237, period (.) for comma (,) of original.
1. 239, for comma of original I add ?.
EPITHALAMION.

Pouré not by cups, but by the belly full,
Pouré out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce vnto the rest;
For they can doo it beft:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shal anfwer & theyr eccho ring.

RING / ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leaue your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
that ye for euer it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefeft hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet neuer day fo long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them finge:
that all the woods may anfwer, and your eccho ring.

AH / when will this long weary day haue end,
And lende me leaue to come vnto my loue?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?  
How slowly does fad Time his feathers moue?  
Haft thee O fayreft Planet to thy home  
Within the Westerne fome:  
Thy tyred steedes long since haue need of reft.  
Long though it be, at laft I see it gloome,  
And the bright euening star with golden creaft  
Appeare out of the East.  
Fayre childe of beauty, glorious lampe of loue  
That all the host of heauen in rankes doft lead,  
And guydeft louers through the nights fad dread,  
How chearefully thou lookeft from aboue,  
And feemft to laugh atweene thy twinkling light  
As ioying in the light  
Of these glad many which for ioy doe sing,  
That all the woods them anfwer and their echo ring.  

Now / ceaffe ye damfels your delights forepaft;  
Enough is it, that all the day was youres:  
Now day is doen, and night is nighing faft:  
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.  
The night is come, now foone her difaray,  
And in her bed her lay;  
Lay her in lillies and in violets,  
And filken courteins ouer her display,  
And odourd sheets, and Arras couerlets,  
Behold how goodly my faire loue does ly  
In proud humility;  

1. 290, 'nights sad dread' accepted from 1611 for 'nights dread' of original.  
1. 304, period (.) for comma (,) of original.
Like unto Maia, when as Ioue her tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damfels may be gon,
And leaue my loue alone,
And leaue likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shal anfwere, nor your echo ring.

Now / welcome night, thou night so long expected,
that long daies labour doest at laft defray,
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
Haft sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing ouer my loue and me,
that no man may vs fee,
And in thy fable mantle vs enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treafon seek to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy:
But let the night be calme and quietfome,
Without tempeftuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Ioue with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy felfe did lie,
And begot Maiefly.
And let the mayds and yongmen ceafe to sing:
Ne let the woods them anfwer, nor theyr eccho ring.

1. 310, period added for nothing of original.
LET / no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,  
Be heard all night within nor yet without:  
Ne let falfe whispers breeding hidden feares,  
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceiued dout.  
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,  
Make sudden fad affrights;  
Ne let houfeyres, nor lightnings helplefs harmes,  
Ne let the Pouke, nor other euill sprights,  
Ne let mischieuous witches with theyr charmes,  
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose fenfe we fee not,  
Fray vs with things that be not.  
Let not the shriech Oule, nor the Storke be heard:  
Nor the night Rauen that ftill deadly yels,  
Nor damned ghofts cald vp with mighty spels,  
Nor grievely vultures make vs once affead:  
Ne let th' vnpleafant Quyre of Frogs ftill c roking  
Make vs to wish theyr choking.  
Let none of thefe theyr drery accents f ing;  
Ne let the woods them anfwer, nor theyr eccho ring.

BUT / let fiil Silence frew night watches keepe,  
That sacred peace may in afurance rayne,  
And tymely fleep, when it is tyme to fleep,  
May poure his limbs forth on your pleafant playne,  
The whiles an hundred little winged loues,  
Like diuers fethered doues,  
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,  
And in the secret darke, that none reproues  
Their prety fealthe fhal worke, & fnares fhal spread

1. 341, 'Pouke' = Pucke, is misprinted 'Ponke' in the original. So in  
1. 356 'poure' is misprinted 'ponre' (n for u).
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceal’d through covert night.
Ye fonnes of Venus, play your sports at will,
For greedy pleasure, careless of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face, that shines so bright,
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walks about high heauen all the night?
O, fairest goddesse, do thou not envy
My loue with me to spye:
For thou likewise didst loue, though now vnthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which priuily
The Latmian shephard once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to vs be favorable now;
And fith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t’ effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
Ne let the woods vs answer, nor our Eccho ring.

1. 385, ‘thy’—an obvious correction of ‘they’ of the original.
And / thou great Iuno, which with awful might
the lawes of wedlock stil doth patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites haft taught to solemnize:
And ceke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this louely band,
And all thy blessings vnto us impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whose gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remayne,
Without blemish or stain,
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loues delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
And thou fayre Hebe, and thou Hymen free,
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we ceafe your further prayse to sing,
Ne any woods shal anfwer, nor your Eccho ring.

And / ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods:
In dreadful darknesse lend defired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More than we men can fayne,
Poure out your blessing on vs plentioufly,
And happy influence vpon vs raine,
That we may rafe a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
EPITHALAMION.

Vp to your haughty pallaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit
May heavenny tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let vs rest, sweet loue, in hope of this,
And ceafe till then our tymely ioyes to finge,
The woods no more vs anfwer, nor our echo ring.

SONG / made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my loue shou'd duly haue been de6l,
Which cutting off through hafty accidents,
Ye would not flay your dew time to expect,
But promif both to recompens,
Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment.

FINIS.

Imprinted by P. S. for William Ponfonby.
NOTE.

The only edition of 'Four Hymns' published by Spenser himself was that of 1596, which is our text, from a beautiful exemplar in my own Library. See Life in Vol. I., and Essays, as before. I note the following here:

1. *Hymne in Honour of Love*
   l. 69, 'make' is changed in 1611 to 'made'—better not.
   l. 83, a contemporary MS. correction reads 'hated' for 'hate'—accepted.
   l. 122, Warton would read 'from' for 'with.'

2. *Hymne in Honour of Beautie*
   l. 158, 'will'—Dr. Morris queries 'evill,' but surely impossible. Cf. l. 155.
   l. 171, 'affection'—Dr. Morris queries for 'affections' of the original 'affection'?—accepted.
   l. 222, 'to'—Dr. Morris queries of?—bad.

3. *Hymne of Heavenly Love*
   l. 195, 'Euen hee himselfe' from 1611 for 'Euen himselfe' of original.

4. *Hymne of Heavenly Beautie*
   l. 121, 'Suns bright beames'—changed badly in 1611 to 'Sun bright beames,' oblivious of His title of the 'Sun of Righteousness.'
   l. 165, 'And dampifh'—in the original 'The dark and dampifh' by inadvertent repetition from previous line.
   l. 170, 'Thousand' inserted as being dropped out in error in the original. Dr. Morris here inserts 'more bright'—very inept with 'cleare' succeeding.
   l. 270, 'to paine'—1611 badly alters to 'a paine.'
   l. 294, 'on'—misprinted by reversal of letter, 'no' in the original.

G.
Fovvre Hymnes,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSE

LONDON,
Printed for William Ponsonby.
1596.
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VER-
muous Ladies, the Ladie Margaret Countesse
of Cumberland, and the Ladie Marie
Countesse of Warwicke.

Having in the greener times of my youth, composed
these former two Hymnes in the praise of Loue and
beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those
of like age & disposition, which being too vehemently
caried with that kind of affection, do rather skieve out
poison to their strong passion, than honey to their honest
delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent
Ladies, to call in the same. But being unable so to doe,
by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered
abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and by way of retrac-
tation to reforme them, making in stead of those two
Hymnes of earthly or naturall loves and beautie, two others
of heavenly and celestiall. The which I doe dedicate
joyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most
excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beautie,
both in the one and the other kinde, humbly beseeching
you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this
my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and
honourable favours which ye dayly shew unto me, untill
such time as I may by better means yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion.

And euen so I pray for your happinesse.

Greenwich this first of September.

1596.

Your Honors most bounden euer in all humble servie.

Ed. Sp.
AN HYMNE IN 
HONOVR OF 
LOVE.

Oue, that long since haft to thy mighty powre, 
Perforce subdude my poore captiued hart, 
And raging now therein with restlessse stowre, 
Doest tyrannize in euery weaker part; 
Faine would I seeke to eafe my bitter smart, 
By any seruice I might do to thee, 
Or ought that else might to thee pleafing bee.

And now t'affwage the force of this new flame, 
And make thee more propitious in my need, 
I meane to sing the praifes of thy name, 
And thy victorious conquests to ared; 
By which thou madeft many harts to bleed 
Of mighty Victors, with wyde wounds embrewed, 
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdewed.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late, 
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou haft me bred, 
Should faint, and words should faile me, to relate 
The wondrous triumphs of thy great godhed. 
But if thou wouldft vouchsafe to ouerpred / 
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing, 
I should enabled be thy actes to sing
Come then, o come, thou mightie God of loue,
Out of thy siluer bowres and secret bliffe,
Where thou doest fit in Venus lap aboue,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosiall kifte,
That sweeter farre then any Nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye sweet Muses, which haue often proued
The piercing points of his auengefull darts:
And ye faire Nimphs, which oftentimes haue loued
The cruell worker of your kindly farts,
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts,
For to receiue the triumph of your glorie,
That made you merie oft, when ye were forie.

And ye faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conquests of your beautie boft,
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterue their harts, that needeth nourture most,
Prepare your selues, to march amongst his hoft,
And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your Soueraigne king.

Great god of might, that reigneft in the mynd,
And all the bodie to thy heft doest frame,
Victor of gods, subducer of mankynd,
That doest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornful game,
And in their roaring taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?
Or who alive can perfectly declare,  
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?  
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,  
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,  
Though elder then thine owne natuiritie;  
And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares;  
And yet the eldeft of the heauenly Peares.

For ere this worlds still mouing mightie masse,  
Out of great Chaos vgly prifon crept,  
In which his goodly face long hidden was  
From heauens view, and in deepe darknesse kept,  
Loue, that had now long time securely slept  
In Venus lap, vnarmed then and naked,  
Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne heate,  
Kindled at first from heauens life-giuing fyre,  
He gan to moue out of his idle seate,  
VVeakely at first, but after with desyre  
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hyre,  
And like fresh Eagle, make his hardie flight  
Through all that great wide waft, yet wating light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,  
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,  
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:  
Then through the world his way he gan to take,  
The world that was not till he did it make;  
Whose fundrie parts he fro them felues did feuer,  
The which before had lyen confused euer,
The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,  
Then gan to raunge them felues in huge array,  
And with contrary forces to confpyre  
Each against other, by all meanes they may,  
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:  
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,  
Till Loue relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well  
Their contrary dislikes with loued meanes,  
Did place them all in order, and compell  
To keepe them felues within their sundrie raines,  
Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;  
Yet fo, as that in euery liuing wight  
They mixe themselues, & shew their kindly might.

So euer since they firmely haue remained,  
And duly well obserued his behaft;  
Through which now all these things that are cotained  
Within this goodly cope, both most and least  
Their being haue, and dayly are increaft,  
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,  
Which in the barraine cold he doth infpyre.

Thereby / they all do liue, and moued are  
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,  
Whileft they seeke onely, without further care,  
To quench the flame, which they in burning fynd:  
But man, that breathes a more immortall mynd,  
Not for lufts fake, but for eternitie,  
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie.
For hauing yet in his deduced spright,
Some sparks remaining of that heauenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Vnto like goodly semblant to aspyre:
Therefore in choice of loue, he doth defyre
That feemes on earth moft heauenly, to embrace,
That fame is Beautie, borne of heauenly race.

For sure of all, that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more diuine doth feeme,
Or that refembleth more th' immortall flame
Of heauenly light, then Beauties glorious beame.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Fraile men, whose eyes seek heauenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enrauilht bee?

Which well perceiving that imperious boy,
Doth therwith tip his sharp empoifned darts;
Which glancing through the eyes with coutenâce coy,
Reft not, till they haue pierst the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which fuckes the blood, and drinketh vp the lyfe
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe. /

Thenceforth they playne, & make ful piteous mone
Vnto the author of their balefull bane;
The daies they waste, the nights they grieue and grone,
Their lues they loath, and heauens light disdaine;
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Frefh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and feeing it still dye.
The whylft thou tyrant Loue doest laugh & scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play;
Whyleft they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay,
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest enmarble the proud hart of her,
Whose loue before their life they doe prefer.

So haft thou often done (ay me the more)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,
With thoufand wounds thou mangled haft fo fore
That whole remaines scarce any little part,
Yet to augment the anguifh of my smart,
Thou haft enfrofen her disdainefull breft,
That no one drop of pitie there doth reft.

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

But / if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the moft kind preferuer
Of liuing wights, the foueraine Lord of all,
How falles it then, that with thy furious fervour,
Thou doest afflict as well the not defuerer,
As him that doeth thy louely heafts despire,
And on thy subie¢ts moft doest tyrannize?
Yet herein eke thy glory feemeth more,
By fo hard handling thofe which beft thee deserue,
That ere thou doeft them vnto grace restore,
Thou mayeft well trie if they will ever deserue,
And mayeft them make it better to deserue,
And hauing got it, may it more efteme,
For things hard gotten, men more dearely deeme.

So hard thofe heauenly beauties be enfyred,
As things divine, leaft passions doe impresse,
The more of ftedfaft mynds to be admyre,
The more they stayed be on ftedfaftnesse:
But baseborne mynds such lamps regard the leffe,
Which at first blowing take not haftie fyre,
Such fancies feele no loue, but loafe defyre.

For loue is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himfelfe out of the lowly duft,
On golden plumes vp to the pureft skie,
Aboue the reach of loathly finfull luft,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselues enure
To dirtie droffe, no higher dare afpyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celeftiall fyre,
Which kindleth loue in generous defyre,
And makes him mount aboue the natuue might
Of heauie earth, vp to the heauens hight.
Such is the powre of that sweet passion,  
That it all fordid baseneffe doth expell,  
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion  
Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell;  
Which he beholding still with constant fight,  
Admires the mirrour of so heauenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepeft wit,  
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantafy,  
Still full, yet neuer satisfyde with it,  
Like Tantale, that in store doth fierued ly:  
So doth he pine in moft fatiety,  
For nought may quench his infinite defyre,  
Once kindled through that firft conceiued fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,  
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attaine;  
His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,  
That feemes in it all blisfes to containe,  
In fight whereof, all other bliffe feemes vaine.  
Thrife happie man, might he the fame poffeffe;  
He faines himfelfe, and doth his fortune bleffe.

And / though he do not win his wish to end,  
Yet thus farre happie he him selfe doth weene,  
That heauens such happie grace did to him lend,  
As thing on earth fo heauenly, to haue feene,  
His harts enshrined faint, his heauens queene,  
Fairer then faireft, in his fayning eye,  
Whose sole afpect he counts felicitye.
Then forth he casts in his vnquiet thought,
What he may do, her fauour to obtaine;
What braue exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what aduenturous paine,
M[a]y please her best, and grace vnto him gaine:
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
Thou being blind, letst him not see his feares,
But cariest him to that which he hath eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand swords and speares:
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou armest his resiftlesse hand.

Witnesse Leander, in the Euxine waues,
And stout AEneas in the Troiane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaues,
And Orpheus daring to prouoke the yre
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retyre:
For both through heauen & hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obay.

And if by all these perils and these paines,
He may but purchafe lyking in her eye,
What heauens of ioy, then to himselfe he faynes,
Eftfoones he wypes quite out of memory,
What euer ill before he did aby,
Had it bene death, yet would he die againe,
To liue thus happie as her grace to gaine.
Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,  
He nathemore can so contented rest,  
But forceth further on, and itriueth stiill  
T' approach more neare, till in her inmoist breft,  
He may embosomd bee, and loued beft;  
And yet not beft, but to be lou'd alone,  
For loue can not endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, ò how doth it torment  
His troubled mynd with more then hellisfh paine!  
And to his fayning fansie repreffent  
Sights neuer feene, and thoufand shadowes vaine,  
To breake his fleeppe, and waste his ydle braine;  
Thou that haft neuer lou'd canft not beleue,  
Leaft part of th'euils which poore louers greeue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,  
The vaine furmizes, the diftruftfull showes,  
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,  
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,  
The fayned friends, the vnaffured foes,  
With thoufands more then any tongue can tell,  
Doe make a louers life a wretches hell.

Yet / is there one more curfed then they all,  
That cancker worme, that monfter Gelofie,  
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,  
Turning all loues delight to miferie,  
Through feare of loофing his felicitie.  
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monfter placed  
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.
By these, ó Love, thou dost thy entrance make, 
Vnto thy heauen, and dost the more endeere, 
Thy pleasures vnto those which them partake, 
As after storms when clouds begin to cleare, 
The Sunne more bright & glorious doth appeare; 
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie, 
Doft beare vnto thy bliffe, and heauens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradise 
Of all delight, and joyous happie rest, 
Where they doe feede on Nectar heauenly wise, 
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest 
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest, 
And lie like Gods in yeourie beds arrayd, 
With rose and lillies ouer them displayd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play 
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame, 
And in her snowie bosome boldly lay 
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty shame: 
After full ioyance of their gentle game, 
Then her they crowne their Goddesse and their Queene, 
And decke with floures thy altars well beseeene.

Ay me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope, 
For all the paines and woes that I endure, 
To come at length vnto the wishedd scope 
Of my desire, or might my selfe assure, 
That happie port for euer to recure. 
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all, 
And all my woes to be but penance small.
Then would I sing of thine immortall praise
An heauenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Boue all the gods, thee onely honoring,
My guide, my God, my victor, and my king;
Till then, dread Lord, vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.
AN HYMNE IN
HONOVR OF
BEAVTIE.

Ah whither, Loue, wilt thou now carrie mee?
What wontlesse fury doft thou now inspire
Into my seeble brefte, too full of thee?
Whyleft seeking to aflake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindleft much more great desyre,
And vp aloft aboue my strengthe doest rayfe
The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I earft in praife of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke shoulde frame,
And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The rauifht harts of gazefull men might reare,
To admiration of that heauenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule enchaunting might

Therto do thou great Goddesse, queene of Beauty,
Mother of loue, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose fouerayne grace and kindly dewty,
Nothing on earth feemes fayre to fleshly figh,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy loue-kindling light,
T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne.

IV.

10

20

11
That both to thee, to whom I meane it moft,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame,
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghooft,
That now it wafted is with wocs extreame,
It may fo please that she at length will ftreame
Some deaw of grace, into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and confummg fmart.

What time this worlds great workmaifter did caft
To make al things, such as we now behold:
It feemes that he before his eyes had plaft
A goodly Paterne to whose perfect mould,
He fashioned them as comely as he could,
That now fo faire and feemely they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous Paterne wherefoeere it bee,
Whether in earth layd vp in secret flore,
Or elfe in heauen, that no man may it see
With finfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore,
Whose face and feature doth fo much excell
All mortall fence, that none the fame may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes,
Or more or lesfe by influence diuine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the groffe matter of this earthly myne,
Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the droffe which dims the light
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.
For / through infusion of celestiall powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits priuily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the lookers light
They seeme to pleafe. That is thy foueraine might,
O Cyprian Queene, which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright fтарre, thou into them doeft ftreame.

That is the thing which gineth pleasent grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fyre,
Light of thy lampe, which flyning in the face,
Thence to the foule darts amorous defyre,
And robs the harts of thofe which it admyre:
Therewith thou pointeft thy Sons poyfned arrow,
That wounds the life, & waftes the inmoft marrow.

How vainely then doe ydle wits inuent,
That beautie is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp’rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a fommers shade,
Or that it is but comely composiotion
Of parts well meafurd, with meet disposition.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th’eyes vnto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlësse ftworwre,
As nought but death can fint his dolours frmart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both fense and reason blynd?
Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the fente moft daintie odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers vew ?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oftimes, we Nature see of Art
Exceld, in perfect limming every part.

But ah, beleue me, there is more then so
That workes such wonders in the minds of men.
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know ;
And who so lift the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by tryall, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men miffeeme,
An outward shew of things, that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shal decay,
And those sweete rofy leaues so fairely spred
Vpon the lips, shal fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright
Shall turne to duft, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiaall ray
That light procedes, which kindleth louers fire,
Shall neuer be extinguisht nor decay,
But when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Vnto her native planet shall retyre,
For it is heauenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.
For when the foule, the which deriued was
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all lieue to loue, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heauens hight,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And liuely spirits from that fayrest starre,
Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or leffe,
When she in fleishly seede is eft enraced,
Through euery part she doth the fame impress,
According as the heauens haue her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th' heauenly riches, which she robd erewhyle.

Therof it comes, that these faire soules, which haue
The moft resemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themselues moft beautifull and braue
Their fleishly bowre, moft fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soueraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well be seene,
A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So euery spirit, as it is moft pure,
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight.
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take :
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.
Therefore where euer that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seede of vertue ftirowed.
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
Or through vnaptneffe in the substance fownd,
Which it assumed of some stubborne ground,
That will not yield vnto her forms direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles (ay me the more to rew)
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
Is foule abus'd, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of finne, and finners scorn;
Whilest euery one doth seeke and few to haue it,
But euery one doth seeke, but to depraue it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that do abuse it vnto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested vnto will.
Nathesse the soule is faire and beauteous stiill,
How euery fleshes fault is filthy make:
For things immortall no corruption take.
HONOVR OF BEAVTIE.

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornements,  
And liuely images of heauens light,  
Let not your beames with fuch disparagements  
Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight,  
But mindfull still of your first countries fight,  
Doe still preferue your first informed grace,  
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,  
Difloiall luft, faire beauties foulest blame,  
That base affectiös, which your eares would bland,  
Commend to you by loues abused name;  
But is indeede the bondflaue of defame,  
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,  
And quëch the light of your bright shyning starre.

But gentle Loue, that loiall is and trew,  
Will more illumine your repleudent ray,  
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,  
From light of his pure fire, which by like way  
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display,  
Like as two mirrours by opposd reflexion,  
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,  
It you behoues to loue, and forth to lay  
That heauenly riches, which in you ye beare,  
That men the more admyre their fountaine may,  
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,  
If it in darknesse be enshrined euer,  
That it of louing eyes be vewed neuer? /
But in your choice of Loues, this well aduize,
That likest to your felues ye them selec̣t,
The which your forms fiṛst fourfe may sympathiẓe,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt:
For if you loofely loue without respect,
It is no loue, but a discordant warre,
Whose vnlike parts among̣st themselues do iarre.

For Loue is a celeſtiall harmonie,
Of likely harts coṃposd of ſtarres conceṇt,
Which ioỵne together in sweete sympathỵe,
To worke ech others ioỵ and true content,
Which they haue harbourd since their fiṛſt deſcrẹt
Out of their heaueny bowres, where they did fee
And know ech other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loues gentle band combyned bee,
But those whom heauen did at fiṛſt ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree:
For all that like the beautie which they fee,
Stṛeight do not loue: for loue is not fo light,
As ſtreight to burne at fiṛſt beholders ſight.

But they which loue indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and fpoteſfe true intent,
Drawing out of the obiẹc̣t of their eyes,
A more ſrefyned forme, which they prefent
Vnto their mind, voide of all blemiſhment;
Which it reducing to her fiṛſt perfẹction,
Beholdeth free from ſleşhes frayle infec̣tion.
HONOVR OF BEAVTIE.

And then conforming it vnto the light,
Which in it felt it hath remaining still
Of that first Sunne, yet sparckling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill,
An heauenly beautie to his fancies will,
And it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantastie,
And fully seteth his felicitie,
Counting it fairer, then it isindeede,
And yet indeede her fairenesse doth exceede.

For louers eyes more sharply fighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loues delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
Which carry priuie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discouers dawning day.

Therein they see through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of loues still flying too and fro,
Which dart at them their little ferie launces,
Whom hauing wounded, backe againe they go,
Carrying compassion to their louely foe;
Who seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect.
In which how many wonders doe they reede
To their conceipt, that others neuer see,
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feede,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee ;
But when her words embaffade forth she fends,
Lord how sweete musicke that vnsto them lends.

Sometimes vpon her forhead they behold
A thousand Graces mafking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their fight
Doe feeme like twincckling fтарres in frostie night : 260
But on her lips like rofy buds in May,
So many millions of chaffe pleafures play.

All thofe, ô Cythera, and thousands more
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend
To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend ;
That in mens harts thou mayft thy throne enftall,
And fpred thy louely kingdome ouer all.

Then To triumph, ô great beauties Queene,
Aduance the banner of thy conqueft hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassials beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew fcaftie,
Adore the powre of thy great Maieftie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.
In / lieu whereof graunt, o 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 fame life, which first fro me she reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire Venus dearling, my deare dread,
Freh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life,
Whè your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe,
And shew what wòdrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.
AN HYMNE OF

HEAVENLY

LOVE.

L

Oue, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings,
From this bafe world vnto thy heauens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workeft by thy soueraine might,
Farre aboue feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heauenly Hymne may sing
Vnto the god of Loue, high heauens king.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praife of that mad fit, which fooles call loue,
I haue in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection moue.
But all those follies now I do reproue,
And turned haue the tenor of my string,
The heauenly prayfes of true loue to fing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warme your felues at my wide sparckling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame:
For who my passed follies now purfewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.
BEFORE this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now contain'd, found any being place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Spheres, & parts their hours by space,
That high eternall powre, which now doth moue
In all these things, mou'd in it selfe by loue.

It lou'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lou'd ;) and of it selfe begot
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of finfull blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no iot
Of loues dislike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd,

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endless glorie and immortall might,
Together with that third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almighty Spright,
Whose kingdomes throne no thought of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trebling verfe
With equall words can hope it to rehearse.

Yet o most blessed Spirit, pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisedome trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright,
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercie wrought.
Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood though not in powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increafe of Angels bright,
All glistening glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens illimitable hight,
Not this round heauë, which we frō hence behold,
Adornd with thoufand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of flyning gold,
He gaue as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serue him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth fend,
Or on his owne dread preference to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night.

Both day and night is vnto them all one,
For he his beames doth still to them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth neuer none,
Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliffe an end,
But there their termelésse time in pleafure fpend,
Ne euer should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to difobay.
HEAVENLY LOVE.

But / pride impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them vp with greedy bold ambition,
That they can cast their state how to increase,
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And fit in Gods owne seat without commission:
The brightest Angell, even the Child of light
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned yre;
Where they in darkness and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate fell from above
Through pride; (for pride and love may ill agree)
And now of sinne to all enample bee:
How then can sinfull flesh in selfe assure,
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternall fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodness vnto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In his wyde Pallace, through those Angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new vnknownen Colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke shold begin.
Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought, 
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might: 
According to an heavely patterne wrought, 
Which he had fashions in his wife foresight, 
He man did make, and breathed a living spright 
Into his face most beautifull and sayre, 
Endewd with wisedomes riches, heauenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might 
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could; 
Him to be Lord of every living wight, 
He made by loue out of his owne like mould, 
In whom he might his mightie selfe behould: 
For loue doth loue the thing belou'd to see, 
That like it selfe in louely shape may bee.

But man forgetfull of his makers grace, 
No lesse than Angels, whom he did enfew, 
Fell from the hope of promisf heauenly place, 
Into the mouth of death to sinners dew, 
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw: 
Where they for euer should in bonds remaine, 
Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine,

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at first 
Made of meere loue, and after liked well 
Seeing him lie like creature long accurft, 
In that deepe horror of despeyred hell, 
Him wretch in doole would let no lenger dwell, 
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme, 
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.
HEAVENLY LOVE.

Out of the bofome of eternall bliffe,
In which he reigned with his glorious fyre,
He downe descended, like a moft demiffe
And abieft thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That he for him might pay finnes deadly hyre,
And him restore vnto that happie state,
In which he ftood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde:
Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man furpas,
Could make amends to God for mans mifguyde,
But onely man himfelfe, who felfe did flyde.
So taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare fake he did a man become.

And that moft blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemiff or reprochfull blame,
He freely gaue to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Reuyling him, that them moft vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow tree,
And flew the iuft, by moft vnjuft decree.

O huge and moft vnpeakable impression
Of loues deepe wound, that pierft the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with fo entyre affection,
And sharply launching euery inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart;
Doing him die, that neuer it deferued,
To free his foes, that from his heaft had fwerued.
What hart can seele leaft touch of so fore launch,  
Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound?  
Whose bleeding fourse their streames yet neuer staunch,  
But stil do flow, & fresly stil redound,  
To heale the fores of sinfull soules vnfound,  
And clene the guilt of that infecte cryme,  
Which was enrooted in all fleshly flyme.  

O blessed well of loue, ô floure of grace,  
O glorious Morning starrre, ô lampe of light,  
Moist liuely image of thy fathers face,  
Eternall King of glorie, Lord of might,  
Meeke lambe of God before all worlds behight,  
How can we thee requite for all this good?  
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?  

Yet nought thou askest in lieu of all this loue,  
But loue of vs for guerdon of thy paine.  
Ay me; what can vs leffe then that behoue?  
Had he required life of vs againe,  
Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with gaine?  
He gaue vs life, he it restored lost;  
Then life were leaft, that vs so little cost.  

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,  
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;  
Ne ought demaunds, but that we louing bee,  
As he himfelfe hath lou'd vs afore hand,  
And bound therto with an eternall band,  
Him firft to loue, that vs so dearely bought,  
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.
HEAVENLY LOVE.

Him first to loue, great right and reason is,
Who first to vs our life and being gauе;
And after when we fared had amisse,
Vs wretches from the second death did faue;
And laft the food of life, which now we haue,
Euen himfelfe in his deare sacrament,
To feede our hungry foules vnto vs lent.

Then next to loue our brethren, that were made
Of that felfe mould, and that felfe makers hand,
That we, and to the fame againe shall fade,
Where they shall haue like heritage of land,
How euer here on higher steps we stand;
Which also were with felfe fame price redeemed
That we, how euer of vs light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that louing Lord
Commaunded vs to loue them for his fake,
Euen for his fake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his laft bequeft he to vs fpake,
We should them loue, & with their needs partake;
Knowing that whatfoere to them we giue,
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his moft holy reede
Vnto vs taught, and to approue it trew,
Enfamplied it by his moft righteous deede,
Shewing vs mercie miserable crew,
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And loue our brethren ; thereby to approue,
How much himfelfe that loued vs, we loue.
Then rouze thy selfe, o earth, out of thy foyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in duryt pleasures moyle,
Vnmindful of that dearest Lord of thyne;
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
That thou his fouteraine bountie mayst behold,
And read through louse his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylefull Oxe and humble Asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,
When him the filly Shepheards came to see,
Whom greateft Princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his vnfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his pouertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he paft his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yct being malift both of great and small.

And looke at last how of moft wretched wights,
He taken was, betrayd, and falfe accused,
How with moft scornefull taunts, & fell defpights
He was rcuyld, difgraeft, and foule abused,
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how brufed;
And lastly how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet & lyde.
HEAVENLY LOVE.

Then let thy flinty hart that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorfe,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heauenly corfe,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse,
And let thy soule, whose fins his forrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieued thought.

With fence whereof whileft fo thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift vp thy mind to th' author of thy weale,
And to his foueraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to loue, that loued thee fo deare,
And in thy brefte his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou muft him loue, and his beheafts embrace,
All other lous, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre vp affections base,
Thou muft renounce, and utterly displace,
And giue thy selfe vnto him full and free,
That full and freely gaue himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou seele thy spirit so posieft,
And rauisht with deouoring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brefte
Inflame with loue, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt deligh,
But in his sweet and amiabie sight,
AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Thenceforth all worlds defire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and droffe in thy pure sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy rauisht soule inspired bee
With heavely thoughts, farre aboue humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th’ Idee of his pure glorie present still,
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enragement of celestiall loue,
Kindled through sight of those faire things aboue.

FINIS.
AN / HYMNE OF
HEAVENLY
BEAVTIE.

Apt with the rage of mine own rauisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heauen wrought,
Whose wodrous beauty breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle loue in high conceipted sprights:
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, o thou most almighty Spright,
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may shew
Some little beames to mortall eyes below,
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distраughted mynd I see.

That with the glorie of so goodly sight,
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall defyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselfes vp hyer,
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewty
Th’eternall fountaine of that heauenly beauty./
Beginning then below, with th' eafie vew
Of this base world, subieçt to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky,
Of the foare faulecon fo I learne to fly,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her felfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke who lift, thy gazefull eyes to feed
With fight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde uniuersê, and therein reed
The endleffe kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou cañt not coût, much leffe their natures aime :
All which are made with wondrous wise reſpect,
And all with admirable beautifous deckt.

Firſt th' Earth, on adamantine pillers founded,
Amid the Sea engirt with braſen bands ;
Then th' Aire ftill flitting, but yet firmely bounded
On euerie fide, with pyles of flaming brands,
Neuer conſum'd nor quencht with mortall hands ;
And laſt, that mightie ſhining chriſtall wall,
Wherewith he had encompassed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,
That ſtil as euery thing doth vpward tend,
And further is from earth, fo ſtil morecleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfeft end
Of pureſt beautie, it at laſt afcend :
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heauen then fire appeares more pure & fayre.
Looke / thou no further, but affixe thine eye,  
On that bright shynie round still mouing Maffe,  
The house of blessed Gods, which men call Skye,  
All fowed with gliftring stars more thicke the graffe,  
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe;  
But those two moft, which ruling night and day,  
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire sway.

And tell me then, what haft thou euer feene,  
That to their beautie may compared bee,  
Or can the light that is moft sharpe and keene,  
Endure their Captains flaming head to fee?  
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,  
And so much fairer, and much more then these,  
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre aboue these heauens which here we see,  
Be others farre exceeding these in light,  
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these fame bee,  
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,  
Vnmouing, vnco erupt, and spotlesse bright,  
That need no Sunne t' illuminate their spheres,  
But their owne natiu:e light farre passing theirs.

And as these heauens still by degrees arize,  
Vntill they come to their firft Mouers bound,  
That in his mightie compass doth comprize,  
And carve all the rest with him around,  
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,  
And rife more faire, till they at laft arive  
To the moft faire, whereto they all do striue.
AN HYMNE OF

Faire is the heauen, where happie foules haue place,
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold, the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall Maiestie;
More faire is that, where those *Idees* on hie
Enraunged be, which *Plato* fo admyred,
And pure *Intelligences* from God infpyred.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raine
The soueraine *Powres* and mightie *Potentates*,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly *Dominations* are fet,
From whom all earthly gouvernance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright *Cherubins*,
Which all with golden wings are ouerdight,
And those eternall burning *Seraphins*,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne perfon, without reft or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Higheft they approch more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the reft which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioynd together were:
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse,
The image of such endlesse perfe6lneffe?
Cease / then my tongue, and lend vnto my mynd
Leaue to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whose vtmoft parts fo beautifull I fynd,
How much more thofe effentiaall parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wifedome, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himfelfe a fight.

Thofe vnto all he daily doth diplay,
And fhew himfelfe in th’ image of his grace,
As in a looking glaffe, through which he may
Be feene, of all his creatures vile and bafe,
That are vnable elfe to fee his face,
His glorious face which glistereth elfe fo bright,
That th’ Angels felues can not endure his fight.

But we fraile wights, whose fight cannot fuftaine
The Suns bright beames, whè he on vs doth fhyne,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we fee with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Maieftie diuine,
In figh of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his leaft refplendent sparke?

The meanses therefore which vnto vs is lent,
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the fame, as in a brafen booke,
To reade enregiftred in euery nooke
His goodneffe, which his beautie doth declare,
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire.
Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,  
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,  
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,  
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blynd,  
And like the natie brood of Eagles kynd,  
On that bright Sunne of glorie fixe thine eyes,  
Clear'd from grossie mists of fraile infirmities,

Humbled with feare and awfull reuereence,  
Before the footestoole of his Maieftie,  
Throw thy felfe downe with trembling innocence,  
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,  
On the dred face of that great Deity,  
For feare, left if he chance to looke on thee,  
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.
Light farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke,
Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish aire, wherby all things are red:
Whose nature yet so much is maruell'd
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wifards, which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light which there doth shine,
Is many thousand [thousand] times more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And euen the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare:
For from th' eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heauenly vertue, which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnfound:
And vnderneath his feet are to be found,
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his auenging yre.

There in his bofome Sapience doth fit,
The foueraine dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, moft fit
For so great powre and peerelesse maiesty.
And all with gemmes andiewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her natuie brightnes seem more cleare.
And on her head a crowne of pureft gold
Is fet, inigne of higheft foueraignty,
And in her hand a fcepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the euer-mouing sky,
And in the fame these lower creatures all,
Subie¢ted to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe:
For of her fulneffe which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and do in state remaine,
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through obferuation of her high behaft,
By which they first were made, and still increaf.

The faireneffe of her face no tongue can tell,
For she the daughters of all wemens race,
And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increaf by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
Which pictured Venus with fo curious quill,
That all posteritie admyrred it,
Haue purtrayd this, for all his maiftring skill;
Ne she her felfe, had she remained fiill,
And were as faire, as fabling wits do fayne,
Could once come neare this beauty fouerayne.
HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

But had those wits the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweete Teian Poet which did spend
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her prayse,
Seene but a glims of this, which I pretend,
How wondroufly would he her face commend,
Aboue that Idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world shold with his rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,
Prefume to picture so diuine a wight,
Or hope t' expresse her leaft perfections part,
Whose beautie fillis the heauens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah gentle Muse thou art too weake and faint,
The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soueraigne praises sing,
And thofe most sacred mysteries vnfold,
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens king.
Enough is me t' admyre fo heauenly thing.
And being thus with her huge loue possed,
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But who so may, thrife happie man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne Beloued to behold:
For in the view of her celestiall face,
All ioy, all bliffe, all happinesse haue place,
Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull fight.
For she out of her secret threaufury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Euen heauenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchfaseth to her presence to receaue,
And leteth them her louely face to see,
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceaue,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereaue
Their soule of sene, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an exatasy,
And heare such heauenly notes, and carolings
Of Gods high praife, that filleth the brafen sky,
And seele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sene,
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine,
But all that earst seemd sweet, seemes now offensfe,
And all that pleased earst, now seemes to paine,
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see,
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.
And / that faire lampe, which vseth to enflame
The hearts of men with selfe consuming fyre,
Thenceforth seemes fowle, & full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe, to which proud minds aspyre
By name of honor, and so much defyre,
Seemes to them baseness, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth fadnesse, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious light,
And senses fraught with such fatietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they haue written in their inward ey;
On which they feed, and in their fastened mynd
All happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

Ah then my hungry soule, which long haft fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And with fafe beauties flattering bait misled,
Haft after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah ceaffe to gaze on matter of thy grief.

And looke at laft vp to that foueraine light,
From whose pure beams al perfe6l beauty springs,
That kindleth loue in every godly spright,
Euen the loue of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world, and these gay seeming things;
With whose sweete pleasures being so possi6st,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest. /
vii.

PROTHALAMION.

1596.
NOTE.

'Prothalamion' was published by Spenser himself only in the edition of 1596. This is our text, from a very fine exemplar in my own Library. See Life in Vol. I., and Essays as before.—G.
Prothalamion

Or

A Spoulfall Verse made by

Edm. Spenser.

IN HONOVR OF THE DOV-
ble marray of the two Honorable & vertuous
Ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth and the Ladie Katherine
Somrfet, Daughters to the Right Honourable the
Earle of Worcester and espoused to the two worthie
Gentlemen M. Henry Gilford, and
M. William Peter Esquyers.

AT LONDON.
Printed for VVilliam Ponsonby.
1596.
I

Prothalamion.

Alme was the day, and through the
trembling ayre,
Sweete breathing Zephyrus did softly
play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did
glyfter fayre:

When I whom fullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitleffe stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflic my brayne,
Walkt forth to eafe my payne
Along the shoare of siluer streaming Themmes,
Whole rutty Bancke, the which his Riuere hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours,
Againft the Brydale day, which is not long:

Sweete Themmes runne softly, till I end my Song.
Prothalamion.

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,
A Flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espie,
All louely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose vntyde,
As each had bene a Bryde,
And each one had a little wicker bafket,
Made of fine twigs entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket:
And with fine Fingers, cropt full feateously
The tender flalkes on hye.
Of euery fort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at euening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrofe trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridegromes posies,
Against the Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes runne softly, till I end my Song.
Prothalamion.

With / that I saw two Swannes of goodly hue,
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see:
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Joue himselfe when he a Swan would be
For loue of Leda, whiter did appeare:
Yet Leda was they say as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,
That euen the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their filken feathers, least they might
Soyle their faire plumes with water not so faire,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes runne softly, till I end my Song.
Eftfoones / the Nymphes, which now had Flowers their fill, 
Ran all in haste, to see that sifter brood, 
As they came floating on the Christal Flood:  
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,  
Their wondering eyes to fill:  
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so faire,  
Of Fowles so lovely, that they sure did deeme  
Them heauenly borne, or to be that same payre  
Which through the Skie draw Venus sifter Teeme:  
For sure they did not seem  
To be begot of any earthy Seede,  
But rather Angels or of Angels breede:  
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat they say,  
In sweetest Seafon, when each Flower and weede  
The earth did fresh aray:  
So fresh they seem'd as day,  
Euen as their Brydale day, which was not long:  
Sweete Themmes runne softly till I end my Song.
Then / forth they all out of their baskets drew,
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
All which upon those goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waues did strewe,
That like old Peneus Waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempe shore
Scattred with Flowres, through Theffaly they streeme,
That they appeare through Lillies plenteous store,
Like a Brydes Chamber flore :
Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two Garlands bound,
Of freheft Flowres which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whil'st one did sing this Lay,
Prepar'd againft that Day,
Againft their Brydale day, which was not long :
Sweete Themmes runne softly till I end my Song.
Prothalamion.

Ye gentle Birds, the worlds faire ornament, And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower Doth leade vnto your louers blissfull bower, Joy may you haue and gentle hearts content Of your loues couplement: And let faire Venus, that is Queene of loue, With her heart-quelling Sonne vpon you smile, Whose smile they say, hath vertue to remoue All Loues dislike, and friendships faultie guile For euer to affoile. Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts accord, And blessed Plentie wait vpon you[r] bord, And let your bed with pleasures chaft abound, That fruitfull issue may to you afford: Which may your foes confound, And make your ioyes redound, Vpon your Brydale day, which is not long: Sweete Themmes run softlie, till I end my Song.
Prothalamion.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her vnderfong,
Which said, their bridale daye should not be long.
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground,
Their accents did resound?
So forth, those joyous Birdes did passe along,
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurd low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong
Yeat did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run low.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest, so far, as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser starrs. So they enrange well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best seruice lend,
Againft their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes run softly, till I end my song.
Prothalamion.

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my moft kyndly Nurfe,
That to me gaue, this Lifes firft natuic fourfe:
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.
There when they came, whereas thofe bricky towres,
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious Lawyers haue their bowers
That whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there flandes a flately place,
Where oft I gayned gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whofe want too well, now feeles my freendles cafe:
But Ah here fits not well
Olde woes, but ioyes to tell
Against the bridale daye which is not long:
   Sweete Themmes runne softly till I end my Song.
Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,  
Great Englands glory and the Worlds wide wonder,  
Whose dreadful name, late through all Spain did thunder.  
And Hercules two pillars standing neere,  
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honor, flower of Cheualrie,  
That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,  
Ioy have thou of thy noble victorie,  
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name  
That promiseth the fame:  
That through thy provessè and victorious armes,  
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes:  
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring  
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide Alarmes,  
Which some braue mufe may sing  
To ages following,  
Vpon the Brydale day, which is not long:
   Sweete Themmes runne softly till I end my Song.
Prothalamion.

From / thse high Towers, this noble Lord issuing,
Like Radiant Hesper when his golden hayre
In th' Ocean billowes he hath Bathed fayre,
Descended to the Riuers open vewing,
With a great traine enfuing.
Aboue the rest were goodly to bee feene
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature,
Befeeeming well the bower of anie Queene,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly fature :
That like the twins of Ione they seem'd in fight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heauens bright :
They two forth pacing to the Riuers side,
Receiued those two faire Brides, their Loues delight,
Which at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde,
Againft their Brydale day, which is not long :
Sweete Themmes runne softly, till I end my Song.

FINIS. /
viii.

ASTROPHEL, ETC.

1596.
NOTE.

'Ailrophel, etc.,' formed part of the vol. of 1596—whose separate portions precede this. By an odd printer's blunder, the head running line is—

'Colin Clovts come home again.'

Our text is from a beautiful exemplar in my own Library. It is to be noted that the imprint at close is '1595.' See Life in Vol. I., and Essays, as before. The following suggestions are to be noted:

l. 22, 'and sweetingly'—Dr. Morris asks 'unweetingly'?—doubtful.

l. 50, 'often'—an obvious correction of oft of the original. Cf. l. 37, Dr. Morris's query—'Did Spenser intend to write oft had sighed'? I for one answer negatively.

l. 89, 'need[eth]’—this and occasional similar filling in, justify themselves.

l. 149, 'beare'—Dr. Morris places in his Appendix I. 'biere' from 1611: but there is a play on the 'beare' = bearing, of the preceding line.

In the 'Dolcfull Lay of Clorinda,' l. 35, 'did' filled in: l. 50, 1611, and accepted by Dr. Morris, 'fro me' for 'me fro'—the latter and original to be preferred for the antithesis between 'you' and 'me.'

In 'The Mourning Mufe of Thes-tylis,' l. 20, 'thy' accepted from Dr. Morris for 'their' of the original: l. 34, 'Scyne' is substituted by Dr. Morris for 'Reyne' [=Rhine] of the original. Why not 'Reyne' = Rhine? The more famous river is not to be thus deleted. Sidney was as much by the Rhine as by the Seine probably.

In 'An Elegie, or friends passion,' l. 3, 'glaffe' is misprinted 'graffe': l. 72, 'night' is misprinted 'might' in the original: l. 134, 'Aftrophill' may not be a misprint, but an intended variant of its rhyme-word 'Aftrophill': l. 181, 'This'—restored from the catch-word of the original for 'His.'

In 'Another on the fame,' l. 25, 'parallels' is misprinted 'parables' in the original: and l. 39, 'feeke' is misprinted 'feekes.'

G.
ASTROPHEL.

A Pastorall Elegie vpon
the death of the most Noble and valorous' Knight, Sir Philip Sidney.

Dedicated

To the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Countesse of Essex.
Aftrophel.

Shepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loues concealed smart:
And with your piteous layes have learnt to breed
Compassion in a country lasses hart.
Hearken ye gentle shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell:
To you whose softened hearts it may empierse,
With dolours dart for death of Aftrophel.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity euer place,
Let him be mov’d to pity such a case.

A Gentle Shepheard borne in Arcady,
Of gentleft race that euer shepheard bore:
About the graffie bancks of Hamony,
Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields, and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel the pride of shepheard's praise,
Young Astrophel the rustickke laffes loue:
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepheard might behoue.
In one thing onely sayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that firft the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed:
A selender swaine excelling far each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed.
He grew vp fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire wox both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle vface and demeanure myld:
That all mens hearts with secret rauishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyl'd.
Ne spight it felfe that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
Sweet without fowre, and honny without gall:
And he himfelfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel so euer was away.
For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet, 
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast: 
As Somers larke that with her song doth greet, 
The dawning day forth comming from the East. 
And layes of loue he also could compose, 
Thiffe happie she, whom he to praiife did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo, 
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name, 
Or make for them as he was wont to doo, 
For her that did his heart with loue inflame. 
For which they promised to dight for him, 
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke, 
Soone as his oaten pipe began to thrill: 
Both chriftall wells and shadie groves forfooke, 
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill. 
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime, 
Or mellow fruit if it were harueft time.

But he for none of them did care a whit, 
Yet wood Gods for them oft[en] sighed fore: 
Ne for their gifts vnworthie of his wit, 
Yet not vnworthie of the countries store. 
For one alone he cared, for one he fight, 
His lifes desire, and his deare loues delight.

Stella / the faire, the fairest star in skie, 
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire: 
A fairer star saw neuer liuing eie, 
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did loure, her he alone did honor, 
His thoughts, his rimes, his fongs were all vpǒ her. 60

To her he vowd the seruice of his daies, 
On her he spent the riches of his wit: 
For her he made hymnes of immortall praife, 
Of onely her he fung, he thought, he writ. 
Her, and but her of loure he worthie deemed, 
For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed, 
And verses vaine (yet verses are not vaine) 
But with braue deeds to her fole seruice vowed, 
And bold achieuements her did entertaine. 
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was, 
Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas).

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift, 
In shooting fleddie, and in swimming strong: 
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift, 
And all the sports that shepheards are emong. 
In euery one he vanquisht euery one, 
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie, 
Or rather infelicitie he found: 
That euery field and forest far away, 
He fought, where saluage beasts do most abound. 
No beast so saluage but he could it kill, 
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.
Such skill matcht with such courage as he had, Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise: To seek abroad, of danger nought y'dread, His mistresse name, and his owne fame to raise. What need[eth] peril to be sought abroad, Since round about vs, it doth make abroad? It fortuned as he, that perilous game In forreine foyle pursued far away: Into a forest wide, and waste he came Where store he heard to be of saluage pray. So wide a forest and so waste as this, Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo is. There his welwouen toyles and subtilt traines, He laid the brutish nation to enwrap: So well he wrought with practice and with pains, That he of them great troupes did soone entrap. Full happy man (mifweening much) was hee, So rich a spoile within his power to see. Eftsoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale, Full greedily into the heard he thrust: To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale, Least that his toyle should of their troupes be bruist. Wide wounds amongt them many one he made, Now with his sharp borespair, now with his blade. His care was all how he them all might kill, That none might scape (io partiall vnto none) Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill, As to become vnmyndfull of his owne.
But pardon that vnto the cruell skies,
That from himſelfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongſt that beaſtly rout,
A cruell beaſt of moſt accursed brood:
Vpon him turnd (despeyre makes cowards ſtouſt)
And with ſell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with ſo miſchieuos might,
That it both bone and muscles ryued quight.

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And ſo huge ſtreames of blood thereout did ſlow:
That he endured not the direfull ſtound,
But on the cold deare earth himſelfe did throw.
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,
And haũing none to let, to ſwood did ſwend.

Ah where were ye this while his ſhepheard peares,
To whom aliue was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire Mayds the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boaſt you moſt to bee?
Ah where were ye, when he of you had need,
To ſtop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah / wretched boy the ſhape of dreryhead,
And ſad enſample of mans ſuddein end:
Full litle faileth but thou ſhalt be dead,
Vnpitied, vnplaynd, of foe or frend.
Whileſt none is nigh, thine ſeylids vp to cloſe,
And kiffe thy lips like faded leaues of roſe.
A ſort of ſhepheards ſewing of the chace,
As they the foreſt raunged on a day:
By fate or fortune came vnto the place,
Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay.
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thether led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was)
And in their armes then softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued laffe,
His dearest loue him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst beare that euer man did see,
Was Astrophel, but dearest vnto mee.

She when she saw her loue in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed:
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare favours dearly well adorned
Her face, the fairest face, that eye mote see,
She likewise did deform like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As Sunny beames in fairest somers day:
She / fierfly tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the rosies rent away.
And her faire brest the threaury of joy,
She spoild thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the waisting breath,
Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.
The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous mone the which she for him made:
No toong can tell, nor any forth can fet,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At laft when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wafted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste:
Forth with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like Turtle chaffe.
To prove that death their hearts cannot diuide,
Which liuing were in loue so firmly tide.

The Gods which all things fee, this same beheld,
And pittyng this paire of louers trew:
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flower that is both red and blew.
It / firft growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Aftropheil, which thereinto was made.

And in the midft thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes:
Resembling Stella in her fresheft yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes,
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.
That hearbe of some, Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well:
But thou where euer thou doeft finde the fame,
From this day forth do call it Aftropheil.
And when so ever thou it vp doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loued him full deare:
And sure full deare of all he loued was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The fame with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And euery one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguiish and great griefe oppreft:
And euery one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best.
That from that houre since firft on graffie greene,
Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But firft his sifter that Clorinda hight,
The gentles shepheardesse that liues this day:
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which leaft I marre the sweetnesse of the yearse,
In fort as she it fung, I will rehearse.
Ay me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient griefe?
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?
Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it shew?
Or vnto earthly men that dwell below?

To heauens? ah they alas the authors were,
And workers of my vnremied wo:
For they foresee what to vs happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be fo.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

To men? ah they alas like wretched bee,
And subiect to the heauens ordinance:
Bound to abide what euer they decree,
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance.
How then can they like w[r]etchet comfort mee,
The which no leffe, need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none alioe like sorrowfull remaines:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their vsury with doubled paines.
The woods, the hills, the riuers shall refound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.
Woods, hills and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.

The fairest flowre in field that euer grew,
Was Astrophet; that was, we all may rew.

What cruel hand of cursed foe unknowne,
Hath cropt the stalk which bore so faire a flowre?
Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in vntimely howre.

Great loss to all that euer [did] him see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to mee.

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheardes lasses,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon:
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to ashes,
Neuer againe let lasse put gyrlond on.

In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres nowe,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne euer sing the loue-layes which he made:
VVe who euer made such layes of loue as hee?
Ne euer read the riddles, which he sayd
Vnto your felues, to make you mery glee.

Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alasse is dead.
Death / the deuourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you and reft fro me my ioy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left fad annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee,
Shepheards hope neuer like againe to fee.

Oh death that haft vs of fuch riches reft,
Tell vs at leaft, what haft thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone.
Scarfe like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace:
By foueraine choyce from th' heuenly quires felect,
And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become aread.
Ay me, can fo diuine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But liues for aie, in bliffull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie.
In bed of lilies wrapt in tender wife.
And compaft all about with roses sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet.
There thou thousand birds all of celestiall brood,
To him do sweetly caroll day and night:
And with fraunge notes, of him well vnderstood,
Lull him a sleep in Angelick delight;
Whileft in sweet dreame to him prefented bee
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their diuine aspects, appearing plaine,
And kindling loue in him aboue all measure,
Sweet loue still joyous, neuer feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enjoy from jealous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlafting blis,
Sweet spirit neuer fearing more to die:
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing faluage beafts more crueltie.
Whileft we here wretches waile his priuate lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back.

But liue thou there still happie, happie spirit,
And giue vs leaue thee here thus to lament:
Not thee that doest thy heauens joy inherit,
But our owne selues that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.
Which when she ended had, another swaine
Of gentle wit and dainty sweet device:
Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne,
And made the Muses in his song to mourn.

And after him full many other moe,
As euerie one in order lov'd him best,
Gan dight themselfes t' expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes vnto the time addrest.
The which I here in order will rehearde,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearfe,

The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

Come forth ye Nymphes come forth, forfake your watry bowres,
Forfake your mossy caues, and help me to lament:
Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
Of Liffies tumbling streames: Come let falt teares of ours,
Mix with his waters fresh. O come let one content
Ioynce vs to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly wound
Which fatall clap hath made; decreed by higher powres.
The dreery day in which they have from vs yrent
The noblest plant that might from East to West be found.
Mourne, mourn, great Philips fall, mourn we his woufull end,
Whom spitefull death hath pluckt vntimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his yeares in flowre, did prome prome worthie frute.
Ah dreadful Mars why didst thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours hath moued thee
Of such a shinning light to leave vs desitwute?
Tho with benigne aspect sometime didst vs behold,  
Thou haft in Britons valour tane delight of old,  
And with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute  
Fame and renowne to vs for glorious martiall deeds.  
But now thy ireful bemes haue chill'd our harts with cold, 20  
Thou haft estrang'd thy self, and deigneft not our land:  
Farre off to others now, thy fauour honour breeds,  
And high disdainedoth caufe thee shun our clime (I feare)  
For hadft thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at hand,  
Thou wouldst haue heard the cry that woful Englād made,  
Eke Zelands piteous plaints, and Hollands toren heare  
Would haply haue appeal'd thy diuine angry mynd:  
Thou shouldst haue seen the trees refufe to yeeld their shade  
And wailing to let fall the honour of their head,  
And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their kinde: 30  
Vp from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose,  
Who cursing oft the fates that this mishap had bred,  
His hoary locks he tare, calling the heauens vnkinde.  
The Thames was heard to roare, the Reynē and eke the Mose,  
The Schald, the Danow selē this great mischance did rue,  
With torment and with grief; their fountains pure & cleere  
Were troubled, & with swelling flouds declar'd their woes.  
The Mylēs comfortles, the Nymphs with paled hue,  
The Silvian Gods likewise came running farre and neere,  
And all with teares bedeawd, and eyes caft vp on hie, 40  
O help, O help ye Gods, they ghastly gan to crie.  
O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,  
And graunt that natures course may measure out his age.  
The beafts their foode forfooke, and trembling fearfully,  
Each fought his caue or den, this cry did them so fright.  
Out from amid the waues, by storme then stirr'd to rage  
This crie did caufe to rife th' old father Ocean hoare,
Who graue with eld, and full of maieftie in figh,
Spake in this wise. Refrain (quoth he) your teares & plaints,
Ceafe these your idle words, make vaine requests no more. 50
No humble speech nor mone, may moue the fixed flint
Of deftinie or death: Such is his will that paints
The earth with colours frefh; the darkeft skies with flore
Of ftarry lights: And though your teares a hart of flint
Might tender make, yet nought herein they will preuaile.

Whiles thus he faid, the noble knight, who gan to feele
His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell dint
Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to affaile,
With eyes lift vp to heav'n, and courage franke as fteele,
With cheerfull face, where valour liuely was exprefst, 60
But humble mynd he faid. O Lord if ought this fraile
And earthly carcaffe haue thy feruice fought t' aduaunce,
If my defire haue bene ftill to relieue th' oppreft:
If Inftice to maintaine that valour I haue fpent
Which thou me gau'ft; or if henceforth I might aduaunce
Thy name, thy truth, then fpare me (Lord) if thou think beft,
Forbeare these vnripe yeares. But if thy will be bent,
If that prefixed time be come which thou haft fet,
Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be plaft,
In th' euerlafting blis, which with thy precious blood 70
Thou purchafe didft for vs. With that a figh he fet,
And ftraight a cloudie mift his fences ouercaft,
His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske rofes bud
Caf from the ftalke, or like in field to purple flowre,
Which languifheth being flred by culter as it paft.
A trembling chilly cold ran throgh their veines, which were
Vvith cies brimfull of teares to fee his fatall howre,
Vvhofe bluftring fighes at firft their forrow did declare,
Next, murmuring enfude; at laft they not forbear
Plaine outcries, all against the heau[n]s that enuiofully
Depriu’d / vs of a fpriht fo perfect and fo rare.
The Sun his lightfom beames did shrowd, and hide his face
For griefe, whereby the earth feard night eternally:
The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the riuers turn’d their
freames,
And th’ aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apace:
And grify ghofts by night were feene, and fierie gleames,
Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did feeme
To rent the skies, and made both man and beaft afeard:
The birds of ill prefage this lucklesse chance foretold,
By dernfull noife, and dogs with howling made man deeme
Some mischief was at hand: for such they do esteeme
As tokens of mishap, and fo haue done of old.

Ah that thou hadft but heard his louely Stella plaine
Her greeuous losse, or feene her heauie mourning cheere,
While she with woe oppref, her forrowes did vnfold.
Her haire hung lofe negle6l, about her fhoulders twaine,
And from thoſe two bright ſtarres, to him sometimes fodeere
Her heart fent drops of pearle, which fell in foyfon downe
Twixtlilly and theroſe. She wroong her hands with paine,
And piteouſly gan fay, My true and faithfull pheere,
Alas and woe is me, why fhould my fortune frowne
On me thus frowardly to rob me of my ioy?
What cruell enuious hand hath taken thee away,
And with thee my content, my comfort and my fstay?
Thou onelie waft the cafe of trouble and annoy,
When they did me affaile, in thee my hopes did refl.
Alas what now is left but griece, that night and day
Afflicts this woſull life, and with continuall rage
Torments ten thouſand waies my miserable brefť?
O greedie enuious heau’n what needed thee to haue
Enriched with such a Jewell this vnhappy age,
To take it back againe so soon? Alas when shall (graued
Mine eies see ought that may content them, since thy
My onely treasure hides the ioyes of my poore hart?
As here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so equall
Me thinkes it were with thee in heau'n I did abide:
And as our troubles all we on earth did part,
So reason would that there of thy most happy state
I had my share. Alas if thou my trustie guide
Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus alone?
In darkness and affray; weake, wearie, desolate,
Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
Me with thee, to the place of rest where thou art gone.
This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her toong;
And instead of more words, seemd that her eies a lake
Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously therefrom:
And with her sohs and sighs, th'aire round about her room.

If Venus when she waild her deare Adonis flaine,
Ought mov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares emong,
Would fure haue made thee milde, and inly rue her paine:
Aurora halfe so faire, her selfe did neuer shew,
When from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise.
The blinded archer-boy, like larke in snowre of raine
Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
Vnder those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eies,
And at their brightest beams he proyn'd in lovely wife.
Yet forie for her grief, which he could not amend,
The getle boy ga wipe her eies, & clear those lights,
Those lights through which, his glory and his conquests shine.

The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of gold,
Along her yuorie breft the treasure of delights.
All things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales, the caues, the ftones so cold.
The/aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine and
Forbearing many a day to cleare it felfe againe, (mift,
Which made them eftfoones feare the daies of Pirrhas hold,
Of creatures foile the earth, their fatall threds vntwift.
For Phæbus gladsome raies were wifhed for in vaine,
And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire,
And Charles-waine eke refus’d to be the shipmans guide.
On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his traine,
Who letting loofe the winds, toft and tormented th’ aire,
So that on eu’ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
Or else were swallowed vp in open sea with waues,
And such as came to fhore, were beaten with despaire.
The Medwaies filuer fstreames, that wont fo ftoill to glide,
Were troubled now & wrothe: whose hiddé hollow caues
Along his banks with fog then fhrowded from mans eye,
Ay Phillip did refownd, aie Phillip they did crie.
His Nymphswere feen no more (thogh cuftom ftoill it craues)
With hairie fpred to the wynd themfelves to bath or fport,
Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly
The pleafant daintie fift to entangle or deceiue.
The shepheards left their wonted places of refort,
Their bagpipes now were ftoill; their louing mery layes
Were quite forgot; and now their flocks, mémight perceiue
To wander and to ftraie, all carelefly negle&t.
And in the stead of mirth and pleafure, nights and dayes
Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints & mone.

But thou (O bleffed soule) doeft haply not reſpect,
Theſe teares we fhead, though full of louing pure afpect,
Hauing affiixt thine eyes on that moft glorious throne,
Where full of maiestie the high creator reignes.
In whose bright shining face thy ioyes are all complete,
Whofeloue kindles thy spright; where happie alwaies one,
Thou liu'ft in blis that earthly passion never staines;
Where from the purest spring the sacred Nectar sweete
Is thy continuall drinke: where thou doest gather now
Of well employed life, th' inestimable gaines.

There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo giues thee place,
And Mars in reuerent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of golde he fetts to thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew, whereby eu'en they that boast
Themfelues of auncient fame, as Pirrhus, Hanniball,
Scipio and Cæsar, with the rest that did excell
In martall prowefc, high thy glorie do admire.

All haile therefore. O worthie Phillip immortall,
The flowre of Sydneys race, the honour of thy name,
Whose worthie praife to sing, my Muses not aspire,
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall,
Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that enuies rage, nor time might end the fame.

A pastorall Aeglogue upon the death of Sir Phillip Sidney Knight, &c.

Lycon. Colin.

Olin, well fits thy sad cheare this sad fowntd,
This wofull fowntd, wherin all things complaine
This great mishap, this greueous losse of owres.
Hear'ft thou the Orown? how with hollow fowntd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say vnto the fading flowres,
Along his banks, vnto the bared trees;
Phillisides is dead. Vp iolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help/him to mourn. My hart with grief doth frese,
Hoarfe is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,
With fobs and fighes I seconde will thy fong,
And fo expresse the forrowes of my hart.

Colin. Ah Lycon, Lycon, what need skill, to teach
A griued mynd powre forth his plaints? how long
Hath the pore Turtle gon to school (weeneft thou)
To learne to mourne her loft make? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how fad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In doleful found. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heauie cheare.
What bird (I pray thee) haft thou seen, that prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladsome fighet appeare
Vnto thine eies, since that fame fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And teftified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre
Doth vs invite to make a sad confort;
Come let vs ioyne our mournfull fong with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and Eccho will our words report.

Lyc. Though my rude rymes, ill with thy verfes frame,
That others farre excell; yet will I force
My felfe to anfwere thee the beft I can,
And honor my bafe words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou fit
In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O Pan)
To pardon me, and here this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rural Muses, that do dwell
In these wilde woods; If euer piteous plaint
We did endite, or taught a woeful minde
VVith words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,
Instruæt me now. Now Colin then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.

Colin. Phillifides is dead. O harmfull death,
O deadly harme. Vnhappie Albion
VVhen shalt thou see among thy shepheards all,
Any so sage, so perfect? VVhom vneath
Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire
Vntrust she sitts, in shade of yonder hill.
And her faire face bent sadly downe, doth fend
A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the heau'ns despightfull, envious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that fame life, well worthie to haue bene
Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.
The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breests,
Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
To give the fatal stroke. The starres they blame,
That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
The plesant shade of stately groves they shun;
They leaue their cristall springs, where they wont frame
ASTROPHEL, ETC. 235

Sweet bowres of Myrtel twigs and Lawrel faire,
To sport themselues free from the scorching Sun.
And now the hollow caues where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire
They seeke; and there in mourning spend their time
With/wailfull tunes, whiles wolues do howle and barke,
And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.

Lyc. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme.
Why shoulde my tong expresse thee? who is left
Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,
Lycon vnfortunate? What spitefull fate,
What lucklesse destinie hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort; of thy onely stay?
Where is became thy wonted happie state,
(Alas) wherein through many a hill and daie,
Through pleafant woods, and many an vnknowne way,
Along the banks of many siluer streames,
Thou with him yodeft; and with him didst scale
The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine?
Still with the Mufes sporting, while thofe beames
Of vertue kindled in his noble breft,
Which after did fo gloriously forth shine?
But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
All suddainly, and death hath them oppreft.
Loe father Neptune, with sad countenance,
How he sitts mourning on the ftrond now bare,
Yonder, where th'Ocean with his rolling waues
The white feete washeth (wailing this mischance)
Of Douer cliffs. His sacred skirt about
The sea-gods all are set; from their moift caues
All for his comfort gathered there they be.
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
The fruitfull Senecne, with the rest are come
To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see
The doleful sight, and sad pomp funerall
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd
With woful shrikes salute him great and small.
Eke / wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
Narcissus, their last accents, doth refound.

Col. Phillifides is dead. O lucklesse age;
O widow world; O brookes and fountains cleere;
O hills, O dales, O woods that oft have rong
With his sweet caroling, which could affwage
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare.
Ye Siluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
These thicketts oft haue daunft after his pipe,
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare,
That oft haue left your purest cristall springs
To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all griefe and sorrow from your harts.
Alas who now is left that like him fings?
When shal you heare againe like harmonie?
So sweet a found, who to you now imparts?
Loe where engraued by his hand yet liues
The name of Stella, in yonder bay tree.
Happie name, happie tree; faire may you grow,
And spred your sacred branch, which honor giues,
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
 unhappie flock that wander scattred now,
What maruell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forfake your food, and hang your heads adowne?
For such a shepheard neuer shal you guide,
whose parting, hath of weale bereft you cleane.
Lyc. Phillifides is dead. O happie sprite,
That now in heau'n with blessed soules doest bide:
Looke down a while from where thou sittst aboue,
And see how busie shepheardes be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd loue.
Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine
(Whose / lerned Muse thou cherishest most whyleare)
Where we thy name recording, seeke to eafe
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to vs both hath bred;
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withred graffe with cyprés boughes be spred,
Behold these flores which on thy graue we strewe;
Which faded, shew the giuers faded state,
(Though eke they shew their seruët zeale & pure)
VVhofe onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose praiers importune shall the heau'n[s] for ay,
That to thy ashes, reft they may assure:
That learnedst shepheardes honor may thy name
With yeerly praiifes, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with fresh & sweetest flores;
And that for euer may endure thy fame.

Colin. The Sun (lo) hastned hath his face to steep
In western waues: and th' aire with stormy shoures
Warnes vs to drive homewards our s silly shheep,
Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.

Virtute summa: cetera fortuna.

L. B.
An Elegie, or friends paffion, for his Astrophill.

Written vpon the death of the right Honourable sir Phillip Sidney Knight, Lord governour of Flushing.

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

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

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,
With / Loue juice staint the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the Poets braine,
   And *Phillis* philbert there away,
   Comparaide with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie,
And for the bed of Loue forlorn,
The blacke and dolefull Ebonie,
   All in a circle compaft were,
   Like to an Ampitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The airie winged people fat,
Distinguiflied in od degrees,
One fort is this, another that,
   Here *Philomell*, that knowes full well,
   What force and wit in loue doth dwell.

The skiebred Egle, roiall bird,
Percht there vpon an oke aboue,
The Turtle by him neuer stird,
Example of immortall loue,
   The swan that fings about to dy,
   Leauing *Meander* flood thereby.

And that which was of woonder moft,
The Phoenix left sweet *Arabie*:
And / on a Cædar in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,
   As I conjecture by the same,
   Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groueling on the grasse:
A man or stone, I knew not that,
No stone, of man the figure was,
   And yet I could not count him one,
   More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceiue him reare
His bodie on his elbow end:
Earthly and pale with glistly cheare,
Upon his knees he vpward tend,
   Seeming like one in uncouth found,
   To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vitall strings,
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.
   So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
   And makes a passage for the raine.

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

O funne (faid he) seeing the funne,
On wretched me why doft thou shine,
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eine,
   Shine vpon those possesse delight,
   And let me liue in endlesse night.

O griefe that lieft vpon my foule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Confort me quickly with the dead,
   Hals of this hart, this sprite and will,
   Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

And you compassionete of my wo,
Gentle birds, beastes and shadie trees,
I am affurde ye long to kno,
VVhat be the sorrowes me agreeu's,
   Listen ye then to that infu'th,
   And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.
You knew, who knew not Astrophill,
(That I should lieue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession stil)
Things knowne permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare too much.

Within these woods of Arcadie,
He chief delight and plafure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Vpon the chrysfal liquid brooke,
The Muses met him eu'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Vpon his louely cheerfull cene,
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractiue kinde of grace,
A full assurance giuen by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
I trove that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.
Was / [n]euer cie, did see that face,
Was neuer eare, did heare that tong.
Was neuer minde, did minde his grace,
That euer thought the trauell long,
    But eies, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
    Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
Defired thus, muft leave vs than,
And we to wish for him in vaine,
    O could the stars that bred that wit,
    In force no longer fixed fit.

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Mufes willed him to loue,
That instrument can aptly flew,
How finely our conceits will moue,
    As Bacchus opes difembled harts,
    So loue fets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heav'enly blis,
The higheft in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this,
    Tis likely they acquainted soone,
    He was a Sun, and she a Moone.
Our / Astrophill did Stella loue,  
O Stella vaunt of Astrophill,  
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,  
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill,  
The rose and lillie have their prime,  
And so hath beautie but a time.

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

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

Above all others this is hee,  
Which erst approoued in his song,  
That loue and honor might agree,  
And that pure loue will do no wrong;  
Sweet faints it is no finne nor blame,  
To loue a man of vertuous name.
Did / neuer loue so sweetly breath
In any mortall breft before,
Did neuer Mufe inspire beneath,
A Poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of loue with high conceit,
And beautie reade aboue her height.

Then Pallas afterward attyrde,
Our Astrophill with her deuice,
VVhom in his armor heauen admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies,
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fierie fstars.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An enuious eie doth see afar)
Such maieftie (quoth he) is feeld,
Such maieftie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a futer be,
To set Mars by his deitie.

In this furmize he made with speede,
An iron cane wherein he put,
The thunder that in cloudes do breede,
The flame and bolt togither shut.
VWith pruie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was flaine.
His word (was flaine) straightway did moue,
And natures inward life stringings twitch,
The skie immediately aboue,
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wraughtling winds from out the ground,
Fild all the aire with ratling found.

The bending trees express't a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And Philomell for Astrophill,
Vnto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle doue with tunes of ruthe,
Shewd feeling passion of his death,
Me thought she said I tell thee truthe,
Was never he that drew in breath,
Vnto his loue more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The swan that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing,
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing.
This mortall life as death is tride,
And death giues life, and so he di'de.
The / generall forrow that was made,
Among the creatures of [each] kinde,
Fired the Phœnix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
   So as I might with reafon see,
   That such a Phœnix nere should bee. 210

Haply the cinders driuen about,
May breede an offspring nere that kinde,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
It cannot finke into my minde,
   That under branches ere can bee,
   Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing fight,
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifye to Ione the case,
   What forrow nature doth sustaine,
   For Astrophiill by enui flaine. 220

And while I followed with mine eie,
The flight the Egle vpward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke,
   The trees, beasts, birds, and groue was gone,
   So was the friend that made this mone.
This / spectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my spright,
My molting hart issu'd me thought,
In streames forth at mine cies aright,
And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares distollors to mine inke.

An Epitaph upon the right Honourable sir Phillip
Sidney knight: Lord governor of Flushing.

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

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obscurd in secret breft,
And loue that enuie in thy life suppreft,
Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing state,
Did onely praife thy vertues in my thought,
As one that feeld the rising sun hath sough't,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

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

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

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth, 
The heauens made haft, & staid nor yeers, nor time, 
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime, 
Thy will, thy words; thy words the feales of truth. 

Great gifts and wisedom rare imployd thee thence, 
To treat frō kings, with those more great thā kings, 
Such hope men had to lay the higheft things, 
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence. 

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call, 
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends:  
Of worthy men, the marks, the liues and ends, 
And her defence, for whom we labor all. 

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age, 
Griefe, sorrow, ficknes, and base fortunes might: 
Thy rising day, saw never woefull night, 
But paft with praise, from of this worldly fstage.
Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Teares to the soldiers, the proud Caftilians fame;
Vertue exprefst, and honor truly taught.

What hath he loft, that such great grace hath woon,
Yoong yeres, for endles yeres, and hope vnSure,
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that fll shall dure,
Oh happie race with fo great praiſes run.

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

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

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Yoong fighs, sweet fighs, fage fighs, bewaile thy fall,
Enuie her fting, and spite hath left her gall,
Malice her felfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time,
Whole vertues wounded by my worthleffe rime,
Let Angels speake, and heauen thy praiſes tell.
Another of the fame.

Silence augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage,
Staid are my thoughts, which lou’d, & loft, the wonder
of our age,
Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with frost e’re now,
Enrag’d de I write, I know not what: dead, quick, I know not
how.

Hard harte’d minde’s relent, and rigor steares abound,
And enuie strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she found,
Knowledge her light hath loft, valor hath flaine her knight,
Sidney’s dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds delight.

Place penfiue wailes his fall, whose preference was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbes is come: his life was my spring tide, 10
Fame mournes in that she lost, the ground of her reports,
Ech liuing wight laments his lacke, and all in sundry forts.

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

He onely like himselfe, was secon’d vn to none,  (mone,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, & wrong, & al in vain do
Their lose, not him waile they, that fill the world with cries,
Death flue not him, but he made death his ladder to the skies, 20

Now finke of sorrow I, who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thred is al too
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no reliefe,  (log,
Muft spend my euer dying daies, in neuer ending griefe,
Harts case and onely I, like parables run on, (one, Whose equall length, keep equall bredth, and neuer meet in Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my forrowes cell, Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking him so well.

Farewell to you my hopes, my wonted waking dreames, Farewell sometimes enjoyed, ioy, eclipsed are thy beames, 30 Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes brings fourth, (woorth. And farewel friendships sacred league, uniting minds of

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes, And all spoors, which for liues restore, varietie assignes, Let all that sweete is voyd; in me no mirth may dwell, Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my liues content farewell.

Now rime, the sone of rage, which art nokin to skill, (to kill, And endles griefe, which deads my life,yet knowes not how Go seekes that haples tombe, which if ye hap to finde, Salute the stones, that keep the lims, that held so good a 40 minde.

FINIS.
SONNETS BY SPENSER

FROM

VARIOUS SOURCES.

I. From "Foure Letters, and Certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties by him abused, etc. London: Imprinted by John Wolfe, 1592 (4º)."

To the right worshipful my singular good friend,
M. Gabriell Haruey, Doctor of the Lawes.

Haruey, the happy above happiest men
I read: that, fitting like a Looker-on
Of this worldes Stage, doest note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition:
And, as one carelesse of suspicion,
Ne fawnest for the fauour of the great;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat.
But freely doest, of what thee lift, entreat,
Like a great Lord of peerelesse liberty;
Lifting the Good vp to high Honours seat,
And the Euill damning euermore to dy.

For Life, and Death, is in thy doomefull writing:
So thy renownme liues euer by endighting.

Dublin this xviij. of Iuly, 1586,
your devoted friend, during life,
Edmund Spencer.
II. From "Nennio, Or a Treatife of Nobility, etc. Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy Knight, Sir John Baptifla Nenna of Barri. Done into English by William Jones, Gent, 1595 (4°)."

Who so will seeke by right deferts t' attaine,
Vnto the type of true Nobility,
And not by painted shewes & titles vaine,
Deriued farre from famous Ancestrie:
Behold them both in their right visnomy
Here truly pourtrayt, as they ought to be,
And ftriuing both for termes of dignitie,
To be advanced highest in degree.
And when thou dooft with equall infight see
the ods twixt both, of both the deem aright,
And chufe the better of them both to thee:
But thanks to him that it deserues, behight;
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truely it translated.

Ed. Spenser.
III. From "Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie: containing his famous actes, etc. Newly translated out of French into English by Z. I., Gentleman. Imprinted for W. Ponsonby, 1596 (folio)."

WHerefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
And old Heroes, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes, and fild their childrens eares?
Who rapt with wonder of their famous praife,
Admire their statues, their Colossoes great,
Their rich triumphall Arcks which they did raife,
Their huge Pyramids, which do heauen threat.
Lo one, whom later age hath brought to light,
Matchable to the greateft of thofe great:
Great both by name, and great in power and might,
And meriting a meere triumphant feate.
The fcoruge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
Thy acts, ô Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

Ed. Spenser.
IV. From "The Commonwealth and Government of Venice. Written by the Cardinall Gasper Contarino, and translated out of Italian into English by Lewis Lewkenor, Esquire. London: Imprinted by John Windet for Edmund Mattes, etc., 1599 (4°)."

The antique Babel, Empresse of the East,
Vppear'd her buildinges to the threatened skie:
And Second Babell, tyrant of the West,
Her ayry Towers vpraifed much more high.
But, with the weight of their own furquedry,
They both are fallen, that all the earth did fear,
And buried now in their own ashes ly;
Yet shewing by their heapes, how great they were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds delight;
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceedes in policie of right.
Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
As Lewkenors fiile that hath her beautie told.

Edm. Spencer.

END OF VOL. IV.