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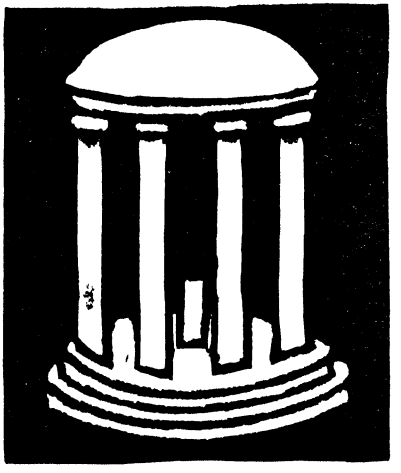

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QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE GOLDEN HIND

An Anthology of Elizabethan Prose and Poetry

SELECTED & EDITED
by ROY LAMSON *and*
HALLETT SMITH
Williams College

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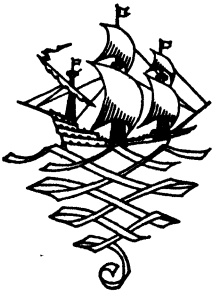

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Preface

THE GOLDEN HIND is a volume of Elizabethan prose and poetry, selected for the student and the general reader. Its selections are intended to give fair representation to the non-dramatic literature of the period and to illustrate the artistic achievement, the social history, and the spirit of the age. The introductions and notes are designed to make it easier for the reader to see the literature both from the point of view of the age in which it was produced and from that of our own period. The individual bibliographies for authors and the general bibliography for the book are offered as guides to further reading.

In general the chronological boundaries are those of the reign of Elizabeth (1558–1603), but exceptions have been made at both ends. Wyatt and Surrey, for example, are included because their work inaugurates the period. Although these two courtiers of Henry VIII were known to the Elizabethans principally through Tottel's Miscellany (1557), we have not followed the edited texts in Tottel but have given, where it is possible, earlier and purer versions. At the end of our period we have gone beyond our limit in order to represent Drayton more fully, but Jonson and Donne, who might have been included on the basis of date alone, are omitted because they are usually thought of as key figures in the poetry of the seventeenth century rather than of the sixteenth century.

The greatest non-dramatic poet of the age, Edmund Spenser, is represented by a practical compromise. We could not include a whole Book of *The Faerie Queene* and we were unwilling to offer less; the reader is therefore sent to other sources for Spenser's greatest poem, as well as for his prose work, the *View of the Present State of Ireland*. It is also a matter of special regret to us that we were unable to include a few Elizabethan sermons.

Not all the selections have been made on the basis of artistic merit alone. We have thought it worth while to include some items for the light they shed on the social conditions of the age, and a few of the poems illustrate extremes or eccentricities of taste and fashion.

The work of many scholars has contributed to our knowledge of the texts of Elizabethan writers, the facts about their lives and the sources and meaning of their works. On this great body of knowledge we have drawn freely, but we do not of course pretend to be masters of it. We have included in the bibliographies only a few of the many books and articles we have used. The Chapin Library at Williams College and the Henry E.

Huntington Library in San Marino, California have made it possible for us to use early printed texts of many of our authors. The designs for gardens and mazes used as end papers are from Thomas Hill's *The Gardener's Labyrinth,* property of the Huntington Library.

For suggestions, advice and assistance we are grateful to Professors Phyllis Bartlett, George F. Reynolds, Hyder E. Rollins and Helen E. Sandison; for help in bibliographical problems to Miss Dorothy Bowen and Miss Mary Isabel Fry of the Huntington Library, Miss Lucy Eugenia Osborne of the Chapin Library, Miss Ethel Richmond and Miss Alida M. Stephens of the Williams College Library; for aid of various kinds to Professors Richard A. Newhall, Robert J. Allen and Joseph E. Johnson, Dr. R. Jack Smith and Mr. Willard Trask. The Oxford University Press has kindly allowed us to reproduce a map and table from J. B. Black's *Reign of Elizabeth,* and the Henry E. Huntington Library has generously given us, from its great riches, most of our illustrations.

Our title, taken from the name of Drake's ship, seems to us an appropriate symbol of the riches the Elizabethans found in a new world and in the English language and of the spirit of freedom and defiance of tyranny which is the greatest link between their age and ours.

R. L.
H. S.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN BIBLIOGRAPHIES AND FOOTNOTES

JEGP: *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology;* 4 Library: *The Library.* Transactions of the Bibliographical Society, Fourth Series. London.; MLN: *Modern Language Notes;* MLR: *Modern Language Review;* PMLA: *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America.;* RES: *The Review of English Studies;* SP: *Studies in Philology*

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Elizabethan England

England, when Elizabeth Tudor came to the throne in 1558, was a country small in population, backward in industrial techniques and in exploration and discovery, and poor in the production of wealth and the consumption of goods. She was relatively isolated and provincial. During the previous century and a half her social fabric had been torn by the civil wars of the Roses in the fifteenth century and by the dispossession of the monastic orders under Henry VIII. The two short reigns of Edward VI and Mary had sharply focused the struggle, which was both religious and political, between Catholics and Protestants. There was little reason to suppose that the next half century would be one of the most glorious periods in English history.

How it came about is one of the complexes of history, and no narrative does real justice to the facts. Probably the most important development is the growth of the population, from the two and a half to three millions for England and Wales at the beginning of the reign, to a point at which the need for new markets, new sources of raw materials, new country for settlers caused the expansion and energy we think of as typical of the age. Since the feudal aristocracy and the vested interests of Rome had been destroyed, the men who felt the new spirit and who profited from it were new people, the middle class.

Chief among these was the Queen herself. Her royal line went back only two generations before her, and she was still able to feel and see like the new men who were her most gifted statesmen and her most enterprising adventurers. To be sure, she had more political talent than any of them, and this ability, coupled with a set of fortunate circumstances, brought about the unification of England and the growth of a real feeling of nationality. It was painfully evident to Englishmen that any alternative to Elizabeth, such as Mary Queen of Scots, would mean civil war. And the Papal bull excommunicating Elizabeth, issued in 1570, made it a pious act for any Catholic to assassinate her. The response of Englishmen was fervent and typical: they did not like civil war and they did not like political interference by a foreign power. So national spirit and loyalty to the crown rose to a great pitch, climaxed by the glorious defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. After that there was a certain disillusionment. The Queen had not

married and the succession to the crown was in some doubt; the two extremist parties were not fundamentally reconciled; and even though England had successfully challenged the might of Spain and established herself as a sea power, one felt that domestic peace and security were only temporary. Elizabeth's middle ground in religion was to insist upon outward conformity, order, and discipline, without prying too much into men's private opinions. Naturally, the religious compromise, or Settlement as it was called, was attacked by the Catholics on one side and the Puritans on the other. Although no compromise would work permanently, Elizabeth's position was probably closer than either of its alternatives to the hearts of the majority of Englishmen.

In spite of the prominence of the religio-political controversy, English civilization became markedly more secular during the second half of the sixteenth century. England was not ready for the influences of the Italian Renaissance when they were first offered in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Chaucer was an early but false spring. And when these influences, for the glorification of life on this earth, for the realization of the tremendous possibilities inherent in man, began to be really felt in England, they coincided with a great economic and social change. The enclosure of fields for pasture altered the whole agricultural character of the country and carried with it profound social disruption. The decrease in the supply of wood for fuel led to the exploitation of coal and laid a foundation for the industrial revolution. The one great English export trade, wool and woolen cloth, was supplemented by others, and these new businesses offered to any enterprising English yeoman the opportunity to become a capitalist, as many of them did. The difficulties of trade with Europe and the East forced Englishmen to turn to the Western Hemisphere. Strange as it may seem, the Atlantic was a safer highway for English ships than the Mediterranean. Enterprise in America meant, of course, rivalry with the Spaniard; but conveniently enough, Spain was also the enemy on political and religious grounds. So Francis Drake, in harassing the ships of King Philip, was a kind of pirate-patriot. (Besides, his ventures sometimes returned a profit on the investment of as high as 5,000 per cent!)

The influx of American mineral wealth, the argosies that yearly stuffed old Philip's treasury and sometimes the coffers of English stockholders, naturally produced in Europe in the latter half of the century an ever-increasing rise in prices. This phenomenon meant great hardship for the poor, and the literature of the time is full of pictures of beggars, rogues, and vagabonds. At the other extreme, those who had money spent it lavishly. The English were conscious of their lack of splendor in comparison with continental countries, and they indiscriminately aped the fashions of the continent. Dress was expensive, luxurious, and sometimes fantastic.

Houses were no longer built of timber and clay, but of oak (formerly reserved for churches, noblemen's houses, and ships) or even of stone, lath, and plaster. And as usual in such periods, there were many complaints that the accumulation of wealth meant the decay of men.

Intellectually the movement known as Humanism, with its return to the classics, its critical approach to the philosophy of the medieval schoolmen, had reached England in the reign of Henry VIII, when More and Erasmus, Grocyn and Colet were the lights of Europe. Their successors in the reign of Elizabeth were lesser men but not unworthy to carry on the tradition. The second generation of humanists, however, saw a very grave moral danger in the influence of Italy, mother of the Renaissance. The free secular spirit had gone so far there, they thought, that even human values had been undermined; and the English imitator of the Italians was the subject of a proverb: *The Italianate Englishman is a devil incarnate.*

The new scientific thought of the century received welcome and attention in England. Peter Ramus, the notorious opponent of Aristotelian authority, had considerable influence at Cambridge, and Englishmen like Robert Recorde, Thomas Digges, John Dee, and Sir Walter Ralegh's man Harriot were alive to new developments in mathematics and astronomy and made contributions of their own. The liberalizing effect of scientific thought went hand in hand with the intellectual emancipation provided by the classics.

LITERATURE AND SOCIETY

First among the sources of literary production in the Elizabethan age was of course the court, as it was first in everything which had to do with fashion. The courtier was not a professional writer, that is, he did not depend for a living on his writing. He wrote either because he wished to show his wit and ability, or because he had an irresistible itch to write, or because he was genuinely devoted to his subject. But the courtier, if he were a poet, did not publish his compositions. That would have been unseemly for one of his social position. He merely handed them around to his friends in manuscript, and they finally reached print by way of the anthologies which may reproduce commonplace books of some lover of verse, or else some greedy printer came by a copy of the poems and published them without the author's consent. Sir John Harington, the Queen's godson, amused the court ladies with a translation of some indecent sections of Ariosto; the Queen, when she heard of it, imposed on him the penance of translating the whole romantic epic from which the lines had come. This sort of thing, the translation of a standard or classical author, the poet himself could publish, without losing social caste. But the ordinary lyric would not be sent to the press by the courtier-poet.

In the court the greatest opportunities existed, but there also were the greatest disappointments to be found. "It was over-run with place-seekers," says Miss Byrne's account of it, "but it was also undeniably the focus of the national life. It drew to it the clever mountebanks, but also the real vigour and talent. It captured and stimulated men's imaginations, even if, eventually, it disheartened them." Men like Sir Christopher Hatton and Sir Walter Ralegh leaped from obscurity to great power and prominence as a result of their success as courtiers, but it must not be forgotten that they had abilities other than those of the gallantry and dancing which have made them famous in anecdote. The security of the courtier was always precarious, and there was scarcely one of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers who did not know, at some time or other, the harshness of the sovereign's disapproval. The great guide and conduct book for the courtier was of course Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* (1527, translated into English in 1561), and according to its theses the function of the courtier was to give good and honest advice to the prince. But Sidney found out, when he tried to advise the Queen against a French marriage, that advice is not always relished by a monarch whose powers over any individual subject are almost absolute. As a result there is a long tradition of literature against court life, comparing it unfavorably to the country life of the retired and obscure man. Wyatt's epistles to Bryan and Poins are early examples of this attitude, and it runs all through the period. Of course the fact that there was a tradition means that everything said about the court should not be taken at its face value. But enough evidence exists to show that there was a definite feeling that court life was too precarious, too superficial, too corrupt, too hypocritical. From the time of Wyatt to the time of Ralegh the tone is consistent.

For literary men like Spenser and Lyly, men who by birth were not in a position to be real courtiers, the court offered a faint hope of livelihood, notice, and encouragement. But for these two, at any rate, it was a source of bitter disappointment. Lyly's long wait for the office of the Revels, and Spenser's disillusionment which is reflected in *Mother Hubberd's Tale* and *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe* tell the story. Much of the satire of the period is directed against the superficiality and treachery of the court atmosphere. "A thousand hopes, but all nothing," wailed Lyly, "a hundred promises, but yet nothing."

Though most of the literature which is still considered worth reading shows the predominant influence of the court, it would be a mistake to underestimate the influence of the city of London on the literary taste and production of the period. London had grown tremendously since the time of Chaucer. Instead of a population of about 50,000, it had 93,276 in 1563; 123,034 in 1580; 152,478 in 1593–1595; and 224,275 in 1605. It was by far the most important city in the realm, and the political history of the seven-

teenth century is understandable only if one recognizes the great power the city had, even as against the crown. The printing press was located in London, the publishers were located in London, and the mass of the middle-class population which set the style for the literature written for the ordinary man lived in London. The middle class found among the university men some writers who catered to them: Thomas Heywood is a good example. And although Nashe scornfully rejects the claim of the bourgeois to have any literary taste at all or to have any ability at producing literature, still the class had its own writers, like Thomas Deloney, and it knew what it liked. Whether the aristocrats admitted it or not, the standards and tastes of the middle class affected all writing, all publishing, and all literary success. For finally the writer saw his work exhibited on the stalls of St. Paul's churchyard, and the customers who frequented that center of the book trade were more often members of the middle class than of the court circle. Louis B. Wright has shown in his *Middle Class Culture in Elizabethan England* how extensive and profound was the influence of the citizenry upon the writing and publication of books, and how bourgeois standards of edification and utility dictated to most of the authors of the time.

Next to the court and the city, the most important source of literature was of course the two universities. In Elizabeth's reign they were old-fashioned in their curriculum, poor in discipline, and undistinguished in learning, in comparison with what they had been a generation before. There was a great shortage of ministers in the country, partly because of the poor living standard provided for members of the clergy and partly because of the loss of ministers through the religious changes of the middle of the century. So the universities were trying to train ministers to the exclusion of almost everything else.

The university graduate who came to London to make a literary career for himself faced a very difficult situation. It is best pictured, perhaps, in the Cambridge trilogy of *Parnassus* plays, performed at the end of the century but fairly faithfully reflecting conditions which held good during the whole period. It was the university wits, to be sure, who gave to the drama some of the classical form which it needed, and who inaugurated the great literary vogue of the nineties. But the lives of Nashe and Greene and Peele and Marlowe do not suggest that the path was easy. The diary of Philip Henslowe has entry after entry showing university graduates in prison or in debt or even at best miserably eking out an existence patching plays.

The university man had either to get a fellowship and remain in academic life (which almost always meant taking holy orders) or to enter the church and get a poor living, or to go into law or medicine. No literary career as such was open to him. It must be secondary to something else.

Financial rewards for writing and publishing prose or poetry came mostly

in the form of gifts from patrons—in reality the old system of master and servant which had come down from the Middle Ages and had not changed much with the invention of printing. The writer by a dedication hoped for a suitable reward, and in an age when honor and vanity were motives much more sharply defined or observed than they are today, this procedure sometimes worked. Yet the patron whose vanity was amply satisfied by his own conceit remained a constant irritation to the writers of the time, and we hear many complaints about the degeneration of the age because patrons are not more munificent. There were some generous and literary-minded patrons, notably Sir Philip Sidney and his sister Mary, the Countess of Pembroke. Shakespeare's relations with his patron, the Earl of Southampton, little as we know about them, seem to have been satisfactory, as the second dedication is much warmer and more personal than the first. But the experience of Robert Greene is perhaps more typical than that of Shakespeare in this respect. He had sixteen different patrons for seventeen books; this suggests that he was not fortunate in finding favor or support from any one. The satirists attacked the niggardliness of men of wealth and position in this age. A fraudulent practice grew up of printing the book and then printing off separate dedications, so that an impecunious author could deceive several patrons each into thinking that he was the one to be honored by the volume. Two or three pounds seems to have been the usual reward for the dedication of a pamphlet or small volume of verse. Of course it might be more, but it is difficult to believe that Shakespeare once received a thousand pounds from the Earl of Southampton, as the legend has it; if he did, the relationship between them was surely not that of a patron and a poet. Ben Jonson, who fared much better than most of his contemporaries, sums up the matter, for poets at least, when he says:

> Poetry in this latter age hath proved but a mean mistress to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family. Those who have but saluted her on the way, and now and then tendered their visits, she hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their own professions (both the law and the gospel) beyond all they could have hoped or done for themselves without her favour.

The other possible source of reward, besides the patron, was the publisher. And rewards from the publisher in the sixteenth century were nothing at all like the rewards from that source now. In the first place there was no such thing as copyright, and no such thing, in the ordinary way, as royalties paid according to the sale of the book. An author sold his manuscript to the publisher once and for all, for what seems now like a ridiculously low price. The author would get, for a pamphlet or small book of poetry, usually forty shillings. One would have to turn them out very fast to make even a bare subsistence at that rate.

Some men, to be sure, raised themselves by their literary efforts to positions of comfort and responsibility, claiming the rank of gentlemen and living as if they were successful merchants or lawyers. Shakespeare is the most familiar example of this class. But rewards on this scale were not the result of writing alone. They were the result of business shrewdness, of being a shareholder in a profitable theatrical property, or something of the sort. The theater did after all attract the talents of a large number of the literary men of the time, and when they could combine the functions of acting and managing and owning a share of the company with that of writing they came out well.

The writer's troubles were not over when he had written his book, gone through the difficulty of finding a publisher, and finally come to terms with him for the sale of it. He still had to face the many and stringent regulations of the press by political and ecclesiastical authorities, and the fact that he had sold the manuscript did not exempt him from responsibility for what was in it. The authorities were, first, the Privy Council and the Court of Star Chamber, the highest political authority in the realm below the Queen; then the Court of High Commission, the supreme ecclesiastical authority, which sometimes supervised matters which had only the slightest connection with religion; then the Stationers' Company, with whom a book had to be registered but who supervised and protected the publisher and printer rather than the author.

The principal rules governing the publication of books were that the number of printers (not publishers) was strictly limited; that nothing could be printed except in the city of London and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; that everything printed must receive the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London or their designees; and that everything published in London must be entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company, if any kind of property protection were desired for it.

An example of the regulation which reached back of the publisher to the author himself can be seen in the history of John Stubbs, who protested against the French marriage scheme in a pamphlet called *The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf* (1579). For writing this pamphlet, Stubbs was condemned to have his right hand cut off with one stroke of a butcher's cleaver. When the execution had taken place, Stubbs took off his hat with his left hand and cried "God save the Queen!"

Regulation could not only punish for what was already written and published; it could forbid the publication of works of a certain sort. For example, on June 1, 1599, Archbishop Whitgift ordered the suppression and burning of several works of satire and specified that no more satires were to be published. Included in this interdict were works by Nashe and Harvey.

Almost every writer of the period got into some sort of trouble for publishing a book. It might be prison, it might be merely a reprimand, it might be an investigation by the Star Chamber. It was dangerous to put pen to paper, and it was so unprofitable that it is a wonder that any original writing was published at all. Yet the Elizabethan age is an extremely prolific one in writing and publishing. The *Short Title Catalogue* of the Bibliographical Society, which lists works and editions published between 1475 and 1640, includes over 26,000 items, and this is not all.

TASTE AND FASHION

Elizabethan taste had some very definite and particular characteristics of its own, and the student who wishes to read Elizabethan literature in the spirit of its own time must adjust his mind to the differences between the esthetic principles of the sixteenth century and those of our own day. In the sixteenth century there still remained much of the medieval awareness of the arts as *crafts,* and every writer of the period shows an amazing knowledge of the techniques of many crafts or "mysteries" now unfamiliar. Shakespeare is not an isolated example, and it has been often noticed by students of his works that he seems to have an intimate knowledge of such matters as gardening, hawking, dressmaking, archery, building, and so on. Managing the great horse in the tournament was an art. Sailing was an art. Planting a kitchen garden was an art. What they have in common is that they all use the materials of nature but exploit the ingenuity of man's mind. The same fundamental characteristic was thought to apply to the art or craft of writing.

We have been taught by the romantic movement to glorify nature and to regard the works of art as attempts, usually unsuccessful, to emulate nature. This conception would have seemed strange indeed to the Elizabethans. They recognized, of course, that nature was the cause and basis of all; but that seemed to them no reason why the ingenuity of man should not be used in enabling nature to outdo herself. In *The Winter's Tale* Polixenes is amused at the naïveté of Perdita, who protests that she will have no streaked carnations or gillyflowers in her garden because

> I have heard it said
> There is an art which in their piedness shares
> With great creating nature.

"Say there be," replies Polixenes,

> Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art

That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

There was no uneasiness in the Elizabethan mind about a possible conflict between art and nature, for the reason that Polixenes gives. And the improvement by device, by arrangement, by art, of something naturally beautiful extended to all aspects of life, so that there was felt to be no great gulf between literature and the sports of the field or the arts of the kitchen in this respect. Puttenham, in discussing ornament in his *Arte of English Poesie,* compares poetry to dress and to jewelry:

And as we see in these great Madames of honour, be they for personage or otherwise neuer so comely and bewtifull, yet if they want their courtly habiliments or at leastwise such other apparell as custome and ciuilitie haue ordained to couer their naked bodies, would be halfe ashamed or greatly out of countenaunce to be seen in that sort, and perchance do then thinke themselues more amiable in euery mans eye, when they be in their richest attire, suppose of silkes or tyssewes & costly embroderies, then when they go in cloth or in any other plaine and simple apparell. Euen so cannot our vulgar Poesie shew it selfe either gallant or gorgious, if any lymme be left naked and bare and not clad in his kindly clothes and coulours, such as may conuey them somwhat out of sight, that is from the common course of ordinary speach and capacitie of the vulgar iudgement, and yet being artificially handled must needes yeld it much more bewtie and commendation. This ornament we speake of is giuen to it by figures and figuratiue speaches, which be the flowers as it were and coulours that a Poet setteth vpon his language by arte, as the embroderer doth his stone and perle, or passements of gold vpon the stuffe of a Princely garment, or as th' excellent painter bestoweth the rich Orient coulours vpon his table of pourtraite. . . .

"Artificially" is used by Puttenham, and by the other Elizabethans, as a word of praise. It means "done with artifice, with skill, with art." And the word "curious" meant to the Elizabethans "skillfully, elaborately or beautifully wrought" or, in a more general sense, "excellent or fine."

The Elizabethan garden was designed as a square, filled with elaborate and intricate, but perfectly regular, design. Bacon protests at gardens which include plots of different colored earths, so arranged as to form a design even without the flowers planted in them; he says he sees enough of this kind of thing in confections and tarts. Yet the very protest shows that his taste was perhaps not typical, and a contemporary might well have asked him why a garden should not look like a confection from the baker's—they

were both samples of the art of design. Some Elizabethans had their houses built in the shape of an E, out of honor to the Queen, and one man, John Thorpe, designed his house in the form of his own initials. These instances were extreme, of course, but they show the tendency.

The contrapuntal music of the Elizabethans, which they sang in an accomplished amateur manner, was an intricate kind of music, with elaborate patterns and complex harmonies. Thomas Morley says of the madrigal:

> As for the musick it is next vnto the Motet, the most artificiall and to men of vnderstanding most delightful. If therefore you will compose in this kind you must possesse yourselfe with an amorous humour . . . so that you must in your musicke be wauering like the wind, sometime wanton, sometime graue and staide, otherwhile effeminat, you may maintaine points and reuert them, vse triplaes and shew the verie vttermost of your varietie, and the more varietie you shew the better shal you please.

But a rigid form was to control all of this extravagance, just as the square border of a garden and the regularity of the pattern controlled the exuberance of the curves in the "knot" or design.

All of this has its counterpart in poetry. The geometrical design is present in such poems as the one of Ralegh's which begins

Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
So faire	So sweet	So sharpe
First bent	Then drew	So hit
Mine eye	Mine ear	My heart . . .

(It can be read both ways, across and down.) The balance and antithesis in Lyly's prose style is an example of the same kind of literary interest. The sestina, a poem in which the last words of each line in the first stanza are repeated in a different order in each of the following stanzas, was a favorite form of Sidney and other craftsmen in poetry.

Decoration was not always geometrical; it was sometimes too rich, luxurious and profuse to submit tamely to the straitness of the pattern. It is still decoration, though the taste for it may not seem as foreign to us as the taste for knot gardens or sestinas. Spenser in many places, Marlowe and Shakespeare in their love poems, have this kind of decoration. We are prepared for it if our romantic predilections have been centered on Keats, a poet with whom young Shakespeare and Marlowe have much in common. At its best, Elizabethan poetry utilized these two kinds of decoration. The strictness of the one and the luxuriance of the other combined to make a unified impression which is hard to describe but is unmistakably Elizabethan.

Toward the end of the century highly decorated style became unfashionable, and if we trace through the revisions of poets like Daniel and Drayton

who wrote early and then continued to issue their works, revised, in a later age, we can see a kind of plainness and restraint taking the place of the rich and fanciful and ornate poetry of the earlier period.

The criticism produced by the age does not give much idea of the esthetic doctrines which supported Elizabethan creative writing. It is for this reason: that the literary critic had as his first concern the defense of literary art against the stern attacks of those who saw in the whole worldly and beautiful energy of the Renaissance a source of evil. The Puritan attackers were merely repeating the exordia of the fathers of the church or the complaints of classical philosophers. Yet they dictated the grounds on which men of letters discussed their art. More specific treatises, like those of Puttenham, Webbe, and Gascoigne, tended to treat merely the technical aspects of the subject, following the tradition of the old textbooks of rhetoric which were made for orators, not poets. Therefore one must abstract from the poetry itself if one is to discover what the primary qualities of excellence in poetry were thought to be.

For the modern reader a negative approach is perhaps necessary. He must dismiss from his mind certain assumptions about poetry which still remain from the strong influence of the romantic movement. He must see that, however magnificent the creations of Romanticism may be, its doctrine of poetry was a special one, and that the creations of another, earlier, period are not to be judged by its rules or assumptions.

The first of these assumptions has to do with the relationship between the poetry and the poet. Romanticism assumes that the poetry is a quite direct reflection of the personality of the poet, that the works are really a biography of the man. But this is certainly not true of Marlowe or Ralegh or Spenser or Shakespeare in the sense in which it is true of Byron or Shelley or Browning or Hardy. In fact, the Elizabethan mind was interested in the poet behind the poetry hardly at all; the poetry was a *thing,* an object created, like a cathedral or a bridge. The poem had its own merits or faults as if it were independent of its maker. A modern reader who is still influenced by the romantic point of view (and who is not?) is often, when he reads a poem, responding to the personality of the poet rather than to the poem itself.

Of course Elizabethan poems did not happen in a vacuum. They were written by poets, by men who were conscious of, and humble before, a tradition. The modern reader must therefore rid himself of lurking tendencies, whether romantic or naïve, to attribute too great value to "originality." This applies not only to subject matter but to style. The finest lyric in this collection may well be written on the most commonplace, platitudinous theme, and the brilliant new burst of poetry that revitalizes everything may be a return to the style of old, antique Chaucer. Any reader of Elizabethan

poetry will finally come to appreciate the characterization of it by Ralegh's editor, Miss Agnes Latham:

> In so many ways typical of his age, in poetry Ralegh stands curiously, if not incomprehensibly, apart from the ruck. He is thoughtful and melancholy, personal and passionate, and these last two qualities, which to some of us *are* poetry, were not common in the sixteenth-century lyric. The typical Elizabethan poem contains no jot of personal emotion: as often as not it is translated from a Frenchman, who had it from an Italian, who found it in Plato, and the author is perhaps a literary hack, like Robert Greene, living squalidly—and for all that the poem is as fresh as a flower. It is baffling and beautiful: baffling because it is beautiful and nothing else. Thought is not permitted to distort it nor feeling to betray it into incoherencies.

Elizabethan prose, too, has its modes and conventions which are different from ours. It was closer to medieval rhetoric, with its schemes and tropes, and the organization of its sentences is not so logical in syntax as the modern reader would wish. But if he remembers the richness of the old style which was attained in the King James Bible, he may be more patient with its dark and cumbersome periods. The comprehension of art and artifice in the Elizabethan sense will finally enable him to enjoy the jeweled and ornamented style of John Lyly—not a prose for every day, of course, and easily open to parody by Shakespeare and others after the vogue had declined, but an art work, nevertheless, of great delicacy and beauty.

To the Englishman of the sixteenth century the question of whether to write in English or in Latin was a question of great seriousness. The vernaculars seemed relatively new and unstable to learned men of that time, and with their great desire for eternal fame it was natural that they should concern themselves about the durability of their medium. Furthermore, the preceding age, that of the humanists, had emphasized the value of the classical languages; Cicero and the other masters of rhetoric were imitated in their own tongues. But in Italy, France, and England alike, there was a revolt against this sterile and slavish imitation of the classics. It is the contention of Du Bellay's *Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française* (1549) that the value of a language is not inherent in the language itself, but depends upon what great and fine works are written in that language; furthermore, and this is even more important, the feeling of nationality itself dictates that the vernacular should be used. If the tongue of the people is not so refined and polished as the Greek or Latin, all the more reason why men of learning should improve it by studying it and writing their most ambitious works in it. Roger Ascham included in his *Toxophilus* (1545) a defense of writing in English, although it would have been easier for him, he said, to write in Latin or Greek. And Richard Mulcaster, principal of the Merchant Taylors' School and teacher of Edmund Spenser, said:

I do write in my naturall English tungue, bycause though I make the learned my judges, which understand Latin, yet I meane good to the unlearned, which understand but English. . . . For is it not in dede a marvellous bondage, to becom servants to one tung for learning sake, the most of our time, with losse of most time, whereas we maie have the verie same treasur in our own tung, with the gain of most time? our own bearing the joyfull title of our libertie and freedom, the Latin tung remembering us, of our thraldom and bondage? I love Rome, but London better, I favor Italie, but England more, I honor the Latin, but I worship the English.

The patriotic motive went far beyond the choice of language. It stimulated the translator to turn the most distinguished works of foreign literature into his own tongue; it prompted the epic poet to try to match or "overgo" Tasso and Ariosto; it even playfully spurred on the love poet so to praise his mistress that Petrarch's Laura, famous over Europe, would seem but a kitchen wench to her.

The Tudor sovereigns of England were themselves highly literate, and Henry VIII and Elizabeth, at least, had definite ambitions as authors. What more natural, therefore, than that the writers should see in the glorification of their ruler a service which was both humanistic and political? Much of the praise of the Queen which is so prominent in Elizabethan literature seems to modern taste fulsome and fawning, and no doubt the possibility of personal reward was present in the mind of most authors. But there was also a social service performed by this propaganda; it was the concentration of the feeling of many inarticulate Englishmen, and it was a great builder of what we would now call public morale.

The Elizabethans, having a very different view of history from the one we now hold, were extremely conscious of posterity. They did not consider that future ages would look down on them with contempt, because they thought the world was not getting better, but worse. Rather they felt that it was the duty of their generation to give posterity something worthy of the veneration the future would feel for them. Hamlet, in many ways a representative of the English Renaissance, makes his last concern in this life a concern for the fame that will outlive him. Every sixteenth-century gentleman would have understood and sympathized. From the time of Homer's celebration of Achilles it had been notorious that the poet had more to do with the fame of a great man than anyone else. The social utility of poetry was that it preserved and recorded for the admiration and guidance of the future the heroism of the past. Poetry could do this more effectively than history, and it could preserve the memory of greatness far longer than material monuments or inscriptions. "Not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme," promised Shakespeare, and other poets with less justification felt equal assurance.

Sir Thomas Wyatt the Elder

1503–1542

WYATT was born at Allington Castle, in Kent, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. Most of his life he devoted to the service of the crown, in posts ranging from clerk of the king's jewels to ambassador to Spain and to the Emperor Charles V. He was also a member of missions to France and to Italy, so that much of his mature life was spent on the continent. Twice he was arrested and imprisoned by Henry VIII: first in May, 1536, in connection with the charges of adultery against Queen Anne Boleyn, the poet's first cousin, and again in January, 1541, when he was charged with treason, lodged in the Tower of London, and stripped of his property. On both occasions, however, Wyatt regained the king's favor and was pardoned. It remained for his son, Sir Thomas Wyatt the Younger, to be executed for treason when the southern rebellion which he led was suppressed in the reign of Queen Mary.

Wyatt's personality is described by Surrey, who was a contemporary of his son, in an elegy in this volume. His appearance is preserved in the well-known portrait by Holbein, which shows a heavy, square face, typical of Henry's courtiers, thoughtful eyes, and a dignified beard. His poems, even when they are translations, show something of his personal tastes and opinions; he is always manly and independent and English.

None of Wyatt's poetry was published in his lifetime, although it was circulated in manuscripts which are still extant, and the author's corrections in one of these (Egerton 2711 in the British Museum) suggest that publication may have been contemplated. But in general, poets of the social class of Wyatt did not write for publication in the sixteenth century; they were interested only in the acclaim of the cultivated ladies and gentlemen of the court circle, and these readers could be reached by manuscript.

The general public saw courtiers' poems only when some enterprising publisher acquired manuscripts (sometimes in the form of a commonplace book or manuscript anthology) and issued a miscellany. By far the most important of the dozen miscellanies of the second half of the century was one published by the printer Richard Tottel in 1557 under the title *Songes and Sonettes, written by the ryght honourable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, and other.* To the Elizabethans it was known as *Songs and Sonnets* ("I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here," says Master Slender in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*); but later ages have usually called it *Tottel's Miscellany*. The first edition contained 271 poems, 40 attributed to Surrey, 97 to Wyatt, 40 to Nicholas Grimald, and 94 to "Uncertain Authors." This is surely one of the most important volumes in the history of English literature, for it made the main currents of European Renaissance poetry flow

into the British Isles. The sonnet, blank verse, *terza rima, ottava rima,* rondeau, and other forms were naturalized into English. And a "crew of courtly makers," gentleman poets and singers, set the style for a great half-century of English verse.

Even before Tottel, though, some of Wyatt's poems had appeared in a collection. It was called *The Court of Venus* or *The Book of Ballets,* and two editions of it appeared near the middle of the century. There were attacks upon it as a "book of lecherous ballads," and a pious group tried, without much success, to get the courtiers to sing translated psalms and spiritual hymns instead of these gay lyrics of love.

Wyatt's verse is vigorous and virile. The obvious violation of accent in some of his lines raises the still unsettled question as to whether he knew what he was doing or not. Some scholars have suggested that his system of versification is based on the bad editions of Chaucer available in his time; if this is so, a modernized text of Wyatt cannot do him justice. But it is just as likely that Wyatt had an attitude toward accent like that of Donne half a century later, for which Ben Jonson declared that Donne deserved hanging.

Wyatt's greatest achievement is in the native ballet or song, not in the French or Italian forms he used. His gaiety, his manly independence in love, his quiet English resignation have lost nothing of their power in four centuries.

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THE long love that in my thought doth harbor,[1]
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretense
And there encampeth, spreading his banner.
She that me learns to love and suffer
And wills that my trust and lust's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame and reverence
With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Wherewithal unto the heart's forest he flieth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
What may I do, when my master feareth,
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life ending faithfully.

FAREWELL, Love, and all thy laws forever,
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more;
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,
To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavor.
In blind error when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Hath taught me to set in trifles no store
And scape forth since liberty is lever.[2]
Therefore farewell, go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority;
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts.
For hitherto though I have lost all my time,
Me lusteth no longer rotten boughs to climb.

[1] A translation of Petrarch, *Sonnetto in Vita* 91. See the note on Surrey's "Love, that doth reign." The text is based on the recently discovered Harington MS as given by Ruth Hughey in *4 Library*, XV, 442–443.

[2] *lever:* more pleasing, dearer.

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I FIND no peace and all my war is done,[3]
I fear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice,
I fly above the wind, yet can I not arise,
And naught I have and all the world I seize on;
That [4] looseth nor locketh holdeth me in prison,
And holdeth me not; yet can I 'scape nowise;
Nor letteth me live nor die at my devise,[5]
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eyen [6] I see; and without tongue I plain;
I desire to perish, and yet I ask health;
I love another, and thus I hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Likewise displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

MY galley charged with forgetfulness [7]
Thorough sharp seas, in winter nights doth pass
'Tween rock and rock; and eke mine enemy, alas,
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness.
And every oar a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness.
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Hath done the wearied cords great hinderance,
Wreathed with error and eke with ignorance.
The stars be hid that led me to this pain,
Drowned is reason that should me comfort,
And I remain despairing of the port.

[3] Translated from Petrarch, *Sonnetto in Vita* 90. The opening lines of this sonnet exemplify the early sixteenth-century preference for one-syllable words in poetry. As Gascoigne put it, "the more monasyllables that you use, the truer Englishman you shall seeme."

[4] Supply *Love* as the first word in the line.

[5] *devise:* wish.

[6] *eyen:* eyes.

[7] Translated from Petrarch, *Sonnetto in Vita* 137. This sonnet, an elaboration of a favorite conceit, is perhaps Wyatt's most famous.

LIKE to these unmeasurable mountains,[8]
Is my painful life the burden of ire;
For of great height be they, and high is my desire;
And I of tears, and they be full of fountains;
Under craggy rocks they have full barren plains,
Hard thoughts in me my woeful mind doth tire;
Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire,
Small effect with great trust in me remains.
The boisterous winds oft their high boughs do blast,
Hot sighs from me continually be shed;
Cattle in them, and in me love is fed;
Immovable am I, and they are full steadfast;
Of that restless birds they have the tune and note,
And I always plaints that pass thorough my throat.

DIVERS doth use, as I have heard and know,
(When that to change their ladies do begin),
To moan and wail, and never for to lin,[9]
Hoping thereby to pease their painful woe.
And some there be, that when it chanceth so
That women change, and hate where love hath been,
They call them false, and think with words to win
The hearts of them which otherwhere doth go.
But as for me, though that by chance indeed
Change hath outworn the favor that I had,
I will not wail, lament, nor yet be sad,
Nor call her false that falsely did me feed;
But let it pass, and think it is of kind,[10]
That often change doth please a woman's mind.

[8] Translated from Sannazaro, *Rime*, Part 3, Sonnetto 3. Tottel calls this poem "The Lover's Life Compared to the Alps."

[9] *lin:* cease.

[10] *kind:* nature.

WHOSO list to hunt, I know where is an hind,[11]
But as for me—alas, I may no more.
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore,
I am of them that farthest come behind.
Yet may I, by no means, my wearied mind
Draw from the deer; but as she fleeth afore,
Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,
As well as I, may spend his time in vain.
And graven with diamonds in letters plain
There is written, her fair neck round about:
Noli me tangere,[12] for Caesar's I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.

MINE own John Poins, since ye delight to know [13]
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the press of courts, whereso they go,
Rather than to live thrall, under the awe
Of lordly looks, wrapped within my cloak,
To will and lust learning to set a law;
It is not for because I scorn and mock
The power of them to whom Fortune hath lent
Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke.
But true it is that I have always meant
Less to esteem them than the common sort,
Of outward things that judge in their intent [14]
Without regard what doth inward resort.
I grant sometime that of glory the fire
Doth touch my heart; me list not to report
Blame by honor, and honor to desire.

[11] An adaptation of Petrarch, *Rime,* 190, perhaps influenced by Romanello, Sonnetto 3, another adaptation. Wyatt's sonnet is conventionally supposed to refer to Anne Boleyn, in whom Henry VIII became interested in 1526.

[12] *Noli me tangere:* Touch me not.

[13] Based on the tenth satire of Luigi Alamanni (1495–1556), but personalized and Anglicized in detail by Wyatt. Apparently written during Wyatt's banishment from court to his father's place in Kent in 1536.

[14] *But true . . . intent:* He values rank less than the mob does; the mob judges by externals only.

But how may I this honor now attain
That cannot dye the color black a liar?
My Poins, I cannot frame me tune to feign,
To cloak the truth, for praise without desert,
Of them that list all vice for to retain.
I cannot honor them that sets their part
With Venus and Bacchus all their life long;
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
I cannot crouch nor kneel to do so great a wrong,
To worship them like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves these sely [15] lambs among.
I cannot with words complain and moan
Nor suffer naught, nor smart without complaint,
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone;
I cannot speak and look like a saint,
Use wiles for wit, or make deceit a pleasure;
And call craft counsel, for profit still to paint;
I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,
With innocent blood to feed myself fat,
And do most hurt where most help I offer.
I am not he that can allow the state
Of high Caesar, and damn Cato to die,
That with his death did scape out of the gate
From Caesar's hands, if Livy do not lie,
And would not live when liberty was lost,
So did his heart the common weal apply.
I am not he, such eloquence to boast
To make the crow in singing as the swan,
Nor call the lion of coward beasts the most,
That cannot take a mouse as the cat can;
And he that dieth of hunger of the gold,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in music manifold;
Praise Sir Thopas [16] for a noble tale,
And scorn the story that the Knight told;
Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale;
Grin when he laugheth that beareth all the sway,
Frown when he frowneth, and groan when he is pale;
On others' lust to hang both night and day,—
None of these points would ever frame in me;
My wit is naught: I cannot learn the way;
And much the less of things that greater be

[15] *sely:* innocent.

[16] *Sir Thopas:* The silly tale of Sir Thopas, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* is told by Chaucer himself, until the Host forces him to stop. The *Knight's Tale* is the most courtly and dignified of the tales.

That asken help of colors of device
To join the mean with each extremity.
With nearest virtue to cloak alway the vice,
And as to purpose, likewise it shall fall
To press the virtue that it may not rise;
As drunkenness, good fellowship to call;
The friendly foe, with his double face,
Say he is gentle and courteous therewithal;
And say that favel [17] hath a goodly grace
In eloquence; and cruelty to name
Zeal of justice, and change in time and place;
And he that suff'reth offense without blame,
Call him pitiful, and him true and plain
That raileth reckless to every man's shame,
Say he is rude that cannot lie and feign,
The lecher a lover, and tyranny
To be the right of a prince's reign.
I cannot, I: no, no, it will not be.
This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves, that weigh, as thou mayst see,
A chip of chance more than a pound of wit.
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk,
And in foul weather at my book to sit,
In frost and snow then with my bow to stalk.
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go.
In lusty leas at liberty I walk,
And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe,
Save that a clog [18] doth hang yet at my heel.
No force for that, for it is ordered so
That I may leap both hedge and dike full well;
I am not now in France, to judge the wine,
With sav'ry sauce those delicates to feel;
Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline,
Rather than to be, outwardly to seem.
I meddle not with wits that be so fine;
Nor Flanders' cheer letteth [19] not my sight to deem
Of black and white, nor taketh my wit away
With beastliness, they beasts do so esteem.
Nor am I not where Christ is given in prey
For money, poison and treason—at Rome [20]
A common practice, used night and day.

[17] *favel:* flattery.

[18] *clog:* Wyatt was paroled in his father's custody.

[19] *letteth:* hinders, prevents.

[20] *Nor am . . . Rome* In *Tottel's Miscellany,* published in the reign of the Catholic Mary, these lines were altered as follows: "where *truth* is given in prey / For money, poison, and treason; *of some* / A common practice."

But here I am in Kent and Christendom,
Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme;
Where, if thou list, my Poins, for to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

MADAME, withouten many words,[21]
Once, I am sure, ye will or no.
And if ye will, then leave your bords,[22]
And use your wit, and show it so;
And with a beck ye shall me call;
And if of one that burneth alway
Ye have any pity at all,
Answer him fair with yea or nay.
If it be yea, I shall be fain;
If it be nay, friends as before.
Ye shall another man obtain
And I mine own, and yours no more.

MY lute, awake! Perform the last [23]
Labor that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,[24]
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh or sing or moan?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

[21] A court poem, to which an answer, supposedly written by a lady, is extant.

[22] *bords*: jests.

[23] Usually considered the best of Wyatt's songs.

[24] *As to . . stone:* When sound may be heard with no ear to hear it, or when soft lead is able to carve hard marble . . .

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually
As she my suit and affection.
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, thorough love's shot;
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest pain.
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

Perchance thee lie withered and old [25]
The winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon.
Thy wishes then dare not be told.
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon.
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute. This is the last
Labor that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun.
Now is this song both sung and past;
My lute, be still, for I have done.

[25] Ronsard's most famous sonnet is on this theme: "Quand vous serez bien vielle au soir à la chandelle."

BLAME not my lute, for he must sound
Of this and that as liketh me,
For lack of wit the lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me.
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speaks such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my lute.

My lute, alas, doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them that heareth me.
Then, though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my lute.

My lute and strings may not deny
But as I strike they must obey.
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some wiser way;
And though the songs which I indite
To quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my lute.

Spite asketh spite and changing change,
And falsed faith must needs be known.
The fault so great, the case so strange,
Of right it must abroad be blown.
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my lute.

Blame but thyself that hast misdone
And well deserved to have blame.
Change thou thy way so evil begun
And then my lute shall sound that same.
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert, their wonted way,
Blame not my lute.

Farewell, unknown, for though thou brake
My strings in spite, with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake
Strings for to string my lute again.
And if perchance this sely rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my lute.

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can:
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in denays:[26]
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet, forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is
The mind that never meant amiss:
Forget not yet!

Forget not, then, thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:
Forget not this!

A FACE that should content me wondrous well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold,
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to expel;
With sober looks, so would I that it should
Speak without words such words as none can tell;
The tress also should be of crisped gold.
With wit, and these, might chance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide.

[26] *denays:* denials, frustrations.

And wilt thou leave me thus?
(Say nay, say nay, for shame!)
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame? [27]
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay.

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay.

And wilt thou leave me thus
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Nother for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay.

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas, thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

What should I say,
Since faith is dead,
And truth away
From you is fled,
Should I be led
With doubleness?
Nay, nay, mistress!

[27] *grame:* sorrow.

I promised you,
And you promised me,
To be as true
As I would be.
But since I see
Your double heart,
Farewell my part!

Though for to take
It is not my mind,
But to forsake,
. . . . . .
And as I find
So will I trust.
Farewell, unjust!

Can ye say nay?
But you said
That I alway
Should be obeyed.
And thus betrayed
Or that I wist,
Farewell, unkissed.

TAGUS,[28] farewell, that westward with thy streams
Turns up the grains of gold already tried;
With spur and sail for I go seek the Thames,
Gainward the sun, that showeth her wealthy pride;
And to the town that Brutus [29] sought by dreams,
Like bended moon [30] doth lend her lusty side,
My king, my country, alone for whom I live—
O mighty Love, the wings for this me give!

[28] Written at the poet's departure from Spain in 1539. *Tagus:* The River Tagus flows through Spain and Portugal.

[29] *Brutus:* the legendary Trojan founder of London.

[30] *bended moon:* crescent moon.

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot stalking [31] in my chamber.
I have seen them, gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not remember
That sometime they put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range,
Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thanked be Fortune it hath been otherwise,
Twenty times better; but once in special,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her [32] loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewith all sweetly did me kiss
And softly said, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

It was no dream, I lay broad waking.
But all is turned, thorough my gentleness,
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go, of her goodness,
And she also to use newfangleness.[33]
But since that I so kindely [34] am served,
I fain would know what she hath deserved.

TANGLED I was in love's snare,
Oppressed with pain, torment with care,
Of grief right sure, of joy full bare,
Clean in despair by cruelty,—
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

The woeful day so full of pain,
The weary night all spent in vain,
The labor lost for so small gain,
To write them all it will not be.
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

[31] *stalking:* walking softly.
[32] *her:* I. e., Fortune's (?).
[33] *newfangleness:* fickleness.
[34] *kindely:* naturally.

Everything that fair doth show,
When proof is made it proveth not so,
But turneth mirth to bitter woe;
Which in this case full well I see.
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Too great desire was my guide
And wanton will went by my side;
Hope ruled still, and made me bide
Of love's craft th' extremity.
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

With feigned words that were but wind
To long delays I was assigned;
Her wily looks my wits did blind;
Thus as she would I did agree.
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Was never bird tangled in lime [35]
That brake away in better time
Than I, that rotten boughs did climb,
And had no hurt, but scaped free.
Now ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

[35] *lime:* a sticky substance made from holly bark, used to catch small birds.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

1517–1547

SURREY was the eldest son of Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, and the grandson of the victor of Flodden Field. On both sides of his family he was descended from kings; in fact, his family tree was more aristocratic than that of his master, Henry VIII. He was considered as a possible husband for the Princess Mary; he was trained at Windsor and at the French court as the companion of the King's illegitimate son, the Duke of Richmond, who later married his sister. In his veins ran the blood of Hotspur, and he was called by one of his sober elders "the most foolish, proud boy that is in England."

He saw military service in the north against the rebels, and in France as commander of the garrison at Boulogne But his fortunes at the court of Henry depended not so much upon his own abilities, military or other, as upon the position of the Howard family as opposed to rival families, and this position in turn depended upon the identity of Henry's current queen. When his cousin, Catherine Howard, was queen, 1540–1542, Surrey was made a Knight of the Garter, seneschal of the King's domain in Norfolk, and steward of Cambridge University. After Catherine's execution he was the victim of the growing power and jealousy of the Seymour family. Toward the end of 1546, when the King's death was near, Surrey's enemies were able to arrest him and his father on a trumped-up charge of treason, with the excuse that the poet had used the royal arms on his scutcheon and was preparing to interfere with the succession of Prince Edward to the throne. He was convicted and executed on Tower Hill on January 19, 1547, before he had reached his thirtieth birthday. Only the death of the king a few days later saved his father from the same fate. The most brilliant of courtiers, the finest poet in English since Chaucer, he immediately became a figure of romantic legend.

Surrey is represented in *Tottel's Miscellany* by forty poems. In addition to these, his translation of two books of Virgil's *Aeneid*, II and IV, has an important place in the history of English poetry, for it was here that unrhymed iambic pentameter or "blank verse" was introduced into English. Many of his poems in Tottel are also extant in manuscript. He established the so-called English or Shakespearean form of the sonnet, consisting of three quatrains and a couplet. His versification seems more modern than that of his master Wyatt, because he kept the accent of the line on the natural accent of the word, and he is less "rough" and often more eloquent than Wyatt. This means usually that he has learned something about pauses within the line, and about the smooth flow obtained by running one line over into the next without a pause. His debt to Wyatt he freely and gladly acknowledged; but his own contribution in making

English verse modern and mellifluous had a greater influence than Wyatt's on the poets of the Elizabethan age.

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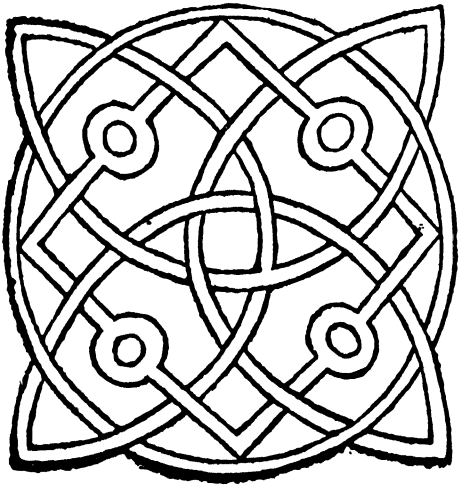

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,[1]
With green hath clad the hill and eke [2] the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make [3] hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
The fishes float with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings,
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee her honey now she mings.[4]
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

LOVE, that doth reign and live within my thought,[5]
And built his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
But she that taught me love and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire
With shamefast [6] look to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love, then, to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, where he doth lurk and plain,[7]
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pain,
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove:
Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.

[1] Adapted from Petrarch, *Sonnetto in Morte* 42. Surrey has changed the details of nature from Italian to English. Notice that the sonnet has only two rhymes. *soote:* sweet.

[2] *eke:* also.

[3] *turtle:* turtle dove; *make:* mate.

[4] *mings:* remembers.

[5] Translated from Petrarch, *Sonnetto in Vita* 91. Compare this poem with Wyatt's translation of the same original, "The long love that in my thought doth harbor." Surrey's version is usually considered superior in melody and strength not only to Wyatt's but to Petrarch's. The last line became a commonplace in Renaissance poetry.

[6] *shamefast:* modest.

[7] *plain:* complain.

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race; [8]
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat;
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Chambar's [9] cliffs, did give her lively heat;
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire an earl, her dame of princes' blood;
From tender years in Britain she doth rest,
With a king's child, where she tastes ghostly [10] food;
Hunsdon [11] did first present her to mine eyen;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
Hampton [12] me taught to wish her first for mine;
And Windsor,[13] alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Beauty of kind, her virtues from above,
Happy is he that may obtain her love.

Alas! so all things now do hold their peace,[14]
Heaven and earth disturbed in no thing;
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
The nightes chare [15] the stars about doth bring.
Calm is the sea, the waves work less and less;
So am not I, whom love, alas, doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease.
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring,
But by and by the cause of my disease [16]
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,
When that I think what grief it is again
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

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[8] On this sonnet was constructed one of the most elaborate legends in English literary history, of the love of Surrey for "the fair Geraldine," Elizabeth Fitzgerald, ninth daughter of the Earl of Kildare. For treatments of the legend, see the selections from Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller* (p. 714) and Drayton's *Heroical Epistles* (p. 410) in this volume. Actually the lady was nine years old when Surrey wrote this poem; he was nineteen, married, and a father.

[9] *Chambar's:* of Cambria, or Wales.

[10] *ghostly:* spiritual.

[11] *Hunsdon:* The girl entered the household of Princess Mary at Hunsdon in 1537.

[12] *Hampton:* Hampton Court, a royal palace.

[13] *Windsor:* For Surrey's imprisonment at Windsor, see the poem, "So cruel prison how could betide, alas," p. 38, and note 24.

[14] Adapted from Petrarch, *Sonnetto in Vita* 113.

[15] *chare:* Italian *carro,* the Great Bear.

[16] *disease:* dis-ease, discomfort.

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,[17]
Or where his beams may not dissolve the ice,
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
With proud people, in presence sad and wise,
Set me in base, or yet in high degree;
In the long night, or in the shortest day;
In clear weather, or where mists thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs be gray;
Set me in earth, in heaven, or yet in hell;
In hill, in dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large,—alive whereso I dwell;
Sick or in health, in ill fame or in good;
Yours I will be, and with that only thought
Comfort myself when that my hap is naught.

Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest;[18]
Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain,[19]
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast;
Such profit he of envy could obtain.
A head where wisdom mysteries did frame;
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
As on a stithy,[20] where some work of fame
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.
A visage stern and mild; where both did grow,
Vice to contemn, in virtues to rejoice;
Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,
To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.
A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit;
A mark, the which—unperfited, for time—
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

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[17] Translated from Petrarch, *Sonnetto in Vita* 95, which is in turn based on Horace.

[18] Apparently Surrey's first published poem. Wyatt, who was fourteen years older than Surrey, died in 1542. There can have been little personal relationship between them; this is a tribute from one poet to another. Lines 34–36 may refer to Wyatt's translation of the Seven Penitential Psalms.

[19] *disdain:* lack of pride.

[20] *stithy:* forge.

A tongue that served in foreign realms his king;
Whose courteous talk to virtue did enflame
Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth, by travail, unto fame.
An eye whose judgment no affect could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile.
A heart where dread yet never so impressed
To hide the thought that might the truth avance;
In neither fortune lift,[21] nor so repressed,
To swell in wealth, nor yield unto mischance.
A valiant corpse,[22] where force and beauty met,
Happy, alas! too happy, but for foes,
Lived, and ran the race that nature set;
Of manhood's shape, where she the mold did lose.
But to the heavens that simple soul is fled;
Which left with such as covet Christ to know
Witness of faith that never shall be dead;
Sent for our health, but not received so.
Thus, for our guilt, this jewel have we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

MARTIAL, the things for to attain [23]
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground; the quiet mind;
The equal friend; no grudge, nor strife;
No charge of rule nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;
The mean diet, no delicate fare;
Wisdom joined with simplicity;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine may bear no sovereignty;
The chaste wife, wise, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Neither wish death, nor fear his might.

[21] *lift:* raised aloft.

[22] *corpse:* body (not dead).

[23] A translation of Martial's epigram X, 47, a favorite with English and continental poets. The theme, a glorification of "the mean estate," is very common in Elizabethan literature, especially of the pastoral sort.

Give place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayn,
Than doth the sun the candlelight,
Or brightest day the darkest night:

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair.
For what she saith, ye may it trust
As it by writing sealed were;
And virtues hath she many mo
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I wold,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint
When she had lost the perfit mold,
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss, by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart.
And this was chiefly all her pain:
She could not make the like again.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, me think some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

So CRUEL prison how could betide, alas,[24]
As proud Windsor? Where I in lust [25] and joy
With a king's son my childish years did pass
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy;
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour:
The large green courts where we were wont to hove [26]
With eyes cast up unto the maidens' tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love;
The stately sales,[27] the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right;
The palm play,[28] where, despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love
Have missed the ball and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above;
The graveled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,
With cheer, as though the one should overwhelm;
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts,
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trailed by swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length;
The secret groves which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,
Recording soft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays;
The wild forest, the clothed holt with green,
With reins avaled,[29] and swift ybreathed horse,
With cry of hounds and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart aforce; [30]
The void walls eke that harbored us each night,
Wherewith, alas, revive within my breast
The sweet accord; such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,

[24] In the summer of 1537 Surrey was imprisoned at Windsor for striking a courtier. In the poem he recalls his boyhood there with Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, who had died in the previous year, aged seventeen.

[25] *lust:* pleasure.

[26] *hove:* linger.

[27] *sales:* halls.

[28] *palm play:* handball.

[29] *avaled:* slackened.

[30] *aforce:* in the open.

Wherewith we passed the winter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes my face,
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which as soon as sobbing sighs, alas,
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew:
O place of bliss, renewer of my woes,
Give me accompt—where is my noble fere? [31]
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose,
To other lief,[32] but unto me most dear!
Echo, alas, that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I, alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint;
And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

London, hast thou accused me [33]
Of breach of laws, the root of strife?
Within whose breast did boil to see,
So fervent hot, thy dissolute life,
That even the hate of sins that grow
Within thy wicked walls so rife,
For to break forth did convert so
That terror could it not repress.
The which, by words, since preachers know
What hope is left for to redress,
By unknown means, it liked me
My hidden burden to express,
Whereby it might appear to thee
That secret sin hath secret spite;

[31] *fere:* companion.

[32] *lief:* dear.

[33] Surrey was arrested with some companions, including Thomas Wyatt the younger, son of the poet, in April, 1543, and committed to Fleet Prison for eating meat in Lent and for "a lewde and unsemely manner of walking in the night abowght the stretes and breaking with stonebowes off certeyne wyndowes." He admitted his guilt when charged with the latter misdemeanor, but in prison he seems to have amused himself by writing this mock-serious poem, pretending that he was a crusader against the sins of London. The idea that the gay young aristocrat roaring about the streets at night was an appropriate moral censor of the sober and respectable citizens asleep in their beds is of course preposterous.

From justice' rod no fault is free;
But that all such as work unright
In most quiet are next ill rest.
In secret silence of the night
This made me, with a reckless breast,
To wake thy sluggards with my bow—
A figure of the Lord's behest,
Whose scourge for sin the Scriptures show.
That, as the fearful thunderclap
By sudden flame at hand we know,
Of pebble-stones the soundless rap
The dreadful plague might make thee see
Of God's wrath that doth thee enwrap;
That pride might know, from conscience free
How lofty works may her defend;
And envy find, as he hath sought
How other seek him to offend;
And wrath taste of each cruel thought,
The just shapp [34] higher in the end;
And idle sloth, that never wrought,
To heaven his spirit lift may begin;
And greedy lucre live in dread
To see what hate ill-got goods win;
The lechers, ye that lusts do feed,
Perceive what secrecy is in sin;
And gluttons' hearts for sorrow bleed,
Awaked, when their fault they find:
In loathsome vice each drunken wight
To stir to God, this was my mind.
Thy windows had done me no spite,
But proud people that dread no fall,
Clothed with falsehead and unright,
Bred in the closures of thy wall;
But wrested to wrath in fervent zeal,
Thou haste to strife, my secret call.
Endured hearts no warning feel;
O shameless whore, is dread then gone
By such thy foes as meant thy weal?
O member of false Babylon!
The shop of craft, the den of ire!
Thy dreadful doom draws fast upon;
Thy martyrs' blood, by sword and fire,

[34] *shapp:* imagine, conceive.

In heaven and earth for justice call.
The Lord shall hear their just desire,
The flame of wrath shall on thee fall,
With famine and pest lamentably
Stricken shall be thy lechers all;
Thy proud towers and turrets high,
En'mies to God, beat stone from stone,
Thine idols burnt that wrought iniquity;
When none thy ruin shall bemoan,
But render unto the right wise Lord
That so hath judged Babylon,
Immortal praise with one accord.

O HAPPY dames, that may embrace [35]
The fruit of your delight,
Help to bewail the woeful case
And eke the heavy plight
Of me, that wonted to rejoice
The fortune of my pleasant choice.
Good ladies, help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship, freight with rememberance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sails, that hath in governance
My life, while it will last;
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,
Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.

[35] This is a poem written for a lady; an extant MS copy is in the handwriting of Mary Shelton, the sweetheart of Sir Thomas Clere, Surrey's companion on a trip to France. The poem is an adaptation of Serafino's fifth epistle.

Alas! how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes that were my food,
Which sometime so delighted me
That yet they do me good;
Wherewith I wake with his return
Whose absent flame did make me burn;
But when I find the lack, Lord, how I mourn!

When other lovers, in arms across
Rejoice their chief delight,
Drowned in tears, to mourn my loss,
I stand the bitter night
In my window, where I may see
Before the winds how the clouds flee.
Lo, what a mariner Love hath made me!

And in green waves, when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of wind,
A thousand fancies in that mood
Assail my restless mind.
Alas! now drencheth my sweet foe,
That with the spoil of my heart did go,
And left me; but, alas, why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again,
To chase from me annoy,
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain,
So dread cuts off my joy.
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe,
And of each thought a doubt doth grow:
Now he comes! Will he come? Alas, no, no!

FROM

THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL,

entreating of the love between Aeneas and Dido, translated into English and drawn into a strange meter by Henry late Earl of Surrey, worthy to be embraced.[36]

THEN from the seas the dawning gan arise.
The sun once up, the chosen youth gan throng
Unto the gates; the hayes[37] so rarely knit,
The hunting staves with their broad heads of steel,
And of Massile[38] the horsemen, forth they brake;
Of scenting hounds a kennel huge likewise.
And at the threshold of her chamber door
The Carthage lords did there the queen await;
The trampling steed, with gold and purple decked,
Chawing the foamy bit, there fiercely stood.
Then issued she, backed with a great rout,
Clad in a cloak of Tyre embroidered rich.
Her quiver hung behind her back, her tresses
Wound up with gold, her purple vestures eke
Buttoned with gold. The Troyans of her train
Before her go, with gladsome Iulus.[39]
Aeneas eke, the goodliest of the rout,[40]
Makes one of them and joineth close the throngs;
Like when Apollo leaveth Lycia,[41]
His wintering place, and Xanthus'[42] floods likewise,
To visit Delos,[43] his mother's mansion,
[For to repair and furnish new her choir,][44]
The Candians and folk of Driopis,
And painted Agathyrsies shout and cry,
[Environing the altars round about,]
When he walks upon Mount Cynthus' top,

[36] Surrey's translation of *Aeneid* IV was first published by William Owen in 1554; three years later Tottel brought out an edition of Books II and IV. This is of great importance as the first English blank verse. The question of Surrey's possible indebtedness to the Scottish translation of Gavin Douglas (1513) is still in dispute.

[37] *hayes:* nets.

[38] *Massile:* Massilia (Marseilles).

[39] *Iulus:* son of Aeneas.

[40] *rout:* band, troop.

[41] *Lycia:* a country on the south coast of Asia Minor.

[42] *Xanthus:* chief river of Lycia.

[43] *Delos:* an island, birthplace of Apollo.

[44] The bracketed lines, missing in Owen's text, are supplied from the Hargrave MS 205.

His sparkled tresses he pressed with garlands soft
Of tender leaves, and trussed up in gold,
His quivering darts clattering behind his back,—
So fresh and lusty did Aeneas seem,
Such lordly port in countenance present.
But to the hills and wild holts when they came,
From the rock's top then driven, savage roes
Avail the hill, above to the other side,
Through the wide lands, whereas their course,
The harts likewise, in troops taking their flight,
Raising the dust, the mountains fast forsake.
The child Iulus, blithe of his swift steed,
Amidst the plain now pricks by them, now these,
And to encounter wisheth oft in mind
The foaming boar, instead of timorous beasts,
Or lion brown might from the hill descend.
In the mean while the heavens gan rumble sore;
In tail thereof, a mingled shower with hail.
The Tyrian folk and eke the Troyan youth
And Venus' nephew the cottages for fear
Sought round about; the floods fell from the hills.
Dido, a den, the Troyan prince likewise
Chanced upon. Our mother then, the Earth,
And Juno that hath charge of marriage,
First tokens gave with burning gledes [45] of flame,
And, privy to the wedlock, lightning skies,
And the nymphs wailed from the mountain's top.

[45] *gledes:* coals, embers.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset

1536–1608

THOMAS SACKVILLE, Earl of Dorset, was first of all a distinguished statesman, who began his career as a Member of Parliament and rose to important ambassadorships and a seat in the Privy Council. He was also Chancellor of the University of Oxford and served Elizabeth with distinction as Lord High Treasurer. To the huge estates his father, Sir Richard Sackville, left him, he devoted his energy and good taste, and Knole House in Sevenoaks, Kent, stands as evidence of his labors.

His interests were not confined solely to architecture and politics: he was a patron of music and had his own band of musicians. Like many Elizabethan men of affairs—Ralegh and Sidney, for example—Sackville was a poet. His literary fame rests on a small but important production in a period of rather mediocre versifying. Although his contemporaries speak of his many works, only his contribution to *The Mirror for Magistrates,* his part in *Gorboduc,* and a few scattered lyrics remain. He seems to have given up poetry, "his first love," as Bacon called it, at the age of twenty-five. Yet he remains a pioneer in English Renaissance literature.

It is a commonplace of literary history not only to regard Sackville's "Induction" as by far the best poetry in the *Mirror,* but to speak of it, as Pope did, as the best poem written between Chaucer and Spenser. Sackville's "Induction" appeared in the 1563 edition of the *Mirror,* but the plan and bibliographical history of the *Mirror* date from 1554 or 1555. At the end of Mary's reign, seven scholars under the leadership of William Baldwin collaborated to write an appendage to a new edition of Lydgate's *Falls of Princes* "to have the storye contynewed from where as Bochas [*i.e.,* Boccaccio, whose *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium* Lydgate adapted in the *Falls of Princes*] lefte, vnto this presente time, chiefly of suche as Fortune had dalyed with here in this ylande." The reprint of Lydgate was published, but the appendage was suppressed, obviously because some of its tragedies furnished sympathetic historical parallels to dangerous political and religious conditions in Mary's reign. Furthermore, the proclamation of June 13, 1555, had banned mirrors of history, especially Hall's chronicle, one of the sources of the appendage. Only a few title pages and fragments remain.

In 1559, however, Thomas Marshe was granted a license "to prynte *The myrroure of maiestrates.*" William Baldwin's preface to the reader contains the main facts and purpose of the work. To Baldwin as interlocutor, the unfortunate English princes were to make their complaints, which were to be written by the several collaborators. The work was to begin with the reign of Richard II and draw its material from the English chronicles. Four authors in the 1559 edition have been identified: William Baldwin, George Ferrers,

Thomas Chaloner, and Thomas Phaer. The nineteen tragedies include the falls of Owen Glendower, Henry Percy, Jack Cade, King Henry VI, and King Edward IV. In addition to Sackville's "Induction" and his "Buckingham," the 1563 edition printed eight new tragedies, among them "Richard Plantagenet Duke of Gloucester," "Shore's Wife," and "Edmund Duke of Somerset."

Though its form obviously follows a medieval *De Casibus* model, the philosophy of the *Mirror* represents a transition from the medieval to the Renaissance conception of man. The tragedies deal in medieval fashion with the fall from high estate of noble persons who suffer "the slyppery deceytes of the waveryng lady," Fortune, but they also seek to display in the characters some moral flaw or tragic fault which makes plausible the fall. In other words, not blind Fortune alone at her wheel, but man's own acts fashion his life. Man pays for his sin. Let princes study tragical stories and avoid tragedy. The tragedies are sample truths, not dogma.

The success of the *Mirror* in its various editions and expansions from 1559 to 1610 did not depend on its art. It was not the work of artists who were exploring the poetical and dramatic possibilities of tragic stories in real life but the labor of a group of responsible and thoughtful men of affairs, under the leadership of a moralist, who were trying to present, in the most effective way they knew, warnings to princes and public alike. The tragedies, says Miss Campbell, "were chosen for their usefulness in teaching political truth, rather than for their historical importance." Yet in this versified history and biography with its emphasis on morality and tragedy are many dramatic passages which reach their ultimate expression in the Elizabethan historical tragic plays.

Sackville's "Induction" was unique not only in its literary quality but in its conception. In a prose link "To the Reader," Baldwin gives an explanation of the "Induction":

"Hath he made a preface (quoth one) what meaneth he thereby, seeing none other hath vsed the like order? I wyl tell you the cause thereof (quoth I) which is thys: After that he understoode that some of the counsayle would not suffer the booke to be printed in such order as we had agreed and determined, he purposed with him selfe to have gotten at my handes, all the tragedies that were before the duke of Buckinghams, which he would have preserued in one volume. And from that time backward euen to the time of William the conqueror, he determined to continue and perfect all the story him selfe, in such order as Lydgate (folowing Bochas) had already used. And therefore to make a meete induction into the matter, he devised this poesye: which in my iudgement is so wel penned, that I woulde not have any verse thereof left out of our volume. . . ."

But whether Sackville planned the "Induction" for the purpose Baldwin says or whether the verses are simply an introduction to his own contribution, "Buckingham's Complaint," is in dispute. From the evidence of the *Mirror* itself and of the St. John's manuscript, the "Induction" seems to serve the latter purpose only. It is certain that, though Sackville knew of the suppressed edition, the original design for the *Mirror* is not his.

The function of the "Induction" is taken up in the rest of the *Mirror* by prose links of brief, usually bloody, descriptions of the tragic character, ending "he may lament after this maner," or "may make his mone to Baldwin as foloweth."

The "Induction," then, may be viewed, apart from its introduction of Buckingham in the last stanzas, as a separate poem—a description of a descent into hell after the manner of Virgil and Dante. The medieval elements are obvious: pseudo-Chaucerian language, verse form (rhyme royal), and the idea of the overthrow of men by fortune, which occurs often. But its gloomy imaginative verse is a product of the Renaissance. The pictures of Dread, Revenge, Death, and Old Age are exceeded in pictorial power only by Spenser's portraits in *The Faerie Queene*. What distinguishes the "Induction" as a work of art comes not from medieval inspiration or technique but largely from Renaissance imagination.

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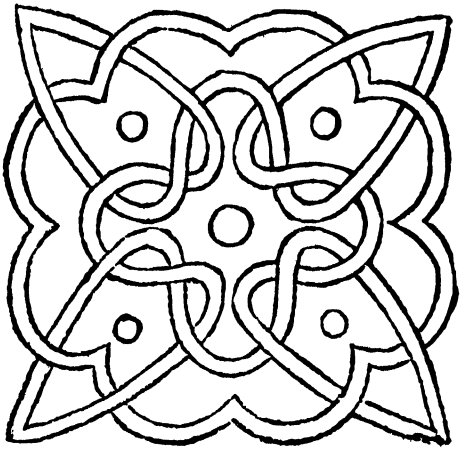

FROM

THE MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES (1563)

The Induction

THE wrathful winter, 'proaching on apace,
With blustering blasts had all ybared the treen,
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green;
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every bloom [1] down blown.

The soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue;
And soote [2] fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth, now Boreas' blasts down blew;
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
In woeful wise bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly;
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walked about.

When lo, the night with misty mantles spread,
Gan dark the day and dim the azure skies;
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bloody Mars, to will him not to rise,
Which she herself approached in speedy wise;
And Virgo, hiding her disdainful breast,
With Thetis now had laid her down to rest.

[1] *tapets:* tapestries, here figuratively as foliage; *bloom:* tree.

[2] *soote:* sweet.

Whiles Scorpio, dreading Sagittarius' dart,
Whose bow prest bent in fight, the string had slipped,
Down slid into the ocean flood apart;
The Bear, that in the Irish seas had dipped
His grisly feet, with speed from thence he whipped;
For Thetis, hasting from the Virgin's bed,
Pursued the Bear, that ere she came was fled.

And Phaethon [3] now, near reaching to his race
With glistering beams, gold streaming where they bent,
Was prest [4] to enter in his resting place;
Erythius, that in the cart first went,
Had even now attained his journey's stent;
And, fast declining, hid away his head,
While Titan couched him in his purple bed.

And pale Cynthia, with her borrowed light,
Beginning to supply her brother's place,
Was past the noonstead six degrees in sight,
When sparkling stars amid the heaven's face
With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
That, while they brought about the nighte's chare,[5]
The dark had dimmed the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers,
The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade that flourished so beforn,
It taught me well all earthly things be born
To die the death, for naught long time may last;
The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

Then looking upward to the heaven's leams,[6]
With nighte's stars thick powdered everywhere,
Which erst so glistened with the golden streams
That cheerful Phoebus spread down from his sphere,
Beholding dark oppressing day so near;
The sudden sight reduced to my mind
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,
My busy mind presented unto me

[3] *Phaethon:* here used as in Homer and Virgil as an epithet or surname for Helios, the sun.

[4] *prest:* ready. Cf. French *prêt.*

[5] *chare:* the Big Dipper.

[6] *leams:* rays of light.

Such fall of peers as in this realm had be,
That oft I wished some would their woes descrive,
To warn the rest whom fortune left alive.

And straight forth stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,
In black all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forwaste;
Forth from her eyne the crystal tears out brast,[7]
And sighing sore, her hands she wrung and fold,
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

Her body small, forwithered and forspent,
As is the stalk that summer's drought oppressed;
Her welked [8] face with woeful tears besprent,
Her color pale, and, as it seemed her best,
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest;
And as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Her eyes swollen with flowing streams afloat,
Wherewith, her looks thrown up full piteously,
Her forceless hands together oft she smote,
With doleful shrieks that echoed in the sky;
Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany,
That, in my doom, was never man did see
A wight but half so woebegone as she.

I stood aghast, beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolor, so distrained [9] in heart
That, while my hairs upstarted with the sight,
The tears outstreamed for sorrow of her smart;
But when I saw no end that could apart
The deadly deule [10] which she so sore did make,
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake:

Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be,
And stint betime to spill thyself with plaint;
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure,[11] with sorrow thus attaint.
And with that word of sorrow, all forfaint
She looked up, and prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound, lo, thus she gan to say:

[7] *brast:* burst.
[8] *welked:* withered, faded, dried up.
[9] *distrained:* torn asunder.
[10] *deule:* lamentation, sorrow.
[11] *dure:* endure.

Alas, I, wretch whom thus thou seest distrained
With wasting woes that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endless torments pained
Among the Furies in the infernal lake
Where Pluto, god of Hell, so grisly black,
Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste
Doth reave [12] remembrance of each thing forepast.

Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those
Whom Fortune, in this maze of misery,
Of wretched chance, most woeful mirrors chose;
That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most sure,
Thou mayst soon deem no earthly joy may dure.

Whose rueful voice no sooner had out brayed
Those woeful words wherewith she sorrowed so,
But Out, alas! she shright [13] and never stayed,
Fell down, and all to-dashed [14] herself for woe;
The cold pale dread my limbs gan overgo,
And I so sorrowed at her sorrows eft [15]
That, what with grief and fear, my wits were reft.

I stretched myself and straight my heart revives,
That dread and dolor erst did so appall;
Like him that with the fervent fever strives,
When sickness seeks his castle health to scale,
With gathered spirits so forced I fear to avale; [16]
And rearing her with anguish all fordone,
My spirits returned and then I thus begun:

O Sorrow, alas, sith Sorrow is thy name,
And that to thee this drear doth well pertain,
In vain it were to seek to cease the same;
But as a man himself with sorrow slain,
So I, alas, do comfort thee in pain,
That here in sorrow art forsunk so deep
That at thy sight I can but sigh and weep.

I had no sooner spoken of a sike,[17]
But that the storm so rumbled in her breast
As Aeolus could never roar the like;

[12] *reave:* steal away.
[13] *shright:* shrieked.
[14] *to-dashed:* dashed to pieces.
[15] *eft:* in turn.
[16] *avale:* yield.
[17] *sike:* sigh.

And showers down rained from her eyne so fast
That all bedrent [18] the place, till at the last
Well eased they the dolor of her mind,
As rage of rain doth swage the stormy wind.

For forth she paced in her fearful tale:
Come, come [19] (quod she) and see what I shall show;
Come hear the plaining and the bitter bale
Of worthy men by Fortune overthrow;
Come thou and see them rueing all in row;
They were but shades that erst in mind thou rolled;
Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold.

What could these words but make me more aghast,
To hear her tell whereon I mused whilere?
So was I mazed therewith, till at the last,
Musing upon her words, and what they were,
All suddenly well-lessoned was my fear;
For to my mind returned how she telled
Both what she was and where her wone [20] she held.

Whereby I knew that she a goddess was,
And therewithal resorted to my mind
My thought, that late presented me the glass
Of brittle state, of cares that here we find,
Of thousand woes to silly men assigned;
And how she now bid me come and behold,
To see with eye that erst in thought I rolled.

Flat down I fell, and with all reverence
Adored her, perceiving now that she,
A goddess sent by godly providence,
In earthy shape thus showed herself to me,
To wail and rue this world's uncertainty;
And while I honored thus her godhead's might,
With plaining voice these words to me she shright:

I shall guide thee first to the grisly lake
And thence unto the blissful place of rest
Where thou shalt see and hear the plaint they make
That whilom here bare swing [21] among the best;
This shalt thou see, but great is the unrest
That thou must bide before thou canst attain

[18] *bedrent:* drenched.

[19] *Come, come,* etc.: Sorrow is to be the poet's guide through the lower world like the Cumean Sibyl who guided Aeneas and like Virgil who led Dante.

[20] *wone:* dwelling place.

[21] *swing:* full sway.

Unto the dreadful place where these remain.

And with these words, as I upraised stood,
And gan to follow her that straight forth paced,
Ere I was ware, into a desert wood
We now were come, where, hand in hand embraced,
She led the way and through the thick so traced
As, but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.

But lo, while thus amid the desert dark
We passed on with steps and pace unmeet,
A rumbling roar, confused with howl and bark
Of dogs, shook all the ground under our feet,
And struck the din within our ears so deep
As, half distraught, unto the ground I fell,
Besought return, and not to visit hell.

But she, forthwith, uplifting me apace,
Removed my dread, and with a steadfast mind
Bade me come on; for here was now the place,
The place where we our travail end should find;
Wherewith I arose, and to the place assigned
Astoined [22] I stalk, when straight we approached near
The dreadful place that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole all vast, withouten shape,[23]
Of endless depth, o'erwhelmed with ragged stone,
With ugly mouth and grisly jaws doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one;
Here entered we, and yeding [24] forth, anon
An horrible loathly lake we might discern,
As black as pitch, that cleped is Avern.

A deadly gulf where naught but rubbish grows,
With foul black swelth [25] in thickened lumps that lies,
Which up in the air such stinking vapors throws
That over there may fly no fowl but dies,
Choked with the pestilent savors that arise;
Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent

[22] *Astoined:* stunned or confounded.

[23] Sackville's description of Hell is modeled on Virgil (*Aeneid,* VI, 237 ff.). Cf. Spenser's *The Faerie Queene,* I, v, 31–35.

[24] *yeding:* a pseudo-archaic form based on the obsolete past tense of "go," which is "yode" or "yede."

[25] *swelth:* foul water.

With tears, and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent [26]
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer [27] and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, proffered here and there,
Benumbed of speech, and with a ghastly look,
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair,[28]
'Stoined and amazed at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And next, within the entry of this lake,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking [29] flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or venged by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretense
Had showed herself as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met,
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Rueing, alas, upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appeared in sight.

His face was lean and somedeal pined away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say,
For on his carcass raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches, pieced one by one;

[26] *stent:* cease.
[27] *cheer:* countenance.
[28] *staring of his hair:* his hair's standing on end.
[29] *wreaking:* avenging.

With staff in hand and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defense against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare;
His drink, the running stream; his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed; his bed, the hard cold ground;
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,[30]
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held;
And by and by another shape appears,
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breres,[31]
His knuckles knobbed, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed [32] hands and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner had begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up and to his work yrun;
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he whom Fortune frowned on
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown; but as a living death,
So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Reaver [33] of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteeming equally
King Croesus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.[34]

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[30] *feres:* companions.
[31] *breres:* briars.
[32] *tawed:* lacerated.
[33] *reaver:* thief, robber.
[34] *Irus' poverty:* Irus, the beggar of Ithaca in the *Odyssey*, who was slain by Odysseus.

And next in order sad Old Age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assigned
To rest, when that the sisters had untwined
His vital thread and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for naught his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But, and the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he,
That in such withered plight and wretched pain
As eld,[35] accompanied with his loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With retchless[36] hand in grave doth cover it,
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to naught,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him sobbing, how he stood
Unto himself and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would have mused and marveled much, whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crookbacked he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pilled[37] and he with eld forlore;

[35] *eld:* old age.
[36] *retchless:* an obsolete variant of "reckless," meaning "careless."
[37] *pilled:* bald.

His withered fist still knocking at Death's door,
Fumbling and driveling as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed,
Sore sick in bed, her color all foregone,
Bereft of stomach, savor, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat, but broths alone;
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic and all physic's cure.

But oh, the doleful sight that then we see!
We turned our look and on the other side
A grisly shape of Famine mought we see,
With greedy looks and gaping mouth that cried
And roared for meat, as she should there have died;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left naught but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawn on everywhere,
All full of holes that I ne mought refrain
From tears to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When all for naught, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seemed a shade
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay,
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws that by no means ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law;
Gnawing, alas, her carcass all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fixed our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shright in so huge wise
As made hell gates to shiver with the might;
Wherewith a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and therewithal, pale Death
Enthrilling it, to reave her of her breath.

And by and by a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law;
Against whose force in vain it is to fight;

Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power.

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayed me;
His body dight with naught but bones, perdy,
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left, that kings and kingdoms rued,
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sacked and realms that whilom flowered
In honor, glory, and rule above the best,
He overwhelmed and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed;
His face forhewed with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

In midst of which, depainted there, we found
Deadly Debate, all full of snaky hair,
That with a bloody fillet was ybound,
Out-breathing naught but discord everywhere,
And round about were portrayed, here and there,
The hugy hosts, Darius [38] and his power,
His kings, princes, his peers, and all his flower.

Whom great Macedo vanquished there in sight
With deep slaughter, despoiling all his pride,
Pierced through his realms and daunted all his might;
Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside,
In Canna's field victor how he did ride,
And woeful Romans that in vain withstood,
And consul Paulus [39] covered all in blood.

[38] *Darius:* King of Persia, overthrown by Alexander of Macedon (*Macedo* of line 407).

[39] *consul Paulus:* Lucius Paulus, who after advising against the battle of Cannae died in it.

Yet saw I more: the fight at Thrasimene,
And Treby[40] field, and eke when Hannibal
And worthy Scipio last in arms were seen
Before Carthago gate, to try for all
The world's empire, to whom it should befall;
There saw I Pompey and Caesar clad in arms,
Their hosts allied and all their civil harms.

With conquerors' hands, forbathed in their own blood,
And Caesar weeping over Pompey's head;
Yet saw I Sulla and Marius where they stood,
Their great cruelty and the deep bloodshed
Of friends; Cyrus I saw and his host dead,
And how the queen with great despite hath flung
His head in blood of them she overcome.

Xerxes, the Persian king, yet saw I there
With his huge host that drank the rivers dry,
Dismounted hills, and made the vales uprear,
His host and all yet saw I plain, perdy;
Thebes I saw, all razed how it did lie
In heaps of stones, and Tyrus put to spoil,
With walls and towers flat evened with the soil.

But Troy, alas, methought above them all
It made mine eyes in very tears consume,
When I beheld the woeful word befall,
That by the wrathful will of gods was come;
And Jove's unmoved sentence and foredoom
On Priam king, and on his town so bent,
I could not lin,[41] but I must there lament.

And that the more, sith destiny was so stern
As, force perforce, there might no force avail,
But she must fall, and by her fall we learn
That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quail;
No manhood, might, nor nothing mought prevail;
All were there prest, full many a prince and peer,
And many a knight that sold his death full dear.

Not worthy Hector, worthiest of them all,
Her hope, her joy, his force is now for naught;
O Troy, Troy, there is no boot but bale,
The hugy horse within thy walls is brought;
Thy turrets fall, thy knights, that whilom fought

[40] *Treby:* Trebia, a river in upper Italy, where Hannibal defeated the Romans.

[41] *lin:* cease.

In arms amid the field, are slain in bed,
Thy gods defiled and all thy honor dead.

The flames upspring and cruelly they creep
From wall to roof till all to cinders waste;
Some fire the houses where the wretches sleep,
Some rush in here, some run in there as fast;
In everywhere or sword or fire they taste;
The walls are torn, the towers whirled to the ground;
There is no mischief but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they haled
From Pallas' house, with spercled [42] tress undone,
Her wrists fast bound and with Greeks' rout empaled;
And Priam eke, in vain how did he run
To arms, whom Pyrrhus with despite hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the baign
Of his son's blood, before the altar slain.

But how can I descrive the doleful sight
That in the shield so livelike fair did shine?
Sith in this world I think was never wight
Could have set forth the half, not half so fine;
I can no more but tell how there is seen
Fair Ilium fall in burning red gledes down,
And from the soil great Troy, Neptunus' town.

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw,
That filled with tears as doth the springing well,
We passed on so far forth till we saw
Rude Acheron, a loathsome lake to tell,
That boils and bubs up swelth as black as hell;
Where grisly Charon, at their fixed tide,
Still ferries ghosts unto the farther side.

The aged god no sooner Sorrow spied,
But hasting straight unto the bank apace,
With hollow call unto the rout he cried
To swerve apart and give the goddess place;
Straight it was done, when to the shore we pace,
Where, hand in hand as we then linked fast,
Within the boat we are together placed.

And forth we launch full fraughted to the brink,
When with the unwonted weight, the rusty keel
Began to crack as if the same should sink;

[42] *spercled:* disheveled.

We hoise up mast and sail, that in a while
We fetched the shore, where scarcely we had while
For to arrive, but that we heard anon
A three-sound bark confounded all in one.

We had not long forth passed but that we saw
Black Cerberus, the hideous hound of hell,
With bristles reared and with a three-mouthed jaw
Fordinning the air [43] with his horrible yell,
Out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell;
The goddess straight he knew, and by and by,
He peased [44] and couched while that we passed by.

Thence come we to the horror and the hell,
The large great kingdoms and the dreadful reign
Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
The wide waste places and the hugy plain,
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan,
Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled the babes, and here the maids unwed
With folded hands their sorry chance bewailed,
Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead,
That slew themselves when nothing else availed;
A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wailed
With sighs and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfere,[45]
That oh, alas, it was a hell to hear.

We stayed us straight, and with a rueful fear,
Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes
The vapored tears down stilled here and there,
And Sorrow eke, in far more woeful wise,
Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout
Gan all in heaps to swarm us round about.

Lo here, quoth Sorrow, princes of renown,
That whilom [46] sat on top of Fortune's wheel,
Now laid full low, like wretches whirled down,
Even with one frown, that stayed but with a smile;
And now behold the thing that thou, erewhile,
Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt hear,
Recount the same to kesar, king, and peer.

[43] *Fordinning the air:* making a complete din in the air.
[44] *peased:* became still.
[45] *yfere:* together.
[46] *whilom:* formerly, at one time.

Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all pilled [47] and quite forworn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him now her scorn;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast
With rueful cheer and vapored eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His hair all torn, about the place it lay;
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly methought it dropped away;
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay,
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice with sighs did swallow up his voice,
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens rived with the noise;
Till at the last, recovering his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel fortune, weeping, thus he plained.

[47] *pilled:* torn.

George Gascoigne

1542–1578

GASCOIGNE was the son of Sir John Gascoigne of Cardington, Bedfordshire, and was educated at Cambridge, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn. It was at these latter institutions, supposedly residences for law students but as often as not clubs for young wits and literary men, that Gascoigne began his extensive and versatile literary production. His translations, with a collaborator, of *Jocasta* and *The Supposes* are important as examples of early tragedy and comedy for amateur production. He also competed with his fellows in poetical compositions on set themes, some of which he later published. His life was turbulent in what has come to be thought of as typically Elizabethan fashion; he married Elizabeth Bacon Breton, the mother of Nicholas Breton the poet, while she was still the wife of another man, and became involved in a street brawl over the affair. In 1572 a petition was circulated which prevented him from taking a seat in Parliament, where he had already served twice, on the ground that he was a common rhymer, a spy, atheist, and godless person, as well as a notorious ruffian. In the same year he embarked for military service in the Low Countries; he sent back to Lord Grey of Wilton a versified account of his trip, filled with charges of the treachery and drunkenness and immorality of the Dutch. He remained abroad for about three years, returning to England to find that a collection of his youthful poems, and his two plays, had been published anonymously under the title *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres*. "I find that some of them," he says, "have not only been offensive for sundry wanton speeches and lascivious phrases, but further I hear that the same have been doubtfully construed, and therefore scandalous." He proceeded to reissue his poems, revised and classified into groups called "Flowers," "Herbs," and "Weeds," under the title of *The Posies of George Gascoigne*. He advertised his double career as soldier and poet by using the motto *Tam Marti quam Mercurio* in addition to the mottoes or "posies" which had been appended to the *Sundrie Flowres*. He also made successful attempts to reach the Queen's ear for favor; he helped to write and produce the famous entertainment at Kenilworth in July, 1575 and a similar royal festivity at Woodstock in the same year. In 1576 he published seven new compositions in prose and verse and was sent by Burleigh on a diplomatic mission to France. He died in 1577 or 1578, still in his thirties, and still trying to live down his wild youth and achieve a position of dignity at the court.

Gascoigne is the most representative writer of the seventies, and aside from Sackville, the most important poet between Surrey and Spenser. His importance lies in his versatility: he was a pioneer in the drama, his *Adventures of Master F. I.* has been called the first English novel, his *Steel Glass* is important early satire, and his *Certain Notes of Instruction* is a major contribution to Elizabethan

literary criticism. The selections given here illustrate his use of varied verse forms: fourteeners, poulter's measure, rhyme royal, and blank verse. Gascoigne's style is usually conversational and journalistic rather than "poetic"; he likes homely images and seldom preserves a sustained level of emotion; but the resemblance to Byron which has been often observed is perhaps not entirely fanciful.

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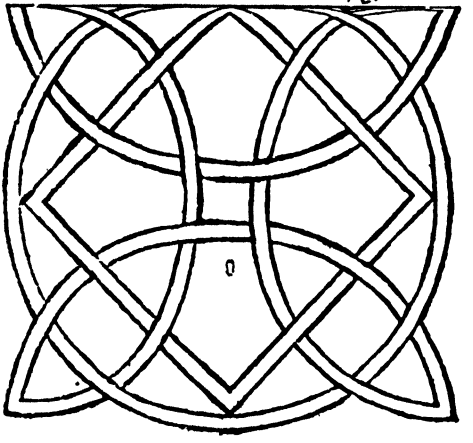
largely authoritative because he can give documentary evidence. GG not at all honest. Often in court.

Son of head of U. geology departm? Has made use of Sisson's beloved Records of the Co of Chancery



Amid my bale I bathe in bliss,[1]
I swim in heaven, I sink in hell;
I find amends for every miss,
And yet my moan no tongue can tell.
I live and love—what would you more?
As never lover lived before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,
So jest I oft and feel no joy;
My ease is builded all on trust,
And yet mistrust breeds mine annoy.
I live and lack, I lack and have:
I have and miss the thing I crave.

These things seem strange, yet are they true,
Believe me, sweet, my state is such;
One pleasure which I would eschew
Both slakes my grief and breeds my grutch;[2]
So doth one pain which I would shun
Renew my joys where grief begun.

Then, like the lark that passed the night
In heavy sleep with cares oppressed,
Yet when she spies the pleasant light,
She sends sweet notes from out her breast,
So sing I now because I think
How joys approach, when sorrows shrink.

And as fair Philomene again
Can watch and sing when others sleep,
And taketh pleasure in her pain
To wray[3] the woe that makes her weep,
So sing I now for to bewray
The loathsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee, dear wench, I write,
That know'st my mirth but not my moan;
I pray God grant thee deep delight
To live in joys when I am gone.

[1] The first five poems are selected from *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres*, but the text is that corrected by the poet himself in *The Posies*. *bale:* torment.

[2] *grutch:* grudge.

[3] *wray:* bewray, expose.

I cannot live: it will not be.
I die to think to part from thee.

Ferenda Natura.[4]

The way of the wor must be borne.

GASCOIGNE'S ARRAIGNMENT

At Beauty's bar as I did stand,
When False Suspect accused me,
"George," quod [5] the judge, "hold up thy hand;
Thou art arraigned of flattery.
Tell therefore how thou wilt be tried.
Whose judgment here wilt thou abide?"

"My lord," quod I, "this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were,
Wherefore her doom [6] shall please me best;
Let her be judge and juror both,
To try me, guiltless by mine oath."

Quod Beauty, "No, it fitteth not,
A Prince herself to judge the cause;
Will is our Justice, well you wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so."

Then Craft, the crier, called a quest,[7]
Of whom was Falsehood foremost fere; [8]
A pack of pickthanks [9] were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear;
The jury such, the judge unjust,
Sentence was said I should be trussed.

Jealous, the jailer, bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill;

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[4] *Ferenda Natura:* This and the other mottoes or "posies" appended to the poems are explained by Gascoigne himself as follows: "If ever I wrote lyne for myselfe in causes of love, I have written tenne for other men in layes of lust. . . . And by that it proceedeth, that I have so often chaunged my Posie or worde."

[5] *quod:* quoth, said.
[6] *doom:* judgment.
[7] *quest:* inquest.
[8] *fere:* companion, fellow.
[9] *pickthanks:* flatterers.

"George," quod the judge, "now thou art cast,[10]
Thou must go hence to Heavy Hill,
And there be hanged, all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead."

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before Dame Beauty's face,
And cried, "Good Lady, pardon me,
Which here appeal unto your Grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

"And though this judge do make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be placed,
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you show yourself a queen,
And I may be your servant seen."

Quod Beauty, "Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be,
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judged thee,
Wilt thou be bound to stint[11] all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?"

"Yea, madam," quod I, "that I shall;
Lo, Faith and Truth, my sureties."
"Why, then," quod she, "come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise."
Thus am I Beauty's bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

Ever or never.

GASCOIGNE'S GOOD-NIGHT

When thou hast spent the lingering day in pleasure and delight,
Or after toil and weary way, dost seek to rest at night,
Unto thy pains or pleasures past, add this one labor yet:
Ere sleep close up thine eye too fast, do not thy God forget,
But search within thy secret thoughts, what deeds did thee befall;
And if thou find amiss in aught, to God for mercy call.

[10] *cast:* convicted.

[11] *stint:* cease.

Yea, though thou find nothing amiss which thou canst call to mind,
Yet evermore remember this: there is the more behind;
And think how well so ever it be that thou hast spent the day,
It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy way.
Thus, if thou try thy daily deeds and pleasure in this pain,
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds, and thine shall be the gain;
But if thy sinful, sluggish eye will venture for to wink,
Before thy wading will may try how far thy soul may sink,
Beware and wake; for else, thy bed, which soft and smooth is made,
May heap more harm upon thy head than blows of en'my's blade.
Thus if this pain procure thine ease, in bed as thou dost lie,
Perhaps it shall not God displease to sing thus, soberly:
"I see that sleep is lent me here to ease my weary bones,
As death at last shall eke appear, to ease my grievous groans.
My daily sports, my paunch full fed, have caused my drowsy eye,
As careless life, in quiet led, might cause my soul to die.
The stretching arms, the yawning breath, which I to bedward use,
Are patterns of the pangs of death, when life will me refuse.
And of my bed each sundry part in shadows doth resemble
The sundry shapes of death, whose dart shall make my flesh to tremble.
My bed itself is like the grave, my sheets the winding sheet,
My clothes the mold which I must have to cover me most meet;
The hungry fleas, which frisk so fresh, to worms I can compare,
Which greedily shall gnaw my flesh and leave the bones full bare.
The waking cock, that early crows to wear the night away
Puts in my mind the trump that blows before the Latter Day.
And as I rise up lustily when sluggish sleep is past,
So hope I to rise joyfully to Judgment at the last.
Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep, thus will I hope to rise,
Thus will I neither wail nor weep, but sing in godly wise;
My bones shall in this bed remain, my soul in God shall trust,
By whom I hope to rise again from death and earthly dust."

Haud ictus sapio.

GASCOIGNE'S LULLABY

SING lullaby, as women do,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child,
And if I be not much beguiled,

Full many wanton babes have I,
Which must be stilled with lullaby.

First, lullaby, my youthful years,
It is now time to go to bed,
For crooked age and hoary hairs
Have won the haven within my head.
With lullaby then, youth, be still,
With lullaby content thy will,
Since courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next, lullaby, my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glance apace.
For every glass may now suffice
To show the furrows in my face.
With lullaby then wink awhile,
With lullaby your looks beguile.
Let no fair face nor beauty bright
Entice you eft with vain delight.

And lullaby, my wanton will,
Let reason's rule now rein thy thought,
Since all too late I find by skill
How dear I have thy fancies bought.
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubts appease.
For trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Eke lullaby, my loving boy,
My little Robin, take thy rest.
Since age is cold and nothing coy,
Keep close thy coin, for so is best.
With lullaby be thou content,
With lullaby thy lusts relent.
Let others pay which hath mo pence;
Thou art too poor for such expense.

Thus, lullaby, my youth, mine eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was.
I can no mo delays devise,
But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave,
With lullaby your dreams deceive,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember Gascoigne's lullaby.

Ever or never.

A LIBEL[12] OF DIVORCE

DIVORCE me now, good Death, from Love and ling'ring Life;
That one hath been my concubine, that other was my wife.
In youth I lived with Love, she had my lusty days;
In age I thought with lingering Life to stay my wandering ways;
But now, abused by both, I come for to complain
To thee, good Death, in whom my help doth wholly now remain.
My libel lo, behold, wherein I do protest,
The process of my plaint is true, in which my grief doth rest.
First, Love, my concubine, whom I have kept so trim,
Even she, for whom I seemed of yore in seas of joy to swim;
To whom I dare avow that I have served as well
And played my part as gallantly as he that bears the bell;[13]
She cast me off long since, and holds me in disdain;
I cannot prank to please her now, my vaunting is but vain.
My writhled[14] cheeks bewray that pride of heat is past,
My stagg'ring steps eke tell the truth that Nature fadeth fast,
My quaking crooked joints are cumbered with the cramp,
The box of oil is wasted well which once did feed my lamp.
The greenness of my years doth wither now so sore
That lusty love leaps quite away and liketh me no more.
And Love, my leman, gone, what liking can I take
In loathsome Life, that crooked crone, although she be my make?
She cloys me with the cough, her comfort is but cold;
She bids me give mine age for alms where first my youth was sold.
No day can pass my head, but she begins to brawl,
No merry thoughts conceived so fast but she confounds them all.
When I pretend to please, she overthwarts me still;
When I would fainest part with her, she overweighs my will.
Be judge, then, gentle Death, and take my cause in hand,
Consider every circumstance, mark how the case doth stand.
Percase thou wilt allege that cause thou canst none see
But that I like not of that one, that other likes not me?
Yes, gentle judge, give ear, and thou shalt see me prove
My concubine incontinent, a common whore is Love.
And in my wife I find such discord and debate,
As no man living can endure the torments of my state.
Wherefore thy sentence say; divorce me from them both;
Since only thou may'st right my wrongs; good Death, now be not loath,

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[12] *Libel:* a writing by which a plaintiff starts suit.

[13] *bears the bell:* is preeminent.

[14] *writhled:* wrinkled, withered.

But cast thy piercing dart into my panting breast,
That I may leave both Love and Life, and thereby purchase rest.

Haud ictus sapio.

By no means do I feel the

FROM

THE STEEL GLASS[15]

I

But that my lord may plainly understand
The mysteries of all that I do mean,
I am not he whom slanderous tongues have told,
(False tongues indeed, and crafty subtle brains)
To be the man which meant a common spoil
Of loving dames whose ears would hear my words
Or trust the tales devised by my pen.
I n' am a man, as some do think I am;
(Laugh not, good lord) I am indeed a dame,
Or at the least, a right hermaphrodite;
And who desires at large to know my name,
My birth, my line, and every circumstance,
Lo, read it here: Plain Dealing was my sire,
And he begat me by Simplicity;
A pair of twins at one self burden born,
My sister and I into this world were sent:
My sister's name was pleasant Poesy,
And I myself had Satyra to name,
Whose hap was such that, in the prime of youth,
A lusty lad, a stately man to see,
Brought up in place where pleasures did abound—
(I dare not say "—in court," for both mine ears)
Began to woo my sister, not for wealth,
But for her face was lovely to behold,
And therewithal her speech was pleasant still.
This noble's name was called Vain Delight,
And in his train he had a comely crew
Of guileful wights: False Semblant was the first,

[15] The first section is an introductory passage from the poem, an apology for satire. It adapts the myth of Philomela, sister to Procne, who was ravished by Tereus and changed into a nightingale. The second section is the description of the plowman, in imitation of the great medieval poem *The Vision of Piers Plowman.*

The second man was Fleering [16] Flattery,
(Brethren belike, or very near of kin).
Then followed them, Detraction and Deceit.
Sym Swash did bear a buckler for the first,
False Witness was the second's seemly page,
And thus well armed, and in good equipage,
This gallant came unto my father's court
And wooed my sister, for she elder was,
And fairer eke, but out of doubt, at least
Her pleasant speech surpassed mine so much
That Vain Delight to her addressed his suit.
Short tale to make, she gave a free consent,
And forth she goeth to be his wedded make,
Enticed percase with gloss of gorgeous show,
Or else, perhaps, persuaded by his peers
That constant love had harbored in his breast;
Such errors grow where such false prophets preach.
How so it were, my sister liked him well,
And forth she goeth, in court with him to dwell,
Where, when she had some years ysojourned
And saw the world, and marked each man's mind,
A deep desire her loving heart enflamed
To see me sit by her in seemly wise,
That company might comfort her sometimes
And sound advice might ease her weary thoughts.
And forth with speed, even at her first request,
Doth Vain Delight his hasty course direct;
To seek me out his sails are fully bent,
And wind was good, to bring me to the bower
Whereas she lay, that mourned days and nights
To see herself so matched and so deceived.
And when the wretch—I cannot term him bet— [17]
Had me on seas full far from friendly help,
A spark of lust did kindle in his breast
And bade him hark to songs of Satyra.
I, sely soul, which thought nobody harm,
Gan clear my throat, and strave to sing my best,
Which pleased him so, and so enflamed his heart,
That he forgot my sister Poesy
And ravished me, to please his wanton mind.
Not so content, when this foul fact was done,
Yfraught with fear, lest that I should disclose
His incest and his doting, dark desire,

[16] *Fleering:* smiling in a fawning fashion. [17] *bet:* better.

He caused straightway the foremost of his crew,
With his compeer, to try me with their tongues;
And when their guiles could not prevail to win
My simple mind from track of trusty truth,
Nor yet Deceit could blear mine eyes through fraud,
Came Slander then, accusing me, and said
That I enticed Delight to love and lust.
Thus was I caught, poor wretch, that thought none ill.
And furthermore, to cloak their own offense,
They clapt me fast in cage of misery,
And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
Until this thief, this traitor, Vain Delight,
Cut out my tongue with razor of restraint
Lest I should wray this bloody deed of his.
And thus, my lord, I live a weary life,
Not as I seemed, a man sometimes of might,
But womanlike, whose tears must venge her harms.
And yet, even as the mighty gods did deign
For Philomel, that though her tongue were cut,
Yet should she sing a pleasant note sometimes;
So have they deigned, by their divine decrees,
That with the stumps of my reproved tongue,
I may sometimes reprovers' tongues reprove,
And sing a verse to make them see themselves.

2

Behold him, priests, and though he stink of sweat
Disdain him not; for shall I tell you what?
Such climb to heaven before the shaven crowns.[18]
But how? Forsooth, with true humility.
Not that they hoard their grain when it is cheap,
Nor that they kill the calf to have the milk,
Nor that they set debate between their lords
By earing up the balks that part their bounds;[19]
Nor for because they can both crouch and creep
(The guileful'st men that ever God yet made)
Whenas they mean most mischief and deceit,
Nor that they can cry out on landlords loud
And say they rack their rents an ace too high,
When they themselves do sell their landlord's lamb
For greater price than ewe was wont be worth;

[18] *shaven crowns:* monks' tonsures.

[19] *By . . . bounds:* by plowing up the strips which should stand as boundaries.

(I see you, Piers,[20] my glass was lately scoured.)
But for they feed, with fruits of their great pains,
Both king and knight, and priests in cloister pent;
Therefore I say that sooner some of them
Shall scale the walls which lead us up to heaven,
Than corn-fed beasts, whose belly is their god,
Although they preach of more perfection.

. . . . . .

But here methinks my priests begin to frown,
And say that thus they shall be overcharged,
To pray for all which seem to do amiss;
And one I hear, more saucy than the rest,
Which asketh me, "When shall our prayers end?"
I tell thee, priest, when shoemakers make shoes
That are well sewed, with never a stitch amiss,
And use no craft in utt'ring of the same; [21]
When tailors steal no stuff from gentlemen;
When tanners are with curriers well agreed,
And both so dress their hides that we go dry;
When cutlers leave to sell old rusty blades,
And hide no cracks with solder nor deceit;
When tinkers make no more holes than they found;
When thatchers think their wages worth their work;
When colliers put no dust into their sacks;
When maltmen make us drink no fermenty; [22]
When Davie Diker digs and dallies not;
When smiths shoe horses as they would be shod;
When millers toll not with a golden thumb;
When bakers make not barm [23] bear price of wheat;
When brewers put no baggage in their beer;
When butchers blow not over all their flesh;
When horse-coursers beguile no friends with jades;
When weaver's weight is found in huswives' web;
(But why dwell I so long among these louts?)
When mercers make more bones to swear and lie;
When vintners mix no water with their wine;
When printers pass none errors in their books;
When hatters use to buy none old cast robes;
When goldsmiths get no gains by soldered crowns;
When upholsters sell feathers without dust;

[20] *Piers:* conventional name for a peasant, from *Piers Plowman.*

[21] *use . . . same:* use no deceit in selling them.

[22] *fermenty:* unfermented mash.

[23] *barm:* froth, yeast.

When pewterers infect no tin with lead;
When drapers draw no gains by giving day;
When parchmentiers put in no ferret silk;
When surgeons heal all wounds without delay.
(Tush! these are toys; but yet my glass showeth all.)

Tam Marte quam Mer

FROM

THE GRIEF OF JOY

THE grief of joy in worthy wise to write,
That by the vice the virtue might be found,
Requireth skill and cunning to endite:
First, skill to judge of every grief the ground,
Then art, to tell wherein men's joys abound.
My muse, therefore, not causeless dreadeth blame,
Whose art and skill, God knows, long since were lame.

The wandering ways of reckless ranging youth
Made Will forget the little skill I had,
And wanton rhymes, whereof no fruit ensu'th,
Have made my style, which never good was, bad;
Well may I then accompted be but mad
To take in hand a work so great and grave
With those few tools, which yet untoucht I have.

But, as the man which serves his prenticehood
With artisans whose cunning doth excel,
Although his skill be never half so good
As theirs hath been, whose bruit [24] did bear the bell;
Yet will the world expect he should do well,
And partly grant that he deserveth fame
Because his masters were of worthy name;

Even so myself, who sometime bare the books
Of such as were great clerks and men of skill,
Presume to think that everybody looks [25]
I should be like unto my teachers still.
And thereupon I venture my good will

[24] *bruit:* noise, fame.

[25] *looks:* expects.

In barren verse to do the best I can,
Like Chaucer's boy, and Petrarch's journeyman.[26]

You, then, who read and rifle in my rhymes
To seek the rose, where nothing grows but thorns,
Of courtesy yet pardon him which climbs
To purchase praise, although he find but scorns.
Full well wot you that Corinth shoeing-horns [27]
May not be made like everybody's nose;
No buckler serves to bear all kind of blows.

But if some English word herein seem sweet,
Let Chaucer's name exalted be therefor;
If any verse do pass on pleasant feet,
The praise thereof redound to Petrarch's lore.
(Few words to use! If either less or more
Be found herein which seem to merit fame,
The laud thereof be to my Sovereign's name.)

Reproof, mine own, for all that is amiss;
And faults must swarm where little skill doth reign.
Yet for myself, I can allege but this:
The 'mazed man, whom Beauty's blaze hath slain,
Doth go in grief, and yet perceives no pain;
And they whom love hath daunted with delight
Find seldom fault, but think that all goeth right.

My seasick brains are giddy with the gaze
Which Fancy cast at lovely looks long since;
And forward still I wander in the maze
Where sweet Deceit my reason doth convince;
Yet as I may, you see, my Muse must mince
Such nice conceits as tumble in my head
To please her mind who knows what life I lead.

Such potherbs grow where Fancy digs the soil
And hot Desire bestows the willing seed.
But what for that? More fruitless were his toil
Whom any grief could make repent the deed

[26] *Petrarch's journeyman:* Gascoigne confessed in his dedication to Queen Elizabeth that *The Grief of Joy* was an attempt to make the subject matter of Petrarch's *De remediis utriusque fortunae* into English songs, in "the Interims and vacant howres of those daies which I spent this sommer in your service."

[27] *Corinth shoeing-horns:* a Greek and Latin proverb, *non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum* (Horace, *Epistles,* I, xvii, 36). The idea of the proverb is that not everybody gets to Corinth, because its harbor is a dangerous and difficult one for ships, or perhaps because the luxurious life there is so expensive. Gascoigne, in making the figure homely, has partly obscured the meaning.

Which once with joy his jolly thoughts did feed.
One sight of Heaven might make my mind to dwell
Seven years, content, in depth of darksome hell.

There is a grief in every kind of joy.
That is my theme, and that I mean to prove.
And who were he which would not drink annoy
To taste thereby the lightest dram of love?
But whilst I dream, it better shall behoove
To wake a braid [28] and take my work in hand,
Lest Will be shent,[29] when toys by truth are scanned.

Then let me say that life to man is lent
To dwell on earth in jollity and joy;
But therewithal, it seems that God was bent
To visit man, in mirth, with much annoy.
These contraries are truth, and like no toy.
For look who list, and doubtless he shall find
Some grudge of grief in every joyful mind.

[28] *wake a braid:* awake with a start.

[29] *shent:* hindered.

Sir Philip Sidney

1554–1586

THOUGH to the popular mind Sir Walter Ralegh is the typical Elizabethan gentleman, numerous biographers have accorded Sir Philip Sidney first place as the ideal Elizabethan courtier, soldier, humanist, and man of letters. Sidney's background was that of the intelligent aristocracy. He was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, thrice lord deputy of Ireland, and the Earl of Leicester's sister. At nine he entered Shrewsbury school with his life-long friend and biographer, Fulke Greville. He later went to Christ Church, Oxford, but left in 1571, during the time of the plague, without a degree.

The following year he traveled in the Earl of Lincoln's suite to Paris, where in his stay of three months he became acquainted with the chief French writers and Protestant leaders. His zeal for Protestantism was undoubtedly heightened on St. Bartholomew's day, August 23, when Huguenots throughout France were massacred. Leaving Paris he visited Frankfort-on-the-Main, meeting the scholar and controversialist Hubert Languet, who influenced him strongly in literary and religious matters. He pushed on to Vienna, then to Venice, where he became a friend of Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese. It is possible that the crowded canvases of Veronese (to whom Sidney sat for a portrait) may have given Sidney models for the many tumultuous scenes of action in the *Arcadia.*

After a further visit to Vienna and Poland, he was summoned home to begin the life of a courtier and servant of the Queen on official and diplomatic missions. He followed the Queen on one of her progresses to Chartley Castle, home of the Earl of Essex, and there he is supposed to have seen for the first time Essex' daughter, Penelope Devereux, a young girl of thirteen, later the "Stella" of the sonnets. In 1577 he was sent abroad to congratulate the new Elector Palatine and Emperor and to further the Protestant cause.

During his life at court Sidney was gaining prominence among artists and literary men. He shared with his friends Spenser, Dyer, and Greville a genuine interest in the problems confronting the new English poetry and considered seriously with them (some scholars say in a group called the Areopagus) the introduction of classical meters in English verse. He wrote a masque, *The Lady of May,* for Leicester's entertainment of the Queen at Wanstead in 1578.

Within two years, however, Sidney's life at court was interrupted for a time, because he incurred the disfavor of the Queen for opposing her proposal to marry the Duke of Anjou and, perhaps, for his refusal to apologize at the Queen's command to the Earl of Oxford after a quarrel on the tennis court. In 1580 Sidney left the court and went to Wilton to stay with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

At Wilton he began to write the early draft of the *Arcadia,* because, as he says in a letter to his sister (p. 559, below), "you desired me to do it, and your

desire to my heart is an absolute commandment." Before 1583 or 1584 he also wrote *An Apologie for Poetrie,* a reply to the Puritan Stephen Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse* (see below, p. 555). He was knighted in 1583, and in the autumn married Frances, a daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham.

Though prominent and renowned at court, Sidney shared the desire of many Elizabethan gentlemen to see the New World. He had followed with interest the voyages of Frobisher, Hakluyt, and Ralegh. In 1585 he was actually planning to sail with Drake on an expedition to America when the Queen recalled him to do service for the Protestant cause in the Netherlands, where he was appointed governor of Flushing.

In September of 1586 with the forces of Sir John Norris, he took part in an attack on a convoy of provisions near Zutphen. Just before the attack he had removed his leg-armor because his friend Sir William Pelham was starting without any. Unfortunately a bullet hit him in the left thigh, and though he succeeded in riding back to camp, he died twenty-six days later, braving without protest the painful treatment of his surgeons. He even composed a song about his own wound, entitled *La cuisse rompue.* The well-known story, told by Greville, that the wounded Sidney gave his own bottle of water to a dying foot soldier with the words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," is typical of the man, even though it may be apocryphal.

All England and Protestant Europe mourned his death. Of the two hundred elegies on his death Spenser's *Astrophel* is best known. After several months of delay, seven hundred mourners walked in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral to see the ideal English courtier of the age laid to rest.

Sidney did display, perhaps more than any Englishman of his time, the characteristics of the true Renaissance courtier, as that ideal was pictured in Castiglione's *Courtier* (see below, pp. 439–456). He was a man of action, a soldier, and a courtier, but with action he combined grace, dignity, and learning. A recent student of Sidney (K. O. Myrick, *Sir Philip Sidney as a Literary Craftsman,* p. 298) characterized Sidney both as a man and as a literary artist, as one who possessed *sprezzatura,* "courtly grace which conceals a sober purpose and is, indeed, the mark of consummate artistry." Such a quality underlies all Sidney's literary work and conditioned his own judgment of it.

Except for two poems, none of Sidney's literary work was printed in his lifetime. In 1590 William Ponsonby printed a quarto edition of *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia,* an incomplete version of the romance, which was Sidney's own revision of the first draft or "old Arcadia" he had written at Wilton in 1580. In 1593 appeared a folio edition made up of slight modifications of the 1590 quarto and additions from Sidney's rejected first draft to complete the story. The first draft itself, inferior to the 1590 version, had been circulated in manuscript among Sidney's friends, but the manuscripts dropped out of sight for more than three hundred years, when in 1907, the late Bertram Dobell turned up two copies. Other copies have since come to light: three at Oxford, two in the British Museum, and two in the United States. The 1590 edition (from which the selection on pages 559–614 is printed) represents Sidney's careful reworking of the early version. The *Arcadia* is a story highly complicated in plot, very conscious in style, containing pastoral, chivalric, and heroic elements. It follows the pattern of Renaissance romances in being interspersed with songs and eclogues, about eighty in all, many of them ingenious metrical experiments. Although it is an original work reflecting much of Sidney's own experience, it

has many literary models: the Greek prose romances, Renaissance pastoral romances, and the medieval chivalric romances. Sidney's contemporary, Gabriel Harvey, advised the reading of the *Arcadia* as a "gallant Legendary, full of pleasurable accidents, and profitable discourses; for three thinges especially, very notable, for amorous Courting, (he was young in yeeres;) for sage counselling, (he was ripe in judgment;) and valorous fighting, (his soueraine profession was Armes:) and delightfull pastime by way of Pastoral exercises, may passe for the fourth." Harvey's farewell to the *Arcadia* was in an aureate vein, typical of tasteless Elizabethan extravagance: "Live ever sweete Booke:" "the siluer Image of his [Sidney's] gentle witt, and the golden Pillar of his noble courage: and ever notify vnto the worlde, that thy writer, was the Secretary of Eloquence; the breath of the Muses; the hooney-bee of the dayntiest flowers of Witt, and Arte; the Pith of morall, and intellectual Vertues; the arme of Bellona in the field; the toung of Suada in the chamber; the spirite of Practise in esse; and the Paragon of Excellency in Print." Its "excellency," or rather its popularity, was to carry it through fourteen editions within a century. From the episode of the Paphlagonian king in Book II, Shakespeare took suggestion for the story of Gloucester and his two sons in *Lear*.

The seriousness of Sidney's intention in writing the *Arcadia* (it is not mere playful pastime in the pastoral mood) is evident not only in his praise of courage and the active, heroic life but in the conscious artistry of the style itself, which differs widely from the sheer ornament of Lyly. Present-day criticism of the *Arcadia* sees in the work a thoughtful, carefully executed, elaborate piece of art, and not what Hazlitt called "one of the greatest monuments of the abuse of intellectual power upon record."

Astrophel and Stella was published in 1591, about nine years after it was written. Next to Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender,* which was dedicated to Sidney, it is the most influential and important pioneer of the "new poetry" which was to make glorious the last two decades of Elizabeth's reign. It created a fad for sonnet cycles in England and revived an interest in Petrarchan love poetry which had been almost dormant since the time of Surrey. In spite of his protestations of originality and sincerity (Sonnets I, III, XV, LXXIV, XC), Sidney utilizes most of the conventions and themes of Petrarch and his followers. Yet the greatness of the sonnets comes from their grave and simple eloquence, their freshness of expression, even when the theme is trite, and their vivid impression of the poet's vigorous and speculative mind. Sidney preferred the Italian to the English form of the sonnet, but he shows great versatility in structure and is fond of a final strong couplet, which is not Italian. The dialogues between reason and sensuality (a heritage from the Middle Ages) and the Cupid sonnets (of Anacreontic inspiration) have less interest for the modern reader than they had for Sidney's contemporaries, but the philosophical ones, the "autobiographical" ones, and the best of those on standard themes (e.g., XXXIX, on sleep) have lost nothing in the passage of time.

In 1595 two editions of Sidney's important critical work appeared. The first bore the title, *The Defense of Poesy;* the second, *An Apologie for Poetrie.* The treatise had probably been begun in 1579 or 1581, shortly after Gosson's attack, but had not been completed until 1583 or later. Framed in the form of a classical oration, it is, according to Professor Spingarn, "a veritable epitome of the literary criticism of the Renaissance." Its basis is the Aristotelianism of the Renaissance critics such as Minturno and Scaliger. Sidney, taking a wide view of poetry

as any work of the imagination, defends poetry against its detractors, and adds his critical appreciation of English poetry and drama. Its style is clear, simple, vigorous; its temper noble and idealistic. In upholding the dignity and value of poetry in society, it was a useful bulwark for the "new poetry" against Puritan and narrow-minded critics. For Sidney it was a statement of faith which is illustrated in all his works.

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ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

I[1]

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That she, dear she, might take some pleasure of my pain,
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe:
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburnt brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled stepdame Study's blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite:
"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart, and write!"

II

Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbed shot,[2]
Love gave the wound which, while I breathe, will bleed;
But known worth did in mine[3] of time proceed,
Till, by degrees, it had full conquest got.
I saw, and liked; I liked, but loved not;
I loved, but straight did not what Love decreed;
At length to Love's decrees I, forced, agreed,
Yet with repining at so partial lot.
Now even that footstep of lost liberty
Is gone; and now, like slave-born Muscovite,
I call it praise to suffer tyranny;
And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make myself believe that all is well,
While, with a feeling[4] skill, I paint my hell.

---

[1] This and five other sonnets of the original sequence are in hexameter.

[2] *dribbed shot:* one wide or short of the mark.

[3] *mine:* tunnel, dug under a fortress in a siege.

[4] *feeling:* perceptive, understanding.

III

Let dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine,
That bravely masked, their fancies may be told;
Or, Pindar's apes,[5] flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enameling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold;
Or else let them in statelier glory shine,
Ennobling new-found tropes with problems old;
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbs or beasts which Ind or Afric hold.[6]
For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know;
Phrases and problems from my reach do grow,
And strange things cost too dear for my poor sprites.[7]
How then? Even thus—in Stella's face I read
What love and beauty be; then all my deed
But copying is, what, in her, Nature writes.

IV

Virtue, alas, now let me take some rest;
Thou set'st a bate [8] between my will and wit;
If vain love have my simple soul oppressed,
Leave what thou lik'st not, deal not thou with it.
Thy scepter use in some old Cato's [9] breast,
Churches or schools are for thy seat more fit;
I do confess—pardon a fault confessed—
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needs thou wilt usurping be
The little reason that is left in me,
And still the effect of thy persuasions prove,
I swear, my heart such one shall show to thee
That shrines in flesh so true a deity
That, Virtue, thou thyself shalt be in love.

[5] *Pindar's apes:* lyric poets, after the Greek Pindar (522–448 B.C.).

[6] *Ennobling . . . hold,* a part of what was called in prose Euphuism. See p. 514, below.

[7] *sprites:* spirits.

[8] *bate:* strife.

[9] *Cato:* the Censor (234–149 B.C.), famous for his moral severity.

V

It is most true that eyes are formed to serve
The inward light, and that the heavenly part
Ought to be king,[10] from whose rules who do swerve,
Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart.
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
An image is, which for ourselves we carve,
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good god make church and churchmen starve.
True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortal mixture breed.
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move.
True, and yet true that I must Stella love.

VI

Some lovers speak, when they their Muses entertain,
Of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what desires,
Of force of heavenly beams infusing hellish pain,
Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair storms, and freezing fires;
Someone his song in Jove and Jove's strange tales attires,
Bordered with bulls and swans, powdered with golden rain;
Another humbler wit to shepherd's pipe retires,
Yet hiding royal blood full oft in rural vein.
To some a sweetest plaint a sweetest style affords,
While tears pour out his ink, and sighs breathe out his words,
His paper pale despair, and pain his pen doth move.
I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they,
But think that all the map of my state I display
When trembling voice brings forth, that I do Stella love.

[10] *It . . . king:* an idea very common in Elizabethan literature.

VII

WHEN Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes,
In color black why wrapt she beams so bright?
Would she, in beamy black, like painter wise,
Frame daintiest luster, mixed of shades and light?
Or did she else that sober hue devise
In object best to knit and strength our sight;
Lest, if no veil these brave gleams did disguise,
They, sun-like, should more dazzle than delight?
Or would she her miraculous power show,
That, whereas black [11] seems beauty's contrary,
She, even in black, doth make all beauties flow?
Both so, and thus—she, minding Love should be
Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed
To honor all their deaths who for her bleed.

X

REASON, in faith thou art well served, that still
Wouldst brabbling [12] be with Sense and Love in me;
I rather wished thee climb the Muses' hill;
Or reach the fruit of Nature's choicest tree;
Or seek heaven's course or heaven's inside to see.
Why shouldst thou toil our thorny soil to till?
Leave Sense and those which Sense's objects be;
Deal thou with powers of thoughts, leave Love to Will.
But thou wouldst needs fight both with Love and Sense,
With sword of wit giving wounds of dispraise,
Till downright blows did foil thy cunning fence;
For, soon as they strake thee with Stella's rays,
Reason, thou kneel'dst, and offer'dst straight to prove,
By reason good, good reason her to love.

[11] *black:* The word often means "ugly." [12] *brabbling:* quarreling.

XI

In truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind [13]
Thou dost proceed in thy most serious ways,
That when the heaven to thee his best displays,
Yet of that best thou leav'st the best behind!
For, like a child that some fair book doth find,
With gilded leaves or colored vellum plays,
Or, at the most, on some fine picture stays,
But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind;
So when thou saw'st, in Nature's cabinet,
Stella, thou straight look'st babies [14] in her eyes,
In her cheeks' pit thou didst thy pitfold set,
And in her breast bo-peep or couching lies,
Playing and shining in each outward part;
But, fool, seek'st not to get into her heart.

XII

Cupid, because thou shin'st in Stella's eyes,
That from her locks, thy day-nets,[15] none 'scapes free,
That those lips swelled so full of thee they be,
That her sweet breath makes oft thy flames to rise,
That in her breast thy pap well sugared lies,
That her grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that she,
What words soe'er she speak, persuades for thee,
That her clear voice lifts thy fame to the skies—
Thou countest Stella thine, like those whose powers
Having got up a breach by fighting well,
Cry, "Victory, this fair day all is ours!"
Oh no! Her heart is such a citadel,
So fortified with wit, stored with disdain,
That to win it is all the skill and pain.

[13] *kind:* nature.

[14] *look'st babies:* saw tiny reflections of yourself.

[15] *day-nets:* nets for catching small birds.

XIV

Alas, have I not pain enough, my friend,
Upon whose breast a fiercer gripe doth tire
Than did on him [16] who first stole down the fire,
While Love on me doth all his quiver spend—
But with your rhubarb [17] words ye must contend,
To grieve me worse, in saying that Desire
Doth plunge my well-formed soul even in the mire
Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end?
If that be sin which doth the manners frame,
Well stayed with truth in word and faith of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing naught but shame;
If that be sin, which in fixed hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastity,
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be.

XV

You that do search for every purling spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows,
And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your poesy wring;
You that do dictionary's method bring
Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows;
You that poor Petrarch's long deceased woes
With newborn sighs and denizened wit do sing:
You take wrong ways; those far-fet [18] helps be such
As do bewray [19] a want of inward touch,
And sure at length stolen goods do come to light;
But if, both for your love and skill, your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to indite.

[16] *him:* Prometheus.
[17] *rhubarb:* sharp, sour.
[18] *far-fet:* farfetched.
[19] *bewray:* reveal.

XVIII

With what sharp checks I in myself am shent [20]
When into Reason's audit I do go,
And by just counts myself a bankrupt know
Of all those goods which heaven to me hath lent;
Unable quite to pay even Nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe;
And, which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent!
My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toys; [21]
My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
Which, for reward, spoil it with vain annoys.
I see my course to lose myself doth bend;
I see—and yet no greater sorrow take
Than that I lose no more for Stella's sake.

XXI

Your words, my friend, right healthful caustics, blame
My young mind marred, whom Love doth windlass [22] so;
That mine own writings, like bad servants, show
My wits quick in vain thoughts, in virtue lame;
That Plato [23] I read for naught but if he tame
Such coltish years; that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires, lest else that friendly foe,
Great expectation, wear a train of shame;
For since mad March great promise made of me,
If now the May of my years much decline
What can be hoped my harvest-time will be?
Sure, you say well. Your wisdom's golden mine
Dig deep with learning's spade. Now tell me this—
Hath this world aught so fair as Stella is? [24]

[20] *shent:* punished.
[21] *toys:* trifles.
[22] *windlass:* decoy, ensnare.
[23] *Plato: The Symposium* especially.
[24] Lines 3–11 are a digest of the friend's words. The last three lines are the poet's reply.

XXIII

THE curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes,
When those same fumes of melancholy rise,
With idle pains and missing aim do guess.
Some, that know how my spring I did address,
Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, because the prince my service tries,
Think that I think state errors to redress.
But harder judges judge ambition's rage,
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place,
Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
Oh fools, or over-wise: alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start
But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart.

XXIV

RICH [25] fools there be whose base and filthy heart
Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow,
And damning their own selves to Tantal's [26] smart,
Wealth breeding want, more rich, more wretched grow.
Yet to those fools heaven doth such wit impart
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
And knowing, love, and loving, lay apart
As sacred things, far from all danger's show.
But that rich fool who by blind fortune's lot
The richest gem of love and life enjoys,
And can with foul abuse such beauties blot,
Let him, deprived of sweet but unfelt joys,
Exiled for aye from those high treasures which
He knows not, grow in only folly rich!

[25] *Rich:* This sonnet and others (cf. XXXVII) pun on the name of Stella's husband, Lord Rich.

[26] *Tantal:* Tantalus; his "smart" was to suffer in hell from thirst and hunger, but the water and fruit near him always retreated as he approached.

XXV

THE wisest scholar of the wight most wise [27]
By Phoebus' doom, with sugared sentence says
That Virtue, if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of love it in our souls would raise;
But, for that [28] man with pain this truth descries,
While he each thing in sense's balance weighs,
And so nor will nor can behold those skies
Which inward sun to heroic mind displays,
Virtue of late, with virtuous care to stir
Love of herself, took Stella's shape, that she
To mortal eyes might sweetly shine in her.
It is most true; for since I her did see,
Virtue's great beauty in that face I prove,
And find the effect, for I do burn in love.

XXVI

THOUGH dusty wits dare scorn astrology,
And fools can think those lamps of purest light,
Whose numbers, ways, greatness, eternity,
Promising wonders, wonder do invite,
To have for no cause birthright in the sky
But for to spangle the black weeds [29] of night;
Or for some brawl which in that chamber high
They should still dance to please a gazer's sight.
For me, I do nature unidle know,
And know great causes great effects procure;
And know those bodies high reign on the low.
And if these rules did fail, proof makes me sure,
Who oft forejudge my after-following race
By only those two stars in Stella's face.

[27] *scholar:* Plato; *the wight most wise by Phoebus' doom:* Socrates, declared to be the wisest by an oracle.

[28] *for that:* because.

[29] *weeds:* clothes.

XXVII

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;
But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

XXVIII

You that with allegory's curious frame
Of others' children changelings use to make,[30]
With me those pains, for God's sake, do not take;
I list not dig so deep for brazen fame.
When I say Stella, I do mean the same
Princess of beauty, for whose only sake
The reins of Love I love, though never slack,
And joy therein, though nations count it shame.
I beg no subject to use eloquence,
Nor in hid ways do guide philosophy;
Look at my hands for no such quintessence;[31]
But know that I in pure simplicity
Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
Love only reading unto me this art.

[30] *You . . . make:* you who interpret all poetry as if it were allegory.

[31] *quintessence:* mystery, the "fifth essence" for which alchemists ("philosophers") searched.

XXX

WHETHER the Turkish new moon minded be
To fill her horns this year on Christian coast;
How Poles' right king means without leave of host
To warm with ill-made fire cold Muscovy;
If French can yet three parts in one agree;
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast;
How Holland hearts, now so good towns be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasant Orange-tree;
How Ulster likes of that same golden bit
Wherewith my father [32] once made it half tame;
If in the Scotch court be no weltering [33] yet—
These questions [34] busy wits to me do frame.
I, cumbered with good manners, answer do,
But know not how; for still I think of you.

XXXI

WITH how sad steps, Oh Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, Oh Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness? [35]

[32] *my father:* Sir Henry Sidney, formerly Lord Deputy of Ireland.

[33] *weltering:* writhing, unrest.

[34] *These questions:* matters of news, gossip, or speculation about 1580–1581.

[35] *Do . . . ungratefulness:* Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue?

XXXII

MORPHEUS, the lively son of deadly sleep,
Witness of life to them that living die,
A prophet oft, and oft an history,
A poet eke, as humors fly or creep:[36]
Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep
That never I with closed-up sense do lie
But by thy work my Stella I descry,
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep,
Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,
Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl, and gold,
To show her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?
"Fool!" answers he. "No Indes such treasures hold;
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me."

XXXIII

I MIGHT—unhappy word—oh me, I might,
And then would not, or could not, see my bliss;
Till now wrapped in a most infernal night,
I find how heavenly day (wretch) I did miss.
Heart, rent[37] thyself, thou dost thyself but right;
No lovely Paris made thy Helen his;
No force, no fraud robbed thee of thy delight,
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is;
But to myself myself did give the blow,
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me
That I respects for both our sakes must show;
And yet could not, by rising morn, foresee
How fair a day was near. Oh punished eyes,
That I had been more foolish, or more wise!

[36] *Morpheus . . . creep:* Morpheus, god of dreams, presents prophecy, history, or poetry, according to the action of the "humors" in the sleeper's body. For arguments on the veracity of dreams, see Chaucer's *Nun's Priest's Tale.*

[37] *rent:* rend, tear.

XXXVII [38]

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labor be.
Listen then, lordings, with good ear to me,
For of my life I must a riddle tell.
Toward Aurora's court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eyes can see;
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise saying she doth excel;
Rich in the treasure of deserved renown,
Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
Rich in those gifts which give the eternal crown;
Who, though most rich in these and every part
Which make the patents of true worldly bliss,
Hath no misfortune but that Rich she is.

XXXIX

Come sleep! Oh sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place [39] of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease [40]
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
Oh make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

[38] This sonnet, which like XXIV puns on the name of Lord Rich, Stella's husband, first appeared in the 1598 folio *Arcadia.*

[39] *baiting place:* the place at which, or occasion when, a halt is made for refreshment on a journey.

[40] *proof:* proven strength; *prease:* press, crowd.

XLI

HAVING this day [41] my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes
And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France,
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,
Town-folks my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight which from good use [42] doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think nature me a man-at-arms did make.
How far they shoot awry! The true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

XLV

STELLA oft sees the very face of woe
Painted in my beclouded stormy face,
But cannot skill to pity my disgrace,
Not though thereof the cause herself she know.
Yet hearing late a fable which did show
Of lovers never known a grievous case,
Pity thereof gat in her breast such place
That, from that sea derived, tears' spring did flow.
Alas, if fancy, drawn by imaged things
Though false, yet with free scope, more grace doth breed
Than servant's wreck, where new doubts honor brings;
Then think, my dear, that you in me do read
Of lovers' ruin some sad tragedy.
I am not I; pity the tale of me.

[41] *this day:* a tournament in the summer of 1581.

[42] *sleight which from good use:* cleverness from experience.

XLVII

WHAT, have I thus betrayed my liberty?
Can those black beams such burning marks engrave
In my free side; or am I born a slave,
Whose neck becomes such yoke of tyranny?
Or want I sense to feel my misery,
Or sprite, disdain of such disdain to have,
Who for long faith, though daily help I crave,
May get no alms, but scorn of beggary?
Virtue, awake! Beauty but beauty is;
I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
Leave following that which it is gain to miss.
Let her go! Soft, but here she comes! Go to,
Unkind, I love you not. Oh me, that eye
Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lie!

XLIX

I ON my horse, and Love on me, doth try
Our horsemanships, while by strange work I prove
A horseman to my horse, a horse to Love,
And now man's wrongs in me, poor beast, descry.
The reins wherewith my rider doth me tie
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of reverence move,
Curbed in with fear, but with gilt boss above
Of hope, which makes it seem fair to the eye.
The wand is will; thou, fancy, saddle art,
Girt fast by memory; and while I spur
My horse, he spurs with sharp desire my heart;
He sits me fast, however I do stir;
And now hath made me to his hand so right
That in the manege [43] myself takes delight.

[43] *manege:* horsemanship.

L

STELLA, the fullness of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be stayed within my panting breast,
But they do swell and struggle forth of me
Till that in words thy figure be expressed;
And yet, as soon as they so formed be,
According to my lord Love's own behest,
With sad eyes I their weak proportion see
To portrait that which in this world is best.
So that I cannot choose but write my mind,
And cannot choose but put out what I write,
While these poor babes their death in birth do find;
And now my pen these lines had dashed quite
But that they stopped his fury from the same
Because their forefront bare sweet Stella's name.

LII

A STRIFE is grown between Virtue and Love,
While each pretends that Stella must be his.
Her eyes, her lips, her all, saith Love, do this,
Since they do wear his badge, most firmly prove.
But Virtue thus that title doth disprove,
That Stella (oh dear name!) that Stella is
That virtuous soul, sure heir of heavenly bliss,
Not this fair outside which our hearts doth move.
And therefore, though her beauty and her grace
Be Love's indeed, in Stella's self he may
By no pretense claim any manner [44] place.
Well, Love, since this demur [45] our suit doth stay,
Let Virtue have that Stella's self; yet thus,[46]
That Virtue but that body grant to us.

[44] *manner:* kind of.
[45] *demur:* demurrer.
[46] *yet thus:* provided only.

LIII

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me address,
While with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck, and praise even filled my veins with pride;
When Cupid, having me, his slave, descried
In Mars's livery prancing in the press:
"What now, Sir Fool!" said he—I would no less—
"Look here, I say!" I looked, and Stella spied,
Who, hard by, made a window send forth light.
My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, the other to fight,
Nor trumpets' sound I heard, nor friendly cries.
My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

LIV

Because I breathe not love to everyone,
Nor do not use set colors for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,[47]
Nor give each speech a full point [48] of a groan,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips Love's standard bear,
"What, he!" say they of me, "now I dare swear
He cannot love; no, no, let him alone."
And think so still, so Stella know my mind;
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies,[49] do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

[47] *vowed hair:* locks of hair given with a pledge.

[48] *full point:* period.

[49] *dumb swans:* Swans were supposed to sing only once, just before dying; *pies:* magpies.

LVI

Fie, school of Patience, fie! Your lesson is
Far, far too long to learn it without book.
What, a whole week without one piece of look,
And think I should not your large precepts miss?
When I might read those letters fair of bliss
Which in her face teach virtue, I could brook
Somewhat thy leaden counsels, which I took
As of a friend that meant not much amiss.
But now that I, alas, do want her sight,
What, dost thou think that I can ever take
In thy cold stuff a phlegmatic delight?
No, Patience; if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come and hear with patience my desire,
And then with patience bid me bear my fire.

LVII

Woe having made, with many fights, his own
Each sense of mine, each gift, each power of mind;
Grown now his slaves, he forced them out to find
The throughest [50] words fit for Woe's self to groan,
Hoping that when they might find Stella alone,
Before she could prepare to be unkind,
Her soul, armed but with such a dainty rind,
Should soon be pierced with sharpness of the moan.
She heard my plaints, and did not only hear,
But them, so sweet is she, most sweetly sing,
With that fair breast making woe's darkness clear.
A pretty case! I hoped her to bring
To feel my griefs; and she, with face and voice,
So sweets my pains that my pains me rejoice.

[50] *throughest:* most satisfactory.

LVIII

Doubt [51] there hath been, when with his golden chain
The orator so far men's hearts doth bind
That no pace else their guided steps can find
But as he them more short or slack doth rein,
Whether with words this sovereignty he gain,
Clothed with fine tropes, with strongest reasons lined,
Or else pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his own lively form in rudest brain.
Now judge by this: in piercing phrases late
The anatomy of all my woes I wrate; [52]
Stella's sweet breath the same to me did read.
Oh voice, oh face! Mauger [53] my speech's might
Which wooed woe, most ravishing delight
Even those sad words even in sad me did breed.

LXII

Late tired with woe, even ready for to pine
With rage of love, I called my love unkind;
She in whose eyes love, though unfelt, doth shine,
Sweet said that I true love in her should find.
I joyed; but straight thus watered was my wine—
That love she did, but loved a love not blind;
Which would not let me, whom she loved, decline
From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind;
And therefore, by her love's authority,
Willed me these tempests of vain love to fly,
And anchor fast myself on Virtue's shore.
Alas, if this the only metal be
Of love new coined to help my beggary,
Dear, love me not, that you may love me more.

[51] *Doubt:* a question or problem.
[52] *wrate:* wrote.
[53] *Mauger:* in spite of.

LXIV

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try;
Oh give my passions leave to run their race;
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;
Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry;
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye;
Let me no steps but of lost labor trace;
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case;—
But do not will me from my love to fly.
I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Caesar's bleeding fame;
Nor aught do care though some above me sit;
Nor hope nor wish another course to frame
But that which once may win thy cruel heart.
Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

LXVI

And do I see some cause a hope to feed,
Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
In weakened minds quick apprehending breed
Of every image which may comfort show?
I cannot brag of word, much less of deed,
Fortune's wheel's still with me in one sort slow;
My wealth no more, and no whit less my need;
Desire still on the stilts of fear doth go.
And yet amid all fears a hope there is,
Stolen to my heart since, last fair night, nay day,
Stella's eyes sent to me the beams of bliss,
Looking on me while I looked other way.
But when mine eyes back to their heaven did move,
They fled with blush which guilty seemed of love.

LXVII

Hope, art thou true, or dost thou flatter me?
Doth Stella now begin with piteous eye
The ruins of her conquest to espy?
Will she take time before all wracked be?
Her eyes-speech is translated thus by thee,
But fail'st thou not in phrase so heavenly high?
Look on again, the fair text better try;
What blushing notes dost thou in margin see?
What sighs stol'n out, or killed before full-born?
Hast thou found such and such-like arguments,
Or art thou else to comfort me forsworn?
Well, how so thou interpret the contents,
I am resolved thy error to maintain,
Rather than by more truth to get more pain.

LXVIII

Stella, the only planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chief good whereto my hope doth only aspire,
World of my wealth, and heaven of my delight,
Why dost thou spend the treasures of thy sprite
With force more fit to wed Amphion's lyre,[54]
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire
Fed by thy worth and kindled by thy sight?
And all in vain; for while thy breath most sweet
With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmly set on Virtue's feet,
Labor to kill in me this killing care,
Oh think I then, what paradise of joy
It is, so fair a virtue to enjoy!

[54] *Amphion's lyre:* Its music was so powerful that it caused a wall to erect itself around Thebes.

LXIX

Oh joy too high for my low style to show!
Oh bliss fit for a nobler state than me!
Envy, put out thine eyes, lest thou do see
What oceans of delight in me do flow!
My friend, that oft saw through all masks my woe,
Come, come, and let me pour myself on thee.
Gone is the winter of my misery!
My spring appears; oh see what here doth grow.
For Stella hath, with words where faith doth shine,
Of her high heart given me the monarchy.
I, I, oh I, may say that she is mine!
And though she give but thus conditionly
This realm of bliss, while virtuous course I take,
No kings be crowned but they some covenants make.

LXX

My Muse may well grudge at my heavenly joy
If still I force her in sad rhymes to creep.
She oft hath drunk my tears, now hopes to enjoy
Nectar of mirth, since I Jove's cup do keep.
Sonnets be not bound prentice to annoy;
Trebles sing high, as well as basses deep;
Grief but Love's winter livery is; the boy
Hath cheeks to smile as well as eyes to weep.
Come then, my Muse, show thou height of delight
In well-raised notes; my pen, the best it may,
Shall paint out joy, though but in black and white.
Cease, eager Muse; peace, pen, for my sake stay.
I give you here my hand for truth of this:
Wise silence is best music unto bliss.

LXXI

WHO will in fairest book of Nature know
How virtue may best lodged in beauty be,
Let him but learn of love to read in thee,
Stella, those fair lines which true goodness show.
There shall he find all vices' overthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
Of reason, from whose light those night birds fly,
That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.
And, not content to be perfection's heir
Thyself, dost strive all minds that way to move,
Who mark in thee what is in thee most fair.
So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
As fast thy virtue bends that love to good.
But, ah, Desire still cries, "Give me some food."

LXXII

DESIRE, though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure love that I
One from the other scarcely can descry,
While each doth blow the fire of my heart,
Now from thy fellowship I needs must part;
Venus is taught with Dian's wings to fly;
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;
Virtue's gold now must head my Cupid's dart.
Service and honor, wonder with delight,
Fear to offend, will worthy to appear,
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite—
These things are left me by my only dear.
But thou, Desire, because thou wouldst have all,
Now banished art; but yet, alas, how shall?

LXXIII

Love still a boy, and oft a wanton, is,
Schooled only by his mother's tender eye.
What wonder then if he his lesson miss,
When for so soft a rod dear play he try?
And yet my Star, because a sugared kiss
In sport I sucked while she asleep did lie,
Doth lour, nay chide, nay threat for only this.
Sweet, it was saucy Love, not humble I.
But no 'scuse serves; she makes her wrath appear
In Beauty's throne. See now, who dares come near
Those scarlet judges, threatening bloody pain?
Oh heavenly fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace
That anger's self I needs must kiss again.

LXXIV [55]

I never drank of Aganippe [56] well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe [57] sit,
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell;
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit.
Some do I hear of poets' fury tell,
But, God wot, wot not what they mean by it;
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
How falls it then that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak; and what I speak doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
Guess we the cause. What, is it thus? Fie, no.
Or so? Much less. How then? Sure thus it is:
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

[55] Sidney's sonnets, in spite of his protestations, often borrow from foreign originals.

[56] *Aganippe:* a well at the foot of Mt. Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

[57] *Tempe:* a gorge between Mts. Olympus and Ossa, famous for its beauty and as a place sacred to Apollo.

LXXIX

Sweet kiss, thy sweets I fain would sweetly indite,
Which even of sweetness sweetest sweetener art;
Pleasing'st consort,[58] where each sense holds a part;
Which, coupling doves, guides Venus' chariot right.
Best charge and bravest retreat in Cupid's fight;
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Most rich when most his riches it impart;
Nest of young joys, schoolmaster of delight,
Teaching the mean at once to take and give;
The friendly fray, where blows both wound and heal,
The pretty death, while each in other live.
Poor hope's first wealth, hostage of promised weal;
Breakfast of love. But lo, lo, where she is!
Cease we to praise; now pray we for a kiss.

LXXXIV

Highway, 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 blessed you bear onward blessed 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, honored by public heed,
By no encroachment wronged, 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.

[58] *consort:* an ensemble performance by musical instruments.

XC

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 mine epitaph a poet's name.
Ne, if I would, I could just title make
That any laud to me thereof 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 indite
And Love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

XCII

Be your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,[59]
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you cutted [60] Spartans imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,
That to my questions you so total are?
When I demand of Phoenix-Stella's [61] state
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late.
Oh God, think you that satisfies my care?
I would know whether she did sit or walk;
How clothed; how waited on; sighed she, or smiled;
Whereof, with whom, how often did she talk;
With what pastime Time's journey she beguiled;
If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor name.
Say all; and all well said, still say the same.

[59] *Indian ware:* jewels from India.
[60] *cutted:* short, curt.
[61] *Phoenix-Stella:* the unique; the phoenix was a mythical bird, of which only one was alive at one time.

XCIV

Grief, find the words; for thou hast made my brain
So dark with misty vapors which arise
From out thy heavy mold, that inbent eyes
Can scarce discern the shape of mine own pain.
Do thou, then—for thou canst—do thou complain
For my poor soul, which now that sickness tries
Which even to sense, sense of itself denies,
Though harbingers of death lodge there his train.
Or if thy love of plaint yet mine forbears,
As of a caitiff worthy so to die,
Yet wail thyself, and wail with causeful tears,
That though in wretchedness thy life doth lie
Yet grow'st more wretched than thy nature bears
By being placed in such a wretch as I.

XCVI

Thought, with good cause thou likest so well the night,
Since kind or chance gives both one livery,
Both sadly black, both blackly darkened be;
Night barred from sun, thou from thy own sunlight;
Silence in both displays his sullen might;
Slow heaviness in both holds one degree,
That full of doubts, thou of perplexity;
Thy tears express Night's native moisture right;
In both amazeful solitariness;
In night, of sprites the ghastly powers do stir,
In thee, or sprites or sprited ghastliness.
But, but, alas, Night's side the odds hath furr,[62]
For that, at length, yet doth invite some rest;
Thou, though still tired, yet still [63] dost it detest.

[62] *furr:* (old comparative of "far") by a great deal.

[63] *still:* always.

XCVII

Dian, that fain would cheer her friend the Night,
Shows her oft, at the full, her fairest face,
Bringing with her those starry nymphs, whose chase
From heavenly standing hits each mortal wight.
But ah, poor Night, in love with Phoebus' light
And endlessly despairing of his grace,
Herself, to show no other joy hath place,
Silent and sad, in mourning weeds doth dight.[64]
Even so, alas, a lady, Dian's peer,
With choice delights and rarest company
Would fain drive clouds from out my heavy cheer.
But, woe is me, though Joy herself were she,
She could not show my blind brain ways of joy,
While I despair my sun's sight to enjoy.

XCVIII

Ah, bed! the field where joy's peace some do see,
The field where all my thoughts to war be trained,
How is thy grace by my strange fortune stained!
How thy lee shores by my sighs stormed be!
With sweet soft shades thou oft invitest me
To steal some rest; but, wretch, I am constrained—
Spurred with Love's spur, though gold, and shortly reined
With Care's hard hand—to turn and toss in thee,
While the black horrors of the silent night
Paint Woe's black face so lively to my sight
That tedious leisure marks each wrinkled line.
But when Aurora leads out Phoebus' dance
Mine eyes then only wink;[65] for spite, perchance,
That worms should have their sun, and I want mine.

[64] *dight:* dress.

[65] *wink:* close.

XCIX

When far-spent Night persuades each mortal eye,
To whom nor Art nor Nature granteth light,
To lay his then mark-wanting shafts of sight,
Closed with their quivers, in Sleep's armory;
With windows ope then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darkness, and delight
Takes in that sad hue which with the inward night
Of his mazed [66] powers keeps perfect harmony.
But when birds charm and that sweet air which is
Morn's messenger, with rose-enameled skies
Calls each wight to salute the flower of bliss,
In tomb of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forced by their lord, who is ashamed to find
Such light in sense, with such a darkened mind.

CIII

Oh happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
I saw thyself with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravished, stayed not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves—Oh sweetest prison!—twine.
And fain those Aeol's youth [67] there would their stay
Have made, but forced by Nature still to fly,
First did, with puffing kiss, those locks display.
She, so disheveled, blushed. From window I
With sight thereof cried out, "O fair disgrace!
Let Honor's self to thee grant highest place!"

[66] *mazed:* confused.

[67] *Aeol's youth:* breezes (from Aeolus, god of winds).

CVII

STELLA, since thou so right a princess art
Of all the powers which life bestows on me,
That ere by them aught undertaken be
They first resort unto that sovereign part—
Sweet, for a while give respite to my heart,
Which pants as though it still should leap to thee,
And on my thoughts give thy lieutenancy
To this great cause, which needs both use and art.
And as a queen, who from her presence sends
Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my wit
Till it have wrought what thy own will attends.
On servants' shame oft master's blame doth sit.
Oh let not fools in me thy works reprove,
And scorning say, "See what it is to love!"

FOURTH SONG[68]

ONLY joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care;
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward for sharpest pain;
Take me to thee, and thee to me—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keep,
Jealousy itself doth sleep;
Take me to thee, and thee to me—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's yoke to loose or bind;
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo;
Take me to thee, and thee to me—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

This small light the moon bestows
Serves thy beams but to disclose;
So to raise my hap more high,
Fear not else, none can us spy;
Take me to thee, and thee to me—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house;
Yet asleep, methinks they say,
Young folks, take time while you may;
Take me to thee, and thee to me—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

[68] Also published in *England's Helicon* (1600), and the first stanza set to music by Henry Youll, *Canzonets* (1608), VI. In the Folio of 1598, prepared under the direction of Sidney's sister, this song comes between Sonnets LXXXV and LXXXVI of *Astrophel and Stella*.

Niggard time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss,
Long stay ere he grant the same;
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Your fair mother is abed,
Candles out and curtains spread;
She thinks you do letters write;
Write, but let me first endite;
Take me to thee, and thee to me—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Sweet, alas, why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us;
Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands;
Take thee to me, and me to thee—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Woe to me, and do you swear
Me to hate? but I forbear;
Cursed be my destines all,
That brought me so high to fall;
Soon with my death I will please thee—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

ELEVENTH SONG[69]

Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth?
It is one who from thy sight
Being, ah, exiled, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

Why, alas, and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changed?
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

Well, in absence this will die;
Leave to see and leave to wonder.
Absence sure will help, if I
Can learn how myself to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove;
Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the subject prove;
With time still the affection groweth
In the faithful turtle dove.

What if you new beauties see,
Will not they stir new affection?
I will think they pictures be,
Image-like, of saint's perfection,
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish.
Dear, do reason no such spite;
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More than in my reason's sight.

But the wrongs love bears will make
Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fools it do shake,
In a ground of so firm making
Deeper still they drive the stake.

[69] This comes between Sonnets CIV and CV in the 1598 Folio, where it was first published.

Peace, I think that some give ear;
Come no more lest I get anger.
Bliss, I will my bliss forbear;
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbor there.
Well, begone, begone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.
Oh, unjust Fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away.

THE nightingale, as soon as April bringeth [70]
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making,
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth
For Tereus' [71] force on her chaste will prevailing.
Oh Philomela fair, Oh take some gladness,
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness:
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish
But Tereus' love, on her by strong hand wroken,[72]
Wherein she suffering, all her spirits languish;
Full womanlike complains her will was broken.
But I, who daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cause to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.
O Philomela fair, O take some gladness,
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness:
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

[70] Composed to the tune of *Non credo gia che piu infelice amante.*

[71] *Tereus:* See note 15 on Gascoigne, *Steel Glass.*

[72] *wroken:* imposed.

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread;
For Love is dead—
All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain;
Worth, as naught worth, rejected,
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbors, weep; do you not hear it said
That Love is dead?
His deathbed, peacock's folly;
His winding sheet is shame;
His will, false-seeming holy;
His sole exec'tor, blame.
From so ungrateful, &c.

Let dirge be sung and trentals [73] rightly read,
For Love is dead;
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress Marble-heart,
Which epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his dart.
From so ungrateful, &c.

Alas, I lie, rage hath this error bred;
Love is not dead;
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatched mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due desert she find.
Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a franzy,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

[73] *trentals:* service of thirty masses for the dead.

THOU blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,[74]
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought;
Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care;
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought;
Desire, desire! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware;
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
In vain thou madest me to vain things aspire;
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire;
For virtue hath this better lesson taught,—
Within myself to seek my only hire,
Desiring naught but how to kill desire.

LEAVE me, O love which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust,
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see;
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

[74] This and the following eloquent sonnet of renunciation belong to an old convention, but it is unwarranted to make them the concluding sonnets of *Astrophel and Stella,* as some modern editions do.

My true love hath my heart and I have his,[75]
By just exchange, one for the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven.
His heart in me keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
I cherish his, because in me it bides.
His heart his wound received from my sight;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart,
For as from me on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart;
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss:
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

[75] Preserved in *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589) as a song, the first two quatrains each a stanza, and the first line repeated as a refrain.

Edmund Spenser

1552–1599

EDMUND SPENSER was to his contemporaries not only the foremost poet in Elizabethan England but the most distinguished pioneer in the new English poetry. After 1579, the date of the publication of *The Shepheardes Calender* Elizabethan poetry was on solid ground. When Spenser began writing he had before him as native English models Sackville's "Induction" in *The Mirror for Magistrates* and *Tottel's Miscellany,* somewhat lean inspiration, but he also had Chaucer and a taste of the learning which had come into England with the Renaissance. Spenser's achievement is the fusion of medieval and Renaissance culture in the finest nondramatic poetry of his time. In his work nobility of purpose and devotion to style are combined: it is the pattern of Virgil.

It is important to emphasize a fundamental quality of Spenser as a man and artist: his seriousness. This characteristic underlay his lifelong struggle for preferment at court and kept alive his devotion to poetry. It is the mark of a confirmed idealist.

Spenser's background, education, religion, and his friends also helped to mold what Coleridge calls Spenser's "intellectual being." Born probably in 1552 in the same year as his friend Ralegh, he attended Merchant Taylors' School, of which the famous teacher, Richard Mulcaster, was headmaster. From Merchant Taylors' School, he went as a sizar to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, a stronghold of Puritanism and Platonism. There he formed his close friendship with Gabriel Harvey (see below, pp. 693–702); their correspondence, which preserves their discussions of English and classical meters and verse, is a useful biographical source. Spenser received his B.A. in 1573, his M.A. in 1576. After his university days he was at one time or another either secretary to a churchman or official, or himself a government official in Ireland. He was in turn secretary to Dr. John Young, Bishop of Rochester; he later (probably through Harvey's influence) secured a place in the household of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, favorite of the Queen. In 1580 he was appointed private secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland. Then followed several official posts. In 1586 he leased Kilcolman Castle in the County of Cork, where Ralegh visited him in 1589 and then accompanied him to London with the first three books of *The Faerie Queene,* which were published in 1590. From the Queen Spenser was awarded an annual pension of £50, but not the recognition at the court he had hoped for.

Three years after his return to Kilcolman Castle in 1591, he married Elizabeth, probably Elizabeth Boyle, a relative of the first Earl of Cork. Their courtship forms some of the background of the *Amoretti.* In 1595 Spenser returned again to London with three more books of *The Faerie Queene,* but was once more

disappointed in not receiving any political advancement. No sooner had he returned to Ireland than he and his family, caught up in Tyrone's rebellion, fled from Kilcolman Castle to Cork. In December of 1598 Spenser made his way back to London, but died suddenly on January 16, 1599, according to Jonson, in poverty. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, by his own request near his master Chaucer. The Earl of Essex provided a funeral befitting the laureate of England. Spenser's poet friends passed by the bier dropping their elegies and pens into his grave. In 1620, Anne Clifford, the Countess of Dorset, had a monument erected over his grave. On it was inscribed:

> Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his tyme, whose Divine Spirit needs noe other witnesse then the works which he left behind him.

Spenser's literary work is the evidence of his seriousness as an artist. His art is not that of Shakespeare. All his ideas, as W. L. Renwick has pointed out, "involve balance and organization." Coleridge found that the "great and prevailing character of Spenser's mind is fancy under the conditions of imagination, as an ever present but not always active power."

The Shepheardes Calender, published in 1579 and dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, was the first important work of the young poet. Though it draws heavily on pastoral poetry of Virgil, Theocritus, and Mantuan, in sheer poetic skill it is one of the most delightful lyric poems of the age. The conscious use of rustic words and archaisms was later to be a feature of *The Faerie Queene.* Its variety of lyric meters is unsurpassed. It was, as John Erskine said, "the first unequivocal appearance of lyric genius in Elizabethan song." It was definite proof that the English language could be a language of poetry.

In the decade that elapsed between *The Shepheardes Calender* and the publication of the first three books of *The Faerie Queene,* Spenser was occupied, it appears, with some miscellaneous poems which were subsequently published in 1591, as the *Complaints.* The book included the *Tears of the Muses,* his lament for poetry, and *Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale,* a general satire on the court in which Spenser warned against the proposed marriage of the Duke d'Alençon and Elizabeth.

Spenser's greatest work, *The Faerie Queene,* was issued in three books in 1590 and three more in 1595–1596; a fragment, the so-called *Cantos of Mutabilitie,* was first printed in 1609. Into this remarkable allegory, framed as an elaborate romantic epic, with the machinery of the medieval chivalric romance, the philosophy and idealism of Renaissance Platonism, and the religious and patriotic fervor of a vigorous Protestant, Spenser poured all his art. The result is a complex, artistic work circumscribed in content by the taste and spirit of its age, but with an appeal to poets of all ages for its skill and its pictorial power.

Among Spenser's other works, his *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe* (1595), an allegorical pastoral poem in which he records much of his own life, is a valuable introduction to the study of the poet. His *Amoretti,* a sonnet sequence of eighty-nine sonnets, though it shares with the many sonnet cycles the strong influence of French and Italian writers, belongs with Sidney's and Shakespeare's sonnets in perfection and sincerity.

In his two marriage hymns, the *Epithalamion,* written in (1591–1594), and the *Prothalamion* (1596) Spenser perfected in English a type of poetry that had had a continuous tradition through Biblical and classical literature to his own time. Mr. de Sélincourt called the *Epithalamion* Spenser's "highest poetic

achievement." In the skillful musical interweaving of narrative, descriptive, and lyric verse, it is certainly one of Spenser's most artistic poems.

In the *Fowre Hymnes* Spenser put in poetic form his philosophy of love and beauty based on Italian Platonism and on Christian Platonism and ethics. Hymns I and II deal with the love and beauty of woman and are a counterpart to the Rosalind eclogues in the *Shepheardes Calender,* the *Amoretti,* and the *Epithalamion.* Hymns III and IV are concerned with the beauty of nature and the love and beauty of Christ.

Spenser's work is more characteristic of the academic, humanistic quality of his time than Shakespeare's. His poetry has a strong intellectual, sometimes bookish tone, his idealism is often cloying. Spenser's criticism of life, says B. E. C. Davis, "is founded upon a pure conceived theory of human nature, affording little evidence of insight into human nature." Almost strangled often by the bonds of allegory, he still ranks with Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton as a great imaginative artist. To the modern reader who will take the time to understand him he is, perhaps, a greater musician than his famous partners. He is, as C. S. Lewis has remarked, "the great mediator between the Middle Ages and the modern poets, the man who saved us from the catastrophe of too thorough a renaissance."

* * * *

In the following selections the orthography of the earliest editions, with minor obvious corrections, has been maintained. The editors feel that in an anthology of Elizabethan literature with modernized texts, some selection which reproduces original spelling should be given. Spenser, more than any other Elizabethan (the modernization of Shakespeare is already a tradition), gains from being read, like his master Chaucer, in the original, for many of his stylistic tricks of eye-rhymes, spelling puns, and his whole attempt to make his work look old, depend on his orthography. The omission of *The Faerie Queene* is necessitated by reasons of space. The bulk of the book would otherwise be awkwardly increased. Furthermore, usable texts of *The Faerie Queene* are readily available.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Collected editions of Spenser's works are numerous. E. de Sélincourt and J. C. Smith have edited a one-volume edition for the Oxford University Press, 1912. R. E. N. Dodge has edited the single-volume Cambridge edition, 1908 (Houghton Mifflin). Among others may be mentioned R. L. Renwick's Shakespeare Head edition, 1930–1934. C. G. Osgood, F. M. Padelford and others are preparing a variorum edition for The Johns Hopkins University Press (Baltimore, 1932–).

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Aprill.[1]

Ægloga Quarta.[2]

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies, aswell in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whom abruptely he termeth Elysa.

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[1] *Aprill:* The date of the eclogue is 1578, when Spenser (Colin, "the Southerne shepheardes boye") was secretary to the Bishop of Rochester. Eliza is Elizabeth; Hobbinoll may be Gabriel Harvey (see below, p. 673). No positive identification of Rosalind has been made.

[2] For each eclogue a gloss was provided. As a sample, the gloss of the August eclogue is printed. (See pp. 132–133.)

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

TEll me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete? [3]
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
Like April shoure, so stremes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye payne.

HOBBINOLL.

Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare,
Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare,
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made vs meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

THENOT.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
Ys loue such pinching payne to them, that proue? [4]
And hath he skill to make [5] so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to brydle loue?

HOBBINOLL.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome [6] on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So nowe fayre *Rosalind* hath bredde hys smart,
So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.[7]

[3] *garres thee greete:* makes you weep.
[4] *proue:* experience.
[5] *make:* write verse.
[6] *Whilome:* once.
[7] *frenne:* stranger.

THENOT.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,[8]
I pray thee *Hobbinoll,* recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

HOBBINOLL.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye
Of fayre *Eliza,* Queene of shepheardes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it vnto the Waters fall.

YE dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins,[9] that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre *Elisa* be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may shee florish long,
In princely plight.
For shee is *Syrinx* [10] daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan* [11] the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a Cremosin [12] coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaues betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

[8] *dight:* adorned.
[9] *Virgins:* Muses.
[10] *Syrinx:* Anne Boleyn.
[11] *Pan:* Henry VIII.
[12] *Cremosin:* crimson.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face,
Like *Phœbe* fayre?
Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace
can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,[13]
In either cheeke depeincten liuely chere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe *Phœbus* thrust out his golden hedde,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy siluer rayes,
and be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,[14]
Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
such a Bellibone,[15]
And *Syrinx* reioyse, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck and forswatt[16] I am.

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[13] *medled:* mingled; *yfere:* together; *Redde . . . White:* the houses of Lancaster and York.

[14] *Latonaes seede:* Apollo and Diana. Niobe boasted of her seven sons and seven daughters.

[15] *Bellibone:* The gloss is: "Homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonilasse."

[16] *forswonck and forswatt:* exhausted and sweaty from work.

I see *Calliope* speede her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,
with their Violines.
Bene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,[17]
in their meriment.
Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen:
She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,[18]
that vnto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,
Of Oliue braunches beares a Coronall:
Oliues bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hye you there apace:
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.

[17] *soote:* sweet.

[18] *behight:* called.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The pretie Pawnce,[19]
And the Cheuisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

Now ryse vp *Elisa,* decked as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
echeone her way,
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song.
And if you come hether,
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among.

THENOT.

And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making?
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:[20]
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly[21] bent.

HOBBINOL.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater fon,[22]
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.[23]
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.[24]

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.[25]

O dea certe.

[19] *Pawnce:* pansy.
[20] *yblent:* blinded.
[21] *lewdly:* vulgarly.
[22] *Sicker:* surely; *fon:* fool.
[23] *purchase:* get.

[24] *Thenots Embleme:* "O, whatever you're called maiden," *Aeneid,* I, 327.
[25] *Hobbinols Embleme:* "O goddess indeed," *Aeneid,* I, 328. The emblems, which together constitute a tribute to the Queen, are explained in the gloss.

August.

Ægloga octaua.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third and seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he sayth was Authour.

WILLYE. PERIGOT. CVDDIE.

TEll me *Perigot,* what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benomd with ache?

PERIGOT.

Ah *Willye,* when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be well apayd? [26]

WILLYE.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the iolly shepeheards gladde
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

[26] *apayd:* contented.

PERIGOT.

Ah *Willye* now I haue learnd a newe daunce:
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

WILLYE.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft vs of our meriment.
But reede me, what payne doth thee so appall?
Or louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

WILLYE.

Perdie and wellawaye: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight.
But and if in rymes with me thou dare striue,
Such fond fantsies shall soone be put to flight.

PERIGOT.

That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:
Neuer shall be sayde that *Perigot* was dared.

WILLYE.

Then loe *Perigot* the Pledge, which I plight:
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre: [27]
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yuie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his shepehooke hath him slayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

PERIGOT.

Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis sike [28] another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe.
But *Colin Clout* rafte me of his brother,

[27] *Maple warre:* a knot in maple wood. [28] *sike:* such.

That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

WILLYE.

Sicker make like account of his brother.
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

PERIGOT.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pousse hetherward doth post.

WILLYE.

But for the Sunnebeame so sore doth vs beate,
Were not better, to shunne the scortching heate?

PERIGOT.

Well agreed *Willy:* then sitte thee downe swayne:
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but *Colin* sing.

CVDDIE.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye iolly shepheards twayne:
Sike a iudge, as *Cuddie,* were for a king.

Perigot. It fell vpon a holly eue,[29]
Willye. hey ho hollidaye,
Per. When holly fathers wont to shrieue:[30]
Wil. now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting vpon a hill so hye
Wil. hey ho the high hyll,
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby,
Wil. the while the shepheard selfe did spill:[31]
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. hey ho Bonibell,
Per. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
Wil. she can trippe it very well:
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. hey ho gray is greete,
Per. And in a Kirtle of greene saye,

[29] This roundelay (ll. 53–124) may have been written to an existing tune, "Heigh ho holiday." (See *RES,* IX [1933], 54–55.) It may also have been the model for Corydon's song in Lodge's *Rosalynde,* beginning "A blithe and bonny country lass." (See pp. 669–670, below.)

[30] *shrieue:* shrive.

[31] *spill:* perish.

Wil. the greene is for maydens meete:
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of sweete Violets therein was store,
Wil. she sweeter then the Violet.
Per. My sheepe did leaue theyr wonted foode,
Wil. hey ho seely [32] sheepe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,[33]
Wil. woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She roude [34] at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as cleare as the christall glasse:
Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from *Phœbus* face forthright,
Wil. so loue into thy hart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer raye
Wil. hey ho the Moonelight,
Per. Vpon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil. such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. such woundes soone wexen wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot.
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it ranckleth ay more and more,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I find salue for my sore:
Wil. loue is a curelesse sorrowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.
Per. But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,
Wil. hey ho pinching payne,

[32] *seely:* unfortunate.
[33] *wood:* mad.
[34] *roude:* looked; rove means "to shoot an arrow." See line 97.

Per. Or thriue in welth, she shalbe mine.
Wil. but if thou can her obteine.
Per. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
Wil. hey ho gracelesse griefe,
Per. Witnesse, shee slewe me with her eye:
Wil. let thy follye be the priefe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Wil. hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
Wil. and mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,
Wil. hey ho holidaye,
Per. That euer since my hart did greue.
Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

CVDDYE.

Sicker sike a roundle neuer heard I none.
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best.
And *Willye* is not greatly ouergone,
So weren his vndersongs well addrest.

WILLYE.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:
Areede vprightly, who has the victorye?

CVDDIE.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
For thy let the Lambe be *Willye* his owne:
And for *Perigot* so well hath hym payned,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
Ne can *Willye* wite the witelesse herdgroome.

WILLYE.

Neuer dempt more right of beautye I weene,
The shepheard of *Ida,* that iudged beauties Queene.

CVDDIE.

But tell me shepherds, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull verse
Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylke can I you rehearse.

PERIGOT.

Now say it *Cuddie,* as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

WILLY.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In *Colins* stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede.[35]

CVDDIE.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.

YE wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld me oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte augment.
Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
The walled townes do worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe.
Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woddes my sorrowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so waist, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull[36] groue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes
Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe

[35] *matter . . deede:* verse of his making. [36] *gastfull:* fearful.

I vowed haue to wayst, till safe and sound
She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
The memory of hys misdeede, that bred her woe:
And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

PERIGOT.

O *Colin, Colin,* the shepheards ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse:
And *Cuddie,* fresh *Cuddie* the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

CUDDIE.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at home:
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.[37]
Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.[38]
Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.[39]
Felice chi può.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
Peregall) equall.
Whilome) once.
Rafte) bereft, depriued.
Miswent) gon a straye.
Ill may) according to Virgile.
Infelix o semper ouis pecus.
A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.
Enchased) engrauen. Such pretie descriptions euery where vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indede he by that name termeth his Æglogues: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, wherof his booke is ful. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.
Entrailed) wrought betwene.
Haruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme.
Pousse.) Pease.
It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to whom Willy answer-

[37] *Perigot his Embleme:* "To the conqueror goes the right to glory over the conquered,"

[38] *Willyes Embleme:* "Vanquished, not subdued."

[39] *Cuddies Embleme:* "He is happy who can."

eth euery vnder verse. By Perigot who is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be, who is supposed, his love deserueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint.

Chaplet) a kind of Garlond lyke a crowne.

Leuen) Lightning.

Cynthia) was sayd to be the Moone.

Gryde) perced.

But if) not vnlesse.

Squint eye) partiall iudgement.

Ech haue) so saith Virgile.

Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Doome) iudgement.

Dempt) for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witelesse) blame the blamelesse.

The shepherd of Ida) was sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to whome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claming the conquest, and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to chalenge it, as his dew, saying, that he, is happy which can,—so abruptly ending; but hee meaneth eyther him, that can win the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of with the best.

October.

Ægloga decima.

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular accounpt and honor, and being indede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and

learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine ἐνθουσιασμὸς and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth, in his booke called the English Poete,[40] *which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace vpon further aduisement to publish.*

PIERCE. CVDDIE.

CVddie, for shame hold vp thy heauye head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace,
And weary thys long lingring *Phœbus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:[41]
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CVDDYE.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd,[42] when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett forthy? [43]
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

PIRES.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame

[40] *the English Poete:* a lost work of Spenser's.

[41] *bydding base:* prisoner's base.

[42] *ligge so layd:* Gloss reads: "lye so faynt and unlustye."

[43] *what I the bett forthy?:* what better am I for this reason?

From *Plutoes* balefull bowre withouten leaue:[44]
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

CVDDIE.

So praysen babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye:[45]
But who rewards him ere the more forthy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

PIERS.

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
Lyft vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne.
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbruzed wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch herselfe at large from East to West:[46]
Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduaunce the worthy whome shee loueth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.[47]

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,[48]
All were *Elisa*[49] one of thilke same ring.
So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen sownde.

CVDDYE.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*,[50] I heare,
Through his *Mecœnas* left his Oaten reede,

[44] *withouten leaue:* Orpheus and Eurydice.

[45] *Argus blazing eye:* Argus the herdsman, who guarded Io, loved by Zeus, had eyes all over his body at the request of jealous Hera. When Hermes killed Argus, he placed his eyes in the peacock's tail.

[46] *from East to West:* perhaps from the *Phaedrus* of Plato. Spenser liked this image of flight. Lines 44–45 may allude to Spenser's plans for *The Faerie Queene*.

[47] *That . . . bring:* Earl of Leicester, whose device was the bear and the ragged staff.

[48] *Myllers rownde:* an old dance.

[49] *all were Elisa:* though Elisa were.

[50] *Romish Tityrus:* Virgil, whose patrons were Augustus and Maecenas, his adviser.

Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecœnas* is yclad in claye,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For euer, who in derring doe [51] were dreade,
The loftie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace [52] emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.[53]

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye:
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

PIERS.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

CVDDIE.

Ah *Percy* it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For *Colin* fittes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote [54] as Swanne.

[51] *derring doe:* a pseudo-archaism, coined from a misunderstanding of a phrase in Chaucer and Lydgate, means "daring deeds." See *N. E. D.* for its history.

[52] *To put in preace:* to exercise, put in practice; "preace" means "multitude," "crowd."

[53] *coupe:* prison.

[54] *soote:* sweet.

PIRES.

Ah fon,[55] for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him vp out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.
And cause a caytiue [56] corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

CVDDIE.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell.
Vnwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:
Let powre in lauish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Phœbus* wise.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The nombers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not *Percie* howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Yuie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in bus-kin [57] fine,
With queint *Bellona* [58] in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy, content vs in thys humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.[59]

PIRES.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd: [60]
Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.[61]

Agitante calescimus illo &c.

[55] *fon:* fool.
[56] *caytiue:* wretched, base.
[57] *bus-kin:* the high thick-soled boot worn by actors in ancient Greek tragedy.
[58] *queint:* strange; *Bellona:* goddess of war.
[59] *charme:* play.
[60] *Gates:* northern form for "goats"; *bellies layd:* be delivered of their young.
[61] *Cuddies Embleme:* From Ovid, *Fasti,* VI, 5. Lines 5–6 translated are, "There is a god within us. It is when he stirs us that our bosom warms. It is his impulse that sows the seeds of inspiration."

FROM

AMORETTI [62]

SONNET. I.[63]

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 deriued 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. IIII.[64]

NEW yeare forth looking out of Ianus gate,
Doth seeme to promise 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 soone about him dight
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty spring now in his timely howre,
Is ready to come forth him to receiue:
And warnes the Earth with diuers colord flowre,
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,
Prepare your selfe new loue to entertaine.

[62] The *Amoretti* was published with the *Epithalamion* in 1596. Spenser does not follow the usual Petrarchan form, but the Elizabethan form of three quatrains and a couplet with the original Spenserian touch of linking the quatrains by a common rhyme (ab ab bc bc cd cd ee).

[63] This sonnet may have been written for a presentation copy of *The Faerie Queene*. The "lilly hands" may be Lady Carey's.

[64] Echoes Du Bellay and Tasso.

SONNET. XV.[65]

YE tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle,
Do seeke most pretious things to make your gain;
And both the Indias of their treasures spoile,
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe my loue doth in her selfe 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 sound:
If Pearles, 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 fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

SONNET. XVI.

ONE day as I vnwarily did gaze
On those fayre eyes my loues immortall light:
The whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight.
I mote perceiue how in her glauncing sight,
Legions of loues with little wings did fly:
Darting their deadly arrowes fyry bright,
At euery rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
Ayming his arrow at my very hart:
When suddenly with twincle 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 scap't with paine.

[65] In the manner of Desportes, *Diane*, I, xxxii. See note to *Epithalamion*, ll. 167–183, below.

SONNET. XIX.

THE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded:
That warnes al louers wayt vpon their king,
Who now is comming forth with girland crouned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded
Their anthemes sweet devized of loues prayse,
That all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loues honor rayse
No word was heard of her that most 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. XXII.[66]

THIS holy season fit to fast and pray,
Men to deuotion 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 priests that neuer thinke amisse.
There I to her as th'author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her yre:
And on the same my hart will sacrifise,
Burning in flames of pure and chast desyre:
The which vouchsafe O goddesse to accept,
Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

[66] Reminiscent of Tasso and Desportes. The "holy season" was probably not Lent but a saint's day.

SONNET. XXIII.

PENELOPE for her *Vlisses* sake,
Deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:
In which the worke that she all day did make
The same at nigh she did againe vnreaue.
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
Th'importune suit of my desire to shonne:
For all that I in many dayes doo weaue,
In one short houre I find by her vndonne.
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and neuer bring to end:
For with one looke she spils that long I sponne,
And with one word my whole yeares work doth rend.
Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

SONNET. XXVI.

SWEET is the Rose, but growes vpon a brere;
Sweet is the Iunipere, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough.
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is Moly,[67] but his root is ill.
So euery sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coueted the more:
For easie things that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accoumpt of [68] little paine,
That endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

[67] *Moly:* Hermes gave Odysseus the herb moly, to counteract the spells of Circe. It is said to have a white flower but a black root.

[68] *accoumpt of:* take into account.

SONNET. XXXIII.[69]

GREAT wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred Empresse my dear dred,
Not finishing her Queene of faëry,
That mote enlarge her liuing prayses dead:
But lodwick, this of grace to me aread:
Doe ye not thinck th'accomplishment of it,
Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
All were it as the rest but rudely writ.
How then should I without another wit,
Thinck euer to endure so tædious toyle,
Sins that this one is tost with troublous fit,
Of a proud loue, that doth my spirite spoyle.
Ceasse then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest,
Or lend you me another liuing brest.

SONNET. XXXIIII.

LYKE as a ship that through the Ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
Whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty 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 ouercast,
Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past
My *Helice*[70] the lodestar of my lyfe
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With louely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
In secret sorow and sad pensiuenesse.

[69] Addressed to Lodowick Bryskett (lodwick of line 5), Spenser's close friend in Dublin.

[70] *Helice:* the Great Bear. R. E. N. Dodge (Cambridge edition of Spenser) suggests Spenser may mean the Lesser Bear or Cynosure, in which the polestar is.

SONNET. XXXVII.

WHAT guyle is this, that those her golden tresses,
She doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
And with sly [71] skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or heare, may scarse be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare:
And being caught may craftily enfold,
Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
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.

SONNET. LIIII.

OF this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
My loue lyke the Spectator ydly sits
Beholding me that all the pageants play,
Disguysing diuersly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
Soone after when my ioy to sorrow flits,
I waile and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merth nor rues my smart:
But when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry
She laughes, and hardens euermore her hart.
What then can moue her? if nor merth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

[71] *sly:* clever.

SONNET. LXVII.[72]

LYKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escapt away,
Sits downe to rest 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 thirst at the next brooke.
There she beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide:
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill hir fyrmely tyde.
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne with her owne will beguyld.

SONNET. LXVIII.[73]

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 lesson which the Lord vs taught.

[72] Like a sonnet of Tasso's.

[73] Like a sonnet of Desportes, but with Biblical echoes: Judges 5:12; Ephesians 4:8; 5:2; Revelation 1:5; John 15:12; I John 4:19.

SONNET. LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the anticke world,
Vsed Trophees to erect in stately wize:
In which they would the records haue enrold,
Of theyr great deeds and valarous emprize.[74]
What trophee then shall I most fit deuize,
In which I may record the memory
Of my loues conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
Adorn'd with honour, loue, and chastity.
Euen this verse 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 [75] 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 forelock take.
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on loue amongst his louely crew:
Where euery one that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst [76] with penance dew.
Make hast therefore sweet loue, whilest it is prime,
For none can call againe the passed time.

[74] *emprize:* undertakings.
[75] *cote armour:* a herald's official garment.
[76] *amearst:* punished.

SONNET. LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her name vpon the strand,[77]
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 selue shall lyke to this decay,
And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, (quod I) let baser things deuize
To dy in dust, 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. LXXX.[78]

AFTER so long a race as I haue run
Through Faery land, which those six books compile,
Giue leaue to rest me being halfe fordonne,
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will breake anew:
And stoutly will that second worke assoyle,
With strong endeuour and attention dew.
Till then giue leaue to me in pleasant mew,[79]
To sport my muse and sing my loues sweet praise:
The contemplation of whose heauenly hew,
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.
But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

[77] *strand:* R. E. N. Dodge suggests the beach at Youghal.

[78] Probably written in 1594 just before Spenser's marriage.

[79] *in pleasant mew:* in pleasant hiding or confinement. "Mew" is originally a cage for hawks while they were "mewing" or moulting.

SONNET. LXXXV.

THE world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
So does the Cuckow, when the Mauis sings,
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 desert aspyre.
Deepe in the closet of my parts entyre,
Her worth is written with a golden quill:
That me with heauenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill.
Which when as fame in her shrill trump shal thunder
Let the world chose to enuy or to wonder.

SONNET. LXXXVI.

VENEMOUS toung, tipt with vile adders sting,
Of that selfe kynd with which the Furies fell [80]
Theyr snaky heads doe combe, from which a spring
Of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well.
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,
Vpon thee fall for thine accursed hyre:
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tel,
In my true loue did stirre vp coles of yre,
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
And catching hold on thine owne wicked hed
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
In my sweet peace such breaches to haue bred.
Shame be thy meed, and mischiefe thy reward,
Dew to thy selfe that it for me prepard.

[80] *fell:* fierce, savage.

SONNET. LXXXVII.

SINCE I did leaue the presence of my loue,
Many long weary dayes I haue outworne:
And many nights, that slowly seemd to moue
Theyr sad protract from euening vntill morne.
For when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous [81] day would end:
And when as night hath vs of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh euery minute seeme a myle.
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,
But ioyous houres doo fly away too fast.

EPITHALAMION

YE learned sisters which haue oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, 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 ioyed in theyr prayse.
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
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 dreriment.
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And hauing all your heads with girland crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loues prayses to resound,
Ne let the same of any be enuide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride,
So I vnto my selfe alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer and my Eccho ring.

Early before the worlds light giuing lampe,
His golden beame vpon the hils doth spred,
Hauing disperst the nights vnchearefull dampe,

[81] *noyous:* troublesome.

Doe ye awake, and with fresh lustyhed [82]
Go to the bowre [83] of my beloued loue,
My truest turtle doue,
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to moue,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,[84]
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore and soone her dight,
For lo the wished day is come at last,
That shall for al the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her vsury of long delight:
And whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the riuers and the forrests greene:
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand,
Another gay girland
For my fayre loue of lillyes and of roses,
Bound trueloue wize with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred [85] 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 [86] which with carefull heed,
The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which vse therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell)
And ye likewise which keepe the rushy lake,

[82] *lustyhed:* vigor, energy, activity.
[83] *bowre:* bedchamber.
[84] *Tead:* torch; *flake:* spark.
[85] *diapred:* variegated (with flowers). Diaper is an all-over surface ornamentation made of stonework or fabrics of small squares, usually with repeated conventional design.
[86] *Mulla:* the stream now called the Abweg, which brought water to Spenser's house in Ireland.

Where none doo fishes take,
Bynd vp the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall 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 vse to towre,
And the wylde wolues which seeke them to deuoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from 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 Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of loues praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replyes, the Mauis descant [87] playes,
The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock [88] warbles soft,
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,[89]
To this dayes merriment.
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,[90]
And hearken to the birds louelearned song,
The deawy leaues among.
For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and theyr eccho ring.

My loue is now awake out of her dreame,
And her fayre eyes like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight,
But first come ye fayre houres which were begot
In Ioues sweet paradice, of Day and Night,
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,

[87] *Mauis:* thrush; *descant:* the counterpart sung extempore with plain song; here, as often, it means the top voice or melody.

[88] *Ouzell:* blackbird; *Ruddock:* redbreast.

[89] *agree:* are in accord; *consent;* harmony.

[90] *make:* mate,

And al that euer in this world is fayre
Doe make and still repayre.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,[91]
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene,
And as ye vse to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer and your eccho ring.

Now is my loue all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
And ye fresh boyes that tend vpon her groome
Prepare your selues; 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 fauourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not feruent be
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus, father of the Muse,
If euer I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy seruants simple boone refuse,
But let this day let this one day be myne,
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy souerayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

Harke how the Minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,[92]
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 sences they doe rauish quite,
The whyles the boyes rün vp and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce.
Hymen io Hymen, Hymen they do shout,
That euen to the heauens theyr shouting shrill

[91] *handmayds of the Cyprian Queene:* Graces, attending Venus.

[92] *Croud:* The crwth or crowd was a primitive fiddle. Spenser in this stanza designates Irish, not classical instruments and music, for the classical masque or ballet.

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 answer and theyr eccho ring.

Loe where she comes along with portly [93] pace
Lyke Phœbe from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes 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,
Seeme 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 blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing.
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

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 cheekes 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 lyllies 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 seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Vpon her so to gaze,

[93] *portly:* stately.

Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer and your eccho ring.[94]

Bvt if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her liuely spright,[95]
Garnisht with heauenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red [96]
Medusaes mazeful hed.[97]
There dwels sweet loue and constant chastity,
Vnspotted fayth and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and mild modesty,
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giueth lawes alone.
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr seruices vnto her will,
Ne thought of thing 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 should answer and your echo ring.[98]

Open the temple gates vnto my loue,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes 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 reuerence,
She commeth in, before th'almighties 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 praises of the Lord in liuely notes,

[94] *Tell me . . . eccho ring:* Spenser describes the beauties of his lady as do Ronsard, Desportes, and the Italian sonneteers. See also *Amoretti* XV. The ultimate origin of these descriptive conventions may be the *Song of Solomon* 4–7.

[95] *spright:* soul.

[96] *red:* discern, in Spenser only.

[97] *Medusaes mazeful hed:* which turned them to stone.

[98] *Bvt if . . . eccho ring:* The idea of inward beauty comes from Plato's *Parmenides* and *Phaedrus*. See Spenser's *Hymne*, pp. 159–162, below.

The whiles with hollow throates
The Choristers the ioyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere and their eccho ring.

Behold whiles she before the altar stands
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush vp in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne,[99]
That euen th'Angels which continually,
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their seruice 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 vnsownd.
Why blush ye loue to giue to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band? [100]
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 feast therefore now all this liue long day,
This day for euer to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly [101] full,
Poure 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,[102]
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce vnto the rest;
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

[99] *in grayne:* in durable red dye.
[100] *band:* bond or tie.
[101] *belly:* Perhaps Spenser here means bag or skin (OE *bælig*) for holding wines.
[102] *coronall:* garland of flowers.

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 chiefest hight,
With Barnaby [103] the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab [104] behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet neuer day so 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 sing:
That all the woods may answer, 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 sad Time his feathers moue?
Hast thee O fayrest Planet to thy home
Within the Westerne fome:
Thy tyred steedes long since haue need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright euening star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty, glorious lampe of loue
That all the host of heauen in rankes doost lead,
And guydest louers through the nightes dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from aboue,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light
As ioying in the sight
Of these glad many which for ioy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

Now ceasse ye damsels your delights forepast;
Enough is it, that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast:
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
Now night is come, now soone her disaray,

[103] *This day . . . Barnaby:* The summer solstice, old style, July 11, was also St. Barnabas's day.

[104] *the Crab:* the constellation Cancer between Gemini and Leo. The sun, passing through the zodiac, leaves the Crab behind toward the end of July.

And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins ouer her display,
And odourd sheetes, and Arras couerlets.
Behold how goodly my faire loue does ly
In proud humility;
Like vnto 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 damsels may be gon,
And leaue my loue alone,
And leaue likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shal answere, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing ouer my loue and me,
That no man may vs see,
And in thy sable mantle vs enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke vs to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our ioy:
But let the night be calme and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Ioue with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome: [105]
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe [106] did lie,
And begot Maiesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing:
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceiued dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let housefyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke,[107] nor other euill sprights,

[105] *Tirynthian groome:* Hercules.
[106] *thy selfe:* I.e., night.
[107] *Pouke:* Puck, Robin Goodfellow. He seems a more mischievous goblin than Shakespeare's Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Ne let mischiuous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray vs with things that be not.
Let not the shriech Oule, nor the Storke be heard:
Nor the night Rauen that still deadly yels,
Nor damned ghosts cald vp with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures make vs once affeard:
Ne let th'unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking
Make vs to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Bvt let stil Silence trew night watches keepe,
That sacred peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant 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 stealthes shal worke, and snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through couert night.
Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will,
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more vpon 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 neuer sleepes,
But walkes about high heauen al the night?
O fayrest goddesse, do thou not enuy
My loue with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst loue, though now vnthought,
And for a fleece of woll, which priuily,
The Latmian shephard [108] once vnto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to vs be fauorable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,

[108] *Latmian shephard:* Endymion.

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 answere, nor our Eccho ring.

And thou great Iuno, which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize:
And eeke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this louely band,
And all thy blessings vnto vs impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whose gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine,
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loues delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send vs the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou fayre Hebe,[109] and thou Hymen free,
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing,
Ne any woods shal answer, 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 desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne,
Poure out your blessing on vs plentiously,
And happy influence vpon vs raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse,
With lasting happinesse,
Vp to your haughty pallaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit
May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let vs rest, sweet loue, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing,
The woods no more vs answer, nor our eccho ring.

[109] *Hebe:* here as Youth.

Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my loue should duly haue bene dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens,
Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment.

FROM

AN HYMNE IN HONOVR OF BEAVTIE.[110]

Ah whither, Loue, wilt thou now carrie mee?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,
And vp aloft aboue my strength doest rayse
The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I earst in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame;
And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The rauisht 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 souerayne grace and kindly dewty,
Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy loue-kindling light,
T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame,
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,[111]
That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
It may so please that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace, into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

[110] Lines 1–140 are given.

[111] *ghost:* spirit, soul.

What time this worlds great workmaister did cast
To make al things, such as we now behold,
It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly Paterne,[112] to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could;
That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous Paterne wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd vp in secret store,
Or else in heauen, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie which all men adore,
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortal sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as euery earthly thing partakes,
Or more or lesse by influence diuine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne,
Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse 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 sight
They seeme to please. That is thy soueraine might,
O *Cyprian* Queene,[113] which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giueth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fyre,
Light of thy lampe, which shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre,
And robs the harts of those which it admyre,
Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poysned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe ydle wits inuent,
That beautie is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament

[112] *A goodly Paterne:* in Platonic philosophy, the Idea of Perfection, of which the world or reality is an imperfect copy. Lines 29–35 derive from Plato's *Timaeus*, 28–29.

[113] *O Cyprian Queene:* Venus, whose favorite dwelling was in Cyprus.

Of pure complexions,[114] that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade,
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, 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 restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense and reason blynd?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most 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 [115] euery part.

But ah, beleeue me, there is more then so
That workes such wonders in the minds of men.
I that have often prou'd, too well it know;
And who so list the like assayes to ken,[116]
Shall find by tryall, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
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 rosy leaues so fairely spred
Vpon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright
Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth louers fire,
Shall neuer be extinguisht nor decay,
But when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Vnto her natiue planet shall retyre,
For it is heauenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

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[114] *goodly temp'rament of pure complexions:* perfect combination in the body of the four elements or "humors."

[115] *limming:* painting.

[116] *the like assayes to ken:* to make the same tests.

For when the soule, the which deriued was
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all liue to loue, whilome [117] did pas
Downe from the top of purest heauens hight,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And liuely [118] spirits from that fayrest starre,
Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,[119]
Through euery part she doth the same impresse,
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 most resemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themselues most beautifull and braue
Their fleshly bowre, most 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 most 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 [120]
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,[121] with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receiue the seede of vertue strewed.
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.[122]

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[117] *whilome:* once, formerly.
[118] *liuely:* living.
[119] *eft enraced:* again implanted.
[120] *dight:* adorn.
[121] *corpse:* living body.
[122] Most of the remainder of the *Hymne* is a plea to women who would know true love to be ever mindful of their inward spiritual beauty rather than the beauty of outward form. "Love," says Spenser, "is a celestial harmony" which binds together those whom Heaven has ordained.

Prothalamion

Or

A Spousall Verse made by
Edm. Spenser.

IN HONOVR OF THE DOVble mariage of the two Honorable & vertuous *Ladies, the Ladie* Elizabeth *and the Ladie* Katherine *Somerset,* Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Worcester* and espoused to the two worthie Gentlemen M. *Henry Gilford,* and M. *William Peter* Esquyers.

CALME 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 glyster fayre:
When I whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did aflict my brayne,
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of siluer streaming *Themmes,*
Whose rutty [123] Bancke, the which his Riuer hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable [124] flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours,
Against the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Riuers side,
A flocke of *Nymphes* I chaunced to espy,
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 basket,
Made of fine twigs entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket: [125]
And with fine Fingers, cropt full feateously [126]

[123] *rutty:* rooty.
[124] *variable:* various.
[125] *flasket:* a shallow flower-basket.
[126] *feateously:* neatly.

The tender stalkes on hye.
Of euery sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at euening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose 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.

With that, I saw two Swannes [127] of goodly hewe,
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did neuer see:
The snow which doth the top of *Pindus* [128] strew,
Did neuer 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 silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heauens light,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

Eftsoones the *Nymphes,* which now had Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste, to see that siluer brood,
As they came floating on the Christal Flood.
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill,
Them seem'd they neuer saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles so louely, that they sure did deeme
Them heauenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw *Venus* siluer Teeme,
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels or of Angels breede:
Yet were they bred of *Somers-heat* [129] they say,

[127] *two Swannes:* Elizabeth and Katherine Somerset, daughters of the Earl of Worcester (see title).

[128] *Pindus:* a lofty range of mountains in northern Greece.

[129] *Somers-heat:* a pun, not intended to be humorous, on "summer's heat," "Somerset."

In sweetest Season, 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 vpon those goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waues did strew,
That like old *Peneus* Waters [130] they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant *Tempes* shore
Scattred with Flowres, through *Thessaly* they streeme,
That they appeare through Lillies plenteous store,
Like a Brydes Chamber flore:
Two of those *Nymphes,* meane while, two Garlands bound,
Of freshest 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 against that Day,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

Ye gentle Birdes, the worlds faire ornament,
And heauens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth leade vnto your louers blisfull bower,
Ioy 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 assoile.[131]
Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed Plentie wait vpon your bord,
And let your bed with pleasures chast 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.

[130] *old Peneus Waters:* Peneus, chief river of Thessaly, flows through the Vale of Tempe.

[131] *assoile:* absolve.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her vndersong,[132]
Which said, their bridale daye should not be long.
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground,
Their accents did resound.
So forth those ioyous Birdes did passe along,
Adowne the Lee,[133] that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong
Yeat did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.
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[134]
The lesser starres. So they enranged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best seruice lend,
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweete *Themmes* run softly, till I end my Song.

At length they all to mery *London* came,
To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
That to me gaue this Lifes first natiue sourse:
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.[135]
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,[136]
The which on *Themmes* brode aged backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious Lawyers haue their bowers
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,[137]
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my freendles case:
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.

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[132] *redoubled that her vndersong:* re-echoed her refrain.

[133] *Lee:* perhaps the river Lea which in the sixteenth century flowed into the Thames.

[134] *shend:* surpass.

[135] *another place . . . fame:* Spenser alludes to the Spencers of Althorpe, near Northampton.

[136] *those bricky towres:* The Temple. The quarters were first occupied by the Knights Templar; in Spenser's time and now, the residence of students of the common law.

[137] *a stately place:* in 1578–1580, Leicester House, house of Spenser's chief patron, the Earl of Leicester; occupied in 1596 by the Earl of Essex, and called Essex House.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,[138]
Great *Englands* glory and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name, late through all *Spaine* did thunder,
And *Hercules* two pillors standing neere,
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honor, flower of Cheualrie,
That fillest *England* with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy haue thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same:
That through thy prowesse 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 muse may sing
To ages following,
Vpon the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

From those 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 ensuing.
Aboue the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights [139] of louely face and feature
Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature:
That like the twins of *Ioue* [140] they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heauens [141] 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,
Against their Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

[138] *a noble Peer:* the Earl of Essex (see l. 137), who on his return from the sack of Cadiz in August, 1596, was at the height of his popularity.

[139] *Two gentle Knights:* Henry Gilford and William Peter.

[140] *twins of Ioue:* Castor and Pollux.

[141] *Bauldricke of the Heauens:* the zodiac, like a gem-studded girdle.

Christopher Marlowe

1564–1593

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE was born in 1564, the son of a Canterbury shoemaker. He attended the King's School and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; the Parker scholarship he held at the University for six years presumed an intention of taking holy orders. Nothing is known of what changed Marlowe's mind, except that in June, 1587, just before he was to take his Master's degree, the Queen's Privy Council wrote to the University saying that rumors to the effect that he was going abroad to Rheims (a center for Catholics) were unfounded—that in fact he had been employed "in matters touching the benefit of his country" and that "he had done her Majesty good service." The University proceeded to grant him his degree.

For the rest of his life, somewhat less than six years, Marlowe lived in or near London. He wrote his plays, *Tamburlaine* I and II, *Dido, The Massacre at Paris, The Jew of Malta, Dr. Faustus,* and *Edward II* in this period, and translated the *Amores* of Ovid, the first book of Lucan's *Pharsalia,* and the *Hero and Leander* of Musaeus (though this last is much too free and too original to be called a translation).

He lived dangerously. In 1589 he was involved in a brawl with one William Bradley, when Thomas Watson, the poet, intervened and killed Bradley. Both poets were jailed, but Watson got off on a plea of self-defense. In 1591 he was living and writing in the same room with another poet, Thomas Kyd, but in June, 1592 the theaters were closed by order of the Privy Council because of riots, and in August of that year a great plague began which kept them closed and which probably sent Marlowe out of town to visit his friend Thomas Walsingham, cousin of Sir Francis Walsingham, at Scadbury, Kent. There he was in May, 1593, when Thomas Kyd, under examination by the authorities, alleged that some "atheistical" papers found in his lodgings belonged to his former roommate Marlowe. The Council had Marlowe brought to them, and he appeared on May 20; he was not held, but was required to give daily attendance. For the next ten days nothing was done about him, but Kyd was released, and in an attempt to ingratiate himself with the authorities, gave further information against Marlowe, charging him with atheism and treason, and linking him with some followers of Sir Walter Ralegh (see p. 191). Additional voluntary information against him was given by one Richard Baines. On May 30, Marlowe in company with another protégé of Thomas Walsingham's, Ingram Frizer, and two other men of rather shady reputation spent the day at the inn of the Widow Bull in Deptford. In the evening a quarrel arose over the reckoning, and Frizer, in defending himself, killed Marlowe.

Dying at the age of twenty-nine, Marlowe left an almost immeasurable legacy to English drama and poetry. He was an artist of great genius; his "mighty line"

of blank verse made Shakespeare's possible. He was like Shakespeare, too, in being a disciple of Ovid, witty and sensual favorite of the Elizabethans, and his classical learning would receive no scoffs from Ben Jonson, for in the dreamy world of classic myth and story he was at home. His fancy was exuberant and exotic; maps and strange place names and strange creatures excited him as they did the poet who told of Othello's travels. His spirit is that of youth, of the tremendous assertion of human power and glory against the inevitable answer of time and death and God. It is the spirit of renaissance, if not of the Renaissance.

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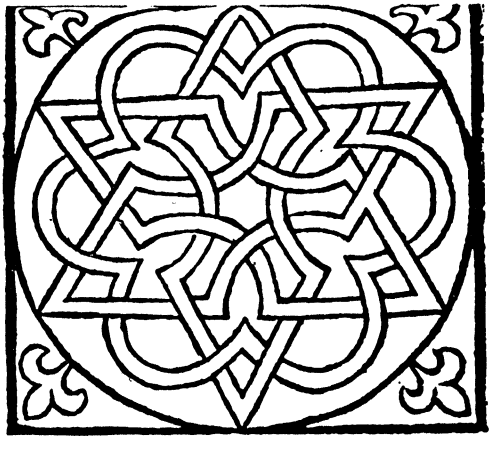

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE[1]

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

HERO AND LEANDER

First Sestiad[2]

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite, two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.[3]

[1] This version of the famous poem appeared in *England's Helicon* (1600). In 1599 four verses of it had appeared in the "Sonnets to sundry notes of Musicke" appended to *The Passionate Pilgrime*. The authorship of this poem and of the answer to it (see p. 193) is referred to in a passage in Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler* (1653): "'Twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger dayes." More musical settings for this poem have been composed from the sixteenth century to the present than for any other Elizabethan lyric except a few of Shakespeare's. Sir Hugh Evans sings part of the song in *Merry Wives*, III, i, 17–29.

[2] *Sestiad:* a book (named from Sestos).

[3] *hight:* called.

At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives;
Many would praise the sweet smell as she passed,
When 'twas the odor which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey, bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves, for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but to her mind [4]
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells all silvered, used she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee,
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold;
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would chirrup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true: so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And with still panting rocked, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft;

[4] *to her mind:* as she wished.

Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musaeus [5] sung)
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses that were never shorn,
Had they been cut and unto Colchos [6] borne,
Would have allured the vent'rous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the Golden Fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere; [7]
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipped out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpassed
The white of Pelops' shoulder.[8] I could tell ye
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path, with many a curious [9] dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods; let it suffice
That my slack [10] muse sings of Leander's eyes,
Those orient [11] cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt [12] into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus [13] Leander seen,
Enamored of his beauty had he been;
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with naught,
Was moved with him, and for his favor sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire:
A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking [14] eye,

[5] *Musaeus:* an Alexandrian grammarian of the fifth century A.D., sometimes confused with a legendary early Musaeus—hence "divine."

[6] *Colchos:* country in Asia where the Argonauts found the Golden Fleece.

[7] *Cynthia:* the moon; *sphere:* orbit.

[8] *white of Pelops' shoulder:* Pelops had a shoulder of ivory. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* VI, 403–411.

[9] *curious:* exquisite.

[10] *slack:* feeble, dull.

[11] *orient:* shining, like an Eastern gem.

[12] *that leapt:* Narcissus.

[13] *Hippolytus* offended Aphrodite by preferring hunting to love. Phaedra died of unrequited love for him.

[14] *speaking:* expressive.

A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play;
Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."
The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheeked Adonis, kept a solemn feast.
Thither resorted many a wandering guest
To meet their loves; such as had none at all
Came lovers home from this great festival;
For every street, like to a firmament,
Glistered with breathing stars, who, where they went,
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deemed
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seemed
As if another Phaeton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But, far above the loveliest, Hero shined,
And stole away the enchanted gazer's mind;
For like sea nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by.
Nor that night-wandering pale and watery star [15]
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling [16] car
From Latmus' [17] mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crowned with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules [18] the flood,
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,[19]
Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that viewed her were enamored on her.
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-strooken,
So at her presence all, surprised and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favors lives, the other dies.
There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some, their violent passions to assuage,

[15] *star:* the moon.
[16] *thirling:* flying like a spear.
[17] *Latmus:* the mountain where the moon visited Endymion.
[18] *over-rules:* rules over.
[19] *Wretched . . . race:* Ixion begot upon a cloud the shaggy-footed centaurs. For his presumption in loving Juno, he was chained to a wheel—hence "wretched."

Compile sharp satires; but alas, too late,
For faithful love will never turn to hate.
And many, seeing great princes were denied,
Pined as they went, and thinking on her, died.
On this feast day, oh, cursed day and hour!
Went Hero thorough [20] Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none;
The walls were of discolored [21] jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved, and o'erhead
A lively [22] vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where, by one hand, light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass;
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing heady [23] riots, incest, rapes;
For know that underneath this radiant floor
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower;
Jove slyly stealing from his sister's bed
To dally with Idalian [24] Ganymed,
And for his love Europa bellowing [25] loud,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net [26]
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire to burn such towns as Troy;
Silvanus weeping for the lovely boy [27]
That now is turned into a cypress tree,
Under whose shade the wood gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood;
There Hero sacrificing turtles' [28] blood,
Veiled to the ground, veiling her eyelids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose;
Thence flew love's arrow with the golden head,[29]
And thus Leander was enamored.
Stone still he stood, and evermore he gazed,

[20] *thorough:* through.

[21] *discolored:* of various colors.

[22] *lively:* lifelike.

[23] *heady:* passionate, violent.

[24] *Idalian:* Ganymede was kidnaped by Jove from Mt. Ida. *Idalian* really means of Idalium, a town sacred to Venus.

[25] *bellowing:* To seduce Europa Jupiter took the form of a bull.

[26] *net:* in which Vulcan trapped his wife Venus with Mars.

[27] *boy:* Cyparissus, whom Silvanus loved and who was turned into a cypress tree. Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* X, 120.

[28] *turtles:* turtle dove, as a type of constancy in love.

[29] *golden head:* Cupid had other arrows, blunt, which produced dislike. Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* I, 468.

Till with the fire that from his countenance blazed,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook;
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the course begin
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows, let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight? [30]
He kneeled, but unto her devoutly prayed;
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said:
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him";
And as she spake these words, came somewhat near him.
He started up; she blushed as one ashamed;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
He touched her hand; in touching it she trembled;
Love deeply grounded hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parled [31] by the touch of hands;
True love is mute, and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled,
And night, deep drenched in misty Acheron,
Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day).
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire with words, with sighs, and tears,
Which like sweet music entered Hero's ears;
And yet at every word she turned aside,
And always cut him off as he replied.
At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,[32]
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her:
"Fair creature, let me speak without offense;
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine!
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair; misshapen stuff [33]
Are of behavior boisterous and rough.
Oh, shun me not, but hear me ere you go,

[30] *Who . . . sight:* quoted by Phoebe in *As You Like It,* III, v, 82.
[31] *parled:* spoke.
[32] *sophister:* specious reasoner.
[33] *stuff:* persons.

God knows I cannot force love, as you do.
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus' altar to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpass
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring[84] glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains;
A heavenly nymph, beloved of human swains,
Receives no blemish, but ofttimes more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure,
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven, nor thou, were made to gaze upon;
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.
A stately builded ship, well rigged and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestical;
Why vowest thou then to live in Sestos here,
Who on love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untuned golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouched, will harshly jar.
Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine;
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mold, but use? for both, not used,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abused,
When misers keep it; being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish!
Lone women, like to empty houses, perish.
Less sins the poor rich man that starves himself
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,
Than such as you; his golden earth remains,
Which, after his decease, some other gains;
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeathed to none.
Or if it could, down from th' enameled sky

[84] *flaring:* glaring.

All heaven would come to claim this legacy,
And with intestine [35] broils the world destroy,
And quite confound nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number; [36] maids are nothing, then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be
Though never-singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things,
But they that daily taste neat wine, despise it;
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compared with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's [37] sake we allow;
Even so for men's impression do we you,
By which alone, our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol which you term virginity
Is neither essence [38] subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is 't of earth or mold [39] celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast;
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous;
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honor be ascribed thereto;
Honor is purchased by the deeds we do.
Believe me, Hero, honor is not won
Until some honorable deed be done.
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame,
And know that some have wronged Diana's name? [40]
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?
But you are fair, ay me, so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly

[35] *intestine:* civil.
[36] *one is no number:* Aristotle, *Metaphysics,* XIV, i.
[37] *stamp:* I.e., of coinage.
[38] *essence:* something that exists.
[39] *mold:* form, shape.
[40] *And . . . name:* knowing that even Diana does not have a spotless reputation.

To follow swiftly blasting[41] infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath;
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath?"
"To Venus," answered she, and as she spake,
Forth from those two tralucent cisterns[42] brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace[43]
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights
Are banquets, Doric music,[44] midnight revel,
Plays, masques, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idiot[45] doth she scorn,
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn
To rob her name and honor, and thereby
Commit'st a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss and shake hands;
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."
Thereat she smiled, and did deny him so
As, put thereby, yet might he hope for mo.[46]
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech:
"Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet for her sake whom you have vowed to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle queen of love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are performed and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life,
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous,
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus;
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice;
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.[47]
The richest corn dies if it be not reaped;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."
These arguments he used, and many more,
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war;

[41] *blasting:* withering.
[42] *tralucent:* translucent; *cisterns:* a conceit for her eyes.
[43] *trace:* proceed.
[44] *Doric music:* A mistake. Doric music was severe and martial. Marlowe meant Lydian, presumably.
[45] *idiot:* ignorant, uninstructed person.
[46] *put:* repelled; *mo:* more.
[47] *nice:* coy, reserved.

Women are won when they begin to jar.[48]
Thus having swallowed Cupid's golden hook,
The more she strived, the deeper was she strook;
Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paused awhile, at last she said:
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Ay me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that Leander stooped to have embraced her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town, where all is whist[49] and still
Save that the sea playing on yellow sand
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visit us,
My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldame bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment.
Come thither." As she spake this, her tongue tripped,
For unawares, "Come thither," from her slipped;
And suddenly her former color changed,
And here and there her eyes, through anger, ranged.
And like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart;
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such
As might have made heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vowed spotless chastity, but all in vain.
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings;
Her vows above the empty air he flings;
All deep enraged, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went;
Wherewith she, strooken, looked so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny.

[48] *jar:* dispute.

[49] *whist:* silent

And as she wept, her tears to pearl he turned,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourned.
Then towards the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest.
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threat'ning a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answered Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such.
Hearken awhile, and I will tell you why:
Heaven's winged herald, Jove-born Mercury,
The selfsame day that he asleep had laid
Enchanted Argus,[50] spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl t' adorn it,
Glistered with dew, as one that seemed to scorn it;
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose,
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to gloze;[51]
Yet proud she was, for lofty pride that dwells
In towered courts is oft in shepherds' cells,
And too too well the fair vermilion knew,
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain. On her this god
Enamored was, and with his snaky rod[52]
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon a hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay;[53]
Till in his twining arms he locked her fast,
And then he wooed with kisses, and at last,
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid,
And tumbling in the grass, he often strayed
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold.
And like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elysium; but she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striv'n in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.
Herewith he stayed his fury, and began
To give her leave to rise; away she ran;

[50] *Argus:* Mercury put the hundred-eyed Argus to sleep with music and then cut off his head. Juno had his eyes transferred to the tail of the peacock.

[51] *gloze:* insinuate, flatter.

[52] *snaky rod:* the Caduceus of Mercury, now the symbol of medicine.

[53] *assay:* assail, try.

After went Mercury, who used such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running;
Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight;
And knowing Hermes courted her, was glad
That she such loveliness and beauty had
As could provoke his liking, yet was mute,
And neither would deny nor grant his suit.
Still vowed he love, she wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality—
All women are ambitious naturally—
Imposed upon her lover such a task
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask.
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.
He, ready to accomplish what she willed,
Stole some from Hebe (Hebe Jove's cup filled)
And gave it to his simple rustic love;
Which being known (as [54] what is hid from Jove?)
He inly [55] stormed, and waxed more furious
Than for the fire filched by Prometheus,
And thrusts him down from heaven; he wand'ring here
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,
Complained to Cupid. Cupid, for his sake,
To be revenged on Jove did undertake;
And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forced them equally
To dote upon deceitful Mercury.
They offered him the deadly fatal knife
That shears the slender threads of human life;
At his fair-feathered feet the engines [56] laid
Which th' earth from ugly Chaos' den upweighed;
These he regarded not, but did entreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banished into hell,
And aged Saturn in Olympus dwell.
They granted what he craved, and once again
Saturn and Ops began their golden reign.
Murder, rape, war, lust, and treachery
Were with Jove closed in Stygian empery.[57]
But long this blessed time continued not;

[54] *as:* for.
[55] *inly:* inwardly, deeply.
[56] *engines:* instruments.
[57] *empery:* dominion.

As soon as he his wished purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of th' everlasting Destinies.
They seeing it, both Love and him abhorred,
And Jupiter unto his place restored.
And but that Learning,[58] in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in hell with Ignorance;
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss.
And to this day is every scholar poor;
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.[59]
Likewise, the angry sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honor's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir;
And fruitful wits that inaspiring are
Shall, discontent, run into regions far;
And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
But be surprised with every garish toy; [60]
And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,[61]
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injured.

Second Sestiad

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted.
He kissed her and breathed life into her lips,
Wherewith, as one displeased, away she trips.
Yet as she went, full often looked behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stayed
And would have turned again, but was afraid,
In off'ring parley, to be counted light.[62]
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train [63] Leander therewithal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stayed, and after her a letter sent,

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[58] *Learning:* Which Mercury (Hermes) represented.
[59] *boor:* an unlettered person.
[60] *toy:* trifle.
[61] *muse:* wonder; *sped:* succeeded.
[62] *light:* immodest.
[63] *train:* entice.

Which joyful Hero answered in such sort
As he had hoped to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal graces locked their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the door, he need not climb;
And she herself, before the 'pointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strewed the room,
And oft looked out, and mused he did not come.
At last he came; Oh, who can tell the greeting
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting?
He asked, she gave, and nothing was denied;
Both to each other quickly were affied.[64]
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did she willingly requited.
Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raised,
Where fancy is in equal balance peised.[65]
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turned aside, and to herself lamented,
As if her name and honor had been wronged
By being possessed of him for whom she longed;
Aye, and she wished, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leave her turret and depart.
The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smiled
To see how he this captive nymph beguiled;
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down that it might mount the higher.
Now waxed she jealous lest his love abated,
Fearing her own thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And like light Salmacis,[66] her body throws
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
She offers up herself, a sacrifice
To slake his anger if he were displeased.
Oh, what god would not therewith be appeased?
Like Aesop's cock,[67] this jewel he enjoyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favor and good will had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense [68]

[64] *affied:* affianced, engaged.

[65] *peised:* weighed.

[66] *Salmacis:* the nymph of a fountain, who fell in love with Hermaphroditus when he bathed there. Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* IV, 285.

[67] *Aesop's cock:* In a pseudo-Aesop fable a cock did not know what to do with a jewel, but would gladly trade it for a grain of corn.

[68] *creatures wanting sense:* inanimate objects. The reference is to magnetism.

By nature have a mutual appetence,
And wanting organs to advance a step,
Moved by love's force, unto each other leap?
Much more in subjects having intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude [69] in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung;
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Strived with redoubled strength; the more she strived,
The more a gentle pleasing heat revived,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know;
And now the same gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he craved it;
Love always makes those eloquent that have it.
She, with a kind of granting, put him by it,[70]
And ever as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus [71] she fled,
And, seeming lavish, saved her maidenhead.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,
Than Hero this inestimable gem.
Above our life we love a steadfast friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone;
No marvel then though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from that she dearly held;
Jewels being lost are found again, this never;
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost forever.
Now had the morn espied her lover's steeds,
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And, red for anger that he stayed so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among.
And now Leander, fearing to be missed,
Embraced her suddenly, took leave, and kissed.
Long was he taking leave, and loath to go,
And kissed again, as lovers use to do.
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand and wept,
Saying, "Let your vows and promises be kept."
Then, standing at the door, she turned about,

[69] *rude:* ignorant, untaught.

[70] *put him by it:* refused it to him.

[71] *tree of Tantalus:* Tantalus was punished in the lower world by being kept in a lake, but whenever he tried to drink, the waters receded, and whenever he tried to eat fruit from the tree overhead the tree drew away.

As loath to see Leander going out.
And now the sun that through th' horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps,
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trusty night concealed,
Leander's amorous habit [72] soon revealed;
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crowned,
About his arms the purple riband wound
Wherewith she wreathed her largely spreading hair;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endowed,
When first religious chastity she vowed;
Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail; for incorporeal Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking [73] water and dull earthly fumes.
Home, when he came, he seemed not to be there,
But like exiled heir thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place; and straight from thence,
Alcides [74] like, by mighty violence
He would have chased away the swelling main
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter
Fires and inflames objects removed far,
And heateth kindly, shining laterally,
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and removed,
Burns where it cherished, murders where it loved.
Therefore even as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
Oh, none but gods have power their love to hide;
Affection by the countenance is descried.
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is concealed betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently [75] was seen;
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuked his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begun.
But love, resisted once, grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;

[72] *amorous habit:* lover's clothing.
[73] *reeking:* fuming, vaporous.
[74] *Alcides:* Hercules.
[75] *apparently:* clearly.

For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controlled, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth the ringled [76] bit, and with his hooves
Checks [77] the submissive ground, so he that loves,
The more he is restrained, the worse he fares.
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
"Oh Hero, Hero!" thus he cried full oft,
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long stared he on 't,
And prayed the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go;
But still the rising billows answered "No."
With that he stripped him to the ivory skin,
And crying, "Love, I come!" leaped lively [78] in.
Whereat the sapphire-visaged god [79] grew proud,
And made his capering Triton sound aloud,
Imagining that Ganymede, displeased,
Had left the heavens; therefore on him he seized.
Leander strived; the waves about him wound,
And pulled him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strewed with pearl, and in low coral groves
Sweet singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwreck treasure.
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty god embraced him, called him love,
And swore he never should return to Jove.
But when he knew it was not Ganymede,
For under water he was almost dead,
He heaved him up, and looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kissed him,
And fell in drops like tears, because they missed him.
Leander, being up, began to swim,
And looking back, saw Neptune follow him;
Whereat aghast, the poor soul gan to cry:
"Oh, let me visit Hero ere I die!"
The god put Helle's [80] bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapped his plump cheeks, with his tresses played,
And smiling wantonly, his love bewrayed.[81]

[76] *ringled:* fitted with metal rings.
[77] *checks:* stamps.
[78] *lively:* briskly.
[79] *sapphire-visaged god:* Neptune.
[80] *Helle:* While riding on the golden ram with her brother Phrixus, she fell into the sea, whence the name Hellespont.
[81] *bewrayed:* revealed.

He watched his arms, and as they opened wide,
At every stroke betwixt them would he slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And as he turned, cast many a lustful glance,
And threw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk of love. Leander made reply:
"You are deceived, I am no woman, I."
Thereat smiled Neptune, and then told a tale
How that a shepherd, sitting in a vale,
Played with a boy so lovely, fair, and kind,
As for his love both earth and heaven pined;
That of the cooling river durst not drink
Lest water nymphs should pull him from the brink;
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
Goat-footed satyrs and up-staring fauns
Would steal him thence. Ere half this tale was done,
"Ay me," Leander cried, "th' enamored sun,
That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,
Descends upon my radiant Hero's tower.
Oh, that these tardy arms of mine were wings!"
And as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart revenging malice bare;
He flung at him his mace, but as it went
He called it in, for love made him repent.
The mace returning back, his own hand hit,
As meaning to be venged for darting it.
When this fresh bleeding wound Leander viewed,
His color went and came, as if he rued
The grief which Neptune felt. In gentle breasts
Relenting thoughts, remorse, and pity rests;
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds
But vicious, harebrained, and illiterate hinds?
The god, seeing him with pity to be moved,
Thereon concluded that he was beloved.
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us.)
Wherefore, Leander's fancy to surprise,
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies.
'Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails
When deep persuading oratory fails.
By this, Leander, being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet and felt the sand.

Breathless albeit he were, he rested not
Till to the solitary tower he got,
And knocked and called, at which celestial noise
The longing heart of Hero much more joys
Than nymphs or shepherds when the timbrel rings,
Or crooked dolphin when the sailor sings;
She stayed not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunk with gladness, to the door she goes;
Where seeing a naked man, she screeched for fear,
(Such sights as this to tender maids are rare)
And ran into the dark herself to hide.
Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied;
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn,
By those white limbs which sparkled through the lawn.[82]
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And seeking refuge, slipped into her bed.
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through numbing cold all feeble, faint, and wan:
"If not for love, yet, love, for pity sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly [83] swum;
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow."
Herewith affrighted Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay,
Whose lively heat like fire from heaven fet,[84]
Would animate gross clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base declining souls,
Than dreary [85] Mars carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare;
She, overcome with shame and sallow fear,
Like chaste Diana, when Actaeon spied her,
Being suddenly betrayed, dived down to hide her;
And as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture.
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
Flatter, entreat, promise, protest, and swear;
Yet ever as he greedily assayed
To touch those dainties, she the harpy played,
And every limb did, as a soldier stout,

[82] *lawn:* thin fine cloth.
[83] *cheerly:* gladly.
[84] *fet:* brought.
[85] *dreary:* bloody.

Defend the fort and keep the foeman out;
For though the rising ivory mount he scaled,
Which is with azure circling lines empaled,
Much like a globe (a globe may I term this,
By which love sails to regions full of bliss)
Yet there with Sisyphus [86] he toiled in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.
Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something, and sighed out the rest;
Which so prevailed, as he with small ado
Enclosed her in his arms and kissed her too.
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm,[87]
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden, at his mercy was.
Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.
Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth and oft flutters with her wing,
She trembling strove; this strife of hers, like that
Which made the world, another world begat
Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length;
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Entered the orchard of th' Hesperides,
Whose fruit none rightly can describe but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
And now she wished this night were never done,
And sighed to think upon th' approaching sun;
For much it grieved her that the bright daylight
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night,
And them like Mars and Erycine [88] display,
Both in each other's arms chained as they lay.
Again she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden clinged her so about,

[86] *Sisyphus* was condemned to roll a stone continually up hill.

[87] *alarm:* a call to action.

[88] *Erycine:* Venus.

That mermaid-like unto the floor she slid,
One half appeared, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the hair,
As from an orient cloud, glimpse here and there;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betrayed,
And her all naked to his sight displayed;
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
Than Dis [89] on heaps of gold fixing his look.
By this, Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the ocean;
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the day-bright-bearing car prepared,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mocked ugly night
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Danged [90] down to hell her loathsome carriage.

Desunt nonnulla.[91]

[89] *Dis:* Pluto, god of wealth.
[90] *Danged:* threw.
[91] *Desunt nonnulla:* "Some verses are missing" [i.e., the remaining four Sestiads]. They were later supplied by George Chapman.

Sir Walter Ralegh

1552–1618

SIR WALTER RALEGH was born in Devonshire about 1552, went to Oxford but left without a degree, fought in wars in France and Ireland, and in 1575 was living in the Middle Temple, with perhaps more interest in literature than in law. By some display of his brilliant personality (not by covering a puddle with his cloak) he attracted the attention of the Queen, and for ten years (1582–1592) he was a court favorite, receiving offices, grants, monopolies, jockeying for position with jealous and powerful rivals, flattering the Queen, and planning the exploration and colonization of a new world. He dressed gorgeously, and he was a wit; but of greater significance was his abiding vision of an imperial England, his constant hatred of Spain, and his eager speculative curiosity in matters of science, agriculture, and philosophy.

His poetry is the poetry of the courtier; he did not deign to print it, and it is with difficulty that an editor decides upon the authenticity and text of any verse attributed to him. But in a still more important sense it is courtly poetry: it shows a keen bitterness about life which comes from trying to maintain one's foothold on the slippery slopes of royal favor. We are reminded of Wyatt half a century earlier. Ralegh was a philosopher, too; in 1594 he was investigated for atheism, and a parson quoted him as saying, "I have been a scholar some time in Oxford; I have answered under a bachelor of art and had talk with divers; yet hitherunto in this point (to wit, what the reasonable soul of man is) have I not by any been resolved."

Yet with his skepticism, his disillusionment, Ralegh was still a romantic. He forms, with Sidney, Spenser, and Marlowe, the quadrumvirate of Elizabethan romanticism. His long poem to the Queen, *Cynthia,* which Spenser praised so highly, is lost, except for a rough draft of some appended stanzas. His romanticism is most evident in his prose—in the narrative of his cousin Sir Richard Grenville's last fight in the *Revenge* (see pp. 772–782, below) and in *The History of the World.*

He fell from power in 1592, for marrying (some said after seducing) Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of the Queen's maids of honor. And under King James he was kept in prison on a trumped-up charge of treason; there, from 1603 to 1618, he performed scientific experiments and wrote history, and he was released only once, to make his ill-fated last voyage to Guiana in 1617. He was a passionate man, like Hotspur and Hamlet, and of course he had enemies. Yet by 1618 popular sympathy was so much in his favor that, as Trevelyan said, "the ghost of Ralegh pursued the House of Stuart to the scaffold."

Had he not earned a name as the founder of Virginia, the eloquent and grave historian, "a seafaring man, a soldier and a courtier," as he described himself

on the scaffold, he would still be the poet Spenser praised, "the sommers Nightingale" who

> . . . tooke in hond
> My pipe, before that aemuled of many,
> And plaid theron; (for well that skill he cond)
> Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.

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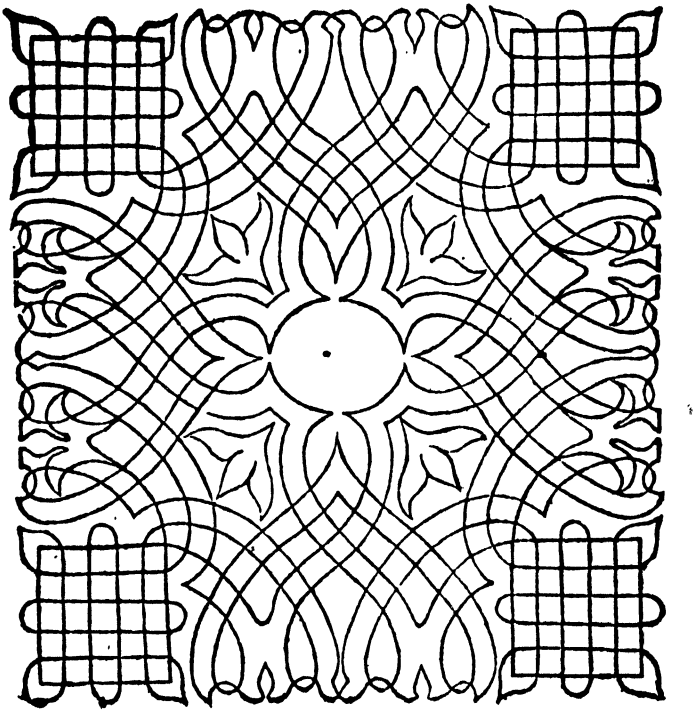
For prose see *The Works of Sir Walter Ralegh,* 8 vols., Oxford, 1829, and a convenient selection ed. G. E. Hadow, Oxford, 1917.



METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,[1]
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair love and fairer virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce;
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY[2] TO THE SHEPHERD

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel[3] becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

[1] A commendatory sonnet prefixed to Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (1590). Ralegh was a patron of Spenser; he brought him to court and encouraged the publication of his great work. *Laura:* the lady celebrated in Petrarch's sonnets.

[2] *Nymph's reply:* an answer to Marlowe's poem on p 170. Donne, Herrick, and another, anonymous, poet, in *England's Helicon* (1600), also wrote imitations of Marlowe's poem.

[3] *Philomel:* the nightingale.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date [4] nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

WHAT is our life? a play of passion; [5]
Our mirth, the music of division; [6]
Our mothers' wombs the tiring-houses [7] be
Where we are dressed for this short comedy.
Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is,
That sits and marks still [8] who doth act amiss;
Our graves that hide us from the searching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march we playing to our latest rest;
Only we die in earnest—that's no jest.

LIKE to a hermit poor in place obscure
I mean to spend my days of endless doubt,
To wail such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but love shall ever find me out.
My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink naught else but tears fall'n from mine eyes;
And for my light in such obscured shade
The flames shall serve which from my heart arise.
A gown of gray my body shall attire,
My staff of broken hope whereon I'll stay;
Of late repentance linked with long desire
The couch is framed whereon my limbs I'll lay;
And at my gate despair shall linger still
To let in death when love and fortune will.

[4] *date:* ending.

[5] Set to music by Orlando Gibbons, in *The First Set of Madrigals and Motets* (1612).

[6] *music of division:* the more rapid accompaniment to, or variation on, a theme.

[7] *tiring-houses:* dressing rooms.

[8] *still:* constantly.

Nature, that washed her hands in milk,[9]
And had forgot to dry them,
Instead of earth took snow and silk,
At love's request to try them,
If she a mistress could compose
To please love's fancy out of those.

Her eyes he would should be of light,
A violet breath, and lips of jelly;
Her hair not black, nor overbright,
And of the softest down her belly;
As for her inside he'd have it
Only of wantonness and wit.

At love's entreaty such a one
Nature made, but with her beauty
She hath framed a heart of stone;
So as love, by ill destiny,
Must die for her whom nature gave him,
Because her darling would not save him.

But time (which nature doth despise,
And rudely gives her love the lie,
Makes hope a fool, and sorrow wise)
His hands do neither wash nor dry;
But being made of steel and rust,
Turns snow and silk and milk to dust.

The light, the belly, lips, and breath,
He dims, discolors, and destroys;
With those he feeds but fills not death,
Which sometimes were the food of joys.
Yea, time doth dull each lively wit,
And dries all wantonness with it.

Oh, cruel time! which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave
When we have wandered all our ways
Shuts up the story of our days.

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[9] This poem survived in several MSS, but was not published until 1902. In the year of Ralegh's death, however, the following expanded version of the last stanza was published with the heading "By Sir W. R. which he writ the night before his execution."

Even such is time, which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Within the dark and silent grave;
When we have wavered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days,
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord will raise me up, I trust.

See V. B. Heltzel, *Huntington Library Bulletin*, No. 10 (1936), 185–188.

THE LIE[10]

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

[10] This poem provoked many answers.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honor how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favor how it falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle [11] points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
Tell virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing—
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing—
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill.

[11] *tickle:* delicate.

THE PASSIONATE MAN'S PILGRIMAGE[12]

Give me my scallop-shell[13] of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,[14]
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given,
Whilst my soul like a white palmer
Travels to the land of heaven,
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains;
And there I'll kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink my eternal fill
On every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after it will ne'er thirst more;
And by the happy blissful way
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see
That have shook off their gowns of clay
And go appareled fresh like me.
I'll bring them first
To slake their thirst,
And then to taste those nectar suckets,[15]
At the clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the holy paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel,
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearl bowers,
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,

[12] First printed in Anthony Scoloker's *Diaphantus* (1604).
[13] *scallop-shell:* symbol of a pilgrim.
[14] *gage:* pledge, pawn, forfeit.
[15] *suckets:* sweetmeats.

Nor forged accusers bought and sold,
No cause deferred, nor vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's attorney,
Who pleads for all, without degrees,
And he hath angels,[16] but no fees.
When the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins and sinful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted [17] lawyer, true proceeder;
Thou movest salvation even for alms,
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is my eternal plea
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
Seeing my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head.
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

FAREWELL, false love, the oracle of lies,[18]
A mortal foe and enemy to rest;
An envious boy, from whom all cares arise,
A bastard vile, a beast with rage possessed;
A way of error, a temple full of treason,
In all effects contrary unto reason.

A poisoned serpent covered all with flowers,
Mother of sighs and murtherer of repose,
A sea of sorrows from whence are drawn such showers
As moisture lends to every grief that grows;
A school of guile, a net of deep deceit,
A gilded hook that holds a poisoned bait.

[16] *angels:* a pun on the coin of that name, worth about 10 shillings.

[17] *unblotted:* unsullied.

[18] Set to music by William Byrd in *Psalmes, Sonets and Songs* (1588). Aside from a prefatory sonnet to Gascoigne's *Steel Glass* (1576), this is the earliest of Ralegh's poems to appear in print.

A fortress foiled [19] which reason did defend,
A siren song, a fever of the mind,
A maze wherein affection finds no end,
A raging cloud that runs before the wind,
A substance like the shadow of the sun,
A goal of grief for which the wisest run.

A quenchless fire, a nurse of trembling fear,
A path that leads to peril and mishap;
A true retreat of sorrow and despair,
An idle boy that sleeps in pleasure's lap,
A deep distrust of that which certain seems,
A hope of that which reason doubtful deems.

Sith then thy trains [20] my younger years betrayed,
And for my faith ingratitude I find,
And sith repentance hath my wrongs bewrayed [21]
Whose course was ever contrary to kind—
False love, desire, and beauty frail, adieu!
Dead is the root whence all these fancies grew.

[19] *foiled:* overthrown.
[20] *Sith:* since; *trains:* tricks, stratagems.
[21] *bewrayed:* revealed.

The Sonnet Cycles

BETWEEN the time when Wyatt and Surrey showed the possibilities offered by the sonnet in English and the penultimate decade of the sixteenth century, little was done with the form. Gascoigne, in his *Certain Notes of Instruction* (1575), defined the sonnet, and most poets made use of it for dedications and occasional poems, but it was only in the eighties that the great vogue of the cycle of sonnets, addressed by the poet to a mistress real or imaginary, began. Petrarch, with his sonnets to Laura, was the ultimate model, but the English poets found themes and ideas in lesser Italians and in the many French imitators of the Italians.

The sonnet is a highly artificial form; the sonnet cycle, with its conventional themes (the lover's woes, the mistress' beauty, Cupid's behavior, sleep, eternal fame, etc.), its conceits drawn from natural science, navigation, law, medicine, war, etc., is just as artificial. But dependence upon a French or Italian source, or the adoption of familiar and well-understood conventions, does not mean deadness or sterility. An Elizabethan poet was interested primarily in the poem itself, not in the relationship between that poem and the poet's personal or private life, nor in the claim to "originality" which certain Romantic doctrines substitute for excellence.

A few actual ladies are represented by the poetical names: Sidney's Stella was Penelope Devereux, Lady Rich, and she was also apparently Constable's Diana; Drayton's Idea was probably Ann Goodere, the daughter of the poet's patron; and Daniel's Delia may have been the Countess of Pembroke, the patroness herself. But even this circumstance does not warrant the reading of any cycle as strict autobiography. Dr. Giles Fletcher gave a playful warning that his Licia might be "learning's image, or some heavenly wonder which the precisest may not mislike. . . . It may be my conceit, and pretend nothing."

About two dozen sonnet cycles from this period survive. Their poets include Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, Constable, Daniel, Drayton, Lodge, and Drummond, as well as poets whose names we do not know. The sonnets illustrate all varieties of quality and all varieties of taste. The rise and fall of the vogue of the sonnet cycle is a typical chapter in literary history. It begins with the violent enthusiasm with which Nashe introduced the first surreptitious edition of *Astrophel and Stella* in 1591: "Wherefore, break off your dance, you fairies and elves! and from the fields, with the torn carcasses of your timbrels! for your kingdom is expired. Put out your rushlights, you poets and rhymers! and bequeath your crazed quatorzains to the chandlers! for lo, here he cometh that hath broken your legs." And the end is coming when Sir John Davies pens his "gulling" sonnets and the virile voice of Donne expresses a reaction against Petrarchism.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: Sidney Lee, *Elizabethan Sonnets*, Westminster, 1904; Janet G. Scott, *Les Sonnets Elisabéthains*, Paris, 1929; S. Daniel, *Poems and A Defence of Rhyme*, ed. A. C. Sprague, Harvard, 1930; Ruth Hughey, "The Harington MS at Arundel Castle," *4 Library XV* (1935), 388–444; L. C. John, *The Elizabethan Sonnet Sequences*, Columbia, 1938.

HENRY CONSTABLE

DIANA (1592)

DECADE V, SONNETS VIII AND IX [1]

DEAR to my soul, then leave me not forsaken!
Fly not, my heart within thy bosom sleepeth.
Even from myself and sense I have betaken
Me unto thee for whom my spirit weepeth,
And on the shore of that salt teary sea,
Couched in a bed of unseen seeming pleasure,
Where in imaginary thoughts thy fair self lay;
But being waked, robbed of my life's best treasure,
I call the heavens, air, earth, and seas to hear
My love, my truth, and black disdained estate;
Beating the rocks with bellowings of despair,
Which still with plaints my words reverberate;
Sighing, "Alas, what shall become of me?"
Whilst echo cries, "What shall become of me?"

WHILST echo cries, "What shall become of me?" [2]
And desolate, my desolations pity,
Thou in thy beauty's carrack [3] sit'st to see
My tragic downfall, and my funeral ditty.
No timbrel,[4] but my heart thou play'st upon,
Whose strings are stretched unto the highest key;
The diapason, love; love is the unison; [5]

[1] The 1594 edition of *Diana* is divided into eight "decades," or groups of ten sonnets each.

[2] An example of "linking" sonnets by repeating the last line of one as the first line of the next.

[3] *carrack:* a large armed merchant ship, of the type used by the Spaniards to transport treasure from the New World.

[4] *timbrel:* tamborine.

[5] *diapason, unison:* the harmony of all the notes and the single line of melody. "Diapason" could refer to a chord struck on a lute as well as to the more familiar organ effect.

In love my life and labors waste away.
Only regardless to the world thou leav'st me,
Whilst slain hopes, turning from the feast of sorrow
Unto despair, their king which ne'er deceives me,
Captives my heart, whose black night hates the morrow;
And he in ruth of my distressed cry
Plants me a weeping star within my eye.

DECADE VI, SONNET II [6]

To LIVE in hell and heaven to behold;
To welcome life and die a living death;
To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold;
To grasp at stars and lie the earth beneath;
To tread a maze that never shall have end;
To burn in sighs and starve [7] in daily tears;
To climb a hill and never to descend;
Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears;
To pine for food, and watch th' Hesperian tree; [8]
To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw;
To live accursed, whom men hold blest to be,
And weep those wrongs which never creature saw:
If this be love, if love in these be founded,
My heart is love, for these in it are grounded.

FROM
TODD MS

III, IV [9]

MIRACLE of the world, I never will deny
That former poets praise the beauty of their days,

[6] Based on Desportes, *Diane,* I, xxix. Compare Daniel's Sonnet IX, below.

[7] *starve:* to die gradually, not necessarily of hunger.

[8] *Hesperian tree:* a tree which bore the golden apples finally secured by Hercules.

[9] Printed in Park's *Harleian Miscellany,* IX, 498–499.

The MS is now Dyce MS 44 at the South Kensington Museum. In this MS the sonnets are divided into three parts, each part having three arguments and each argument seven sonnets. Part I, of the "variable affections of love," treats the beginning of his love (first 7), the praise of his mistress (second 7), and "several accidents happening in the time of his love" (third 7). This sonnet is No. 4 of the third 7. It is labeled "To his mistress upon occasion of a Petrarch he gave her, showing the reason why the Italian commentators dissent so much in the exposition thereof." The theme resembles that of Shakespeare's Sonnet CVI.

But all those beauties were but figures of thy praise
And all those poets did of thee but prophesy.
Thy coming to the world hath taught us to descry
What Petrarch's Laura meant, for truth the lip bewrays.
Lo, why th' Italians, yet which never saw thy rays,
To find out Petrach's sense such forged glosses try:
The beauties which he in a veil enclosed beheld
But revelations were within his secret heart,
By which in parables thy coming he foretold.
His songs were hymns of thee, which only now before
Thy image should be sung; for thou that goddess art
Which only we without idolatry adore.

FROM

HARLEIAN MS 7553

TO ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL[10]

He that for fear his Master did deny,
And at a maiden's voice amazed stood,
The mightiest monarch of the earth withstood,
And on his Master's cross rejoiced to die.
He whose blind zeal did rage with cruelty
And helped to shed the first of martyrs' blood,
By light from heaven his blindness understood,
And with the chief apostle slain doth lie.
Oh three times happy two! Oh golden pair!
Who with your blood did lay the church's ground
Within the fatal town which twins did found,
And settled there the Hebrew fisher's chair
Where first the Latin shepherd raised his throne,
And since, the world and church were ruled by one.

[10] Constable was a Catholic. His religious sonnets were not published in Elizabethan times, but survive in Harleian MS 7553 in the British Museum and were printed by Park in *Heliconia*, Vol. II.

THOMAS LODGE

PHILLIS (1593)

XIII [11]

Love guards the roses of thy lips
And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.
Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shine;
And if I look the boy will lour,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.
Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same;
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.
Love, let me cull her choicest flowers,
And pity me, and calm her eye,
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lours,
Then will I praise thy deity.
But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

XXXI [12]

Devoid of reason, thrall to foolish ire,
I walk and chase a savage fairy still,
Now near the flood, straight on the mounting hill,
Now midst the woods of youth and vain desire.
For leash I bear a cord of careful grief;
For brach [13] I lead an overforward mind;
My hounds are thoughts, and rage despairing blind,
Pain, cruelty, and care without relief.
But they, perceiving that my swift pursuit
My flying fairy cannot overtake,
With open mouths their prey on me do make,
Like hungry hounds that lately lost their suit,
And full of fury on their master feed,
To hasten on my hapless death with speed.

[11] This poem has one more quatrain than the regular sonnet, and all but the last two lines are tetrameter. Of the 40 poems in *Phillis* only 27 are sonnets.

[12] Based on Ronsard, *Amours*, I, cxix.

[13] *brach:* a hound hunting by scent.

XXXIV [14]

I WOULD in rich and golden-colored rain,
With tempting showers in pleasant sort descend
Into fair Phillis' lap, my lovely friend,
When sleep her sense with slumber doth restrain.
I would be changed to a milk-white bull,
When midst the gladsome fields she should appear,
By pleasant fineness to surprise my dear
Whilst from their stalks she pleasant flowers did pull.
I were content to weary out my pain
To be Narcissus, so she were a spring,
To drown in her those woes my heart do wring.
And more: I wish transformed to remain,
That whilst I thus in pleasure's lap did lie,
I might refresh desire, which else would die.

SAMUEL DANIEL

DELIA (1592) [15]

IV

THESE plaintive verse,[16] the posts of my desire,
Which haste for succor to her slow regard,
Bear not report of any slender fire,
Forging a grief to win a fame's reward.
Nor are my passions limned [17] for outward hue,
For that no colors can depaint my sorrows;
Delia herself and all the world may view
Best in my face how cares hath tilled deep furrows.
No bays I seek to deck my mourning brow,
Oh clear-eyed rector of the holy hill; [18]
My humble accents crave the olive bough
Of her mild pity and relenting will.
These lines I use t' unburthen mine own heart;
My love affects no fame, nor 'steems of art.

[14] Based on Ronsard, *Amours*, I, xx.

[15] The texts are based on the edition of A. C. Sprague, who usually adopts the reading of the first authorized edition, 1592. Daniel revised *Delia* four times, and his later revisions remove some of the Elizabethan flavor of the poems. The numbering of the sonnets follows Sprague, not Lee.

[16] *verse:* the plural, as in Old and Middle English.

[17] *limned:* drawn, painted.

[18] *rector:* ruler (i.e., Apollo); *holy hill:* Mt. Parnassus.

VI

Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair:
Her brow shades frowns, although her eyes are sunny,
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair,
And her disdains are gall, her favors honey.
A modest maid, decked with a blush of honor,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love;
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her,
Sacred on earth, designed a saint above.
Chastity and Beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow;
And had she pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
Oh had she not been fair and thus unkind,
My muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

IX [19]

If this be love, to draw a weary breath,
Paint on floods till the shore cry to the air,
With downward looks still reading on the earth
The sad memorials of my love's despair;
If this be love, to war against my soul,
Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve me,
The never-resting stone of care to roll,
Still to complain my griefs, and none relieve me;
If this be love, to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart,
My pleasures, horror; music, tragic notes,
Tears in my eyes and sorrow at my heart;
If this be love, to live a living death—
Oh then love I, and draw this weary breath.

[19] Based on Desportes, *Diane*, I, xxix. This was Sonnet 22 in the "Poems and Sonnets of Sundry Other Noblemen and Gentlemen" appended to the surreptitious Newman edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* in 1591.

XXXI [20]

Look, Delia, how we 'steem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honor,
Whilst in her tender green she doth inclose
That pure sweet beauty time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air
But straight her full-blown pride is in declining.
She then is scorned that late adorned the fair;
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine,
So clouds thy beauty after fairest shining.
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose blooming grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift speedy time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Oh let not then such riches waste in vain,
But love whilst that thou mayst be loved again.

XXXIII [21]

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass,
And thou, with careful brow sitting alone,
Received hast this message from thy glass,
That tells thee truth, and says that all is gone,
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madest,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,
I that have loved thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent;
Then what my faith hath been thyself shall see,
And that thou wast unkind thou mayst repent.
Thou mayst repent that thou hast scorned my tears,
When winter snows upon thy golden [22] hairs.

[20] Based on Tasso, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, XVI, 14–15. Spenser made two versions of the same source, in *Faerie Queene*, II, xii, xxiv–xxv and *Amoretti*, LXX (see p. 145).

[21] Imitated from Tasso, *Rime Amorose*, 57.

[22] *golden:* changed to *sable* in later editions.

XLV [23]

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my cares, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, th' imagery of our day desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

XLVI

Let others sing of knights and paladins
In aged accents and untimely [24] words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee and those fair eyes.
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th' unborn shall say, "Lo where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb."
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark and time's consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth they shall discover,
Suffice, they show I lived and was thy lover.

[23] Based on Desportes, *Hippolyte*, lxxv.

[24] *untimely*: obsolete.

XLVIII

None other fame mine unambitious muse
Affected ever but t' eternize thee;
All other honors do my hopes refuse,
Which meaner prized and momentary be.
For God forbid I should my papers blot
With mercenary lines, with servile pen,
Praising virtues in them that have them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.
No, no, my verse respects nor Thames nor theaters,
Nor seeks it to be known unto the great;
But Avon, rich [25] in fame though poor in waters,
Shall have my song, where Delia hath her seat.
Avon shall be my Thames and she my song;
I'll sound her name the river all along.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

IDEA

TO THE READER OF THESE SONNETS [26]

Into these loves who but for passion looks,
At this first sight here let him lay them by,
And seek elsewhere, in turning other books
Which better may his labor satisfy.
No farfetched sigh shall ever wound my breast,
Love from mine eye a tear shall never wring,
Nor in *Ah me's* my whining sonnets dressed;
A libertine, fantastically I sing.
My verse is the true image of my mind,
Ever in motion, still desiring change;
And as thus to variety inclined,
So in all humors sportively I range;
My muse is rightly of the English strain,
That cannot long one fashion entertain.

[25] *Avon:* not the famous river that flows through Stratford, but a river of the same name in Wiltshire; *rich:* later changed to "poor," and line 14 altered to read, "No other prouder brooks shall hear my wrong."

[26] First found in 1599 ed. Our text of all Drayton's sonnets is taken from the collection of 1619.

I [27]

Like an adventurous seafarer am I,
Who hath some long and dangerous voyage been,
And called to tell of his discovery,
How far he sailed, what countries he had seen;
Proceeding from the port whence he put forth,
Shows by his compass how his course he steered,
When east, when west, when south, and when by north,
As how the pole to every place was reared,
What capes he doubled, of what continent,
The gulfs and straits that strangely he had passed,
Where most becalmed, where with foul weather spent,
And on what rocks in peril to be cast—
Thus, in my love, time calls me to relate
My tedious travels and oft-varying fate.

VI [28]

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapped in their winding sheet!
Where I to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise.
Virgins and matrons reading these my rhymes
Shall be so much delighted with thy story
That they shall grieve they lived not in these times,
To have seen thee, their sex's only glory.
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song.

[27] First included in 1619.

[28] First included in 1619.

IX [29]

As other men, so I myself do muse
Why in this sort I wrest invention so,
And why these giddy metaphors I use,
Leaving the path the greater part do go.
I will resolve you. I am lunatic,
And ever this in madmen you shall find:
What they last thought of, when the brain grew sick,
In most distraction they keep that in mind.
Thus talking idly in this bedlam fit,
Reason and I, you must conceive, are twain;
'Tis nine years now since first I lost my wit,
Bear with me, then, though troubled be my brain.
With diet and correction, men distraught
(Not too far past) may to their wits be brought.

XX [30]

An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me still,
Wherewith, alas, I have been long possessed,
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's rest;
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,
And when by means to drive it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extremity;
Before my face it lays down my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death,
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,
And then in sighing to give up my breath.
Thus am I still provoked to every evil
By this good wicked spirit, sweet angel devil.

[29] First included in 1602.

[30] First included in 1599.

XXXVII [31]

DEAR, why should you command me to my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to sleep?
Methinks this time becometh lovers best;
Night was ordained together friends to keep.
How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day disjoin by several flight,
The quiet evening yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night!
Oh thou that art so courteous else to all,
Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me only thus,
That every creature to his kind dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
Well could I wish it would be ever day,
If when night comes you bid me go away.

XLIV [32]

WHILST thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where, in the map of all my misery,
Is modeled out the world of my disgrace;
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like I make thee young again,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing rhymes,
And murther'st virtue with thy coy disdain.
And though in youth my youth untimely perish
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,
Where I, entombed, my better part shall save;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

[31] First included in 1602.

[32] First included in 1599.

LXI [33]

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part;
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

DR. GILES FLETCHER

LICIA (1593?)

XXV [34]

SEVEN are the lights that wander in the skies,
And at these seven I wonder in my love:
So see the moon, how pale she doth arise,
Standing amazed as though she durst not move;
So is my sweet much paler than the snow,
Constant her looks, those looks that cannot change.
Mercury the next, a god sweet-tongued we know,
But her sweet voice doth wonders speak more strange.
The rising sun doth boast him of his pride,
And yet my love is far more fair than he.
The warlike Mars can wieldless [35] weapons guide,
But yet that god is far more weak than she.
The lovely Venus seemeth to be fair,
But at her best, my love is far more bright.
Saturn for age with groans doth dim the air,
Whereas my love with smiles doth give it light.
Gaze at her brows, where heaven ingrafted is;
Then sigh, and swear, there is no heaven but this.

[33] First included in 1619. Rossetti called this sonnet "almost the best in the language, if not quite."

[34] This and the following sonnet are based on Angerianus, *Erotopaegnion* (contemporary Neo-Latin source).

[35] *wieldless:* that cannot be wielded.

XXVIII

In time the strong and stately turrets fall,
In time the rose and silver lilies die,
In time the monarchs captive are, and thrall,
In time the sea and rivers are made dry;
The hardest flint in time doth melt asunder;
Still-living fame in time doth fade away;
The mountains proud we see in time come under;
And earth, for age, we see in time decay.
The sun in time forgets for to retire
From out the east where he was wont to rise;
The basest thoughts we see in time aspire,
And greedy minds in time do wealth despise.
Thus all, sweet fair, in time must have an end,
Except thy beauty, virtues, and thy friend.

XLVII [36]

Like Memnon's rock,[37] touched with the rising sun,
Which yields a sound and echoes forth a voice,
But when it's drowned in western seas, is done,
And drowsy-like leaves off to make a noise;
So I, my love, enlightened with your shine,
A poet's skill within my soul I shroud—
Not rude, like that which finer wits decline,
But such as Muses to the best allowed.
But when your figure and your shape is gone,
I speechless am, like as I was before;
Or if I write, my verse is filled with moan
And blurred with tears by falling in such store.
Then muse not, Licia, if my muse be slack,
For when I wrote I did thy beauty lack.

[36] Based on Gruterus (Dutch humanist, 1560–1627), *Harmosyne.*

[37] *Memnon's rock:* a colossal statue near Thebes which according to tradition gave forth a musical note when struck by the rays of the rising sun.

B. BARNES

PARTHENOPHIL (1593)

LXIII [38]

Jove for Europa's love took shape of bull,
And for Calisto played Diana's part,
And in a golden shower he filled full
The lap of Danae, with celestial art.
Would I were changed but to my mistress' gloves,
That those white lovely fingers I might hide;
That I might kiss those hands which mine heart loves!
Or else that chain of pearl (her neck's vain pride)
Made proud with her neck's veins, that I might fold
About that lovely neck, and her paps tickle!
Or her to compass, like a belt of gold!
Or that sweet wine, which down her throat doth trickle,
To kiss her lips and lie next at her heart,
Run through her veins, and pass by pleasure's part!

LXVI

Ah, sweet Content! where is thy mild abode?
Is it with shepherds and light-hearted swains
Which sing upon the downs and pipe abroad,
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?
Ah, sweet Content! where dost thou safely rest?
In heaven with angels which the praises sing
Of Him that made, and rules at His behest,
The minds and hearts of every living thing?
Ah, sweet Content! where doth thine harbor hold?
Is it in churches, with religious men
Which please the gods with prayers manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then?
Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appear,
Be where thou wilt, thou wilt not harbor here.

[38] This sonnet is attacked by Marston; see p 381. Similar examples of bad taste are to be found in R Belleau, *Qu'il se voudrait transformé en tout ce que touche sa Maistresse*, in de Baïf's *Meline*, I, 40, and in Watson's *Hecatompathia*, XXVIII.

W. PERCY

COELIA (1594)

XIX

It shall be said I died for Coelia;
Then quick, thou grisly man of Erebus,
Transport me hence unto Proserpina,
To be adjudged as willful amorous,
To be hung up within the liquid air,
For all the sighs which I in vain have wasted;
To be through Lethe's waters cleansed fair,
For those dark clouds which have my looks o'ercasted;
To be condemned to everlasting fire,
Because at Cupid's fire I willful brent me;
And to be clad for deadly dumps in mire.
Among so many plagues which shall torment me
One solace I shall find, when I am over,—
It will be known I died a constant lover.

ANONYMOUS

ZEPHERIA (1594)

CANZON 26

When we, in kind embracements, had agreed
To keep a royal banquet on our lips,
How soon have we another feast decreed,
And how, at parting, have we mourned by fits!
Eftsoons in absence have we wailed much more
Till those void hours of intermission
Were spent, that we might revel as before.
How have we bribed time for expedition!
And when remitted to our former love plays,
How have we, overweening in delight,
Accused the father sexton of the days
That then with eagle's wings he took his flight.
But now, old man, fly on as swift as thought,
Sith eyes from love, and hope from heart, is wrought,

R. LYNCHE

DIELLA (1596)

IV

WHAT sugared terms, what all-persuading art,
What sweet mellifluous words, what wounding looks
Love used for his admittance to my heart!
Such eloquence was never read in books.
He promised pleasure, rest, and endless joy,
Fruition of the fairest she alive.
His pleasure, pain; rest, trouble; joy, annoy,
Have I since found, which me of bliss deprive.
The Trojan horse thus have I now let in,
Wherein enclosed these armed men were placed—
Bright eyes, fair cheeks, sweet lips, and milk-white skin;
These foes my life have overthrown and razed.
Fair outward shows prove inwardly the worst,
Love looketh fair, but lovers are accurst.

W. SMITH

CHLORIS (1596)

COLIN, my dear and most entire beloved,[39]
My muse audacious stoops her pitch to thee,
Desiring that thy patience be not moved
By these rude lines, written here you see;
Fain would my muse, whom cruel love hath wronged,
Shroud her love labors under thy protection,
And I myself with ardent zeal have longed
That thou mightst know to thee my true affection.
Therefore, good Colin, graciously accept
A few sad sonnets which my muse hath framed;
Though they but newly from the shell are crept,
Suffer them not by envy to be blamed.
But underneath the shadow of thy wings
Give warmth to these young-hatched orphan things.

[39] This and two other dedicatory sonnets are addressed "To the most excellent and learned Shepherd Colin Clout" (Spenser).

B. GRIFFIN

FIDESSA (1596)

XV [40]

CARE-CHARMER sleep, sweet ease in restless misery,
The captive's liberty, and his freedom's song,
Balm of the bruised heart, man's chief felicity,
Brother of quiet death, when life is too, too long!
A comedy it is, and now an history—
What is not sleep unto the feeble mind!
It easeth him that toils and him that's sorry,
It makes the deaf to hear, to see the blind.
Ungentle sleep, thou helpest all but me,
For when I sleep my soul is vexed most.
It is Fidessa that doth master thee;
If she approach, alas, thy power is lost.
But here she is. See, how he runs amain!
I fear at night he will not come again.

XXIII [41]

FLY to her heart; hover about her heart.
With dainty kisses mollify her heart.
Pierce with thy arrows her obdurate heart.
With sweet allurements ever move her heart.
At midday and at midnight touch her heart.
Be lurking closely, nestle about her heart.
With power (thou art a god!) command her heart.
Kindle thy coals of love about her heart.
Yea, even into thyself transform her heart.
Ah, she must love! Be sure thou have her heart.
And I must die, if thou have not her heart.
Thy bed, if thou rest well, must be her heart.
He hath the best part, sure, that hath her heart;
What have I not, if I have but her heart!

[40] Compare Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella,* XXXIX and Daniel's *Delia,* XLV.

[41] An example of the form called "like-loose."

XXXV

I HAVE not spent the April of my time,
The sweet of youth, in plotting in the air,
But do at first adventure seek to climb,
Whilst flowers of blooming years are green and fair.
I am no leaving of all-withering age,
I have not suffered many winter lours;
I feel no storm unless my love do rage,
And then in grief I spend both days and hours.
This yet doth comfort, that my flower lasted
Until it did approach my sun too near,
And then, alas, untimely was it blasted,
So soon as once thy beauty did appear.
But after all, my comfort rests in this,
That for thy sake my youth decayed is.

H. LOK

SONNETS OF THE CHRISTIAN PASSIONS (1597)[42]

WORDS may well want, both ink and paper fail,
Wits may grow dull, and will may weary grow,
And world's affairs may make my pen more slow,
But yet my heart and courage shall not quail.
Though cares and troubles do my peace assail
And drive me to delay thy praise awhile,
Yet all the world shall not from thoughts exile
Thy mercies, Lord, by which my plaints prevail.
And though the world with face should grateful smile
And me her peddler's pack of pleasures show,
No hearty love on her I would bestow,
Because I know she seeks me to beguile;
Ne will defile my happy peace of mind
For all the solace I in earth may find.

[42] Lok wrote three hundred religious sonnets, and there are collections by Breton and Drummond.

William Shakespeare

(1564–1616)

IF IT were possible to forget for a moment that Shakespeare was the author of the plays, and to consider him only as a nondramatic poet, his relationship to his predecessors and contemporaries would seem very close indeed. Happily, too, for our purpose, his nondramatic poetry all belongs to the early period of his career, so that in it he is purely Elizabethan. He was born in Stratford in 1564; he was twelve years younger than Spenser and Ralegh, ten years younger than Sidney, two years younger than Daniel, one year younger than Drayton, and the same age as Marlowe.

His nondramatic poems include three groups: the narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece;* the sonnets; and the lyrics or songs included in the plays. In all the groups is to be found something very directly and very intimately from the man himself, just as in all of them we can see the influence of his age.

Venus and Adonis, which he called in the dedication "the first heir of my invention," was entered in the Stationers' Register on April 8, 1593, and an edition was published by the poet's fellow townsman, Richard Field. It is dedicated to the young Earl of Southampton (1573–1624). It belongs to a common type of Elizabethan poem, the amatory-mythological narrative, based usually upon Ovid. Lodge's *Scilla's Metamorphosis* (or *Glaucus and Scilla*) and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* belong to the type. In drawing upon Ovid, Shakespeare used not only the account in Book X (ll. 503–759) of the *Metamorphoses,* of the love affair, but he emphasized the coyness of Adonis by remembering the Salmacis and Hermaphroditus story in Book IV (ll. 285–588) and he helped himself to parts of the description of the Caledonian boar in Book VIII (ll. 281–297). But of greater interest to the modern reader than these borrowings from Ovid are the famous country scenes—the description of the hunting of the hare and of the points of a good horse, and the details of the dive-dapper and the snail. Sometimes these are used to prove that Shakespeare wrote the poem before he left Stratford, but there is in lines 281–282 a reference to the theater which suggests London. The verse form, a 6-line stanza rhyming ab ab cc, was a very common one, and had been used by Lodge for a similar poem. *Venus and Adonis* was very popular; it ran through fourteen editions before 1700. "The younger sort takes much delight in *Venus and Adonis,*" noted Gabriel Harvey about 1598; Gullio in *The Return from Parnassus,* a Cambridge play of about 1598–1599, says "I'le worshipp sweet Mr. Shakespeare, and to honoure him will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillowe" and in a later play, *A Mad World My Masters,* the poem is coupled with *Hero and Leander* as "two luscious marrowbone pies [i.e., aphrodisiacs] for a young married wife." The poem is highly decorated; it is rich in imagery, both the emblematic sort from

the classics and the ingenious or curious sort that comes from Euphuism (see p. 517, below). It was chosen by Coleridge for analysis when he wished to discuss the evidences of poetic genius, and again when he illustrated Fancy and Imagination.

The Rape of Lucrece was published in 1594. It is, no doubt, the "graver labour" promised to Southampton in the *Venus and Adonis* dedication, and it is again inscribed to him, this time in a tone of far greater familiarity which suggests that the poet-patron relationship had developed into one of those Renaissance friendships which could only be described in the language of love. *Lucrece* "pleased the wiser sort," according to Harvey. It was not so popular as *Venus and Adonis,* but neither its subject matter nor its style were in so fashionable a vein. The principal sources of the story are Livy (Book I, c, 57–60), Ovid, *Fasti* (II, 721–852), and Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women* (ll. 1680–1885). For tone and many details of style Shakespeare used Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamund* as a model; the change from *Venus and Adonis,* then, is not surprising if one thinks of the difference between Marlowe and Daniel. *Lucrece* has much less enameled decoration than its predecessor, but is more rhetorical in style. The address to Opportunity, for example, carries us back to Chaucer and the medieval rhetoricians. This rhetoric represents development in the author, however, for it is a change in the direction of the dramatic, and Shakespeare was perhaps beginning to see already that the stage offered all the scope a poet needed.

In 1598 Francis Meres referred to Shakespeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends." The private friends kept them private (except for two sonnets) until in 1609 the publisher Thomas Thorpe brought them out with the famous and mystifying dedication: TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF. THESE. INSVING. SONNETS. Mr. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE. AND. THAT. ETERNITIE. PROMISED. BY. OVR. EVER-LIVING. POET. WISHETH. THE. WELL-WISHING. ADVENTVRER. IN. SETTING. FORTH. T. T.

The only things clear in this dedication are that the ever-living poet is Shakespeare and that T. T. is the publisher Thorpe. Who "Mr. W. H." is, man knoweth not. If the "begetter" means the inspirer, then he is the friend referred to in the series; if begetter means "procurer," then he may be any person who delivered the manuscript to Thorpe. The leading candidate for the friend is Henry Wriothesley (pronounced Rizley), Earl of Southampton, the patron of *Venus* and *Lucrece;* the runner-up is William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, patron of the first Folio of Shakespeare's plays (1623). From this point on the darkness thickens. For the identification of the Dark Lady, or of the Rival Poet, we have only the most inadequate and tantalizing of clues. The amount of conjecture that has been published on the subject is staggering; as Sir Edmund Chambers says, "More folly has been written about the sonnets than about any other Shakespearean topic."

The sonnets are written in the form, developed by Surrey, of three quatrains and a couplet. They utilize many of the conventions of the Petrarchan mode, but they are less directly derivative than most English sonnets of the nineties. The imagery is drawn from the most varied sources: medicine, law, business, science, the stage, military life, music, navigation, astronomy. The feeling for nature is vivid and strong. In eloquence and music they are unsurpassed among all the Elizabethans, and only Sidney approaches them. Finally, the profound

sense of time and of death, the terrible realization of the outer limits of human moral possibilities reveal the mind of only the man who could create *Hamlet* and *Lear*.

Much of the same creative ability and poetic skill that distinguishes Shakespeare as a dramatist is evident in the songs in his plays. Shakespeare was not an innovator in the kinds of songs he employed or in the effects he sought for. Compared to his contemporaries and especially to his successors, such as Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, he introduced songs sparingly. But, according to Mr. Richmond Noble (*Shakespeare's Use of Song*, p. 12) ". . . he it was who made the play with song occurring in it a consistent art-form; it was he who first grasped all the possibilities afforded by song for forwarding the action and who made it a vital part in his dramatic scheme."

Shakespeare wrote all the conventional forms, serenades, greenwood and nature songs, drinking songs, dirges, and mad songs; occasionally (as in *Othello* and *II Henry IV*) he altered popular ballads. He attained greatest success in songs in the comedies. In their ease, their artful artlessness, their technical skill, and their functional value (placing a scene or character, opening or closing a scene, creating a mood, being an integral part of the action), the songs surpass those of Shakespeare's contemporaries. There is little of the extraneousness about them which characterizes so much of the song in Elizabethan drama. The contemporary music for all except two or three songs has been lost, but Shakespeare's lyrics have attracted both good and bad composers from the seventeenth century to the present.

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VENUS AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.[1]

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD

RIGHT HONORABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honored you with some graver labor. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear[2] so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honorable survey, and your honor to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honor's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colored face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn.
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain[3] unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to[4] all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are,
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

[1] *Vilia . . . aqua:* Ovid, *Amores*, I, xv, 35–36. Translated by Marlowe:
"Let base conceited wits admire vile things;
Fair Phoebus lead me to the Muses' springs."

[2] *ear:* till, cultivate.

[3] *makes amain:* goes in haste.

[4] *stain to:* superior in beauty to.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddlebow;
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy meed [5]
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,[6]
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good.
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blushed and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens—Oh, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove: [7]
Backward she pushed him, as she would be thrust,
And governed him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips.
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;

[5] *meed:* reward.

[6] *sweating . . . livelihood:* A moist palm was supposed to indicate an amorous disposition. *precedent: sign.*

[7] *prove:* attempt

Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss; [8]
What follows more she murthers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,[9]
Tires [10] with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuffed or prey be gone,
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content,[11] but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dewed with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fastened in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank [12]
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is bettered with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rained, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper [13] peering through a wave,
Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;

[8] *miss:* misbehavior.
[9] *sharp by fast:* hungry from fasting.
[10] *Tires:* tears and feeds ravenously.
[11] *content:* acquiescence.
[12] *rank:* full.
[13] *dive-dapper:* grebe, a small water-fowl.

But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks,[14] and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger [15] in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
"Oh, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

"I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar; [16]
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begged for that which thou unasked shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His battered shield, his uncontrolled crest,[17]
And for my sake hath learned to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain.
Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
Oh, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foiled [18] the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What see'st thou in the ground? Hold up thy head.
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou ashamed to kiss? Then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night.
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight.
These blue-veined violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

[14] *winks:* shuts his eyes.
[15] *passenger:* traveler on foot.
[16] *jar:* conflict.
[17] *uncontrolled crest:* helmet which had never bowed to an enemy.
[18] *foiled:* defeated.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted.
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favored, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee.
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long disheveled hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing [19] seen.
Love is a spirit all compact [20] of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus [21] so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;

[19] *footing:* footprint.
[20] *compact:* composed.
[21] *Narcissus:* a mythical youth who loved his own image in a pool.

Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse.
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get, it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive." [22]

. . . . . .[23]

Now which way shall she turn? What shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
"Pity," she cries, "some favor, some remorse!"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbors by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.
The strong-necked steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-pricked, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compassed [24] crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send.
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told [25] the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets [26] and leaps,

[22] *"Torches . . . alive":* Cf. the sonnets below, pp. 273–275.

[23] Here 13 stanzas, containing a further pleading speech of Venus, are omitted.

[24] *compassed:* curved.

[25] *told:* counted.

[26] *curvets:* with his fore legs in the air, hops with his hind legs together.

As who should say "Lo, thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla" or his "Stand, I say"?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings[27] gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning[28] out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base[29] he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feathered wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind.
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails[30] his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent.
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.[31]

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[27] *caparisons or trappings:* elaborate dresses and decorations for a horse.

[28] *limning:* painting or drawing.

[29] *bid the wind a base:* compete with wind, as in the game of Bidding Base.

[30] *vails:* lowers.

[31] *fume:* rage.

His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unbacked breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Outstripping crows that strive to overfly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning [32] his boisterous and unruly beast.
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barred the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopped, or river stayed,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage.
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

Oh, what a sight it was, wistly [33] to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flashed forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels.
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

Oh, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;

[32] *banning:* cursing.

[33] *wistly:* attentively.

His eyes saw her eyes as[34] they had not seen them;
Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdained the wooing.
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.[35]

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prisoned in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe.
This beauteaus combat, willful and unwilling,
Showed like two silver doves that sit a-billing.[36]

. . . . . .[37]

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved no longer to restrain him,
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet tomorrow?
Say, shall we? Shall we? Wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her, no; tomorrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists[38] of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,

[34] *as:* as if.

[35] *And all . . . rain:* A dumb-show frequently preceded Elizabethan plays or separate acts in the plays (see for example *Hamlet*, III, ii, 146–166); the chorus was a non-dramatic character who explained the dumb-show.

[36] This stanza was used by Coleridge in his famous discussion of Fancy and Imagination. See T. M. Raysor, *Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism*, I, 212, and I. A. Richards, *Coleridge on Imagination*, 76–82.

[37] Here are omitted 35 stanzas, in which Venus argues from the analogy of the horse, but being repulsed, faints; Adonis revives her, and promises a kiss if she will let him go. She accepts, but even the kiss does not move Adonis.

[38] *lists:* places where tournaments were held.

He will not manage [39] her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium,[40] and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine [41] the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless [42] berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be.
She hath assayed as much as may be proved; [43]
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me. Let me go.
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
Oh, be advised! Thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes [44] never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchers where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture.
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pays [45] tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,[46]

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[39] *manage:* manege, to show skillful horsemanship.

[40] *clip Elysium:* embrace paradise.

[41] *pine:* starve.

[42] *poor birds:* who took painted grapes for real ones; *helpless:* giving no nourishment.

[43] *assayed, proved:* tested (as of metals).

[44] *tushes:* tusks.

[45] *pays:* Singular verb with plural subject was common Elizabethan grammar.

[46] *eyne:* eyes.

Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.[47]

"Oh, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I feared thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate[48]-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,[49]
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear.

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his[50] back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stained with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination.
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar tomorrow.

[47] *mead:* meadow.
[48] *bate:* strife.
[49] *spring:* shoot.
[50] *his:* I.e., the image, line 376.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple [51] at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare.[52]
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many musits [53] through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies [54] keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth [55] with a herd of deer.
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault [56] cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths. Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat,[57] far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still.
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.[58]

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting [59] with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.

[51] *uncouple:* loose the hounds.
[52] *dare:* dares.
[53] *musits:* gaps in hedges.
[54] *conies:* rabbits.
[55] *sorteth:* consorts.
[56] *cold fault:* lost scent.
[57] *Wat:* abbreviation of Walter, a name for a hare.
[58] *passing-bell:* bell tolled for one who has died. Cf. Sonnet LXXI, p. 284.
[59] *indenting:* following a wandering course.

For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any."

. . . . . .[60]

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme.
The kiss I gave you is bestowed in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure[61] of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barred of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urged that I cannot reprove?[62]
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger.
I hate not love, but your device in love
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase. Oh strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
Since sweating Lust on earth usurped his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

[60] Here are omitted 10 stanzas in which Venus makes a final appeal for love.

[61] *closure:* enclosure.

[62] *reprove:* disprove.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen.[63]
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund[64] runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distressed.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.[65]

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

. . . . . .[66]

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet[67] mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that sucked an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing[68] the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love.
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn.
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth[69] to the cry.

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[63] *teen:* grief.
[64] *laund:* glade.
[65] *Look . . . eye:* See note 36 above.
[66] At this point 5 stanzas about Venus' sadness are omitted.
[67] *moist cabinet:* dewy nest (cabinet = little cabin).
[68] *musing:* surprised.
[69] *coasteth:* approaches.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud.
Finding their enemy to be so curst,[70]
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part.
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismayed,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more.
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate [71] the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens [72] bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated [73] with delays,

[70] *curst:* savage, vicious.
[71] *rate:* denounce.
[72] *spleens:* impulses, whims.
[73] *mated:* checked, or perhaps merely coupled.

Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects,[74] yet not at all respecting;
In hand with [75] all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kenneled in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff [76] for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venomed sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouthed mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratched ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

. . . . . .[77]

As falcons to the lure,[78] away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murdered with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smothered up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;

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[74] *respects:* considerations.
[75] *in hand with:* undertaking.
[76] *caitiff:* wretch.
[77] 16 stanzas are omitted. After exclaiming against Death, Venus hears a huntsman's voice. She thinks it is Adonis, and takes back all her slander of Death.
[78] *lure:* a bait used to recall the falcon.

Who bids them still consort [79] with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprisoned in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And being opened threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trenched
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drenched.
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seemed with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopped, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be.
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turned to fire, my heart to lead.
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? What canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing? [80]
The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him."

[79] *consort:* associate.

[80] *ensuing:* future.

. . . . . .[81]

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excelled,
And every beauty robbed of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstrawed [82]
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures; [83]
The staring [84] ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward,[85]
Put fear to valor, courage to the coward.

[81] 7 stanzas of Venus' complaint are omitted.
[82] *o'erstrawed:* strewn over.
[83] *tread the measures:* dance.
[84] *staring:* truculent.
[85] *toward:* compliant.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their love shall not enjoy."

By this the boy that by her side lay killed
Was melted like a vapor from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spilled,
A purple flower [86] sprung up, checkered with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death.
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise—[87]
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes.
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right.
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest;
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night.
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is conveyed;
Holding their course to Paphos,[88] where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

[86] *purple flower:* the anemone. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* X, 731–739.

[87] *guise:* custom, practice.

[88] *Paphos:* city on the west coast of Cyprus, sacred to Venus because she came ashore there after being born from the foam.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.[1] The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Argument

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS[2] (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring[3] or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and reveling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers,

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[1] *superfluous moiety:* unimportant part.

[2] *Lucius Tarquinius:* last legendary king of Rome (534-510 B.C.).

[3] *requiring:* requesting.

one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and, bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set
This bateless [4] edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let [5]
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumphed in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects [6] did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlocked the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

Oh happiness enjoyed but of a few!
And, if possessed, as soon decayed and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendor of the sun;
An expired date, canceled ere well begun:
Honor and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortressed from a world of harms.

[4] *bateless:* not to be blunted.
[5] *let:* forbear.
[6] *aspects:* position and influence (of planets).

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apology be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher [7]
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

. . . . . .

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leaped from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly tossed between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitched with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainsick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lodestar to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,
"As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armor of still-slaughtered lust,[8]
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine;
And die, unhallowed thoughts, before you blot

[7] *publisher:* proclaimer.

[8] *His . . . lust:* His only armor is his lust, and lust is always (still) destroyed (slaughtered) by fulfillment.

With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

"Oh shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
Oh foul dishonor to my household's grave! [9]
Oh impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valor still a true respect should have;
Then my digression [10] is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

"What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the scepter straight be stroken [11] down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"Oh! what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

[9] *my household's grave:* sepulcher of my ancestors.

[10] *digression:* transgression.

[11] *stroken:* struck.

"Had Collatinus killed my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is; aye, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth [12] be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

. . . . . .

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barred him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That [13] for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: quoth he, "I must deflower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,[14]
How can they then assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is backed with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;

[12] *painted cloth:* a cheap substitute for tapestry, often containing moral sentences and proverbs.

[13] *So . . . wrought, that:* impiety has worked him so far from the usual nature of impiety that . . .

[14] *fact:* deed, crime.

The blackest sin is cleared with absolution;
Against love's fire, fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand plucked up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this nightowl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,[15]
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

Oh! had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period [16] of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

. . . . . .

"Why [17] should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads [18] infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?

[15] *stalks:* walks warily.
[16] *period:* end.
[17] This passage is part of the complaint of Lucrece after the rape has occurred.
[18] *toads:* supposed by the Elizabethans to secrete a cold poison. Cf. *As You Like It,* II, i, 13.

But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining [19] Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be mastered by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

"Oh Opportunity! thy guilt is great,
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance [20] is thawed;
Thou smother'st honesty,[21] thou murth'rest troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,

[19] *still-pining:* always starving.
[20] *temperance:* chastity.
[21] *honesty:* chastity.

Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugared tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort [22] an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murther's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses [23] keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid [24]
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stayed by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murther and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,[25]
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,[26]
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

"Misshapen Time, copesmate [27] of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes,[28] sin's pack horse, virtue's snare;

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[22] *sort:* choose.
[23] *crosses:* hindrances.
[24] *appaid:* satisfied.
[25] *subornation:* procuring a person to commit a crime.
[26] *shift:* stratagem.
[27] *copesmate:* companion.
[28] *watch of woes:* watch divided and marked only by woes.

Thou nursest all and murth'rest all that are:
Oh, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betrayed the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Canceled my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine [29] the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

"To fill with wormholes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs, [30]
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the plowman with increased crops,
And waste huge stones with little water drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring [31] minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
Oh, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:

[29] *fine:* end.
[30] *springs:* young shoots or saplings.
[31] *retiring:* returning.

Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with hardened hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts [32] to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

"Oh Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honored, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is missed,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

[32] *orts:* scraps, refuse.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms [33] are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters:
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirmed despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood."

. . . . . .

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skillful painting, made for [34] Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited [35] painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seemed, to kiss the turrets bowed.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life;
Many a dry drop seemed a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughtered husband by the wife:
The red blood reeked, to show the painter's strife; [36]
And dying eyes gleamed forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the laboring pioner,[37]
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust;

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[33] *grooms:* fellows.

[34] *painting:* For a summary of the various attempts to identify this painting, see Rollins ed., pp. 224–228. *made for:* representing.

[35] *conceited:* imaginative.

[36] *strife:* emulation.

[37] *pioner:* military engineer.

And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:[38]
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, Oh! what art
Of physiognomy might one behold;
The face of either ciphered either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigor rolled;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Showed deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charmed the sight.
In speech, it seemed, his beard, all silver white,
Wagged up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purled up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seemed to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seemed, to mock[39] the mind.

Here one man's hand leaned on another's head,
His nose being shadowed by his neighbor's ear;
Here one being thronged bears back, all boll'n[40] and red;
Another smothered, seems to pelt[41] and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seemed they would debate with angry swords.

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[38] *lust:* pleasure.
[39] *mock:* work illusion in.
[40] *boll'n:* swollen.
[41] *pelt:* curse.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,[42]
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Gripped in an armed hand; himself behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector, marched to field,
Stood many Troyan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear,—
Like bright things stained—a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan,[43] where they fought,
To Simois'[44] reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than[45]
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

. . . . . .

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me mo woes than words are now depending;[46]
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest[47] of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came

[42] *so compact, so kind:* so well composed, so natural.
[43] *Dardan:* Troy, or the district of which it was capital.
[44] *Simois:* a river flowing from Mt. Ida and joining the Scamander on Troy plain.
[45] *than:* then.
[46] *mo:* more; *depending:* imminent.
[47] *interest:* possession.

A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

" 'For some hard-favored groom of thine,' quoth he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murther straight, and then I'll slaughter thee
And swear I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he sets his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloined his eyes;
And when the judge is robbed the prisoner dies.

"Oh, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or at the least this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stained with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poisoned closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant[48] of this loss,
With head declined, and voice dammed up with woe,
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

[48] *merchant:* I.e., Collatine.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recalled in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.[49]

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
"Shall plight your honorable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewrayed.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. "Oh, speak," quoth she,
"How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

"What is the quality of mine offense,
Being constrained with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honor to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?

[49] *his sighs . . . draw*: his sighs make a saw (the tool) of his sorrows by pushing grief forward and back.

The poisoned fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name, "He, he," she says,
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely [50] breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed;
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from canceled destiny.[51]

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

FROM

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA (1591)

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
  The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness.

[50] *untimely:* irregular.

[51] *doth fly . . . destiny:* life's duration (i.e., life itself) escapes the fate that is herewith canceled.

Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

IV, ii, 39

FROM

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST (1593)

Armado. This side is *Hiems,* winter; this *Ver,* the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, th' other by the cuckoo. *Ver,* begin.

Spring

When daisies pied and violets blue
And ladysmocks all silver-white
And cuckoobuds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: Oh word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: Oh word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail.

When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who: a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs [1] hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who: a merry note
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

V, iii, 905

FROM

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1595)

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offense.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

A Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.

II, ii, 9

[1] *roasted crabs:* roasted crab apples.

THE ousel [2] cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,—
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo [3] gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.[4]

III, i, 128

FROM

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (1596)

TELL me where is fancy bred,[5]
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

III, ii, 63

FROM

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING (1599)

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,[6]
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.

[2] *ousel:* the blackbird, pronounced "woosel" by Bottom, whose song it is.

[3] *plain-song cuckoo:* Plain-song was the thematic melody or regular tune to which variations or "descant" was sung. To the cuckoo's monotonous theme, no one can make variations.

[4] *Whose note . . . nay:* The note of the cuckoo sounded like "cuckold," an unwelcome word to husbands. The same comment is made in the refrain of "When daisies pied," etc., from *Love's Labour's Lost.*

[5] The song is sung while Bassanio is choosing the casket.

[6] Balthazar's song.

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps [7] so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

II, iii, 65

FROM

AS YOU LIKE IT (1600)

UNDER the greenwood tree [8]
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

II, v, 1

[7] *dumps:* mournful tunes.

[8] Amiens' song.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,[9]
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

II, vii, 174

It was a lover and his lass,[10]
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn field did pass
In spring time,[11] the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

[9] Amiens' song at the Duke's request.

[10] Sung by two pages, who are brought in to sing. With "Oh mistress mine," it is the only song of Shakespeare's that was printed with musical setting during his lifetime. For a discussion of Morley's version and setting, see *The* [*London*] *Times Literary Supplement*, January 5 and 12, 1933, and February 2, 1933.

[11] The Folio of 1623 reads: "In the spring time."

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

V, iii, 18

FROM

TWELFTH NIGHT (1601)

Oh mistress mine! where are you roaming? [12]
Oh! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

II, iii, 42

Come away, come away, death,[13]
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh! prepare it.
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

[12] Sung by the clown.

[13] The Duke calls for this "old and antique song," which Feste sings.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, Oh! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

II, iv, 51

When that I was and-a little tiny boy,[14]
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

V, Epilogue

[14] Feste's song, which closes the play.

FROM

MEASURE FOR MEASURE (1604)

TAKE, Oh, take those lips away,[15]
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

IV, i, 1

FROM

HAMLET (1600) [16]

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat [17] and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,—
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

IV, v, 23

[15] This song, sung by a boy, is, according to Noble (*Shakespeare's Use of Song*, p. 88) "to give colour effect to the desolate situation of the jilted Mariana on the occasion of her first presentation to the audience."

[16] The play contains no original songs. Ophelia's mad songs are probably Shakespeare's versions of ballad originals.

[17] *cockle hat:* pilgrim's hat with scallop shell.

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dupped the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed."
"So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed."

IV, v, 47

FROM

OTHELLO (1604)

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,[18]
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow;

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones;—
Sing willow, willow, willow;

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,
I called my love false love, but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.

IV, iii, 41

[18] Desdemona's song just before the catastrophe is a ballad revised slightly by Shakespeare.

FROM

KING LEAR (1605)

He that has and-a little tiny wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.
III, ii, 71

FROM

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA (1606)

Come, thou monarch of the vine,[19]
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats [20] our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!
II, vii, 120

FROM

CYMBELINE (1609)

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,[21]
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!
II, iii, 22

[19] The drinking song of the Triumvirs, sung by a boy on Pompey's galley.

[20] *eyne:* eyes; *fats:* vats.

[21] The answer to the foolish Cloten's demand for "a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it," sung by a musician.

Guiderius
FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,[22]
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arviragus
Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guiderius
Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arviragus
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Guiderius
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arviragus
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
Both
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guiderius
No exorciser harm thee!
Arviragus
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Guiderius
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arviragus
Nothing ill come near thee!
Both
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!
IV, ii, 258

[22] Guiderius' and Arviragus' lament over the supposed dead body of Imogen.

FROM

THE WINTER'S TALE (1610)

When daffodils begin to peer,[23]
With heigh! the doxy [24] over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, Oh, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge; [25]
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

IV, ii, 1

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel;
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

IV, iii, 220

[23] Autolycus, ballad-singer, pedlar, and thief, opens the scene and makes his very effective entrance with this song. He sings also the following three songs.

[24] *doxy:* thieves' jargon for "mistress."

[25] *pugging:* thieving; *an edge:* a colloquialism for "on edge."

WILL you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.
IV, iii, 324

JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
IV, iii, 132

FROM

THE TEMPEST (1611)

COME unto these yellow sands,[26]
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kissed,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen dispersedly. Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watchdogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.
I, ii, 375

[26] Ariel's song, though it is unlikely that he sang the burden.

FULL fathom five thy father lies; [27]
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen. Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.
I, ii, 394

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.
II, ii, 184

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I: [28]
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
V, i, 88

[27] Ariel's song. It was set delightfully, a few years after the production, by Robert Johnson, whose music survives.

[28] Another of Ariel's songs to which Robert Johnson set music.

SONNETS

II [1]

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery,[2] so gazed on now,
Will be a tottered weed,[3] of small worth held:
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,[4]
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse," [5]
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

V

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze [6] where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair [7] which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap checked with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnowed and bareness everywhere:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,[8]
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it,[9] nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Leese [10] but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

---

[1] The first seventeen sonnets are addressed to a young man, urging him to perpetuate his beauty by marrying and having children. More seventeenth-century manuscript copies of Sonnet II are extant than of any other of Shakespeare's.

[2] *livery:* dress.

[3] *tottered weed:* tattered clothing.

[4] *use:* interest or profit.

[5] *Shall . . . excuse:* shall make the last item in my account books and present an excuse for me who am old.

[6] *gaze:* sight.

[7] *unfair:* make ugly.

[8] *summer's . . . glass:* Cf. Sidney's *Arcadia,* III, 5: "Have you ever seen a pure Rosewater kept in a crystal glass; how fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while that beautiful glass imprisons it?"

[9] *it:* would it remain.

[10] *leese:* lose.

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave [11] day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst [12] from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,[13]
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defense
Save breed, to brave [14] him when he takes thee hence.

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence [15] comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and checked e'en by the selfsame sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant [16] stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.[17]

[11] *brave:* beautiful.
[12] *erst:* formerly.
[13] *question make:* consider, contemplate.
[14] *brave:* defy.
[15] *secret influence:* the power of the stars over earthly events, according to astrology.
[16] *conceit:* thought; *inconstant:* transitory.
[17] *engraft you new:* Shakespeare's first use in the sonnets of the conventional promise of immortality through the poet's verses.

XVIII [18]

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed; [19]
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; [20]
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XX [21]

A WOMAN'S face with nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion; [22]
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues [23] in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth;
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,[24]
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

[18] It is not absolutely certain that the sonnets after XVII are all addressed to a man, but the opinion of most scholars is that the rest of the sonnets through CXXVI are addressed to the same person as the first group. They drop the theme of marriage and "breed" at this point and celebrate various phases of a love and friendship between the two men.

[19] *untrimmed.* stripped of gay apparel.

[20] *ow'st:* ownest.

[21] The only sonnet of the series in which there are only feminine (two-syllable) rhymes.

[22] *passion:* poem.

[23] *all hues:* Because the quarto prints "all *Hews*" some editors have suspected a pun and have constructed a mythical Will Hughes to fit the Mr. W. H. of the dedication.

[24] *defeated:* deprived.

XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse [25]
Stirred by a painted beauty [26] to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,[27]
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure [28] hems.
Oh! let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides [29] his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust,[30] forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of my own love's might.
Oh, let my books [31] be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers [32] of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than the tongue that more hath more expressed.[33]
Oh, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

---

[25] *Muse:* poet.

[26] *painted beauty:* a lady, made up with cosmetics, in contrast to the naturally beautiful male.

[27] *rehearse:* relate.

[28] *rondure:* circle.

[29] *is put besides:* forgets.

[30] *for fear of trust:* lacking self-confidence.

[31] *books:* possibly *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece.*

[32] *presagers:* indicators (referring to actors in a dumb show, carrying on the image of line 1).

[33] *More . . . expressed:* more than the tongue of another who has expressed more fully the ardors of love.

XXVI

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,[34]
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow[35] it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tottered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII[36]

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary[37] sight
Presents thy shadow[38] to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

[34] *ambassage:* message. Perhaps in this case, a parcel of sonnets. This sonnet closely parallels the dedication to *Lucrece*. See above, p. 243.

[35] *bestow:* dignify.

[36] Sonnets XXVII–XXXII reflect a journey of the poet; if these are autobiographical they may refer to a tour in the provinces by Shakespeare's company of actors.

[37] *imaginary:* imaginative.

[38] *shadow:* image.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless [39] cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX [40]

When to the sessions [41] of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail [42] my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless [43] night,
And weep afresh love's long since canceled woe,
And moan the expense [44] of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,[45]
And heavily from woe to woe tell [46] o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

---

[39] *bootless:* futile.

[40] A companion sonnet to XXIX, with "memory" as the link.

[41] *sessions:* sittings of court.

[42] *new wail:* bewail anew.

[43] *dateless:* endless.

[44] *expense:* loss.

[45] *grievances foregone:* old subjects for grief.

[46] *tell:* count.

XXXIII [47]

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack [48] on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace: [49]
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud [50] hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument,[51] too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
Oh, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against [52] thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light? [53]
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.[54]
If my slight Muse do please these curious [55] days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

---

[47] The first of a group of sonnets which have to do with unfaithfulness on the part of the poet's friend. See Sonnet XLI.

[48] *rack:* high cloud.

[49] *disgrace:* blemish.

[50] *region cloud:* clouds of upper air.

[51] *argument:* subject matter.

[52] *against:* in.

[53] *give invention light:* hold the poet's candle.

[54] *numbers:* verses; *date:* time.

[55] *curious:* fastidious.

XLI

THOSE pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still [56] temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat [57] forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

L

How heavy [58] do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight [59] in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee: [60]
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind:
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

[56] *still:* always.

[57] *seat:* Cf. *Othello,* II, i, 307: "I do suspect the lusty Moor hath leap'd into my seat."

[58] *heavy:* sadly.

[59] *to bear that weight:* explains "dully."

[60] *being made from thee:* if directed away from thee.

LIV

Oh how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms [61] have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture [62] of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed, and unrespected [63] fade;
Die to themselves.[64] Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills [65] your truth.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents [66]
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.[67]
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his [68] sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.[69]
So, till the judgment that [70] yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

---

[61] *canker-blooms:* dog roses, wild and without scent.

[62] *tincture:* color.

[63] *unrespected:* unregarded.

[64] *to themselves:* alone.

[65] *that:* beauty and youth; *distills:* preserves the essence of.

[66] *contents:* (accent second syllable) what is contained in these verses.

[67] *Than . . . time:* than in a stone tomb or effigy, which unclean time defaces and covers with dust.

[68] *Nor Mars his:* neither Mars'.

[69] *That . . . doom:* who outlast this world and live till Judgment Day.

[70] *that:* when.

LIX[71]

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, laboring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
Oh, that record[72] could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character[73] was done.
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder[74] of your frame;
Whether we are mended[75] or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.[76]
Oh, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.[77]
Nativity, once in the main of light,[78]
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish[79] set on youth
And delves the parallels[80] in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet to times in hope[81] my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

---

[71] This sonnet and LX are based on a passage in Ovid (*Metamorphoses,* XV, 176 ff.) expounding a philosophy of flux and cyclical change.

[72] *record:* (accent second syllable) memory.

[73] *in character:* in letters.

[74] *composed wonder:* wonderful composition.

[75] *mended:* improved.

[76] *Or . . . same:* or whether the new cycle exactly corresponds to the old.

[77] *In . . . contend:* toiling and following each other, the waves struggle to press forward.

[78] *main of light:* the sea of light at sunrise.

[79] *transfix the flourish:* remove the embellishment.

[80] *delves the parallels:* digs the parallel furrows (cf. Sonnet II).

[81] *times in hope:* future times.

LXIII

AGAINST [82] my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn;
When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath traveled on to age's steepy [83] night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanished out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding [84] age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though [85] my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV [86]

WHEN I have seen by time's fell [87] hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age; [88]
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of [89] the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state [90] itself confounded to decay,—
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which [91] cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

---

[82] *Against:* in anticipation of the time when.

[83] *steepy:* steep; youth and age are pictured as two sides of a hill, age the steeper, and because it is closer to death, the darker (hence "night").

[84] *confounding:* destroying.

[85] *though:* Supply "he takes."

[86] This, like the other sonnets on time and change, shows the influence of the fifteenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

[87] *fell:* fierce, cruel.

[88] *rich-proud . . . age:* costly tombs and monuments.

[89] *win of:* take from.

[90] *state:* in line 9 *state* means "condition"; in line 10 it means "magnificence" or "greatness."

[91] *which:* this thought which.

LXVI [92]

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry:
As, to behold desert [93] a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,[94]
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,[95]
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway [96] disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,[97]
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,[98]
And captive good attending captain ill: [99]
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die,[100] I leave my love alone.

LXXI [101]

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell [102]
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

---

[92] This sonnet introduces a group of eight sonnets "on the moral infection of the world and its effect upon the friend" (Brooke). See XCIV and XCV, below.

[93] *desert:* deserving, worth.

[94] *needy nothing trimmed in jollity:* the undeserving gorgeously dressed.

[95] *misplaced:* bestowed amiss.

[96] *limping sway:* incompetent authority.

[97] *art . . . authority:* possibly a reference to censorship in the theater.

[98] *simplicity:* simple-mindedness.

[99] *captive . . . ill:* Evil as a conqueror leading Good as a prisoner in triumphal procession.

[100] *to die:* by dying.

[101] This and LXXIII are two of a group of five sonnets on the contemplation of the poet's death.

[102] *bell:* The bell was tolled to announce the death of a member of the parish—one stroke for each year of his life.

LXXIII [103]

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.[104]
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXVI

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride,[105]
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,[106]
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where [107] they did proceed?
Oh, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

[103] The three striking images in this sonnet and the adaptation of the quatrain structure to them have earned this sonnet praise as "the finest example of the Shakespearian mode" (Alden).

[104] *Consumed . . . by:* choked by the ashes which once nourished its flame.

[105] *new pride:* ostentatious novelty. For an interesting discussion of the verbal simplicity of Shakespeare's style, see Brooke's edition, pp. 4–8. For other poets' comments on their own style, see Sidney, Sonnet LXXIV, p. 105, and Drayton, Sonnet, *To the Reader*, p. 210.

[106] *invention in a noted weed:* composition in a well-known dress or style.

[107] *where:* whence.

LXXX [108]

Oh how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth willfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wrecked, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this: my love was my decay.

LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,[109]
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night [110]
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.[111]
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,[112]
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance filled up his line,
Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine.

[108] This and LXXXVI are two of a group of eight sonnets dealing with an unnamed Rival Poet, who also dedicates his verses to the friend. There is no certainty whatever as to the identity of this rival, but Drayton and Chapman have been the two most popular guesses.

[109] *inhearse:* put into a coffin.

[110] *compeers by night:* the spirits of line 5; but those who see Chapman as the rival poet have interpreted this as a reference to his group.

[111] *astonished:* dismayed.

[112] *gulls him with intelligence:* cheats him with [false] news.

XCIV [113]

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense; [114]
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.[115]

XCV [116]

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
Oh, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.[117]
Oh, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turns [118] to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege; [119]
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.

---

[113] In Brooke's rearrangement this sonnet and XCV belong to the group about "The Corrupting World." See LXVI and note. Compare this sonnet with *Hamlet*, III, ii, 59–79.

[114] *husband . . . expense:* do not squander nature's gifts in passion.

[115] This line occurs in the apocryphal Shakespearean play *Edward III* (II, i, 451), licensed December 1, 1595.

[116] Linked to Sonnet XCIV by the image of diseased flowers.

[117] *Naming . . . report:* The naming of your name is as the sign of the cross to negative the evil that is said of you.

[118] *all things turns:* turns all things.

[119] *privilege:* license.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied [120] April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn [121] laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at [122] the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process [123] of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,[124]
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred: [125]
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

---

[120] *proud-pied:* magnificent in many colors.

[121] *heavy Saturn:* god of melancholy.

[122] *wonder at:* admire.

[123] *process:* procession.

[124] *dial-hand:* hand of a watch.

[125] *age unbred:* unborn generation.

CVI [126]

When in the chronicle of wasted [127] time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon [128] of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for [129] they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we,[130] which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII [131]

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,[132]
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.[133]
The mortal moon [134] hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage; [135]
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace [136] proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,[137]
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crest and tombs of brass are spent.

---

[126] Cf. Constable's sonnet, "Miracle of the world," p. 203.

[127] *wasted:* past.

[128] *blazon:* exhibition, as of arms in heraldry.

[129] *for:* because.

[130] *For we:* for even we.

[131] This is the only sonnet of Shakespeare's which clearly refers to contemporary events. Lines 5 and 6 probably refer to Queen Elizabeth's successfully passing her "climacteric" year, her 63rd, in September, 1596.

[132] *the lease . . . control:* put an end to my love.

[133] *Supposed . . . doom:* which I have thought doomed to early forfeiture.

[134] *mortal moon:* Elizabeth, known as Cynthia to Elizabethan poets.

[135] *sad augurs . . . presage:* the astrologers and almanac-makers who had predicted calamity in this year now ridicule their own predictions.

[136] *peace:* Henri IV made an agreement with Elizabeth.

[137] *subscribes:* submits.

CX [138]

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley [139] to the view,
Gored [140] mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear
Made old offenses of affections new; [141]
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches [142] gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays [143] proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind [144]
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments.[145] Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove: [146]
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height [147] be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his [148] bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.[149]
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

[138] This sonnet is the second in a group which deal with the poet's absence from the friend and an unfaithfulness to him. The first three lines are usually supposed to refer to Shakespeare's career as an actor.

[139] *motley:* a clown, from his varicolored costume.

[140] *gored:* wounded.

[141] *Made . . . new:* offended by changing old friends for new.

[142] *blenches:* offenses.

[143] *worse essays:* trials of what is worse.

[144] *grind:* whet.

[145] *impediments:* From the marriage service: "If any of you know cause or just impediment why these persons should not be joined together . . ."

[146] *remover to remove:* the inconstant to prove unfaithful.

[147] *worth's . . . height:* Riches contained in the star are not known, though the star's altitude may be known and used for practical navigation.

[148] *his:* Time's; so also in line 11.

[149] *edge of doom:* the brink of the Last Judgment.

CXXVIII [150]

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks [151] that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX [152]

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust; [153]
Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,[154] and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

---

150 This is the second sonnet of the second large sequence of the series, devoted to a Dark Lady, who, if she existed in real life, has never been certainly identified. Professor Brooke characterizes her: "She was a harlot, but also a woman of quality; in social rank very likely—for she played the spinet and had a taste for courtly verse—and certainly in personality." He suggests that she was the model for Cressida and Cleopatra.

151 *jacks:* in the virginal, or spinet, pieces of wood attached to the keys and holding quills which pluck the strings. The jacks leaped nimbly, as the sonnet says, but it is rather the keys than the jacks which would "kiss the tender inward" of the player's hand.

152 Compare Sonnet CXLVI.

153 *Th' expense . . . trust:* The word order slightly obscures the meaning. Lust, when put into action, spills spirit (life, vitality) in a desert of shame; before it is put into action, lust is perjured, murderous, etc. See *Venus and Adonis,* p. 236, ll. 445–456.

154 *in proof:* during the experience.

CXXX [155]

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked,[156] red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go; [157]
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXV [158]

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will,*
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus,
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in *Will,* add to thy *Will*
One ill of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no unkind "No!" fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will.*

[155] An anti-Petrarchan sonnet. All of the details denied by the poet to his mistress are commonly attributed by other Elizabethan sonneteers to their ladies.

[156] *damasked:* mingled red and white.

[157] *go:* walk.

[158] This punning sonnet seems to mean that the Dark Lady had another person named Will besides the poet. Some suggest that this was her husband, some that it is the poet's friend of the first series. The common noun "will" has several meanings, which are played on here: (1) volition (line 4); (2) carnal desire (lines 5–8).

CXXXVIII [159]

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply [160] I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust? [161]
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
Oh, love's best habit [162] is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

CXLIII

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures [163] broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing [164] her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will,*[165]
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

---

[159] This sonnet was the first poem in *The Passionate Pilgrime* (1599) in a slightly different version. Shakespeare was accordingly thirty-five or younger when he wrote it. (Cf. line 6.)

[160] *simply:* like a simpleton.

[161] *unjust:* faithless.

[162] *habit:* deportment.

[163] *feathered creatures:* possibly a quibble on the feathers worn by gallants.

[164] *prizing:* being concerned about.

[165] *Will:* See Sonnet CXXXV and note.

CXLIV [166]

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still: [167]
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colored ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turned fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each [168] friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire [169] my good one out.

CXLVI [170]

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
Lord of [171] these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate [172] thy store;
Buy terms [173] divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

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[166] First printed in *The Passionate Pilgrime* (1599). It is similar in phrasing to Drayton's *Idea*, Sonnet XX, of the same year. This, with two other sonnets, CXXXIII and CXXXIV, brings together the Dark Lady and the friend. Sonnets XXXIII and XLI may refer to the same situation.

[167] *suggest:* tempt; *still:* constantly.

[168] *from me:* away from me; *to each:* to each other.

[169] *fire:* drive out with fire.

[170] As a repentance sonnet, compare with Sidney's "Leave me, Oh Love," p. 115.

[171] *Lord of:* Herford's conjecture, to take the place of the repeated last three words of line 1 in the Quarto.

[172] *aggravate:* increase.

[173] *terms:* long periods.

CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still [174]
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve [175]
Desire is death, which physic did except.[176]
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,[177]
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly expressed;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

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[174] *longing still:* constantly craving.

[175] *approve:* prove that.

[176] *Desire . . . except:* Desire, which refused the physic of reason, is death.

[177] *past care:* indifferent, and no longer in medical charge.

Lyrics

SECOND only to the drama, lyric poetry is one of the finest products of the Elizabethan age. Everyone wrote lyrics, from the Queen herself to the lowliest ballad-writer, but the tradition was essentially a courtly one. Ability to write verse and to sing was the accomplishment of the gentleman, following Castiglione's pattern that the true courtier should be not only a man of action but a practiser of the arts of poetry and music as well. The early literary influences were Italian also. From the small Petrarchan stream which first flowed in English through the work of Wyatt and Surrey came the development of the more or less formal lyric poetry of the sonnet cycles.

Though the sonnet was the most widely used and highly developed lyric form, Elizabethan lyric poetry is remarkable for its variety of song measures and for its range of themes. Sir E. K. Chambers finds Elizabethan poetry "characteristically light-hearted," but although the carefree spirit and love predominate, the serious themes of fortune, death, and the questioning of life are found in the songs of almost every lyricist. In skill of execution the lyric reached a perfection parallel to its sister art, music, and a great body of Elizabethan poetry cannot be considered apart from its musical settings.

For convenience it is customary to consider the lyrics outside the sonnets in three groups: miscellaneous lyrics (anonymous lyrics and lyrics of minor writers), lyrics in the song books, and songs in the plays. The lyrics in the prose romances are usually studied with the miscellaneous lyrics.

Although the courtier's code forbade a gentleman to publish his own verses, manuscript copies in circulation somehow found their way into the hands of enterprising printers who published them. Mainly through the efforts of printers like Richard Tottel and his followers, the Elizabethans came to know their lyric poets in miscellanies, or anthologies, perhaps a development from the custom of keeping commonplace books. In the last quarter of the century some ten miscellanies were issued, from *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* in 1576 to Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602).

In the miscellanies and in the manuscript collections that have been preserved is a wealth of lyric poetry in many forms. The courtly traditions of love provide many themes. "Would you have a love song, or a song of good life?" the Clown in *Twelfth Night* asked Sir Toby Belch. Sir Toby's preference for "A love song, a love song" would, perhaps, have been any Elizabethan's choice. But after Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender* (1579), a turning point in the serious development of artistic English poetry, pastoral lyrics abound, skillful in their stories of the loves of Phillis and Coridon and others of the pastoral crew.

The lyric is fundamentally by definition a song, and in no period of English literature are poetry and music so closely allied.

> If music and sweet poetry agree,
> As they must needs (the sister and the brother)

wrote Richard Barnfield; the Elizabethan song books are splendid examples of the agreement. Though the first English song books were directly inspired by the Italian madrigal collections, the madrigal in the hands of English composers soon became a highly developed form even surpassing its models. William Byrd, perhaps the greatest Elizabethan composer, published in 1588 his *Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of sadnes and pietie,* and in the same year Nicholas Yonge issued *Musica Transalpina,* a collection of Italian madrigals. These collections, in which the works of over twenty-five composers have been preserved, started a vogue which lasted until the early decades of the next century. The madrigal was in reality a complicated art form, an unaccompanied song of from three to six voices, polyphonic in structure. It was usually sung by groups, sitting around a table. Each voice part was printed in a small quarto volume. No one voice carried the melody, as was usual in part songs, but all parts were of equal interest, and often one or more melodic themes were here intricately interwoven in the voices. Similar complication occurred in the words. From a poem usually of a single stanza of from six to ten lines, phrases were repeated and altered. To illustrate these descriptions, Dr. Fellowes' example from Thomas Morley's *Canzonets* (1593) will serve. The simple lyric follows:

What ails my darling thus to sit alone so weary?
Say why is my dear now not merry?
Oh cease, alas, to grieve thee,
And here a kiss take to relieve thee.
Up now! arise!—how can my love lie sleeping?
And see yon lusty leaping.

The actual words sung by the three voices illustrate the rearrangement of the first two lines which the composer made.

Cantus. What ails my darling, say what ails my darling, what ails my sweet pretty darling, what ails my sweet, what ails mine own sweet darling? What ails my darling dear thus sitting all alone, sitting all alone, all alone so weary? Say, why is my dear now not merry?

Altus. What ails my darling, say what ails my darling, what ails my darling dear, what ails mine only sweet, mine only sweet darling? What ails my darling, what ails my darling dear, sitting all alone, sitting all alone so weary? Say what grieves my dear that she is not merry?

Bassus. What ails my darling, say what ails my darling, what ails my darling, say what ails my dainty dainty darling, what ails mine own sweet darling? What ails my dainty darling, my dainty darling so to sit alone, so to sit alone so weary, and is not merry?

(*English Madrigal Composers,* p. xx.)

Another type of song which attained great popularity was the solo song, lute song, or air, for the most part a characteristically English form. John Dowland, one of the most celebrated composers and lutenists of his time, published the earliest English book of airs in 1597. Like the madrigal, the air continued in popularity into the early decades of the seventeenth century. Over twenty composers are represented in at least thirty books of airs up to 1622.

The air was a solo song for which there was accompaniment on the lute, viola da gamba or other viols. The song could be performed as a solo with instrumental accompaniment, or voices could be used to sing or reinforce the instrumental parts. The lutenists selected words from the great store of lyric

poetry at hand, and because of the homophonic nature of music could make one setting to serve a poem of several stanzas. Only rarely do the composers acknowledge the authorship of the poems. Thomas Campion (who is treated separately below) is the only composer known to have written his own words. To the books of airs English literature owes the preservation of many of its finest lyrics.

Song in English drama has had a continuous tradition from the medieval miracle plays to the present, but in Elizabethan drama at its height, songs had an importance never equaled since, with the possible exception of Restoration drama. Only a part of the texts and very little of the music of dramatic songs have been preserved, for frequently a song in a play is indicated but not printed. Possibly, as in the case of music for the plays, poets other than the playwright were engaged to write the songs. Many dramatic songs, especially in the early plays, were set to well-known ballad and dance tunes. The songs were often extraneous, that is, they did not forward the action or serve as some integral part of the atmosphere of the play, but in the hands of Shakespeare and a few of his fellow dramatists, such as Fletcher, the songs are skillfully woven into the texture of the play. In many cases the singer had no part in the action, but was called in for a song or two. The number of songs in the plays varies from one to ten or a dozen, but throughout tragedy and comedy alike songs were scattered.

The taste for lyric poetry and song was widespread in an age where everybody sang, and where vocal music, both sacred and secular, reached such a high peak of development.

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MINOR LYRICS

ELIZABETH[1]

1533–1603

WHEN I was fair and young, and favor graced me,[2]
Of many was I sought, their mistress for to be;
But I did scorn them all, and answered them therefore,
Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more!

How many weeping eyes I made to pine with woe,
How many sighing hearts, I have no skill to show;
Yet I the prouder grew, and answered them therefore,
Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more!

Then spake fair Venus' son, that proud victorious boy,
And said: Fine dame, since that you be so coy,
I will so pluck your plumes that you shall say no more,
Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more!

When he had spake these words, such change grew in my breast
That neither night nor day since that, I could take any rest.
Then lo! I did repent that I had said before,
Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more!

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[1] *Elizabeth:* The Queen is accredited with the following verses, but the attribution is not certain. The author of *The Arte of English Poesie* (ed. G. D. Willcock and Alice Walker, Cambridge, 1936, p. 63) after discussing Elizabethan poets, writes: "But last in recitall and first in degree is the Queene our souveraigne lady, whose learned, delicate, noble Muse, easily surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sence, sweetness and subtillitie, be it in ode, Elegie, Epigram, or any other kinds of poeme Heroick or Lyricke, wherein it shall please her Maiestie to employ her penne, euen by as much oddes as her owne excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassals."

[2] From Bodley MS Rawlinson Poet. 85.

THE doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,[3]
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy.
For falsehood now doth flow and subject faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if reason ruled or wisdom weaved the web.
But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent by course of changed winds.
The top of hope supposed, the root of ruth will be,
And fruitless all their graffed guiles, as shortly ye shall see.
The dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unseeled [4] by worthy wights whose foresight falsehood finds.
The daughter of debate that eke discord doth sow
Shall reap no gain where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banished wight shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force, let them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ
To poll the tops that seek such change and gape for joy.

THOMAS, LORD VAUX

1510–1556

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE [5]

I LOATHE that I did love,
In youth that I thought sweet,
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray hairs upon my head.

For age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me with his crutch,
And lusty life away she leaps
As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight
Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denies
This youthly idle rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries,
"Leave off these toys in time."

[3] Appears in George Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie* (1589; ed. Willcock and Walker, p. 248) as an example of "Expolitis."

[4] *unseeled:* The figure is from falconry. To seel is to close the eyes of the hawk by drawing threads through the lids.

[5] The poem, printed in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557; ed. Rollins, pp. 165–166), was so popular that it was licensed for publication as a broadside ballad. Tunes named from the first line (see Chappell, *Popular Music*, I, 216) were used for several other lyrics. It is cleverly "misquoted" in *Hamlet*, V, i, 69 ff.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say, limping age will lodge him now
Where youth must give him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide

A pickaxe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clark
That knolls the carefull knell,
And bids me leave my woeful wark,
Ere nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot
That youth did laugh to scorn,
Of me that clean shall be forgot
As I had not been born.

Thus must I youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it bear.

Lo, here the bared skull,
By whose bald sign I know
That stooping age away shall pull
Which youthful years did sow.

For beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the land
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust:
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
So shall ye waste to dust.

RICHARD EDWARDS

1523?–1566

AMANTIUM IRAE AMORIS REDINTEGRATIO EST[6]

In going to my naked bed,[7] as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept;
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet to bring the babe to rest,

[6] From *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576; ed. Rollins, pp. 42–43), an anthology made by the printer Henry Dale, from a commonplace book left by Richard Edwards, poet, playwright, musician, and master of the Children of the Chapel Royal. There is a musical setting in the "Mulliner MS" B. M. Additional 30513.

[7] *In going to my naked bed:* I.e., in going naked to my bed. Wearing night clothes was not the rule in Elizabethan times.

That would not rest but cried still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child,
She rocked it and rated [8] it, until on her it smiled.
Then did she say, "Now have I found this proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love." [9]

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.[10]
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat [11]
Much matter uttered she of weight, in place whereas she sat;
And proved plain there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love, without discord and strife.
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware, by God above,
"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

She said that neither king, ne prince, ne lord could live aright,
Until their puissance they did prove, their manhood, and their might;
When manhood shall be matched so, that fear can take no place,
Then weary works makes warriors each other to embrace,
And leave their force that failed them, which did consume the rout
That might before have lived their time and nature out.
Then did she sing, as one that thought no man could her reprove,
"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

She said she saw no fish, ne fowl, nor beast within her haunt
That met a stranger in their kind, but could give it a taunt.
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath succeed,
And force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they feed,
So noble nature can well end the works she hath begun,
And bridle well that will not cease her tragedy in some.
Thus in her song she oft rehearsed, as did her well behove,
"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

"I marvel much, pardy," quoth she, "for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile;
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out!"
Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove,
"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."

[8] *rated:* scolded.

[9] The refrain here follows the reading of editions from 1578 on; the first edition reads "is the renewing of love."

[10] *wight:* person, being.

[11] *brat:* simply child.

BARNABE GOOGE[12]

1540–1594

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

THE oftener seen, the more I lust,
The more I lust, the more I smart,
The more I smart, the more I trust,
The more I trust, the heavier heart;
The heavy heart breeds mine unrest,
Thy absence, therefore, like I best.

The rarer seen, the less in mind,
The less in mind, the lesser pain,
The lesser pain, less grief I find,
The lesser grief, the greater gain,
The greater gain, the merrier I,
Therefore I wish thy sight to fly.

The further off, the more I joy,
The more I joy, the happier life,
The happier life, less hurts annoy,
The lesser hurts, pleasure most rife:
Such pleasures rife shall I obtain
When distance doth depart us twain.

EDWARD DE VERE, EARL OF OXFORD[13]

1550–1604

IF women could be fair and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle, still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond,
By service long to purchase their good will.
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

[12] Barnabe Googe was a translator and minor poet whose eclogues are among the early examples of pastoral poetry in English. "Out of Sight" is from his *Eglogs, Epytaphes and Sonettes* (1563).

[13] Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, was a favorite courtier of Queen Elizabeth's; his work may be regarded as good specimens of Elizabethan courtly poetry. "If women could be fair," from Bodley MS Rawlinson Poet. 85, was set (with several verbal variants) for five voices by William Byrd in *Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs* (1588).

To mark the choice they make and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus they do fly to Pan,
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
  Who would not scorn, and shake them from the fist,
  And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please;
And train them to our lure with subtle oath
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
  And then we say, when we their fancy try,
  To play with fools, oh, what a fool was I!

WHAT cunning can express [14]
The favor of her face
To whom in this distress
I do appeal for grace?
  A thousand Cupids fly
  About her gentle eye.

From whence each throws a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
Possessed by desire.
  No sweeter life I try
  Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field
That glories in his white,
For pureness now must yield
And render up his right.
  Heaven pictured in her face
  Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light
That beats on running streams
Compares not with her white,
Whose hairs are all sunbeams.
  Her virtues so do shine
  As day unto mine eyne.

With this there is a red
Exceeds the damask rose,
Which in her cheeks is spread,
Whence every favor grows.
  In sky there is no star
  That she surmounts not far.

When Phoebus from the bed
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red
In fair carnation wise,
  He shows it in her face
  As queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily-white,
This taint of roseate red,
This Cynthia's silver light,
This sweet fair Dea spread,
  These sunbeams in mine eye,
  These beauties make me die!

[14] From the *Phoenix Nest* (1593; ed. Rollins, pp. 62–63).

NICHOLAS BRETON[15]

1545?–1626?

SAY that I should say I love ye,
Would you say 'tis but a saying?
But if love in prayers move ye,
Will you not be moved with praying?

Think I think that love should know ye,
Will you think 'tis but a thinking?
But if love the thought do show ye,
Will ye lose your eyes with winking?

Write that I do write you blessed,
Will you write 'tis but a writing?
But if truth and love confess it,
Will ye doubt the true inditing?

No: I say, and think, and write it,—
Write, and think, and say your pleasure.
Love and truth and I indite it,
You are blessed out of measure.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON[16]

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
Whereas May was in his pride.
There I spied, all alone,
Phillida and Coridon.
Much ado there was, God wot,
He would love and she would not.
She said, "Never man was true";
He said, "None was false to you."
He said he had loved her long.
She said, "Love should have no wrong."
Coridon would kiss her then;

[15] Nicholas Breton, one of the most facile and popular versifiers of his time, suffered from hasty production, but his pastorals rank high. "Say that I should say" and "Phillida and Coridon" were printed in *England's Helicon* (1600; ed. Rollins, pp. 192–193).

[16] Set as a three-man's song and sung at an entertainment for the Queen given by the Earl of Hertford in 1591. Elizabeth applauded the song and asked that it be sung again. The song is also set in Michael East's *Madrigales* (1604).

She said maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all.
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth,
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus, with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love which had been long deluded
Was with kisses sweet concluded.
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the lady of the May.

PASTORAL [17]

WHO can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green balk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise,
While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing;
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hare go stealing by;
Or along the shallow brook,
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blessed sunny day;
Or to hear the partridge call
Till she have her covey all;
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box; [18]
After feeding on his prey,
How he closely sneaks away
Through the hedge and down the furrow
Till he gets into his burrow;
Then the bee to gather honey;
And the little black-haired coney,
On a bank for sunny place,
With her forefeet wash her face—
Are not these, with thousands mo
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights
That may breed true love's delights?
But withal this happiness,
To behold that shepherdess
To whose eyes all shepherds yield,
All the fairest of the field,
Fair Aglaia, in whose face
Lives the shepherd's highest grace;
In whose worthy wonder praise
See what her true shepherd says:
She is neither proud nor fine,
But in spirit more divine.
She can neither lour nor leer,
But a sweeter smiling cheer.
She had never painted face,
But a sweeter smiling grace.
She can never love dissemble,
Truth doth so her thoughts assemble,
That where wisdom guides her will

[17] From *The Passionate Shepherd* (1604).

[18] *plies the box:* plays a trick, runs along the box hedge.

She is kind and constant still.
All in sum, she is that creature,
Of that truest comfort's nature,
That doth show (but in exceedings)
How their praises had their breedings.
Let then poets feign their pleasure
In their fictions of love's treasure;
Proud high spirits seek their graces
In their idol painted faces;
My love's spirit's lowliness,
In affection's humbleness,
Under heaven no happiness
Seeks but in this shepherdess.

For whose sake I say and swear
By the passions that I bear,
Had I got a kingly grace,
I would leave my kingly place,
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad,
Hard to lie, and go full bare,
And to feed on hungry fare,
So I might but live to be
Where I might but sit to see
Once a day, or all day long,
The sweet subject of my song;
In Aglaia's only eyes
All my worldly paradise.

SIR EDWARD DYER[19]

1540?–1607

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall.
For why[20] my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty suffers oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear.
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies;
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,

[19] Sir Edward Dyer, friend of Fulke Greville and Sir Philip Sidney, is best known for his lyric "My mind to me," etc. (See R. M. Sargent, *At The Court of Queen Elizabeth*, 1935, pp 213–218.) The lyric, which combines stoic and Senecan philosophizing, was one of the most popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and exists in manuscript and broadside-ballad versions. Six stanzas were set in 1588 by William Byrd in his *Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs*, apparently the first printed version. The present text is based on Bodley MS Rawlinson Poet. 85.

[20] *For why*: because.

Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain.
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloaked craft their store of skill.
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my choice defense;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offense.
Thus do I live; thus will I die.
Would all did so as well as I!

ROBERT SOUTHWELL[21]

1561?–1595

UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH

Before my face the picture hangs
That daily should put me in mind
Of these cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas, full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometimes been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence eke that saith
Remember, man, that thou art dust!
But yet, alas, but seldom I
Do think indeed that I must die.

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse[22] doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well;

[21] Robert Southwell, a Jesuit priest and poet, was arrested in 1592 and later hanged. See P. Janelle, *Robert Southwell, The Writer*, Clermont-Ferrand, 1935.

[22] *hearse:* a canopy of black to place over the coffin.

But yet, alas, for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die.

The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair
Which is my only usual seat,—
All those do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon for all his wit,
Nor Samson, though he were so strong,
No king nor person ever yet
Could 'scape but death laid him along;
Wherefore I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Though all the East did quake to hear
Of Alexander's dreadful name,
And all the West did likewise fear
To hear of Julius Caesar's fame,
Yet both by death in dust now lie;
Who then can 'scape but he must die?

If none can 'scape death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey,
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way.
Oh, grant me grace, Oh God, that I
My life may mend, sith I must die.

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed
As though his floods should quench his flames which with his tears were fed.
"Alas," quoth he, "but newly born in fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns,
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;
The fuel justice layeth on, and mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls,
For which, as now on fire I am to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood."
With this he vanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas day.

CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE

1558?–1586

TICHBORNE'S ELEGY, WRITTEN WITH HIS OWN HAND IN THE TOWER BEFORE HIS EXECUTION [1586] [23]

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my good is but vain hope of gain;
The day is past, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard and yet it was not told,
My fruit is fallen and yet my leaves are green,
My youth is spent and yet I am not old,
I saw the world and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death and found it in my womb,
I looked for life and saw it was a shade,
I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I was but made;
My glass is full, and now my glass is run,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

THOMAS LODGE [24]

1558?–1625

SONNET [25]

The earth, late choked with showers,
Is now arrayed in green;
Her bosom springs with flowers,

[23] From *Verses of Prayse and Joye written upon Her Maiesties Preseruation* (1586) (i.e., from the Babington Plot). Tichborne, one of the seven conspirators who were executed, may not have written this popular poem himself. It was set to music in John Mundy's *Songs and Psalmes* (1594), Michael East's *Madrigales* (1604), and Richard Alison's *An Howres Recreation in Musicke* (1606).

[24] For biographical notice of Lodge and lyrics from *Rosalynde*, see pp. 632–672, below.

[25] From *Scilla's Metamorphosis* (1589), a mythological narrative poem, a model for *Venus and Adonis*. The *Sonnet* is adapted from Desportes.

The air dissolves her teen.[26]
The heavens laugh at her glory,
Yet bide I sad and sorry.

The woods are decked with leaves
And trees are clothed gay,
And Flora, crowned with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play;
Where I am clad in black,
The token of my wrack.

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices;
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing.

The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave;
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have.
They free, I thrall; they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

ROBERT GREENE [27]

1560?–1592

MAESIA'S SONG [28]

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean [29] that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort [30] of mirth and music's fare;
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

[26] *teen:* anger, malice.
[27] For Greene, see below, p. 673.
[28] From *Farewell to Folly* (1591).
[29] *mean:* the middle part in music, here metaphorical.
[30] *consort:* harmony.

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD[81]

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy,
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies.
Thus he grieved in every part;
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide.
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG[82]

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,

[81] From *Menaphon* (1589).

[82] From *Greene's Mourning Garment* (1590).

For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks once folded, he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his meat;
And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves, &c.

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
More wanton too,
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves, &c.

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his bed of down;
More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves, &c.

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe;
And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves, &c.

RICHARD BARNFIELD [33]

1574–1627

TO HIS FRIEND MASTER R. L.,[34] IN PRAISE OF MUSIC AND POETRY

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs (the sister and the brother),
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland [35] to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defense.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute (the queen of music) makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both (as poets feign),
One knight [36] loves both, and both in thee remain.

As it fell upon a day [37]
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till [38] a thorn
And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.

[33] In the *Passionate Pilgrime* (1599) three poems (the two printed in this selection and "The unknown shepherd's complaint") by Barnfield were printed as Shakespeare's. For discussion see *Shakespeare's Poems* (ed. Rollins), pp. 542, 556. They had been printed in 1598, however, as Barnfield's in *Poems in Divers Humors*, published with Barnfield's *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, from which these texts are taken.

[34] *Master R. L.*: probably not Richard Linche, the poet, as Grosart suggests, but a musician.

[35] *Dowland*: John Dowland (1563–1626), famous lutenist and composer of airs.

[36] *One knight*: probably Sir George Carey to whom Dowland dedicated his *First Booke of Songes or Ayres* (1597). Spenser dedicated *Muiopotmos* (1590) to Sir George's wife.

[37] The version in *England's Helicon* (1600; ed. Rollins, pp. 57–58) compresses lines 27–56 into a couplet.

[38] *up-till*: against.

"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry,
"Teru, teru," by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain;
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion,[39] he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead.
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Whilst as fickle fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery:
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find;
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend,
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering
Pity but he were a king.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief, in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flatt'ring foe.

ANONYMOUS LYRICS

A PROPER SONG, ENTITLED: FAIN WOULD I HAVE A PRETTY THING TO GIVE UNTO MY LADY[1]

To the tune of *Lusty Gallant*

FAIN would I have a pretty thing
To give unto my lady;
I name no thing, nor I mean no thing,
But as pretty a thing as may be.

Twenty journeys would I make,
And twenty ways would hie me,
To make adventure for her sake,
To set some matter by me.

[39] *King Pandion:* King of Athens, father of Philomela and Procne.

[1] The ballad was included in *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* (1584) but was written as early as 1566. The tune, *Lusty Gallant,* is in Chappell's *Popular Music,* I, 91–92.

But I would fain have a pretty thing, &c.,
I name no thing, nor I mean no thing, &c.

Some do long for pretty knacks,
And some for strange devices;
God send me that my lady lacks,
I care not what the price is.
Thus fain, &c.

Some go here, and some go there,
Where gazes be not geason; [2]
And I go gaping everywhere,
But still come out of season.
Yet fain, &c.

I walk the town and tread the street,
In every corner seeking
The pretty thing I cannot meet,
That's for my lady's liking.
Fain, &c.

The mercers pull me going by,
The silky-wives say, What lack ye?
The thing you have not, then say I,
Ye foolish fools, go pack ye.
But fain, &c.

It is not all the silk in Cheap,[3]
Nor all the golden treasure,
Nor twenty bushels on a heap,
Can do my lady pleasure.
But fain, &c.

The gravers of the golden shows
With jewels do beset me;
The seamsters in the shops that sews,
They do nothing but let me.
But fain, &c.

But were it in the wit of man
By any means to make it,
I could for money buy it than,[4]
And say, Fair lady, take it.
Thus fain, &c.

[2] *geason:* rare.
[3] *Cheap:* Cheapside, famous in Elizabethan times as a street of fine shops.
[4] *than:* then.

Oh lady, what a luck is this,
That my good willing misseth
To find what pretty thing it is
That my good lady wisheth.

Thus fain would I have had this pretty thing
To give unto my lady;
I said no harm, nor I meant no harm,
But as pretty a thing as may be.

A NEW COURTLY SONNET, OF THE LADY GREENSLEEVES [5]

To the new tune of *Greensleeves*

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves?

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves?

I have been ready at your hand
To grant whatever you would crave;
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good will for to have.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

I bought thee kerchiefs to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly;
I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well-favoredly.[6]

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

[5] Appeared in *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* (1584), though written as early as 1580. Shakespeare mentions the tune in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, II, i, 64 and V, v, 22, and the music is in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 227–233.

[6] *well-favoredly:* handsomely.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy smock of silk both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously;
Thy petticoat of sendal [7] right,
And thus I bought thee gladly.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
With pearls bedecked sumptuously,
The like no other lasses had,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy purse and eke thy gay gilt knives,
Thy pin case, gallant to the eye,
No better wore the burgess' wives,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee,
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy gown was of the grossy [8] green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by,
Which made thee be our harvest queen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thy garters fringed with the gold,
And silver aglets [9] hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to behold,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

[7] *sendal:* thin silk fabric.
[8] *grossy:* thickish, luxuriant; or more likely a misprint for grassy.
[9] *aglets:* pendants or metal spangles attached to lace or fringe.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever liked thee;
No lady ever was so brave,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They served thee with humility;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

For every morning when thou rose
I sent thee dainties orderly,
To cheer thy stomach from all woes,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily;
Thy music still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

And who did pay for all this gear
That thou didst spend when pleased thee?
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdain'st to love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Well, I will pray to God on high
That thou my constancy mayest see;
And that yet once before I die
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,
God I pray to prosper thee;
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.

Greensleeves was all my joy, &c.

AS YOU CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND OF WALSINGHAM [10]

As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love,
By the way as you came?

"How should I know your true love
That have met many a one
As I came from the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?"

She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath her form so divine,
On the earth, in the air.

"Such a one did I meet, good sir,
With angel-like face,
Who like a nymph, like a queen did appear
In her gait, in her grace."

She hath left me here alone,
All alone unknown,
Who sometime loved me as her life,
And called me her own.

"What is the cause she hath left thee alone,
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did thee love as herself,
And her joy did thee make?"

I have loved her all my youth,
But now am old as you see;
Love liketh not the falling fruit,
Nor the withered tree.

For love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf, when he list,
And in faith never fast.

[10] Text from Deloney's *Garland of Good Will* [n.d.]. Another version, with several verbal variants, is in Bodley MS Rawlinson Poet. 85 (reprinted in Ault, *Elizabethan Lyrics*, pp. 278–279). The poem is frequently ascribed to Ralegh. *Walsingham:* seat of the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham from the thirteenth century.

His desire is fickle found,
And a trustless joy;
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

Such is the love of womenkind,
Or the word, love, abused,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused.

But love, it is a durable fire
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning.

PHILLIDA'S LOVE-CALL TO HER CORYDON, AND HIS REPLYING [11]

Phil. CORYDON, arise my Corydon,
Titan shineth clear.
Cor. Who is it that calleth Corydon?
Who is it that I hear?
Phil. Phillida, thy true love, calleth thee.
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock with me.
Cor. Phillida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

Phil. Here are cherries ripe, my Corydon,
Eat them for my sake.
Cor. Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.
Phil. Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee
A pair of stockings white as milk.
Cor. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

[11] Text from *England's Helicon* (1600), signed "Ignoto" (ed. Rollins, pp. 69–71). In Bodley MS Rawlinson Poet. 148, f. 88v, there is another version with many variants and some music.

Phil. I will gather flowers, my Corydon,
To set in thy cap.
Cor. I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.
Phil. I will buy my true love garters gay
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.
Cor. I will buy my true love yellow say [12]
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.

Phil. When my Corydon sits on a hill,
Making melody,—
Cor. When my lovely one goes to her wheel,
Singing cheerily,—
Phil. Sure methinks my true love doth excel
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.
Cor. And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

Phil. Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack, my [13] swain,—
Cor. Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain,—
Phil. Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring
My Corydon to play withal;
Cor. The queen of love had been excused,
Bequeathing, bequeathing
My Phillida the golden ball.

Phil. Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,
Whither shall I fly?
Cor. Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.
Phil. Say to her thy true love was not here.
Remember, remember,
Tomorrow is another day.
Cor. Doubt me not, my true love. Do not fear.
Farewell then, farewell then,
Heaven keep our loves alway.

[12] *say:* fine cloth.

[13] *my:* Bullen, to improve the sense, suggested "her," i.e., Cynthia's.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH [14]

CRABBED age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,[15] age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
  Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
  Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee, youth, I do adore thee;
  Oh! my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee: Oh! sweet shepherd, hie thee,
  For methinks thou stay'st too long.

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME [16]

OH, WHAT a plague is love!
  How shall I bear it?
She will unconstant prove,
  I greatly fear it.
She so molests my mind
  That my wit faileth;
She wavers with the wind,
  As the ship saileth.
Please her best I may,
She looks another way:
Alack and well-a-day!
  Phillida flouts me.

At the fair yesterday
  She would not see me,
But turned another way
  When she came nigh me.
Dick had her in to dine;
  He might intreat [17] her.
Will had her to the wine;
  I could not get her.
With Daniel did she dance;
At me she looked askance.
Oh thrice unhappy chance!
  Phillida flouts me.

[14] The text is from *The Passionate Pilgrime* (1599). Most critics do not accept this poem as Shakespeare's though many consider it "worthy of him." (See H. E. Rollins, ed. *Shakespeare's Poems*, pp. 546–549.)

[15] *pleasance:* gaiety.

[16] Several versions exist, some as broadside ballads popular in the seventeenth century. The text here is that of the Shirburn MS; the stanzas given are those in *Wit Restored* (1658), in slightly different order. Though the poem was written before 1603, M. W. Black comments (*Elizabethan and Seventeenth-Century Lyrics*, p. 534), "[It] might almost be said to strike the keynote of Cavalier song."

[17] *intreat:* persuade.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
  Never disdain me;
I am my mother's boy;
  Sweet, entertain me.
She'll give me, when she dies,
  All things befitting:
Her poultry and her bees,
  With her goose sitting,
A pair of mattress beds,
A barrel full of shreds,—
And yet, for all my goods,
    Phillida flouts me.

She hath a clout [18] of mine,
  Wrought with good coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
  Of my fidelity;
But, in faith, if she flinch,
  She shall not wear it:
To Tib, my t' other wench,
  I mean to bear it.
Yet it will kill my heart
So quickly to depart.
Death, kill me with thy dart!
    Phillida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream,
  All the year lasting;
And drink the crystal stream,
  Pleasant in tasting;
Whig [19] and whey whilst thou burst,
  And bramble berries,
Pie lid and pasty crust,
  Pears, plums, and cherries.
Thy garments shall be thin,
Made of a wether's skin—
Yet all's not worth a pin.
    Phillida flouts me.

Maiden, look what you do
  And in time take me;
I can have other two,
  If you forsake me:
For Doll, the dairymaid,
  Laughed on me lately,
And wanton Winifred
  Favors me greatly.
One threw milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose;
What loving signs be those!
    Phillida flouts me.

I cannot work and sleep,
  Both, at all season:
Love wounds my heart so deep,
  Without all reason.
I do consume, alas,
  With care and sorrow.
E'en like a sort of beasts
  Pinned [20] in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year,
And all for very care:
    Phillida flouts me.

[18] *clout:* kerchief.
[19] *whig:* buttermilk.
[20] *pinned:* enclosed.

ODE [21]

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance and length:
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, time doth tarry.

My senses want their outward motions
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled in her secret notions;
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain;
There I embrace and kiss her,
And so I both enjoy and miss her.

MADRIGAL [22]

MY love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on;
But beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

[21] From Francis Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602). The poem has often been attributed to Donne, but Grierson (*The Poems of John Donne*, II [1912], cl ff.) claims the poem for John Hoskins.

[22] Also from Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602).

LYRICS FROM SONG BOOKS

FROM

WILLIAM BYRD'S *PSALMS, SONNETS, AND SONGS OF SADNESS AND PIETY* (1588) [1]

XII

THOUGH Amaryllis dance in green
Like fairy queen;
And sing full clear
Corinna can, with smiling, cheer.
Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,
Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill [2] love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food,
And I so wood,[3]
That all the day
I sit and watch a herdmaid gay,
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore,
Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

Her loving looks, her beauty bright
Is such delight,
That all in vain
I love to like and lose my gain,
For her that thanks me not therefor,
Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes,
And cause of woes,
Your sweet desire
Breeds flames of ice and freeze in fire.
Ye scorn to see me weep so sore,
Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

Love ye who list, I force him not,
Sith, God it wot,
The more I wail,
The less my sighs and tears prevail.

---

[1] In this collection for five voices "Though Amaryllis" is included in "The Sonets and Pastorales." Of the setting Fellowes comments (*English Madrigal Composers*, 1921, p. 163), "This is one of the best specimens of Byrd's lighter vein."

[2] *'chill:* the rustic dialect form for "I will," (i)ch (w)ill.

[3] *wood:* frantic.

What shall I do but say therefore,
Heigh ho, heigh ho, 'chill love no more.

XXXII [4]

Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby.
My sweet little baby, what meanest thou to cry?
Be still, my blessed babe, though cause thou hast to mourn,
Whose blood most innocent to shed the cruel king hath sworn.
And lo, alas, behold what slaughter he doth make,
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Savior, for thy sake.
A King is born, they say, which King this king would kill.
Oh woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will!

Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby.
My sweet little baby, what meanest thou to cry?
Three kings this King of kings to see are come from far,
To each unknown, with offerings great, by guiding of a star.
And shepherds heard the song which angels bright did sing,
Giving all glory unto God for coming of this King,
Which must be made away, King Herod would him kill.
Oh woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will!

Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby.
My sweet little baby, what meanest thou to cry?
Lo, my little babe, be still, lament no more;
From fury thou shalt step aside, help have we still [5] in store.
We heavenly warning have some other soil to seek,
From death must fly the Lord of life, as lamb both mild and meek.
Thus must my babe obey the king that would him kill.
Oh woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will!

Lulla, la lulla, lulla lullaby.
My sweet little baby, what meanest thou to cry?
But thou shalt live and reign as Sibyls [6] have foresaid,
As all the prophets prophesy, whose mother, yet a maid
And perfect virgin pure, with her breasts shall upbreed
Both God and man, that all hath made, the Son of heavenly seed,
Whom caitiffs none can 'tray,[7] whom tyrants none can kill.
Oh joy, and joyful happy day, when wretches want their will!

---

[4] Included in the "songs of sadnes and pietie."

[5] *still:* always.

[6] *Sibyls:* prophetesses.

[7] *whom caitiffs none can 'tray:* whom no villains can betray.

FROM

THOMAS MORLEY'S *CANZONETS* (1593)

VIII

BLOW, shepherds, blow your pipes with gladsome glee resounding.
See where the fair Eliza comes with love and grace abounding.
Run, nymphs, apace, go meet her,
With flowers and garlands greet her.
All hail, Eliza fair, the country's pride and goddess!
Long may'st thou live the shepherds' Queen and lovely mistress!

XX

ARISE, get up, my dear love, rise, make haste, begone thee!
Lo, where the bride, fair Daphne bright, still stays on thee!
Hark! Oh hark! Yon merry wanton maidens squealing!
Spice cake, sops in wine, spice cakes, are a-dealing!
Run then, run apace,
Get a bride lace
And a gilt rosemary branch while yet there is catching,
And then hold fast for fear of old snatching.
Alas, my love, why weep ye?
Oh fear not that, dear love, the next day keep we.
List, hark yon minstrels! How fine they firk [8] it!
And see how the maids jerk it!
With Kate and Will,
Tom and Jill,
Hey ho brave,
Now a skip,
There a trip,
Finely set aloft,
On a fine wedding day,
All for fair Daphne's wedding day!

[8] *firk:* dance.

FROM

THOMAS MORLEY'S *MADRIGALS TO FOUR VOICES . . . THE FIRST BOOK* (1594)

I

APRIL is in my mistress' face,
And July [9] in her eyes hath place,
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart a cold December.

FROM

JOHN DOWLAND'S [10] *THE FIRST BOOK OF SONGS OR AIRS* (1597)

XI

COME away, come, sweet love! The golden morning breaks;
All the earth, all the air of love and pleasure speaks.
Teach thine arms then to embrace,
And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
And mix our souls in mutual bliss;
Eyes were made for beauty's grace,
Viewing, rueing love-long pain,
Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come, sweet love! The golden morning wastes,
While the sun from his sphere his fiery arrows casts
Making all the shadows fly,
Playing, staying in the grove
To entertain the stealth of love.
Thither, sweet love, let us hie,
Flying, dying in desire,
Winged with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away, come, sweet love! Do not in vain adorn
Beauty's grace, that should rise like to the naked morn.
Lilies on the riverside
And fair Cyprian flowers new-blown

[9] *July* is pronounced Jūlў.

[10] John Dowland: See above, p. 314. "Come away" is also included in *England's Helicon* (1600; ed. Rollins, pp. 158–159).

Desire no beauties but their own,
Ornament is nurse of pride;
Pleasure measure love's delight.
Haste then, sweet love, our wished flight!

XIII

SLEEP, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love.
Let not my Love be with my love displeased.
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings long diseased.[11]
Thus while she sleeps I sorrow for her sake,
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

But Oh the fury of my restless fear;
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires;
The glories and the beauties, that appear
Between her brows near Cupid's closed fires.
Thus while she sleeps moves sighing for her sake.
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest.
Fear in my love, and yet my Love secure.
Peace in my Love, and yet my love oppressed,
Impatient yet of perfect temperature.[12]
Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake.
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

FROM

JOHN DOWLAND'S *THIRD AND LAST BOOK OF SONGS OR AIRS* (1603)

XV

WEEP you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.

[11] *diseased:* ill at ease, i.e., dis-eased.

[12] *temperature:* constitutional bent of mind, disposition.

But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lie sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets.
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

FROM

ROBERT JONES'S *THE FIRST BOOK OF SONGS AND AIRS* (1600)

I

A WOMAN'S looks
Are barbed hooks,
That catch by art
The strongest heart,
When yet they spend no breath.
But let them speak,
And sighing break
Forth into tears,
Their words are spears
That wound our souls to death.

The rarest wit
Is made forget,
And like a child
Is oft beguiled
With Love's sweet-seeming bait.
Love with his rod
So like a god
Commands the mind
We cannot find.
Fair shows hide foul deceit.

Time, that all things
In order brings,
Hath taught me now
To be more slow
In giving faith to speech,
Since women's words
No truth affords,
And when they kiss
They think by this
Us men to overreach.

FROM

TOBIAS HUME'S *MUSICAL HUMORS. THE FIRST PART OF AIRS* (1605)

I

The soldier's song

I SING the praise of honored wars,
The glory of well-gotten scars,
The bravery of glittering shields,
Of lusty hearts and famous fields;
For that is music worth the ear of Jove,
A sight for kings, and still the soldier's love.

Look! Oh, methinks I see
The grace of chivalry;
The colors are displayed,
The captains bright arrayed.
See now the battle's ranged,
Bullets now thick are changed.
Hark! shots and wounds abound,
The drums alarum sound.
The captains cry: Za-za!
The trumpets sound ta-ra!
Oh, this is music worth the ear of Jove,
A sight for kings, and still the soldier's love.

III

TOBACCO, tobacco, sing sweetly for tobacco!
Tobacco is like love, Oh love it;
For you see, I will prove it.
Love maketh lean the fat men's tumor,
So doth tobacco.
Love still dries up the wanton humor,
So doth tobacco.
Love makes men sail from shore to shore,
So doth tobacco.
'Tis fond love often makes men poor,
So doth tobacco.
Love makes men scorn all coward fears,
So doth tobacco.

Love often sets men by the ears,
So doth tobacco.
Tobacco, tobacco, sing sweetly for tobacco!
Tobacco is like love, Oh love it;
For you see I have proved it.

FROM

ORLANDO GIBBONS'S *FIRST SET OF MADRIGALS AND MOTETS* (1612)

I

THE silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached, unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
"Farewell, all joys; Oh death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

SONGS FROM PLAYS

FROM

GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE (1575)

BACK and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,[1]
And a crab [2] laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapped, and throughly lapped
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheeks.
Then doth she troll [3] to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."

Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls
Or have them lustily trolled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

[1] *nut-brown toast:* Browned bread was often dipped in beverages.

[2] *crab:* crab apple.

[3] *troll:* pass around.

FROM

MISOGONUS (*ca.* 1560?)

A song to the tune of *Heart's Ease* [4]

SING care away with sport and play,
  Pastime is all our pleasure;
If well we fare for naught we care,
  In mirth consist our treasure.

Let snudges [5] lurk and drudges work,
  We do defy their slavery;
He is but a fool that goes to school,
  All we delight in bravery.

What doth avail far hence to sail
  And lead our life in toiling;
Or to what end should we here spend
  Our days in irksome moiling?

It is the best to live at rest,
  And take 't as God doth send it,
To haunt each wake and mirth to make,
  And with good fellows spend it.

Nothing is worse than a full purse
  To niggards and to pinchers;
They always spare and live in care,
  There's no man loves such flinchers.

The merry man with cup and can
  Lives longer than doth twenty;
The miser's wealth doth hurt his health,
  Examples we have plenty.

'Tis a beastly thing to lie musing
  With pensiveness and sorrow,
For who can tell that he shall well
  Live here until the morrow?

[4] *to the tune of Heart's Ease:* Many of the songs in Elizabethan drama were written to popular ballad tunes or dance tunes, although the names of the melodies are not always indicated as here.

[5] *snudges:* sneaking fellows.

We will therefore for evermore,
While this our life is lasting,
Eat, drink, and sleep, and lemans [6] keep;
It's popery to use fasting.

In cards and dice our comfort lies,
In sporting and in dancing,
Our minds to please and live at ease,
And sometimes to use prancing.

With Bess and Nell we love to dwell,
In kissing and in haking; [7]
But whoop ho holly, with trolly lolly,
To them we'll now be walking.

FROM

JOHN PHILLIPS'S *COMEDY OF PATIENT AND MEEK GRISSELL* (*ca.* 1566)

LULLA by baby, lulla by baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee, as duly as may be.

Be still, my sweet sweeting, no longer do cry,
Sing lulla by baby, lulla by baby.
Let dolors be fleeting, I fancy thee, I,
To rock and to lull thee, I will not delay me.
Lulla by baby, &c.

What creature now living would hasten thy woe?
Sing lulla by, lulla by, lulla by baby.
See for thy relieving, the time I bestow,
To dance, and to prance thee, as prett'ly as may be.
Lulla by baby, &c.

The gods be thy shield and comfort in need,
Sing lulla by, lulla by, lulla by baby;
They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,
And this to desire, I will not delay me.
Lulla by baby, &c.

[6] *lemans:* lovers.

[7] *haking:* idling.

FROM

JOHN PICKERING'S *NEW INTERLUDE OF VICE, CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF HORESTES* (1567)

Haltersick entereth and singeth this song to the tune of "Have over the water to Floride" or "Selengers round." [8]

FAREWELL, adieu, that courtly life,
To war we tend to go;
It is good sport to see the strife
Of soldiers in a row
  How merrily they forward march
  These enemies to slay,
  With hey, trim, and trixie too,
  Their banners they display.

Now shall we have the golden cheats,[9]
When others want the same;
And soldiers have full many feats
Their enemies to tame;
  With cocking [10] here, and booming there,
  They break their foe's array;
  And lusty lads amid the fields
  Their ensigns do display.

The drum and flute play lustily,
The trumpet blows amain,
And venturous knights courageously
Do march before their train
  With spears in rest, so lively dressed
  In armor bright and gay;
  With hey, trim, and trixie too,
  Their banners they display.

[8] *Selengers round:* I.e., "Sellenger's round," a popular dance and ballad tune. See Chappell's *Popular Music,* I, 69–71.

[9] *cheats:* booty.

[10] *cocking:* fighting.

FROM

COMMON CONDITIONS (*ca.* 1576)

LUSTILY, lustily, lustily let us sail forth,
The wind trim doth serve us, it blows at the north.

All things we have ready, and nothing we want,
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby:
Victuals and weapons, they be nothing scant,
Like worthy mariners ourselves we will try.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

Her flags be new trimmed set flaunting aloft,
Our ship for swift swimming, oh, she doth excel;
We fear no enemies, we have escaped them oft;
Of all ships that swimmeth, she beareth the bell.[11]
Lustily, lustily, &c.

And here is a master excelleth in skill,
And our master's mate, he is not to seek; [12]
And here is a boatswain will do his good will,
And here is a shipboy, we never had his leek.[13]
Lustily, lustily, &c.

If fortune then fail not, and our next viage [14] prove,
We will return merrily, and make good cheer,
And hold all together as friends linked in love;
The cans shall be filled with wine, ale, and beer.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

FROM

JOHN LYLY'S [15] *SIX COURT COMEDIES* (1632)

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,

[11] *beareth the bell:* is in the foremost rank, is the best.

[12] *not to seek:* is not lacking.

[13] *leek:* like.

[14] *viage:* voyage.

[15] For information on Lyly, see pp. 514–516. In editions of Lyly's plays published in his lifetime no songs were printed, but in *Six Court Comedies* (1632), published by the printer, Edward Blount, twenty-one songs appeared of which the authorship is in dispute. Some scholars argue that Dekker wrote the songs; others defend Lyly's authorship. See *PMLA*, XLII (1927), 623; *MLR*, I (1905) 43; *TLS*, December 20, 1923, p. 894.

His mother's doves and team of sparrows,
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
Oh Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of me?

From *Alexander and Campaspe* (1584)

SONG BY FAIRIES

Omnes. PINCH him, pinch him, black and blue,
Saucy mortals must not view
What the queen of stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy wooing.
1 *Fairy.* Pinch him blue.
2 *Fairy.* And pinch him black.
3 *Fairy.* Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rocked his addlehead.
4 *Fairy.* For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes,
Then to our midnight haydegyes.[16]

From *Endymion* (*ca.* 1588)

FROM

GEORGE PEELE'S[17] *ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS* (1584)

Oenone. FAIR and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

[16] *haydegyes:* frolics, revels. Cf. the "fairy" song in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* V, v, 97–107.

[17] George Peele (*ca.* 1558—*ca.* 1597), one of the "University Wits." *The Arraignment of Paris* was (according to its title page) "presented before the Queen's Majesty by the Children of her Chapel," probably in 1581.

Paris. Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Oenone. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as been the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse:[18]
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

Ambo simul. They that do change, &c.
Oenone. Fair and fair, &c.
Paris. Fair and fair, &c. Thy love is fair, &c.
Oenone. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's curse:
They that do change, &c.
Paris. They that do change, &c.
Ambo. Fair and fair, &c.

FROM

GEORGE PEELE'S *POLYHYMNIA* (1590)[19]

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
Oh, time too swift, oh, swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms;

[18] *Cupid's curse:* a reference to a "sonnet" in the passage preceding the song.

[19] *Polyhymnia,* a description in blank verse of a tournament held before Elizabeth on the occasion of her birthday, 1590. The selection describes Sir Henry Lee (1530–1610), the Queen's champion who, too old to take part, had asked the Earl of Cumberland to succeed him. See E. K. Chambers, *Sir Henry Lee,* 1936.

But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:
Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong!
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

FROM

GEORGE PEELE'S *HUNTING OF CUPID* (*ca.* 1591) [20]

WHAT thing is love? for (well I wot) love is a thing.
It is a prick, it is a sting,
It is a pretty, pretty thing;
It is a fire, it is a coal,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole;
And as my wit doth best devise,
Love's dwelling is in ladies' eyes,
From whence do glance love's piercing darts
That make such holes into our hearts;
And all the world herein accord
Love is a great and mighty lord;
And when he list [21] to mount so high,
With Venus he in heaven doth lie,
And evermore hath been a god
Since Mars and she played even and odd.

FROM

THOMAS NASHE'S *SUMMER'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT* (1600) [22]

SPRING, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo! [23]

[20] *Hunting of Cupid:* The play is lost except for a few fragments. The song is in part (lines 1–7 with variations) found in John Bartlet's *Booke of Ayres* (1606).

[21] *list:* wishes.

[22] For Thomas Nashe, see pp. 703–726. *Summer's Last Will and Testament* was performed before the Archbishop of Canterbury in his palace at Croydon, October, 1592.

[23] *Cuckoo . . . to-witta-woo:* the calling of the cuckoo, nightingale, lapwing, and owl respectively. For the owl, see Shakespeare's song "When icicles do hang," *Love's Labour's Lost,* V, ii, 902, in this volume, p. 259.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring, the sweet spring!

FROM

THOMAS DEKKER'S [24] *THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY* (1600)

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh [25] be our good speed;
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Troll the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee;
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down,
Hey derry derry down-a-down,
Close with the tenor, boy;
Ho! well done, to me let come,
Ring compass, gentle joy.

Troll the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind, &c. (*As often as there be men to drink.*)

(*At last, when all have drunk, this verse.*)

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed;
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

[24] For Thomas Dekker, see pp. 808–820.

[25] *Saint Hugh:* patron saint of shoemakers.

FROM

THOMAS DEKKER'S *PLEASANT COMEDY OF PATIENT GRISILL* (1603) [26]

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise;
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
You are care, and care must keep you;
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

FROM

THOMAS DEKKER AND JOHN FORD'S *SUN'S DARLING* (1656) [27]

CAST away care, he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy tomorrow;
Money is trash, and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, fortune will send it.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh, ho!
Play it off stiffly, we may not part so.

Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too;
Quickens the wit, and makes the back able,
Scorns to submit to the watch or constable.
Merrily, &c.

Pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker;
Empty the cask, score up, we care not;
Fill all the pots again, drink on, and spare not.
Merrily, &c.

[26] Dekker's authorship of the songs in *Patient Grisill* is in doubt. See *TLS*, October 25, 1941, p. 531.

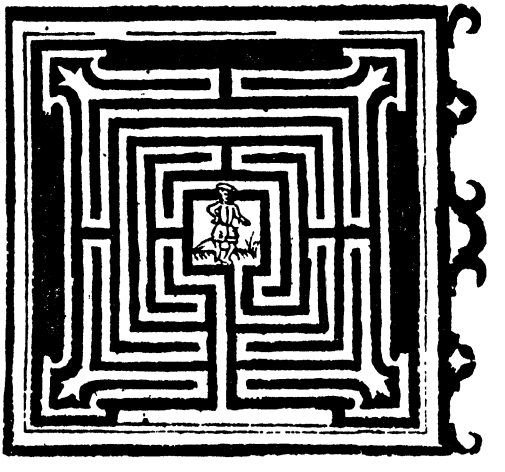
[27] *The Sun's Darling*: a masque performed in 1624, published in 1656.

FROM

JOHN WEBSTER'S[28] *WHITE DEVIL* (1612)

CALL for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

[28] John Webster (*ca.* 1580–1634?). Lines 9–10 are parodied in T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* (ll. 74–75).



Samuel Daniel

1562–1619

SAMUEL DANIEL was born in 1562 in Somerset, the son and brother of musicians. He attended Magdalen College, Oxford, but left without a degree. After his literary debut as a translator, he traveled in Italy, and soon after his return became a follower of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, sister to Sidney and patroness of poets. He expresses in *Musophilus* his debtorship to Fulke Greville also. In 1591 the first, unauthorized edition of *Astrophel and Stella* inaugurated the great English sonnet vogue of the nineties, and among the sonnets appended to Sidney's cycle were twenty-seven by Daniel. In the next year the poet issued his own collection called *Delia,* and dedicated them to the Countess of Pembroke. She was intended to see herself in the heroine of the sonnets, but of course she knew the conventions of Petrarch and the French poets too well to take the protestations of love quite literally. Daniel used principally the English sonnet form invented by Surrey, and this choice may have influenced Shakespeare after him.

The Complaint of Rosamund is contemporaneous with *Delia.* It belongs to the type of poem made popular by *The Mirror for Magistrates,* which had included not only the tragic tales of the falls of princes, but a few examples of unfortunate women, such as Elstred and Jane Shore. The verse form and the general tone may have been in Shakespeare's mind when he composed *The Rape of Lucrece.*

Daniel's work after 1592 shows increasingly the influence of the Pembroke circle. He composed classical tragedies (*Cleopatra,* 1594; *Philotas,* 1604) in the manner of the French neoclassicist Robert Garnier; he composed six epistles in verse to various noblemen and ladies; and he wrote in *Musophilus* (first published in 1599) a verse dialogue in defense of learning. His English patriotism is apparent in his versified history of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster and a prose history of England. In 1603 he wrote *A Defense of Rhyme* in answer to Thomas Campion's *Observations in the Art of English Poesie.* After the accession of King James he was occasionally employed as a writer of court masques.

Daniel died in 1619, having led for some years a retired life in the country. He was apparently a conservative and restrained individual, reflective and moral, earnest in his love of beauty, civilization, and learning. He revised his poems again and again, eliminating feminine rhymes, making his references more accurate, and curbing the Elizabethan wantonness of fancy which occasionally appeared in his early versions. He has been called by Professor Sprague "something of a neo-classicist before his time." His contemporaries noticed his reticence; Spenser says of him in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe:*

Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In love's soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
And to what course thou please thyself advance:
But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
In tragick plaints and passionate mischance.

Ben Jonson called him a "verser" and "no poet," but as "well-languaged Daniel" he has won the respect of such later poets as Wordsworth and Coleridge and A. E. Housman.

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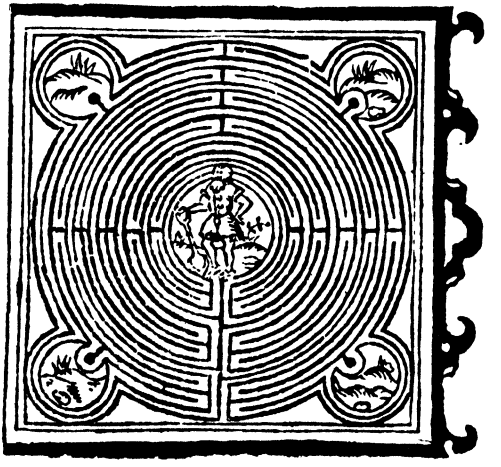

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMUND[1]

Out from the horror of infernal deeps
My poor afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,[2]
Attended with my shame that never sleeps,
The spot wherewith my kind[3] and youth did stain it;
My body found a grave where to contain it,
A sheet could hide my face, but not my sin,
For fame finds never tomb t' inclose it in.

And which is worse, my soul is now denied
Her transport to the sweet Elysian rest,
The joyful bliss for ghosts repurified,
The ever-springing gardens of the blest;
Charon denies me waftage with the rest,
And says my soul can never pass the river,
Till lovers' sighs on earth shall it deliver.

So shall I never pass, for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the living?
Time hath long since worn out the memory
Both of my life and life's unjust depriving;
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving.
Rosamund hath little left her but her name,
And that disgraced, for time hath wronged the same.

No muse suggests the pity of my case;
Each pen doth overpass my just complaint,
Whilst others are preferred, though far more base;
Shore's wife[4] is graced, and passes for a saint;
Her legend justifies her foul attaint.
Her well-told tale did such compassion find
That she is passed, and I am left behind.

Which seen with grief, my miserable ghost
(Whilom[5] invested in so fair a veil,
Which whilst it lived was honored of the most,
And being dead, gives matter to bewail)

---

[1] *Rosamund:* mistress of King Henry II (*reg.* 1154–1189).
[2] *plain it:* complain.
[3] *kind:* nature (here, "sex").
[4] *Shore's wife:* Jane Shore, mistress of Edward IV (*reg.* 1461–1483).
[5] *Whilom:* once.

Comes to solicit thee, since others fail,
To take this task and in thy woeful song
To form my case and register my wrong.

Although I know thy just lamenting muse,
Toiled in th' affliction of thine own distress,
In others' cares hath little time to use,
And therefore mayst esteem of mine the less;
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redress,
The joys depending on a woman's grace,
So move thy mind a woeful woman's case.

Delia may hap to deign to read our story,
And offer up her sigh among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou mightst be graced and I be blest;
That indulgence would profit me the best,
Such power she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To joy the living and to bless the dead.

So I, through beauty made the woeful'st wight,
By beauty might have comfort after death,
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Find life above on earth, and rest beneath.
She that can bless us with one happy breath,
Give comfort to thy muse to do her best,
That thereby thou mayst joy and I might rest.

Thus said, forthwith moved with a tender care
And pity, which myself could never find,
What she desired my muse deigned to declare,
And therefore willed her boldly tell her mind;
And I, more willing, took this charge assigned
Because her griefs were worthy to be known,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine own.

Then write, quoth she, the ruin of my youth,
Report the downfall of my slippery state;
Of all my life reveal the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplify my frailty, tell how fate
Keeps in eternal dark our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know them 'tis forbidden.

For whilst the sunshine of my fortune lasted,
I joyed the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat
That ever yet imperious beauty tasted;
I had what glory ever flesh could get,

But this fair morning had a shameful set.
Disgrace darked honor, sin did cloud my brow,
As note the sequel, and I'll tell thee how.

The blood I stained was good and of the best,
My birth had honor and my beauty fame;
Nature and fortune joined to make me blest,
Had I had grace t' have known to use the same.
My education showed from whence I came,
And all concurred to make me happy first,
That so great hope might make me more accursed.

Happy lived I whilst parents' eye did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble ways,
And country home kept me from being eyed,
Where best unknown I spent my sweetest days;
Till that my friends mine honor sought to raise
To higher place, which greater credit yields,
Deeming such beauty was unfit for fields.

From country then to court I was preferred,
From calm to storms, from shore into the deeps;
There where I perished, where my youth first erred;
There where I lost the flower which honor keeps;
There where the worser thrives, the better weeps.
Ah me, poor wench, on this unhappy shelf
I grounded me and cast away myself.

For thither comed [6] (when years had armed my youth
With rarest proof of beauty ever seen,
When my reviving eye had learnt the truth
That it had power to make the winter green,
And flower affections whereas none had been),
Soon could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

For age, I saw (though years with cold conceit
Congealed their thoughts against a warm desire)
Yet sigh their want, and look at such a bait;
I saw how youth was wax before the fire;
I saw by stealth, I framed my look a liar,
Yet well perceived how fortune made me then
The envy of my sex, and wonder unto men.

Look how a comet at the first appearing
Draws all men's eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the saddest tale at sudden hearing

[6] *comed:* came (dial.)

Makes silent listening unto him that told it;
So did my speech when rubies did unfold it,
So did the blazing of my blush appear
T' amaze the world, that holds such sights so dear.

Ah, beauty! siren! fair enchanting good!
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes!
Dumb eloquence,[7] whose power doth move the blood
More than the words or wisdom of the wise!
Still harmony, whose diapason lies
Within a brow, the key which passions move
To ravish sense and play a world in love!

What might I then not do whose power was such?
What cannot women do that know their power?
What woman knows it not (I fear too much)
How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or lour,
Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flower,
Whilst nature decks her with her proper fair
Which cheers the world, joys each sight, sweetens th' air? [8]

Such one was I, my beauty was mine own,
No borrowed blush which bankrupt beauties seek;
That new-found shame, a sin to us unknown,
Th' adulterate beauty of a falsed cheek,
Vile stain to honor and to women eke,
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to cover our defect.

Impiety of times, chastity's abater,
Falsehood, wherein thyself thyself deniest,
Treason to counterfeit the seal of nature,
The stamp of heaven, impressed by the highest,
Disgrace unto the world, to whom thou liest,
Idol unto thyself, shame to the wise,
And all that honor thee idolatrize.

Far was that sin from us whose age was pure,
When simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modesty, pure cheeks, a virtuous breast,—
This was the pomp wherewith my youth was blest;

[7] *Ah . . . eloquence:* Sir John Davies ridiculed this conceit in his 45th epigram:

"Dacus with some good color and pretense
Terms his love's beauty 'silent eloquence';
For she doth lay more colors on her face
Than ever Tully used, his speech to grace."

[8] *Whilst nature . . . air:* Daniel revised this couplet in 1599 to read:

"Whilst nature decks them in their best attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires."

These were the weapons which mine honor won
In all the conflicts that my eyes begun;

Which were not small—I wrought on no mean object;
A crown was at my feet, scepters obeyed me;
Whom fortune made my king, love made my subject;
Who did command the land most humbly prayed me;
Henry the second, that so highly weighed me,
Found well, by proof, the privilege of beauty,
That it had power to countermand all duty.

For after all his victories in France,
Triumphing in the honor of his deeds,
Unmatched by sword, was vanquished by a glance,
And hotter wars within his bosom breeds—
Wars whom whole legions of desires feeds,
Against all which my chastity opposes;
The field of honor virtue never loses.

No armor might be found that could defend
Transpiercing rays of crystal-pointed eyes;
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No, not his age; [9] yet old men should be wise.
But shows deceive, outward appearance lies;
Let none for seeming so think saints of others,
For all are men, and all have sucked their mothers.

Who would have thought a monarch would have ever
Obeyed his handmaid of so mean a state?
Vulture ambition feeding on his liver,
Age having worn his pleasures out of date;
But hap comes never or it comes too late,
For such a dainty which his youth found not
Unto his feeble age did chance allot.

Ah Fortune, never absolutely good,
For that some cross still counterchecks our luck;
As here behold th' incompatible blood:
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck,
Whose loathing we from Nature's breasts do suck
As opposite to what our blood requires,
For equal age doth equal like desires.

But mighty men in highest honor sitting
Naught but applause and pleasure can behold;
Soothed in their liking, careless what is fitting,
May not be suffered once to think they are old,

[9] *his age:* historically, Henry was forty-one.

Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune to forget so far
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needs excuse so great defect,
For drinking of the Lethe of mine eyes.
He's forced forget himself and all respect
Of majesty whereon his state relies,
And now of loves and pleasures must devise,
For thus revived again, he serves and su'th
And seeks all means to undermine my youth.

Which never by assault he could recover,
So well encamped in strength of chaste desires;
My clean-armed thoughts repelled an unchaste lover;
The Crown that could command what it requires
I lesser prized than chastity's attires,
The unstained veil which innocents adorns,
The ungathered rose, defended with the thorns.

And safe mine honor stood, till that in truth
One of my sex, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to entrap my youth,
One in the habit of like frailty clad,
One who the livery of like weakness had,
A seeming matron, yet a sinful monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may conster.[10]

She set upon me with the smoothest speech
That court and age could cunningly devise;
The one authentic made her fit to teach,
The other learned her how to subtilize.
Both were enough to circumvent the wise,
A document that well might teach the sage
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

"Daughter," saith she, "behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast down into thy lap,
Whereby thou mayst thy honor great advance,
Whilst thou, unhappy, wilt not see thy hap;
Such fond respect thy youth doth so enwrap,
T' oppose thyself against thine own good fortune
That points thee out and seems thee to importune.

"Dost thou not see how that thy king, thy Jove,
Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate,
And showers down gold and treasure from above,

[10] *conster:* understand.

Whilst thou dost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie, fondling, fie! Thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth, that canst not see
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

"Thou must not think thy flower can always flourish,
And that thy beauty will be still admired;
But that those rays which all these flames do nourish,
Canceled with time, will have their date expired,
And men will scorn what now is so desired.
Our frailty's doom is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now and fade ere many hours.

"Read in my face the ruins of my youth,
The wreck of years upon my aged brow;
I have been fair, I must confess the truth,
And stood upon such nice respects as thou.
I lost my time, and I repent it now;
But were I to begin my youth again,
I would redeem the time I spent in vain.

"But thou hast years and privilege to use them;
Thy privilege doth bear beauty's great seal;
Besides, the law of nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may have a just appeal.
Esteem not fame more than thou dost thy weal,—
Fame, whereof the world seems to make such choice,
Is but an echo, and an idle voice.

"Then why should this respect of honor bound us
In th' imaginary lists of reputation?
Titles which cold severity hath found us,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation,
Melancholy's opinion, custom's relation,
Pleasure's plague, beauty's scourge, hell to the fair
To leave the sweet for castles in the air.

"Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceived,
Honor a thing without us, not our own,
Whereof we see how many are bereaved
Which should have reaped the glory they had sown,
And many have it, yet unworthy known.
So breathes his blasts this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest have esteemed least.

"The subtle city women, better learned,
Esteem them chaste enough that best seem so;
Who, though they sport, it shall not be discerned—

Their face bewrays [11] not what their bodies do.
'Tis wary walking that doth safeliest go.
With show of virtue, as the cunning knows,
Babes are beguiled with sweets, and men with shows.

"Then use thy talent; youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honor from thy sports detract.
Thou must not fondly think thyself transparent,
That those who see thy face can judge the fact;
Let her have shame that cannot closely act,
And seem the chaste, which is the chiefest art,
For what we seem each sees; none knows our heart.

"The mighty, who can with such sins dispense,
Instead of shame do honors great bestow;
A worthy author doth redeem th' offense
And makes the scarlet sin as white as snow.
The majesty that doth descend so low
Is not defiled, but pure remains therein,
And being sacred, sanctifies the sin.

"What, dost thou stand on this, that he is old?
Thy beauty hath the more to work upon.
Thy pleasure's want shall be supplied with gold;
Cold age dotes most when the heat of youth is gone.
Enticing words prevail with such a one;
Alluring shows most deep impression strikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes."

. . . . . [12]

I saw the sin wherein my foot was ent'ring,
I saw how that dishonor did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was vent'ring,
Yet had I not the power for to defend it.
So weak is sense, when error hath condemned it;
We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we choose the worst, and soon repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of illness,
Now draws the date of mine affliction near,
Now when the dark had wrapped up all in stillness
And dreadful black had dispossessed the clear;
Comed was the night, mother of sleep and fear,
Who with her sable mantle friendly covers
The sweet-stolen sports of joyful meeting lovers.

[11] *bewrays:* reveals.

[12] Here 119 lines are omitted. In them Rosamund debates with herself.

When lo, I joyed my lover, not my love,
And felt the hand of lust most undesired,
Enforced th' unproved bitter-sweet to prove,
Which yields no mutual pleasure when 'tis hired.
Love's not constrained, nor yet of due required;
Judge they who are unfortunately wed
What 'tis to come unto a loathed bed.

But soon his age received his short contenting
And sleep sealed up his languishing desires.
When he turns to his rest, I to repenting;
Into myself my waking thought retires.
My nakedness had proved my senses liars.
Now opened were mine eyes to look therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I find myself unparadised
From those pure fields of my so clean beginning.
Now I perceived how ill I was advised;
My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of sinning.
Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning,
For nature checks a new offense with loathing,
But use of sin doth make it seem as nothing.[13]

And use of sin did work in me a boldness,
And love in him incorporates such zeal
That jealousy, increased with age's coldness,
Fearing to lose the joy of all his weal,
Or doubting time his stealth might else reveal,
He's driven to devise some subtle way
How he might safeliest keep so rich a prey.

A stately palace he forthwith did build,
Whose intricate innumerable ways
With such confused errors [14] so beguiled
Th' unguided enterers with uncertain strays,
And doubtful turnings kept them in delays,
With bootless labor leading them about,
Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosom of which frame
That served a center to that goodly round
Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that ever adorned the ground,
And all the pleasures that delight hath found

[13] *nothing:* the *o* was long in Elizabethan pronunciation.

[14] *errors:* wandering ways.

To entertain the sense of wanton eyes,
Fuel of love, from whence lust's flames arise.

Here I, enclosed from all the world asunder,
The Minotaur [15] of shame, kept for disgrace,
The monster of fortune and the world's wonder,
Lived cloistered in so desolate a case.
None but the king might come into the place,
With certain maids that did attend my need,
And he himself came guided by a threed.[16]

Oh Jealousy, daughter of Envy and Love,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire,
Fostered with fears, thy father's joys t' improve,
Mirth-marring monster, born a subtle liar,
Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire,
Feeding upon suspect that doth renew thee,
Happy were lovers if they never knew thee!

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Conducting trembling passions to our heart;
Hundred-eyed Argus, ever-waking spy,
Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasure's smart,
Envious observer, prying in every part,
Suspicious, fearful, gazing still [17] about thee,
Oh would to God that love could be without thee!

Thou didst deprive, through false suggesting fear,
Him of content and me of liberty,
(The only good that women hold so dear)
And turnst my freedom to captivity,
First made a prisoner ere an enemy,
Enjoined the ransom of my body's shame,
Which though I paid could not redeem the same.

What greater torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the fair to live retired?
For what is beauty if it be not seen?
Or what is 't to be seen if not admired,
And though admired, unless in love desired?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordained to live imprisoned in a chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
Like as the fire for heat, the sun for light;
The fair do hold this privilege as due

[15] *Minotaur:* a legendary monster in Crete, who like Rosamund was kept in a labyrinth.

[16] *threed:* thread.

[17] *still:* constantly.

By ancient charter, to live most in sight,
And she that is debarred it, hath not right.
In vain our friends in this use their dehorting,[18]
For beauty will be where is most resorting.

Witness the fairest streets that Thames doth visit,
The wondrous concourse of the glitt'ring fair;
For what rare woman decked with beauty is it
That thither covets not to make repair?
The solitary country may not stay her;
Here is the center of all beauties best,
Excepting Delia, left t' adorn the west.[19]

Here doth the curious with judicial eyes
Contemplate beauty gloriously attired;
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,
To live where we are praised and most desired.
Oh, how we joy to see ourselves admired,
Whilst niggardly our favors we discover;
We love to be beloved, yet scorn the lover.

Yet would to God my foot had never moved
From country safety, from the fields of rest,
To know the danger to be highly loved,
And live in pomp to brave among the best;
Happy for me, better had I been blest,
If I unluckily had never strayed,
But lived at home a happy country maid,

Whose unaffected innocency thinks
No guileful fraud, as doth the courtly liver;
She's decked with truth; the river where she drinks
Doth serve her for her glass, her counsel-giver;
She loves sincerely, and is loved ever;
Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath—
True life, that knows not what's to die till death.

So should I never have been regist'red
In the black book of the unfortunate,
Nor had my name enrolled with maids misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so high a rate;
Nor had I taught, through my unhappy fate,
This lesson, which myself learnt with expense,
How most it hurts that most delights the sense.

[18] *dehorting:* dissuading. In 1599 Daniel removed the feminine ending on this couplet.

[19] *west:* presumably Wilton, the seat of the Countess of Pembroke.

Shame follows sin, disgrace is duly given,
Impiety will out, never so closely done;
No walls can hide us from the eye of heaven,
For shame must end what wickedness begun;
Forth breaks reproach when we least think thereon,
And this is ever proper unto courts,
That nothing can be done but fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Ent'ring the closet of the palace dweller,
Abroad revealing what is most forbidden;
Of truth and falsehood both an equal teller,
'Tis not a guard can serve for to expel her.
The sword of justice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from utt'ring secret things.

And this our stealth she could not long conceal
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned,
The wronged queen, who could so closely deal
That she the whole of all our practise learned,
And watched a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the king, to wreak her wrong
With such revenge as she desired long.

The labyrinth she entered by that threed
That served a conduct to my absent lord,
Left there by chance, reserved for such a deed,
Where she surprised me whom she so abhorred.
Enraged with madness, scarce she speaks a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Off'ring me most unwomanly disgrace.

Look how a tigress that hath lost her whelp
Runs fiercely ranging through the woods astray,
And seeing herself deprived of hope or help,
Furiously assaults what's in her way,
To satisfy her wrath, not for a prey;
So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
As could disdain and jealousy devise.

And after all her vile reproaches used,
She forced me take the poison she had brought
To end the life that had her so abused,
And free her fears and ease her jealous thought.
No cruelty her wrath could leave unwrought,
No spiteful act that to revenge is common,
No beast being fiercer than a jealous woman.

Those hands that beauty's ministers had been
Must now give death, that me adorned of late;
That mouth that newly gave consent to sin,
Must now receive destruction in thereat.
That body which my lusts did violate
Must sacrifice itself t' appease the wrong.
So short is pleasure; glory lasts not long.

The poison soon dispersed through all my veins
Had dispossessed my living senses quite,
When naught-respecting death, the last of pains,
Placed his pale colors, th' ensign of his might,
Upon his new-got spoil before his right;
Thence chased my soul, setting my day ere noon,
When I least thought my joys could end so soon.

. . . . . .[20]

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pomp could devise,
At Godstow,[21] where my body was interred,
And richly tombed in honorable wise,
Where yet as now scarce any note descries
Unto these times the memory of me,
Marble and brass so little lasting be.

For those walls which the credulous-devout
And apt-believing ignorant did found
With willing zeal that never called in doubt
That time their works should ever so confound,
Lie like confused heaps as underground,
And what their ignorance esteemed so holy
The wiser ages do account as folly.

And were it not thy favorable lines
Reedified the wreck of my decays,
And that thy accents willingly assigns
Some farther date, and give me longer days,
Few in this age had known my beauty's praise.
But thus renewed, my fame redeems some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rhyme.

Then, when confusion in her course shall bring
Sad desolation on the times to come,
When mirthless Thames shall have no swan to sing,

[20] 91 lines about the King's grief are omitted.

[21] *Godstow:* a nunnery near Oxford.

All music silent, and the Muses dumb,
And yet even then it must be known to some
That once they flourished, though not cherished so,
And Thames had swans as well as ever Po.

But here an end, I may no longer stay thee,
I must return t' attend at Stygian flood;
Yet ere I go, this one word more I pray thee,
Tell Delia now her sigh may do me good,
And will her note the frailty of our blood;
And if I pass unto those happy banks,
Then she must have her praise, thy pen her thanks.

So vanished she, and left me to return
To prosecute the tenor of my woes,
Eternal matter for my muse to mourn;
But yet the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
I'll hide the rest, and grieve for what hath been;
Who made me known must make me live unseen.

MUSOPHILUS[22]

Do not profane the work of doing well,
Seduced man, that canst not look so high
From out that mist of earth, as thou canst tell
The ways of right which virtue doth descry,
That overlooks the base, contemptible,
And low-laid follies of mortality;
Nor mete out truth and right-deserving praise
By that wrong measure of confusion,
The vulgar foot that never takes his ways
By reason, but by imitation,
Rolling on with the rest, and never weighs
The course which he should go, but what is gone.
Well were it with mankind if what the most
Did like were best; but ignorance will live
By others' square, as by example lost,
And man to man must th' hand of error give
That none can fall alone, at their own cost,
And all because men judge not, but believe.

[22] *Musophilus* is a dialogue between a character of that name (meaning "lover of the muses") and Philocosmus ("lover of the world") on the use and value of learning and the arts. One long speech of Musophilus and a part of another are given.

For what poor bounds have they whom but th' earth bounds?
What is their end whereto their care attains,
When the thing got relieves not, but confounds,
Having but travail to succeed their pains?
What joy hath he of living, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and grief his gains?
Gathering, encroaching, wresting, joining to,
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repairing, altering, and so much ado
To his soul's toil and body's travailing,—
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordains to have th' inheriting.
And his fair house raised high in envy's eye,
Whose pillars reared, perhaps, on blood and wrong,
The spoils and pillage of iniquity,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If rage spared not the walls of piety,
Shall the profanest piles of sin keep strong?
How many proud aspiring palaces
Have we known made the prey of wrath and pride,
Leveled with th' earth, left to forgetfulness
Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or civil tumults, or an orderless
Order, pretending change of some strong side?
Then where is that proud title of thy name?
Written in ice of melting vanity.
Where is thine heir left to possess the same?
Perhaps not so well as in beggary.
Something may rise to be beyond the shame
Of vile and unregarded poverty,
Which I confess, although I often strive
To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
In all the fairest colors I can give,
Yet for all that methinks she looks but ill;
I cannot brook that face, which dead-alive
Shows a quick body but a buried will.
Yet oft we see the bars of this restraint
Holds goodness in, which loose wealth would let fly,
And fruitless riches, barrener than want,
Brings forth small worth from idle liberty,
Which when disorders shall again make scant,
It must refetch her state from poverty.
But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue, we see, with her fair grace stands fast;
For what high races hath there come to fall
With low disgrace, quite vanished and past,

Since Chaucer lived, who yet lives, and yet shall,
Though (which I grieve to say) but in his last.)
Yet what a time hath he wrested from time
And won upon the mighty waste of days,
Unto th' immortal honor of our clime
That by his means came first adorned with bays;
Unto the sacred relics of whose rhyme
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.
And could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtain but such a blessed hand of years,
And scape the fury of that threat'ning rage
Which in confused clouds ghastly appears,
Who would not strain his travails to engage
When such true glory should succeed his cares?
But whereas he came planted in the spring,
And had the sun before him of respect,
We, set in th' autumn, in the withering
And sullen season of a cold defect,
Must taste those sour distastes the times do bring
Upon the fullness of a cloyed neglect;
Although the stronger constitutions shall
Wear out th' infection of distempered days,
And come with glory to outlive this fall,
Recov'ring of another spring of praise,
Cleared from th' oppressing humors wherewithal
The idle multitude surcharge their lays.
Whenas, perhaps, the words thou scornest now
May live, the speaking picture of the mind,
The extract of the soul that labored how
To leave the image of herself behind,
Wherein posterity, that love to know,
The just proportion of our spirits may find.
For these lines are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The motion, spirit and nature both imparts;
And shall with those alive so sympathize
As, nourished with their powers, enjoy their parts.
Oh blessed letters, that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all,
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto council call;
By you th' unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what doth us befall.
Soul of the world, knowledge, without thee
What hath the earth that truly glorious is?

Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?
And let th' unnatural and wayward race,
Born of one womb with us, but to our shame,
That never read t' observe, but to disgrace,
Raise all the tempest of their power to blame;
That puff of folly never can deface
The work a happy genius took to frame.
Yet why should civil learning seek to wound
And mangle her own members with despite?
Prodigious wits that study to confound
The life of wit, to seem to know aright,
As if themselves had fortunately found
Some stand from off the earth beyond our sight,
Whence, overlooking all as from above,
Their grace is not to work, but to reprove—
But how came they placed in so high degree,
Above the reach and compass of the rest?
Who hath admitted them only to be
Free denizens of skill, to judge the best?
From whom the world as yet could never see
The warrant of their wit soundly expressed.
T' acquaint our times with that perfection
Of high conceit, which only they possess,
That we might have things exquisitely done,
Measured with all their strict observances,
Such would, I know, scorn a translation,
Or bring but others' labors to the press;
Yet, oft these monster-breeding mountains will
Bring forth small mice of great expected skill.
Presumption, ever fullest of defects,
Fails in the doing to perform her part;
And I have known proud words and poor effects
Of such indeed as do condemn this art;
But let them rest, it ever hath been known,
They others' virtues scorn that doubt their own.
And for the divers disagreeing chords
Of inter-jangling ignorance that fill
The dainty ears and leave no room for words,
The worthier minds neglect, or pardon will;
Knowing the best he hath, he frankly 'fords,
And scorns to be a niggard of his skill.
And that the rather, since this short-lived race,
Being fatally the sons but of one day,

That now with all their power ply it apace,
To hold out with the greatest might they may
Against confusion, that hath all in chase,
To make of all a universal prey.
For now great nature hath laid down at last
That mighty birth wherewith so long she went,
And overwent the times of ages past
Here to lie in, upon our soft content,
Where, fruitful, she hath multiplied so fast
That all she hath on these times seemed t' have spent.
All that which might have many ages graced
Is born in one, to make one cloyed with all,
Where plenty hath impressed a deep distaste
Of best and worst, and all in general,
That goodness seems goodness to have defaced,
And virtue hath to virtue given the fall.
For emulation, that proud nurse of wit,
Scorning to stay below or come behind,
Labors upon that narrow top to sit
Of sole perfection in the highest kind;
Envy and wonder, looking after it,
Thrust likewise on the selfsame bliss to find,
And so, long striving till they can no more,
Do stuff the place, or others' hopes shut out,
Who, doubting to overtake those gone before,
Give up their care and cast no more about;
And so in scorn leave all as fore-possessed,
And will be none where they may not be best.
Ev'n like some empty creek that long hath lain
Left or neglected of the river by,
Whose searching sides, pleased with a wand'ring vein,
Finding some little way that close did lie,
Steal in at first, then other streams again
Second the first, then more than all supply,
Till all the mighty main hath borne, at last,
The glory of his chiefest power that way,
Plying this new-found pleasant room so fast,
Till all be full, and all be at a stay;
And then about and back again doth cast,
Leaving that, full, to fall another way:
So fares this humorous [23] world, that evermore
Rapt with the current of a present course,
Runs into that which lay contemned before,
Then, glutted, leaves the same and falls t' a worse.

[23] *humorous:* giddy. whimsical

Now zeal holds all, no life but to adore,
Then cold in spirit, and faith is of no force;
Straight, all that holy was unhallowed lies,
The scattered carcasses of ruined vows;
Then truth is false, and now hath blindness eyes,
Then zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows,
That evermore, too foolish or too wise,
It fatal is to be seduced with shows.
Sacred religion, mother of form and fear,
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit decked!
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear!
What stately piles we prodigal erect!
How sweet perfumed thou art, how shining clear!
How solemnly observed, with what respect!
Another time, all plain and quite threadbare,
Thou must have all within and naught without,
Sit poorly without light, disrobed, no care
Of outward grace to amuse the poor devout,
Powerless, unfollowed, scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out.
Either truth, goodness, virtue, are not still [24]
The selfsame which they are, and always one,
But alter to the project of our will;
Or we our actions make them wait upon,
Putting them in the livery of our skill,
And cast them off again when we have done.
You mighty lords that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the only turning of your hand,
Keep a right course, bear up from all disgrace,
Observe the point of glory to our land,
Hold up disgraced knowledge from the ground,
Keep virtue in request, give worth her due,
Let not neglect with barbarous means confound
So fair a good to bring in night anew.
Be not, oh, be not accessory found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.
Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid?
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betrayed
Your fathers' bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honor truer?

[24] *still:* always.

No, no, unsparing time will proudly send
A warrant unto wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mockeries of vain glory rend,
And make them as before, ungraced, unknown,
Poor idle honors that can ill defend
Your memories that cannot keep their own.
And whereto serve that wondrous trophy [25] now,
That on the goodly plain near Wilton stands?
That huge dumb heap that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whose hands,
Nor for whose glory, it was set to show
How much our pride mocks that of other lands.
Whereon, when as the gazing passenger
Hath greedy looked with admiration,
And fain would know his birth, and what he were,
How there erected, and how long agone,
Inquires, and asks his fellow traveler
What he hath heard, and his opinion,
And he knows nothing; then he turns again
And looks, and sighs, and then admires afresh,
And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness,
Angry with time that nothing should remain
Our greatest wonder's wonder to express.
Then ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair art and cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the devil's force
From Afric brought to Ireland in a night,
And thence to Britainy by magic course,
From giants' hands redeemed by Merlin's sleight,
And then near Ambri [26] placed, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murthered [27] there
By Hengist [28] and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parle in peace at unaware.
With this old legend then credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.
But is antiquity so great a liar?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse,
Seeing after-comers still so apt t' admire
The grave authority that she doth use,
That reverence and respect dares not require

[25] *wondrous trophy:* Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain.

[26] *Ambri:* Mt. Ambrius, near Salisbury. See Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Historia Regum Britanniae,* Chaps. IX–XII.

[27] For the story see Nennius, *Historia Britonum,* sec. 46.

[28] *Hengist:* Jutish chief (d. 488), co-founder of the Kingdom of Kent.

Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse?
Yet wrong they did us to presume so far
Upon our easy credit and delight;
For, once found false, they straight became to mar
Our faith and their own reputation quite,
That now her truths hardly believed are,
And though sh' avouch the right, she scarce hath right.
And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame
That stands corrupted so with time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right,
And art become a traitor to their name
That trusted thee with all the best they might,
Thou shalt stand still belied and slandered,
The only gazing-stock of ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise, admonished,
Shall never more desire such heaps t' advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak; but leave their fame to chance,
Considering in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe, as fresh as if alive,
All those great worthies of antiquity
Which long forelived thee and shall long survive,
Who stronger tombs found for eternity
Than could the powers of all the earth contrive;
Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil and way of rage,
Though time with all his power of years hath laid
Long battery, backed with undermining age;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conquering forces wage,
Pleading the heavens' prescription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

. . . . . .

Power above powers, Oh heavenly eloquence,[29]
That with the strong rein of commanding words
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections more than all their swords,—
Shall we not offer to thy excellence
The richest treasure that our wit affords?
Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen
Than all the powers of princes can effect,
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men

[29] The peroration of Musophilus.

Better than force or rigor can direct,—
Should we this ornament of glory then,
As th' unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect?
Or should we, careless, come behind the rest
In power of words, that go before in worth?
Whenas our accents, equal to the best,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth;
When all that ever hotter spirits expressed,
Comes bettered by the patience of the north.
And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in th' yet unformed occident
May come refined with th' accents that are ours?
Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatness of our style is now ordained?
What powers it shall bring in, what spirits command,
What thoughts let out, what humors keep restrained,
What mischief it may powerfully withstand,
And what fair ends may thereby be attained?
And as for Poesy, mother of this force,
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this might,
Teaching it in a loose yet measured course
With comely motions how to go upright;
And fostering it with bountiful discourse,
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight,
What should I say, since it is well approved
The speech of heaven, with whom they have commerce
That only seem out of themselves removed
And do with more than human skills converse?
Those numbers wherewith heaven and earth are moved
Show, weakness speaks in prose, but power in verse.
Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow
That th' acts of worthy men should be preserved;
As in the holiest tombs we can bestow
Upon their glory that have well deserved,
Wherein thou dost no other virtue show
Than what most barbarous countries have observed;
When all the happiest nations hitherto
Did with no lesser glory speak than do.
Now to what else thy malice shall object,
For schools and arts, and their necessity—
When from my Lord, whose judgment must direct
And form and fashion my ability,
I shall have got more strength, thou shalt expect

Out of my better leisure my reply.
And if herein the curious sort shall deem
My will was carried far beyond my force,
And that it is a thing doth ill beseem
The function of a poem to discourse,
Thy learned judgment which I most esteem,
Worthy Fulke Greville,[30] must defend this course;
By whose mild grace and gentle hand, at first
My infant muse was brought in open sight
From out the darkness wherein it was nursed
And made to be partaker of the light,—
Which peradventure never else had durst
T' appear in place, but had been smothered quite;
And now herein encouraged by thy praise
Is made so bold and vent'rous to attempt
Beyond example, and to try those ways
That malice from our forces thinks exempt,
To see if we our wronged lines could raise
Above the reach of lightness and contempt.

ULYSSES AND THE SIREN[31]

Siren: COME, worthy Greek, Ulysses, come,
Possess these shores with me;
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil
That travail in the deep,
And joy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

Ulysses: Fair nymph, if fame or honor were
To be attained with ease,
Then would I come and rest me there,
And leave such toils as these.
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

[30] *Fulke Greville:* (1554–1628) the friend and biographer of Sidney, himself a philosopher and poet.

[31] A. E. Housman (*The Name and Nature of Poetry*) said of the first stanza, "Diction and movement alike, it is perfect. It is made out of the most ordinary words, yet it is pure from the least alloy of prose; and however much nearer heaven the art of poetry may have mounted, it has never flown on a surer or lighter wing."

Siren: Ulysses, Oh be not deceived
With that unreal name;
This honor is a thing conceived,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
The best thing of our life, our rest,
And give us up to toil.

Ulysses: Delicious nymph, suppose there were
Nor honor nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport.
For toil doth give a better touch,
To make us feel our joy;
And ease finds tediousness, as much
As labor yields annoy.

Siren: Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversly,
Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety
As well as action may.

Ulysses: But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same
As much as you in ease,
And with the thoughts of actions past
Are recreated still;
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill.

Siren: That doth opinion only cause
That's out of custom bred,
Which makes us many other laws
Than ever nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood;
The world, we see, by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

Ulysses: But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire

Seem born to turn them best,
To purge the mischiefs that increase
And all good order mar;
For oft we see a wicked peace
To be well changed for war.

Siren: Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here,
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortunes there.
I must be won that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won;
For beauty hath created been
T' undo, or be undone.

A PASTORAL[32]

Oh happy golden age,
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropped from trees;
Not that the earth did gauge
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees;
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile
Th' eternal flowering spring
Wherein lived everything
And whereon the heavens perpetually did smile;
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign shores or wars[33] or wares ill sought.

But only for that name,
That idle name of wind,
That idol of deceit, that empty sound
Called Honor, which became
The tyrant of the mind
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found,
Nor yet sad griefs imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful amorous wights;
Nor were his hard laws known to free-born hearts,

[32] This is a translation of a chorus in Act I, scene ii of Tasso's *Aminta,* in the verse form of the original.

[33] *or wars:* either wars.

But golden laws like these
Which nature wrote: *That's lawful which doth please.*

Then amongst flowers and springs,
Making delightful sport,
Sat lovers without conflict, without flame,
And nymphs and shepherds sing,
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisperings with songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came;
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveals
Which now her veil conceals;
The tender apples in her bosom seen;
And oft in rivers clear
The lovers with their loves consorting were.

Honor, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight,
Denying water to the amorous thirst,
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of their light,
Restrained from men, and on themselves reversed.
Thou in a lawn didst first
Those golden hairs encase
Late spread unto the wind;
Thou mad'st loose grace unkind,
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
Oh Honor, is it thou
That mak'st that stealth which love doth free allow?

It is thy work that brings
Our griefs and torments thus;
But thou, fierce lord of nature and of love,
The qualifier of kings,
What dost thou here with us
That are below thy power, shut from above?
Go, and from us remove;
Trouble the mighty's sleep!
Let us, neglected, base,
Live still without thy grace,
And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep.
Let's love; this life of ours
Can make no truce with time, that all devours.

Let's love! The sun doth set and rise again,
But whenas our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternal night.

Joseph Hall • John Marston

1574–1656 1575–1634

JOSEPH HALL, who proclaimed himself the first English satirist, overlooking Wyatt and Gascoigne and Lodge, to go no further back, was a recent Cambridge graduate of the age of twenty-three when his first three books *Virgidemiarum* appeared in 1597. He professed himself a follower of Spenser (Colin) and he reflected his master's archaisms and the literary opinions expressed in *The Teares of the Muses*. He used the heroic couplet and began the development of a style suitable to formal satire in English. His first venture was popular enough so that he produced three more books in the same year, the first three books called "toothless" satires and the last three "biting" satires. (To this distinction a later antagonist of Hall's, John Milton, applied the scornful words, "That such a poem should be toothless, I still affirm it to be a bull, taking away the essence of what it calls itself. For if it bite neither the persons nor the vices, how is it a satire? And if it bites either, how is it toothless? So that toothless satires are as if he had said toothless teeth.") Hall affirms that in his first satire he has tried to imitate the sour and crabbed face of Juvenal's, but that otherwise he is independent of models, Ariosto and one base French satire being the only modern examples he knows of. His subjects cover literature, morals, and social customs, and his style, though lacking in the epigrammatic quality of the masters of a century later, received the praise of Warton and of Pope.

John Marston, of Brasenose College, Oxford, and the Middle Temple, was twenty-two when he published *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalions Image and Certaine Satyres* in 1598 and a collection called *The Scourge of Villanie* later in the same year. He used the pen-name "W. Kinsayder," and he immediately came into conflict with Hall. The *Reactio* printed in the *Scourge* ridicules Hall's literary judgments and his pretensions as a poet. Marston's inspiration as a satirist comes from a strong cynicism and melancholy; he was a dramatist who early portrayed the malcontent type, of which Shakespeare's Hamlet is the most famous representative. But there are signs that Marston himself was more like Jaques than like Hamlet; his revulsion against sensuality may be a battle against part of his own nature, and his *Pigmalions Image* is as pornographic as anything he attacks. His style is often rough and harsh (as the Elizabethans thought the classical satire of Juvenal and Persius was) and sometimes a highly compressed syntax makes the meaning obscure. But Marston is never without vigor, and his plays as well as his poems show a strong mind and personality. He was no unworthy antagonist of Ben Jonson in "the war of the theaters."

The satires of Marston and Hall aroused public attention so intense that there are several replies to them, and references in the *Parnassus* plays performed at Cambridge show the interest of contemporary undergraduates in the quarrel.

On June 1, 1599, however, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London directed the Stationers' Company to burn Hall's and Marston's satires along with other books.

Hall and Marston both became divines, the former rising to be Bishop of Exeter and later of Norwich. Hall wrote a prose satire in Latin, *Mundus alter et idem* (1605), and some "characters" in 1608, which have resemblances to his verse satire. He died in 1656 after suffering hardship under the Puritans. Marston retired from a literary life in London to study philosophy at Oxford, received holy orders in 1609, and lived a retired country parson's life until his death in 1634.

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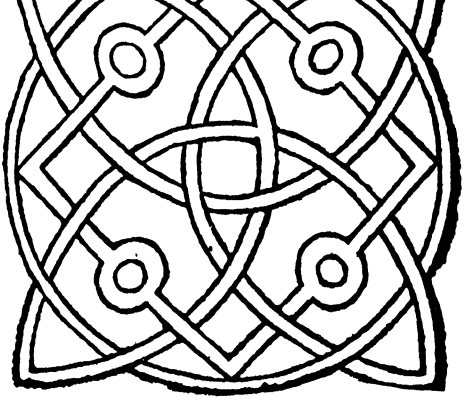

JOSEPH HALL

VIRGIDEMIARUM[1]

Six Books

Satires

BOOK I

Prologue

I first adventure,[2] with foolhardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure; follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.
Envy waits on my back, Truth on my side;
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
Envy the margent[3] holds, and Truth the line.
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite
Hath made his pen an hired parasite
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
And prank base men in proud superlatives.
Whence damned vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crowned with virtue's meed, immortal name!
Infamy dispossessed of native due,
Ordained of old on looser life to sue;
The world's eye bleared with those shameless lies,
Masked in the show of meal-mouthed poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thankless task,
And do the ugly face of vice unmask.
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit
So as it mought[4] a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee.
Truth be thy speed, and truth thy patron be.

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[1] *Virgidemiarum:* (six books) of whipping-rods or blows made with them.

[2] *first adventure:* Hall had been preceded by Gascoigne and Lodge in the Elizabethan period.

[3] *margent:* margin.

[4] *mought:* might.

BOOK I

Satire III

WITH some pot-fury, ravished from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ.
As frozen dunghills in a winter's morn
That void of vapor seemed all beforn,[5]
Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams
Exhale out filthy smoke and stinking steams,
So doth the base and the fore-barren brain
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitched doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings [6] that Fortune hath low brought;
Or some upreared, high-aspiring swain,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlaine.[7]
Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned sprite
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven height,
When he conceives upon his feigned stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Graced with huff-cap terms and thundering threats,
That his poor hearers' hair quite upright sets.
Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth
He vaunts his voice upon an hired stage,
With high-set steps and princely carriage;
Now swooping in side-robes of royalty
That erst did scrub in lousy brokery; [8]
There if he can with terms Italianate,
Big-sounding sentences, and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders.[9]
Then certes was the famous Corduban [10]
Never but half so high tragedian.
Now, lest such frightful shows of Fortune's fall
And bloody tyrant's rage should chance appal
The dead-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout
Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And jostles straight into the prince's place.

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[5] *beforn:* before.

[6] *crowned kings:* a reference to the *Mirror for Magistrates.*

[7] *Turkish Tamberlaine:* Marlowe's two-part play. Tamburlaine was Scythian, not Turkish.

[8] *brokery:* secondhand goods.

[9] *scaffolders:* spectators who sat on the stage.

[10] *Corduban:* Seneca, who was born at Cordova.

Then doth the theater echo all aloud
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotchpotch! when vile russetings [11]
Are match with monarchs and with mighty kings.
A goodly grace to sober tragic Muse
When each base clown his clumsy fist doth bruise,[12]
And show his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his self-resembled show.
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesturement,
Like curious censors of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellow's ear.
Woe to the word whose margent in their scroll
Is noted with a black condemning coal!
But if each period might the synod please,
Ho!— Bring the ivy boughs and bands of bays.
Now when they part and leave the naked stage
'Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curse and ban, and blame his lickerous [13] eye
That thus hath lavished his late halfpenny.[14]
Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffold!

BOOK I

Satire IV

Too popular is tragic poesy,
Straining his tiptoes for a farthing fee,
And doth beside on rhymeless numbers tread;
Unbid iambics flow from careless head.
Some braver brain in high heroic rhymes
Compileth worm-eat stories of old times;
And he like some imperious Maronist [15]
Conjures the muses that they him assist.
Then strives he to bombast his feeble lines
With far-fetched phrase—
And maketh up his hard-betaken tale
With strange enchantments, fetched from darksome vale,
Of some Melissa,[16] that by tragic doom

[11] *russetings:* peasants, rustics (who wear russet clothes).
[12] *bruise:* from knocking on the benches to applaud.
[13] *lickerous:* eager.
[14] *halfpenny:* the price of general admission to the pit.
[15] *Maronist:* an imitator of Virgil.
[16] *Melissa:* character in *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto.

To Tuscan's soil transporteth Merlin's tomb.
Painters and poets, hold your ancient right;
Write what you will, and write not what you might;
(Their limits be their list, their reason, will.)
But if some painter in presuming skill
Should paint the stars in center of the earth,
Could ye forbear some smiles and taunting mirth?
But let no rebel satire dare traduce
Th' eternal legends of thy fairy muse,
Renowned Spenser! whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much less dares despite.
Salust of France, and Tuscan Ariost,[17]
Yield up the laurel garland ye have lost;
And let all others willow wear with me,
Or let their undeserving temples bared be.

BOOK V

Satire III

KOINA ΦΙΛΩΝ [18]

THE satire should be like the porcupine,
That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line,
And wounds the blushing cheek and fiery eye
Of him that hears, and readeth guiltily.
Ye antique satires, how I bless your days
That brooked your bolder style, their own dispraise,
And well near wish, yet joy my wish is vain,
I had been then, or they were now again!
For now our ears been of more brittle mold
Than those dull earthen ears that were of old;
Sith theirs, like anvils, bore the hammer's head,
Our glass can never touch unshivered.
But from the ashes of my quiet style
Henceforth may rise some raging rough Lucile [19]
That may with Aeschylus both find and leese [20]
The snaky tresses of th' Eumenides.[21]
Meanwhile, sufficeth me, the world may say
That I these vices loathed another day,

[17] *Salust of France:* Guillaume de Salluste du Bartas, French poet (1544–1590); *Ariost:* Lodovico Ariosto, Italian poet (1474–1533).

[18] KOINA ΦΙΛΩΝ: friends own their goods in common.

[19] *Lucile:* Lucilius, the father of Roman satire.

[20] *leese:* loose.

[21] *Eumenides:* the Furies. Aeschylus wrote a tragedy called *Eumenides*.

Which I have done with as devout a cheer
As he that rounds Paul's pillars in the ear [22]
Or bends his ham down in the naked quire.
'Twas ever said, Frontine, and ever seen
That golden clerks but wooden lawyers been.
Could ever wise man wish, in good estate
The use of all things indiscriminate?
Who wots not yet how well this did beseem
The learned master [23] of the academe?
Plato is dead, and dead is his device,
Which some thought witty, none thought ever wise;
Yet certes Maecha is a Platonist
To all, they say, save whoso do not list,
Because her husband, a far-trafficked man
Is a professed Peripatetian.[24]
And so our grandsires were in ages past
That let their lands lie all so widely waste
That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent [25]
Within some province or whole shire's extent.
As nature made the earth, so did it lie,
Save for the furrows of their husbandry;
Whenas the neighbor lands so couched lain
That all bore show of one fair champian,[26]
Some headless cross they digged on their lea
Or rolled some marked mere-stone [27] in the way.
Poor simple men! for what mought that avail
That my field might not fill my neighbor's pail
More than a pilled stick [28] can stand in stead
To bar Cynedo from his neighbor's bed,
More than the threadbare client's poverty
Debars the attorney of his wonted fee?
If they were thriftless, mought not we amend,
And with more care our dangered fields defend?
Each man can guard what thing he deemeth dear,
As fearful merchants do their female heir,
Which, were it not for promise of their wealth,
Need not be stalled up for fear of stealth,

[22] *rounds Paul's Pillars in the ear:* whispers to the pillars in St. Paul's cathedral (while saying his prayers).

[23] *learned master:* Plato. The reference is to Book IV of the *Republic,* in which communism, even to ownership of women and children, is prescribed for the guardians of the state.

[24] *Peripatetian:* A Peripatetic philosopher; here, one who travels.

[25] *ypent:* shut up.

[26] *champian:* champaign, field.

[27] *mere-stone:* boundary stone.

[28] *pilled stick:* stick stripped of bark.

Would rather stick upon the bellman's cries,
Though proffered for a branded Indian's price.[29]
Then raise we muddy bulwarks on our banks,
Beset around with treble quickset [30] ranks,
Or if those walls be overweak a ward,[31]
The squared brick may be a better guard.
Go to, my thrifty yeoman, and uprear
A brazen wall to shend [32] thy land from fear;
Do so, and I shall praise thee all the while,
So be thou stake not up the common style,
So be thou hedge in naught but what's thine own,
So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbors done,[33]
So be thou let not lie in fallowed plain
That which was wont yield usury of grain.
But when I see thy pitched stakes do stand
On thy encroached piece of common land,
Whiles thou discommonest [34] thy neighbor's kine
And warn'st that none feed on thy field save thine,
Brag no more, Scrobius, of thy mudded banks,
Nor thy deep ditches, nor three quickset ranks.
Oh happy days of old Deucalion,[35]
When one was landlord of the world alone!
But now, whose choler would not rise? to yield
A peasant half-stakes of his new-mown field,
Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
Buy out the remnant of his royalties? [36]
Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
Scorn thou to live, if others live beside;
And trace [37] proud Castile that aspires to be
In his old age a young fifth monarchy,[38]
Or the red hat [39] that cries the luckless main,
For wealthy Thames to change his lowly Rhene.

[29] *stick . . . price:* trust to the night watchman for protection, though the heiress were worth only the price of an Indian slave.

[30] *quickset:* hedge of growing shrubs.

[31] *ward:* protection.

[32] *shend:* shut out.

[33] *done:* do.

[34] *discommonest:* deprive of common pasture.

[35] *Deucalion:* the Noah of Greek mythology.

[36] *royalties:* rights in the land.

[37] *trace:* follow.

[38] *fifth monarchy:* world of the future. The four monarchies were Assyria, Persia, Macedon, and Rome.

[39] *red hat:* symbol of a Catholic cardinal. Schulze suggests that the reference is to William Allen (1532–1594) who at Rheims and Douai trained young Englishmen and sent them home to work for the Catholic cause.

JOHN MARSTON

THE SCOURGE OF VILLAINY

SATIRE VIII

Inamorato, Curio

CURIO, aye me! thy mistress' monkey's dead;
Alas, alas, her pleasure's buried!
Go, woman's slave, perform his exequies,
Condole his death in mournful elegies.
Tut, rather Paeans sing, hermaphrodite;
For that sad death gives life to thy delight.
Sweet-faced Corinna, deign the riband tie
Of thy cork-shoe,[1] or else thy slave will die;
Some puling sonnet tolls his passing bell,
Some sighing elegy must ring his knell,
Unless bright sunshine of thy grace revive
His wambling [2] stomach, certes he will dive
Into the whirlpool of devouring death,
And to some mermaid sacrifice his breath.
Then Oh, Oh then, to thy eternal shame,
And to the honor of sweet Curio's name,
This epitaph, upon the marble stone,
Must fair be graved of that true-loving one:
Here lieth he, he lieth here,
That bounced [3] and pity cried,
The door not oped, fell sick, alas,
Alas, fell sick and died.
What Myrmidon, or hard Dolopian,[4]
What savage-minded rude Cyclopian,[5]
But such a sweet pathetic Paphian [6]
Would force to laughter? Ho, Amphitrion,[7]
Thou art no cuckold. What, though Jove dallied,
During thy wars in fair Alcmena's bed,
Yet Hercules, true born, that imbecility
Of corrupt nature, all apparently
Appears in him. Oh foul indignity!

[1] *cork-shoe:* there is a suggestion of wantonness here, since courtesans first wore cork-soled shoes.

[2] *wambling:* turning, queasy.

[3] *bounced:* knocked.

[4] *Myrmidon:* warrior subjects of Achilles who followed him to Troy; *Dolopian:* powerful Thessalian warriors at Troy.

[5] *Cyclopian:* gigantic, lawless race of shepherds in Sicily.

[6] *Paphian:* worshiper of Aphrodite, who landed at Paphos after her birth among the waves.

[7] *Amphitrion:* husband of Alcmena, the mother of Hercules.

I heard him vow himself a slave to Omphale,[8]
Puling, "Ay me!" Oh valor's obloquy!
He that the inmost nooks of hell did know,
Whose ne'er-crazed [9] prowess all did overthrow,
Lies streaking [10] brawny limbs in weakening bed,
Perfumed, smooth-kembed, new-glazed, fair surphuled.[11]
Oh that the boundless power of the soul
Should be subjected to such base control!
Big-limbed Alcides, doff thy honor's crown;
Go spin, huge slave, lest Omphale should frown.
By my best hopes, I blush with grief and shame
To broach the peasant baseness of our name.
Oh, now my ruder hand begins to quake
To think what lofty cedars I must shake;
But if the canker fret, the barks of oaks,
Like humbler shrubs, shall equal bear the strokes
Of my respectless rude satiric hand.
Unless the Destine's adamantine band
Should tie my teeth, I cannot choose but bite,
To view Mavortius metamorphosed quite,
To puling sighs, and into "Ay me's" state,
With voice distinct, all fine articulate,
Lisping, "Fair saint, my woe compassionate;
By heaven, thine eye is my soul-guiding fate!"
The god of wounds had wont on Cyprian [12] couch
To streak himself, and with incensing touch
To faint his force only when wrath had end;
But now, 'mong furious garboils,[13] he doth spend
His feebled valor in tilt and tourneying
With wet-turned kisses, melting, dallying.
A pox upon't that Bacchis' [14] name should be
The watchword given to the soldiery!
Go, troop to field, mount thy obscured fame,
Cry out, "St. George!"; invoke thy mistress' name;
Thy mistress and St. George, alarum cry!
Weak force, weak aid, that sprouts from luxury.[15]
Thou tedious workmanship of lust-stung Jove,
Down from thy skies, enjoy our females' love!
Some fifty more Beotian [16] girls will sue

[8] *Omphale:* Lydian mistress of Hercules, who made him wear women's clothes and spin wool.
[9] *crazed:* broken, cracked, impaired.
[10] *streaking:* stretching.
[11] *kembed:* combed; *glazed:* painted; *surphuled:* painted with cosmetic.
[12] *Cyprian:* lewd, from Cyprus, where Venus was worshiped.
[13] *garboils:* tumult, commotion.
[14] *Bacchis:* a whore.
[15] *luxury:* lust.
[16] *Beotian:* stupid, dull.

To have thy love, so that thy back be true.
Oh now methinks I hear swart Martius cry,
Swooping along in war's feigned maskery,
By Lais' starry front [17] he'll forthwith die
In cluttered [18] blood, his mistress' livery,
Her fancy's colors waves upon his head.
Oh well-fenced Albion, mainly manly sped
When those that are soldadoes [19] in thy state
Do bear the badge of base, effeminate,
Even on their plumy crests—brutes sensual,
Having no spark of intellectual!
Alack, what hope, when some rank nasty wench
Is subject of their vows and confidence?
Publius hates vainly to idolatrize,
And laughs that papists honor images;
And yet (Oh madness!) these mine eyes did see
Him melt in moving plaints, obsequiously
Imploring favor; twining his kind arms,
Using enchantments, exorcisms, charms,
The oil of sonnets, wanton blandishment,
The force of tears, and seeming languishment
Unto the picture of a painted lass!
I saw him court his mistress' looking glass,
Worship a busk-point—which, in secrecy
I fear was conscious of strange villainy;
I saw him crouch, devote his livelihood,
Swear, protest, vow peasant servitude
Unto a painted puppet; to her eyes
I heard him swear his sighs to sacrifice.
But if he get her itch-allaying pin,
Oh sacred relic! straight he must begin
To rave outright; then thus: "Celestial bliss!
Can heaven grant so rich a grace as this?
Touch it not, by the Lord, sir, 'tis divine!
It once beheld her radiant eyes' bright shine!
Her hair embraced it; Oh thrice-happy prick,
That there was throned and in her hair didst stick!"
Kiss, bless, adore it, Publius—never lin; [20]
Some sacred virtue lurketh in the pin.
Oh frantic, fond, pathetic passion!
Is't possible such sensual action
Should clip the wings of contemplation?

[17] *Lais:* famous Greek courtesan; *front:* forehead.
[18] *cluttered:* clotted.
[19] *soldadoes:* soldiers (Span.).
[20] *lin:* cease, leave off.

Or can it be the spirit's function,
The soul, not subject to dimension,
Should be made slave to reprehension
Of crafty nature's paint? Fie! can our soul
Be underling to such a vile control?
  Saturio wished himself his mistress' busk,[21]
That he might sweetly lie and softly lusk [22]
Between her paps; then must he have an eye
At either end, that freely might descry
Both hills and dales. But out on Phrigio,
That wished he were his mistress' dog, to go
And lick her milk-white fist! Oh pretty grace!
That pretty Phrigio begs but Pretty's place.
Parthenophil, thy wish I will omit;
So beastly 'tis, I may not utter it.
But Punicus, of all I'll bear with thee,
That fain wouldst by thy mistress' smug monkey.
Here's one would be a flea (jest comical!)
Another, his sweet lady's verdingal [23]
To clip her tender breech; another he
Her silver-handled fan would gladly be;
Here's one would be his mistress' necklace, fain
To clip her fair and kiss her azure vein.
Fond fools, well wished! And pity but should be,
For beastly shape to brutish souls agree.
  If Laura's painted lip do deign a kiss
To her enamored slave, "Oh heaven's bliss!"
Straight he exclaims, "not to be matched with this!"
Blaspheming dolt! go, threescore sonnets write
Upon a picture's kiss, Oh raving sprite!
  I am not sapless, old, or rheumatic,
No Hipponax,[24] misshapen stigmatic,
That I should thus inveigh 'gainst amorous sprite
Of him whose soul doth turn hermaphrodite;
But I do sadly grieve and inly vex
To view the base dishonor of our sex.
  Tush! guiltless doves—when gods, to force foul rapes
Will turn themselves to any brutish shapes:
Base bastard powers, whom the world doth see
Transformed to swine for sensual luxury!
The son of Saturn [25] is become a bull

[21] *busk:* a "stay" for a corset.
[22] *lusk:* to lie at ease.
[23] *verdingal:* farthingale, hoop skirt.
[24] *Hipponax:* Greek satirist, famous for his ugliness and severity.
[25] *son of Saturn:* Jove came to Europa in the shape of a bull.

To crop the beauties of some female trull.
Now, when he hath his first wife, Metis,[26] sped,
And fairly choked lest foul gods should be bred
Of that fond mule; Themis,[27] his second wife,
Hath turned away, that his unbridled life
Might have more scope; yet, last, his sister's love
Must satiate the lustful thoughts of Jove.
Now doth the lecher in a cuckoo's shape
Commit a monstrous and incestuous rape.
Thrice sacred gods! and Oh thrice blessed skies
Whose orbs include such virtuous deities!
  What should I say? Lust hath confounded all;
The bright gloss of our intellectual
Is foully soiled. The wanton wallowing
In fond delights, and amorous dallying
Hath dusked the fairest splendor of our soul;
Nothing now left but carcass, loathsome, foul,
For sure, if that some sprite remained still,
Could it be subject to lewd Lais' will?
  Reason, by prudence in her function,
Had wont to tutor all our action,
Aiding, with precepts of philosophy,
Our feebled nature's imbecility;
But now affection, will, concupiscence,
Have got o'er reason chief preeminence.
'Tis so; else how could such vile baseness taint
As force it be made slave to nature's paint?
Methinks the spirit's Pegase,[28] fantasy,
Should hoist the soul from such base slavery;
But now I see, and can right plainly show
From whence such abject thoughts and actions grow.
  Our adverse body, being earthy, cold,
Heavy, dull mortal, would not long enfold
A stranger inmate, that was backward still
To all his dungy, brutish, sensual will;
Now hereupon our intellectual,
Compact of fire all celestial,
Invisible, immortal, and divine,
Grew straight to scorn his landlord's muddy slime;
And therefore now is closely slunk away,
Leaving his smoky house of mortal clay,
Adorned with all his beauty's lineaments

[26] *Metis:* Jove swallowed his first wife lest she bear a child wiser and more powerful than he.

[27] *Themis:* goddess of law and order.

[28] *Pegase:* Pegasus, the winged horse of Bellerophon.

And brightest gems of shining ornaments,
His parts divine, sacred, spiritual,
Attending on him; leaving the sensual
Base hangers-on lusking at home in slime,
Such as wont to stop Port Esquiline.[29]
Now doth the body, led with senseless will,
The which, in reason's absence, ruleth still,
Rave, talk idly, as 't were some deity,
Adoring female painted puppetry;
Playing at put-pin, doting on some glass
Which, breathed but on, his falsed gloss doth pass;
Toying with babies,[30] and with fond pastime,
Some children's sport, deflowering of chaste time;
Employing all his wits in vain expense,
Abusing all his organons of sense.
  Return, return, sacred Synderesis! [31]
Inspire our trunks! Let not such mud as this
Pollute us still. Awake our lethargy;
Raise us from out our brainsick foolery!

[29] *Port Esquiline:* a privy.
[30] *babies:* dolls.
[31] *Synderesis:* the elevating and sustaining power of the soul.

George Chapman

1559?–1634

A CYNICAL critic once said that if Keats had not looked into Chapman's Homer, the reputation of the Elizabethan translator would today be very small. Yet such a remark is far from the truth, for Chapman's monumental translation is one of the important poetic products of Elizabethan England, and Keats' reverence for it is a tie which binds him to Chapman, Marlowe, and the vigor of Elizabethan poetic art.

Chapman was a learned poet, second only to Jonson and Marlowe; yet there is no evidence that he took a university degree. He is supposed, however, to have attended both Oxford and Cambridge. Considerable speculation has been made on Chapman as the "rival poet" of Shakespeare's sonnets, but no conclusive evidence has been presented. After a lifetime of work for patrons and the stage, Chapman died in poverty.

Chapman has been studied mainly as a playwright and translator, and perhaps his poetry outside the translations deserves its comparative neglect by scholars. His first poetry, *The Shadow of Night* (1594) and *Ovid's Banquet of Sense* (1595) are to one critic, "prize obscurities." His completion of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* by four sestiads in 1598 shows him to be at the time a much lesser Marlowe. In the same year he published his *Seven Books of the Iliads* (Books I–II, VII–XI), his first work as a translator of Homer, which he dedicated to the Earl of Essex, "the most Honoured now living instance of Achillean virtues." Over ten years later Chapman published revisions and additions to his work, first translating twelve books, and then in *The Iliads of Homer Prince of Poets* (1611), the whole *Iliad*. In 1615 the *Odyssey* was published separately, and a year later *The Whole Works of Homer*.

The Troy story itself the Elizabethans knew, not from Homer, but from a long cycle of non-Homeric literature beginning with Latin versions of the supposed eyewitness accounts of Dictys and Dares, who were the chief sources and the unquestioned authorities in the Middle Ages. From these early annals sprang metrical romances in French and in English and a Latin prose redaction by the thirteenth-century Sicilian writer, Guido delle Colonne, which in turn furnished Chaucer and Lydgate with material. The first book printed in English was Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye* (1464), actually a translation from a French prose compilation based on Guido.

Homer was studied in the English universities but evidently did not attract translators or adapters. In fact, before Chapman, only two English translations of Homer were published in the sixteenth century, Arthur Hall's *Ten Books of Homer's Iliades* (1581) from a French source, and Peter Colse's *Penelope's Complaint* (1596).

Perhaps the reason for the neglect of the Homeric story of Troy may be found

in the tradition that the legendary founder of the British race was Brut, great-grandson of Aeneas, who built Troynovant or New Troy (later known as London). Dictys and Dares and the medieval sources of the Troy story presented the Trojan, not Greek point of view; Homer was of course Greek in sympathy.

Chapman's Homer is vigorous, robust, often very free and considerably amplified from the original. Coleridge found the *Iliad* "as truly an original poem as the *Faery Queen*." Swinburne labeled the translation "romantic, laborious, Elizabethan," then followed his epithets with praise. It is clear that Chapman's Homer, with all its faults as an exact translation, combines in an extensive work of high artistic order the energy, the feeling for beauty, the learning, and the belief in English as a literary language which are characteristics of the best literature of Elizabethan England.

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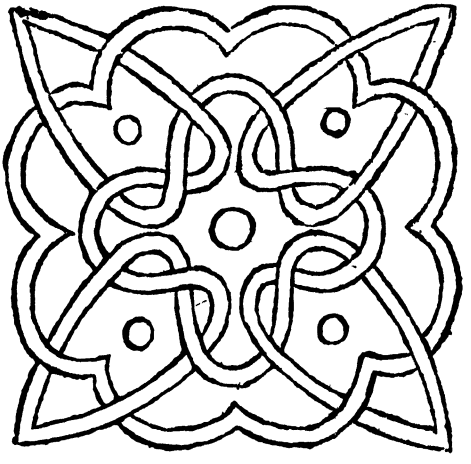

FROM

THE ILIADS OF HOMER PRINCE OF POETS

(1611)

FROM

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY [1]

To the High-Born Prince of Men, Henry; Thrice Royal Inheritor to the United Kingdoms of Great Britain, etc.

Since perfect happiness, by princes sought,
Is not with birth born, nor exchequers bought;
Nor follows in great trains; nor is possessed
With any outward state; but makes him blest
That governs inward; and beholdeth there
All his affections stand about him bare;
That by his power can send to Tower and death
All traitorous passions, marshaling beneath
His justice his mere will; and in his mind
Holds such a scepter, as can keep confined
His whole life's actions in the royal bounds
Of virtue and religion; and their grounds
Takes in to sow his honors, his delights,
And complete empire; you should learn these rights
(Great prince of men) by princely precedents;
Which here, in all kinds, my true zeal presents
To furnish your youth's groundwork, and first state;
And let you see one Godlike man create
All sorts of worthiest men; to be contrived
In your worth only; giving him revived,
For whose life Alexander would have given
One of his kingdoms; who (as sent from heaven,
And thinking well, that so divine a creature
Would never more enrich the race of nature)

[1] Coleridge (*Notes on Chapman's Homer*) remarked: "The dedication to the Iliad is a noble copy of verses, especially those lines beginning, 'Oh! 'tis wondrous much . . .'" [ll. 29–61.]

Kept as his crown his works, and thought them still
His angels, in all power to rule his will;
And would affirm that Homer's poesy
Did more advance his Asian victory,
Than all his armies. Oh! 'tis wondrous much
(Though nothing prized) that the right virtuous touch
Of a well-written soul to virtue moves.
Nor have we souls to purpose, if their loves
Of fitting objects be not so inflamed.
How much, then, were this kingdom's main soul maimed,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in human souls? All realms but yours
Are honored with him, and hold blest that state
That have his works to read and contemplate:
In which, humanity to her height is raised,
Which all the world (yet, none enough) hath praised.
Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verse comprise,
Outsung the Muses, and did equalize
Their king Apollo; being so far from cause
Of princes' light thoughts, that their gravest laws
May find stuff to be fashioned by his lines.
Through all the pomp of kingdoms still he shines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your lutes, and viols, and more loftily
Make the heroics of your Homer sung;
To drums and trumpets set his angel's tongue,
And, with the princely sport of hawks you use,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse,
And see how, like the phoenix,[2] she renews
Her age and starry feathers in your sun;
Thousands of years attending, every one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdoms, nations, that have been
Subverted in them; laws, religions, all
Offered to change and greedy funeral;
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, reigning,
And proves, how firm truth builds in poets' feigning.

[2] *phoenix:* a unique bird which died and rose from its own ashes. It is illustrated on the Queen's left in the frontispiece.

FROM

THE FIRST BOOK

[*Nestor's Speech to Achilles and Agamemnon*]

Up to both sweet-spoken Nestor stood,
The cunning Pylian orator; whose tongue poured forth a flood
Of more than honey-sweet discourse; two ages were increased
Of divers-languaged men, all born in his time and deceased,
In sacred Pylos, where he reigned, amongst the third-aged men,
He (well-seen in the world) advised, and thus expressed it then:
"Oh Gods, our Greek earth will be drowned in just tears; rapeful Troy,
Her king, and all his sons, will make as just a mock, and joy,
Of these disjunctions; if of you, that all our host excel
In counsel, and in skill of fight, they hear this. Come, repel
These young men's passions. Y' are not both (put both your years in one)
So old as I: I lived long since, and was companion
With men superior to you both, who yet would ever hear
My counsels with respect. Mine eyes yet never witness were,
Nor ever will be, of such men as then delighted them;
Perithous, Exadius, and godlike Polypheme,
Caeneus, and Dryas, prince of men, Aegean Theseus,
A man like heaven's immortals formed; all, all most vigorous,
Of all men that even those days bred; most vigorous men, and fought
With beasts most vigorous, mountain beasts (for men in strength were naught
Matched with their forces), fought with them, and bravely fought them down.
Yet even with these men I conversed, being called to the renown
Of their societies, by their suits, from Pylos far, to fight
In th' Asian kingdom; and I fought to a degree of might
That helped even their mights; against such, as no man now would dare
To meet in conflict; yet even these, my counsels still would hear,
And with obedience crown my words. Give you such palm to them;
'Tis better than to wreak your wrath. Atrides! give not stream
To all thy power, nor force his prize; but yield her still his own,
As all men else do. Nor do thou encounter with thy crown,
(Great son of Peleus) since no king that ever Jove allowed
Grace of scepter equals him. Suppose thy nerves endowed
With strength superior, and thy birth, a very goddess gave;
Yet he of force is mightier, since what his own nerves have
Is amplified with just command of many other. King of men,

Command thou then thyself, and I with my prayers will obtain
Grace of Achilles, to subdue his fury; whose parts are
Worth our entreaty, being chief check to all our ill in war."

FROM

THE THIRD BOOK

The Argument

Paris, betwixt the hosts, to single fight,
Of all the Greeks dares the most hardy knight.
King Menelaus doth accept his brave,
Conditioning that he again should have
Fair Helena, and all she brought to Troy,
If he subdued; else Paris should enjoy
Her and her wealth in peace. Conquest doth grant
Her dear wreath to the Grecian combatant;
But Venus to her champion's life doth yield
Safe rescue, and conveys him from the field
Into his chamber, and for Helen sends,
Whom much her lover's foul disgrace offends.
Yet Venus still for him makes good her charms,
And ends the second combat in his arms.

Another Argument

Gamma the single fight doth sing
'Twixt Paris and the Spartan king.

When every least commander's will best soldiers had obeyed,
And both the hosts were ranged for fight, the Trojans would have frayed
The Greeks with noises, crying out, in coming rudely on,
At all parts like the cranes that fill, with harsh confusion
Of brutish clanges, all the air, and in ridiculous war
(Eschewing the unsuffered storms, shot from the winter's star)
Visit the ocean, and confer the Pygmei soldiers'[3] death.
The Greeks charged silent, and like men bestowed their thrifty breath
In strength of far-resounding blows, still entertaining care
Of either's rescue, when their strength did their engagements dare.
And as, upon a hill's steep tops, the south wind pours a cloud,

[3] *Pygmei soldiers:* The fable of the battle of the cranes and pygmies is first mentioned here.

To shepherds thankless, but by thieves, that love the night, allowed,
A darkness letting down that blinds a stone's cast off men's eyes,
Such darkness from the Greeks' swift feet (made all of dust) did rise.
But, ere stern conflict mixed both strengths, fair Paris stepped before
The Trojan host; athwart his back a panther's hide he wore,
A crooked bow, and sword, and shook two brazen-headed darts;
With which well-armed, his tongue provoked the best of Grecian hearts
To stand with him in single fight. Whom when the man wronged most
Of all the Greeks so gloriously saw stalk before the host;
As when a lion is rejoiced (with hunger half forlorn)
That finds some sweet prey, as a hart, whose grace lies in his horn,
Or sylvan goat, which he devours, though never so pursued
With dogs and men; so Sparta's king exulted, when he viewed
The fair-faced Paris so exposed to his so thirsted wreak,
Whereof his good cause made him sure. The Grecian front did break,
And forth he rushed, at all parts armed, leaped from his chariot,
And royally prepared for charge. Which seen, cold terror shot
The heart of Paris, who retired as headlong from the king
As in him he had shunned his death. And as a hilly spring
Presents a serpent to a man, full underneath his feet,
Her blue neck, swollen with poison, raised, and her sting out, to greet
His heedless entry, suddenly his walk he altereth,
Starts back amazed, is shook with fear, and looks as pale as death;
So Menelaus Paris scared; so that divine-faced foe
Shrunk in his beauties. Which beheld by Hector, he let go
This bitter check at him: "Accursed, made but in beauty's scorn,
Impostor, woman's man! Oh heaven, that thou hadst ne'er been born,
Or, being so manless, never lived to bear man's noblest state,
The nuptial honor! Which I wish, because it were a fate
Much better for thee than this shame. This spectacle doth make
A man a monster. Hark! how loud the Greeks laugh, who did take
Thy fair form for a continent of parts as fair. A rape
Thou mad'st of nature, like their queen. No soul, an empty shape,
Takes up thy being; yet how spite to every shade of good
Fills it with ill! For as thou art, thou couldst collect a brood
Of others like thee, and far hence fetch ill enough to us,
Even to thy father; all these friends make those foes mock them thus
In thee, for whose ridiculous sake so seriously they lay
All Greece, and fate, upon their necks. Oh wretch! Not dare to stay
Weak Menelaus? But 'twas well; for in him thou hadst tried
What strength lost beauty can infuse, and with the more grief died
To feel thou robb'dst a worthier man, to wrong a soldier's right.
Your harp's sweet touch, curled locks, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite,
Given thee by Venus, would have done your fine dames little good,

When blood and dust had ruffled them, and had as little stood
Thyself in stead; but what thy care of all these in thee flies
We should inflict on thee ourselves. Infectious cowardice
In thee hath terrified our host; for which thou well deserv'st
A coat of tombstone, not of steel in which, for form, thou serv'st."
To this thus Paris spake (for form, that might inhabit heaven),
"Hector, because thy sharp reproof is out of justice given,
I take it well; but though thy heart, inured to these affrights,
Cuts through them as an ax through oak, that more used more excites
The workman's faculty, whose art can make the edge go far,
Yet I, less practised than thyself in these extremes of war,
May well be pardoned, though less bold; in these your worth exceeds,
In others mine. Nor is my mind of less force to the deeds
Required in war, because my form more flows in gifts of peace.
Reproach not, therefore, the kind gifts of golden Cyprides.[4]
All heaven's gifts have their worthy price; as little to be scorned
As to be won with strength, wealth, state; with which to be adorned
Some men would change state, wealth, or strength. But, if your martial heart
Wish me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part
Of shame to give it over thus, cause all the rest to rest,
And, 'twixt both hosts, let Sparta's king and me perform our best
For Helen and the wealth she brought; and he that overcomes
Or proves superior any way, in all your equal dooms,
Let him enjoy her utmost wealth, keep her, or take her home,
The rest strike leagues of endless date, and hearty friends become;
You dwelling safe in gleby [5] Troy, and Greeks retire their force
T' Achaia, that breeds fairest dames, and Argos, fairest horse."

FROM

THE SIXTH BOOK

[*Hector to Andromache*]

"Be well assured, wife, all these things in my kind cares are weighed.
But what a shame and fear it is to think how Troy would scorn
(Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-trained gowns adorn)
That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breathe
Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death
Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a worthy was,
Whose office is to lead in fight and give no danger pass

[4] *Cyprides:* Venus.

[5] *gleby:* rich, fertile.

Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine;
Here must his country, father, friends, be in him, made divine.
And such a stormy day shall come, in mind and soul I know,
When sacred Troy shall shed her towers, for tears of overthrow; [6]
When Priam, all his birth and power, shall in those tears be drowned.
But neither Troy's posterity, so much my soul doth wound,
Priam nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brothers' woes
(Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes),
As thy sad state; when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence;
These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence
Loading thy temples: out of which thine eyes must never see,
But spin the Greek wives' webs of task, and their fetch-water be,
To Argos, from Messeides, or clear Hyperia's spring;
Which (howsoever thou abhorr'st) Fate's such a shrewish thing
She will be mistress; whose cursed hands, when they shall crush out cries
From thy oppressions (being behold by other enemies)
Thus they will nourish thy extremes: 'This dame was Hector's wife,
A man, that at the wars of Troy, did breathe the worthiest life
Of all their army.' This again, will rub thy fruitful wounds,
To miss the man, that to thy bands could give such narrow bounds.
But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heap of night
Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against thy plaints, and plight."
This said, he reached to take his son; who (of his arms afraid,
And then the horse-hair plume, with which he was so overlaid,
Nodded so horribly) he clinged back to his nurse, and cried.
Laughter affected his great sire, who doffed and laid aside
His fearful helm, that on the earth, cast round about it, light;
Then took and kissed his loving son, and (balancing his weight
In dancing him) these loving vows to living Jove he used,
And all the other bench of Gods: "Oh you that have infused

[6] *and my mind . . . overthrow:* These lines amplify Homer's original considerably. Arnold commented (in *On Translating Homer*, ed. Rouse, p. 58): "You see how ingeniously Homer's plain thought is *tormented*. . . ." Cf. lines 1–24 with the following prose translation of Lang, Leaf, and Myers:

"Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her: 'Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if like a coward I shrink away from battle. Moreover, mine own soul forbiddeth me, seeing I have learnt ever to be valiant and fight in the forefront of the Trojans, winning my father's great glory and mine own. Yea, of a surety I know this in heart and soul; the day shall come for holy Ilios to be laid low, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the good ashen spear. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, neither Hekabe's own, neither king Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foemen, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. So shalt thou abide in Argos and ply the loom at another woman's bidding, and bear water from fount Messeis or Hypereia, being grievously entreated, and sore constraint shall be laid upon thee.' "

Soul to this infant, now set down, this blessing on his star:
Let his renown be clear as mine; equal his strength in war;
And make his reign so strong in Troy, that years to come may yield
His facts this fame, when, rich in spoils, he leaves the conquered field
Sown with his slaughters: 'These high deeds exceed his father's worth.'
And let this echoed praise supply the comforts to come forth
Of his kind mother, with my life." This said, the heroic sire
Gave him his mother; whose fair eyes, fresh streams of love's salt fire
Billowed on her soft cheeks, to hear the last of Hector's speech,
In which his vows comprised the sum of all he did beseech
In her wished comfort. So she took, into her odorous breast,
Her husband's gift; who (moved to see her heart so much oppressed)
He dried her tears, and thus desired: "Afflict me not (dear wife)
With these vain griefs. He doth not live, that can disjoin my life
And this firm bosom, but my fate; and Fate, whose wings can fly?
Noble, ignoble, Fate controls. Once born, the best must die.
Go home and set thy housewifery on these extremes of thought;
And drive war from them with thy maids; keep them from doing naught.
These will be nothing; leave the cares of war to men and me,
In whom (of all the Ilion race) they take their highest degree."

FROM

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK

[Achilles' Shield]

This said, he [7] left her there, and forth did to his bellows go,
Apposed [8] them to the fire again, commanding them to blow.
Through twenty holes made to his hearth at once blew twenty pair
That fired his coals, sometimes with soft, sometimes with vehement air,
As he willed and his work required. Amids the flame he cast
Tin, silver, precious gold, and brass; and in the stock he placed
A mighty anvil; his right hand a weighty hammer held,
His left his tongs. And first he forged a strong and spacious shield,
Adorned with twenty several hues; about whose verge he beat
A ring, threefold and radiant, and on the back he set
A silver handle. Fivefold were the equal lines he drew

[7] *he:* Vulcan, who at the request of Thetis, mother of Achilles, has agreed to make a shield for Achilles.

[8] *Apposed:* applied.

About the whole circumference, in which his hand did shew
(Directed with a knowing mind) a rare variety:
For in it he presented earth; in it the sea and sky;
In it the never-wearied sun, the moon exactly round,
And all those stars with which the brows of ample heaven are crowned,
Orion, all the Pleiades, and those seven Atlas got,
The close-beamed Hyades, the Bear, surnamed the Chariot,
That turns about heaven's axletree, holds ope a constant eye
Upon Orion; and, of all the cressets [9] in the sky,
His golden forehead never bows to th' ocean empery.
  Two cities in the spacious shield he built, with goodly state
Of divers-languaged men. The one did nuptials celebrate,
Observing at them solemn feasts, the brides from forth their bowers
With torches ushered through the streets, a world of paramours
Excited by them; youths and maids in lovely circles danced,
To whom the merry pipe and harp the spritely sounds advanced,
The matrons standing in the doors admiring. Otherwhere
A solemn court of law was kept, where throngs of people were.
The case in question was a fine imposed on one that slew
The friend of him that followed it, and for the fine did sue,
Which th' other pleaded he had paid. The adverse part denied,
And openly affirmed he had no penny satisfied.
Both put it to arbiterment; the people cried 'twas best
For both parts; and th' assistants too, gave their dooms like the rest.
The heralds made the people peace; the seniors then did hear
The voiceful heralds' scepters; sat within a sacred sphere
On polished stones, and gave by turns their sentence; in the court
Two talents gold were cast for him, that judged in justest sort.
  The other city other wars employed as busily:
Two armies glittering in arms of one confederacy
Besieged it; and a parley had with those within the town.
Two ways they stood resolved,—to see the city overthrown,
Or that the citizens should heap in two parts all their wealth
And give them half. They neither liked, but armed themselves by stealth,
Left all their old men, wives, and boys behind to man their walls,
And stole out to their enemy's town. The queen of martials [10]
And Mars himself conducted them,—both which being forged of gold
Must needs have golden furniture, and men might so behold
They were presented deities; the people Vulcan forged
Of meaner metal. When they came where that was to be urged

[9] *cressets:* literally iron baskets to hold pitched rope, coal, or wood to be burned for light; here figuratively for stars.

[10] *queen of martials:* Athena.

For which they went, within a vale close to a flood whose stream
Used to give all their cattle drink, they there enambushed them;
And sent two scouts out to descry when th' enemy's herds and sheep
Were setting out. They straight came forth, with two that used to keep
Their passage always, both which piped and went on merrily,
Nor dreamed of ambuscadoes there. The ambush then let fly,
Slew all their white-fleeced sheep, and neat,[11] and by them laid their guard.
When those in siege before the town so strange an uproar heard
Behind, amongst their flocks and herds—being then in council set—
They then start up, took horse, and soon their subtle enemy met,
Fought with them on the river's shore, where both gave mutual blows
With well-piled [12] darts. Amongst them all perverse Contention rose,
Amongst them Tumult was enraged, amongst them ruinous Fate
Had her red finger; some they took in an unhurt estate,
Some hurt, yet living; some quite slain, and those they tugged to them
By both the feet, stripped off and took their weeds, with all the stream
Of blood upon them that their steels had manfully let out;
They fared as men alive indeed drew dead indeed about.
To these the fiery artisan did add a new-eared [13] field,
Larged [14] and thrice plowed, the soil being soft and of a wealthy yield;
And many men at plow he made, that drave earth here and there,
And turned up stitches orderly,—at whose end when they were
A fellow ever gave their hands full cups of luscious wine,
Which emptied, for another stitch the earth they undermine,
And long till th' utmost bound be reached of all the ample close.
The soil turned up behind the plow all black like earth arose,
Though forged of nothing else but gold; and lay in show as light
As if it had been plowed indeed, miraculous to sight.
There grew by this a field of corn, high, ripe, where reapers wrought,
And let thick handfuls fall to earth, for which some other brought
Bands and made sheaves. Three binders stood and took the handfuls reaped
From boys that gathered quickly up, and by them armfuls heaped.
Amongst these, at a furrow's end, the king stood pleased at heart,
Said no word, but his scepter showed. And from him much apart
His harvest-bailiffs underneath an oak a feast prepared,
And having killed a mighty ox, stood there to see him shared,
Which women for their harvest-folks (then come to sup) had dressed,
And many white wheat-cakes bestowed, to make it up a feast.
He set near this a vine of gold that cracked beneath the weight

[11] *neat:* cattle.
[12] *well-piled:* well-pointed.
[13] *new-eared:* newly plowed.
[14] *Larged:* spacious.

Of bunches black with being ripe, to keep which at the height
A silver rail ran all along, and round about it flowed
An azure moat, and to this guard a quickset [15] was bestowed,
Of tin,—one only path to all, by which the pressmen came
In time of vintage. Youths, and maids that bore not yet the flame
Of manly Hymen, baskets bore of grapes and mellow fruit.
A lad that sweetly touched a harp to which his voice did suit
Centered the circles of that youth, all whose skill could not do
The wantons' pleasure to their minds, that danced, sung, whistled too.
A herd of oxen then he carved, with high raised heads, forged all
Of gold and tin for color mixed, and bellowing from their stall
Rushed to their pastures at a flood, that echoed all their throats,
Exceeding swift and full of reeds; and all in yellow coats
Four herdsmen followed; after whom nine mastiffs went. In head
Of all the herd, upon a bull that deadly bellowed
Two horrid lions ramped and seized and tugged off, bellowing still.
Both men and dogs came; yet they tore the hide, and lapped their fill
Of black blood, and the entrails ate. In vain the men assayed
To set their dogs on; none durst pinch, but cur-like stood and bayed
In both the faces of their kings, and all their onsets fled.
Then in a passing pleasant vale the famous artsman fed
Upon a goodly pasture-ground rich flocks of white-fleeced sheep,
Built stables, cottages, and cotes, that did the shepherds keep
From wind and weather. Next to these he cut a dancing-place
All full of turnings, that was like the admirable maze
For fair-haired Ariadne made by cunning Daedalus;
And in it youths and virgins danced, all young and beauteous,
And glued in another's palms. Weeds that the wind did toss
The virgins wore; the youths, woven coats that cast a faint dim gloss
Like that of oil. Fresh garlands, too, the virgins' temples crowned.
The youths gilt swords wore at their thighs, with silver baldrics bound.
Sometimes all wound close in a ring, to which as fast they spun
As any wheel a turner makes, being tried how it will run,
While he is set; and out again as full of speed they wound,
Not one left fast, or breaking hands. A multitude stood round,
Delighted with their nimble sport; to end which, two begun
Mids all a song, and turning sung the sport's conclusion.
All this he circled in the shield, with pouring round about
In all his rage the ocean, that it might never out.
This shield thus done, he forged for him such curets, as outshined
The blaze of fire: a helmet then (through which no steel could find
Forced passage) he composed, whose hue, a hundred colors took,
And in the crest, a plume of gold, that each breath stirred, he stuck.

[15] *quickset:* hedge.

FROM

HOMER'S ODYSSEY

(1615?)

FROM

THE TWELFTH BOOK

[Ulysses and the Sirens]

I FIRST informed them that we were to fly
The heavenly-singing Sirens' harmony,
And flower-adorned meadow; and that I
Had charge to hear their song, but fettered fast
In bands, unfavored, to the erected mast,
From whence if I should pray or use command
To be enlarged, they should with much more band
Contain my strugglings. This I simply told
To each particular, nor would withhold
What most enjoined mine own affection's stay,
That theirs the rather might be taught to obey.
  In mean time flew our ships, and straight we fetched
The Sirens' isle; a spleenless wind so stretched
Her wings to waft us, and so urged our keel.
But having reached this isle, we could not feel
The least gasp of it, it was stricken dead,
And all the sea in prostrate slumber spread;
The Sirens' devil charmed all. Up then flew
My friends to work, struck sail, together drew,
And under hatches stowed them, sat, and plied
The polished oars, and did in curls divide
The white-head waters. My part then came on.
A mighty waxen cake I set upon,
Chopped it in fragments with my sword, and wrought
With strong hand every piece, till all were soft.
The great power of the sun, in such a beam
As then flew burning from his diadem,
To liquefaction helped us. Orderly
I stopped their ears; and they as fair did ply
My feet and hands with cords, and to the mast
With other halsers made me soundly fast.
  Then took they seat, and forth our passage strook;
The foamy sea beneath their labor shook.
  Rowed on, in reach of an erected voice,

The Sirens soon took note, without our noise,
Tuned those sweet accents that made charms so strong,
And these learned numbers made the Sirens' song:
"Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise,
Ulysses! Stay thy ship, and that song hear
That none passed ever but it bent his ear,
But left him ravished, and instructed more
By us than any ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labored; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustained
By those high issues that the gods ordained.
And whatsoever all the earth can show
To inform a knowledge of desert, we know."
This they gave accent in the sweetest strain
That ever opened an enamored vein.
When my constrained heart needs would have mine ear
Yet more delighted, force way forth, and hear.
To which end I commanded with all sign
Stern looks could make (for not a joint of mine
Had power to stir) my friends to rise, and give
My limbs free way. They freely strived to drive
Their ship still on. When, far from will to loose,
Eurylochus and Perimedes rose
To wrap me surer, and oppressed me more
With many a halser than had use before.
When, rowing on without the reach of sound,
My friends unstopped their ears, and me unbound,
And that isle quite we quitted.

FROM

PETRARCH'S SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS

(1612)

To Young Imaginaries in Knowledge [16]

Never for common signs dispraise or praise;
Nor art, nor want of art, for what he says

[16] The poem is based upon passages in Epictetus, *Discourses*, IV, v, vii, and viii. For calling their attention to the poem and providing them with proof sheets of her text and notes, the editors are indebted to Dr. Phyllis Bartlett.

Ascribe to any. Men may both ways make
In form and speech, a man's quick doom mistake.
All then that stand in any rank of art
Certain decrees have, how they shall impart
That which is in them; which decrees, because
They are within men, making there the laws
To all their actions, hardly show without,
And, till their ensigns are displayed, make doubt
To go against or with them, nor will they
So well in words as in their deeds display.
Decrees are not degrees.[17] If thou shalt give
Titles of learning to such men as live
Like rude plebeians, since they have degrees,
Thou shalt do like plebeians. He that sees
A man held learn'd do rudely rather may
Take, for that deed, his learned name away
Than give 't him for his name. True learning's act
And special object is so to compact
The will and every active power in man
That, more than men illiterate, he can
Keep all his actions in the narrow way
To God and goodness, and there force their stay
As in charmed circles. Terms, tongues, reading—all
That can within a man, called learned, fall,
Whose life is led yet like an ignorant man's,
Are but as tools to gouty artisans
That cannot use them; or like children's arts
That out of habit and by roots of hearts[18]
Construe and parse their lessons, yet discern
Naught of the matter whose good words they learn;
Or like our chemic Magi[19] that can call
All terms of art out, but no gold at all;
And so are learn'd like them, of whom none knows
His art's clear truth, but are mere cinifloes.[20]
  But sacred learning, men so much profane
That when they see a learn'd-accounted man
Lives like a brute man, they will never take
His learn'd name from him, for opinions' sake,
But on the false ground brutishly conclude
That learning profits not. You beastly rude!
Know, it more profits, being exact and true,
Than all earth's highways choked with herds of you.
  But must degrees and terms, and time in schools

[17] *degrees:* academic degrees.

[18] *by roots of hearts:* learning by heart, mere memory work.

[19] *chemic Magi:* alchemists.

[20] *cinifloes:* "superficial servants of the arts" (Bartlett).

Needs make men learn'd, in life being worse than fools?
What other art lives in so happy air
That only for his habit and his hair
His false professors' worth you will commend?
Are there not precepts, matter, and an end
To every science? Which, not kept nor shown
By understanding, understanding known
By fact, the end by things to th' end directed,
What hap or hope have they to be protected?
Yet find such greatest friends, and such profess
Most learning and will press for most access
Into her presence and her priviest state
When they have hardly knocked yet at her gate.
External circumscription never serves
To prove us men: blood, flesh, nor bones nor nerves,
But that which all these useth and doth guide—
God's image in a soul eternified,
Which he that shows not in such acts as tend
To that eterness,[21] making that their end,
In this world nothing knows, nor after can,
But is more any creature than a man.
This rather were the way, if thou wouldst be
A true proficient in philosophy:
Dissemble what thou studiest, till alone
By thy impartial contention
Thou prov'st thee fit to do as to profess.
And if thou still profess it not, what less
Is thy philosophy, if in thy deeds
Rather than signs and shadows, it proceeds?
Show with what temper thou dost drink and eat;
How far from wrong thy deeds are, anger's heat;
How thou sustain'st and abstain'st; how far gone
In appetite and aversation; [22]
To what account thou dost affections call,
Both natural and adventitial; [23]
That thou art faithful, pious, humble, kind,
Enemy to envy, of a cheerful mind,
Constant and dauntless. All this when men see
Done with the learned'st, then let censure thee.[24]
But if so dull and blind of soul they are,
Not to acknowledge heavenly Mulciber [25]
To be a famous artist by his deeds,

[21] *eterness:* eternity.
[22] *aversation:* aversion.
[23] *adventitial:* adventitious, accidental.
[24] *then let censure thee:* either elliptical for "then let them censure thee," or "then let censure thee," taking "thee" as a verb, meaning "prosper."
[25] *Mulciber:* Vulcan.

But they must see him in his working weeds,
What ill is it, if thou art never known
To men so poor of apprehension?
Are they within thee, or so much with thee
As thou thyself art? Can their dull eyes see
Thy thoughts at work? Or how like one that's sworn
To thy destruction, all thy powers are borne
T' entrap thyself, whom thou dost hardlier please
Than thou canst them? Arm, then, thy mind with these:
I have decrees set down 'twixt me and God;
I know his precepts, I will bear his load.
But what men throw upon me, I reject;
No man shall let [26] the freedom I elect.
I have an owner that will challenge me,
Strong to defend, enough to satisfy;
The rod of Mercury will charm all these
And make them neither strange nor hard to please.
And these decrees in houses constitute
Friendship and love; in fields cause store of fruit;
In cities, riches and in temples, zeal;
And all the world would make one commonweal.
Shun braggart glory; seek no place, no name;
No shows, no company, no laughing game,
No fashion, nor no champion of thy praise,
As children sweetmeats love, and holidays.
Be knowing shamefastness [27] thy grace and guard,
As others are with doors, walls, porters, barred.
Live close awhile; so fruits grow, so their seed
Must in the earth a little time lie hid;
Spring by degrees, and so be ripe at last.
But if the ear be to the blade's top passed
Before the joint amidst the blade be knit,
The corn is lank, and no sun ripens it.
Like which art thou, young novice; flourishing
Before thy time, winter shall burn thy spring.
The husbandman dislikes his field's fair birth
When timeless [28] heat beats on unready earth,
Grieves lest his fruits with air should be too bold,
And not endure the likely-coming cold.
Comfort the root, then, first; then let appear
The blade's joint, knit; and then produce the ear.
So nature's self thou shalt constrain and be
Blessed with a worthy crop in spite of thee.

[26] *let:* hinder.
[27] *knowing shamefastness:* wise modesty.
[28] *timeless:* untimely.

Michael Drayton

1563–1631

OF two Elizabethan poets who came from Warwickshire one stands as the genius of his age—Shakespeare. The other, Michael Drayton, is nevertheless a more representative Elizabethan poet. Drayton makes use of and, in some cases, perfects the poetic forms and fashions of his time. The range of his subject matter and his skill and versatility in versification are at once remarkable and typical in his age. But his voluminous work, popular in his own day, is known to most readers today mainly from a few bright gems which anthologists have culled from it. The man himself rarely emerges sharply from his poetry, although he does make a few clear pronouncements about his art. Yet Drayton's intense patriotism, like Spenser's (but brought to earth), and his solidity and confident skill are always apparent. As a poet, he has more strength than Daniel, with whom he is so often compared.

Of Drayton's early life little is known. He was brought up in the family of Sir Henry Goodere at Polesworth Hall. He testifies in his verse letter to Henry Reynolds of his own early interest in reading. There is no evidence that he was a university man. With the exception of some hack work for the theater, his livelihood was largely the generosity of a series of patrons.

Drayton published his first work, *The Harmonie of the Church*, in 1591—some metrical paraphrases of passages of Scripture. His last poems were published in 1637, six years after his death. His poetry, which is essentially Elizabethan throughout, extends through a literary period often foreign to his nature and spirit, but Drayton was (whether he wished it or not) responsive to almost every literary trend. Consequently some of his last poems belong really to Jacobean and Caroline verse. His most exquisite single accomplishment, *Nymphidia*, is a mixture of Chaucerian and Elizabethan elements, all refined by a concise verse technique characteristic of Caroline poets. Drayton published pastorals, sonnets (see p. 210), Ovidian mythology (*Endimion and Phoebe*, 1595) and Ovidian love-epistles (*England's Heroicall Epistles*, 1597), odes, and lyrics. But his most ambitious project was a long poem about the English countryside; its title page conveys some idea of its scope: *POLY-OLBION, or a Chorographicall Description of Tracts, Riuers, Mountaines, Forests, and other Parts of this renowned Isle of Great Britaine, with intermixture of the most Remarquable Stories, Antiquities, Wonders, Rarityes, Pleasures, and Commodities of the same: Digested in a Poem by Michael Drayton, Esq.* The first part appeared in 1612, and the poet was kept busy until 1622 on what he called his "strange Herculean task." The last years of his life produced two volumes of poetry, the most notable pieces in them being his *Epistle to Henry Reynolds on Poets and Poetry* and his *Nymphidia*.

Drayton died in 1631 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Some literary

historians call him, rather than Milton, the last of the Elizabethans. He tried his hand at every popular poetic form in his day and in many attained a high degree of success. He was workmanlike; he was constantly revising his verse. All his poetry breathes competence, clarity, and charm, and in it there is a delightful play of fancy, but little of "the higher faculty of the imagination." Mr. Cyril Brett has aptly remarked that the task of criticizing Drayton "at first seems that of criticizing many poets, not one."

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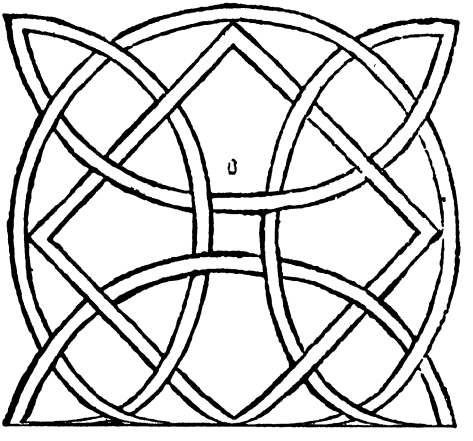

FROM

IDEA, THE SHEPHERD'S GARLAND[1]

(1593)

The Eighth Eclogue

Far in the country of Arden
There wonned a knight hight Cassemen,
  As bold as Isenbras; [2]
Fell was he and eager bent
In battle and in tournament,
  As was the good Sir Thopas.[3]
He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleped Dowsabell,
  A maiden fair and free;
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was yconned the lere [4]
  Of mickle courtesy.
The silk well couth she [5] twist and twine,
And make the fine marchpine,[6]
  And with the needle work;
And she couth help the priest to say
His matins on a holyday,
  And sing a psalm in kirk.
She ware a frock of frolic green
Might well beseem a maiden queen,
  Which seemly was to see;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In color like the columbine,
  Ywrought full featously.[7]

[1] A pastoral poem in nine eclogues, in which the inspiration from Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender* is more apparent than in any other Elizabethan poem (see *RES*, XIII [1937], 272–281 for influence of language). In the eighth eclogue Gorbo laments the passing of the golden age; Motto comforts him with the pastoral lyric here given:

A pretie Tale, which when I was a boy
My toothles Grandame oft hath tolde to me.

[2] *Isenbras:* variant spelling of Isumbras, hero of medieval metrical romance, *Sir Isumbras.*

[3] *Sir Thopas:* the hero of a tale told by Chaucer in *The Canterbury Tales.*

[4] *yconned the lere:* made to learn the lore.

[5] *couth she:* she knew how to, etc.

[6] *marchpine:* marchpane, marzipan, confection made of pounded almonds and sugar.

[7] *featously:* neatly, carefully.

Her feature all as fresh above
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
As lithe as lass of Kent;
Her skin as soft as Lemster [8] wool,
As white as snow on Peakish hull, [9]
Or swan that swims in Trent.
This maiden in a morn betime
Went forth when May was in her prime
To get sweet cetywall,[10]
The honeysuckle, the harlock,[11]
The lily, and the ladysmock,
To deck her summer hall.
Thus as she wandered here and there,
Ypicking of the bloomed breer,
She chanced to espy
A shepherd sitting on a bank;
Like chanticleer he crowed crank,[12]
And piped with merry glee.
He leared [13] his sheep as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
To feed about him round,
Whilst he full many a carol sung,
Until the fields and meadows rung,
And that the woods did sound.
In favor this same shepherd's swain
Was like the bedlam Tamburlaine,
Which held proud kings in awe.
But meek he was as lamb mought be,
Ylike that gentle Abel he,
Whom his lewd brother slaw.
This shepherd ware a sheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the finest loke [14]
That could be cut with shear;
His mittens were of bauzens' [15] skin,
His cockers were of cordiwin,[16]
His hood of meniveere; [17]
His awl and lingel [18] in a thong,

[8] *Lemster:* Leominster.

[9] *Peakish hull:* Drayton may be using the form "hull" for "hill" and may allude to the Peak, high tableland in the north of Derbyshire, which is described in the twenty-sixth song of the *Poly-Olbion*, ll. 359–494.

[10] *cetywall:* setwall, the plant valerian.

[11] *harlock:* an unidentified flower.

[12] *crank:* lustily.

[13] *leared:* guided.

[14] *loke:* lock of wool.

[15] *bauzens':* badgers'.

[16] *cockers:* casings for the leg; *cordiwin:* cordwain, cordovan.

[17] *meniveere:* miniver, a grayish fur.

[18] *lingel:* waxed thread.

His tar-box [19] on his broad belt hung,
  His breech of cointrie blue.[20]
Full crisp and curled were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
  So like a lover true.
And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popinjay;
  Which liked Dowsabell,
That would she aught or would she naught,
This lad would never from her thought,
  She in love-longing fell.
At length she tucked up her frock,
White as the lily was her smock,
  She drew the shepherd nigh.
But then the shepherd piped a good [21]
That all his sheep forsook their food
  To hear his melody.
"Thy sheep," quoth she, "cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd's swain
  The which can pipe so well."
"Yea but," saith he, "their shepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away
  In love of Dowsabell."
"Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,"
Quoth she, "look well unto thy sheep
  Lest they should hap to stray."
Quoth he, "So had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabell
  Come forth to gather May."
With that she gan to vail [22] her head;
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
  But not a word she said.
With that the shepherd gan to frown;
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
  And on the ground him laid.
Saith she, "I may not stay till night
And leave my summer hall undight,[23]
  And all for long of thee."
"My cote," [24] saith he, "nor yet my fold,
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,

[19] *tar-box:* a box used by shepherds to hold tar as a salve for sheep.

[20] *cointrie blue:* Coventry blue, a thread made in Coventry, frequently used for embroidery, was conventional pastoral wear.

[21] *a good:* so well.

[22] *vail:* lower.

[23] *undight:* unadorned.

[24] *cote:* small cottage.

Except thou favor me."
Saith she, "Yet liefer I were dead,
Than I should lose my maidenhead,
And all for love of men."
Saith he, "Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then;
And I to thee will be as kind
As Colin [25] was to Rosalind,
Of courtesy the flower."
"Then will I be as true," quoth she,
"As ever maiden yet might be
Unto her paramour."
With that she bent her snow-white knee;
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
And him she sweetly kissed.
With that the shepherd whooped for joy;
Quoth he, "There's never shepherd's boy
That ever was so blist."

FROM

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES [26]

(1599)

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, TO THE LADY GERALDINE [27]

The Argument

The Earl of Surrey, that renowned lord,
Th' old English glory bravely that restored,
That prince and poet (a name more divine),
Falling in love with beauteous Geraldine
Of the Geraldi, which derive their name
From Florence, whither, to advance her fame,
He travels, and in public jousts maintained

[25] *Colin:* Spenser; see *The Shepheardes Calender*, p. 120, above.

[26] *England's Heroical Epistles:* Starting with letters exchanged between nine pairs of famous lovers in the first edition, 1597, Drayton added letters from three more pairs of lovers in the editions of 1598 and 1599. During Drayton's lifetime alone, the poem was reprinted thirteen times.

[27] On Surrey and Geraldine, see p. 34, above. Surrey's travels in Italy were first popularized in Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller* (1594). See pp. 714–726, below.

Her beauty peerless, which by arms he gained;
But staying long, fair Italy to see,
To let her know him constant still to be,
From Tuscany this letter to her writes,
Which her rescription instantly invites.

FROM learned Florence, long time rich in fame,
From whence thy race, thy noble grandsires, came
To famous England, that kind nurse of mine,
Thy Surrey sends to heavenly Geraldine;
Yet let not Tuscan think I do it wrong,
That I from thence write in my native tongue,
That in these harsh-tuned cadences I sing,
Sitting so near the Muses' sacred spring;
But rather think itself adorned thereby,
That England reads the praise of Italy.
Though to the Tuscans I the smoothness grant,
Our dialect no majesty doth want
To set thy praises in as high a key
As France, or Spain, or Germany, or they.
What day I quit the foreland of fair Kent,
And that my ship her course for Flanders bent,
Yet think I with how many a heavy look
My leave of England and of thee I took,
And did entreat the tide, if it might be,
But to convey me one sigh back to thee.
Up to the deck a billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and down again it slips;
Into the gulf itself it headlong throws,
And as a post to England-ward it goes.
As I sat wondering how the rough seas stirred,
I might far off perceive a little bird,
Which, as she fain from shore to shore would fly,
Had lost herself in the broad vasty sky,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceive her,
The seas of life still gaping to bereave her;
Unto the ship she makes, which she discovers,
And there, poor fool, a while for refuge hovers.
And when at length her flagging pinion fails,
Panting she hangs upon the rattling sails,
And being forced to loose her hold with pain,
Yet beaten off, she straight lights on again,
And tossed with flaws,[28] with storms, with wind, with weather,
Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither;

[28] *flaws:* sudden gusts of wind.

Now with the poop, now with the prow doth bear,
Now on this side, now that, now here, now there.
Methinks these storms should be my sad depart,
The silly helpless bird is my poor heart,
The ship to which for succor it repairs,
That is yourself, regardless of my cares.
Of every surge doth fall, or waves doth rise,
To some one thing I sit and moralize.
When for thy love I left the Belgic shore,
Divine Erasmus and our famous More,[29]
Whose happy presence gave me such delight
As made a minute of a winter's night,
With whom a while I stayed at Rotterdam,
Now so renowned by Erasmus' name;
Yet every hour did seem a world of time
Till I had seen that soul-reviving clime,[30]
And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,
A watery soil to clog a fiery wit.
And as that wealthy Germany I passed,
Coming unto the Emperor's court at last,
Great learn'd Agrippa,[31] so profound in art,
Who the infernal secrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a glass my Geraldine did show,
Sick in thy bed and, for thou couldst not sleep,
By [32] a wax taper set the light to keep;
I do remember thou didst read that ode
Sent back whilst I in Thanet made abode,
Where when thou cam'st unto that word of love,
Even in thine eyes I saw how passion strove;
That snowy lawn which covered thy bed,
Methought looked white, to see thy cheek so red,
Thy rosy cheek, oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the lawn so white;
The little taper which should give thee light,
Methought waxed dim to see thine eye so bright;
Thine eye again supplied the taper's turn,
And with his beams more brightly made it burn;
The shrugging air about thy temples hurls
And wrapped thy breath in little clouded curls,
And as it did ascend, it straight did seize it,

[29] *Erasmus, More:* See introduction to Roger Ascham, pp. 471–472, below and Nashe, *Unfortunate Traveller* p. 714.

[30] *soul-reviving clime:* Florence.

[31] *Agrippa:* Cornelius Agrippa (1486–1535), scholar and writer on occult sciences.

[32] *By:* near-by.

And as it sunk, it presently did raise it.
Canst thou by sickness banish beauty so?
Which if put from thee knows not where to go,
To make her shift and for her succor seek
To every riveled [33] face, each bankrupt cheek.
If health preserved, thou beauty still dost cherish,
If that neglected, beauty soon doth perish.
Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain;
If live or die, as thou dost so do I,
If live, I live, and if thou die, I die:
One heart, one love, one joy, one grief, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.
If Howard's blood thou hold'st as but too vile,
Or not esteem'st of Norfolk's princely style,
If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,
That lion placed in our bright silver bend,[34]
(Which as a trophy beautifies our shield
Since Scottish blood discolored Flodden field,[35]
When the proud Cheviot our brave ensign bare
As a rich jewel in a lady's hair,
And did fair Bramston's neighboring valleys choke
With clouds of cannons, fire-disgorged smoke),
Or Surrey's earldom insufficient be
And not a dower so well contenting thee,
Yet am I one of great Apollo's heirs,
The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.
By princes my immortal lines are sung,
My flowing verses graced with ev'ry tongue;
The little children, when they learn to go,
By painful mothers daded [36] to and fro,
Are taught my sugared numbers to rehearse,
And have their sweet lips seasoned with my verse.
When heav'n would strive to do the best it can,
And put an angel's spirit into a man,
The utmost power it hath it then doth spend
When to the world a poet it doth intend;
That little diff'rence 'twixt the gods and us,
By them confirmed, distinguished only thus:
Whom they, in birth, ordain to happy days,
The gods commit their glory to our praise;

[33] *riveled:* shriveled.

[34] *That lion . . bend:* Drayton explains this line concerning the "blazon of the Howards Honourable Armour" in detail in his "Annotations" to the poem.

[35] *Flodden field:* The English, led by Surrey's father, defeated the Scotch here in 1513.

[36] *daded:* led and supported, as with a child learning to walk.

T' eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
We likewise share a second power by death.
When time shall turn those amber locks to gray,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay,
And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a summer's hue;
That sacred power that in my ink remains
Shall put fresh blood into thy withered veins,
And on thy red decayed, thy whiteness dead,
Shall set a white more white, a red more red;
When thy dim sight thy glass cannot descry,
Nor thy crazed mirror can discern thine eye,
My verse, to tell th' one what the other was,
Shall represent them both, thine eye and glass,
Where both thy mirror and thine eye shall see
What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee,
And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.
If Florence once should lose her old renown,
As famous Athens, now a fisher town,
My lines for thee a Florence shall erect
Which great Apollo ever shall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls
Bring marble mines to re-erect those walls.
Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues report
To be the glory of the English court,
Shall by our nation be so much admired,
If ever Surrey truly were inspired.
And famous Wyatt, who in numbers sings
To that enchanting Thracian harper's strings,
To whom Phoebus, the poets' god, did drink
A bowl of nectar filled up to the brink,
And sweet-tongued Bryan,[37] whom the Muses kept
And in his cradle rocked him whilst he slept,
In sacred verses most divinely penned,
Upon thy praises ever shall attend.
What time I came into this famous town
And made the cause of my arrival known,
Great Medici a list for triumphs built;
Within the which, upon a tree of gilt,
Which was with sundry rare devices set,
I did erect thy lovely counterfeit
To answer those Italian dames' desire,

[37] *Bryan:* Sir Francis Bryan (d. 1550), friend and fellow poet of Wyatt's to whom Wyatt addressed a poem in *Tottel's Miscellany.*

Which daily came thy beauty to admire;
By which my lion, in his gaping jaws,
Held up my lance, and in his dreadful paws
Reacheth my gauntlet unto him that dare
A beauty with my Geraldine's compare.
Which, when each manly valiant arm assays,
After so many brave triumphant days
The glorious prize upon my lance I bare,
By herald's voice proclaimed to be thy share.
The shivered staves, here for thy beauty broke,
With fierce encounters passed at ev'ry shock,
When stormy courses answered cuff for cuff,
Denting proud beavers with the counter-buff,
Upon an altar, burnt with holy flame,
I sacrificed as incense to thy fame;
Where, as the phoenix [88] from her spiced fume
Renews herself in that she doth consume,
So from these sacred ashes live we both,
Ev'n as that one Arabian wonder doth.
  When to my chamber I myself retire,
Burnt with the sparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England, which my hope contains,
The happy isle where Geraldine remains,
Of Hunsdon, where those sweet celestial eyne
At first did pierce this tender breast of mine,
Of Hampton Court and Windsor, where abound
All pleasures that in paradise were found;
Near that fair castle is a little grove,
With hanging rocks all covered from above,
Which on the bank of goodly Thames doth stand,
Clipped by the water from the other land,
Whose bushy top doth bid the sun forbear
And checks his proud beams that would enter there;
Whose leaves still mutt'ring as the air doth breathe,
With the sweet bubbling of the stream beneath,
Doth rock the senses, whilst the small birds sing,
Lulled asleep with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot fairies sport at prison-base
(No doubt there is some power frequents the place),
There the soft poplar and smooth beech do bear
Our names together carved ev'rywhere,
And Gordian knots do curiously entwine

[88] *phoenix:* a mythical bird, which lived for five or six hundred years in the Arabian desert, then burned itself, but emerged from its own ashes with renewed youth to live on for another cycle of years. See also line 224.

The names of Henry and of Geraldine.
Oh, let this grove in happy times to come
Be called the lovers' blest Elysium;
Whither my mistress wonted to resort,
In summer's heat in those sweet shades to sport;
A thousand sundry names I have it given,
And called it Wonder-hider, Cover-heaven,
The roof where beauty her rich court doth keep,
Under whose compass all the stars do sleep.
There is one tree which now I call to mind,
Doth bear these verses carved in his rind:
When Geraldine shall sit in thy fair shade,
Fan her sweet tresses with perfumed air,
Let thy large boughs a canopy be made
To keep the sun from gazing on my fair;
And when thy spreading branched arms be sunk,
And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retain,
Ev'n from the dust of thy unwieldy trunk
I will renew thee, phoenix-like, again,
And from thy dry decayed root will bring
A new-born stem, another Aeson's spring.[39]
I find no cause, nor judge I reason why
My country should give place to Lombardy;
As goodly flowers on Thamesis do grow
As beautify the banks of wanton Po;
As many nymphs as haunt rich Arno's strand,
By silver Severn tripping hand in hand;
Our shade's as sweet, though not to us so dear,
Because the sun hath greater power there;
This distant place doth give me greater woe,
Far off, my sighs the farther have to go.
Ah absence! why shouldst thou seem so long?
Or wherefore shouldst thou offer time such wrong,
Summer so soon to steal on winter's cold,
Or winter's blasts so soon make summer old?
Love did us both with one self arrow strike,
Our wound's both one, our cure should be the like,
Except thou hast found out some mean by art,
Some powerful med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixed, and absence being proved,
It sticks too fast, it cannot be removed.
Adieu, adieu, from Florence when I go
By my next letters Geraldine shall know,

[39] *Aeson's spring:* Aeson, father of Jason, was restored to youth by Medea after the return of the Argonauts. (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VII, 162 ff.)

Which if good fortune shall by course direct,
From Venice by some messenger expect;
Till when, I leave thee to thy heart's desire:
By him that lives thy virtues to admire.

ODES

To the Virginian Voyage [40]

You brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue,
Go, and subdue,
Whilst loit'ring hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame.

Britons, you stay too long;
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, lee shores, nor shoals,
When Aeolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise,

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitful'st soil
Without your toil
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass,
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whose the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares that tend,
But them to defend
From winter's age,
That long there doth not live.

Whenas the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand,

In kenning of the shore,
Thanks to God first given,
Oh you, the happi'st men,
Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

---

[40] First published in *Poems Lyrick and Pastorall* (1606). J. Q. Adams has shown (*MLN*, XXV [1918], 405) that "The ode is for the most a metrical version of certain prose passages in Hakluyt's First Voyage to Virginia as printed in his *Principall Navigations. . . .*" [ed. Hakluyt Society, III, 297 ff.] The patent for the voyage was sealed on April 6, 1606, and the expedition of 3 ships and 140 men left the Thames in December.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth
  As those from whom we came,
  And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
  Apollo's sacred tree,
  You it may see
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,
Industrious Hakluyt,[41]
  Whose reading shall enflame
  Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

To the Cambro-Britons[42] and Their Harp, His Ballad of Agincourt[43]

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
  Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
  Landed King Harry.[44]

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
  In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
  With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
  To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
  Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
Though they to one be ten,
  Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
  By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
  Nor more esteem me;
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
  Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Crecy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
  No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat
By many a warlike feat,
  Lopped the French lilies.

---

[41] *Hakluyt:* See pp. 727–771, below.

[42] *Cambro-Britons:* probably Humphrey Floyd (d. 1568), writer on Cambria, and John Williams, goldsmith to James I and a friend of Drayton's, who are addressed in the *Poly-Olbion*. See *Works*, IV (1933), vii, and V (1941), 148, 230.

[43] *Agincourt:* The battle, fought in 1415, is also the subject of the fourth act of Shakespeare's *Henry V*. Holinshed's *Chronicle* is Drayton's main source together with earlier ballads.

[44] *King Harry:* Henry V (*reg.* 1413–1422).

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward [45] led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester [46] had the rear,
A braver man not there,
Oh Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder,
That with cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
Oh noble Erpingham,[47]
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes [48] drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Gloster,[49] that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight,
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his ax did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day [50]
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
Oh, when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

[45] *vaward:* vanward.

[46] *Excester:* Exeter.

[47] *Erpingham:* Sir Thomas Erpingham, "an old knight . . . a man of great experience in the warre, with a warder in his hand" (according to Holinshed), had the honor of beginning the battle.

[48] *bilboes:* swords, rapiers (from Bilboa in Spain).

[49] *Gloster:* Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, brother to Henry V. Drayton errs in making him senior to Thomas, Duke of Clarence.

[50] *Saint Crispin's day:* October 25, 1415.

To His Rival

Her loved I most,
By thee that's lost,
Though she were won with leisure;
She was my gain,
But to my pain,
Thou spoil'st me of my treasure.

The ship full fraught
With gold, far sought,
Though ne'er so wisely helmed
May suffer wrack
In sailing back,
By tempest overwhelmed.

But she, good sir,
Did not prefer
You, for that I was ranging;
But for that she
Found faith in me
And she loved to be changing.

Therefore boast not
Your happy lot,
Be silent now you have her;
The time I knew
She slighted you,
When I was in her favor.

None stands so fast,
But may be cast
By Fortune, and disgraced:
Once I did wear
Her garter there,
Where you her glove have placed.

I had the vow
That thou hast now,
And glances to discover
Her love to me;
And she to thee
Reads but old lessons over.

She hath no smile
That can beguile,
But as my thought I know it;
Yea, to a hair,
Both when and where,
And how she will bestow it.

What now is thine
Was only mine,
And first to me was given;
Thou laugh'st at me,
I laugh at thee,
And thus we two are even.

But I'll not mourn,
But stay my turn,
The wind may come about, sir;
And once again
May bring me in,
And help to bear you out, sir.

FROM

POLY-OLBION

(1612)

THE THIRTEENTH SONG

The Argument

This song our shire of Warwick sounds;
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.

Through many shapes the Muse here roves;
Now sporting in those shady groves,
The tunes of birds oft stays to hear;
Then, finding herds of lusty deer,
She huntress-like the hart pursues;
And like a hermit walks, to choose
The simples everywhere that grow;
Comes Anker's glory next to show,
Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds;
To th' vale of Red-horse then proceeds,
To play her part the rest among;
There shutteth up her thirteenth song.

Upon the Midlands now th' industrious muse doth fall,
That shire which we the heart of England well may call,
As she herself extends (the midst which is decreed)
Betwixt St. Michael's Mount and Berwick-bord'ring Tweed,
Brave Warwick, that abroad so long advanced her bear,[51]
By her illustrious earls renowned everywhere,
Above her neighboring shires which always bore her head.
My native country then, which so brave spirits hast bred,
If there be virtue yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou breath'dst into my birth,
Accept it as thine own whilst now I sing of thee,
Of all thy later brood th' unworthiest though I be.
Muse, first of Arden tell, whose footsteps yet are found
In her rough woodlands, more than any other ground
That mighty Arden held even in her height of pride,
Her one hand touching Trent, the other Severn's side.
The very sound of these the wood nymphs doth awake,
When thus of her own self the ancient forest spake:
My many goodly sites when first I came to show,
Here opened I the way to mine own overthrow;
For when the world found out the fitness of my soil,
The gripple[52] wretch began immediately to spoil
My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds inclose,
By which in little time my bounds I came to lose.
When Britain first her fields with villages had filled,
Her people waxing still and wanting where to build,
They oft dislodged the hart and set their houses where
He in the broom and brakes had long time made his lair.
Of all the forests here within this mighty isle,
If those old Britons then me sovereign did instyle,

[51] *bear:* Selden's annotation is: "The ancient Coat of that Earldome."

[52] *gripple:* greedy.

Courtesy Huntington Library

Figure 1. Map of Warwickshire

I needs must be the great'st, for greatness 'tis alone
That gives our kind the place, else were there many a one
For pleasantness of shade that far doth me excel.
But of our forests' kind the quality to tell,
We equally partake with woodland as with plain,
Alike with hill and dale, and every day maintain
The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious wastes
That men for profit breed, as well as those of chase.
Here Arden of herself ceased any more to show,
And with her sylvan joys the muse along doth go.
When Phoebus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But Hunts-up [53] to the morn the feathered sylvans sing,
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quiristers are perched with many a speckled breast.
Then from her burnished gate the goodly glitt'ring east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl to please the morning's sight;
On which the mirthful choirs with their clear open throats
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The throstle, with shrill sharps, as purposely he song
T' awake the lustless sun, or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth that should the thickets thrill;
The woosell [54] near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As nature him had marked of purpose t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be;
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May.
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle [55] doth only play;
When in the lower brake the nightingale hard by
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw;
And but that nature, by her all-constraining law,
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts [56] at first had learned of her.

[53] *Hunts-up:* an early morning song.

[54] *woosell:* ouzel. See Shakespeare's song from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, above, p. 269.

[55] *merle:* European blackbird (Latin: *merula*). Marginal note: "Of all Birds, only the Blackbird whistleth."

[56] *to set in parts:* to compose part songs.

To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer,
And by that warbling bird the wood lark place we then,
The red sparrow, the nope,[57] the redbreast, and the wren,
The yellowpate, which though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she;
And of these chanting fowls the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydie [58] for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco,[59] then the counterfeiting jay,
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves),[60]
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.
And near to these our thicks,[61] the wild and frightful herds,
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lands; both sorts of seasoned deer,—
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there;
The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals [62] strewed,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

. . . . . .[63]

To forests that belongs, but yet this is not all:
With solitude what sorts that here's not wondrous rife?
Whereas the hermit leads a sweet retired life,
From villages replete with ragg'd and sweating clowns,
And from the loathsome airs of smoky citied towns.
Suppose 'twixt noon and night the sun his halfway wrought,
The shadows to be large by his descending brought,
Who with a fervent eye looks through the twiring [64] glades
And his dispersed rays commixeth with the shades,
Exhaling the milch dew, which there had tarried long
And on the ranker grass till past the noon-stead hong,
Whenas the hermit comes out of his homely cell,
Where from all rude resort he happily doth dwell;
Who in the strength of youth a man-at-arms hath been,
Or one who of this world the vileness having seen,
Retires him from it quite, and with a constant mind
Man's beastliness so loathes, that, flying human kind,

[57] *nope:* bullfinch (Warwickshire dialect).
[58] *tydie:* tidy, the golden-crested wren (?) or blue titmouse (?).
[59] *hecco:* woodpecker.
[60] *greaves:* branches.
[61] *thicks:* thickets.
[62] *rascals:* lean deer.
[63] 69 lines omitted here describe the hunting of the hart.
[64] *twiring:* winking, peeping, perhaps of the light in the glades.

The black and darksome nights, the bright and gladsome days
Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that stays.
Each little village yields his short and homely fare;
To gather wind-fall'n sticks his great'st and only care,
Which every aged tree still yieldeth to his fire.
This man that is alone a king in his desire,
By no proud ignorant lord is basely overawed,
Nor his false praise affects who, grossly being clawed,
Stands like an itchy moyle; [65] nor of a pin he weighs
What fools abused kings and humorous ladies raise.
His free and noble thought ne'er envies at the grace
That oftentimes is given unto a bawd most base,
Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile
Who seeming what he's not, doth sensually beguile
The sottish purblind world; but absolutely free,
His happy time he spends the works of God to see
In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow,
Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.
And in a little maund, being made of osiers [66] small,
Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,
He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.

. . . . . [67]

But from our hermit here the muse we must enforce,
And zealously proceed in our intended course:
How Arden of her rills and riverets doth dispose;
By Alcester how Alne to Arrow eas'ly flows,
And mildly being mixed, to Avon hold their way;
And likewise toward the north, how lovely tripping Rhea
T' attend the lustier Tame is from her fountain sent;
So little Cole and Blythe go on with him to Trent;
His Tamworth at the last he in his way doth win,
There playing him awhile till Anker should come in,
Which trifleth 'twixt her banks, observing state, so slow
As though into his arms she scorned herself to throw;
Yet Arden willed her Tame to serve her on his knee,
For by that nymph alone they both should honored be.
The forest so much fall'n from what she was before,
That to her former height fate could her not restore,
Though oft in her behalf the genius of the land
Importuned the heavens with an auspicious hand.

---

[65] *moyle:* Drayton's spelling of the obsolete "moil," meaning a cow without horns.

[66] *maund:* hand basket; *osiers:* pliable twigs.

[67] 44 lines, describing the various herbs, plants, and simples, are omitted here.

Yet granted at the last, the aged nymph to grace,
They by a lady's [68] birth would more renown that place
Than if her woods their heads above the hills should seat;
And for that purpose first made Coventry so great
(A poor thatched village then, or scarcely none at all,
That could not once have dreamed of her now stately wall),
And thither wisely brought that goodly virgin band,
Th' eleven thousand maids,[69] chaste Ursula's command,
Whom then the Briton kings gave her full power to press,
For matches to their friends in Brittany the less.
At whose departure thence, each by her just bequest
Some special virtue gave, ordaining it to rest
With one of their own sex, that there her birth should have,
Till fullness of the time which fate did choicely save
Until the Saxons' reign, when Coventry at length
From her small mean regard recovered state and strength,
By Leofric, her lord, yet in base bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage who expelled;
Whose duchess,[70] which desired this tribute to release,
Their freedom often begged. The duke, to make her cease,
Told her that if she would his loss so far enforce,
His will was she should ride stark nak'd upon a horse
By daylight through the street; which certainly he thought
In her heroic breast so deeply would have wrought,
That in her former suit she would have left to deal.
But that most princely dame, as one devoured with zeal,
Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.

. . . . . .[71]

But whilst about this tale smooth Anker trifling stays,
Unto the lustier Tame as loath to come her ways,
The flood entreats her thus: Dear brook, why dost thou wrong
Our mutual love so much, and tediously prolong
Our mirthful marriage hour, for which I still prepare?
Haste to my broader banks, my joy and only care.
For as of all my floods thou art the first in fame,
When frankly thou shalt yield thine honor to my name,
I will protect thy state; then do not wrong thy kind.
What pleasure hath the world that here thou mayst not find? [72]

---

[68] *lady's:* Anne Goodere's.

[69] *eleven thousand maids:* St. Ursula's virgins.

[70] *duchess:* Godiva.

[71] Here are omitted 20 lines on the names Godiva, Goodere, Ankor, Arden, Anne, etc.

[72] The remaining 116 lines of the song describe the rest of the landscape of the shire and end with a eulogy of the Vale of Redhorse.

Thomas Campion

1567–1620

THOMAS CAMPION, whose distinction is that he combined so successfully the professions of poet and musician, was also in turn a law student and a physician. As a young law student he began writing verse. Five of his poems appeared unsigned in Newman's surreptitious edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* in 1591. The publication, with his musician friend, Philip Rosseter, of *A Book of Airs* in 1601 was Campion's first work as a composer of airs. He continued his books of airs until 1617.

In 1602 he published a prose treatise, *Observations in the Art of English Poesie,* a plea for the quantitative classical system of versification against the "vulgar and inartistic custom of riming." Daniel replied the following year in his *Defense of Rhyme,* and Campion's own verse, aside from his experiments (like "Rose-cheeked Laura," p. 432) is unconsciously an answer to his own theories. He wrote Latin epigrams and delightful masques, and a technical treatise on harmony, *A New Way of Making Four Parts in Counterpoint,* which remained a text-book in the seventeenth century.

Campion's serious purpose in the style of his lyrics and his settings is clearly seen in his prefaces to the books of airs. He does fulfill his aim "to couple my words and notes lovingly together," and he is particularly free from the laborious versification which occasionally besets writers like Lodge and Breton. He attains ease and purity of diction, variety and fluidity of rhythm in his lyrics, and his music has an individual grace which is readily apparent. His verse, says his editor, Percival Vivian, "was from the beginning free and musical. This musical quality is indeed the one which distinguishes the whole of his poetry; it is undoubtedly connected with the practise of musical composition and due to a feeling for musical effect, to which, with his trained musical ear, he was peculiarly susceptible."

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FROM

RICHARD ALISON'S

AN HOUR'S RECREATION IN MUSIC

(1606)

WHAT if a day, or a month, or a year [1]
Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings?
Cannot a chance of a night or an hour
Cross thy desires with as many sad tormentings?
Fortune, honor, beauty, youth
Are but blossoms dying;
Wanton pleasure, doting love
Are but shadows flying.
All our joys are but toys,
Idle thoughts deceiving;
None have power of an hour
In their lives' bereaving.

Earth's but a point to the world, and a man
Is but a point to the world's compared centure;
Shall then the point of a point be so vain
As to triumph in a sely point's adventure?
All is hazard that we have,
There is nothing biding;
Days of pleasure are like streams
Through fair meadows gliding.
Weal and woe, time doth go,
Time is never turning;
Secret fates guide our states,
Both in mirth and mourning.

[1] Though the authorship is in dispute, most scholars believe these verses to be Campion's. It became one of the most popular lyrics of the time and was circulated in longer versions as a broadside ballad. (See *The Shirburn Ballads*, ed. Clark, p. 238, *The Roxburghe Ballads*, ed. Chappell, I, 348.)

FROM

A BOOK OF AIRS

(1601)

I [2]

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive,
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armor should not be;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the camp of love.
But fools do live, and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends,
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb;
And Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

VI

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear
As any challenged echo clear;
But when she doth of mourning speak,
Ev'n with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passion, so must I:
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring,
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
Ev'n from my heart the strings do break.

[2] Imitated and partly translated from Catullus, V, "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus."

X

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet;
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet.
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love.
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again.

All that I sung still to her praise did tend,
Still she was first, still she my songs did end.
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy.
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight:
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

XII

Thou art not fair for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee;
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair nor sweet, unless you pity me.
I will not soothe thy fancies; thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapped up in those arms of thine.
Now show it, if thou be a woman right,—
Embrace, and kiss, and love me in despite.

XVIII

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armor for defense,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things,

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

XX

When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move,

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake;
When thou hast told these honors done to thee,
Then tell, Oh tell, how thou didst murther me.

FROM

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESY

(1602)

Rose-cheeked Laura, come,[3]
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From concent[4] divinely framed;
Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them;
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in themselves
Eternal.

FROM

TWO BOOKS OF AIRS

(*ca.* 1613)

Book I, *VII*

To music bent is my retired mind,
And fain would I some song of pleasure sing,
But in vain joys no comfort now I find;
From heavenly thoughts all true delight doth spring.

[3] An illustration given by Campion of the principles of quantitative versification in his *Observations*, in which he protested against rhyme and accent. (See *Campion's Works*, ed. Vivian, p. 50.)

[4] *concent:* playing or singing together in harmony.

Thy power, Oh God, thy mercies, to record,
Will sweeten every note and every word.

All earthly pomp or beauty to express,
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write.
Celestial things, though men conceive them less,
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light;
Such beams they yield as know no means to die,
Such heat they cast as lifts the spirit high.

XX

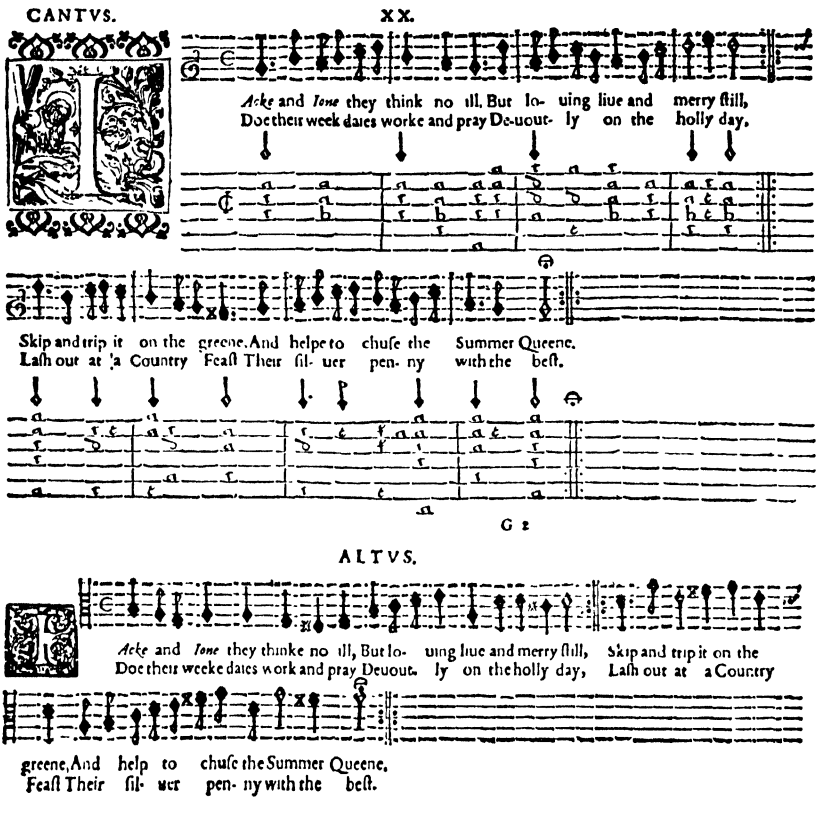
Jack and Joan they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their weekdays' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holyday;
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the summer queen;
Lash out,[5] at a country feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft
And turn the crabs [6] till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is content;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tutties [7] make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss,
Makes the hedge, which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights,
Though you scorn the home-spun gray

[5] *lash out:* squander, spend lavishly.
[6] *crabs:* crab apples.
[7] *tutties:* nosegays.



Courtesy Huntington Library

Figure 2. Music from Campion's Two Books of Airs

And revel in your rich array,
Though your tongues dissemble deep
And can your heads from danger keep,
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

Book II, *VII*

Give beauty all her right,
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfections bide.

Helen, I grant, might pleasing be,
And Ros'mond [8] was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends;
Some swelling lips and red;
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime;
She visits every ground,
And favors every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My sovereign is as sweet and fair.

FROM

THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOK OF AIRS

(*ca.* 1617)

BOOK III, *XXVII*

NEVER love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man;
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see,
And hang the head, as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore
Make a show of love to more;
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one;
For what is courtship but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require
Must a while themselves retire,
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,

[8] *Ros'mond:* mistress of Henry II (*reg.* 1154–1189), subject of Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamund*, see p. 347.

And not ever sit and talk.
If these and such like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear.

Book IV, *VII*

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow,
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till "Cherry ripe!" [9] themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till "Cherry ripe!" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry ripe!" themselves do cry.

XXIV

Fain would I wed a fair young man that night and day could please me,
When my mind or body grieved that had the power to ease me.
Maids are full of longing thoughts that breed a bloodless sickness,
And that, oft I hear men say, is only cured by quickness.
Oft I have been wooed and praised, but never could be moved;
Many for a day or so I have most dearly loved,
But this foolish mind of mine straight loathes the thing resolved;
If to love be sin in me, that sin is soon absolved.
Sure I think I shall at last fly to some holy order;
When I once am settled there, then can I fly no farther.
Yet I would not die a maid, because I had a mother,
As I was by one brought forth, I would bring forth another.

[9] *"Cherry ripe!"*: a familiar cry of London street vendors.

Sir Thomas Hoby

1530–1566

ONE of the most famous books of the Italian Renaissance was *Il Cortegiano* of Count Baldassare Castiglione, first published in 1528. It is primarily a "courtesy book," portraying the qualities of an ideal courtier, but it also affords, through its dialogue form, witty conversation and repartee which resemble high comedy, and in the fourth book a great and serious exposition of Platonic love, which is put into the mouth of Peter Bembo. Castiglione is reflecting the personalities and atmosphere of the court of the Duke of Urbino, where he spent the years 1504–1508. The contents of the book, as briefly summarized by Gabriel Harvey in his copy of the English translation, are:

Above all things it importeth a courtier to be graceful and lovely in countenance and behavior; fine and discreet in discourse and entertainment; skillful and expert in letters and arms; active and gallant in every courtly exercise; nimble and speedy of body and mind; resolute, industrious and valorous in action; as profound and invincible in execution as is possible; and withal ever generously bold, wittily pleasant, and full of life in all his sayings and doings. His apparel must be like himself, comely and handsome, fine and cleanly to avoid contempt but not gorgeous or stately to incur envy or suspicion of pride, vanity, self-love or other imperfection. Both inside and outside, [he] must be a fair pattern of worthy, fine and lovely virtue.

The principal speakers in the dialogue are:

1. "Lord Gaspar," Gasparo Pallavicino (1486–1511), the woman-hater.
2. "Lord Octavian," Ottaviano Fregoso (d. 1524), soldier, Doge of Genoa 1513–1515, who wonders why lovers delight in their torments.
3. Peter Bembo (1470–1547), poet, Platonist, grammarian, and historian; later a Cardinal.
4. The Duchess, Elizabetta Gonzaga (b. 1471), daughter of Frederick, Marquis of Mantua and wife of Duke Guidobaldo of Urbino.
5. Morello da Ortona, a courtier and musician.
6. "Count Lewis," Lodovico Canossa, later Bishop of Bayeux.
7. "Frederick," Federico Fregoso, later Archbishop of Salerno.
8. "Julian," Giuliano de Medici (1479–1516), youngest son of Lorenzo the Magnificent and commander-in-chief of the Papal armies.
9. Lady Emilia Pio, friend and confidante of the Duchess.
10. Lord Cesar Gonzaga, cousin of Castiglione.
11. "The Lord general," Francesco Maria della Rovere (b. 1490), nephew and successor of the Duke.

These refined and cultivated speakers carry on the game of discussion of the qualities of the ideal courtier, of his obligations to the prince he is to guide, to the public for whom he is to be an example, and to the lady whom he loves.

Thomas Hoby, the translator, was born in 1530, attended St. John's College, Cambridge, for two years, where he came under the influence of Sir John Cheke and Roger Ascham, and then set out on his travels. From 1547, when he first went abroad, to 1564, two years before his death, he kept a diary which gives a picture of the earnest traveler-student of those days. His object was a diplomatic career, and during the reign of Edward VI he served in several diplomatic missions. The accession of Mary, however, sent him abroad as an exile, and during this period he seems to have completed his translation of Castiglione. But the old-fashioned Catholic jests at the clergy in his original were too strong for the times, and he had to wait for the reign of Elizabeth to publish. The first edition appeared in 1561 with a commendatory sonnet by Sackville and a letter to the author from Sir John Cheke. "I am of this opinion," wrote the great humanist, "that our own tung shold be written cleane and pure, unmixt and unmangeled with borowing of other tunges, wherein if we take not heed by tijm, ever borowing and never payeing, she shall be fain to keep her house as bankrupt."

Hoby was a good scholar of his master: his chief dependence is on the vigorous native Saxon element in the language, not foreign and borrowed words. He is not so extreme as Cheke, however, and his prose is natural, not fantastically English. He shows the Elizabethan love for the vivid, material, concrete word as against the more elegant abstraction, and he so thoroughly Anglicizes his speakers that the reader would do well to visualize *Master Peter Bembo* rather than *Messer Pietro.*

Italy meant many things to Englishmen of the sixteenth century. It was the country of Iago and such Machiavellian villains, the country of *The Unfortunate Traveller,* of *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The Merchant of Venice.* But however dark and violent and unnatural it seemed, it was also the country of Castiglione's *Courtier,* that mirror in which such men as Hamlet and Sir Philip Sidney might see themselves.

Bembo's discourse on love in the Fourth Book is a central document in Renaissance Platonism. Its relationship to Spenser's *Hymne* (p. 159, above) is close, and no complete understanding of Elizabethan sonnets is possible without taking into account the physiological explanation of the effect of beauty on the lover, the justification of the kiss, and the whole philosophy of the passage. In its point of view, the claims of esthetic sensitiveness, love, and courtliness are reconciled with religion, morality, and that proper decency which Ascham and the others so earnestly sought.

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THE COURTIER

(1561)

[From Book Fourth]

THEN the Lord Gaspar: "I remember," quoth he, "that these lords yesternight, reasoning of the Courtier's qualities, did allow him to be a lover; and in making rehearsal of as much as hitherto hath been spoken, a man may pick out a conclusion that the Courtier which with his worthiness and credit must incline his prince to virtue must in manner of necessity be aged, for knowledge cometh very seldom time before years, and specially in matters that be learned with experience. I cannot see, when he is well drawn in years, how it will stand well with him to be a lover, considering, as it hath been said the other night, love frameth not with old men, and the tricks that in young men be gallantness, courtesy, and preciseness so acceptable to women, in them are mere follies and fondness [1] to be laughed at, and purchase him that useth them hatred of women and mocks of others. Therefore, in case this your Aristotle, an old Courtier, were a lover and practised the feats that young lovers do, as some that we have seen in our days, I fear me he would forget to teach his prince; and peradventure boys would mock him behind his back, and women would have none other delight in him but to make him a jesting-stock."

Then said the Lord Octavian: "Since all the other qualities appointed to the Courtier are meet for him, although he be old, methink we should not then bar him from this happiness to love."

"Nay rather," quoth the Lord Gaspar, "to take this love from him is a perfection over and above, and a making him to live happily out of misery and wretchedness."

M. Peter Bembo said: "Remember you not, my Lord Gaspar, that the Lord Octavian declared the other night in his device of pastimes, although he be not skillful in love, to know yet that there be some lovers which reckon the disdains, the angers, the debates and torments which they receive of their ladies, sweet? Whereupon he required to be taught the cause of this sweetness. Therefore, in case our Courtier, though he be old, were kindled with those loves that be sweet without any bitter smack, he should feel no misery nor wretchedness at all. And being wise, as we set case [2] he is, he should not be deceived in thinking to be meet for him whatsoever were meet for young men, but in loving should perhaps love after a sort that might not only not bring him in slander, but to much praise and

[1] *fondness:* foolishness.

[2] *set case:* assume.

great happiness, without any loathsomeness at all, the which very seldom or in manner never happeneth to young men; and so should he neither lay aside the teaching of his prince, not yet commit anything that should deserve the mocking of boys."

Then spake the Duchess: "I am glad, M. Peter, that you have not been much troubled in our reasonings this night, for now we may be the bolder to give you in charge to speak, and to teach the Courtier this so happy a love, which bringeth with it neither slander nor any inconvenience; for perhaps it shall be one of the necessariest and profitablest qualities that hitherto hath been given him; therefore speak, of good fellowship, as much as you know therein."

M. Peter laughed and said: "I would be loath, madam, where I say it is lawful for old men to love, it should be an occasion for these ladies to think me old; therefore hardily [3] give ye this enterprise to another."

The Duchess answered: "You ought not to refuse to be counted old in knowledge, though ye be young in years. Therefore say on, and excuse yourself no more."

M. Peter said: "Surely, madam, if I must entreat upon this matter, I must first go ask counsel of my hermit Lavinello."

The Lady Emilia said then half in anger: "There is never a one in all the company so disobedient as you be, M. Peter, therefore should the Duchess do well to chastise you somewhat for it."

M. Peter said smiling: "For love of God, madam, be not angry with me, for I will say whatever you will have me."

"Go to, say on then," answered the Lady Emilia.

Then M. Peter after a while's silence, somewhat settling himself as though he should entreat upon a weighty matter, said thus: "My Lords, to show that old men may love not only without slander, but otherwhile more happily than young men, I must be enforced to make a little discourse to declare what love is, and wherein consisteth the happiness that lovers may have. Therefore I beseech you give the hearing with heedfulness, for I hope to make you understand that it were not unfitting for any man here to be a lover, in case he were fifteen or twenty years elder than M. Morello."

And here, after they had laughed awhile, M. Peter proceeded: "I say, therefore, that according as it is defined of the wise men of old time, love is nothing else but a certain coveting to enjoy beauty; and forsomuch as coveting longeth for nothing but for things known, it is requisite that knowledge go evermore before coveting, which of his own nature willeth the good, but of himself is blind and knoweth it not. Therefore hath nature so ordained that to every virtue of knowledge there is annexed a virtue of longing. And because in our soul there be three manner [4] ways to know, namely, by sense, reason, and understanding: of sense ariseth appetite or longing, which is common to us with brute beasts; of reason ariseth election or choice, which is proper to man; of understanding, by the which man

[3] *hardily:* by all means.

[4] *manner:* kinds of.

may be partner with angels, ariseth will. Even as therefore the sense knoweth not but sensible matters and that which may be felt, so the appetite or coveting only desireth the same; and even as the understanding is bent but to behold things that may be understood, so is that will only fed with spiritual goods. Man of nature endowed with reason, placed, as it were, in the middle between these two extremities, may, through his choice inclining to sense or reaching to understanding, come nigh to the coveting, sometime of the one, sometime of the other part. In these sorts therefore may beauty be coveted, the general name whereof may be applied to all things, either natural or artificial, that are framed in good proportion and due temper, as their nature beareth. But speaking of the beauty that we mean, which is only it that appeareth in bodies, and especially in the face of man, and moveth this fervent coveting which we call love, we will term it an influence of the heavenly bountifulness, the which for all it stretcheth over all things that be created (like the light of the sun), yet when it findeth out a face well proportioned, and framed with a certain lively agreement of several colors, and set forth with lights and shadows, and with an orderly distance and limits of lines, thereinto it distilleth itself and appeareth most well favored, and decketh out and lighteneth the subject where it shineth with a marvelous grace and glistering, like the sunbeams that strike against beautiful plate of fine gold wrought and set with precious jewels, so that it draweth unto it men's eyes with pleasure, and piercing through them imprinteth himself in the soul, and with an unwonted sweetness all to-stirreth [5] her and delighteth, and setting her on fire maketh her to covet him. When the soul then is taken with coveting to enjoy this beauty as a good thing, in case she suffer herself to be guided with the judgment of sense, she falleth into most deep errors, and judgeth the body in which beauty is discerned to be the principal cause thereof; whereupon to enjoy it she reckoneth it necessary to join as inwardly as she can with that body, which is false; and therefore whoso thinketh in possessing the body to enjoy beauty, he is far deceived, and is moved to it, not with true knowledge by the choice of reason, but with false opinion by the longing of sense. Whereupon the pleasure that followeth it is also false and of necessity full of errors. And therefore into one of the two vices run all those lovers that satisfy their unhonest lusts with the women whom they love; for either as soon as they come to the coveted end, they not only feel a fullness and loathsomeness, but also conceive a hatred against the right beloved, as though longing repented him of his offense and acknowledged the deceit wrought him by the false judgment of sense, that made him believe the ill to be good, or else they continue in the very same coveting and greediness, as though they were not indeed come to the end which they sought for. And albeit through the blind opinion that hath made them drunken (to their seeming) in that instant they feel a contentation, as the diseased otherwhile, that dream they drink of some clear spring, yet they are not satisfied, nor leave off so. And

[5] *to-stirreth:* moves violently.

because of possessing coveted goodness there arises always quietness and satisfaction in the possessor's mind, in case this were the true and right end of their coveting, when they possess it they would be at quietness and throughly satisfied, which they be not: but rather deceived through that likeness, they forthwith return again to unbridled coveting, and with the very same trouble which they felt at the first, they fall again into the raging and most burning thirst of the thing, that they hope in vain to possess perfectly. These kind of lovers therefore love most unluckily for either they never come by their covetings, which is a great unluckiness, or else if they do come by them, they find they come by their hurt and end their misery with other greater miseries, for both in the beginning and middle of this love, there is never other thing felt but afflictions, torments, griefs, pining travail, so that to be wan, vexed with continual tears and sighs, to live with a discontented mind, to be always dumb, or to lament, to covet death, in conclusion to be most unlucky are the properties which, they say, belong to lovers. The cause therefore of this wretchedness in men's minds, is principally sense, which in youthful age beareth most sway, because the lustiness of the flesh and of the blood in that season adds unto him even so much force as it withdraweth from reason. Therefore doth it easily train the soul to follow appetite or longing, for when she seeth herself drowned in the earthly prison, because she is set in the office to govern the body, she cannot of herself understand plainly at the first the truth of spiritual beholding. Wherefore to compass the understanding of things, she must go beg the beginning at the senses, and therefore she believeth them and giveth ear to them, and is contented to be led by them, especially when they have so much courage, that (in a manner) they enforce her, and because they are deceitful they fill her with errors and false opinions. Whereupon most commonly it happeneth that young men be wrapped in this sensual love, which is a very rebel against reason, and therefore they make themselves unworthy to enjoy the favors and benefits which love bestows upon his true subjects, neither in love feel they any other pleasures, than what beasts without reason do, but much more grievous afflictions. Setting case therefore this to be so, which is most true, I say that the contrary chanceth to them of a more ripe age. For in case they, when the soul is not now so much weighed down with the bodily burden, and when the natural burning assuageth and draweth to a warmth, if they be inflamed with beauty, and to it bend their coveting guided by reasonable choice, they be not deceived, and possess beauty perfectly, and therefore through the possessing of it, always goodness ensueth to them. Because beauty is good and consequently the true love of it is most good and holy, and evermore bringeth forth good fruits in the souls of them that with the bridle of reason restrain the ill disposition of sense, the which old men can much sooner do than young. It is not therefore out of reason to say that old men may also love without slander and more happily, than young men, taking notwithstanding this name old, not for the age at the pit's brink, nor when the canals of the body be so

feeble, that the soul cannot through them work her feats, but when knowledge in us is in his right strength. And I will not also hide this from you: namely, that I suppose where sensual love in every age is naught, yet in young men it deserveth excuse, and perhaps in some case lawful; for although it puts them in afflictions, dangers, travails, and the unfortunateness that is said, yet are there many that to win them the goodwill of their ladies practise virtuous things, which for all they be not bent to a good end, yet are they good of themselves; and so of that much bitterness they pick out a little sweetness, and through the adversities which they sustain, in the end they acknowledge their error. As I judge therefore those young men that bridle their appetites, and love with reason, to be godly; so do I hold excused such as yield to sensual love, whereunto they be so inclined through the weakness and frailties of man—so they show therein meekness, courtesy, and prowess, and the other worthy conditions that these Lords have spoken of; and when those youthful years be gone and past, leave it off clean, keeping aloof from this sensual coveting as from the lowermost step of the stairs, by which a man may ascend to true love. But in case after they draw in years once, they reserve in their cold heart the fire of appetites, and bring stout reason in subjection to feeble sense, it cannot be said how much they are to be blamed: for like men without sense they deserve with an everlasting shame to be put in the number of unreasonable living creatures, because the thoughts and ways of sensual love be far unfitting for ripe age."

Here Bembo paused awhile, and when all things were whist [6] M. Morello, of Ortona, said: "And in case there were some old man more fresh and lusty and of a better complexion than many young men, why would you not have it lawful for him to love with the love that young men love?"

The Duchess laughed, and said: "If the love of young men be so unlucky, why would you, M. Morello, that old men should also love with this unluckiness? But in case you were old, as these men say you be, you would not thus procure the hurt of old men."

M. Morello answered: "The hurt of old men, meseemeth, M. Peter Bembo procureth, who will have them to love after a sort that I for my part understand not; and, methink, the possessing of this beauty which he praiseth so much, without the body, is a dream."

"Do you believe, M. Morello," quoth then Count Lewis, "that beauty is always so good a thing as M. Peter Bembo speaketh of?"

"Not I, in good sooth," answered M. Morello. "But I remember rather that I have seen many beautiful women of a most ill inclination, cruel and spiteful, and it seemeth that, in a manner, it happeneth always so, for beauty maketh them proud, and pride, cruel."

Count Lewis said, smiling: "To you perhaps they seem cruel, because they content you not with it that you would have. But cause M. Peter Bembo to teach you in what sort old men ought to covet beauty, and what

[6] *whist:* quiet.

to seek at their ladies' hands, and what to content themselves withal; and in not passing out of these bounds you shall see that they shall be neither proud nor cruel, and will satisfy you with what you shall require."

M. Morello seemed then somewhat out of patience, and said: "I will not know the thing that toucheth [7] me not. But cause you to be taught how the young men ought to covet this beauty that are not so fresh and lusty as old men be."

Here Sir Frederick, to pacify M. Morello and to break their talk, would not suffer Count Lewis to make answer, but interrupting him said: "Perhaps M. Morello is not altogether out of the way in saying that beauty is not always good, for the beauty of women is many times cause of infinite evils in the world—hatred, war, mortality, and destruction, whereof the razing of Troy can be a good witness; and beautiful women for the most part be either proud and cruel, as is said, or unchaste; but M. Morello would find no fault with that. There be also many wicked men that have the comeliness of a beautiful countenance, and it seemeth that nature hath so shaped them because they may be the readier to deceive, and that this amiable look were like a bait that covereth the hook."

Then M. Peter Bembo: "Believe not," quoth he, "but beauty is always good."

Here Count Lewis, because he would return again to his former purpose, interrupted him and said: "Since M. Morello passeth not to understand that which is so necessary for him, teach it me, and show me how old men may come by this happiness of love, for I will not care to be counted old, so it may profit me."

M. Peter Bembo laughed, and said: "First will I take the error out of these gentlemen's mind, and afterward will I satisfy you also." So beginning afresh: "My Lords," quoth he, "I would not that with speaking ill of beauty, which is a holy thing, any of us as profane and wicked should purchase him the wrath of God. Therefore, to give M. Morello and Sir Frederick warning, that they lose not their sight, as Stesichorus [8] did—a pain most meet for whoso dispraiseth beauty—I say that beauty cometh of God and is like a circle, the goodness whereof is the center. And therefore, as there can be no circle without a center, no more can beauty be without goodness. Whereupon doth very seldom an ill soul dwell in a beautiful body. And therefore is the outward beauty a true sign of the inward goodness, and in bodies this comeliness is imprinted, more and less, as it were, for a mark of the soul, whereby she is outwardly known; as in trees, in which the beauty of the buds giveth a testimony of the goodness of the fruit. And the very same happeneth in bodies, as it is seen that palmisters by the visage know many times the conditions and otherwhile the thoughts of men. And, which is more, in beasts also a man may discern by the face

[7] *toucheth:* concerns.

[8] *Stesichorus:* "A notable poet which lost his sight for writing against Helena and recanting had his sight restored him again."—Hoby's note.

the quality of the courage, which in the body declareth itself as much as it can. Judge you how plainly in the face of a lion, a horse, and an eagle, a man shall discern anger, fierceness, and stoutness; in lambs and doves, simpleness and very innocency; the crafty subtlety in foxes and wolves; and the like, in a manner, in all other living creatures. The foul, therefore, for the most part be also evil, and the beautiful good. Therefore it may be said that beauty is a face pleasant, merry, comely, and to be desired for goodness; and foulness a face dark, uglesome, unpleasant, and to be shunned for ill. And in case you will consider all things, you shall find that whatsoever is good and profitable hath also evermore the comeliness of beauty. Behold [9] the state of this great engine of the world, which God created for the health and preservation of everything that was made: the heaven round beset with so many heavenly lights; and in the middle the earth environed with the elements and upheld with the very weight of itself; the sun, that compassing about giveth light to the whole, and in winter season draweth to the lowermost sign, afterward by little and little climbeth again to the other part; the moon, that of him taketh her light, according as she draweth nigh or goeth farther from him; and the other five stars that diversely keep the very same course. These things among themselves have such force by the knitting together of an order so necessarily framed that, with altering them any one jot, they should all be loosed and the world would decay. They have also such beauty and comeliness that all the wits men have cannot imagine a more beautiful matter.

"Think now of the shape of man, which may be called a little world, in whom every parcel of his body is seen to be necessarily framed by art and not by hap, and then the form altogether most beautiful, so that it were a hard matter to judge whether the members (as the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the ears, the arms, the breast, and in like manner the other parts) give either more profit to the countenance and the rest of the body, or comeliness. The like may be said of all other living creatures. Behold the feathers of fowls, the leaves and boughs of trees, which be given them of nature to keep them in their being, and yet have they withal a very great sightliness. Leave nature, and come to art. What thing is so necessary in sailing vessels as the forepart, the sides, the main yards, the mast, the sails, the stern, oars, anchors, and tacklings? All these things notwithstanding are so well-favored in the eye that unto whoso beholdeth them they seem to have been found out as well for pleasure as for profit. Pillars and great beams uphold high buildings and palaces, and yet are they no less pleasureful unto the eyes of the beholders than profitable to the buildings. When men began to build, in the middle of temples and houses they reared the ridge of the roof, not to make the works to have a better show, but because the water might the more commodiously avoid on both sides; yet unto profit there was forthwith adjoined a fair sightliness, so that if, under the sky where there

[9] Compare Ulysses' speech on degree in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, I, iii, 85 ff.

falleth neither hail nor rain, a man should build a temple without a reared ridge, it is to be thought that it could have neither a sightly show nor any beauty. Beside other things, therefore, it giveth a great praise to the world in saying that it is beautiful. It is praised in saying the beautiful heaven, beautiful earth, beautiful sea, beautiful rivers, beautiful woods, trees, gardens, beautiful cities, beautiful churches, houses, armies. In conclusion, this comely and holy beauty is a wondrous setting out of everything. And it may be said that good and beautiful be after a sort one self thing, especially in the bodies of men; of the beauty whereof the nighest cause, I suppose, is the beauty of the soul; the which, as a partner of the right and heavenly beauty, maketh sightly and beautiful whatever she toucheth, and most of all, if the body, where she dwelleth, be not of so vile a matter that she cannot imprint in it her property. Therefore beauty is the true monument and spoil of the victory of the soul, when she with heavenly influence beareth rule over material and gross nature, and with her light overcometh the darkness of the body. It is not, then, to be spoken that beauty maketh women proud or cruel, although it seem so to M. Morello. Neither yet ought beautiful women to bear the blame of that hatred, mortality, and destruction which the unbridled appetites of men are the cause of. I will not now deny but it is possible also to find in the world beautiful women unchaste; yet not because beauty inclineth them to unchaste living, for it rather plucketh them from it, and leadeth them into the way of virtuous conditions, through the affinity that beauty hath with goodness; but otherwhile [10] ill bringing up, the continual provocations of lovers' tokens, poverty, hope, deceits, fear, and a thousand other matters, overcome the steadfastness, yea, of beautiful and good women; and for these and like causes may also beautiful men become wicked."

Then said the Lord Cesar: "In case the Lord Gaspar's saying be true of yesternight, there is no doubt but the fair women be more chaste than the foul."

"And what was my saying?" quoth the Lord Gaspar.

The Lord Cesar answered: "If I do well bear in mind, your saying was that the women that are sued to, always refuse to satisfy him that sueth to them, but those that are not sued to, sue to others. There is no doubt but the beautiful women have always more suitors, and be more instantly laid at in love, than the foul. Therefore the beautiful always deny, and consequently be more chaste than the foul, which, not being sued to, sue unto others."

M. Peter Bembo laughed, and said: "This argument cannot be answered to."

Afterward he proceeded: "It chanceth also, oftentimes, that as the other senses, so the sight is deceived and judgeth a face beautiful which indeed is not beautiful. And because in the eyes and in the whole countenance of some woman a man beholdeth otherwhile a certain lavish wantonness

[10] *otherwhile:* occasionally.

painted, with dishonest flickerings, many, whom that manner delighteth because it promiseth them an easiness to come by the thing that they covet, call it beauty; but indeed it is a cloaked unshamefastness,[11] unworthy of so honorable and holy a name."

M. Peter Bembo held his peace, but those lords still were earnest upon him to speak somewhat more of this love and of the way to enjoy beauty aright, and at the last: "Methink," quoth he, "I have showed plainly enough that old men may love more happily than young, which was my drift; therefore it belongeth not to me to enter any farther."

Count Lewis answered: "You have better declared the unluckiness of young men than the happiness of old men, whom you have not as yet taught what way they must follow in this love of theirs; only you have said that they must suffer themselves to be guided by reason, and the opinion of many is that it is unpossible for love to stand with reason."

Bembo notwithstanding sought to make an end of reasoning, but the Duchess desired him to say on, and he began thus afresh: "Too unlucky were the nature of man, if our soul, in which this so fervent coveting may lightly arise, should be driven to nourish it with that only which is common to her with beasts, and could not turn it to the other noble part, which is proper to her. Therefore, since it is so your pleasure, I will not refuse to reason upon this noble matter. And because I know myself unworthy to talk of the most holy mysteries of Love, I beseech him to lead my thought and my tongue so that I may show this excellent Courtier how to love contrary to the wonted manner of the common ignorant sort. And even as from my childhood I have dedicated all my whole life unto him, so also now that my words may be answerable to the same intent, and to the praise of him: I say, therefore, that since the nature of man in youthful age is so much inclined to sense, it may be granted the Courtier, while he is young, to love sensually; but in case afterward also, in his riper years, he chance to be set on fire with this coveting of love, he ought to be good and circumspect, and heedful that he beguile not himself to be led willfully into the wretchedness that in young men deserveth more to be pitied than blamed and contrariwise in old men, more to be blamed than pitied. Therefore when an amiable countenance of a beautiful woman cometh in his sight, that is accompanied with noble conditions and honest behaviors, so that, as one practised in love, he wotteth well that his hue hath an agreement with hers, as soon as he is aware that his eyes snatch that image and carry it to the heart, and that the soul beginneth to behold it with pleasure, and feeleth within herself the influence that stirreth her and by little and little setteth her in heat, and that those lively spirits that twinkle out through the eyes put continually fresh nourishment to the fire, he ought in this beginning to seek a speedy remedy and to raise up reason, and with her to fence the fortress of his heart, and to shut in such wise the passages against sense and appetites that they may enter neither with force nor subtle practise. Thus, if the flame be

[11] *unshamefastness:* immodesty.

quenched, the jeopardy is also quenched. But in case it continue or increase, then must the Courtier determine, when he perceiveth he is taken, to shun throughly all filthiness of common love, and so enter into the holy way of love with the guide of reason, and first consider that the body where that beauty shineth is not the fountain from whence beauty springeth, but rather because beauty is bodiless and, as we have said, an heavenly shining beam, she loseth much of her honor when she is coupled with that vile subject and full of corruption, because the less she is partner thereof, the more perfect she is, and, clean sundered from it, is most perfect. And as a man heareth not with his mouth, nor smelleth with his ears, no more can he also in any manner wise enjoy beauty, nor satisfy the desire that she stirreth up in our minds, with feeling, but with the sense unto whom beauty is the very butt to level at, namely, the virtue of seeing. Let him lay aside, therefore, the blind judgment of the sense, and enjoy with his eyes the brightness, the comeliness, the loving sparkles, laughters, gestures, and all the other pleasant furnitures of beauty, especially with hearing the sweetness of her voice, the tunableness of her words, the melody of her singing and playing on instruments (in case the woman beloved be a musician), and so shall he with most dainty food feed the soul through the means of these two senses which have little bodily substance in them and be the ministers of reason, without entering farther toward the body with coveting unto any longing otherwise than honest. Afterward let him obey, please, and honor with all reverence his woman, and reckon her more dear to him than his own life, and prefer all her commodities and pleasures before his own, and love no less in her the beauty of the mind than of the body. Therefore let him have a care not to suffer her to run into any error, but with lessons and good exhortations seek always to frame her to modesty, to temperance, to true honesty, and so to work that there may never take place in her other than pure thoughts and far wide from all filthiness of vices. And thus in sowing of virtue in the garden of that mind, he shall also gather the fruits of most beautiful conditions, and savor them with a marvelous good relish. And this shall be the right engendering and imprinting of beauty in beauty, the which some hold opinion to be the end of love. In this manner shall our Courtier be most acceptable to his lady, and she will always show herself toward him tractable, lowly, and sweet in language, and as willing to please him as to be beloved of him; and the wills of them both shall be most honest and agreeable, and they consequently shall be most happy."

Here M. Morello: "The engendering," quoth he, "of beauty in beauty aright were the engendering of a beautiful child in a beautiful woman; and I would think it a more manifest token a great deal that she loved her lover, if she pleased him with this than with the sweetness of language that you speak of."

M. Peter Bembo laughed, and said: "You must not, M. Morello, pass your bounds. I may tell you it is not a small token that a woman loveth when she giveth unto her lover her beauty, which is so precious a matter; and by the ways that be a passage to the soul (that is to say, the sight and the hearing)

sendeth the looks of her eyes, the image of her countenance, and the voice of her words, that pierce into the lover's heart and give a witness of her love."

M. Morello said: "Looks and words may be, and oftentimes are, false witnesses. Therefore whoso hath not a better pledge of love, in my judgment he is in an ill assurance. And surely I looked still that you would have made this woman of yours somewhat more courteous and free toward the Courtier than my Lord Julian hath made his; but meseemeth ye be both of the property of those judges that, to appear wise, give sentence against their own."

Bembo said: "I am well pleased to have this woman much more courteous toward my Courtier not young than the Lord Julian's is to the young; and that with good reason, because mine coveteth but honest matters, and therefore may the woman grant him them all without blame. But my Lord Julian's woman, that is not so assured of the modesty of the young man, ought to grant him the honest matters only, and deny him the dishonest. Therefore more happy is mine, that hath granted him whatsoever he requireth, than the other, that hath part granted and part denied. And because you may moreover the better understand that reasonable love is more happy than sensual, I say unto you that selfsame things in sensual ought to be denied otherwhile, and in reasonable granted; because in the one they be honest, and in the other dishonest. Therefore the woman, to please her good lover, besides the granting him merry countenances, familiar and secret talk, jesting, dallying, hand-in-hand, may also lawfully and without blame come to kissing, which in sensual love, according to the Lord Julian's rules, is not lawful. For since a kiss is a knitting together both of body and soul, it is to be feared lest the sensual lover will be more inclined to the part of the body than of the soul; but the reasonable lover wotteth well that although the mouth be a parcel [12] of the body, yet is it an issue for the words that be the interpreters of the soul, and for the inward breath, which is also called the soul; and therefore hath a delight to join his mouth with the woman's beloved with a kiss—not to stir him to any unhonest desire, but because he feeleth that that bond is the opening of an entry to the souls, which, drawn with a coveting the one of the other, pour themselves by turn the one into the other's body, and be so mingled together that each of them hath two souls, and one alone so framed of them both ruleth, in a manner, two bodies. Whereupon a kiss may be said to be rather a coupling together of the soul than of the body, because it hath such force in her that it draweth her unto it, and, as it were, separateth her from the body. For this do all chaste lovers covet a kiss as a coupling of souls together. And therefore Plato, the divine lover, saith that in kissing his soul came as far as his lips to depart out of the body. And because the separating of the soul from the matters of the sense, and the thorough coupling of her with matters of understanding, may be betokened by a kiss, Solomon saith [13] in his

[12] *parcel:* part.

[13] *Solomon saith:* Song of Solomon 1: 2

heavenly book of ballads, 'Oh that he would kiss me with a kiss of his mouth,' to express the desire he had that his soul might be ravished through heavenly love to the beholding of heavenly beauty in such manner that, coupling herself inwardly with it, she might forsake the body."

They stood all hearkening heedfully to Bembo's reasoning, and after he had stayed a while and saw that none spake, he said: "Since you have made me to begin to show our not young Courtier this happy love, I will lead him yet somewhat farther forwards, because to stand still at this stay were somewhat perilous for him, considering, as we have oftentimes said, the soul is most inclined to the senses, and for all reason with discourse chooseth well, and knoweth that beauty not to spring of the body, and therefore setteth a bridle to the unhonest desires, yet to behold it always in that body doth oftentimes corrupt the right judgment. And where no other inconvenience ensueth upon it, one's absence from the wight beloved carrieth a great passion with it; because the influence of that beauty when it is present giveth a wondrous delight to the lover, and, setting his heart on fire, quickeneth and melteth certain virtues in a trance and congealed in the soul, the which, nourished with the heat of love, flow about and go bubbling nigh the heart, and thrust out through the eyes those spirits which be most fine vapors made of the purest and clearest part of the blood, which receive the image of beauty and deck it with a thousand sundry furnitures. Whereupon the soul taketh a delight, and with a certain wonder is aghast, and yet enjoyeth she it, and, as it were, astonied together with the pleasure, feeleth the fear and reverence that men accustomably have toward holy matters, and thinketh herself to be in paradise. The lover, therefore, that considereth only the beauty in the body, loseth this treasure and happiness as soon as the woman beloved with her departure leaveth the eyes without their brightness, and consequently the soul as a widow without her joy. For since beauty is far off, that influence of love setteth not the heart on fire, as it did in presence. Whereupon the pores be dried up and withered, and yet doth the remembrance of beauty somewhat stir those virtues of the soul in such wise that they seek to scatter abroad the spirits, and they, finding the ways closed up, have no issue, and still they seek to get out, and so with those shootings enclosed prick the soul and torment her bitterly, as young children when in their tender gums they begin to breed teeth. And hence come the tears, sighs, vexations, and torments of lovers; because the soul is always in affliction and travail and, in a manner, waxeth wood,[14] until the beloved beauty cometh before her once again, and then she is immediately pacified and taketh breath, and, throughly bent to it, is nourished with most dainty food, and by her will would never depart from so sweet a sight. To avoid, therefore, the torment of this absence, and to enjoy beauty without passion, the Courtier by the help of reason must full and wholly call back again the coveting of the body to beauty alone, and, in what he can, behold it in itself simple and pure, and frame it within his imagination sundered from all

[14] *wood:* mad.

matter, and so make it friendly and loving to his soul, and there enjoy it, and have it with him day and night, in every time and place, without mistrust ever to lose it; keeping always fast in mind that the body is a most diverse thing from beauty, and not only not increaseth but diminisheth the perfection of it. In this wise shall our not young Courtier be out of all bitterness and wretchedness that young men feel, in a manner continually, as jealousies, suspicions, disdains, angers, desperations, and certain rages full of madness, whereby many times they be led into so great error that some do not only beat the women whom they love, but rid themselves out of their life. He shall do no wrong to the husband, father, brethren, or kinsfolk of the woman beloved. He shall not bring her in slander. He shall not be in case with much ado otherwhile to refrain his eyes and tongue from discovering his desires to others. He shall not take thought at departure or in absence, because he shall evermore carry his precious treasure about with him shut fast within his heart. And besides, through the virtue of imagination, he shall fashion within himself that beauty much more fair than it is indeed. But among these commodities the lover shall find another yet far greater, in case he will take this love for a stair, as it were, to climb up to another far higher than it. The which he shall bring to pass, if he will go and consider with himself what a strait bond it is to be always in the trouble to behold the beauty of one body alone. And therefore, to come out of this so narrow a room, he shall gather in his thought by little and little so many ornaments that meddling all beauties together he shall make a universal concept, and bring the multitude of them to the unity of one alone, that is generally spread over all the nature of man. And thus shall he behold no more the particular beauty of one woman, but an universal, that decketh out all bodies. Whereupon, being made dim with this greater light, he shall not pass upon the lesser, and, burning in a more excellent flame, he shall little esteem it that he set great store by at the first. This stair of love, though it be very noble and such as few arrive at it, yet is it not in this sort to be called perfect, forsomuch as where the imagination is of force to make conveyance and hath no knowledge but through those beginnings that the senses help her withal, she is not clean purged from gross darkness; and therefore, though she do consider that universal beauty in sunder and in itself alone, yet doth she not well and clearly discern it, nor without some doubtfulness, by reason of the agreement that the fancies have with the body. Wherefore such as come to this love are like young birds almost flush,[15] which for all they flutter a little their tender wings, yet dare they not stray far from the nest, nor commit themselves to the wind and open weather. When our Courtier, therefore, shall be come to this point, although he may be called a good and happy lover, in respect of them that be drowned in the misery of sensual love, yet will I not have him to set his heart at rest, but boldly proceed farther, following the highway after his guide, that leadeth him to the point of true happiness. And thus, instead of going out

[15] *flush:* fledged,

of his wit with thought, as he must do that will consider the bodily beauty, he may come into his wit to behold the beauty that is seen with the eyes of the mind, which then begin to be sharp and through-seeing, when the eyes of the body lose the flower of their sightliness.

"Therefore the soul, rid of vices, purged with the studies of true philosophy, occupied in spiritual, and exercised in matters of understanding, turning her to the beholding of her own substance, as it were raised out of a most deep sleep, openeth the eyes that all men have and few occupy,[16] and seeth in herself a shining beam of that light which is the true image of the angel-like beauty partened with her, whereof she also partneth [17] with the body a feeble shadow; therefore, waxed blind about earthly matters, is made most quick of sight about heavenly. And otherwhile when the stirring virtues of the body are withdrawn alone through earnest beholding, either fast bound through sleep, when she is not hindered by them, she feeleth a certain privy smell of the right angel-like beauty, and, ravished with the shining of that light, beginneth to be inflamed, and so greedily followeth after, that in a manner she waxeth drunken and beside herself, for coveting to couple herself with it, having found, to her weening,[18] the footsteps of God, in the beholding of whom, as in her happy end, she seeketh to settle herself. And therefore, burning in this most happy flame, she ariseth to the noblest part of her, which is the understanding, and there, no more shadowed with the dark night of earthly matters, seeth the heavenly beauty; but yet doth she not for all that enjoy it altogether perfectly, because she beholdeth it only in her particular understanding, which cannot conceive the passing great universal beauty; whereupon, not throughly satisfied with this benefit, love giveth unto the soul a greater happiness. For like as through the particular beauty of one body he guideth her to the universal beauty of all bodies, even so in the last degree of perfection through particular understanding he guideth her to the universal understanding. Thus the soul kindled in the most holy fire of heavenly love fleeth to couple herself with the nature of angels, and not only clean forsaketh sense, but hath no more need of the discourse of reason, for, being changed into an angel, she understandeth all things that may be understood; and without any veil or cloud she seeth the main sea of the pure heavenly beauty, and receiveth it into her, and enjoyeth that sovereign happiness that cannot be comprehended of the senses. Since, therefore, the beauties which we daily see with these our dim eyes in bodies subject to corruption, that nevertheless be nothing else but dreams and most thin shadows of beauty, seem unto us so well-favored and comely that oftentimes they kindle in us a most burning fire, and with such delight that we reckon no happiness may be compared to it that we feel otherwhile through the only look which the beloved countenance of a woman casteth at us; what happy wonder, what blessed abashment, may we reckon that to be that taketh the souls which come to

[16] *occupy:* use.

[17] *partneth:* shares.

[18] *weening:* opinion, thought.

have a sight of the heavenly beauty? What sweet flame, what sweet incense, may a man believe that to be which ariseth of the fountain of the sovereign and right beauty? Which is the origin of all other beauty, which never increaseth nor diminisheth, always beautiful, and of itself, as well on the one part as on the other, most simple, only like itself, and partner of none other, but in such wise beautiful that all other beautiful things be beautiful because they be partners of the beauty of it.

"This is the beauty unseparable from the high bounty which with her voice calleth and draweth to her all things; and not only to the endowed with understanding giveth understanding, to the reasonable reason, to the sensual sense and appetite to live, but also partaketh with plants and stones, as a print of herself, stirring, and the natural provocation of their properties. So much, therefore, is this love greater and happier than others as the cause that stirreth it is more excellent. And therefore, as common fire trieth gold and maketh it fine, so this most holy fire in souls destroyeth and consumeth whatsoever is mortal in them, and relieveth and maketh beautiful the heavenly part, which at the first by reason of the sense was dead and buried in them. This is the great fire in the which, the poets write, that Hercules was burned on the top of the mountain Oeta,[19] and, through that consuming with fire, after his death was holy and immortal. This is the fiery bush of Moses; the divided tongues of fire; the inflamed chariot of Elias; which doubleth grace and happiness in their souls that be worthy to see it, when they forsake this earthly baseness and flee up into heaven. Let us, therefore, bend all our force and thoughts of soul to this most holy light, which showeth us the way which leadeth to heaven; and after it, putting off the affections we were clad withal at our coming down, let us climb up the stairs which at the lowermost step have the shadow of sensual beauty, to the high mansion place where the heavenly, amiable, and right beauty dwelleth, which lieth hid in the innermost secrets of God, lest unhallowed eyes should come to the sight of it; and there shall we find a most happy end for our desires, true rest for our travails, certain remedy for miseries, a most healthful medicine for sickness, a most sure haven in the troublesome storms of the tempestuous sea of this life.

"What tongue mortal is there then, Oh most holy love, that can sufficiently praise thy worthiness? Thou most beautiful, most good, most wise, art derived of the unity of heavenly beauty, goodness, and wisdom, and therein dost thou abide, and unto it through it, as in a circle, turnest about. Thou the most sweet bond of the world, a mean betwixt heavenly and earthly things, with a bountiful temper bendest the high virtues to the government of the lower, and turning back the minds of mortal men to their beginning, couplest them with it. Thou with agreement bringest the elements in one, and stirrest nature to bring forth that which ariseth and is born for the succession of the life. Thou bringest severed matters into one, to the unperfect

[19] *Oeta:* "A mountain between Thessalia and Macedonia where is the sepulchre of Hercules."—Hoby's note.

givest perfection, to the unlike likeness, to enmity amity, to the earth fruits, to the sea calmness, to the heaven lively light. Thou art the father of true pleasures, of grace, peace, lowliness, and goodwill, enemy to rude wildness and sluggishness—to be short, the beginning and end of all goodness. And forsomuch as thou delightest to dwell in the flower of beautiful bodies and beautiful souls, I suppose that thy abiding-place is now here among us, and from above otherwhile showest thyself a little to the eyes and minds of them that be worthy to see thee. Therefore vouchsafe, Lord, to hearken to our prayers, pour thyself into our hearts, and with the brightness of thy most holy fire lighten our darkness, and, like a trusty guide in this blind maze, show us the right way; reform the falsehood of the senses, and after long wandering in vanity give us the right and sound joy. Make us to smell those spiritual savors that relieve the virtues of the understanding, and to hear the heavenly harmony so tunable that no discord of passion take place any more in us. Make us drunken with the bottomless fountain of contentation that always doth delight and never giveth fill, and that giveth a smack of the right bliss unto whoso drinketh of the running and clear water thereof. Purge with the shining beams of thy light our eyes from misty ignorance, that they may no more set by mortal beauty, and well perceive that the things which at the first they thought themselves to see be not indeed, and those that they saw not to be in effect. Accept our souls that be offered unto thee for a sacrifice. Burn them in the lively flame that wasteth all gross filthiness, that after they be clean sundered from the body they may be coupled with an everlasting and most sweet bond to the heavenly beauty. And we, severed from ourselves, may be changed like right lovers into the beloved, and, after we be drawn from the earth, admitted to the feast of the angels, where, fed with immortal ambrosia and nectar, in the end we may die a most happy and lively death, as in times past died the fathers of old time, whose souls with most fervent zeal of beholding thou didst hale from the body and coupledst them with God."

When Bembo had hitherto spoken with such vehemency that a man would have thought him, as it were, ravished and beside himself, he stood still without once moving, holding his eyes toward heaven as astonied, when the Lady Emilia, which together with the rest gave most diligent ear to this talk, took him by the plait of his garment and plucking him a little, said: "Take heed, M. Peter, that these thoughts make not your soul also to forsake the body."

"Madam," answered M. Peter, "it should not be the first miracle that love hath wrought in me."

Then the Duchess and all the rest began afresh to be instant upon M. Bembo that he would proceed once more in his talk, and every one thought he felt in his mind, as it were, a certain sparkle of that godly love that pricked him, and they all coveted to hear farther; but M. Bembo: "My Lords," quoth he, "I have spoken what the holy fury of love hath, unsought for, indited to me; now that, it seemeth, he inspireth me no more, I wot not what to say. And I think verily that love will not have his secrets discov-

ered any farther, nor that the Courtier should pass the degree that his pleasure is I should show him, and therefore it is not perhaps lawful to speak any more in this matter."

"Surely," quoth the Duchess, "if the not young Courtier be such a one that he can follow this way which you have showed him, of right he ought to be satisfied with so great a happiness, and not to envy the younger."

Then the Lord Cesar Gonzaga: "The way," quoth he, "that leadeth to this happiness is so steep, in my mind, that I believe it will be much ado to get to it."

The Lord Gaspar said: "I believe it be hard to get up for men, but unpossible for women."

The Lady Emilia laughed, and said: "If you fall so often to offend us, I promise you you shall be no more forgiven."

The Lord Gaspar answered: "It is no offense to you in saying that women's souls be not so purged from passions as men's be, nor accustomed in beholdings, as M. Peter hath said is necessary for them to be that will taste of the heavenly love. Therefore it is not read that ever woman hath had this grace; but many men have had it, as Plato, Socrates, Plotinus, and many other, and a number of our holy fathers, as Saint Francis, in whom a fervent spirit of love imprinted the most holy seal of the five wounds. And nothing but the virtue of love could hale up Saint Paul the Apostle to the sight of those secrets which is not lawful for man to speak of; nor show Saint Stephen the heavens open."

Here answered the Lord Julian: "In this point men shall nothing pass women, for Socrates himself doth confess that all the mysteries of love which he knew were oped unto him by a woman, which was Diotima. And the angel that with the fire of love imprinted the five wounds in Saint Francis hath also made some women worthy of the same print in our age. You must remember, moreover, that Saint Mary Magdalen had many faults forgiven her, because she loved much; and perhaps with no less grace than Saint Paul was she many times through angelic love haled up to the third heaven. And many other, as I showed you yesterday more at large, that for love of the name of Christ have not passed upon life, nor feared torments, nor any other kind of death how terrible and cruel ever it were. And they were not, as M. Peter will have his Courtier to be, aged, but soft and tender maidens, and in the age when he saith that sensual love ought to be borne withal in men."

The Lord Gaspar began to prepare himself to speak, but the Duchess: "Of this," quoth she, "let M. Peter be judge, and the matter shall stand to his verdict, whether women be not as meet for heavenly love as men. But because the plead between you may happen be too long, it shall not be amiss to defer it until tomorrow."

"Nay, tonight," quoth the Lord Cesar Gonzaga.

"And how can it be tonight?" quoth the Duchess.

The Lord Cesar answered: "Because it is day already," and showed her the light that began to enter in at the clefts of the windows. Then every

man arose upon his feet with much wonder, because they had not thought that the reasonings had lasted longer than the accustomed wont, saving only that they were begun much later, and with their pleasantness had deceived so the lords' minds that they wist not of the going away of the hours. And not one of them felt any heaviness of sleep in his eyes, the which often happeneth when a man is up after his accustomed hour to go to bed. When the windows then were opened on the side of the palace that hath his prospect toward the high top of Mount Catri, they saw already risen in the east a fair morning like unto the color of roses, and all stars voided, saving only the sweet governess of the heaven, Venus, which keepeth the bounds of the night and the day, from which appeared to blow a sweet blast that, filling the air with a biting cold, began to quicken the tunable notes of the pretty birds among the hushing woods of the hills at hand. Whereupon they all, taking their leave with reverence of the Duchess, departed toward their lodgings without torch, the light of the day sufficing.

And as they were now passing out at the great chamber door, the Lord General turned him to the Duchess and said: "Madam, to take up the variance between the Lord Gaspar and the Lord Julian, we will assemble this night with the judge sooner than we did yesterday."

The Lady Emilia answered: "Upon condition that in case my Lord Gaspar will accuse women, and give them, as his wont is, some false report, he will also put us in surety to stand to trial, for I reckon him a wavering starter."

John Foxe

1517–1587

JOHN FOXE, the great martyrologist of the Church of England, was born in Lincolnshire in 1517 and educated at Brasenose College, Oxford. He was a fellow of Magdalen from 1538 to 1545, finally resigning because his extreme Protestant opinions conflicted with the rules of the college. He became a tutor in the family of the Duke of Norfolk, began publishing theological tracts, and in 1550 was ordained deacon by Bishop Ridley, whose martyrdom he later described in a passage given below. From 1554 to 1559 he was an exile on the continent, and in Strasbourg he published a first draft, in Latin, of his *Actes and Monuments* in 1554. This first version dealt with the time of Wyclif, and included continental as well as English martyrs. But the events going on about him in the reign of Bloody Mary made him enlarge his scheme. The first English edition of *The Actes and Monuments* was published in 1563, and a second, much enlarged edition, reaching to 2300 folio pages, appeared in 1570. Our inclusion of the account of St. Laurence illustrates Foxe's additions, the result of his desire to connect the tales of modern Protestant martyrs with the long tradition of the Christian church. The Protestants still suffered under the Catholic jibe that their church had been founded only recently by Martin Luther.

Foxe had the impulse of a historian, then, and recent criticism has reversed the older opinion that he is undependable on matters of fact. The magnitude of his task, especially considering the author's frail health, was staggering, but Foxe made every effort to present a true relation, and was willing to correct when he found he had depended upon an untrustworthy authority. His motives were also religious and propagandist, but his vision and ambition have a heroic quality similar to that of Hakluyt.

Foxe's book became a standard companion to the Bible. A copy was, by order of convocation, to be kept in all cathedral churches and in the houses of bishops, deans, and archdeacons; but in practise almost every parish church owned a copy as well, and through countless abridgments and revisions the work survived as Sunday reading for the strict and pious down to the twentieth century. Its effect upon the Protestant imagination could hardly be exaggerated.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: J. F. Mozley, *John Foxe and his Book*, London, 1940.

FROM

THE ACTS AND MONUMENTS OF THE CHURCH

("FOXE'S BOOK OF MARTYRS")

[ST. LAURENCE] [1]

NOW let us draw near to the fire of martyred Laurence, that our cold hearts may be warmed thereby. The merciless tyrant, understanding this virtuous Levite not only to be a minister of the sacraments but a distributor also of the church riches (whereof mention is made before in the words of Xistus) promised himself a double prey, by the oppression of one silly soul. First with the rake of avarice to scrape to himself the treasure of poor Christians, then with the fiery fork of tyranny so to toss and turmoil them that they should wax weary of their Christian profession; with furious face and cruel countenance the greedy wolf demanded where this Deacon Laurence had bestowed the substance of the church. Who, craving three days' respite, promised to declare where the treasure might be had. In the meantime he caused a good number of poor Christians to be congregated. So when the day of his answer was come, the prosecutor straightly charged him to stand to his promise. Then valiant Laurence, stretching out his arms over the poor, said, "These are the precious treasure of the church; these are the treasure indeed, in whom the faith of Christ reigneth, in whom Jesus Christ hath his mansion place. What more precious jewels can Christ have than those in whom he hath promised to dwell? For it is so written: 'I was hungry and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty and ye gave me to drink; I was harborless and ye lodged me.' And again: 'Look what ye have done to the least of these, the same have ye done to me.' What greater riches can Christ our master possess than the poor people in whom he loveth to be seen?"

Oh, what tongue is able to express the fury and madness of the tyrant's heart? Now he stamped, he stared, he ramped, he fared as one out of his wit; his eyes like fire glowed, his mouth like a boar foamed, his teeth like an hellhound grinded. Now not a reasonable man but a roaring lion he might be called. "Kindle the fire!" he cried. "Of wood make no spare! Hath this villain deluded the emperor? Away with him, away with him! Whip him with scourges, jerk him with rods, buffet him with fists, brain him with clubs! Jesteth the traitor with the emperor? Pinch him with fiery

[1] *St. Laurence:* Roman deacon and martyr, died 258.

tongs, gird him with burning plates, bring out the strongest chains and the fireforks and the grated bed of iron. On the fire with it! Bind the rebel hand and foot, and when the bed is fire hot, on with him. Roast him, broil him, toss him, turn him! On pain of our high displeasure do every man his office, Oh ye tormentors!"

The word was no sooner spoken, but all was done. After many cruel handlings, this meek lamb was laid I will not say on his fiery bed of iron but on his soft bed of down. So mightily God wrought with his martyr Laurence, so miraculously God tempered his element the fire, not a bed of consuming pain, but a pallet of nourishing rest was it to Laurence. Not Laurence, but the emperor, might seem to be tormented—the one broiling in the flesh, the other burning in the heart. When this triumphant martyr had been pressed down with firepikes for a great space, in the mighty spirit of God he spake to the vanquished tyrant,

> This side is now roasted enough: turn up, Oh tyrant great,
> Assay whether roasted or raw, thou thinkest the better meat.

Oh rare and unaccustomed patience! Oh faith invincible, that not only not burnest, but by means unspeakable dost recreate, refresh, stablish, and strengthen those that are burned, afflicted, and troubled. And why so mightily comfortest thou the persecuted? Because through thee they believe in God's promises infallible. By thee this glorious martyr overcometh his torments, vanquisheth this tyrant, confoundeth his enemies, confirmeth the Christians, sleepeth in peace, reigneth in glory. The God of might and mercy grant us grace, by the life of Laurence to learn in Christ to live, and by his death to learn for Christ to die. Amen.

The Words and Behavior of the Lady Jane [Grey] upon the Scaffold

These are the words that the Lady Jane spake upon the scaffold, at the hour of her death. First, when she mounted upon the scaffold, she said to the people standing thereabout, "Good people, I am come hither to die, and by a law I am condemned to the same. The fact against the queen's highness was unlawful, and the consenting thereunto by me; but, touching the procurement and desire thereof by me, or on my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof in innocency before God and the face of you, good Christian people, this day." And therewith she wrung her hands, wherein she had her book. Then said she, "I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I do look to be saved by no other mean, but only by the mercy of God, in the blood of his only Son Jesus Christ; and I confess that when I did know the word of God I neglected the same, loved myself and the world; and therefore this plague and punishment is happily and worthily happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God of his goodness that he hath thus given me a time and respite to repent.

And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers." And then, kneeling down, she turned her to Fecknam,[2] saying, "Shall I say this psalm?" And he said, "Yea." Then said she the psalm of *Miserere mei Deus* in English, in the most devout manner, throughout to the end; and then she stood up, and gave her maiden, Mistress Ellen, her gloves and handkerchief, and her book to Master Bruges. And then she untied her gown, and the hangman pressed upon her to help her off with it; but she, desiring him to let her alone, turned towards her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frows, paste, and neckerchief, giving her a fair handkerchief to knit about her eyes.

Then the hangman kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw; which doing, she saw the block. Then she said, "I pray you, despatch me quickly." Then she kneeled down, saying, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" And the hangman said, "No, madam." Then tied she the kerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block she said, "What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?" One of the standers-by guiding her thereunto she laid her head down upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit"; and so finished her life, in the year of our Lord God 1553, the twelfth day of February.

The Behavior of Dr. Ridley and Master Latimer, at the Time of Their Death, which was the Sixteenth of October, an. 1555

Upon the north side of the town, in the ditch over against Baliol College, the place of execution was appointed; and for fear of any tumult that might arise, to let the burning of them, the Lord Williams was commanded by the queen's letters, (and the householders of the city,) to be there assistant, sufficiently appointed. And when everything was in a readiness, the prisoners were brought forth by the mayor and the bailiffs.

Master Ridley had a fair black gown furred, and faced with foins,[3] such as he was wont to wear being bishop, and a tippet of velvet furred likewise about his neck, a velvet nightcap upon his head, and a corner cap upon the same, going in a pair of slippers to the stake, and going between the mayor and an alderman, etc. After him came Master Latimer in a poor Bristol frieze frock all worn, with his buttoned cap, and a kerchief on his head all ready to the fire, a new long shroud hanging over his hose down to the feet; which at the first sight stirred men's hearts to rue upon them, beholding on the one side the honor they sometime had, and on the other, the calamity whereunto they were fallen.

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[2] *Fecknam:* John de Feckenham, last abbot of Westminster, employed by Mary to convert obdurate heretics. He had tried in vain to convert Lady Jane to Catholicism and failed also with Latimer and Ridley (see below).

[3] *foins:* fur trimmings.

Master Doctor Ridley, as he passed towards Bocardo,[4] looking up where Master Cranmer did lie, hoping belike to have seen him at the glass window and to have spoken unto him. But then Master Cranmer was busy with Friar Soto and his fellows, disputing together, so that he could not see him through that occasion. Then Master Ridley, looking back, espied Master Latimer coming after, unto whom he said, "Oh, be ye there?" "Yea," said Master Latimer, "have after as fast as I can follow." So he following a pretty way off, at length they came both to the stake, one after the other, where first Dr. Ridley entering the place, marvelous earnestly holding up both his hands, looked towards heaven. Then shortly after espying Master Latimer, with a wondrous cheerful look, ran to him, embraced, and kissed him; and, as they that stood near reported, comforted him saying, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it." With that went he to the stake, kneeled down by it, kissed it, and most effectuously prayed, and behind him Master Latimer kneeled, as earnestly calling upon God as he. After they arose, the one talked with the other a little while, till they which were appointed to see the execution removed themselves out of the sun. What they said I can learn of no man.

Then Dr. Smith,[5] of whose recantation in King Edward's time ye heard before, began his sermon to them upon this text of St. Paul in the 13 chap. of the first epistle to the Corinthians: "Si corpus meum tradam igni, charitatem autem non habeam, nihil inde utilitatis capio," that is, "If I yield my body to the fire to be burned and have not charity, I shall gain nothing thereby." Wherein he alleged that the goodness of the cause, and not the order of death, maketh the holiness of the person; which he confirmed by the examples of Judas, and of a woman in Oxford that of late hanged herself, for that they, and such like as he recited, might then be adjudged righteous, which desperately sundered their lives from their bodies, as he feared that those men that stood before him would do. But he cried still to the people to beware of them, for they were heretics, and died out of the church. And on the other side, he declared their diversities in opinions, as Lutherans, Oecolampadians,[6] Zwinglians, of which sect they were, he said, and that was the worst; but the old church of Christ and the catholic faith believed far otherwise. At which place they lifted up both their hands and eyes to heaven, as it were calling God to witness of the truth; the which countenance they made in many other places of his sermon, whereas they thought he spake amiss. He ended with a very short exhortation to them to recant, and come home again to the church, and save their lives and souls, which else were condemned. His sermon was scant in all a quarter of an hour.

[4] *Bocardo:* the prison in Oxford.

[5] *Dr. Smith:* Richard Smith, D.D. (1500–1563). He had recanted in 1547 but later repudiated his recantation.

[6] *Oecolampadians:* followers of Johann Oecolampadius (1482–1531), organizer of Protestantism at Basle.

Doctor Ridley said to Master Latimer, "Will you begin to answer the sermon, or shall I?" Master Latimer said: "Begin you first, I pray you." "I will," said Master Ridley.

Then the wicked sermon being ended, Dr. Ridley and Master Latimer kneeled down upon their knees towards my Lord Williams of Tame, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and divers other commissioners appointed for that purpose, which sat upon a form thereby. Unto whom Master Ridley said: "I beseech you, my lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two or three words." And whilst my lord bent his head to the mayor and vice-chancellor, to know (as it appeared) whether he might give him leave to speak, the bailiffs and Dr. Marshall, vice-chancellor, ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said: "Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty so to do, but also the benefit of a subject; that is, have your life." "Not otherwise?" said Master Ridley. "No," quoth Dr. Marshall. "Therefore if you will not so do, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts." "Well," quoth Master Ridley, "so long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ, and his known truth; God's will be done in me!" And with that he rose up and said with a loud voice: "Well then, I commit our cause to almighty God, which shall indifferently judge all." To whose saying, Master Latimer added his old posy,[7] "Well! There is nothing hid but it shall be opened." And he said he could answer Smith well enough, if he might be suffered.

Incontinently they were commanded to make them ready, which they with all meekness obeyed. Master Ridley took his gown and his tippet,[8] and gave it to his brother-in-law Master Shipside, who all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there at his own charges to provide him necessaries, which from time to time he sent him by the sergeant that kept him. Some other of his apparel that was little worth, he gave away; other the bailiffs took. He gave away besides divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping, as to Sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat; and to divers of my Lord Williams' gentlemen some napkins, some nutmegs, and races of ginger; his dial, and such other things as he had about him, to everyone that stood next him. Some plucked the points of his hose. Happy was he that might get any rag of him. Master Latimer gave nothing, but very quickly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose and his other array, which to look unto was very simple; and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were there present as one should lightly see; and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked silly old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold.

Then Master Ridley, standing as yet in his truss, said to his brother: "It

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[7] *posy:* motto.

[8] *tippet:* "This was no Popish tippet, but made only to keep his neck warm."—Foxe.

were best for me to go in my truss still." "No," quoth his brother, "it will put you to more pain; and the truss will do a poor man good." Whereunto Master Ridley said: "Be it, in the name of God"; and so unlaced himself. Then being in his shirt, he stood upon the foresaid stone, and held up his hand and said: "Oh heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee, even unto death. I beseech thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

Then the smith took a chain of iron, and brought the same about both Dr. Ridley's and Master Latimer's middles; and as he was knocking in a staple, Dr. Ridley took the chain in his hand, and shaked the same, for it did gird in his belly, and looking aside to the smith, said: "Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have his course." Then his brother did bring him gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied the same about his neck. Master Ridley asked what it was. His brother said, "Gunpowder." "Then," said he, "I take it to be sent of God; therefore I will receive it as sent of him. And have you any," said he, "for my brother?" meaning Master Latimer. "Yea, sir, that I have," quoth his brother. "Then give it unto him," said he, "betime; lest ye come too late." So his brother went, and carried of the same gunpowder unto Master Latimer.

In the meantime Dr. Ridley spake unto my Lord Williams, and said: "My lord, I must be a suitor unto your lordship in the behalf of divers poor men, and specially in the cause of my poor sister; I have made a supplication to the Queen's Majesty in their behalfs. I beseech your lordship for Christ's sake, to be a mean to her Grace for them. My brother here hath the supplication, and will resort to your lordship to certify you hereof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conscience, I praise God, this only excepted. Whiles I was in the see of London divers poor men took leases of me, and agreed with me for the same. Now I hear say the bishop[9] that now occupieth the same room will not allow my grants unto them made, but contrary unto all law and conscience hath taken from them their livings, and will not suffer them to enjoy the same. I beseech you, my lord, be a mean for them; you shall do a good deed, and God will reward you."

Then they brought a faggot, kindled with fire, and laid the same down at Dr. Ridley's feet. To whom Master Latimer spake in this manner: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

And so the fire being given unto them, when Dr. Ridley saw the fire flaming up toward him, he cried with a wonderful loud voice: "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum; Domine, recipe spiritum meum." And after, repeated this latter part often in English, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit"; Master Latimer crying as vehemently on the other side,

[9] *the bishop:* Edmund Bonner (1500?–1569). He had preceded Ridley as bishop of London during the reign of Edward VI, and regained the see upon the accession of Mary.

"Oh Father of heaven, receive my soul!" who received the flame as it were embracing of it. After, as he had stroked his face with his hands, and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died (as it appeared) with very little pain or none. And thus much concerning the end of this old and blessed servant of God, Master Latimer, for whose laborious travails, fruitful life, and constant death the whole realm hath cause to give great thanks to almighty God.

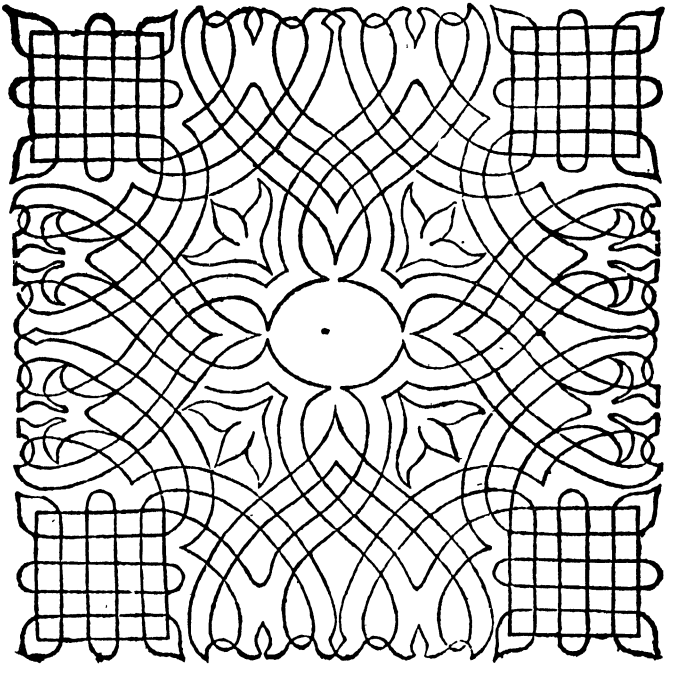
But Master Ridley, by reason of the evil making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laid about the gosse [10] and over-high built, the fire burned first beneath, being kept down by the wood; which when he felt, he desired them for Christ's sake to let the fire come unto him. Which when his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his pain (for the which cause he gave attendance), as one in such sorrow not well advised what he did, heaped faggots upon him, so that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned clean all his nether parts, before it once touched the upper; and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, "I cannot burn." Which indeed appeared well; for, after his legs were consumed by reason of his struggling through the pain (whereof he had no release, but only his contentation [11] in God), he showed that side toward us clean, shirt and all untouched with flame. Yet in all this torment he forgat not to call unto God still, having in his mouth, "Lord have mercy upon me," intermingling this cry, "Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn." In which pains he labored till one of the standers-by with his bill pulled off the faggots above, and where he saw the fire flame up, he wrested himself unto that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen stir no more, but burned on the other side, falling down at Master Latimer's feet. Which some said happened by reason that the chain loosed; other said that he fell over the chain by reason of the poise of his body and the weakness of the nether limbs.

Some said that before he was like to fall from the stake, he desired them to hold him to it with their bills. Howsoever it was, surely it moved hundreds to tears, in beholding the horrible sight; for I think there was none that had not clean exiled all humanity and mercy which would not have lamented to behold the fury of the fire so to rage upon their bodies. Signs there were of sorrow on every side. Some took it grievously to see their deaths, whose lives they held full dear; some pitied their persons, that thought their souls had no need thereof. His brother moved many men, seeing his miserable case, seeing (I say) him compelled to such infelicity, that he thought then to do him best service when he hastened his end. Some cried out of the luck, to see his endeavor (who most dearly loved him, and sought his release) turn to his greater vexation and increase of pain. But whoso considered their preferments in time past, the places of honor that

[10] *gosse:* gorse, used as kindling.

[11] *contentation:* satisfaction.

they sometime occupied in this commonwealth, the favor they were in with their princes, and the opinion of learning they had, could not choose but sorrow with tears to see so great dignity, honor, and estimation, so necessary members sometime accounted, so many godly virtues, the study of so many years, such excellent learning, to be put into the fire and consumed in one moment. Well! dead they are, and the reward of this world they have already. What reward remaineth for them in heaven, the day of the Lord's glory, when he cometh with his saints, shall shortly, I trust, declare.



William Painter • George Pettie

ca. 1540–1594 *ca.* 1548–1589

IN 1566 appeared the first volume of a book that must rank with Holinshed's *Chronicle* and Plutarch's *Lives* as a source for the Elizabethan drama. It was called *The Palace of Pleasure,* and was the compilation of William Painter, the Clerk of Her Majesty's Ordnance in the Tower of London. Painter came from a Kentish family, had been to Cambridge, and had served a brief term as a schoolmaster at Sevenoaks. His venture was popular, and at the end of the next year he brought out a second volume. Altogether he presented 101 tales, about a third collected from classical sources and the rest from Italian, French, and English. He offered the reader "varietie of hystories," so he said, "which as they be for diversitie of matter pleasaunt and plausible, even so for example and imitation good and commendable." They were lively enough, but to stern moralists like Ascham this spreading abroad of Italian *novelle* in English for the innocent to read was a social evil (see below, p. 500). To Painter the tales seemed profitable, "profitable I say, in that they do reveale the miseries of rapes and fleshly actions, the overthrow of noble men and princes by disordered government, the tragical ends of them that unhappely do attempt practises vicious and horrible." To the reading public and the dramatists they offered sensational stories, told with energy and economy, which fed and developed a taste for fiction rather than for morality. Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* depends upon Arthur Brooke's poem *Romeus and Juliet,* which antedates Painter's story by five years; but both Painter and Brooke used as their source a French version of an Italian tale by Matteo Bandello, and Painter's story is typical of his book.

Many other compilers and translators offered volumes of tales to the public in the next two decades. Geoffrey Fenton's *Certaine Tragicall Discourses* (1567), Thomas Fortescue's *The Forest* (1571), Henry Wotton's *A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels* (1578), Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to Militarie Profession* (1581), and George Whetstone's *An Heptameron of Civill Discourses* (1582) are all miscellanies of this sort. The only one that ranks with Painter in importance, however, is a volume by George Pettie called *A Petite Pallace of Pettie His Pleasure* (1576). As the title indicates, it is imitated from Painter, but Pettie included only twelve stories, eleven of which are on classical subjects.

George Pettie was an Oxfordshire man who attended Christ Church, Oxford, and then became a soldier. Apparently he wrote the stories without thought of publication, for the amusement of friends who were themselves "darkly figured forth" in the characters. A friend named R. B. (if we can believe the story) let a private copy slip into the hands of a printer. Pettie wrote for women: he expanded the courtship element in all his stories and he revealed his characters in long soliloquies or dialogues discussing the various questions raised by love. His style is refined and elaborate, with the rhetorical devices popularized by Lyly under the name of Euphuism (see p. 517) and saturated

with proverbs, but not so heavily laden with "unnatural natural history." He is the strongest possible contrast to Painter, who usually told a melodramatic story baldly and plainly. He sacrificed plot for any opportunity to display his style, and he looked for situations in which love could be analyzed, rather than for violent catastrophes to thrill and instruct. He is important not only as a predecessor of Lyly in Euphuism, but as a link between the lighter parts of Castiglione's *Courtier* and the amatory analyses of *Euphues* and the romances.

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WILLIAM PAINTER

THE PALACE OF PLEASURE

From The Ninety-first Novel, "The Goodly History of the True and Constant Love Between Romeo and Julietta . . ."

JULIETTA, perceiving her time to approach, dissembled the matter so well as she could; and when time forced her to retire to her chamber, her woman would have waited upon her and have lain in her chamber as her custom was. But Julietta said unto her, "Good and faithful mother, you know that tomorrow is my marriage day, and for that [1] I would spend the most part of the night in prayer, I pray you for this time to let me alone, and tomorrow in the morning about six of the clock come to me again to help make me ready." The good old woman, willing to follow her mind, suffered her alone and doubted nothing of that which she did mean to do. Julietta being within her chamber having an ewer full of water standing upon the table, filled the vial which the friar gave her; and after she had made the mixture, she set it by her bedside and went to bed. And being laid, new thoughts began to assail her with a conceit [2] of grievous death, which brought her into such case as she could not tell what to do, but plaining incessantly, said, "Am I not the most unhappy and desperate creature that ever was born of woman? For me there is nothing left in this wretched world but mishap, misery, and mortal woe; my distress hath brought me to such extremity as, to save mine honor and conscience, I am forced to devour the drink whereof I know not the virtue. But what know I," said she, "whether the operation of this powder will be too soon or too late, or not correspondent to the due time, and that my fault being discovered, I shall remain a fable to the people? What know I, moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crawling worms which commonly frequent the graves and pits of the earth will hurt me, thinking that I am dead? But how shall I endure the stynche [3] of so many carrions and bones of mine ancestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and Friar Laurence do come to help me?"

And as she was thus plunged in the deep contemplation of things, she thought that she saw a certain vision or fancy of her cousin Thibault in the very same sort as she saw him wounded and imbrued with blood, and,

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[1] *for that:* because.

[2] *conceit:* mental picture.

[3] *stynche:* stench, stink.

musing how that she must be buried quick [4] amongst so many dead carcasses and deadly naked bones, her tender and delicate body began to shake and tremble, and her yellow locks to stare [5] for fear, in such wise as, frightened with terror, a cold sweat began to pierce her heart and bedew the rest of all her members, in such wise as she thought that an hundred thousand deaths did stand about her, haling her on every side and plucking her in pieces, and, feeling that her forces diminished little by little, fearing that through too great debility she was not able to do her enterprise, like a furious and insensate woman, without further care, gulped up the water within the vial; then crossing her arms upon her stomach, she lost at that instant all the powers of her body, resting in a trance.

And when the morning light began to thrust his head out of his orient, her chamberwoman which had locked her in with the key did open the door, and, thinking to awake her, called her many times, and said unto her, "Mistress, you sleep too long; the Count Paris will come to raise you." The poor old woman spake unto the wall and sang a song unto the deaf. For if all the horrible and tempestuous sounds of the world had been cannoned forth out of the greatest bombards [6] and sounded through her delicate ears, her spirits of life were so fast-bound and stopped, as she by no means could awake; wherewith the poor old woman, amazed, began to shake her by the arms and hands, which she found so cold as marble stone.

GEORGE PETTIE

A PETITE PALACE OF PETTIE HIS PLEASURE

From "Pygmalion's Friend, and his Image."

IN the country of Piedmont had his being one Pygmalion, a gentleman descended of noble birth, indued with perfection of person, and perfectly portrayed forth with the lineaments of learning, so that it was doubtful whether he were more indebted to fortune for his birth, to nature for his beauty, or to his parents for his learning. But as beauty, birth, riches, and the rest must needs give place to learning, so no doubt but his parents deserved the preeminence of praise. For the others are but dim stars, where learning giveth light. And as when the sun shineth, the light of the stars is not seen, so where learning appeareth, all other gifts are nothing to be accounted of. Besides that, beside his learning, he was indued with a great dexterity in all things, insomuch as nothing came amiss unto him which was meet for a gentleman: in feats of arms no man more courageous, in exercises of the

[4] *quick:* alive.
[5] *stare:* stand on end.
[6] *bombards:* earliest kind of cannon.

body none more active, in game or play none more politic; amongst the ancient, who more grave? amongst the youthful, who more merry? so that there was no time, no person, no place, whereto he aptly applied not himself. By reason whereof, he was acceptable to all good companies, and well was he that might entertain him in his house. But most of all he frequented the house of one Luciano, a noble gentleman of the same country, and in continuance of time grew so far in familiarity with his wife, that he reposed his only pleasure in her presence. Yea, she had made such a stealth of his heart that neither father nor mother, sister nor brother, nor all the friends he had in the country beside, could keep him one week together out of her company. Yea, this faithful love he bare her seemed in a manner to extinguish all natural love towards his allies and kinsfolk, who, being, as they were wont, desirous of his company at hawking, hunting, and such-like pastimes, could not by any craving or importunity obtain it; but, being ignorant of the cause, they thought it had proceeded of this, that his mind upon some occasion had been alienated from them, which caused them on the contrary, somewhat to withdraw their goodwills from him. But he forced [1] little thereof; he cared not whom he displeased, so he might work her contentation; [2] she was the star by whose aspect he did direct his doings; she was the haven wherein he sought to harborough; she was the heaven whither he coveted to come; she was the saint to whom he did lend such devotion that he could find in his heart to bend no liking to any other whatsoever. Insomuch that, having the proffer of many rich marriages, he alway refused them, as having his heart so replenished with the love of her that there was no roomth for the love of any other to remain within him. Now she, on the other side, whose name was Penthea, being a courteous, courtly wench, gave him such friendly entertainment and used him so well in all respects that, her husband excepted, she seemed to hold him most dear unto her of any wight in the whole world. She never made feast, but he must be her guest; she never rode journey, but he must be her companion; she never danced, but he must direct her; she never diced, but he must be her partner; she, in a manner, did nothing, wherein he did not something. Her husband all this while being fully assured of her virtue and very well persuaded of the honesty of the gentleman, suspected no evil between them, but liked very well of their love and familiarity together, neither indeed had he any cause to the contrary.

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[1] *forced:* cared.

[2] *contentation:* satisfaction.

Roger Ascham

1515–1568

ROGER ASCHAM belongs to the second generation of English humanists along with Sir Thomas Elyot, Sir John Cheke, and Sir Thomas Wilson. Before him an enterprising group of Englishmen, eager to learn Greek, had gone to Italy and had brought back both knowledge of the classics and inspiration from great scholars. Among them, Thomas Linacre (1460–1524) and William Grocyn (1446–1519) had established the study of Greek at Oxford in the 1490's. John Colet (1467–1519) in founding St. Paul's school had given new vigor and meaning to the secondary school based on the teaching of Latin and Greek.

Of the scholars who inherited the learning of these early teachers, Erasmus and Sir Thomas More contributed most in a literary way to the furtherance of humanism. More's *Utopia* written in Latin in 1516 is England's foremost literary document of pure humanism. Removed from the influence of pictorial and plastic art, English humanism tended early to be concerned with the moral aspects of the humanistic philosophy. The humanists wished to set up classical living as the model for a happy life.

The broader aims of the first generation of humanists, much nearer in time, imagination, and thought to the humanism of Italy, became rather specialized in the educational and critical treatises of Elyot, Wilson, and Ascham. Elyot's *Boke of the Governour* and Ascham's *Scholemaster* emphasized the dual development of body and mind of the student toward moral ends through a classical discipline. Ascham in particular attacked the vices of Italy, a country in which the moral force of the humanistic ideal had in his opinion been lost. Both writers differ from the earlier More in that their work is practical advice and hard-headed theory. The *Utopia* was the work of the imagination, fired by the wonder and squalor of the contemporary world.

Ascham's career began about 1530 with his entrance into St. John's College, Cambridge, one of the largest and most learned of English colleges. He studied under Cheke and Smith, and made friends with Haddon and Watson. Upon taking his B.A. in 1534, he became a fellow of St. John's, and lectured on classics, mathematics, and music.

His life from 1543 to his death was taken up with writing his English works and his Latin letters, his official duties at St. John's, and a continental tour as secretary to Sir Richard Moryson, ambassador to Charles V. From 1548 on throughout his life he served Elizabeth first as tutor and later as reader.

In his first important English work, *Toxophilus* (1545), Ascham had argued for the wakening of the spirit in youth through the manly exercise of archery. In *The Scholemaster,* published posthumously by Ascham's wife in 1570, he proposed to show how Latin should be taught and studied. The

system of "double translation," based ultimately on a passage in Cicero's *De Oratore* (Bk. I, Ch. 34), was probably suggested to Ascham by his friend John Sturm, who had edited a selection of Cicero for the classroom. But *The Scholemaster* was not merely an educational treatise on linguistics. It was in many ways a kind of conduct book for youth in which the ideals of the Renaissance and Reformation were combined to develop a dignified and well-ordered character, based on "truth in religion, honesty of living, and right order in learning."

Besides being a personal record of a morally earnest Renaissance teacher and an attack on the Italianate Englishman, *The Scholemaster* is one of the best early examples in the sixteenth century of the practicability of English prose, which was in its infancy as a literary medium.

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THE SCHOOLMASTER

A PREFACE TO THE READER

WHEN the great plague [1] was at London, the year 1563, the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, lay at her castle of Windsor; where, upon the tenth day of December, it fortuned that in Sir William Cecil's chamber, her highness's principal secretary, there dined together these personages: Mr. Secretary himself, Sir William Peter, Sir J. Mason, D. Wotton, Sir Richard Sackville, treasurer of the exchequer, Sir Walter Mildmay, chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Haddon, master of requests, Mr. John Astley, master of the jewel house, Mr. Bernard Hampton, Mr. Nicasius,[2] and I. Of which number the most part were of her Majesty's most honorable Privy Council, and the rest serving her in very good place. I was glad then, and do rejoice yet to remember, that my chance was so happy to be there that day in the company of so many wise and good men together as hardly then could have been picked out again out of all England beside.

Mr. Secretary hath his accustomed manner; though his head be never so full of most weighty affairs of the realm, yet at dinnertime he doth seem to lay them always aside; and findeth ever fit occasion to talk pleasantly of other matters, but most gladly of some matter of learning, wherein he will courteously hear the mind of the meanest at his table.

Not long after our sitting down, "I have strange news brought me," saith Mr. Secretary, "this morning, that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of beating." Whereupon, Mr. Secretary took occasion to wish that some more discretion were in many schoolmasters, in using correction, than commonly there is; who many times punish rather the weakness of nature than the fault of the scholar; whereby many scholars, that might else prove well, be driven to hate learning before they know what learning meaneth; and so are made willing to forsake their book, and be glad to be put to any other kind of living.

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[1] *the great plague:* For a discussion of plagues in sixteenth and seventeenth century London see F. P. Wilson, *The Plague in Shakespeare's London* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1927).

[2] *Cecil . . . Nicasius:* Most of these distinguished men were Ascham's friends. William Cecil, Lord Burghley (1520–1598) had been at St. John's College, Cambridge, with Ascham. Sir William Peter, Sir John Mason, and Dean Nicholas Wotton had served under Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary as well as under Elizabeth in important capacities. Sir Richard Sackville (d. 1566), undertreasurer of the exchequer and first cousin of Anne Boleyn, was the father of Thomas Sackville (see pp. 45–62). Ascham's *Report and Discourse of the Affairs and State of Germany* was written ostensibly in answer to a request of John Astley.

Mr. Peter, as one somewhat severe of nature, said plainly that the rod only was the sword that must keep the school in obedience and the scholar in good order. Mr. Wotton, a man mild of nature, with soft voice and few words, inclined to Mr. Secretary's judgment, and said, "In mine opinion, the schoolhouse should be in deed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure and not of fear and bondage; and, as I do remember, so saith Socrates in one place of Plato.[3] And therefore, if a rod carry the fear of a sword, it is no marvel if those that be fearful of nature choose rather to forsake the play than to stand always within the fear of a sword in a fond[4] man's handling."

Mr. Mason, after his manner, was very merry with both parties, pleasantly playing both with the shrewd touches of many curst[5] boys and with the small discretion of many lewd[6] schoolmasters. Mr. Haddon was fully of Mr. Peter's opinion, and said, that the best schoolmaster of our time[7] was the greatest beater, and named the person. "Though," quoth I, "it was his good fortune to send from his school unto the university one of the best scholars indeed of all our time, yet wise men do think that that came so to pass rather by the great towardness of the scholar than by the great beating of the master; and whether this be true or no, you yourself are best witness." I said somewhat farther in the matter, how and why young children were sooner allured by love than driven by beating to attain good learning; wherein I was the bolder to say my mind because Mr. Secretary courteously provoked me thereunto; or else in such a company, and namely in his presence, my wont is to be more willing to use mine ears than to occupy my tongue.

Sir Walter Mildmay, Mr. Astley, and the rest, said very little; only Sir Richard Sackville said nothing at all. After dinner I went up to read with the Queen's Majesty. We read then together in the Greek tongue, as I well remember, that noble oration of Demosthenes against Aeschines, for his false dealing in his embassage to King Philip of Macedonia. Sir Richard Sackville came up soon after, and finding me in her Majesty's privy chamber he took me by the hand and carrying me to a window said: "Mr. Ascham, I would not for a good deal of money have been this day absent from dinner. Where, though I said nothing, yet I gave as good ear, and do consider as well the talk that passed, as any one did there. Mr. Secretary said very wisely, and most truly, that many young wits be driven to hate learning before they know what learning is. I can be good witness to this myself; for a fond schoolmaster, before I was fully fourteen years old, drave me so with fear of beating from all love of learning, as now, when I know what difference it is to have learning and to have little or none at all, I feel

[3] *Plato:* in the *Republic,* Book VII.

[4] *fond:* foolish, bungling.

[5] *curst:* vicious.

[6] *lewd:* ignorant.

[7] *the best schoolmaster of our time:* Nicholas Udall (1505–1556), master of Eton, author of *Ralph Roister Doister,* was well known for his severity.

it my greatest grief and find it my greatest hurt that ever came to me that it was my so ill chance to light upon so lewd a schoolmaster. But seeing it is but in vain to lament things past, and also wisdom to look to things to come, surely, God willing, if God lend me life, I will make this my mishap some occasion of good hap to little Robert Sackville,[8] my son's son. For whose bringing up I would gladly, if it so please you, use specially your good advice. I hear say you have a son much of his age; [9] we will thus deal together: point you out a schoolmaster who by your order shall teach my son and yours, and for all the rest I will provide, yea though they three do cost me a couple of hundred pounds by year; and beside, you shall find me as fast a friend to you and yours as perchance any you have." Which promise the worthy gentleman surely kept with me until his dying day.

We had then farther talk together of bringing up of children, of the nature of quick and hard wits, of the right choice of a good wit, of fear and love in teaching children. We passed from children and came to young men, namely gentlemen; we talked of their too much liberty to live as they lust; of their letting loose too soon to overmuch experience of ill, contrary to the good order of many good old commonwealths of the Persians and Greeks; of wit gathered, and good fortune gotten by some, only by experience without learning. And, lastly, he required of me very earnestly to show what I thought of the common going of Englishmen into Italy. "But," saith he, "because this place and this time will not suffer so long talk as these good matters require, therefore I pray you, at my request, and at your leisure, put in some order of writing the chief points of this our talk, concerning the right order of teaching, and honesty of living, for the good bringing up of children and young men; and surely, beside contenting me, you shall both please and profit very many others." I made some excuse by lack of ability and weakness of body. "Well," saith he, "I am not now to learn what you can do; our dear friend, good Mr. Goodricke, whose judgment I could well believe, did once for all satisfy me fully therein. Again, I heard you say, not long ago, that you may thank Sir John Cheke [10] for all the learning you have; and I know very well myself that you did teach the Queen.[11] And therefore, seeing God did so bless you, to make you the scholar of the best master, and also the schoolmaster of the best scholar, that ever were in our time, surely you should please God, benefit your country, and honest your own name, if you would take the pains to impart to others what you learned of such a master, and how ye taught such a scholar. And in uttering the

[8] *Robert Sackville,* second earl of Dorset (1561–1609), eldest son of Thomas Sackville.

[9] *a son much of his age:* Sturm Ascham, one of Ascham's three sons, born in 1562 and named after John Sturm, the humanist, his father's friend. Sturm Ascham died in 1568.

[10] *Sir John Cheke* (1514–1557), tutor to Edward VI, secretary of state, a leader in the revival of Greek in England, reputedly one of the most learned men of his age.

[11] *did teach the Queen:* Ascham was Elizabeth's tutor from 1548 to 1550 and from her accession to his death in 1568.

stuff ye received of the one, in declaring the order ye took with the other, ye shall never lack neither matter nor manner, what to write nor how to write, in this kind of argument."

I beginning some farther excuse suddenly was called to come to the Queen. The night following I slept little, my head was so full of this our former talk and I so mindful somewhat to satisfy the honest request of so dear a friend. I thought to prepare some little treatise for a New Year's gift [12] that Christmas; but, as it chanceth to busy builders, so, in building this my poor schoolhouse (the rather because the form of it is somewhat new, and differing from others), the work rose daily higher and wider than I thought it would at the beginning.

And though it appear now, and be in very deed, but a small cottage, poor for the stuff and rude for the workmanship; yet in going forward I found the site so good as I was loath to give it over; but the making so costly, outreaching my ability, as many times I wished that some one of those three, my dear friends, with full purses, Sir Thomas Smith,[13] Mr. Haddon, or Mr. Watson,[14] had had the doing of it. Yet, nevertheless, I myself spending gladly that little that I got at home by good Sir John Cheke, and that that I borrowed abroad of my friend Sturmius,[15] beside somewhat that was left me in reversion by my old masters, Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, I have at last patched it up, as I could, and as you see. If the matter be mean, and meanly handled, I pray you bear both with me and it; for never work went up in worse weather, with more lets [16] and stops, than this poor schoolhouse of mine. Westminster Hall can bear some witness,[17] beside much weakness of body, but more trouble of mind, by some such sores as grieve me to touch them myself and therefore I purpose not to open them to others. And in the midst of outward injuries and inward cares, to increase them withal, good Sir Richard Sackville dieth, that worthy gentleman; that earnest favorer and furtherer of God's true religion; that faithful servitor to his prince and country; a lover of learning and all learned men; wise in all doings; courteous to all persons, showing spite to none, doing good to many; and, as I well found, to me so fast a friend as I never lost the like before. When he was gone, my heart was dead. There was not one that wore a black gown for him who carried a heavier heart for him than I;

[12] In the sixteenth century gifts were exchanged at New Year's rather than at Christmas.

[13] *Sir Thomas Smith* (1513–1577), statesman, Greek scholar, political writer, friend of the chief scholars of his time in England and on the Continent.

[14] *Mr. Watson:* Thomas Watson (1513–1584), bishop of Lincoln, friend of Ascham, Cheke, Redman, and Sir Thomas Smith, who led the revival of Greek learning at Cambridge.

[15] *Sturmius:* John Sturm (1507–1589), famous humanist of Strasbourg and friend of Ascham.

[16] *lets:* hindrances.

[17] *Westminster Hall can bear some witness:* Ascham is probably alluding to the financial troubles that had come upon him from mortgaging his farm at Walthomstow in behalf of his wife's mother. Westminster Hall, a common name in Elizabethan times for the law, was the seat of the Court of the King's Bench and the Court of Chancery. Perhaps Ascham's business or litigation over the mortgage may have taken place there.

when he was gone, I cast this book away; I could not look upon it but with weeping eyes, in remembering him who was the only setter-on to do it; and would have been not only a glad commender of it, but also a sure and certain comfort to me and mine for it.

Almost two years together this book lay scattered and neglected, and had been quite given over of me, if the goodness of one [18] had not given me some life and spirit again. God, the mover of goodness, prosper always him and his, as he hath many times comforted me and mine, and, I trust to God, shall comfort more and more. Of whom most justly I may say, and very oft, and always gladly I am wont to say, that sweet verse of Sophocles, spoken by Oedipus to worthy Theseus: ἔχω [γὰρ] ἄχω διὰ σέ, κοὐκ ἄλλον βροτῶν.[19]

This hope hath helped me to end this book; which, if he allow, I shall think my labors well employed, and shall not much esteem the misliking of any others. And I trust he shall think the better of it, because he shall find the best part thereof to come out of his school whom he of all men loved and liked best.

Yet some men, friendly enough of nature, but of small judgment in learning, do think I take too much pains and spend too much time in setting forth these children's affairs. But those good men were never brought up in Socrates's school, who saith plainly that no man goeth about a more godly purpose, than he that is mindful of the good bringing up both of his own and other men's children.

Therefore, I trust, good and wise men will think well of this my doing. And of other, that think otherwise, I will think myself they are but men to be pardoned for their folly and pitied for their ignorance.

In writing this book, I have had earnest respect to three special points: truth of religion, honesty in living, right order in learning. In which three ways, I pray God my poor children may diligently walk; for whose sake, as nature moved, and reason required, and necessity also somewhat compelled, I was the willinger to take these pains.

For, seeing at my death I am not like to leave them any great store of living, therefore in my lifetime I thought good to bequeath unto them, in this little book, as in my will and testament, the right way to good learning; which if they follow, with the fear of God, they shall very well come to sufficiency of living.

I wish also, with all my heart, that young Mr. Robert Sackville may take that fruct of this labor that his worthy grandfather purposed he should have done; and if any other do take either profit or pleasure hereby, they have cause to thank Mr. Robert Sackville, for whom specially this my School master was provided.

And one thing I would have the reader consider in reading this book, that, because no schoolmaster hath charge of any child before he enter into

[18] *one:* Sir William Cecil.

[19] ἔχω . . . βροτῶν: "For all I have I owe to thee alone," *Oedipus at Colonus,* 1129.

his school, therefore, I, leaving all former care of their good bringing up to wise and good parents, as a matter not belonging to the schoolmaster, I do appoint this my Schoolmaster then and there to begin, where his office and charge beginneth. Which charge lasteth not long, but until the scholar be made able to go to the university, to proceed in logic, rhetoric, and other kinds of learning.

Yet if my Schoolmaster, for love he beareth to his scholar, shall teach him somewhat for his furtherance and better judgment in learning that may serve him seven year after in the university, he doth his scholar no more wrong, nor deserveth no worse name thereby, than he doth in London who, selling silk or cloth unto his friend, doth give him better measure than either his promise or bargain was.

Farewell in Christ.

THE FIRST BOOK FOR THE YOUTH

After the child hath learned perfitly the eight parts of speech, let him then learn the right joining together of substantives with adjectives, the noun with the verb, the relative with the antecedent. And in learning farther his syntaxis, by mine advice, he shall not use the common order in common schools, for making of Latins: whereby the child commonly learneth, first, an evil choice of words (and "right choice of words," saith Caesar, "is the foundation of eloquence"); then, a wrong placing of words; and lastly, an ill framing of the sentence, with a perverse judgment, both of words and sentences. These faults, taking once root in youth, be never or hardly plucked away in age. Moreover, there is no one thing that hath more either dulled the wits or taken away the will of children from learning, than the care they have to satisfy their masters in making of Latins.

For the scholar is commonly beat for the making, when the master were more worthy to be beat for the mending, or rather marring of the same; the master many times being as ignorant as the child, what to say properly and fitly to the matter.

Two schoolmasters have set forth in print, either of them a book of such kind of Latins, Horman and Whittington. A child shall learn of the better of them that which another day, if he be wise and come to judgment, he must be fain to unlearn again.

There is a way, touched in the first book of *Cicero de Oratore,* which, wisely brought into schools, truly taught, and constantly used, would not only take wholly away this butcherly fear in making of Latins, but would also with ease and pleasure, and in short time, as I know by good experience, work a true choice and placing of words, a right ordering of sentences, an easy understanding of the tongue, a readiness to speak, a facility to write, a true judgment both of his own and other men's doings, what tongue soever he doth use.

The way is this. After the three concordances [20] learned, as I touched before, let the master read unto him the Epistles of Cicero, gathered together and chosen out by Sturmius, for the capacity of children. First let him teach the child cheerfully and plainly the cause and matter of the letter; then let him construe it into English so oft, as the child may easily carry away the understanding of it; lastly, parse it over perfitly. This done thus, let the child, by and by,[21] both construe and parse it over again; so that it may appear that the child doubteth in nothing that his master taught him before. After this, the child must take a paper book, and sitting in some place, where no man shall prompt him, by himself, let him translate into English his former lesson. Then showing it to his master, let the master take from him his Latin book, and pausing an hour at the least, then let the child translate his own English into Latin again in another paper book. When the child bringeth it turned into Latin, the master must compare it with Tully's [22] book, and lay them both together; and where the child doth well, either in choosing or true placing of Tully's words, let the master praise him, and say, "Here ye do well." For I assure you, there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit, and encourage a will to learning, as is praise.

But if the child miss, either in forgetting a word, or in changing a good with a worse, or misordering the sentence, I would not have the master either frown or chide with him, if the child have done his diligence, and used no truantship therein. For I know by good experience that a child shall take more profit of two faults gently warned of, than of four things rightly hit; for then the master shall have good occasion to say unto him, "*N.*,[23] Tully would have used such a word, not this; Tully would have placed this word here, not there; would have used this case, this number, this person, this degree, this gender: he would have used this mood, this tense, this simple, rather than this compound; this adverb here, not there: he would have ended the sentence with this verb, not with that noun or participle," etc.

In these few lines I have wrapped up the most tedious part of grammar; and also the ground of almost all the rules that are so busily taught by the master, and so hardly learned by the scholar, in all common schools; which, after this sort, the master shall teach without all error, and the scholar shall learn without great pain; the master being led by so sure a guide, and the scholar being brought into so plain and easy a way. And therefore we do not contemn rules, but we gladly teach rules; and teach them more plainly, sensibly, and orderly, than they be commonly taught in common schools. For when the master shall compare Tully's book with his scholar's transla-

[20] *three concordances:* formal grammatical agreements, number, gender, and person.

[21] *by and by:* immediately.

[22] *Tully's:* I.e., Cicero's, Marcus Tullius Cicero (106–43 B.C.).

[23] *N.:* an abbreviation for Latin *nomen.* The schoolmaster should here insert the name of the scholar whom he is correcting.

tion, let the master, at the first, lead and teach his scholar to join the rules of his grammar book with the examples of his present lesson, until the scholar by himself be able to fetch out of his grammar every rule for every example; so as the grammar book be ever in the scholar's hand, and also used of him as a dictionary for every present use. This is a lively and perfit way of teaching of rules; where the common way used in common schools, to read the grammar alone by itself, is tedious for the master, hard for the scholar, cold and uncomfortable for them both.

Let your scholar be never afraid to ask you any doubt, but use discreetly the best allurements ye can to encourage him to the same; lest his overmuch fearing of you drive him to seek some misorderly shift; as to seek to be helped by some other book, or to be prompted by some other scholar; and so go about to beguile you much and himself more.

With this way of good understanding the matter, plain construing, diligent parsing, daily translating, cheerful admonishing, and heedful amending of faults, never leaving behind just praise for well doing, I would have the scholar brought up withal, till he had read and translated over the first book of Epistles chosen out by Sturmius, with a good piece of a comedy of Terence also.

All this while, by mine advice, the child shall use to speak no Latin; for as Cicero saith in like matter, with like words, "Loquendo, male loqui discunt"; and that excellent learned man G. Budaeus,[24] in his Greek commentaries, sore complaineth that when he began to learn the Latin tongue, use of speaking Latin at the table and elsewhere unadvisedly did bring him to such an evil choice of words, to such a crooked framing of sentences, that no one thing did hurt or hinder him more all the days of his life afterward, both for readiness in speaking and also good judgment in writing.

In very deed, if children were brought up in such a house, or such a school, where the Latin tongue were properly and perfitly spoken, as Tiberius and Caius Gracchi were brought up in their mother Cornelia's house; surely then the daily use of speaking were the best and readiest way to learn the Latin tongue. But now commonly in the best schools in England, for words, right choice is smally regarded, true propriety wholly neglected, confusion is brought in, barbariousness is bred up so in young wits, as afterward they be not only marred for speaking, but also corrupted in judgment, as with much ado, or never at all, they be brought to the right frame again.

Yet all men covet to have their children speak Latin; and so do I very earnestly too. We both have one purpose; we agree in desire, we wish one end; but we differ somewhat in order and way, that leadeth rightly to that end. Other would have them speak at all adventures; and, so they be speaking, to speak the master careth not, the scholar knoweth not, what. This is to seem, and not to be; except it be, to be bold without shame, rash without skill, full of words without wit. I wish to have them speak so as it may well appear that the brain doth govern the tongue, and that reason leadeth forth

[24] *G. Budaeus:* Guillaume Budé (1467–1540), famous French scholar and humanist.

the talk. Socrates's doctrine is true in Plato, and well marked and truly uttered by Horace in *Arte Poetica,* that, wheresoever knowledge doth accompany the wit, there best utterance doth always await upon the tongue. For good understanding must first be bred in the child, which being nourished with skill and use of writing (as I will teach more largely hereafter) is the only way to bring him to judgment and readiness in speaking; and that in far shorter time (if he follow constantly the trade of this little lesson) than he shall do by common teaching of the common schools in England.

But to go forward. As you perceive your scholar to go better and better on away, first, with understanding his lesson more quickly, with parsing more readily, with translating more speedily and perfitly than he was wont; after, give him longer lessons to translate; and withal, begin to teach him both in nouns and verbs, what is *Proprium,* and what is *Translatum;* what *Synonymum,* what *Diversum;* which be *Contraria,* and which be most notable *Phrases,* in all his lecture; as:

Proprium.[25]	Rex sepultus est magnifice.
Translatum.[26]	Cum illo principe, sepulta est et gloria, et salus reipublicae.
Synonyma.[27]	Ensis, gladius; Laudare, praedicare.
Diversa.[28]	Diligere, amare; Calere, exardescere; Inimicus, hostis
Contraria.[29]	Acerbum et luctuosum bellum. Dulcis et laeta pax.
Phrases.	Dare verba; to cheat Abjicere obedientiam.

Your scholar then must have the third paper book; in the which, after he hath done his double translation, let him write, after this sort, four of these fore-named six, diligently marked out of every lesson.

Quatuor.
- Propria.
- Translata.
- Synonyma.
- Diversa.
- Contraria.
- Phrases.

[25] *Proprium:* literal statement.
[26] *Translatum:* figurative statement.
[27] *Synonyma:* synonyms.
[28] *Diversa:* distinctions.
[29] *Contraria:* contraries or antonyms, words or phrases of opposite meanings.

Or else three, or two, if there be no more; and if there be none of these at all in some lecture, yet not omit the order, but write these:

Diversa nulla,
Contraria nulla, etc.

This diligent translating, joined with this heedful marking in the foresaid Epistles, and afterward in some plain oration of Tully, as *pro Lege Manilia, pro Archia Poeta,* or in those three *ad C. Caesarem,* shall work such a right choice of words, so straight a framing of sentences, such a true judgment, both to write skillfully and speak wittily, as wise men shall both praise and marvel at.

If your scholar do miss sometimes, in marking rightly these foresaid six things, chide not hastily; for that shall both dull his wit and discourage his diligence; but monish him gently; which shall make him both willing to amend and glad to go forward in love and hope of learning.

I have now wished twice or thrice this gentle nature to be in a schoolmaster. And that I have done so neither by chance nor without some reason, I will now declare at large, why in mine opinion love is better than fear, gentleness better than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning.

With the common use of teaching and beating in common schools of England I will not greatly contend; which, if I did, it were but a small grammatical controversy, neither belonging to heresy nor treason, nor greatly touching God nor the prince; although in very deed, in the end, the good or ill bringing up of children doth as much serve to the good or ill service of God, our prince, and our whole country as any one thing doth beside.

I do gladly agree with all good schoolmasters in these points: to have children brought to good perfitness in learning, to all honesty in manners, to have all faults rightly amended, to have every vice severely corrected; but for the order and way that leadeth rightly to these points, we somewhat differ. For commonly many schoolmasters, some as I have seen, more as I have heard tell, be of so crooked a nature as, when they meet with a hard-witted scholar, they rather break him than bow him, rather mar him than mend him. For when the schoolmaster is angry with some other matter, then will he soonest fall to beat his scholar; and though he himself should be punished for his folly, yet must he beat some scholar for his pleasure, though there be no cause for him to do so, nor yet fault in the scholar to deserve so. These ye will say be fond schoolmasters, and few they be that be found to be such.

They be fond indeed, but surely over-many such be found everywhere. But this will I say, that even the wisest of your great beaters do as oft punish nature as they do correct faults. Yea, many times the better nature is sorer punished. For, if one by quickness of wit take his lesson readily, another by hardness of wit taketh it not so speedily, the first is always commended, the other is commonly punished: when a wise schoolmaster should rather discreetly consider the right disposition of both their natures, and not so

much weigh what either of them is able to do now, as what either of them is likely to do hereafter. For this I know, not only by reading of books in my study, but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. The causes why, amongst other, which be many, that move me thus to think, be these few, which I will reckon.

Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep; soon hot, and desirous of this and that; as cold, and soon weary of the same again; more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far; even like over-sharp tools, whose edges be very soon turned. Such wits delight themselves in easy and pleasant studies, and never pass far forward in high and hard sciences. And therefore the quickest wits commonly may prove the best poets, but not the wisest orators; ready of tongue to speak boldly, not deep of judgment, either for good counsel or wise writing. Also for manners and life quick wits commonly be, in desire, newfangled; in purpose, unconstant; light to promise anything, ready to forget everything, both benefit and injury, and thereby neither fast to friend nor fearful to foe; inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in the greatest affairs; bold with any person; busy in every matter; soothing such as be present, nipping any that is absent; of nature, also, always flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors; and by quickness of wit, very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves.

Moreover, commonly, men very quick of wit be also very light of conditions; and thereby very ready of disposition to be carried over quickly, by any light company, to any riot and unthriftiness when they be young; and therefore seldom either honest of life or rich in living when they be old. For quick in wit and light in manners be either seldom troubled or very soon weary, in carrying a very heavy purse. Quick wits also be, in most part of all their doings, over-quick, hasty, rash, heady, and brainsick. These two last words, "heady" and "brainsick," be fit and proper words, rising naturally of the matter, and termed aptly by the condition of overmuch quickness of wit. In youth also they be ready scoffers, privy mockers, and ever over-light and merry: in age, soon testy, very waspish, and always overmiserable. And yet few of them come to any great age, by reason of their misordered life when they were young; but a great deal fewer of them come to show any great countenance, or bear any great authority abroad in the world, but either live obscurely, men know not how, or die obscurely, men mark not when. They be like trees, that show forth fair blossoms and broad leaves in springtime, but bring out small and not long lasting fruit in harvesttime; and that only such as fall and rot before they be ripe, and so never, or seldom, come to any good at all. For this ye shall find most true by experience, that amongst a number of quick wits in youth few be found in the end either very fortunate for themselves or very profitable to serve the commonwealth, but decay and vanish, men know not which way; except a very few, to whom peradventure blood and happy parentage may per-

chance purchase a long standing upon the stage. The which felicity, because it cometh by others' procuring, not by their own deserving, and stand by other men's feet, and not by their own, what outward brag soever is borne by them is indeed of itself, and in wise men's eyes, of no great estimation.

Some wits, moderate enough by nature, be many times marred by overmuch study and use of some sciences, namely, music, arithmetic, and geometry. These sciences, as they sharpen men's wits overmuch, so they change men's manners over-sore, if they be not moderately mingled and wisely applied to some good use of life. Mark all mathematical heads, which be only and wholly bent to those sciences, how solitary they be themselves, how unfit to live with others, and how unapt to serve in the world. This is not only known now by common experience, but uttered long before by wise men's judgment and sentence. Galen saith, "Much music marreth men's manners"; and Plato hath a notable place of the same thing in his books *de Repub.*, well marked also and excellently translated by Tully himself. Of this matter I wrote once more at large, twenty year ago, in my book of Shooting.[30] Now I thought but to touch it, to prove that overmuch quickness of wit, either given by nature or sharpened by study, doth not commonly bring forth either greatest learning, best manners, or happiest life in the end.

Contrariwise, a wit in youth that is not over-dull, heavy, knotty, and lumpish; but hard, rough, and though somewhat staffish,[31] as Tully wisheth, "otium quietum non languidum," [32] and "negotium cum labore, non cum periculo," [33] such a wit, I say, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought as it should, not over-thwartly and against the wood, by the schoolmaster, both for learning and whole course of living proveth always the best. In wood and stone not the softest, but hardest, be always aptest for portraiture, both fairest for pleasure and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep; painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without newfangleness; bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfitness of learning in the end, that quick wits seem in hope, but do not indeed, or else very seldom, ever attain unto. Also for manners and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried either to desire every new thing or else to marvel at every strange thing; and therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs; and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart; not hasty in making, but wary in considering every matter; and thereby not quick in speak-

[30] *my book of Shooting: Toxophilus,* published in 1545.

[31] *staffish:* stubborn, unmanageable.

[32] *otium . . . languidum:* "calm but by no means indolent leisure."

[33] *negotium . . . periculo:* "one's time taken up with hard work, but with no risk involved."

ing, but deep of judgment, whether they write or give counsel in all weighty affairs. And these be the men that become in the end both most happy for themselves, and also always best esteemed abroad in the world.

I have been longer in describing the nature, the good or ill success, of the quick and hard wits than perchance some will think this place and matter doth require. But my purpose was hereby plainly to utter what injury is offered to all learning, and to the commonwealth also, first by the fond father in choosing, but chiefly by the lewd schoolmaster in beating, and driving away the best natures from learning. A child that is still, silent, constant, and somewhat hard of wit, is either never chosen by the father to be made a scholar, or else when he cometh to the school he is smally regarded, little looked unto; he lacketh teaching, he lacketh couraging, he lacketh all things, only he never lacketh beating, nor any word that may move him to hate learning, nor any deed that may drive him from learning to any other kind of living.

And when this sad-natured and hard-witted child is beat from his book, and becometh after either student of the common law, or page in the court, or servingman, or bound prentice to a merchant or to some handicraft, he proveth, in the end, wiser, happier, and many times honester too, than many of these quick wits do by their learning.

Learning is both hindered and injured too by the ill choice of them that send young scholars to the universities; of whom must needs come all our divines, lawyers, and physicians.

These young scholars be chosen commonly, as young apples be chosen by children in a fair garden about St. James's tide.[34] A child will choose a sweeting,[35] because it is presently fair and pleasant, and refuse a runnet,[36] because it is then green, hard, and sour; when the one, if it be eaten, doth breed both worms and ill humours; the other, if it stand his time, be ordered and kept as it should, is wholesome of itself, and helpeth to the good digestion of other meats. Sweetings will receive worms, rot, and die on the tree, and never or seldom come to the gathering for good and lasting store.

For very grief of heart I will not apply the similitude; but hereby is plainly seen how learning is robbed of her best wits, first by the great beating, and after by the ill choosing of scholars to go to the universities; whereof cometh partly that lewd and spiteful proverb, sounding to the great hurt of learning and shame of learned men, that "the greatest clerks be not the wisest men."

And though I, in all this discourse, seem plainly to prefer hard and rough wits before quick and light wits, both for learning and manners; yet am I not ignorant that some quickness of wit is a singular gift of God, and so most rare amongst men; and, namely, such a wit as is quick without lightness, sharp without brittleness, desirous of good things without newfangle-

[34] *St. James's tide:* May 1.

[35] *sweeting:* a sweet-flavored variety of apple.

[36] *runnet:* often "rennet," one of a large class of dessert apples of French origin, good for keeping.

ness, diligent in painful things without wearisomeness, and constant in good will to do all things well; as I know was in Sir John Cheke, and is in some that yet live, in whom all these fair qualities of wit are fully met together.

But it is notable and true, that Socrates saith in Plato to his friend Crito; that that number of men is fewest which far exceed, either in good or ill, in wisdom or folly; but the mean betwixt both be the greatest number. Which he proveth true in divers other things; as in greyhounds, amongst which few are found exceeding great or exceeding little, exceeding swift or exceeding slow. And therefore I speaking of quick and hard wits, I meant the common number of quick and hard wits; amongst the which, for the most part, the hard wit proveth many times the better learned, wiser, and honester man. And therefore do I the more lament that such wits commonly be either kept from learning by fond fathers, or beat from learning by lewd schoolmasters.

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child; after the manner and custom of a good horseman, who is skillful to know, and able to tell others, how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity that commonly more care is had, yea, and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed; for to the one they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns by year, and loath to offer to the other two hundred shillings. God that sitteth in heaven laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should; for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children; and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

But concerning the true notes of the best wits for learning in a child, I will report not mine own opinion but the very judgment of him that was counted the best teacher and wisest man that learning maketh mention of; and that is Socrates in Plato, who expresseth orderly these seven plain notes,[37] to choose a good wit in a child for learning.

1. Εὐφυής.
2. Μνήμων.
3. Φιλομαθής.
4. Φιλόπονος.
5. Φιλήκοος.
6. Ζητητικός.
7. Φιλέπαινος.

[37] *these seven plain notes:* These requirements were suggested by a passage in Plato's *Republic,* Book VII.

And because I write English, and to Englishmen, I will plainly declare in English both what these words of Plato mean, and how aptly they be linked, and how orderly they follow one another.

1. Εὐφυής.

Is he that is apt by goodness of wit, and appliable by readiness of will, to learning, having all other qualities of the mind and parts of the body that must another day serve learning; not troubled, mangled, and halved, but sound, whole, full, and able to do their office; as, a tongue not stammering, or over-hardly drawing forth words, but plain and ready to deliver the meaning of the mind; a voice not soft, weak, piping, womanish, but audible, strong, and manlike; a countenance not wearish[38] and crabbed, but fair and comely; a personage not wretched and deformed, but tall and goodly; for surely a comely countenance with a goodly stature giveth credit to learning, and authority to the person; otherwise, commonly, either open contempt or privy disfavor doth hurt or hinder both person and learning. And even as a fair stone requireth to be set in the finest gold, with the best workmanship, or else it leeseth much of the grace and price; even so excellence in learning, and namely divinity, joined with a comely personage, is a marvelous jewel in the world. And how can a comely body be better employed than to serve the fairest exercise of God's greatest gift? And that is learning. But commonly the fairest bodies are bestowed on the foulest purposes. I would it were not so; and with examples herein I will not meddle; yet I wish that those should both mind it and meddle with it, which have most occasion to look to it, as good and wise fathers should do; and greatest authority to amend it, as good and wise magistrates ought to do. And yet I will not let openly to lament the unfortunate case of learning herein.

For if a father have four sons, three fair and well formed both mind and body, the fourth wretched, lame, and deformed, his choice shall be to put the worst to learning, as one good enough to become a scholar. I have spent the most part of my life in the university, and therefore I can bear good witness that many fathers commonly do thus; whereof I have heard many wise, learned, and as good men as ever I knew make great and oft complaint. A good horseman will choose no such colt, neither for his own nor yet for his master's saddle. And thus much of the first note.

* * *

[At this point Ascham takes up the rest of the "seven plain notes." The child should be good of memory, given to love learning, should have a desire to work and a will to take pains, should be glad to hear and learn of another, be bold to ask any question, and should love to be praised by his father or master.]

[38] *wearish:* sickly-looking.

Yet some men will say that children, of nature, love pastime, and mislike learning; because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome. Which is an opinion not so true as some men ween. For the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young, as in the order and manner of bringing up by them that be old; nor yet in the difference of learning and pastime. For beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, you shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book; knock him always when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault at his book, you shall have him very loath to be in the field, and very willing to be in the school. Yea, I say more, and not of myself, but by the judgment of those from whom few wise men will gladly dissent; that if ever the nature of man be given at any time more than other to receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure clean wit of a sweet young babe is, like the newest wax, most able to receive the best and fairest printing; and, like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive, and keep clean, any good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wisely wrought withal, may easily be won to be very well willing to learn. And wit in children, by nature, namely memory, the only key and keeper of all learning, is readiest to receive and surest to keep any manner of thing that is learned in youth. This, lewd and learned, by common experience, know to be most true. For we remember nothing so well when we be old as those things which we learned when we were young. And this is not strange, but common in all nature's works. Every man sees (as I said before) new wax is best for printing, new clay fittest for working, new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing, new-fresh flesh for good and durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder-house, but out of his schoolhouse of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. Young grafts grow not only soonest but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit; young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak. And so, to be short, if in all other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodness, surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in this behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning, surely children kept up in God's fear and governed by his grace may most easily be brought well to serve God and their country, both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with willfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience, surely it is hard with gentleness, but unpossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it; and so, instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness; the farthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittily mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady, Jane Grey,[39] to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phaedon Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentleman would read a merry tale in Boccace.[40] After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would leese such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me, "I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer;[41] who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

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[39] *Jane Grey* (1537–1554), cousin to Edward VI, and actually queen for a short time after his death until the claims of Mary were acknowledged. By fifteen she was accomplished in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French and was taking up the study of Hebrew. Ascham's visit here mentioned was in the summer of 1550. In a letter to his friend John Sturm, December 15, 1550, he wrote: "Inveni nobilem puellam, Dii boni! legentem Graecae Phaedonem Platonis." All contemporary records emphasize her beauty in person, mind, and character.

[40] *Boccace:* Giovanni Boccaccio (1313–1375), author of the *Decameron*.

[41] *Mr. Elmer:* John Aylmer (1521–1594), who was educated at Cambridge by the Marquis of Dorset, father of Lady Jane Grey. He became Bishop of London in 1577. He is, according to some scholars, supposed to be designated by Spenser in *The Shepheardes Calender* (July) as Morrell, "the proude and ambitious pastour."

I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

* * *

Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely, when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master he is that is made cunning by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant, that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrouts.[42] It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself that it is a marvelous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And, surely, he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And verily they be fewest of number that be happy or wise by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered by long experience a little wisdom and some happiness; and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped (and yet twenty for one do perish in the adventure), then think well with yourself whether you would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no.

It is a notable tale, that old Sir Roger Chamloe, sometime chief justice, would tell of himself. When he was ancient in inn of court,[43] certain young gentlemen were brought before him to be corrected for certain misorders: and one of the lustiest said, "Sir, we be young gentlemen; and wise men before us have proved all fashions, and yet those have done full well." This they said because it was well known that Sir Roger had been a good fellow in his youth. But he answered them very wisely: "Indeed," saith he, "in youth I was as you are now; and I had twelve fellows like unto myself, but not one of them came to a good end. And therefore follow not my example in youth, but follow my counsel in age, if ever ye think to come to this place, or to these years that I am come unto; lest ye meet either with poverty or Tyburn [44] in the way."

This experience of all fashions in youth, being in proof always dangerous, in issue seldom lucky, is a way indeed to overmuch knowledge, yet used commonly of such men which be either carried by some curious affection of mind, or driven by some hard necessity of life, to hazard the trial of over-many perilous adventures.

Erasmus,[45] the honor of learning of all our time, said wisely that experi-

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[42] *bankrouts:* bankruptcies.

[43] *ancient in inn of court:* one of the senior barristers in the Inns of Court.

[44] *Tyburn:* the principal place of execution of criminals until 1783. The gallows was often called "Tyburn tree."

[45] *Erasmus:* Desiderius Erasmus (1466–1536), great Dutch humanist, often resident in England and friend of the leading English scholars.

ence is the common schoolhouse of fools and ill men. Men of wit and honesty be otherwise instructed. For there be, that keep them out of fire, and yet was never burned; that be ware of water, and yet was never nigh drowning; that hate harlots, and was never at the stews; that abhor falsehood, and never brake promise themselves.

But will ye see a fit similitude of this adventured experience? A father that doth let loose his son to all experiences is most like a fond hunter that letteth slip a whelp to the whole herd; twenty to one he shall fall upon a rascal, and let go the fair game. Men that hunt so be either ignorant persons, privy stealers, or nightwalkers.

Learning therefore, ye wise fathers, and good bringing up, and not blind and dangerous experience, is the next and readiest way that must lead your children, first to wisdom, and then to worthiness, if ever ye purpose they shall come there.

And to say all in short, though I lack authority to give counsel, yet I lack not goodwill to wish, that the youth in England, especially gentlemen, and namely nobility, should be by good bringing up so grounded in judgment of learning, so founded in love of honesty, as, when they should be called forth to the execution of great affairs, in service of their prince and country, they might be able to use and to order all experiences, were they good, were they bad, and that according to the square, rule, and line of wisdom, learning, and virtue.

And I do not mean, by all this my talk, that young gentlemen should always be poring on a book, and by using good studies should leese honest pleasure and haunt no good pastime; I mean nothing less. For it is well known that I both like and love, and have always, and do yet still use, all exercises and pastimes that be fit for my nature and ability; and beside natural disposition, in judgment also I was never either Stoic in doctrine or Anabaptist in religion, to mislike a merry, pleasant, and playful nature, if no outrage be committed against law, measure, and good order.

Therefore I would wish that beside some good time fitly appointed and constantly kept, to increase by reading the knowledge of the tongues and learning, young gentlemen should use and delight in all courtly exercises and gentlemanlike pastimes. And good cause why; for the selfsame noble city of Athens, justly commended of me before, did wisely, and upon great consideration, appoint the Muses, Apollo, and Pallas, to be patrons of learning to their youth. For the Muses, besides learning, were also ladies of dancing, mirth, and minstrelsy; Apollo was god of shooting, and author of cunning playing upon instruments; Pallas also was lady mistress in wars. Whereby was nothing else meant but that learning should be always mingled with honest mirth and comely exercises; and that war also should be governed by learning and moderated by wisdom; as did well appear in those captains of Athens named by me before, and also in Scipio and Caesar, the two diamonds of Rome. And Pallas was no more feared in wearing

aegida [46] than she was praised for choosing *oliva;* [47] whereby shineth the glory of learning, which thus was governor and mistress in the noble city of Athens, both of war and peace.

Therefore to ride comely, to run fair at the tilt or ring; to play at all weapons, to shoot fair in bow, or surely in gun; to vault lustily, to run, to leap, to wrestle, to swim; to dance comely, to sing, and play of instruments cunningly; to hawk, to hunt; to play at tennis, and all pastimes generally, which be joined with labor, used in open place, and on the daylight, containing either some fit exercise for war, or some pleasant pastime for peace, be not only comely and decent, but also very necessary for a courtly gentleman to use.

But of all kind of pastimes fit for a gentleman, I will, God willing, in fitter place more at large declare fully, in my book of the cockpit; [48] which I do write to satisfy some, I trust with some reason, that be more curious in marking other men's doings than careful in mending their own faults. And some also will needs busy themselves in marveling, and adding thereunto unfriendly talk, why I, a man of good years, and of no ill place, I thank God and my prince, do make choice to spend such time in writing of trifles, as the School of Shooting, the Cockpit, and this book of the First Principles of Grammar, rather than to take some weighty matter in hand, either of religion or civil discipline.

Wise men, I know, will well allow of my choice herein; and as for such who have not wit of themselves but must learn of others to judge right of men's doings, let them read that wise poet Horace in his *Arte Poetica,* who willeth wise men to beware of high and lofty titles. For great ships require costly tackling, and also afterward dangerous government: small boats be neither very chargeable in making, nor very oft in great jeopardy; and yet they carry many times as good and costly ware as greater vessels do. A mean argument may easily bear the light burden of a small fault, and have always at hand a ready excuse for ill handling; and some praise it is, if it so chance to be better indeed than a man dare venture to seem. A high title doth charge a man with the heavy burden of too great a promise; and therefore saith Horace, very wittily, that that poet was a very fool that began his book with a goodly verse indeed but overproud a promise:

Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.[49]

And after as wisely:

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte! [50] etc.;

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[46] *aegida:* the shield of Jupiter.

[47] *oliva:* the olive branch.

[48] *my book of the cockpit:* If Ascham ever wrote such a book, it has not survived.

[49] *Fortunam . . . bellum:* "Of Priam's fate and famous war I'll sing," *Ars poetica,* 137.

[50] *Quanto . . . inepte:* "How much better he who makes no foolish effort," *Ars poetica,* 140.

meaning Homer; who, within the compass of a small argument of one harlot and of one good wife, did utter so much learning in all kind of sciences as, by the judgment of Quintilian,[51] he deserveth so high a praise, that no man yet deserved to sit in the second degree beneath him. And thus much out of my way, concerning my purpose in spending pen and paper and time upon trifles; and namely, to answer some that have neither wit nor learning to do anything themselves, neither will nor honesty to say well of other.

To join learning with comely exercises, Conto Baldesar Castiglione, in his book *Cortegiano*,[52] doth trimly teach; which book advisedly read and diligently followed but one year at home in England would do a young gentleman more good, I wiss, than three years' travel abroad spent in Italy. And I marvel this book is no more read in the court than it is, seeing it is so well translated into English by a worthy gentleman, Sir Thomas Hoby,[53] who was many ways furnished with learning, and very expert in knowledge of divers tongues.

And beside good precepts in books, in all kind of tongues, this court also never lacked many fair examples for young gentlemen to follow; and surely one example is more valuable, both to good and ill, than twenty precepts written in books; and so Plato, not in one or two, but divers places, doth plainly teach.

If King Edward[54] had lived a little longer, his only example had bred such a race of worthy learned gentlemen as this realm never yet did afford.

And in the second degree two noble primroses of nobility, the young Duke of Suffolk and Lord Henry Matrevers, were two such examples to the court for learning as our time may rather wish than look for again. At Cambridge, also, in St. John's College, in my time, I do know that not so much the good statutes as two gentlemen of worthy memory, Sir John Cheke and Dr. Redman, by their only example of excellency in learning, of godliness in living, of diligency in studying, of counsel in exhorting, of good order in all things, did breed up so many learned men in that one college of St. John's at one time, as I believe the whole university of Louvain in many years was never able to afford.

Present examples of this present time I list[55] not to touch; yet there is one example for all the gentlemen of this court to follow, that may well satisfy them, or nothing will serve them, nor no example move them to goodness and learning.

It is your shame (I speak to you all, you young gentlemen of England) that one maid should go beyond you all in excellency of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this court, and all they together show not so much good will, spend not so

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[51] *Quintilian:* Roman rhetorician (35–94 A.D.).

[52] *Cortegiano:* On this book and on Castiglione, see pp. 439–456.

[53] *Sir Thomas Hoby:* See pp. 437–456.

[54] *King Edward:* Edward VI (*reg.* 1547–1553).

[55] *list:* desire.

much time, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe that beside her perfit readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this church doth read Latin in a whole week. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her privy chamber she hath obtained that excellency of learning to understand, speak, and write both wittily with head and fair with hand, as scarce one or two rare wits in both the universities have in many years reached unto. Amongst all the benefits that God hath blessed me withal, next the knowledge of Christ's true religion, I count this the greatest, that it pleased God to call me to be one poor minister in setting forward these excellent gifts of learning in this most excellent prince; whose only example if the rest of our nobility would follow, then might England be for learning and wisdom in nobility a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men: the best examples have never such force to move to any goodness, as the bad, vain, light, and fond have to all illness.

And one example, though out of the compass of learning, yet not out of the order of good manners, was notable in this court not fully twenty-four years ago; when all the acts of Parliament, many good proclamations, divers strait commandments, sore punishment openly, special regard privately, could not do so much to take away one misorder as the example of one big one of this court did,-still to keep up the same; the memory whereof doth yet remain in a common proverb of Birching-lane.[56]

Take heed, therefore, ye great ones in the court, yea though ye be the greatest of all, take heed what ye do; take heed how ye live; for as you great ones use to do, so all mean men love to do. You be indeed makers or marrers of all men's manners within the realm. For though God hath placed you to be chief in making of laws, to bear greatest authority, to command all others; yet God doth order that all your laws, all your authority, all your commandments, do not half so much with mean men as doth your example and manner of living. And for example, even in the greatest matter, if you yourselves do serve God gladly and orderly for conscience sake, not coldly and sometime for manner sake, you carry all the court with you, and the whole realm beside, earnest and orderly to do the same. If you do otherwise, you be the only authors of all misorders in religion, not only to the court, but to all England beside. Infinite shall be made cold in religion by your example, that never were hurt by reading of books.

And in meaner matters, if three or four great ones in court will needs outrage in apparel, in huge hose, in monstrous hats, in garish colors, let the prince proclaim, make laws, order, punish, command every gate in London daily to be watched, let all good men beside do everywhere what they can;

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[56] *a common proverb of Birching-lane:* There is no satisfactory explanation of Ascham's allusion here, for the proverb mentioned is lost. Birchen lane was well known for its drapers' shops.

surely the misorder of apparel in mean men abroad shall never be amended, except the greatest in court will order and mend themselves first. I know some great and good ones in court were authors that honest citizens of London should watch at every gate to take misordered persons in apparel; I know that honest Londoners did so; and I saw, which I saw then, and report now with some grief, that some courtly men were offended with these good men of London; and, that which grieved me most of all, I saw the very same time, for all these good orders commanded from the court and executed in London—I saw, I say, come out of London even unto the presence of the prince a great rabble of mean and light persons in apparel, for matter against law, for making against order, for fashion, namely hose, so without all order as he thought himself most brave that durst do most in breaking order, and was most monstrous in misorder. And for all the great commandments that came out of the court, yet this bold misorder was winked at and borne withal in the court. I thought it was not well that some great ones of the court durst declare themselves offended with good men of London for doing their duty, and the good ones of the court would not show themselves offended with ill men of London for breaking good order. I found thereby a saying of Socrates to be most true, that ill men be more hasty than good men be forward to prosecute their purposes; even as Christ himself saith of the children of light and darkness.

Beside apparel, in all other things too, not so much good laws and strait commandments as the example and manner of living of great men doth carry all mean men everywhere to like, and love, and do, as they do. For if but two or three noblemen in the court would but begin to shoot, all young gentlemen, the whole court, all London, the whole realm, would straightway exercise shooting.

What praise should they win to themselves? What commodity should they bring to their country, that would thus deserve to be pointed at, "Behold, there goeth the author of good order, the guide of good men"? I could say more, and yet not overmuch. But perchance some will say I have stepped too far out of my school into the commonwealth, from teaching a young scholar to monish great and noble men; yet I trust good and wise men will think and judge of me that my mind was not so much to be busy and bold with them that be great now, as to give true advice to them that may be great hereafter; who, if they do as I wish them to do, how great soever they be now by blood and other men's means, they shall become a great deal greater hereafter by learning, virtue, and their own deserts; which is true praise, right worthiness, and very nobility indeed. Yet, if some will needs press me that I am too bold with great men, and stray too far from my matter, I will answer them with St. Paul, "Sive per contentionem, sive quocunque modo, Christus praedicetur,"[57] etc. Even so whether in place or out of place, with my matter, or beside my matter, if I

[57] *Sive . . . praedicetur:* "Whether in contention or in any way whatever, Christ is proclaimed," a paraphrase of St. Paul to the Philippians, 1:18.

can hereby either provoke the good or stay the ill I shall think my writing herein well employed.

But to come down from great men and higher matters to my little children and poor schoolhouse again; I will, God willing, go forward orderly, as I purposed, to instruct children and young men both for learning and manners.

Hitherto I have showed what harm overmuch fear bringeth to children; and what hurt ill company and overmuch liberty breedeth in youth; meaning thereby, that from seven year old to seventeen love is the best allurement to learning; from seventeen to seven-and-twenty, that wise men should carefully see the steps of youth surely stayed by good order, in that most slippery time, and especially in the court, a place most dangerous for youth to live in without great grace, good regard, and diligent looking to.

Sir Richard Sackville, that worthy gentleman of worthy memory, as I said in the beginning, in the Queen's privy chamber at Windsor, after he had talked with me for the right choice of a good wit in a child for learning, and of the true difference betwixt quick and hard wits, of alluring young children by gentleness to love learning, and of the special care that was to be had to keep young men from licentious living; he was most earnest with me to have me say my mind also, what I thought concerning the fancy that many young gentlemen of England have to travel abroad, and namely to lead a long life in Italy. His request, both for his authority and good will toward me, was a sufficient commandment unto me to satisfy his pleasure with uttering plainly my opinion in that matter. "Sir," quoth I, "I take going thither, and living there, for a young gentleman that doth not go under the keep and guard of such a man as both by wisdom can and authority dare rule him, to be marvelous dangerous."

And why I said so then I will declare at large now, which I said then privately and write now openly; not because I do contemn either the knowledge of strange and divers tongues, and namely the Italian tongue, which, next the Greek and Latin tongue, I like and love above all other, or else because I do despise the learning that is gotten or the experience that is gathered in strange countries; or for any private malice that I bear to Italy; which country, and in it namely Rome, I have always specially honored; because time was when Italy and Rome have been to the great good of us that now live, the best breeders and bringers up of the worthiest men, not only for wise speaking, but also for well doing, in all civil affairs, that ever was in the world. But now that time is gone; and though the place remain, yet the old and present manners do differ as far as black and white, as virtue and vice. Virtue once made that country mistress over all the world; vice now maketh that country slave to them that before were glad to serve it. All men seeth it; they themselves confess it, namely such as be best and wisest amongst them. For sin, by lust and vanity, hath and doth breed up everywhere common contempt of God's word, private contention in many families, open factions in every city; and so, making themselves bond to vanity and vice at home, they are content to bear the yoke of serving stran-

gers abroad. Italy now is not that Italy that it was wont to be; and therefore now not so fit a place as some do count it, for young men to fetch either wisdom or honesty from thence. For surely they will make others but bad scholars that be so ill masters to themselves. Yet, if a gentleman will needs travel into Italy, he shall do well to look on the life of the wisest traveler that ever traveled thither, set out by the wisest writer that ever spake with tongue, God's doctrine only excepted; and that is Ulysses in Homer.

Ulysses and his travel I wish our travelers to look upon, not so much to fear them with the great dangers that he many times suffered, as to instruct them with his excellent wisdom, which he always and everywhere used. Yea, even those that be learned and witty travelers, when they be disposed to praise traveling, as a great commendation, and the best scripture they have for it, they gladly recite the third verse of Homer, in his first book of the Odyssey, containing a great praise of Ulysses for the wit he gathered and wisdom he used in his traveling.

Which verse, because in mine opinion it was not made at the first more naturally in Greek by Homer, nor after turned more aptly into Latin by Horace, than it was a good while ago in Cambridge translated into English, both plainly for the sense and roundly for the verse, by one of the best scholars that ever St. John's College bred, Mr. Watson, mine old friend, sometime Bishop of Lincoln; therefore for their sake that have lust to see how our English tongue in avoiding barbarous rhyming may as well receive right quantity of syllables and true order of versifying (of which matter more at large hereafter) as either Greek or Latin, if a cunning man have it in handling; I will set forth that one verse in all three tongues, for an example to good wits that shall delight in like learned exercise.

Homerus.—πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

Horatius.—Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.

Mr. Watson:

All travelers do gladly report great praise of Ulysses,
For that he knew many men's manners, and saw many cities.

And yet is not Ulysses commended so much, nor so oft in Homer, because he was πολύτροπος, this is, skillful in many men's manners and fashions; as because he was πολύμητις, that is, wise in all purposes, and ware in all places. Which wisdom and wareness will not serve neither a traveler, except Pallas be always at his elbow, that is, God's special grace from heaven, to keep him in God's fear in all his doings, in all his journey. For he shall not always, in his absence out of England, light upon a gentle Alcinous, and walk in his fair gardens full of all harmless pleasures; but he shall sometimes fall either into the hands of some cruel Cyclops, or into the lap of some wanton and dallying dame Calypso; and so suffer the danger of many a deadly den, not so full of perils to destroy the body as full of vain pleasures to poison the mind. Some Siren shall sing him a song, sweet in tune, but sounding in the end to his utter destruction. If Scylla drown him

not, Charybdis may fortune to swallow him. Some Circe shall make him of a plain Englishman a right Italian. And at length to hell, or to some hellish place, is he likely to go, from whence is hard returning, although one Ulysses, and that by Pallas's aid, and good counsel of Tiresias, once escaped that horrible den of deadly darkness.

Therefore, if wise men will needs send their sons into Italy, let them do it wisely, under the keep and guard of him who, by his wisdom and honesty, by his example and authority, may be able to keep them safe and sound in the fear of God, in Christ's true religion, in good order, and honesty of living; except they will have them run headlong into over-many jeopardies, as Ulysses had done many times if Pallas had not always governed him; if he had not used to stop his ears with wax, to bind himself to the mast of his ship, to feed daily upon that sweet herb Moly, with the black root and white flower, given unto him by Mercury to avoid all the enchantments of Circe. Whereby the divine poet Homer meant covertly (as wise and godly men do judge) that love of honesty and hatred of ill which David more plainly doth call the fear of God, the only remedy against all enchantments of sin.

I know divers noble personages, and many worthy gentlemen of England, whom all the siren songs of Italy could never untwine from the mast of God's Word, nor no enchantment of vanity overturn them from the fear of God and love of honesty.

But I know as many, or more, and some sometime my dear friends, for whose sake I hate going into that country the more, who parting out of England fervent in the love of Christ's doctrine, and well furnished with the fear of God, returned out of Italy worse transformed than ever was any in Circe's court. I know divers, that went out of England men of innocent life, men of excellent learning, who returned out of Italy not only with worse manners but also with less learning; neither so willing to live orderly, nor yet so able to speak learnedly, as they were at home, before they went abroad. And why? Plato, that wise writer, and worthy traveler himself, telleth the cause why. He went into Sicilia, a country no nigher Italy by site of place than Italy that is now is like Sicilia that was then, in all corrupt manners and licentiousness of life. Plato found in Sicilia every city full of vanity, full of factions, even as Italy is now. And as Homer, like a learned poet, doth feign that Circe by pleasant enchantments did turn men into beasts, some into swine, some into asses, some into foxes, some into wolves, etc., even so Plato, like a wise philosopher, doth plainly declare that pleasure by licentious vanity, that sweet and perilous poison of all youth, doth engender, in all those that yield themselves to her, four notorious properties,

1. λήθην.
2. δυσμαθίαν.
3. ἀφροσύνην.
4. ὕβριν.

The first, forgetfulness of all good things learned before; the second, dullness to receive either learning or honesty ever after; the third, a mind embracing lightly the worse opinion, and barren of discretion to make true difference betwixt good and ill, betwixt truth and vanity; the fourth, a proud disdainfulness of other good men in all honest matters.

Homer and Plato have both one meaning, look both to one end. For if a man inglut himself with vanity, or welter in filthiness like a swine, all learning, all goodness, is soon forgotten. Then quickly shall he become a dull ass to understand either learning or honesty; and yet shall he be as subtle as a fox in breeding of mischief, in bringing in misorder, with a busy head, a discoursing tongue, and a factious heart, in every private affair, in all matters of state; with this pretty property, always glad to commend the worse party, and ever ready to defend the falser opinion. And why? For where will is given from goodness to vanity, the mind is soon carried from right judgment to any fond opinion in religion, in philosophy, or any other kind of learning. The fourth fruit of vain pleasure, by Homer and Plato's judgment, is pride in themselves, contempt of others, the very badge of all those that serve in Circe's court. The true meaning of both Homer and Plato is plainly declared in one short sentence of the holy prophet of God, Hieremy, crying out of the vain and vicious life of the Israelites: "This people," saith he, "be fools and dull-heads to all goodness, but subtle, cunning, and bold in any mischief," [58] etc.

The true medicine against the enchantments of Circe, the vanity of licentious pleasure, the enticements of all sin, is in Homer the herb Moly, with the black root and white flower, sour at the first, but sweet in the end; which Hesiodus termeth the study of virtue, hard and irksome in the beginning, but in the end easy and pleasant. And that which is most to be marveled at, the divine poet Homer saith plainly that this medicine against sin and vanity is not found out by man, but given and taught by God. And for some one's sake that will have delight to read that sweet and godly verse, I will recite the very words of Homer, and also turn them into rude English meter:

χαλεπὸν δέ τ' ὀρύσσειν
ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι θεοὶ δέ τε πάντα δύνανται.

In English thus:

No mortal man, with sweat of brow or toil of mind,
But only God, who can do all, that herb doth find.

Plato also, that divine philosopher, hath many godly medicines against the poison of vain pleasure, in many places, but specially in his epistles to Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. Yet against those that will needs become beasts with serving of Circe, the prophet David crieth most loud: "Nolite fieri sicut equus et mulus"; and by and by giveth the right medicine, the

[58] *This . . . mischief:* Jeremiah, 4: 22.

true herb Moly, "In camo et freno maxillas eorum constringe"; that is to say, let God's grace be the bit, let God's fear be the bridle, to stay them from running headlong into vice, and to turn them into the right way again. David, in the second psalm after, giveth the same medicine, but in these plainer words, "Diverte a malo, et fac bonum." [59]

But I am afraid that over-many of our travelers into Italy do not eschew the way to Circe's court, but go, and ride, and run, and fly thither; they make great haste to come to her; they make great suit to serve her; yea, I could point out some with my finger that never had gone out of England but only to serve Circe in Italy. Vanity and vice, and any license to ill living in England, was counted stale and rude unto them. And so, being mules and horses before they went, returned very swine and asses home again; yet everywhere very foxes with subtle and busy heads; and where they may, very wolves, with cruel malicious hearts. A marvelous monster, which for filthiness of living, for dullness to learning himself, for wiliness in dealing with others, for malice in hurting without cause, should carry at once in one body the belly of a swine, the head of an ass, the brain of a fox, the womb of a wolf. If you think we judge amiss, and write too sore against you, hear what the Italian saith of the Englishman; what the master reporteth of the scholar; who uttereth plainly what is taught by him and what is learned by you, saying, "Inglese Italianato è un diabolo incarnato"; [60] that is to say, "You remain men in shape and fashion, but become devils in life and condition."

This is not the opinion of one for some private spite, but the judgment of all in a common proverb, which riseth of that learning, and those manners, which you gather in Italy; a good schoolhouse of wholesome doctrine, and worthy masters of commendable scholars; where the master had rather defame himself for his teaching than not shame his scholar for his learning. A good nature of the master, and fair conditions of the scholars. And now choose you, you Italian Englishmen, whether you will be angry with us for calling you monsters, or with the Italians for calling you devils, or else with your own selves, that take so much pains, and go so far, to make yourselves both. If some yet do not well understand what is an Englishman Italianated, I will plainly tell him: he that by living and traveling in Italy bringeth home into England out of Italy the religion, the learning, the policy, the experience, the manners of Italy. That is to say, for religion, papistry, or worse; for learning, less commonly than they carried out with them; for policy, a factious heart, a discoursing head, a mind to meddle in all men's matters; for experience, plenty of new mischiefs never known in England before; for manners, variety of vanities, and change of filthy living.

These be the enchantments of Circe, brought out of Italy, to mar men's manners in England; much by example of ill life, but more by precepts of fond books, of late translated out of Italian into English, sold in every shop

[59] *Diverte . . . bonum:* "Turn away from evil, and do good."

[60] *Inglese . . . incarnato:* "An Italianate Englishman is a devil incarnate."

in London; commended by honest titles, the sooner to corrupt honest manners; dedicated over-boldly to virtuous and honorable personages, the easilier to beguile simple and innocent wits. It is pity, that those which have authority and charge to allow and disallow books to be printed be no more circumspect herein than they are. Ten sermons at Paul's Cross do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine as one of those books do harm with enticing men to ill living. Yea, I say farther, those books tend not so much to corrupt honest living as they do to subvert true religion. More papists be made by your merry books of Italy than by your earnest books of Louvain. And because our great physicians do wink at the matter, and make no count of this sore, I, though not admitted one of their fellowship, yet having been many years a prentice to God's true religion, and trust to continue a poor journeyman therein all days of my life, for the duty I owe and love I bear both to true doctrine and honest living, though I have no authority to amend the sore myself, yet I will declare my good will to discover the sore to others.

St. Paul saith [61] that sects and ill opinions be the works of the flesh and fruits of sin. This is spoken no more truly for the doctrine than sensible for the reason. And why? For ill doings breed ill thinkings; and of corrupted manners spring perverted judgments. And how? There be in man two special things: man's will, man's mind. Where will inclineth to goodness, the mind is bent to truth. Where will is carried from goodness to vanity, the mind is soon drawn from truth to false opinion. And so the readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living. Therefore, when the busy and open papists abroad could not by their contentious books turn men in England fast enough from truth and right judgment in doctrine, then the subtle and secret papists at home procured bawdy books to be translated out of the Italian tongue, whereby over-many young wills and wits allured to wantonness do now boldly contemn all severe books that sound to honesty and godliness.

In our forefathers' time, when papistry, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, saving certain books of chivalry, as they said for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks or wanton canons. As one for example, *Morte Arthur;* the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdry. In which book those he counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts: as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Mark his uncle; Sir Lamerock, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuff for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court and *Morte Arthur* received into the prince's chamber.

What toys the daily reading of such a book may work in the will of a

[61] *St. Paul saith:* in Galatians 5:19.

young gentleman, or a young maid, that liveth wealthily and idly, wise men can judge and honest men do pity. And yet ten *Morte Arthurs* do not the tenth part so much harm as one of these books made in Italy and translated in England. They open, not fond and common ways to vice, but such subtle, cunning, new, and divers shifts, to carry young wills to vanity and young wits to mischief, to teach old bawds new school points, as the simple head of an Englishman is not able to invent, nor never was heard of in England before, yea, when papistry overflowed all. Suffer these books to be read, and they shall soon displace all books of godly learning. For they, carrying the will to vanity, and marring good manners, shall easily corrupt the mind with ill opinions and false judgment in doctrine; first to think ill of all true religion, and at last to think nothing of God himself, one special point that is to be learned in Italy and Italian books. And that which is most to be lamented, and therefore more needful to be looked to, there be more of these ungracious books set out in print within these few months than have been seen in England many score year before. And because our Englishmen made Italians cannot hurt but certain persons, and in certain places, therefore these Italian books are made English, to bring mischief enough openly and boldly to all states, great and mean, young and old, everywhere. And thus you see how will enticed to wantonness doth easily allure the mind to false opinions; and how corrupt manners in living breed false judgment in doctrine; how sin and fleshliness bring forth sects and heresies; and therefore suffer not vain books to breed vanity in men's wills, if you would have God's truth take root in men's minds.

That Italian that first invented the Italian proverb against our Englishmen Italianated meant no more their vanity in living than their lewd opinion in religion; for in calling them devils he carrieth them clean from God; and yet he carrieth them no farther than they willingly go themselves; that is, where they may freely say their minds to the open contempt of God, and all godliness, both in living and doctrine.

And how? I will express how; not by a fable of Homer, nor by the philosophy of Plato, but by a plain truth of God's word, sensibly uttered by David thus: these men, "abominabiles facti in studiis suis," think verily and sing gladly the verse before, "Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus":[62] that is to say, they giving themselves up to vanity, shaking off the motions of Grace, driving from them the fear of God, and running headlong into all sin, first lustily contemn God, then scornfully mock his word, and also spitefully hate and hurt all well-willers thereof. Then they have in more reverence the *Triumphs* of Petrarch[63] than the *Genesis* of Moses; they make more account of Tully's *Offices*[64] than St. Paul's *Epis-*

[62] *Dixit . . . Deus:* "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

[63] *Triumphs of Petrarch:* I.e., The *Trionfi* of Petrarch (1304–1374), semi-epical or allegorical poems written in *terza rima.* The poems include "Triumphs of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Divinity," with elaborate prose commentaries.

[64] *Tully's Offices:* I.e., Cicero's *De officiis,* his last work, a treatise in three books on moral duties.

tles; of a tale in Boccace [65] than a story of the Bible. Then they count as fables the holy mysteries of Christian religion. They make Christ and his gospel only serve civil policy. Then neither religion cometh amiss to them; in time they be promoters of both openly; in place again mockers of both privily; as I wrote once in a rude rhyme:

> Now new, now old, now both, now neither;
> To serve the world's course, they care not with whether.

For where they dare, in company where they like, they boldly laugh to scorn both protestant and papist. They care for no Scripture; they make no count of general councils; they contemn the consent of the church; they pass for no doctors; they mock the pope, they rail on Luther; they allow neither side; they like none, but only themselves. The mark they shoot at, the end they look for, the heaven they desire, is only their own present pleasure and private profit; whereby they plainly declare of whose school, of what religion they be; that is, Epicures in living, and ἄθεοι [66] in doctrine. This last word is no more unknown now to plain Englishmen than the person was unknown sometime in England, until some Englishman took pains to fetch that devilish opinion out of Italy. These men thus Italianated abroad cannot abide our godly Italian church at home; they be not of that parish; they be not of that fellowship; they like not the preacher; they hear not his sermons; except sometimes for company they come thither to hear the Italian tongue naturally spoken, not to hear God's doctrine truly preached.

And yet these men in matters of divinity openly pretend a great knowledge, and have privately to themselves a very compendious understanding of all; which nevertheless they will utter when and where they list. And that is this: all the mysteries of Moses, the whole law and ceremonies, the psalms and prophets, Christ and his gospel, God and the devil, heaven and hell, faith, conscience, sin, death, and all, they shortly wrap up, they quickly expound with this one half verse of Horace, "Credat Judaeus Apella." [67]

Yet though in Italy they may freely be of no religion, as they are in England in very deed too; nevertheless returning home into England they must countenance the profession of the one or the other, howsoever inwardly they laugh to scorn both. And though for their private matters they can follow, fawn, and flatter noble personages contrary to them in all respects; yet commonly they ally themselves with the worst papists, to whom they be wedded, and do well agree together in three proper opinions: in open contempt of God's word, in a secret security of sin, and in a bloody

[65] *a tale in Boccace:* Aschâm may here have in mind some stories of Boccaccio which appeared in English versions in William Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (see pp. 466–469). The *Decameron* in any complete form in English was not published until 1620.

[66] ἄθεοι: atheists.

[67] *Credat Judaeus Apella:* The whole phrase from Horace (*Satires,* I, 5, 100) is "Credat Judaeus Apella, non ego," "Apella, the Jew, may believe it, not I." Jews in Rome under Augustus were regarded by the Romans as being very superstitious.

desire to have all taken away by sword or burning that be not of their faction. They that do read with indifferent judgment Pighius[68] and Machiavel,[69] two indifferent patriarchs of these two religions, do know full well that I say true.

Ye see what manners and doctrine our English men fetch out of Italy; for finding no other there, they can bring no other hither. And therefore many godly and excellent learned Englishmen, not many years ago, did make a better choice; when open cruelty drave them out of this country, to place themselves there where[70] Christ's doctrine, the fear of God, punishment of sin, and discipline of honesty were had in special regard.

I was once in Italy myself; but I thank God my abode there was but nine days; and yet I saw in that little time, in one city,[71] more liberty to sin than ever I heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine year. I saw it was there as free to sin, not only without all punishment, but also without any man's marking, as it is free in the city of London to choose without all blame whether a man lust to wear shoe or pantocle.[72] And good cause why; for being unlike in truth of religion, they must needs be unlike in honesty of living. For, blessed be Christ, in our city of London commonly the commandments of God be more diligently taught and the service of God more reverently used, and that daily in many private men's houses, than they be in Italy once a week in their common churches; where masking ceremonies to delight the eye, and vain sounds to please the ear, do quite thrust out of the churches all service of God in spirit and truth. Yea, the lord mayor of London, being but a civil officer, is commonly for his time more diligent in punishing sin, the bent enemy against God and good order, than all the bloody inquisitors in Italy be in seven year. For their care and charge is, not to punish sin, not to amend manners, not to purge doctrine, but only to watch and oversee that Christ's true religion set no sure footing where the pope hath any jurisdiction.

I learned, when I was at Venice, that there it is counted good policy, when there be four or five brethren of one family, one only to marry, and all the rest to welter with as little shame in open lechery as swine do here in the common mire. Yea, there be as fair houses of religion, as great provision, as diligent officers to keep up this misorder, as Bridewell[73] is, and all the masters there, to keep down misorder. And therefore, if the pope himself do not only grant pardons to further these wicked purposes abroad in Italy,

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[68] *Pighius:* Albertus Pighius (1490–1542), theologian, mathematician, astronomer, one of the champions of Catholicism against Luther. His most important rejoinder was against Henry VIII in 1538.

[69] *Machiavel:* Niccolo Machiavelli (1469–1527), Florentine statesman, political philosopher, and author of *The Prince*, considered by the Elizabethans an assistant to Satan.

[70] *to place themselves there where, etc.:* Germany.

[71] *one city:* Venice. Ascham had probably visited Italy in 1551.

[72] *pantocle:* slipper, commonly called pantofle.

[73] *Bridewell:* originally a royal palace, later a hospital, but in Ascham's time a house of correction.

but also (although this present pope [74] in the beginning made some show of misliking thereof) assign both meed and merit to the maintenance of stews [75] and brothel houses at home in Rome; then let wise men think Italy a safe place for wholesome doctrine and godly manners, and a fit school for young gentlemen of England to be brought up in.

Our Italians bring home with them other faults from Italy, though not so great as this of religion, yet a great deal greater than many good men can well bear. For commonly they come home common contemners of marriage, and ready persuaders of all others to the same; not because they love virginity, nor yet because they hate pretty young virgins, but being free in Italy to go whithersoever lust will carry them, they do not like that law and honesty should be such a bar to their like liberty at home in England. And yet they be the greatest makers of love, the daily dalliers with such pleasant words, with such smiling and secret countenances, with such signs, tokens, wagers purposed to be lost before they were purposed to be made, with bargains of wearing colors, flowers, and herbs, to breed occasion of ofter meeting of him and her, and bolder talking of this and that, etc. And although I have seen some innocent of all ill, and staid in all honesty, that have used these things without all harm, without all suspicion of harm; yet these knacks were brought first into England by them that learned them before in Italy in Circe's court; and how courtly courtesies soever they be counted now, yet if the meaning and manners of some that do use them were somewhat amended, it were no great hurt neither to themselves nor to others.

Another property of this our English Italians is to be marvelous singular in all their matters; singular in knowledge, ignorant of nothing; so singular in wisdom (in their own opinion) as scarce they count the best counselor the prince hath comparable with them; common discoursers of all matters; busy searchers of most secret affairs; open flatterers of great men; privy mislikers of good men; fair speakers with smiling countenances and much courtesy openly to all men; ready backbiters, sore nippers, and spiteful reporters privily of good men. And being brought up in Italy, in some free city, as all cities be there; where a man may freely discourse against what he will, against whom he lust, against any prince, against any government, yea, against God himself and his whole religion; where he must be either Guelf or Ghibelline,[76] either French or Spanish; and always compelled to be of some party, of some faction, he shall never be compelled to be of any religion; and if he meddle not overmuch with Christ's true religion, he shall have free liberty to embrace all religions, and become if he lust, at once, without any let or punishment, Jewish, Turkish, papish, and devilish.

A young gentleman, thus bred up in this goodly school to learn the next

[74] *this present pope:* probably Pius V (1566–1572) who excommunicated Elizabeth in 1570.

[75] *stews:* originally public hot-air rooms for vapor baths which were later used for immoral purposes.

[76] *Guelf or Ghibelline:* the two leading political parties in medieval Italy.

and ready way to sin, to have a busy head, a factious heart, a talkative tongue, fed with discoursing of factions, led to contemn God and his religion, shall come home into England but very ill taught, either to be an honest man himself, a quiet subject to his prince, or willing to serve God, under the obedience of true doctrine, or within the order of honest living.

I know none will be offended with this my general writing, but only such as find themselves guilty privately therein; who shall have good leave to be offended with me, until they begin to amend themselves. I touch not them that be good, and I say too little of them that be naught. And so, though not enough for their deserving, yet sufficiently for this time, and more elsewhen, if occasion require.

And thus far have I wandered from my first purpose of teaching a child, yet not altogether out of the way, because this whole talk hath tended to the only advancement of truth in religion and honesty of living; and hath been wholly within the compass of learning and good manners, the special points belonging to the right bringing up of youth.

But to my matter: as I began plainly and simply with my young scholar, so will I not leave him, God willing, until I have brought him a perfect scholar out of the school, and placed him in the university, to become a fit student for logic and rhetoric; and so after to physic, law, or divinity, as aptness of nature, advice of friends, and God's disposition shall lead him.

Raphael Holinshed

died *ca.* 1580

THE writing of history in the reign of Elizabeth was an occupation that seized upon men's imaginations just as voyages of exploration and discovery did. The earlier Tudor monarchs had encouraged the writing of history which would justify their dynasty and their right to the throne, and there had been history written from the Protestant point of view (see Foxe, pp. 457–465) and from the Catholic point of view, as propaganda. But the motive of the real historian is not to serve the political purposes of monarch or church, but to satisfy the curiosity of men, and the scope of Elizabethan curiosity is nowhere better illustrated than by the projects for writing world history which were conceived and in part carried out in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

Raphael Holinshed explains, in his dedication to Lord Burleigh, how the great history published under his name in 1577 came to be written. The printer Reginald Wolfe, printer to the Queen, "meant in his life time to publish an vniuersall Cosmographie of the whole worlde, and therewith also certaine perticular Histories of euery knowen nation" and for the purpose employed learned men, of whom Holinshed was one. Wolfe had in his possession the notes of "that learned and painful antiquary" (as Holinshed calls him), John Leland, and Holinshed was to use these and all other available sources for compiling his narrative. After twenty-five years of labor in this great scheme, Reginald Wolfe died without seeing it completed. His heirs wished the work to continue, but when they saw what a huge book would result, their courage faltered, and they resolved to publish first the histories of England, Scotland, and Ireland. But the descriptions of those countries were not as advanced as the descriptions of foreign countries, so two more experts were employed, William Harrison to write the description of England and Richard Stanihurst to finish the account of Ireland. Holinshed's own narrative of the history of these countries formed the bulk of the work, however, and it appeared in three massive folio volumes in 1577. Burleigh, Leicester, and Sir Henry Sidney were the patrons of the English, Scottish, and Irish histories respectively. The book was illustrated with woodcuts of executions and coronations, battle scenes and progresses, and a large double-page illustration of the siege of Edinburgh castle.

Holinshed drew upon earlier published chronicles as well as on manuscript material; he expresses gratitude in his list of authorities to John Stow, "by whose diligent collected summarie, I haue ben not only ayded, but also by diuers rare monuments, ancient wryters, and necessarie register Bookes of his, which he hath lente me out of his owne Librarie." In his marginal notes and in the text itself Holinshed took the opportunity offered by historical episodes to moralize, teach, and draw lessons of patriotism and religion. There is of

course prejudice in his sources, too, but when Holinshed could find disagreement among reputable authorities, he was cautious: "for my parte, I haue in things doubtfull rather chosen to shewe the diuersitie of their writings, than by ouer ruling them, and vsing a peremptory censure, to frame them to agree to my liking, leauing it neuerthelesse to eche mans iudgement to controlle them as he seeth cause. If some where I shew my fancie what I thinke, and that the same dislike them, I craue pardon, specially if by probable reasons or playner matter to be produced, they can shew mine errour, vpon knowledge whereof I shalbe ready to reforme it accordingly."

The great fame of Holinshed's *Chronicle* in modern times derives mostly from the fact that Shakespeare learned his English history from it. The selections given below parallel his dramatic treatment of the same events in the two parts of *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. But it should be remembered that an earlier play on the subject, *The Famous Victories of Henry V,* was also known to Shakespeare, so this is not as simple a relationship between the prose source and the play as exists, say, between Lodge's *Rosalynde* and *As You Like It*. The text given here is based upon the first edition, 1577; Shakespeare used a somewhat revised second edition of a decade later.

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[THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY]

BUT now to return where we left, King Henry, advertised of the proceedings of the Percies, forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and being earnestly called upon by the Scot, the Earl of March, to make haste and give battle to his enemies, before their power by delaying of time should still too much increase, he passed forward with such speed that he was in sight of his enemies lying in camp near to Shrewsbury before they were in doubt [1] of any such thing, for the Percies thought that he would have stayed at Burton-upon-Trent till his Council had come thither to him to give their advice what he were best to do. By reason of the King's sudden coming in this sort, they stayed from assaulting the town of Shrewsbury, which enterprise they were ready at that instant to have taken in hand, and forthwith the Lord Percy,[2] as a captain of high courage, began to exhort the captains and soldiers to prepare themselves to battle, sith the matter was grown to that point that by no means it could be avoided, so that, said he, "this day shall either bring us all to advancement and honor, or else if it shall chance us to be overcome, shall deliver us from the King's spiteful malice and cruel disdain, for playing the men as we ought to do; better it is to die in battle for the commonwealth's cause than through coward-like fear to prolong life which after shall be taken from us by sentence of the enemy."

Hereupon, the whole army, being in number about a fourteen thousand chosen men, promised to stand with him so long as life lasted.

There were with the Percies as chieftains of this army the Earl of Douglas, a Scottish man, the Baron of Kinderton, Sir Hugh Browne and Sir Richard Vernon, Knights, with divers other stout and right valiant captains.

Now when the two armies were encamped the one against the other, the Earl of Worcester and the Lord Percy with their complices sent the articles (whereof I spake before) by Thomas Cayton and Thomas Salvain Esquires, to King Henry under their hands and seals, which articles in effect charged him with manifest perjury, in that, contrary to his oath received upon the Evangelists at Doncaster when he first entered the realm after his exile, he had taken upon him the crown and royal dignity, imprisoned King Richard, caused him to resign his title and finally to be murthered. Divers other matters they laid to his charge, as levying of taxes and tallages [3] contrary to his promise, infringing laws and customs of the realm and suffering

[1] *in doubt:* aware.

[2] *Lord Percy:* Hotspur. For Shakespeare's version of his speech see *I Henry IV,* V, ii, 82–89.

[3] *tallages:* feudal taxes.

the Earl of March to remain in prison without travailing to have him delivered—all which things they as proctors and protectors of the commonwealth took upon them to prove against him, as they protested to the whole world.

King Henry, after he had read their articles, with the defiance which they annexed to the same, answered the esquires that he was ready with dint of sword and fierce battle to prove their quarrel false and nothing else than forged matter, not doubting but that God would aid and assist him in his righteous cause against the disloyal and false forsworn traitors.

The next day in the morning early, being the even of Mary Magdalene,[4] they set their battles in order on both sides, and now whilst the warriors looked when the token of battle should be given, the Abbot of Shrewsbury and one of the Clerks of the Privy Seal were sent from the King unto the Percies to offer them pardon if they would come to any reasonable agreement.

By their persuasions, the Lord Henry Percy began to give ear unto the King's offers, and so sent with them his uncle the Earl of Worcester to declare unto the King the causes of those troubles and to require some effectual reformation in the same.

It was reported for a truth that now when the King had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the Earl of Worcester upon his return to his nephew made relation clean contrary to that the King had said, in such sort that he set his nephew's heart more in displeasure towards the King than ever it was before, driving him by that means to fight whether he would or not. Then suddenly blew the trumpets, the King's part cried "St. George! Upon them!", the adversaries cried "Esperance! Percy!", and so the two armies furiously joined. The archers on both sides shot for the best game, laying on such load with arrows that many died, and were driven down, that never rose again.

* * *

The Prince that day holp his father like a lusty young gentleman, for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow so that divers noblemen that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would in no wise suffer them so to do, lest his departure from among his men might haply have stricken some fear into their hearts; and so, without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men and never ceased either to fight where the battle was most hottest or to encourage his men where it seemed most need. This battle lasted three long hours, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the King, crying "St. George! Victory!", brake the array of his enemies and adventured so far that, as some write, the Earl Douglas strake him down, and at that instant slew Sir Walter Blunt and three other appareled in the King's suit and clothing, saying,

[4] *even of Mary Magdalene:* July 21.

"I marvel to see so many kings thus suddenly to arise, one in the neck of another." The King indeed was raised, and did that day many a noble feat of arms, for as it is written, he slew that day with his own hands six-and-thirty persons of his enemies. The other on his part [5] encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly and slew the Lord Percy, called Sir Henry Hotspur. To conclude, the King's enemies were vanquished and put to flight, in which flight the Earl of Douglas, for haste, falling from the crag of a mountain, brake one of his genitals, and was taken, and for his valiantness, of the King frankly and freely delivered.

* * *

[THE DEATH OF KING HENRY IV] [6]

During this his last sickness,[7] he caused his crown, as some write, to be set on a pillow at his bed's head, and suddenly his pangs so sore troubled him that he lay as though all his vital spirits had been from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verily that he had been departed, covered his face with a linen cloth.

The Prince his son, being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took away the crown, and departed. The father being suddenly revived out of that trance, quickly perceived the lack of his crown, and having knowledge that the Prince his son had taken it away, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himself. The Prince, with a good audacity, answered, "Sir, to mine and all men's judgments you seemed dead in this world, wherefore I as your next heir apparent took that as mine own, and not as yours." "Well, fair son," said the King, with a great sigh, "what right [8] I had to it, God knoweth." "Well," quoth the Prince, "if you die King, I will have the garland and trust to keep it with the sword against all mine enemies as you have done." "Then," said the King, "I commit all to God, and remember you to do well," and with that turned himself in his bed and shortly after departed to God in a chamber of the Abbot's of Westminster called Jerusalem, the twentieth day of March in the year 1413, and in the year of his age forty-six, when he had reigned thirteen years five months and odd days in great perplexity and little pleasure.

We find that he was taken with his last sickness while he was making his prayers at Saint Edward's shrine, there as it were to take his leave [9] and so to proceed forth on his journey; he was so suddenly and grievously taken that such as were about him feared lest he would have died pres-

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[5] *The other on his part:* I.e., the King's soldiers (plural), not Prince Hal, as in Shakespeare.

[6] For this episode, see *II Henry IV*, IV, v.

[7] *sickness:* "An apoplexie," according to Holinshed's marginal note.

[8] *what right:* Holinshed's note: "A guilty conscience in extremity of sickness pincheth sore."

[9] *take his leave:* Holinshed's note: "I can not think he was so near ready to set forward, whatsoever Fabyan writeth hereof."

ently; [10] wherefore to relieve him if it were possible, they bare him into a chamber that was next at hand, belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire and used all remedies to revive him. At length he recovered his speech, and, understanding and perceiving himself in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereunto answer was made that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the King, "Lauds be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophecy of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem." Whether this was true that so he spake, as one that too much gave credit to foolish prophecies and vain tales, or whether it was feigned, as in such cases it commonly happeneth, we leave it to the advised reader to judge.

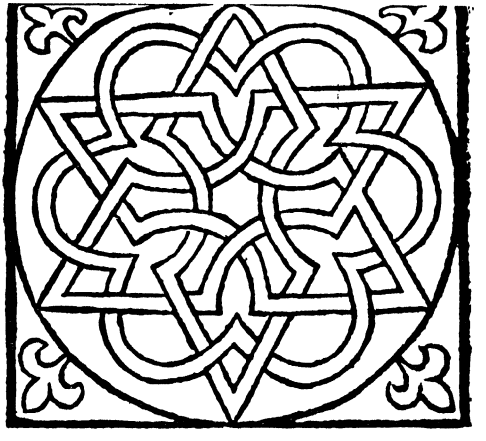
[THE REFORMATION OF HENRY V]

But whatsoever men's fancies hereof might conjecture, this king was the man that, according to the old proverb, declared and showed in what sort honors ought to change manners, for immediately after that he was invested king and had received the crown, he determined with himself to put upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolency and wildness into gravity and soberness. And whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous misorder, with a sort of misgoverned mates and unthrifty playferes,[11] he now banished them from his presence (not unrewarded, nor yet unpreferred), inhibiting them upon a great pain not once to approach, lodge, or sojourn within ten miles of his court or mansion. And in their places he elected and chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy, by whose wise counsel and prudent advertisement he might at all times rule to his honor and govern to his profit, whereas if he should have retained the other lusty companions about him, he doubted lest they might have allured him unto such lewd and light parts as with them beforetime he had youthfully used, not always to his own commendation, nor yet to the contentation of his father, insomuch that where on a time he struck the Chief Justice on the face with his fist for imprisoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to strait prison himself by the said Chief Justice, but also of his father put out of the Privy Council and banished the Court, and his brother Thomas, Duke of Clarence, elected President of the Council, to his great displeasure and open reproach; but now that he was once placed in the royal throne and regal seat of the realm, he considering with himself what charge he had in hand and what appertained to his duty and office, trusted not too much to the readiness of his own wit, nor to the judgment of his own wavering will, and therefore, as I said, called to his Council such prudent and politic persons as might help to ease his charge and instruct him with such good reasons and fruitful persuasions as he might show him-

[10] *presently:* immediately.

[11] *playferes:* companions.

self to his subjects a mirror of virtue and an example of upright dealing. After he had laid this politic foundation, he, virtuously considering in his mind that all goodness cometh of God, determined to begin with something acceptable to His Divine Majesty, and therefore first commanded the clergy sincerely and truly to preach the word of God, and to live accordingly, that they might be the lanterns of light to the temporalty, as their profession required. The laymen he willed to serve God and obey their Prince, prohibiting them above all things breach of matrimony, use of swearing, and namely willful perjury. Beside this, he elected the best learned men in the laws of the realm to the offices of justice, and men of good living he preferred to high degrees and authority.



John Lyly

1554–1606

JOHN LYLY was born in Kent, the son of the Registrar of Canterbury and the grandson of William Lyly, the humanist and author of a standard Latin grammar. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford; he received the B.A. degree in 1573 and the next year wrote to Burleigh asking for political pressure on Magdalen College to elect him a fellow. He took his M.A. in 1575 and soon after moved to London, where he took up residence in the Savoy, apparently making his career one of service to Burleigh and more especially to his son-in-law, the Earl of Oxford. In December, 1578, his book *Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit* was licensed, and the publication of it made him famous. The sequel, *Euphues and his England,* appeared in 1580. His literary activities during the next decade were almost entirely dramatic: he wrote, principally for the children's company of "Paul's Boys," a group of brilliant court comedies, refined, witty, and topical in their cleverly developed allegory. He remained a follower of the Earl of Oxford, pointing out to that glittering nobleman that the hexameters called *Speculum Tuscanismi* in one of Harvey's letters to Spenser, 1580, were a hit at him. Lyly married in 1583, received a grant of £30 a year from his patron in 1584, and in 1589 served the first of his four terms as a Member of Parliament. When the extreme Puritans began to attack the bishops with tracts signed "Martin Marprelate," Lyly was engaged, along with other literary men like Nashe and Greene, to answer them, and Lyly contributed a pamphlet called *Pappe with an Hatchet.* During all this time Lyly was waiting hopefully for a reversion to the office of Master of the Revels, but he suffered the common disappointment of courtiers and never got it. He died in 1606.

"He is but a little fellow," Lyly's friend Nashe wrote of him, "but he hath one of the best wits in England." His wit was of the kind, moreover, that appealed most strongly to the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and what the court took up with enthusiasm became later the vogue of the city and the populace. The first part of *Euphues* went through thirteen editions before 1614; the sequel appeared in twelve editions before 1610; and four more editions of the two parts together appeared between 1617 and 1636. His comedies, too, so far surpassed anything of the kind written in English up to that time that he virtually had the field to himself.

"Our nation are in his debt for a new English which he first taught them," wrote the publisher Blount in his edition of *Six Court Comedies* in 1632; "*Euphues and his England* began first that language. [He should have said *Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit.*] All our ladies were then his scholars, and that beauty in court which could not parley Euphuism was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French." This "new English" had a long tradi-

tion behind it, and it was new only in the combination of traits Lyly gave to it and the high polish and conscious artistry of its presentation. Euphuism is a prose style which has two aspects: an especially elaborate sentence structure and a wealth of ornament of various kinds. Sentence structure is based on the classical and medieval schemata of *isocolon* (succeeding clauses or phrases equal in length), *parison* (succeeding clauses or phrases identical in structure), and *paromoion* (succeeding clauses or phrases, or corresponding syllables, alike in sound). These schemes are used in combination, and the additional effects of repetition, antithesis, rhetorical questions, and exclamations are also combined with them. The ornament is of three kinds: *exempla* or incidents from history or poetry used to illustrate a point; *sententiae* or proverbs; and *similia* or similes drawn from science or pseudo-science, the famous "unnatural natural history" which comes from Erasmus or Pliny or the medieval encyclopedists or the author's own imagination.

It is of course a highly artificial kind of prose, delicate and extremely graceful, suitable only for formal use and so difficult to construct well that we may suspect Blount of exaggeration when he says the court ladies all "parleyed" it. There were a good many Euphuists before Euphues in England, of varying degrees of similarity to Lyly, and the student who is interested in tracing the predecessors would include in his study George Pettie (see p. 466), John Grange's novel *The Golden Aphroditis* (1577), Queen Elizabeth's letters, some sermons, translations by Geoffrey Fenton, and the lectures in Latin of John Rainolds at Oxford between 1572 and 1578, which may have been Lyly's most immediate inspiration. The vogue of Euphuism flourished in sophisticated circles for only a few years. By 1590 it was felt to be démodé, and Shakespeare ridicules it in Falstaff's mock speech to Prince Hal, *1 Henry IV*, II, iv. Euphuism is after all only a special instance of the dominating Elizabethan passion for language—that fascination with words and what can be done with them that marks all classes of society, from the nobles in *Love's Labour's Lost* down to Dogberry the watchman in *Much Ado*. "It is a world to see," Lyly wrote, "how Englishmen desire to hear finer speech than the language will allow, to eat finer bread than is made of wheat, to wear finer cloth than is wrought of wool."

It would be a mistake to consider Lyly only from the point of view of prose style. He is one of the very important teachers of Elizabethan England. His first book bears the sub-title *The Anatomy of Wit*. It analyses wit and wisdom by means of a story; it presents an ideal of conduct in love; it treats that favorite Elizabethan theme of the rivalry between love and friendship, just as *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and Lyly's *Endimion* do. It even contains an attack upon the shortcomings of University education, which everybody took to refer to Oxford, though Lyly denied it. In short, *The Anatomy of Wit* should be read along with Castiglione's *Courtier* (see pp. 437–456), Ascham's *Scholemaster* (see pp. 471–506), Sidney's *Arcadia* (see pp. 599–614), and Spenser's *Faerie Queene* as a projection of Renaissance ideals for the conduct of a gentleman. *Euphues and his England* also has a love story and it exhibits Lyly's skill in plotting, but its main interest derives from the picture it gives of England and the English court. Central in this picture is of course the portrait of Elizabeth. Even with all its fulsome flattery of the Queen, perfectly characteristic of the age, this part of the book is serious and important historical analysis. It would be difficult to find a better explanation of the nature of English loyalty to Elizabeth. One who understands this document of 1580 will be able to see why

the triumph over Spain eight years later produced the fervent patriotism and self-confident unity of spirit that inspires the glorious literature of the last fifteen years of the reign.

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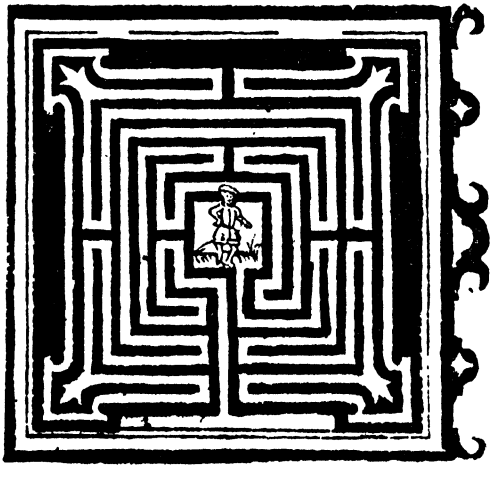

EUPHUES: THE ANATOMY OF WIT[1]

Very pleasant for all Gentlemen to read and most necessary to remember; wherein are contained the delights that wit followeth in his youth by the pleasantness of love, and the happiness he reapeth in age by the perfectness of wisdom . . . 1578

THERE dwelt in Athens a young gentleman of great patrimony, and of so comely a personage that it was doubted[2] whether he were more bound to nature for the lineaments of his person or to fortune for the increase of his possessions. But nature, impatient of comparisons, and as it were disdaining a companion or co-partner in her working, added to this comeliness of his body such a sharp capacity of mind that not only she proved fortune counterfeit, but was half of that opinion that she herself was only current. This young gallant, of more wit than wealth, and yet of more wealth than wisdom, seeing himself inferior to none in pleasant conceits, thought himself superior to all in honest conditions, insomuch that he deemed himself so apt to all things that he gave himself almost to nothing but practicing of those things commonly which are incident to these sharp wits, fine phrases, smooth quipping, merry taunting, using jesting without mean, and abusing mirth without measure. As therefore the sweetest rose hath his prickle, the finest velvet his brack,[3] the fairest flour his bran, so the sharpest wit hath his wanton will, and the holiest head his wicked way. And true it is that some men write and most men believe that in all perfect shapes a blemish bringeth rather a liking every way to the eyes than a loathing any way to the mind. Venus had her mole in her cheek which made her more amiable; Helen her scar on her chin which Paris called *Cos amoris*, the whetstone of love, Aristippus his wart, Lycurgus his wen. So likewise in the disposition of the mind, either virtue is overshadowed with some vice, or vice overcast with some virtue. Alexander valiant in war, yet given to wine. Tully eloquent in his gloses,[4] yet vainglorious. Solomon wise, yet too too wanton. David holy but yet an homicide. None more witty than Euphues, yet at the first none more wicked. The freshest colors soonest fade, the teenest[5] razor soonest turneth his edge, the finest cloth is soonest eaten with moths, and the cambric sooner stained than the coarse canvas; which appeared well in this Euphues, whose wit being like wax apt to receive any impression, and having the bridle in his own hands either to use the rein or the spur,

[1] For the meaning of "Euphues," see Ascham's *Scholemaster*, p. 487, above. *Anatomy:* dissection, or as we would say, analysis.

[2] *doubted:* wondered.

[3] *brack:* break, flaw.

[4] *gloses:* panegyrics.

[5] *teenest:* keenest.

disdaining counsel, leaving his country, loathing his old acquaintance, thought either by wit to obtain some conquest or by shame to abide some conflict, and leaving the rule of reason, rashly ran unto destruction, who, preferring fancy before friends and his present humor before honor to come, laid reason in water, being too salt for his taste, and followed unbridled affection, most pleasant for his tooth. When parents have more care how to leave their children wealthy than wise, and are more desirous to have them maintain the name than the nature of a gentleman; when they put gold into the hands of youth where they should put a rod under their girdle; when instead of awe they make them past grace, and leave them rich executors of goods and poor executors of godliness; then it is no marvel that the son, being left rich by his father's will, become retchless [6] by his own will.

But it hath been an old said saw, and not of less truth than antiquity, that wit is the better if it be the dearer bought; as in the sequel of this history shall most manifestly appear. It happened this young imp to arrive at Naples, a place of more pleasure than profit, and yet of more profit than piety, the very walls and windows whereof showed it rather to be the tabernacle of Venus than the temple of Vesta.

There was all things necessary and in readiness that might either allure the mind to lust or entice the heart to folly, a court more meet for an atheist than for one of Athens, for Ovid than for Aristotle, for a graceless lover than for a godly liver; more fitter for Paris than Hector, and meeter for Flora than Diana.

Here my youth (whether for weariness he could not, or for wantonness would not go any further) determined to make his abode; whereby it is evidently seen that the fleetest fish swalloweth the delicatest bait, that the highest soaring hawk traineth to the lure, and that the wittest sconce is inveigled with the sudden view of alluring vanities.

Here he wanted no companions which courted him continually with sundry kinds of devices, whereby they might either soak [7] his purse to reap commodity or soothe his person to win credit, for he had guests and companions of all sorts.

There frequented to his lodging and mansion house as well the spider to suck poison of his fine wit, as the bee to gather honey, as well the drone as the dove, the fox as the lamb, as well Damocles [8] to betray him as Damon to be true to him. Yet he behaved himself so warily that he singled his game wisely. He could easily discern Apollo's music from Pan his pipe, and Venus' beauty from Juno's bravery, and the faith of Laelius [9] from the flattery of Aristippus.[10] He welcomed all but trusted none; he was merry, but yet so wary that neither the flatterer could take advantage to entrap

[6] *retchless:* reckless.

[7] *soak:* drain dry, exhaust.

[8] *Damocles:* a flatterer of Dionysius the tyrant.

[9] *Laelius:* the friend of Scipio Africanus.

[10] *Aristippus:* philosopher and courtier of Dionysius the tyrant.

him in his talk, nor the wisest any assurance of his friendship. Who, being demanded of one what countryman he was, he answered, "What countryman am I not? If I be in Crete I can lie, if in Greece I can shift, if in Italy I can court it. If thou ask whose son I am also, I ask thee whose son I am not. I can carouse with Alexander, abstain with Romulus, eat with the Epicure, fast with the Stoic, sleep with Endymion, watch with Chrisippus"—using these speeches and other like.

An old gentleman in Naples seeing his pregnant wit, his eloquent tongue somewhat taunting, yet with delight, his mirth without measure, yet not without wit, his sayings vainglorious, yet pithy, began to bewail his nurture and to muse at his nature, being incensed against the one as most pernicious, and enflamed with the other as most precious; for he well knew that so rare a wit would in time either breed an intolerable trouble, or bring an incomparable treasure to the commonweal; at the one he greatly pitied, at the other he rejoiced.

Having therefore gotten opportunity to communicate with him his mind, with watery eyes, as one lamenting his wantonness, and smiling face, as one loving his wittiness, encountered him on this manner:

"Young gentleman, although my acquaintance be small to intreat you, and my authority less to command you, yet my good will in giving you good counsel should induce you to believe me, and my hoary hairs, ambassadors of experience, enforce you to follow me; for by how much the more I am a stranger to you, by so much the more you are beholding to me; having therefore opportunity to utter my mind, I mean to be importunate with you to follow my meaning. As thy birth doth show the express and lively image of gentle blood, so thy bringing up seemeth to me to be a great blot to the lineage of so noble a brute,[11] so that I am enforced to think that either thou didest want one to give thee good instructions, or that thy parents made thee a wanton with too much cockering; [12] either they were too foolish in using no discipline, or thou too froward in rejecting their doctrine; either they willing to have thee idle, or thou willful to be ill employed. Did they not remember that which no man ought to forget, that the tender youth of a child is like the tempering of new wax, apt to receive any form? He that will carry a bull with Milo [13] must use to carry him a calf also; he that coveteth to have a straight tree must not bow him being a twig. The potter fashioneth his clay when it is soft, and the sparrow is taught to come when he is young. As therefore the iron being hot receiveth any form with the stroke of the hammer, and keepeth it, being cold, forever, so the tender wit of a child, if with diligence it be instructed in youth, will with industry use those qualities in his age.

"They might also have taken example of the wise husbandmen, who in their fattest and most fertile ground sow hemp before wheat, a grain that

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[11] *brute:* hero, from Brutus, the legendary founder of Britain.

[12] *cockering:* pampering.

[13] *Milo:* the famous athlete, who was able to carry a bull because he had carried it every day as it grew up from a calf.

drieth up the superfluous moisture and maketh the soil more apt for corn. Or of good gardeners who in their curious knots [14] mix hyssop with thyme as aiders the one to the growth of the other, the one being dry, the other moist; or of cunning painters who for the whitest work cast the blackest ground, to make the picture more amiable. If therefore thy father had been as wise an husbandman as he was a fortunate husband, or thy mother as good a housewife as she was a happy wife, if they had been both as good gardeners to keep their knot as they were grafters to bring forth such fruit, or as cunning painters as they were happy parents, no doubt they had sowed hemp before wheat, that is, discipline before affection, they had set hyssop with thyme, that is, manners with wit, the one to aid the other; and to make thy dexterity more, they had cast a black ground for their white work, that is, they had mixed threats with fair looks.

"But things past are past calling again; it is too late to shut the stable door when the steed is stolen. The Troyans repented too late when their town was spoiled. Yet the remembrance of thy former follies might breed in thee a remorse of conscience, and be a remedy against further concupiscence. But now to thy present time: the Lacedemonians were wont to show their children drunken men and other wicked men, that by seeing their filth they might shun the like fault and avoid such vices when they were at the like state. The Persians to make their youth abhor gluttony would paint an epicure sleeping with meat in his mouth and most horribly overladen with wine, that by the view of such monstrous sights they might eschew the means of the like excess.

"The Parthians, to cause their youth to loathe the alluring trains of women's wiles and deceitful enticements, had most curiously carved in their houses a young man blind, besides whom was adjoined a woman so exquisite that in some men's judgment Pygmalion's image [15] was not half so excellent, having one hand in his pocket, as noting their theft, and holding a knife in the other hand to cut his throat. If the sight of such ugly shapes caused a loathing of the like sins, then, my good Euphues, consider their plight and beware of thine own peril. Thou art here in Naples a young sojourner, I an old senior; thou a stranger, I a citizen; thou secure, doubting no mishap, I sorrowful dreading thy misfortune. Here mayst thou see that which I sigh to see, drunken sots wallowing in every house, in every chamber, yea, in every channel; [16] here mayst thou behold that which I cannot without blushing behold nor without blubbering utter, those whose bellies be their gods, who offer their goods as sacrifice to their guts; who sleep with meat in their mouths, with sin in their hearts, and with shame in their houses.

"Here, yea, here, Euphues, mayst thou see not the carved visard of a lewd woman, but the incarnate visage of a lascivious wanton, not the shadow of

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[14] *knots:* gardens of intricate design.

[15] *Pygmalion's image:* Cf. Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure,* III, ii, 49.

[16] *channel:* gutter.

love, but the substance of lust. My heart melteth in drops of blood, to see a harlot with the one hand rob so many coffers, and with the other to rip so many corses.

"Thou art here amidst the pikes [17] between Scylla and Charybdis,[18] ready if thou shun Syrtes to sink into Symplegades.[19] Let the Lacedemonian, the Persian, the Parthian, yea, the Neapolitan, cause thee rather to detest such villainy, at the sight and view of their vanity.

"Is it not far better to abhor sins by the remembrance of others' faults than by repentance of thine own follies? Is not he accompted most wise whom other men's harms do make most wary? But thou wilt haply say, that although there be many things in Naples to be justly condemned, yet there are some things of necessity to be commended, and as thy will doth lean unto the one, so thy wit would also embrace the other.

"Alas, Euphues, by how much the more I love the high climbing of thy capacity, by so much the more I fear thy fall. The fine crystal is sooner crased [20] than the hard marble, the greenest beech burneth faster than the driest oak, the fairest silk is soonest soiled, and the sweetest wine turneth to the sharpest vinegar, the pestilence doth most rifest [21] infect the clearest complexion, and the caterpillar cleaveth unto the ripest fruit, the most delicate wit is allured with small enticement unto vice, and most subject to yield unto vanity; if therefore thou do but hearken to the Sirens, thou wilt be enamored; if thou haunt their houses and places, thou shalt be enchanted.

"One drop of poison infecteth the whole tun of wine, one leaf of coloquintida [22] marreth and spoileth the whole pot of porridge, one iron mold defaceth the whole piece of lawn. Descend into thine own conscience, and consider with thyself the great difference between staring and stark blind, wit and wisdom, love and lust. Be merry but with modesty, be sober but not too sullen, be valiant but not too venturous. Let thy attire be comely but not costly, thy diet wholesome but not excessive, use pastime as the word importeth, to pass the time in honest recreation. Mistrust no man without cause, neither be thou credulous without proof; be not light to follow every man's opinion, nor obstinate to stand in thine own conceit. Serve God, love God, fear God, and God will so bless thee as either heart can wish or thy friends desire. And so I end my counsel, beseeching thee to begin to follow it."

This old gentleman having finished his discourse, Euphues began to shape him an answer in this sort:

"Father and friend (your age showeth the one, your honesty the other), I am neither so suspicious to mistrust your good will, nor so sottish to mis-

[17] *pikes:* rocks.

[18] *Scylla and Charybdis:* the rock and whirlpool of proverbial difficulty to mariners.

[19] *Syrtes, Symplegades:* dangerous gulfs on the north shore of Africa, and the two islands off the mouth of the Bosporus. Lyly uses the latter word for its sound, or else he mistakenly thought the Symplegades were quicksands.

[20] *crased:* cracked.

[21] *rifest:* most readily.

[22] *coloquintida:* colocynth or bitter-apple.

like your good counsel; as I am therefore to thank you for the first, so it stands me upon [23] to think better on the latter. I mean not to cavil with you as one loving sophistry, neither to control [24] you as one having superiority; the one would bring my talk into the suspicion of fraud, the other convince me of folly. Whereas you argue I know not upon what probabilities, but sure I am upon no proof, that my bringing up should be a blemish to my birth; I answer, and swear too, that you were not therein a little overshot; either you gave too much credit to the report of others, or too much liberty to your own judgment; you convince my parents of peevishness,[25] in making me a wanton, and me of lewdness, in rejecting correction. But so many men, so many minds; that may seem in your eye odious which in another's eye may be gracious. Aristippus,[26] a philosopher, yet who more courtly? Diogenes, a philosopher, yet who more carterly? [27] Who more popular than Plato, retaining always good company? Who more envious than Timon, denouncing all human society? Who so severe as the Stoics, which like stocks were moved with no melody? Who so secure as the Epicures, which wallowed in all kind of licentiousness? Though all men be made of one metal, yet they be not cast all in one mold; there is framed of the self-same clay as well the tile to keep out water as the pot to contain liquor, the sun doth harden the dirt and melt the wax, fire maketh the gold to shine and the straw to smother,[28] perfumes doth refresh the dove and kill the beetle, and the nature of the man disposeth that consent of the manners. Now whereas you seem to love my nature and loathe my nurture, you bewray your own weakness, in thinking that nature may any ways be altered by education, and as you have ensamples to confirm your pretense, so I have most evident and infallible arguments to serve for my purpose. It is natural for the vine to spread; the more you seek by art to alter it, the more in the end you shall augment it. It is proper for the palm tree to mount; the heavier you load it the higher it sprouteth. Though iron be made soft with fire it returneth to his hardness; though the falcon be reclaimed to the fist she retireth to her haggardness; [29] the whelp of a mastiff will never be taught to retrieve the partridge; education can have no show, where the excellency of nature doth bear sway. The silly mouse will by no manner of means be tamed; the subtle fox may well be beaten, but never broken from stealing his prey; if you pound spices they smell the sweeter; season the wood never so well, the wine will taste of the cask; plant and translate the crab tree where and whensoever it please you and it will never bear sweet apple, unless you graft by art, which nothing toucheth nature.

"Infinite and innumerable were the examples I could allege and declare to confirm the force of Nature, and confute these your vain and false for-

[23] *stands me upon:* behooves me.

[24] *control:* rebuke.

[25] *convince . . . peevishness:* convict my parents of folly.

[26] *Aristippus:* founder of Cyrenaic school; a Hedonist.

[27] *carterly:* boorish.

[28] *smother:* smolder.

[29] *haggardness:* wildness.

geries, were not the repetition of them needless, having showed sufficient, or bootless, seeing those alleged will not persuade you. And can you be so unnatural, whom dame Nature hath nourished and brought up so many years, to repine as it were against Nature?

"The similitude you rehearse of the wax argueth your waxing and melting brain, and your example of the hot and hard iron showeth in you but cold and weak disposition. Do you not know that which all men do affirm and know, that black will take no other color? that the stone Abeston [30] being once made hot will never be made cold? that fire cannot be forced downward? that Nature will have course after kind? that everything will dispose itself according to Nature? Can the Ethiop change or alter his skin? or the leopard [31] his hue? Is it possible to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? [32] or to cause any thing to strive against Nature?

"But why go I about to praise Nature, the which as yet was never any imp so wicked and barbarous, any Turk so vile and brutish, any beast so dull and senseless, that could or would or durst dispraise or contemn? Doth not Cicero conclude and allow that if we follow and obey Nature, we shall never err? Doth not Aristotle allege and confirm that Nature frameth or maketh nothing in any point rude, vain, and unperfect?

"Nature was had in such estimation and admiration among the heathen people that she was reputed for the only goddess in heaven. If Nature, then, have largely and bountifully endued me with her gifts, why deem you me so untoward and graceless? If she have dealt hardly with me, why extol you so much my birth? If Nature bear no sway, why use you this adulation? If Nature work the effect, what booteth any education? If Nature be of strength or force, what availeth discipline or nurture? If of none, what helpeth Nature? But let these sayings pass, as known evidently and granted to be true, which none can or may deny unless he be false, or that he be an enemy to humanity.

"As touching my residence and abiding here in Naples, my youthly and lusty affections, my sports and pleasures, my pastimes, my common dalliance, my delights, my resort and company, and companions, which daily use to visit me; although to you they breed more sorrow and care than solace and comfort, because of your crabbed age; yet to me they bring more comfort and joy than care and grief, more bliss than bale, more happiness than heaviness, because of my youthful gentleness. Either you would have all men old as you are, or else you have quite forgotten that you yourself were young, or ever knew young days; either in your youth you were a very vicious and ungodly man, or now being aged very superstitious and devout above measure.

"Put you no difference between the young flourishing bay tree and the

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[30] *Abeston:* asbestos. The erroneous statement about its retention of heat is found in medieval authorities like Bartholomaeus Anglicus and Isidore of Seville.

[31] *Ethiop . . . leopard:* Jeremiah 13:23.

[32] *grapes . . . thistles:* Matthew 7:16.

old withered beech? no kind of distinction between the waxing and the waning of the moon? and between the rising and the setting of the sun? Do you measure the hot assaults of youth by the cold skirmishes of age? whose years are subject to more infirmities than our youth, we merry, you melancholy, we zealous in affection, you jealous in all your doings, you testy without cause, we hasty for no quarrel. You careful, we careless, we bold, you fearful, we in all points contrary unto you, and ye in all points unlike unto us.

"Seeing therefore we be repugnant each to the other in nature, would you have us alike in qualities? Would you have one potion ministered to the burning fever and to the cold palsy? one plaster to an old issue and a fresh wound? one salve for all sores? one sauce for all meats? No, no, Eubulus, but I will yield to more than either I am bound to grant, either thou able to prove: suppose that which I never will believe, that Naples is a cankered storehouse of all strife, a common stews for all strumpets, the sink of shame and the very nurse of all sin. Shall it therefore follow of necessity that all that are wooed of love should be wedded to lust? Will you conclude as it were *ex consequenti* that whosoever arriveth here shall be enticed to folly, and being enticed, of force shall be entangled? No, no, it is the disposition of the thought that altereth the nature of the thing. The sun shineth upon the dunghill and is not corrupted; the diamond lieth in the fire and is not consumed; the crystal toucheth the toad and is not poisoned; [33] the bird Trochilus [34] liveth by the mouth of the crocodile and is not spoiled; a perfect wit is never bewitched with lewdness, neither enticed with lasciviousness.

"Is it not common that the holm [35] tree springeth amidst the beach? that the ivy spreadeth upon the hard stones? that the soft feather-bed breaketh the hard blade? If experience have not taught you this, you have lived long and learned little, or if your moist brain have forgot it, you have learned much and profited nothing. But it may be that you measure my affections by your own fancies, and knowing yourself either too simple to raise the siege of policy, or too weak to resist the assault by prowess, you deem me of as little wit as yourself, or of less force, either of small capacity, or of no courage. In my judgment, Eubulus, you shall as soon catch a hare with a tabor,[36] as you shall persuade youth, with your aged and overworn eloquence, to such severity of life, which as yet there was never Stoic so strict, nor Jesuit so superstitious, neither votary so devout, but would rather allow it in words than follow it in works, rather talk of it than try it. Neither were you such a saint in your youth, that abandoning all pleasures, all pastimes, and delights, you would choose rather to sacrifice the first fruits of your life

[33] *crystal . . . poisoned:* Pliny, *Natural History,* XXXVII, xv.

[34] *Trochilus:* Pliny, *Natural History,* VIII, xxxvii. This bird, which was supposed to live in the mouth of the crocodile and clean its host's teeth, is a favorite of Lyly's, and of the Elizabethans generally.

[35] *holm:* holly.

[36] *tabor:* a small drum.

to vain holiness than to youthly affections. But as to the stomach quatted [37] with dainties all delicates seem queasy, and as he that surfeiteth with wine useth afterward to allay with water; so these old huddles,[38] having overcharged their gorges with fancy, accompt all honest recreation mere folly, and having taken a surfeit of delight seem now to savor it with despite. Seeing therefore it is labor lost for me to persuade you, and wind vainly wasted for you to exhort me, here I found you, and here I leave you, having neither bought nor sold with you, but changed ware for ware; if you have taken little pleasure in my reply, sure I am that by your counsel I have reaped less profit. They that use to steal honey burn hemlock to smoke the bees from their hives, and it may be that to get some advantage of me you have used these smoky arguments, thinking thereby to smother me with the conceit of strong imagination. But as the chameleon though he have most guts draweth least breath,[39] or as the elder tree though he be fullest of pith is farthest from strength, so though your reasons seem inwardly to yourself somewhat substantial, and your persuasions pithy in your own conceit, yet being well weighed without, they be shadows without substance, and weak without force. The bird Taurus [40] hath a great voice but a small body, the thunder [41] a great clap yet but a little stone, the empty vessel giveth a greater sound than the full barrel. I mean not to apply it, but look into yourself and you shall certainly find it; and thus I leave you seeking it, but were it not that my company stay my coming I would surely help you to look [42] it, but I am called hence by my acquaintance."

Euphues having thus ended his talk departed, leaving this old gentleman in a great quandary; who, perceiving that he was more inclined to wantonness than to wisdom, with a deep sigh, the tears trickling down his cheeks, said: "Seeing thou wilt not buy counsel at the first hand good cheap, thou shalt buy repentance at the second hand, at such an unreasonable rate that thou wilt curse thy hard pennyworth, and ban thy hard heart. Ah, Euphues, little dost thou know that if thy wealth waste, thy wit will give but small warmth, and if thy wit incline to willfulness, that thy wealth will do thee no great good. If the one had been employed to thrift, the other to learning, it had been hard to conjecture whether thou shouldst have been more fortunate by riches or happy by wisdom, whether more esteemed in the commonweal for wealth to maintain war or for counsel to conclude peace. But alas! why do I pity that in thee which thou seemest to praise in thyself?" And immediately he went to his own house, heavily bewailing the young man's unhappiness.

Here ye may behold, gentlemen, how lewdly wit standeth in his own

[37] *quatted:* surfeited.

[38] *huddles:* old men bent double.

[39] Most authorities in animal lore said the chameleon lived on air. See *Hamlet,* III, ii, 93.

[40] *Taurus:* Eramus, *Similia,* 614 F. The bird was so called because his voice was supposed to be like the roaring of a bull.

[41] *thunder:* Meteorites and belemnites were formerly supposed to fall with the sound of thunder.

[42] *look:* seek.

light, how he deemeth no penny good silver but his own, preferring the blossom before the fruit, the bud before the flower, the green blade before the ripe ear of corn, his own wit before all men's wisdoms. Neither is that geason,[43] seeing for the most part it is proper to all those of sharp capacity to esteem of themselves as most proper; if one be hard in conceiving, they pronounce him a dolt; if given to study, they proclaim him a dunce; if merry, a jester; if sad, a saint; if full of words, a sot; if without speech, a cipher. If one argue with them boldly, then is he impudent; if coldly, an innocent; if there be reasoning of divinity, they cry, *Quae supra nos nihil ad nos;*[44] if of humanity, *Sententias loquitur carnifex.*[45] Hereof cometh such great familiarity between the ripest wits, when they shall see the disposition the one of the other, the *sympathia* of affections and as it were but a pair of shears to go between their natures, one flattereth another in his own folly, and layeth cushions under the elbow of his fellow when he seeth him take a nap with fancy, and as their wit wresteth them to vice, so it forgeth them some feat[46] excuse to cloak their vanity.

Too much study doth intoxicate their brains, for (say they) although iron the more it is used the brighter it is, yet silver with much wearing doth waste to nothing; though the cammock[47] the more it is bowed the better it serveth, yet the bow the more it is bent and occupied[48] the weaker it waxeth; though the camomile,[49] the more it is trodden and pressed down the more it spreadeth, yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth. Besides this, a fine wit, a sharp sense, a quick understanding, is able to attain to more in a moment or a very little space than a dull and blockish head in a month; the scythe cutteth far better and smoother than the saw; the wax yieldeth better and sooner to the seal than the steel to the stamp or hammer; the smooth and plain beech is easier to be carved and occupied than the knotty box. For neither is there any thing, but that hath his contraries. Such is the nature of these novices that think to have learning without labor, and treasure without travail, either not understanding or else not remembering that the finest edge is made with the blunt whetstone, and the fairest jewel fashioned with the hard hammer. I go not about, gentlemen, to inveigh against wit, for then I were witless; but frankly to confess mine own little wit, I have ever thought so superstitiously of wit that I fear I have committed idolatry against wisdom, and if Nature had dealt so beneficially with me to have given me any wit, I should have been readier in the defense of it to have made an apology than any way to turn to apostasy. But this I note, that for the most part they stand so on their pantofles[50] that they be secure[51] of perils, obstinate in

[43] *geason:* rare.

[44] *Quae . . . nos:* "What is above us is nothing to us," Erasmus, *Adagia,* I, vi, 69.

[45] *Sententias . . . carnifex:* "Even a murderer utters moral sayings."

[46] *feat:* apt.

[47] *cammock:* the shepherd's crook.

[48] *occupied:* used.

[49] *camomile:* Falstaff uses this simile in *I Henry IV,* II, iv, 441.

[50] *pantofles:* slippers with thick cork soles. The phrase here means to show pride.

[51] *secure:* free from fear (not "danger").

their own opinions, impatient of labor, apt to conceive wrong, credulous to believe the worst, ready to shake off their old acquaintance without cause and to condemn them without color. All which humors are by so much the more easier to be purged, by how much the less they have festered the sinews. But return we again to Euphues.

Euphues having sojourned by the space of two months in Naples, whether he were moved by the courtesy of a young gentleman named Philautus,[52] or enforced by destiny; whether his pregnant wit, or his pleasant conceits wrought the greater liking in the mind of Euphues, I know not for certainty; but Euphues showed such entire love towards him that he seemed to make small accompt of any others, determining to enter into such an inviolable league of friendship with him as neither time by piecemeal should impair, neither fancy utterly dissolve, nor any suspicion infringe. "I have read," [53] saith he, "and well I believe it, that a friend is in prosperity a pleasure, a solace in adversity, in grief a comfort, in joy a merry companion, at all times another I, in all places the express image of mine own person; insomuch that I cannot tell whether the immortal gods have bestowed any gift upon mortal men either more noble or more necessary than friendship. Is there anything in the world to be reputed (I will not say compared) to friendship? Can any treasure in this transitory pilgrimage be of more value than a friend? In whose bosom thou mayst sleep secure without fear, whom thou mayst make partner of all thy secrets without suspicion of fraud, and partaker of all thy misfortune without mistrust of fleeting, who will accompt thy bale his bane, thy mishap his misery, the pricking of thy finger the piercing of his heart. But whither am I carried? Have I not also learned that one should eat a bushel of salt with him whom he meaneth to make his friend? that trial maketh trust? that there is falsehood in fellowship? And what then? Doth not the sympathy of manners make the conjunction of minds? Is it not a byword, like will to like? Not so common as commendable it is, to see young gentlemen choose them such friends with whom they may seem being absent to be present, being asunder to be conversant, being dead to be alive. I will therefore have Philautus for my fere, and by so much the more I make myself sure to have Philautus, by how much the more I view in him the lively image of Euphues."

Although there be none so ignorant that doth not know, neither any so impudent that will not confess, friendship to be the jewel of human joy; yet whosoever shall see this amity grounded upon a little affection will soon conjecture that it shall be dissolved upon a light occasion; as in the sequel of Euphues and Philautus you shall see, whose hot loved waxed soon cold. For as the best wine doth make the sharpest vinegar, so the deepest love turneth to the deadliest hate. Who deserved the most blame, in mine opinion it is doubtful, and so difficult that I dare not presume to give verdict. For love being the cause for which so many mischiefs have been attempted,

[52] *Philautus:* The name means "the selfish man."

[53] *I have read:* in Cicero, *De amicitia,* XX-XXII.

I am not yet persuaded whether of them was most to be blamed, but certainly neither of them was blameless. I appeal to your judgment, gentlemen, not that I think any of you of the like disposition able to decide the question, but being of deeper discretion than I am, are more fit to debate the quarrel. Though the discourse of their friendship and falling out be somewhat long, yet being somewhat strange, I hope the delightfulness of the one will attenuate the tediousness of the other.

Euphues had continual access to the place of Philautus, and no little familiarity with him, and finding him at convenient leisure, in these short terms unfolded his mind unto him:

"Gentleman and friend, the trial I have had of thy manners cutteth off divers terms which to another I would have used in the like matter. And sithens a long discourse argueth folly, and delicate words incur the suspicion of flattery, I am determined to use neither of them, knowing either of them to breed offense. Weighing with myself the force of friendship by the effects, I studied ever since my first coming to Naples to enter league with such a one as might direct my steps being a stranger, and resemble my manners being a scholar, the which two qualities as I find in you able to satisfy my desire, so I hope I shall find a heart in you willing to accomplish my request. Which if I may obtain, assure yourself that Damon to his Pythias,[54] Pylades to his Orestes,[55] Titus to his Gysippus,[56] Theseus to his Peirithous,[57] Scipio to his Laelius, was never found more faithful than Euphues will be to his Philautus."

Philautus, by how much the less he looked for this discourse, by so much the more he liked it, for he saw all qualities both of body and mind in Euphues, unto whom he replied as followeth:

"Friend Euphues (for so your talk warranteth me to term you), I dare neither use a long process, neither loving speech, lest unwittingly I should cause you to convince me of those things which you have already condemned. And verily I am bold to presume upon your courtesy, since you yourself have used so little curiosity,[58] persuading myself that my short answer will work as great an effect in you as your few words did in me. And seeing we resemble (as you say) each other in qualities, it cannot be that the one should differ from the other in courtesy; seeing the sincere affection of the mind cannot be expressed by the mouth, and that no art can unfold the entire love of the heart, I am earnestly to beseech you not to measure the firmness of my faith by the fewness of my words, but rather

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[54] *Damon, Pythias:* Greeks who proved their friendship by contending, before Dionysius tyrant of Syracuse, which should be put to death to save the other. There is an English play on the subject by R. Edwards, *ca.* 1564.

[55] *Pylades, Orestes:* cousins and close friends who accomplished revenge for the death of Orestes' father, Agamemnon.

[56] *Titus, Gysippus:* friends in Boccaccio's *Decameron,* 10th day, novel 8.

[57] *Theseus, Peirithous:* the great Attic hero and his friend the king of the Lapiths. They fought the Centaurs together and went to hell to rescue Proserpine.

[58] *curiosity:* ceremony.

think that the overflowing waves of good will leave no passage for many words. Trial shall prove trust; here is my hand, my heart, my lands, and my life at thy commandment. Thou mayst well perceive that I did believe thee, that so soon I did love thee, and I hope thou wilt the rather love me, in that I did believe thee." Either Euphues and Philautus stood in need of friendship or were ordained to be friends. Upon so short warning to make so soon a conclusion might seem in mine opinion, if it continued, miraculous, if shaken off, ridiculous.

But after many embracings and protestations one to another, they walked to dinner, where they wanted neither meat, neither music, neither any other pastime, and having banqueted, to digest their sweet confections they danced all that afternoon; they used not only one board but one bed, one book (if so be it they thought not one too many). Their friendship augmented every day, insomuch that the one could not refrain the company of the other one minute; all things went in common between them, which all men accompted commendable. Philautus being a town-born child, both for his own continuance and the great countenance which his father had while he lived, crept into credit with Don Ferardo,[59] one of the chief governors of the city, who although he had a courtly crew of gentlewomen sojourning in his palace, yet his daughter, heir to his whole revenues, stained[60] the beauty of them all, whose modest bashfulness caused the other to look wan for envy, whose lily cheeks dyed with a vermilion red made the rest to blush at her beauty. For as the finest ruby staineth the color of the rest that be in place, or as the sun dimmeth the moon that she cannot be discerned, so this gallant girl more fair than fortunate, and yet more fortunate than faithful, eclipsed the beauty of them all, and changed their colors. Unto her had Philautus access, who won her by right of love, and should have worn her by right of law, had not Euphues by strange destiny broken the bonds of marriage and forbidden the banns of matrimony.

It happened that Don Ferardo had occasion to go to Venice about certain his own affairs, leaving his daughter the only steward of his household, who spared not to feast Philautus, her friend, with all kinds of delights and delicates, reserving only her honesty as the chief stay of her honor. Her father being gone she sent for her friend to supper, who came not as he was accustomed, solitarily alone, but accompanied with his friend Euphues. The gentlewoman, whether it were for niceness or for niggardness of courtesy, gave him such a cold welcome that he repented that he was come.

Euphues, though he knew himself worthy every way to have a good countenance, yet could he not perceive her willing any way to lend him a friendly look. Yet lest he should seem to want gestures, or to be dashed out

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[59] *Don Ferardo:* possibly the Mayor of Brackley, in England; Philautus would then represent Lyly's fellow student at Magdalen, John Thornborough, and Euphues would be Lyly himself. The identification rests on the Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, and was first made by Feuillerat.

[60] *stained:* surpassed.

of conceit with her coy countenance, he addressed him to a gentlewoman called Livia, unto whom he uttered this speech: "Fair lady, if it be the guise of Italy to welcome strangers with strangeness, I must needs say the custom is strange and the country barbarous; if the manner of ladies to salute gentlemen with coyness, then I am enforced to think the women without courtesy to use such welcome, and the men past shame that will come. But hereafter I will either bring a stool on mine arm, for an unbidden guest, or a vizard [61] on my face, for a shameless gossip." Livia replied:

"Sir, our country is civil, and our gentlewomen are courteous, but in Naples it is compted a jest, at every word to say, 'In faith you are welcome.'" As she was yet talking, supper was set on the board; then Philautus spake thus unto Lucilla: "Gentlewoman, I was the bolder to bring my shadow with me (meaning Euphues), knowing that he should be the better welcome for my sake." Unto whom the gentlewoman replied: "Sir, as I never when I saw you thought that you came without your shadow, so now I cannot a little marvel to see you so overshot in bringing a new shadow with you." Euphues, though he perceived her coy nip, seemed not to care for it, but taking her by the hand said:

"Fair lady, seeing the shade doth often shield your beauty from the parching sun, I hope you will the better esteem of the shadow, and by so much the less it ought to be offensive, by how much the less it is able to offend you, and by so much the more you ought to like it, by how much the more you use to lie in it."

"Well, gentlemen," answered Lucilla, "in arguing of the shadow, we forego the substance. Pleaseth you therefore to sit down to supper." And so they all sat down; but Euphues fed of one dish which ever stood before him, the beauty of Lucilla.

Here Euphues at the first sight was so kindled with desire, that almost he was like to burn to coals. Supper being ended, the order was in Naples that the gentlewomen would desire to hear some discourse, either concerning love or learning. And although Philautus was requested, yet he posted it over to Euphues, whom he knew most fit for that purpose. Euphues being thus tied to the stake by their importunate entreaty, began as followeth:

"He that worst may is always enforced to hold the candle; the weakest must still to the wall; where none will, the devil himself must bear the cross. But were it not, gentlewomen, that your list [62] stands for law, I would borrow so much leave as to resign mine office to one of you, whose experience in love hath made you learned, and whose learning hath made you so lovely; for me to entreat of the one, being a novice, or to discourse of the other, being a truant, I may well make you weary but never the wiser, and give you occasion rather to laugh at my rashness than to like my reasons. Yet I care the less to excuse my boldness to you, who were the cause of my blindness. And since I am at mine own choice either to talk of love or of

[61] *vizard:* mask.

[62] *list:* pleasure.

learning, I had rather for this time be deemed an unthrift in rejecting profit, than a Stoic in renouncing pleasure.

"It hath been a question often disputed but never determined, whether the qualities of the mind, or the composition of the man, cause women most to like, or whether beauty or wit move men most to love. Certes, by how much the more the mind is to be preferred before the body, by so much the more the graces of the one are to be preferred before the gifts of the other, which if it be so, that the contemplation of the inward quality ought to be respected more than the view of the outward beauty, then doubtless women either do or should love those best whose virtue is best, not measuring the deformed man with the reformed mind. The foul toad [63] hath a fair stone in his head, the fine gold is found in the filthy earth, the sweet kernel lieth in the hard shell. Virtue is harbored in the heart of him that most men esteem misshapen. Contrariwise, if we respect more the outward shape than the inward habit, good God, into how many mischiefs do we fall? Into what blindness are we led? Do we not commonly see that in painted pots is hidden the deadliest poison? that in the greenest grass is the greatest serpent? in the clearest water the ugliest toad? Doth not experience teach us that in the most curious sepulcher are enclosed rotten bones? that the cypress tree beareth a fair leaf but no fruit? [64] that the estridge carrieth fair feathers, but rank flesh? How frantic are those lovers which are carried away with the gay glistering of the fine face! the beauty whereof is parched with the summer's blaze and chipped [65] with the winter's blast, which is of so short continuance that it fadeth before one perceive it flourish, of so small profit that it poisoneth those that possess it, of so little value with the wise, that they accompt it a delicate bait with a deadly hook, a sweet panther [66] with a devouring paunch, a sour poison in a silver pot. Here I could enter into discourse of such fine dames as being in love with their own looks make such coarse accompt of their passionate lovers; for commonly if they be adorned with beauty, they be so strait-laced, and made so high in the instep, that they disdain them most that most desire them. It is a world to see the doting of their lovers, and their dealing with them, the revealing of whose subtle trains would cause me to shed tears, and you gentlewomen to shut your modest ears. Pardon me, gentlewomen, if I unfold every wile, and show every wrinkle of women's disposition. Two things do they cause their servants to vow unto them, secrecy, and sovereignty, the one to conceal their enticing sleights, by the other to assure themselves of their only service. Again—but ho there! If I should have waded any further and sounded the depth of their deceit, I should either have procured your displeasure, or incurred

[63] *foul toad:* This famous myth did not originate with Pliny, but with medieval "scientists." Shakespeare uses it in *As You Like It,* ~~I, ii~~, 12 ff. For a refutation, see Sir Thomas Browne, *Vulgar Errors,* III, 13.

[64] *cypress . . . fruit:* from a picture in Alciati's *Emblemata* (London, 1566, sig. P8).

[65] *chipped:* chapped.

[66] *sweet panther:* Pliny, *Natural History,* VIII, xxiii, and many other sources.

the suspicion of fraud, either armed you to practice the like subtlety, or accused myself of perjury. But I mean not to offend your chaste minds with the rehearsal of their unchaste manners, whose ears I perceive to glow, and hearts to be grieved at that which I have already uttered, not that amongst you there be any such, but that in your sex there should be any such. Let not gentlewomen therefore make too much of their painted sheath, let them not be so curious in their own conceit or so currish to their loyal lovers. When the black crow's foot shall appear in their eye, or the black ox tread on their foot, when their beauty shall be like the blasted rose, their wealth wasted, their bodies worn, their faces wrinkled, their fingers crooked, who will like of them in their age, who loved none in their youth? If you will be cherished when you be old, be courteous while you be young; if you look for comfort in your hoary hairs, be not coy when you have your golden locks; if you would be embraced in the waning of your bravery, be not squeamish in the waxing of your beauty; if you desire to be kept like the roses when they have lost their color, smell sweet as the rose doth in the bud; if you would be tasted for old wine, be in the mouth a pleasant grape; so shall you be cherished for your courtesy, comforted for your honesty, embraced for your amity, so shall you be preserved with the sweet rose, and drunk with the pleasant wine. Thus far I am bold, gentlewomen, to counsel those that be coy that they weave not the web of their own woe nor spin the thread of their own thralldom by their own overthwartness. And seeing we are even in the bowels of love, it shall not be amiss to examine whether man or woman be soonest allured, whether be most constant the male or the female. And in this point I mean not to be mine own carver, lest I should seem either to pick a thank with men, or a quarrel with women. If, therefore, it might stand with your pleasure, Mistress Lucilla, to give your censure, I would take the contrary, for sure I am though your judgment be sound yet affection will shadow it."

Lucilla, seeing his pretense, thought to take advantage of his large proffer, unto whom she said: "Gentleman, in mine opinion women are to be won with every wind, in whose sex there is neither force to withstand the assaults of love, neither constancy to remain faithful. And because your discourse hath hitherto bred delight, I am loath to hinder you in the sequel of your devices."

Euphues, perceiving himself to be taken napping, answered as followeth: "Mistress Lucilla, if you speak as you think, these gentlewomen present have little cause to thank you; if you cause me to commend women, my tale will be accompted a mere trifle, and your words the plain truth. Yet knowing promise to be debt, I will pay it with performance. And I would the gentlemen here present were as ready to credit my proof as the gentlewomen are willing to hear their own praises, or I as able to overcome as Mistress Lucilla would be content to be overthrown. Howsoever the matter shall fall out, I am of the surer side, for if my reasons be weak, then is our sex strong, if forcible, then your judgment feeble; if I find truth on my

side, I hope I shall for my wages win the good will of women; if I want proof, then, gentlewomen, of necessity you must yield to men. But to the matter.

"Touching the yielding to love, albeit their hearts seem tender, yet they harden them like the stone of Sicilia, the which the more it is beaten the harder it is. For being framed as it were of the perfection of men, they be free from all such cogitations as may any way provoke them to uncleanness, insomuch as they abhor the light love of youth which is grounded upon lust and dissolved upon every light occasion. When they see the folly of men turn to fury, their delight to doting, their affection to frenzy; when they see them as it were pine in pleasure, and to wax pale through their own peevishness, their suits, their service, their letters, their labors, their loves, their lives, seem to them so odious that they harden their hearts against such concupiscence, to the end they might convert them from rashness to reason, from such lewd disposition to honest discretion. Hereof it cometh that men accuse women of cruelty; because they themselves want civility, they accompt them full of wiles in not yielding to their wickedness, faithless for resisting their filthiness. But I had almost forgot myself; you shall pardon me, Mistress Lucilla, for this time, if thus abruptly I finish my discourse; it is neither for want of good will, or lack of proof, but that I feel in myself such alteration that I can scarcely utter one word. Ah, Euphues! Euphues!"

The gentlewomen were struck into such a quandary with this sudden change that they all changed color. But Euphues, taking Philautus by the hand and giving the gentlewomen thanks for their patience and his repast, bade them all farewell and went immediately to his chamber.

* * *

EUPHUES AND HIS ENGLAND

Containing his voyage and adventures, mixed with sundry pretty discourses of honest love, the description of the country, the court, and the manners of that isle. Delightful to be read and nothing hurtful to be regarded; wherein there is small offense by lightness given to the wise and less occasion of looseness proffered to the wanton . . . 1580

TO the Right Honorable my very good Lord and Master, Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxenford,[1] Viscount Bulbeck, Lord of Escales

[1] *Oxenford:* Lyly served in his household as secretary. He was one of the most spectacular of English noblemen, affecting Italian fashions and sponsoring players and poets. He wrote verses himself, and a modern sect of heretics believes that he wrote the plays of Shakespeare. See B. M. Ward, *The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford,* 1928.

and Badlesmere and Lord Great Chamberlain [2] of England, John Lyly wisheth long life with increase of honor.

The first picture that Phidias the first painter shadowed was the portraiture of his own person, saying thus: "If it be well, I will paint many besides Phidias; if ill, it shall offend none but Phidias." In the like manner fareth it with me, Right Honorable, who, never before handling the pencil, did for my first counterfeit color mine own Euphues, being of this mind, that if it were liked, I would draw more besides Euphues; if loathed, grieve none but Euphues.

Since that, some there have been that, either dissembling the faults they saw, for fear to discourage me, or not examining them, for the love they bore me, that praised mine old work and urged me to make a new, whose words I thus answered,

"If I should coin a worse, it would be thought that the former was framed by chance, as Protogenes did the foam of his dog; [3] if a better, for flattery, as Narcissus did, who only was in love with his own face; if none at all, as froward as the musician who being intreated will scarce sing sol fa, but not desired, strain above E-la." [4]

But their importunity admitted no excuse, insomuch that I was enforced to prefer their friendship before mine own fame, being more careful to satisfy their requests than fearful of others' reports, so that at the last I was content to set another face to Euphues, but yet just behind the other like the image of Janus,[5] not running together like the Hopplitides [6] of Parrhasius, lest they should seem so unlike brothers that they might be both thought bastards. The picture whereof I yield as common all to view, but the patronage only to your Lordship, as able to defend—knowing that the face of Alexander stamped in copper doth make it current, that the name of Caesar wrought in canvas is esteemed as cambric, that the very feather of an eagle is of force to consume the beetle.

I have brought into the world two children; of the first I was delivered before my friends thought me conceived; of the second I went a whole year big, and yet when everyone thought me ready to lie down, I did then quicken. But good housewives shall make my excuse, who know that hens do not lay eggs when they cluck, but when they cackle, nor men set forth books when they promise, but when they perform. And in this I resemble the lapwing, who, fearing her young ones to be destroyed by passengers,

[2] *Lord Great Chamberlain:* not to be confused with Lord Chamberlain; an hereditary office with a few ceremonial functions at coronations, etc.

[3] *Protogenes . . . dog:* from Pliny, *Natural History,* XXXV, xxxvi. The painter, in a fit of anger, threw a paint-laden sponge at the canvas.

[4] *sol fa:* C sol fa ut, or C; *E-la:* E la mi, or E.

[5] *Janus:* Roman god of gates and beginnings, always represented with two faces.

[6] *Hopplitides:* Pliny, *Natural History,* XXV, xxxvi. A picture of two men in armor racing.

flyeth with a false cry far from their nests, making those that look for them seek where they are not; so I, suspecting that Euphues would be carped of some curious reader, thought by some false show to bring them in hope of that which then I meant not, leading them with a longing of a second part, that they might speak well of the first, being never farther from my study than when they thought me hovering over it.

My first burthen coming before his time must needs be a blind whelp; the second brought forth after his time must needs be a monster. The one I sent to a nobleman [7] to nurse, who with great love brought him up for a year; so that wheresoever he wander, he hath his nurse's name in his forehead, where sucking his first milk he cannot forget his first master. The other, Right Honorable, being but yet in his swath-clouts,[8] I commit most humbly to your Lordship's protection, that in his infancy he may be kept by your good care from falls, and in his youth by your great countenance shielded from blows, and in his age by your gracious continuance defended from contempt.

He is my youngest and my last, and the pain that I sustained for him in travail hath made me past teeming; yet do I think myself very fertile in that I was not altogether barren. Glad I was to send them both abroad, lest making a wanton of my first, with a blind conceit, I should resemble the ape, and kill it by culling [9] it; and not able to rule the second, I should with the viper [10] lose my blood with mine own brood. Twins they are not, but yet brothers: the one nothing resembling the other, and yet, as all children are nowadays, both like the father. Wherein I am not unlike to the unskillful painter, who, having drawn the twins of Hippocrates, who were as like as one pease [11] is to another, and being told of his friends that they were no more like than Saturn and Apollo, he had no other shift to manifest what his work was than over their heads to write *The Twins of Hippocrates*. So may it be that had I not named Euphues, few would have thought it had been Euphues—not that in goodness the one so far excelleth the other, but that both being so bad, it is hard to judge which is the worst.

This unskillfulness is noways to be covered, but as Accius [12] did his shortness, who, being a little poet, framed for himself a great picture; and I, being a naughty painter, have gotten a most noble patron, being of Ulysses' [13] mind, who thought himself safe under the shield of Ajax.

I have now finished both my labors, the one being hatched in the hard winter with the halcyon,[14] the other not daring to bud till the cold were

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[7] *a nobleman:* Sir William West, Lord Delaware.

[8] *swath-clouts:* swaddling clothes.

[9] *culling:* embracing.

[10] *viper:* According to Pliny and many others, the female viper decapitated the male in the act of generation, and the young did the same to the mother at birth.

[11] *pease:* a true singular; but being mistaken for a plural, it was provided with the invented singular, "pea."

[12] *Accius:* L. Accius, born 170 B.C. Erasmus, *Similia*, 601 E.

[13] *Ulysses: Iliad*, XI, 485, or Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, XIII.

[14] *halcyon:* Pliny, *Natural History*, X, xlvii.

past, like the mulberry;[15] in either of the which or in both, if I seem to glean after another's cart for a few ears of corn, or of the tailor's shreds to make me a livery, I will not deny but that I am one of those poets which the painters feign to come unto Homer's basin, there to lap up that he doth cast up.

In that I have written, I desire no praise of others but patience, altogether unwilling, because every way unworthy, to be accompted a workman. It sufficeth me to be a water bough,[16] no bud, so I may be of the same root; to be the iron, not steel, so I be in the same blade; to be vinegar, not wine, so I be in the same cask; to grind colors for Apelles, though I cannot garnish, so I be of the same shop. What I have done, was only to keep myself from sleep, as the crane[17] doth the stone in her foot; and I would also with the same crane[18] I had been silent holding a stone in my mouth.

But it falleth out with me, as with the young wrestler that came to the games of Olympia, who, having taken a foil, thought scorn to leave till he had received a fall, or him that, being pricked in the finger with a bramble, thrusteth his whole arm among the thorns for anger. For I, seeing myself not able to stand on the ice, did nevertheless adventure to run; and being with my first book stricken into disgrace, could not cease until I was brought into contempt by the second. Wherein I resemble those that having once wet their feet care not how deep they wade.

In the which wading, Right Honorable, if the envious shall clap lead to my heels to make me sink, yet if your Lordship with your little finger do but hold me up by the chin, I shall swim, and be so far from being drowned that I shall scarce be ducked. When Bucephalus was painted, Apelles craved the judgment of none but Zeuxis; when Jupiter was carved, Prisius asked the censure of none but Lysippus;[19] now Euphues is shadowed, only I appeal to your Honor, not meaning thereby to be careless what others think, but knowing that if your Lordship allow it, there is none but will like it; and if there be any so nice whom nothing can please, if he will not commend it, let him amend it. And here, Right Honorable, although the history seem unperfect, I hope your Lordship will pardon it.

Apelles died not before he could finish Venus, but before he durst; Nicomachus left Tindarides rawly, for fear of anger, not for want of art; Timomachus broke off Medea scarce half-colored, not that he was not willing to end it, but that he was threatened. I have not made Euphues to stand without legs, for that I want matter to make them, but might to maintain them. So that I am enforced, with the old painters, to color my

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[15] *mulberry:* Pliny, *Natural History,* XVI, xli.

[16] *water bough:* a fruitless branch.

[17] *crane:* Pliny, *Natural History,* X, xxx. The cranes post guards which keep awake by holding a stone.

[18] *same crane:* Plutarch, *De garrulitate,* XIV, tells the story of geese, who, when flying in the country of eagles, carry stones to keep them from cackling. The two crane stories are told together by Erasmus, *Adagia,* II, vi, 68.

[19] These illustrations from art history seem to have been invented by Lyly.

picture but to the middle; or, as he that drew Cyclops, who in a little table [20] made him to lie behind an oak, where one might perceive but a piece, yet conceive that all the rest lay behind the tree; or as he that painted an horse in the river with half legs, leaving the pasterns for the viewer to imagine as in the water.

For he that vieweth Euphues will say that he is drawn but to the waist; that he peepeth, as it were, behind some screen; that his feet are yet in the water. Which maketh me present your Lordship with the mangled body of Hector as it appeared to Andromache, and with half a face, as the painter did him that had but one eye; for I am compelled to draw a hose on before I can finish the leg, and instead of a foot, to set down a shoe. So that whereas I had thought to show the cunning of a chirurgeon by mine Anatomy with a knife, I must play the tailor on the shop board with a pair of shears. But whether Euphues limp with Vulcan, as born lame, or go on stilts with Amphionax, for lack of legs, I trust I may say that his feet should have been old Helena; [21] for the poor fisherman that was warned he should not fish did yet at his door make nets, and the old vintner of Venice that was forbidden to sell wine did notwithstanding hang out an ivy bush.

This pamphlet, Right Honorable, containing the estate of England—I know none more fit to defend it than one of the nobility of England, nor any of the nobility more ancient or more honorable than your Lordship. Besides that, describing the condition of the English court and the majesty of our dread Sovereign, I could not find one more noble in court than your Honor, who is or should be under Her Majesty chiefest in court, by birth born to the greatest office and therefore, methought, by right to be placed in great authority. For whoso compareth the honor of your Lordship's noble house with the fidelity of your ancestors, may well say, which no other can gainsay, *Vero nihil verius*.[22] So that I commit the end of all my pains unto your most honorable protection, assuring myself that the little cockboat is safe when it is hoisted into a tall ship, that the cat dare not fetch the mouse out of the lion's den, that Euphues shall be without danger by your Lordship's patronage; otherwise, I cannot see where I might find succor in any noble personage. Thus praying continually for the increase of your Lordship's honor, with all other things that either you would wish or God will grant, I end.

Your Lordship's most dutifully to command,

JOHN LYLY.

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[20] *little table:* small canvas.

[21] *old Helena:* absolutely beautiful.

[22] *Vero . . . verius:* the punning motto of the de Vere family. It means "Nothing truer than Vere."

To the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England, John Lyly wisheth what they would.

Arachne,[23] having woven in cloth of arras a rainbow of sundry silks, it was objected unto her by a lady more captious than cunning, that in her work there wanted some colors, for that in a rainbow there should be all. Unto whom she replied, "If the colors lack thou lookest for, thou must imagine that they are on the other side of the cloth. For in the sky we can discern but one side of the rainbow, and what colors are in the other, see we cannot, guess we may."

In the like manner, ladies and gentlewomen, am I to shape an answer in the behalf of Euphues, who framing divers questions and quirks of love, if, by some more curious than needeth, it shall be told him that some sleights are wanting, I must say they are noted on the backside of the book. When Venus is painted, we cannot see her back, but her face; so that all other things that are to be recounted in love, Euphues thinketh them to hang at Venus' back in a budget,[24] which because he cannot see, he will not set down.

These discourses [25] I have not clapped in a cluster, thinking with myself that ladies had rather be sprinkled with sweet water than washed; so that I have sowed them here and there, like strawberries, not in heaps, like hops; knowing that you take more delight to gather flowers one by one in a garden than to snatch them by handfuls from a garland.

It resteth, ladies, that you take the pains to read it, but at such times as you spend in playing with your little dogs; and yet will I not pinch you of that pastime, for I am content that your dogs lie in your laps, so Euphues may be in your hands, that when you shall be weary in reading of the one you may be ready to sport with the other; or handle him as you do your junkets,[26] that when you can eat no more, you tie some in your napkin for children; for if you be filled with the first part, put the second in your pocket for your waiting maids. Euphues had rather lie shut in a lady's casket than open in a scholar's study.

Yet after dinner you may overlook him to keep you from sleep, or if you be heavy, to bring you asleep, for to work upon a full stomach is against physic, and therefore better it were to hold Euphues in your hands, though you let him fall when you be willing to wink, than to sew in a clout,[27] and prick your fingers when you begin to nod.

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[23] *Arachne:* the Lydian girl who for challenging Athena in weaving was turned into a spider.

[24] *budget:* wallet.

[25] *these discourses:* the discourses on love given by various characters throughout the story. *Euphues and his England* concerns itself with the psychology of love where *The Anatomy of Wit* moralized. The second part is designed to appeal to a courtly and frivolous taste.

[26] *junkets:* sweetmeats.

[27] *clout:* cloth.

Whatsoever he hath written, it is not to flatter, for he never reaped any reward by your sex but repentance; neither can it be to mock you, for he never knew anything by your sex but righteousness.

But I fear no anger for saying well, when there is none but thinketh she deserveth better.

She that hath no glass to dress her head will use a bowl of water; she that wanteth a sleek-stone to smooth her linen will take a pebble; the country dame girdeth herself as strait in the waist with a coarse caddis [28] as the madam of the court with a silk riband; so that seeing everyone so willing to be pranked,[29] I could not think anyone unwilling to be praised.

One hand washeth another, but they both wash the face; one foot goeth by another, but they both carry the body; Euphues and Philautus praise one another, but they both extol women. Therefore in my mind you are more beholding to gentlemen that make the colors than to the painters that draw your counterfeits; for that Apelles' cunning is nothing if he paint with water, and the beauty of women not much if they go unpraised.

If you think this love dreamed, not done, yet methinketh you may as well like that love which is penned and not practiced as that flower that is wrought with the needle and groweth not by nature. The one you wear in your heads, for the fair sight, though it have no savor; the other you may read for to pass the time, though it bring small pastime. You choose cloth that will wear whitest, not that will last longest, colors that look freshest, not that endure soundest, and I would you would read books that have more show of pleasure than ground of profit; then should Euphues be as often in your hands, being but a toy, as lawn on your heads, being but trash; the one will be scarce liked after once reading, and the other is worn out after the first washing.

There is nothing lighter than a feather, yet is it set aloft in a woman's hat; nothing slighter than hair, yet is it most frizzled in a lady's head; so that I am in good hope, though there be nothing of less account than Euphues, yet he shall be marked with ladies' eyes, and liked sometimes in their ears. For this I have diligently observed, that there shall be nothing found that may offend the chaste mind with unseemly terms or uncleanly talk.

Then, ladies, I commit myself to your courtesies, craving this only, that, having read, you conceal your censure, writing your judgments as you do the posies on your rings, which are always next to the finger, not to be seen of him that holdeth you by the hands, and yet known to you that wear them on your hands. If you be wrung (which cannot be done without wrong) it were better to cut the shoe than burn the last.

If a tailor make your gown too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher; if too great, with a number of plights; [30] if too short, with a fair guard; [31] if too long, with a false gathering. My trust is you will deal in the like manner with Euphues, that if he have not fed your humor, yet

[28] *coarse caddis:* worsted or woolen scarf.
[29] *pranked:* smartly dressed.
[30] *plights:* pleats.
[31] *guard:* trimming, ornamental border.

you will excuse him more than the tailor; for could Euphues take the measure of a woman's mind, as the tailor doth of her body, he would go as near to fit them for a fancy, as the other doth for a fashion.

He that weighs wind must have a steady hand to hold the balance, and he that searcheth a woman's thoughts must have his own stayed. But lest I make my Epistle as you do your new-found bracelets, endless, I will frame it like a bullet, which is no sooner in the mold but it is made. Committing your ladyships to the Almighty, who grant you all you would have and should have, so your wishes stand with his will. And so humbly I bid you farewell.

Your ladyships' to command,
JOHN LYLY.

To the Gentlemen Readers

Gentlemen, Euphues is come at the length, though too late, for whose absence I hope three bad excuses shall stand in stead of one good reason.

First, in his travel you must think he loitered, tarrying many a month in Italy viewing the ladies in a painter's shop, when he should have been on the seas in a merchant's ship, not unlike unto an idle housewife who is catching of flies when she should sweep down cobwebs.

Secondly, being a great start from Athens to England, he thought to stay for the advantage of a leap year, and had not this year leaped with him, I think he had not yet leaped hither.

Thirdly, being arrived, he was as long in viewing of London as he was in coming to it, not far differing from gentlewomen, who are longer a-dressing their heads than their whole bodies.

But now he is come, gentlemen, my request is only to bid him welcome; for divers there are, not that they mislike the matter but that they hate the man, that will not stick to tear Euphues because they do envy Lyly; wherein they resemble angry dogs, which bite the stone, not him that throweth it, or the choleric horse-rider, who being cast from a young colt, and not daring to kill the horse, went into the stable to cut the saddle.

These be they that thought Euphues to be drowned and yet were never troubled with drying of his clothes; but they guessed as they wished, and I would it had happened as they desired.

They that loathe the fountain's head will never drink of the little brooks; they that seek to poison the fish will never eat the spawn; they that like not me will not allow anything that is mine.

But as the serpent Porphirius,[32] though he be full of poison, yet having no teeth hurteth none but himself, so the envious, though they swell with malice till they burst, yet having no teeth to bite I have no cause to fear.

[32] *serpent Porphirius:* Erasmus, *Similia,* 607 D.

Only my suit is to you gentlemen, that if anything be amiss, you pardon it; if well, you defend it; and howsoever it be, you accept it.

Faults escaped in the printing, correct with your pens; omitted by my negligence, overslip with patience; committed by ignorance, remit with favor.

If in every part it seem not alike, you know that it is not for him that fashioneth the shoe to make the grain of the leather.

The old hermit will have his talk savor of his cell; the old courtier, his love taste of Saturn; yet the last lover may haply come somewhat near Jupiter.[33]

Lovers when they come into a garden, some gather nettles, some roses, one thyme, another sage, and every one that, for his lady's favor, that she favoreth; insomuch as there is no weed almost but it is worn. If you gentlemen do the like in reading, I shall be sure all my discourses shall be regarded, some for the smell, some for the smart, all for a kind of loving smack; [34] let everyone follow his fancy, and say that is best which he liketh best. And so I commit every man's delight to his own choice, and myself to all your courtesies.

Yours to use,
JOHN LYLY.

* * *

"AT thy coming into England [35] be not too inquisitive of news, neither curious in matters of state; in assemblies ask no questions, either concerning manners or men. Be not lavish of thy tongue, either in causes of weight, lest thou show thyself an espial, or in wanton talk, lest thou prove thyself a fool.

"It is the nature of that country to sift strangers; everyone that shaketh thee by the hand is not joined to thee in heart. They think Italians wanton and Grecians subtle; they will trust neither, they are so incredulous, but undermine both, they are so wise. Be not quarrelous for every light occasion; they are impatient, in their anger, of any equal, ready to revenge an injury but never wont to proffer any; they never fight without provoking, and once provoked they never cease.

"Beware thou fall not into the snares of love; the women there are wise, the men crafty; they will gather love by thy looks and pick thy mind out of thy hands. It shall be there better to hear what they say than to speak what thou thinkest. They have long ears and short tongues, quick to hear and slow to utter; broad eyes and light fingers, ready to espy and apt to strike. Every stranger is a mark for them to shoot at; yet this must I say, which in no country I can tell the like, that it is as seldom to see a stranger abused

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[33] *Saturn:* what is old fashioned; *Jupiter:* what is now in fashion.

[34] *loving smack:* taste of love.

[35] This advice is given by Euphues to Philautus on shipboard. Bond (I, 165) says that these precepts "are obviously the original of Polonius' famous advice to Laertes, and intended, like that, to furnish Philautus with a guide to his conduct in a foreign country."

there as it is rare to see any well used elsewhere. Yet presume not too much of the courtesies of those, for they differ in natures: some are hot, some cold, one simple, another wily; yet if thou use few words and fair speeches, thou shalt command anything thou standest in need of.

"Touching [36] the situation of the soil I have read in my study, which partly I believe, having no worse author than Caesar, yet at my coming when I shall confer the things I see with those I have read, I will judge accordingly. And this I have heard, that the inner part of Britain is inhabited by such as were born and bred in the isle, and the sea-coast by such as have passed thither out of Belgique to search booties and to make war. The country is marvelously replenished with people, and there be many buildings almost like in fashion to the buildings of Gallia; there is great store of cattle; the coin they use is either of brass or else rings of iron, sized [37] at a certain weight, instead of money. In the inner parts of the realm groweth tin, and in the sea-coast groweth iron. The brass that they occupy is brought in from beyond sea. The air is more temperate in those places than in France, and the cold lesser. The island is in fashion three-cornered, whereof one side is toward France; the one corner of this side which is Kent, where for the most part ships arrive out of France, is in the east and the other nethermore is towards the south. This side containeth about five hundred miles. Another side lieth toward Spain and the sun going down; on the which side is Ireland, less than Britain, as is supposed, by the one half, but the cut between them is like the distance that is between France and Britain.

"In the midst of this course is an island called Man. The length of this side is, according to the opinion of the inhabiters, seven hundred miles. The third side is northward, and against it lieth no land, but the point of that side butteth most upon Germany. This they esteem to be eight hundred miles long, and so the circuit of the whole island is two thousand miles. Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the Kentish men are most civilest, the which country marcheth altogether upon the sea and differeth not greatly from the manner of France. They that dwell more in the heart of the realm sow corn, but live by milk and flesh and clothe themselves in leather. All the Britons do dye themselves with woad, which setteth a bluish color upon them, and it maketh them more terrible to behold in battle. They wear their hair long and shave all parts of their bodies saving the head and upper lip. Divers other uses and customs are among them, as I have read, Philautus, but whether these be true or no, I will not say. For methinketh an island so well governed in peace then, and so famous in victories, so fertile in all respects, so wholesome and populous, must needs in the term of a thousand years be much better, and I believe we shall find it such as we never read the like of any; and until we arrive there, we will suspend our judgments. Yet

[36] This paragraph and the next (down to ". . . upper lip.") are translated from Caesar, *De bello Gallico*, V, 12–14.

[37] *sized:* regulated, controlled.

do I mean at my return from thence to draw the whole description of the land, the customs, the nature of the people, the state, the government, and whatsoever deserveth either marvel or commendation."

Philautus, not accustomed to these narrow seas, was more ready to tell what wood the ship was made of [38] than to answer to Euphues' discourse; yet between waking and winking, as one-half sick and somewhat sleepy it came in his brains, answered thus:

"In faith, Euphues, thou hast told a long tale; the beginning I have forgotten, the middle I understand not, and the end hangeth not together. Therefore I cannot repeat it as I would nor delight in it as I ought. Yet if at our arrival thou wilt renew thy tale, I will rub my memory; in the mean season, would I were either again in Italy or now in England. I cannot brook these seas, which provoke my stomach sore. I have an appetite it were best for me to take a nap, for every word is brought forth with a nod."

Euphues replied: "I cannot tell, Philautus, whether the sea make thee sick, or she that was born of the sea. If the first, thou hast a queasy stomach; if the latter, a wanton desire. I well believe thou rememberest nothing that may do thee good, nor forgettest anything which can do thee harm, making more of a sore than a plaster and wishing rather to be cursed than cured; wherein thou agreest with those which, having taken a surfeit, seek the means rather to sleep than purge, or those that having the green-sickness and are brought to death's door, follow their own humor and refuse the physician's remedy. And such, Philautus, is thy disease, who, pining in thine own follies, choosest rather to perish in love than to live in wisdom; but whatsoever be the cause, I wish the effect may answer my friendly care; then doubtless thou shalt neither die being seasick or dote being lovesick. I would the sea could as well purge thy mind of fond conceits as thy body of gross humours." Thus ending, Philautus again began to urge:

"Without doubt, Euphues, thou dost me great wrong in seeking a scar in a smooth skin, thinking to stop a vein where none opened, and to cast love in my teeth, which I have already spit out of my mouth; which I must needs think proceedeth rather for lack of matter than any good meaning, else wouldst thou never harp on that string which is burst in my heart and yet ever sounding in thy ears. Thou art like those that procure one to take physic before he be sick, and to apply a cerecloth [39] to his body when he feeleth no ache, or a vomit for a surfeit, when his stomach is empty. If ever I fall to mine old bias, I must put thee in the fault that talks of it, seeing thou didst put me in the mind to think of it; whereby thou seemest to blow the coal which thou wouldst quench, setting a teen edge where thou desirest to have a sharp point, imping [40] a feather to make me fly when thou oughtst rather to cut my wing for fear of soaring.

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[38] *tell . . . made of:* a jocular explanation of the seasick passenger's motive in leaning over the side. Common Elizabethan humor.

[39] *cerecloth:* waxed cloth used as a plaster in surgery.

[40] *imping:* repairing a broken wing (from falconry).

"Lucilla is dead, and she[41] upon whom I guess thou harpest is forgotten: the one not to be redeemed, the other not to be thought on. Then, good Euphues, wring not a horse on the withers with a false saddle, neither imagine what I am by thy thoughts, but by mine own doings; so shalt thou have me both willing to follow good counsel and able hereafter to give thee comfort. And so I rest, half sleepy with the seas."

With this answer Euphues held himself content, but as much wearied with talk as the other was with travel, made a pillow of his hand. And there let them both sleep their fill and dream with their fancies until either a storm cause them to wake, or their hard beds, or their journey's end.

Thus for the space of an eight weeks Euphues and Philautus sailed on the seas from their first shipping; between whom divers speeches were uttered, which to recite were nothing necessary in this place, and, weighing the circumstances, scarce expedient. What tempests they endured; what strange sights in the element;[42] what monstrous fishes were seen; how often they were in danger of drowning, in fear of boarding;[43] how weary, how sick, how angry, it were tedious to write, for that whosoever hath either read of traveling or himself used it, can sufficiently guess what is to be said. And this I leave to the judgment of those that in the like journey have spent their time from Naples to England; for if I should feign more than others have tried, I might be thought too poetical; if less, partial. Therefore I omit the wonders, the rocks, the marks, the gulfs, and whatsoever they passed or saw, lest I should trouble divers with things they know, or may shame myself with things I know not. Let this suffice, that they are safely come within a ken[44] of Dover, which the master espying, with a cheerful voice waking them, began to utter these words unto them:

"Gentlemen and friends, the longest summer's day hath his evening, Ulysses arriveth at last, and rough winds in time bring the ship to safe road. We are now within four hours' sailing of our haven, and, as you will think, of an earthly heaven. Yonder white cliffs which easily you may perceive, are Dover hills, whereunto is adjoining a strong and famous castle, into the which Julius Caesar did enter, where you shall view many goodly monuments, both strange and ancient. Therefore pull up your hearts; this merry wind will immediately bring us to an easy bait."[45]

Philautus was glad he slept so long and was awaked in so good time, being as weary of the seas as he that never used them. Euphues, not sorrowful of this good news, began to shake his ears,[46] and was soon appareled. To make short, the winds were so favorable, the mariners so skillful, the way so short, that I fear me they will land before I can describe the manner how, and therefore suppose them now in Dover town in the noble isle of England, somewhat benighted and more apt to sleep than sup. Yet for

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[41] *she:* an unnamed lady with whom Philautus had been in love between the time of the Lucilla affair and the voyage to England.

[42] *element:* air.

[43] *boarding:* by pirates.

[44] *ken:* about twenty miles.

[45] *bait:* pause for refreshment.

[46] *shake his ears:* awake and bestir himself.

manners' sake they entertained their master and the rest of the merchants and mariners, where having in due time both recorded their travels past and ended their repast, everyone went to his lodging, where I will leave them soundly sleeping until the next day.

The next day they spent in viewing the castle of Dover, the pier, the cliffs, the road, and town, receiving as much pleasure by the sight of ancient monuments as by their courteous entertainment, no less praising the persons for their good minds than the place for the goodly buildings. And in this sort they refreshed themselves three or four days, until they had digested the seas and recovered again their healths; yet so warily they behaved themselves as they were never heard either to inquire of any news or point to any fortress, beholding the bulwarks with a slight and careless regard, but the other places of peace, with admiration. Folly it were to show what they saw, seeing hereafter in the description of England it shall most manifestly appear. But I will set them forward in their journey, where now within this two hours, we shall find them in Canterbury.

Traveling thus like two pilgrims, they thought it most necessary to direct their steps toward London, which they heard was the most royal seat of the Queen of England. But first they came to Canterbury, an old city somewhat decayed, yet beautiful to behold, most famous for a cathedral church, the very majesty whereof struck them into amaze, where they saw many monuments and heard tell of greater than either they ever saw or easily would believe.

After they had gone long, seeing themselves almost benighted, determined to make the next house their inn, and espying in their way even at hand a very pleasant garden, drew near, where they saw a comely old man as busy as a bee among his bees, whose countenance bewrayed his conditions.[47] This ancient father Euphues greeted in this manner:

"Father, if the courtesy of England be answerable to the custom of pilgrims, then will the nature of the country excuse the boldness of strangers. Our request is to have such entertainment, being almost tired[48] with travel, not as divers have for acquaintance, but as all men have for their money; which courtesy if you grant, we will ever remain in your debt, although every way discharge our due; and rather we are importunate, for that we are no less delighted with the pleasures of your garden than the sight of your gravity." Unto whom the old man said:

"Gentlemen you are: no less I perceive by your manners, and you can be no more, being but men. I am neither so uncourteous to mislike your request nor so suspicious to mistrust your truths, although it be no less perilous to be secure than peevish to be curious. I keep no victualing, yet in my house an inn and I an host to every honest man, so far as they with courtesy will, and I may, with ability. Your entertainment shall be as small for cheer as your acquaintance is for time; yet in my house ye may haply

[47] *bewrayed his conditions:* revealed his character and disposition.

[48] *tired:* stronger sense than at present.

find some one thing cleanly, nothing courtly, for that wisdom provideth things necessary, not superfluous, and age seeketh rather a modicum for sustenance than feasts for surfeits. But until something may be made ready, might I be so bold as to enquire your names, countries, and the cause of your pilgrimage, wherein if I shall be more inquisitive than I ought, let my rude birth excuse my bold request, which I will not urge as one importunate, I might say impudent."

Euphues, seeing this fatherly and friendly sire, whom we will name Fidus, to have no less inward courtesy than outward comeliness, conjectured, as well he might, that the proffer of his bounty noted the nobleness of his birth, being well assured that as no Thersites could be transformed into Ulysses, so no Alexander could be couched in Damocles. Thinking therefore now with more care and advisedness to temper his talk, lest either he might seem foolish or curious, he answered him in these terms:

"Good sir, you have bound us unto you with a double chain, the one in pardoning our presumption, the other in granting our petition. Which great and undeserved kindness, though we cannot requite with the like, yet if occasion shall serve, you shall find us hereafter as willing to make amends as we are now ready to give thanks.

"Touching your demands, we are not so unwise to mislike them, or so ungrateful to deny them, lest in concealing our names it might be thought for some trespass, and covering our pretense, we might be suspected of treason. Know you then, sir, that this gentleman, my fellow, is called Philautus; I, Euphues; he an Italian, I a Grecian; both sworn friends by just trial, both pilgrims by free will. Concerning the cause of our coming into this island, it was only to glue our eyes to our ears, that we might justify those things by sight which we have oftentimes with incredible admiration understood by hearing—to wit, the rare qualities as well of the body as the mind of your most dread Sovereign and Queen, the bruit of the which hath filled every corner of the world, insomuch as there is nothing that moveth either more matter or more marvel than her excellent majesty; which fame when we saw without comparison and almost above credit, we determined to spend some part of our time and treasure in the English court, where if we could find the report to be true in half, we should not only think our money and travel well employed, but returned with interest more than infinite. This is the only end of our coming, which we are nothing fearful to utter, trusting as well to the courtesy of your country as the equity of our cause."

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[EUPHUES' GLASS FOR EUROPE]

I will set down this Elizabeth as near as I can. And it may be that as the Venus of Apelles, not finished, the Tindarides of Nicomachus not ended,

the Medea of Timomachus not perfected,[49] the table of Parrhasius not colored, brought greater desire to them to consummate them and to others to see them, so the Elizabeth of Euphues, being but shadowed for others to varnish, but begun for others to end, but drawn with a black coal for others to blaze with a bright color, may work either a desire in Euphues hereafter if he live to end it, or a mind in those that are better able, to amend it, or in all, if none can work it, a will to wish it. In the mean season, I say, as Zeuxis[50] did when he had drawn the picture of Atalanta, more will envy me than imitate me, and not commend it though they cannot amend it. But I come to my England.

There were for a long time civil wars in this country, by reason of several claims to the crown between the two famous and noble houses of Lancaster and York, either of them pretending to be of the royal blood, which caused them both to spend their vital blood. These jars continued long, not without great loss, both to the nobility and commonality, who, joining not in one but divers parts, turned the realm to great ruin, having almost destroyed their country before they could anoint a king.

But the living God who was loath to oppress England, at last began to repress injuries and to give an end by mercy to those that could find no end of malice, nor look for any end of mischief. So tender a care hath he always had of that England as of a new Israel, his chosen and peculiar people.

This peace began by a marriage solemnized by God's special providence between Henry, Earl of Richmond, heir of the House of Lancaster, and Elizabeth, daughter to Edward the Fourth, the undoubted issue and heir of the House of York, whereby, as they term it, the red rose and the white were united and joined together. Out of these roses sprang two noble buds, Prince Arthur and Henry, the eldest dying without issue, the other of most famous memory leaving behind him three children, Prince Edward, the Lady Mary, and the Lady Elizabeth. King Edward lived not not long, which could never for that realm have lived too long; but sharp frosts bite forward springs, easterly winds blasteth towardly blossoms, cruel death spareth not those which we ourselves living cannot spare.

The elder sister the Princess Mary succeeded as next heir to the crown, and, as it chanced, next heir to the grave, touching whose life I can say little because I was scarce born, and what others say, of me shall be forborne.

The Queen being deceased, Elizabeth being of the age of twenty-two[51] years, of more beauty than honor and yet of more honor than any earthly creature, was called from a prisoner to be a prince, from the castle to the crown, from the fear of losing her head to be supreme head. And here, ladies, it may be you will move a question, why this noble lady was either in

[49] These instances are repeated from the dedicatory epistle. See p. 536.

[50] *Zeuxis:* Pliny, *Natural History,* XXXV, xxxvi.

[51] *twenty-two:* actually twenty-five.

danger of death or cause of distress, which, had you thought to have passed in silence, I would notwithstanding have revealed.

This lady all the time of her sister's reign was kept close, as one that tendered not those proceedings which were contrary to her conscience; who, having divers enemies, endured many crosses, but so patiently as in her deepest sorrow she would rather sigh for the liberty of the gospel than her own freedom. Suffering her inferiors to triumph over her, her foes to threaten her, her dissembling friends to undermine her, learning in all this misery only the patience that Zeno taught Eretricus:[52] to bear and forbear, never seeking revenge, but with good Lycurgus,[53] to lose her own eye rather than to hurt another's eye.

But now being placed in the seat royal, she first of all established religion, banished popery, advanced the Word, that before was so much defaced; who having in her hand the sword to revenge, used, rather, bountifully to reward; being as far from rigor when she might have killed as her enemies were from honesty when they could not; giving a general pardon when she had cause to use particular punishments; preferring the name of pity before the remembrance of perils; thinking no revenge more princely than to spare when she might spill,[54] to stay when she might strike, to proffer to save with mercy when she might have destroyed with justice. Here is the clemency worthy commendation and admiration, nothing inferior to the gentle disposition of Aristides,[55] who, after his exile did not so much as note them that banished him, saying with Alexander that there can be nothing more noble than to do well to those that deserve ill.

This mighty and merciful Queen, having many bills of private persons that sought beforetime to betray her, burnt them all, resembling Julius Caesar,[56] who being presented with the complaints of his commons, threw them into the fire, saying that he had rather not know the names of rebels than have occasion to revenge, thinking it better to be ignorant of those that hated him than to be angry with them.

This clemency did Her Majesty not only show at her coming to the crown, but also throughout her whole government, when she hath spared to shed their bloods that sought to spill hers, not racking the laws to extremity, but mitigating the rigor with mercy, insomuch as it may be said of that royal monarch as it was of Antoninus, surnamed the godly emperor, who reigned many years without the effusion of blood. What greater virtue can there be in a prince than mercy, what greater praise than to abate the edge which she should whet, to pardon where she should punish, to reward where she should revenge?

I myself being in England when Her Majesty was for her recreation in

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[52] *Eretricus:* an Eretrian; Lyly misread his source, Aelian, *Varia Historia,* IX, 33.

[53] *Lycurgus:* He was blinded by Alcander in an uprising, and instead of punishing him he took him into his own house and educated him.

[54] *spill:* kill, destroy, ruin.

[55] *Aristides:* Plutarch's *Life,* sec. 25.

[56] *Julius Caesar:* Erasmus, *Apothegms,* IV, 26.

her barge upon the Thames, heard of a gun that was shot off, though of the party unwittingly, yet to her noble person dangerously, which fact she most graciously pardoned, accepting a just excuse before a great amends, taking more grief for her poor bargeman that was a little hurt than care for herself that stood in greatest hazard.[57] Oh rare example of pity! Oh singular spectacle of piety!

Divers besides have there been which by private conspiracies, open rebellions, close wiles, cruel witchcrafts, have sought to end her life which saveth all their lives, whose practices by the divine providence of the Almighty have ever been disclosed, insomuch that he hath kept her safe in the whale's belly when her subjects went about to throw her into the sea, preserved her in the hot oven when her enemies increased the fire, not suffering a hair to fall from her, much less any harm to fasten upon her. These injuries and treasons of her subjects, these policies and undermining of foreign nations so little moved her that she would often say, "Let them know that though it be not lawful for them to speak what they list, yet it is lawful for us to do with them what we list," being always of that merciful mind which was in Theodosius,[58] who wished rather that he might call the dead to life than put the living to death, saying, with Augustus,[59] when she should set her hand to any condemnation, "I would we could not write." Infinite were the ensamples that might be alleged, and almost incredible, whereby she hath showed herself a lamb in meekness when she had cause to be a lion in might, proved a dove in favor when she was provoked to be an eagle in fierceness: requiting injuries with benefits, revenging grudges with gifts, in highest majesty bearing the lowest mind, forgiving all that sued for mercy and forgetting all that deserved justice.

Oh divine nature, Oh heavenly nobility! What thing can there more be required in a prince than in greatest power to show greatest patience, in chiefest glory to bring forth chiefest grace, in abundance of all earthly pomp to manifest abundance of all heavenly piety? Oh fortunate England that hath such a Queen; ungrateful if thou pray not for her, wicked if thou do not love her, miserable if thou lose her.

Here, ladies, is a glass for all princes to behold, that being called to dignity, they use moderation, not might, tempering the severity of the laws with the mildness of love: not executing all they will, but showing what they may. Happy are they, and only they, that are under this glorious and gracious sovereign; insomuch that I account all those abjects that be not her subjects.

But why do I tread still in one path when I have so large a field to walk, or linger about one flower when I have many to gather? Wherein I resemble those that, being delighted with the little brook, neglect the fountain's head, or that painter that, being curious to color Cupid's bow, forgot to paint the string.

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[57] The incident occurred in the summer of 1579.

[58] *Theodosius:* The Younger. From Erasmus' *Apothegms,* VIII.

[59] *Augustus:* really Nero.

As this noble prince is endued with mercy, patience, and moderation, so is she adorned with singular beauty and chastity, excelling in the one, Venus, in the other, Vesta. Who knoweth not how rare a thing it is, Ladies, to match virginity with beauty, a chaste mind with an amiable face, divine cogitations with a comely countenance? But such is the grace bestowed upon this earthly goddess, that, having the beauty that might allure all princes, she hath the chastity also to refuse all, accounting it no less praise to be called a virgin than to be esteemed a Venus, thinking it as great honor to be found chaste as thought amiable. Where is now Electra, the chaste daughter of Agamemnon? Where is Lala,[60] that renowned virgin? Where is Aemilia,[61] that through her chastity wrought wonders in maintaining continual fire at the altar of Vesta? Where is Claudia,[62] that to manifest her virginity set the ship on float with her finger that multitudes could not remove by force? Where is Tuccia,[63] one of the same order, that brought to pass no less marvels, by carrying water in a sieve, not shedding one drop from Tiber to the Temple of Vesta? If virginity have such force, then what hath this chaste virgin Elizabeth done, who by the space of twenty and odd years with continual peace, against all policies,[64] with sundry miracles, contrary to all hope, hath governed that noble island? Against whom neither foreign force nor civil fraud, neither discord at home nor conspiracies abroad could prevail. What greater marvel hath happened since the beginning of the world than for a young and tender maiden to govern strong and valiant men; than for a virgin to make the whole world, if not to stand in awe of her, yet to honor her, yea, and to live in spite of all those that spite her, with her sword in the sheath, with her armor in the Tower, with her soldiers in their gowns, insomuch as her peace may be called more blessed than the quiet reign of Numa Pompilius, in whose government the bees[65] have made their hives in the soldiers' helmets. Now is the temple of Janus[66] removed from Rome to England, whose door hath not been opened this twenty years: more to be marveled at than the regiment of Deborah,[67] who ruled twenty years with religion, or Semiramis[68] that governed long with power, or Zenobia[69] that reigned six years in prosperity.

This is the only miracle that virginity ever wrought, for a little island environed round about with wars, to stand in peace; for the walls of France to burn[70] and the houses of England to freeze; for all other nations either

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[60] *Lala:* a portrait painter. Pliny, *Natural History,* XXXV, xl.

[61] *Aemilia:* a Vestal Virgin who rekindled the fire by throwing her best garment on it. Valerius Maximus, I, i, 7.

[62] *Claudia:* Ovid, *Fasti,* IV, 305.

[63] *Tuccia:* Valerius Maximus, VIII, i, 5. She had been accused of incest.

[64] *policies:* plots, conspiracies.

[65] *bees:* illustrated in Alciati's *Emblemata* (Paris, 1536, Sig. G_2^v).

[66] *temple of Janus:* the doors of which were closed in peace, open in war.

[67] *Deborah:* See Judges 5 and 6.

[68] *Semiramis:* a queen referred to by Plutarch.

[69] *Zenobia:* the famous queen of Palmyra, third century, A.D.

[70] *France to burn:* the Huguenot wars.

with civil sword to be divided or with foreign foes to be invaded, and that country neither to be molested with broils in their own bosoms nor threatened with blasts of other borderers, but always, though not laughing, yet looking through an emerald at others' jars.

Their fields have been sown with corn; strangers, theirs pitched with camps; they have their men reaping their harvest when others are mustering their harness; they use their pieces to fowl for pleasure, others their calivers for fear of peril.

Oh blessed peace, Oh happy prince, Oh fortunate people! The living God is only the English God, where he hath placed peace, which bringeth all plenty, anointed a Virgin Queen which with a wand ruleth her own subjects and with her worthiness winneth the good wills of strangers, so that she is no less gracious among her own than glorious to others, no less loved of her people than marveled at of other nations. This is the blessing that Christ always gave to his people, peace. This is the curse that he giveth to the wicked: there shall be no peace to the ungodly. This was the only salutation he used to his disciples: Peace be unto you. And therefore is he called the God of love and peace in holy writ. In peace was the temple of the Lord built by Solomon. Christ would not be born until there were peace throughout the whole world. This was the only thing that Ezekias prayed for: Let there be truth and peace, Oh Lord, in my days. All which examples do manifestly prove that there can be nothing given of God to man more notable than peace.

This peace hath the Lord continued with great and unspeakable goodness among his chosen people of England. How much is that nation bound to such a prince, by whom they enjoy all benefits of peace, having their barns full when others famish, their coffers stuffed with gold when others have no silver, their wives without danger when others are defamed, their daughters chaste when others are deflowered, their houses furnished when others are fired, where they have all things for superfluity, others nothing to sustain their need. This peace hath God given for her virtues—pity, moderation, virginity,—which peace, the same God of peace continue for his name's sake.

Touching the beauty of this prince—her countenance, her personage, her majesty—I cannot think that it may be sufficiently commended when it cannot be too much marveled at. So that I am constrained to say as Praxiteles did when he began to paint Venus and her son, who doubted whether the world could afford colors good enough for two such fair faces, and I, whether our tongue can yield words to blaze that beauty, the perfection whereof none can imagine; which, seeing it is so, I must do like those that want a clear sight, who not being able to discern the sun in the sky are enforced to behold it in the water. Zeuxis,[71] having before him fifty fair virgins of Sparta whereby to draw one amiable Venus, said that fifty more fairer than those could not minister sufficient beauty to show the goddess

[71] *Zeuxis:* Pliny, *Natural History,* XXV, xxxvi, and other classical authors.

of beauty; therefore, being in despair either by art to shadow her or by imagination to comprehend her, he drew in a table a fair temple, the gates open and Venus going in, so as nothing could be perceived but her back; wherein he used such cunning that Apelles himself seeing this work wished that Venus would turn her face, saying that if it were in all parts agreeable to the back, he would become apprentice to Zeuxis and slave to Venus. In the like manner fareth it with me, for having all the ladies in Italy, more than fifty hundred, whereby to color Elizabeth, I must say with Zeuxis that as many more will not suffice; and therefore in as great an agony paint her court with her back towards you, for that I cannot by art portray her beauty; wherein though I want the skill to do it as Zeuxis did, yet viewing it narrowly and comparing it wisely, you all will say that if her face be answerable to her back, you will like my handicraft and become her handmaids. In the mean season I leave you gazing until she turn her face, imagining her to be such a one as nature framed to that end that no art should imitate; wherein she hath proved herself to be exquisite, and painters to be apes.

This beautiful mold when I beheld to be endued with chastity, temperance, mildness, and all other good gifts of nature, as hereafter shall appear, when I saw her to surpass all in beauty, and yet a virgin, to excel all in piety, and yet a prince, to be inferior to none in all the lineaments of the body, and yet superior to everyone in all gifts of the mind, I began thus to pray, that as she hath lived forty years [72] a virgin in great majesty, so may she live fourscore years a mother [73] with great joy, that as with her we have long time had peace and plenty, so by her we may ever have quietness and abundance, wishing this even from the bottom of a heart that wisheth well to England, though feareth ill that either the world may end before she die, or she live to see her children's children in the world. Otherwise, how tickle [74] their state is that now triumph; upon what a twist they hang that now are in honor; they that live shall see which I, to think on, sigh. But God for his mercy's sake, Christ for his merit's sake, the Holy Ghost for his name's sake, grant to that realm comfort without any ill chance and the prince they have without any other change, that the longer she liveth the sweeter she may smell, like the bird Ibis,[75] that she may be triumphant in victories like the palm tree, fruitful in her age like the vine, in all ages prosperous, to all men gracious, in all places glorious, so that there be no end of her praise until the end of all flesh. Thus did I often talk with myself and wish with mine whole soul.

What should I talk of her sharp wit, excellent wisdom, exquisite learning, and all other qualities of the mind, wherein she seemeth as far to excel those that have been accounted singular, as the learned have surpassed those that have been thought simple. In questioning not inferior to Nicaulia the queen of Saba, that did put so many hard doubts to Solomon; equal to Nicostrata

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[72] *forty years:* actually forty-seven.

[73] In 1579 Elizabeth was considering marriage to the Duç d'Anjou.

[74] *tickle:* uncertain, precarious.

[75] *Ibis:* Erasmus, *Similia,* 563 F.

in the Greek tongue, who was thought to give precepts for the better perfection; more learned in the Latin than Amalasuntha; passing Aspasia in philosophy, who taught Pericles; exceeding in judgment Themistoclea,[76] who instructed Pythagoras. Add to these qualities those that none of these had, the French tongue, the Spanish, the Italian, not mean in every one, but excellent in all; readier to correct escapes [77] in those languages than to be controlled; fitter to teach others than to learn of any; more able to add new rules than to err in the old. Insomuch that there is no ambassador that cometh into her court but she is willing and able both to understand his message and utter her mind, not like to the kings of Assyria, who answered ambassades by messengers while they themselves either dally in sin or snort in sleep. Her godly zeal to learning, with her great skill, hath been so manifestly approved, that I cannot tell whether she deserve more honor for her knowledge or admiration for her courtesy. Who, in great pomp, hath twice directed her progress unto the Universities,[78] with no less joy to the students than glory to her state; where, after long and solemn disputations in law, physic and divinity, not as one wearied with scholars' arguments, but wedded to their orations, when everyone feared to offend in length, she, in her own person, with no less praise to her majesty than delight to her subjects, with a wise and learned conclusion, both gave them thanks and put herself to pains. Oh noble pattern of a princely mind! Not like to the kings of Persia,[79] who in their progresses did nothing else but cut sticks to drive away the time, nor like the delicate lives of the Sybarites,[80] who would not admit any art to be exercised within their city that might make the least noise. Her wit so sharp, that if I should repeat the apt answers, the subtle questions, the fine speeches, the pithy sentences, which on the sudden she hath uttered, they would rather breed admiration than credit. But such are the gifts that the living God hath indued her withal, that look in what art or language, wit or learning, virtue or beauty anyone hath particularly excelled most, she only hath generally exceeded everyone in all, insomuch that there is nothing to be added that either man would wish in a woman or God doth give to a creature.

[76] *Nicaulia . . . Themistoclea:* A conventional list of famous women. *Nicostrata* was a nymph who delivered oracles; *Amalasuntha* was a queen of the Ostrogoths; *Themistoclea*, a Delphic priestess.

[77] *escapes:* faults.

[78] Once to each University, Oxford in 1566 and Cambridge in 1564.

[79] *kings of Persia* Aelian, *Varia Historia*, XIV, 12.

[80] *Sybarites:* Erasmus, *Apothegms*, IV, 292 C.

Stephen Gosson

1554–1624

GOSSON was a Kentishman who graduated at Oxford in 1576 and came to London and wrote plays. His association with the stage was accordingly in the period just after the building of the first public theaters. In 1579 he had a change of heart and published an attack on poetry and plays which he dedicated to Master Philip Sidney. Soon after the book appeared Spenser wrote to his friend Harvey, "Newe Bookes I heare of none, but only of one that writing a certain Booke called *The Schoole of Abuse* and dedicating it to Maister Sidney was for hys labor scorned: if at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne." There were several answers to it, one called *Strange News out of Africk*, now lost, and one by Thomas Lodge of Lincoln's Inn, which the authorities would not allow to be published but which was privately printed anyway. The players also replied to Gosson by a dramatic effort called *The Play of Plays* and by reviving Gosson's own trifles to embarrass him. He continued his campaign with an apology appended to *The Ephemerides of Phialo* (1579) and by *Playes Confuted in Five Actions* (1582), in which he attacked Lodge.

Gosson's position and his arguments were not new; Puritanical preachers had been inveighing against the theaters for many years past. And he had many successors: John Rainolds of Oxford, who carried on a long dispute with William Grager in the nineties, William Stubbes and William Prynne in the reign of Charles I, and Jeremy Collier at the end of the century.

The distance between moral English Humanism and strict Puritanism was sometimes not very great. Gosson, for example, does not go far beyond Ascham in the following passage: "First hee [the Devil] sente ouer many wanton Italian bookes, which being translated into english, have poysoned the olde maners of our Country with foreine delights, they have so hardned the readers harts, y^{t} seuerer writers are trode under foote, none are so pleasannte or plausible as they, that sound some kinde of libertie in our eares. . . . Therefore the Devill not contented with the number he hath corrupted with reading Italian baudery, because all cannot reade, presenteth vs Comedies cut by the same paterne, which drag such a monstrous taile after them, as is able to sweep whole Cities into his lap." (*Playes Confuted*, pp. 172–173.)

By 1584 Gosson was a preacher, and he was later rector of parishes in the country and in London until his death in 1624. He is of interest because he may well have stimulated Sidney to write his *Apology* (see pp. 559–597), because he is a precursor of Euphuism (see pp. 514–516), and because he gives a lively, if biased, picture of how Elizabethans behaved at the playhouse.

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FROM

THE SCHOOL OF ABUSE

(1579)

CONSIDER with thyself, gentle reader, the old discipline of England; mark what we were before and what we are now. Leave Rome awhile, and cast thine eye back to thy predecessors and tell me how wonderfully we have been changed since we were schooled with these abuses. Dion [1] saith that Englishmen could suffer watching and labor, hunger and thirst, and bear of all storms with head and shoulders. They used slender weapons, went naked, and were good soldiers. They fed upon roots and barks of trees, they would stand up to the chin many days in marshes without victuals, and they had a kind of sustenance in time of need, of which if they had taken but the quantity of a bean or the weight of a pease, they did neither gape after meat nor long for the cup a great while after, the men in valor not yielding to Scythia, the women in courage passing the Amazons. The exercise of both was shooting and darting, running and wrestling and trying such masteries as either consisted in swiftness of feet, agility of body, strength of arms, or martial discipline. But the exercise that is now among us is banqueting, playing, piping, and dancing and all such delights as may win us to pleasure or rock us asleep.

Oh, what a wonderful change is this! Our wrestling at arms is turned to wallowing in ladies' laps, our courage to cowardice, our running to riot, our bows into bowls, and our darts to dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttony, Italy of wantonness, Spain of pride, France of deceit, and Dutchland of quaffing. Compare London to Rome, and England to Italy; you shall find the theaters of the one, the abuses of the other, to be rife among us. *Experto crede;* [2] I have seen somewhat and therefore I think may say more. In Rome, when plays or pageants are shown, Ovid [3] chargeth his pilgrims to creep close to the saints whom they serve, and show their double diligence to lift the gentlewomen's robes from the ground, for soiling in the dust; to sweep motes from their kirtles, to keep their fingers in ure, to lay their hands at their backs for an easy stay, to look upon those whom they behold, to praise that which they commend, to like everything that pleaseth them, to present them pomegranates, to pick as they sit; and when all is done, to wait on them mannerly to their houses. In our assemblies at plays in London, you shall see such heaving, and shoving, such itching

[1] *Dion:* Dio Cassius, Roman historian (b. 155 A.D.).

[2] *Experto crede:* "believe the experienced."

[3] *Ovid: Ars amatoria,* I, 135–162.

and shouldering, to sit by women. Such care for their garments, that they be not trod on! Such eyes to their laps that no chips light in them! Such pillows to their backs, that they take no hurt! Such masking in their ears—I know not what! Such giving them pippins to pass the time! Such playing at foot-cent [4] without cards! Such ticking, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home, when the sports are ended, that it is right comedy to mark their behavior, to watch their conceits, as the cat for the mouse, and as good as a course at the game itself to dog them a little, or follow aloof by the print of their feet and so discover by slot [5] where the dear [6] taketh soil.[7] If this were as well noted as ill seen, or as openly punished, as secretly practiced, I have no doubt but the cause would be seared to dry up the effect and these pretty rabbits very cunningly ferreted from their burrows. For they that lack customers all the week, either because their haunt is unknown, or the constables and officers of their parish watch them so narrowly, that they dare not quetch,[8] to celebrate the Sabbath, flock to theaters, and there keep a general market of bawdry. Not that any filthiness, indeed, is committed within the compass of that ground, as was done in Rome, but that every wanton and his paramour, every man and his mistress, every John and his Joan, every knave and his queen are there first acquainted and cheapen [9] the merchandise in that place, which they pay for elsewhere as they can agree. These worms when they dare not nestle in the peascod at home, find refuge abroad and are hid in the ears of other men's corn. Every vawter [10] in one blind tavern or other is tenant at will, to which she tolleth resort [11] and plays the stale [12] to utter [13] their victuals, and help them to empty their musty casks. There is she so intreated with words and received with courtesy that every back room in the house is at her commandment. Some that have neither land to maintain them, nor good occupation to get their bread, desirous to strut it with the best, yet disdaining to live by the sweat of their brows, have found out this cast of legerdemain, to play fast and loose among their neighbors. If any part of music have suffered shipwreck and arrived by fortune at their fingers' ends, with show of gentility they take up fair houses, receive lusty lasses at a price for boarders, and pipe from morning to evening for wood and coal. By the brothers, cousins, uncles, great-grandsires, and such like acquaintance of their guests, they drink of the best, they sit rent free, they have their own table spread to their hands without wearing the strings of their purse, or anything else but household and honesty. When resort so increaseth that they grow in suspicion, and the pots which are sent so often to the tavern get such a knock before they come home, that

[4] *foot-cent:* cent-foot, a card game in which the language was that of love.

[5] *slot:* track.

[6] *dear:* pun on "deer."

[7] *soil:* water used as refuge by a hunted animal.

[8] *quetch:* move from one place to another.

[9] *cheapen:* bargain for.

[10] *vawter:* votary (?); cf. "Venus' nuns," below, p. 557.

[11] *tolleth resort:* entices customers.

[12] *stale:* thief's accomplice.

[13] *utter:* sell.

they return their master a crack to his credit. Though he be called in question of his life, he hath shifts enough to avoid the blank. If their houses be searched, some instrument of music is laid in sight to dazzle the eyes of every officer, and all that are lodged in the house by night, or frequent it by day, come thither as pupils to be well schooled. Other there are which being so known that they are the byword of every man's mouth, and pointed at commonly as they pass the streets, either couch themselves in alleys or blind lanes, or take sanctuary in friaries, or live a mile from the city like Venus' nuns in a cloister at Newington, Ratliff, Islington, Hogsdon,[14] or some such place, where like penitents they deny the world and spend their days in double devotion. And when they are weary of contemplation to comfort themselves and renew their acquaintance, they visit theaters, where they make full account of a prey before they depart. Solon made no law for parricides, because he feared that he should rather put men in mind to commit such offenses, than by any strange punishment, give them a bit to keep them under. And I intend not to show you all that I see, nor half that I hear of these abuses, lest you judge me more willful to teach them, than willing to forbid them.

I look still when players should cast me their gauntlets and challenge a combat for entering so far into their possessions, as though I made them Lords of this misrule,[15] or the very schoolmasters of these abuses. Though the best clerks be of that opinion, they hear not me say so. There are more houses than parish churches, more maids than Maulkin, more ways to the wood than one, and more causes in nature than efficients.[16] The carpenter raiseth not his frame without tools, nor the Devil his work without instruments; were not the players the mean to make these assemblies, such multitudes would hardly be drawn in so narrow room. They seek not to hurt, but desire to please; they have purged their comedies of wanton speeches, yet the corn which they sell is full of cockle, and the drink that they draw overcharged with dregs. There is more in them than we perceive; the Devil stands at our elbows when we see not, speaks when we hear him not, strikes when we feel not, and woundeth sore when he razeth no skin, nor rents the flesh. In those things that we least mistrust, the greatest danger doth often lurk. The countryman is more afraid of the serpent that is hid in the grass than the wild beast that openly feeds upon the mountains. The mariner is more endangered by privy shelves than known rocks. The soldier is sooner killed with a little bullet than a long sword. There is more peril in close fistoles[17] than outward sores, in secret ambush than main battles, in undermining than plain assaulting, in friends than foes, in civil discord than foreign wars. Small are the abuses, and slight are the faults,

[14] *Newington . . . Hogsdon:* suburbs of London.

[15] *Lords of this misrule:* The Lord of Misrule was the master of ceremonies at a rowdy party or celebration.

[16] *efficients:* causes which make effects what they are.

[17] *fistoles:* fistulas.

that now in theaters escape the poet's pen. But tall cedars from little grains shoot high; great oaks from slender roots spread wide. Large streams from narrow springs run far. One little spark fires a whole city. One dram of *Eleborus* [18] ransacks every vein. The fish *Remora* [19] hath a small body and great force to stay ships against wind and tide. *Ichneumon,*[20] a little worm, overcomes the elephant. The viper slays the bull, the weasel the cockatrice. And the weakest wasp stingeth the stoutest man of war. The height of heaven is taken by the staff; the bottom of the sea, sounded with lead; the farthest coast, discovered by compass; the secrets of nature, searched by wit; the anatomy of man, set out by experience. But the abuses of plays cannot be shown because they pass the degrees of the instrument, reach the plummet, sight of the mind, and for trial are never brought to the touchstone. Therefore, he that will avoid the open shame of privy sin, the common plague of private offenses, the great wracks of little rocks, the sure decease of uncertain causes, must set hand to the stern and eye to his steps to shun the occasion as near as he can, neither running to bushes for renting his clothes, nor rent his clothes for impairing his thrift, nor walk upon ice for taking a fall, nor take a fall for bruising himself, nor go to theaters for being allured, nor once be allured for fear of abuse.

[18] *Eleborus:* "It is a full violent herb . . . for it grieveth sore and slayeth soon." *Batman upon Bartholome,* XVII, 55.

[19] *Remora:* "As touching this strange fish, whose smallness, with his virtue of staying ships, doth pass man's reason; the Grecians call *Ethneis,* of the Latins *Remora.*" *Batman upon Bartholome,* XIII, 29.

[20] *Ichneumon:* the Egyptian mongoose. The old authorities say it attacks serpents but not elephants. Gosson may be thinking of the chameleon.

Sir Philip Sidney[1]

1554–1586

AN APOLOGY FOR POETRY

(1595)

WHEN the right virtuous Edward Wotton[2] and I were at the Emperor's court[3] together, we gave ourselves to learn horsemanship of John Pietro Pugliano,[4] one that with great commendation had the place of an esquire in his stable. And he, according to the fertileness of the Italian wit, did not only afford us the demonstration of his practice, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplations thereon which he thought most precious. But with none I remember mine ears were at any time more loaden, than when (either angered with slow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exercised his speech in the praise of his faculty. He said, soldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsemen the noblest of soldiers. He said they were the masters of war and ornaments of peace; speedy goers and strong abiders; triumphers both in camps and courts. Nay, to so unbelieved a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a prince as to be a good horseman. Skill of government was but a *pedanteria*[5] in comparison. Then would he add certain praises, by telling what a peerless beast a horse was, the only serviceable courtier without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, and such more, that, if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much at least with his no few words he drove into me, that self-love is better than any gilding to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves are parties.

Wherein, if Pugliano's strong affection and weak arguments will not satisfy you, I will give you a nearer example of myself, who (I know not by what mischance) in these my not old years and idlest times having slipped into the title of a poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the

[1] *Sidney:* The introduction is on pp. 78–81.

[2] *Edward Wotton* (1548–1626): elder half-brother of Sir Henry Wotton.

[3] *Emperor's court:* in 1573 at the court of Maximilian II (*reg.* 1564–1576).

[4] *John Pietro Pugliano:* an Italian equerry of the Emperor's. For Sidney's own interest in horsemanship see *Astrophel and Stella,* Sonnets XLI and XLIX, pp. 95, 96.

[5] *pedanteria:* Italian for "school learning."

defense of that my unelected vocation, which if I handle with more good will than good reasons, bear with me, since the scholar is to be pardoned that followeth the steps of his master. And yet I must say that, as I have just cause to make a pitiful defense of poor poetry, which from almost the highest estimation of learning is fallen to be the laughingstock of children, so have I need to bring some more available proofs, since the former is by no man barred of his deserved credit, the silly latter hath had even the names of philosophers used to the defacing of it, with great danger of civil war among the Muses.

And first, truly, to all them that professing learning inveigh against poetry may justly be objected, that they go very near to ungratefulness, to seek to deface that which, in the noblest nations and languages that are known, hath been the first light-giver to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milk by little and little enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will they now play the hedgehog that, being received into the den, drove out his host, or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned Greece in any of her manifold sciences be able to show me one book before Musaeus, Homer, and Hesiod, all three nothing else but poets. Nay, let any history be brought that can say any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill, as Orpheus, Linus, and some other are named, who, having been the first of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to their posterity, may justly challenge to be called their fathers in learning, for not only in time they had this priority (although in itself antiquity be venerable) but went before them, as causes to draw with their charming sweetness the wild untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge, so, as Amphion was said to move stones with his poetry to build Thebes, and Orpheus to be listened to by beasts—indeed stony and beastly people. So among the Romans were Livius Andronicus, and Ennius. So in the Italian language the first that made it aspire to be a treasure-house of science were the poets Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch. So in our English were Gower and Chaucer, after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed, to beautify our mother tongue, as well in the same kind as in other arts.

This did so notably show itself, that the philosophers of Greece durst not a long time appear to the world but under the masks of poets. So Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides sang their natural philosophy in verses; so did Pythagoras and Phocylides their moral counsels; so did Tyrtaeus in war matters, and Solon in matters of policy: or rather, they, being poets, did exercise their delightful vein in those points of highest knowledge, which before them lay hid to the world. For that wise Solon was directly a poet it is manifest, having written in verse the notable fable of the Atlantic Island, which was continued by Plato. And truly, even Plato, whosoever well considereth shall find that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were philosophy, the skin as it were and beauty depended most of poetry: for all standeth upon dialogues, wherein he feigneth many

honest burgesses of Athens to speak of such matters, that, if they had been set on the rack, they would never have confessed them, besides his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, with interlacing mere tales, as Gyges' Ring,[6] and others, which who knoweth not to be flowers of poetry did never walk into Apollo's garden.

And even historiographers[7] (although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads) have been glad to borrow both fashion and perchance weight of poets. So Herodotus entitled his history by the name of the nine Muses; and both he and all the rest that followed him either stole or usurped of poetry their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battles, which no man could affirm, or, if that be denied me, long orations put in the mouths of great kings and captains, which it is certain they never pronounced. So that, truly, neither philosopher nor historiographer could at the first have entered into the gates of popular judgments, if they had not taken a great passport of poetry, which in all nations at this day, where learning flourisheth not, is plain to be seen, in all which they have some feeling of poetry.

In Turkey, besides their law-giving divines, they have no other writers but poets. In our neighbor country Ireland, where truly learning goeth very bare, yet are their poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple Indians where no writing is, yet have they their poets, who make and sing songs, which they call *Areytos,*[8] both of their ancestors' deeds and praises of their gods—a sufficient probability that, if ever learning come among them, it must be by having their hard dull wits softened and sharpened with the sweet delights of poetry. For until they find a pleasure in the exercises of the mind, great promises of much knowledge will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In Wales, the true remnant of the ancient Britons, as there are good authorities to show the long time they had poets, which they called bards, so through all the conquests of Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, some of whom did seek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets, even to this day, last; so as it is not more notable in soon beginning than in long continuing. But since the authors of most of our sciences were the Romans, and before them the Greeks, let us a little stand upon their authorities, but even so far as to see what names they have given unto this now scorned skill.

Among the Romans a poet was called *Vates,* which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conjoined words *vaticinium* and *vaticinari* is manifest: so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge. And so far were they carried into the admira-

[6] *Gyges' Ring:* story of a Lydian shepherd who had a ring which could make him invisible. (Plato, *Republic,* II, 359–360.)

[7] *historiographers:* historians.

[8] *Areytos:* Spanish *aréito,* used by the West Indians to describe dance-songs. See *MLN,* XXIX (1924), 121–123.

tion thereof, that they thought in the chanceable hitting upon any such verses great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *Sortes Virgilianae,* when, by sudden opening Virgil's book, they lighted upon any verse of his making: whereof the histories of the emperors' lives are full, as of Albinus,[9] the governor of our island, who in his childhood met with this verse,

Arma amens capio nec sat rationis in armis; [10]

and in his age performed it: which, although it were a very vain and godless superstition, as also it was to think that spirits were commanded by such verses—whereupon this word charms, derived of *carmina,*[11] cometh —so yet serveth it to show the great reverence those wits were held in. And altogether not without ground, since both the Oracles of Delphos and Sibylla's prophecies were wholly delivered in verses. For that same exquisite observing of number and measure in words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet, did seem to have some divine force in it.

And may not I presume a little further, to show the reasonableness of this word *Vates,* and say that the holy David's Psalms are a divine poem? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both ancient and modern. But even the name Psalms will speak for me, which, being interpreted, is nothing but songs; then that it is fully written in meter, as all learned Hebricians agree, although the rules be not yet fully found; lastly and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments, the often and free changing of persons, his notable *prosopopeias,*[12] when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in his majesty, his telling of the beasts' joyfulness, and hills' leaping, but a heavenly poesy, wherein almost he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But truly now having named him, I fear me I seem to profane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is among us thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet judgments will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such, as, being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the Church of God.

But now, let us see how the Greeks named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greeks called him "a poet," which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages. It cometh of this word *Poiein,* which is "to make": wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him "a maker": which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences than by my partial allegation.

prejudiced

[9] *Albinus:* a Roman commander in Britain (192–197 A.D.).

[10] *Arma . . . armis:* "madly I take up arms, though arms are senseless now." *Aeneid,* II, 314.

[11] *carmina:* verses.

[12] *prosopopeias:* personifications.

There is no art delivered to mankind that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and, by that he seeth, setteth down what order nature hath taken therein. So do the geometrician and arithmetician in their diverse sorts of quantities. So doth the musician in times tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name, and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, and passions of man; and "follow nature" (saith he) "therein, and thou shalt not err." The lawyer saith what men have determined; the historian what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech; and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of a man's body, and the nature of things helpful or hurtful unto it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he indeed build upon the depth of nature. Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigor of his own invention, doth grow in effect another nature, in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or, quite anew, forms such as never were in nature, as the Heroes, Demigods, Cyclops, Chimeras, Furies, and such like: so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging only within the zodiac of his own wit.

Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done—neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden. But let those things alone, and go to man—for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed—and know whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes,[13] so constant a friend as Pylades,[14] so valiant a man as Orlando,[15] so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus,[16] so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Aeneas. Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction; for any understanding knoweth the skill of the artificer standeth in that idea or foreconceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that idea is manifest, by delivering them forth in such excellency as he hath imagined them. Which delivering forth also is not wholly imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air: but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a Cyrus, which

[13] *Theagenes:* hero of the Greek prose romance, *Aethiopica,* written by Heliodorus about 400 A.D., which influenced Sidney's *Arcadia.*

[14] *Pylades:* the constant friend of Orestes.

[15] *Orlando:* the Roland of the Charlemagne legend, hero of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso.*

[16] *Xenophon's Cyrus:* in the *Cyropedia.*

had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done, but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world, to make many Cyruses, if they will learn aright why and how that maker made him.

Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honor to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who, having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature: which in nothing he showeth so much as in poetry, when with the force of a divine breath he bringeth things forth far surpassing her doings, with no small argument to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam, since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted. Thus much (I hope) will be given me, that the Greeks with some probability of reason gave him the name above all names of learning. Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be more palpable: and so I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise as the etymology of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation.

Poesy therefore is an art of imitation, for so Aristotle termeth it [17] in his word *Mimesis,* that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth —to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture; with this end, to teach and delight. Of this have been three several kinds.

The chief, both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the inconceivable excellencies of God. Such were David in his Psalms; Solomon in his Song of Songs, in his Ecclesiastes, and Proverbs; Moses and Deborah in their Hymns; and the writer of Job, which, beside other, the learned Emanuel Tremellius and Franciscus Junius [18] do entitle the poetical part of the Scripture. Against these none will speak that hath the Holy Ghost in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a full wrong divinity, were Orpheus, Amphion, Homer in his Hymns, and many other, both Greeks and Romans, and this poesy must be used by whosoever will follow St. James's counsel in singing psalms when they are merry, and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when, in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never-leaving goodness.

The second kind is of them that deal with matters philosophical: either moral, as Tyrtaeus, Phocylides, and Cato; [19] or natural, as Lucretius and Virgil's *Georgics;* or astronomical, as Manilius and Pontanus; or historical,

[17] *Aristotle termeth it:* in the *Poetics,* i, 2, but Sidney is probably drawing here on Scaliger's *Poetice,* I, i.

[18] *Emanuel Tremellius and Franciscus Junius:* two sixteenth-century Protestant scholars who published a widely used Latin translation of the Bible in 1575–1580.

[19] *Cato:* Dionysius Cato, reputed author of *Disticha de moribus,* four books of epigrammatic moral precepts in Latin hexameters, popular in the Middle Ages, and later used as a textbook in Elizabethan schools.

as Lucan; which who mislike, the fault is in their judgments quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the course of his own invention, whether they properly be poets or no let grammarians dispute; and go to the third, indeed right 3. poets, of whom chiefly this question ariseth, betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who, having no law but wit, bestow that in colors upon you which is fittest for the eye to see, as the constant though lamenting look of Lucretia,[20] when she punished in herself another's fault (wherein he painteth not Lucretia whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue). For these third be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight, and to imitate borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be; but range, only reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be, and should be. These be they that, as the first and most noble sort may justly be termed *Vates,* so these are waited on in the excellentest languages and best understandings, with the foredescribed name of poets; for these indeed do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand, which without delight they would fly as from a stranger, and teach, to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved: which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them.

These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations. The most notable be the heroic, lyric, tragic, comic, satiric, iambic, elegiac, pastoral, and certain others, some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with, some by the sorts of verses they liked best to write in; for indeed the greatest part of poets have appareled their poetical inventions in that numbrous kind of writing which is called verse—indeed but appareled, verse being but an ornament and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem iusti imperii,* "the portraiture of a just Empire," under name of Cyrus (as Cicero saith of him), made therein an absolute heroical poem. So did Heliodorus in his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagenes and Chariclea;[21] and yet both these writ in prose: which I speak to show that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet—no more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who

[20] *Lucretia:* wife of L. Tarquinius Colatinus, outraged by Sextus, son of Tarquinius Superbus. For Shakespeare's version see the selections from *The Rape of Lucrece,* pp. 243–258.

[21] *Heliodorus . . . Chariclea:* See note 13, above.

though he pleaded in armor should be an advocate and no soldier. But it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by, although indeed the Senate of Poets hath chosen verse as their fittest raiment, meaning, as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them—not speaking (table-talk fashion or like men in a dream) words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but peizing each syllable of each word by just proportion according to the dignity of the subject.

Now therefore it shall not be amiss first to weigh this latter sort of poetry by his works, and then by his parts, and, if in neither of these anatomies [22] he be condemnable, I hope we shall obtain a more favorable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed, the final end is to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clayey lodgings, can be capable of. This, according to the inclination of the man, bred many formed impressions. For some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge and no knowledge to be so high and heavenly as acquaintance with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy; others, persuading themselves to be demigods if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural philosophers; some an admirable delight drew to music; and some the certainty of demonstration to the mathematics. But all, one and other, having this scope—to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body to the enjoying his own divine essence. But when by the balance of experience it was found that the astronomer looking to the stars might fall into a ditch, that the inquiring philosopher might be blind in himself, and the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart, then, lo, did proof, the overruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they have each a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistress-knowledge, by the Greeks called *Architectonike,* which stands (as I think) in the knowledge of a man's self, in the ethic and politic consideration, with the end of well doing and not of well knowing only:—even as the saddler's next end is to make a good saddle, but his farther end to serve a nobler faculty, which is horsemanship; so the horseman's to soldiery, and the soldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practice of a soldier. So that, the ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills, that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over all the rest. Wherein we can show the poet's nobleness, by setting him before his other competitors, among whom as principal challengers step forth the moral philosophers, whom, methinketh, I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they

[22] *anatomies:* analyses.

could not abide vice by daylight, rudely clothed for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things, with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names, sophistically speaking against subtlety, and angry with any man in whom they see the foul fault of anger. These men casting largesse as they go of definitions, divisions, and distinctions, with a scornful interrogative do soberly ask whether it be possible to find any path so ready to lead a man to virtue as that which teacheth what virtue is—and teacheth it not only by delivering forth his very being, his causes, and effects, but also by making known his enemy, vice (which must be destroyed), and his cumbersome servant, passion (which must be mastered), by showing the generalities that containeth it, and the specialities that are derived from it; lastly, by plain setting down, how it extendeth itself out of the limits of a man's own little world to the government of families, and maintaining of public societies.

The historian scarcely giveth leisure to the moralist to say so much, but that he, laden with old mouse-eaten records, authorizing himself (for the most part) upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation of hearsay; having much ado to accord differing writers and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thousand years ago than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goeth than how his own wit runneth; curious for antiquities and inquisitive of novelties; a wonder to young folks and a tyrant in table talk, denieth, in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of virtue, and virtuous actions, is comparable to him. "I am *Lux vitae, Temporum magistra, Vita memoriae, Nuncia vetustatis,*" [23] etc. The philosopher (saith he) "teacheth a disputative virtue, but I do an active. His virtue is excellent in the dangerless Academy of Plato, but mine showeth forth her honorable face in the battles of Marathon, Pharsalia, Poitiers, and Agincourt.[24] He teacheth virtue by certain abstract considerations, but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you. Old-aged experience goeth beyond the fine-witted philosopher, but I give the experience of many ages. Lastly, if he make the song book, I put the learner's hand to the lute; and if he be the guide, I am the light."

Then would he allege you innumerable examples, conferring story by story, how much the wisest senators and princes have been directed by the credit of history, as Brutus, Alphonsus of Aragon, and who not, if need be? At length the long line of their disputation maketh a point in this, that the one giveth the precept, and the other the example.

Now, whom shall we find (since the question standeth for the highest

[23] *Lux . . . vetustatis:* A free paraphrase from Cicero's *De oratore,* II, 9, 36: *Historia vero testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriae, magistra vitae, nuntia vetustatis.* ("History is in fact the witness of the times, the light of truth, the life of memory, the mistress of life, messenger of antiquity.")

[24] *battles of . . . Agincourt:* Marathon, B.C. 490; Pharsalia, B.C. 48; Poitiers, 1356; Agincourt, 1415. For Agincourt see Drayton's *Ode to the Cambro-Britons,* p. 418, above.

form in the school of learning) to be moderator? Truly, as meseemeth, the poet; and if not a moderator, even the man that ought to carry the title from them both, and much more from all other serving sciences. Therefore compare we the poet with the historian, and with the moral philosopher; and, if he go beyond them both, no other human skill can match him. For as for the Divine, with all reverence it is ever to be excepted, not only for having his scope as far beyond any of these as eternity exceedeth a moment, but even for passing each of these in themselves. And for the lawyer, though Jus be the daughter of justice, and justice the chief of virtues, yet because he seeketh to make men good rather *formidine poenae* than *virtutis amore*,[25] or, to say righter, doth not endeavor to make men good, but that their evil hurt not others, having no care, so he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be: therefore, as our wickedness maketh him necessary, and necessity maketh him honorable, so is he not in the deepest truth to stand in rank with these who all endeavor to take naughtiness away, and plant goodness even in the secretest cabinet of our souls. And these four are all that any way deal in that consideration of men's manners, which being the supreme knowledge, they that best breed it deserve the best commendation.

The philosopher therefore and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example. But both, not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, setting down with thorny argument the bare rule, is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him till he be old before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general, that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side, the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be but to what is, to the particular truth of things and not to the general reason of things, that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine.

Now doth the peerless poet perform both: for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it in someone by whom he presupposeth it was done; so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture I say, for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description: which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul so much as that other doth.

For as in outward things, to a man that had never seen an elephant or a rhinoceros, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shapes, color, bigness, and particular marks, or of a gorgeous palace the architecture, with declaring the full beauties might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were by rote, all he had heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceits with being witness to itself of a true lively knowledge: but the

[25] *formidine . . . amore*: "rather from fear of punishment than from love of virtue," Horace, *Epistles*, I, xvi, 52–53.

same man, as soon as he might see those beasts well painted, or the house well in model, should straightways grow, without need of any description, to a judicial comprehending of them: so no doubt the philosopher with his learned definition—be it of virtue, vices, matters of public policy or private government—replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy.

Tully taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know the force love of our country hath in us. Let us but hear old Anchises speaking in the middest of Troy's flames, or see Ulysses in the fullness of all Calypso's delights bewail his absence from barren and beggarly Ithaca. Anger, the Stoics say, was a short madness: let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing and whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus, and tell me if you have not a more familiar insight into anger than finding in the Schoolmen his genus and difference.[26] See whether wisdom and temperance in Ulysses and Diomedes, valor in Achilles, friendship in Nisus and Euryalus,[27] even to an ignorant man carry not an apparent shining, and, contrarily, the remorse of conscience in Oedipus, the soon repenting pride of Agamemnon, the self-devouring cruelty in his father Atreus, the violence of ambition in the two Theban brothers, the sour-sweetness of revenge in Medea, and, to fall lower, the Terentian Gnatho [28] and our Chaucer's Pandar [29] so expressed that we now use their names to signify their trades; and finally, all virtues, vices, and passions so in their own natural seats laid to the view, that we seem not to hear of them, but clearly to see through them. But even in the most excellent determination of goodness, what philosopher's counsel can so readily direct a prince, as the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon; or a virtuous man in all fortunes, as Aeneas in Virgil; or a whole Commonwealth, as the way of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia?* [30] I say the way, because where Sir Thomas More erred, it was the fault of the man and not of the poet, for that way of patterning a Commonwealth was most absolute, though he perchance hath not so absolutely performed it. For the question is, whether the feigned image of poesy or the regular instruction of philosophy hath the more force in teaching: wherein if the philosophers have more rightly showed themselves philosophers than the poets have attained to the high top of their profession, as in truth,

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[26] *genus and difference:* definition.

[27] *Nisus and Euryalus:* In the *Aeneid*, IX, Nisus died avenging his friend Euryalus.

[28] *Terentian Gnatho:* the parasite in the *Eunuchus* of Terence.

[29] *Chaucer's Pandar:* in *Troilus and Criseyde.*

[30] *Sir Thomas More's Utopia:* The *Utopia* was first printed in 1516; the first English version was made in 1551 by Ralph Robinson.

Mediocribus esse poetis,
Non Di, non homines, non concessere Columnae; [31]

it is, I say again, not the fault of the art, but that by few men that art can be accomplished. Certainly, even our Savior Christ could as well have given the moral commonplaces [32] of uncharitableness and humbleness as the divine narration of Dives and Lazarus; [33] or of disobedience and mercy, as that heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father; but that his through-searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in hell, and of Lazarus being in Abraham's bosom, would more constantly (as it were) inhabit both the memory and judgment. Truly, for myself, meseems I see before my eyes the lost child's disdainful prodigality, turned to envy a swine's dinner: which by the learned divines are thought not historical acts, but instructing parables. For conclusion, I say the Philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tenderest stomachs, the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher, whereof Aesop's tales give good proof: whose pretty allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts, make many, more beastly than beasts, begin to hear the sound of virtue from these dumb speakers.

But now may it be alleged that, if this imagining of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the historian needs surpass, who bringeth you images of true matters, such as indeed were done, and not such as fantastically or falsely may be suggested to have been done. Truly, Aristotle [34] himself, in his discourse of poesy, plainly determineth this question, saying that poetry is *Philosophoteron* and *Spoudaioteron,* that is to say, it is more philosophical and more studiously serious than history. His reason is, because poesy dealeth with *Katholou,* that is to say, with the universal consideration, and the history with *Kathekaston,* the particular: "now," saith he, "the universal weighs what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessity (which the poesy considereth in his imposed names), and the particular only marks whether Alcibiades did, or suffered, this or that." Thus far Aristotle: which reason of his (as all his) is most full of reason. For indeed, if the question were whether it were better to have a particular act truly or falsely set down, there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather have Vespasian's picture right as he was, or at the painter's pleasure nothing resembling. But if the question be for your own use and learning, whether it be better to have it set down as it should be, or as it was, then certainly is more doctrinable the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon than the true Cyrus in Justin, and the feigned Aeneas

[31] *Mediocribus . . . Columnae:* "neither gods, nor men, nor book-stalls have admitted mediocrity in poets," Horace, *Ars poetica,* 372–373.

[32] *commonplaces:* sentences or longer passages from literary or philosophical works; in Elizabethan and later times kept in commonplace books.

[33] *Dives and Lazarus:* Luke 16:19–31.

[34] *Aristotle:* in the *Poetics,* ix, 3.

in Virgil than the right Aeneas in Dares Phrygius:[35] as to a lady that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a painter should more benefit her to portrait a most sweet face, writing Canidia upon it, than to paint Canidia as she was, who, Horace sweareth, was foul and ill favored.

If the poet do his part aright, he will show you in Tantalus, Atreus, and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned; in Cyrus, Aeneas, Ulysses, each thing to be followed; where the historian, bound to tell things as things were, cannot be liberal (without he will be poetical) of a perfect pattern, but, as in Alexander or Scipio himself, show doings, some to be liked, some to be misliked. And then how will you discern what to follow but by your own discretion, which you had without reading Quintus Curtius?[36] And whereas a man may say, though in universal consideration of doctrine the poet prevaileth, yet that the history, in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he shall follow; the answer is manifest: that if he stand upon that *was*—as if he should argue, because it rained yesterday, therefore it should rain today—then indeed it hath some advantage to a gross conceit; but if he know an example only informs a conjectured likelihood, and so go by reason, the poet doth so far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, be it in warlike, politic, or private matters; where the historian in his bare *was* hath many times that which we call fortune to overrule the best wisdom. Many times he must tell events whereof he can yield no cause: or, if he do, it must be poetical.

For that a feigned example hath as much force to teach as a true example (for as for to move, it is clear, since the feigned may be tuned to the highest key of passion), let us take one example wherein a poet and a historian do concur. Herodotus and Justin do both testify that Zopyrus, King Darius's faithful servant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious Babylonians, feigned himself in extreme disgrace of his king: for verifying of which, he caused his own nose and ears to be cut off, and so flying to the Babylonians, was received, and for his known valor so far credited, that he did find means to deliver them over to Darius. Much like matter doth Livy[37] record of Tarquinius and his son. Xenophon excellently feigneth such another stratagem performed by Abradates[38] in Cyrus's behalf. Now would I fain know, if occasion be presented unto you to serve your prince by such an honest dissimulation, why you do not as well learn it of Xenophon's fiction as of the other's verity—and truly so much the better, as you shall save your nose by the bargain; for Abradates did not counterfeit so far. So then the best of the historian is subject to the

[35] Dares Phrygius was in the belief of medieval and Renaissance authors an eyewitness of the fall of Troy, but a purported fifth-century Latin translation of his work, *De excidio Troiae historia*, has been proved to be a forgery. See Chapman, p. 387, above

[36] *Quintus Curtius* Roman author of a history of Alexander.

[37] *Livy:* I, 53-54.

[38] *Abradates:* actually Araspes in the *Cyropedia*, VI, i, 31.

poet; for whatsoever action, or faction, whatsoever counsel, policy, or war stratagem the historian is bound to recite, that may the poet (if he list) with his imitation make his own, beautifying it both for further teaching, and more delighting, as it pleaseth him, having all, from Dante's heaven to his hell, under the authority of his pen. Which if I be asked what poets have done so, as I might well name some, yet say I, and say again, I speak of the art, and not of the artificer.

Now, to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of histories, in respect of the notable learning is gotten by marking the success, as though therein a man should see virtue exalted and vice punished—truly that commendation is peculiar to poetry, and far off from history. For indeed poetry ever setteth Virtue so out in her best colors, making Fortune her well-waiting handmaid, that one must needs be enamored of her. Well may you see Ulysses in a storm, and in other hard plights; but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimity, to make them shine the more in the near-following prosperity. And of the contrary part, if evil men come to the stage, they ever go out (as the tragedy-writer answered to one that misliked the show of such persons) so manacled as they little animate folks to follow them. But the historian, being captived to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror from welldoing, and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness.

For see we not valiant Miltiades[89] rot in his fetters; the just Phocion and the accomplished Socrates put to death like traitors; the cruel Severus live prosperously; the excellent Severus miserably murdered; Sylla and Marius dying in their beds; Pompey and Cicero slain then when they would have thought exile a happiness? See we not virtuous Cato driven to kill himself, and rebel Caesar so advanced that his name yet, after 1,600 years, lasteth in the highest honor? And mark but even Caesar's own words of the forenamed Sylla (who in that only did honestly, to put down his dishonest tyranny), *Literas nescivit,* as if want of learning caused him to do well. He meant it not by poetry, which, not content with earthly plagues, deviseth new punishments in hell for tyrants, nor yet by philosophy, which teacheth *Occidendos esse;* but no doubt by skill in history, for that indeed can afford your Cypselus, Periander, Phalaris, Dionysius, and I know not how many more of the same kennel, that speed well enough in their abominable injustice or usurpation. I conclude, therefore, that he excelleth History, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserveth to be called and accounted good: which setting forward, and moving to welldoing, indeed setteth the laurel crown upon the poet as victorious, not only of the historian, but over the philosopher, howsoever in teaching it may be questionable.

For suppose it be granted (that which I suppose with great reason may be denied) that the philosopher, in respect of his methodical proceeding,

[89] *Miltiades:* In this paragraph Sidney draws on his general knowledge of Greek and Roman history for examples.

doth teach more perfectly than the poet, yet do I think that no man is so much *Philophilosophos* [40] as to compare the philosopher, in moving, with the poet.

And that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well-nigh the cause and the effect of teaching. For who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught, and what so much good doth that teaching bring forth (I speak still of moral doctrine) as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach? For, as Aristotle saith,[41] it is not *Gnosis* but *Praxis* must be the fruit. And how *Praxis* cannot be, without being moved to practice, it is no hard matter to consider.

The philosopher showeth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way. But this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholding to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay truly, learned men have learnedly thought that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; seeing in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us. For out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it; but to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *Hoc opus, hic labor est.*[42]

Now therein of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the humane conceits) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner. And, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue: even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste: which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of aloes [43] or rhubarb

[40] *Philophilosophos:* fond of philosophers.

[41] *as Aristotle saith:* In his *Ethics,* I, i: "since the ultimate object is not knowing but acting."

[42] *Hoc . . . est:* "This is a task, this is labor," *Aeneid,* VI, 129.

[43] *aloes:* a bitter drug with purgative qualities from the juice of plants of the genus *Aloe.*

they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves): glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Aeneas; and, hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valor, and justice; which, if they had been barely, that is to say philosophically, set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

That imitation whereof poetry is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other, insomuch that, as Aristotle saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made in poetical imitation delightful. Truly, I have known men, that even with reading *Amadis de Gaule*[44] (which God knoweth wanteth much of a perfect poesy) have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Aeneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wisheth not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom do not the words of Turnus move, the tale of Turnus having planted his image in the imagination?—

Fugientem haec terra videbit?
Usque adeone mori miserum est?[45]

Where the philosophers, as they scorn to delight, so must they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether Virtue be the chief or the only good, whether the contemplative or the active life do excel: which Plato and Boethius[46] well knew, and therefore made Mistress Philosophy very often borrow the masking raiment of Poesy. For even those hard-hearted evil men who think virtue a school name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*,[47] and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted—which is all the good fellow poet seemeth to promise—and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen they cannot but love ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

Infinite proofs of the strange effects of this poetical invention might be alleged; only two shall serve, which are so often remembered as I think all men know them; the one of Menenius Agrippa,[48] who, when the whole people of Rome had resolutely divided themselves from the Senate, with apparent show of utter ruin, though he were (for that time) an excellent orator, came not among them upon trust of figurative speeches or cunning insinuations, and much less with farfetched maxims of philosophy, which

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[44] *Amadis de Gaule:* a Spanish or Portuguese romance of chivalry. The Spanish version is by Garcia de Montalvo, dating from the second half of the fifteenth century.

[45] *Fugientem . . . est:* "Shall this ground see [Turnus] fleeing? Is it so hard to die?" *Aeneid*, XII, 645–646.

[46] *Boethius:* philosopher, author of *De consolatione philosophiae*, died 524 A.D.

[47] *indulgere genio:* "to indulge one's own inclinations," Persius, *Satires*, V, 151.

[48] *the one of Menenius Agrippa:* See Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*.

(especially if they were Platonic) they must have learned geometry before they could well have conceived; but forsooth he behaves himself like a homely and familiar poet. He telleth them a tale, that there was a time when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each other's labor: they concluded they would let so unprofitable a spender starve. In the end, to be short (for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale), with punishing the belly they plagued themselves. This applied by him wrought such effect in the people, as I never read that ever words brought forth but then so sudden and so good an alteration; for upon reasonable conditions a perfect reconcilement ensued. The other is of Nathan[49] the Prophet, who, when the holy David had so far forsaken God as to confirm adultery with murder, when he was to do the tenderest office of a friend, in laying his own shame before his eyes, sent by God to call again so chosen a servant, how doth he it but by telling of a man whose beloved lamb was ungratefully taken from his bosom?—the application most divinely true, but the discourse itself feigned. Which made David (I speak of the second and instrumental cause) as in a glass to see his own filthiness, as that heavenly psalm of mercy well testifieth.

By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth: and so a conclusion not unfitly ensueth, that, as virtue is the most excellent resting place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman. But I am content not only to decipher him by his works (although works in commendation or dispraise must ever hold an high authority), but more narrowly will examine his parts: so that, as in a man, though all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty, perchance in some one defectious piece we may find a blemish Now in his parts, kinds, or species (as you list to term them), it is to be noted that some poesies have coupled together two or three kinds, as tragical and comical, whereupon is risen the tragicomical. Some, in the like manner, have mingled prose and verse, as Sannazaro[50] and Boethius. Some have mingled matters heroical and pastoral. But that cometh all to one in this question, for, if severed they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful. Therefore, perchance forgetting some, and leaving some as needless to be remembered, it shall not be amiss in a word to cite the special kinds, to see what faults may be found in the right use of them.

Is it then the pastoral poem which is misliked? For perchance where the hedge is lowest they will soonest leap over. Is the poor pipe disdained, which sometime out of Melibaeus' mouth can show the misery of people

[49] *Nathan:* II Samuel 12:1–7.

[50] *Sannazaro:* Italian poet (1458–1530), author of the *Arcadia,* a pastoral romance of mixed prose and verse which influenced Sidney's own *Arcadia.*

under hard lords or ravening soldiers, and again, by Tityrus,[51] what blessedness is derived to them that lie lowest from the goodness of them that sit highest? sometimes, under the pretty tales of wolves and sheep, can include the whole considerations of wrongdoing and patience; sometimes show that contention for trifles can get but a trifling victory; where perchance a man may see that even Alexander and Darius, when they strave who should be cock of this world's dunghill, the benefit they got was that the after-livers may say,

Haec memini et victum frustra contendere Thirsin:
Ex illo Coridon, Coridon est tempore nobis.[52]

Or is it the lamenting elegiac, which in a kind heart would move rather pity than blame, who bewails with the great philosopher Heraclitus the weakness of mankind and the wretchedness of the world; who surely is to be praised, either for compassionate accompanying just causes of lamentation, or for rightly pointing out how weak be the passions of woefulness? Is it the bitter but wholesome iambic, which rubs the galled mind, in making shame the trumpet of villainy with bold and open crying out against naughtiness? Or the satiric, who

Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico;[53]

who sportingly never leaveth until he make a man laugh at folly, and, at length ashamed, to laugh at himself, which he cannot avoid, without avoiding the folly; who, while

circum praecordia ludit,[54]

giveth us to feel how many headaches a passionate life bringeth us to; how, when all is done,

Est Ulubris, animus si nos non deficit aequus?[55]

No, perchance it is the comic, whom naughty play-makers and stage-keepers have justly made odious. To the argument of abuse I will answer after. Only thus much now is to be said, that the comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be, so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one.

Now, as in geometry the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic the odd as well as the even, so in the actions of our life

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[51] *Melibaeus, Tityrus:* names for shepherds in pastoral works.

[52] *Haec . . . nobis:* "These things I remember, how the vanquished Thyrsis struggled in vain. From that day on it has been Corydon, only Corydon with us," Virgil, *Eclogues,* VII, 69–70.

[53] *Omne . . . amico:* "manages to probe every fault while making his friend laugh." Shortened from Persius, *Satires,* I, 116.

[54] *circum . . . ludit:* "he plays about the innermost feelings," Persius, *Satires,* I, 117.

[55] *Est . . . aequus:* The whole phrase is: "What you seek is here; it is at Ulubrae, if a well-balanced mind does not fail you there," Horace, *Epistles,* I, xi, 30.

who seeth not the filthiness of evil wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the comedy handle so in our private and domestical matters, as with hearing it we get as it were an experience, what is to be looked for of a niggardly Demea, of a crafty Davus, of a flattering Gnatho, of a vainglorious Thraso;[56] and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason hath any man to say that men learn evil by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man living but, by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth them in *pistrinum:*[57] although perchance the sack of his own faults lie so behind his back that he seeth not himself dance the same measure; whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes than to find his own actions contemptibly set forth.

So that the right use of comedy will (I think) by nobody be blamed, and much less of the high and excellent tragedy, that openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants manifest their tyrannical humors; that, with stirring the affects of admiration and commiseration, teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilden roofs are builded; that maketh us know,

Qui sceptra saevus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in auctorem redit.[58]

But how much it can move, Plutarch yieldeth a notable testimony[59] of the abominable tyrant Alexander Pheraeus, from whose eyes a tragedy, well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who, without all pity, had murdered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood, so as he, that was not ashamed to make matters for tragedies, yet could not resist the sweet violence of a tragedy. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was that he, in despite of himself, withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart.

But it is not the tragedy they do mislike; for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoever is most worthy to be learned. Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who with his tuned lyre, and well-accorded voice, giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts, who gives moral precepts, and natural problems, who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly, I must confess my own barbarousness, I never

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[56] *Demea . . . Thraso:* stock characters (heavy father, clever servant, parasite, and braggart) of Terence's Latin comedies.

[57] *pistrinum:* a pounding mill, used as punishment for slaves.

[58] *Qui . . . redit:* "He who rules his people with a harsh government fears those who fear him; the fear returns upon its author," Seneca, *Oedipus,* 705.

[59] *Plutarch yieldeth . . . testimony:* Plutarch (see below, p. 615) describes Alexander, tyrant of Pherae in Thessaly (*reg.* B.C. 369–357) in the *Life of Pelopidas,* 29.

heard the old song of Percy and Douglas [60] that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet is it sung but by some blind crowder,[61] with no rougher voice than rude style; which, being so evil appareled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary [62] I have seen it the manner at all feasts, and other such meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valor; which that right soldierlike nation think the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedemonians did not only carry that kind of music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be the singers of them, when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young men what they would do. And where a man may say that Pindar many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, matters rather of sport than virtue; as it may be answered, it was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry, so indeed the chief fault was in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse race won at Olympus among his three fearful felicities. But as the inimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honorable enterprises.

There rests the heroical, whose very name (I think) should daunt all backbiters; for by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draweth with it no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Aeneas, Turnus, Tydeus, and Rinaldo? [63] who doth not only teach and move to a truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth; who maketh magnanimity and justice shine throughout all misty fearfulness and foggy desires; who, if the saying of Plato and Tully be true, that who could see Virtue would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty—this man sets her out to make her more lovely in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But if anything be already said in the defense of sweet poetry, all concurreth to the maintaining the heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind of poetry. For as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Aeneas be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himself in the ruin of his country, in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies, in obeying the gods' commandment to leave Dido, though not

[60] *the old song of Percy and Douglas:* either an early version of *Chevy Chase* (*The Hunting of the Cheviot;* Child no. 162) or, as Child suggests, *The Battle of Otterburn* (Child no. 161), both old Scottish ballads.

[61] *blind crowder:* blind fiddler (Welsh *crwth,* "fiddle").

[62] *Hungary:* In 1572–1573 Sidney was in Hungary with Languet.

[63] *Tydeus:* in the *Iliad; Rinaldo* in Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata.*

only all passionate kindness, but even the human consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him; how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own; lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government, and I think, in a mind not prejudiced with a prejudicating humor, he will be found in excellency fruitful, yea, even as Horace saith,

Melius Chrysippo et Crantore.[64]

But truly I imagine it falleth out with these poet-whippers, as with some good women, who often are sick, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of Poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

Since then poetry is of all human learning the most ancient and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, nor no barbarous nation is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave divine names unto it, the one of "prophesying," the other of "making," and that indeed that name of "making" is fit for him, considering that whereas other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the poet only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a conceit; since neither his description nor his end containeth any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness and to delight the learners; since therein (namely in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well-nigh comparable to the philosopher, and, for moving, leaves him behind him; since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Savior Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all his kinds are not only in their united forms but in their severed dissections fully commendable; I think (and think I think rightly) the laurel crown appointed for triumphing captains doth worthily (of all other learnings) honor the poet's triumph. But because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be will seem to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counterbalance, let us hear, and, as well as we can, ponder, what objections may be made against this art, which may be worthy either of yielding or answering.

First, truly I note not only in these *Mysomousoi,* poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who seek a praise by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing, which, by stirring the spleen, may stay

[64] *Melius . . . Crantore;* "Better than Chrysippus and Crantor," Horace, *Epistles,* I, ii, 4.

the brain from a thorough beholding the worthiness of the subject. Those kind of objections, as they are full of very idle easiness, since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty but that an itching tongue may rub itself upon it, so deserve they no other answer, but, instead of laughing at the jest, to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodity of being sick of the plague. So of the contrary side, if we will turn Ovid's verse,[65]

Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali,

that "good lie hid in nearness of the evil," Agrippa[66] will be as merry in showing the vanity of science as Erasmus[67] was in commending of folly. Neither shall any man or matter escape some touch of these smiling railers. But for Erasmus and Agrippa, they had another foundation than the superficial part would promise. Marry, these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the verb before they understand the noun, and confute others' knowledge before they confirm their own, I would have them only remember that scoffing cometh not of wisdom; so as the best title in true English they get with their merriments is to be called good fools, for so have our grave forefathers ever termed that humorous kind of jesters.

But that which giveth greatest scope to their scorning humors is rhyming and versing. It is already said (and, as I think, truly said) it is not rhyming and versing that maketh poesy. One may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry. But yet presuppose it were inseparable (as indeed it seemeth Scaliger[68] judgeth) truly it were an inseparable commendation. For if *Oratio* next to *Ratio,* speech next to reason, be the greatest gift bestowed upon mortality, that cannot be praiseless which doth most polish that blessing of speech; which considers each word, not only (as a man may say) by his forcible quality, but by his best measured quantity, carrying even in themselves a harmony (without, perchance, number, measure, order, proportion be in our time grown odious). But lay aside the just praise it hath, by being the only fit speech for music (music, I say, the most divine striker of the senses), thus much is undoubtedly true, that if reading be foolish without remembering, memory being the only treasurer of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory are likewise most convenient for knowledge.

Now, that verse far exceedeth prose in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest—the words (besides their delight, which hath a

[65] *Ovid's verse:* in *Ars amatoria,* II, 662; altered by Sidney.

[66] *Agrippa:* Henricus Cornelius Agrippa (1486–1535), German humanist, author of *De incertitudine et vanitate scientiarum* (1531), an attack upon the methods of instruction in his day.

[67] *Erasmus:* Desiderius Erasmus (1466–1536). Published *Moriae encomium* (*The Praise of Folly*) in 1510.

[68] *Scaliger:* Julius Caesar Scaliger (1484–1558), whose *Poetice* Sidney draws on frequently.

great affinity to memory) being so set as one word cannot be lost but the whole work fails; which accuseth itself, calleth the remembrance back to itself, and so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides, one word so, as it were, begetting another, as, be it in rhyme or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a near guess to the follower: lastly, even they that have taught the art of memory have showed nothing so apt for it as a certain room divided into many places well and thoroughly known. Now, that hath the verse in effect perfectly, every word having his natural seat, which seat must needs make the words remembered. But what needeth more in a thing so known to all men? Who is it that ever was a scholar that doth not carry away some verses of Virgil, Horace, or Cato, which in his youth he learned, and even to his old age serve him for hourly lessons? But the fitness it hath for memory is notably proved by all delivery of arts: wherein for the most part, from grammar to logic, mathematic, physic, and the rest, the rules chiefly necessary to be borne away are compiled in verses. So that, verse being in itself sweet and orderly, and being best for memory, the only handle of knowledge, it must be in jest that any man can speak against it.

Now then go we [69] to the most important imputations laid to the poor poets. For aught I can yet learn, they are these. First, that there being many other more fruitful knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them than in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lies. Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting us with many pestilent desires, with a siren's sweetness drawing the mind to the serpent's tale of sinful fancy —and herein, especially, comedies give the largest field to ear [70] (as Chaucer saith)—how both in other nations and in ours, before poets did soften us, we were full of courage, given to martial exercises, the pillars of manlike liberty, and not lulled asleep in shady idleness with poets' pastimes. And lastly, and chiefly, they cry out with an open mouth, as if they outshot Robin Hood, that Plato banished them out of his Commonwealth.[71] Truly, this is much, if there be much truth in it. First, to the first, that a man might better spend his time is a reason indeed: but it doth (as they say) but *petere principium:* [72] for if it be, as I affirm, that no learning is so good as that which teacheth and moveth to virtue, and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as poetry, then is the conclusion manifest that ink and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly, though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow (methinks) very unwillingly, that good is not good because better is better. But I still and utterly deny that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitful knowledge. To the second there-

[69] *Now then go we:* Here Sidney may be beginning his direct answer to Gosson.

[70] *To ear:* to plow. The reference is purely verbal to Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, 28: "I have, God wot, a large field to ere."

[71] *that Plato . . . Commonwealth:* one of Gosson's arguments.

[72] *petere principium:* to beg the question.

fore, that they should be the principal liars, I answer paradoxically, but truly, I think truly, that of all writers under the sun the poet is the least liar, and, though he would, as a poet can scarcely be a liar. The astronomer, with his cousin the geometrician, can hardly escape, when they take upon them to measure the height of the stars. How often, think you, do the physicians lie, when they aver things good for sicknesses, which afterwards send Charon a great number of souls drowned in a potion before they come to his ferry? And no less of the rest, which take upon them to affirm. Now, for the poet, he nothing affirms, and therefore never lieth. For, as I take it, to lie is to affirm that to be true which is false; so as the other artists, and especially the historian, affirming many things, can, in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lies. But the poet (as I said before) never affirmeth. The poet never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writes. He citeth not authorities of other histories, but even for his entry calleth the sweet Muses to inspire into him a good invention; in truth, not laboring to tell you what is, or is not, but what should or should not be. And therefore, though he recount things not true, yet because he telleth them not for true, he lieth not—without we will say that Nathan lied in his speech, before alleged, to David; which as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I none so simple would say that Aesop lied in the tales of his beasts: for who thinks that Aesop writ it for actually true were well worthy to have his name chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there that, coming to a play, and seeing *Thebes* written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes? If then a man can arrive, at that child's age, to know that the poets' persons and doings are but pictures what should be, and not stories what have been, they will never give the lie to things not affirmatively but allegorically and figuratively written. And therefore, as in history, looking for truth, they go away full fraught with falsehood, so in poesy, looking for fiction, they shall use the narration but as an imaginative groundplot of a profitable invention.

But hereto is replied, that the poets give names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actual truth, and so, not being true, proves a falsehood. And doth the lawyer lie then, when under the names of "John a Stile" and "John a Noakes" [73] he puts his case? But that is easily answered. Their naming of men is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any history; painting men, they cannot leave men nameless. We see we cannot play at chess but that we must give names to our chessmen; and yet, methinks, he were a very partial champion of truth that would say we lied for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a bishop. The poet nameth Cyrus or Aeneas no other way than to show what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates should do.

[73] *John a Stile, John a Noakes:* fictitious names in a legal action; the John Doe and Richard Roe of old English law courts.

Their third is, how much it abuseth men's wit, training it to wanton sinfulness and lustful love: for indeed that is the principal, if not the only, abuse I can hear alleged. They say the comedies rather teach than reprehend amorous conceits. They say the lyric is larded with passionate sonnets, the elegiac weeps the want of his mistress, and that even to the heroical Cupid hath ambitiously climbed. Alas, Love, I would thou couldst as well defend thyself as thou canst offend others. I would those on whom thou dost attend could either put thee away, or yield good reason why they keep thee. But grant love of beauty to be a beastly fault (although it be very hard, since only man, and no beast, hath that gift to discern beauty); grant that lovely name of Love to deserve all hateful reproaches (although even some of my masters the philosophers spent a good deal of their lamp-oil in setting forth the excellency of it); grant, I say, whatsoever they will have granted; that not only love, but lust, but vanity, but (if they list) scurrility, possesseth many leaves of the poets' books: yet think I, when this is granted, they will find their sentence may with good manners put the last words foremost, and not say that poetry abuseth man's wit, but that man's wit abuseth poetry.

For I will not deny but that man's wit may make poesy, which should be *Eikastikē*, which some learned have defined, "figuring forth good things," to be *Phantastikē*, which doth, contrariwise, infect the fancy with unworthy objects, as the painter, that should give to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture, fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as Abraham sacrificing his son Isaac, Judith killing Holofernes,[74] David fighting with Goliath, may leave those, and please an ill-pleased eye with wanton shows of better hidden matters. But what, shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay truly, though I yield that poesy may not only be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweet charming force, it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet shall it be so far from concluding that the abuse should give reproach to the abused, that contrariwise it is a good reason, that whatsoever, being abused, doth most harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use each thing conceiveth his title), doth most good.

Do we not see the skill of physic (the best rampire[75] to our often-assaulted bodies), being abused, teach poison, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whose end is to even and right all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go to the highest) God's word abused breed heresy, and his Name abused become blasphemy? Truly, a needle cannot do much hurt, and as truly (with leave of ladies be it spoken) it cannot do much good. With a sword thou mayest kill thy father, and with a sword thou mayest defend thy prince and country. So that, as in their calling poets the fathers

[74] *Judith killing Holofernes: Apocrypha,* Book of Judith.

[75] *rampire:* rampart.

of lies they say nothing, so in this their argument of abuse they prove the commendation.

They allege herewith, that before poets began to be in price our nation hath set their hearts' delight upon action, and not upon imagination, rather doing things worthy to be written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before-time was, I think scarcely Sphinx can tell, since no memory is so ancient that hath the precedence of poetry. And certain it is that, in our plainest homeliness, yet never was the Albion nation without poetry. Marry, this argument, though it be leveled against poetry, yet is it indeed a chain shot against all learning, or bookishness, as they commonly term it. Of such mind were certain Goths, of whom it is written that, having in the spoil of a famous city taken a fair library, one hangman, belike, fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murdered a great number of bodies, would have set fire on it. "No," said another very gravely, "take heed what you do, for while they are busy about these toys, we shall with more leisure conquer their countries."

This indeed is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words sometimes I have heard spent in it: but because this reason is generally against all learning, as well as poetry, or rather, all learning but poetry; because it were too large a digression to handle, or at least too superfluous (since it is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading), I only, with Horace, to him that is of that opinion,

Iubeo stultum esse libenter; [76]

for as for poetry itself, it is the freest from this objection. For poetry is the companion of the camps.

I dare undertake, Orlando Furioso, or honest King Arthur, will never displease a soldier: but the quiddity of *Ens* and *Prima materia* [77] will hardly agree with a corslet. And therefore, as I said in the beginning, even Turks and Tartars are delighted with poets. Homer, a Greek, flourished before Greece flourished. And if to a slight conjecture a conjecture may be opposed, truly it may seem, that, as by him their learned men took almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men received their first motions of courage. Only Alexander's example may serve, who by Plutarch is accounted of such virtue, that Fortune was not his guide but his footstool; whose acts speak for him, though Plutarch did not—indeed the Phoenix of warlike princes. This Alexander left his schoolmaster, living Aristotle, behind him, but took dead Homer with him. He put the philosopher Callisthenes to death for his seeming philosophical, indeed mutinous, stubbornness, but the chief thing he ever was heard to wish for was that Homer had been alive. He well found he received more

[76] *Iubeo . . . libenter:* "I bid him be a fool to his heart's content." Altered from Horace, *Satires,* I, i, 63.

[77] *quiddity of Ens, Prima materia:* terms used in philosophy. The latter is the original substance or matter of the universe,

bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude: and therefore, if Cato misliked Fulvius for carrying Ennius with him to the field, it may be answered that, if Cato misliked it, the noble Fulvius liked it, or else he had not done it: for it was not the excellent Cato Uticensis (whose authority I would much more have reverenced), but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faults, but else a man that had never well sacrificed to the Graces. He misliked and cried out upon all Greek learning, and yet, being eighty years old, began to learn it, belike fearing that Pluto understood not Latin. Indeed, the Roman laws allowed no person to be carried to the wars but he that was in the soldier's roll, and therefore, though Cato misliked his unmustered person, he misliked not his work. And if he had, Scipio Nasica, judged by common consent the best Roman, loved him. Both the other Scipio brothers, who had by their virtues no less surnames than of Asia and Afric, so loved him that they caused his body to be buried in their sepulcher. So as Cato's authority being but against his person, and that answered with so far greater than himself, is herein of no validity.

But now indeed my burden is great; now Plato's name is laid upon me, whom, I must confess, of all philosophers I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence, and with great reason, since of all philosophers he is the most poetical. Yet if he will defile the fountain out of which his flowing streams have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reasons he did it. First truly, a man might maliciously object that Plato, being a philosopher, was a natural enemy of poets. For indeed, after the philosophers had picked out of the sweet mysteries of poetry the right discerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith, putting it in method, and making a school art of that which the poets did only teach by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurn at their guides, like ungrateful prentices, were not content to set up shops for themselves, but sought by all means to discredit their masters; which by the force of delight being barred them, the less they could overthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeed, they found for Homer seven cities strove who should have him for their citizen; where many cities banished philosophers as not fit members to live among them. For only repeating certain of Euripides' verses, many Athenians had their lives saved of the Syracusians, when the Athenians themselves thought many philosophers unworthy to live. Certain poets, as Simonides and Pindarus, had so prevailed with Hiero the First, that of a tyrant they made him a just king; where Plato could do so little with Dionysius, that he himself of a philosopher was made a slave. But who should do thus, I confess, should requite the objections made against poets with like cavilation against philosophers; as likewise one should do that should bid one read *Phaedrus* or *Symposium* in Plato, or the discourse of love in Plutarch, and see whether any poet do authorize abominable filthiness, as they do. Again, a man might ask out of what commonwealth Plato did banish them. In sooth, thence where he himself alloweth community of women. So as belike this banishment grew not for effemi-

nate wantonness, since little should poetical sonnets be hurtful when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honor philosophical instructions, and bless the wits which bred them: so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to poetry.

St. Paul himself, who yet, for the credit of poets, allegeth[78] twice two poets, and one of them by the name of a prophet, setteth a watchword upon philosophy—indeed upon the abuse. So doth Plato upon the abuse, not upon poetry. Plato found fault that the poets of his time filled the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that unspotted essence, and therefore would not have the youth depraved with such opinions. Herein may much be said; let this suffice: the poets did not induce such opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the Greek stories can well testify that the very religion of that time stood upon many and many-fashioned gods, not taught so by the poets, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may read in Plutarch the discourses of Isis and Osiris, of the cause why oracles ceased, of the divine providence, and see whether the theology of that nation stood not upon such dreams which the poets indeed superstitiously observed, and truly (since they had not the light of Christ) did much better in it than the philosophers, who, shaking off superstition, brought in atheism. Plato therefore (whose authority I had much rather justly construe than unjustly resist) meant not in general of poets, in those words of which Julius Scaliger saith, *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque hispidi abuti velint ad poetas e republica exigendos;*[79] but only meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the Deity (whereof now, without further law, Christianity hath taken away all the hurtful belief), perchance (as he thought) nourished by the then esteemed poets. And a man need go no further than to Plato himself to know his meaning: who, in his dialogue called *Ion,* giveth high and rightly divine commendation to poetry. So as Plato, banishing the abuse, not the thing, not banishing it, but giving due honor unto it, shall be our patron and not our adversary. For indeed I had much rather (since truly I may do it) show their mistaking of Plato (under whose lion's skin they would make an ass-like braying against poesy) than go about to overthrow his authority; whom, the wiser a man is, the more just cause he shall find to have in admiration; especially since he attributeth unto poesy more than myself do, namely, to be a very inspiring of a divine force, far above man's wit, as in the afore-named dialogue is apparent.

Of the other side, who would show the honors have been by the best sort of judgments granted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves: Alexanders, Caesars, Scipios, all favorers of poets; Laelius, called the Roman Socrates, himself a poet, so as part of *Heautontimoru-*

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[78] *St. Paul . . . allegeth:* in Colossians 2:8.

[79] *Qua . . . exigendos:* "which authority certain barbarous and uncultivated persons would use for expelling poets from the state," *Poetice,* I, ii.

menos in Terence was supposed to be made by him, and even the Greek Socrates, whom Apollo confirmed to be the only wise man, is said to have spent part of his old time in putting Aesop's fables into verses. And therefore, full evil should it become his scholar Plato to put such words in his master's mouth against poets. But what need more? Aristotle writes the Art of Poesy: and why, if it should not be written? Plutarch teacheth the use to be gathered of them, and how, if they should not be read? And who reads Plutarch's either history or philosophy, shall find he trimmeth both their garments with guards of poesy. But I list not to defend poesy with the help of her underling historiography. Let it suffice that it is a fit soil for praise to dwell upon; and what dispraise may set upon it, is either easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation. So that, since the excellencies of it may be so easily and so justly confirmed, and the low-creeping objections so soon trodden down; it not being an art of lies, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateness, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing man's wit, but of strengthening man's wit; not banished, but honored by Plato; let us rather plant more laurels for to engarland our poets' heads (which honor of being laureate, as besides them only triumphant captains wear, is a sufficient authority to show the price they ought to be had in) than suffer the ill-favoring breath of such wrong-speakers once to blow upon the clear springs of poesy.

But since I have run so long a career in this matter, methinks, before I give my pen a full stop, it shall be but a little more lost time to inquire why England (the mother of excellent minds) should be grown so hard a stepmother to poets, who certainly in wit ought to pass all other, since all only proceedeth from their wit, being indeed makers of themselves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaim,

Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso! [80]

Sweet poesy, that hath anciently had kings, emperors, senators, great captains, such as, besides a thousand others, David, Adrian,[81] Sophocles, Germanicus, not only to favor poets, but to be poets; and of our nearer times can present for her patrons a Robert, King of Sicily,[82] the great King Francis of France,[83] King James of Scotland; [84] such cardinals as Bembus [85] and Bibiena; [86] such famous preachers and teachers as Beza [87]

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[80] *Musa . . . laeso:* "O Muse, call to mind the causes: what divinity was injured," *Aeneid,* I, 8.

[81] *Adrian:* the Emperor Hadrian (*reg.* 117–138).

[82] *Robert, King of Sicily:* Robert d'Anjou, King of Naples (*reg.* 1309–1343), friend of Petrarch and Boccaccio.

[83] *Francis of France:* Francis I (*reg.* 1515–1547), a great patron of arts and letters.

[84] *James of Scotland:* probably James I of Scotland (*reg.* 1406–1437), author of the *King's Quair* (see note in Gregory Smith's *Elizabethan Critical Essays,* I, 396).

[85] *Bembus:* Pietro Bembo (1470–1547), scholar and man of letters, who figures in Castiglione's *Courtier.* See pp. 437–456.

[86] *Bibiena:* Bernardo da Bibbiena (1470–1520), writer of comedy and private secretary to Lorenzo de Medici.

[87] *Beza:* Theodore Beza (1519–1605), successor to Calvin at Geneva; most eminent Protestant divine in Europe.

and Melancthon;[88] so learned philosophers as Fracastorius[89] and Scaliger; so great orators as Pontanus[90] and Muretus;[91] so piercing wits as George Buchanan;[92] so grave counselors as, besides many, but before all, that Hospital of France,[93] than whom (I think) that realm never brought forth a more accomplished judgment, more firmly builded upon virtue—I say these, with numbers of others, not only to read others' poesies, but to poetize for others' reading—that poesy, thus embraced in all other places, should only find in our time a hard welcome in England, I think the very earth lamenteth it, and therefore decketh our soil with fewer laurels than it was accustomed. For heretofore poets have in England also flourished, and, which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of Mars did sound loudest. And now that an overfaint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good reputation as the mountebanks[94] at Venice. Truly even that, as of the one side it giveth great praise to poesy, which like Venus (but to better purpose) hath rather be troubled in the net with Mars than enjoy the homely quiet of Vulcan; so serves it for a piece of a reason why they are less grateful to idle England, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this necessarily followeth, that base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer. And so as Epaminondas is said, with the honor of his virtue, to have made an office, by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected, so these, no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness disgrace the most graceful poesy. For now, as if all the Muses were got with child, to bring forth bastard poets, without any commission they do post over the banks of Helicon, till they make the readers more weary than posthorses, while, in the meantime, they,

Queis meliore uto finxit praecordia Titan,[95]

are better content to suppress the outflowing of their wit, than, by publishing them, to be accounted knights of the same order. But I that, before ever I durst aspire unto the dignity, am admitted into the company of the paper-blurrers, do find the very true cause of our wanting estimation is want of desert, taking upon us to be poets in despite of Pallas. Now, wherein we want desert were a thankworthy labor to express: but if

[88] *Melancthon:* Philip Melancthon (1497–1560), intimate friend of Martin Luther.

[89] *Fracastorius:* (1483–1553), a Veronese poet, philosopher, astronomer, and physician.

[90] *Pontanus:* John Jovius Pontanus (1420–1503), Italian medieval poet.

[91] *Muretus:* Marc Antoine Muret (1526–1585), French scholar and writer.

[92] *George Buchanan:* (1506–1582), one of the foremost Scotch writers in the sixteenth century.

[93] *that Hospital of France:* Michel de l'Hospital (1504–1573), one time Chancellor of France, who worked for the toleration of the Huguenots.

[94] *mountebanks:* (one who mounts a bench) glib vendors of quack medicines (cf. Volpone's disguise as Doctor Scoto Mantuano in Jonson's *Volpone,* II, ii).

[95] *Queis . . . Titan:* "whose hearts Titan had formed of better clay." Altered from Juvenal, *Satires,* XIV, 34–35.

I knew, I should have mended myself. But I, as I never desired the title, so have I neglected the means to come by it. Only, overmastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them. Marry, they that delight in poesy itself should seek to know what they do, and how they do, and, especially, look themselves in an unflattering glass of reason, if they be inclinable unto it. For poesy must not be drawn by the ears; it must be gently led, or rather it must lead; which was partly the cause that made the ancient-learned affirm it was a divine gift, and no human skill: since all other knowledges lie ready for any that hath strength of wit; a poet no industry can make, if his own genius be not carried unto it; and therefore is it an old proverb, *Orator fit, Poeta nascitur.*[96] Yet confess I always that as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest-flying wit have a Daedalus to guide him.[97] That Daedalus, they say, both in this and in other, hath three wings to bear itself up into the air of due commendation: that is, Art, Imitation, and Exercise. But these, neither artificial rules nor imitative patterns, we much cumber ourselves withal. Exercise indeed we do, but that very fore-backwardly: for where we should exercise to know, we exercise as having known: and so is our brain delivered of much matter which never was begotten by knowledge. For, there being two principal parts—matter to be expressed by words and words to express the matter—in neither we use Art or Imitation rightly. Our matter is *Quodlibet*[98] indeed, though wrongly performing Ovid's verse,

Quicquid conabar dicere, versus erit:[99]

never marshaling it into an assured rank, that almost the readers cannot tell where to find themselves.

Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his *Troilus and Cressida;* of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age walk so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reverent antiquity. I account the *Mirror of Magistrates* meetly furnished of beautiful parts, and in the Earl of Surrey's *Lyrics* many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The *Shepherd's Calendar* hath much poetry in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language I dare not allow, since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazaro in Italian did affect it. Besides these, do I not remember to have

[96] *Orator . . . nascitur:* "The orator is made, the poet is born."

[97] *a Daedalus to guide him:* Daedalus invented wings for himself and his son Icarus. Disregarding his father's instructions, Icarus flew too high. The sun melted the wax in his wings, and he fell into the sea. The tale is told in Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* VIII, 261 ff.

[98] *Quodlibet:* indifferent, anything you please.

[99] *Quicquid . . . erit:* "Whatever I shall try to write shall become verse." An echo of Ovid's *Tristia,* IV, x, 26.

seen but few (to speak boldly) printed, that have poetical sinews in them: for proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in prose, and then ask the meaning; and it will be found that one verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first what should be at the last; which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tingling sound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reason.

Our tragedies and comedies (not without cause cried out against), observing rules neither of honest civility nor of skillful poetry, excepting *Gorboduc*[100] (again, I say, of those that I have seen), which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca's style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy, yet in truth it is very defectious in the circumstances, which grieveth me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day, there is both many days, and many places, inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboduc,* how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he cometh in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived? Now ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave. While in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now, of time they are much more liberal, for ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love. After many traverses,[101] she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falls in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space: which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and, at this day, the ordinary players in Italy will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of *Eunuchus* in Terence, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though Plautus hath in one place done amiss, let us hit with him, and not miss with him. But they will say, How then shall we set forth a story, which containeth both

[100] *Gorboduc:* a play on Senecan models by Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton, in blank verse. Published in 1565, it is called the first regular English tragedy.

[101] *traverses:* difficulties, mishaps.

many places and many times? And do they not know that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history; not bound to follow the story, but, having liberty, either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical conveniency? Again, many things may be told which cannot be showed, if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As, for example, I may speak (though I am here) of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut; but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse.[102] And so was the manner the ancients took, by some Nuncius to recount things done in former time or other place. Lastly, if they will represent an history, they must not (as Horace saith) begin *ab ovo,*[103] but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I have a story of young Polydorus,[104] delivered for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priam to Polymnestor, king of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing the overthrow of Priam, for to make the treasure his own, murdereth the child. The body of the child is taken up by Hecuba. She, the same day, findeth a slight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where now would one of our tragedy writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body, leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This need no further to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies, nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in clowns by head and shoulders, to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion, so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragicomedy obtained. I know Apuleius[105] did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragicomedies, as Plautus hath *Amphitruo.*[106] But, if we mark them well, we shall find, that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes[107] and funerals. So falleth it out that, having indeed no right comedy, in that comical part of our tragedy we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste ears, or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else: where the whole tract of a comedy

[102] *Pacolet's horse:* a magic horse made by the dwarf, Pacolet, in the old French romance *Valentine and Orson.*

[103] *ab ovo:* from the egg. Horace, *Ars poetica,* 147. castor and pollux - Leda

[104] *Polydorus:* in the *Hecuba* of Euripides.

[105] *Apuleius:* not a dramatist, but a writer of the second century, chiefly known for his satirical romance popularly called "The Golden Ass."

[106] The *Amphitruo* is tragicomic only because of the introduction of gods and heroes. Otherwise it is pure comedy.

[107] *hornpipes:* merry tunes usually for country dances.

should be full of delight, as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration. But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter; which is very wrong, for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, rather in themselves they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety: for delight we scarcely do but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves or to the general nature: laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature. Delight hath a joy in it, either permanent or present. Laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight. We delight in good chances, we laugh at mischances; we delight to hear the happiness of our friends, or country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh. We shall, contrarily, laugh sometimes to find a matter quite mistaken and go down the hill against the bias, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them one shall be heartily sorry, yet he cannot choose but laugh; and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not but that they may go well together. For as in Alexander's picture well set out we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics we laugh without delight, so in Hercules, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment,[108] it breedeth both delight and laughter. For the representing of so strange a power in love procureth delight: and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter. But I speak to this purpose, that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stirreth laughter only, but, mixed with it, that delightful teaching which is the end of poesy. And the great fault even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle, is that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, or a beggarly clown; or, against law of hospitality, to jest at strangers, because they speak not English so well as we do? What do we learn? Since it is certain

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.[109]

But rather a busy loving courtier, a heartless threatening Thraso, a self-wise-seeming schoolmaster, an awry-transformed traveler—these if we

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[108] *spinning at Omphale's commandment:* Hercules, infatuated by Omphale, Queen of Lydia, submitted to being dressed as a female slave and to spin wool. The story is told in Ovid's *Heroides*, IX, 75.

[109] *Nil . . . facit:* "Unfortunate poverty has nothing in itself harder to bear than that it makes men ridiculous," Juvenal, *Satires*, III, 152–153.

saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter, and teaching delightfulness: as in the other, the tragedies of Buchanan do justly bring forth a divine admiration. But I have lavished out too many words of this play matter. I do it because, as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter showing a bad education, causeth her mother poesy's honesty to be called in question.

Other sorts of poetry almost have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets: which, Lord, if he gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruit, both private and public, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God who giveth us hands to write and wits to conceive; of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we should ever have new budding occasions. But truly many of such writings as come under the banner of unresistible love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lovers' writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases (which hang together like a man which once told me the wind was at northwest, and by south, because he would be sure to name winds enough), than that in truth they feel those passions, which easily (as I think) may be betrayed by that same forcibleness, or *Energia* (as the Greeks call it) of the writer. But let this be a sufficient though short note, that we miss the right use of the material point of poesy.

Now, for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) diction, it is even well worse. So is that honey-flowing matron Eloquence appareled, or rather disguised, in a courtesan-like painted affectation: one time with so farfetched words, they may seem monsters, but must seem strangers, to any poor Englishman; another time, with coursing of a letter,[110] as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary; another time, with figures and flowers,[111] extremely winter-starved. But I would this fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose-printers, and (which is to be marveled) among many scholars, and (which is to be pitied) among some preachers. Truly I could wish, if at least I might be so bold to wish in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of Tully and Demosthenes (most worthy to be imitated) did not so much keep Nizolian paper-books[112] of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation (as it were) devour

[110] *with coursing of a letter:* that is, in acrostics or in some similar device. Poetry of this sort was popular in Elizabethan times.

[111] *with figures and flowers:* lines arranged in the form of a flower, an altar, or wings.

[112] *Nizolian paper-books:* Marius Nizolius or Nizzoli (1498?–1576), Italian rhetorician and lexicographer, published a thesaurus or collection of Ciceronian phrases in 1535. Ascham mentions the keeping of similar books in *The Scholemaster*. See above, p. 473.

them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served to the table, like those Indians, not content to wear earrings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine. Tully, when he was to drive out Catiline, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often used that figure of repetition, *Vivit. Vivit? Immo in Senatum venit,*[113] etc. Indeed, inflamed with a well-grounded rage, he would have his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, and so do that artificially which we see men do in choler naturally. And we, having noted the grace of those words, hale them in sometime to a familiar epistle, when it were too much choler to be choleric.

Now for similitudes in certain printed discourses, I think all Herbarists,[114] all stories of beasts, fowls, and fishes are rifled up, that they come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits; which certainly is as absurd a surfeit to the ears as is possible: for the force of a similitude not being to prove anything to a contrary disputer, but only to explain to a willing hearer; when that is done, the rest is a most tedious prattling, rather over-swaying the memory from the purpose whereto they were applied, than any whit informing the judgment, already either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied. For my part, I do not doubt, when Antonius and Crassus, the great forefathers of Cicero in eloquence, the one (as Cicero testifieth of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to set by it, because with a plain sensibleness they might win credit of popular ears; which credit is the nearest step to persuasion; which persuasion is the chief mark of oratory—I do not doubt (I say) but that they used these knacks very sparingly; which, who doth generally use, any man may see doth dance to his own music; and so be noted by the audience more careful to speak curiously than to speak truly.

Undoubtedly (at least to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in divers small-learned courtiers a more sound style than in some professors of learning: of which I can guess no other cause, but that the courtier, following that which by practice he findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not by art: where the other, using art to show art, and not to hide art (as in these cases he should do), flieth from nature, and indeed abuseth art.

But what? Methinks I deserve to be pounded for straying from poetry to oratory: but both have such an affinity in this wordish consideration, that I think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding—which is not to take upon me to teach poets how they should do, but only, finding myself sick among the rest, to show some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of

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[113] *Vivit . . . venit:* Sidney quotes rather freely from memory a line from Cicero (*Catiline,* 1, 2): "He lives, nay more, he comes into the Senate."

[114] *all Herbarists, etc.:* Schuckburgh points out that this passage is a gibe at the excesses of Euphuism (see *Euphues* above, p. 514) and more directly, at Gosson's own style.

writers: that, acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner; whereto our language giveth us great occasion, being indeed capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say it is a mingled language. And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say it wanteth grammar. Nay truly, it hath that praise, that it wanteth not grammar: for grammar it might have, but it needs it not; being so easy of itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses, which I think was a piece of the Tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceits of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world: and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin: which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now, of versifying there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern: the ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse; the modern observing only number (with some regard of the accent), the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call rhyme. Whether of these be the most excellent, would bear many speeches. The ancient, no doubt, more fit for music, both words and tune observing quantity, and more fit lively to express divers passions, by the low and lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter likewise, with his rhyme, striketh a certain music to the ear: and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtains the same purpose: there being in either sweetness, and wanting in neither majesty. Truly the English, before any other vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts: for, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels that it must ever be cumbered with elisions; the Dutch so, of the other side, with consonants, that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse; the French, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable saving two, called *Antepenultima;* and little more hath the Spanish: and, therefore, very gracelessly may they use dactyls. The English is subject to none of these defects.

Now, for the rhyme, though we do not observe quantity, yet we observe the accent very precisely: which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That *caesura,* or breathing place in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have, the French, and we, never almost fail of. Lastly, even the very rhyme itself the Italian cannot put in the last syllable, by the French named the "masculine rhyme," but still in the next to the last, which the French call the "female," or the next before that, which the Italians term *sdrucciola.* The example of the former is *buono: suono,* of the *sdrucciola, femina: semina.* The French, of the other side, hath both the male, as *bon: son,* and the female, as *plaise: taise,* but the *sdrucciola* he hath not: where the English hath all three, as *due: true, father: rather, motion: potion,* with much more which

might be said, but that I find already the triflingness of this discourse is much too much enlarged.

So that since the ever-praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue-breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor poesy, and to be honored by poesy; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the Nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy, no more to laugh at the name of "poets," as though they were next inheritors to fools, no more to jest at the reverent title of a "rhymer"; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity; to believe, with Bembus, that they were first bringers-in of all civility; to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil; to believe, with Clauserus,[115] the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly Deity, by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy, natural and moral, and *Quid non?;* to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landin,[116] that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury; lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses.

Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the printers' shops; thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface; thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you shall dwell upon superlatives. Thus doing, though you be *libertino patre natus,*[117] you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles,*[118]

Si quid mea carmina possunt.[119]

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrix, or Virgil's Anchises. But if (fie of such a but) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus[120] that you cannot hear the planet-like music[121] of poetry, if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to

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[115] *Clauserus:* Conrad Clauser (1520?–1611), German scholar. Sidney alludes to the preface of Clauser's Latin translation of a Greek treatise by Cornutus, who flourished in the reign of Nero.

[116] *Landin:* Cristofero Landino (1424?–1504), Italian scholar, at one time tutor to Lorenzo de Medici.

[117] *libertino patre natus:* "born of a freed slave father." Altered from Horace, *Satires,* I, vi, 45.

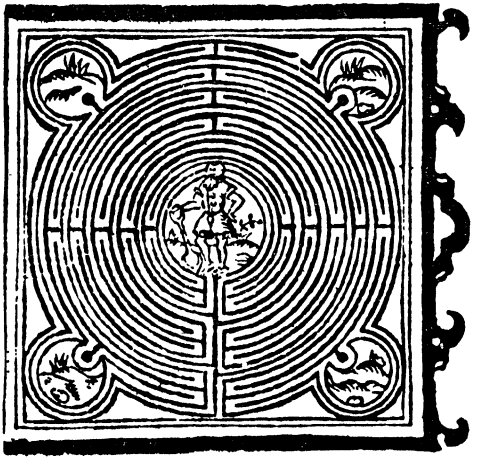
[118] *Herculea proles:* "a descendant of Hercules."

[119] *si . . . possunt:* "If my songs are of any avail," *Aeneid,* IX, 446.

[120] *the dull-making cataract of Nilus:* Cicero (in *Somnium Scipionis*) mentions that people living near the cataracts of the Nile become deaf from the noise.

[121] *planet-like music:* the music of the spheres.

look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome [122] as to be a Momus [123] of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas,[124] nor to be driven by a poet's verses (as Bubonax [125] was) to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; [126] yet thus much curse I must send you, in the behalf of all poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor for lacking skill of a sonnet, and, when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.



[122] *mome:* a stupid person.

[123] *Momus* in Greek mythology is the son of night; here Momus is the critical spirit.

[124] *ass's ears of Midas:* Midas, wealthy King of Phrygia, whose ears were changed into ass's ears, because he preferred Pan's playing to Apollo's. The story is told in Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* XI, 146–179.

[125] *Bubonax:* Schuckburgh thinks Bubonax is Sidney's confusion for Hipponax and Bupalus. Hipponax, a poet of Ephesus, about 500 B.C. satirized the statuary of Bupalus so bitterly that he hanged himself.

[126] *rhymed to death . . . Ireland:* Sidney here probably alludes to the belief that Irish bards had the power to cause death by their poetic incantations.

To My Deare Ladie And Sister, The Coun-Tesse of Pembroke.[1]

HERE now have you (most deare, and most worthy to be most deare Lady) this idle worke of mine: which I fear (like the Spiders webbe) will be thought fitter to be swept away, then worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very trueth (as the cruell fathers among the Greekes, were woont to doo to the babes they would not foster) I could well find in my harte, to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child, which I am loath to father. But you desired me to doo it, and your desire, to my hart is an absolute commandement. Now, it is done onelie for you, onely to you: if you keepe it to your selfe, or to such friendes, who will weigh errors in the ballaunce of good will, I hope, for the fathers sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it selfe it have deformities. For indeede, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflinglie handled. Your deare selfe can best witnes the maner, being done in loose sheetes of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest, by sheetes, sent unto you, as fast as they were done. In summe, a young head, not so well stayed as I would it were, (and shall be when God will) having many many fancies begotten in it, if it had not ben in some way delivered, would have growen a monster, & more sorie might I be that they came in, then that they gat out. But his chiefe safetie, shalbe the not walking abroad; & his chiefe protection, the bearing the liverye of your name; which (if much much good will do not deceave me) is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I, because I knowe the vertue so; and this say I, because it may be ever so; or to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it then at your idle tymes, and the follyes your good judgement wil finde in it, blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuffe, then, as in an Haberdashers shoppe,[2] glasses, or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth excedinglie love you; and most most heartelie praies you may long live, to be a principall ornament to the familie of the Sidneis.

Your loving Brother
Philip Sidnei.

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[1] To the first draft of the *Arcadia* (printed in *Works*, ed. Feuillerat, Vol. IV) Sidney attached the prefatory letter (which is here left in its original spelling) to his sister. It is a fine example of the Renaissance courtier's modesty when he turns to literature; actually it understates Sidney's serious purpose. It should be noted further that it applies to the original manuscript draft, *not* to the revised *Arcadia* published in 1590.

[2] *Haberdashers shoppe:* In the sixteenth century a haberdasher was usually a dealer in small articles appertaining to dress, as thread, tape, ribbons, etc,

FROM

ARCADIA

(1590)

THE FIRST BOOK

CHAP. I [3]

IT was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparel against the approach of her lover, and that the sun running a most even course becomes an indifferent [4] arbiter between the night and the day; when the hopeless shepherd Strephon was come to the sands which lie against the Island of Cithera; where viewing the place with a heavy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the isle-ward, he called his friendly rival, the pastor [5] Claius, unto him, and setting first down in his darkened countenance a doleful copy of what he would speak:

"Oh my Claius," said he, "hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which we are so called unto by over-busy Remembrance, Remembrance, restless Remembrance, which claims not only this duty of us, but for it will have us forget ourselves. I pray you when we were amid our flock, and that of other shepherds some were running after their sheep strayed beyond their bounds, some delighting their eyes with seeing them nibble upon the short and sweet grass, some medicining their sick ewes, some setting a bell for an ensign [6] of a sheepish squadron, some with more leisure inventing new games of exercising their bodies and sporting their wits; did Remembrance grant us any holiday, either for pastime or devotion, nay, either for necessary food or natural rest? but that still it forced our thoughts to work upon this place, where we last (alas that the word 'last' should so long last) did gaze our eyes upon her ever flourishing beauty; did it not still cry within us, 'Ah, you base minded wretches, are your thoughts so deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary worldlings, as for respect of gain some paltry wool may yield you, to let so much time

[3] Following Sidney's letter to his sister, in the 1590 *Arcadia,* is the notice: "The division and summing of the Chapters was not of Sir Philip Sidney's dooing, but adventured by the overseer of the print, for the more ease of the Readers."

The first chapter is epitomized: "The sheperdish complaints of the absented lovers Strephon and Claius. The second shipwrack of Pyrocles and Musidorus. Their strange saving, enterview, and parting."

[4] *indifferent:* impartial.

[5] *pastor:* shepherd.

[6] *ensign:* standard bearer, used here humorously.

pass without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season? To leave that shore unsaluted, from whence you may see to the island where she dwelleth? To leave those steps unkissed wherein Urania printed the farewell of all beauty?'

"Well, then, Remembrance commanded, we obeyed, and here we find that as our remembrance came ever clothed unto us in the form of this place, so this place gives new heat to the fever of our languishing remembrance. Yonder, my Claius, Urania lighted; the very horse (methought) bewailed to be so disburdened; and as for thee, poor Claius, when thou went'st to help her down, I saw reverence and desire so divide thee that thou didst at one instant both blush and quake, and instead of bearing her wert ready to fall down thyself. There she sat, vouchsafing my cloak (then most gorgeous) under her; at yonder rising of the ground she turned herself, looking back toward her wonted abode, and because of her parting bearing much sorrow in her eyes, the lightsomeness whereof had yet so natural a cheerfulness as it made even sorrow seem to smile; at that turning she spake unto us all, opening the cherry of her lips, and Lord, how greedily mine ears did feed upon the sweet words she uttered! And here she laid her hand over thine eyes, when she saw the tears springing in them, as if she would conceal them from other, and yet herself feel some of thy sorrow. But woe is me, yonder, yonder did she put her foot into the boat, at that instant as it were dividing her heavenly beauty between the earth and the sea. But when she was embarked, did you not mark how the winds whistled and the seas danced for joy, how the sails did swell with pride, and all because they had Urania? Oh Urania, blessed be thou, Urania, the sweetest fairness and fairest sweetness!"

With that word his voice brake so with sobbing that he could say no further; and Claius thus answered: "Alas, my Strephon," said he, "what needs this score to reckon up only our losses? What doubt is there but that the light of this place doth call our thoughts to appear at the court of affection, held by that racking[7] steward, Remembrance? As well may sheep forget to fear when they spy wolves as we can miss such fancies when we see any place made happy by her treading. Who can choose that saw her but think where she stayed, where she walked, where she turned, where she spoke? But what is all this? Truly, no more, but as this place served us to think of those things, so those things serve as places to call to memory more excellent matters. No, no, let us think with consideration, and consider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, and admire with love, and love with joy in the midst of all woes; let us in such sort think, I say, that our poor eyes were so enriched as to behold, and our low hearts so exalted as to love, a maid who is such that, as the greatest thing the world can show is her beauty, so the least thing that may be praised in her is her beauty. Certainly as her eyelids are more

[7] *racking:* extortionate, exacting.

pleasant to behold than two white kids climbing up a fair tree and browsing on his tenderest branches, and yet are nothing compared to the day-shining stars contained in them; and as her breath is more sweet than a gentle southwest wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer, and yet is nothing compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry; no more all that our eyes can see of her (though when they have seen her what else they shall ever see is but dry stubble after clover's grass) is to be matched with the flock of unspeakable virtues laid up delightfully in that best builded fold. But indeed, as we can better consider the sun's beauty by marking how he gilds these waters and mountains than by looking upon his own face, too glorious for our weak eyes; so it may be our conceits (not able to bear her sun-staining excellency) will better weigh it by her works upon some meaner subject employed. And alas, who can better witness that than we, whose experience is grounded upon feeling? Hath not the only love of her made us (being silly ignorant shepherds) raise up our thoughts above the ordinary level of the world, so as great clerks do not disdain our conference? Hath not the desire to seem worthy in her eyes made us when others were sleeping to sit viewing the course of heavens? When others were running at base,[8] to run over learned writings? When other mark their sheep, we to mark ourselves? Hath not she thrown reason upon our desires, and as it were given eyes unto Cupid? Hath in any, but in her, love-fellowship maintained fellowship between rivals, and beauty taught the beholders chastity?"

He was going on with his praises, but Strephon bade him stay and look. And so they both perceived a thing which floated drawing nearer and nearer to the bank; but rather by the favorable working of the sea than by any self-industry. They doubted a while what it should be; till it was cast up even hard before them; at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Whereupon running for pity sake unto him, they found his hands (as it should appear, constanter friends to his life than his memory) fast gripping upon the edge of a square small coffer, which lay all under his breast; else in himself no show of life, so as the board seemed to be but a bier to carry him a-land to his sepulcher. So drew they up a young man of so goodly shape and well-pleasing favor that one would think death had in him a lovely countenance; and that though he were naked, nakedness was to him an apparel. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called up their care; so that, lifting his feet above his head, making a great deal of salt water to come out of his mouth, they laid him upon some of their garments and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recover both breath, the servant, and warmth, the companion, of living.

At length, opening his eyes, he gave a great groan, a doleful note but a pleasant ditty, for by that they found not only life but strength of life in

[8] *running at base:* perhaps the popular boys' game also called "prisoner's base."

him. They therefore continued on their charitable office, until, his spirits being well returned, he, without so much as thanking them for their pains, gat up, and looking round about to the uttermost limits of his sight, and crying upon the name of Pyrocles, nor seeing nor hearing cause of comfort: "What," said he, "and shall Musidorus live after Pyrocles?" Therewithal he offered willfully to cast destruction and himself again into the sea; a strange sight to the shepherds, to whom it seemed that before being in appearance dead had yet saved his life, and now coming to his life should be a cause to procure his death; but they ran unto him, and pulling him back (then too feeble for them) by force stickled[9] that unnatural fray. "I pray," said he, "honest men, what such right have you in me as not to suffer me to do with myself what I list? And what policy have you to bestow a benefit where it is counted an injury?"

They hearing him speak in Greek, which was their natural language, became the more tenderhearted towards him; and considering, by his calling and looking, that the loss of some dear friend was great cause of his sorrow; told him they were poor men that were bound by course of humanity to prevent so great a mischief; and that they wished him, if opinion of somebody's perishing bred such desperate anguish in him, that he should be comforted by his own proof, who had lately escaped as apparent danger as any might be.

"No, no," said he, "it is not for me to attend so high a blissfulness; but since you take care of me, I pray you find means that some bark may be provided that will go out of the haven, that if it be possible we may find the body, far far too precious a food for fishes. And for the hire," said he, "I have within this casket of value sufficient to content them."

Claius presently went to a fisherman, and having agreed with him, and provided some apparel for the naked stranger, he embarked, and the shepherds with him; and were no sooner gone beyond the mouth of the haven but that some way into the sea they might discern as it were a stain of the water's color, and by times some sparks and smoke mounting thereout. But the young man no sooner saw it, but that beating his breast he cried that there was the beginning of his ruin, entreating them to bend their course as near unto it as they could; telling how that smoke was but a small relic of a great fire, which had driven both him and his friend rather to commit themselves to the cold mercy of the sea than to abide the hot cruelty of the fire; and that therefore, though they both had abandoned the ship, that he was (if anywhere) in that course to be met withal. They steered therefore as near thitherward as they could; but when they came so near as their eyes were full masters of the object, they saw a sight full of piteous strangeness: a ship, or rather the carcass of the ship, or rather some few bones of the carcass, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned; death having used more than one dart to that destruction. About it floated great store of very rich things, and many

[9] *stickled:* stopped.

chests which might promise no less. And amidst the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewise did not only testify both elements' violence, but that the chief violence was grown of human inhumanity; for their bodies were full of grisly wounds, and their blood had, as it were, filled the wrinkles of the sea's visage; which it seemed the sea would not wash away, that it might witness it is not always his fault when we condemn his cruelty. In sum, a defeat where the conquered kept both field and spoil; a shipwrack without storm or ill footing; and a waste of fire in the midst of water.

But a little way off they saw the mast, whose proud height now lay along, like a widow having lost her make [10] of whom she held her honor; but upon the mast they saw a young man (at least if he were a man) bearing show of about eighteen years of age, who sat as on horseback, having nothing upon him but his shirt, which being wrought with blue silk and gold had a kind of resemblance to the sea; on which the sun (then near his western home) did shoot some of his beams. His hair (which the young men of Greece used to wear very long) was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport to play with it, as the sea had to kiss his feet; himself full of admirable beauty, set forth by the strangeness both of his seat [11] and gesture; for, holding his head up full of unmoved majesty, he held a sword aloft with his fair arm, which often he waved about his crown as though he would threaten the world in that extremity. But the fishermen, when they came so near him that it was time to throw out a rope, by which they might draw him, their simplicity bred such amazement, and their amazement such a superstition, that, assuredly thinking it was some god begotten between Neptune and Venus, that had made all this terrible slaughter, as they went under sail by him held up their hands and made their prayers. Which when Musidorus saw, though he were almost as much ravished with joy as they with astonishment, he leaped to the mariner and took the rope out of his hand, and—saying, "Dost thou live and art well?" who answered, "Thou canst tell best, since most of my well being stands in thee"—threw it out; but already the ship was passed beyond Pyrocles; and therefore Musidorus could do no more but persuade the mariners to cast about again, assuring them that he was but a man, although of most divine excellencies, and promising great rewards for their pain.

And now they were already come upon the stays,[12] when one of the sailors descried a galley which came with sails and oars directly in the chase of them, and straight perceived it was a well-known pirate, who hunted not only for goods, but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his galley slaves or to sell at the best market. Which when the master understood, he commanded forthwith to set on all the canvas they could and fly homeward, leaving in that sort poor Pyrocles; so near

[10] *make:* mate.

[11] *seat:* manner of sitting.

[12] *come upon the stays:* having headed the ship to windward for purposes of tacking.

to be rescued. But what did not Musidorus say? What did he not offer to persuade them to venture the fight? But fear, standing at the gates of their ears, put back all persuasions; so that he had nothing to accompany Pyrocles but his eyes, nor to succor him but his wishes. Therefore praying for him, and casting a long look that way, he saw the galley leave the pursuit of them and turn to take up the spoils of the other wreck; and, lastly, he might well see them lift up the young man; and, "Alas!" said he to himself, "dear Pyrocles, shall that body of thine be enchained? Shall those victorious hands of thine be commanded to base offices? Shall virtue become a slave to those that be slaves to viciousness? Alas, better had it been thou hadst ended nobly thy noble days. What death is so evil as unworthy servitude?" But that opinion soon ceased when he saw the galley setting upon another ship, which held long and strong fight with her; for then he began afresh to fear the life of his friend, and to wish well to the pirates, whom before he hated, lest in their ruin he might perish. But the fishermen made such speed into the haven that they absented his eyes from beholding the issue; where being entered, he could procure neither them nor any other as then to put themselves into the sea; so that, being as full of sorrow for being unable to do anything as void of counsel how to do anything, besides that sickness grew something upon him, the honest shepherds Strephon and Claius (who, being themselves true friends, did the more perfectly judge the justness of his sorrow) advise him that he should mitigate somewhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured persuasion of his death to have no cause to despair of his life, as one that had lamented the death of his sheep should after know they were but strayed, would receive pleasure, though readily he knew not where to find them.

CHAP. 2 [13]

"Now, sir," said they, "thus for ourselves it is. We are in profession but shepherds, and in this country of Laconia little better than strangers, and therefore neither in skill nor ability of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present unto you is this: Arcadia, of which country we are, is but a little way hence, and even upon the next confines.

"There dwelleth a gentleman, by name Kalander, who vouchsafeth much favor unto us; a man who for his hospitality is so much haunted that no news stir but comes to his ears; for his upright dealing so beloved of his neighbors that he hath many ever ready to do him their uttermost service, and, by the great good will our Prince bears him, may soon obtain the use of his name and credit, which hath a principal sway, not only in his

[13] Summary from the 1590 edition: "The pastors comfortes to the wracked Musidorus. His passage into Arcadia. The descriptions of Laconia, Arcadia, Kalanders person, house, and entertainment to Musidorus, now called Palladius. His sickness, recovery, and perfections."

own Arcadia, but in all these countries of Peloponnesus; and, which is worth all, all these things give him not so much power as his nature gives him will to benefit, so that it seems no music is so sweet to his ear as deserved thanks. To him we will bring you, and there you may recover again your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend, and, therefore, but in that respect, you must labor for it. Besides, we are sure the comfort of courtesy and ease of wise counsel shall not be wanting."

Musidorus (who, besides he was merely [14] unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gave easy consent to that from which he saw no reason to disagree; and therefore, defraying the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them, they took their journey together through Laconia, Claius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind supported with a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striven withal (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding) they gave way unto it for that day and the next, never troubling him either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolor dolorous discourses of their own and other folk's misfortunes. Which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet, like one half asleep, he took hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, ere sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something else beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him that at length he grew content to mark their speeches, then to marvel at such wit in shepherds, after to like their company, and lastly to vouchsafe conference; so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strow roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales, striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recoun' their wrong-caused sorrow,[15] made them put off their sleep; and, rising from under a tree, which that night had been their pavilion, they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus' eyes, wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia, with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enameled [16] with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating

[14] *merely:* completely.

[15] *wrong-caused sorrow:* a reference to the legend of Philomela, who after revenge upon her sister's husband, her seducer, was turned into a nightingale.

[16] *enameled:* adorned with rich and varied colors.

oratory, craved the dams' comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice's music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succor: a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness.

"I pray you," said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips, "what countries be these we pass through, which are so diverse in show, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?"

"The country," answered Claius, "where you were cast ashore, and now are passed through, is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil (though in itself not passing fertile) as by a civil war, which, being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named helots) [17] hath in this sort, as it were, disfigured the face of nature and made it so unhospital as now you have found it; the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering, for fear of being mistaken.

"But this country, where now you set your foot, is Arcadia; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you; this country being thus decked with peace and (the child of peace) good husbandry. These houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep, and therefore, in the division of the Arcadian estate, are termed shepherds; a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much."

"What cause, then," said Musidorus, "made you venture to leave this sweet life and put yourself in yonder unpleasant and dangerous realm?"

"Guarded with poverty," answered Strephon, "and guided with love."

"But now," said Claius, "since it hath pleased you to ask anything of us, whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darkness, give us leave to know something of you and of the young man you so much lament, that at least we may be the better instructed to inform Kalander, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment."

Musidorus, according to the agreement between Pyrocles and him to alter their names, answered that he called himself Palladius, and his friend Daiphantus. "But, till I have him again," said he, "I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is of nothing. His entertainment, since so good a man he is, cannot be so low as I account my estate; and, in sum, the sum of all his courtesy may be to help me by some means to seek my friend."

They perceived he was not willing to open himself further, and therefore, without further questioning, brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and

[17] *helots:* inhabitants of Helos in Laconia who were enslaved. Used for slaves in general.

the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence.

The house [18] itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness as an honorable representing of a firm stateliness; the lights, doors, and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer, and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good-fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful; the servants, not so many in number as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behavior, testifying even in their countenances that their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepherds, as men who, though they were poor, their master greatly favored; and understanding by them that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune, he ran to his master, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying him to Musidorus, Strephon privately told him all what he knew of him, and particularly that he found this stranger was loath to be known.

"No," said Kalander, speaking aloud, "I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues; which, if this young man's face be not a false witness, do better apparel his mind than you have done his body."

While he was speaking, there came a boy, in show like a merchant's prentice, who, taking Strephon by the sleeve, delivered him a letter, written jointly both to him and Claius from Urania; which they no sooner had read, but that with short leave-taking of Kalander, who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter, and once again, though hastily, recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving Musidorus even loath to part with them, for the good conversation he had of them, and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them; and therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it, and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without hearkening unto a reply, like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one, gat speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them fly. But by that sight Kalander soon judged that his guest was of no mean calling; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, Musidorus found his sickness, which the fight, the sea, and

[18] *The house:* Sidney may here be describing broadly the Sidney family house, Penshurst Place, in Kent.

late travel had laid upon him, grow greatly; so that fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to Kalander, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously and cunningly set in divers manners, desiring him he would keep those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needful to find out and redeem a young man naming himself Daiphantus, as then in the hands of Laconia pirates.

But Kalander seeing him faint more and more, with careful speed conveyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house; where, being possessed with an extreme burning fever, he continued some while with no great hope of life; but youth at length got the victory of sickness, so that in six weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a credible ambassador of his health; to the great joy of Kalander, who, as in this time he had by certain friends of his, that dwelt near the sea in Messenia, set forth a ship and a galley to seek and succor Daiphantus, so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify Palladius.

For, having found in him (besides his bodily gifts, beyond the degree of admiration) by daily discourses, which he delighted himself to have with him, a mind of most excellent composition (a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering, a behavior so noble as gave a majesty to adversity, and all in a man whose age could not be above one-and-twenty years), the good old man was even enamored with a fatherly love towards him; or rather became his servant by the bonds such virtue laid upon him; once he acknowledged himself so to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

CHAP. 3 [19]

But Palladius having gotten his health, and only staying there to be in place where he might hear answer of the ships set forth, Kalander one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to show him before his going, as the place himself more than in any other delighted. The backside of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard: for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits; but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were suddenly stepped into a delicate green; of each side of the green a thicket bend, behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaical floor; so that it seemed that Art therein would

[19] Summary from the 1590 edition: "The pictures of Kalanders dainty-garden-house. His narration of the Arcadian estate, the King, the Queene, their two daughters, and their gardians, with their qualities, which is the ground of all this storie."

needs be delightful by counterfeiting [20] his enemy Error and making order in confusion.

In the midst of all the place was a fair pond, whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens—one in deed, the other in shadows; and in one of the thickets was a fine fountain, made thus: a naked Venus, of white marble, wherein the graver [21] had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places to set forth the beautiful veins of her body; at her breast she had her babe Aeneas, who seemed, having begun to suck, to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly, the meanwhile the breast running. Hard by was a house of pleasure, built for a summer retiring-place, whither Kalander leading him, he found a square room, full of delightful pictures, made by the most excellent workman of Greece. There was Diana when Acteon saw her bathing, in whose cheeks the painter had set such a color as was mixed between shame and disdain: and one of her foolish nymphs, who weeping, and withal louring, one might see the workman meant to set forth tears of anger. In another table [22] was Atalanta; [23] the posture of whose limbs was so lively expressed, that if the eyes were the only judges, as they be the only seers, one would have sworn the very picture had run. Besides many mo, as of Helena, Omphale, Iole; [24] but in none of them all beauty seemed to speak so much as in a large table, which contained a comely old man, with a lady of middle age, but of excellent beauty; and more excellent would have been deemed, but that there stood between them a young maid, whose wonderfulness took away all beauty from her but that which it might seem she gave her back again by her very shadow. And such difference, being known that it did indeed counterfeit a person living, was there between her and all the other, though goddesses, that it seemed the skill of the painter bestowed on the other new beauty, but that the beauty of her bestowed new skill of the painter.

Though he thought inquisitiveness an uncomely guest, he could not choose but ask who she was, that, bearing show of one being in deed, could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of invention. Kalander answered that it was made by Philoclea, the younger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were contained in that table; the painter meaning to represent the present condition of the young lady, who stood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents; and that he would also have drawn her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beauty, in her shepherdish attire; but that the rude clown her guardian would not suffer it; neither durst he ask leave of the prince for fear of suspicion. Palladius perceived that

[20] *counterfeiting:* imitating (without connotation of illegality).

[21] *graver:* sculptor.

[22] *table:* painting, picture.

[23] *Atalanta:* great maiden huntress defeated in a fast race by Hippomenes, a suitor, who dropped three apples of the Hesperides on the course as a tempting deterrent.

[24] *Omphale, Iole:* women loved by Hercules.

the matter was wrapped up in some secrecy, and therefore would for modesty demand no further; but yet his countenance could not but with dumb eloquence desire it; which Kalander perceiving, "Well," said he, "my dear guest, I know your mind, and I will satisfy it; neither will I do it like a niggardly answerer, going no further than the bounds of the question, but I will discover unto you as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others as that which by extraordinary means is delivered unto me: knowing so much in you, though not long acquainted, that I shall find your ears faithful treasurers."

So then sitting down in two chairs; and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake: "This country Arcadia, among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation, partly for the sweetness of the air, and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people, who (finding that the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life) are the only people which, as by their justice and providence give neither cause nor hope to their neighbors to annoy them, so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening, that their posterity should long after say they had done so. Even the Muses seem to approve their good determination, by choosing this country for their chief repairing place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

"Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince whose picture you see, by name Basilius, a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them. But to be plain with you, he excels in nothing so much as in the zealous love of his people, wherein he doth not only pass all his own foregoers, but as I think all the princes living. Whereof the cause is, that though he exceed not in the virtues which get admiration, as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence, yet is he notable in those which stir affection, as truth of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberality.

"He, being already well stricken in years, married a young princess, named Gynecia, daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beauty, as by her picture you see; a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity, but of so working a mind, and so vehement spirits, as a man may say it was happy she took a good course, for otherwise it would have been terrible.

"Of these two are brought to the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures that we may think they were born to show that Nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much soever some men, sharp-witted only in evil speaking, have

sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela,[25] by many men not deemed inferior to her sister. For my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea so bashful as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware, so humble that she will put all pride out of countenance—in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners; Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride—her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper.

"Now, then, our Basilius being so publicly happy as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness as to be a beloved prince, and so in his private blessed as to have so excellent a wife, and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, having made a journey to Delphos,[26] and safely returned, within short space he brake up his court and retired himself, his wife, and children, into a certain forest hereby, which he calleth his desert; wherein (besides a house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling, who do all household services) he hath builded two fine lodges. In the one of them himself remains with his younger daughter Philoclea (which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture), without having any other creature living in that lodge with him. Which, though it be strange, yet not so strange as the course he hath taken with the princess Pamela, whom he hath placed in the other lodge; but how think you accompanied? Truly with none other but one Dametas, the most arrant, doltish clown that I think ever was without the privilege of a bauble,[27] with his wife Miso and daughter Mopsa, in whom no wit can devise anything wherein they may pleasure her, but to exercise her patience and to serve for a foil of her perfections. This loutish clown is such that you never saw so ill-favored a vizard; his behavior such that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; and for his apparel, even as I would wish him; Miso his wife, so handsome a beldame that only her face and her splay-foot have made her accused for a witch; only one good point she hath, that she observes decorum, having a froward mind in a wretched body. Between these two personages (who never agreed in any humour but in disagreeing) is

[25] *Pamela:* The *e* is long—not short, as in the name of Richardson's heroine.

[26] *Delphos:* the oracular shrine of Apollo near Mt. Parnassus.

[27] *without the privilege of a bauble:* without being officially a court fool or jester, i.e., not having a bauble, a baton or stick carved with asses' ears, the emblem of the office.

issued forth Mistress Mopsa, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections; but because a pleasant fellow of my acquaintance set forth her praises in verse, I will only repeat them, and spare mine own tongue, since she goes for a woman. These verses are these, which I have so often caused to be sung that I have them without book.

"What length of verse can serve brave Mopsa's good to show?
Whose virtues strange, and beauties, such as no man them may know?
Thus shrewdly burdened then, how can my Muse escape?
The gods must help, and precious things must serve to show her shape.
Like great god Saturn fair, and like fair Venus chaste;
As smooth as Pan, as Juno mild, like goddess Iris faced.[28]
With Cupid she foresees,[29] and goes god Vulcan's pace; [30]
And for a taste of all these gifts, she steals god Momus' grace.[31]
Her forehead jacinth-like, her cheeks of opal hue,
Her twinkling eyes bedecked with pearl, her lips as sapphire blue;
Her hair like crapal-stone; [32] her mouth, oh heavenly wide;
Her skin like burnished gold, her hands like silver ore untried.
As for her parts unknown, which hidden sure are best,
Happy be they which well believe, and never seek the rest.

"Now truly having made these descriptions unto you, methinks you should imagine that I rather feign some pleasant device, than recount a truth, that a prince (not banished from his own wits) could possibly make so unworthy a choice. But truly, dear guest, so it is, that princes (whose doings have been often soothed with good success) think nothing so absurd, which they cannot make honorable. The beginning of his credit was by the prince's straying out of the way, one time he hunted, where meeting this fellow, and asking him the way, and so falling into other questions, he found some of his answers (as a dog sure if he could speak had wit enough to describe his kennel) not insensible, and all uttered with such rudeness, which he interpreted plainness (though there be great difference between them) that Basilius, conceiving a sudden delight, took him to his court, with apparent show of his good opinion; where the flattering courtier had no sooner taken the prince's mind, but that there were straight reasons to confirm the prince's doing, and shadows of virtues found for Dametas. His silence grew wit, his bluntness integrity, his beastly ignorance virtuous simplicity; and the prince (according to the nature of great persons, in love with that he had done himself) fancied that his weakness with his presence would much be mended. And so, like a creature of his own making, he liked him more

[28] *like goddess Iris faced:* Iris was the goddess of the rainbow.

[29] *With Cupid she foresees:* Cupid was blind.

[30] *god Vulcan's pace:* Vulcan, from the time he broke his leg falling from heaven to Lemnos, was lame.

[31] *god Momus' grace:* Momus was in Greek mythology the personification of criticism and fault-finding.

[32] *crapal-stone:* (commonly "crapaud-stone") a precious stone once believed to be produced in the head of a toad.

and more, and thus having first given him the office of principal herdman, lastly, since he took this strange determination, he hath in a manner put the life of himself and his children into his hands. Which authority (like too great a sail for so small a boat) doth so oversway poor Dametas, that if before he were a good fool in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedy; so as I doubt me (I fear me indeed) my master will in the end (with his cost) find that his office is not to make men, but to use men as men are; no more than a horse will be taught to hunt, or an ass to manage. But in sooth I am afraid I have given your ears too great a surfeit, with the gross discourses of that heavy piece of flesh. But the zealous grief I conceive to see so great an error in my Lord hath made me bestow more words than I confess so base a subject deserveth."

From CHAP. 4[33]

"But certainly, all the people of this country from high to low is given to those sports of the wit, so as you would wonder to hear how soon even children will begin to versify. Once, ordinary it is among the meanest sort to make songs and dialogues in meter, either love whetting their brain, or long peace having begun it, example and emulation amending it. Not so much but the clown Dametas will stumble sometimes upon some songs that might become a better brain; but no sort of people so excellent in that kind as the pastors; for their living standing but upon the looking to their beasts, they have ease, the nurse of poetry. Neither are our shepherds such as (I hear) they be in other countries; but they are the very owners of the sheep, to which either themselves look, or their children give daily attendance. And then, truly, it would delight you under some tree or by some river's side, when two or three of them meet together, to hear their rural muse, how prettily it will deliver out, sometimes joys, sometimes lamentations, sometimes challengings one of the other, sometimes under hidden forms uttering such matters as otherwise they durst not deal with. Then they have most commonly one who judgeth the prize to the best doer, of which they are no less glad than great princes are of triumphs; and his part is to set down in writing all that is said, save that it may be his pen with more leisure doth polish the rudeness of an unthought-on song. Now the choice of all (as you may well think) either for goodness of voice, or pleasantness of wit, the prince hath; among whom also there are two or three strangers, whom inward melancholies having made weary of the world's eyes have come to spend their lives among the country people of Arcadia; and their conversation being well approved, the prince vouchsafeth them his presence, and not

[33] Summary from the 1590 edition: "The cause of Basilius his discourting. Philanax his disswasive letter. Basilius his privileged companie. Foure causes why old men are discoursers. The state, the skil, and exercise of the Arcadian shepheards."

only by looking on, but by great courtesy and liberality, animates the shepherds the more exquisitely to labor for his good liking. So that there is no cause to blame the prince for sometimes hearing them; the blameworthiness is, that to hear them he rather goes to solitariness than makes them come to company.

"Neither do I accuse my master for advancing a countryman, as Dametas is, since God forbid but where worthiness is (as, truly, it is among divers of that fellowship) any outward lowness should hinder the highest raising; but that he would needs make election of one the baseness of whose mind is such that it sinks a thousand degrees lower than the basest body could carry the most base fortune; which although it might be answered for the prince, that it is rather a trust he hath in his simple plainness than any great advancement, being but chief herdman; yet all honest hearts feel that the trust of their lord goes beyond all advancement.

"But I am ever too long upon him, when he crosseth the way of my speech, and by the shadow of yonder tower I see it is a fitter time with our supper to pay the duties we owe to our stomachs than to break the air with my idle discourses; and more wit I might have learned of Homer (whom even now you mentioned), who never entertained either guests or hosts with long speeches, till the mouth of hunger be thoroughly stopped."

So withal he rose, leading Palladius through the garden again to the parlor, where they used to sup; Palladius assuring him that he had already been more fed to his liking than he could be by the skillfulest trencher-men of Media.[34]

[34] *trencher-men of Media:* cooks or caterers of Media, one of the most important provinces in Persia, noted in peacetime for its delicacies. A trencher was an Elizabethan wooden platter on which food was served. See *Romeo and Juliet,* I, v, 2.

Sir Thomas North

ca. 1535–1603

THE *Parallel Lives* of Plutarch, one of the greatest and most widely read works handed down from classical antiquity, had a special charm and significance for men of the Renaissance. Montaigne, for instance, expressed his appreciation of it several times; to him Plutarch, more than any other author, mingled art with nature and judgment with learning. Plutarch's method was to describe at length a great leader of Greece and a great leader of Rome, then to compare them. His primary interest was in character, and he chose for subjects men in public life. His twenty-three pairs extend from Theseus and Romulus, fabled founders of cities, and Lycurgus and Numa, lawgivers and religious leaders, down to Alexander and Caesar the conquerors, and Demosthenes and Cicero the orators. Plutarch was a moralist, and he dwelt with fascinated interest on those episodes in the lives of men when they encounter ideals and issues greater than any personal concerns. At such times his subjects become models for him or examples to avoid; they are not historical figures being revived, but the most significant and present characters one could imagine.

Montaigne owed his knowledge of Plutarch to the translation of Jacques Amyot (1559), the earliest French work to be accepted by the French Academy as a classic of the language. English readers owed a debt to Amyot too, for it was Amyot's French version which Thomas North translated into English (1579). So great was the style of this retranslation that North's book has been placed with Malory's *Morte d' Arthur* and *The Book of Common Prayer* as the foundation of modern English prose.

North was the second son of Edward, first Baron North. He was born about 1535 and followed his father's course of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and Lincoln's Inn, but instead of law he produced from the latter address a translation of Guevara's *Dial of Princes,* from a French version of the Spanish original. In 1570 he published a translation from the Italian, *The Moral Philosophy of Doni,* and nine years later his Plutarch. He settled in Cambridge, commanded a company of men from Ely in 1588 at the time of the Armada, was knighted in 1591, and died before 1603.

North's version is great because the book he was translating was intensely alive for him. Accordingly he used natural and vivid English. Colloquialisms, the figurative speech Elizabethans loved so well, proverbs, the concrete and homely native word in place of the abstract or formal phrase of the French—all made North's translation an English book.

The best testimony to the quality of North's style is that Shakespeare used more of the actual words and phrases from it than he did from any other of his sources. *Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra,* and *Coriolanus* can be rightly appreciated only by one who sees in them the magnificent collaboration between

the genius of North and the genius of Shakespeare, both being enriched by the wisdom and perception of the mind of Plutarch.

The Elizabethans were constantly comparing their great with the heroes of antiquity; Jonson thought about the classical writers when he was evaluating Shakespeare in the poem in the First Folio, and Chapman thought of Achilles and the ill-fated Essex as comparable. Plutarch was the great source for knowledge of what men might rise to, and how they might fall, as exemplified in the heroes of classical ages toward which Elizabethans looked back with wonder and envy.

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FROM

THE LIFE OF JULIUS CAESAR

AND for the war he made in Alexandria, some say he needed not have done it, but that he willingly did it for the love of Cleopatra, wherein he won little honor and besides did put his person in great danger. Others do lay the fault upon the king of Egypt's ministers, but specially on Pothinus the Eunuch, who, bearing the greatest sway of all the king's servants, after he had caused Pompey to be slain and driven Cleopatra from the court, secretly laid wait all the ways he could, how he might likewise kill Caesar. Wherefore Caesar, hearing an inkling of it, began thenceforth to spend all the night long in feasting and banqueting, that his person might be in the better safety. And besides all this, Pothinus the Eunuch spoke many things openly not to be borne, only to shame Caesar, and to stir up the people to envy him. For he made his soldiers have the worst and oldest wheat that could be gotten; then if they did complain of it, he told them they must be contented, seeing they eat at another man's cost. And he would serve them also at the table in treen [1] and earthen dishes, saying that Caesar had away all their gold and silver, for a debt that the king's father (that then reigned) did owe unto him, which was a thousand seven hundred and fifty myriads,[2] whereof Caesar had before forgiven seven hundred and fifty thousand unto his children. However, then he asked a million to pay his soldiers withal. Thereto Pothinus answered him, that at that time he should do better to follow his other causes of greater importance, and afterwards that he should at more leisure recover his debt, with the king's good will and favor. Caesar replied unto him and said that he would not ask counsel of the Egyptians for his affairs, but would be paid, and thereupon secretly sent for Cleopatra which was in the country to come unto him. She only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends, took a little boat and went away with him in it in the night and came and landed hard by the foot of the castle. Then, having no other means to come in to the court without being known, she laid herself down upon a mattress or flockbed,[3] which Apollodorus her friend tied and bound up together like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her up on his back and brought her thus hampered in this fardel unto Caesar, in at the castle gate. This was the first occasion (as it is reported) that made Caesar to love her, but afterwards, when he saw her sweet conversation and pleasant entertainment, he fell then in further lik-

[1] *treen:* wooden.

[2] *myriads:* 10,000 of an understood coin.

[3] *flockbed:* a covering filled with tufts of wool.

ing with her, and did reconcile her again unto her brother the king, with condition that they two jointly should reign together. Upon this new reconciliation, a great feast being prepared, a slave of Caesar's that was his barber, the fearfulest wretch that lived, still busily prying and listening abroad in every corner, being mistrustful by nature, found that Pothinus and Achillas did lie in wait to kill his master Caesar. This being proved unto Caesar, he did set such sure watch about the hall where the feast was made, that in fine, he slew the eunuch Pothinus himself. Achillas, on the other side, saved himself, and fled unto the king's camp where he raised a marvelous dangerous and difficult war for Caesar, because he having then but a few men about him as he had, he was to fight against a great and strong city. The first danger he fell into, was for the lack of water he had, for that his enemies had stopped the mouth of the pipes which conveyed the water unto the castle. The second danger he had was, that seeing his enemies came to take his ships from him, he was driven to repulse that danger with fire, the which burnt the arsenal where the ships lay, and that notable library of Alexandria withal. The third danger was in the battle by sea, that was fought by the tower of Phar, where meaning to help his men that fought by sea, he leapt from the pier into a boat. Then the Egyptians made toward him with their oars on every side, but he leaping into the sea, with great hazard saved himself by swimming. It is said that, then holding divers books in his hand, he did never let them go, but kept them always upon his head above water and swam with the other hand, notwithstanding that they shot marvelously at him, and was driven some time to duck into the water. Howbeit, the boat was drowned presently. In fine, the king coming to his men that made war with Caesar, he went against him and gave him battle and won it with great slaughter and effusion of blood. But for the king, no man could ever tell what became of him after. Thereupon Caesar made Cleopatra, his sister, Queen of Egypt, who being great with child by him, was shortly brought to bed of a son whom the Alexandrians named Caesarion.

* * *

Caesar also had Cassius in great jealousy and suspected him much. Whereupon he said on a time to his friends, "What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks." Another time when Caesar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, "I never reckon of them, but these pale visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most" (meaning Brutus and Cassius). Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Caesar's death. For, touching the fires in the element and spirits running up and down in the night, and also these solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market place; are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire, and furthermore,

that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had been burnt, but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Caesar self, also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart, and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Caesar warning long time before to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Caesar going unto the Senate house, and speaking merrily to the soothsayer, told him, "The Ides of March be come." "So be they," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past." And the very day before, Caesar supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certain letters as he was wont to do at the board. So talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best, he preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, "Death unlooked for." Then going to bed the same night as his manner was and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him and made him afraid when he saw such light, but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches. For she dreamed that Caesar was slain and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as amongst other, Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort: The Senate having set upon the top of Caesar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Caesar rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible, not to go out of doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Caesar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fears or superstition, and then for that he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the soothsayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them. Then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate. But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Caesar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus, he fearing that if Caesar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn, and reproved Caesar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled and that they were ready, willingly, to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the Empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places, both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man

should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words? And who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself? "And yet if it be so," said he, "that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time." Therewithal he took Caesar by the hand, and brought him out of his house. Caesar was not gone far from his house, but a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him, and when he saw he was put back by the great prease [4] and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight unto his house, and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept, till Caesar came back again, telling her that he had great matters to impart unto him.

FROM

THE LIFE OF MARCUS ANTONIUS

FOR he understood not many of the thefts and robberies his officers committed by his authority in his treasury and affairs, not so much because he was careless, as for that he over-simply trusted his men in all things. For he was a plain man, without subtlety, and therefore over-late found out the foul faults they committed against him; but when he heard of them, he was much offended and would plainly confess it unto them whom his officers had done injury unto by countenance of his authority. He had a noble mind, as well to punish offenders, as to reward well-doers, and yet he did exceed more in giving than in punishing. Now for his outrageous manner of railing he commonly used, mocking and flouting of every man—that was remedied by itself. For a man might as boldly exchange a mock with him, and he was as well contented to be mocked, as to mock others. But yet it oftentimes marred all. For he thought that those which told him so plainly and truly in mirth would never flatter him in good earnest, in any matter of weight. But thus he was easily abused by the praises they gave him, not finding how these flatterers mingled their flattery, under this familiar and plain manner of speech unto him, as a fine device to make difference of meats with sharp and tart sauce, and also to keep him, by this frank jesting and bourding [5] with him at the table, that their common flattery should not be troublesome unto him, as men do easily mislike to have too much of one thing; and that they handled him finely thereby, when they would give him place in any matter of weight, and follow his counsel, that it might not appear to him that they did it so much to please him, but because they were ignorant and understood not so much as he did.

[4] *prease:* crowd.

[5] *bourding:* joking.

Antonius being thus inclined, the last and extremest mischief of all other (to wit, the love of Cleopatra) lighted on him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen to any; and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight and made it worse than before. The manner how he fell in love with her was this. Antonius going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Silicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her, being this: that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their war against him. The messenger sent unto Cleopatra to make this summons unto her was called Dellius, who when he had thoroughly considered her beauty, the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, he nothing mistrusted that Antonius would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself that within few days she should be in great favor with him. Thereupon he did her great honor and persuaded her to come into Silicia, as honorably furnished as she could possible,[6] and bade her not to be afraid at all of Antonius, for he was a more courteous lord than any that she had ever seen. Cleopatra, on the other side, believing Dellius' words, and guessing by the former access and credit she had with Julius Caesar and Cneius Pompey, the son of Pompey the Great, only for her beauty; she began to have good hope that she might more easily win Antonius. For Caesar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then what the world meant; but now she went to Antonius at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment. So, she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore,[7] when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself, and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself: she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, appareled and attired like the goddess Venus commonly drawn in picture, and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys appareled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were appareled like the nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces, some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of

[6] *possible:* possibly.

[7] Shakespeare's treatment of this passage is very remarkable. (*Antony and Cleopatra,* II, ii, 198–226.)

the barge, out of which there came a wonderful passing sweet savor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the river's side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end there ran such multitudes of people, one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperial seat to give audience, and there went a rumor in the people's mouths that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again, he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius, therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her, where he found such passing sumptuous fare that no tongue can express it. But amongst all other things, he wondered at the infinite number of lights and torches hanging on the top of the house, giving light in every place, so artificially set and ordered by devices, some round, some square, that it was the rarest thing to behold that eye could discern, or that ever books could mention. The next night, Antonius feasting her, contended to pass her in magnificence and fineness, but she overcame him in both. So that he himself began to scorn the gross service of his house in respect of Cleopatra's sumptuousness and fineness. And when Cleopatra found Antonius' jests and slents [8] to be but gross and soldierlike, in plain manner, she gave it him finely, and without fear taunted him thoroughly. Now her beauty (as it is reported) was not so passing, as unmatchable of other women, nor yet such, as upon present view did enamor men with her, but so sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not possibly but be taken. And besides her beauty, the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous nature that tempered her words and deeds, was a spur that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, besides all these, her voice and words were marvelous pleasant, for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned to any language that pleased her. She spake unto few barbarous people by interpreter, but made them answer herself, or at the least the most part of them: [9] as the Aethiopians, the Arabians, the Troglodytes,[10] the Hebrews, the Syrians, the Medes, and the Parthians, and to many others also, whose languages she had learned. Whereas divers of her progenitors, the kings of Egypt, could scarce learn the Egyptian tongue only, and many of them forgot to speak the Macedonian. Now Antonius was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that though his wife Fulvia had great wars and much ado with Caesar for his affairs and that the army of the Parthians (the which the king's lieutenants had given to the only leading of Labienus) was now

[8] *slents:* sly digs, sarcasms.

[9] Gabriel Harvey, in his notes on the *Courtier*, grouped Cleopatra and Queen Elizabeth together as linguists. See also Lyly, *Euphues and his England*, p. 553.

[10] *Troglodytes:* cave dwellers of the west coast of the Red Sea.

assembled in Mesopotamia ready to invade Syria; yet, as though all this had nothing touched him, he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra into Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports (as a man might say) and idle pastimes, the most precious thing a man can spend, as Antiphon saith—and that is time. For they made an order between them, which they called *Amimetobion* (as much to say, no life comparable and matchable with it) one feasting each other by turns, and in cost exceeding all measure and reason. And for proof hereof, I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic, and that having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a young man desirous to see things) to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen and saw a world of diversities of meats, and amongst others, eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said, "Sure you have a great number of guests to supper." The cook fell a-laughing and answered him. "No," quoth he, "not many guests, nor above twelve in all, but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight. For Antonius peradventure will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well today, or else hath had some other great matters in hand; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in."

* * *

But now again to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery, but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she, were it in sport, or in matter of earnest, still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now, though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity and liked it well, saying very gallantly and wisely, that Antonius showed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance, and the Romans a tragical face, to say, a grim look. But to reckon up all the foolish sports they made, reveling in this sort, it were too fond a part of me, and therefore I will only tell you one among the rest. On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none, he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore, he secretly commanded the fishermen that when he cast in his line, they should

straight dive under the water and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before, and so snatched up his angling rod, and brought up fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight,[11] yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men and to put some old salt fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing. Cleopatra laughing also, said unto him, "Leave us, my Lord, Egyptians, which dwell in the country of Pharus and Canobus, your angling rod; this is not thy profession, thou must hunt after conquering of realms and countries." Now Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius, and Fulvia his wife, fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Caesar, and had brought all to naught, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news, as bad as the first, that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates, and from Syria, unto the countries of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius with much ado a little to rouse himself as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So first of all, he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phoenicia, but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy with two hundred sail, and as he went, took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy, to come to him. By them he was informed that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war, who being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to withdraw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune, his wife Fulvia going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicyon; and therefore, Octavius Caesar and he were the easier made friends together. For when Antonius landed in Italy, and that men saw Caesar asked nothing of him, and that Antonius on the other side laid all the fault and burden on his wife Fulvia, the friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse between them; but they made them friends together and divided the Empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the countries westward unto Caesar, and left Africa unto Lepidus, and made a law that they three, one after another, should make

[11] *found it straight:* saw through it immediately.

their friends Consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel, but yet it was to be confirmed with a straiter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Caesar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Caesar himself afterwards of Accia. It is reported that he dearly loved his sister Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady and left the widow of her first husband Caius Marcellus, who died not long before; and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. For he denied not that he kept Cleopatra, but so did he not confess that he had her as his wife, and so with reason he did defend the love he bare unto this Egyptian Cleopatra. Thereupon, every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, that when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserveth) she should be a good means to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him. So when Caesar and he had made the match between them, they both went to Rome about this marriage, although it was against the law that a widow should be married within ten months after her husband's death. Howbeit, the Senate dispensed with the law, and so the marriage proceeded accordingly.

* * *

Antonius also leaving his wife Octavia and little children begotten of her, with Caesar, and his other children which he had by Fulvia, he went directly into Asia. Then began this pestilent plague and mischief of Cleopatra's love (which had slept a long time, and seemed to have been utterly forgotten, and that Antonius had given place to better counsel) again to kindle, and to be in force, so soon as Antonius came near unto Syria. And in the end, the horse of the mind, as Plato termed it, that is so hard of rein (I mean the unreined lust of concupiscence) did put out of Antonius' head all honest and commendable thoughts, for he sent Fonteius Capito to bring Cleopatra into Syria. Unto whom, to welcome her, he gave no trifling things, but unto that she had already, he added the provinces of Phoenicia, those of the nethermost Syria, the Isle of Cyprus, and a great part of Silicia, and that country of Jewry where the true balm is, and that part of Arabia where the Nabatheians do dwell, which stretcheth out towards the ocean. These great gifts much misliked the Romans. But now, though Antonius did easily give away great seigniories, realms, and mighty nations unto some private men, and that also he took from other kings their lawful realms (as from Antigonus, King of the Jews, whom he openly beheaded, where never king before had suffered like death) yet all this did not so much offend the Romans, as the unmeasurable honors which he did unto Cleopatra. But yet he did much more aggravate their malice and ill will towards him because that Cleopatra, having brought him two twins, a son and a daughter, he named his son Alexander, and his daughter Cleopatra, and gave them to their surnames, the Sun to the one and the Moon to the other. This notwithstanding, he that could finely cloak his shameful deeds

with fine words, said that the greatness and magnificence of the Empire of Rome appeared most, not where the Romans took, but where they gave much; and nobility was multiplied amongst men by the posterity of kings when they left of their seed in divers places, and that by this means his first ancestor was begotten of Hercules, who had not left the hope and continuance of his line and posterity in the womb of one only woman, fearing Solon's laws or regarding the ordinances of men touching the procreation of children, but that he gave it unto nature and established the foundation of many noble races and families in divers places.

* * *

Now whilst Antonius was busy in this preparation, Octavia, his wife, whom he had left at Rome, would needs take sea to come unto him. Her brother, Octavius Caesar, was willing unto it, not for his respect at all (as most authors do report) as for that he might have an honest color [12] to make war with Antonius if he did misuse her and not esteem her as she ought to be. But when she was come to Athens, she received letters from Antonius, willing her to stay there until his coming, and did advertise her of his journey and determination. The which though it grieved her much, and that she knew it was but an excuse, yet by her letters to him of answer, she asked him whether he would have those things sent unto him which she had brought him, being great store of apparel for soldiers, a great number of horse, sum of money and gifts to bestow on his friends and captains he had about him, and besides all those, she had two thousand soldiers, chosen men, all well armed, like unto the Praetor's bands. When Niger, one of Antonius' friends whom he had sent unto Athens, had brought these news from his wife Octavia, and withal did greatly praise her, as she was worthy and well deserved, Cleopatra, knowing that Octavia would have Antonius from her, and fearing also that if with her virtue and honest behavior (besides the great power of her brother Caesar) she did add thereunto her modest kind love to please her husband, that she would then be too strong for her, and in the end win him away, she subtly seemed to languish for the love of Antonius, pining her body for lack of meat. Furthermore, she every way so framed her countenance that when Antonius came to see her, she cast her eyes upon him like a woman ravished for joy. Straight again when he went from her, she fell a-weeping and blubbering, looked ruefully of the matter, and still found the means that Antonius should oftentimes find her weeping, and then when he came suddenly upon her, she made as though she dried her eyes and turned her face away, as if she were unwilling that he should see her weep. All these tricks she used, Antonius being in readiness to go into Syria, to speak with the king of Medes. Then the flatterers that furthered Cleopatra's mind blamed Antonius, and told him that he was a hard-natured man, and that he had small love in him, that would see a poor lady in such torment for his sake, whose

[12] *color:* pretext.

life depended only upon him alone. "For Octavia," said they, "that was married unto him as it were of necessity, because her brother Caesar's affairs so required it, hath the honor to be called Antonius' lawful spouse and wife; and Cleopatra, being born a queen of so many thousands of men, is only named Antonius' leman,[13] and yet that she disdained not so to be called, if it might please him she might enjoy his company, and live with him, but if he once leave her, that then it is impossible she should live." To be short, by these their flatteries and enticements, they so wrought Antonius' effeminate mind, that fearing lest she would make herself away, he returned again unto Alexandria, and referred the king of Medes to the next year following, although he received news that the Parthians at that time were at civil wars among themselves.

* * *

About noon there rose a little gale of wind from the sea, and then Antonius' men waxing angry with tarrying so long, and trusting to the greatness and height of their ships, as if they had been invincible, they began to march forward with their left wing. Caesar, seeing that, was a glad man and began a little to give back from the right wing, to allure them to come further out of the strait and gulf: to the end that he might with his light ships well manned with watermen, turn and environ the galleys of the enemies, the which were heavy of yarage,[14] both for their bigness, as also for lack of watermen to row them. When the skirmish began, and that they came to join, there was no great hurt at the first meeting, neither did the ships vehemently hit one against the other, as they do commonly in fight by sea. For on the one side, Antonius' ships for their heaviness could not have the strength and swiftness to make their blows of any force, and Caesar's ships, on the other side, took great heed not to rush and shock with the forecastles of Antonius' ships, whose prows were armed with great brazen spurs. Furthermore, they durst not flank them, because their points were easily broken, whichsoever way they came to set upon his ships, that were made of great main square pieces of timber bound together with great iron pins, so that the battle was much like to a battle by land, or to speak more properly, to the assault of a city. For there were always three or four of Caesar's ships about one of Antonius' ships, and the soldiers fought with their pikes, halberds, and darts, and threw pots and darts with fire. Antonius' ships on the other side bestowed among them, with their crossbows and engines of battery, great store of shot from their high towers of wood that were upon their ships. Now Publicola, seeing Agrippa put forth his left wing of Caesar's army to encompass Antonius' ships that fought, he was driven also to loose off to have more room, and going a little at one side, to put those further off that were afraid and in the midst of the battle. For they were sore distressed by Aruntius. However, the

[13] *leman:* lover.

[14] *heavy of yarage:* difficult to move or manage.

battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both, when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busy about their yard masts, and hoisting sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvelously disorder the other ships. For the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius showed plainly that he had not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man, and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, that the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not in his own) he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman, as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also. For when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him and embarked upon a galley with five banks of oars, to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him and would in the end be his utter destruction.

* * *

He was no sooner comen thither, but he straight set all the city of rioting and banqueting again and himself to liberality and gifts. He caused the son of Julius Caesar and Cleopatra to be enrolled (according to the manner of the Romans) amongst the number of young men and gave Antillus his eldest son he had by Fulvia, the man's gown, which was a plain gown without guard or embroidery of purple. For these things, there was kept great feasting, banqueting, and dancing in Alexandria many days together. Indeed they did break their first order they had set down, which they called *Amimetobion* (as much to say, no life comparable) and did set up another which they called *Synapothanumenon* (signifying the order and agreement of those that will die together) the which in exceeding sumptuousness and cost was not inferior to the first. For their friends made themselves to be enrolled in this order of those that would die together, and so made great feasts one to another, for every man when it came to his turn, feasted their whole company and fraternity. Cleopatra in the meantime was very careful in gathering all sorts of poisons together to destroy men. Now to make proof of those poisons which made men die with least pain, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. For when she saw the poisons that were sudden and vehement and brought speedy death with grievous torments, and in contrary manner, that such as were more mild and gentle, had not that quick speed and force to make one die suddenly, she afterwards went about to prove the stinging of snakes and adders and made some to be applied unto men in her sight, some in one sort, and some in another. So when she had daily made divers and sundry proofs she found none of all them she had proved so fit, as the biting of an aspic, the which only causeth a heaviness of the head without swooning or complaining and bringeth a great desire also to sleep, with a little sweat in the face, and so by little and little taketh away the senses and vital powers, no living creature per-

ceiving that the patients feel any pain. For they are so sorry when anybody waketh them and taketh them up as those that being taken out of a sound sleep are very heavy and desirous to sleep. This notwithstanding, they sent ambassadors unto Octavius Caesar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for her children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Caesar would not let him remain in Egypt.

* * *

So Caesar came and pitched his camp hard by the city, in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Caesar's horsemen back, fighting with his men even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armor and headpiece of clean gold. However, the man-at-arms when he had received this rich gift, stale away by night and went to Caesar. Antonius sent again to challenge Caesar to fight with him hand to hand. Caesar answered him that he had many other ways to die than so. Then Antonius, seeing there was no way more honorable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest, both by sea and land. So being at supper (as it is reported) he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board, that they should fill his cups full and make as much of him as they could. "For," said he, "you know not whether you shall do so much for me tomorrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master, and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body." This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a-weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken, he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory than valiantly to die with honor. Furthermore, the selfsame night within little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvelous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing and had sung as they use in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the satyrs, and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them. The next morning by break of day, he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city, and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven and rowed against the galleys of his enemies, and so stood still, looking

what exploits his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Caesar's men, and then Caesar's men resaluted them also and of two armies made but one, and then did all together row toward the city. When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him and yielded unto Caesar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them with whom he had made war for her sake. Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there locked the doors unto her and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts and in the meantime sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius believing it, said unto himself, "What dost thou look for further, Antonius, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou hadst for whom thou yet reservedst thy life?" When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and being naked said thus, "O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorry that having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman." Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him that he should kill him when he did command him, and then he willed him to keep his promise. His man drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master, but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius, "O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me." Therewithal he took his sword and thrust it into his belly and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid, and when he came somewhat to himself again he prayed them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber and left him crying out and tormenting himself, until at last there came a secretary unto him called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows and cast out certain chains and ropes in the which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, triced [15] Antonius up. They that were present to behold it, said they never saw so pitiful a sight. For they plucked up poor Antonius all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up, but Cleopatra stooping down with her head, putting to all her

[15] *triced:* pulled.

strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bade her be of good courage and were as sorry to see her labor so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed [16] his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity, for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting and called for wine, either because he was athirst or else that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk, he earnestly prayed her, and persuaded her, that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible without reproach and dishonor, and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Caesar. And as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days, but rather, that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honors he had received, considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman. As Antonius gave the last gasp, Proculeius came that was sent from Caesar. For after Antonius had thrust his sword in himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard, called Dercetaeus, took his sword with the which he had stricken himself and hid it. Then he secretly stale away and brought Octavius Caesar the first news of his death and showed him his sword that was bloodied. Caesar hearing these news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the Empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles.

[16] *berayed:* soiled.

Thomas Lodge

1557–1625

LODGE was the son of a Lord Mayor of London, a grocer who amassed wealth by capitalistic ventures and rose to high office much as Deloney's Simon Eyre did. Yet at the end of his administration Sir Thomas was bankrupt and a year later was in prison for debt. His son entered the Merchant Taylors' School in 1571 and Trinity College, Oxford, in 1573. Among his contemporaries at the University were Lyly and Peele. He received his degree in 1577 and the next year entered Lincoln's Inn. But as so often happened in the sixteenth century, the law, which was supposed to absorb the attention of the young man, seemed dull in comparison with literature and general dissipation. At least his mother's will, proved in 1579, stipulates that Thomas must "continewe at his booke at Lyncolnes Inne as a good studient ought to doe vntill his saide age of Twenty five yeares" or forfeit his legacy from her.

Lodge's interest in literature led him to answer Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse* (see p. 554) and although the authorities would not allow the reply to be published, Gosson saw a privately circulated copy and replied to it in a postscript to *The Ephemerides of Phialo*. Lodge's next production was a warning tract called *An Alarum against Usurers* (1583).

Sometime between 1584 and 1589 he made a voyage with Captain Clark to the Canaries and the Azores, and on the voyage, "to beguile the time with labour" he wrote a book. It was a pastoral romance like the *Arcadia* or Greene's *Menaphon*, written in the Euphuistic style Lyly had just made popular; part of its plot came from the old pseudo-Chaucerian *Tale of Gamelyn*, and it was called *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie, found after his death in his cell at Silexedra; Bequeathed to Philautus' sons nursed up with their father in England. Fetched from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.* It was, he said in the dedication (published 1590), "rough, as hatched in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas." It was to be the most popular of all his works; it went through a dozen editions before 1642. But its chief fame results from the fact that Shakespeare used it as the source for one of his great romantic comedies, *As You Like It*. The student who wishes to see Shakespeare at work can make no more profitable study than the comparison of the play and the romance, paying as much attention to the differences between them as to the correspondences.

Lodge's other literary work shows a versatility which can be matched in the Elizabethan period only by Gascoigne. He composed other pastoral romances (*A Margarite of America*, published 1596, and written on the disastrous Cavendish voyage to the Straits of Magellan); satires (*A Fig for Momus*, 1595); a sonnet cycle (*Phillis*, 1593. See p. 205 above), historical-romantic narratives of Robert of Normandy (1591) and William Longbeard (1593); an amatory-mythological poem called *Scilla's Metamorphosis* (1589), which Shakespeare

used as a model for *Venus and Adonis;* two plays, *The Wounds of Civil War* and, with Greene, *A Looking Glasse for London and England.* He turned Catholic and published *Prosopopeia, containing the teares of the Holy Marie.* He abandoned the law, if he had ever taken it up seriously, and studied medicine at Avignon, receiving the degree of M.D. about 1600, and he became one of the most eminent of English physicians. A literary product of this part of his interests was *A Treatise of the Plague* (1603). He translated Josephus and Seneca. He died in 1625.

Lodge spread himself too thin ever to achieve greatness as a writer. But he had a genuine lyric gift (as in "Rosalynde's Madrigal," p. 642) and talent as a storyteller. If he had lived in a more autobiographical age, like the twentieth century, his experiences as soldier and sailor, poet and romancer, translator of the classics, and litigant in the courts, playwright and physician and Catholic recusant, might have provided the material for a greater book than he ever wrote.

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ROSALYNDE

THERE dwelled adjoining to the city of Bordeaux a knight of most honorable parentage, whom fortune had graced with many favors, and nature honored with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether fortune or nature were more prodigal in deciphering [1] the riches of their bounties. Wise he was, as holding in his head a supreme conceit of policy, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civil government; and to make his wisdom more gracious, he had that *salem ingenii* [2] and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Ulysses: his valor was no less than his wit, nor the stroke of his lance no less forcible than the sweetness of his tongue was persuasive; for he was for his courage chosen the principal of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy knight, thus enriched with virtue and honor, surnamed Sir John of Bordeaux, having passed the prime of his youth in sundry battles against the Turks, at last, as the date of time hath his course, grew aged. His hairs were silver-hued, and the map of age was figured on his forehead: honor sat in the furrows of his face, and many years were portrayed in his wrinkled lineaments, that all men might perceive his glass was run, and that nature of necessity challenged [3] her due. Sir John, that with the phoenix knew the term of his life was now expired, and could, with the swan, discover his end by her songs, having three sons by his wife Lynida, the very pride of all his forepassed years, thought now, seeing death by constraint would compel him to leave them, to bestow upon them such a legacy as might bewray his love and increase their ensuing amity. Calling, therefore, these young gentlemen before him, in the presence of all his fellow Knights of Malta, he resolved to leave them a memorial of all his fatherly care in setting down a method of their brotherly duties. Having, therefore, death in his looks to move them to pity, and tears in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest son by the hand, he began thus:

* * * [4]

Saladyne having thus set up the schedule,[5] and hanged about his father's hearse many passionate poems, that France might suppose him to be passing sorrowful, he clad himself and his brothers all in black, and in such sable suits discoursed his grief; but as the hyena when she mourns is then most

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[1] *deciphering:* recounting.

[2] *salem ingenii:* salt of wit.

[3] *challenged:* called for.

[4] Sir John delivers dying speeches and bequests to his three sons. He gives most to the youngest, Rosader, but leaves the eldest, Saladyne, the head of the family.

[5] *schedule:* a poem of moral advice left by Sir John.

guileful, so Saladyne under this show of grief shadowed a heart full of contented thoughts. The tiger, though he hide his claws, will at last discover his rapine; the lion's looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a man's physnomy [6] is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will have his course: nurture and art may do much, but that *natura naturans,* which by propagation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant according to the old verse:

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.[7]

So fared it with Saladyne, for after a month's mourning was passed, he fell to consideration of his father's testament; how he had bequeathed more to his younger brothers than himself, that Rosader was his father's darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to years, and he being their guardian, might, if not defraud them of their due, yet make such havoc of their legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter: whereupon he began thus to meditate with himself:

* * *

In this humor was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his footboy for the space of two or three years, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the son of any country vassal. The young gentleman bore all with patience, till on a day, walking in the garden by himself, he began to consider how he was the son of John of Bordeaux, a knight renowned for many victories, and a gentleman famoused for his virtues; how, contrary to the testament of his father, he was not only kept from his land and entreated [8] as a servant, but smothered in such secret slavery, as he might not attain to any honorable actions.

"Ah," quoth he to himself, nature working these effectual passions, "why should I, that am a gentleman born, pass my time in such unnatural drudgery? Were it not better either in Paris to become a scholar, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a soldier, than to live a footboy to my own brother? Nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied me art to contemplate; I have strength to perform any honorable exploit, but no liberty to accomplish my virtuous endeavors; those good parts that God hath bestowed upon me, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscurity; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardness." [9]

With that, casting up his hand, he felt hair on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler [10] he began to blush, and swore to himself he would be no more subject to such slavery. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholy passions, in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in

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[6] *physnomy:* physiognomy.

[7] *Naturam . . . recurret:* "You may drive out Nature with a pitchfork, but she will always hurry back," Horace, *Epistles,* I, x, 24.

[8] *entreated:* treated.

[9] *frowardness:* untowardness, perversity.

[10] *choler:* anger.

a brown study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus:

"Sirrah," quoth he, "what, is your heart on your halfpenny,[11] or are you saying a dirge for your father's soul? What, is my dinner ready?"

At this question Rosader, turning his head askance, and bending his brows as if anger there had plowed the furrows of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, he made this reply:

"Dost thou ask me, Saladyne, for thy cates? [12] Ask some of thy churls who are fit for such an office; I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cards in the bunch, I have as many trumps in my hands as thyself. Let me question with thee, why thou hast felled my woods, spoiled my manor houses, and made havoc of such utensils as my father bequeathed unto me? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answer me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemy."

At this reply of Rosader's Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly; he therefore took him up thus shortly:

"What, sirrah! Well, I see early pricks the tree that will prove a thorn; hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good looks drawn you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedy such a fault, and I will bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith, sir boy, I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lay hold on him and bind him, and then I will give him a cooling-card [13] for his choler."

This made Rosader half mad, that, stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, he laid such load upon his brother's men that he hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne, seeing Rosader so resolute and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heels his best safety, and took him to a loft adjoining to the garden, whither Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladyne, afraid of his brother's fury, cried out to him thus:

"Rosader, be not so rash. I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong I'll make thee amends. Revenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou stain the virtue of old Sir John of Bordeaux. Say wherein thou art discontent and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers' frowns ought not to be periods of wrath; what, man, look not so sourly; I know we shall be friends, and better friends than we have been, for, *Amantium irae amoris redintegratio est.*" [14]

These words appeased the choler of Rosader, for he was of a mild and courteous nature, so that he laid down his weapons, and upon the faith of a gentleman assured his brother he would offer him no prejudice; whereupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley they embraced each

[11] *heart . . . halfpenny:* Proverbial. To have one's heart (or hand) on one's halfpenny means to have an eye to the main chance.

[12] *cates:* food, delicacies.

[13] *cooling-card:* something to quench one's ardor.

[14] *Amantium . . . est:* "The quarrels of friends are the renewing of love," Terence, *Andria,* III, iii, 36. Cf. Richard Edwards' poem, p. 301, above.

other and became friends, and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, "and what favor else," quoth he, "any ways my ability or the nature of a brother may perform." Upon these sugared reconciliations they went into the house arm in arm together, to the great content of all the old servants of Sir John of Bordeaux.

Thus continued the pad hidden in the straw,[15] till it chanced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrestling and of tournament to busy his commons' heads, lest, being idle, their thoughts should run upon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all comers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength—so valiant, that in many such conflicts he always bare away the victory, not only overthrowing them which he encountered, but often with the weight of his body killing them outright. Saladyne, hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunity by the forehead, first by secret means convented with the Norman and procured him with rich rewards to swear that if Rosader came within his claws he should never more return to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelf —as *Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum?*— [16] taking great gifts for little gods, took the crowns of Saladyne to perform the stratagem.

Having thus the champion tied to his villainous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. He went to young Rosader, who in all his thoughts reached at honor and gazed no lower than virtue commanded him, and began to tell him of this tournament and wrestling, how the king should be there, and all the chief peers of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the country.

"Now, brother," quoth he, "for the honor of Sir John of Bordeaux, our renowmed [17] father, to famous that house that never hath been found without men approved in chivalry, show thy resolution to be peremptory. For myself thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having at tempted any deeds of arms, I am youngest to perform any martial exploits, knowing better how to survey my lands than to charge my lance; my brother Fernandyne he is at Paris poring on a few papers, having more insight into sophistry and principles of philosophy, than any warlike endeavors; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in years but the eldest in valor, art a man of strength, and darest do what honor allows thee. Take thou my father's lance, his sword, and his horse, and hie thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly crack a spear, or try with the Norman for the palm of activity."

The words of Saladyne were but spurs to a free horse, for he had scarce uttered them, ere Rosader took him in his arms, taking his proffer so kindly, that he promised, in what he might, to requite his courtesy. The next mor-

[15] *pad . . . straw:* proverbial for something wrong.

[16] *Quis . . . aurum:* "who in his senses refuses offered money?"

[17] *renowmed:* renowned.

row was the day of the tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to show his heroical thoughts that he passed the night with little sleep; but as soon as Phoebus had veiled the curtain of the night, and made Aurora blush with giving her the *bezo les labres* [18] in her silver couch, he gat him up, and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himself towards the place appointed, thinking every mile ten leagues till he came there.

But leaving him so desirous of the journey, to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king, that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all means to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemn tournament, whereunto he in most solemn manner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who rather for fear than love, graced him with the show of their dutiful favors. To feed their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistering objects, he had appointed his own daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynde, daughter unto Gerismond, with all the beautiful damosels that were famous for their features in all France. Thus in that place did love and war triumph in a sympathy; for such as were martial might use their lance to be renowmed for the excellence of their chivalry, and such as were amorous might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every man's eye had his several survey, and fancy was partial in their looks, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynde; for upon her cheeks there seemed a battle between the Graces, who should bestow most favors to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna, when she kissed the shepherd [19] on the hills of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye as the vermilion flourished on the silver hue of Rosalynde's countenance: her eyes were like those lamps that make the wealthy covert of the heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favor and disdain, courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorets,[20] and Diana all her chastity. The trammels of her hair, folded in a caul of gold, so far surpassed the burnished glister of the metal as the sun doth the meanest star in brightness; the tresses that folds in the brows of Apollo were not half so rich to the sight, for in her hairs it seemed love had laid herself in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence. What should I need to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection? This Rosalynde sat, I say, with Alinda as a beholder of these sports, and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage: many deeds of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their several deserts.

At last, when the tournament ceased, the wrestling began, and the Norman presented himself as a challenger against all comers, but he looked

[18] *bezo les labres:* kiss on the lips (approximated Spanish).

[19] *Luna . . . shepherd:* Endymion.

[20] *amorets:* looks that inspire love.

like Hercules when he advanced himself against Achelous,[21] so that the fury of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of activity: till at last a lusty franklin of the country came with two tall men that were his sons, of good lineaments and comely personage. The eldest of these, doing his obeisance to the king, entered the list, and presented himself to the Norman, who straight coped with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glory of his strength, roused himself with such fury, that not only he gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the younger brother seeing, leaped presently into the place, and thirsty after the revenge, assailed the Norman with such valor, that at the first encounter he brought him to his knees; which repulsed so the Norman, that, recovering himself, fear of disgrace doubling his strength, he stepped so sternly to the young franklin, that taking him up in his arms he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his neck, and so ended his days with his brother. At this unlooked for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deep passion of pity; but the franklin, father unto these, never changed his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution took up the bodies of his sons without show of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader and saw this tragedy; who, noting the undoubted virtue of the franklin's mind, alighted off from his horse, and presently sat down on the grass and commanded his boy to pull off his boots, making him ready to try the strength of this champion. Being furnished as he would, he clapped the franklin on the shoulder and said thus:

"Bold yeoman, whose sons have ended the term of their years with honor, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the injury of fate with content in brooking the death of thy sons, stand awhile, and either see me make a third in their tragedy, or else revenge their fall with an honorable triumph."

The franklin, seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such courteous comfort, gave him hearty thanks, with promise to pray for his happy success. With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leaped within the lists, where noting more the company than the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troop of ladies that glistered there like the stars of heaven; but at last, Love, willing to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynde, whose admirable beauty so inveigled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himself, he stood and fed his looks on the favor of Rosalynde's face; which she perceiving blushed, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence that the bashful red of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton [22] was not half so glorious.

The Norman, seeing this young gentleman fettered in the looks of the ladies, drave him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader,

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[21] *Achelous:* the river god with whom Hercules contended for Dejanira.

[22] *Aurora . . . Phaeton:* told in Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, II, 110 ff.

looking back with an angry frown as if he had been wakened from some pleasant dream, discovered to all by the fury of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts; but when they all noted his youth and the sweetness of his visage, with a general applause of favors, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonor to hinder him from his enterprise, they wished him to be graced with the palm of victory. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, he roughly clapped to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe; in which space the Norman called to mind by all tokens, that this was he whom Saladyne had appointed him to kill; which conjecture made him stretch every limb, and try every sinew, that working his death he might recover the gold which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to encourage him with a favor, lent him such an amorous look as might have made the most coward desperate; which glance of Rosalynde so fired the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, he ran upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last, Rosader, calling to mind the beauty of his new mistress, the fame of his father's honors, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, roused himself and threw the Norman against the ground, falling upon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due and Rosader the victory.

The death of this champion, as it highly contented the franklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drew the king and all the peers into a great admiration, that so young years and so beautiful a personage should contain such martial excellence; but when they knew him to be the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, the king rose from his seat and embraced him, and the peers entreated him with all favorable courtesy, commending both his valor and his virtues, wishing him to go forward in such haughty deeds that he might attain to the glory of his father's honorable fortunes.

As the king and lords graced him with embracing, so the ladies favored him with their looks, especially Rosalynde, whom the beauty and valor of Rosader had already touched; but she accounted love a toy, and fancy a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a wink, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, took from her neck a jewel, and sent it by a page to the young gentleman. The prize [23] that Venus gave to Paris was not half so pleasing to the Troyan as this gem was to Rosader; for if fortune had sworn to make him sole monarch of the world, he would rather have refused such dignity than have lost the jewel sent him by Rosalynde. To return her with the like he was unfurnished, and yet that he might

[23] *prize:* I.e., Helen of Troy.

more than in his looks discover his affection, he stepped into a tent, and taking pen and paper wrote this fancy:

Two suns at once from one fair heaven there shined,
Ten branches from two boughs, tipped all with roses,
Pure locks more golden than is gold refined,
Two pearled rows that nature's pride encloses;
Two mounts fair marble-white, down-soft and dainty,
A snow-dyed orb, where love increased by pleasure
Full woeful makes my heart, and body fainty:
Her fair, my woe, exceeds all thought and measure.
In lines confused my luckless harm appeareth,
Whom sorrow clouds, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalynde, which when she read she blushed, but with a sweet content in that she perceived love had allotted her so amorous a servant.

* * *

Rosalynde returning home from the triumph, after she waxed solitary, love presented her with the idea of Rosader's perfection, and taking her at discovert [24] struck her so deep, as she felt herself grow passing passionate. She began to call to mind the comeliness of his person, the honor of his parents, and the virtues that, excelling both, made him so gracious in the eyes of everyone. Sucking in thus the honey of love by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surfeit with the contemplation of his virtuous conditions; but when she called to remembrance her present estate and the hardness of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancy to vail bonnet, that between a chaos of confused thoughts she began to debate with herself in this manner:

"Infortunate Rosalynde, whose misfortunes are more than thy years, and whose passions are greater than thy patience! The blossoms of thy youth are mixed with the frosts of envy, and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banished from the crown, and thou, the unhappy daughter of a king, detained captive, living as disquieted in thy thoughts as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalynde, what cares wait upon a crown! what griefs are incident to dignity! what sorrows haunt royal palaces! The greatest seas have the sorest storms, the highest birth subject to the most bale, and of all trees the cedars soonest shake with the wind; small currents are ever calm, low valleys not scorched in any lightnings, nor base men tied to any baleful prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch poverty it is with her heel, rather disdaining their want with a frown, than envying their wealth with disparagement. Oh Rosalynde, hadst thou been born low, thou hadst not fallen so high, and yet being great of blood thine honor is more if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates, unwilling to have me any-

[24] *at discovert:* off guard.

way happy, have forced love to set my thoughts on fire with fancy. Love, Rosalynde! Becometh it women in distress to think of love? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons: Cupid is blind and shooteth at random, as soon hitting a rag as a robe, and piercing as soon the bosom of a captive as the breast of a libertine. Thou speakest it, poor Rosalynde, by experience; for being every way distressed, surcharged with cares and overgrown with sorrows, yet amidst the heap of all these mishaps, love hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of young Rosader, a man every way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lineaments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the ear with the report of his virtue. But consider, Rosalynde, his fortunes and thy present estate: thou art poor and without patrimony, and yet the daughter of a prince; he a younger brother, and void of such possessions as either might maintain thy dignities or revenge thy father's injuries. And hast thou not learned this of other ladies, that lovers cannot live by looks, that women's ears are sooner content with a dram of *give me* than a pound of *hear me,* that gold is sweeter than eloquence, that love is a fire and wealth is the fuel, that Venus' coffers should be ever full? Then, Rosalynde, seeing Rosader is poor, think him less beautiful because he is in want, and account his virtues but qualities of course for that he is not endued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what method is to be used in love?

Quaerenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.[25]

Tush, Rosalynde, be not over-rash; leap not before thou look; either love such a one as may with his lands purchase thy liberty, or else love not at all. Choose not a fair face with an empty purse, but say as most women use to say:

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.[26]

Why, Rosalynde! Can such base thoughts harbor in such high beauties? Can the degree of a princess, the daughter of Gerismond, harbor such servile conceits as to prize gold more than honor, or to measure a gentleman by his wealth, not by his virtues? No, Rosalynde, blush at thy base resolution, and say, if thou lovest, either Rosader or none. And why? because Rosader is both beautiful and virtuous." Smiling to herself to think of her new-entertained passions, taking up her lute that lay by her, she warbled out this ditty:

ROSALYNDE'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.

[25] *Quaerenda . . . virtus:* "Seek money first; virtue after pelf," Horace, *Epistles,* I, i, 53–54.

[26] *Si . . . foras:* "If you have brought nothing, Homer, go away," Ovid, *Ars amatoria,* II, 280.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offense;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin.
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
Oh Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalynde ended her madrigal, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda and many of the peers of France, who were enamored of her beauty; which Torismond perceiving, fearing lest her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit end in the beginning of her blossoms, he thought to banish her from the court; "for," quoth he to himself, "her face is so full of favor, that it pleads pity in the eye of every man; her beauty is so heavenly and divine, that she will prove to me as Helen did to Priam; some one of the peers will aim at her love, end the marriage, and then in his wife's right attempt the kingdom. To prevent therefore *had I wist* in all these actions, she tarries not about the court, but shall, as an exile, either wander to her father, or else seek other fortunes." In this humor, with a stern countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure [27] unto her before the peers, that charged her

[27] *censure:* judgment, verdict.

that that night she were not seen about the court; "for," quoth he, "I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons." This doom was strange unto Rosalynde, and presently, covered with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent terms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynde, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath portrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynde amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her heart and tears in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to entreat her father thus:

"If, mighty Torismond, I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amity crave pardon for my boldness; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a privilege. Rosalynde and I have been fostered up from our infancies, and nursed under the harbor of our conversing together with such private familiarities, that custom had wrought a union of our nature, and the sympathy of our affections such a secret love, that we have two bodies and one soul. Then marvel not, great Torismond, if, seeing my friend distressed, I find myself perplexed with a thousand sorrows; for her virtuous and honorable thoughts, which are the glories that maketh women excellent, they be such as may challenge love, and rase out[28] suspicion. Her obedience to your majesty I refer to the censure of your own eye, that since her father's exile had smothered all griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all duty, as her own father by nouriture,[29] not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought, as far as conjecture may reach, hammering on revenge; only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my favor. Her wisdom, silence, chastity, and other such rich qualities, I need not decipher; only it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, fortune, who triumphs in a variety of miseries, hath presented some envious person as minister of her intended stratagem, to taint Rosalynde with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirm his accusation by witnesses; which proved, let her die, and Alinda will execute the massacre. If none can avouch any confirmed relation of her intent, use justice, my lord (it is the glory of a king) and let her live in your wonted favor; for if you banish her, myself, as copartner of her hard fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities."

Torismond, at this speech of Alinda, covered his face with such a frown, as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, and checked her up with such taunts, as made the lords, that only were hearers, to tremble.

"Proud girl," quoth he, "hath my looks made thee so light of tongue, or my favors encouraged thee to be so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? Hath not my years more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into civil policy, than the prime

[28] *rase out:* obliterate.

[29] *nouriture:* nurture, upbringing.

of thy flourishing days? The old lion avoids the toils,[80] where the young one leaps into the net; the care of age is provident and foresees much; suspicion is a virtue, where a man holds his enemy in his bosom. Thou, fond girl, measurest all by present affection, and as thy heart loves, thy thoughts censure; but if thou knowest that in liking Rosalynde thou hatchest up a bird to peck out thine own eyes, thou wouldst entreat as much for her absence as now thou delightest in her presence. But why do I allege policy to thee? Sit you down, housewife, and fall to your needle; if idleness make you so wanton, or liberty so malapert, I can quickly tie you to a sharper task. And you, maid, this night be packing, either into Arden to your father, or whither best it shall content your humor, but in the court you shall not abide."

This rigorous reply of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for still she prosecuted her plea in the defense of Rosalynde, wishing her father, if his censure might not be reversed, that he would appoint her partner of her exile; which if he refused to do, either she would by some secret means steal out and follow her, or else end her days with some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he set down a definite and peremptory sentence, that they should both be banished, which presently was done, the tyrant rather choosing to hazard the loss of his only child than anyways to put in question the state of his kingdom; so suspicious and fearful is the conscience of an usurper. Well, although his lords persuaded him to retain his own daughter, yet his resolution might not be reversed, but both of them must away from the court without either more company or delay. In he went with great melancholy, and left these two ladies alone. Rosalynde waxed very sad, and sat down and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friend began thus to comfort her:

* * *

At this Rosalynde began to comfort her, and after she had wept a few kind tears in the bosom of her Alinda, she gave her hearty thanks, and then they sat them down to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandering without either guide or attendant.

"Tush," quoth Rosalynde, "art thou a woman, and hast not a sudden shift to prevent a misfortune? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page; thou shalt be my mistress, and I will play the man so properly, that, trust me, in what company soever I come I will not be discovered. I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon."

[80] *toils:* traps.

At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up all their jewels, which they trussed [31] up in a casket, and Rosalynde in all haste provided her of robes, and Alinda, from her royal weeds, put herself in more homelike attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away go these two friends, having now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynde, Ganymede. They traveled along the vineyards, and by many byways at last got to the forest side, where they traveled by the space of two or three days without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wild beasts, and pained with many passionate sorrows. Now the black ox [32] began to tread on their feet, and Alinda thought of her wonted royalty; but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynde, she thought every danger a step to honor. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountain, compassed with a grove of cypress trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some goddess had entreated nature in that place to make her an arbor. By this fountain sat Aliena and her Ganymede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fed as merrily as if they had been in Paris with all the king's delicates, Aliena only grieving that they could not so much as meet with a shepherd to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganymede, casting up his eye, espied where on a tree was engraven certain verses; which as soon as he espied, he cried out:

"Be of good cheer, mistress, I spy the figures of men; for here in these trees be engraven certain verses of shepherds, or some other swains that inhabit hereabout."

* * * [33]

When Saladyne had a long while concealed a secret resolution of revenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax, nor oil in the flame, for envy is like lightning, that will appear in the darkest fog, it chanced on a morning very early he called up certain of his servants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entered with his crew, and surprised his brother being asleep, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a post. Rosader, amazed at this strange chance, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sudden extremity, wherein he had wronged, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharp a penance. Saladyne answered him only with a look of disdain, and went his way, leaving poor Rosader in a deep perplexity; who, thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no means of relief could be had; whereupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humor he continued two or three days without meat, insomuch that seeing his brother would give him no food, he fell into despair of his life. Which Adam Spencer, the old servant of Sir John of Bordeaux, seeing, touched

[31] *trussed:* tied.

[32] *black ox:* misfortune, care (proverbial).

[33] The shepherds are old Corydon and young Montanus, and the verses are by Montanus, who suffers an unrequited passion for Phoebe. At Corydon's suggestion, Aliena buys the farm on which the two shepherds are employed.

with the duty and love he ought [34] to his old master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his son's mishap; and therefore, although Saladyne had given a general charge to his servants that none of them upon pain of death should give either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlocked him, and set him at liberty. After Rosader had well feasted himself, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aimed at revenge, and now, all being asleep, he would have quit Saladyne with the method of his own mischief. But Adam Spencer did persuade him to the contrary with these reasons:

"Sir," quoth he, "be content; for this night go again into your old fetters; so shall you try the faith of friends, and save the life of an old servant. Tomorrow hath your brother invited all your kindred and allies to a solemn breakfast, only to see you, telling them all that you are mad, and fain to be tied to a post. As soon as they come, complain to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladyne. If they redress you, why, so; but if they pass over your plaints *sicco pede*,[35] and hold with the violence of your brother before your innocence, then thus: I will leave you unlocked that you may break out at your pleasure, and at the end of the hall shall you see stand a couple of good poleaxes, one for you and another for me. When I give you a wink, shake off your chains, and let us play the men, and make havoc amongst them, drive them out of the house and maintain possession by force of arms, till the king hath made a redress of your abuses."

These words of Adam Spencer so persuaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while [36] the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the guests bidden by Saladyne, whom he entreated with courteous and curious entertainment, as they all perceived their welcome to be great. The tables in the hall, where Rosader was tied, were covered, and Saladyne bringing in his guests together, showed them where his brother was bound and was enchained as a man lunatic. Rosader made reply, and with some invectives made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladyne, desiring they would in pity seek some means for his relief. But in vain; they had stopped their ears with Ulysses, that were his words never so forcible, he breathed only his passions into the wind. They, careless, sat down with Saladyne to dinner, being very frolic and pleasant, washing their heads well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered pell-mell into their brains, they began in satirical speeches to rail against Rosader; which Adam Spencer no longer brooking, gave the sign, and Rosader, shaking off his chains, got a poleax in his hand and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slew some, and drave his brother and the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast clear, he shut the doors, and being sore anhungered, and seeing such good

[34] *ought:* owed.

[35] *sicco pede:* dry-shod (i.e., without getting involved).

[36] *while:* until.

victuals, he sat him down with Adam Spencer, and such good fellows as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladyne had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampired [37] up the house, lest upon a sudden his brother should raise some crew of his tenants and surprise them unawares. But Saladyne took a contrary course, and went to the sheriff of the shire and made complaint of Rosader, who, giving credit to Saladyne, in a determined resolution to revenge the gentleman's wrongs, took with him five-and-twenty tall men, and made a vow, either to break into the house and take Rosader, or else to coop him in till he made him yield by famine. In this determination, gathering a crew together, he went forward to set Saladyne in his former estate. News of this was brought unto Rosader, who smiling at the cowardice of his brother, brooked all the injuries of fortune with patience, expecting the coming of the sheriff. As he walked upon the battlements of the house, he descried where Saladyne and he drew near, with a troop of lusty gallants. At this he smiled, and called Adam Spencer, and showed him the envious treachery of his brother, and the folly of the sheriff to be so credulous.

"Now, Adam," quoth he, "what shall I do? It rests for me either to yield up the house to my brother and seek a reconcilement, or else issue out and break through the company with courage, for cooped in like a coward I will not be. If I submit, ah, Adam, I dishonor myself, and that is worse than death, for by such open disgraces, the fame of men grows odious. If I issue out amongst them, fortune may favor me and I may escape with life. But suppose the worst; if I be slain, then my death shall be honorable to me, and so inequal a revenge infamous to Saladyne."

"Why then, master, forward and fear not! Out amongst them; they be but faint-hearted losels,[38] and for Adam Spencer, if he die not at your foot, say he is a dastard."

These words cheered up so the heart of young Rosader, that he thought himself sufficient for them all, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were ready to entertain the sheriff; for no sooner came Saladyne and he to the gates, but Rosader, unlooked for, leaped out and assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give back, so that Adam and he broke through the prease [39] in despite of them all, and took their way towards the forest of Arden. This repulse so set the sheriff's heart on fire to revenge, that he straight raised all the country, and made hue and cry after them. But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret ways that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bordeaux, and escaped safe to the forest of Arden. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbor: but fortune, who is like the chameleon, variable with every object, and constant in nothing but in-

[37] *rampired:* barricaded.
[38] *losels:* scoundrels.
[39] *prease:* press, crowd.

constancy, thought to make them mirrors of her mutability, and therefore still crossed them thus contrarily. Thinking still to pass on by the byways to get to Lyons, they chanced on a path that led into the thick of the forest, where they wandered five or six days without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepherd nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreme, Adam Spencer, being old, began first to faint, and sitting him down on a hill and looking about him, espied where Rosader lay as feeble and as ill perplexed, which sight made him shed tears, and to fall into these bitter terms:

"Oh, how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the ocean seas, that for every calm hath a thousand storms, resembling the rose tree, that for a few fair flowers hath a multitude of sharp prickles! All our pleasures end in pain, and our highest delights are crossed with deepest discontents. The joys of man, as they are few, so are they momentary, scarce ripe before they are rotten, and withering in the blossom, either parched with the heat of envy or fortune. Fortune, Oh inconstant friend, that in all thy deeds art froward and fickle, delighting, in the poverty of the lowest and the overthrow of the highest, to decipher thy inconstancy. Thou standest upon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with Time's feathers, that thou mayest ever be restless; thou art double-faced like Janus, carrying frowns in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray; thou profferest an eel, and performest a scorpion, and where thy greatest favors be, there is the fear of the extremest misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why, Adam, dost thou exclaim against Fortune? She laughs at the plaints of the distressed, and there is nothing more pleasing unto her, than to hear fools boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowful men to discover the sour of their passions. Glut her not, Adam, then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishaps with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of Fortune, than with a resolute courage to pass over her crosses without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy hairs wax white; the palm tree is already full of blooms, and in the furrows of thy face appears the calendars of death. Wert thou blessed by Fortune thy years could not be many, nor the date of thy life long; then, sith nature must have her due, what is it for thee to resign her debt a little before the day? Ah, it is not this which grieveth me, nor do I care what mishaps Fortune can wage against me, but the sight of Rosader that galleth unto the quick. When I remember the worships of his house, the honor of his fathers, and the virtues of himself, then do I say that Fortune and the fates are most injurious to censure so hard extremes against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy years, buxom and full of May. Nature hath prodigally enriched thee with her favors, and virtue made thee the mirror of her excellence; and now, through the decree of the unjust stars, to have all these good parts nipped in the blade, and blemished by the inconstancy of Fortune! Ah, Rosader, could I help thee, my grief were the less, and happy should my death be, if it might be the beginning of thy

relief; but seeing we perish both in one extreme, it is a double sorrow. What shall I do? prevent the sight of his further misfortune with a present dispatch of mine own life? Ah, despair is a merciless sin!"

As he was ready to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change color, he rise up and went to him, and holding his temples, said:

"What cheer, master? Though all fail, let not the heart faint; the courage of a man is showed in the resolution of his death."

At these words Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep.

"Ah, Adam," quoth he, "I sorrow not to die, but I grieve at the manner of my death. Might I with my lance encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honor and content; might I, Adam, combat with some wild beast and perish as his prey, I was satisfied; but to die with hunger, Oh Adam, it is the extremest of all extremes!"

"Master," quoth he, "you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meat; seeing therefore we can find no food, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworn with age; you are young, and are the hope of many honors. Let me then die; I will presently[40] cut my veins, and, master, with the warm blood relieve your fainting spirits; suck on that till I end, and you be comforted."

With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader, full of courage though very faint, rose up, and wished Adam Spencer to sit there till his return; "for my mind gives me," quoth he, "I shall bring thee meat." With that, like a madman, he rose up and ranged up and down the woods, seeking to encounter some wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyalty.

It chanced that day that Gerismond, the lawful king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in that forest, that day in honor of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who, seeing such a crew of brave men, having store of that for want of which he and Adam perished, he stepped boldly to the board's end, and saluted the company thus:

"Whatsoever thou be that art master of these lusty squires, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreme distress may; know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forest for want of food; perish we must, unless relieved by thy favors. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meat to men, and to such men as are every way worthy of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honorable point of activity whatsoever, and if he and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortless. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy

[40] *presently:* immediately.

cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreme."

Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pity, that rising from the table, he took him by the hand and bade him welcome, willing him to sit down in his place, and in his room not only to eat his fill, but be lord of the feast.

"Gramercy, sir," quoth Rosader, "but I have a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore less able to abide the extremity of hunger than myself, and dishonor it were for me to taste one crumb, before I made him partner of my fortunes; therefore I will run and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer."

Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tells him the news, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; whereupon Rosader got him up on his back, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismond's place assigned him, would not sit there himself, but set down Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry squires fell to their victuals, and feasted themselves with good delicates, and great store of wine. As soon as they had taken their repast, Gerismond, desirous to hear what hard fortune drave them into those bitter extremes, requested Rosader to discourse, if it were not any way prejudicial unto him, the cause of his travel. Rosader, desirous any way to satisfy the courtesy of his favorable host, first beginning his exordium with a volley of sighs and a few lukewarm tears, prosecuted his discourse, and told him from point to point all his fortunes: how he was the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly how, for beating the sheriff and hurting his men, he fled.

"And this old man," quoth he, "whom I so much love and honor, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old servant of my father's, and one, that for his love, never failed me in all my misfortunes."

When Gerismond heard this, he fell on the neck of Rosader, and next discoursing unto him how he was Gerismond their lawful king exiled by Torismond, what familiarity had ever been betwixt his father, Sir John of Bordeaux, and him, how faithful a subject he lived, and how honorable he died, promising, for his sake, to give both him and his friend such courteous entertainment as his present estate could minister, and upon this made him one of his foresters. Rosader, seeing it was the king, craved pardon for his boldness, in that he did not do him due reverence, and humbly gave him thanks for his favorable courtesy. Gerismond, not satisfied yet with news, began to inquire if he had been lately in the court of Torismond, and whether he had seen his daughter Rosalynde or no. At this Rosader fetched a deep sigh, and shedding many tears, could not answer; yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he revealed unto the king how Rosalynde was banished, and how there was such a sympathy of affections between Alinda

and her, that she chose rather to be partaker of her exile than to part fellowship; whereupon the unnatural king banished them both; "and now they are wandered none knows whither, neither could any learn since their departure the place of their abode." This news drave the king into a great melancholy, that presently he arose from all the company and went into his privy chamber, so secret as the harbor of the woods would allow him. The company was all dashed at these tidings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer, having such opportunity, went to take their rest.

* * *

In these and such like passions Rosader did every day eternize the name of his Rosalynde; and this day especially when Aliena and Ganymede, enforced by the heat of the sun to seek for shelter, by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous forester registered his melancholy passions. They saw the sudden change of his looks, his folded arms, his passionate sighs; they heard him often abruptly call on Rosalynde, who, poor soul, was as hotly burned as himself, but that she shrouded her pains in the cinders of honorable modesty. Whereupon, guessing him to be in love, and according to the nature of their sex being pitiful in that behalf, they suddenly brake off his melancholy by their approach, and Ganymede shook him out of his dumps thus:

"What news, forester? hast thou wounded some deer, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a loss; thy fees was but the skin, the shoulder, and the horns; 'tis hunter's luck to aim fair and miss, and a woodman's fortune to strike and yet go without the game."

"Thou art beyond the mark, Ganymede," quoth Aliena: "his passions are greater, and his sighs discovers more loss; perhaps in traversing these thickets, he hath seen some beautiful nymph, and is grown amorous."

"It may be so," quoth Ganymede, "for here he hath newly engraven some sonnet; come, and see the discourse of the forester's poems."

Reading the sonnet over, and hearing him name Rosalynde, Aliena looked on Ganymede and laughed, and Ganymede looking back on the forester, and seeing it was Rosader, blushed; yet thinking to shroud all under her page's apparel, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus:

"I pray thee tell me, forester, what is this Rosalynde for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is she some nymph that waits upon Diana's train whose chastity thou hast deciphered in such epithets? Or is she some shepherdess that haunts these plains whose beauty hath so bewitched thy fancy, whose name thou shadowest in covert under the figure of Rosalynde, as Ovid did Julia under the name of Corinna? Or say me forsooth, is it that Rosalynde, of whom we shepherds have heard talk, she, forester, that is the daughter of Gerismond, that once was king, and now an outlaw in the forest of Arden?"

At this Rosader fetched a deep sigh, and said:

"It is she, Oh gentle swain, it is she; that saint it is whom I serve, that goddess at whose shrine I do bend all my devotions; the most fairest of all

fairs, the phoenix of all that sex, and the purity of all earthly perfection."

"And why, gentle forester, if she be so beautiful, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily she resembleth the rose, that is sweet but full of prickles? or the serpent regius [41] that hath scales as glorious as the sun and a breath as infectious as the aconitum [42] is deadly? So thy Rosalynde may be most amiable and yet unkind; full of favor and yet froward, coy without wit, and disdainful without reason."

"Oh shepherd," quoth Rosader, "knewest thou her personage, graced with the excellence of all perfection, being a harbor wherein the graces shroud their virtues, thou wouldst not breathe out such blasphemy against the beauteous Rosalynde. She is a diamond, bright but not hard, yet of most chaste operation; a pearl so orient that it can be stained with no blemish; a rose without prickles and a princess absolute as well in beauty as in virtue. But I, unhappy I, have let mine eye soar with the eagle against so bright a sun that I am quite blind; I have with Apollo enamored myself of a Daphne, not, as she, disdainful, but far more chaste than Daphne; I have with Ixion laid my love on Juno, and shall, I fear, embrace naught but a cloud. Ah, shepherd, I have reached at a star; my desires have mounted above my degree, and my thoughts above my fortunes. I, being a peasant, having ventured to gaze on a princess, whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such base loves."

"Why, forester," quoth Ganymede, "comfort thyself; be blithe and frolic, man. Love souseth [43] as low as she soareth high; Cupid shoots at a rag as soon as at a robe; and Venus' eye, that was so curious, sparkled favor on pole-footed [44] Vulcan. Fear not, man; women's looks are not tied to dignity's feathers, nor make they curious esteem *where* the stone is found but what is the virtue. Fear not, forester; faint heart never won fair lady. But where lives Rosalynde now? at the court?"

"Oh no," quoth Rosader, "she lives I know not where, and that is my sorrow; banished by Torismond, and that is my hell; for might I but find her sacred personage, and plead before the bar of her pity the plaint of my passions, hope tells me she would grace me with some favor, and that would suffice as a recompense of all my former miseries."

"Much have I heard of thy mistress' excellence, and I know, forester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast surveyed all her parts with a curious eye; then do me that favor, to tell me what her perfections be."

"That I will," quoth Rosader, "for I glory to make all ears wonder at my mistress' excellence."

* * *

Ganymede, pitying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of this amorous melancholy, said that now the sun was in his meridional heat and that

[41] *serpent regius:* apparently invented by Lodge.

[42] *aconitum:* poisonous monk's-hood or wolf's-bane.

[43] *souseth:* swoops (a hawking term).

[44] *pole-footed:* club-footed.

it was high noon; "therefore we shepherds say, 'tis time to go to dinner; for the sun and our stomachs are shepherds' dials. Therefore, forester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answer whatsoever thou wantest in delicates."

Aliena took the entertainment by the end, and told Rosader he should be her guest. He thanked them heartily, and sat with them down to dinner, where they had such cates as country state did allow them, sauced with such content and such sweet prattle, as it seemed far more sweet than all their courtly junkets.

As soon as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheer, would have been gone; but Ganymede, that was loath to let him pass out of her presence, began thus:

"Nay, forester," quoth he, "if thy business be not the greater, seeing thou sayest thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst woo; I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eclogue, how if Rosalynde were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and play us melody."

* * *

All this while did poor Saladyne,[45] banished from Bordeaux and the court of France by Torismond, wander up and down in the forest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travel through Germany into Italy; but the forest being full of bypaths, and he unskillful of the country coast, slipped out of the way, and chanced up into the desert, not far from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, weary with wandering up and down and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruit as the forest did afford and contenting himself with such drink as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleep. As thus he lay, a hungry lion came hunting down the edge of the grove for prey, and espying Saladyne began to seize upon him; but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch[46] him, for that lions hate to prey on dead carcasses; and yet desirous to have some food, the lion lay down and watched to see if he would stir. While thus Saladyne slept secure, Fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to pass that Rosader, having stricken a deer that, but lightly hurt, fled through the thicket, came pacing down by the grove with a boar-spear in his hand, in great haste. He spied where a man lay asleep, and a lion fast by him; amazed at this sight, as he stood gazing, his nose on the sudden bled, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discern his visage,

[45] *poor Saladyne:* Torismond had imprisoned and then exiled him, out of greed for his property. In prison Saladyne had repented his own wickedness.

[46] *left to touch:* refrained from touching.

perceived by his physnomy that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deep passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marveling what should drive his brother to traverse those secret deserts, without any company, in such distress and forlorn sort. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages,[47] for either he must resolve to hazard his life for his relief, or else steal away, and leave him to the cruelty of the lion. In which doubt he thus briefly debated with himself:

"Now, Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipped thee with nettles, means to salve thee with roses, and having crossed thee with many frowns, now she presents thee with the brightness of her favors. Thou that didst count thyself the most distressed of all men, mayst account thyself the most fortunate amongst men, if Fortune can make men happy, or sweet revenge be wrapped in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladyne thine enemy, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subject to the cruelty of a merciless lion, brought into this misery by the gods, that they might seem just in revenging his rigor and thy injuries. Seest thou not how the stars are in a favorable aspect, the planets in some pleasing conjunction, the fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladyne shall die and thou be free of his blood; he receive meed for his amiss and thou erect his tomb with innocent hands. Now, Rosader, shalt thou return unto Bordeaux and enjoy thy possessions by birth and his revenues by inheritance; now mayst thou triumph in love and hang Fortune's altars with garlands. For when Rosalynde hears of thy wealth, it will make her love thee the more willingly; for women's eyes are made of chrysocoll,[48] that is ever unperfect unless tempered with gold, and Jupiter soonest enjoyed Danae, because he came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shall this lion, Rosader, end the life of a miserable man, and from distress raise thee to be most fortunate." And with that, casting his boar-spear on his neck, away he began to trudge.

But he had not stepped back two or three paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very heart, that resting his boar-spear against his breast, he fell into this passionate humor:

"Ah, Rosader, wert thou the son of Sir John of Bordeaux, whose virtues exceeded his valor, and yet the most hardiest knight in all Europe? Should the honor of the father shine in the actions of the son, and wilt thou dishonor thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gasp breathe out this golden principle: Brothers' amity is like the drops of balsamum,[49] that salveth the most dangerous sores? Did he make a large exhort unto concord, and wilt thou show thyself careless? Oh Rosader, what though Saladyne hath wronged thee, and made thee live an exile in the forest, shall thy nature be so cruel, or thy nurture so crooked,

[47] *ambages:* beating about the bush.

[48] *chrysocoll:* borax or green earth, used as gold solder.

[49] *balsamum:* balm.

or thy thoughts so savage as to suffer so dismal a revenge? What, to let him be devoured by wild beasts! *Non sapit qui non sibi sapit* [50] is fondly spoken in such bitter extremes. Lose not his life, Rosader, to win a world of treasure; for in having him thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemy; and more honor shalt thou purchase by pleasuring a foe, than revenging a thousand injuries."

With that his brother began to stir, and the lion to rouse himself, whereupon Rosader suddenly charged him with the boar-spear, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast, feeling himself to have a mortal hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his paws gave him a sore pinch on the breast, that he had almost fallen; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John of Bordeaux remained, he recovered himself, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so loud that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slain by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded. He presently, as he was of a ripe conceit, began to conjecture that the gentleman had slain him in his defense. Whereupon, as a man in a trance, he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother, being in that disguise. At last he burst into these terms:

"Sir, whatsoever thou be, as full of honor thou must needs be by the view of thy present valor, I perceive thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saved my life with thine own loss, which ties me to be thine in all humble service. Thanks thou shalt have as thy due, and more thou canst not have, for my ability denies me to perform a deeper debt. But if anyways it please thee to command me, use me as far as the power of a poor gentleman may stretch."

Rosader, seeing he was unknown to his brother, wondered to hear such courteous words come from his crabbed nature; but glad of such reformed nurture, he made this answer:

"I am, sir, whatsoever thou art, a forester and ranger of these walks, who, following my deer to the fall, was conducted hither by some assenting fate, that I might save thee, and disparage myself. For coming into this place, I saw thee asleep, and the lion watching thy awake, that at thy rising he might prey upon thy carcass. At the first sight I conjectured thee a gentleman, for all men's thoughts ought to be favorable in imagination, and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a stranger's relief, though with the loss of his own blood; which I have performed, thou seest, to mine own prejudice. If, therefore, thou be a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exterior lineaments, make discourse unto me what is the cause of thy present fortunes. For by the furrows in thy face thou seemest to be crossed with her frowns; but whatsoever, or howsoever, let me crave that favor, to hear the tragic cause of thy estate."

Saladyne sitting down, and fetching a deep sigh, began thus:

"Although the discourse of my fortunes be the renewing of my sorrows,

[50] *Non . . . sapit:* "He knows nothing who does not know himself."

and the rubbing of the scar will open a fresh wound, yet that I may not prove ingrateful to so courteous a gentleman, I will rather sit down and sigh out my estate, than give any offense by smothering my grief with silence. Know therefore, sir, that I am of Bordeaux, and the son and heir of Sir John of Bordeaux, a man for his virtues and valor so famous, that I cannot think but the fame of his honors hath reached farther than the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate son of so fortunate a knight am I; my name, Saladyne; who succeeding my father in possessions, but not in qualities, having two brethren committed by my father at his death to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherly concord, as might have pierced like the Sirens' melody into any human ear. But I, with Ulysses, became deaf against his philosophical harmony, and made more value of profit than of virtue, esteeming gold sufficient honor, and wealth the fittest title for a gentleman's dignity. I set my middle brother to the university to be a scholar, counting it enough if he might pore on a book while I fed upon his revenues; and for the youngest, which was my father's joy, young Rosader"—And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladyne sat him down and wept.

* * *

As soon as they had taken their repast, and had well dined, Rosader took his brother Saladyne by the hand, and showed him the pleasures of the forest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three days he walked up and down with his brother to show him all the commodities that belonged to his walk.

In which time he was missed of his Ganymede, who mused greatly, with Aliena, what should become of their forester. Somewhile they thought he had taken some word unkindly, and had taken the pet; then they imagined some new love had withdrawn his fancy, or happily [51] that he was sick, or detained by some great business of Gerismond's, or that he had made a reconcilement with his brother, and so returned to Bordeaux.

These conjectures did they cast in their heads, but specially Ganymede, who, having love in her heart, proved restless and half without patience that Rosader wronged her with so long absence; for Love measures every minute, and thinks hours to be days, and days to be months, till they feed their eyes with the sight of their desired object. Thus perplexed lived poor Ganymede, while on a day, sitting with Aliena in a great dump, she cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forest bill [52] on his neck. At that sight her color changed, and she said to Aliena:

"See, mistress, where our jolly forester comes."

"And you are not a little glad thereof," quoth Aliena; "your nose bewrays what porridge you love; the wind cannot be tied within his quarter, the sun

[51] *happily:* haply, perhaps.

[52] *forest bill:* a scythe for cutting bushes.

shadowed with a veil, oil hidden in water, nor love kept out of a woman's looks: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula.*" [53]

As soon as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongue's end, Aliena began thus:

"Why, how now, gentle forester, what wind hath kept you from hence? that being so newly married, you have no more care of your Rosalynde, but to absent yourself so many days? Are these the passions you painted out so in your sonnets and roundelays? I see well hot love is soon cold, and that the fancy of men is like to a loose feather that wandereth in the air with the blast of every wind."

"You are deceived, mistress," quoth Rosader; " 'twas a copy of unkindness that kept me hence, in that, I being married, you carried away the bride; but if I have given any occasion of offense by absenting myself these three days, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendly confessed with penance. But to tell you the truth, fair mistress and my good Rosalynde, my eldest brother by the injury of Torismond is banished from Bordeaux, and by chance he and I met in the forest."

And here Rosader discoursed unto them what had happened betwixt them, which reconcilement made them glad, especially Ganymede. But Aliena, hearing of the tyranny of her father, grieved inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecy, that the concealing was more sorrow than the conceit; yet that her estate might be hid still, she made fair weather of it, and so let all pass.

¶Fortune, that saw how these parties valued not her deity, but held her power in scorn, thought to have a bout with them, and brought the matter to pass thus. Certain rascals that lived by prowling in the forest, who for fear of the provost marshal had caves in the groves and thickets to shroud themselves from his trains,[54] hearing of the beauty of this fair shepherdess, Aliena, thought to steal her away, and to give her to the king for a present; hoping, because the king was a great lecher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her and her page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganymede were in this sad talk, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands upon Aliena and her page, which made them cry out to Rosader; who, having the valor of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defense of his friends, than any way be touched with the least blemish of dishonor, and therefore dealt such blows amongst them with his weapon, as he did witness well upon their carcasses that he was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos,*[55] so Rosader could not resist a multitude, having none to back him; so that he was not only rebated,[56] but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganymede had been quite carried away by these rascals, had not Fortune, that meant to

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[53] *Lupus . . . fabula:* "The wolf is in the fable."

[54] *shroud . . . trains:* hide from his pursuing officers.

[55] *Ne . . . duos:* "Even Hercules fails against two opponents."

[56] *rebated:* driven back.

turn her frown into a favor, brought Saladyne that way by chance, who wandering to find out his brother's walk, encountered this crew; and seeing not only a shepherdess and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, he heaved up a forest bill he had on his neck, and the first he stroke had never after more need of the physician, redoubling his blows with such courage that the slaves were amazed at his valor. Rosader, espying his brother so fortunately arrived, and seeing how valiantly he behaved himself, though sore wounded rushed amongst them, and laid on such load, that some of the crew were slain, and the rest fled, leaving Aliena and Ganymede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne.

Aliena after she had breathed awhile and was come to herself from this fear, looked about her, and saw where Ganymede was busy dressing up the wounds of the forester; but she cast her eye upon this courteous champion that had made so hot a rescue, and that with such affection, that she began to measure every part of him with favor, and in herself to commend his personage and his virtue, holding him for a resolute man that durst assail such a troop of unbridled villains. At last, gathering her spirits together, she returned him these thanks:

"Gentle sir, whatsoever you be that have adventured your flesh to relieve our fortunes, as we hold you valiant so we esteem you courteous, and to have as many hidden virtues as you have manifest resolutions. We poor shepherds have no wealth but our flocks, and therefore can we not make requital with any great treasures; but our recompense is thanks, and our rewards to our friends without feigning. For ransom, therefore, of this our rescue, you must content yourself to take such a kind gramercy as a poor shepherdess and her page may give, with promise, in what we may, never to prove ingrateful. For this gentleman that is hurt, young Rosader, he is our good neighbor and familiar acquaintance; we'll pay him with smiles, and feed him with love-looks, and though he be never the fatter at the year's end, yet we'll so hamper him that he shall hold himself satisfied."

Saladyne, hearing this shepherdess speak so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to survey all her lineaments with a curious insight, so long dallying in the flame of her beauty, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent. For Love that lurked in all these broils to have a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountered them both with such a veny,[57] that the stroke pierced to the heart so deep as it could never after be rased out.

* * *

With this Ganymede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flocks, they sat them down under an olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversely affected; Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganymede sorrowing for the wounds of her Rosader, not quiet in thought till she might hear of his health. As thus

[57] *veny:* assault.

both of them sat in their dumps, they might espy where Corydon came running towards them, almost out of breath with his haste.

"What news with you," quoth Aliena, "that you come in such post?"

"Oh, mistress," quoth Corydon, "you have a long time desired to see Phoebe, the fair shepherdess whom Montanus loves; so now if you please, you and Ganymede, but to walk with me to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountain, he courting with his country ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdain."

* * *

Ganymede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brook the cruelty of Phoebe, but starting from behind the bush said:

"And if, damsel, you fled from me, I would transform you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet."

Phoebe at this sudden reply was amazed, especially when she saw so fair a swain as Ganymede; blushing therefore, she would have been gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus:

"What, shepherdess, so fair and so cruel? Disdain beseems not cottages, nor coyness maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heed, fair nymph, that in despising love, you be not overreached with love, and in shaking off all, shape yourself to your own shadow, and so with Narcissus prove passionate and yet unpitied. Oft have I heard, and sometimes have I seen, high disdain turned to hot desires. Because thou art beautiful be not so coy; as there is nothing more fair, so there is nothing more fading—as momentary as the shadows which grows from a cloudy sun. Such, my fair shepherdess, as disdain in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might have been loved in the prime. A wrinkled maid is like to a parched rose, that is cast up in coffers to please the smell, not worn in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in love to *had I wist,* and therefore be ruled by me. Love while thou art young, lest thou be disdained when thou art old. Beauty nor time cannot be recalled, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great."

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganymede, as deeply enamored on his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers; for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had been leaped from Elysium in the shape of a swain. When she blushed at her own folly to look so long on a stranger, she mildly made answer to Ganymede thus:

"I cannot deny, sir, but I have heard of Love, though I never felt love; and have read of such a goddess as Venus, though I never saw any but her picture; and, perhaps"—and with that she waxed red and bashful, and withal silent; which Ganymede perceiving, commended in herself the bashfulness of the maid, and desired her to go forward.

"And perhaps, sir," quoth she, "mine eye hath been more prodigal today

than ever before"—and with that she stayed again, as one greatly passionate and perplexed.

Aliena, seeing the hare through the maze,[58] bade her forward with her prattle, but in vain; for at this abrupt period she broke off, and with her eyes full of tears, and her face covered with a vermilion dye, she sat down and sighed. Whereupon Aliena and Ganymede, seeing the shepherdess in such a strange plight, left Phoebe with her Montanus, wishing her friendly that she would be more pliant to Love, lest in penance Venus joined her to some sharp repentance. Phoebe made no reply, but fetched such a sigh, that Echo made relation of her plaint, giving Ganymede such an adieu with a piercing glance, that the amorous girl-boy perceived Phoebe was pinched by the heel.[59]

* * *

With that Montanus took them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his looks, as they betrayed a source of confused passions in his heart; at every line his color changed, and every sentence was ended with a period of sighs.

At last, noting Phoebe's extreme desire toward Ganymede and her disdain towards him, giving Ganymede the letter, the shepherd stood as though he had neither won nor lost. Which Ganymede perceiving wakened him out of his dream thus:

"Now, Montanus, dost thou see thou vowest great service and obtainest but little reward? But in lieu of thy loyalty, she maketh thee, as Bellerophon,[60] carry thine own bane. Then drink not willingly of that potion wherein thou knowest is poison; creep not to her that cares not for thee. What, Montanus, there are many as fair as Phoebe, but most of all more courteous than Phoebe. I tell thee, shepherd, favor is love's fuel; then since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanish into smoke, and rather sorrow for a while than repent thee forever."

"I tell thee, Ganymede," quoth Montanus, "as they which are stung with the scorpion cannot be recovered but by the scorpion, nor he that was wounded with Achilles' lance be cured but with the same truncheon, so Apollo was fain to cry out that love was only eased with love, and fancy healed by no medicine but favor. Phoebus had herbs to heal all hurts but this passion; Circes had charms for all chances but for affection, and Mercury subtle reasons to refel[61] all griefs but love. Persuasions are bootless, reason lends no remedy, counsel no comfort, to such whom fancy hath made resolute; and therefore though Phoebe loves Ganymede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phoebe."

"Then," quoth Ganymede, "may I rightly term thee a despairing lover,

[58] *hare through the maze:* "the nigger in the woodpile."

[59] *pinched by the heel:* caught.

[60] *Bellerophon:* Like Hamlet, he was sent by one king to another with a message requesting the execution of the messenger.

[61] *refel:* refute.

that livest without joy, and lovest without hope. But what shall I do, Montanus, to pleasure thee? Shall I despise Phoebe, as she disdains thee?"

"Oh," quoth Montanus, "that were to renew my griefs and double my sorrows; for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas, Ganymede! though I perish in my thoughts, let not her die in her desires. Of all passions, love is most impatient; then let not so fair a creature as Phoebe sink under the burden of so deep a distress. Being lovesick, she is proved heartsick, and all for the beauty of Ganymede. Thy proportion hath entangled her affection, and she is snared in the beauty of thy excellence. Then, sith she loves thee so dear, mislike nòt her deadly. Be thou paramour to such a paragon; she hath beauty to content thine eye, and flocks to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt win by her; for she is beautiful, virtuous, and wealthy, three deep persuasions to make love frolic."

Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the hair and plead that Ganymede ought to love Phoebe, when his only life was the love of Phoebe, answered him thus:

"Why, Montanus, dost thou further this motion, seeing if Ganymede marry Phoebe thy market is clean marred?"

"Ah, mistress," quoth he, "so hath love taught me to honor Phoebe that I would prejudice [62] my life to pleasure her, and die in despair rather than she should perish for want. It shall suffice me to see her contented, and to feed mine eye on her favor. If she marry, though it be my martyrdom, yet if she be pleased I will brook it with patience and triumph in mine own stars to see her desires satisfied. Therefore, if Ganymede be as courteous as he is beautiful, let him show his virtues in redressing Phoebe's miseries." And this Montanus pronounced with such an assured countenance that it amazed both Aliena and Ganymede to see the resolution of his loves; so that they pitied his passions and commended his patience, devising how they might by any subtlety get Montanus the favor of Phoebe. Straight, as women's heads are full of wiles, Ganymede had a fetch to force Phoebe to fancy the shepherd, *malgrado* [63] the resolution of her mind; he prosecuted his policy thus:

"Montanus," quoth he, "seeing Phoebe is so forlorn, lest I might be counted unkind in not salving so fair a creature, I will go with thee to Phoebe, and there hear herself in word utter that which she hath discoursed with her pen; and then, as love wills me, I will set down my censure. I will home by our house, and send Corydon to accompany Aliena."

Montanus seemed glad of this determination and away they go towards the house of Phoebe.

When they drew nigh to the cottage, Montanus ran before, and went in and told Phoebe that Ganymede was at the door. This word "Ganymede," sounding in the ears of Phoebe, drave her into such an ecstasy for joy, that rising up in her bed, she was half revived, and her wan color began to wax

[62] *prejudice*: risk.

[63] *malgrado*: despite (Italian).

red; and with that came Ganymede in, who saluted Phoebe with such a courteous look, that it was half a salve to her sorrows. Sitting him down by her bedside, he questioned about her disease, and where the pain chiefly held her. Phoebe, looking as lovely as Venus in her night-gear, tainting her face with as ruddy a blush as Clytia [64] did when she bewrayed her loves to Phoebus, taking Ganymede by the hand, began thus:

"Fair shepherd, if love were not more strong than nature, or fancy the sharpest extreme, my immodesty were the more, and my virtues the less; for nature hath framed women's eyes bashful, their hearts full of fear, and their tongues full of silence; but love, that imperious love, where his power is predominant, than he perverts all and wresteth the wealth of nature to his own will: an instance in myself, fair Ganymede, for such a fire hath he kindled in my thoughts, that to find ease for the flame, I was forced to pass the bounds of modesty, and seek a salve at thy hands for my harms. Blame me not if I be overbold for it is thy beauty, and if I be too forward it is fancy and the deep insight into thy virtues that makes me thus fond; for let me say in a word what may be contained in a volume: Phoebe loves Ganymede."

At this she held down her head and wept, and Ganymede rose as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers,[65] made this reply:

"Water not thy plants, Phoebe, for I do pity thy plaints, nor seek not to discover thy loves in tears, for I conjecture thy truth by thy passions; sorrow is no salve for loves, nor sighs no remedy for affection. Therefore frolic, Phoebe; for if Ganymede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offense, that it grieves me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires have been so resolute, and his thoughts so loyal. But thou allegest that thou art forced from him by fate; so I tell thee, Phoebe, either some star or else some destiny fits my mind rather with Adonis to die in chase than be counted a wanton on Venus' knee. Although I pity thy martyrdom, yet I can grant no marriage; for though I held thee fair, yet mine eye is not fettered. Love grows not, like the herb spattana,[66] to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snail, and yet at last attains to the top. *Festina lente*,[67] especially in love, for momentary fancies are ofttimes the fruits of follies. If, Phoebe, I should like thee as the Hyperborei [68] do their dates, which banquet with them in the morning and throw them away at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more. Therefore I will have time to turn my thoughts, and my loves shall grow up as the watercresses, slowly, but with a deep root. Thus, Phoebe, thou mayst see I disdain not, though I desire not; remaining indifferent till time and love makes me resolute. Therefore, Phoebe, seek not to suppress affection, and with the love of Montanus quench the remembrance of Gany-

[64] *Clytia:* an Oceanid who loved Apollo.

[65] *suffer no fish . . . fingers:* suffer no encumbrance or delay.

[66] *spattana:* a plant invented by Greene (*PMLA*, LIII [1938], 1013).

[67] *Festina lente:* hurry slowly.

[68] *Hyperborei:* a mythical race of blessed people. Their days and nights lasted six months each, so they were said to sow in the morning, reap at noon, and store their fruits at night.

mede; strive thou to hate me as I seek to like of thee, and ever have the duties of Montanus in thy mind, for I promise thee thou mayst have one more wealthy, but not more loyal." These words were corrosives to the perplexed Phoebe, that sobbing out sighs, and straining out tears, she blubbered out these words:

"And shall I then have no salve of Ganymede but suspense, no hope but a doubtful hazard, no comfort, but be posted off to the will of time? Justly have the gods balanced my fortunes, who, being cruel to Montanus, found Ganymede as unkind to myself; so in forcing him perish for love, I shall die myself with overmuch love."

"I am glad," quoth Ganymede, "you look into your own faults, and see where your shoe wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your own passions."

"Truth," quoth Phoebe, "and so deeply I repent me of my frowardness toward the shepherd, that could I cease to love Ganymede, I would resolve to like Montanus."

"What, if I can with reason persuade Phoebe to mislike of Ganymede, will she then favor Montanus?"

"When reason," quoth she, "doth quench that love I owe to thee, then will I fancy him; conditionally, that if my love can be suppressed with no reason, as being without reason Ganymede will only wed himself to Phoebe."

"I grant it, fair shepherdess," quoth he; "and to feed thee with the sweetness of hope, this resolve on: I will never marry myself to woman but unto thyself."

And with that Ganymede gave Phoebe a fruitless kiss, and such words of comfort, that before Ganymede departed she arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheer, as could be found in such a country cottage; Ganymede in the midst of their banquet rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus' favor, which highly pleased the shepherd. Thus, all three content, and soothed up in hope, Ganymede took his leave of his Phoebe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poor Ganymede, who had her thoughts on her Rosader, when she called to remembrance his wounds, filled her eyes full of tears, and her heart full of sorrows, plodded to find Aliena at the folds, thinking with her presence to drive away her passions. As she came on the plains she might espy where Rosader and Saladyne sate with Aliena under the shade; which sight was a salve to her grief, and such a cordial unto her heart, that she tripped alongst the lawns full of joy.

At last Corydon, who was with them, spied Ganymede, and with that the clown rose, and, running to meet him, cried:

"Oh sirrah, a match, a match! our mistress shall be married on Sunday."

Thus the poor peasant frolicked it before Ganymede, who coming to the crew saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to see him so well recovered of his wounds.

"I had not gone abroad so soon," quoth Rosader, "but that I am bidden to

a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must be solemnized between my brother and Aliena. I see well where love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both the parties are willing."

"Truth," quoth Ganymede; "but a happy day should it be if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynde."

"Ah, good Ganymede," quoth he, "by naming Rosalynde, renew not my sorrows; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries."

"Tush, be of good cheer, man," quoth Ganymede; "I have a friend that is deeply experienced in necromancy and magic; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I will cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordering nation harbor her; and upon that take the faith of a young shepherd."

Aliena smiled to see how Rosader frowned, thinking that Ganymede had jested with him. But, breaking off from those matters, the page, somewhat pleasant, began to discourse unto them what had passed between him and Phoebe; which, as they laughed, so they wondered at, all confessing that there is none so chaste but love will change. Thus they passed away the day in chat, and when the sun began to set they took their leaves and departed; Aliena providing for their marriage day such solemn cheer and handsome robes as fitted their country estate, and yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thither as a guest. Ganymede, who then meant to discover herself before her father, had made her a gown of green, and a kirtle of the finest sendal,[69] in such sort that she seemed some heavenly nymph harbored in country attire.

Saladyne was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader unmindful to bid guests, who invited Gerismond and all his followers to the feast, who willingly granted, so that there was nothing but the day wanting to this marriage.

In the meanwhile, Phoebe being a bidden guest made herself as gorgeous as might be to please the eye of Ganymede; and Montanus suited himself with the cost of many of his flocks to be gallant against the day, for then was Ganymede to give Phoebe an answer of her loves, and Montanus either to hear the doom of his misery, or the censure of his happiness. But while this gear was a-brewing, Phoebe passed not one day without visiting her Ganymede, so far was she wrapped in the beauties of this lovely swain. Much prattle they had, and the discourse of many passions, Phoebe wishing for the day, as she thought, of her welfare, and Ganymede smiling to think what unexpected events would fall out at the wedding. In these humors the week went away, that at last Sunday came.

No sooner did Phoebus' henchman appear in the sky, to give warning that his master's horses should be trapped in his glorious coach, but Corydon, in his holiday suit,[70] marvelous seemly, in a russet jacket, welted with

[69] *sendal:* fine silk.

[70] *holiday suit:* This costume of Corydon's would have amused Elizabethan readers because of its incongruity. The jacket was of russet, the cheap material usual in rustic dress; but the sleeves were of chamlet, a fine

the same and faced with red worsted, having a pair of blue chamlet sleeves, bound at the wrists with four yellow laces, closed before very richly with a dozen of pewter buttons; his hose was of gray kersey, with a large slop barred overthwart the pocket-holes with three fair guards, stitched of either side with red thread; his stock was of the own, sewed close to his breech, and for to beautify his hose, he had trussed himself round with a dozen of new-threaden points of medley color; his bonnet was green, whereon stood a copper brooch with the picture of Saint Denis; and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his old days, he had a fair shirt-band of fine lockram, whipped over with Coventry blue of no small cost. Thus attired, Corydon bestirred himself as chief stickler in these actions, and had strowed all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Flora's choice bowers than any country cottage.

Thither repaired Phoebe with all the maids of the forest, to set out the bride in the most seemliest sort that might be; but howsoever she helped to prank out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganymede, who was so neat in a suit of gray, that he seemed Endymion when he won Luna with his looks, or Paris when he played the swain to get the beauty of the nymph Oenone. Ganymede, like a pretty page, waited on his mistress Aliena, and overlooked that all was in a readiness against the bridegroom should come; who, attired in a forester's suit, came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning; where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena and the rest of the country swains; Gerismond very highly commending the fortunate choice of Saladyne, in that he had chosen a shepherdess, whose virtues appeared in her outward beauties, being no less fair than seeming modest. Ganymede coming in, and seeing her father, began to blush, nature working affects by her secret effects.[71] Scarce could she abstain from tears to see her father in so low fortunes—he that was wont to sit in his royal palace, attended on by twelve noble peers, now to be contented with a simple cottage, and a troop of reveling woodmen for his train. The consideration of his fall made Ganymede full of sorrows; yet, that she might triumph over fortune with patience, and not any way dash that merry day with her dumps, she smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth, and very reverently welcomed the king, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence as Gerismond began to commend the page for his exquisite person and excellent qualities.

As thus the king with his foresters frolicked it among the shepherds, Corydon came in with a fair mazer full of cider and presented it to Geris-

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and expensive cloth made of chamois and prohibited by law to any but noblemen. Many buttons indicate wealth; Corydon has twelve, but they are of pewter instead of gold, silver, or lace. The large slop (breeches not reaching as low as the knee, very baggy) was fashionable for courtiers, but the "three fair guards" were, this late in the century, the mark of a servant. His shirt-band (collar) was of "fine" lockram, a loosely woven fabric of hemp.

[71] *affects . . . effects:* The words would be just transposed in modern English. They mean "results" and "affections."

mond with such a clownish salute that he began to smile, and took it of the old shepherd very kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her fair maids, amongst whom Phoebe was the foremost. Aliena pledged the king, and drunk to Rosader; so the carouse went round from him to Phoebe, etc. As they were thus drinking and ready to go to church, came in Montanus, appareled all in tawny, to signify that he was forsaken; on his head he wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted despair, and on his sheep-hook hung two sonnets, as labels of his loves and fortunes.

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Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the end of these passions, called in Ganymede, who, knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the crystal of his face with a ruddy brightness. The king noting well the physnomy of Ganymede, began by his favors to call to mind the face of his Rosalynde, and with that fetched a deep sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore.

"Because, Rosader," quoth he, "the favor of Ganymede puts me in mind of Rosalynde."

At this word Rosader sighed so deeply, as though his heart would have burst.

"And what's the matter," quoth Gerismond, "that you quite[72] me with such a sigh?"

"Pardon me, sir," quoth Rosader, "because I love none but Rosalynde."

"And upon that condition," quoth Gerismond, "that Rosalynde were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee."

At this Aliena turned her head and smiled upon Ganymede, and she could scarce keep countenance. Yet she salved all with secrecy; and Gerismond, to drive away his dumps, questioned with Ganymede, what the reason was he regarded not Phoebe's love, seeing she was as fair as the wanton that brought Troy to ruin. Ganymede mildly answered:

"If I should affect the fair Phoebe, I should offer poor Montanus great wrong to win that from him in a moment, that he hath labored for so many months. Yet have I promised to the beautiful shepherdess to wed myself never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppress Phoebe's love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus."

"To that," quoth Phoebe, "I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason, as will admit no persuasion of reason."

"For justice," quoth he, "I appeal to Gerismond."

"And to his censure will I stand," quoth Phoebe.

"And in your victory," quoth Montanus, "stands the hazard of my fortunes; for if Ganymede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit love's monarch; if Phoebe win, then am I in effect most miserable."

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[72] *quite:* requite, answer.

"We will see this controversy," quoth Gerismond, "and then we will to church. Therefore, Ganymede, let us hear your argument."

"Nay, pardon my absence awhile," quoth she, "and you shall see one in store."

In went Ganymede and dressed herself in woman's attire, having on a gown of green, with kirtle of rich sendal, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forest; upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora perked in the pride of all her flowers. Thus attired came Rosalynde in, and presented herself at her father's feet, with her eyes full of tears, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised.

Gerismond, seeing his daughter, rose from his seat and fell upon her neck, uttering the passions of his joy in watery plaints, driven into such an ecstasy of content, that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and joyful, I refer myself to the judgment of such as have experience in love, seeing his Rosalynde before his face whom so long and deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his spirits, and in most fatherly terms entertained his daughter Rosalynde, after many questions demanding of her what had passed between her and Rosader.

"So much, sir," quoth she, "as there wants nothing but your grace to make up the marriage."

"Why, then," quoth Gerismond, "Rosader, take her: she is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brother's and thy nuptials." Rosader beyond measure content, humbly thanked the king, and embraced his Rosalynde, who turning to Phoebe, demanded if she had shown sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loves.

"Yea," quoth Phoebe, "and so great a persuasive, that if it please you, madame, and Aliena, to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in marriage."

She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted despair, and cast his sonnets in the fire, showing himself as frolic as Paris when he handseled [73] his love with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phoebe should keep their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladyne stand in a dump, to wake him from his dream began thus:

"Why how now, my Saladyne, all amort? What, melancholy, man, at the day of marriage? Perchance thou art sorrowful to think on thy brother's high fortunes, and thine own base desires to choose so mean a shepherdess. Cheer up thy heart, man; for this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a king; for know, Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemy Torismond."

[73] *handseled:* inaugurated.

At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rising up, took Alinda in his arms, and said to Rosalynde:

"Is this that fair Alinda famous for so many virtues, that forsook her father's court to live with thee exiled in the country?"

"The same," quoth Rosalynde.

"Then," quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladyne, "jolly forester be frolic, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent; thou hast got a princess as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion."

"And she hath with her beauty won," quoth Saladyne, "an humble servant, as full of faith as she of amiable favor."

While everyone was amazed with these comical events, Corydon came skipping in and told them that the priest was at church and tarried for their coming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed; where to the admiration of all the country swains in Arden their marriages were solemnly solemnized. As soon as the priest had finished home they went with Alinda, where Corydon had made all things in readiness. Dinner was provided, and the tables being spread, and the brides set down by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladyne, and Montanus that day were servitors; homely cheer they had, such as their country could afford, but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loves and fortunes. About mid-dinner, to make them merry, Corydon came in with an old crowd,[74] and played them a fit[75] of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song:

CORYDON'S SONG[76]

A blithe and bonny country lass
(Heigh ho, the bonny lass!)
Sat sighing on the tender grass
And weeping said, will none come woo her.
A smicker[77] boy, a lither swain,
(Heigh ho, a smicker swain!)
That in his love was wanton fain,
With smiling looks straight came unto her.

Whenas the wanton wench espied
(Heigh ho, when she espied!)
The means to make herself a bride,
She simpered smooth like Bonnybell;
The swain, that saw her squint-eyed kind,
(Heigh ho, squint-eyed kind!)
His arms about her body twined,
And: "Fair lass, how fare ye, well?"

[74] *crowd:* an ancient kind of fiddle.

[75] *fit:* strain of music.

[76] *Corydon's Song:* Compare this song with its model, the roundelay in Spenser's August eclogue in the *Shepheardes Calender*, p. 128, above. Both this song and Spenser's roundelay may have been written to a popular tune, "Heigh ho holiday." See *RES*, IX (1933), 54–55.

[77] *smicker:* smart.

The country kit said: "Well, forsooth,
(Heigh ho, well forsooth!)
But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth that makes me cry."
"Alas!" said he, "what gars thy grief?
(Heigh ho, what gars thy grief?)"
"A wound," quoth she, "without relief,
I fear a maid that I shall die."
"If that be all," the shepherd said,
(Heigh ho, the shepherd said!)
I'll make thee wive it gentle maid,
And so recure thy malady."

Hereon they kissed with many an oath,
(Heigh ho, with many an oath!)
And fore God Pan did plight their troth,
And to the church they hied them fast.
And God send every pretty peat,
(Heigh ho, the pretty peat!) [78]
That fears to die of this conceit,
So kind a friend to help at last.

Corydon having thus made them merry, as they were in the midst of their jollity, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandyne, was arrived, and desired to speak to them. Gerismond overhearing this news, demanded who it was.

"It is, sir," quoth Rosader, "our middle brother, that lives a scholar in Paris; but what fortune hath driven him to seek us out I know not."

With that Saladyne went and met his brother, whom he welcomed with all courtesy, and Rosader gave him no less friendly entertainment; brought he was by his two brothers into the parlor where they all sat at dinner. Fernandyne, as one that knew as many manners as he could points of sophistry, and was as well brought up as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee he did him what reverence belonged to his estate, and with that burst forth into these speeches:

"Although, right mighty prince, this day of my brother's marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craves another course; and therefore from dainty cates rise to sharp weapons. And you, the sons of Sir John of Bordeaux, leave off your amours and fall to arms; change your loves into lances, and now this day show yourselves as valiant as hitherto you have been passionate. For know, Gerismond, that hard by, at the edge of this forest, the twelve peers of France are up in arms to recover thy right; and Torismond, trooped with a crew of desperate runagates, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to join; therefore show thyself in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladyne and Rosader, mount you, and show

[78] *peat:* girl,

yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have been hearty lovers; so shall you, for the benefit of your country, discover the idea of your father's virtues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honorable a parent."

At this alarm, given him by Fernandyne, Gerismond leaped from the board, and Saladyne and Rosader betook themselves to their weapons.

"Nay," quoth Gerismond, "go with me; I have horse and armor for us all, and then, being well mounted, let us show that we carry revenge and honor at our falchions' points."

Thus they leave the brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father. He, not returning a word because his haste was great, hied him home to his lodge, where he delivered Saladyne and Rosader horse and armor, and himself armed royally led the way; not having ridden two leagues before they discovered where in a valley both the battles were joined. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the peers fought, thrust in there, and cried "Saint Denis!" Gerismond laying on such load upon his enemies, that he showed how highly he did estimate of a crown. When the peers perceived that their lawful king was there, they grew more eager; and Saladyne and Rosader so behaved themselves, that none durst stand in their way nor abide the fury of their weapons. To be short, the peers were conquerors, Torismond's army put to flight, and himself slain in battle. The peers then gathered themselves together, and saluted their king, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the citizens. As soon as all was quiet and he had received again the crown, he sent for Alinda and Rosalynde to the court, Alinda being very passionate for the death of her father, yet brooking it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne.

Well, as soon as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royal feast for the peers and lords of his land, which continued thirty days, in which time summoning a parliament, by the consent of his nobles he created Rosader heir apparent to the kingdom; he restored Saladyne to all his father's land and gave him the Dukedom of Nameurs;[79] he made Fernandyne principal secretary to himself; and that fortune might every way seem frolic, he made Montanus lord over all the forest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captain of the King's Guard, and Corydon master of Alinda's flocks.

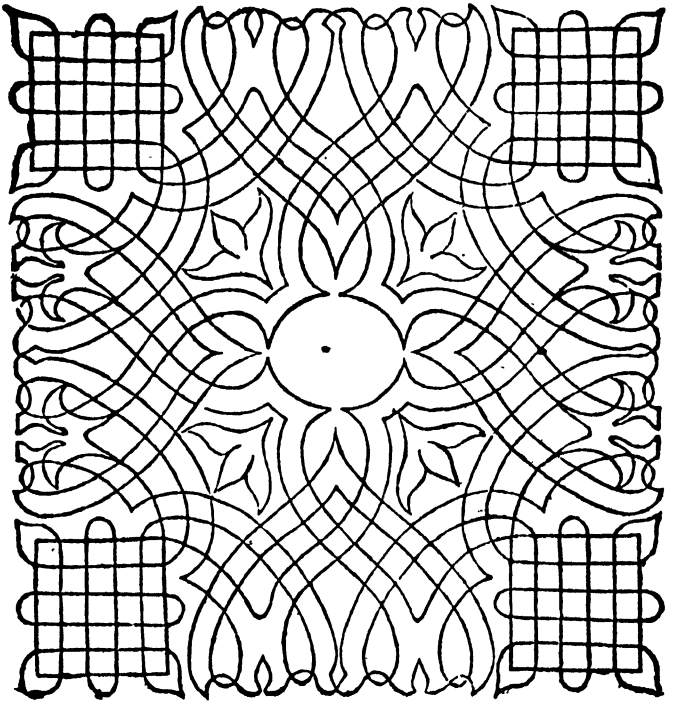
Here, gentlemen, you may see in Euphues' Golden Legacy,[80] that such as neglect their fathers' precepts incur much prejudice; that division in nature, as it is a blemish in nurture, so 'tis a breach of good fortunes; that virtue is not measured by birth but by action; that younger brethren, though inferior in years, yet may be superior to honors; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amity betwixt brothers more forcible than Fortune. If you gather any fruits by this Legacy, speak well of Euphues for writing it,

[79] *Nameurs:* Nemours.

[80] *Euphues' Golden Legacy:* See title, given in the introduction, p. 632.

and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that favor, you encourage me to be more forward; and as soon as I have overlooked my labors, expect the Sailor's Calendar.

T. LODGE.



Robert Greene Gabriel Harvey Thomas Nashe

1558–1592 1550?–1630 1567–1601

ROBERT GREENE was the most prolific of Elizabethan pamphleteers. He wrote plays and romances, autobiographical prodigal-son stories, repentance pieces, and also a series of exposés of the tricks of cheats and criminals. He lived only thirty-four years; he was a Master of Arts of both Oxford and Cambridge; he died in poverty and misery, abandoned by his friends.

He was originally from Norwich, and there is in his plays and poems the memory of an idealized English countryside of his boyhood. But in his realistic prose pamphlets he shows both the underworld of London—thieves, pickpockets, cardsharpers, whores, and blackmailers—and the hardships of a literary hack at the end of the sixteenth century. "In a night and a day would he have yarkt up a pamphlet as well as in seven yeare," Nashe said of him, and Greene himself confessed, "Many things I have wrote to get money." Accordingly, his professed motives of patriotism for writing the cony-catching pamphlets and his overurged piety behind the repentance pieces need not be accepted at face value.

In midsummer of 1592 Greene attended, together with Nashe and others, a fatal banquet of pickled herring and Rhenish wine. It left him ill for the whole month of August—not so ill that he was unable to write two or three books, but ill enough so that on September 3rd he died. The shoemaker's wife who was his landlady crowned him with a garland of bays. His sordid life was at an end, but his unquiet spirit walked abroad to stir up the quarrelsome tempers of Nashe and Harvey and to call to the attention of the world an upstart actor-playwright named Shakespeare.

Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit,* apologized for the slur at Shakespeare, and remarked incidentally that Greene's pamphlet was originally so libelous that he had suppressed part of it. From the happy pastoralism of his earlier Euphuistic romances (e.g., *Pandosto,* which gave Shakespeare material for *The Winter's Tale*) to the morbid groans of the repentance pamphlets is a far cry: it illuminates the scope of experience and literature in the sixteenth century.

Some of the most vivid details about the last days of Greene are preserved for us by Gabriel Harvey, a Cambridge don, and well known as a friend of Spenser since the publication of some of their correspondence (*Three Proper Letters,* 1580). Harvey is the "Hobbinol" of the *Shepheardes Calender.* (See p. 120 above.)

Greene had been one of a group of writers engaged by the bishops to answer some Puritan attacks on the clergy issued under the name of Martin Marprelate. He and his group were attacked by Harvey's brother Richard in a tract called *Plaine Percevall the Peace-maker of England* (1590), and he commented in an-

other work published the same year, *The Lamb of God,* on the insufferable presumption of one Thomas Nashe in setting up as a critic of all his literary elders as he had done in the preface to Greene's *Menaphon.* (This in spite of the fact that Nashe had praised Gabriel Harvey in that preface.) Greene's reply was to insert in *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier* (1592) an attack on the three Harvey boys who came to Cambridge from Saffron Walden, and on their father, who was a rope-maker. The war was on. Gabriel, the oldest of the three, was the leader. His younger brother, John, the physician and almanac-maker, died about the time Greene's attack occurred, and Gabriel came to London in a fury to have the law of Greene. (Harvey was a D.C.L. of Oxford.) But Gabriel found, to his surprise, that Greene himself had just died, and he went to the scene of his death to gather details. He made his attack on the dead Greene in *Foure Letters, and Certaine Sonnets, especially touching R. Greene,* but during the composition of it there appeared from the press *Pierce Penilesse,* a book by Nashe, in which, as a sample of railing, the author had given his retort to Richard Harvey's *Lamb of God.* So in his third letter, Gabriel included Nashe, whom he had hitherto "wished well in some respects," in his attack. Nashe and Gabriel Harvey, the two champions, were now engaged. Nashe replied immediately with *Strange Newes of the Intercepting Certaine Letters and a convoy of verses as they were going privily to the Low Countries.* (Also called *Four Letters Confuted* and *The Apology of Pierce Penilesse.*) Harvey countered with *Pierce's Supererogation,* which included as one of its three parts an attack on Lyly, written some years earlier but never published. Nashe was now willing to abandon the silly quarrel and apologize to Harvey, which he did in the preface to *Christs Teares Over Jerusalem* (1593). "All acknowledgements of abundant scholarship," he wrote, "courteous well governed behaviour and ripe experienced judgment, do I attribute unto him. Only with his mild, gentle moderation hereunto hath he won me." Nashe, however, did not know that a letter from Harvey to his publisher, Wolfe, containing further denunciations of Nashe, was going to be published as *A New Letter of Notable Contents,* and probably Harvey did not know when he wrote *A New Letter* of Nashe's handsome gesture in the preface to *Christs Teares.* At any rate, in the second edition of *Christs Teares* (1594), Nashe canceled the original preface and substituted one in which he told how that Machiavel, that vain braggadocio, that Gabriel Gravedigger had betrayed the peace, and promised vengeance for it. This vengeance was delayed, and apparently Harvey tried unsuccessfully to patch up the quarrel again with a personal conference, at a time when the two enemies happened to take adjoining rooms at a Cambridge inn. Nashe reached the height of his powers as a railer in *Have With You to Saffron-Walden* (1596), an elaborate survey of Harvey's character, life, and works. It was dedicated to Richard Lichfield, the barber of Trinity College, and the reply to it, appearing in 1597, called *The Trimming of T. Nashe,* purported to be written by the barber. This ended the quarrel, for no further contributions to it appeared before June 1, 1599, when the ecclesiastical authorities ordered that "all Nashe's books and Doctor Harvey's books be taken wheresoever they may be found and that none of their books be ever printed hereafter." By 1601 Nashe is referred to as dead. Harvey lived until about 1630, in retirement at Saffron Walden.

Thomas Nashe is one of the masters of invective in English. He shows youth, spirit, a hatred of stuffiness and dullness, and his wild impatient temper breaks through the usual ornate periods of Elizabethan prose. In Harvey he had an

ideal antagonist. Harvey was older, more learned, more sober; he was also pompous and affected. He was trying to compensate for his lowly origin, perhaps, when he asserted himself so pompously. Yet he was certain to come off the loser in a battle with Nashe, who was no pedant but a clever journalist. Nashe was not the artist that Lyly was, and he was not so versatile as Greene. But his *Unfortunate Traveller* or *Jack Wilton* is one of the best pieces of Elizabethan prose fiction. It has been called "the best specimen of the picaresque tale in English literature anterior to Defoe," but Jack Wilton is not really the Spanish *picaro* or rogue; he is a jester and player of pranks like the English Scogan and Tarlton and George Peele. There is much realistic journalism in the descriptions in the book; there is a generous portion of horror melodrama; and there is a skillful blending of just enough historical and geographical detail to give the narrative a feeling of authenticity.

Nashe was about 33 when he died; his life was similar to that of his fellow university wits—Marlowe (who died at 29), Peele (who died at 30), and Greene (who died at 32). He was really more conservative in his opinions than old Harvey; his view of history and of art, like Spenser's and Shakespeare's, looked back instead of forward. *Christs Teares* and *Pierce Penilesse* are medieval in content. But Nashe's extraordinary vigor, his originality of manner, and his breezy and amusing way with trifles (his *Lenten Stuffe* is a praise of red herring, all in honor of Yarmouth, which was hospitable to him when he fled London after one of his many scrapes)—all these make him one of the liveliest of dead authors. The best justification of him is a remark of his own: "No wind that blows strong but is boisterous."

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Robert Greene

1558–1592

FROM

A NOTABLE DISCOVERY OF COZENAGE[1]

(1591)

THE ART OF CONY-CATCHING

THERE be requisite effectually to act the art of cony-catching three several parties: the setter, the verser, and the barnacle. The nature of the setter is to draw any person familiarly to drink with him, which person they call the cony, and their method is according to the man they aim at; if a gentleman, merchant, or apprentice, the cony [2] is the more easily caught, in that they are soon induced to play, and therefore I omit the circumstance which they use in catching of them. And for because the poor country farmer or yeoman is the mark which they most of all shoot at, who they know comes not empty to the term,[3] I will discover the means they put in practice to bring in some honest, simple, and ignorant men to their purpose.

The cony-catchers, appareled like honest civil gentlemen, or good fellows, with a smooth face, as if butter would not melt in their mouths, after dinner when the clients are come from Westminster Hall [4] and are at leisure to walk up and down Paul's,[5] Fleetstreet, Holborn, the Strand, and such common haunted places, where these cozening companions attend only to spy out a prey; who as soon as they see a plain country fellow well and cleanly appareled, either in a coat of homespun russet, or of frieze,[6] as the time requires, and a side pouch at his side, "There is a cony," saith one.

At that word out flies the setter, and overtaking the man, begins to salute him thus: "Sir, God save you, you are welcome to London, how doth all our good friends in the country, I hope they be all in health?"

The countryman seeing a man so courteous he knows not, half in a brown study at this strange salutation, perhaps makes him this answer:

[1] *Discovery of Cozenage:* Revelation of Cheating.

[2] *cony:* literally, a rabbit.

[3] *not empty to the term:* not without cash when he comes to a sitting of the courts.

[4] *Westminster Hall:* seat of the chief law court of England.

[5] *Paul's:* the aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral.

[6] *russet, frieze:* coarse cloth, used in the country for clothing.

"Sir, all our friends in the country are well, thanks be to God, but truly I know you not, you must pardon me."

"Why, sir," saith the setter, guessing by his tongue what country man he is, "are you not such a country man?" [7]

If he say yes, then he creeps upon him closely. If he say no, then straight the setter comes over him thus: "In good sooth, sir, I know you by your face and have been in your company before; I pray you, if without offense, let me crave your name, and the place of your abode."

The simple man straight tells him where he dwells, his name, and who be his next neighbors, and what gentlemen dwell about him.

After he hath learned all of him, then he comes over his fallows [8] kindly: "Sir, though I have been somewhat bold to be inquisitive of your name, yet hold me excused, for I took you for a friend of mine; but since by mistaking I have made you slack your business, we'll drink a quart of wine, or a pot of ale, together."

If the fool be so ready as to go, then the cony is caught; but if he smack the setter, and smells a rat by his clawing, and will not drink with him, then away goes the setter, and discourseth to the verser the name of the man, the parish he dwells in, and what gentlemen are his near neighbors. With that away goes he,[9] and crossing the man at some turning, meets him full in the face, and greets him thus:

"What, goodman Barton, how fare all our friends about you? You are well met. I have the wine for you. You are welcome to town."

The poor countryman, hearing himself named by a man he knows not, marvels, and answers that he knows him not, and craves pardon.

"Not me, goodman Barton, have you forgot me? Why, I am such a man's kinsman, your neighbor not far off; how doth this or that good gentleman my friend? Good Lord, that I should be out of your remembrance! I have been at your house divers times."

"Indeed sir," saith the farmer, "are you such a man's kinsman? Surely, sir, if you had not challenged acquaintance of me, I should never have known you. I have clean forgot you, but I know the good gentleman your cousin well, he is my very good neighbor."

"And for his sake," saith the verser, "we'll drink afore we part."

Haply the man thanks him, and to the wine or ale they go. Then ere they part, they make him a cony, and so ferret-claw him at cards that they leave him as bare of money as an ape of a tail.

Thus have the filthy fellows their subtle fetches to draw on poor men to fall into their cozening practices. Thus like consuming moths of the commonwealth they prey upon the ignorance of such plain souls as measure all by their own honesty, not regarding either conscience or the fatal revenge that's threatened for such idle and licentious persons, but do employ all their wits to overthrow such as with their handythrift satisfy their hearty

[7] *are you not such a country man:* don't you come from such-and-such county?

[8] *comes over his fallows:* approaches him.

[9] *he:* i.e., the verser.

thirst, they preferring cozenage before labor, and choosing an idle practice before any honest form of good living.

Well, to the method again of taking up their conies. If the poor countryman smoke [10] them still, and will not stoop unto either of their lures, then one, either the verser, or the setter, or some of their crew, for there is a general fraternity betwixt them, steppeth before the cony as he goeth, and letteth drop twelve pence in the highway, that of force the cony must see it. The countryman, spying the shilling, maketh not dainty, for *Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum,*[11] but stoopeth very mannerly and taketh it up. Then one of the cony-catchers behind crieth, "Half part!" and so challengeth half of his finding. The countryman, content, offereth to change the money. "Nay faith, friend," saith the verser, "'tis ill luck to keep found money; we'll go spend it in a pottle [12] of wine"—or in a breakfast, dinner, or supper, as the time of day requires.

If the cony say he will not, then answers the verser, "Spend my part." If still the cony refuse, he taketh half and away.

If they spy the countryman to be of a having and covetous mind, then have they a further policy to draw him on; another that knoweth the place of his abode meeteth him and saith, "Sir, well met! I have run hastily to overtake you. I pray you, dwell you not in Derbyshire, in such a village?"

"Yes, marry, do I, friend," saith the cony.

Then replies the verser, "Truly, sir, I have a suit to you; I am going out of town, and must send a letter to the parson of your parish. You shall not refuse to do a stranger such a favor as to carry it him. Haply, as men may in time meet, it may lie in my lot to do you as good a turn; and for your pains I will give you twelve pence."

The poor cony in mere simplicity saith, "Sir, I'll do so much for you with all my heart; where is your letter?"

"I have it not, good sir, ready written, but may I entreat you to step into some tavern or alehouse? We'll drink the while, and I will write but a line or two."

At this the cony stoops, and for greediness of the money, and upon courtesy, goes with the setter into the tavern. As they walk, they meet the verser, and then they all three go into the tavern together.

See, gentlemen, what great logicians these cony-catchers be, that have such rhetorical persuasions to induce the poor countryman to his confusion, and what variety of villainy they have to strip the poor farmer of his money.

Well, imagine the cony is in the tavern. Then sits down the verser and saith to the setter, "What, sirrah! Wilt thou give me a quart of wine, or shall I give thee one?" "We'll drink a pint," saith the setter, "and play a game of cards for it, respecting more the sport than the loss." "Content,"

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[10] *smoke:* detect.

[11] *Quis . . . aurum:* "who in his senses refuses offered money?"

[12] *pottle:* two quarts.

quoth the verser, "go call for a pair." And while he is gone to fetch them, he saith to the cony, "You shall see me fetch over my young master for a quart of wine finely. But this you must do for me; when I cut the cards, as I will not cut above five off, mark then, of all the greatest pack, which is undermost, and when I bid you call a card for me, name that, and you shall see we'll make him pay for a quart of wine straight."

"Truly," saith the cony, "I am no great player at cards, and I do not well understand your meaning."

"Why," saith he, "it is thus: I will play at mum-chance, or decoy,[13] that he shall shuffle the cards and I will cut. Now either of us must call a card; you shall cut for me, and he for himself, and whose card comes first wins. Therefore, when I have cut the cards, then mark the nethermost of the greatest heap, that I set upon the cards which I cut off, and always call that for me."

"Oh, now," saith the cony, "I understand you. Let me alone, I warrant I'll fit your turn."

With that in comes the setter with his cards, and asketh at what game they shall play. "Why," saith the verser, "at a new game called mum-chance, that hath no policy nor knavery, but plain as a pike-staff. You shall shuffle and I'll cut. You shall call a card, and this honest man, a stranger almost to us both, shall call another for me, and which of our cards comes first shall win." "Content," saith the setter, "for that's but mere hazard." And so he shuffles the cards, and the verser cuts off some four cards, and then taking up the heap to set upon them giveth the cony a glance of the bottom card of that heap, and saith, "Now, sir, call for me."

The cony, to blind the setter's eyes, asketh as though he were not made privy to the game, "What shall I call?"

"What card?" saith the verser. "Why, what you will, either heart, spade, club, or diamond, coat-card [14] or other."

"Oh, is it so?" saith the cony. "Why, then, you shall have the four of hearts"—which was the card he had a glance of.

"And," saith the setter (holding the cards in his hand and turning up the uppermost card, as if he knew not well the game), "I'll have the knave of trumps." "Nay," saith the verser, "there is no trump, you may call what card you will." Then saith he, "I'll have the ten of spades." With that he draws, and the four of hearts comes first. "Well," saith the setter, " 'tis but hazard, mine might have come as well as yours, five is up, I fear not the set." So they shuffle and cut, but the verser wins.

"Well," saith the setter, "no butter will cleave on my bread. What, not one draught among five? Drawer, a fresh pint! I'll have another bout with you.—But, sir, I believe," saith he to the cony, "you see some card, that it goes so cross on my side."

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[13] *mum-chance, or decoy:* the game described below.

[14] *coat-card:* face card.

"I?" saith the cony. "Nay, I hope you think not so of me; 'tis but hazard and chance, for I am but a mere [15] stranger unto the game. As I am an honest man, I never saw it before."

Thus this simple cony closeth up smoothly to take the verser's part, only for greediness to have him win the wine. "Well," answers the setter, "then I'll have one cast more." And to it they go, but he loseth all, and beginneth to chafe in this manner: "Were it not," quoth he, "that I care not for a quart of wine, I could swear as many oaths for anger as there be hairs on my head. Why should not my luck be as good as yours, and fortune favor me as well as you? What, not one called card in ten cuts? I'll forswear the game forever."

"What, chafe not, man," saith the verser. "Seeing we have your quart of wine, I'll show you the game." And with that discourseth all to him, as if he knew it not. The setter, as simply as if the knave were ignorant, saith, "Aye, marry, I think so! You must needs win, when he knows what card to call. I might have played long enough before I had got a set."

"Truly," says the cony, " 'tis a pretty game, for 'tis not possible for him to lose that cuts the cards. I warrant the other that shuffles may lose Saint Peter's cope if he had it. Well, I'll carry this home with me into the country, and win many a pot of ale with it."

"A fresh pint!" saith the verser. "And then we'll away. But seeing, sir, you are going homeward, I'll learn you a trick worth the noting, that you shall win many a pot with in the winter nights."

With that he culls out the four knaves, and pricks [16] one in the top, one in the midst, and one in the bottom. "Now, sir," saith he, "you see these three knaves apparently; thrust them down with your hand, and cut where you will, and though they be so far asunder I'll make them all come together."

"I pray you, let's see that trick," saith the cony. "Methinks it should be impossible."

So the verser draws, and all the three knaves comes in one heap. This he doth once or twice; then the cony wonders at it and offers him a pint of wine to teach it him. "Nay," saith the verser. "I'll do it for thanks; and therefore mark me where you have taken out the four knaves, lay two together above and draw up one of them that it may be seen, then prick the other in the midst and the third in the bottom, so when any cuts, cut he never so warily, three knaves must of force come together, for the bottom knave is cut to lie upon both the upper knaves."

"Aye, marry," saith the setter, "but then the three knaves you showed come not together."

"Truth," saith the verser. "But one among a thousand mark not it; it requires a quick eye, a sharp wit, and a reaching head to spy at the first."

"Now gramercy, sir, for this trick," saith the cony. "I'll domineer with this amongst my neighbors."

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[15] *mere:* complete.

[16] *pricks:* inserts.

Thus doth the verser and the setter feign friendship to the cony, offering him no show of cozenage, nor once to draw him in for a pint of wine, the more to shadow [17] their villainy.

But now begins the sport. As thus they sit tippling, comes the barnacle and thrusts open the door, looking into the room where they are, and as one bashful, steppeth back again and saith, "I cry you mercy, gentlemen, I thought a friend of mine had been here. Pardon my boldness." "No harm," saith the verser. "I pray you drink a cup of wine with us, and welcome." So in comes the barnacle, and taking the cup drinks to the cony, and then saith, "What, at cards, gentlemen? Were it not I should be offensive to the company, I would play for a pint till my friend come that I look for." "Why, sir," saith the verser, "if you will sit down you shall be taken up for a quart of wine." "With all my heart," saith the barnacle. "What will you play at, primero, prima vista, cent, one-and-thirty, new cut, or what shall be the game?" "Sir," saith the verser, "I am but an ignorant man at cards, and I see you have them at your fingers' end. I will play with you at a game wherein can be no deceit; it is called mum-chance at cards, and it is thus: you shall shuffle the cards, and I will cut, you shall call one, and this honest country yeoman shall call a card for me, and which of our cards comes first shall win. Here you see is no deceit, and this I'll play."

"No, truly," saith the cony, "methinks there can be no great craft in this."

"Well," saith the barnacle, "for a pint of wine have at you." So they play as before, five up, and the verser wins.

"This is hard luck," saith the barnacle, "and I believe the honest man spies some card in the bottom; and therefore I'll make this, always to prick the bottom card." "Content," saith the verser, and the cony to cloak the matter saith, "Sir, you offer me injury to think that I can call a card, when I neither touch them, shuffle, cut, nor draw them." "Ah, sir," saith the barnacle, "give losers leave to speak."

Well, to it they go again, and then the barnacle, knowing the game best, by chopping [18] a card wins two of the five, but lets the verser win the set; then in a chafe he sweareth 'tis but his ill luck, and he can see no deceit in it, and therefore he will play twelve pence a cut.

The verser is content, and wins twos or threes of the barnacle, whereat he chafes, and saith, "I came hither in an ill hour; but I will win my money again, or lose all in my purse."

With that he draws out a purse with some three or four pounds and claps it on the board. The verser asketh the cony secretly by signs if he will be his half; he says, "Aye," and straight seeks for his purse. Well, the barnacle shuffles the cards thoroughly, and the verser cuts as before. The barnacle when he hath drawn one card saith, "I'll either win something or lose something, therefore I'll vie and revie [19] every card at my pleasure, till either yours or mine come out, and therefore twelve pence upon this card, my

[17] *shadow:* disguise.

[18] *chopping:* changing.

[19] *vie and revie:* bet and raise.

card comes first for twelve pence." "No," saith the verser. "Aye," saith the cony, "and I durst hold twelve pence more." "Why, I hold you," saith the barnacle, and so they vie and revie till some ten shillings be on the stake; and then next comes forth the verser's card, that the cony called, and so the barnacle loseth.

Well, this flesheth [20] the cony; the sweetness of gain maketh him frolic, and no man is more ready to vie and revie than he. Thus for three or four times the barnacle loseth; at last, to whet on the cony, he striketh his chopped card, and winneth a goodly stake. "Away with the witch!" cries the barnacle. "I hope the cards will turn at last."

"Aye, much!" thinketh the cony. "'Twas but a chance that you asked so right, to ask one of the five that was cut off. I am sure there was forty to one on my side, and I'll have you on the lurch anon." So still they vie and revie, and for once that the barnacle wins, the cony gets five.

At last when they mean to shave the cony clean of all his coin, the barnacle chafeth, and upon a pawn borroweth some money of the tapster and swears he will vie it to the uttermost. Then thus he chops his card to cross-bite [21] the cony. He first looks on the bottom card, and shuffles often, but still keeping that bottom card which he knows to be uppermost; then sets he down the cards, and the verser to encourage the cony, cuts off but three cards, whereof the barnacle's card must needs be the uppermost. Then shows he the bottom card of the other heap cut off, to the cony, and sets it upon the barnacle's card which he knows, so that of force [22] the card that was laid uppermost must come first; and then the barnacle calls that card. They draw a card, and then the barnacle vies and the countryman vies upon him; for this is the law, as often as one vies or revies, the other must see it, else he loseth the stake. Well, at last the barnacle plies it so that perhaps he vies more money than the cony hath in his purse. The cony upon this, knowing his card is the third or fourth card, and that he hath forty to one against the barnacle, pawns his rings if he have any, his sword, his cloak, or else what he hath about him, to maintain the vie, and when he laughs in his sleeve, thinking he hath fleeced the barnacle of all, then the barnacle's card comes forth, and strikes such a cold humor unto his heart that he sits as a man in a trance, not knowing what to do, and sighing while his heart is ready to break, thinking on the money that he hath lost.

Perhaps the man is very simple and patient, and, whatsoever he thinks, for fear goes his way quiet with his loss, while the cony-catchers laugh and divide the spoil, and being out of the doors, poor man, goes to his lodging with a heavy heart, pensive and sorrowful, but too late, for perhaps his state [23] did depend on that money, and so he, his wife, his children, and his family are brought to extreme misery.

Another, perhaps more hardy and subtle, smokes the cony-catchers, and

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[20] *flesheth:* (from hunting and hawking) makes him eager for game by tasting blood.

[21] *cross-bite:* swindle.

[22] *of force:* necessarily.

[23] *state:* prosperity.

smelleth cozenage, and saith they shall not have his money so; but they answer him with braves, and though he bring them before an officer, yet the knaves are so favored that the man never recovers his money, and yet he is let slip unpunished.

Thus are the poor conies robbed by these base-minded caterpillars; thus are serving men oft enticed to play and lose all; thus are prentices induced to be conies, and so are cozened of their masters' money; yea, young gentlemen, merchants, and others, are fetched in by these damnable rakehells, a plague as ill as hell, which is, present loss of money, and ensuing misery. A lamentable case in England, when such vipers are suffered to breed and are not cut off with the sword of justice!

FROM

GREENE'S GROATSWORTH OF WIT

(1592)

O horrenda fames,[24] how terrible are thy assaults! But *vermis conscientiae*,[25] more wounding are thy stings. Ah, gentlemen, that live to read my broken and confused lines, look not I should, as I was wont, delight you with vain fantasies; but gather my follies all together, and as ye would deal with so many parricides, cast them into the fire. Call them *Telegones*,[26] for now they kill their father, and every lewd line in them written is a deep piercing wound to my heart; every idle hour spent by any in reading them brings a million of sorrows to my soul. Oh that the tears of a miserable man —for never any man was yet more miserable—might wash their memory out with my death, and that those works with me together might be interred! But sith they cannot, let this my last work witness against them with me, how I detest them. Black is the remembrance of my black works, blacker than night, blacker than death, blacker than hell.

Learn wit by my repentance, gentlemen, and let these few rules following be regarded in your lives:

1. First, in all your actions, set God before your eyes, for the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Let his word be a lantern to your feet and a light unto your paths; then shall you stand as firm rocks and not be mocked.

2. Beware of looking back, for God will not be mocked; and of him that hath received much, much shall be demanded.

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[24] *O horrenda fames:* "Oh dreadful poverty!"

[25] *vermis conscientiae:* "worms of conscience."

[26] *Telegones:* The amatory poems of Ovid were called *Telegoni* because they supposedly caused all the poet's troubles. Telegonus was a son of Ulysses and Circe who unwittingly killed his father.

3. If thou be single, and canst abstain, turn thy eyes from vanity; for there is a kind of women bearing the faces of angels but the hearts of devils, able to entrap the elect if it were possible.

4. If thou be married, forsake not the wife of thy youth to follow strange flesh, for whoremongerers and adulterers the Lord will judge. The door of a harlot leadeth down to death, and in her lips there dwells destruction; her face is decked with odors, but she bringeth a man to a morsel of bread and nakedness, of which myself am instance.

5. If thou be left rich, remember those that want, and so deal that by thy willfulness thyself want not. Let not taverners and victualers be thy executors, for they will bring thee to a dishonorable grave.

6. Oppress no man, for the cry of the wronged ascendeth to the ears of the Lord; neither delight to increase by usury, lest thou lose thy habitation in the everlasting tabernacle.

7. Beware of building thy house to thy neighbor's hurt, for the stones will cry to the timber, "We were laid together in blood"; and those that so erect houses, calling them by their names, shall lie in the grave like sheep, and death shall gnaw upon their souls.

8. If thou be poor, be also patient, and strive not to grow rich by indirect means, for goods so gotten shall vanish like smoke.

9. If thou be a father, master, or teacher, join good example with good counsel, else little avail precepts, where life is different.

10. If thou be a son or servant, despise not reproof; for though correction be bitter at the first, it bringeth pleasure in the end.

Had I regarded the first of these rules, or been obedient to the last, I had not now at my last end been left thus desolate. But now though to myself I give *consilium post facta*,[27] yet to others they may serve for timely precepts. And therefore, while life gives leave, I will send warning to my old consorts, which have lived as loosely as myself; albeit weakness will scarce suffer me to write, yet to my fellow scholars about this city will I direct these few ensuing lines:

To those Gentlemen his quondam[28] *acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.*

If woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard-of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavor with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first begin), thou famous gracer of tragedians,[29] that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the fool in his heart, "There is no God," should now give glory unto his greatness; for penetrating is his power, his hand lies heavy upon me, he

[27] *consilium post facta:* "good advice too late."

[28] *quondam:* former, sometime.

[29] *gracer of tragedians:* Marlowe.

hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have felt he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver? Is it pestilent Machiavellian policy [30] that thou hast studied? Oh, peevish folly! What are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankind? For if *Sic volo, sic jubeo,*[31] hold in those that are able to command, and if it be lawful *Fas et nefas* [32] to do anything that is beneficial, only tyrants should possess the earth, and they striving to exceed in tyranny should each to other be a slaughter-man; till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age [33] man's life should end. The broacher [34] of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his life had never the felicity he aimed at; but as he began in craft, lived in fear and ended in despair. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia?* [35] This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cain; this betrayer of him that gave his life for him inherited the portion of Judas; this apostata perished as ill as Julian; [36] and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Look but to me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an infernal bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but willful striving against known truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soul. Defer not, with me, till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I join young Juvenal,[37] that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast a liberty to reprove all, and name none; for, one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage, or tread on a worm and it will turn; then blame not scholars vexed with sharp lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof.

And thou no less [38] deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven, as myself, to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought those burrs to cleave; those puppets,[39] I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics [40] garnished in our colors.

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[30] *Machiavellian policy:* the ideas of the Italian political philosopher, Niccolo Machiavelli (1469–1527).

[31] *Sic volo, sic jubeo:* "I command just as I wish."

[32] *Fas et nefas:* Supply *per omne.* "By any means, good or bad."

[33] *age:* generation.

[34] *broacher:* Machiavelli.

[35] *Quam . . . judicia:* "How inscrutable are God's judgments."

[36] *apostata . . . Julian:* a Roman emperor (332–363), who renounced Christianity and is supposed to have exclaimed at his death in a battle against the Persians, "Thou hast conquered, Oh Galilean!"

[37] *young Juvenal:* probably Nashe.

[38] *thou no less:* George Peele.

[39] *those puppets:* I.e., the actors.

[40] *antics:* clowns, mountebanks.

Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both at once of[41] them forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum,*[42] is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.[43] Oh that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses; and let those apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband[44] of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse; yet whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasure of such rude grooms.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram gentlemen; but let their own works serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants. For other newcomers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted monsters, who, I doubt not, will drive the best minded to despise them; for the rest, it skills[45] not though they make a jest at them.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news; and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths; for from the blasphemer's house a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkenness, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts. Fly lust, as the deathsman of the soul, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhor those epicures, whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears; and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have so often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain; these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, which drunkenness put out, which negligence let fall; for man's time is not of itself so short but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff, and for want of wherewith to sustain it, there is no substance left for life to feed on. Trust not then, I beseech ye, to such weak stays; for they are as changeable in mind as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forced to leave where I would begin; for a whole book cannot contain these wrongs, which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of words.

Desirous that you should live, though
himself be dying,
Robert Greene.

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[41] *of:* by.

[42] *Johannes fac totum:* jack of all trades.

[43] *upstart . . . country:* The reference is to Shakespeare. He is an "upstart crow" because he is a non-University man, "beautified in our feathers" because as an actor he has spoken their lines on the stage. *tiger's . . . hide* is a parody of *III Henry VI,* I, iv, 137.

[44] *husband:* saver.

[45] *skills:* matters.

FROM

THE REPENTANCE OF ROBERT GREENE, MASTER OF ARTS

(1592)

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ROBERT GREENE, MASTER OF ARTS

I need not make long discourse of my parents, who for their gravity and honest life were well known and esteemed amongst their neighbors; namely, in the city of Norwich, where I was bred and born. But as out of one selfsame clod of clay there sprouts both stinking weeds and delightful flowers; so from honest parents often grow most dishonest children; for my father had care to have me in my nonage brought up at school, that I might through the study of good letters grow to be a friend to myself, a profitable member to the commonwealth, and a comfort to him in his age. But as early pricks the tree that will prove a thorn; so even in my first years I began to follow the filthiness of mine own desires, and neither to listen to the wholesome advertisements of my parents, nor be ruled by the careful correction of my master. For being at the University of Cambridge, I light amongst wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew me to travel into Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practiced such villainy as is abominable to declare. Thus by their counsel I sought to furnish myself with coin, which I procured by cunning sleights from my father and my friends, and my mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped me to the oil of angels,[46] that I grew thereby prone to all mischief; so that being then conversant with notable braggarts, boon companions, and ordinary spendthrifts, that practiced sundry superficial studies, I became as a scion grafted into the same stock, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities.

At my return into England I ruffled out in my silks, in the habit of malcontent, and seemed so discontent that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause me to stay myself in; but after I had by degrees proceeded Master of Arts, I left the University and away to London, where (after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my friends) I became an author of plays, and a penner of love pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who for that trade grown so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief that

[46] *oil of angels:* slang for "money."

I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry hath in godliness; and as much felicity I took in villainy as others had in honesty.

Thus was the liberty I got in my youth the cause of my licentious living in my age, and being the first step to hell, I find it now the first let [47] from heaven.

But I would wish all my native countrymen that read this my repentance: first to fear God in their whole life, which I never did; secondly, to obey their parents and to listen unto the wholesome counsel of their elders; so shall their days be multiplied upon them here on earth, and inherit the crown of glory in the kingdom of heaven. I exhort them also to leave the company of lewd and ill livers; for conversing with such copesmates[48] draws them into sundry dangerous inconveniences; nor let them haunt the company of harlots, whose throats are as smooth as oil, but their feet lead the steps unto death and destruction; for they like sirens with their sweet enchanting notes soothed me up in all kind of ungodliness.

Oh, take heed of harlots (I wish you, the unbridled youth of England), for they are the basilisks [49] that kill with their eyes, they are the sirens that allure with their sweet looks; and they lead their favorers unto their destruction, as a sheep is led unto the slaughter.

From whoredom I grew to drunkenness, from drunkenness to swearing and blaspheming the name of God; hereof grew quarrels, frays, and continual controversies which are now as worms in my conscience gnawing me incessantly. And did I not through hearty repentance take hold of God's mercies, even these detestable sins would drench me down into the damnable pit of destruction; for *Stipendium peccati mors.*[50]

Oh know, good countrymen, that the horrible sins and intolerable blasphemy I have used against the majesty of God is a block in my conscience, and that so heavy that there were no way with me but desperation, if the hope of Christ's death and passion did not help to ease me of so intolerable and heavy a burthen.

I have long with the deaf adder [51] stopped mine ears against the voice of God's ministers, yea, my heart was hardened with Pharaoh against all the motions that the spirit of God did at any time work in my mind, to turn me from my detestable kind of living.

Yet let me confess a truth, that even once, and yet but once, I felt a fear and horror in my conscience, and then the terror of God's judgments did manifestly teach me that my life was bad, that by sin I deserved damnation, and that such was the greatness of my sin that I deserved no redemption. And this inward motion I received in Saint Andrew's church in the city of Norwich, at a lecture or sermon then preached by a godly learned man,

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[47] *let:* bar.

[48] *copesmates:* companions.

[49] *basilisks:* small imaginary serpents, which could kill by a glance. Pliny, *Natural History,* VIII, xxxiii.

[50] *Stipendium . . . mors:* "The wages of sin is death."

[51] *deaf adder:* Psalm 58:4–5: "they [the wicked] are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not harken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely."

whose doctrine, and the manner of whose teaching, I liked wonderful well; yea (in my conscience) such was his singleness of heart and zeal in his doctrine that he might have converted the most monster of the world.

Well, at that time, whosoever was worst, I knew myself as bad as he; for being new come from Italy (where I learned all the villainies under the heavens), I was drowned in pride, whoredom was my daily exercise, and gluttony with drunkenness was my only delight.

At this sermon the terror of God's judgments did manifestly teach me that my exercises were damnable, and that I should be wiped out of the book of life if I did not speedily repent my looseness of life and reform my misdemeanors.

At this sermon the said learned man (who doubtless was the child of God) did beat down sin in such pithy and persuasive manner that I began to call unto mind the danger of my soul, and the prejudice that at length would befall me for those gross sins which with greediness I daily committed; insomuch as sighing I said in myself, "Lord, have mercy upon me, and send me grace to amend and become a new man."

But this good motion lasted not long in me; for no sooner had I met with my copesmates, but seeing me in such a solemn humor they demanded the cause of my sadness; to whom when I had discovered that I sorrowed for my wickedness of life, and that the preacher's words had taken a deep impression in my conscience, they fell upon me in jesting manner, calling me puritan and precisian,[52] and wished I might have a pulpit, with such other scoffing terms, that by their foolish persuasion the good and wholesome lesson I had learned went quite out of my remembrance; so that I fell again with the dog to my old vomit, and put my wicked life in practice, and that so throughly [53] as ever I did before.

Thus although God sent his holy spirit to call me, and though I heard him, yet I regarded it no longer than the present time, when suddenly forsaking it, I went forward obstinately in my miss.[54] Nevertheless, soon after, I married a gentleman's daughter of good account, with whom I lived for a while; but forasmuch as she would persuade me from my willful wickedness, after I had a child by her, I cast her off, having spent up the marriage money which I obtained by her.

Then left I her at six or seven,[55] who went into Lincolnshire, and I to London; where in short space I fell into favor with such as were of honorable and good calling. But here note that though I knew how to get a friend, yet I had not the gift or reason how to keep a friend; for he that was my dearest friend, I would be sure so to behave myself towards him that he should ever after profess to be my utter enemy, or else vow never after to come in my company.

Thus my misdemeanors (too many to be recited) caused the most part of those so much to despise me that in the end I became friendless, except

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[52] *precisian:* a Puritan.

[53] *throughly:* thoroughly.

[54] *miss:* mistake.

[55] *at six or seven:* at loose ends.

it were in a few alehouses, who commonly for my inordinate expenses would make much of me, until I were on the score far more than ever I meant to pay by twenty nobles thick.[56] After I had wholly betaken me to the penning of plays (which was my continual exercise) I was so far from calling upon God that I seldom thought on God, but took such delight in swearing and blaspheming the name of God that none could think otherwise of me than that I was the child of perdition.

These vanities [57] and other trifling pamphlets I penned of love and vain fantasies was my chiefest stay of living, and for those my vain discourses I was beloved of the more vainer sort of people, who being my continual companions, came still to my lodging, and there would continue quaffing, carousing, and surfeiting with me all the day long.

But I thank God that he put it in my head to lay open the most horrible cozenages of the common cony-catchers, cozeners, and cross-biters, which I have indifferently [58] handled in those my several discourses already imprinted. And my trust is that those discourses will do great good, and be very beneficial to the commonwealth of England.

But oh, my dear wife, whose company and sight I have refrained these six years: I ask God and thee forgiveness for so greatly wronging thee, of whom I seldom or never thought until now. Pardon me, I pray thee, wheresoever thou art, and God forgive me all my offenses.

And now to you all that live and revel in such wickedness as I have done, to you I write, and in God's name wish you to look to yourselves, and to reform yourselves for the safeguard of your own souls; dissemble not with God, but seek grace at his hands; he hath promised it, and he will perform it.

God doth sundry times defer his punishment unto those that run a wicked race; but *Quod defertur non aufertur* (that which is deferred is not quittanced),[59] a day of reckoning will come, when the Lord will say: "Come, give account of thy stewardship." What God determineth, man cannot prevent; he that binds two sins together cannot go unpunished in the one; so long the pot goeth to the pit that at last it comes broken home.

Therefore, all my good friends, hope not in money, nor in friends, in favors, in kindred; they are all uncertain, and they are furthest off when men think them most nigh. Oh were I now to begin the flower of my youth, were I now in the prime of my years, how far would I be from my former follies! What a reformed course of life would I take! But it is too late; only now the comfortable mercies of the Lord is left me to hope in.

It is bootless for me to make any long discourse to such as are graceless as I have been. All wholesome warnings are odious unto them, for they with the spider suck poison out of the most precious flowers, and to such as God hath in his secret counsel elected, few words will suffice. But how-

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[56] *by twenty nobles thick:* by a margin of twenty nobles ("noble" was the old name for angel or half-sovereign, worth ten shillings).

[57] *these vanities:* I.e., plays.

[58] *indifferently:* judicially.

[59] *quittanced:* remitted.

soever my life hath been, let my repentant end be a general example to all the youth in England to obey their parents, to fly whoredom, drunkenness, swearing, blaspheming, contempt of the Word, and such grievous and gross sins, lest they bring their parents' heads with sorrow to their graves, and lest (with me) they be a blemish to their kindred, and to their posterity forever.

Thus may you see how God hath secret to himself the times of calling; and when he will have them into his vineyard, some he calls in the morning, some at noon, and some in the evening, and yet hath the last his wages as well as the first. For as his judgments are inscrutable, so are his mercies incomprehensible. And therefore let all men learn these two lessons: not to despair, because God may work in them through his spirit at the last hour; nor to presume, lest God give them over for their presumption, and deny them repentance, and so they die impenitent; which *finalis impenitentia* is a manifest sin against the Holy Ghost.

To this doth that golden sentence of St. Augustine allude, which he speaketh of the thief hanging on the cross. "There was," saith he, "one thief saved and no more, therefore presume not; and there was one saved, and therefore despair not."

* * *

THE MANNER OF THE DEATH AND LAST END OF ROBERT GREENE, MASTER OF ARTS

After that he had penned the former discourse, then lying sore sick of a surfeit which he had taken with drinking, he continued most patient and penitent; yea, he did with tears forsake the world, renounced swearing, and desired forgiveness of God and the world for all his offenses; so that during all the time of his sickness, which was about a month's space, he was never heard to swear, rave, or blaspheme the name of God, as he was accustomed to do before that time—which greatly comforted his well-willers, to see how mightily the grace of God did work in him.

He confessed himself that he was never heartsick, but said that all his pain was in his belly. And, although he continually scoured, yet still his belly swelled, and never left swelling upward until it swelled him at the heart and in his face.

During the whole time of his sickness, he continually called upon God and recited these sentences following: "Oh Lord, forgive my manifold offenses. Oh Lord, have mercy upon me. Oh Lord, forgive me my secret sins, and in thy mercy, Lord, pardon them all. Thy mercy, Lord, is above thy works." And with such-like godly sentences he passed the time, even till he gave up the ghost.

And this is to be noted, that his sickness did not so greatly weaken him, but that he walked to his chair and back again the night before he departed; and then, being feeble, laying him down on his bed about nine of the clock

at night, a friend of his told him that his wife had sent him commendations, and that she was in good health; whereat he greatly rejoiced, confessed that he had mightily wronged her, and wished that he might see her before he departed; whereupon, feeling his time was but short, he took pen and ink and wrote her a letter to this effect:

Sweet wife, as ever there was any good will or friendship between thee and me, see this bearer (my host) satisfied of his debt; I owe him ten pound, and but for him I had perished in the streets. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee, and Almighty God have mercy on my soul. Farewell till we meet in heaven, for on earth thou shalt never see me more. This 2 of September, 1592.

Written by thy dying husband,
ROBERT GREENE.

Gabriel Harvey[1]

1550?–1630

FOUR LETTERS AND CERTAIN SONNETS

(1592)

FROM

THE SECOND LETTER

I LITTLE delight in the rehearsal of such paltry; but who like Elderton [2] for balleting, Greene for pamphleting, both for good fellowship and bad conditions? Railing was the hippocras [3] of the drunken rhymester and quipping [4] the marchpane of the mad libeler. They 'scape fair that go scot-free in such saucy reckonings. I have known some, read of many, and heard of more, that wantonly quipped other and soundly nipped themselves. The hottest blood of choler may be cooled; and, as the fiercest fury of wildfire, so the fiercest wildfire of fury consumeth itself. Howbeit a common mischief would be prevented; and it generally concerneth all, and particularly behooveth everyone to look about him when he heareth the bells ringing backward and seeth the fire running forward and beholdeth even Death in person shooting his peremptory bolts. You understand me without a gloss, and here is matter enough for a new civil war, or shall I say for a new Troyan siege, if this poor letter should fortune to come in print. I deal directly and will plainly tell you my fancy, if Titius [5] continue to upbraid Caius with everything and nothing. I neither name Martin Marprelate nor shame Pap-with-a-Hatchet [6] nor mention any other but Elderton and Greene, two notorious mates and the very ringleaders of the rhyming and scribbling

[1] For introduction and bibliography, see pp. 673–675.

[2] *Elderton:* William Elderton, notorious as a drinker and writer of broadside ballads, who had recently died.

[3] *hippocras:* a flavored wine.

[4] *quipping:* the reference is to Greene's *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier.*

[5] *Titius:* a vain and presumptuous poetaster in Horace's *Epistle* III.

[6] *Martin . . . hatchet:* Martin was the pseudonym of the authors of Puritan tracts attacking the bishops; *Pappe with an Hatchet* (1589) was one of the replies, written by John Lyly; it contained an attack on Harvey. See Lyly's *Works,* ed. Bond, III, 391.

crew. But Titius, or rather Zoilus [7] in his spiteful vein, will so long flurt at Homer, and Thersites [8] in his peevish mode so long fling at Agamemnon that they will become extremely odious and intolerable to all good learning and civil government; and in attempting to pull down or disgrace other without order, must needs finally overthrow themselves without relief. Orators have challenged a special liberty and poets claimed an absolute license; but no liberty without bounds, nor any license without limitation. Invectives by favor have been too bold, and satires by usurpation too presumptuous; I overpass Archilochus,[9] Aristophanes, Lucian,[10] Julian,[11] Aretine,[12] and that whole venomous and viperous brood of old and new railers, even Tully and Horace otherwhiles overreached; and I must needs say, Mother Hubbard,[13] in heat of choler, forgetting the pure sanguine of her sweet *Faerie Queene,* willfully overshot her malcontented self, as elsewhere I have specified at large, with the good leave of unspotted friendship. Examples in some ages do exceeding much hurt. Sallust [14] and Clodius [15] learned of Tully to frame artificial declamations and pathetical invectives against Tully himself and other worthy members of that most flourishing state. If Mother Hubbard in the vein of Chaucer happen to tell one canicular [16] tale, father Elderton and his son Greene, in the vein of Skelton or Scogan, will counterfeit an hundred dogged fables, libels, calumnies, slanders, lies for the whetstone, and whatnot, and most currishly snarl and bite where they should most kindly fawn and lick. Every private excess is dangerous, but such public enormities, incredibly pernicious and insupportable. And who can tell what huge outrages might amount of such quarrelous and tumultuous causes? Honor is precious, worship of value, fame invaluable. They perilously threaten the commonwealth that go about to violate the inviolable parts thereof. Many will sooner lose their lives than the least jot of their reputation. Lord, what mortal feuds, what furious combats, what cruel bloodshed, what horrible slaughterdom have been committed for the point of honor and some few courtly ceremonies! Though meaner persons do not so highly overprize their credit, yet who taketh not discourtesy unkindly, or slander displeasingly? For mine own part, I am to make an use of my adversary's abuse and will endeavor to reform any default whereof I may justly or probably be impeached. Some emulation hath already done me good, both for supply of great imperfections and for increase of small perfections. I have (and who hath not?) found it better to be tickled and

[7] *Zoilus:* a grammarian who attacked Homer for his fabulous and incredible stories.

[8] *Thersites:* the deformed railer in the *Iliad.*

[9] *Archilochus:* Ionian satirist (*ca.* 720–676 B.C.).

[10] *Lucian:* Greek writer born *ca.* 120, who wrote dialogues attacking the gods.

[11] *Julian:* the Apostate, Roman emperor (361–333) who wrote satires.

[12] *Aretine:* Pietro Aretino (1492–1557), famous Italian satirist, called "the scourge of princes."

[13] *Mother Hubbard:* Spenser's satire, *Mother Hubberds Tale* (1591).

[14] *Sallust:* the historian, an enemy of Cicero.

[15] *Clodius:* P. Clodius Pulcher, profligate enemy of Cicero.

[16] *canicular:* canine.

stinged of a busy enemy than to be coyed and lulled of an idle friend. Plutarch is gravely wise, and Machiavel subtly politic; but in either of them, what sounder or finer piece of cunning than to reap commodity by him that seeketh my displeasure, and to play upon the advantage of his detection of my infirmities? Other caviling or mote-spying malice confoundeth itself, and I continue my accustomed simplicity to answer vanity with silence, though peradventure not without danger of inviting a new injury by entertaining an old. Patience hath trained me to pocket up more heinous indignities and even to digest an age of iron. They that can do little must be contented to suffer much. My betters need not take it grievously to be taunted or reproached in that book where St. Peter and Christ himself are Lucianically and scoffingly alleged, the one for begging, the other for granting a foolish boon, pretended ever since the fatal destiny of the gentle craft. Some men will have their swing and their bugs-words,[17] though it be against all God-forbids; and what Caesar's might or Cato's integrity or what saint's devotion can stop such mouths? Yet neither themselves the better nor other the worse, that depend not on their allowance, but rely on their own justification and desire to confute their impudency not with words but with deeds. Howbeit I am not to prejudice my brother alive [18] or to smother the wrong offered to my brother deceased, or to tolerate the least defamation of my good father, whom no ill-willer could ever touch with any dishonesty or discredit in any sort. Nothing more dear or inestimable than a man's good name; and albeit I contemn such pelting injuries vainly devised against myself, yet I am not to neglect so intolerable a wrong so notoriously published against them. There is law for desperatest outlaws and order for most disorderly fellows. They that cannot govern themselves must be ruled by other, and pay for their folly. Whiles I was thus, or to like effect, resolving with myself and discoursing with some special friends, not only writing unto you,[19] I was suddenly certified that the king of the paper stage, so the gentleman termed Greene, had played his last part, and was gone to Tarlton; [20] whereof I protest I was nothing glad, as was expected, but unfeignedly sorry, as well because I could have wished he had taken his leave with a more charitable farewell, as also because I was deprived of that remedy in law that I intended against him in the behalf of my father, whose honest reputation I was in many duties to tender. Yet to some conceited wit that could take delight to discover knaveries or were a fit person to augment the history of cony-catchers, Oh Lord, what a pregnant occasion were here presented to display lewd vanity in his lively colors and to decipher the very mysteries of that base art! Petty cozeners are not worth the naming; he, they say, was the monarch of cross-biters [21] and the very em-

[17] *bugs-words:* swaggering language.

[18] *brother alive:* Richard, the astrologer and divine. John, M.D. (died 1592), was also an astrologer.

[19] *writing unto you:* The letter is addressed to Christopher Bird of Walden.

[20] *Tarlton:* famous clown and jester, died 1588.

[21] *cross-biters:* framers and blackmailers.

peror of shifters.[22] I was altogether unacquainted with the man and never once saluted him by name; but who in London hath not heard of his dissolute and licentious living, his fond disguising of a Master of Art with ruffianly hair, unseemly apparel, and more unseemly company; his vainglorious and Thrasonical[23] braving; his piperly extemporizing and Tarltonizing; his apish counterfeiting of every ridiculous and absurd toy; his fine cozening of jugglers and finer juggling with cozeners; his villainous cogging and foisting;[24] his monstrous swearing and horrible forswearing; his impious profaning of sacred texts; his other scandalous and blasphemous raving; his riotous and outrageous surfeiting; his continual shifting of lodgings; his plausible mustering and banqueting of roisterly acquaintance at his first coming; his beggarly departing in every hostess's debt; his infamous resorting to the Bankside, Shoreditch, Southwark, and other filthy haunts; his obscure lurking in basest corners; his pawning of his sword, cloak, and whatnot when money came short; his impudent pamphleting, fantastical interluding,[25] and desperate libeling when other cozening shifts failed; his employing of Ball (surnamed "Cutting" Ball) till he was intercepted[26] at Tyburn,[27] to levy a crew of his trustiest companions to guard him, in danger of arrests; his keeping of the foresaid Ball's sister, a sorry ragged quean,[28] of whom he had his base son, Infortunatus[29] Greene; his forsaking of his own wife, too honest for such a husband—particulars are infinite—his contemning of superiors, deriding of other, and defying of all good order?

Compare base fellows and noble men together, and what, in a manner, wanted he of the ruffianly and variable nature of Catiline or Antony but the honorable fortunes of Catiline and Antony? They that have seen much more than I have heard (for so I am credibly informed) can relate strange and almost incredible comedies of his monstrous disposition, wherewith I am not to infect the air or defile this paper. There be enough, and enough such histories, both dead and living, though youth be not corrupted or age accloyed with his legendary.[30] Truly I have been ashamed to hear some ascertained reports of his most woeful and rascal estate: how the wretched fellow (or shall I say the prince of beggars?) laid all to gage[31] for some few shillings, and was attended by lice, and would pitifully beg a penny pot of malmsey, and could not get any of his old acquaintance to comfort or visit him in his extremity but Mistress Appleby and the mother of Infortunatus. Alas, even his fellow writer,[32] a proper young man, if advised

[22] *shifters:* thieves.

[23] *Thrasonical:* bragging, from Thraso, the braggart soldier in Terence's *Eunuchus.*

[24] *cogging and foisting:* cheating at dice.

[25] *interluding:* writing plays.

[26] *intercepted:* hanged.

[27] *Tyburn:* the place for public executions, near the present Marble Arch.

[28] *quean:* whore.

[29] *Infortunatus:* His real name was Fortunatus.

[30] *accloyed . . . legendary:* nauseated by the stories about him.

[31] *laid all to gage:* pawned everything.

[32] *fellow writer:* Nashe, who was not in London during Greene's last days. Harvey's tone toward him becomes much sharper in the next letter, after he has seen *Pierce Penniless.*

in time, that was a principal guest at that fatal banquet of pickle herring (I spare his name, and in some respects wish him well), came never more at him, but either would not or haply could not perform the duty of an affectionate and faithful friend. The poor cordwainer's wife was his only nurse, and the mother of Infortunatus his sole companion, but when Mistress Appleby came, as much to expostulate injuries with her as to visit him. God help good fellows when they cannot help themselves! Slender relief in the predicament of privations and feigned habits. Miserable man, that must perish or be succored by counterfeit or impotent supplies. I once bemoaned the decayed and blasted estate of M. Gascoigne, who wanted not some commendable parts of conceit and endeavor; but unhappy M. Gascoigne, how lordly happy in comparison of most unhappy M. Greene! He never envied me so much as I pitied him from my heart; especially when his hostess Isam, with tears in her eyes and sighs from a deeper fountain (for she loved him dearly) told me of his lamentable begging of a penny pot of malmsey; and sir-reverence how lousy he and the mother of Infortunatus were (I would her surgeon found her no worse than lousy); and how he was fain, poor soul, to borrow her husband's shirt whiles his own was a-washing; and how his doublet and hose and sword were sold for three shillings; and beside, the charges of his winding sheet, which was four shillings; and the charges of his burial yesterday in the New Church yard near Bedlam, which was six shillings and fourpence; how deeply he was indebted to her poor husband, as appeared by his own bond of ten pounds which the good woman kindly showed me and beseeched me to read the writing beneath, which was a letter to his abandoned wife in the behalf of his gentle host—not so short as persuasible in the beginning, and pitiful in the ending:

> Doll, I charge thee by the love of our youth and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid; for if he and his wife had not succored me I had died in the streets.
>
> ROBERT GREENE.

Oh what notable matter were here for a green head or Lucianical conceit that would take pleasure in the pain of such sorry distressed creatures! Whose afflicted case, to every charitable or compassionate mind cannot but seem most commiserable, if not for their own cause, yet for God's sake, who deserveth infinitely of them whom he acquitteth, not according to judgment but according to mercy. I rather hope of the dead as I wish to the living, that grace might finally abound where wickedness did overflow, and that Christ in his divine goodness should miraculously forgive the man that in his devilish badness blasphemously reviled God. The dead bite not, and I am none of those that bite the dead. When I begin to conflict with ghosts, then look for my confutation of his fine Quip or quaint dispute—whom his sweet hostess, for a tender farewell, crowned with a garland of bays, to show that a tenth Muse honored him more being dead than all the nine

honored him alive. I know not whether Skelton,[33] Elderton, or some like-flourishing poet were so interred; it was his own request, and his nurse's devotion; and haply some of his favorites may imitate the example. One that wished him a better lodging than in a poor journeyman's house and a better grave than in that churchyard in Bedlam hath performed a little piece of greater duty to a laureate poet:

> Here lies the man whom Mistress Isam crowned with bays—
> She, she that joyed to hear her Nightingale's sweet lays.

* * *

FROM

THE THIRD LETTER

That best and his only physician knoweth what spiritual physic I commended unto him when I beheld in his meager and ghastly countenance, that I cannot rehearse without some fit of compassion. We must in order follow him, that should in nature have gone before him, and I know not by what destiny he followed him first that foled[34] him last. How he departed, his ghostly mother Isam can truliest and will favorabliest report; how he lived, London remembereth. O, what a lively picture of vanity! But O, what a deadly image of misery! And O, what a terrible caveat for such and such! I am not to extenuate or prejudice his wit, which could not anyway be great, though someway not the least of our vulgar writers, and many ways very ungracious; but who ever esteemed him either wise, or learned, or honest, or anyway credible? How many gentlemen and other say of him, "Let the paltry fellow go. Lord, what a lewd companion was he! What an egregious makeshift!" Where should cony-catchers have gotten such a secretary? How shall cozenage do for a new register, or fantasticality for a new author? They wrong him much with their epitaphs and other solemn devices that entitle him not at the least "The Second Toy of London, the Stale of Paul's, the Ape of Euphues, the Vice of the Stage, the Mocker of the Simple World, the Flouter of his Friends, the Foe of Himself," and so forth. What durst he not utter with his tongue, or divulge with his pen, or countenance with his face? Or whom cared he for but a careless crew of his own associates? Peruse his famous books, and instead of *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*,[35] that forsooth was his professed posy,[36] lo, a wild head full of mad brain and a thousand crotchets, a scholar, a discourser, a courtier, a ruffian, a gamester, a lover, a soldier, a traveler, a

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[33] *Skelton:* John Skelton (1460–1529), satiric poet, was crowned "poet laureate" by Oxford and Cambridge.

[34] *foled:* foiled.

[35] *Omne . . . dulci:* Horace, *Ars poetica,* 343: "He gets the vote who mingles the useful and the pleasant."

[36] *posy;* motto.

merchant, a broker,[37] an artificer,[38] a botcher,[39] a pettifogger,[40] a player, a cozener, a railer, a beggar, an omnigatherum,[41] a gay nothing; a storehouse of bald and baggage stuff, unworth the answering or reading; a trivial and triobolar [42] author for knaves and fools, an image of idleness, an epitome of fantasticality, a mirror of vanity, *Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas.*[43] Alas, that any should say, as I have heard divers affirm, "His wit was nothing but a mint of knavery, himself a deviser of juggling feats, a forger of covetous practices, an inventor of monstrous oaths, a derider of all religions, a contemner of God and man, a desperate Lucianist, an abominable Aretinist, an arch-atheist, and he arch-deserved to be well hanged seven years ago." Twenty and twenty such familiar speeches I overpass and bury the whole legendary [44] of his life and death in the sepulcher of eternal silence. I will not condemn or censure his works, which I never did so much as superficially overrun, but as some few of them occursively presented themselves in stationers' shops and some other houses of my acquaintance. But I pray God they have not done more harm by corruption of manners than good by quickening of wit, and I would some buyers had either more reason to discern or less appetite to desire such novels.[45] The world is full enough of fooleries, though the humor be not feasted with such luxurious and riotous pamphlets.

* * *

Flourishing M. Greene is most woefully faded, and whilst I am bemoaning his over-piteous decay and discoursing the usual success of such rank wits, lo, all on the sudden, his sworn brother, M. Pierce [46] Penniless (still more paltry, but what remedy? We are already over shoes and must now go through), lo, his inwardest companion, that tasted of the fatal herring, cruelly pinched with want, vexed with discredit, tormented with other men's felicity and overwhelmed with his own misery, in a raving and frantic mood, most desperately exhibiteth his supplication to the devil. A strange title, an odd wit, and a mad whoreson, I warrant him. Doubtless it will prove some dainty device, quaintly contrived, by way of humble supplication to the high and mighty prince of darkness; not dunsically [47] botched up, but rightfully conveyed according to the style and tenor of Tarlton's precedent, his famous play [48] of the Seven Deadly Sins, which most deadly but most lively play I might have seen in London, and was very gently invited thereunto at Oxford by Tarlton himself, of whom I mer-

[37] *broker:* pander.

[38] *artificer:* trickster.

[39] *botcher:* a patcher of worthless trifles.

[40] *pettifogger:* one who picks petty quarrels.

[41] *omnigatherum:* a catch-all.

[42] *triobolar:* worthless.

[43] *Vanitas . . . vanitas:* "Vanity of vanities and nothing but vanity."

[44] *legendary.* legend.

[45] *novels:* novelties.

[46] *Pierce:* Nashe.

[47] *dunsically:* from Duns Scotus, the scholastic philosopher, whence also the word "dunce."

[48] *play:* written in 1585; it was a very popular comedy.

rily demanding which of the seven was his own deadly sin he bluntly answered after this manner, "By God, the sin of other gentlemen—Lechery!"

* * *

[AGAINST MALCONTENT WRITERS]

Right magnanimity never droopeth; sweet music requickeneth the heaviest spirits of dumpish melancholy; fine poetry abhorreth the loathsome and ugly shape of forlorn pensiveness; what gentle mind detesteth not cursed and damnable desperation? All abject dolefulness is woefully base and basely woeful. The die, the ball, the sponge, the sieve, the wheel [49] of fortune, Fortune herself—a trifle, a jest, a toy in philosophy and divine resolution. Be a musician and poet unto thyself, that art both, and a ringleader of both unto other! Be a man; be a gentleman; be a philosopher; be a divine; be thy resolute self! Not the slave of fortune, that for every flea-biting crieth out "Alas!" and for a few hungry meals, like a Greek parasite, misuseth the tragedy of Hecuba; [50] but the friend of virtue, that is richest in poverty, freest in bondage, bravest in jeopardy, cheerfulest in calamity. Be rather wise and unfortunate, with the silver swan, than fortunate and unwise, with the golden ass. Remember thine own marginal emblem: *Fortuna favet fatuis.*[51] Oh, solace thy miraculous self and cheer the Muses in cheering thy dainty soul, sweetly drunken with their delicious Helicon and the restorative nectar of the gods. What can I say more? That cordial liquor and that heavenly restorative be thy sovereign comfort, and scorn the baseness of every crazed or fainting thought that may argue a degenerate mind. And so much briefly touching thy dear self, whom I hope never to find so pathetically distressed or so tragically disguised again.

Now a word or two concerning him who in charity kisseth thy hand and in pity wisheth thee better luck. May it please gentle Pierce, in the divine fury of his ravished spirit, to be graciously good unto his poor friends, who would be somewhat loath to be silly sheep for the wolf or other sheep-biter. I dare undertake, the abused author [52] of the Astrological Discourse (every page thereof under correction of inspired and supernatural conceits, discovereth more art and judgment than the whole supplication of the parturient mountain) notwithstanding the notorious diabolical discourse of the said Pierce, a man better acquainted with the devils of hell than with the stars of heaven, shall unfeignedly pray for him, and only pray him to report the known truth of his approved learning and living without favor.

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[49] *die . . . wheel:* all symbols of luck or bad luck.

[50] *tragedy of Hecuba:* The story of the Queen of Troy was a favorite sad tale. See *Hamlet,* II, ii, 523 ff.

[51] *Fortuna . . . fatuis:* "Fortune favors fools."

[52] *abused author:* Harvey's brother Richard. He is abused by Nashe in *Pierce Penilesse;* see below, p. 703.

Otherwise it were not greatly amiss, a little to consider that he, which in the ruff of his freshest jollity was fain to cry M. Churchyard [53] amercy in print, may be orderly driven to cry more peccavi's than one. I would think the Counter, M. Churchyard, his hostess Penia, and such other sensible lessons might sufficiently have taught him that Penniless is not Lawless, and that a poet's or painter's license is a poor security to privilege debt or defamation. I would wish the burned child not to forget the hot element, and would advise overweening youths to remember themselves and the good ancient oracle of sage Apollo. There is a certain thing called modesty, if they could light upon it, and, by my young master's leave, some pretty smack of discretion would relish well.

* * *

I will not cry "Absurd, absurd!" as he madly exclaimeth "Monstrous, monstrous!" But who in that university can deny but M. Harvey read the public philosophy lecture with special good liking and (many will say) with singular commendation, when this mighty lashing gentleman, now well-read in the late exploits of Untruss, and for Tarlton's amplifications [54] A per se A,[55] was not so much as *idoneus auditor civilis scientiae?* [56] What he is improved since, excepting his good old *Flores Poetarum,*[57] and Tarlton's surmounting rhetoric, with a little Euphuism, and Greeneness enough, which were all prettily stale before he put hand to pen, I report me to the favorablest opinion of those who know his prefaces, rhymes, and the very tympany [58] of his Tarltonizing wit, his Supplication to the Devil (Oh that is the devil and all!). I am so far from doting upon mine own or my brother's writings, in any matter of moment, that I use to censure them with a more curious judgment than I examine anything else; wherein my ear is so loath to flatter me and my conceit so afraid to cozen me that my mind ever remaineth unsatisfied, and nothing hitherto could fulfill my desire—insatiably covetous to do better. But as those perfunctory discourses are (which were more hastily than speedily published, without my privity), let the best of them go for waste paper and serve the basest shops, if the worst of them import not more public or private use than his gayest flower that may thank Greene or Tarlton for his garland. Were my brother not my brother, but some familiar acquaintance, I might in truth and should in reason make other comparisons, with applause enough; for what indifferency seeth not the difference, or what so silly as he could make Pierce, with voice or pen? (Notwithstanding those miracles of the white raven in

[53] *M. Churchyard:* Thomas Churchyard (1520–1604).

[54] *exploits of Untruss . . . Tarlton's amplifications:* a reference to Nashe's *Pierce Penilesse:* see below, p. 706.

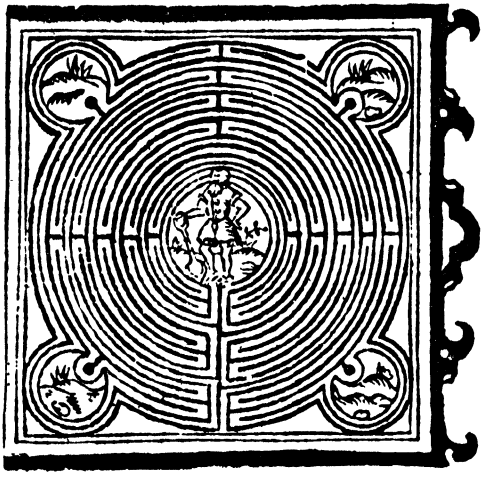
[55] *A per se A:* From the alphabet in a hornbook or primer with a pun on "per se": "Percy": "Pierce."

[56] *idoneus . . . scientiae:* "a proper student of polite learning."

[57] *Flores Poetarum:* anthology of phrases and figures from the Latin poets.

[58] *tympany:* bombast.

the clouds.) But the University, the City, the whole realm, all good learning and civil government be their judge, and my mouth especially in this Martinish and Counter-Martinish age: wherein the spirit of contradiction reigneth and everyone superaboundeth in his own humor, even to the annihilating of any other, without rhyme or reason.



Thomas Nashe[1]

1567–1601

FROM

PIERCE PENNILESS, HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE DEVIL

(1592)

[AN INVECTIVE AGAINST ENEMIES OF POETRY]

WITH the enemies of poetry I care not if I have a bout, and those are they that term our best writers but babbling ballad-makers, holding them fantastical fools, that have wit but cannot tell how to use it. I myself have been so censured among some dull-headed divines,[2] who deem it no more cunning to write an exquisite poem than to preach pure Calvin or distill the juice of a commentary in a quarter sermon.[3] Prove it when you will, you slow-spirited Saturnists,[4] that have nothing but the pilferies of your pen to polish an exhortation withal; no eloquence but tautologies to tie the ears of your auditory unto you; no invention but "here it is to be noted, I stole this note out of Beza [5] or Marlorat"; [6] no wit to move, no passion to urge, but only an ordinary form of preaching, blown up by use of often hearing and speaking; and you shall find there goes more exquisite pains and purity of wit to the writing of one such rare poem as *Rosamund* [7] than to a hundred of your dunstical sermons.

Should we (as you) borrow all out of others, and gather nothing of ourselves, our names should be baffuld [8] on every bookseller's stall, and not a chandler's mustard-pot but would wipe his mouth with our waste paper.

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[1] For introduction and bibliography, see pp. 673–675.

[2] *dull-headed divines:* specifically, the Reverend Richard Harvey, brother of Gabriel, in an epistle prefixed to some copies of *The Lamb of God* (1590)

[3] *quarter sermon:* quarterly sermon.

[4] *Saturnists:* dull, morose persons.

[5] *Beza:* Theodore Beza (1519–1605), successor of Calvin at Geneva; most eminent Protestant divine in Europe.

[6] *Marlorat:* Augustine Marlorat (1506–1563), another of the Geneva reformers.

[7] *Rosamund:* See above, p. 347.

[8] *baffuld:* treated with scorn.

"New herrings, new!" we must cry, every time we make ourselves public, or else we shall be christened with a hundred new titles of idiotism. Nor is poetry an art whereof there is no use in a man's whole life but to describe discontented thoughts and youthful desires; for there is no study but it doth illustrate and beautify. How admirably shine those divines above the common mediocrity, that have tasted the sweet springs of Parnassus!

Silver-tongued Smith,[9] whose well-tuned style hath made thy death the general tears of the Muses, quaintly couldst thou devise heavenly ditties to Apollo's lute, and teach stately verse to trip it as smoothly as if Ovid and thou had but one soul. Hence alone did it proceed that thou wert such a plausible pulpit man, that before thou enteredst into the rough ways of theology thou refinedst, preparedst, and purifiedst thy mind with sweet poetry. If a simple man's censure may be admitted to speak in such an open theater of opinions, I never saw abundant reading better mixed with delight, or sentences which no man can challenge of profane affectation sounding more melodious to the ear or piercing more deep to the heart.

To them that demand what fruits the poets of our time bring forth, or wherein they are able to prove themselves necessary to the state, thus I answer: first and foremost, they have cleansed our language from barbarism and made the vulgar sort here in London (which is the fountain whose rivers flow round about England) to aspire to a richer purity of speech than is communicated with the commonality of any nation under heaven. The virtuous by their praises they encourage to be more virtuous; to vicious men they are as infernal hags to haunt their ghosts with eternal infamy after death. The soldier, in hope to have his high deeds celebrated by their pens, despiseth a whole army of perils, and acteth wonders exceeding all human conjecture. Those that care neither for God nor the devil, by their quills are kept in awe. *Multi famam,* saith one, *pauci conscientiam verentur.*[10]

Let God see what he will, they would be loath to have the shame of the world. What age will not praise immortal Sir Philip Sidney, whom noble Salustius [11] (that thrice singular French poet) hath famoused; together with Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, and merry Sir Thomas More, for the chief pillars of our English speech. Not so much but Chaucer's host, Bailly in Southwark, and his wife of Bath he keeps such a stir with, in his *Canterbury Tales,* shall be talked of whilst the Bath is used, or there be ever a bad house in Southwark. Gentles, it is not your lay chronographers, that write of nothing but of mayors and sheriffs and the dear year and the great frost, that can endow your names with never-dated glory; for they want the wings of choice words to fly to heaven, which we have; they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admiration from men reading, as we can, reporting the meanest accident. Poetry is the honey of all flowers, the quintessence of

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[9] *Smith:* Henry Smith (1550–1591), a very popular preacher. He published some verse in Latin.

[10] *Multi . . . verentur:* "Many respect fame; only a few, conscience," Pliny, *Epistles,* III, 20.

[11] *Salustius:* Guillaume de Saluste du Bartas (1544–1590).

all sciences, the marrow of wit, and the very phrase of angels. How much better is it, then, to have an elegant lawyer to plead one's cause, than a stutting townsman that loseth himself in his tale and doth nothing but make legs; [12] so much it is better for a nobleman or gentleman to have his honor's story related, and his deeds emblazoned, by a poet, than a citizen.

Alas, poor Latinless authors, they are so simple they know not what they do; they no sooner spy a new ballad, and his name to it that compiled it, but they put him in for one of the learned men of our time. I marvel how the masterless men, that set up their bills in Paul's [13] for services, and such as paste up their papers on every post, for arithmetic and writing schools, 'scape eternity amongst them. I believe both they and the knight marshal's men, that nail up mandates at the court gate for annoying the palace with filth or making water, if they set their names to the writing, will shortly make up the number of the learned men of our time, and be as famous as the rest. For my part, I do challenge no praise of learning to myself, yet have I worn a gown in the University, and so hath *caret tempus non habet moribus;* [14] but this I dare presume, that if any Maecenas bind me to him by his bounty or extend some sound liberality to me worth the speaking of, I will do him as much honor as any poet of my beardless years shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can do, but that I attribute so much to my thankful mind above others, which I am persuaded would enable me to work miracles.

On the contrary side, if I be evil intreated, or sent away with a flea in mine ear, let him look that I will rail on him soundly; not for an hour or a day, whiles the injury is fresh in my memory; but in some elaborate polished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to all ages of his beggarly parsimony and ignoble illiberality; and let him not (whatsoever he be) measure the weight of my words by this book, where I write *quicquid in buccam venerit,* [15] as fast as my hand can trot; but I have terms (if I be vexed) laid in steep in *aqua fortis* [16] and gunpowder, that shall rattle through the skies and make an earthquake in a peasant's ears. Put case (since I am not yet out of the theme of wrath) that some tired jade belonging to the press, whom I never wronged in my life, hath named me expressly in print [17] (as I will not do him) and accuse me of want of learning, upbraiding me for reviving in an epistle of mine, the reverent memory of Sir Thomas More, Sir John Cheke, Doctor Watson, Doctor Haddon, Doctor Carr, Master Ascham, as if they were no meat but

[12] *make legs:* bow and scrape.

[13] *bills in Paul's:* Advertisements for jobs were commonly posted on the west door of the cathedral.

[14] *caret . . . moribus:* (bad Latin) I.e., "even unlearned persons have worn a University gown."

[15] *quicquid . . . venerit:* "whatever occurs to me."

[16] *in steep in aqua fortis:* soaking in nitric acid.

[17] R. Harvey in *The Lamb of God.* Nashe has a marginal note at this point which reads: "I would tell you in what book it is, but I am afraid it would make his book sell in his latter days, which hitherto hath lain dead and been a great loss to the printer."

for his mastership's mouth, or none but some such as the son of a ropemaker were worthy to mention them. To show how I can rail, thus would I begin to rail on him, "Thou that hadst thy hood turned over thy ears when thou wert a bachelor, for abusing of Aristotle and setting him upon the school gates painted with ass's ears on his head, is it any discredit for me, thou great babound,[18] thou pigmy braggart, thou pamphleter of nothing but paeans,[19] to be censured by thee, that hast scorned the prince of philosophers? Thou that in thy dialogues sold'st honey for a halfpenny, and the choicest writers extant for cues[20] apiece, that camest to the logic schools when thou wert a freshman and writ'st phrases, off with thy gown and untruss, for I mean to lash thee mightily. Thou hast a brother,[21] hast thou not, student in almanacs, go to, I'll stand to it, fathered one of thy bastards (a book, I mean) which being of thy begetting was set forth under his name?"

* * *

[OF SLOTH, AND THE VALUE OF PLAYS]

Setting jesting aside, I hold it a great disputable question which is a more evil man, of him that is an idle glutton at home or a retchless[22] unthrift abroad. The glutton at home doth nothing but engender diseases, pamper his flesh unto lust, and is good for none but his own gut; the unthrift abroad exerciseth his body at dancing school, fence school, tennis, and all such recreations; the vintners, the victualers, the dicing houses, and who not get by him. Suppose he lose a little now and then at play; it teacheth him wit. And how should a man know to eschew vices, if his own experience did not acquaint him with their inconveniences? *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est:*[23] that villainy we have made no assays in, we admire. Besides, my vagrant reveler haunts plays and sharpens his wits with frequenting the company of poets; he emboldens his blushing face by courting fair women on the sudden, and looks into all estates by conversing with them in public places. Now tell me whether of these two, the heavy-headed gluttonous house-dove, or this lively wanton young gallant, is like to prove he wiser man and better member in the commonwealth. If my youth might not be thought partial, the fine qualified gentleman, although unstayed, should carry it clean away from the lazy clownish drone.

Sloth in nobility, courtiers, scholars, or any men is the chiefest cause that brings them in contempt. For as industry and unfatigable toil raiseth mean

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[18] *babound:* baboon.

[19] *paeans:* a reference to R. Harvey's *Ephemeron, sive Paean* (1583).

[20] *cues:* quadrans, ⅛ of a penny.

[21] *brother:* John Harvey, who published almanacs for 1583 and 1589.

[22] *retchless:* reckless.

[23] *Omne . . . est:* Tacitus, *Agricola,* 30. Nashe translates.

persons from obscure houses to high thrones of authority, so sloth and sluggish security causeth proud lords to tumble from the towers of their starry descents and be trod underfoot of every inferior Besonian.[24] Is it the lofty treading of a galliard or fine grace in telling of a love tale amongst ladies, can make a man reverenced of the multitude? No; they care not for the false glistering of gay garments or the insinuating courtesy of a carpet peer; but they delight to see him shine in armor and oppose himself to honorable danger, to participate a voluntary penury with his soldiers and relieve part of their wants out of his own purse. That is the course he that will be popular must take, which if he neglect and sit dallying at home, nor will be awaked by any indignities out of his love dream, but suffer every upstart groom to defy him, set him at naught and shake him by the beard unrevenged, let him straight take orders and be a churchman, and then his patience may pass for a virtue; but otherwise he shall be suspected of cowardice and not cared for of any. The only enemy to sloth is contention and emulation, as to propose one man to myself that is the only mirror of our age and strive to outgo him in virtue. But this strife must be so tempered that we fall not from the eagerness of praise to the envying of their persons, for then we leave running to the goal of glory to spurn at a stone that lies in our way; and so did Atalanta in the midst of her course stoop to take up the golden apple that her enemy scattered in her way, and was outrun by Hippomenes.[25] The contrary to this contention and emulation is security, peace, quiet, tranquillity—when we have no adversary to pry into our actions, no malicious eye whose pursuing our private behavior might make us more vigilant over our imperfections than otherwise we would be.

That state or kingdom that is in league with all the world, and hath no foreign sword to vex it, is not half so strong or confirmed to endure as that which lives every hour in fear of invasion. There is a certain waste of the people for whom there is no use but war; and these men must have some employment still to cut them off; *Nam si foras hostem non habent, dom. invenient.*[26] If they have no service abroad, they will make mutinies at home. Or if the affairs of the state be such as cannot exhale all these corrupt excrements, it is very expedient they have some light toys to busy their heads withal, cast before them as bones to gnaw upon, which may keep them from having leisure to intermeddle with higher matters.

To this effect, the policy of plays is very necessary, howsoever some shallow-brained censurers (not the deepest searchers into the secrets of government) mightily oppugn them. For whereas the afternoon being idlest time of the day, wherein men that are their own masters (as gentlemen of the court, the Inns of the Court, and the number of captains and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleas-

[24] *Besonian:* beggar, rogue.

[25] *Atalanta . . . Hippomenes:* The story is told by Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* X, 662–680.

[26] *Nam . . . invenient:* Adapted from Livy, Book XXX, xliv, 9. Nashe translates,

ure they divide (how virtuously, it skills not) either into gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or seeing a play; is it not then better (since of four extremes all the world cannot keep them but they will choose one) that they should betake them to the least, which is plays? Nay, what if I prove plays to be no extreme, but a rare exercise of virtue? First, for the subject of them, (for the most part) it is borrowed out of our English chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts (that have lain long buried in rusty brass and worm-eaten books) are revived, and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honors in open presence; than which, what can be a sharper reproof to these degenerate effeminate days of ours?

How would it have joyed brave Talbot,[27] the terror of the French, to think that after he had lain two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times) who in the tragedian that represents his person imagine they behold him fresh bleeding.

I will defend it against any collian[28] or clubfisted usurer of them all, there is no immortality can be given a man on earth like unto plays. What talk I to them of immortality, that are the only underminers of honor, and do envy any man that is not sprung up by base brokery like themselves. They care not if all the ancient houses were rooted out, so that like the burgomasters of the Low Countries they might share the government amongst them as states, and be quartermasters of our monarchy. All arts to them are vanity; and if you tell them what a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to swear fealty, "Aye, but," will they say, "what do we get by it?" Respecting neither the right of fame that is due to true nobility deceased, nor what hopes of eternity are to be proposed to adventurous minds, to encourage them forward, but only their execrable lucre and filthy unquenchable avarice.

They know when they are dead they shall not be brought upon the stage for any goodness, but in a merriment of the usurer and the devil, or buying arms of the herald, who gives them the lion without tongue, tail, or talons, because his master whom he must serve is a townsman and a man of peace, and must not keep any quarreling beasts to annoy his honest neighbors.

In plays, all cozenages, all cunning drifts over-gilded with outward holiness, all stratagems of war, all the cankerworms that breed on the rust of peace, are most lively anatomized; they show the ill success of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, the wretched end of usurpers, the misery of civil dissension, and how just God is evermore in punishing of murther. And to prove every one of these allegations could I propound the circumstances of

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[27] *Talbot:* in the play "Harey the VI" produced by Strange's men for Henslowe on March 3, 1592. What relation this play had to the Shakespearean *I Henry VI* is uncertain, but Nashe's reference would fit I, iv, 39–43, and II, iii, 14–24.

[28] *collian:* rascal (the usual form is "cullion").

this play and that play, if I meant to handle this theme otherwise than *obiter*.[29] What should I say more? They are sour pills of reprehension wrapped up in sweet words. Whereas some petitioners of the counsel against them object, they corrupt the youth of the city and withdraw prentices from their work; they heartily wish they might be troubled with none of their youth nor their prentices; for some of them (I mean the ruder handicrafts' servants) never come abroad but they are in danger of undoing; and as for corrupting them when they come, that's false; for no play they have encourageth any man to tumults or rebellion, but lays before such the halter and the gallows; or praiseth or approveth pride, lust, whoredom, prodigality, or drunkenness, but beats them down utterly. As for the hindrance of trades and traders of the city by them, that is an article foisted in by the vintners, alewives, and victualers, who surmise if there were no plays they should have all the company that resort to them lie boozing and beer-bathing in their houses every afternoon. Nor so, nor so, good brother bottle-ale, for there are other places besides where money can bestow itself; the sign of the smock will wipe your mouth clean; and yet I have heard ye have made her a tenant to your taphouses. But what shall he do that hath spent himself? Where shall he haunt? Faith, when dice, lust, and drunkenness, and all, have dealt upon him, if there be never a play for him to go to for his penny, he sits melancholy in his chamber, devising upon felony or treason, and how he may best exalt himself by mischief.

In Augustus' time (who was the patron of all witty sports) there happened a great fray in Rome about a player, insomuch as all the city was in an uproar; whereupon, the emperor (after the broil was somewhat overblown) called the player before him, and asked what was the reason that a man of his quality durst presume to make such a brawl about nothing. He smilingly replied, "It is good for thee, Oh Caesar, that the people's heads are troubled with brawls and quarrels about us and our light matters; for otherwise they would look into thee and thy matters." Read Lipsius[30] or any profane or Christian politician, and you shall find him of this opinion. Our players are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts, and forbear no immodest speech or unchaste action that may procure laughter; but our scene is more stately furnished than ever it was in the time of Roscius, our representations honorable and full of gallant resolution, not consisting like theirs of pantaloon, a whore, and a zany,[31] but of emperors, kings, and princes; whose true tragedies (*Sophocleo cothurno*)[32] they do vaunt.

Not Roscius nor Aesope,[33] those admired tragedians that have lived ever

[29] *obiter:* by the way.

[30] *Lipsius:* Justus Lipsius (1547–1606), Belgian scholar and historian.

[31] *pantaloon, zany:* type parts in the *commedia dell' arte.*

[32] *Sophocleo cothurno:* "with Sophoclean dignity."

[33] *Roscius, Aesope:* These two Roman actors flourished about 70 B.C.

since before Christ was born, could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Allen.[34] I must accuse our poets of sloth and partiality that they will not boast in large impressions what worthy men (above all nations) England affords. Other countries cannot have a fiddler break a string but they will put it in print, and the old Romans in the writings they published thought scorn to use any but domestical examples of their own home-bred actors, scholars, and champions, and them they would extol to the third and fourth generation; cobblers, tinkers, fencers, none escaped them, but they mingled them all in one gallimaufry of glory.

Here I have used a like method, not of tying myself to mine own country, but by insisting in the experience of our time; and if I ever write anything in Latin (as I hope one day I shall), not a man of any desert here amongst us, but I will have up. Tarlton,[35] Ned Allen, Knell, Bentley,[36] shall be made known to France, Spain, and Italy; and not a part that they surmounted in, more than other, but I will there note and set down, with the manner of their habits and attire.[37]

FROM

STRANGE NEWS OF THE INTERCEPTING CERTAIN LETTERS

(1592) [38]

[CONCERNING SPENSER]

As touching the liberty of orators and poets, I will confer with thee somewhat gravely, although thou beest a goosecap and hast no judgment. A liberty they have, thou sayest, "but no liberty without bounds, no license without limitation." Jesu, what mister wonders [39] dost thou tell us! Everything hath an end, and a pudding hath two. "That liberty, poets of late in their invectives have exceeded"; they have borne their sword up where it is not lawful for a poynado, that is but the page of prowess, to intermeddle.

Thou bringest in Mother Hubbard for an instance. Go no further, but here confess thyself a flat nodgecomb [40] before all this congregation, for thou hast dealt by thy friend as homely as thou didst by thy father. Who publicly accused or of late brought Mother Hubbard into question, that thou shouldst by rehearsal rekindle against him the sparks of displeasure

[34] *Ned Allen:* Edward Alleyn (1566–1626), partner and son-in-law of Henslowe, the manager. He retired from the stage about 1603–4 He founded Dulwich College.

[35] *Tarlton:* Richard Tarlton (d. 1588), the most popular Elizabethan comedian.

[36] *Knell, Bentley:* actors older than Alleyn, and famous in the period before 1588. Both were Queen's men.

[37] Nashe never fulfilled this resolution.

[38] See Harvey's *Four Letters,* p. 693.

[39] *mister wonders:* kind of wonders.

[40] *nodgecomb:* ninny.

that were quenched? Forgot he "the pure sanguine of his *Faerie Queene*," sayest thou? A pure sanguine sot art thou, that in vainglory to have Spenser known for thy friend, and that thou hast some interest in him, censurest him worse than his deadliest enemy would do. If any man were undeservedly touched in it, thou hast revived his disgrace that was so touched in it by renaming it when it was worn out of all men's mouths and minds. Besides, whereas before I thought it a made matter of some malicious moralizers against him, and no substance of slander in truth, now, when thou, that proclaimest thyself the only familiar of his bosom and therefore shouldst know his secrets, gives it out in print that he overshot himself therein, it cannot choose but be suspected to be so indeed.

Immortal Spenser, no frailty hath thy fame but the imputation of this idiot's friendship! Upon an unspotted Pegasus should thy gorgeous-attired *Faerie Queene* ride triumphant through all Report's dominions, but that this mud-born bubble, this boil on the brow of the University, this bladder of pride new blown challengeth some interest in her prosperity. Of pitch who hath any use at all, shall be abused by it in the end.

High grass that flourisheth for a season on the housetop, fadeth before the harvest calls for it and may well make a fair show, but hath no sweetness in it. Such is this Ass *in presenti*,[41] this gross painted image of pride, who would fain counterfeit a good wit, but scornful pity, his best patron, knows it becomes him as ill as an unwieldy elephant to imitate a whelp in his wantonness.

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[HARVEY'S INKHORN TERMS]

The flowers of your *Four Letters* it may be I have overlooked more narrowly and done my best devoir to assemble them together into pathetical posy, which I will here present to Master Orator Edge for a New Year's gift, leaving them to his wordy discretion to be censured, whether they be current in Inkhornism or no:

"Conscious mind; canicular tales; egregious an argument (whenas egregious is never used in English but in the extreme ill part); ingenuity; jovial mind; valorous authors; inkhorn adventures; inkhorn pads; putative opinions; putative artists; energetical persuasions; rascality; materiality; artificiality; fantasticality; divine entelechy; loud mentery; deceitful perfidy; addicted to theory; the world's great incendiary; sirenized furies; sovereignty immense; abundant cautels; cautelous and adventurous; cordial liquor; Catilinaries and Philippics; perfunctory discourses; David's sweetness Olympic; the Idee high and deep abyss of excellence; the only unicorn of the Muses; the Aretinish mountain of huge exaggerations; the

[41] *Ass in presenti:* a pun based on a familiar rule in Lyly's Latin grammar: *As in praesenti, perfectum format in avi* ("Forms ending in 'as' in the present tense end in 'avi' in the perfect tense").

gracious law of amnesty; amicable terms; amicable end; effectuate; addoulce his melody; Magi; polymechany; extensively employed; precious trainment; novelettes; notoriety; negotiations; mechanician."

Nor are these all, for every third line hath some of this over-racked absonism.[42] Nor do I altogether scum off all these as the new-engendered foam of the English, but allow some of them for a need to fill up a verse—as "trainment," and one or two words more which the liberty of prose might well have spared. In a verse, when a word of three syllables cannot thrust in but sidelings, to joint him even we are oftentimes fain to borrow some lesser quarry of elocution from the Latin, always retaining this for a principle: that a leak of indesinence,[43] as a leak in a ship, must needly be stopped with what matter soever.

Chaucer's authority, I am certain, shall be alleged against me[44] for a many of these balductums.[45] Had Chaucer lived to this age, I am verily persuaded he would have discarded the one half of the harsher sort of them. They were the ooze which overflowing barbarism, withdrawn to her Scottish northern channel, had left behind her. Art, like young grass in the spring of Chaucer's flourishing, was glad to peep up through any slime of corruption, to be beholden to she cared not whom for apparel, traveling in those cold countries. There is no reason that she, a banished queen into this barren soil, having monarchized it so long amongst the Greeks and Romans, should, although war's fury had humbled her to some extremity, still be constrained, when she hath recovered her state, to wear the robes of adversity, jet it in her old rags, when she is wedded to new prosperity. *Utere moribus praeteritis,* saith Caius Caesar in Aulus Gellius, *loquere verbis praesentibus.*[46]

Thou art mine enemy, Gabriel, and that which is more, a contemptible underfoot enemy, or else I would teach thy old Truantship[47] the true use of words, as also how more inclinable verse is than prose to dance after the horrisonant[48] pipe of inveterate antiquity. It is no matter, since thou hast brought godly instruction out of love with thee; use thy own destruction, reign sole emperor of Inkhornism! I wish unto thee all superabundant increase of the singular gifts of absurdity and vainglory; from this time forth for ever, ever, ever, evermore mayest thou be canonized as the nonpareil of impious epistlers, the short shredder-out of sandy sentences without lime, as Quintilian termed Seneca all lime and no sand, all matter and no circumstance; the factor for the fairies and night-urchins in supplanting and setting aside the true children of the English, and suborning inkhorn changelings in their stead; the gallimauferyer of all styles in one standish, as imitating everyone and having no separate form of writing of thy own;

[42] *absonism:* solecism in language.

[43] *indesinence:* lack of proper ending.

[44] *Chaucer's . . . me:* Nashe's "certainty" is ill-founded. The inkhornisms are not Chaucerian.

[45] *balductums:* trash, nonsense.

[46] *Utere . . . praesentibus:* "Follow ancient manners, but use modern language."

[47] *Truantship:* In *Foure Letters* Harvey refers to himself as an old truant.

[48] *horrisonant:* discordant.

and, to conclude, the only feather-driver of phrases and putter-of-a-good-word-to-it-when-thou-hast-once-got-it that is betwixt this and the Alps. So be it, world without end. Chroniclers, hear my prayers; good Master Stowe, be not unmindful of him.

[NASHE ON HIMSELF AS A WRITER]

But something even now, Gabriel, thou wert girding against my "prefaces and rhymes, and the tympany of my Tarltonizing wit." Well, these be your words, "prefaces and rhymes." Let me study a little—"prefaces and rhymes" —*Minime vero, si ais nego.*[49] I never printed rhyme in my life, but those verses in the beginning of *Pierce Penniless*, though you have set forth

> The stories quaint of many a doughty fly,
> That read a lecture to the vent'rous elf.[50]

And so forth, as followeth in chambling row. Prefaces two,[51] or a pair of epistles, I will receive into the protection of my parentage, out of both which, suck out one solecism or misshapen English word if thou canst for thy guts.

Wherein have I borrowed from Greene or Tarlton, that I should thank them for all I have? Is my style like Greene's or my jests like Tarlton's? Do I talk of any counterfeit birds, or herbs, or stones, or rake up any new-found poetry from under the walls of Troy? [52] If I do, trip me with it; but I do not; therefore I'll be so saucy as trip you with the grand lie. 'Ware stumbling of whetstones in the dark, there, my masters!

This will I proudly boast (yet am I nothing akindred to the three brothers), that the vein which I have, be it a median vein or a madman, is of my own begetting, and calls no man father in England but myself, neither Euphues, nor Tarlton, nor Greene.

Not Tarlton nor Greene but have been contented to let my simple judgment overrule them in some matters of wit. *Euphues* I read when I was a little ape in Cambridge, and then I thought it was *ipse ille;* [53] it may be excellent good still, for aught I know, for I looked not on it this ten year; but to imitate it I abhor, otherwise than it imitates Plutarch, Ovid, and the choicest Latin authors.

If you be advised, I took "shortest vowels and longest mutes" [54] in the beginning of my book, as suspicious of being accessary to the making of a

[49] *Minime . . . nego.* "No, not at all; if you say it, I deny it."

[50] *The stories . . . elf:* a quotation from a sonnet by Harvey in *Foure Letters.*

[51] *Prefaces two:* introductory epistles to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589) and to the first edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (1591).

[52] *rake up any . . . Troy:* Nashe elsewhere speaks with scorn of the trite subject of the siege of Troy.

[53] *ipse ille:* "the very thing."

[54] *"shortest . . . mutes":* a quotation from a sonnet against Greene in the first of *Foure Letters.* In the beginning of *Strange Newes* Nashe had said the poem was by Harvey even though it is represented as written by one Christopher Bird of Saffron Walden.

sonnet whereto Master Christopher Bird's name is set; there I said that you mute [55] forth many such phrases in the course of your book, which I would point at as I passed by. Here I am as good as my word, for I note that thou, being afraid of beraying [56] thyself with writing, wouldst fain be a mute, when it is too late to repent. Again thou reviest on us and sayest that mutes are coursed and vowels hunted. Thou art no mute, yet shalt thou be hunted and coursed to the full. I will never leave thee as long as I am able to lift a pen.

Whether I seek to be counted a terrible bull-beggar [57] or no, I'll bait thee worse than a bull, so that thou shalt desire somebody on thy knees to help thee with letters of commendation to Bull the Hangman, that he may dispatch thee out of the way before more affliction come upon thee. All the invective and satirical spirits shall then be thy familiars, as the furies in hell are the familiars of sinful ghosts, to follow them and torment them without intermission; thou shalt be double-girt with girds, and scoffed at till those that stand by do nothing but cough with laughing.

Thou sayest I profess the art of railing; thou shalt not say so in vain, for, if there be any art or depth in it more than Aretine or Agrippa [58] have discovered or dived into, look that I will sound it and search it to the uttermost, but e'er I have done with thee I'll leave thee the miserablest creature that the sun ever saw.

There is no kind of peaceable pleasure in poetry, but I can draw equally in the same yoke with the haughtiest of those foul-mouthed backbiters that say I can do nothing but rail. I have written in all sorts of humors privately, I am persuaded, more than any young man of my age in England.

FROM

THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER, OR THE LIFE OF JACK WILTON

(1594)

To the Right Honorable Lord Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton [59] and Baron of Tichfield

Ingenuous honorable lord, I know not what blind custom methodical antiquity hath thrust upon us, to dedicate such books as we publish to one

[55] *mute:* void excrement.

[56] *beraying:* befouling.

[57] *bull-beggar:* bogey, bugbear.

[58] *Agrippa:* Henricus Cornelius Agrippa (1486–1535), German physician and writer who attacked modern versions of Christianity. His *De incertitudine et vanitate scientiarum* was a favorite book of Nashe's.

[59] *Southampton:* See above, p. 221. The nobleman was a member of Nashe's college in Cambridge. For some unknown reason, the dedication was withdrawn in the second edition which appeared later the same year.

great man or other. In which respect, lest any man should challenge these my papers as goods uncustomed, and so extend upon them as forfeit to contempt, to the seal of your excellent censure, lo, here I present them to be seen and allowed. Prize them as high or as low as you list; if you set any price on them, I hold my labor well satisfied. Long have I desired to approve my wit unto you. My reverent dutiful thoughts, even from their infancy, have been retainers to your glory. Now at last I have enforced an opportunity to plead my devoted mind. All that in this fantastical treatise I can promise is some reasonable conveyance of history and variety of mirth. By divers of my good friends have I been dealt with to employ my dull pen in this kind, it being a clean different vein from other my former courses of writing. How well or ill I have done in it, I am ignorant; the eye that sees round about itself sees not into itself. Only your Honor's applauding encouragement hath power to make me arrogant. Incomprehensible is the height of your spirit both in heroical resolution and matters of conceit. Unreprievably perisheth that book whatsoever to waste paper which on the diamond rock of your judgment disasterly chanceth to be shipwrecked. A dear lover and cherisher you are, as well of the lovers of poets as of poets themselves. Amongst their sacred number I dare not ascribe myself, though now and then I speak English. That small brain I have, to no further use I convert, save to be kind to my friends and fatal to my enemies. A new brain, a new wit, a new style, a new soul will I get me, to canonize your name to posterity, if in this first attempt I be not taxed of presumption. Of your gracious favor I despair not, for I am not altogether fame's outcast. This handful of leaves I offer to your view, to the leaves on trees I compare, which as they cannot grow of themselves except they have some branches or boughs to cleave to, and with whose juice and sap they be evermore recreated and nourished, so except these unpolished leaves of mine have some branch of nobility whereon to depend and cleave, and with the vigorous nutriment of whose authorized commendation they may be continually fostered and refreshed, never will they grow to the world's good liking, but forthwith fade and die on the first hour of their birth. Your lordship is the large spreading branch of renown from whence these my idle leaves seek to derive their whole nourishing; it resteth you either scornfully shake them off, as worm-eaten and worthless, or in pity preserve them and cherish them for some little summer fruit you hope to find amongst them.

Your Honor's in all humble service,

THO: NASHE.

About that time [60] that the terror of the world and fever quartan of the French, Henry the Eight (the only true subject of chronicles), advanced his standard against the two hundred and fifty towers of Tournay and Terouenne, and had the emperor, and all the nobility of Flanders, Holland,

[60] *that time:* August and September, 1513.

and Brabant as mercenary attendants on his full-sailed fortune, I, Jack Wilton (a gentleman at least), was a certain kind of an appendix or page, belonging or appertaining in or unto the confines of the English court, where what my credit was, a number of my creditors that I cozened can testify. *Coelum petimus stultitia;* [61] which of us all is not a sinner? Be it known to as many as will pay money enough to peruse my story, that I followed the court or the camp, or the camp and the court, when Terouenne lost her maidenhead and opened her gates to more than Jane Tross did. There did I (soft! let me drink before I go any further) reign sole king of the cans and black jacks,[62] prince of the pygmies, county palatine of clean straw and provant,[63] and, to conclude, lord high regent of rashers of the coals and red herring cobs.[64] *Paulo majora canamus.*[65] Well, to the purpose. What stratagemical acts and monuments do you think an ingenious infant of my years might enact? You will say, it were sufficient if he slur [66] a die, pawn his master to the utmost penny, and minister the oath of the pantofle [67] artificially. These are signs of good education, I must confess, and arguments of "In grace and virtue to proceed." [68] Oh, but *Aliquid latet quod non patet:* [69] there's a further path I must trace; examples confirm; list, lordings, to my proceedings. Whosoever is acquainted with the state of a camp understands that in it be many quarters, and yet not so many as on London bridge.[70] In those quarters are many companies. Much company, much knavery, as true as that old adage, "Much courtesy, much subtlety." Those companies, like a great deal of corn, do yield some chaff; the corn are cormorants, the chaff are good fellows, which are quickly blown to nothing with bearing a light heart in a light purse. Amongst this chaff was I winnowing my wits to live merrily, and by my troth so I did; the prince could but command men spend their blood in his service—I could make them spend all the money they had for my pleasure. But poverty in the end parts friends; though I was prince of their purses, and exacted of my unthrift subjects as much liquid allegiance as any kaiser in the world could do, yet where it is not to be had the king must lose his right; want cannot be withstood, men can do no more than they can do. What remained then, but the fox's case must help, when the lion's skin is out at the elbows?

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[61] *Coelum . . . stultitia:* "we foolishly try to scale the heavens," Horace, *Odes,* I, 3, 38.

[62] *black jacks:* drinking vessels.

[63] *provant:* provisions.

[64] *cobs:* young herring. Cf. the character named "Cob" in Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour.*

[65] *Paulo . . . canamus:* "Let us sing more nobly," Virgil, *Eclogues,* IV, 1.

[66] *slur:* so throw the die that it slides without turning.

[67] *oath of the pantofle:* a mock initiation ceremony, in which an old slipper takes the place of the Bible, formerly administered to apprentices and to freshmen at Cambridge.

[68] *"In . . . proceed":* the second line of a couplet children recited before giving the alphabet from their hornbooks (primers). The first line was "Christ's cross be my speed."

[69] *Aliquid . . . patet:* "Something is hidden which does not appear."

[70] *London bridge:* In the sixteenth century the bridge was covered with houses.

[ON THE SWEATING SICKNESS]

I must not discover what ungodly dealing we had with the black jacks or how oft I was crowned king of the drunkards with a court cup; let me quietly descend to the waning of my youthful days and tell a little of the sweating sickness, that made me in a cold sweat take my heels and run out of England.

This sweating sickness was a disease that a man then might catch and never go to a hothouse. Many masters desire to have such servants as would work till they sweat again, but in those days he that sweat never wrought again. That scripture then was not thought so necessary which says, "Earn thy living with the sweat of thy brows," for then they earned their dying with the sweat of their brows. It was enough if a fat man did but truss his points,[71] to turn him over the perch; [72] Mother Cornelius' tub? [73] why, it was like hell; he that came into it never came out of it. Cooks that stand continually basting their faces before the fire were now all cashiered with this sweat into kitchen stuff; their hall [74] fell into the King's hands for want of one of the trade to uphold it. Felt-makers and furriers, what the one with the hot steam of their wool new taken out of the pan and the other with the contagious heat of their slaughter-budge [75] and cony skins, died more thick than of the pestilence. I have seen an old woman at that season having three chins wipe them all away one after another, as they melted into water, and left herself nothing of a mouth but an upper chap. Look how in May or the heat of summer we lay butter in water for fear it should melt away, so then were men fain to wet their clothes in water as dyers do, and hide themselves in wells from the heat of the sun.

Then happy was he that was an ass, for nothing will kill an ass but cold, and none died but with extreme heat. The fishes called sea-stars, that burn one another by excessive heat,[76] were not so contagious as one man that had the sweat was to another. Masons paid nothing for hair to mix their lime, nor glovers to stuff their balls [77] with, for then they had it for nothing; it dropped off men's heads and beards faster than any barber could shave it. O, if hair breeches had then been in fashion, what a fine world had it been for tailors; and so it was a fine world for tailors nevertheless, for he that could make a garment slightest and thinnest carried it away. Cutters, I can tell you, then stood upon it to have their trade one of the

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[71] *truss his points:* fasten the laces that held up his hose.

[72] *turn him over the perch:* "do him in."

[73] *Mother Cornelius' tub:* a heat and powder treatment for venereal disease, usually given by old women quacks rather than by regular physicians.

[74] *hall:* of the Cook's Company, in Aldersgate Street.

[75] *slaughter-budge:* cheap lamb's fur from the slaughterhouse.

[76] *for nothing . . . heat:* This pseudo-biology comes ultimately from Pliny and Aristotle.

[77] *glovers . . . balls:* Tennis balls were made of soft leather and filled with hair.

twelve companies, for who was it then that would not have his doublet cut to the skin and his shirt cut into it, too, to make it more cold. It was as much as a man's life was worth, once to name a frieze jerkin; [78] it was high treason for a fat gross man to come within five miles of the court. I heard where they died up all in one family, and not a mother's child escaped, insomuch as they had but an Irish rug locked up in a press, and not laid upon any bed, neither. If those that were sick of this malady slept of it, they never waked more. Physicians with their simples [79] in this case were simple fellows and knew not which way to bestir them.

Galen might go shoe the gander for any good he could do; his sectaries had so long called him divine that now he had lost all his virtue upon earth. Hippocrates might well help almanac-makers, but here he had not a word to say; a man might sooner catch the sweat with plodding over him to no end, than cure the sweat with any of his impotent principles. Paracelsus with his spirit of the buttery and his spirits of minerals could not so much as say "God amend him" to the matter.[80] *Plus erat in artifice quam arte:*[81] there was more infection in the physician himself than his art could cure. This mortality first began amongst old men, for they, taking a pride to have their breasts loose basted with tedious beards, kept their houses so hot with their hairy excrements that not so much but their very walls sweat out saltpeter, with the smothering perplexity; nay, a number of them had marvelous hot breaths, which, sticking in the briars of their bushy beards, could not choose but (as close air long imprisoned) engender corruption.

Wiser was our brother Banks [82] of these latter days, who made his juggling horse a "cut," [83] for fear if at any time he should foist,[84] the stink sticking in his thick bushy tail might be noisome to his auditors. Should I tell you how many pursuivants with red noses and serjeants [85] with precious faces shrunk away in this sweat, you would not believe me. Even as the salamander with his very sight blasteth apples on the trees, so a pursuivant or a serjeant at this present, with the very reflex of his fiery facies,[86] was able to spoil a man afar off. In some places of the world there is no shadow of the sun; *diebus illis* [87] if it had been so in England, the generation of Brute [88] had died all and some. To knit up this description in a pursnet: so fervent and scorching was the burning air which enclosed them that the most blessed man then alive would have thought that God had done fairly

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[78] *frieze jerkin:* (There is a pun on "freeze") a sleeveless jacket of coarse cloth.

[79] *simples:* vegetable medicines.

[80] *Galen . . . matter:* Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus were the most highly respected authorities on medicine. The latter (1493–1541) had gone beyond the science of the two ancients in experimenting with mineral medicines (spirits of minerals); *spirit of the buttery:* liquor.

[81] *Plus . . . arte:* Nashe translates. The phrase is attributed to Trajan.

[82] *Banks:* the owner of a famous trick horse, named Morocco, whose exploits the Elizabethans never tire of reciting.

[83] *cut:* curtail.

[84] *foist:* fart.

[85] *pursuivants, serjeants:* messengers and minor legal officials.

[86] *fiery facies:* a pun on the legal writ *fieri facias,* an execution against property for collection of debt.

[87] *diebus illis:* "in those days."

[88] *Brute:* legendary founder of Britain.

by him if he had turned him to a goat, for goats take breath not at the mouth or nose only, but at the ears also.

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[SURREY AND HIS GERALDINE]

What with wagons and bare ten toes [89] having attained to Middleborough (good Lord, see the changing chances of us knights-errant infants), I met with the right honorable Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey,[90] my late master. Jesu, I was persuaded I should not be more glad to see heaven than I was to see him. Oh, it was a right noble lord, liberality itself (if in this iron age there were any such creature as liberality left on the earth), a prince in content because a poet without peer.

Destiny never defames herself but when she lets an excellent poet die; if there be any spark of Adam's paradised perfection yet embered up in the breasts of mortal men, certainly God hath bestowed that his perfectest image on poets. None come so near to God in wit, none more contemn the world; *Vatis avarus non temere est animus,* saith Horace, *versus amat, hoc studet unum.*[91] Seldom have you seen any poet possessed with avarice, only verses he loves, nothing else he delights in; and as they contemn the world, so contrarily of the mechanical world are none more contemned. Despised they are of the world, because they are not of the world; their thoughts are exalted above the world of ignorance and all earthly conceits.

As sweet angelical choristers they are continually conversant in the heaven of arts; heaven itself is but the highest height of knowledge; he that knows himself and all things else, knows the means to be happy; happy, thrice happy, are they whom God hath doubled his spirit upon, and given a double soul unto to be poets.

My heroical master exceeded in this supernatural kind of wit; he entertained no gross earthly spirit [92] of avarice, nor weak womanly spirit of pusillanimity and fear that are feigned to be of the water, but admirable, airy, and fiery spirits, full of freedom, magnanimity, and bountihood. Let me not speak any more of his accomplishments, for fear I spend all my spirits in praising him, and leave myself no vigor of wit or effects of a soul to go forward with my history.

Having thus met him I so much adored, no interpleading was there of opposite occasions, but back I must return and bear half stakes with him in the lottery of travel. I was not altogether unwilling to walk along with such a good purse-bearer, yet musing what changeable humor had so suddenly

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[89] *ten toes:* nags.

[90] *Surrey:* See above, p. 34. Jack Wilton's account is almost pure fabrication. Surrey was never in Italy. This story created a legend, however, which has been destroyed only in recent times. See also Drayton, p. 410.

[91] *Vatis . . . unum:* Horace, *Epistles,* II, i, 119–20. Nashe translates.

[92] *earthly spirit:* Qualities of character were associated with the four elements—earth, air, fire, and water.

seduced him from his native soil to seek out needless perils in those parts beyond sea, one night very boldly I demanded of him the reason that moved him thereto.

"Ah," quoth he, "my little page, full little canst thou perceive how far metamorphosed I am from myself, since I last saw thee. There is a little god called Love, that will not be worshiped of any leaden brains; one that proclaims himself sole king and emperor of piercing eyes, and chief sovereign of soft hearts; he it is that, exercising his empire in my eyes, hath exorcised and clean conjured me from my content.

"Thou know'st stately Geraldine, too stately I fear for me to do homage to her statue or shrine; she it is that is come out of Italy to bewitch all the wise men of England; upon Queen Katherine Dowager she waits, that hath a dowry of beauty sufficient to make her wooed of the greatest kings in Christendom. Her high-exalted sunbeams have set the phoenix[93] nest of my breast on fire, and I myself have brought Arabian spiceries of sweet passions and praises to furnish out the funeral flame of my folly. Those who were condemned to be smothered to death by sinking down into the soft bottom of an high-built bed of roses never died so sweet a death as I should die, if her rose-colored disdain were my deathsman.

"Oh, thrice-imperial Hampton Court, Cupid's enchanted castle, the place where I first saw the perfect omnipotence of the Almighty expressed in mortality, 'tis thou alone that, tithing all other men solace in thy pleasant situation, affordest me nothing but an excellent begotten sorrow out of the chief treasury of all thy recreations.

"Dear Wilton, understand that there it was where I first set eye on my more than celestial Geraldine. Seeing her, I admired her; all the whole receptacle of my sight was unhabited with her rare worth. Long suit and uncessant protestations got me the grace to be entertained. Did never unloving servant so prentice-like obey his never-pleased mistress as I did her. My life, my wealth, my friends had all their destiny depending on her command.

"Upon a time I was determined to travel; the fame of Italy, and an especial affection I had unto poetry, my second mistress, for which Italy was so famous, had wholly ravished me unto it. There was no dehortment from it, but needs thither I would; wherefore, coming to my mistress as she was then walking with other ladies of estate in paradise at Hampton Court, I most humbly besought her of favor, that she would give me so much gracious leave to absent myself from her service as to travel a year or two into Italy. She very discreetly answered me that if my love were so hot as I had often avouched, I did very well to apply the plaster of absence unto it, for absence, as they say, causeth forgetfulness; 'yet nevertheless since it is Italy, my native country, you are so desirous to see, I am the more will-

[93] *phoenix:* In medieval legend the phoenix, a unique bird, died in flames and its successor rose from its ashes.

ing to make my will yours. Aye, *pete Italiam,* go and seek Italy, with Aeneas; but be more true than Aeneas; I hope that kind wit-cherishing climate will work no change in so witty a breast. No country of mine shall it be more, if it conspire with thee in any new love against me. One charge I will give thee, and let it be rather a request than a charge; when thou comest to Florence (the fair city from whence I fetched the pride of my birth), by an open challenge defend my beauty against all comers.

" 'Thou hast that honorable carriage in arms that it shall be no discredit for me to bequeath all the glory of my beauty to thy well-governed arm. Fain would I be known where I was born, fain would I have thee known where fame sits in her chiefest theater. Farewell, forget me not; continued deserts will eternize me unto thee, thy wishes shall be expired when thy travel shall be once ended.'

"Here did tears step out before words, and intercepted the course of my kind-conceived speech, even as wind is allayed with rain; with heart-scalding sighs I confirmed her parting request, and vowed myself hers while living heat allowed me to be mine own; *hinc illae lachrimae,*[94] here-hence proceeded the whole cause of my peregrination."

Not a little was I delighted with this unexpected love story, especially from a mouth out of which was naught wont to march but stern precepts of gravity and modesty. I swear unto you I thought his company the better by a thousand crowns, because he had discarded those nice terms of chastity and continency. Now I beseech God love me so well as I love a plain-dealing man; earth is earth, flesh is flesh, earth will to earth, and flesh unto flesh; frail earth, frail flesh, who can keep you from the work of your creation?

Dismissing this fruitless annotation *pro et contra;* towards Venice we progressed, and took Rotterdam in our way, that was clean out of our way; there we met with aged learning's chief ornament, that abundant and superingenious clerk, Erasmus, as also with merry Sir Thomas More,[95] our countryman, who was come purposely over a little before us, to visit the said grave father Erasmus; what talk, what conference we had then, it were here superfluous to rehearse, but this I can assure you, Erasmus in all his speeches seemed so much to mislike the indiscretion of princes in preferring of parasites and fools, that he decreed with himself to swim with the stream, and write a book forthwith in commendation of folly. Quick-witted Sir Thomas More traveled in a clean contrary province, for he seeing most commonwealths corrupted by ill custom, and that principalities were nothing but great piracies, which, gotten by violence and murther, were maintained by private undermining and bloodshed, that in the chiefest flourishing kingdoms there was no equal or well-divided weal one with another, but a manifest conspiracy of rich men against poor men, procuring

[94] *hinc . . . lachrimae:* "hence these tears," Terence, *Andria,* I, i, 99.

[95] *Erasmus, More:* This meeting is as fictional as the travels of Surrey in Italy.

their own unlawful commodities under the name and interest of the commonwealth, he concluded with himself to lay down a perfect plot of a commonwealth or government, which he would entitle his *Utopia.*

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[AN ITALIAN REVENGE]

To Bologna with a merry gale we posted, where we lodged ourselves in a blind street out of the way and kept secret many days; but when we perceived we sailed in the haven, that the wind was laid, and no alarum made after us, we boldly came abroad, and one day, hearing of a more desperate murtherer than Cain that was to be executed, we followed the multitude and grudged not to lend him our eyes at his last parting. Who should it be but one Cutwolfe, a wearish,[96] dwarfish writhen-faced cobbler, brother to Bartol the Italian, that was confederate with Esdras[97] of Granada, and at that time stole away my courtesan when he ravished Heraclide. It is not so natural for me to epitomize his impiety as to hear him in his own person speak upon the wheel where he was to suffer.

Prepare your ears and your tears, for never till this thrust I any tragical matter upon you. Strange and wonderful are God's judgments; here shine they in their glory. Chaste Heraclide, thy blood is laid up in heaven's treasury; not one drop of it was lost, but lent out to usury. Water poured forth sinks down quietly into the earth, but blood spilt on the ground sprinkles up to the firmament. Murder is wide mouthed and will not let God rest till he grant revenge. Not only the blood of the slaughtered innocent, but the soul ascendeth to the throne and there cries out and exclaims for justice and recompense. Guiltless souls that live every hour subject to violence, and with your despairing fears do much impair God's providence, fasten your eyes on this spectacle that will add to your faith. Refer all your oppressions, afflictions, and injuries to the even-balanced eye of the Almighty; he it is that, when your patience sleepeth, will be most exceeding mindful of you. This is but a gloss upon the text. Thus Cutwolfe begins his insulting oration:

"Men and people that have made holiday to behold my pained flesh toil on the wheel, expect not of me a whining penitent slave that shall do nothing but cry and say his prayers and so be crushed in pieces. My body is little, but my mind is as great as a giant's. The soul which is in me is the very soul of Julius Caesar by reversion. My name is Cutwolfe, neither better nor worse by occupation than a poor cobbler of Verona. Cobblers are men, and kings are no more. The occasion of my coming hither at this present is to have a few of my bones broken (as we are all born to die) for being the death of the emperor of homicides, Esdras of Granada.

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[96] *wearish:* wizened.

[97] *Esdras:* An earlier episode in the book is the rape by Esdras of Heraclide on the body of her murdered husband.

"About two years since, in the streets of Rome, he slew the only and eldest brother I had, named Bartol, in quarreling about a courtesan. The news brought to me as I was sitting in my shop under a stall, knocking in of tacks, I think I raised up my bristles, sold pritch-awl, sponge, blacking-tub and punching-iron, bought me rapier and pistol, and to go I went. Twenty months together I pursued him, from Rome to Naples, from Naples to Chiete passing over the river, from Chiete to Siena, from Siena to Florence, from Florence to Parma, from Parma to Pavia, from Pavia to Sion, from Sion to Geneva, from Geneva back again towards Rome, where in the way it was my chance to meet him in the nick, here at Bologna, as I will tell you how. I saw a great fray in the streets as I passed along, and many swords walking, whereupon, drawing nearer, and inquiring who they were, answer was returned me that it was that notable banditto Esdras of Granada. O, so I was tickled in the spleen with that word, my heart hopped and danced, my elbows itched, my fingers frisked; I wist not what should become of my feet nor knew what I did, for joy. The fray parted, I thought it not convenient to single him out, being a sturdy knave, in the street, but to stay till I had got him at more advantage. To his lodging I dogged him, lay at the door all night where he entered, for fear he should give me the slip any way. Betimes in the morning I rung the bell and craved to speak with him. Now to his chamber door I was brought, where knocking, he rose in his shirt and let me in, and when I was entered, bade me lock the door and declare my errand, and so he slipped to bed again.

" 'Marry, this,' quoth I, 'is my errand. Thy name is Esdras of Granada, is it not? Most treacherously thou slewest my brother Bartol about two years ago in the streets of Rome; his death am I come to revenge. In quest of thee ever since, above three thousand miles have I traveled. I have begged, to maintain me, the better part of the way, only because I would intermit no time from my pursuit in going back for money. Now have I got thee naked in my power; die thou shalt, though my mother and my grandmother dying did intreat for thee. I have promised the devil thy soul within this hour; break my word I will not; in thy breast I intend to bury a bullet. Stir not, quench not, make no noise, for if thou dost it will be worse for thee.'

"Quoth Esdras: 'Whatever thou beest at whose mercy I lie, spare me and I will give thee as much gold as thou wilt ask. Put me to any pains, my life reserved, and I willingly will sustain them; cut off my arms and legs and leave me as a lazar [98] to some loathsome spittle,[99] where I may but live a year to pray and repent me. For thy brother's death the despair of mind that hath ever since haunted me, the guilty gnawing worm of conscience I feel may be sufficient penance. Thou canst not send me to such a hell as already there is in my heart. To dispatch me presently is no revenge; it will soon be forgotten. Let me die a lingering death—it will be remembered a great deal longer. A lingering death may avail my soul, but it is the illest

[98] *lazar:* leper.

[99] *spittle:* hospital.

of ills that can befortune my body. For my soul's health I beg my body's torment; be not thou a devil to torment my soul and send me to eternal damnation. Thy over-hanging sword hides heaven from my sight; I dare not look up, lest I embrace my death's-wound unawares. I cannot pray to God and plead to thee both at once. Ay me! Already I see my life buried in the wrinkles of thy brows; say but I shall live, though thou meanest to kill me. Nothing confounds like to sudden terror; it thrusts every sense out of office. Poison wrapped up in sugared pills is but half a poison; the fear of death's looks are more terrible than his stroke. . . . Defer awhile thy resolution; I am not at peace with the world, for even but yesterday I fought, and in my fury threatened further vengeance; had I a face to ask forgiveness, I should think half my sins were forgiven. A hundred devils haunt me daily for my horrible murthers. The devils when I die will be loath to go to hell with me, for they desired of Christ he would not send them to hell before their time; if they go not to hell, into thee will they go and hideously vex thee for turning them out of their habitation. Wounds I contemn; life I prize light; it is another world's tranquillity which makes me so timorous. Everlasting damnation! Everlasting howling and lamentation! It is not from death I request thee to deliver me, but from this terror of torment's eternity. Thy brother's body only I pierced unadvisedly; his soul meant I no harm to at all. My body and soul both shalt thou cast away quite, if thou dost at this instant what thou mayest. Spare me, spare me, I beseech thee! By thine own soul's salvation, I desire thee, seek not my soul's utter perdition. In destroying me, thou destroyest thyself and me.'

"Eagerly I replied after this long suppliant oration: 'Though I knew God would never have mercy upon me except I had mercy on thee, yet of thee no mercy would I have. Revenge in our tragedies is continually raised from hell; of hell do I esteem better than heaven, if it afford me revenge. There is no heaven but revenge. I tell thee, I would not have undertook so much toil to gain heaven as I have done in pursuing thee for revenge. Divine revenge, of which, as of the joys above, there is no fullness or satiety. Look how my feet are blistered with following thee from place to place! I have riven my throat with overstraining it to curse thee. I have ground my teeth to powder with grating and grinding them together for anger when any hath named thee. My tongue with vain threats is bollen [100] and waxen too big for my mouth; my eyes [101] have broken their strings with staring and looking ghastly as I stood devising how to frame or set my countenance when I met thee. I have near spent my strength in imaginary acting on stone walls what I determined to execute on thee. Entreat not, a miracle may not relieve thee! Villain, thus march I with my blade into thy bowels!'

"'Stay, stay!' exclaimed Esdras, 'and hear me but one word further. Though neither for God nor man thou carest, but placest thy whole felicity

[100] *bollen:* swollen.

[101] *eyes:* In the old physiology, the eyes were attached to strings which cracked or broke with too intent use. Cf. *Cymbeline,* I, iii, 17.

in murther, yet of thy felicity learn how to make a greater felicity. Respite me a little from thy sword's point and set me about some execrable enterprise that may subvert the whole state of Christendom and make all men's ears tingle that hear of it. Command me to cut all my kindred's throats, to burn men, women, and children in their beds in millions by firing their cities at midnight. Be it Pope, Emperor, or Turk that displeaseth thee, he shall not breathe on the earth. For thy sake will I swear and forswear, renounce my baptism and all the interest I have in any other sacrament; only let me live, how miserable soever, be it in a dungeon amongst toads, serpents, and adders, or set up to the neck in dung. No pains I will refuse, however prorogued,[102] to have a little respite to purify my spirit. O hear me, hear me! and thou canst not be hardened against me.'

"At this his importunity I paused a little, not as retiring from my wreakful[103] resolution, but going back to gather more forces of vengeance. With myself I devised how to plague him double in his base mind. My thoughts traveled in quest of some notable new Italianism, whose murderous platform might not only extend on his body, but his soul also.[104] The groundwork of it was this: that whereas he had promised for my sake to swear and forswear, and commit Julian-like violence[105] on the highest seals of religion,[106] if he would but this far satisfy me, he should be dismissed from my fury:

"First and foremost, he should renounce God and his laws and utterly disclaim the whole title or interest he had in any covenant of salvation.

"Next, he should curse him to his face, as Job was willed by his wife, and write an absolute firm obligation of his soul to the devil, without condition or exception.

"Thirdly and lastly, having done this, he should pray to God fervently, never to have mercy upon him or pardon him.

"Scarce had I propounded these articles unto him but he was beginning his blasphemous abjurations. I wonder the earth opened not and swallowed us both, hearing the bold terms he blasted forth in contempt of Christianity; heaven hath thundered when half less contumelies against it have been uttered. Able they were to raise saints and martyrs from their graves and pluck Christ himself from the right hand of his Father. My joints trembled and quaked with attending them; my hair stood upright and my heart was turned wholly to fire. So affectionately and zealously did he give himself over to infidelity, as if Satan had got the upper hand of our High Maker. The vein in his left hand that is derived from the heart with no faint blow he pierced, and with the full blood that flowed from it, writ a full obligation of his soul to the devil; yea, he more earnestly prayed unto God never to forgive his soul than many Christians do to save their souls. These fearful

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[102] *prorogued:* prolonged.

[103] *wreakful:* vengeful

[104] *murderous . . . also:* Cf. Hamlet's reason for not killing the king at prayer.

[105] *Julian-like violence:* a reference to the Emperor Julian, type of apostate.

[106] *seals of religion:* baptism, sign of cross, etc.

ceremonies brought to an end, I bade him ope his mouth and gape wide. He did so (as what will not slaves do for fear?); therewith made I no more ado, but shot him full into the throat with my pistol. No more spake he after, so did I shoot him that he might never speak after or repent him. His body being dead looked as black as a toad: the devil presently [107] branded it for his own.

"This is the fault that hath called me hither. No true Italian but will honor me for it. Revenge is the glory of arms and the highest performance of valor. Revenge is whatsoever we call law or justice. The farther we wade in revenge the nearer we come to the throne of the Almighty. To his scepter it is properly ascribed; his scepter he lends unto man when he lets one man scourge another. All true Italians imitate me in revenging constantly and dying valiantly. Hangman, to thy task, for I am ready for the utmost of thy rigor."

Herewith, all the people, outrageously incensed, with one conjoined outcry, yelled mainly: [108] "Away with him, away with him! Executioner, torture him! Tear him, or we will tear thee in pieces if thou spare him!"

[107] *presently:* immediately.

[108] *mainly:* strongly.

Richard Hakluyt and the Voyagers

THE Renaissance awakened Europe to the glory and beauty of the past civilization of Greece and Rome. It also opened new worlds which heretofore had been but Utopian dreams. The imagination had dwelt on Cathay, the Golden Age, Paradise, and The Fountain of Youth, but a more practical and mercenary turn of mind saw far countries as a source of gold and other wealth. Romanticism and mercantilism combined to establish, in the sixteenth century, our modern interest in travel and geography.

England absorbed these aspects of the Renaissance late, but her progress was rapid, her success in many ways phenomenal. Before her, Portugal and Spain had led in the race for new lands and bullion. Englishmen, however, were truly insular in the first part of the sixteenth century. They were coastwise sailors. In 1497, at the end of the previous century, John Cabot, a citizen of Venice, set out from Bristol under a patent from Henry VII and reached the coast of Labrador, but Spaniards and French were soon to cap his exploit. In 1513 Balboa saw the Pacific; in 1520 the Portuguese navigator Magellan sailed around South America and reached the Philippines, where he died. The French, too, under Verrazano, Jacques Cartier, and others, made important voyages to America.

For fifty years after John Cabot's voyage, the English made little progress as explorers. Fearful of conflict with Spain, which held the western routes, and with Portugal, which dominated the eastern, by the Cape of Good Hope, English navigators turned north. In May, 1553, Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor, representing the newly formed society of Merchant Adventurers, set out for Northern Asia. The results of their trip led to a development of trade with Russia, of which a further instance is given in the selection from Anthony Jenkinson. Jenkinson went as far as Bokhara, and has the credit of being the first Englishman to set foot in that region.

But Martin Frobisher's voyages to the northwest, and Hawkins' and Drake's in the Spanish Indies, drew attention from the Northeast Passage. The solid revival of the Northwest project, however, is the work of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of Ralegh, who had previously plotted a Northeast project with Jenkinson. Gilbert's *A Discourse of a discoverie for a new passage to Cataia,* published in 1576, was the real beginning of the exploits of Frobisher and John Davis, each of whom made his voyages from 1576 to 1587.

In the meantime in 1580 Drake returned treasure-laden after a three years' voyage of circumnavigation, piracy, and discovery. The "Master Thief of the Unknown" entertained the Queen at dinner on his ship, the *Golden Hind,* at Deptford, and from her hands received his knighthood. Drake was the terror of the seas, feared by Spanish and Portuguese. He was known to them as *El Draco Ingles* (with a pun on "Drake" and "dragon"); yet his real importance in history is not as a freebooter but as the founder of the great tradition of the British navy. The victory over the Armada in 1588 was really his victory.

Drake was a fighter, not a colonizer. It was Sir Humphrey Gilbert who first thought seriously of colonization. He wished to found a colony near Newfoundland, but in his second voyage Gilbert went down with his ship soon after he had shouted to his companions in another vessel, "We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land."

Ralegh, who was originally in command of a ship in Gilbert's last voyage, but did not sail with the fleet, took up Gilbert's work. In 1584 he sent two small ships to America under the command of Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow. They reached Virginia, were received graciously by the Indians, and brought home reports which seemed promising even to the Queen herself, by whom the colony was named. In 1585 Ralegh got together seven ships. It was rumored that Sir Philip Sidney would command the fleet, but the Queen would not allow Sidney to accept the post. Sir Richard Grenville, Ralegh's cousin, was given the command, but Grenville, though a great fighting officer, was a poor colonial organizer, and the colony failed.

One last effort of Ralegh to colonize closes the history of Elizabethan voyages. In 1595 he led an expedition up the Orinoco and published the account of his trip in an excellent piece of English prose: *The Discoverie of the Large, Rich and Bewtiful Empire of Guiana.* Twenty-three years later, Ralegh, after one of the most puzzling careers of any Elizabethan, died on the scaffold. His death, according to his namesake, Professor Walter Raleigh, "marks the end of the heroic age; with him the poets and architects who had prophesied and planned pass away, and the accountants and builders begin their long and tedious trek of erecting the fabric of the Empire."

For its knowledge of the sea dogs and the rise of English sea power the world is indebted to a self-effacing, industrious clergyman, "Richard Hakluyt, Preacher" (1553–1616). He was born, probably in London, in 1553, educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, where he received his B.A. in 1574 and his M.A. three years later.

As a boy he visited his older cousin Richard, in the Middle Temple, and became so interested in the maps and globes he saw there that he dedicated the rest of his life to the study of English exploration. At Oxford he read all the extant travels in Greek, Latin, Italian, English, Spanish, and Portuguese. In 1582 he published his first book, *Divers Voyages touching The Discoverie of America,* dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. A year later he considered taking part in Gilbert's second voyage, but instead for five years took the post of chaplain to Sir Edward Stafford, ambassador to Paris. During this time he worked tirelessly bringing together all the accounts of the English voyages he could in any way secure. In 1589 he published the first folio editions of *The Principall Navigations, Traffiques, Voiages, and Discoveries of the English Nation,* and enlarged it to a three-volume folio edition in 1598–1600. It is this work that Froude called "the prose epic of the modern English nation."

Hakluyt was a conscientious editor of enormous industry. He was faithful to his sources and was judicious in cutting and revising ornately written accounts of voyages which came into his hands. To seek out the only living survivor of a Labrador expedition of 1536, he once traveled two hundred miles. He searched English and Continental libraries and talked with English and foreign sailors on their returns from voyages. He knew every map-maker, traveler, merchant-venturer, explorer, imperialist of his time; and even the great men of the court

—Sidney, Walsingham, Howard—passed on what they knew to him. He never sailed himself, but he knew more than any sailor.

He was a quiet, pious man, but above all (as Professor Raleigh says) he was a "zealot for the map and flag." He received ecclesiastical preferment, finally becoming archdeacon of Westminster in 1603. At his death in 1616 his manuscripts passed to the Reverend Samuel Purchas, who published further accounts of the voyages based on Hakluyt's collections.

Throughout the *Principall Navigations* one can see constant strains of British character and the qualities which make the great collection so representative of the Elizabethan spirit. The desire to see new worlds is interwoven with the lust for gold and with the hope of conquest. Along with the expressed missionary idea of adding new nations to Protestantism is the mounting hatred of Spain. The dogged energy and zeal of English navigators and seamen, which drew praise even from their enemies, is graphically depicted. Fighters like Drake, Hawkins, and Grenville, dreamers such as Ralegh, empire visionaries like Gilbert, and gentlemen-adventurers like Essex crowd Hakluyt's pages.

How thoroughly Hakluyt's work expresses the spirit of the Elizabethan age will be apparent to anyone who notes in the literature and life of the period the effect of widening horizons on imagination and ideas. Spenser justified the plausibility of his imagined fairyland by pointing to the voyages of discovery:

> Who euer heard of th' Indian Peru?
> Or who in venturous vessell measured
> The *Amazons* huge river now found trew?
> Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did ever vew?
>
> Yet all these were, when no man did them know;
> Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene:
> And later times things more unknowne shall show.
> Why then should witlesse man so much misweene
> That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?

The energy of the voyagers is the energy of Elizabethan life; their heroic pattern and their illimitable world were shared by Marlowe and Shakespeare.

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A selection from Ralegh's *Discoverie of . . . Guiana* is printed, pp. 782–790. A map of the routes taken by the voyagers is printed on pp. 788–789.

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A compendious and brief declaration of the journey of M. Anth. Jenkinson,[1] from the famous city of London into the land of Persia, passing in this same journey through Russia, Moscovia, and Mare Caspium,[2] alias Hircanum, sent and employed therein by the right worshipful Society of the Merchants Adventurers,[3] for discovery of Lands, Islands, etc. Being begun the fourteenth day of May, Anno 1561, and in the third year of the reign of the Queen's Majesty that now is: this present declaration being directed and written to the foresaid Society.

FIRST embarking myself in a good ship of yours, named the *Swallow,* at Gravesend, having a fair and good wind, our anchor then weighed, and committing all to the protection of our God, having in our sailing diversity of winds, and thereby forced to direct and observe sundry courses (not here rehearsed, because you have been thereof heretofore amply informed) on the fourteenth day of July, the year aforesaid I arrived in the bay of S. Nicholas in Russia, and the six-and-twentieth day of the same month, after conference then had with your agents there, concerning your worships' affairs, I departed from thence, passing through the country of Vago, and on the eighth day of August then following, I came to Vologda, which is distant from Colmogro,[4] seven hundred miles, where I remained four days attending the arrival of one of your boats, wherein was laden a chest of jewels with the present, by your worships appointed for the Emperor's Majesty. Which being arrived, and the chest received, I therewith departed toward the city of Moscow, and came thither the twentieth day of the same month, where I immediately caused my coming to be signified unto the secretary of the Imperial Majesty, with the Queen's Highness' letters addressed unto the same his Majesty, who informed the Emperor thereof. But his Highness having great affairs and being at that present ready to be married unto a lady of Chircassi,[5] of the Mahometical law, commanded that no stranger, ambassador, nor other should come before him for a time,

[1] *Anthony Jenkinson:* (d. 1611), merchant, sea captain, traveler. Jenkinson had made a voyage similar to the one here recorded in 1557–1560. He was the first Englishman who penetrated into Central Asia.

[2] *Mare Caspium:* Caspian Sea.

[3] *Merchants Adventurers:* speculators. The ancient Society of Merchant Adventurers was so named by Henry VII.

[4] *Colmogro:* Kholmogory.

[5] *Chircassi:* Circassia.

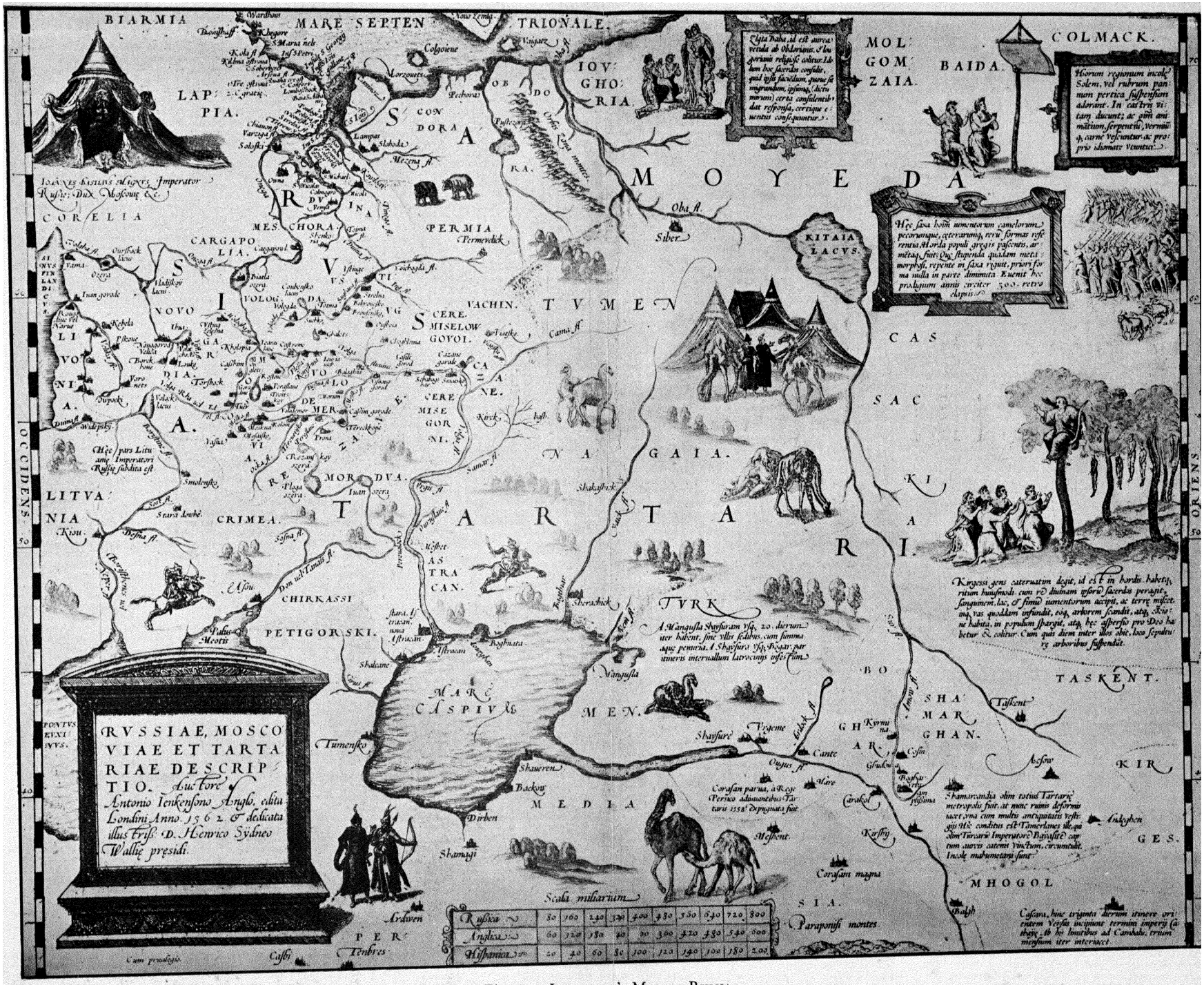

Figure 3. Jenkinson's Map of Russia

with further strait [6] charge that during the space of three days that the same solemn feast was celebrating, the gates of the city should be shut and that no person, stranger or native (certain of his household reserved) should come out of their said houses during the said triumph, the cause thereof unto this day being known.

The sixth of September following, the Emperor made a great feast, whereunto were called all ambassadors and strangers being of reputation, and having affairs, amongst whom I was one, but being willed by the secretary first to come, and to show him the Queen's Majesty's letters, I refused so to do, saying I would deliver the same unto the Emperor's own hands, and not otherwise, which heard, the secretary answered, that unless he might first peruse the said letters, I should not come into the Emperor's presence, so that I was not at the feast. Nevertheless, I was advertised by a nobleman that I was inquired for by the Emperor's Majesty, although the cause of my absence was to his Majesty unknown. The next day following, I caused a supplication to be made and presented it to his Highness' own hands, and thereby declared the cause of my coming, signified by the Queen's Majesty's letters, and the answer of his said secretary, most humbly beseeching his Grace that he would receive and accept the same, her Highness' letters, with such honor and friendship, as his letters sent by Osep Napea [7] were received by the hands of our late Sovereign Lady Queen Mary. Or else, that it would please his Highness to dismiss me, saying that I would not deliver the said letters but unto his own hands, for that it is so used in our country. Thus the matter being pondered, and the effect of my supplication well digested, I was forthwith commanded to come with the said letters before his Majesty, and so delivered the same into his own hands, with such presents as by you were appointed, according to my request, which were gratefully accepted and the same day I dined in his Grace's presence, with great entertainment. Shortly after, I desired to know whether I should be licensed to pass through his Highness' dominions into the land of Persia, according to the Queen's Majesty's request. Hereunto it was answered that I should not pass thither, for that his Majesty meant to send an army of men that way into the land of Chircassi, whereby my journey should be both dangerous and troublesome, and that if I should perish therein, it would be much to his Grace's dishonor, but he doubted other matters, although they were not expressed. Thus having received his answer, neither to my expectation, nor yet contentation,[8] and there remaining a good part of the year, having in that time sold the most part of your kersies,[9] and other wares appointed for Persia, when the time of the year required to return to England, I desired passport, and post-horses for money, which was granted. Having received my passport, ready to depart,

[6] *strait:* strict.

[7] *Osep Napea:* Russian ambassador to England in 1556.

[8] *contentation:* satisfaction.

[9] *kersies:* a kind of coarse narrow cloth, woven from wool and usually ribbed, evidently a popular English product in the East.

there came unto our house there Osep Napea, who persuaded me that I should not depart that day, saying that the Emperor was not truly informed, imputing great fault to the forwardness of the secretary, who was not my friend. Before whom coming again the next day, and finding the same secretary and Osep Napea together, after many allegations and objections of things, and perceiving that I would depart, I was willed to remain until the Emperor's Majesty were spoken with again touching my passage. Wherewith I was content, and within three days after sending for me, he declared that the Emperor's pleasure was that I should not only pass through his dominions into Persia, but also have his Grace's letters of commendations to foreign princes, with certain of his affairs committed to my charge, too long here to rehearse. Whereupon, I appointed myself for the voyage, and the fifteenth day of March, the year aforesaid, I dined again in his Majesty's presence in company of an ambassador of Persia and others, and receiving a cup of drink at his Majesty's hands, I took my leave of his Highness, who did not only give me letters, as aforesaid, but also committed matter of importance and charge unto me, to be done when I should arrive in those countries whither I intended to go. Having all things in readiness for the same voyage, I departed from the city of Moscow the 27th day of April, 1562, down by the great river of Volga, in company of the said ambassador of Persia, with whom I had great friendship and conference all the way down the same river unto Astracan,[10] where we arrived all in health the 10th day of June.

And as touching the situations of the cities, towns, castles, and countries, as well of Mahometans as also of Gentiles adjoining to the same, whereby I passed from Moscow unto Astracan, I omit in this breviat to rehearse, for that I heretofore have declared the same most amply unto you in my voyage to Boghar.[11] Thus being arrived at Astracan, as is aforesaid, I repaired unto the captain there, unto whom I was commended from the Emperor's Majesty, with great charge that he not only should aid and succor me with all things needful during my abode there, but also to safely conduct me with fifty gunners well-appointed in two stroogs or brigantines into the Caspian Sea, until I had passed certain dangerous places which pirates and rovers do accustom to haunt, and having prepared my bark for the sea, the ambassador of Persia being before departed in a bark of his own the 15th day of July, the year aforesaid, I and my company took our voyage from the said Astracan, and the next day at a west sun, passed the mouth of the said river being twenty miles distant, lying next southeast. The 18th at a southwest sun, we passed by three islands being distant nine miles from the said mouth of Volga, and south-southwest from thence, sailing south-southwest the next day, at a west-and-by-north sun we fell with the land called Challica Ostriva, being four round islands together, distant from the said three islands forty miles. From thence sailing the said course the next day, we had sight of a land called Tuke, in the country of Tumen, where pirates and

[10] *Astracan:* Astrakhan.

[11] *Boghar:* Bokhara.

rovers do use, for fear of whom we sailed off into the sea due east forty miles and fell upon shallows out of the sight of land, and there were like to have perished, escaping most hardly. Then the 22nd day we had sight of a goodly island called Chatalet, distant from the said Challica Ostriva a hundred miles, the winds being contrary, and a stiff gale, we were not able to seize it, but were forced to come to an anchor to the leeward of the same six miles off in three or four fathom water, being distant from the mainland to the westward of us, which was called Skafcayl or Connyk, a country of Mahometans, about miles,[12] and so riding at two anchors ahead, having no other provision, we lost one of them, the storm and sea being grown very sore, and thereby our bark was so full of leaks, that with continual pumping we had much ado to keep her above water, although we threw much of our goods overboard. With loss of our boat, and ourselves thereby in great danger, like to have perished either in the sea or else upon the lee shore, where we should have fallen into the hands of those wicked infidels, who attended our shipwreck, and surely it was very unlike that we should have escaped both the extremities, but only by the power and mercy of God, for the storm continued seven days, to wit, until the thirtieth day of the same month, and then the wind coming up at the west with fair weather, our anchor weighed and our sail displayed, lying south, the next day hailing to the shore with a west sun, we were nigh a land called by the inhabitants, Shyrvansha, and there we came again to an anchor, having the wind contrary, being distant from the said Chatalet 150 miles. There we continued until the third day of August, then having a fair wind, winding south-southeast, and sailing threescore miles, the next day at a southeast sun we arrived at a city called Derbent in the king of Hircans' dominion, where coming to land, and saluting the captain there with a present, he made to me and my company a dinner, and there taking fresh water I departed.

This city of Derbent is an ancient town having an old castle therein, being situated upon a hill called Castow, built all of freestone much after our building, the walls very high and thick, and was first erected by king Alexander the Great, when he warred against the Persians and Medians. Then he made a wall of a wonderful height and thickness, extending from the same city to the Georgians, yea unto the principal city thereof, named Tewfish, which wall though it be now razed or otherwise decayed, yet the foundation remaineth. And the wall was made to the intent that the inhabitants of that country then newly conquered by the said Alexander should not lightly flee, nor his enemies easily invade. This city of Derbent being now under the power of the Sophy of Persia, bordereth upon the sea, adjoining the foresaid land of Shalfcall, in the latitude of 41 degrees. From thence sailing southeast and south-southeast about eighty miles, the sixth day of August, the year aforesaid, we arrived at our landing place called Shabran, where my bark discharged. The goods laid on shore, and there being in my tent keeping great watch for fear of rovers, whereof there is

[12] *about miles:* The account omits the figure.

great plenty, being field people, the governor of the said country named Alcan Murcy, coming unto me, entertained me very gently, unto whom giving a present, he appointed for my safeguard forty armed men to watch and ward me until he might have news from the king of Shirvan. The 12th day of the same month news did come from the king, with order that I should repair unto him with all speed, and for expedition, as well camels to the number of five-and-forty to carry my goods, as also horses for me and my company were in readiness, so that the goods laden, and taking my journey from thence the said twelfth day, on the 18th of the same month I came to a city called Shamaky,[13] in the said country of Hircan, otherwise called Shirvan, and there the king hath a fair place, where my lodging being appointed, the goods were discharged. The next day being the 19th day, I was sent for to come to the king named Obdolowcan,[14] who kept his court at that time in the high mountains in tents, distant from the said Shamaky twenty miles, to avoid the injury of the heat. And the 20th day I came before his presence, who gently entertained me, and having kissed his hands, he bade me to dinner and commanded me to sit down not far from him. This king did sit in a very rich pavilion, wrought with silk and gold, placed very pleasantly upon a hillside, of sixteen fathom long, and six fathom broad, having before him a goodly fountain of fair water, whereof he and his nobility did drink. He being a prince of a mean stature, and of a fierce countenance, richly appareled with long garments of silk and cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls and stone, upon his head was a tolipane [15] with a sharp end standing upwards half a yard long, of rich cloth of gold, wrapped about with a piece of India silk of twenty yards long, wrought with gold and on the left side of his tolipane stood a plume of feathers set in a trunk of gold richly enameled, and set with precious stones. His earrings had pendants of gold a handful long, with two great rubies of great value, set in the ends thereof. All the ground within his pavilion was covered with rich carpets and under himself was spread a square carpet wrought with silver and gold, and thereupon was laid two suitable cushions. Thus the king with his nobility sitting in his pavilion with his legs crossed and perceiving that it was painful for me so to sit, his Highness caused a stool to be brought in and did will me to sit thereupon, after my fashion. Dinner time then approaching, divers cloths were spread upon the ground and sundry dishes served and set in a rank with divers kinds of meats, to the number of 140 dishes, as I numbered them, which being taken away with the table-cloths, and others spread, a banquet of fruits of sundry kinds, with other banqueting meats, to the number of 150 dishes were brought in, so that two services occupied 290 dishes, and at the end of the said dinner and banquet, the king said unto me, "Quoshe quelde," that is to say, "Welcome," and called for a cup of water to be drawn at a fountain, and tasting thereof, did deliver me the rest demanding how I did like the same, and whether there

[13] *Shamaky:* variously spelled in text. = Shemakha in Shirvan or Media.

[14] *Obdolowcan:* Abd'Ulah Khan.

[15] *tolipane:* turban.

were so good in our country or not. Unto whom I answered in such sort, that he was therewith contented. Then he proponed unto me sundry questions, both touching religion, and also the state of our countries, and further questioned whether the Emperor of Almaine, the Emperor of Russia, or the great Turk, were of most power, with many other things too long here to rehearse, to whom I answered as I thought most meet. Then he demanded whether I intended to go any further, and the cause of my coming. Unto that I answered, that I was sent with letters from the Queen's most excellent Majesty of England unto the great Sophy [16] to entreat friendship and free passage, and for his safe conduct to be granted unto English merchants to trade into his seigniories, with the like also to be granted to his subjects, when they should come into our countries, to the honor and wealth of both realms, and commodity of both their subjects, with divers other words, which I omit to rehearse. This said king, much allowing this declaration, said that he would not only give me passage, but also men to safe-conduct me unto the said Sophy, lying from the foresaid city of Shamaki thirty days' journey, up into the land of Persia, at a castle called Casbin.[17] So departing from the king at that time, within three days after, being the four-and-twentieth day of August, the year aforesaid, he sent for me again, unto whom I repaired in the morning, and the king not being risen out of his bed (for his manner is, that watching in the night, and then banqueting with his women, being a hundred and forty in number, he sleepeth most in the day) did give one commandment that I should ride on hawking with many gentlemen of his court and that they should show me so much game and pastime as might be, which was done, and many cranes killed. We returned from hawking about three of the clock at the afternoon. The king then risen, and ready to dinner, I was invited thereunto, and approaching nigh to the entrance of his tent, and being in his sight, two gentlemen encountered me with two garments of that country fashion, side down to the ground, the one of silk and the other of silk and gold, sent unto me from the king, and after that they caused me to put off my upper garment, being a gown of black velvet furred with sables, they put the said two garments on my back and so conducted me unto the king, before whom doing reverence, and kissing his hand, he commanded me to sit not far from him, and so I dined in his presence. He at that time being very merry, and demanding of me many questions and amongst other, how I like the manner of their hawking. Dinner so ended, I required his Highness' safe-conduct for to depart towards the Sophy, who dismissing me with great favor, and appointing his ambassador, which returned out of Russia, and others, to safe-conduct me, he gave me at my departure a fair horse with all furniture and custom free from thence with all my goods. So I returned to Shamaki

[16] *Sophy:* Thamas (or Tahmasp) I, Sophi (or Shah) of Persia (1524–1576), to whom Milton, probably with Jenkinson as a source, alludes in *Paradise Lost,* X, 433–436.

[17] *Casbin:* Kazvin.

again, where I remained until the sixth of October, to provide camels, horses, and other necessaries for my said intended journey.

But now before I proceed further, I purpose to write something of this country of Hircan, now called Shirvan, with the towns and commodities of the same. This country of Hircan in times past was of great renown, having many cities, towns, and castles in it, and the kings thereof in time of antiquity were of great power, able to make wars with the Sophies of Persia, but now it is not only otherwise, for that the cities, towns, and castles be decayed, but also the king is subject to the said Sophy, although they have their proper king, and be at the commandment of the said Sophy, who conquered them not many years passed, for their diversity in religion, and caused not only all the nobility and gentlemen of that country to be put to death, but also over and besides, razed the walls of the cities, towns, and castles of the said realm, to the intent that there should be no rebellion, and for their great terror, caused a turret of freestone and flints to be erected in the said city called Shamaki, and in a rank of flints of the said turret, did set the heads of the said nobility and gentlemen, then executed. This city is distant from the seaside, with camels seven days' journey, but now the same being much decayed, and chiefly inhabited with Armenians, another city called Arrash, bordering upon the Georgians, is the chiefest and most opulent in the trade of merchandise, and thereabouts is nourished the most abundant growth of raw silk, and thither the Turks, Syrians, and other strangers do resort and traffic. There be also divers good and necessary commodities to be provided and had in this said realm, viz., galls [18] rough and smooth, cotton wool, alum, and raw silk of the natural growth of that country, besides, were all kinds of spices and drugs and some other commodities, which are brought thither from out of East India, but in the less quantity, for that they be not assured to have vent or utterance of the same, but the chiefest commodities be there, raw silks of all sorts, whereof there is great plenty. Not far from the said city of Shamaki, there was an old castle called Gullistone, now beaten down by this Sophy, which was esteemed to be one of the strongest castles in the world and was besieged by Alexander the Great, long time before he could win it. And not far from the said castle was a nunnery of sumptuous building, wherein was buried a king's daughter, named Ameleck Channa, who slew herself with a knife, for that her father would have forced her, she professing chastity, to have married with a king of Tartary, upon which occasion the maidens of that country do resort thither once every year to lament her death.

Also in the said country there is a high hill called Quiquifs, upon the top whereof, as it is commonly reported, did dwell a great giant, named Arneoste, having upon his head two great horns and ears and eyes like a horse and a tail like a cow. It is further said, that this monster kept a passage thereby, until there came a holy man, termed Haucoir Hamshe, a kinsman to one of the Sophies, who mounted the said hill and combating with

[18] *galls:* excrescences of oak trees used for dyeing.

said giant, did bind not only him in chains, but also his woman called Lamisache with his son named After. For which victory they of that country have this holy man in great reputation, and the hill at this day, as it is bruited, savoreth so ill, that no person may come nigh unto it, but whether it be true or not, I refer it to further knowledge.

Now to return to the discourse of the proceeding in my voyage towards the great Sophy. The 6th of October in the year aforesaid, I with my company departed from Shamaki aforesaid, and having journeyed threescore miles, came to a town called Yavate,[19] wherein the king hath a fair house with orchards and gardens well replenished with fruits of all sorts. By this town passeth a great river called Cor, which springeth in the mountains of the Georgians, and passing through the country of Hircania aforesaid, falleth into the Caspian or Hircan sea, at a place between two ancient towns called Shabran and Bachu,[20] situate within the realm of Hircane, and from thence issueth further, passing through a fruitful country inhabited with pasturing people, which dwell in the summer season upon mountains, and in winter they remove into the valleys without resorting to towns or any other habitation, and when they remove they do journey in caravans or troops of people and cattle, carrying all their wives, children, and baggage upon bullocks. Now passing this wild people ten days' journey, coming into no town or house, the sixteenth day of October we arrived at a city called Ardouill, where we were lodged in a hospital built with fair stone and erected by this Sophy's father named Ismael, only for the succor and lodging of strangers and other travelers, wherein all men have victuals and feeding for man and horse, for three days and no longer. This foresaid late prince Ismael lieth buried in a fair Meskit, with a sumptuous sepulcher in the same, which he caused to be made in his lifetime. This town Ardouill is in the latitude of eight-and-thirty degrees, an ancient city in the province of Aderravgan, wherein the princes of Persia are commonly buried, and there Alexander the Great did keep his court when he invaded the Persians. Four days' journey to the westward is the city Tebris[21] in old time called Tauris, the greatest city in Persia, but not of such trade of merchandise as it hath been, or as others be at this time, by means of the great invasion of the Turk, who hath conquered from the Sophy almost to the said city of Tauris, which the said Turk once sacked, and thereby caused the Sophy to forsake the same, and to keep his court ten days' journey from thence to the said city of Casbin.

The 21st day we departed from Ardouill aforesaid, traveling for the most part over mountains all in the night season, and resting in the day, being destitute of wood, and therefore we were forced to use for fuel the dung of horses and camels, which we bought dear of the pasturing people. Thus passing ten days' journey the year aforesaid, the second day of November we arrived at the foresaid city of Casbin, where the said Sophy keepeth his

[19] *Yavate:* Zavat in Persia.
[20] *Bachu:* Baku.
[21] *Tebris:* Tabriz.

court, and were appointed to a lodging not far from the king's palace, and within two days after the Sophy commanded a prince called Shalli Murzey, son to Obdolowcan, king of Shirvan aforesaid, to send for me to his house, who asked me in the name of the said Sophy how I did, and whether I were in health, and after did welcome me, and invited me to dinner, whereat I had great entertainment, and so from thence I returned to my lodging. The next day after I sent my interpreter to the Sophy's secretary, declaring that I had letters directed from our most gracious Sovereign Lady, the Queen's most excellent Majesty of the realm of England, unto the said Sophy, and that the cause of my coming was expressed in the same letters, desiring that at convenient time I might come into his Majesty's presence, who advertising the Sophy thereof, shortly after answered me that there were great affairs in hand, which being finished, I should come before his presence, willing me in the meantime to make ready my present if I had any to deliver.

At this time, the great Turk's ambassador arrived, four days before my coming, who was sent thither to conclude a perpetual peace between the same great Turk and the Sophy, and brought with him a present in gold, and fair horses with rich furniture and other gifts, esteemed to be worth forty thousand pounds. And thereupon a peace was concluded with joyful feasts, triumphs, and solemnities, corroborated with strong oaths, by their law of Alkoran, for either to observe the same, and to live always after as sworn brethren, aiding the one and another against all princes that should war against them, or either of them. And upon this conclusion the Sophy caused the great Turk's son named Baiset Soltan,[22] a valiant prince (who being fled from his father unto the Sophy, had remained in his court the space of four years) to be put to death. In which time the said Turk's son had caused mortal wars between the said princes, and much prevailed therein. The Turk demanded, therefore, his son to be sent unto him and the Sophy refused thereunto to consent. But now being slain according to the Turk's will, the Sophy sent him his head for a present, not a little desired, and acceptable to the unnatural father. Discoursing at my first arrival with the king of Shirvan of sundry matters and being entertained as hath been before declared, the said king named Obdolowcan, demanding whether that we of England had friendship with the Turks or not. I answered, that we never had friendship with them, and that therefore they would not suffer us to pass through their country into the Sophy his dominions, and that there is a nation named the Venetians, not far distant from us, which are in great league with the said Turks, who trade into his dominions with our commodities, chiefly to barter the same for raw silks, which, as we understand, come from thence, and that if it would please the said Sophy and other princes of that country, to suffer our merchants to trade into those dominions, and to give us passport and safe-conduct for the same, as the said Turk had granted to the said Venetians, I doubted not

[22] *Baiset Soltan:* Bajazet Soltan.

but that it should grow to such a trade to the profit of them as never before had been the like, and that they should be both furnished with our commodities, and also have utterance of theirs, although there never came Turk into their land, persuading with many other words for a trade to be had. This king understanding the matter liked it marvelously, saying that he would write unto the Sophy concerning the same, as he did in very deed, assuring me that the Sophy would grant my request, and that at my return to him he would give me letters of safe-conduct and privileges. The Turk's ambassador was not then come into the land, neither any peace hoped to be concluded, but great preparation was made for war, which was like much to have furthered my purpose, but it chanced otherwise. For the Turk's ambassador being arrived and the peace concluded, the Turkish merchants there at that time present, declared to the same ambassador, that my coming thither, naming me by the name of *Frank,* would in great part destroy their trade, and that it should be good for him to persuade the Sophy not to favor me, as his Highness meant to observe the league and friendship with the great Turk his master, which request of the Turkish merchants the same ambassador earnestly preferred, and being afterwards dismissed with great honor, he departed out of the realm with the Turk's son's head as aforesaid, and other presents.

The 20th day of November aforesaid, I was sent for to come before the said Sophy, otherwise called Shah Thamas,[23] and about three of the clock at afternoon I came to the court and in lighting from my horse at the court gate, before my feet touched the ground, a pair of the Sophy's own shoes, termed in the Persian tongue *basmackes,* such as he himself wears when he arises in the night to pray, as his manner is, were put upon my feet, for without the same shoes I might not be suffered to tread upon his holy ground, being a Christian, and called amongst them *Gower,* that is, "unbeliever," and "unclean," esteeming all to be infidels and pagans which do not believe as they do, in their false filthy prophets, Mahomet and Murtezalli.[24] At the said court gate the things that I brought to present his Majesty with, were divided by sundry parcels to sundry servitors of the court to carry before me, for none of my company of servants might be suffered to enter into the court with me, my interpreter only excepted. Thus coming before his Majesty with such reverence as I thought meet to be used, I delivered the Queen's Majesty's letters with my present, which he accepting demanded of me of what country of Franks I was, and what affairs I had there to do? Unto whom I answered that I was of the famous city of London within the noble realm of England, and I was sent thither from the most excellent and gracious sovereign Lady Elizabeth, Queen of the said realm for to treat of friendship and free passage of our merchants and people, to repair and traffic within his dominions, for to bring in our commodities, and to carry away theirs to the honor of both princes and mutual commodity of both realms, and wealth of the subjects, with other words

[23] *Shah Thamas:* See note 16, above.

[24] *Murtezalli:* disciple of Mahomet.

here omitted. He then demanded me in what language the letters were written. I answered, "In the Latin, Italian, and Hebrew."

"Well," said he, "we have none within our realm that understand those tongues." Whereupon I answered that such a famous and worthy prince as he was wanted not people of all nations within his large dominions to interpret the same. Then he questioned with me of the state of our countries and of the power of the Emperor of Almaine, King Philip, and the great Turk, and which of them was of most power, whom I answered to his contentation, not dispraising the great Turk, their late-concluded friendship considered. Then he reasoned with me much of religion, demanding whether I were a *Gower,* that is to say, "an unbeliever," or a Mussulman, that is, of Mahomet's law. Unto whom I answered that I was neither unbeliever nor Mahometan but a Christian.

"What is that?" said he unto the king of the Georgians' son, who being a Christian was fled unto the said Sophy, and he answered that a Christian was he that believeth in Jesus Christ, affirming him to be the Son of God and the greatest Prophet. "Do thou believe so?" said the Sophy unto me.

"Yea, that I do," said I.

"Oh thou unbeliever," said he, "we have no need to have friendship with the unbelievers," and so willed me to depart.

I being glad thereof did reverence and went my way, being accompanied with many of his gentlemen and others, and after me followed a man with a bassinet of sand, sifting all the way that I had gone within the said palace, even from the said Sophy's sight unto the court gate.

Thus I repaired again unto my lodging, and the said night Shalli Murzey, son to the king of Hircan aforesaid, who favored me very much for that I was commended unto him from his father, willed me not to doubt of anything, putting me in hope that I should have good success with the Sophy, and good entertainment.

Thus I continued for a time, daily resorting unto me divers gentlemen sent by the Sophy to confer with me, especially touching the affairs of the Emperor of Russia, and to know by what way I intended to return into my country, either by the way that I came, or by the way of Ormus, and so with the Portingals' [25] ships. Unto whom I answered that I durst not return by the way of Ormus, the Portingals and we not being friends, fully perceiving their meaning, for I was advertised that the said Sophy meant to have wars with the Portingals, and would have charged me that I had been come for a spy to pass through his dominions unto the said Portingals, thinking them and us to be all one people, and calling all by the name of *Franks,* but by the providence of God this was prevented.

After this the said Sophy conferred with his nobility and council concerning me, who persuaded that he should not entertain me well, neither dismiss with letters or gifts, considering that I was a Frank and of that nation that was enemy to the great Turk his brother, persuading that if he did

[25] *Portingals:* Portuguese.

otherwise, and that the news thereof should come to the knowledge of the Turk, it should be a means to break their new league and friendship lately concluded. Dissuading further because he had no need, neither that it was requisite for him to have friendship with unbelievers, whose countries lay far from him, and that it was best for him to send me with my letters unto the said great Turk for a present, which he was fully determined to have done at some meet time, meaning to send his ambassador unto the said great Turk very shortly after.

But the king of Hircan's son aforesaid, understanding this deliberation, sent a man in post unto his father to declare and impart the purpose unto him, who as a gracious prince, considering that I had passed through his dominions, and that I had journeyed for a good intent, did write to the Sophy all that which he understood of his said determination and that it should not stand with his Majesty's honor to do me any harm or displeasure, but rather to give me good entertainment, seeing I was come into his land of my free will, and not by constraint, and that if he used me evil, there would few strangers resort into his country, which would be greatly to his hindrance, with many other persuasions, which after that the said Sophy had well and thoroughly pondered and digested (much esteeming the same king of Hircan, being one of the most valiant princes under him and his near kinsman) changed his determined purpose, and the twentieth of March, 1562, he sent to me a rich garment of cloth of gold, and so dismissed me without any harm.

During the time that I sojourned at the said city of Casbin, divers merchants out of India came thither unto me, with whom I conferred for a trade of spices. Whereupon they answered that they would bring of all sorts so much as we would have, if they were sure of vent, whereof I did promise to assure them, so that I doubt not but that great abundance thereof may from time to time be there provided and had.

The same twentieth day of March I returned from the said city of Casbin where I remained all the winter having sent away all my camels before, and the thirtieth day I came to the said city of Ardouill, and the fifteenth of April unto Zavate, aforesaid, where King Obdolowcan was at that time, who immediately sent for me and demanding of me many questions, declared that if it had not been for him, I would have been utterly cast away and sent to the great Turk for a present by the Sophy, through the evil persuasion of his wicked council, that the Zieties and holy men were the chief and principal procurers and movers thereof. The Sophy himself meant me much good at the first, and thought to have given me good entertainment, and so had done, had not the peace and league fortuned to have been concluded between them and the great Turk. "Nevertheless," said he, "the Sophy hath written to me to entertain you well, and you are welcome into my country." So he entreated me very gently, in whose court I remained seven days and obtained of him letters of safe-conduct and privileges in your names to be free from paying custom, which I delivered unto your servants Thomas Alcock and George Wrenne, at their departure towards

Persia for your affairs; and his Highness did give me two garments of silk and so dismissed me with great favor, sending with me his ambassador again to the Emperor of Russia, and committed the chief secret of his affairs to me, to declare the same to the Emperor's Majesty at my return. And thus departing the tenth day of April, I came to the city of Shamaki, and there remaining certain days for provision of camels down to the seaside, I sent from thence before men to repair my bark and to make her in readiness. And during my abode in Shamaki there came unto me an Armenian sent from the king of Georgia, who declared the lamentable estate of the same king, that being enclosed between those two cruel tyrants and mighty princes, the said great Turk and the Sophy, he had continual wars with them, requiring for the love of Christ and as I was a Christian, that I would send him comfort by the said Armenian and advise how he might send his ambassador to the said Emperor of Russia, and whether I thought that he would support him or no; and with many other words, required me to declare his necessity unto the same Emperor at my return, adding further that the said king would have written unto me his mind, but that he doubted the safe passage of his messenger. Unto whom I did likewise answer by word of mouth, not only persuading him to send his ambassador to Russia, not doubting but that he should find him most honorable and inclined to help him, but also I directed him his way how the said king might send by the country of Chircassi, through the favor of Tencecruk, king of the said country, whose daughter the said king had lately married. And thus dismissing the said Armenian, within two days after I sent Edward Clarke, your servant, unto the city of Arrash, where the most store of silks is to be had, giving him commission to have passed further into the said country of Georgia, and there to have repaired to the said king. And after my commendations premised, and my mind declared to have pursued for safe-conduct of the same prince for our merchants to trade into his dominions, and that obtained to have returned again with speed. The same, your servant, journeying to the said city of Arrash, and there finding certain merchants, Armenians, which promised to go to the said city of Georgia, coming to the borders thereof, was perceived by a captain there, that he was a Christian, and thereupon demanded whither he went, and understanding that he could not pass further without great suspicion, answered that he came thither to buy silks and showed the king of Hircan's letter which he had with him, and so returned back again and on the fifteenth of April came to Shamaki, from whence I departed the sixteenth of the same month and the twenty-first thereof coming to the seaside, and finding my bark in a readiness, I caused your goods to be laden, and there attended a fair wind.

But before I proceed any further to speak of my return, I intend with your favors somewhat to treat of the country of Persia, of the great Sophy, and of his country, laws, and religion.

This land of Persia is great and ample, divided into many kingdoms and

provinces as Gilan, Corasan,[26] Shirvan, and many others having divers cities, towns, and castles in the same. Every province hath his several king, or sultan, all in obedience to the great Sophy. The names of the chiefest cities are these: Teveris,[27] Casbin, Keshan, Yesse, Meskit, Heirin, Ardouill, Shamaki, Arrash with many others. The country for the most part toward the seaside is plain and full of pasture, but into the land, high, full of mountains, and sharp. To the south it bordereth upon Arabia and the East Ocean; to the north upon the Caspian Sea and the lands of Tartary; to the east upon the provinces of India, and to the west upon the confines of Chaldea, Syria, and other the Turk's lands. All within these dominions be of the Sophy's, named Shah Thomas, son to Ismael Sophy. This Sophy that now reigneth is nothing valiant, although his power be great and his people martial. Through his pusillanimity the Turk hath much invaded his countries, even nigh unto the city of Teveris, wherein he was wont to keep his chief court. And now having forsaken the same is chiefly resident at Casbin aforesaid, and always as the said Turk pursueth him, he not being able to withstand the Turk in the field, trusting rather to the mountains for his safeguard, than to his forts and castles, hath caused the same to be razed within his dominions, and his ordnance to be molten, to the intent that his enemies pursuing him, they should not strengthen themselves with the same.

This prince is of the age of fifty years and of a reasonable stature, having five children. His eldest son he keeps captive in prison, for he fears him for his valiantness and activity. He professeth a kind of holiness and saith that he is descended of the blood of Mahomet and Murtezalli, and although these Persians be Mahometans, as the Turks and Tartars be, yet honor they this false feigned Murtezalli, saying that he was the most important disciple that Mahomet had, cursing and chiding daily three other disciples that Mahomet had called Ovear, Usiran, and Abebeck, and these three did slay the said Murtezalli, for which cause and other differences of holy men and laws, they have had and have with the Turks and Tartars mortal wars. To entreat of their religion at large, being more or less Mahomet's law and the Alkoran, I shall not need at this present. These persons are comely and of good complexion, proud and of good courage, esteeming themselves to be best of all nations, both for their religion and holiness, which is most erroneous, and also for all other their fashions. They are martial, delighting in fair horses and good harness, soon angry, crafty and hard people. Thus much I have thought good to treat of this nation, and now I return to discourse the proceeding of the rest of my voyage.

My bark being ready at the Caspian Sea as aforesaid, having a fair wind, and committing ourselves unto God the 30th day of May, 1563, we arrived at Astracan, having passed no less dangers upon the sea in our return than we sustained in our going forth and remaining at the said Astracan until

[26] *Corasan:* Khorassan.

[27] *Teveris:* Tabriz.

the tenth day of June, one hundred gunners being there admitted unto me for my safeguard up the river Volga, the fifteenth of July I arrived at the city of Cazan, where the captain entertained me well and so dismissing me, I was conducted from place to place unto the city of Moscow, where I arrived the twentieth day of August, 1563, in safety, thanks be to God, with all such goods, merchandise, and jewels, as I had provided, as well for the Emperor's stock and accompt, as also of yours, all which goods I was commanded to bring into the Emperor's treasury before it was opened, which I did and delivered those parcels of wares which were for his Majesty's accompt, *videlicet,* precious stones, and wrought silks of sundry colors and sorts, much to his Highness' contentation, and the residue belonging to you, viz., crasko,[28] and raw silks with other merchandise (as by accompt appeareth) were brought unto your house, whereof part there remained, and the rest was laden in your ships lately returned.

Shortly after my coming to the Moscow, I came before the Emperor's Majesty and presented unto him the apparel given unto me by the Sophy, whose Highness conferred with me touching the prince's affairs which he had committed to my charge, and my proceedings therein it pleased him so to accept, that they were much to his contentation, saying unto me, "I have perceived your good service, for the which I do thank you, and I will recompense you for the same," wishing that I would travel again in such his other affairs, wherein he was minded to employ me. To whom I answered that it was to my heart's rejoicing that my service was so acceptable unto his Highness, acknowledging all that I had done to be but of duty, humbly beseeching his Grace to continue his goodness unto your worships, even at that instant I humbly requested his Majesty to vouchsafe to grant unto you a new privilege more ample than the first, which immediately was granted, and so I departed. And afterwards having penned a brief note how I meant to have the same privileges made, I repaired daily to the secretary for the perfecting of the same, and obtained it under his Majesty's broad seal, which at my departure from thence, I delivered unto the custody of Thomas Glover, your agent there. The copy whereof, and also of the other privileges granted and given by the king of Hircan, I have already delivered unto you. Sojourning all that winter at Moscow, and in the meantime having bargained with the Emperor's Majesty, I sent away your servant, Edward Clarke, hither overland with advice, and also made preparation for sending again into Persia in due time of the year. And committing the charge thereof unto your servants Thomas Alcock, George Wrenne, and Richard Cheinie, the 28th of June last, I departed in post from the said Moscow and coming to Colmogro and so down to the seaside, I found your ships laden and ready to depart, where I embarked myself in your good ship called the *Swallow,* the 9th of July, one thousand five hundred sixty-four, and having passed the seas with great and extreme dangers of loss of

[28] *crasko:* unidentified; probably a silk fabric.

ships, goods, and life, the 28th day of September last (God be praised) we arrived here at London in safety.

Thus knowing that the courageous and valiant soldier, which adventureth both fame, member, and life, to serve faithfully his sovereign, esteemeth not the perils and dangers passed (the victory once obtained) neither for his guerdon desireth anything more than his service be well taken of him for whom he enterprised it, so perceiving your favorable benevolence to me extended in accepting my travels in good part to your contentations, do think myself therewith in great part recompensed, beseeching Almighty God so to prosper your adventures from time to time hereafter to be made for reaping the fruits of my travels (at your great charges, and to my no small dangers) that ye may plentifully gather in and enjoy the same, to the illustrating of the Queen's most excellent Majesty, the honor and commodity of this her Highness' realm, and to the ample benefit and abundant enriching of you and your succession and posterity forever.

A report of the voyage and success thereof, attempted in the year of our Lord 1583 by Sir Humphrey Gilbert,[29] knight, with other gentlemen assisting him in that action, intended to discover and to plant Christian inhabitants in place convenient upon those large and ample countries extended northward from the Cape of Florida, lying under very temperate climes, esteemed fertile and rich in minerals, yet not in actual possession of any Christian prince, written by M. Edward Hayes, gentleman, and principal actor in the same voyage, who alone continued unto the end and by God's special assistance returned home with his retinue safe and entire.

. . . Orders thus determined, and promises mutually given to be observed, every man withdrew himself unto his charge, the anchors being already weighed, and our ships under sail, having a soft gale of wind, we began our voyage upon Tuesday, the eleventh day of June, in the year of our Lord 1583, having in our fleet at our departure from Causet Bay[30] these

[29] *Sir Humphrey Gilbert:* (1539–1583) stepbrother of Sir Walter Ralegh, headed an unsuccessful expedition to America in 1578 and a second expedition, described in this selection, in 1583.

[30] *Causet Bay:* (also in this account called Causon Bay) Cawsand Bay near Plymouth.

ships, whose names and burthens, with the names of the captains and masters of them, I have also inserted, as follows:

1 The *Delight,* alias the *George,* of burthen 120 tons, was admiral: in which went the general, and William Winter, captain in her and part-owner, and Richard Clarke, master.

2 The bark *Ralegh* set forth by M. Walter Ralegh, of the burthen of 200 tons, was then vice-admiral: in which went M. Butler, captain, and Robert Davis of Bristol, master.

3 The *Golden Hind,* of burthen 40 tons, was then rear-admiral: in which went Edward Hayes, captain and owner, and William Cox of Limehouse, master.

4 The *Swallow,* of burthen 40 tons: in her was captain Maurice Browne.

5 The *Squirrel,* of burthen 10 tons: in which went captain William Andrews, and one Cade, master.

We were in number in all about 260 men, among which we had of every faculty good choice, as shipwrights, masons, carpenters, smiths, and such-like, requisite to such an action; also mineral men and refiners. Besides, for solace of our people and allurement of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety; not omitting the least toys, as morris dancers, hobbyhorse,[31] and May-like conceits to delight the savage people whom we intended to win by all fair means possible. And to that end we were indifferently furnished of all petty haberdashery[32] wares to barter with those simple people.

In this manner we set forward, departing (as has been said) out of Causon Bay the eleventh day of June, being Tuesday. The weather and wind were fair and good all day, but a great storm of thunder and wind fell the same night.

Thursday following, when we hailed one another in the evening (according to the order before specified) they signified unto us out of the vice-admiral, that both the captain and very many of the men were fallen sick. And about midnight the vice-admiral forsook us, notwithstanding we had the wind east, fair and good. But it was after credibly reported that they were infected with a contagious sickness and arrived greatly distressed at Plymouth: the reason I could never understand. Sure I am no cost was spared by their owner, Master Ralegh, in setting them forth. Therefore, I leave it unto God.

By this time we were in 48 degrees of latitude, not a little grieved with the loss of the most puissant ship in our fleet, after whose departure the *Golden Hind* succeeded in the place of vice-admiral and removed her flag from the mizzen unto the foretop.

From Saturday, the 15th of June, until the 28th, which was upon a Friday, we never had fair day without fog or rain, and winds bad, much to

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[31] *morris . . . hobbyhorse:* English folk dancers.

[32] *haberdashery:* small articles pertaining to dress: ribbons, tape, threads, and other small wares.

the west-northwest, whereby we were driven southward unto 41 degrees scarce.

About this time of the year the winds are commonly west towards the Newfoundland, keeping ordinarily within two points of west to the south or to the north, whereby the course thither falls out to be long and tedious after June, while in March, April, and May, it had been performed out of England in 22 days and less. We had wind always so scant from west-northwest, and from west-southwest again, that our traverse was great, running south unto 41 degrees almost, and afterwards north into 51 degrees.

Also we were encumbered with much fog and mists in manner palpable, in which we could not keep so well together but were dissevered, losing the company of the *Swallow* and the *Squirrel* upon the 20th day of July, when we met again at several places upon the Newfoundland coast the third of August, as shall be declared in place convenient.

Saturday, the 27th of July, we might descry not far from us as it were mountains of ice driven upon the sea, being then in 50 degrees, which were carried southward to the weather of us; whereby may be conjectured that some current doth set that way from the north.

Before we come to Newfoundland about 50 leagues on this side, we pass the banks, which are high grounds rising within the sea and under water, yet deep enough and without danger, being commonly not less than 25 and 30 fathom water upon them. The same (as it were some vein of mountains within the sea) do run along, and from the Newfoundland, beginning northward about 52 or 53 degrees of latitude, and to extend into the south infinitely. The breadth of this bank is somewhere more, and somewhere less, but we found the same about 10 leagues over, having sounded both on this side thereof, and the other toward Newfoundland, but found no ground with almost 200 fathom of line, both before and after we had passed the bank. The Portugals, and French chiefly, have a notable trade of fishing upon this bank, where are sometimes a hundred or more sails of ships, who commonly begin the fishing in April, and have ended by July. That fish is large, always wet, having no land near to dry, and is called corre fish.

During the time of fishing, a man shall know without sounding when he is upon the bank, by the incredible multitude of seafowl hovering over the same, to prey upon the offals and garbish [33] of fish thrown out by fishermen and floating upon the sea.

Upon Tuesday, the 11th of June, we forsook the coast of England. So again Tuesday, the 30th of July (seven weeks after) we got sight of land, being immediately embayed in the Grand Bay, or some other great bay. The certainty whereof we could not judge, so great haze and fog did hang upon the coast, as neither we might discern the land well, nor take the sun's height. But by our best computation we were then in the 51 degrees of latitude.

[33] *garbish:* garbage.

Forsaking this bay and uncomfortable coast (nothing appearing unto us but hideous rocks and mountains, bare of trees and void of any herbs) we followed the coast to the south, with weather fair and clear.

We had sight of an island named Penguin, of a fowl there breeding in abundance, almost incredible, which cannot fly, their wings not able to carry their body, being very large (not much less than a goose) and exceeding fat, which the Frenchmen use to take without difficulty upon that island, and to barrel them up with salt. But for lingering of time we had made us there the like provision.

Trending this coast, we came to the island called Baccalaos, being not past two leagues from the main. To the south thereof lieth Cape S. Francis, 5 leagues distant from Baccalaos, between which goeth in a great bay, by the vulgar sort called the Bay of Conception. Here we met with the *Swallow* again, whom we had lost in the fog, and all her men altered into other apparel, whereof it seemed their store was so amended, that for joy and congratulation of our meeting, they spared not to cast up into the air and overboard, their caps and hats in good plenty. The captain although himself was very honest and religious, yet was he not appointed of men to his humor and desert, who for the most part were such as had been by us surprised upon the narrow seas of England, being pirates and had taken at that instant certain Frenchmen laden, one bark with wines, and another with salt. Both which we rescued and took the man-of-war with all her men, which was the same ship now called the *Swallow,* following still their kind so oft, as (being separated from the general) they found opportunity to rob and spoil. And because God's justice did follow the same company, even to destruction, and to the overthrow also of the captain (though not consenting to their misdemeanor) I will not conceal anything that maketh to the manifestation and approbation of his judgments, for examples of others, persuaded that God more sharply took revenge upon them, and hath tolerated longer as great outrage in others, by how much these went under protection of his cause and religion, which was then pretended.

Therefore, upon further inquiry it was known how this company met with a bark returning home after the fishing with his freight, and because the men in the *Swallow* were very near exhausted of victuals and chiefly of apparel, doubtful withal where or when to find and meet with their admiral, they besought the captain they might go aboard this Newlander, only to borrow what might be spared, the rather because the same was bound homeward. Leave given, not without charge to deal favorably, they came aboard the fisherman, whom they rifled of tackle, sails, cables, victuals and the men of their apparel, not sparing by torture (winding cords about their heads) to draw out what else they thought good. This done with expedition (like men skillful in such mischief) as they took their cockboat to go aboard their own ship, it was overwhelmed in the sea and certain of these men there drowned. The rest were preserved even by those silly souls whom they had before spoiled, who saved and delivered them aboard the *Swallow.* What became afterward of the poor Newlander, perhaps destitute of sails

and furniture [34] sufficient to carry them home (whither they had not less to run than 700 leagues) God alone knows, who took vengeance not long after of the rest that escaped at this instant, to reveal the fact, and justify to the world God's judgment inflicted upon them, as shall be declared in place convenient.

Thus after we had met with the *Swallow*, we held on our course southward, until we came against the harbor called S. John, about 5 leagues from the former Cape of S. Francis, where before the entrance into the harbor, we found also the frigate or *Squirrel* lying at anchor, whom the English merchants (that were and always be admirals by turns interchangeably over the fleets of fishermen within the same harbor) would not permit to enter into the harbor. Glad of so happy meeting both of the *Swallow* and the frigate in one day (being Saturday, the 3rd of August) we made ready our fights [35] and prepared to enter the harbor, any resistance to the contrary notwithstanding, there being within of all nations, to the number of 36 sails. But first the general dispatched a boat to give them knowledge of his coming for no ill intent, having commission from her Majesty for his voyage he had in hand. And immediately we followed with a slack gale, and in the very entrance (which is but narrow, not above 2 butts length) the admiral fell upon a rock on the larboard side by great oversight, in that the weather was fair, the rock much above water fast by the shore, where neither went any sea gate. But we found such readiness in the English merchants to help us in that danger, that without delay there were brought a number of boats, which towed off the ship and cleared her of danger.

Having taken place convenient in the road, we let fall anchors, the captains and masters repairing aboard our admiral, whither also came immediately the masters and owners of the fishing fleet of Englishmen to understand the general's intent and cause of our arrival there. They were all satisfied when the general had showed his commission and purpose to take possession of those lands to the behalf of the Crown of England and the advancement of Christian religion in those paganish regions. Requiring but their lawful aid for repairing of his fleet and supply of some necessaries, so far as conveniently might be afforded him, both out of that and other harbors adjoining. In lieu whereof, he made offer to gratify them, with any favor and privilege, which upon their better advice they should demand, the like being not to be obtained hereafter for greater price. So craving expedition of his demand, minding to proceed further south without long detention in those parts, he dismissed them, after promise given of their best endeavor to satisfy speedily his so reasonable request. The merchants with their masters departed, and they caused forthwith to be discharged all the great ordnance of their fleet in token of our welcome.

It was further determined that every ship of our fleet should deliver unto the merchants and masters of that harbor a note of all their wants, which

[34] *furniture:* equipment, rigging, stores, and tackle.

[35] *fights:* screens used during a naval engagement to protect and conceal the crew.

done, the ships, English as well as strangers, were taxed at an easy rate to make supply. And besides, commissioners were appointed, part of our own company and part of theirs, to go into other harbors adjoining (for our English merchants command all there) to levy our provision. Whereunto, the Portugals, above other nations, did most willingly and liberally contribute. Insomuch as we were presented, above our allowance, with wines, marmalades, most fine rusk or biscuit, sweet oils, and sundry delicacies. Also we wanted not of fresh salmons, trout, lobsters, and other fresh fish brought daily unto us. Moreover, as the manner is in their fishing, every week to choose their admiral anew, or rather they succeed in orderly course, and have weekly their admiral's feast solemnized, even so, the general, captains, and masters of our fleet were continually invited and feasted. To grow short, in our abundance at home, the entertainment had been delightful, but after our wants and tedious passage through the ocean, it seemed more acceptable and of greater contentation,[36] by how much the same was unexpected in that desolate corner of the world, where at other times of the year, wild beasts and birds have only the fruition of all those countries, which now seemed a place very populous and much frequented.

The next morning being Sunday and the 4th of August, the general and his company were brought on land by English merchants, who showed unto us their accustomed walks unto a place they call the Garden. But nothing appeared more than nature itself without art, who confusedly had brought forth roses abundantly, wild, but odoriferous, and to sense very comfortable. Also the like plenty of raspberries, which do grow in every place.

Monday following, the general had his tent set up, who being accompanied with his own followers, summoned the merchants and masters, both English and strangers to be present at his taking possession of those countries. Before whom openly was read and interpreted unto the strangers his commission, by virtue whereof, he took possession in the same harbor of S. John, and 200 leagues every way, invested the Queen's Majesty with the title and dignity thereof, had delivered unto him (after the custom of England) a rod and a turf of the same soil, entering possession also for him, his heirs and assigns forever. And signified unto all men, that from that time forward, they should take the same land as a territory appertaining to the Queen of England, and himself authorized under her Majesty to possess and enjoy it. And to ordain laws for the government thereof, agreeable (so near as conveniently might be) unto the laws of England, under which all people coming thither hereafter, either to inhabit, or by way of traffic, should be subjected and governed. And especially at the same time for a beginning, he proposed and delivered three laws to be in force immediately. That is to say, the first for religion, which in public exercise should be according to the Church of England. The second for maintenance of her Majesty's right and possession of those territories, against which if anything were attempted prejudicial, the party or parties offending should

[36] *contentation:* satisfaction.

be adjudged and executed as in case of high treason, according to the laws of England. The third, if any person should utter words sounding to the dishonor of her Majesty, he should lose his ears and have his ships and goods confiscate.

These contents published, obedience was promised by general voice and consent of the multitude as well of Englishmen as strangers, praying for continuance of this possession and government begun. After this, the assembly was dismissed. And afterward were erected not far from that place the Arms of England engraven in lead, and fixed upon a pillar of wood. Yet further and actually to establish this possession taken in the right of her Majesty, and to the behoof of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, knight, his heirs and assigns forever, the general granted in fee-farm[37] divers parcels of land lying by the waterside, both in this harbor of S. John, and elsewhere, which was to the owners a great commodity, being thereby assured (by their proper inheritance) of grounds convenient to dress and to dry their fish, whereof many times before they did fail, being prevented by them that came first into the harbor. For which grounds they did covenant to pay a certain rent and service unto Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his heirs or assigns forever, and yearly to maintain possession of the same, by themselves or their assigns.

Now remained only to take in provision granted, according as every ship was taxed, which did fish upon the coast adjoining. In the meanwhile, the general appointed men unto their charge, some to repair and trim the ships; others to attend in gathering together our supply and provisions; others to search the commodities and singularities of the country, to be found by sea or land, and to make relation unto the general what either themselves could know by their own travel and experience, or by good intelligence of Englishmen or strangers, who had longest frequented the same coast. Also some observed the elevation of the Pole and drew plots of the country exactly graded. And by that I could gather by[38] each man's several relation, I have drawn a brief description of the Newfoundland, with the commodities by sea or land already made, and such also as are in possibility and great likelihood to be made. Nevertheless, the cards and plots that were drawing, with the due gradation of the harbors, bays, and capes, did perish with the admiral. Wherefore, in the description following, I must omit the particulars of such things.

A Brief Relation of the Newfoundland Land, and the Commodities thereof.

That which we do call the Newfoundland, and the Frenchmen Baccalaos, is an island, or rather (after the opinion of some) it consists of sundry is-

[37] *fee-farm:* that kind of tenure in which the land is held in fee simple (absolute ownership) but subject to a perpetual fixed rent, without any other services.

[38] *And by . . . by:* and by that which I could gather from.

lands and broken lands, situated in the north regions of America, upon the gulf and entrance of the great river called S. Lawrence in Canada. Into the which, navigation may be made both on the south and north side of this island. The land lieth south and north, containing in length between three and 400 miles, accounting from Cape Race (which is in 46 degrees, 25 minutes) unto the Grand Bay in 52 degrees of septentrional latitude. The island round about has very many good bays and harbors, safe roads for ships, the like not to be found in any part of the known world.

The common opinion that is had of intemperature and extreme cold that should be in this country, as of some part it may be verified, namely, the north, where I grant it is more cold than in countries of Europe, which are under the same elevation. Even so it cannot stand with reason and nature of the clime, that the south parts should be so intemperate as the bruit hath gone. For as the same do lie under the climates of Briton, Anjou, Poictou in France, between 46 and 49 degrees, so can they not so much differ from the temperature of those countries, unless upon the outcoast lying open unto the ocean and sharp winds, it must indeed be subject to more cold than further within the land, where the mountains are interposed, as walls and bulwarks, to defend and to resist the asperity and rigor of the sea and weather. Some hold opinion that the Newfoundland might be more subject to cold, by how much it lieth high and near unto the middle region. I grant that not in Newfoundland alone, but in Germany, Italy, and Africa, even under the Equinoctial Line, the mountains are extremely cold and seldom uncovered of snow. In their culm [39] and highest tops, which comes to pass by the same reason that they extended toward the middle region, yet in the countries lying beneath them, it is found quite contrary. Even so all hills having their descents, the valleys also and low grounds must be likewise hot or temperate, as the clime doth give in Newfoundland, though I am of opinion that the sun's reflection is much cooled and cannot be so forcible in Newfoundland, nor generally throughout America, as in Europe or Africa. By how much the sun in his diurnal course from east to west passeth over (for the most part) dry land and sandy countries, before he arriveth at the west of Europe or Africa, whereby his motion increaseth heat, with little or no qualification by moist vapors. Where, on the contrary he passeth from Europe and Africa unto America over the ocean, from whence it draweth and carrieth with him abundance of moist vapors, which do qualify and enfeeble greatly the sun's reverberation upon this country, chiefly of Newfoundland, being so much to the northward. Nevertheless, as I said before, the cold cannot be so intolerable under the latitude of 46, 47, and 48 (especiall[y] within land) that it should be uninhabitable, as some do suppose, seeing also there are very many people more to the north by a great deal. And in these south parts there are certain beasts, ounces or leopards, and birds in like manner, which in the summer we have seen, not heard of in countries of extreme and vehement coldness. Besides, as in the months of

[39] *culm:* summit.

June, July, August, and September, the heat is somewhat more than in England at those seasons, so men remaining upon the south parts near unto Cape Race, until after Hollandtide,[40] have not found the cold so extreme, nor much differing from the temperature of England. Those which have arrived there after November and December have found the snow exceeding deep, whereat no marvel, considering the ground upon the coast is rough and uneven, and the snow is driven into the places most declining as the like is to be seen with us. The like depth of snow happily shall not be found within land upon the plainer countries, which also are defended by the mountains, breaking off the violence of winds and weather. But admitting extraordinary cold in those south parts, above that with us here, it cannot be so great as in Sweedland,[41] much less in Moscovia or Russia. Yet are the same countries very populous, and the rigor of cold is dispensed with by the commodity of stoves, warm clothing, meats, and drinks, all of which need not be wanting in Newfoundland, if we had intent there to inhabit.

In the south parts we found no inhabitants, which by all likelihood have abandoned those coasts, the same being so much frequented by Christians. But in the north are savages altogether harmless. Touching the commodities of this country, serving either for sustenance of inhabitants, or for maintenance of traffic, there are and may be made divers. So that it seemed nature hath recompensed that only defect and incommodity of some sharp cold, by many benefits, viz., with incredible quantity and no less variety of kinds of fish in the sea and fresh waters, as trout, salmons, and other fish to us unknown; also cod, which alone draws many nations thither, and is become the most famous fishing of the world; abundance of whales, for which also is a very great trade in the bays of Placentia and the Grand Bay, where is made train oils[42] of the whale; herring, the largest that have been heard of, and exceeding the Malstrond herring of Norway, but hitherto was never benefit taken of the herring fishing. There are sundry other fish very delicate, namely the bonito,[43] lobsters, turbot, with others infinite not sought after. Oysters having pearl but not orient in color. I took it by reason they were not gathered in season.

Concerning the inland commodities, as well to be drawn from this land, as from the exceeding large countries adjoining, there is nothing which our east and northerly countries of Europe do yield, but the like also may be made in them as plentifully by time and industry. Namely, rosin, pitch, tar, soap ashes, deal-board,[44] masts for ships, hides, furs, flax, hemp, corn, cables, cordage, linen cloth, metals, and many more. All which the countries will afford, and the soil is apt to yield.

[40] *Hollandtide:* Allhallowtide, that is, the season of All Saints, November 1.

[41] *Sweedland:* Sweden.

[42] *train oils:* oils obtained by boiling from the blubber of whales.

[43] *bonito:* the striped tunny of the mackerel family.

[44] *deal-board:* twin board of fir or pine.

The trees for the most in those south parts are fir trees, pine, and cypress, all yielding gum and turpentine.

Cherry trees bearing fruit no bigger than a small pea. Also pear trees, but fruitless. Other trees of some sorts to us unknown.

The soil along the coast is not deep of earth, bringing forth abundantly peason [45] small, yet good feeding for cattle. Roses passing sweet, like unto our musk roses in form, raspases,[46] a berry which we call hurts, good and wholesome to eat. The grass and herbs do fatten sheep in very short space, proved by English merchants which have carried sheep thither for fresh victual and had them raised exceeding fat in less than three weeks. Peason which our countrymen have sown in the time of May, have come up fair, and been gathered in the beginning of August, of which our general had a present acceptable for the rareness, being the first fruits coming up by art and industry in that desolate and dishabited land.

Lakes or pools of fresh water, both on the tops of the mountains and in the valleys. In which are said to be muskles [47] not unlike to have pearls, which I had put in trial, if by mischance falling unto me, I had not been let from that and other good experiments I was minded to make.

Fowl both of water and land in great plenty and diversity. All kind of green fowl. Others as big as bustards,[48] yet not the same. A great white fowl called by some a gaunt.[49]

Upon the land divers sorts of hawks, as falcons and others by report. Partridges most plentiful, larger than ours, gray and white of color, and rough-footed like doves, which our men after one flight did kill with cudgels, they were so fat and unable to fly. Birds, some like blackbirds, linnets, canary birds, and other very small. Beasts of sundry kinds, red deer, buffles [50] or a beast, as it seemed by the track and foot, very large in manner of an ox. Bears, ounces or leopards, some greater and some lesser, wolves, foxes, which to the northward a little further are black, whose fur is esteemed in some countries of Europe very rich. Otters, beavers, martens. And in the opinion of most men that saw it, the general had brought unto him a sable alive, which he sent unto his brother Sir John Gilbert, knight of Devonshire, but it was never delivered, as I after understood. We could not observe the hundredth part of creatures in those unhabited lands, but these mentioned may induce us to glorify the magnificent God, who hath superabundantly replenished the earth with creatures serving for the use of man, though man hath not used a fifth part of the same, which the more doth aggravate the fault and foolish sloth in many of our nation, choosing rather to live indirectly and very miserably to live and die within this realm pestered with inhabitants, than to adventure as becometh men, to obtain an habitation in those remote lands, in which nature very prodigally doth minister unto men's endeavors, and for art to work upon.

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[45] *peason:* dialect plural of "pease," the original singular of "pea."

[46] *raspases:* raspasis, raspberry.

[47] *muskles:* mussels.

[48] *Others . . . bustards:* perhaps the Canada goose. The bustard was a very large bird.

[49] *gaunt:* gannet.

[50] *buffles:* buffaloes.

For besides these already recounted and infinite more, the mountains generally make show of mineral substance. Iron very common, lead, and somewhere copper. I will not aver of richer metals, although by the circumstances following, more than hope may be conceived thereof.

For amongst other charges given to inquire out the singularities of this country, the general was most curious in the search of metals, commanding the mineral man and refiner especially to be diligent. The same was a Saxon born, honest and religious, named Daniel, who after search brought at first some sort of ore, seeming rather to be iron than other metal. The next time he found ore, which with no small show of contentment he delivered unto the general, using protestation, that if silver were the thing which might satisfy the general and his followers, there it was, advising him to seek no further, the peril whereof he undertook upon his life (as dear unto him as the Crown of England unto her Majesty, that I may use his own words) if it fell not out accordingly.

Myself, at this instant more likely to die than to live, by mischance could not follow this confident opinion of our refiner to my own satisfaction, but afterward demanding our general's opinion therein, and to have some part of the ore, he replied: "Content yourself, I have seen enough, and were it but to satisfy my private humor, I would proceed no further. The promise unto my friends, and necessity to bring also the south countries within compass of my patent near expired, as we have already done these north parts, do only persuade me further. And touching the ore, I have sent it aboard, whereof I would have no speech to be made so long as we remain within harbor. Here being both Portugals, Biscains, and Frenchmen not far off, from whom must be kept any bruit or muttering of such matter. When we are at sea proof shall be made. If it be to our desire, we may return the sooner hither again." Whose answer I judged reasonable, and contenting me well, wherewith I will conclude this narration and description of the Newfoundland, and proceed to the rest of our voyage, which ended tragically.

While the better sort of us were seriously occupied in repairing our wants, and contriving of matters for the commodity of our voyage, others of another sort and disposition were plotting mischief. Some casting to steal away our shipping by night, watching opportunity by the general's and captain's lying on the shore, whose conspiracies discovered, they were prevented. Others drew together in company and carried away, out of the harbors adjoining, a ship laden with fish, setting the poor men on shore. A great many more of our people stole into the woods to hide themselves, attending time and means to return home by such shipping as daily departed from the coast. Some were sick of fluxes,[51] and many dead, and in brief, by one means or other our company was diminished, and many by the general licensed to return home. Insomuch as after we had reviewed our people, resolved to see an end of our voyage, we grew scant of men to fur-

[51] *fluxes:* probably dysentery.

nish all our shipping and it seemed good therefore unto the general to leave the *Swallow* with such provision as might be spared for transporting home the sick people.

The captain of the *Delight* or admiral returned to England, in whose stead was appointed Captain Maurice Browne, before captain of the *Swallow,* who also brought with him into the *Delight* all his men of the *Swallow,* which before have been noted for outrage perpetrated and committed upon fishermen there met at sea.

The general made choice to go in his frigate, the *Squirrel* (whereof the captain also was amongst them that returned to Engand), the same frigate being most convenient to discover upon the coast and to search into every harbor and creek, which a great ship could not do. Therefore, the frigate was prepared with her nettings and fights, and overcharged with bases and such small ordnance, more to give a show, than with judgment to foresee unto the safety of her and the men, which afterward was an occasion also of their overthrow.

Now having made ready our shipping, that is to say, the *Delight,* the *Golden Hind,* and the *Squirrel,* and put aboard our provision, which was wines, bread or rusk, fish wet and dry, sweet oils, besides many other, as marmalades, figs, lemons barreled, and suchlike. Also we had other necessary provisions for trimming our ships, nets, and lines to fish withal, boats or pinnaces [52] fit for discovery. In brief, we were supplied of our wants commodiously, as if we had been in a country or some city populous and plentiful of all things.

We departed from this harbor of S. John's upon Tuesday, the 20th of August, which we found by exact observation to be in 47 degrees, 40 minutes. And the next day by night we were at Cape Race, 25 leagues from the same harbor.

This cape lieth south-southwest from S. John's. It is a low land, being off from the cape about half a league. Within the sea riseth up a rock against the point of the cape, which thereby is easily known. It is in latitude 46 degrees, 25 minutes.

Under this cape we were becalmed a small time, during which we laid out hooks and lines to take cod and drew in less than two hours, fish so large and in such abundance, that many days after we fed upon no other provision.

From hence we shaped our course unto the island of Sablon, if conveniently it would so fall out, also directly to Cape Breton.

Sablon lies to the seaward of Cape Breton about 25 leagues, whither we were determined to go upon intelligence we had of a Portugal (during our abode in S. John's) who was himself present, when the Portugals (above thirty years past) did put into the same island both neat [53] and swine to breed, which were since exceedingly multiplied. This seemed unto us very happy tidings, to have in an island lying so near to the main, which we

[52] *pinnaces:* small boats.

[53] *neat:* cattle.

intended to plant upon, such store of cattle, whereby we might at all times conveniently be relieved of victual, and served of store for breed.

In this course we trended along the coast, which from Cape Race stretches into the northwest, making a bay which some called Trepassa. Then it goeth out again toward the west, and maketh a point, which with Cape Race lieth in manner east and west. But this point inclineth to the north. To the west of which goeth in the Bay of Placentia. We sent men on land to take view of the soil along this coast, whereof they made good report, and some of them had will to be planted there. They saw pease growing in great abundance everywhere.

The distance between Cape Race and Cape Breton is 87 leagues. In which navigation we spent eight days, having many times the wind indifferent good. Yet could we never attain sight of any land all that time, seeing we were hindered by the current. At last we fell into such flats and dangers, that hardly any of us escaped, where, nevertheless, we lost our admiral with all the men and provision, not knowing certainly the place. Yet, for inducing men of skill to make conjecture, by our course and way we held from Cape Race thither (that thereby the flats and dangers may be inserted in sea-cards, for warning to others that may follow the same course hereafter) I have set down the best reckonings that were kept by expert men, William Cox, master of the *Hind,* and John Paul, his mate, both of Limehouse.

* * *

Monday [54] in the afternoon we passed in the sight of Cape Race, having made as much way in little more than two days and nights back again, as before we had done in eight days from Cape Race unto the place where our ship perished. Which hindrance thitherward, and speed back again, is to be imputed unto the swift current, as well as to the winds, which we had more large in our return.

This Monday the general came aboard the *Hind* to have the surgeon of the *Hind* dress his foot, which he hurt by treading upon a nail. At what time we comforted each other with hope of hard success to be all past, and of the good to come. So agreeing to carry out lights always by night, that we might keep together, he departed into his frigate, being by no means to be entreated to tarry in the *Hind,* which had been more for his security. Immediately after followed a sharp storm, which we overpassed for that time. Praised be God.

The weather fair, the general came aboard the *Hind* again to make merry together with the captain, master, and company, which was the last meeting and continued there from morning until night. During which time there passed sundry discourses, touching on affairs past and to come, lamenting greatly the loss of his great ship, more of his men, but most of all of his books and notes and what else I know not, for which he was out of measure grieved, the same doubtless being some matter of more impor-

[54] *Monday:* I.e., September 2, 1583.

tance than his books, which I could not draw from him. Yet by circumstance, I gathered the same to be the ore which Daniel the Saxon had brought with him to Newfoundland. Whatsoever it was, the remembrance touched him so deep, as not able to contain himself, he beat his boy in great rage, even at the same time, so long after the miscarrying of the great ship, because upon a fair day, when we were becalmed upon the coast of Newfoundland, near unto Cape Race, he sent his boy aboard the admiral, to fetch certain things. Amongst which, this being chief, was yet forgotten and left behind. After which time he could never conveniently send again aboard the great ship; much less he doubted her ruin so near at hand.

Herein my opinion was better confirmed diversely, and by sundry conjectures, which maketh me have the greater hope of this rich mine. For whereas the general had never before good conceit of these north parts of the world, now his mind was wholly fixed upon the Newfoundland. And as before he refused not to grant assignments liberally to them that required the same into these north parts, now he became contrarily affected, refusing to make any so large grants, especially of S. John's, which certain English merchants made suit for, offering to employ their money and travail upon the same, yet neither by their own suit, nor of others of his own company, whom he seemed willing to pleasure, it could be obtained.

Also laying down his determination in the spring following, for disposing of his voyage then to be reattempted, he assigned the captain and master of the *Golden Hind* unto the south discovery, and reserved unto himself the north, affirming that this voyage had won his heart from the south, and that he was now become a northern man altogether.

Last, being demanded what means he had at his arrival in England to compass the charges of so great preparation as he intended to make the next spring, having determined upon two fleets, one for the south and another for the north, "Leave that to me," he replied, "I will ask a penny of no man. I will bring good tidings unto her Majesty, who will be so gracious, to lend me 10,000 pounds," willing us therefore to be of good cheer. For he did thank God, he said, with all his heart for that he had seen, the same being enough for us all, and that we needed not to seek any further. And these last words he would often repeat, with demonstration of great fervency of mind, being himself very confident and settled in belief of inestimable good by this voyage, which the greater number of his followers nevertheless mistrusted altogether, not being made partakers of those secrets, which the general kept unto himself. Yet all of them that are living may be witnesses of his words and protestations, which sparingly I have delivered.

Leaving the issue of this good hope unto God, who knoweth the truth only, and can at his good pleasure bring the same to light, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our general. And as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion and entreaty of his friends could nothing avail, to divert him from a willful resolution of going through in his frigate, which was overcharged upon

their decks with fights, nettings, and small artillery, too cumbersome for so small a boat that was to pass through the Ocean Sea at that season of the year, when by course we might expect much storm of foul weather, whereof indeed we had enough.

But when he was entreated by the captain, master, and other of his well-willers of the *Hind,* not to venture in the frigate, this was his answer, "I will not forsake my little company going homeward with whom I have passed so many storms and perils." And in very truth, he was urged to be so over-hard, by hard reports given of him that he was afraid of the sea, although this was rather rashness than advised resolution to prefer the wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life.

Seeing he would not bend to reason, he had provision out of the *Hind,* such as was wanting aboard his frigate. And so we committed him to God's protection and set him aboard his pinnace, we being more than 300 leagues onward of our way home.

By that time we had brought the islands of Azores south of us, yet we then keeping much to the north, until we had got into the height and elevation of England, we met with very foul weather and terrible seas, breaking short and high, pyramid-wise. The reason whereof seemed to proceed either of hilly grounds high and low within the sea (as we see hills and dales upon the land) upon which the seas do mount and fall, or else, the cause proceedeth of diversity of winds, shifting often in sundry points, all which having power to move the great ocean, which again is not presently settled, so many seas do encounter together, as there had been diversity of winds. Howsoever it comes to pass, men which all their lifetime had occupied the sea, never saw more outrageous seas. We had also upon our mainyard, an apparition of a little fire by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux.[55] But we had only one, which they take an evil sign of more tempest; the same is usual in storms.

Monday, the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the general sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hind* (so oft as we did approach within hearing), "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier, resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was.

The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind,* suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment, we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried the general was cast away, which was too true. For in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night, and ever after, until we arrived upon the coast of England, omitting no small sail at sea, unto which we gave not the tokens between us agreed upon, to have perfect knowledge of each other, if we should at any time be separated.

[55] *a little fire . . . Pollux:* also known as "corposant" and "St. Elmo's fire."

In great torment of weather, and peril of drowning, it pleased God to send safe home the *Golden Hind,* which arrived in Falmouth, the 22nd day of September, being Sunday, not without as great danger escaped in a flaw, coming from the southeast with such thick mist, that we could not discern land, to put in right with the haven.

* * *

FROM

A brief and true report of the new-found land of Virginia:[56] of the commodities there found, and to be raised, as well merchantable as others. Written by Thomas Hariot,[57] servant to Sir Walter Ralegh, a member of the colony and there employed in discovering a full twelvemonth.

OF THE NATURE AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE

It resteth I speak a word or two of the natural inhabitants, their natures and manners, leaving large discourse thereof until time more convenient hereafter. Now only so far forth, as that you may know how they in respect of troubling our inhabiting and planting, are not to be feared, but that they shall have cause both to fear and love us, that shall inhabit with them.

They are a people clothed with loose mantles made of deerskins, and aprons of the same round about their middles, all else naked, of such a difference of stature only as we in England, having no edge tools or weapons of iron or steel to offend us withal, neither know they how to make any. Those weapons that they have, are only bows made of witch hazel and arrows of reeds, flat-edged truncheons also of wood about a yard long, neither have they anything to defend themselves but targets made of barks, and some armors made of sticks wickered together with thread.

Their towns are but small, and near the seacoast but few, some containing but ten or twelve houses, some twenty; the greatest that we have seen has been but of thirty houses. If they be walled, it is only done with barks

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[56] *Virginia:* This was "The third voyage made by a ship sent in the year 1586, to the reliefe of the Colony planted in Virginia, at the sole charges of Sir Walter Ralegh" (*The Principal Navigations,* Hakluyt Society ed., VIII, 346). The expedition was under the leadership of Sir Richard Grenville.

[57] *Thomas Hariot:* (1560–1621) mathematician and astronomer, mathematical tutor to Ralegh, and a surveyor on the 1586 voyage. His *Briefe and True Report . . . of Virginia* was first issued in 1588; in 1590, together with White's drawings of the natives, it was published by De Bry in Latin, German, English, and French. Hakluyt included it in *The Principall Navigations,* 1600.

of trees made fast to stakes, or else with poles only fixed upright and close one by another.

Their houses are made of small poles, made fast at the tops in round form after the manner as is used in many arbories in our gardens of England, in most towns covered with barks, and in some with artificial mats made of long rushes, from the tops of the houses down to the ground. The length of them is commonly double to the breadth; in some places they are but twelve and sixteen yards long, and in some other we have seen of four-and-twenty.

In some places of the country, one only town belongs to the government of a *Wiroans* or Chief Lord, in other some two or three, in some six, eight, and more. The greatest Wiroans that yet we had dealing with had but eighteen towns in his government and able to make not above seven or eight hundred fighting men at the most. The language of every government is different from any other, and the further they are distant, the greater is the difference.

Their manner of wars amongst themselves is either by sudden surprising one another most commonly about the dawning of the day, or moonlight, or else by ambushes, or some subtle devices. Set battles are very rare, except it fall out where there are many trees, where either party may have some hope of defense, after the delivery of every arrow, in leaping behind some or other.

If there fall out any wars between us and them, what their fight is likely to be, we having advantages against them so many manner of ways, as by our discipline, our strange weapons and devices else, especially ordnance great and small, it may easily be imagined, by the experience we have had in some places, the turning up of their heels against us in running away was their best defense.

In respect of us they are a people poor, and for want of skill and judgment in the knowledge and use of our things, do esteem our trifles before things of greater value. Notwithstanding, in their proper manner (considering the want of such means as we have), they seem very ingenious. For although they have no such tools, nor any such crafts, sciences, and arts as we, yet in those things they do, they show excellency of wit.[58] And by how much they upon due consideration shall find our manner of knowledges and crafts to exceed theirs in perfection, and speed for doing or execution, by so much the more is it probable that they should desire our friendship and love, and have the greater respect for pleasing and obeying us. Whereby may be hoped, if means of good government be used, that they may in short time be brought to civility and the embracing of true religion.

Some religion they have already, which although it be far from the truth, yet being as it is, there is hope it may be the easier and sooner reformed.

They believe that there are many gods, which they call *Mantoac*, but of different sorts and degrees, one only chief and great god, which hath been

[58] *wit:* here, intelligence.

from all eternity. Who, as they affirm, when he purposed to make the world, made first other gods of a principal order to be as means and instruments to be used in the creation and government to follow, and after the sun, moon, and stars as petty gods, and the instruments of the other order more principal. First, they say, were made waters, out of which by the gods was made all diversity of creatures that are visible or invisible.

For mankind, they say a woman was made first which, by the working of one of the gods, conceived and brought forth children. And in such sort, they say, they had their beginning. But how many years or ages have passed since, they say they can make no relation, having no letters nor other such means as we to keep records of the particularities of times past, but only tradition from father to son.

They think that all the gods are of human shape, and therefore, they represent them by images in the forms of men, which they call *Kewasowok,* one alone is called *Kewas*. These they place in houses appropriate or temples, which they call *Machicomuck,* where they worship, pray, sing, and make many times offering unto them. In some Machicomuck, we have seen but one Kewas, in some two, and in other some three. The common sort think them to be also gods.

They believe also the immortality of the soul that, after this life as soon as the soul is departed from the body, according to the works it hath done, it is either carried to heaven, the habitat of gods, there to enjoy perpetual bliss and happiness, or else to a great pit or hole, which they think to be in the furthest parts of their part of the world toward the sunset, there to burn continually. The place they call *Popogusso*.

For the confirmation of this opinion, they told me two stories of two men that had been lately dead and revived again. The one happened, but a few years before our coming into the country, of a wicked man, which having been dead and buried, the next day the earth of the grave being seen to move, was taken up again, who made declaration where his soul had been. That is to say, very near entering into Popogusso, had not one of the gods saved him, and gave him leave to return again and teach his friends what they should do to avoid that terrible place of torment. The other happened in the same year we were there, but in a town that was sixty miles from us, and it was told me for strange news, that one being dead, buried, and taken up again as the first, showed that although his body had lain dead in the grave, yet his soul was alive and had traveled far in a long broad way, on both sides whereof grew most delicate and pleasant trees, bearing more rare and excellent fruits, than ever he had seen before or was able to express, and at length came to most brave and fair houses, near which he met his father that had been dead before, who gave him great charge to go back again and show his friends what good they were to do to enjoy the pleasures of that place, which when he had done he should after come again.

What subtlety soever be in the Wiroances and priests, this opinion worked so much in many of the common and simple sort of people, that it maketh

them have great respect to their governors, and also great care what they do, to avoid torment after death, and to enjoy bliss, although notwithstanding there is punishment ordained for malefactors, as stealers, whoremongers, and other sort of wicked-doers, some punished with death, some with forfeitures, some with beating, according to the greatness of the facts.

And this is the sum of their religion, which I learned by having special familiarity with some of their priests. Wherein they were not so sure grounded, nor gave such credit to their traditions and stories, but through conversing with us they were brought into great doubts of their own, and no small admiration of ours, with earnest desire in many, to learn more than we had means for want of perfect utterance in their language to express.

Most things they saw with us, as mathematical instruments, sea compasses, the virtue of the lodestone in drawing iron, a perspective glass whereby was showed many strange sights, burning glasses, wild fireworks, guns, hooks, writing and reading, spring-clocks that seem to go of themselves, and many other things that we had were so strange unto them, and so far exceeded their capacities to comprehend the reason and means how they should be made and done, that they thought they were rather the works of gods than of men, or at the leastwise, they had been given and taught us by the gods. Which made many of them have such opinion of us, as that if they knew not the truth of God and religion already, it was rather to be had from us whom God so specially loved, than from a people that were so simple as they found themselves to be in comparison of us. Whereupon greater credit was given unto that we spoke of, concerning such matters.

Many times and in every town where I came, according as I was able, I made declaration of the contents of the Bible, that therein was set forth the true and only God, and his mighty works, that therein was contained the true doctrine of salvation through Christ, with many particulars of miracles and chief points of religion, as I was able then to utter, and thought fit for the time. And although I told them the book materially and of itself was not of any such virtue, as I thought they did conceive, but only the doctrine therein contained, yet would many be glad to touch it, to embrace it, to kiss it, to hold it to their breasts and heads, and stroke over all their body with it, to show their hungry desire of that knowledge which was spoken of.

The Wiroans with whom we dwelt, called Wingina, and many of his people would be glad many times to be with us at our prayers, and many times call upon us both in his own town, as also in others whither he sometimes accompanied us, to pray and sing psalms, hoping thereby to be partaker of the same effects which we by that means also expected.

Twice this Wiroans was so grievously sick that he was like to die, and as he lay languishing, doubting of any help by his own priests, and thinking he was in such danger for offending us and thereby our God, sent for some of us to pray and be a means to our God that it would please him either that

he might live, or after death dwell with him in bliss, so likewise were the requests of many others in the like case.

On a time also when their corn began to wither by reason of a drought which happened extraordinarily, fearing that it had come to pass by reason that in something they had displeased us, many would come to us and desire us to pray to our God of England, that he would preserve their corn, promising that when it was ripe we also should be partakers of the fruit.

There could at no time happen any strange sickness, losses, hurts, or any other cross unto them, but that they would impute to us the cause or means thereof, for offending or not pleasing us. One other rare and strange accident, leaving others, will I mention before I end, which moved the whole country that either knew or heard of us, to have us in wonderful admiration.

There was no town where we had any subtle device practiced against us, we leaving it unpunished or not revenged (because we sought by all means possible to win them by gentleness) but that within a few days after our departure from every such town, the people began to die very fast and many in short space, in some towns about twenty, in some forty, and in one six-score, which in truth was very many in respect of their numbers. This happened in no place that we could learn, but where we had been, where they used some practice against us and after such time. The disease also was so strange, that they neither knew what it was, nor how to cure it, the like by report of the oldest men in the country never happened before, time out of mind, a thing specially observed by us, as also by the natural inhabitants themselves. Insomuch that when some of the inhabitants which were our friends, and especially the Wiroans Wingina, had observed such effects in four or five towns to follow their wicked practices, they were persuaded that it was the work of our God through our means, and that we by him might kill and slay whom we would without weapons, and not come near them. And thereupon when it had happened that they had understanding that any of their enemies had abused us in our journeys, hearing that we had wrought no revenge with our weapons, and fearing upon some cause the matter should so rest, did come and entreat us that we would be a means to our God that they as others had dealt ill with us might in like sort die, alleging how much it would be for our credit and profit, as also theirs, and hoping furthermore that we would do so much at their requests in respect of the friendship we professed them.

Whose entreaties although we showed that they were ungodly, affirming that our God would not subject himself to any such prayers and requests of men, that indeed all things have been and were to be done according to his good pleasure as he had ordained, that we to show ourselves his true servants ought rather to make petition for the contrary, that they with them might live together with us, be made partakers of his truth, and serve him in righteousness, but notwithstanding in such sort, that we refer that, as all other things, to be done according to his divine will and pleasure, and as by his wisdom he had ordained to be best.

Yet because the effect fell out so suddenly and shortly after according to

their desires, they thought nevertheless it came to pass by our means and that we in using such speeches unto them, did but dissemble the matter, and therefore came unto us to give us thanks in their manner, that although we satisfied them not in promise, yet in deeds and effect we had fulfilled their desires.

This marvelous accident in all the country wrought so strange opinions of us that some people could not tell whether to think us gods or men, and the rather because that all the space of their sickness, there was no man of ours known to die, or that was specially sick. They noted also that we had no women amongst us, neither that we did care for any of theirs.

Some, therefore, were of opinion that we were not born of women, and therefore not mortal, but that we were men of an old generation many years past, then risen again to immortality.

Some would likewise seem to prophesy that there were more of our generation yet to come to kill theirs and take their places as some thought the purpose was, by that which was already done. Those that were immediately to come after us they imagined to be in the air, yet invisible and without bodies, and that they by our entreaty and for the love of us did make the people to die in that sort as they did, by shooting invisible bullets into them.

To confirm this opinion, their physicians (to excuse their ignorance in curing the disease) would not be ashamed to say, but earnestly make the simple people believe that the strings of blood that they sucked out of the sick bodies, were the strings wherewithal the invisible bullets were tied and cast. Some also thought that we shot them ourselves out of our pieces, from the place where we dwelt, and killed the people in any town that had offended us, as we listed, how far distant from us soever it were. And other some said that it was the special work of God for our sakes, as we ourselves have cause in some sort to think no less, whatsoever some do, or may imagine to the contrary, specially some astrologers, knowing of the eclipse of the sun which we saw the same year before in our voyage thitherward, which unto them appeared very terrible. And also of a comet which began to appear but a few days before the beginning of the said sickness. But to exclude them from being the special causes of so special an accident, there are further reasons than I think fit at this present to be alleged. These their opinions I have set down the more at large, that it may appear unto you that there is good hope they may be brought through discreet dealing and government to the embracing of the truth, and consequently to honor, obey, fear, and love us.

And although some of our company towards the end of the year showed themselves too fierce in slaying some of the people in some towns, upon causes that on our part might easily enough have been borne withal, yet notwithstanding, because it was on their part justly deserved, the alteration of their opinions generally and for the most part concerning us is the less to be doubted. And whatsoever else they may be, by carefulness of ourselves need nothing at all to be feared.

An extract of a Spanish letter written from Pueblo de los Angeles in Nueva Espanna in October, 1597, touching the discovery of the rich isles of California, being distant eight days' sailing from the main.

We have seen a letter written the eighth of October, 1597, out of a town called Pueblo de los Angeles situate eighteen leagues from Mexico, making mention of the Islands of California situate two or three hundred leagues from the mainland of Nueva Espanna, in Mar del Sur: as that thither have been sent before that time some people to conquer them, which with loss of some twenty men were forced back. After that they had well visited and found those islands or countries to be very rich of gold and silver mines and of very fair oriental pearls, which were caught in good quantity upon one fathom and a half, passing in beauty the pearls of the Island Margarita, the report thereof caused the Viceroy of Mexico to send a citizen of Mexico with two hundred men to conquer the same. Therein also was affirmed that within eight days they could sail thither from the main.

The course which Sir Francis Drake held from the haven of Guatulco [59] in the South Sea on the back side of Nueva Espanna to the northwest of California as far as forty-three degrees, and his return back along the said coast to thirty-eight degrees, where finding a fair and goodly haven, he landed; and staying there many weeks, and discovering many excellent things in the country and great show of rich mineral matter and being offered the dominion of the country by the lord of the same, he took possession thereof in the behalf of her Majesty, and named it Nova Albion.

We kept our course from the Isle of Cano, which lieth in eight degrees of northerly latitude, and within two leagues of the main of Nicaragua, where we calked and trimmed our ship, along the coast of Nueva Espanna, until we came to the haven and town of Guatulco, which, as we were informed, had but seventeen Spaniards dwelling in it, and we found it to stand in fifteen degrees and fifty minutes.

As soon as we were entered this haven we landed, and went presently to

[59] *Guatulco:* Acapulco.

the town and to the town house, where we found a judge sitting in judgment, he being associate with three other officers, upon three negroes that had conspired the burning of the town, both which judges and prisoners we took, and brought them a-shipboard and caused the chief judge to write his letter to the town, to command all the townsmen to avoid, that we might safely water there. Which being done, and they departed, we ransacked the town and in one house we found a pot of the quantity of a bushel full of royals [60] of plate, which we brought to our ship.

And here one Thomas Moone, one of our company, took a Spanish gentleman as he was flying out of the town, and searching him, he found a chain of gold about him and other jewels, which we took and so let him go.

At this place our general among other Spaniards, set ashore his Portugal pilot, which he took at the Island of Cape Verde, out of a ship of Saint Marie port of Portugal, and having set them ashore, we departed thence.

Our general at this place and time thinking himself both in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contempts and indignities offered to our country and prince in general, sufficiently satisfied, and revenged, and supposing that her Majesty at his return would rest contented with this service, purposed to continue no longer upon the Spanish coasts, but began to consider and to consult of the best way for his country.

He thought it not good to return by the straits, for two special causes: the one, lest the Spaniards should there wait and attend for him in great number and strength, whose hands he, being left but one ship, could not possibly escape. The other cause was the dangerous situation of the mouth of the straits of the south side, with continual storms raining and blustering, as he found by experience, besides the shoals and sands upon the coast. Wherefore he thought it not a good course to adventure that way. He resolved therefore to avoid these hazards, to go forward to the islands of the Malucas, and there hence to sail the course of the Portugals by the Cape of Bona Sperança.

Upon this resolution, he began to think of his best way for the Malucas, and finding himself, where he now was, becalmed, he saw that of necessity he must be enforced to take a Spanish course, namely to sail somewhat northerly to get a wind. We therefore set sail and sailed 800 leagues at the least for a good wind, and thus much we sailed from the 16th of April (after our old style) till the third of June.

The fifth day of June, being in forty-three degrees towards the Arctic pole, being speedily come out of the extreme heat, we found the air so cold, that our men being pinched with the same, complained of the extremity thereof, and the further we went, the more the cold increased upon us, whereupon we thought it best for that time to seek land, and did so, finding it not mountainous, but low plainland, and we drew back again without

[60] *royals:* gold coins.

landing, till we came within thirty-eight degrees towards the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good bay, with a good wind to enter the same.

In this bay we anchored the seventeenth of June, and the people of the country, having their houses close by the water's side, shōwed themselves unto us, and sent a present to our general.

When they came unto us, they greatly wondered at the things which we brought, but our general, according to his natural and accustomed humanity, courteously entreated them, and liberally bestowed on them necessary things to cover their nakedness, whereupon they supposed us to be gods, and would not be persuaded to the contrary. The presents which they sent unto our general were feathers and cawls [61] of net work.

Their houses are digged round about with earth, and have from the uttermost brims of the circle clefts of wood set upon them, joining close together at the top like a spire steeple, which by reason of that closeness are very warm.

Their bed is the ground with rushes strawed on it, and lying about the house, they have the fire in the midst. The men go naked, the women take bulrushes and kemb [62] them after the manner of hemp, and thereof make their loose garments, which being knit about their middles, hang down about their hips, having also about their shoulders a skin of deer, with the hair upon it. These women are very obedient and serviceable to their husbands.

After they were departed from us, they came and visited us the second time, and brought with them feathers and bags of tobacco for presents. And when they came to the top of the hill, at the bottom whereof we had pitched our tents, they stayed themselves, where one appointed for speaker wearied himself with making a long oration, which done, they left their bows upon the hill and came down with their presents.

In the meantime the women remaining on the hill, tormented themselves lamentably, tearing their flesh from their cheeks, whereby we perceived that they were about a sacrifice. In the meantime our general, with his company, went to prayer, and to reading of the Scriptures, at which exercise they were attentive and seemed greatly to be affected with it. But when they were come unto us they restored again unto us those things which before we had bestowed upon them.

The news of our being there being spread through the country, the people that inhabited round about came down, and amongst them the king himself, a man of a goodly stature, and comely personage, with many other tall and warlike men, before whose coming were sent two ambassadors to our general, to signify that their king was coming, in doing of which mes-

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[61] *cawls:* Hakluyt prints "cals," which may be netted baskets, or "cauls," netted caps or headdresses.

[62] *kemb:* comb.

sage, their speech was continued about half an hour. This ended, they by signs requested our general to send something by their hand to their king, as a token that his coming might be in peace. Wherein our general having satisfied them, they returned with glad tidings to their king, who marched to us with a princely majesty, the people crying continually after their manner, and as they drew near unto us, so did they strive to behave themselves in their actions with comeliness.

In the forefront was a man of a goodly personage, who bare the scepter or mace before the king, whereupon hanged two crowns, a less and a bigger, with three chains of a marvelous length. The crowns were made of knitwork wrought artificially with feathers of divers colors. The chains were made of a bony substance, and few be the persons among them that are admitted to wear them, and of that number also the persons are stinted, as some ten, some twelve, etc. Next unto him which bare the scepter, was the king himself, with his guard about his person, clad with cony [63] skins and other skins. After them followed the naked common sort of people, every one having his face painted, some with white, some with black, and other colors, and having in their hands one thing or other for a present, not so much as their children, but they also brought their presents.

In the meantime, our general gathered his men together, and marched within his fenced place, making against their approaching a very warlike show. They being trooped together in their order, and a general salutation being made, there was presently a general silence. Then he that bare the scepter before the king, being informed by another, whom they assigned to that office, with a manly and lofty voice, proclaimed that which the other spake to him in secret, continuing half an hour, which ended, and a general amen, as it were, given, the king, with the whole number of men and women (the children excepted) came down without any weapon, who descending to the foot of the hill, set themselves in order.

In coming towards our bulwarks and tents, the scepter-bearer began a song, observing his measures in a dance, and that with a stately countenance, whom the king with his guard, and every degree of persons following, did in like manner sing and dance, saving only the women, which danced and kept silence. The general permitted them to enter within our bulwark, where they continued their song and dance a reasonable time. When they had satisfied themselves, they made signs to our general to sit down, to whom the king, and divers others made several orations, or rather supplication, that he would take their province and kingdom into his hand, and become their king, making signs that they would resign unto him their right and title of the whole land, and become his subjects. In which to persuade us the better, the king and the rest with one consent and with great reverence, joyfully singing a song, did set the crown upon his head, enriched his neck with all their chains and offered unto him many other

[63] *cony:* rabbit.

things, honoring him by the name of *Hioh,* adding thereunto, as it seemed, a sign of triumph, which thing our general thought not meet to reject, because he knew not what honor and profit it might be to our country. Wherefore in the name, and to the use of her Majesty, he took the scepter, crown, and dignity of the said country in his hands, wishing that the riches and treasure thereof might so conveniently be transported to the enriching of her kingdom at home, as it aboundeth in the same.

The common sort of the people leaving the king and his guard with our general, scattered themselves together with their sacrifices among our people, taking a diligent view of every person; and such as pleased their fancy (which were the youngest) they, enclosing them about, offered their sacrifices unto them with lamentable weeping, scratching, and tearing the flesh from their faces with their nails, whereof issued abundance of blood. But we used signs to them of disliking this, and stayed their hands from force, and directed them upwards to the living God, whom only they ought to worship. They showed unto us their wounds, and craved help of them at our hands, whereupon we gave them lotions, plasters, and ointments agreeing to the state of their griefs, beseeching God to cure their diseases. Every third day they brought their sacrifices unto us, until they understood our meaning, that we had no pleasure in them. Yet they could not be long absent from us, but daily frequented our company to the hour of our departure, which departure seemed so grievous unto them, that their joy was turned into sorrow. They entreated us, that being absent we would remember them, and by stealth provided a sacrifice, which we disliked.

Our necessary business being ended, our general with his company traveled up into the country to their villages, where we found herds of deer by a thousand in a company, being most large and fat of body.

We found the whole country to be a warren of a strange kind of conies, their bodies in bigness as be the Barbary conies, their heads as the heads of ours, the feet of a want,[64] and the tail of a rat, being of great length; under her chin on either side a bag into the which she gathered her meat when she hath filled her belly abroad. The people eat their bodies and make great account of their skins, for their king's coat was made of them.

Our general called this country, Nova Albion, and that for two causes: the one in respect of the white banks and cliffs, which lie towards the sea, and the other, because it might have some affinity with our country in name, which sometime was so called.

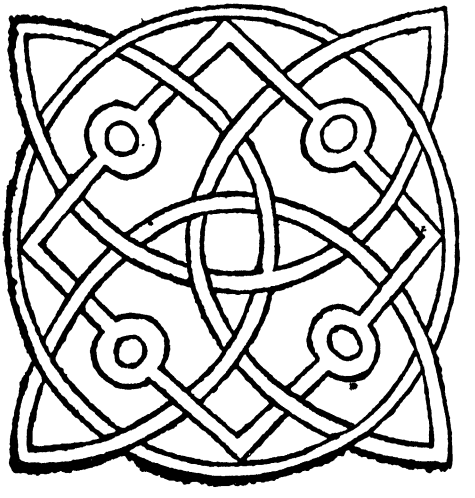
There is no part of earth here to be taken up, wherein there is not some special likelihood of gold or silver.

At our departure hence our general set up a monument of our being there, as also of her Majesty's right and title to the same, namely, a plate nailed upon a fair great post, whereupon was engraven her Majesty's name, the day and year of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people into her Majesty's hands, together with her Highness' picture

[64] *want:* mole.

and arms, in a piece of sixpence of current English money under the plate, whereunder was also written the name of our general.

It seemeth that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country, neither did ever discover the land by many degrees to the southwards of this place.



Sir Walter Ralegh[1]

1552–1618

A Report of the Truth of the Fight About the Isles of Azores This Last Summer [2] Betwixt the *Revenge*,[3] One of Her Majesty's Ships, and an Armada of the King of Spain

BECAUSE the rumors are diversely spread, as well in England as in the Low Countries and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesty's ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards according to their usual manner fill the world with their vainglorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories, when on the contrary themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonored; thereby hoping to possess the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning false reports; it is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and untruth, that the beginning, continuance, and success of this late honorable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville [4] and other her Majesty's captains, with the Armada of Spain, should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel that the Spaniard should seek by false and slanderous pamphlets, advisoes, and letters, to cover their own loss and to derogate from others their due honors, especially in this fight being performed far off; seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588, when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundry languages, in print, great victories in words, which they pleaded to have obtained against this realm; and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of 140 sail [5] of ships, not only of their own kingdom but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal carracks,[6] Florentines,

[1] For introduction and bibliography, see pp. 191–192.

[2] *this last summer:* 1591.

[3] *Revenge:* a ship of 500 tons and 250 men. It had been Drake's ship in the fight with the Armada, 1588.

[4] *Sir Richard Grenville* (*ca.* 1541—1591), Ralegh's first cousin, had commanded Ralegh's first expedition to colonize Roanoke Island in 1585. Ralegh's prose account is the chief source for Tennyson's famous ballad *The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet*, first published in 1878.

[5] *140 sail:* Ralegh wrote "240"; the correction is Hakluyt's.

[6] *carracks:* large ships.

and huge hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and most advantageous conduction of the Lord Charles Howard, high admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together; even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdes with his mighty ship; from Portland to Calais, where they lost Hugo de Moncado, with the gallias [7] of which he was captain; and from Calais driven with squibs [8] from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where for the sympathy of their barbarous religion, hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those others that landed, being very many in number, were notwithstanding broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England. Where her Majesty of her princely and invincible disposition disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, they were all sent back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful navy. Of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burthen of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all other their magazines of provisions, were put in print, as an army and navy unresistable and disdaining prevention.[9] With all which so great and terrible an ostentation they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace,[10] or cockboat[11] of ours, or ever burned so much as one sheepcote of this land. Whenas on the contrary Sir Francis Drake, with only eight hundred soldiers, not long before landed in their Indies and forced Santiago, Santo Domingo, Cartagena, and the forts of Florida. And after that Sir John Norris marched from Peniche in Portugal, with a handful of soldiers, to the gates of Lisbon, being above forty English miles. Where the earl of Essex himself and other valiant gentlemen braved the city of Lisbon, encamped at the very gates; from whence after many days' abode, finding neither promised party nor provision to batter,[12] they made retreat by land in despite of all their garrisons both of horse and foot.

In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessary comparison of theirs and our actions; the one covetous of honor without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affairs and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their own dishonors as they will not only not blush to spread all manner of untruths, but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poor adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victory with bonfires in every town, always spending more in faggots than the purchase was worth they obtained. Whenas we never yet thought it worth the consumption of two

[7] *gallias:* galleys.
[8] *squibs:* exploding shot.
[9] *disdaining prevention:* scorning resistance.
[10] *pinnace:* a small two-masted ship.
[11] *cockboat:* dory or lifeboat.
[12] *batter:* seize upon, strike.

billets when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian ships at one time and twenty of the Brazil fleet. Such is the difference between true valor and ostentation, and between honorable actions and frivolous vainglorious vaunts. But now to return to my first purpose.

The Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark *Ralegh,* and two or three pinnaces, riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton being in a very good sailer had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight.

Many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and roomaging,[13] everything out of order, very light for want of ballast. And that which was most to our disadvantage, the one-half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased; in the *Bonaventure* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Cary's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest for the most part were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these as followeth: the *Defiance,* which was admiral, the *Revenge,* vice-admiral, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captain Cross, the *Lion* by George Fenner, the *Foresight* by Mr. Thomas Vavasour, and the *Crane* by Duffield. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships; only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark *Ralegh* commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his ship; for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and en-

[13] *pestered and roomaging:* busied with various occupations, and the cargo not arranged.

force those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff,[14] and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered [15] in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind he could not be persuaded.

In the meanwhile as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the wind of him and coming towards him becalmed his sails in such sort as the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm, so huge and high cargoed was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the *Revenge* aboard.[16] When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard; of which the next was the admiral of the Biscaines, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Brittandona. The said *Philip* carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forthright out of her chase,[17] besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four other boarded her; two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossbar-shot,[18] shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth unless we were assured.

The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all, beside the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships or into the seas.

In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot through her by the armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge* and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victualers and of small force. Sir Richard bid him save himself and leave him to his fortune.

After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the armada and the admiral of the hulks [19]

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[14] *sprang their luff:* headed into the wind too far.

[15] *answered:* justified.

[16] *laid* [*the R.*] *aboard:* came alongside.

[17] *chase:* bow.

[18] *crossbar-shot:* a ball with projecting bars.

[19] *admiral of the hulks:* chief of the supply ships.

both sunk; and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company, brought home in a ship of lime from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight; and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a-dressing was again shot into the head, and withal his chirurgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge,* as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim,* commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge,* was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron; all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defense.

Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several armadas all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him, the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea; commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to

split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand [20] men, and fifty-and-three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else, but as they had like valiant resolute men repulsed so many enemies they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.

The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them; alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And that whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the *Revenge* (while the captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the general, Don Alfonso Baçan. Who finding none over-hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner, finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the general sent many boats aboard the *Revenge,* and divers of our men fearing Sir Richard's disposition stole away aboard the general and other ships. Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Baçan to remove out of the *Revenge,* the ship being marvelous unsavory,

[20] *above ten thousand:* Hakluyt's correction of Ralegh's "15,000."

filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swounded, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The general used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm was by the *Lion* of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the armada was Don Alfonso Baçan, brother to the Marques of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscaine squadron was Brittandona. Of the squadron of Seville, the Marques of Arumburch. The hulks and flyboats were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near one thousand [21] of the enemies, and two special commanders, Don Luis de Sant John, and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga, as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account whereof as yet report is not made.

The admiral of the hulks and the *Ascension* of Seville were both sunk by the side of the *Revenge;* one other recovered the road of St. Michael and sunk also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the general, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land, we know not; the comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that being dead he hath not outlived his own honor.

For the rest of her Majesty's ships that entered not so far into the fight as the *Revenge,* the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all, whereof two but small ships; the *Revenge* engaged past recovery; the island of Flores was on the one side, fifty-three sail of the Spanish, divided into squadrons, on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could contain; almost the one-half of our men sick and not able to serve; the ships grown foul, unroomaged, and scarcely able to bear any sail for want of ballast, having been six months at the sea before. If all the rest had entered, all had been lost. For the very hugeness of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offered, would have crushed them between them into shivers. Of which the dishonor and loss to the Queen had been far greater than the spoil or harm that the enemy could anyway have received. Notwithstanding, it is very true that the Lord Thomas would have entered between the squadrons, but the rest would not condescend; and the master

[21] *one thousand:* Hakluyt's correction of Ralegh's "2,000."

of his own ship offered to leap into the sea rather than to conduct that her Majesty's ship and the rest to be a prey to the enemy, where there was no hope nor possibility either of defense or victory. Which also in my opinion had ill sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a general, to commit himself and his charge to an assured destruction, without hope or any likelihood of prevailing; thereby to diminish the strength of her Majesty's navy, and to enrich the pride and glory of the enemy. The *Foresight* of the Queen's, commanded by Master Thomas Vavasour, performed a very great fight, and stayed two hours as near the *Revenge* as the weather would permit him, not forsaking the fight till he was like to be encompassed by the squadrons and with great difficulty cleared himself. The rest gave divers volleys of shot and entered as far as the place permitted, and their own necessities to keep the weather gage of [22] the enemy, until they were parted by night.

A few days after the fight was ended and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indies ships there arose so great a storm from the west and northwest that all the fleet was dispersed, as well the Indian fleet which were then come unto them as the rest of the armada that attended their arrival, of which fourteen sail, together with the *Revenge,* and in her two hundred Spaniards, were cast away upon the isle of St. Michael. So it pleased them to honor the burial of that renowned ship the *Revenge,* not suffering her to perish alone, for the great honor she achieved in her lifetime. On the rest of the islands there were cast away in this storm fifteen or sixteen more of the ships of war; and of a hundred and odd sail of the Indies fleet, expected this year in Spain, what in this tempest, and what before in the bay of Mexico, and about the Bermudas, there were seventy and odd consumed and lost, with those taken by our ships of London, besides one very rich Indian ship which set herself on fire, being boarded by the *Pilgrim,* and five other taken by Master Wats his ships of London, between the Havana and Cape S. Antonio. The fourth of this month of November we received letters from the Terceira [23] affirming that there are three thousand bodies of men remaining in that island, saved out of the perished ships; and that by the Spaniards' own confession there are ten thousand cast away in this storm, besides those that are perished between the islands and the main. Thus it hath pleased God to fight for us and to defend the justice of our cause against the ambitious and bloody pretenses of the Spaniard, who seeking to devour all nations are themselves devoured. A manifest testimony how injust and displeasing their attempts are in the sight of God, who hath pleased to witness by the success of their affairs his mislike of their bloody and injurious designs purposed and practised against all Christian princes, over whom they seek unlawful and ungodly rule and empery.

One day or two before this wrack happened to the Spanish fleet, whenas some of our prisoners desired to be set on shore upon the islands, hoping

[22] *the weather gage of:* to the windward of.

[23] *Terceira:* one of the Azores.

to be from thence transported into England, which liberty was formerly by the general promised, one Maurice Fitz-John, son of old John of Desmond, a notable traitor, cousin-german [24] to the late earl of Desmond,[25] was sent to the English from ship to ship to persuade them to serve the King of Spain. The arguments he used to induce them were these: the increase of pay, which he promised to be trebled; advancement to the better sort; and the exercise of the true Catholic religion and safety of their souls to all. For the first, even the beggarly and unnatural behavior of those English and Irish rebels that served the King in that present action was sufficient to answer that first argument of rich pay. For so poor and beggarly they were as for want of apparel they stripped their poor countrymen prisoners out of their ragged garments worn to nothing by six months' service, and spared not to despoil them even of their bloody shirts from their wounded bodies, and the very shoes from their feet; a notable testimony of their rich entertainment and great wages. The second reason was hope of advancement if they served well and would continue faithful to the King. But what man can be so blockishly ignorant ever to expect place or honor from a foreign king, having no argument or persuasion than his own disloyalty; to be unnatural to his own country that bred him, to his parents that begat him, and rebellious to his true prince to whose obedience he is bound by oath, by nature, and by religion? No, they are only assured to be employed in all desperate enterprises, to be held in scorn and disdain ever among those whom they serve. And that ever traitor was either trusted or advanced I could never yet read, neither can I at this time remember any example. And no man could have less becomed the place of an orator for such a purpose than this Maurice of Desmond. For the earl his cousin being one of the greatest subjects in that kingdom of Ireland, having almost whole countries in his possession, so many goodly manors, castles, and lordships, the Count Palatine of Kerry, five hundred gentlemen of his own name and family to follow him, besides others—all which he possessed in peace for three or four hundred years—was in less than three years after his adhering to the Spaniards and rebellion beaten from all his holds, not so many as ten gentlemen of his name left living, himself taken and beheaded by a soldier of his own nation, and his land given by a parliament to her Majesty and possessed by the English; his other cousin, Sir John of Desmond, taken by Master John Zouch and his body hanged over the gates of his native city to be devoured by ravens; the third brother of Sir James hanged, drawn, and quartered in the same place. If he had withal vaunted of his success of his own house, no doubt the argument would have moved much and wrought great effect; which because he for that present forgot, I thought it good to remember in his behalf. For matter of religion, it would require a particular volume if I should set down how irreligiously they cover their greedy and ambitious pretenses with that veil of piety. But sure I am that

[24] *cousin-german:* first cousin.

[25] *earl of Desmond:* the most troublesome of Irish rebels under Elizabeth, executed in 1585.

there is no kingdom or commonwealth in all Europe but, if they be reformed,[26] they then invade it for religion sake; if it be, as they term, Catholic, they pretend title; as if the kings of Castile were the natural heirs of all the world; and so between both no kingdom is unsought. Where they dare not with their own forces to invade, they basely entertain the traitors and vagabonds of all nations; seeking by those and by their renegade Jesuits to win parts, and have by that mean ruined many noble houses and others in this land, and have extinguished both their lives and families. What good, honor, or fortune ever man yet by them achieved is yet unheard of or unwritten. And if our English papists do but look into Portugal, against whom they have no pretense of religion, how the nobility are put to death, imprisoned, their rich men made a prey, and all sorts of people captived, they shall find that the obedience even of the Turk is easy and a liberty in respect of the slavery and tyranny of Spain. What they have done in Sicily, in Naples, Milan, and in the Low Countries; who hath there been spared for religion at all? And it cometh to my remembrance of a certain burgher of Antwerp, whose house being entered by a company of Spanish soldiers, when they first sacked the city, he besought them to spare him and his goods, being a good Catholic, and one of their own party and faction. The Spaniards answered that they knew him to be of a good conscience for himself, but his money, plate, jewels, and goods were all heretical and therefore good prize. So they abused and tormented the foolish Fleming, who hoped that an Agnus Dei had been a sufficient target against all force of that holy and charitable nation. Neither have they at any time, as they protest, invaded the kingdoms of the Indies and Peru and elsewhere but only led thereunto rather to reduce the people to Christianity than for either gold or empery. Whenas in one only island, called Hispaniola, they have wasted thirty hundred thousand of the natural people, besides many millions else in other places of the Indies; a poor and harmless people, created of God, and might have been won to his knowledge, as many of them were, and almost as many as ever were persuaded thereunto. The story whereof is at large written by a bishop of their own nation called Bartholomew de las Casas, and translated into English and many other languages, entitled *The Spanish Cruelties*.[27] Who would therefore repose trust in such a nation of ravenous strangers, and especially in those Spaniards which more greedily thirst after English blood than after the lives of any other people of Europe, for the many overthrows and dishonors they have received at our hands, whose weakness we have discovered to the world, and whose forces at home, abroad, in Europe, in India, by sea and land, we have even with handfuls of men and ships overthrown and dishonored. Let not therefore any Englishman, of what religion soever, have other opinion of the Spaniards but that those whom he seeketh to win of our nation he esteemeth base and traitorous, unworthy persons, or unconstant fools; and that he

[26] *reformed*: Protestant.

[27] *The Spanish Cruelties*: The English version was published in 1583 under the title *The Spanish Colony*.

useth his pretense of religion for no other purpose but to bewitch us from the obedience of our natural prince, thereby hoping in time to bring us to slavery and subjection, and then none shall be unto them so odious and disdained as the traitors themselves, who have sold their country to a stranger, and forsaken their faith and obedience contrary to nature and religion; and contrary to that human and general honor, not only of Christians, but of heathen and irreligious nations, who have always sustained what labor soever, and embraced even death itself, for their country, prince, or commonwealth.

To conclude, it hath ever to this day pleased God to prosper and defend her Majesty, to break the purposes of malicious enemies, of forsworn traitors, and of unjust practises and invasions. She hath ever been honored of the worthiest kings, served by faithful subjects, and shall by the favor of God resist, repel, and confound all whatsoever attempts against her sacred person or kingdom. In the meantime let the Spaniard and traitor vaunt of their success; and we her true and obedient vassals guided by the shining light of her virtues shall always love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.

The discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful empire of Guiana, with relation of the great and golden city of Manoa, which the Spaniards call El Dorado, and the provinces of Emeria, Aromaia, Amapaia, and other countries, with their rivers adjoining. Performed in the year 1595 by Sir Walter Ralegh, Knight, Captain of Her Majesty's Guard, Lord Warden of the Stannaries,[28] and Her Highness' Lieutenant-General of the County of Cornwall.

To the Right Honorable my singular good lord and kinsman Charles Howard,[29] Knight of the Garter, Baron and Councilor, and of the Admirals of England the most renowned, and to the Right Honorable Sir Robert Cecil, Knight, Councilor in her Highness' Privy Councils.

For your Honors' many honorable and friendly parts, I have hitherto only returned promises, and now for answer of both your adventures, I have sent you a bundle of papers, which I have divided between your

[28] *Stannaries:* the mines of Cornwall and Devon, over which Ralegh was appointed warden by Queen Elizabeth in 1585.

[29] *Charles Howard:* (1536–1624), Earl of Nottingham, lord admiral of England in 1585, and commander-in-chief against the Spanish Armada.

lordship and Sir Robert Cecil in these two respects chiefly: first for that it is reason, that wasteful factors, when they have consumed such stocks as they had in trust, do yield some color for the same in their account; secondly, for that I am assured, that whatsoever shall be done, or written by me, shall need a double protection and defense. The trial that I had of both your loves, when I was left of all, but of malice and revenge, makes me still presume, that you will be pleased (knowing what little power I had to perform aught, and the great advantage of forewarned enemies) to answer that out of knowledge, which others shall but object out of malice. In my more happy times as I did especially honor you both, so I found that your loves sought me out in the darkest shadow of adversity, and the same affection which accompanied my better fortune, soared not away from me in my many miseries, all which though I cannot requite, yet I shall ever acknowledge. And the great debt which I have no power to pay, I can do no more for a time but confess to be due. It is true that as my errors were great, so they have yielded very grievous effects, and if aught might have been deserved in former times to have counterpoised any part of offenses, the fruit thereof, as it seemeth, was long before fallen from the tree, and the dead stock only remained. I did therefore even in the winter of my life undertake these travels, fitter for bodies less blasted with misfortunes, for men of greater ability, and for minds of better encouragement, that thereby, if it were possible, I might recover but the moderation of excess and the least taste of the greatest plenty formerly possessed. If I had known other way to win, if I had imagined how greater adventures might have regained, if I could conceive what farther means I might yet use, but even to appease so powerful displeasure, I would not doubt but for one year more to hold fast my soul in my teeth, till it were performed. Of that little remain I had, I have wasted in effect all herein. I have undergone many constructions. I have been accompanied with many sorrows, with labor, hunger, heat, sickness, and peril. It appears, notwithstanding, that I made no other bravado of going to the sea, than was meant, and that I was never hidden in Cornwall, or elsewhere, as was supposed. They have grossly belied me, that forejudged that I would rather become a servant to the Spanish King, than return, and the rest were much mistaken, who would have persuaded that I was too easeful and sensual to undertake a journey of so great travel. But, if what I have done receive the gracious construction of a painful pilgrimage, and purchase the least remission, I shall think all too little, and that there were wanting to the rest many miseries. But if both the times past, the present, and what may be in the future do all by one grain of gall continue in eternal distaste, I do not then know whether I should bewail myself, either for my too much travel and expense, or condemn myself for doing less than that, which can deserve nothing. From myself I have deserved no thanks, for I am returned a beggar, and withered; but that I might have bettered my poor estate, it shall appear by the following discourse if I had not only respected her Majesty's future honor and riches. It became

not the former fortune in which I once lived to go journeys of picory;[30] it had sorted ill with the offices of honor which by her Majesty's grace I hold this day in England to run from cape to cape and from place to place for the pillage of ordinary prizes. Many years since, I had knowledge by relation, of that mighty rich and beautiful empire of Guiana, and of that great and golden city, which the Spaniards call El Dorado, and the naturals,[31] Manoa, which city was conquered, re-edified,[32] and enlarged by a younger son of Guainacapa, Emperor of Peru, at such time as Francisco Pizarro and others conquered the said empire from his two elder brethren, Guascar and Atabalipa, both then contending for the same, the one being favored by the Orejones of Cuzco, the other by the people of Caxamalca. I sent my servant, Jacob Whiddon, the year before to get knowledge of the passages, and I had some light from Captain Parker, sometime my servant, and now attending on your lordship, that such a place there was to the southward of the great Bay of Charuas, or Guanipa; but I found that it was six hundred miles farther off than they supposed and many other impediments to them unknown and unheard. After I had displanted Don Antonio de Berreo, who was upon the same enterprise, leaving my ships at Trinidad, at the Port called Curiapan, I wandered four hundred miles into the said country by land and river. The particulars I will leave to the following discourse. The country hath more quantity of gold by manifold, than the best parts of the Indies or Peru. All the most of the kings of the borders are already become her Majesty's vassals, and seem to desire nothing more than her Majesty's protection and the return of the English nation. It hath another ground and assurance of riches and glory than the voyages of the West Indies, an easier way to invade the best parts thereof than by the common course. The King of Spain is not so impoverished, by taking three or four port towns in America, as we suppose, neither are the riches of Peru or Nueva Espanna so left by the seaside, as it can be easily washed away with a great flood, or spring tide, or left dry upon the sands on a low ebb. The port towns are few and poor in respect of the rest within the land, and are of little defense, and are only rich, when the fleets are to receive the treasure for Spain. And we might think the Spaniards very simple, having so many horses and slaves, if they could not upon two days' warning carry all the gold they have into the land, and far enough from the reach of our footmen, especially the Indies being (as they are for the most part) so mountainous, so full of woods, rivers, and marshes. In the port towns of the Province of Venezuela, as Cumana, Coro, and S. Iago, whereof Coro and S. Iago were taken by Captain Preston, and Cumana and S. Joseph by us, we found not the value of one rail of plate in either: but the cities of Barquasimeta, Valencia, S. Sebastian, Cororo, S. Lucia, Laguna, Maracaiba, and Truxillo are not so easily invaded. Neither does the burning of those on

[30] *picory:* marauding, looting.
[31] *naturals:* natives.
[32] *re-edified:* rebuilt.

the coast impoverish the King of Spain any one ducat; and if we sack the river of Hacha, S. Marta, and Cartagena, which are the ports of Nuevo Reyno, and Popayan, there are besides within the land, which are indeed rich and populous, the towns and cities of Merida, Lagrita, S. Christophor, the great cities of Pamplon, S. Fe de Bogota, Tunxa, and Mozo where the esmeralds [33] are found, the towns and cities of Marequita, Velez, la Villa de Leva, Palma, Unda, Angustura, the great city of Timana, Tocaima, S. Aguila, Pasto, Juago, the great city of Popayan itself, Los Remedios, and the rest. If we take the ports and villages within the Bay of Uraba, in the kingdom or rivers of Darien and Caribana, the cities and towns of S. Juan de Roydas, of Cassaris, of Antiocha, Caramanta, Cali, and Anserma have gold enough to pay the King's part, and are not easily invaded by the way of the ocean, or if Nombre de Dios and Panama be taken in the Province of Castilla del Oro, and the villages upon the rivers of Cenu and Chagre; Peru hath besides those and besides the magnificent cities of Quito and Lima so many islands, ports, cities, and mines, as if I should name them with the rest, it would seem incredible to the reader, all of which, because I have written a particular treatise of the West Indies, I will omit in repetition at this time, seeing that in the said treatise I have anatomized the rest of the sea towns as well of Nicaragua, Yucatan, Nueva Espanna, and the islands, as those of the inland and by what means they may be best invaded, as far as any mean judgment can comprehend. But I hope it shall appear that there is a way found to answer every man's longing, a better Indies for her Majesty than the King of Spain hath any. Which, if it shall please her Highness to undertake, I shall most willingly end the rest of my days in following the same. If it be left to the spoils and sackage of common persons, if the love and service of so many nations be despised, so great riches and so mighty an empire refused, I hope her Majesty will yet take my humble desire and my labor therein in gracious part, which, if it had not been in respect of her Highness' future honor and riches, could have laid hands on and ransomed many of the kings and Casiqui of the country, and have had a reasonable proportion of gold for their redemption. However, I have chosen to bear the burden of poverty than reproach and rather to endure a second travel and the chances thereof, than to have defaced an enterprise of so great assurance, until I knew whether it pleased God to put a disposition in her princely and royal heart either to follow or foreslow the same. I will therefore leave it to his ordinance that hath only power in all things, and do humbly pray that your honors will excuse such errors, as without the defense of art, overrun in every part of the following discourse, in which I have neither studied phrase, form, nor fashion, that you will be pleased to esteem me as your own (though over-dearly bought) and I shall ever remain ready to do you all honor and service.

W. R.

[33] *esmeralds:* emeralds.

To the Reader

Because there have been divers opinions conceived of the gold ore brought from Guiana, and for that an alderman of London and an officer of her Majesty's mint hath given out that the same is of no price, I have thought good by the addition of these lines to give answer as well to the said malicious slander, as to other objections. It is true that while we abode at the island of Trinidad, I was informed by an Indian that not far from the port, where we anchored, there were found certain mineral stones which they esteemed to be gold and were thereunto persuaded the rather for that they had seen both English and Frenchmen gather and embark some quantities thereof. Upon this likelihood I sent forty men and gave order that each one should bring a stone of that mine to make trial of its goodness, which being performed, I assured them at their return, that the same was marcasite, and of no riches or value. Notwithstanding, divers trusting more to their own sense, than to my opinion, kept of the said marcasite, and have tried thereof since my return in divers places. In Guiana itself I never saw marcasite, but all the rocks, mountains, all stones in the plains, woods and by the rivers' side are in effect through-shining and seem marvelous rich, which being tried to be no marcasite, are the true signs of rich minerals, but are no other than *el madre del oro,* as the Spaniards term them, which is the mother of gold, or as it is said by others, the scum of gold. Of divers sorts of these, many of my company brought also into England, every one taking the fairest for the best, which is not general. For mine own part I did not countermand any man's desire or opinion, and I could have afforded them little if I should have denied them the pleasure of their own fancies therein. But I was resolved that gold must be found either in grains separate from the stone, as it is in most of the rivers in Guiana, or else in a kind of hard stone, which we call the white spar, of which I saw divers hills and in sundry places, but had neither time nor men, nor instruments fit for labor. Nearer unto one of the rivers I found of the said white spar or flint a very great ledge or bank, which I endeavored to break by all means I could, because there appeared on the outside some small grains of gold, but finding no mean to work the same upon the upper part, seeking the sides and circuit of the said rock, I found a cliff in the same from whence with daggers, and with the head of an ax, we got out some small quantity thereof, of which kind of white stone, wherein gold engendered, we saw divers hills, and rocks in every part of Guiana wherein we traveled. Of this there have been many trials, and in London it was first said [34] by M. Westwood, a refiner dwelling in Wood Street, and it held after the rate of 12,000 or 13,000 pounds a ton. Another sort was afterward tried by M. Bulmar and M. Dimock, assay master, and it held after the rate of 23,000 pounds a ton. There was some of it again tried by M. Palmer, comptroller of the mint, and M. Dimock in Goldsmiths' Hall and it held after

[34] *said:* assayed.

26,900 pounds a ton. There was also at the same time, and by the same persons a trial made of the dust of the said mine which held 8 pounds 6 ounces weight of gold in the hundred. There was likewise at the same time a trial of an image of copper made in Guiana, which held a third-part of gold, besides divers trials made in the country, and by others in London. But because there came ill with the good and besides the said alderman was not presented with the best, it hath pleased him, therefore, to scandal all the rest and to deface the enterprise as much as in him lieth. It hath also been concluded by divers, that if there had been any such ore in Guiana, and the same discovered, that I would have brought home a greater quantity thereof. First, I was not bound to satisfy any man of the quantity, but such only as adventured, if any store had been returned thereof. But it is very true that had all their mountains been of massive gold, it was impossible for us to have made any longer stay to have wrought the same and whosoever hath seen with what strength of stone the best gold ore is environed, he will not think it easy to be had out in heaps, and especially by us, who had neither men, instruments, nor time, as it is said before, to perform the same. There were on this discovery no less than one hundred persons who can all witness that when we passed any branch of the river to view the land within, and stayed from our boats but six hours, we were driven to wade to the eyes, at our return, and if we attempted the same, the day following it was impossible either to ford it, or to swim it, both by reason of the swiftness and also for that the borders were so pestered with fast woods, as neither boat nor man could find place, either to land or to embark. For, in June, July, August, and September, it is impossible to navigate any of those rivers, for such is the fury of the current, and there are so many trees and woods overflown, as if any boat but touch upon any tree or stake, it is impossible to save any one person therein, and ere we departed the land it ran with such swiftness, as we drove down most commonly against the wind, little less than one hundred miles a day. Besides our vessels were no other than wherries, one little barge, a small cockboat, and a bad galiota,[35] which we framed in haste for that purpose at Trinidad, and those little boats had nine or ten men apiece, with all their victuals and arms. It is further true, that we were about four hundred miles from our ships, and had been a month from them, which also we left weakly manned in an open road, and had promised our return in fifteen days. Others have devised that the same ore was had from Barbary, and that we carried it with us into Guiana. Surely, the singularity of that device I do not well comprehend. For mine own part, I am not so much in love with these long voyages, as to devise, thereby, to cozen myself, to lie hard, to fare worse, to be subjected to perils, to diseases, to ill savors, to be parched and withered, and withal to sustain the care and labor of such an enterprise, except the same had more comfort than the fetching of marcasite in Guiana,

[35] *galiota* (Spanish *"galeota,"* English "galliot"), a small boat propelled by sails and oars.

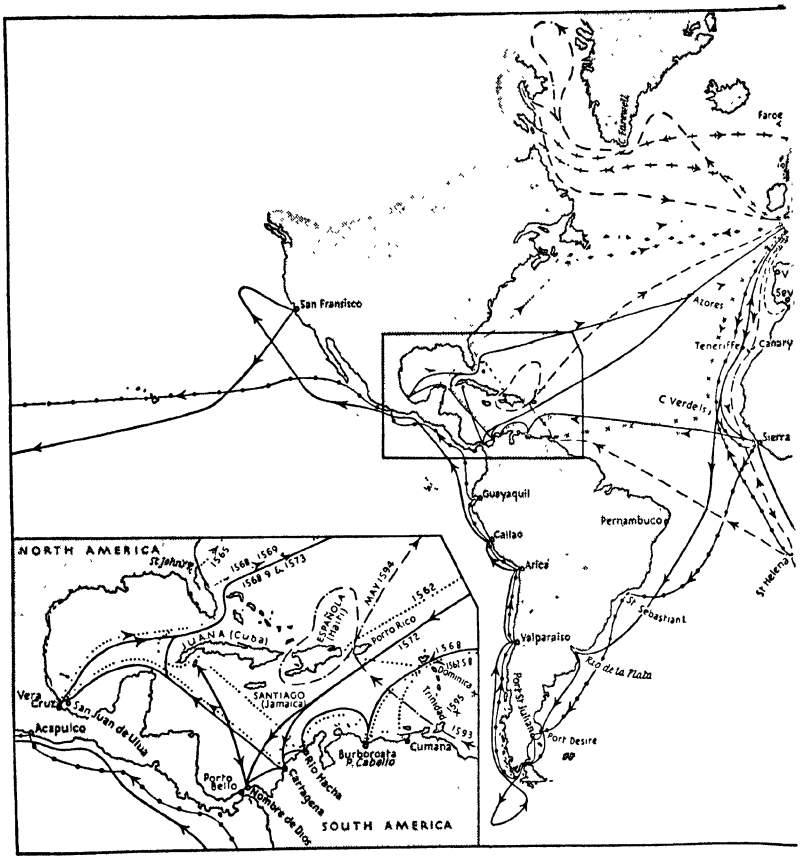
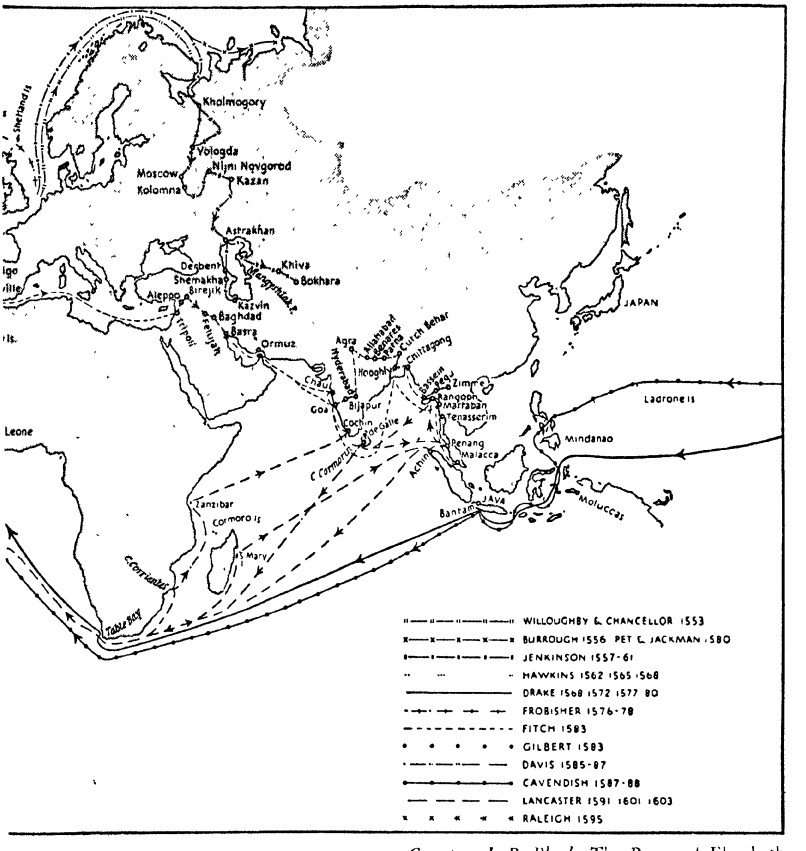


Figure 4. ELIZABETHAN VOYAGES

or buying of gold ore in Barbary. But I hope the better sort will judge me by themselves and that the way of deceit is not the way of honor or good opinion. I have herein consumed much time and many crowns and I had no other respect or desire than to serve her Majesty and my country thereby. If the Spanish nation had been of like belief to these detractors, we should little have feared or doubted their attempts, wherewith we now are daily threatened. But if we now consider the actions both of Charles V, who had the maidenhead of Peru, and the abundant treasures of Atabalipa, together with the affairs of the Spanish King now living, what territories he hath purchased, what he hath added to the acts of his predecessors, how many kingdoms he hath endangered, how many armies, garrisons, and navies he hath and doth maintain, the great losses which he hath repaired, as in '88 above one hundred sail of great ships with their artillery, and that no year is less unfortunate but that many vessels, treasures, and people are devoured, and yet notwithstanding he beginneth again like a storm to threaten



Courtesy J. B. Black, The Reign of Elizabeth

shipwreck to us all—we shall find that these abilities rise not from the trades of sacks and Seville oranges,[36] nor from aught else than either Spain, Portugal, or any of his other provinces produce. It is his Indian gold that endangered and disturbed all the nations of Europe. It purchased intelligence, creepeth into councils, and setteth bound loyalty at liberty in the greatest monarchies of Europe. If the Spanish King can keep us from foreign enterprises and from the impeachment of his trades, either by offer of invasion, or by besieging us in Britain, Ireland, or elsewhere, he hath then brought the work of our peril in great forwardness. Those princes which abound in treasure have great advantages over the rest, if they once constrain them to a defensive war, where they are driven once a year or oftener to cast lots for their own garments, and from such shall all trades and intercourse be taken away, to the general loss and impoverishment of the kingdom and commonweal so reduced. Besides, when our men are constrained to fight, it hath not

[36] *sacks and Seville oranges:* wines and bitter oranges.

the like hope, as when they are pressed and encouraged by the desire of spoils and riches. Farther, it is to be doubted how those that in time of victory seem to affect their neighbor nations will remain after the first view of misfortunes or ill success; to trust also to the doubtfulness of a battle is but a fearful and uncertain adventure, seeing therein fortune is as likely to prevail, as virtue. It shall not be necessary to allege all that might be said, and therefore, I will thus conclude that whatsoever kingdom shall be enforced to defend itself may be compared to a body dangerously diseased, which for a season may be preserved with vulgar medicines, but in a short time, and by little and little, the same must needs fall to the ground and be dissolved. I have, therefore, labored all my life, both according to my small power and persuasion, to advance all those attempts that might either promise return of profit to ourselves or at least be a let and impeachment to the quiet course and plentiful trades of the Spanish nation, who in my weak judgment by such a war were as easily endangered and brought from his powerfulness as any prince of Europe, if it be considered from how many kingdoms and nations his revenues are gathered, and those so weak in their own beings, and so far severed from mutual succor. But because such a preparation and resolution is not to be hoped for in haste and that the time which our enemies embrace cannot be had again to advantage, I will hope that these provinces, and that empire now by me discovered shall suffice to enable her Majesty and the whole kingdom, with no less quantities of treasure, than the King of Spain hath in all the Indies, East and West, which he possesseth, which if the same be considered and followed, ere the Spaniards enforce the same, and if her Majesty will undertake it, I will be contented to lose her Highness' favor and good opinion forever and my life withal, if the same be not found rather to exceed, than to equal whatsoever is in this discourse promised or declared. I will now rèfer the reader to the following discourse, with the hope that the perilous and chargeable labors and endeavors of such as thereby seek the profit and honor of her Majesty, and the English nation, shall by men of quality and virtue receive such construction, and good acceptance, as themselves would look to be rewarded withal in the like.

W. R.

Thomas Deloney

1543–1600

THOMAS DELONEY was a ballad-writer, pamphleteer, and novelist—a professional author who turned his hand to anything that would yield him a living. Yet he is, perhaps, the finest writer of popular prose fiction of the Elizabethan period. Much of Deloney's writing obviously comes out of his own experience in the crafts and from his own knowledge of middle-class workers. His "literary" sources are traceable to popular compendiums of learning, but few facts about Deloney himself are known. He is supposed to have been a native of Norwich, a weaver by trade; his education may have been that of the Elizabethan grammar school. Deloney was first known in the eighties as a writer of broadside ballads, doggerel accounts of the burning of a Suffolk town, of the execution of conspirators against the Queen, and of the Armada. After the death of William Elderton in 1592, Deloney became the leading ballad-writer. In 1596 he was sought for by the Mayor of London for publishing in a "vain and indiscreet manner" a ballad (now lost) on the dearth of corn. Many of his ballads were published in the popular collections called *The Garland of Good Will* and *Strange Histories*.

Deloney's place in Elizabethan literature is established by his three novels, written between 1596 and 1600 and reprinted many times during the seventeenth century. They are not novels in the modern sense. Rather they are prose narratives, loose in construction, varied in sources, dealing both realistically and romantically with lower- and middle-class industrial life. *Jack of Newbury* (or, as the full title is: *The Pleasant Historie of John Winchcomb, in his younger yeares called Jack of Newberie*), though licensed in 1597, is extant only in the eighth edition of 1619. Essentially the book is a pamphlet, cast in the form of a narrative, to support Deloney's fellow workmen in the weaver's trade against government restrictions. The story is the career of John Winchcomb, who rises from a mechanic to the head of a thriving business.

In *The Gentle Craft* (licensed in 1597, but extant in an edition of 1637), Deloney celebrates the history and achievements of shoemakers, starting with legendary accounts of the craft and coming down to his own time. As in *Jack of Newbury,* Deloney borrows tales and stories from legend, tradition, chronicles, and fabliaux. Three main stories, together with romantic and realistic subplots, make up the first part of the novel: the legends of St. Hugh and St. Winifred, and of Crispin and Crispianus, patron saints of shoemakers, and the career of Simon Eyre. The second part also contains three main stories: those of Richard Casteler, merchant prince, of Lusty Peachey, sturdy citizen, and the Green King of St. Martin's, a tale of bankruptcy. With the story of Richard Casteler, Deloney skillfully blends the tale of Long Meg of Westminster, an Elizabethan female daredevil and practical jokester.

Deloney's last novel, *Thomas of Reading, or The Sixe Worthie Yeomen of the West* (licensed in 1600 and extant in an edition of 1612), takes for its background the clothing trade, and although it is better in construction and has much of the same kind of material as the earlier novels, it does not have their appeal.

Deloney's work draws attention to the large amount of popular literature in the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. While courtiers and ladies enjoyed the *Arcadia* and *Euphues,* middle-class readers devoured romances, ballads, jest-books, and chapbooks. The popular productions had hard usage. Not a single first edition of Deloney's novels survives.

No selection can show adequately the merits and defects of Deloney. He is clearly less skillful in constructing an extensive story than the authors of *Euphues,* the *Arcadia,* or even of *The Unfortunate Traveller.* He strings well-made narrative passages loosely together without producing narrative unity, but he often creates a dramatic and appealing scene. Much of the Simon Eyre story, for example, Dekker chose to take over directly into his *Shoemaker's Holiday.*

Yet in his use of the realistic background of city and industrial life and particularly in his broad humor, character-drawing, and vivid natural dialogue, he surpasses his contemporaries. Occasionally he writes artificially, and his characters sometimes display their Euphuistic learning, but even then, perhaps, Deloney has his finger on the popular pulse. Above all, using the technique of realism, he has actually painted an idealistic and sympathetic picture of lower- and middle-class Elizabethans for readers who liked in stories of action the glorification of industry, thrift, and material progress.

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FROM

THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF THE GENTLE CRAFT, PT. I

CHAP. X

How Sir Simon Eyre[1] *being at first a shoemaker, became in the end Mayor of London, through the counsel of his wife; and how he broke his fast every day on a table that he said he would not sell for a thousand pounds; and how he built Leadenhall.*[2]

OUR English Chronicles do make mention that sometime there was in the honorable city of London a worthy Mayor, known by the name of Sir Simon Eyre, whose fame liveth in the mouths of many men to this day, who although he descended from mean parentage, yet, by God's blessing, in the end he came to be a most worthy man in the commonwealth.

This man, being brought young out of the North Country, was bound prentice to a shoemaker, bearing then the name of the Gentle Craft (as still it does); his master being a man of reasonable wealth, set many journeymen and apprentices to work, who followed their business with great delight, which quite excluded all weariness. For when servants do sit at their work like dromedaries, then their minds are never lightly upon their business, for it is an old proverb:

> They prove servants kind and good,
> That sing at their business like birds in the wood.

Such fellows had this young lad, who was not behind with many northern jigs[3] to answer their southern songs. This youth being the youngest prentice in the house, as occasion served, was often sent to the Conduit[4] for water, where in short time he fell acquainted with many other prentices coming thither for the same intent.

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[1] *Sir Simon Eyre:* (d. 1459). The story of Simon Eyre was probably derived from London tradition and perhaps the account in Stow's *Survey* (ed. Kingsford, I, 110). Simon Eyre is an important character in Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday.*

[2] *Leadenhall:* a hall with a lead roof traditionally supposed to have been built by Sir Simon Eyre in 1436.

[3] *northern jigs:* lively, jocular songs.

[4] *Conduit:* According to Stow, it was the general use and custom of all apprentices in London to carry water tankards for their masters' houses from the Thames or from the common conduits of London.

Now their custom was so, that every Sunday morning divers of these prentices did use to go to a place near the Conduit to break their fast with pudding-pies, and often they would take Simon along with them. But upon a time it so fell out, that when he should draw money to pay the shot [5] with the rest, that he had none, whereupon he merrily said unto them: "My faithful friends, and Conduit companions, treasurers of the water tankard, and main pillars of the pudding-house, I may now compare my purse to a barren doe, that yields the keeper no more good than an empty carcass; or to a bad nut, which being opened, hath never a kernel. Therefore, if it will please you to pardon me at this time, and excuse me for my part of the shot, I do here vow unto you, that if I ever come to be Lord Mayor of this city, I will give a breakfast unto all the prentices in London."

"We do take your word," quoth they, and so they departed.

It came to pass that Simon having at length worn out his years of apprenticeship, that he fell in love with a maiden that was near neighbor unto him, unto whom at length he was married and got him a shop and labored hard daily, and his young wife was never idle, but straight when she had nothing to do, she sat in the shop and spun, and having lived thus alone a year or thereabout, and having gathered something together, at length he got him some prentices, and a journeyman or two, and he could not make his ware so fast as he could have sold it, so that he stood in great need of a journeyman or two more.

At the last, one of his servants spying one go along the street with a fardel [6] at his back, called to his master, saying, "Sir, yonder goes Saint Hugh's bones,[7] twenty pounds to a penny."

"Run presently," quoth he, "and bring him hither."

The boy running forth, called to the man, saying, "Good fellow, come hither, here is one would speak with you."

The fellow, being a Frenchman that had not long been in England, turning about, said, "Hea? what you sea? Will you speak wed me? Hea? What you have? Tell me, what you have, Hea?" And with that coming to the stall, the good man asked him if he lacked work. "We, par ma foy," quoth the Frenchman.

Hereupon Simon took him in, and to work he went merrily, where he behaved himself so well, that his master made good account of him, thinking he had been a bachelor, but in the end it was found otherwise.

This man was the first that wrought upon the low-cut shoe, with the square toe, and the latchet overthwart the instep, before which time in England they did wear a high shoe that reached above the ankles, right after the manner of our husbandmen's shoes at this day, save only that it was made

[5] *pay the shot:* pay one's share.

[6] *fardel:* bundle, little pack.

[7] *Saint Hugh's bones:* the shoemakers' tools, originally supposed to have been made of the bones of their patron saint.

very sharp at the toe, turning up like the tail of an Island dog; [8] or as you see a cock carry his hinder feathers.

Now it is to be remembered, that while John Denevale dwelt with Simon Eyre, it chanced that a ship of the Isle of Candy [9] was driven upon our coast, laden with all kinds of lawns and cambrics and other linen cloth; which commodities at that time were in London very scant, and exceeding dear; and by reason of a great leak the ship had got at sea, being unable to sail any further, he would make what profit he could of his goods here.

And being come to London, it was John Denevale's chance to meet him in the streets, to whom the merchant, in the Greek tongue, demanded where he might have lodging, for he was one that had never been in England before, and being unacquainted, wist not whither to go, but while he spoke Greek, John Denevale answered him still in French, which tongue the merchant understood well, and therefore, being glad that he had met with one that could talk to him, he declared unto him what tempests he endured at sea, and also how his ship lay upon the coast with such commodities as he would sell.

"Truly Sir," quoth John, "I am myself but a stranger in this country and utterly unacquainted with merchants, but I dwell with one in this city that is a very honest man, and it may be that he can help you to some that will deal with you for it, and if you think it good, I will move him in it, and in the mean space, I'll bring you where you may have a very good lodging. Tomorrow morning I will come to you again."

"Sir," said the merchant, "if you please to do me that favor, I'll not only be thankful unto you for the same, but also in most honest sort will content you for your pains," and with that they departed.

Now as soon as John the Frenchman came home, he moved that matter unto his master, desiring him that he would do what he could for the merchant. When his master had heard each circumstance, noting therewith the want of such commodities in the land, cast in his mind as he stood cutting up his work, what were best to be done in this case, saying to his man John, "I will think upon it betwixt this and the morning, and then I will tell you my mind," and therewith casting down his cutting knife, he went out of his shop into his chamber, and therein walked up and down alone, very sadly,[10] ruminating hereon. He was so far in his muse that his wife, sending for him to supper two or three times, he nothing regarded the maid's call, hammering this matter in his head.

At last his wife came to him, saying, "Husband, what mean you that you do not come to supper? Why speak you not, man? Hear you, good husband? Come away, your meat will be cold." But for all her words he stayed walking up and down still, like a man that had sent his wits woolgathering, which his wife seeing, pulled him by the sleeve, saying, "Why, husband

[8] *Island dog:* Iceland dog.

[9] *Isle of Candy:* Ceylon.

[10] *sadly:* seriously.

in the name of God, why come you not? Will you not come to supper tonight? I called you a good while ago."

"Body of me, wife," said he, "I promise thee I did not hear thee."

"No, faith, it seemeth so," quoth she, "I marvel whereupon your mind runneth."

"Believe me, wife," quoth he, "I was studying how to make myself Lord Mayor and thee a lady."

"Now God help you," quoth she, "I pray God make us able to pay every man his own, that we may live out of debt and danger and drive the wolf from the door, and I desire no more."

"But, wife," said he, "I pray thee now tell me, dost thou not think that thou couldest make shift to bear the name of a lady, if it should be put upon thee?"

"In truth, husband," quoth she, "I'll not dissemble with you. If your wealth were able to bear it, my mind would bear it well enough."

"Well, wife," replied he, "I tell thee now in sadness that if I had money, there is a commodity now to be bought, the gains whereof would be able to make me a gentleman forever."

"Alas, husband, that dignity your trade allows you already, being a squire of the Gentle Craft, then how can you be less than a gentleman, seeing your son is a prince born?"

"Tush, wife," quoth he, "those titles do only rest in name, but not in nature, but of that sort had I rather be, whose lands are answerable to their virtues, and whose rents can maintain the greatness of their mind."

"Then, sweet husband, tell me," said his wife, "tell me, what commodity is that which you might get so much by? I am sure yourself hath some money, and it shall go very hard but I'll procure friends to borrow one forty shillings, and beside that, rather than you should lose so good a bargain, I have a couple of crowns that saw no sun since we were first married, and them also shall you have."

"Alas, wife," said Simon, "all this comes not near that matter. I confess it would do some good in buying some backs of leather, but in this thing it is nothing, for this is merchandise that is precious at this time, and rare to be had, and I hear that whosoever will have it must lay down 3,000 pounds ready money. Yea wife, and yet thereby he might get three and three thousand pounds profit."

His wife hearing him say so was inflamed with the desire thereof, as women are for the most part very covetous, that matter running still in her mind, she could scant find in her heart to spare him time to go to supper, for very eagerness to animate him on to take that bargain upon him. Wherefore so soon as they had supped and given God thanks, she called her husband, saying, "I pray you come hither, I would speak a word with you. That man is not always to be blamed that sometimes takes counsel of his wife, though women's wits are not able to comprehend the greatest things, yet in doubtful matters they oft help on a sudden."

"Well, wife, what mean you by this?" said her husband.

"In truth," quoth she, "I would have you to pluck up a man's heart and speedily chop up a bargain for these goods you speak of."

"Who? I?" quoth he. "Which way should I do it, that am not able for three thousand pounds, to lay down three thousand pence?"

"Tush, man," quoth she, "what of that? Every man that beholds a man in the face knows not what he hath in his purse, and whatsoever he be that owes [11] the goods, he will no doubt be content to stay a month for his money, or three weeks at the least. And I promise you, to pay a thousand pounds a week is a pretty round payment, and, I may say to you, not much to be disliked of.

"Now, husband, I would have you in the morning with John the Frenchman to the Grecian merchant, and with good discretion drive a sound bargain with him for the whole fraught [12] of the ship, and thereupon give him half a dozen angels [13] in earnest, and eight-and-twenty days after the delivery of the goods, condition to deliver him the rest of his money."

"But, woman," quoth he, "dost thou imagine that he would take my word for so weighty a mass of money, and to deliver his goods upon no better security?"

"Good Lord," quoth she, "have you no wit in such a case to make shift? I'll tell you what you shall do. Be not known that you bargain for your own self, but tell him that you do it in the behalf of one of the chief aldermen in the city, but beware in any case that you leave with him your own name in writing. He being a Grecian cannot read English, and you have no need at all to show John the Frenchman, or if you should, it were no great matter, for you can tell well enough that he can neither write nor read."

"I perceive, wife," quoth he, "thou would'st fain be a lady and worthy thou art to be one, that dost thus employ thy wits to bring thy husband profit. But tell me, if he should be desirous to see the alderman to confer with him, how shall we do then?"

"Jesus have mercy upon us," quoth she, "you say women are fools, but meseemeth men have need to be taught sometimes. Before you come away in the morning, let John the Frenchman tell him that the alderman himself shall come to his lodging in the afternoon, and, receiving a note of all the goods that be in the ship, he shall deliver unto him a bill of his hand for the payment of his money, according to that time.

"Now, sweetheart," quoth she, "this alderman shall be thine own self, and I'll go borrow for thee all things that shall be necessary against that time."

"Tush," quoth her husband, "canst thou imagine that he, seeing me in the morning, will not know me again in the afternoon?"

"Oh husband," quoth she, "he will not know thee, I warrant thee, for in the morning thou shalt go to him in thy doublet of sheep's skins, with a

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[11] *owes:* owns.

[12] *fraught:* cargo.

[13] *angels:* gold coins worth about ten shillings.

smutched face, and thy apron before thee, thy thumb-leather and hand-leather buckled close to thy wrist, with a foul band about thy neck and a grease cap on thy head."

"Why, woman," quoth he, "to go in this sort will be a discredit to me, and make the merchant doubtful of my dealing; for men of simple attire are, God wot, slenderly esteemed."

"Hold your peace, good husband," quoth she, "it shall not be so with you, for John the Frenchman shall give such good report to the merchant for your honest dealing, as I praise God he can do no less, that the Grecian will rather conceive the better of you than otherwise, judging you a prudent discreet man, that will not make a show of that you are not, but go in your attire agreeable to your trade. And because none of our folks shall be privy to our intent, tomorrow we will dine at my cousin John Barber's in Saint Clement's Lane, which is not far from the George in Lombard Street, where the merchant strangers [14] lie. Now I'll be sure that all things shall be ready at my cousin John's that you shall put on in the afternoon. And there he shall first of all with his scissors snap off all the superfluous hairs, and fashion thy bushy beard after the alderman's grave cut; then shall he wash thee with a sweet camphor ball, and besprinkle thine head and face with the purest rose water; then shalt thou scour thy pitchy fingers in a basin of hot water with an ordinary washing ball; and all this being done, strip thee from these common weeds, and I'll put thee on a very fair doublet of tawny satin, over the which thou shalt have a cassock of branched [15] damask, furred round about the skirts with the finest foins,[16] thy breeches of black velvet, and shoes and stockings fit for such array; a band about thy neck as white as the driven snow, and for thy wrists a pretty pair of cuffs, and on thy head a cap of the finest black, then shalt thou put on a fair gown, welted about with velvet, and overthwart the back thwart it shall be with rich foin, with a pair of sweet gloves on thy hands, and on thy forefinger a great seal-ring [17] of gold.

"Thou being thus attired, I'll entreat my cousin John Barber, because he is a very handsome young man, neat and fine in his apparel, as indeed all Barbers are, that he would take the pains to wait upon you unto the merchants, as if he were your man, which he will do at the first, because one of you cannot understand the other, so that it will be sufficient with outward courtesy one to greet another, and he to deliver unto you his notes, and you to give him your bill and so come home.

"It doth my heart good, to see how trimly this apparel doth become you, in good faith, husband, meseems in my mind, I see you in it already, and how like an alderman you will look when you are in this costly array. At your return from the merchant, you shall put off all these clothes at my

[14] *merchant strangers:* foreign merchants and English merchants assembled in Lombard Street twice every day, according to Stow.

[15] *branched:* embroidered with flowers or figures.

[16] *foins:* ornaments made of weasel fur.

[17] *seal-ring:* emblematic of the London alderman. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet,* I, iv, 56–7.

cousin's again and come home as you did go forth. Then tell John the Frenchman that the alderman was with the merchant this afternoon, you may send him to him in the morning, and bid him to command that his ship may be brought down the river. While she is coming about, you may give notice to the Linen Drapers of the commodities you have coming."

"Enough, wife," quoth he, "thou hast said enough; and, by the grace of God, I'll follow thy counsel, and I doubt not but to have good fortune."

CHAP. XI

How Simon Eyre was sent for to my Lord Mayor's to supper, and showing the great entertainment he and his wife had there.

Anon after suppertime drew near, she, making herself ready in the best manner she could devise, passed along with her husband unto my Lord Mayor's house, and being entered into the great hall, one of the officers there certified my Lord Mayor that the great, rich shoemaker and his wife were already come. Whereupon the Lord Mayor in courteous manner came into the hall to Simon, saying, "You are most heartily welcome, good Master Eyre, and so is your gentle bedfellow."

Then came forth the Lady Mayoress and saluted them both in like manner, saying, "Welcome, good Master Eyre and Mistress Eyre both," and taking her by the hand, set her down among the gentlewomen there present.

"Sir," quoth the Lord Mayor, "I understand you are a shoemaker, and that it is you that hath bought all the goods of the great argosy."

"I am indeed, my Lord, of the Gentle Craft," quoth he, "and I praise God all the goods of the great argosy are mine own, when my debts are paid."

"God give you much joy of them," said the Lord Mayor, "and I trust you and I shall deal for some part thereof."

So the meat being then ready to be brought in, the guests were placed each one according to their calling. My Lord Mayor holding Simon by the hand, and the Lady Mayoress holding his wife, they would needs have them sit near to themselves, which they then with blushing cheeks refusing, my Lord said unto them, holding his cap in his hand, "Master Eyre and Mistress Eyre, let me entreat you not to be troublesome, for I tell you it shall be thus, and as for those gentlemen here present, they are all of mine old acquaintance, and many times we have been together, therefore, I dare be the bolder with them and although you are our neighbors also, yet I promise you, you are strangers to my table, and to strangers common courtesy doth teach us to show the greatest favor, and therefore let me rule you in mine house and you shall rule me in yours."

When Simon found there was no remedy, they sat them down, but the poor woman was so abashed, that she did eat but little meat at the table, bearing herself at the table with a comely and modest countenance but

what she wanted in outward feeding, her heart yielded to, with inward delight and content.

Now, so it was, many men that knew not Simon, and seeing him in so simple attire sit next my Lord, whisperingly asked one another what he was. And it was enough for Simon's wife, with her eyes and ears, to see and hearken after everything that was said or done.

A grave, wealthy citizen, sitting at the table, spoke to Simon, and said, "Sir, in goodwill I drink to your good health, but I beseech you pardon me, for I know not how to call your name."

With that my Lord Mayor answered him, saying, "His name is Master Eyre, and this is the gentleman that bought all the goods that came in the *Black Swan* of Candy, and, before God, though he sit here in simple sort, for his wealth I do verily believe he is more sufficient to bear this place than myself. This was a man that was never thought upon, living obscure amongst us, of none account in the eyes of the world, carrying the countenance but of a shoemaker, and none of the best sort neither, and is able to deal for a bargain of five thousand pounds at a clap."

"We do want many such shoemakers," said the citizen, and so with other discourse throughout supper.

At what time, rising from the table, Simon and his wife receiving sundry salutations of my Lord Mayor and his Lady, and of all the rest of the worshipful guests, departed home to their own house, at what time his wife made such a recital of the matters, how bravely they were entertained, what great cheer was there, also what a great company of gentlemen and gentlewomen were there, and how often they drank to her husband and to her, with divers other circumstances, that I believe, if the night had been six months long, as it is under the North Pole, they would have found talk enough till morning.

"Of a truth," quoth she, "although I sat closely by my Lady's side, I could eat nothing for very joy, to hear and see that we were so much made of. And never give me credit, husband, if I did not hear the officers whisper as they stood behind me, and all demanded one of another, what you were, and what I was. 'O,' quoth one, 'do you see this man? Mark him well, and mark his wife well, that simple woman that sits next my Lady.' 'What are they? What are they?' quoth another. 'Marry this is the rich shoemaker that bought all the goods in the great argosy. I tell you there was never such a shoemaker seen in London since the city was built.' 'Now by my faith,' quoth the third, 'I have heard much of him today among the merchants in the street, going between the two chains.' [18] Credit me, husband, of mine honesty this was their communication. Nay, and do you not remember, when the rich citizen drank to you, which craved pardon because he knew not your name, what my Lord Mayor said? 'Sir,' quoth he, 'his name is Master Eyre.' Did you mark that? And presently thereupon he added these words, 'This is the gentleman that bought,' and so forth.

[18] *the two chains:* apparently the chains that surrounded St. Paul's Churchyard.

The 'gentleman,' understood you? Did you hear him speak that word?"

"In troth, wife," quoth he, "my Lord uttered many good words of me. I thank his honor, but I heard not that."

"No," quoth she, "I heard it well enough, for by and by [19] he proceeded further, saying, 'I suppose though he sit here in simple sort, he is more sufficient to bear this charge than myself.' Yea, thought I, he may thank his wife for that, if it come so to pass."

"Nay," said Simon, "I thank God for it."

"Yea, and next him you may thank me," quoth she. And it did her so much good to talk of it, that I suppose if she had lived till this day, she would yet be prating thereof, and if sleep did not drive her from it.

And now seeing that Simon the shoemaker is become a merchant, we will temper our tongues to give him that title which his customers were wont to do, and from henceforth call him Master Eyre, who, while he had his affairs in hand, committed the government of his shop to John the Frenchman, leaving him to be guide to his other servants, by means of which favor John thought himself at that time to be a man of no small reputation.

CHAP. XIII

How Master Eyre was called upon to be Sheriff of London, and how he held his place with worship.

In this space master Eyre, following his business, had sold so much of his merchandise as paid the Grecian his whole money and yet had resting to himself three times as much as he had sold, whereof, he trusted some to one alderman, and some to another, and a great deal amongst substantial merchants; and for some had much ready money, which he employed in divers merchandises and became adventurer [20] at sea, having by God's blessing many a prosperous voyage, whereby his riches daily increased.

It chanced upon a time, that being in his study, casting up his accounts, he found himself to be clearly worth twelve or thirteen thousand pounds, which he finding to be so, he called his wife to him, and said: "The last day I did cast up my accounts, and I find that Almighty God of his goodness hath lent me thirteen thousand pounds to maintain us in our old age, for which his gracious goodness towards us, let us with our whole hearts give his glorious Majesty eternal praise, and therewithal pray unto him, that we may so dispose thereof, as may be to his honor, and the comfort of his poor members on earth, and above our neighbors may not be puffed up with pride, that, while we think on our wealth, we forget God that sent it to us, for it hath been an old saying of a wise man, that abundance groweth from riches and disdain out of abundance, of which God give us grace to take heed, and grant us a contented mind."

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[19] *by and by:* immediately.

[20] *adventurer:* speculator.

So soon as he had spoken this, they heard one knocking hastily at door, whereupon he sent Florence to see who it was. The maiden, coming again, told her master it was one of my Lord Mayor's officers that would speak with him. The officer being permitted to come in after due reverence, he said, "Sir, it hath pleased my Lord Mayor with the worshipful aldermen his brethren, with the counsel of the whole commonalty of the honorable city, to choose your worship Sheriff of London this day, and have sent me to desire you to come and certify your mind therein, whether you be contented to hold the place or no."

Master Eyre hearing this, answered he would come to his Honor and their worships incontinent,[21] and resolve them what he was minded to do, and so the officer departed.

His wife, which all this while listened to their talk, hearing how the case stood, with a joyful countenance meeting her husband, taking him about the neck with a loving kiss, said, "Master Sheriff, God give thee joy of thy name and place!"

"O wife," quoth he, "my person is far unworthy of that place, and the name far exceeds my degree."

"What, content yourself, good husband," quoth she, "and disable not yourself in such sort, but be thankful unto God for that you have, and do not spurn at such promotion as God sendeth unto you. The Lord be praised for it, you have enough to discharge the place whereunto you are called with credit; and wherefore sendeth God goods, but therewithal to do him and your country service?"

"Woman," quoth he, "soft fire makes sweet malt. For such as take things in hand rashly, repent as suddenly. To be Sheriff of London is no little cost. Consider first," quoth he, "what house I ought to have and what costly ornaments belong thereunto, as hanging of tapestry, cloth of Arras, and other suchlike, what store of plate and goblets of gold, what costly attire, and what a chargeable train, and that which is most of all, how greatly I stand charged beside, to our Sovereign Lord, the King, for the answering of such prisoners as shall be committed to my custody, with an hundred matters of such importance, which are to such an office belonging."

"Good Lord husband," quoth she, "what need all these repetitions? You need not tell me it is a matter of great charge. Notwithstanding, I verily think many heretofore have with great credit discharged the place, whose wealth hath not in any sort been answerable to your riches, and whose wits have been as mean as your own. Truly, sir, shall I be plain? I know not anything that is to be spoken of that you want to perform it, but only your goodwill, and to lack goodwill to do your King and country good were a sign of an unworthy subject, which I hope you will never be."

"Well, wife," said her husband, "thou dost hold me here with prittle-prattle, while the time passeth on. 'Tis high time I were gone to Guildhall.

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[21] *incontinent:* immediately.

I doubt I shall appear too unmannerly in causing my Lord Mayor and the rest to stay my leisure."

And he having made himself ready, meet to go before such an assembly as he went unto, he went out of doors at what time his wife called after him, saying, and holding up her finger, "Husband, remember, you know what I have said, take heed you dissemble not with God and the world. Look to it, husband."

"Go to, go to, get you in," quoth he, "about your business." And so away he went.

So soon as he was gone out of sight, his wife sent one of his men after him to Guildhall, to hearken and hear whether her husband held his place or no, "and if he do, bring me word with all possible speed."

"I will, mistress," quoth her man.

Now, when Master Eyre came to Guildhall, the Lord Mayor and his brethren bade him heartily welcome, saying, "Sir, the commonalty of the city, having a good opinion of you, have chosen you for one of our Sheriffs for this year, not doubting but to find you a fit man for the place."

"My good Lord," quoth he, "I humbly thank the City for their courtesy and kindness, and would to God my wealth were answerable to my good-will, and my ability were able to bear it. But I find myself insufficient. I most humbly desire a year's respite more, and pardon for this present."

At these words, a grave commoner of the city standing up, with due reverence spoke thus unto the Mayor: "My good Lord, this is but a slender excuse for Master Eyre to make, for I have often heard him say, and so have divers others also, that he hath a table in his house whereon he breaks his fast every day, that he will not give for a thousand pounds. Wherefore, under your Lordship's correction, in my simple judgment, I think he that is able to spare a thousand pounds in such a dead commodity is very sufficient to be Sheriff of London."

"See you now," quoth my Lord, "I muse, Master Eyre, that you will have so lame an excuse before us as to take exceptions at your own wealth, which is apparently proved sufficient. You must know, Master Eyre, that the commons of London have searching eyes and seldom are they deceived in their opinion, and therefore look what is done, you must stand to it."

"I beseech you, my Lord," quoth Master Eyre, "give me leave to speak one word. Let it be granted, that I will not give my table whereon I break my fast for a thousand pounds. That is no consequence to prove it is worth so much: my fancy to the thing is all. For doubtless no man here would give me a thousand shillings for it when they see it."

"All is one for that," quoth my Lord Mayor, "yet dare I give you as much wine as you will spend this year in your shrievalry [22] to let me have it."

"My good Lord," quoth he, "on that condition I will hold my place, and rest no longer troublesome to this company."

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[22] *shrievalry:* (oftener "shrievalty") the office of sheriff.

"You must hold," said my Lord, "without any condition or exceptions at all in this matter"; and so they ended.

The Assembly being then broken up, the voice went "Master Eyre is Sheriff, Master Eyre is Sheriff." Whereupon the fellow that Mistress Eyre sent to observe how things framed, ran home in all haste, and with leaping and rejoicing said, "Mistress, God give you joy, for you are now a gentlewoman."

"What," quoth she, "tell me Sir Sauce,[23] is thy master Sheriff, or no? And doth he hold his place?"

"Yes, Mistress, he holds it now as fast as the stirrup doth the shoes while we sew it."

"Why then," quoth she, "I have my heart's desire, and that I so long looked for"; and so away she went.

Within a while after came her husband, and with him one of the aldermen, and a couple of wealthy commoners, one of them was he that gave such great commendations of his table, and coming to his door, he said, "You are welcome home, good Master Sheriff."

"Nay, I pray you come in and drink with me before you go." Then said he, "Wife, bring me forth the pasty of venison,[24] and set me here my little table, that these gentlemen may eat a bit with me before they go."

His wife which had been oft used to this term, excused the matter saying, "The little table! Good Lord husband, I do wonder what you will do with the little table now, knowing that it is used already? I pray you good husband, content yourself and sit at this great table at once." Then she whispered him in the ear, saying, "What, man, shall we shame ourselves?"

"What shame?" quoth he. "Tell not me of shame, but do thou as thou art bidden, for we are three or four of us, then what do we troubling the great table?"

"Truly," answered she, "the little table is not ready now, good husband. Let it alone."

"Trust me, we are troublesome guests," said the aldermen, "but yet we would fain see your little table, because it is said to be of such prize."

"Yea, and it is my mind you shall," quoth Master Eyre. Therefore he called his wife again, saying, "Good wife, dispatch and prepare the little table, for these gentlemen would fain have a view of it."

Whereupon his wife, seeing him so earnest, according to her wonted manner, came in and setting herself down on a low stool, laid a fair napkin over her knees and set the platter with the pasty of venison thereupon, and presently a chair was brought for Master Alderman, and a couple of stools for the two commoners, which they beholding, with a sudden and hearty laughter, said, "Why, Master Sheriff, is this the table you held so dear?"

"Yes, truly," quoth he.

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[23] *Sir Sauce:* (also "Jack Sauce") colloquial for impudent fellow.

[24] *pasty of venison:* venison pie.

"Now verily," quoth they, "you herein have utterly deceived our expectation."

"Even so did you mine," quoth he, "in making me Sheriff, but you are all right welcome, and I will tell you true, had I not thought wondrous well of you, you had not seen my table now. And I think, did my Lord Mayor see it as you do, he would repent his bargain so hastily made. Notwithstanding, I account of my table never the worse."

"Nor have you any cause," quoth they, and so after much pleasant talk, they departed, spreading the fame of Master Sheriff's little table over the whole city.

But you must now imagine that a thousand cares cumbered the Sheriff in providing all things necessary for his office; at what time he put off his shoemaker's shop to one of his men and set up at the same time the sign of the black swan swimming upon the sea, in remembrance of that ship that first did bring him his wealth, and before that time, the sign of the black swan was never seen or known in any place in or about the city of London.

CHAP. XV

How Master Alderman Eyre was chosen Lord Mayor of London, and how he feasted all the prentices on Shrove Tuesday.

Within a few years after, Alderman Eyre being chosen Lord Mayor of London, changing his copy,[25] he became one of the worshipful Company of Drapers, and for this year he kept a most bountiful house. At this time it came into his mind what a promise once he made to the prentices, being at breakfast with them at their going to the Conduit, speaking to his lady in this wise. "Good Lord," quoth he, "what a change have we had within these thirty years? And how greatly hath the Lord blessed us since that! Blessed be his Name for it.

"I do remember, when I was a young prentice what a match I made upon a Shrove Tuesday morning, being at the Conduit, among other of my companions. Trust me, wife," quoth he, " 'tis worth the hearing and I'll tell thee how it fell out.

"After we had filled our tankards with water, there was some would needs have me set down my tankard and go with them to breakfast, as many times before I had done, to which I consented, and it was a breakfast of pudding-pies. I shall never forget it. But to make short, when the shot came to be paid, each one drew out his money, but I had not one penny in my purse, and credit I had none in the place, which when I beheld, being abashed, I said, 'Well my masters, do you give me my breakfast this time,

[25] *changing his copy:* transferring his affiliation from one guild to another.

and in requital thereof, if ever I be Mayor of London, I'll bestow a breakfast on all the prentices of the city.' These were the words, little thinking (God wot) that ever it should come to pass, but such was the great goodness of our God, who setteth up the humble and pulleth down the proud, to bring whom he pleaseth to the seat of honor. For as the Scripture witnesseth, promotion cometh neither from the East nor from the West, but from him that is the Giver of all good things, the mighty Lord of heaven and earth. Wherefore wife, seeing God hath bestowed that upon me that I never looked for, it is reason that I should perform my promise, and being able now, I'll pay that which then I was not able to do, for I would not have men say that I am like the ebon-tree [26] that neither bears leaves nor fruit. Wherefore, wife, seeing that Shrove Tuesday is so near at hand, I will upon that day fulfill my promise, which upon that day I made."

"Truly, my Lord," quoth she, "I will be right willing thereunto."

"Then," answered my Lord, "as thou dost love me, let them want neither pudding-pies nor pancakes, and look what other good cheer is to be had, I will refer all to your discretion."

Hereupon great provision was made for the prentices' breakfast, and Shrove Tuesday being come, the Lord Mayor sent word to the aldermen, that in their several wards they should signify his mind to the citizens, to crave their favors that their prentices might come to his house to breakfast, and that for his sake they might play all the day after. Hereupon it was ordered that at the ringing of a bell in every parish, the prentices should leave work and shut up their shops for that day, which being ever since yearly observed, it is called the Pancake Bell.[27]

The prentices being all assembled, my Lord Mayor's house was not able to hold them, they were such a multitude, so that besides the great hall, all the gardens were set with tables and in the backside tables were set, and every other spare place was also furnished, so that at length they were all placed, and while meat was bringing in, to delight their ears as well as to feed their bodies, and to drown the noise of their prattlings, drums and trumpets were pleasantly sounded. That being ended, the waits [28] of the city with divers other sorts of music played also to beguile the time and to put off all discontent.

After the first service, were all the tables plentifully furnished with pudding-pies and pancakes, in very plentiful manner, and the rest that remained was given to the poor. Wine and ale in very great measure they had given, insomuch that they had no lack, nor excess to cause them to be disordered. And in the midst of this their merriment, the Lord Mayor, in his scarlet gown, and his lady in like manner went in amongst them, bid-

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[26] *ebon-tree:* The ebony tree was traditionally supposed to bear no leaves nor fruit.

[27] *Pancake Bell:* Deloney's giving to Simon Eyre the instituting of the Pancake Bell is evidently pure fiction.

[28] *waits:* a small group of wind instrumentalists, originally watchmen, maintained by the city to entertain at festive occasions.

ding them all most hearty welcome, saying unto them that his promise so long ago made he hath at length performed. At what time they, in token of thankfulness, flung up their caps, giving a great shout, and incontinently they all quietly departed.

Then after this, Sir Simon Eyre builded Leadenhall, appointing that in the midst thereof, there should be a market place kept every Monday for leather where the shoemakers of London, for their more ease, might buy of the tanners without seeking any further.

And in the end, this worthy man ended his life in London with great honor. 10

Thomas Dekker

1570?–1641?

THOMAS DEKKER was born and brought up in London. Six of his prose pamphlets concern the city, and Londoners and London life furnish much of the background of his plays. Scattered bits of documentary evidence and Dekker's own works reveal a professional writer, a playwright whose hand was in over forty plays, and a prolific pamphleteer. Henslowe's *Diary* records in 1597/8 and in 1598/9 notes of payment to release Dekker from prison for debt, and it is also thought that the dramatist spent three years (1613–1616) in King's Bench prison. Yet Dekker's plays and his prose do not reflect any bitterness arising from a precarious, hand-to-mouth existence. Dekker was, for the most part, a genial observer of life about him. He was also adept, whenever he wished to be, in the use of pleasant irony, and he could be as serious as a preacher in calling London to recognize its sins. Although he paraded the foibles of the gallant, he did not aim to correct them. He exposed thieves and rogues of the city, but he did not set up any puritan program of reform. The geniality of many of his dramatic characters is mirrored in his own actions. In a quarrel over the stage with Ben Jonson, Dekker answered Jonson's blunt attack on him in *The Poetaster* with vigor and good humor in his own *Satiro-mastix*.

Interest in Dekker has been principally centered in his plays, especially those he wrote alone. He did collaborate in numerous plays with other dramatists of his time, Jonson, Massinger, Middleton, Webster, and Ford. In two of his own plays, *The Shoemaker's Holiday* (1600), and *The Honest Whore* (I, 1604; II, 1630), Dekker displays in turn his ability to romanticize London middle-class life and to create characters with deep human traits.

Dekker's prose pamphlets have a range of subject wider than those of Greene or Nashe. He knew and wrote vividly about London life, its gallants, its citizens, its sins, and its plagues. He published two works exposing the current methods of cheating and thieving, and also a mock-almanac and some devotional prose.

His prose work actually began in 1603 with the publication of *The Wonderfull Yeare,* a tract on the death of Elizabeth and the plague. The bulk of his pamphlets was written before 1610 and includes *The Belman of London,* an account of sharpers and rogues, of which three editions were published in 1608, and *The Guls Horne-booke* (1609). As documents revealing the social life of Elizabethan and Jacobean times, they are invaluable, but they are also examples of the best of Elizabethan journalistic prose, which has a distinctive directness, dignity, and simplicity. One of the strong influences on Dekker's style was the Bible. The following passage from the introduction to *The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London* (1606) shows both this influence and Dekker's love for London.

"O London, thou art great in glory, and envied for thy greatness. Thy towers, thy temples, and thy pinnacles stand upon thy head like borders of fine gold; thy waters like fringes of silver hang at the hems of thy garments. Thou art the goodliest of thy neighbors, but the proudest; the wealthiest but the most wanton. Thou hast all things in thee to make thee fairest, and all things in thee to make thee foulest, for thou art attired like a bride, drawing all that look upon thee to be in love with thee, but there is much harlot in thine eyes."

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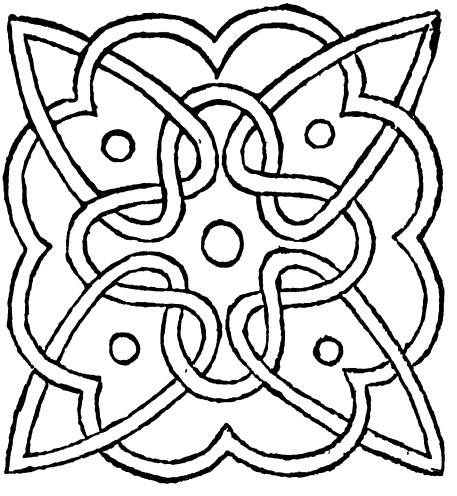

FROM

THE GULL'S HORNBOOK

(1609)

CHAPTER VI

How a gallant should behave himself in a playhouse

THE theater is your poets' Royal Exchange,[1] upon which their muses (that are now turned to merchants) meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware than words, plaudities, and the breath of the great beast; which, like the threatenings of two cowards, vanish all into air. Players and their factors,[2] who put away the stuff, and make the best of it they possibly can (as indeed 'tis their parts so to do), your gallant, your courtier, and your captain had wont to be the soundest paymasters; and I think are still the surest chapmen; [3] and these, by means that their heads are well stocked, deal upon this comical freight by the gross; when your groundling and gallery-commoner [4] buys his sport by the penny and, like a haggler, is glad to utter [5] it again by retailing.

Sithence then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stool as well to the farmer's son as to your Templer; [6] that your stinkard [7] has the selfsame liberty to be there in his tobacco fumes, which your sweet courtier hath; and that your carman [8] and tinker claim as strong a voice in their suffrage, and sit to give judgment on the play's life and death, as well as the proudest momus [9] among the tribe of critic; it is fit that he, whom the most tailors' bills do make room for, when he comes, should not be basely (like a viol) cased up in a corner.

Whether therefore the gatherers of the public or private playhouse stand to receive the afternoon's rent, let our gallant, having paid it, presently advance himself up to the throne of the stage. I mean not into the lord's room, which is now but the stage's suburbs; no, those boxes, by the iniquity of

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[1] *Royal Exchange:* the most important center of Elizabethan finance, founded by Sir Thomas Gresham and opened by Queen Elizabeth in 1566.

[2] *factors:* managers.

[3] *chapmen:* merchants.

[4] *groundling, gallery-commoner:* occupants of the pit and gallery.

[5] *utter:* sell, vend.

[6] *Templer:* lawyer.

[7] *stinkard:* one who stinks, a term of abuse.

[8] *carman:* cartman.

[9] *momus:* mocker, fool.

custom, conspiracy of waiting women and gentleman ushers,[10] that there sweat together, and the covetousness of sharers,[11] are contemptibly thrust into the rear, and much new satin is there damned by being smothered to death in darkness. But on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the state of [12] Cambises [13] himself, must our feathered estridge,[14] like a piece of ordnance, be planted, valiantly (because impudently) beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality.

For do but cast up a reckoning, what large comings-in are pursed up by sitting on the stage. First a conspicuous eminence is gotten; by which means the best and most essential parts of a gallant (good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the Persian lock,[15] and a tolerable beard) are perfectly revealed.

By sitting on the stage you have a signed patent to engross the whole commodity of censure,[16] may lawfully presume to be a girder [17] and stand at the helm to steer the passage of scenes; yet no man shall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an insolent, overweening coxcomb.

By sitting on the stage, you may, without traveling for it, at the very next door ask whose play it is; and, by that quest of inquiry, the law warrants you to avoid much mistaking; if you know not the author, you may rail against him and peradventure so behave yourself that you may enforce the author to know you.

By sitting on the stage, if you be a knight you may happily get you a mistress; if a mere Fleet-street gentleman, a wife; but assure yourself, by continual residence, you are the first and principal man in election to begin the number of We Three.[18]

By spreading your body on the stage, and by being a justice in examining of plays, you shall put yourself into such true scenical authority that some poet shall not dare to present his muse rudely upon your eyes, without having first unmasked her, rifled her, and discovered all her bare and most mystical parts before you at a tavern, when you most knightly shall, for his pains, pay for both their suppers.

By sitting on the stage, you may, with small cost, purchase the dear acquaintance of the boys; [19] have a good stool for sixpence; at any time know what particular part any of the infants present; get your match lighted, examine the play-suits' lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis cop-

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[10] *gentleman ushers:* gentlemen acting as ushers to a person of superior rank.

[11] *sharers:* members of a company of players who paid the expenses and received the profits, and employed the "journeymen" members of the company.

[12] *under the state of:* like, in the person of, or under the canopied throne of.

[13] *Cambises: King Cambyses,* a tragedy by Thomas Preston, 1570, was noted for its bombast. Cf. Shakespeare, *I Henry IV,* II, iv, 425.

[14] *estridge:* ostrich.

[15] *the Persian lock:* evidently a long curl or lovelock.

[16] *signed patent . . . censure:* an exclusive right or license for a monopoly on all faultfinding.

[17] *girder:* one who swears and cavils.

[18] *We Three:* a reference to the old joke of handing a person a picture of two fools, inscribed "We Three Loggerheads Be."

[19] *boys:* boy actors.

per, etc. And to conclude, whether you be a fool or a justice of peace, a cuckold or a captain, a lord mayor's son or a dawcock,[20] a knave or an undersheriff; of what stamp soever you be, current or counterfeit, the stage, like time, will bring you to most perfect light and lay you open; neither are you to be hunted from thence, though the scarecrows in the yard hoot at you, hiss at you, spit at you, yea, throw dirt even in your teeth; 'tis most gentlemanlike patience to endure all this and to laugh at the silly animals; but if the rabble, with a full throat, cry, "Away with the fool," you were worse than a madman to tarry by it; for the gentleman and the fool should never sit on the stage together.

Marry, let this observation go hand in hand with the rest; or rather, like a country servingman, some five yards before them. Present not yourself on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got color into his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that he's upon point to enter; for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties or that you dropped out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras, with your tripos or three-footed stool in one hand and a teston [21] mounted between a forefinger and a thumb in the other; for if you should bestow your person upon the vulgar when the belly of the house is but half full, your apparel is quite eaten up, the fashion lost, and the proportion of your body in more danger to be devoured than if it were served up in the counter amongst the poultry; avoid that as you would the bastome.[22] It shall crown you with rich commendation to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy; and to let that clapper, your tongue, be tossed so high that all the house may ring of it. Your lords use it; your knights are apes to the lords, and do so too; your Inn-a-Court-man is zany to the knights, and (marry, very scurvily) comes likewise limping after it; be thou a beagle to them all, and never lin [23] snuffing, till you have scented them; for by talking and laughing (like a plowman in a morris) [24] you heap Pelion upon Ossa,[25] glory upon glory; as first, all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the players and only follow you; the simplest dolt in the house snatches up your name, and when he meets you in the streets, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a watch, his word shall be taken for you; he'll cry "He's such a gallant," and you pass. Secondly, you publish your temperance to the world, in that you seem not to resort thither to taste vain pleasures with a hungry appetite; but only as a gentleman to spend a foolish hour or two, because you can do nothing else; thirdly, you mightily disrelish the audience and disgrace the author; marry, you take up (though it be at the worst hand) a strong opinion of your own judgment, and enforce the poet

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[20] *dawcock:* jackdaw, i.e., foolish prattler.

[21] *teston:* sixpence.

[22] *bastome:* (more often "baston") cudgel.

[23] *lin:* cease.

[24] *morris:* morris dance.

[25] *Pelion upon Ossa:* Pelion and Ossa were two mountains in Thessaly which the Titans piled together and then heaped on Olympus in an attempt to overthrow the gods.

to take pity of your weakness and, by some dedicated sonnet, to bring you into a better paradise only to stop your mouth.

If you can, either for love or money, provide yourself a lodging by the water side; for, above the convenience it brings to shun shoulder-clapping and to ship away your cockatrice [26] betimes in the morning, it adds a kind of state unto you to be carried from thence to the stairs of your playhouse; hate a sculler (remember that) worse than to be acquainted with one o' the scullery. No, your oars are your only sea-crabs, board them, and take heed you never go twice together with one pair; often shifting is a great credit to gentlemen; and that dividing of your fare will make the poor watersnakes be ready to pull you in pieces to enjoy your custom; no matter whether upon landing you have money or no; you may swim in twenty of their boats over the river upon ticket; marry, when silver comes in, remember to pay treble their fare, and it will make your flounder-catchers to send more thanks after you when you do not draw than when you do; for they know it will be their own another day.

Before the play begins, fall to cards; you may win or lose (as fencers do in a prize) and beat one another by confederacy, yet share the money when you meet at supper; notwithstanding, to gull the ragamuffins that stand aloof gaping at you, throw the cards (having first torn four or five of them) round about the stage, just upon the third sound,[27] as though you had lost; it skills not if the four knaves lie on their backs, and outface the audience; there's none such fools as dare take exceptions at them, because, ere the play go off, better knaves than they will fall into the company.

Now, sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs, etc., on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket or giving him the bastinado [28] in a tavern, if, in the middle of his play (be it pastoral or comedy, moral or tragedy), you rise with a screwed and discontented face from your stool to be gone; no matter whether the scenes be good or no; the better they are the worse do you distaste them; and, being on your feet, sneak not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spread either on the rushes or on stools about you, and draw what troop you can from the stage after you. The mimics are beholden to you for allowing them elbowroom; their poet cries, perhaps, "A pox go with you," but care not for that, there's no music without frets.

Marry, if either the company or indisposition of the weather bind you to sit it out, my counsel is then that you turn plain ape, take up a rush, and tickle the earnest ears of your fellow gallants, to make other fools fall a-laughing; mew at passionate speeches, blare at merry, find fault with the music, whew at the children's action, whistle at the songs; and above

[26] *cockatrice:* originally a fabulous serpent said to kill by a glance. Here it means "prostitute."

[27] *third sound:* of the trumpets announcing the beginning of the performance.

[28] *bastinado:* cudgeling.

all, curse the sharers, that whereas the same day you had bestowed forty shillings on an embroidered felt and feather (Scotch-fashion) for your mistress in the court or your punk [29] in the city, within two hours after you encounter with the very same block on the stage, when the haberdasher swore to you the impression was extant but that morning.

To conclude, hoard up the finest playscraps you can get, upon which your lean wit may most savorly feed, for want of other stuff, when the Arcadian and Euphuized gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you; that quality (next to your shuttlecock) is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new beginner, and is but in his A B C [30] of compliment. The next places that are filled, after the playhouses be emptied, are (or ought to be) taverns. Into a tavern then let us next march, where the brains of one hogshead must be beaten out to make up another.

CHAPTER VII

How a gallant should behave himself in a tavern

Whosoever desires to be a man of good reckoning in the city, and (like your French lord) to have as many tables furnished as lackeys (who, when they keep least, keep none), whether he be a young quat [31] of the first year's revenue or some austere and sullen-faced steward who (in despite of a great beard, a satin suit, and a chain of gold wrapped in cipers) [32] proclaims himself to any (but to those to whom his lord owes money) for a rank coxcomb, or whether he be a country gentleman that brings his wife up to learn the fashion, see the tombs at Westminster, the lions in the Tower, or to take physic; or else is some young farmer, who many times makes his wife in the country believe he hath suits in law, because he will come up to his lechery; be he of what stamp he will that hath money in his purse, and a good conscience to spend it, my counsel is that he take his continual diet at a tavern, which (out of question) is the only *rendezvous* of boon company; and the drawers [33] the most nimble, the most bold, and most sudden proclaimers of your largest bounty.

Having therefore thrust yourself into a case most in fashion (how coarse soever the stuff be, 'tis no matter so it hold fashion), your office is (if you mean to do your judgment right) to inquire out those taverns which are best customed, whose masters are oftenest drunk (for that confirms their taste, and that they choose wholesome wines), and such as stand furthest from the counters; where, landing yourself and your followers, your first complement shall be to grow most inwardly acquainted with the drawers, to learn their names, as Jack, and Will, and Tom, to dive into their inclina-

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[29] *punk:* prostitute.
[30] *A B C:* primer.
[31] *quat:* a pimple; here "a youngster."
[32] *cipers:* cypress.
[33] *drawers:* tapsters.

tions, as whether this fellow useth to the fencing school, this to the dancing school; whether that young conjurer (in hogsheads) at midnight keeps a gelding now and then to visit his cockatrice, or whether he love dogs, or be addicted to any other eminent and citizen-like quality; and protest yourself to be extremely in love, and that you spend much money in a year, upon any one of those exercises which you perceive is followed by them. The use which you shall make of this familiarity is this: if you want money five or six days together, you may still pay the reckoning with this most gentleman-like language, "Boy, fetch me money from the bar," and keep yourself most providently from a hungry melancholy in your chamber. Besides, you shall be sure, if there be but one faucet that can betray neat [34] wine to the bar, to have that arraigned before you sooner than a better and worthier person.

The first question you are to make (after the discharging of your pocket of tobacco and pipes, and the household stuff thereto belonging) shall be for an inventory of the kitchen; for it were more than most tailor-like, and to be suspected you were in league with some kitchenwench, to descend yourself, to offend your stomach with the sight of the larder, and happily to grease your accoutrements. Having therefore received this bill, you shall (like a captain putting up dead pays) [35] have many salads stand on your table, as it were for blanks to the other more serviceable dishes; and according to the time of the year, vary your fare, as capon is a stirring meat sometime, oysters are a swelling meat sometimes, trout a tickling meat sometimes, green goose and woodcock a delicate meat sometimes, especially in a tavern, where you shall sit in as great state as a church-warden amongst his poor parishioners at Pentecost or Christmas.

For your drink, let not your physician confine you to any one particular liquor; for as it is requisite that a gentleman should not always be plodding in one art, but rather be a general scholar (that is, to have a lick at all sorts of learning, and away), so 'tis not fitting a man should trouble his head with sucking at one grape, but that he may be able (now there is a general peace) to drink any stranger drunk in his own element of drink, or more properly in his own moist language.

Your discourse at the table must be such as that which you utter at your ordinary; [36] your behavior the same, but somewhat more careless; for where your expense is great, let your modesty be less; and though you should be mad in a tavern, the largeness of the items will bear with your incivility; you may, without prick to your conscience, set the want of your wit against the superfluity and sauciness of their reckonings.

If you desire not to be haunted with fiddlers (who by the statute have as much liberty as rogues to travel into any place, having the passport of the house about them) bring then no women along with you; but if you

[34] *neat:* pure, unadulterated.

[35] *like . . . pays:* The original edition reads "deer pays"; Nott emended it to "dead": the captain collects pay for dead soldiers.

[36] *ordinary:* a public eating place.

love the company of all the drawers, never sup without your cockatrice; for, having her there, you shall be sure of most officious attendance. Inquire what gallants sup in the next room, and if they be any of your acquaintance do not you (after the city fashion) send them in a pottle of wine, and your name, sweetened in two pitiful papers of sugar, with some filthy apology crammed into the mouth of a drawer; but rather keep a boy in fee, who underhand shall proclaim you in every room, what a gallant fellow you are, how much you spend yearly in taverns, what a great gamester, what custom you bring to the house, in what witty discourse you maintain a table, what gentlewomen or citizens' wives you can with a wet finger[37] have at any time to sup with you, and suchlike. By which encomiastics of his, they that know you not shall admire you and think themselves to be brought into a paradise but to be meanly in your acquaintance; and if any of your endeared friends be in the house, and beat the same ivy bush[38] that yourself does, you may join companies and be drunk together most publicly.

But in such a deluge of drink, take heed that no man counterfeit himself drunk, to free his purse from the danger of the shot;[39] 'tis a usual thing now among gentlemen; it had wont be the quality of cockneys. I would advise you to leave so much brains in your head as to prevent this. When the terrible reckoning (like an indictment) bids you hold up your hand, and that you must answer it at the bar, you must not abate one penny in any particular, no, though they reckon cheese to you when you have neither eaten any, nor could ever abide it, raw or toasted; but cast your eye only upon the totalis, and no further; for to traverse the bill would betray you to be acquainted with the rates of the market, nay more, it would make the vintners believe you were *pater familias,* and kept a house; which, I assure you, is not now in fashion.

If you fall to dice after supper, let the drawers be as familiar with you as your barber, and venture their silver amongst you; no matter where they had it; you are to cherish the unthriftiness of such young tame pigeons, if you be a right gentleman; for when two are yoked together by the purse strings, and draw the chariot of Madam Prodigality, when one faints in the way and slips his horns let the other rejoice and laugh at him.

At your departure forth the house, to kiss mine hostess over the bar, or to accept of the courtesy of the cellar when 'tis offered you by the drawers (and you must know that kindness never creeps upon them but when they see you almost cleft to the shoulders), or to bid any of the vintners good night, is as commendable as for a barber after trimming to lave your face with sweet water.

To conclude, count it an honor either to invite or be invited to any rifling;[40] for commonly, though you find much satin there, yet you shall

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[37] *wet finger:* at the snap of the fingers.

[38] *ivy bush:* the sign of a tavern that sold wine.

[39] *shot:* reckoning.

[40] *rifling:* raffling or dicing.

likewise find many citizens' sons, and heirs, and younger brothers there, who smell out such feasts more greedily than tailors hunt upon Sundays after weddings. And let any hook draw you either to a fencer's supper or to a player's that acts such a part for a wager; for by this means you shall get experience, by being guilty to their abominable shaving.

CHAPTER VIII

How a gallant is to behave himself passing through the city, at all hours of the night, and how to pass by any watch

After the sound of pottle-pots is out of your ears, and that the spirit of wine and tobacco walks in your brain, the tavern door being shut upon your back, cast about to pass through the widest and goodliest streets in the city. And if your means cannot reach to the keeping of a boy, hire one of the drawers, to be as a lanthorne unto your feet, and to light you home; and still as you approach near any nightwalker that is up as late as yourself, curse and swear (like one that speaks High Dutch) [41] in a lofty voice, because your men have used you so like a rascal in not waiting upon you, and vow the next morning to pull their blue cases [42] over their ears, though, if your chamber were well searched, you give only sixpence a week to some old woman to make your bed, and that she is all the serving-creatures you give wages to. If you smell a watch (and that you may easily do, for commonly they eat onions to keep them in sleeping, which they account a medicine against cold) or if you come within danger of their brown bills, let him that is your candlestick and holds up your torch from dropping (for to march after a link [43] is shoemaker-like), let *Ignis Fatuus,*[44] I say, being within the reach of the constable's staff, ask aloud, "Sir Giles," or "Sir Abram, will you turn this way, or down that street?" It skills not though there be none dubbed in your bunch; the watch will wink at you, only for the love they bear to arms and knighthood; marry, if the sentinel and his court of guard stand strictly upon his martial law and cry "Stand," commanding you to give the word, and to show reason why your ghost walks so late, do it in some jest (for that will show you have a desperate wit, and perhaps make him and his halberdiers afraid to lay foul hands upon you) or, if you read a *mittimus* [45] in the constable's book, counterfeit to be a Frenchman, a Dutchman, or any other nation whose country is in peace with your own; and you may pass the pikes; for being not able to understand you, they cannot by the customs of the city take your examination, and so by consequence they have nothing to say to you.

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[41] *High Dutch:* a language that one does not understand, gibberish.

[42] *blue cases:* blue clothes. Servants ordinarily wore blue.

[43] *link:* torch made of tow and pitch.

[44] *Ignis Fatuus:* "Will-o'-the-wisp," that is, the boy carrying the torch.

[45] *mittimus:* a warrant.

If the night be old, and that your lodging be some place into which no artillery of words can make a breach, retire, and rather assault the doors of your punk, or (not to speak broken English) your sweet mistress, upon whose white bosom you may languishingly consume the rest of darkness that is left, in ravishing (though not restorative) pleasures, without expenses, only by virtue of four or five oaths (when the siege breaks up, and at your marching away with bag and baggage) that the last night you were at dice, and lost so much in gold, so much in silver; and seem to vex most that two such Elizabeth twenty-shilling pieces, or four such spur-ryals[46] (sent you with a cheese and a baked meat from your mother) rid away amongst the rest. By which tragical yet politic speech you may not only have your night-work done gratis, but also you may take diet there the next day and depart with credit, only upon the bare word of a gentleman to make her restitution.

All the way as you pass (especially being approached near some of the gates) talk of none but lords, and such ladies with whom you have played at primero,[47] or danced in the presence the very same day. It is a chance to lock up the lips of an inquisitive bellman; and being arrived at your lodging door, which I would counsel you to choose in some rich citizen's house, salute at parting no man but by the name of Sir (as though you had supped with knights), albeit you had none in your company but your Perinado,[48] or your ingle.[49]

Happily it will be blown abroad that you and your shoal of gallants swum through such an ocean of wine, that you danced so much money out at heels, and that in wild fowl there flew away thus much; and I assure you, to have the bill of your reckoning lost of purpose, so that it may be published, will make you to be held in dear estimation; only the danger is, if you owe money, and that your revealing gets your creditors by the ears; for then look to have a peal of ordnance thundering at your chamber door the next morning. But if either your tailor, mercer, haberdasher, silkman, cutter, linen draper, or sempster stand like a guard of Switzers about your lodging, watching your uprising, or, if they miss of that, your downlying in one of the counters, you have no means to avoid the galling of their small-shot than by sending out a light-horseman to call your apothecary to your aid, who, encountering this desperate band of your creditors, only with two or three glasses in his hand, as though that day you purged, is able to drive them all to their holes like so many foxes; for the name of taking physic is a sufficient *quietus est* to any endangered gentleman, and gives an acquittance (for the time) to them all, though the twelve companies stand with their hoods to attend your coming forth and their officers with them.

I could now fetch you about noon (the hour which I prescribed you be-

[46] *spur-ryals:* gold coins, worth fifteen shillings.

[47] *primero:* a gambling card game.

[48] *Perinado:* hermaphrodite.

[49] *ingle:* catamite.

fore to rise at) out of your chamber, and carry you with me into Paul's Churchyard; where planting yourself in a stationer's shop, many instructions are to be given you, what books to call for, how to censure of new books, how to mew at the old, how to look in your tables and inquire for such and such Greek, French, Italian, or Spanish authors, whose names you have there, but whom your mother for pity would not give you so much wit as to understand. From thence you should blow yourself into the tobacco-ordinary, where you are likewise to spend your judgment (like a quack-salver) [50] upon that mystical wonder, to be able to discourse whether your cane or your pudding be sweetest, and which pipe has the best bore, and which burns black, which breaks in the burning, etc. Or, if you itch to step into the barber's, a whole dictionary cannot afford more words to set down notes what dialogues you are to maintain whilst you are doctor of the chair there. After your shaving, I could breathe you in a fence-school, and out of that cudgel you into a dancing school, in both which I could weary you, by showing you more tricks than are in five galleries or fifteen prizes. And, to close up the stomach of this feast, I could make cockneys, whose fathers have left them well, acknowledge themselves infinitely beholden to me, for teaching them by familiar demonstration how to spend their patrimony and to get themselves names when their fathers are dead and rotten. But lest too many dishes should cast into a surfeit, I will now take away; yet so that, if I perceive you relish this well, the rest shall be (in time) prepared for you. Farewell.

FROM

THE WONDERFUL YEAR [51]

(1603)

[THE SICKNESS AND DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH]

Vertumnus,[52] being attired in his accustomed habit of changeable silk, had newly passed through the first and principal court-gate of heaven; to whom, for a farewell, and to show how dutiful he was in his office, Janus, that bears two faces under one hood, made a very mannerly low leg and, because he was the only porter at that gate, presented unto this king of the months all the New Year's gifts, which were more in number and

[50] *quack-salver:* quack doctor.

[51] *The Wonderful Year* (1603), after the description of the sickness and death of Queen Elizabeth, gives a vivid picture of London in the plague of 1603. Several of its details Defoe borrowed in his *Journal of the Plague Year* (1722).

[52] *Vertumnus:* Roman (Italian) god of the seasons.

more worth than those that are given to the Great Turk or the emperor of Persia. On went Vertumnus in his lusty progress, Priapus, Flora, the Driads and Hamadriads with all the wooden rabble of those that dressed orchards and gardens perfuming all the ways that he went, with the sweet odors that breathed from flowers, herbs, and trees, which now began to peep out of prison; by virtue of which excellent airs, the sky got a most clear complexion, looked smug and smooth, and had not so much as a wart sticking on her face. The sun likewise was freshly and very richly appareled in cloth of gold like a bridegroom, and instead of gilded rosemary,[53] the horns of the Ram, being the sign of that celestial bride-house where he lay, to be married to the spring, were not like your common horns parcel-gilt,[54] but double double-gilt with the liquid gold that melted from his beams; for joy whereof the lark sung at his window every morning, the nightingale every night. The cuckoo, like a single sole fiddler that reels from tavern to tavern, plied it all the day long. Lambs frisked up and down in the valleys; kids and goats leapt to and fro on the mountains; shepherds sat piping, country wenches singing; lovers made sonnets for their lasses, whilst they made garlands for their lovers. And as the country was frolic, so was the city merry. Olive trees, which grow nowhere but in the garden of peace, stood, as common as beech does at midsummer, at every man's door; branches of palm were in every man's hand. Streets were full of people, people full of joy; every house seemed to have a Lord of Misrule in it, in every house there was so much jollity. No screech-owl frighted the silly countryman at midnight, nor any drum the citizen at noonday, but all was more calm than a still water, all hushed, as if the spheres had been playing in consort.[55] In conclusion, heaven looked like a palace, and the great hall of earth like a paradise.

But Oh, the short-lived felicity of man! Oh world, of what slight and thin stuff is thy happiness! Just in the midst of this jocund holiday, a storm rises in the west. Westward, from the top of a Rich-mount,[56] descended a hideous tempest, that shook cedars, terrified the tallest pines, and cleft in sunder even the hardest hearts of oak. And if such great trees were shaken, what think you became of the tender eglantine and humble hawthorn? They could not, doubtless, but droop; they could not choose but die with the terror. The element, taking the Destinies' part, who indeed set abroach this mischief, scowled on the earth, and, filling her high forehead full of black wrinkles, tumbling long up and down, like a great-bellied wife, her sighs being whirlwinds and her groans thunder, at length she fell in labor and was delivered of a pale, meager, weak child named Sickness, whom Death, with a pestilence, would needs take upon him to nurse, and did so. This starveling, being come to his full growth, had an office given him for noth-

[53] *Rosemary* was strewn about the floor and worn in posies at weddings. It was also used as a prophylactic against the plague.

[54] *parcel-gilt:* partly gilt.

[55] *consort:* harmony.

[56] *Rich-mount:* I.e., Richmond, where Elizabeth went on January 21, 1602/3, and died two months later, March 24.

ing (and that's a wonder in this age); Death made him his herald, attired him like a courtier, and, in his name, charged him to go into the privy chamber of the English queen to summon her to appear in the Star Chamber of Heaven.

The summons made her start, but, having an invincible spirit, did not amaze her; yet whom would not the certain news of parting from a kingdom amaze? But she knew where to find a richer, and therefore lightly regarded the loss of this, and thereupon made ready for that heavenly coronation, being (which was most strange) most dutiful to obey, that had so many years so powerfully commanded. She obeyed Death's messenger and yielded her body to the hands of Death himself. She died, resigning her scepter to posterity and her soul to immortality.

The report of her death, like a thunderclap, was able to kill thousands; it took away hearts from millions; for, having brought up, even under her wing, a nation that was almost begotten and born under her, that never shouted any other *Ave* than for her name, never saw the face of any prince but herself, never understood what that strange outlandish word "change" signified—how was it possible but that her sickness should throw abroad an universal fear, and her death an astonishment? She was the courtier's treasure, therefore he had cause to mourn; the lawyer's sword of justice, he might well faint; the merchant's patroness, he had reason to look pale; the citizen's mother, he might best lament; the shepherd's goddess, and should not he droop? Only the soldier, who had walked a long time upon wooden legs and was not able to give arms, though he were a gentleman, had bristled up the quills of his stiff porcupine mustachio, and swore by no beggars that now was the hour come for him to bestir his stumps; usurers and brokers, that are the devil's ingles and dwell in the Long Lane [57] of hell, quaked like aspen leaves at his oaths; those that before were the only cutthroats in London now stood in fear of no other death, but my *Signor Soldado* was deceived; the tragedy went not forward.

Never did the English nation behold so much black worn as there was at her funeral. It was then but put on to try if it were fit, for the great day of mourning was set down in the book of heaven, to be held afterwards. That was but the dumb-show; the tragical act hath been playing ever since. Her hearse, as it was borne, seemed to be an island swimming in water, for round about it there rained showers of tears; about her deathbed, none, for her departure was so sudden and so strange that men knew not how to weep, because they had never been taught to shed tears of that making. They that durst not speak their sorrows whispered them; they that durst not whisper, sent them forth in sighs. Oh, what an earthquake is the alteration of a state! Look from the chamber of presence to the farmer's cottage: and you shall find nothing but distraction; the whole kingdom seems a wilderness, and the people in it are transformed to wild men.

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[57] *Long Lane:* in Aldersgate; described by Stow (*Survey*, ed. Kingsford, II, 38) as "now lately builded on both sides with tenements for brokers, tiplers, and suchlike."

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Sidney d. 1586	Ford b. 1586		
Greene, *Pandosto* 1588	*Famous Victories of Henry V* 1586		Mary Queen of Scots executed 1587
Greene, *Menaphon* 1589 (preface by Nashe)	Kyd, *Spanish Tragedy* c. 1587		Spanish Armada 1588
Hakluyt, *Principal Navigations* 1589	Marlowe, *Tamburlaine* c. 1587–88		Marprelate Controversy 1588
Lodge, *Glancus and Scilla* 1589	Greene, *Friar Bacon* 1589–92		

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Lodge, *Rosalynde* 1590	Marlowe, *Jew of Malta* c. 1590	Du Bartas d. 1590	
Sidney, *Arcadia* pub. 1590	Kyd, *Hamlet* c. 1590		

Spenser, *The Faerie Queene* I–III 1590	Shakespeare, II and III *Henry VI* 1591		
Greene, *Cony-Catching Pamphlets* 1591	Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost* 1590–97		
Lyly, *Endimion* 1591			
Robert Herrick b. 1591			
William Browne b. 1591			
Ralegh, *Fight about the Azores* 1591	Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus* 1588–92		
Sidney, *Astrophel* (first authorized edition) 1591	Shakespeare, I *Henry VI* 1592		Hooker, *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* I–V 1594–97
Spenser, *Complaints* 1591 *Daphnaida* 1591	Shakespeare, *Richard III* 1592–97 Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* 1590–98		
Constable, *Diana* 1592, 1594	Rose Theatre opened c. 1592	Montaigne d. 1592	
Daniel, *Delia* 1592	Kyd, *Spanish Tragedy* pub. 1592		
Greene-Nashe-Harvey Quarrel 1592–93			
Phoenix Nest 1593			
Drayton, *Idea, The Shepherd's Garland* 1593	Marlowe d. 1593	Amyot d. 1593	
Lodge, *Phillis* 1593			

Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis* 1593			
Drayton, *Idea's Mirror* (sonnets) 1594	Swan Theatre built 1594–1600		
Nashe, *Unfortunate Traveller* 1594			
Shakespeare, *Lucrece* 1594			
Spenser, *Amoretti* 1595	Kyd d. 1595	Tasso d. 1595	Ralegh's Guiana voyage 1595
Colin Clout's Come Home Again 1595	Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet* 1591–97 Shakespeare, *Richard II* 1594–95 Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream* 1594–98		Drake d. 1595
Ralegh, *Discovery of Guiana* 1596	Blackfriars Theater opened 1596		Descartes b. 1596
Spenser, *The Faerie Queene* IV–VI 1596 *Prothalamion* 1596 *Foure Hymnes* 1596	Shirley b. 1596 Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice* 1594–96 Peele d. 1597	Bodin d. 1596	Expedition to Cadiz 1596
Hall *Virgidemiae, I–III* 1597	Shakespeare, *Henry IV* 1596–98		
Bacon, *Essays* (ten) 1597			
Drayton, *England's Heroical Epistles* 1597			

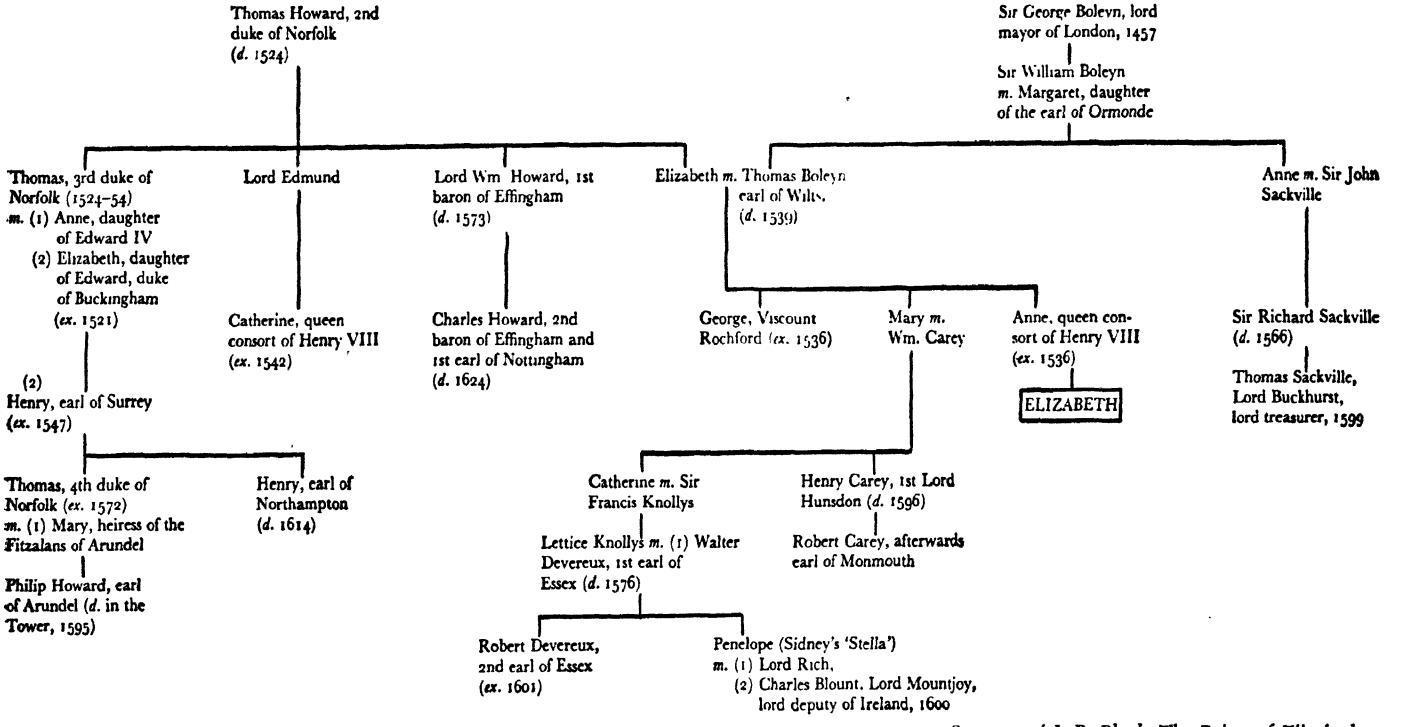
Chapman, *Seven Books of the Iliads* 1598			Edict of Nantes 1598 Burleigh d. 1598
Hakluyt, *Principal Navigations* 1598	*Parnassus* plays at Cambridge 1598–1602		
Marlowe, *Hero and Leander* 1598	Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing* 1598–1600		
Marston, *Scourg of Villainy* 1598			
Spenser d. 1599	Globe Theatre opened 1599		Essex in Ireland 1599
Daniel, *Musophilus* 1599	Shakespeare, *Henry V* 1599 *Julius Caesar* 1598–99 *As You Like It* 1598–1600		

1600–1603

England's Parnassus 1600	Fortune Theatre opened 1600	Calderon b. 1600	East India Company founded 1600
England's Helicon 1600	Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor* 1598–1602		Execution of Essex 1601
Thomas Deloney d. 1600?	*Twelfth Night* 1600–02		

Thomas Nashe d. 1601	Jonson, *Poetaster* 1601	
Sir Thomas North d. 1601?	Shakespeare, *Hamlet* 1599–1601	
Daniel, *Works* 1601	Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida* 1601–03 *All's Well* c. 1601–03	
	Heywood, *Woman Killed with Kindness* 1603	Death of Elizabeth 1603
	Jonson, *Sejanus* 1603	James I r. 1603–25

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER RELATIONS



Courtesy of J. B. Black, The Reign of Elizabeth.

Figure 5

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