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LIFE AND WORKS
OF
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.

VOL. XII.

ORPHARION.

GREENS GROATSWORTH OF WIT.

THE REPENTANCE OF ROBERT GREENE.

AND

GREENES VISION.

1592—1599.



Then gently scan your brother Man
Still gentlier sister Woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human ;
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it ;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart ? 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

BURNS.

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OR

ELIZABETHAN-JACOBÆAN

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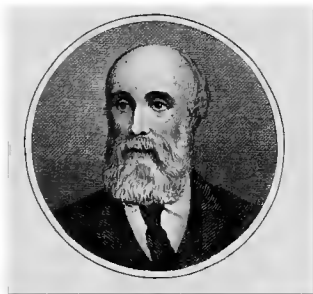
BOOKS

IN

VERSE AND PROSE

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BY THE

Rev. Alexander F. Stewart LL.D. F.R.S.

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THE
LIFE AND COMPLETE WORKS
IN
PROSE AND VERSE
OF
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.
CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED
WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.,

BY THE REV.
ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDIN.), F.S.A.,
St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire.

VOL. XII.—PROSE.

ORPHARION.

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1881—83.

50 Copies.]



A. 90982

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When ance Life's day draws near the
gloamin',
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin';
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
An' social noise;
An' fareweel dear deluding woman,
The joy of joys.

O life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spat,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And haply, eye the barren hut,
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen Hope does ev'ry sinew brace;

Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey;
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

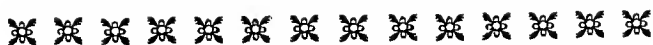
And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights, nae rules, nor roads observin',
To right or left eternal swervin',
They zig-zag on;
Till curst with age, obscure, an' starvin',
They aften groan.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm, and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
How much unlike !
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives a dyke !

Nae hair-brain'd sentimental traces,
In your unletter'd, nameless faces !
In arioso trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But gravissimo, solemn basses,
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;
Nae ferly, tho' ye do despise.
The harum-scarum, ram-stam boys,
The ratling squad.

BURNS.



xxx.

ORPHARION.

1599.



NOTE

Though 'Orpharion' survives only in the edition of 1599 (our text from the Huth Library) it was licensed and almost certainly published in 1589. In the Epistle to 'Perimides' (1588) Greene announced 'Orpharion' as ready for the press. See annotated Life in Vol. I.—G.

Greenes Orpharion.

Wherin is discoue-

red a musicall concorde of pleasant
Histories, many sweet moodes graced with
such harmonious discords, as agreeing in a delight-
full cloffe, they found both pleasure and profit
to the eare.

*Heerein also as in a Diatheeron, the branches
of Vertue, ascending and descending by degrees: are cownited in
the glorious praise of women-kind.*

With diuers Tragicall and Comicall Histories
presented by *Orpheus* and *Arion*, beeing as full of
profit as of pleasure.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

Robertus Greene, in *Artibus Magister*.



AT LONDON,

Printed for *Edward White*, dwelling at the
little North doore of S. Paules Church: at the
figne of the Gun. 1599.



To the Right Worshipfull Maister *Robert*
Carey Esquire, Robert Greene wisheth encrease
of all honorable vertues.

(*)

ENius (Right Worshipful) had a Mæcenas, though his verses were rude, & Hippocrates durst present his pictures, though they were rough. The blindest Bayard hath a reason to shadow his presumption: for sayth hee, will is aboue skill. Soothing my selfe (right Worshipfull) with their humours, hauing attempted to frame out ORPHARION, to harsh to make a concord in any cunning eare: yet with old Ennius doating in my youth as he did in his age: I doe presume to present my rurall Instrument vnder the shadow of your patronage, and the rather for that as the poore Cobler durst prefer his chattering Pye to Augustus, for that the Emperour was affable / and curteous, so hearing your Worship to be indued with such honourable vertues and plausible qualities, as drawes men to admire and loue such

vnited perfection : I embolden my selfe to trust
vpon your Worships curteous acceptance, which
if it be such as others haue founde and I hoped
for, & that any way this Orpharion may agree
with the daintines of your touch and fingering,
the end of my labours and the summe of my
desires confort in one sympathie, and in that hope,
I commit your Worship to the Almightye.

Your Worships humbly
to commaund,
Ro. Greene. /



To the Gentlemen Readers Health.

Gentlemen, I haue long promised my Orpharion, and because I would not frustrate your expectation: at last it is leapt into the Stationers Shoppe, but not from my Study, for then might you thinke I had sweld with the mountaines, and brought forth a Mouce, but the Printer had it long since: marry whether his presse were out of tune, Paper deere, or some other secret delay driue it off, it hath line this twelue months in the suds. Now at last it is crept forth in the Spring, a slender bud and easily to be nipt with the least frost of Disdaine.

Therfor doo I entreate whatsoeuer melody my Orpharion yeeld: you would fauour the blossome with the Sunshine of your curteous acceptance, else shall you discourage a Gardener for grafting any more, and therefore hoping to finde you as euer I haue done, farwell.

Rob. Greene./



Greenes *Orpharion*.



Vpid hauing taught me what rest-
 lesse passions are in loue, what
 continual perturbations Fancy af-
 foordes to such as account beauty
 the principal end of their affects:
 hauing receaued the wound, I sought where to
 find a salue fit for the easing of my malady:
 Experience willing that I should not tye my
 thoughts on delay, told me that such as were
 enuenomed with the Scorpion, must be healed by
 the Scorpion, that the Tarantals sting could not
 be pulde out without Musick, that he which was
 pierced with *Achilles* Launce must be healed by
 his Speare, and they which were charmed with
 Loue, must seeke to loue, or els lacke remedy:
 Wherupon doubtfull what I should doo, I was
 willed to sue to *Venus* as soueraigne Goddesse
 and patroneffe of such perplexed patients. I left

my home and fayled to *Cipres*: there found I men vnknowne, but not her whom I lookt for: there might I see *Venus* Pallace like the gorgeous Tower built by *Semeramus*. Sloth being Porter, sleepey, and suffering free passage to all, the gate of entrance was not the way to returne: for at the other side was a doore to depart, where Beggerie stoode and threatned all, but strooke some with his whip of repentance: within I found Princes, great Lords and men of meane calling, al prisoners: some fettered by the eyes, others by the eares, some by the tong, as hauing more lust in their mouth then loue in their mindes, none or fewe cheyned by the harts, and such as were set inthroned in a secret Cell: those *Venus* shrinde vp as wonders of the worlde: well, missing what I came for, I past speedily from thence to *Paphos*, where *Venus* had onely a Temple: thither came multitudes on Pilgrimage, making vowes, vttering oathes, and / protesting promises: if they might enioy the fruition of their Ladyes, to be sworne votaries to the Goddesse: Some were fauoured, others disgraced: some dispaired, some hoped, but all found the ende of theyr pilgrimage was to buy smoake with many perrills and daungers: But all these instances were no arguments to diswade me from my iourney: But as *Medea* though I saw the best and allowed of it, yet I

followed the neereſt & ſmarted for it: for ſuch as be in loue are like the Deere, which one while ſtrike at the Tamarisk tree with their hornes, and then greedily burſt on it with their mouthes, others [like] the people of *Mamaca*, that ſurfet on Dates, and yet dye with them in their mawes. Louers exclaime agaynſt *Cupid*, and yet they goe on pylgrimage to *Paphos*, they call *Venus* vniuſt, and yet offer her incenſe and ſacrifice, they fore-ſee miſery, and yet run headlong on their owne miſfortune. So fared it with mee, for ſeeing theſe men thus deeply paſſionate, and yet ſo ſlenderly rewarded, as who carried away the greateſt trophe, had his enſigne ſtamped with repentance: yet their miſhaps could not make me learne to beware, but from *Paphos* I went to the fountaine of *Alcidalion*, where I heard *Venus* to auoyde the heate of Sommer, was kept cloſe Priſoner by *Mars* in a Pauillion, but I founde the rumour falſe, yet did I not repent mee of my arriuall, for there I ſawe ſitting about the bancks, infinite troupes of faire and beautifull Ladyes, all votaries vnto *Venus*, ſmyling at the fondneſſe of men, and laughing at the paſſions of theyr Louers, making true loue knots of ruſhes, that broke ere they could be twiſted: ſome ſeemed lyke Saintes, thoſe were ſubtill and peruerſe: others fawned, and thoſe were flatterers: ſome wept, and they let fall teares of deceite: ſome ſeemde

to haue many eyes, and those had many fancies: some two harts, and yet they were very chaste: for some had twenty measuring their Loues by their lookes: gazing still vpon their countenance and gesture, I perceiued / hard by seperate from the rest a few Ladyes sitting passing solitarie: their names were ingrauen in the trees, but so long since as hardly I could read them, yet I found out *Hero*, *Penelope*, *Thisbe*, *Artemisia*: alas a small number and disdained by the rest: these had their eyes shut against beauty, and their eares open to vertue, their harts subiect to loue, but onely stamped with one Carracter, resembling the Emeraulde, that neuer looseth the first impression nor admitteth any other: well here I could neyther finde *Venus*, nor heare of her, but scoffinglie those girles told me, she was either in *Ida* or *Erecinus*: desirous to loose no time, I hasted from *Alcydalion* to *Ida*, where I could see no steps of a Goddesse, but only the ancient monument of *Troy* consumed to cinders: there I noted the end of loue, the reward of lust, the trophes of *Venus*, the follies of women in *Helena*, that brought *Priamus* his sonnes, and so famous a Cittie to confusion. From thence I posted to *Erecinus*: the Mountaine was greene and pleasant to the eye, the stones that appeared higher then the grasse seemed like *Jacinthes*, the mosse was flowers, the very rubbish below pearles,

fo y nature seemd to haue conquerd art, and art nature, and a supernaturall glory both: in musing at the gorgeous scituation of this deuine Mount, looking if eyther there were Palace or Temple dedicate to *Venus*, I sawe none, but casting mine eye into the bordring vale, I saw a Shepheard grafsing of his flockes. Desirous to learne of the man any newes of the Goddesse, pacing downe from the Hyll, I went and saluted him in this manner.

Shepheard, so I name thee for thy flockes, more maist thou be, for *Apollo* kept *Midas* sheepe, and *Mercury* [has] taken the shape of a Heardman: but meafuring thy degree as present thou seemest, I craue so much fauour at thy hands, as to tell mee whether *Venus* is resident about this mount of *Erecinus*, or no: I haue beene at all her places of abode, and this is the last of all her earthly mansions: / This Shephearde hearing me salute him so curteouslie, laying downe his pipe and his hooke, aunswered thus bluntly.

Friend, what I am it little reckes thee, thou seeft my fouldes, and then why standest thou vpon higher titles! In calling me shepheard or Swaine, thou giuest me my due: if my degree be greater, my sheepe may ferue for thy excuse: to thy question, as it fauours of folly, so I thinke best to aunswer it with silence, yet for I see thy thoughts to be full

of passions, and thy face the map of sorrowes, the two notes of a Louer, if I knew my counsaile might profite thee, or my experience warne thee, I would bestow a little waft time while my Sheepe grafe so hard, to holde thee chat.

Hearing the Shepheard beginning so roughly, to conclude so gently, willing to be auditor to his Country precepts, I aunswered him thus.

Shepheard, if thou be no better, (for thy talke makes me suspect higher,) know that I haue tolde many cares, numbred many passions, felt many sorrowes, vttered many fighes, shed many teares since *Venus* entertained me, with Roses at the first, & afterwarde beate me with Nettles: I haue found loue to be a Labarinth, a fury, a hell, wherein men alieue feelee worfe paines then those ghostes that pay *Charon* hier for his ferri-boat: greeued thus, yet as one in a lunacie, I neuer fore-sawe my miseries. I heard many counsailes, and read many precepts, but al in vaine, yet for hat ttime hath many chaunces, the Fates their Canons tied to opportunitie: Fortune her decrees variable, and loue, many accidents: I will humbly craue what thou hast offered, promising to be attentue and not vngratefull, as farre as a strangers abilitie may gratifie. The Shephearde without further promising or longer delay, began thus.

Thou seest that I fitte heere feeding my flocks

by *Erecinus*, / whether daily resort multitudes of amorous Pilgrims suing to *Venus* for releefe of their passions, but how she vsed these fond and perplexed patients, as it pitties mee to rehearse, so it wil grieue thee to heare. Those youthes whose yeeres more then their mindes, are fryed with a small flame of ordinarie fancie, rather infered by nature then inferred by loue, such she entertaineth most sumptuously, as fittest obiects for her to worke vpon, putting oyle in the flame, fire to flax, and beautie as the balefull obiect to youth: for she knowing the olde verse to bee too true for her to disproue, *Quod latit ignotum est: ignoti nulla Cupido*, that what is secret from vs we neuer desire: to inueagle them with her charmes, she present[s] beautie excellent by nature, yet far more gorgious by arte: faire faces, smiling lookes, alluring gestures, sweet speeches, these are the baites that she layes to intrap, & youth is so fond that he cannot but taste, resembling the poore Mouſe that feedeth soonest on the most infectious Rosalger, respecting the colour not the confection: after once shee hath gotten youth limed fast on her twigges, then *Cupid* vseth them as marks, and at euery shoote galleth to the quicke, that the woundes cannot be cured, till eyther we finde remedie by repentance, which oft cometh too late, or haue a quittance by death, which they thinke commeth too soone.

Others, that haue beene stale stayers in her Court, spending their time in sighes, teares, and many dispayring passions, such shee feedeth on with delayes, giuing thē one day an incarnatiue to heale, and the next day, a contrary medicine to fester, choking theyr senses with perfumes, and straight stifling them with Hemlock, suffering theyr Ladies in the morning to wash their temples with Rose-water, and at night to quaffe to them gall and vinegar, shadowing smiles with frownes, sower lookes with wanton actions, fettering them with the wings of hope, but hanging dispaire at their heeles, least soaring too hie, they should seize & catch their pray: sup / pose she sets thē on the top of her wheele, where, poore man I know thou desirest to be plasht, and for their long trauell, she giues them with *Ixion* a clowdde, a faire dame I mean, as shee bestowed vpon *Paris*, yet shalt thou finde, that she fetcheth all her virgins from the fountain of *Alcydalion*, (beleeue me Pilgrim I will not warrant theyr maidenheads) because thou seest they haue many eyes, and many harts, which haue many fancies, and many loues / : and trust me Pilgrime, many causes must needes bring out some effects: But leauing these doubts as may not once haue entrance into Louers thoughts, and affirming that all are virgins that come from *Venus*, for *Diana* hath so few in her traine, that

she marries not one in seauen yeeres, whē the louer
 hath what he long sought for, he findes not the
 fairest Christall but hath his staine, the brightest
 topaz but hath his spot, the richest Gold, but hath
 his ore, and the purest creature, feminine I meane,
 but hath her common imperfection, either proud
 without profite, and thats a purgation for the
 Purse, or fayre without wit, and that is to marry
 a wooden picture with a golden creast, full of
 fauour but flattering, and so he may reape many
 kisses and little loue, shrewish, deceitfull, wilfull,
 fond, new fangle, and what not: nay, perhaps,
 proue so light in the braines, that she makes him
 swell in the browes, that as he hath beene in his
 youth a votary to *Venus*, so in his age he may
 proue a companion to *Vulcan*: and Pilgrim quoth
 the Shepheard, this is to sitte on the toppe of
Venus wheele, these bitter sauces be her cheefest
 delicates, and these painted Sepulchers her richest
 trophies. Thou seest I fit neere *Erecinus*, and
 therefore speake by experience: thou saiest to
Venus thou art in loue, thou wouldest faine haue
 a wife frō *Alcidalion*: looke before thou leape,
 pry into *Venus* Cofers, and see what chaffer she
 prouides for her chapmen: I haue counsayled,
 now rests it in thee either to followe it with a
 momentary sorrowing content, or to forsake it
 with a perpetuall / pleasing mistake.

Hearing the cunning experienced swaine to discourse so roundly of the matter, I imagined either he had beene in loue, or anemie to *Venus*, so that I demaunded of him if he would not haue men loue at all?

Yes, quoth he, so they court *Dianas* virgins not *Venus* wantons: I replied shee had very few or none: hee aunswered, had shee more futers, shee woulde prouide more maydes, but *Venus* spying them passe towards her Pallace, layeth such snares to intangle, such traps to intice, such charmes to bewitch, such dangers to preiudice, that none or very few ariue at *Dianas* mantion, and such as doo, come thither halfe maimed.

Then quoth I, you conclude peremptorily against *Venus* and her crue, and very hardly against women. Hearing me say so, he tooke me by the hande, & softly whispering in mine eare, Pilgrim I may say to thee, Wiues be they neuer so watcht they will: Maides be they neuer so bashfull they wish, and widdowes bee they neuer so coy, they would: take me not generally Pilgrime quoth hee, and with that sitting downe he tooke his pipe in his hand, and plaid so sweetly, that like *Argus* at *Mercuries* melodie I fell on sleepe.

No sooner had *Morpheus* shut mine eyes, but I fell into a dreame: mee thought I was ledde from *Erecinus* by *Mercury*, alongst the galupin or siluer

paused way of heauen to the hie built house of *Ioue* :
 there woulde I haue gazde at the gorgeous buildings,
 but my guide was in haste, and conducted me into
 the great Hall, wher *Iupiter* and the rest of the Gods
 were at a banquet : no sooner was I entred amongst
 them, but *Mercury* sprinkled me with water, which
 made me capaple of their diuine presence, so y^e I
 sat stil, looking on their persons, and listning to
 their parle : at last me thought blunt *Vulcan* that
 sat at y^e lower end of the boord, although *Venus*
 aboue, sat opposite to *Mars*, beganne thus roughly
 to breake silence : I cannot migh / ty Gods but
 smile to thinke that when my wife and her blind
 Sonne, the one with her boxe of beauties, the
 other with his quiuer of Arrowes, passe abroade to
 shewe their Deities : what number of poore per-
 plexed men as Patients come to haue cure of their
 hurts : some in their eyes, that haue gazed with
 the Phylosopher agaynst too bright a Sunne, and
 such are blind : some that with *Vlisses* haue not
 stopped their eares, but haue listened the *Syrens*,
 and they complaine of their hearing : some in their
 harts, and those bewraies their passions by their
 grones : none comes without greefe, nor returne
 throughly cured, so that I suppose either the
 wounds are very perilous, or my wife a bad Sur-
 gion. Truth (quoth *Iupiter*) but what number of
 women come hether? Multitudes (quoth *Vulcan*).

Apollo smoothly and yet with a smile, demaunded if they were as bad to cure as men: No (quoth *Vulcan*) for be the wound neuer so deepe, tis perfectly cured in twelue houres: eyther my wife is more friendly to Women, or their fores more easie to salue. No (quoth *Mercury*) it is because their loues are like a mans breath against bright Steele, which scarce lighteth on before it leapeth off, or like wood wet in Allom water, which lieth in the fire and waxeth hot, but neuer burneth: their harts resemble a Pumice stone, light: & which way soeuer you turne it, full of starting holes, that if fancy steale in at the one, he can step out at the other: or els quoth *Iupiter*, their harts haue no holes at all, but as firme as flint, that neither fancy nor loue can enter, for *Venus* teacheth them extremities, eyther to fawne & be too fond, or to be too coy and too stubborne, which causeth so many to put vp inuectiues against her. Least of all (quoth the Goddesse) in a great chafe, hath *Iupiter* cause to accuse women of cruelty: if not, I appeale to *Iuno*: at this all the company smiled and *Ioue* was silent: well (quoth *Apollo*) leauing these quips, seeing we haue met to be merry, if it please you to allow of my motion, to make vs some musicke, I will raise / vp the Ghosts of *Orpheus* and *Arion*, two, famous in their times for their instruments, and greatly experienced in Loue, as beeing

great trauailers, and with that conuerſing [with] the greateſt Potentates in the world, who often are as full of loues as they are of dignities: theſe ſhall pleaſe vs with harmony, and diſcourſe either what they thinke, or what they haue heard of womens Loues: To this all the Gods gladly agreede, and *Mercury* was ſent in Poſt to *Pluto* for theſe two Muſitians: ſcarſe had I thought *Mercury* had bene out of the Hall, before I ſaw enter with this winged God, the Ghoſts of *Orpheus* and *Arion*, ſo liuely to the eye, and ſo well truſſed in their apparell, as they ſeemed perfectly ſuch as they were when they liued vpon earth: *Orpheus* after that he had doone due reuerence to the Gods, eſpecially to *Apollo*: tuning his inſtrument without any more commaund, as if his ſeruice ſhould be ſlauiery, hee daintily toucht the Cordes with a ſweete ſtroake, and to a melodious tune, fung this Ditty.

Orpheus Song.

He that did ſing the motions of the ſtarres,
 Pale colour'd Phæbus borrowing of her light:
 Aspects of planets oft oppoſ'd in iarres,
 Of Heſper, Henchman to the day and night.

Sings now of Loue as taught[t] by prooſe to ſing:
 Women are falſe and loue a bitter thing.

I lou'd Euridicæ, the brighteſt Laſſe,
 More fond to like ſo faire a Nymph as ſhe:

In Thesaly, so bright none euer was,
But faire and constant hardly may agree.

False harted wife to him that loued thee well :
To leaue thy loue and choose the Prince of hell,

Theseus / did helpe, and I in hast did hie,
To Pluto, for the Lasse I loued so :
The God made graunt, and who so glad as I ?
I tunde my Harpe, and shee and I gan goe :
Glad that my loue was left to me alone,
I looked back, Euridicæ was gone.

She slipt aside, backe to her latest loue,
Vnkinde, shee wrong'd her first and truest Feere :
Thus womens loues delights, as tryall proues,
By false Eurydyce I loued so deere.
To change, and fleete, and euery way to shrinke,
To take in loue, and lose it with a winke.

Scarfe had *Orpheus* ended his song, but *Iupiter*
thinking not to let so faire a ball fall to the
grounde: tooke opportunitie thus by the hand.

This present Dittie of *Orpheus* tendeth to our
forepassed discourse, as though the Fates had fore-
pointed our talke, and this arriuall consequence of
their infallible decrees: sith then the vnkindnes of
Euridicæ discouers the inconstancie of women, &
that *Orpheus* hath by his sundry passions made an
Anatomy of loue: let vs heare hys opinion howe

hee censures of beautie. *Apollo* at *Iupiters* motion commaunded *Orpheus*, who not amased (as a Ghost come from hell) began thus. The Question right mighty Gods is easie, for that commonly all gaze at beauty as the fairest obiekt that flattereth the eye, yet a thing perilous, howsoever it seemes precious: seeing the fairest Lawnes soonest take the deepest staines, the brightest Beralles the greatest flawes, and oftentimes the fairest faces with intollerable faults: *Greece* vaunted not so much of her beautifull paragon, as *Troy* lamented of their incestuous strumpet: men came to *Rome* to see *Messalines* beauty, but *Rome* sorrowed that shee was counted a Harlot: *Theffaly* rung of *Euridices* proportion, but / *Theffaly* shamed and *Orpheus* grieved at her bad condition, and yet forsooth though we find beauty thus preiudiciall, yet we must leape at it, though to our vtter ruine we light in the ditch: But as the fish *Ramera* listning to the sound of the trumpet, is caught of the Fishers: as the Porcupine standeth staring at the glimmering of the Starres, and is ouertaken with dogges: as the Leopard looking at the Panthers painted skinne, is caught as a pray: so he which taketh too much delight to gaze vpon beautie, is oft times galled with greefe and misery: yea, his pleasure shall inferre such profite, and his good will such gaines, as if hee reapt the beautifull

Apples of *Tantalus*, which are no sooner toucht, but they turne to ashes. Beautie no sooner flourisheth but it fadeth, and it is not fully ripe, but it begineth to rotte : it no sooner blossometh, but it withereth : and scarcely being toucht, it stayneth like the *Guaiacum* leafe, that hath the one halfe parched before the other halfe be perfect : to the Birde *Acanthis*, which hatched white, yet turneth blacke at the first storme : Or like to the stone *Astites*, that changeth coulour with the onely breath of man : this (right mightie Gods) is my censure of beautie, that vnlesse ioyned with vertue, it is like the feathers of the Phenix, placed in the carkasse of a Crow : but where faith and feature are Relatiues, that beauty I call diuine and metaphisica[1], for because *gratior est pulchro veniens è corpore virtus*. Thys discourse of *Orpheus* all the Gods applauded except *Venus* : *Iuno* brookt it as hauing lost the Ball, and *Venus* thought it was best to pocket vp whatsoeuer a Ghost out of hell did tattle, and so I would haue all faire Gentlewomen to take it : well, so well did the Gods like and allow of his talke, that *Iupiter* questioned him what hee thought generally of women : *Orpheus* neither feareing *Iuno* nor *Venus*, as one that could but goe to hell, boldly made answer, that their generall sex stood vpon two extreames, either too curteous or too cruell, and that he had made

experience / of both : and which quoth *Iupiter* are the worst? I note (quoth *Orpheus*) if your question tendes towardes men, because my particuler instance may be no generall Example, but this well I wot, crueltie hath the greatest punishment appointed for it in hell, which may it please you and the rest of the Gods to be attentue, I will proue with a knowne history. The Gods setling them selues in their seates, shewed by their silence how they lik'd of his motion : whereupon *Orpheus* began thus.

ORPHEUS TALE.

Since the mad frowes of *Bacchus* (in that I was sworn an enemy to women through the vnkindnes of *Euridicæ*.) stoned me to death while I fate playing musicke to the Rockes, which seemed to mooue at my melody : my soule sent to *Pluto*, I founde fauour at his handes for that he wronged me of my wife, that I had free liberty to passe vnto euery feuerall mancion : wherupon one day with my Harpe I walked through feuerall places, and heard feuerall complaints, but at the last I came to a thicke fogge, the smoake and stench so deadly and pestilent, as all the ghosts in hell, respecting this dungeon, seemed to liue in *Elisium* : out of this mist I heard the voice of a woman, vttering pittiful shrikes : hauinge remorse

of her passions, I toucht my Harpe, and plaid thinking while my musicke lasted, to make her forget her torments, as I had done the other ghosts in hell, but she told me all was in vaine sith as her faulte exceeded all, so her torture was more then they all: for here quoth she I hang by the haire of y^e heade in so thicke a smoake and stinking a fog, as no tongue can expresse, nor imagination conceiue it. Desirous to heare the cause of this strange extreame, I askt her name and the offence: shee wisht mee halfe angrily to cease my fiddling, and she would discourse a large: I put vp my pipes at / such a dry blowe and shee murmured out of the fogge thus.

I am *Lidia* that renowned Princeesse, whose neuer matched beauty seemed like the gorgeous pomp of *Phæbus*, too bright for the day: rung so strongly out of the trumpe of Fame, as it filled euery eare with wonder: Daughter to *Astolphus* the King of *Lydia*: who thought himselfe not so fortunate for his Diadem, sith other Kings could boast of Crownes: nor for his great possession although indued with large territories, as happy that hee had a Daughter whose excellencie in fauour stained *Venus*, whose austere chastitie set *Diana* to silence with a blush: know whatsoeuer thou art that standest attentiu to my tale, that y^e ruddie Rose in all *Damasco*, the whitest Lillies in the

creeks of *Danuby*, might not if they had vnited their natue colours, but haue bashed at the vermilion staine, flourish vppon the pure Christall of my face: the Marguerites of the westerne Indies counted more bright and rich, then that which *Cleopatra* quast to *Anthonie*, the Corall highest in his pride vppon the Affricke shoares, might well be graced to resemble my teeth and lippes; but neuer honoured to ouerreach my purenes. Remaining thus the mirrour of the Worlde, and natures strangest miracle: there arriued in our Court a *Thracian* knight, of personage tall, proportioned in most exquisite forme, his face but too faire for his qualities, for hee was a braue and a resolute Souldiour. This Cauallier comming amongst diuers others to see the roialtie of the state of *Lidia*, no sooner had a glaunce of my beautie, but he set downe his staffe, resolving either to perrish in so sweet a Laborinth, or in time happily to stumble out with *Theseus*. He had not staide long in my Fathers Court, but hee shewed such knightly deeds of chiuallrie amongst the nobilitie, lightned with the extraordinary sparkes of a courageous minde, that not onely hee was liked and loued of all the cheefe Peeres of the Realmes, but the report of his valoure / comming to my Fathers eares, hee was highly honored of him, & placed in short time as Generall of his war-

like forces by Land : resting in this estimation with the King preferment was no meanes to quiet his minde, for loue had wounded so deepe, as honour by no meanes might remedy, that as the Elephants can hardly bee haled from the fight of the Waft, or the Roe buck from gazing at red cloth, so there was no object that could so much allure the wauering eyes of this *Thracian* called *Acestes*, as the surpassing beautie of the Princeesse *Lydia*, yea, so deeply he doted, that as the Camelion gorgeth herselfe with gazing into the ayre, so he fedde his fancie with staring on the heauenly face of his Goddesse, so long dallying in the flame, that he scorcht his wings, & in time consumed his whole body. Beeing thus passionate, hauing none so familiar as he durst make [his confidant], hee fell thus to debate with himself.

Is it *Acestes* loue that troubles thee? why thou art a Souldiour, sworne to armes, not to Armour; to incounter foes in the feelde, not to courte Ladies in the Chamber : *Hercules* had almost performed his twelue labours, ere he durst find leysure to loue, and thou art scarce acquainted with *Mars*, but thou seekest to be priuate friend to *Venus* : away fond foole, to the Speare and Shielde, manage thy horse, though heere in a peaceable Country: let not Bees hiue in thy Helmet, rust inblaze the figure of sloath on thy Armour, or loue call thee

her milkſoppe, by whom warre it ſelfe hath approoued martiall; haſt thou forgotte that which thou ſuckeſt out of thy Nurſe's teate, that to loue is to looſe, and fancie bee it neuer ſo charie, is meere folly: for loue how ſoeuer it bee, is but a Chaos of cares: and fancie though neuer ſo fortunate, hath her croſſes: for if thou inioy the beauty of *Venus*, thou ſhalt finde it ſmall vantage: if thou get one as nice as *Minerua*, thou mayſt put thy winnings in thine eye: if as gorgious as *Iuno*, thy account being caſt, thy fums will be rated with loſſe: yea / be ſhee chaſt, be ſhee vertuous, be ſhee curteous, conſtant, rich, renowned, honeſt, honourable, yet if thou be wedded to a woman, thinke thou ſhalt finde in her ſufficient vanity to counteruaile her vertue: aſſure thy ſelfe neuer to liue leſſe without diſquiet, nor die before thou have cauſe to repent: which *Craterus* the Emperour noted, when wiſhing that ſome ſiniſter miſfortune might befall his foe: he prayed vnto the gods he might be married in his youth, and dye without iſſue in his age: accounting mariage by this wiſh, farre more full of preiudice, then of pleaſure. This, yea all this *Aceſtes* thou knoweſt to be true: but ſuppoſe it were not, is there not ſufficient to diſſwade? beſide, ſeeſt thou not? or hath fancy caſt ſuch a maſke before thine eyes, that thou wilt not ſee? that her beauty as

it is excellent, so it is high sealed : both in the dignity of her parentage, & the selfe conceite of her mind, to be gazed at, and so honored : not to be reacht at and so enioyed : thou seest she is little liberall of her lookes, much lesse prodigall of her loue : she couets rather a God, then a man : thē amongst men think she wil aime at the highest, or sit still as she is : Pride in her greatest pompe sits inthroned in her eyes, and disdain in her lookes : that if she glaunce to so low as *Acestes*, it is rather to grace him with a smile then to shew him any fauour : beside, fortune hath opposed her selfe to thy aspiring thoughts, in that thy good will hath not yet deserued any such guerdon : thy desire, is farre aboue thy desert : and the poore stay of a wandring knight, farre vnfitte for the Princely state of worthy *Lidia* : But suppose she were pricked in the same veine, and that *Venus* would friendly instill some drops of her inchaunted water to mollifie her heart, yet y^e Duke her Father will neither condescend to her mind, nor consent to my motion : nay, if he should but heare of such reckles folly, as he hath wrought my promotion, so hee would worke my confusion : and in troth *Acestes*, not without cause : for art thou so voyde of vertue, or vowde to vice, as to requite his liberality with such disloyalty : to returne the trust which hee repositeth in thee with such treachery :

Tush, Loue is aboue Lord or law, friend or faith : where Loue buddeth, no Maister is made account off, no King cared for, no friend feared of, no duty respected : but all things done according to the quality that is predominant. Hast thou beene a Souldiour, and dreamest thou of such doubts ? are the courtings of *Venus*, more perrillous then the incounters of *Mars* ? or the deniall of a Lady, worse then the daunt of a foe : no *Acestes*, be not faint harted : as the North Ilands, where the people Iberi dwell, foster no venemous beast, nor the Sea called *Mare mortuum* feedeth no Fish, so are there no Cowards suffered to arriue at *Paphos* : she is but a woman, and therefore to be wonne : Then found on the march, aske not of what degree she is, but where she is : these words *Acestes* (carry emphasis) and are more fit for a Souldier then for a Louer : for loue is queisie, and if it be ouerstrained, cracketh at the first wrest : enduring in this doubt, he sat downe deeply ouer-charged with melancholy passions : that as he which eateth of the Goord Nutte, loseth his memory : and as the Elephant feeding on the Helytropician becommeth sleepey : so *Acestes* fell into a drowisie kind of contemplature, that to auoide such cogitations as combred his minde, hee got him selfe into a Gallery which was built betweene the Turrets of the house, and there sette himselfe downe as halfe

in a traunce: Loue, that tooke pittie of this patient, so fauord him, that he had not sat long in his dumps but that *Lidia* came thether all alone to be solitary, who seeing *Acestes* fitting thus sadly slumbring, determined for her owne recreation to be a little pleasant with him, and therefore awakened him thus.

Why how now *Acestes*, is it your custome in *Thracia* to vse slumbers after meat for Phisick? or is it some melancholy impressiõ that thus amateth your senses? trust me at the first I called to remembrance the picture that *Zerxes* / drew of *Endimion*, lying vpon the mount of *Erecinus*, who leaning his head on his hand, his eyes shutte as one in a dreame: yet had his face so bedued with distilling teares, as his outward plaints did sufficiently bewray his inward passions: and so *Acestes*, in this thy solitary dump, didst thou resemble *Endimion*, both in countenance and colour, that had teares fallen from thine eyes as thou wert in a traunce, I had happily demaunded how *Phæbe* had vsed thee: So apalde was *Acestes* at this sodaine prefence of *Lidia*, that he sat still as a man depriued of his senses: till at the last gathering of his wittes together he start vp, and his due reuerence done, he made this answere.

I think Madam, that melancholy is not particuler either to person or place, but that being

a complexion, it followeth oft times the quality of the affection : so that the mind any way distressed, the body must yeeld in effect to the most precious part : I confesse therefore, that being disquiet at my hart, I felt mine eyes heauy, as they which were the cheefest procurers of my malady : but when I awoke and sawe your excellency, both your presence and curtesie greatly daunted my mind : your presence, in dazeling mine eyes so suddenly with so solemne an object : your curtesie, in that your Ladyshippe without curiositie would vouchsafe to talke with so mean a Gentleman : but I see the best fruite hath the brauest blossomes : the most precious stone, is chosen by the most glistering hue, and the best conditions by the sweetest countenance : so that where beauty reigneth, there vertue remaineth : and vnder a faire face resteth a faithfull hart : But whereas you say you had taken mee for *Endimion* by my penitration and countenance, but that I wanted teares to decipher my sorrow : I answer, that the hottest thunders are not euer quenched with raine, nor the deepest griefes euer discovered by teares : the stone Caratides fryeth without and is cold within, the Germander leafe when it is most full of / moisture looketh then most dry : where the sea is most deepe, there it is most calme : & where is the smallest shew of teares, there oft are the greatest effect of sorrow.

For trust me Madam, I thinke *Endimion* sighing for the absence of his Lady *Luna*, neuer felt more bitter passions on the mount *Erecinus*, then I suffered in this halfe waking slumber : why (quoth *Lidia*) are you in loue? *Acestes* at this question fetcht a deepe sigh, as it seemed his heart strings should haue crackt in funder : he stood as one in an extasie, doubting whether nowe hee should take time by the fore-head, or to defer it till afterward : well, seeing opportunity so fit, he boldly tooke hart at grace, and began to giue this encounter.

They (Madame) that seeke to stop the swift running *Volgo*, a Riuer that leadeth into *Persia*, by staying the streame, maketh the flood flow more fiercely : to repressse the fier, is to encrease the flame : and to conceale loue, is to smother smoake in the nosethrill, which either wil out, or else stiflith : wounds fed of with delayes fester, and oft prooue incurable : fancy long held in the grasse, feldome prooues a timely Haruest : which makes me to set my hazard on the Dice, and either presently to heare the curteous sentence of my life, or the cruell doome of my death. Since most excellent Princeesse, I arriued at the Court of *Lidia*, so hath mine eyes fed on the beauty of your face, mine eares wrapt in admiration of your deuine wit, my mind inchaunted with the consideration

of your vertues, and my hart as the receptacle of all these excellencies, so deuoted to the substance that contriues such supernaturall qualities, that the exceeding pleasure, which so long held mee in delight, at length funcke so deepe, that they grew to greeuous passions: to say all (what I could at large discourse) in on[e] worde, so long did I gaze at your beauty, that I was snared, and so long did I admire your vertue, that now I rest your Captiue: so farre Madame entred the Laborinth, that either I must perrish with the Myno / taure, or els humbly craue your ayde, that the clue of your mercy may hale me forth of such an intricate danger.

Lidia, who swelled in choller at these speeches, coulde not brooke to heare vp the ende of his discourse, but faring like angry *Ioue*, who in his rage couereth the beautifull Skye with a world of stormes, so she incensed with dysdaine, filled her sweet countenance with a shaddowe of bitter frownes, & knitting her browes she beganne thus to reply.

Why gentle maister Knight, hath too much familiaritie bredde contempt? are you such a good Phisiognomer, that you haue insight into my wrinkle in the browe and dimple in the cheekes? I see well if *Apelles* that cunning Painter, suffer the greasie Sowter to take a view of his curious

worke, hee will growe so malapart as to meddle with his picture, that he must be thrust into his shop with *Ne sutor ultra crepidum*: if the proude Centaur *Ixion* bee bidden to the feast of the Gods, no lesse then *Iuno* herselfe will suffice him for his choyce.

Set a Begger on horsebacke, and they say he will neuer light: extoll one of base stock to any degree of dignitie, and who so proud and hautie: I speake this *Acestes* to thy reproofe: for that my Father hath made thee generall of his forces, seekest thou to maister him in fortune: will no dyet downe but my Fathers owne Dish? no meaner mate suffice vnlesse thou marry with a Prince? Dyd my Father preferre thee, and now wilt thou presume to bee his better? haue my lookes beene so louing, my glaunces so full of good will, as to promise so much as thou doost presume? no, but the least countenaunce of familiaritie to a seruile minde, procureth great encouragement: hast thou euer noted any of my actions so base, that thou mightest think I would match with a man of thy calling? Haue I wantond it so euer in thy sight, as thou mightst think mee fit for *Venus*? But suppose my minde were so fonde, as I would / (soring so hie as euer I haue doone) stoope nowe so low? thinkest thou my Father coulede affoorde thee hys Daughter

Lidia, whom he farre prifeth aboue his crown? hopeft thou to compaffe his consent? No, but if he knewe of thy daring prefumption, he would repay thy follie with fuch punishments, as thy aspiring thoughts doe merrit: hee woulde vnplume thee of all thy feathers: and like *Efops* Crowe turne thee naked to the worlde: that they which grudged at thy haftie promotion, might laugh at thy fudaine fall: if therfore thou loue thine own welfare, keepe thy felfe within thy bounds: leaft in foaring with the Hobby, to fall to the ground with the Larke: and in daring with *Phaeton*, thou fal headlong into fuch infirmities, as thou fhalt neuer be able to creepe out of: and with that ſhe flung away in a great rage, and left *Aceſtes* paſſing paſſionate: ſo that hee fate him downe againe more melancholie then he was before: muſing and meditating vppon the cruell reſolution of *Lidia*: thinking thus on his harde fortune, vppon a fuddaine hee fell into theſe tearmes.

But by the ſweete, how ſhould wee know the ſower: the white ſeemeth moſt ſiluer hued when it is adioyned to blacke: and proſperitie is moſt ſweeteſt when it hath beene fore-croſſed with aduerſity. This principle perhaps *Lidia* meanes to make me try by experience, thinking to feede mee firſt with bitter broathes, that after, dainty fare may more delight me: for the childing colde

of Winter, makes the Sommers Sun more pleasant : and the frowning lookes of *Lidia*, will cause her smiles to seeme more cheerefull. Then *Acestes* cease not to pursue thy sute, vntill thou finde her more curteous, or resolutely vowed to remaine obstinate.

Thus like a valiant Champion, *Acestes* neuer feared that mislike hung in Womens browes, and into theyr harts hee could not pry : but hoped the best, and fought for opportunitie to iterate his sute in this distresse. But Fortune / meaning pleasantly to sport with this young nouice, would not minister such fitte occasion that hee might haue sole and solitary acesse to his Goddesse: for *Lidia* vpon pretended purpose, so warily auoided his companie : and with such disdainfull lookes rewarded his proffered dutie, that *Acestes* was faine to aime his course by a new compasse, and therefore getting into his Chamber, stepping to his standish, he wrote her a Letter to this effect.

Acestes to the beautifull Princeesse

Lidia, wisheth what shee desires.

Such as take surfeite by feeding too greedily on the Hony combes of *Hibla*, seeke cure by tasting ouermuch of the sweete fuger Canes in *Candi*. The *Phalanga* stingeth deadly, and his venome can be drawne out onely by rubbing ouer the place with golde. They which fall sicke of

Loue, must haue potions ministred by fancie & charmes from *Venus* to tie about their temples, or els come *Apollo* with all his drugs: the patient will returne him thys answer, *Nullis amor est medicabilis Herbis*. I speak thys sweet Princeesse, as a patient troubled with the same passions: for so deeply haue I imprinted the rich Carraeters of your exquisite perfections, in the closet of my thoughts: that neither mine owne endeuour, feeling I haue aspyred too hie, nor your rigor checking me, I am borne to[o] lowe, serueth any way to race out those *Ideas* which so firmelie I haue conceiued: I seeke to suppressse loue with reason: and I finde that I quench fire with Flaxe: I vse absence, that is Oyle in the flame: I frequent cōpany, their talke is tedious vnto mee: I seeke to be solitarie, oh then as in visions your sweete selfe is present, as that celestiall obiect whereon mine eye coueteth to gaze, and my minde to meditate. Sith then Madame, your beautie hath made me surfeit, let your curteous bountie cure my disease: reiect / him not so rigorously that regardeth you with such reuerence: poore knights haue their loues not in their own willes, but as Loue and Fortune pleaseth to allot: some gaze hie and stumble not, as *Vulcan* whē he courted *Venus*: some looke low and gaine not, as *Eumenides*, that married a Farmers daughter that proued vnchast: sure I am howsoeuer I shall

speede, it will be more honor for mee to perrish
in her desires, then liue in base fortunes. Then
Madam, seeing my loue is like to y^e stone *Lincolns*,
which the lowder the winde bloweth, and the
deeper they are drencht in the water, the more
they burne and blaze: so the more you seeke to
coole my fancie with disdaine, the more my affec-
tion is kindled with desire: the greater dispayre
you driue mee into by denials, the greater hope
incouraged by cōstancie I haue to obtaine my
requests? in which feruent affection I meane to
remaine without change, crauing in lieu of this
my loialtie, that I may bee admitted by degrees
into your fauor, euen as my deserts in loue shall
merit, which shall be as the blisse of heauen to
him that pineth away, and as yours onely and euer.

Still in hope,

Acestes.

This Letter [was] conueid with great speede and
no lesse secrefye to *Lidia* beeing then solitary in her
Chamber, who receiuing them, vnripping the seales,
sawe no sooner the name of *Acestes*, but shee per-
ceiued he was importunate in his old sute: which
droue her into such a fury, as at the first shee
flung away his Letter in great disdaine, vpbrayding
him of immoderate presumption, that durst attempt
the loue of such a Paragon: so that thoroughly in-

flamed with choller, ſhee ſtept haſtily to the Letter and red it, which after ſhee had peruſed, falling into a ſatyricall ſcoffing kinde of vaine, ſhee rudely returned him this aunſwere. /

To her new found Louer *Aceſtes*
the great Knight of *Thracia*, Health.

S Weete Sir, I receiued your paſſionate Letters, and pittie them as the inhabitants of *Labia* Laborinth doo the paſſengers that perrish on their ſhelues, whom they gaze on, but neuer relecue: your witty inuention tels me that you are ſtung with the *Phalanga*, and ſo are in loue: take it the more patiently, for no doubt the ſerpent was *Venus* meſſenger, els had ſhee not fancy inſtead of infection: But alas, your malady cannot be cured but by my meanes: know then braue Cauallier of *Thracia*, that my cunning is too ſmall to enterpriſe the compoſition of any ſecret ſimples, and my calling too great to become a Phifition to ſuch a paltring Patient: ſo that I neyther can nor will cure any other mans diſeaſe by being preiudiciall to mine owne ſafety: but gentle ſir, thinke me not cruell: for it is the influence of the ſtarres, & the effectes of nature that maketh theſe contrarieties, as hauing oppoſde vs in the calculation of our natiuity: for as the Panther cannot abide the company of the

Owncē, as the Vulture is mortall enemy to the Eagle, and the blood of a Lyon and a Woolfe can neuer be mixed in one bowle, so as impossible it is by request, be they neuer so ruthfull, to become thy friend, which by the destinies and instinct of nature, am thy mortall foe. Cease then to accuse mee of cruelty, and leaue off to appeale to my curtesie, for thou shalt alwayes be sure to finde the one, and neuer to feele the other: yet least thou should condemne *Lidia* of ingratitude, who euer was bountifull to her greatest foes, though I cannot inwardly mittigate thy misery, yet I wil outwardly teach thee to apply such playsters, as if the experience of them approue true, shal greatly appease thy paine: It is reported that he which drinketh of the riuer / *Auerna*, cooleth and mortifieth his affections, but if the water be toucht by any meanes before it be drunke, the vertue thereof is of no value. He that weareth the fethers of the bird *Ezalon* about him, shal euer be fortunate in his loue, but if they be not puld when the Sunne is eclipsed, they are of no force: and to be breefe, there is nothing that sooner driueth away amorous conceits, thē to rub the temples of thy head with the sweate of an Asse, which if you can performe, as no doubt you may put in practise, feare not but you shall count my Phisicke authentically. Thus gentle Knight of *Thracia*, you haue heard my

mind, and so I warn you to wade no further, least
I haue cause to laugh and you to repent.

Lidia of *Lidia* resolved to mislike
of *Acestes* of *Thracia*.

This Letter shee sent by one of her Gentlewomen to *Acestes*, who no sooner read the contents, but the disdain of his Goddesse strooke such a colde dumpe to his hart, that hee sat as the picture of *Pigmalion*, when the poore caruer leaned with great passion on his marble mistresse: his thoughts were on dispaire, his musings on dispaire, the objects to his eyes, founded the vgly shadowe of dispaire: that as one lunaticke, he said: *Venus* was the strumpet of *Mars*, the baude of *Iupiter*, the Patronesse of leachers: and that in all her Kingdome there was neyther loue nor vertue, but lust and vanity: I graunt (quoth he) she hath beauty to bestow, but so it is tempred with pride, as hee that buyes it dooth *penitentiam emere*: shee hath many such truls as *Helena* to sell, but they were either so froward or so frolick, as feare may perswade them from the one, or turne them from the other: shee is Goddesse of womens hearts, but shee trickes them vp with such false colours, and engraues so many principles of her Philosophy, in the very center of it, that they are as expert / in coyning of deceites, forging of teares, feigning

of sighes, casting of lookes, lending of fawning smiles, and such preiudiciall pollicies to bewitch men, as euer the *Caldees* were in their diuinations: but [that] this is, suffiseth not to reuenge me on her words: would she were mortall, thē would shee were *Mars*, that I might with my arming Sworde, pearce their disdaine and ingratitude in single Combate.

As thus he was halfe in a frensie, one came to him from the King with Letters, the contents whereof were, that he should make him ready with all possible speede to passe into *Pamphilia*, to make inuasion with fire and sword: This newes come to *Acestes* view as a man reuiued frō the dead, hee burst from his former complaints, and began thus to frolicke with him selfe: Now despight of *Venus* hath Fortune sworne to ioyne me in friendship with opportunity, now time proffers the full cup, and the deuill take me if I carowse it not: Now *Lidia* shall be mine if euer she shalbe to any: women are wonne with honors: the fame of Prowesse challengeth more then eloquence, a Souldiers sword preuaileth more with a Princeffe, thē a Cowardes pen: when newes shall come to *Lidia* that *Acestes* hath made a conquest of *Pamphilia*, whē he sends the Kinges Crowne as a token to the faire and matchles *Lidia*, thē no doubt but she wil be as curteous as now she is cruell: her looks

will lighten loue, where now they drop hate: her words will be welcome, where now they threaten reuenge: Conquerers carry commaunds in their foreheads, and loue knees to them where others bow to loue! then *Acestes* ply thee, martiall thy Souldiours in hast to *Pamphilia*, and there fight both for honor and loue, which either resolute to get or to misse of both with death: Having thus comforted him selfe, he prouided all things necessary for his voyage into *Pamphilia*, both of Souldiers, money, victuals, and munition: which beeing ready, taking his leaue onelie of the King (for *Lidia* would not / to be seene: then marched forward towards *Pamphilia*.

No sooner was he arriued within the Territories, but with fire and sword he made such furious inuasion, that the poore Inhabitants thought *Mars* had bene sent to fill the Countrey with stratagems: the King hearing of this martiall *Acestes*, vnderstanding what a warlike knight he was, how hardy to attempt, how politique in placing the Squadrons of his men, not onely for aduantage of troupes, but of ground: further being foure score thousand strong in footmen at armes and horse, he found his owne strength vnable to withstand him, that he sent to ʒ Kings of *Cylicia* and *Cariá* for ayde: who vnited with him in a league, brought downe with as great speede as might be, their forces, and

generally setting them in troupes, deuided them into three feuerall Battalions, whereof the Kings in person were Conducts: and so marching to meet *Acestes* they incountred him in the great plaine *Refena*: there both Campes lay intrencht by the space of three dayes: at last *Acestes* sent out a few Horse to dare them from their fortifications, which the Kings seeing, ashamde that one man of so base account, should surpasse such Princes in magnanimity and valour: issued out, and ordning their battailes brauely, gaue the charge: *Acestes* seeing more then hee lookt for, doubled courage, and receiued them with such resolution, that the *Cylicians* and Kings of *Cariá* wisht they had kept safe in their Kingdomes: yet making no signe of doubt, they encouraged their men and renued the charge: but in vaine, for *Acestes* with a Cornet of Dimilaunce and men at armes, had broken into their maine battaile, that the troopes disordered, they began to fly: they of *Pamphylia* brought in fresh men, but *Acestes* matched them with his spare Squadrons: that vtterly discomfited thē: then [the] *Lidians* began pursute, and made great slaughter, and many were slayne: the Kinges of *Cariá* and *Cylicia* escapt, hee of *Pamphilia* was slayne, as fighting / more venterously for that twas for his owne. *Acestes*, hauing the victory, founded the retraite, gaue hys Souldiours the spoile to

encourage them, and one day[s] rest to ease them: the next he marched vp into the Countrey, possessed himselfe of the kingdom to his Kings vse, tooke the noble men sworne to allegiance, and in euery Towne of any strength he placed garisons: This done, he dispatched Letters to his Soueraigne of his conquest, and sent the crown of the King of *Pamphilia* to *Lidia* for a present: the messenger dispatcht, he resolved on reuenge, and beside his Commission went into *Cariá* and *Cylicia*, where he set vp the like trophies: for hee made conquest of both the Kingdoms, and brought the two Kinges, much treasure, and many prisoners, to *Lidia*. But while hee was in his warres, and iourning homeward, the Letters came to the King, and the Crowne to his daughter: he receiued the one, shee scornfully reiected the other: but her Father was glad of such newes, looking daily for the honouring of *Acestes*, who was the longer for his other victories.

Well, the day came: *Acestes* was entred *Lidia*, and the King as for his credite he coulde doo no lesse, did summon the Peeres of his Realme to meete at his Courte, which then he held in *Ragusa*, the principall City of his Dominions: whether they all repaired and prepared Justes, Turneyes, and Barriers, in tryumph of *Acestes* victories. It was not long but this lustie warriour came to the

Cittie with his spoyle, and entered the gates; where he was receiued of the Cittizens with great signes of ioy : passing through the streetes as the auncient Romaine Dictators did in their triumphes: crowned with a Lawrell Garland, seated in a triumphing Chariot, he rode richly thorow the streets with great shoutes and showes to theyr Pallace: where dismounting, hee marched like *Mars* or *Hercules*, attended on with two Kings, in such portly and magnificall order, that the King and the nobles seeing him enter the Hall, where the King on a rich throne was seated, / and his Daughter on his right hand, were amazed, as noting in his face some extraordinary sparkes of Chiualrie: *Acestes* pacing vp to the steps that descended from the Kings seate, placing on eyther hande a King, began to deliuer his tale.

Right mightie Soueraigne, executing the charge of the Generall of thy forces against *Pamphilia*, as thy cōmaund and my allegiance bad me, I entred with fire and sword, and by the helpe of Fortune made conquest of the Countrey: the King is slaine, his Crowne I sent to thy Daughter, the kingdom is garifond to thy vse: his confederates these two kings of *Cariá* & *Cylicia*, for that they vnited their supplies to his forces, I inuaded, conquered, and brought hither Captiues: their Crownes, theyr kingdoms, the treasure, the bond-

flaues, for that they were without thy Commission, I not present to thee, but to the Princeſſe *Lidia*, with all the honour I won in the fielde, euer vowing to deuote all my thoughts, my actions, and my Sword and life, as preſt to execute her commaunde and ſeruiſe : with that, riſing vp, he led the Kinges to the Princeſſe, and deliuered them her as her Captiues : ſhee coulde not for ſhame in ſuch a preſence, but ſaine a good countenaunce, and accept them gratefully : whom ſhee forthwith preſented to her Father, who entertained them as belonged to ſuch Kingly priſoners : all the Nobles caſting their eyes on *Aceſtes*, as honouring the man for his vertues : the King ſtarting vp, gaue him great thanks, and bad him demaunde ſome-what before that honorable aſſemblie : with the gift whereof hee might gratifie him : ſwearing whatſoeuer he craued, as he was true King hee woulde performe it : *Aceſtes* hearing this happy motion, caſting his eye on the Lady *Lidia*, boldly beganne his requeſt thus.

Although right mighty Soueraigne, Crownes and Kingdoms be ſweete, and your grace hath willed mee to aſke any thing without acception : yet for that I paunde my / life & honor for the atchiuing of theſe conqueſts with my blood, which a Souldiour holdeth far deerer than Diadems, I little make account of ſuch pelfe : but rather make

choise of that which I prefer before honour, life, and land, or all the world, if it should be presented to me: and that is, the faire and vertuous Princeffe *Lidia*. Scarce had *Acestes* vttered this worde *Lidia*, but the King starting from his seat, turned to his daughter, and asked what loue was passed betwixt her & *Acestes*? Such (quoth shee) with a frowning countenance, as past betwixt *Iuno* and the Centaure *Ixion*: I not deny, but before his iourney to *Pamphilia*, he courted and made great sute by worde, and letters, but howe I disdained the motion of so base a companion, let the aunswers of his Letters manifest: And nowe before this royall & honorable assembly I protest, if *Acestes*, were featurde like *Narcissus*, as courageous as *Hercules*, hauing as many heroicall vertues as euer had any, and could present me euery day two Kings for Captiues till he made me Empreffe of the World, yet woulde I disdaine him, as one vnworthy the Princeffe *Lidia*. At this aunswere, all the assembly abashed, as counting the Princeffe discourteous and ingrate: the King as a man inflamed with furie, began to prosecute his Daughters speech in this manner: Presumptuous *Thracian*, vnfitte with these late conquests, rather obtained by the ill fortune of these Kings, then thy prowesse: for thou hast done mee seruice, I graunte thee life, but for thyne aspyring thoughts

to demaunde the Princeſſe *Lidia*, I diſcharge thee of the Generalſhip, and abſolutely of my ſeruiſe, cōmaunding thee vpon paine of death, within ten dayes to depart out of all my dominions, and neuer to approch my Confines or land. This ſaide, the King in great choller roſe vp ready to depart: the Nobles were amazed and greeued, yea, and grudged ſecretly at *Aceſtes* wrong, but for feare of the King were ſilent: *Aceſtes* howſoeuer inwardly vexed, yet ſhewed no diſcontent in his countenance, / but with a Souldiers courage pulling of his Garland, ſaid: I am not diſmaied at this doome, for that I neuer greeued at the ouerthwarts of Fortune: what I haue got in thy Court, I leaue, as diſdaining ought ſt is thine: the honour I haue wonne, is mine owne, and that thou canſt not depriue me off, and ſo committing my fortunes to my deſerts, I leaue thee and thy Court: and ſo ſoone as may be thy Country: where if euer I arriue, I dare thee to doo thy worſt: and with that *Aceſtes* went away, and the King with the two Kings and the Lords, paſſed in to dinner.

No ſooner was *Aceſtes* alone, but the ingratitude of the King, the diſdaine of his Daughter, the diſgrace offered by both, ſo pierſt him to the hart, that as ſuch as drink of *Lethe* become obliuious: ſo he forgetting the beauty of *Lidia*, fell to ſuch deepe thoughts of hate and reuenge, that he

enioyned himfelfe for a great fpace to be folitary, that *Nemefis* and he might confult together how to bring both the Father and the Daughter to confufion : at laft hee refolued to goe to *Armenia* to *Sertorius*, there great Potentate of that Country, whom hee knew to be mortall enemie to the King of *Lidia*, and in this refolution hee tooke his iourney. No fooner was hee arriued in the Armenian Court, but worde was brought to *Sertorius* that *Aceftes* the martiall *Thracian*, that conquered *Pamphilia*, *Cariá*, and *Cyliciá*, was come difguifed, and as a ftranger into his Court: the King hearing this, tooke one or two of hys cheefe Lords, and went to falute *Aceftes*, and to giue him honourable entertainement, fuch as belonged to fo mightie a Cõquerer : *Aceftes* perceiving himfelfe to be known, after due reuerence doone to the King, began at large to difcourfe to him what feruice he had doone to the King of *Lidia*, and how hee was rewarded, crauing fuccour and fupply of his Maieftie, that hee might reuenge with hys Sworde. The King amazed at fuch monftrous ingratitude, wondring how fuch bafe refolutions coulde harbour in / the hart of a Prince, he promifed *Aceftes* not onely to ayde him with an army of approoued Souldiers, but in perfon to hazard him felfe, both to requite olde iniuries and to reprooue in iuftice fuch an abufe offred without

desert. This answer of *Sertorius* so contented *Acestes*, that after great thanks, hee rested in the Court, passing frolicke, til the forces were furnishing : which no sooner were ready, but without delay *Sertorius* and *Acestes* marched merrily forward towards the confines of *Lidia* : as soone as *Acestes* had sette his foote within the ground of the ingratefull King, drawing his Sword, hee swore not to sheathe it, till hee had made it drunke with the blood of *Lidians*, commaunding his Souldiers (for *Sertorius* had giuen him the ording of the battailes) that they should vse all extremities of martiall [lawe], burne, sack, spoile Citties, Townes, and Castles, to cast all to the ground, to take none Captiues of whatsoeuer degree or sex, but to put all to the Sword : men as they were subiects in *Lidiá*, women as the wormes that he most hated : Children as the issue of them both : the pillage of all should be theirs, only the King of *Armenia* should haue the Kingdome, and he would content him selfe with reuenge : this Oration ended, he furiously marched forward, and where hee came, left the Countrey desolate : The King of *Lidiá* hearing this, was driuen into a great agony, but dissembling his greefe for feare of discouraging his Souldiers, he leuied a mighty army, and hasted forward to buckle with *Acestes*, whom he met halfe at aduantage, as hauing most

of his men at pillage: whereupon the *Lidians* taking oportunitie, set vpon the *Armenians*, but *Acestes* so rangde those that he had, in such warlike fort: that he not only abode the braue of his enemy, but entred his battaile, disordered his ranckes, and put them to the flight: many were slaine in that present place, such as escapt and fled, were met by the Pillage[r]s and harriers of the *Armenians*, and all put to the sword, so that of forty thousand *Lidians* there scarce / remained thirty with the King, who passing vp into the Country, inconst him selfe within a strong Castell, with his Daughter *Lidia*, a few faint harted Souldiers, and all the treasure hee could get: *Acestes* followed his Fortunes, and leauing *Sertorius* behind with the mayne battaile, tooke with him ten thousand Horse, and fixe thousand foote, and made after the King of *Lidia*, as fast as his men were able to march: comming at last to the Castell where he was inconst, first he intrencht a siege round about and legard it on euery side, then he damd vp all such springs, wels, and Conduits, as serued the Castell with fresh water: this done, hee resolued not to loose a man at the assault, but to make them yeeld by famine. The Princeesse *Lidia* looking ouer the walls, seeing how her mortall enemy had girt the Castell with Souldiers, *Armenians*, men there [who] thirsted after blood,

and hated both her and her Father, she fell from thoughts to passions, from passions to teares: infomuch that she sat her downe, and wept bitterly: her Father comming vp the batilments, seeing his daughter in such perplexed estate, finding want of victuals, and that of force he must be famished: greefe stopping his speech, he sat him downe and bare her company in her passions: and after consulted how to preuent ensuing misery, many coniectures cast: at last they resolved to submit themselues to his mercy: wherevpon *Lidia* decking her selfe in most gorgious attire, accompanied onely with two of her Ladies, passed out of the Castell gate, & went toward the Legar: the Sentonell, no sooner had them in hold, but they were honourably conueyed to the Paultion of *Acestes*, who being certified that the Princeesse *Lidia* was attended to speake with him, leapt from his seate, and went to entertaine her: *Lidia* no sooner saw him, but she fell downe at his feete: *Acestes* courteously tooke her vp, and setting her in his seate, demaunded her what she craued: *Lidia* all blubbered with teares, falling downe on her knees, began thus. Mighty / *Acestes*, if repentance were any satisfaction for offences, or sorrowe any salue to couer ingratitude, if teares might wipe away disdaine, if a Virgines blood would pay raunsome for them which haue done

amisse: I would present all these to pacifie the fury of thy conquering Sword: but I know such deepe hate of my Fathers ingratitude, such desire to reuenge my recklesse disdaine, and the disgrace proffered by both: hath set a fire the hart of *Acestes*, as nothing may serue to quench such an ouer heated flame: Oh yet might I finde so much fauour, that my death might redeeme the old man my Father, if not for the losse of Kingdome, yet of life: and from falling into the handes of his ancient enemy *Sertorius*, I should account *Acestes* as merciful as he is valiant: if my treaties may not preuaile, as it little behoueth *Acestes* any way to fauour *Lidia*, yet graunt me this, that I may dye vpon thine owne Sworde, that my blood vanishing on thy blade, thou mayst be satisfied, and I slaughtred, by the hand of *Acestes* so braue a Souldier, might dye contented.

No sooner had shee vttered these words, but shee poured forth such streames of teares, as made the *Armenians* to take pittie of the distressed Princeesse: *Acestes* taking her vp againe, called for his Sworde, and vnsheathing, falling downe at her feete, began thus to make reply.

Such deepe impression of greefe sweete Goddesse, hath pierced the heart of *Acestes*, in that hee hath lifted his Sworde against that Lord that harboreth *Lidia*, such sorrow, such repentance, such remorse,

in that I haue doone any thing that might offend the Princeſſe *Lidia*, whoſe deuine preſence hath raced out all intent to reuenge: and ſo captiuated againe her *Aceſtes*, that heere franckly he offreth his conquering Sworde, (that hath atchiued ſo many battailes) into the hand of his miſtreſſe to chaſtice eyther with death if ſhe pleaſe, that daring Knight that hath / ſo deeply offended: and with that he ſat as a man in a traunce: *Lidia* ſeeing ſhe had brought the Beare to the ſtake, thought now ſo cunningly to muzzle, as ſhe would keepe him heereafter from biting: following therefore her inchauntment, ſhee fell about his necke, and wette his cheekes with her teares in ſuch ſort, that at laſt from weeping they fell to kiſſing, yea ſo did *Aceſtes* comfort *Lidia*, that from melancholy ſhe grew to be ſomewhat pleaſant: the Knight poſſeſſed thus of his Lady (as hee thought) after he had banqueted her with ſuch delicates as ſouldiers can affoord, taking only her hand for pawne of his ſafety, he went with her to the Caſtell: where they were no ſooner entred, but the King of *Lidia* with his Crowne in his hand met *Aceſtes*, and ſubmitting him ſelfe, offered both his diadem and daughter as due to ſo victorious a champion. *Aceſtes* refuſed his dignities, but accepting of his Daughter, embraced her, and entred into priuate and familier parle: inſomuch that choller paſt vppon both ſides, they

began to treat of the marriage: which was concluded, when the King of *Armenia* returned out of his kingdome: wherupon without delay (so feruent was the loue of *Acestes*,) hee tooke leaue of *Lidia* and her Father, and going downe to the Legar, raysed the siege, to the great admiration of all his Souldiers, and from thence marched to the Campe, where *Sertorius* lay: to whom *Acestes* reueled what had past, and craued that he would depart out of *Lidiá*, with sufficient coyne aunswerable for his costs: *Sertorius* with a frowning looke tolde him that in battaile he neuer plaid in iest, and what he had wonne with the blood of his Souldiers and danger of his owne person, he would not deliuer vp but by battaile: *Acestes* whose minde was too haughty to intreat, said nothing, but secretly stole from the Campe, and trauerfing through *Lidia*, got vp of Horse and Footemen, the number of fixe and thirty thousand, with whome trusting to his Fortunes, hee marched closely and secretly to the Campe, of / *Sertorius*, where he arriued about midnight: vsing new pollicy, that before had conquered with prowesse: so that killing the watch and Sentonell, hee past the Courte of garde, and set vpon the Souldiers, making a great slaughter of such men as were sleepe and amaz'd: yet *Sertorius* escaped: but *Acestes* pressed forward and followed him into *Armenia*, where his fortunes

so serued him, that hee conquered *Armenia*, and brought the King himselfe captiue to *Lidia*. Comming thus in tryumph to my Fathers court, feating him in greater pompe and possessions then euer he had he began to vse his late familiarity towards me, but I as a woman changed in calling and condition, shooke him off with more disdaine then before: hee challenged my Fathers promise, who presently commaunded he should be apprehended and put in close prison: wee hauing thus caught the Lyon in y^e snare, my Father questioned mee how I would haue him vsed. I would not resolue on any lesse penaltie then death: my reason, least in letting him abroad, he should fal to his fortunes: the maner of his martirdome I deuised to be famine, as hee intended to vs by his leager: my Father yeelding him absolutely into my hands, I prosecuted the matter, causing euery day for his greater torment, a course or two of daintie viands to be carried before the window that looked into his Chamber, and my selfe to agrauate his sorrowes, would passe often by his lodging in most pleasant humor. *Acestes* seeing himselfe thus ouertaken in his own follie, by trusting too much the teares of a woman, would not exclaime against the sexe, but seeing no way but death, no kinde but famine, he resolved to shew an honorable mind in great patience, & so remained there foure dayes, when

pinched with extreame hunger almost euen to death: as *Lidia* passed by, he fell into these passions.

Meate, meate, oh for want of meate I perrish: Ah hunger, hunger, the extreamest of all extremities: were I amongst men, men would pittie me: amongst beastes, beastes / should feede me or feede vpon mee. Amidst ŷ pikes would I venterously escape, or valiantly perrish: on the land, I could shift: in the Sea, I could swimme: no place so barren, no people so barbarous that would not releue me or soone ridde mee: euery where more help, no where lesse hope: ah hunger, hunger, the extreamest of all extremities. Thrice cruell *Lidia*, no worse I will tearme thee, for that once I loued thee: not suffering mee to liue, nor simply to dye: my head is giddy, mine eyes dazell, fallen are my cheekes, and [on] my tonge die my words, my sinewes shrink, my blood consumeth, all my limmes fainte, and my hart failes me: euery minute I die, and I wish I dyd but die: too long am I out of the way, to bee well out of the way: Ah hunger, hunger, the extreamest of all extremities.

Ah *Lidia*, haue I deserued thus to be doone vnto: I gaue thee Crownes, and thou wilt not giue mee a crum: I bestowed Kingdoms on thy Father, and hee presents mee with famine: thus Loue wrought the traine, and fortune nay mine owne

folly performed the treason : yet this hope I haue, that he that hath found me, is hee that hath fashioned mee, who though hee scourge mee, will yet saue me : how be it my God, I cannot but cry, ah hunger, hunger, the extreamest of all extremities.

What is it I would not rather be, then thus bee ? then thus, ah then thus in pined walles to attende so bitter a death ? I faint, alas I faint, my harts anguish commaundeth my tongues silence : then *Acestes* silently be patient, patiently be penitent, penitently perrish, and that last martirdome will be thy least miserie, because longer thou shalt not cry, ah hunger, hunger, the extreamest of all extremities.

This complaint highly contented *Lidia*, so that shee departed and tolde it to her Father, reioycing that her deuised fourme of death sortd to so bitter euents : well, another day past, so hungry grew *Acestes*, that he greedely fed / on the flesh on his armes, spilling that bloode with his own teeth, which before he had so prisde in many battailes : which when he had done, readie to giue vp the ghost, seeing the bare bones of his armes, he fell into this last complaint : Miserable wretch euen in the highest degree, miserably with my teeth haue I tyred on mine own flesh, till now bloodlesse and famished, my latest gaspe hardly giues passage

to a few, and my farewell wordes: *Lidia*, ah *Lidia*, wherof is thy hard hart formed? that the sting of such di[st]resse cannot pierce it? hast thou the eares of a woman to heare my cries, and not the hart of a woman to pittie my case? Ah *Lidia*, hee that loued thee, for that hee loued thee must die: he that sounded thy praises in fundry Prouinces, him hast thou pinned and pined vp, till those armes are bare from flesh, that in many battailes bruted thy fame: I will not curse, thou art *Lidia*, nor exclaime at my last date, thou wert my loue: nor pray for reuenge, sith at my death my patience shall giue my soule the better passage. But fondly, how short a time haue I to speak, and yet how foolishly I speake, to name my earthly Goddesse when I shoulde pray to my heauenly God: the one hath consumed me, the other must saue mee: now comes the touch, my hart yeeldes to him that framed it, now the last bitter sweete pang of death endes what the malice of man hath inflicted: and so falling downe he died.

As soone as I perceiued hee was dead, not yet content with reuenge, I caused his body to be hang'd in chaynes, that the world might see the trophee of my crueltie.

The manner of his death beeing knowne, the Nobles and specially the Commons began to murmur that so braue a warriour who had made

four Kingdoms tributories to *Lidia*, shoulde so ingratefully perrish through y^e malicious disdaine of a woman, yea so farre it pierced into the hart of *Selidon*, great Duke of our realme, that suddainly causing a mutiny, he summond most of the Nobles, & told thē such a tirant was too heauy for them to beare, to be shorth the / Nobles agreed, the Commons of their free will came in flocks to reuenge, so that he had quickly leauied an Armie of an hundred thousand men, and entred into the Castle, tooke mee and my Father prisoners, whom hee commaunded to be famished in the same place where *Acestes* ended his life : there without remorse we dyed : they tooke downe the body of *Acestes*, and buried him with princelie funerals, and ouer his tombe, for that he attempted the reuenge, they crowned *Solydor* [= *Selidon*] King of *Lidia*.

As soone as she had ended her tale, she fell to her wonted cryes and shrikes, not answering to any question, so that I left the place and returned backe with my Harp.

Orpheus hauing thus discoursed, *Iupiter* asked *Venus* how she liked of the tale : marry quoth shee, as of one that *Orpheus* tells, comming out of Hell : nothing preiudiciall to my Dietie, sith shee was enemy to my loue, and of so austere chastitie, it rather toucheth *Iuno* or *Diana* : the one stately

in her lookes, the other too chary in her thoughts: for my part so I dislike of her disdainfull crueltie, as if I might haue censured, if possible it might haue beene, shee shoulde haue had a more bitter death vppon earth, and a more pinching paine in hell: Truth quoth *Mercurie*, for perhaps the paine is not so great to remaine in the fogge, as the remembrance how faire once shee was, and nowe to haue all smeared with the smoake: I think when *Venus* was a maid, she was more chary of her face then her maidenhead: and more warie of her beautie then her honestie. These quippes quoth *Mars*, are digressions, but leaue *Venus* and talke of *Lidia*, whose life was so strickt, whose hart so opposde to loue, whose thoughtes so full of pride and disdain, as her instance serueth rather to bee produced for a wonder, then for example to condemne women, sith the world I thinke contains not one so bad: *Apollo* smiling said, Well taken *Mars* for you[r] owne aduantage, women must be pleasde, and *Venus* will frowne if / she be not flattered: *Vulcan* sits fast a sleepe, or else I would not haue spoake so broad before, but to drink down all the frumps, *Ganimede* (quoth he) fill in Nectar: so the Gods from disputing fel to carowing, and then *Arion* tuning his instrument, began to warble out this Ditty.

The Song of Arion.

Seated vpon the crooked Dolphins back,
 Scudding amidst the purple coloured waues:
 Gazing aloofe for Land, Neptune in black,
 Attended with the Tritons as his flaues:
 Threw forth such stormes as made the ayre
 thick:
 For greefe his Lady Thetis was so sick.

Such plaints he throbd as made the Dolphin stay:
 Women (quoth he) are harbours of mans health,
 Pleasures for night, and comforts for the day:
 What are faire women but rich natures wealth?
 Thetis is such, and more if more may be:
 Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me?

Women are sweets that salue mens sowrest ill,
 Women are Saints, their vertues are so rare:
 Obedient foules that seeke to please mens wills,
 Such loue with faith, such Iewels women are:
 Thetis is such, and more if more may be:
 Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me?

With that he diu'd into the Corall waues,
 To see his loue, with all his watry flaues.
 The Dolphin swam, yet this I learned then:
 Faire women are rich Iewels vnto men.

Arion hauing ended his Ditty, *Apollo* sayde, this
 falls out fitte, for *Orpheus* hauing made the diuision

of a womans nature to be either too cruel, or too courteous: *Arion* / standeth in his song as well to defend, as he to oppose: accounting women the wealth of nature, and farre more profitable then *Orpheus* saies they are preiudiciall, therfore if it please the rest of the Gods, we'll heare what *Arion* censures of that sexe: they gladly agreed, and *Apollo* commaunded him to shewe his opinion, whereupon *Arion* began thus.

No sooner right mighty Gods, had nature in her curious moulded the counterfeite of Beauty, but looking vpon her workmanship, shee fell in loue with that metaphysicall excellency, as *Pigmalion* did with the perfection of his owne Art: which may assure vs, that it is most exquisite, wherein curious nature taketh such extreame delight: this glorious *Idea* drawne out from the secret temper of the graces, nature, bestowed more prodigally vpon women then men, as creatures more worthy and excellent: the richest gold hath the rarest colour, the purest stones are most cleare, the sweetest Flowers most pleasing to the eye: and women as the purest quintessence circulated from all other liuing things, are therefore the most beautifull and faire: yea in their own sex, beauty is the touchstone of vertue, and y^e fairer a woman is, the fuller of good conditions: for such as nature hath either
• slipt ouer with negligence, or made in her melan-

choly, so that they are ill fauored and deformed eyther in face or body : such I holde as a principle to be counted stigmaticall, as noted by nature to be of a bad constitution : then must we confesse that beauty is excellent, as the pride of nature : deuine, as fetcht from the Gods : glorious, as the delight of the eye : pleasing, as the content of the hart : and to be esteemed aboue all things, as the very couer and superficies vnder which vertue lyes hid : if then men seeing such heauenly obiects, such sweet Saints, haue their eyes fixed, their minds fettered, their thoughts enchanted with their loues, are they to be blamed or not ? rather to be thought of Heroicall conceite : that place their liking on the foundation / of beauty, and to be counted men of great iudgement, that in their desires seeke to covnite themselues to such an excellency : for may not he which enioyeth a beautifulfull Lady, boast that he possesseth at command ? by spending a few yeeres in wooing, some part of his liuing in expences, his dayes quiet in sighs, his nights sleep in teares : by these toyes and a few other passions, he possesseth himself of that creature which the graces and nature had studied many ages to make excellent : yet there be some such satirical copes-mates, that spare not to raile against them, calling them the imperfection of nature, saying beauty is vanity, and the signe of little honesty, noting women

as waspish, froward, deceitfull, toyish, light, fullen, proud, inconstant, discourteous, cruell, and what not: such as can afford them no better speeches, I would haue either made Euenuches or *Esseni* or plaine Asles, neuer to be fauored of women, but to be accounted as stoicall companions, vnfit to attend on such beautifull and vertuous creatures: for in my opinion sweete and simple soules, they be pleasant, open harted, far from deceit God wote: as bearing all their owne secrets, both graue and yet hauing many mad and merry tricks to pleasure men, humble & lowly, submitting themselves to what their friends will lay vpon them: constant, as neuer to be turnd from their opinions: kind enough, and to be short, as full of excellent qualities as the precious stone Silex is full of secret vertue: and this right mighty Gods is my opinion of women: The Gods smiled at this censure of *Arion*, and wished him if he could to proue it with an instance as *Orpheus* did the contrary: *Arion* laying by his instrument, and the Gods being silent, he told his tale to this effect.

ARIONS TALE.

After that Right mighty Gods, the Pirats had heaued me ouer boord, & that being receiued vpon a Dolphins back, I was safely transported to *Loyath*, the King glad / of my arriuell, as

honoring me for that I was counted the most perfect musician in *Thrace*, and musing at the strangeness of my fortunes : to make his peers and princes of his land, partakers not only of my melody but of the wonder, he proclaimed a general feast, not of voluntary but upon command, that all Dukes, Earles, Barrons, Knights, and other Gentlemen, should with their wives and children, for the more magnificence be present : which strict Edict, was so straightly obeyed of all, that at the day appointed, none failed to be present : there appeared in the Kings Pallace such troupes of Lords and Ladies, as might with their glorious bravery overcharge the eye with pleasure. To these the King presented me clad in my rich robe, with mine instrument even as I sat on the Dolphins back, with the whole discourse of my fortunes : whereat they were all driven into a wondering admiration ; after long gazing on me, as at a man reserved to some higher or more hateful destiny, they sat downe in the great Hall to dinner : being placed by the King himselfe and his Sonne, who then played the Marshall of the Hall : the young Prince, whose name was *Philomenes*, giving greatest attendance where hee sawe the fairest Ladies, as having his eye drawn rather with beauty then chivalry : at last he espied a lampe that lightned all the rest, or rather disgraced

them, as *Phebe* dooth the little fixed Starres : for so farre she surpast the other Ladies in excellency, as she did in dignity : and by birth she was daughter to *Pelopidas* the Duke, and great commander in *Corinth* : this Lady whose name was *Argentina*, was so faire, as touching the faultles mixture of vermillion flourisht vpon Iuory, & so full of fauor for the perfect proportion of the lin[e]aments, wherevpon this natieue colour was ouer-dasht, that nature had made beauty absolute, and beauty made *Argentina* the most excellent : *Philomenes* seeing so heauenly a Nimph, stoode staring on her face, as at a wonder, gazing so long, that *Venus* seeing *Ceres* / and *Bacchus* honored all the rest, thought to arrest the yong Prince for her attendant, so that leuelling *Cupids* arrow aright, and wishing the boy to draw home, she pierst *Philomenes* so deepe, that hee shrunk & start at the suddaine prick which this inuenomed arrow had tainted him with : feeding thus his eye, his fancy & his thoughtes with contemplation, hee lost his stomacke to gorge with the Camelion on the ayre : sure was that messe where *Argentina* sat, to haue what attendance the Prince could grace them with : but their seruice was so broken and so ill sewed, that either they must coniecture the Prince to bee no cunning seruator, or els that his hart was on his halfe-penny : well, dinner being

doone, and the tables taken vp, *Arion* fell to his musick, and the cheefe Ladies to the measures : *Philomenes* ringleader of the rout, singled out the Lady *Argentina*, who blushing to see the young Prince make choise of her aboue the rest, gaue such a glorie to her face, that *Philomenes* all on fire at the sight, had almost forgotte the time of the measure : but calling his wits together, he led formost till the musick ceast, & then wringing her by the hand, he whisperd to her thus : I see Madam that all these Lords and Ladies present, frolicke themselues as fitting the time, and feeding my Fathers delightful humor, my silly selfe onely excepted : who thys day giuing mine eyes leaue to banquet on your beautie, commanded my stomacke to fast and pray, that my heart which had surfettted on the excellencie of loue, might finde a curteous Phisition : now sweete faint, it resteth in your fauour, whether I shall triumph as the most happiest, or sorrow as the most miserable. The musick called on to another measure, so that *Philomenes* was interrupted, & forced to tread his taske, but as soone as the musicke gaue breathing time, *Argentina* beginning her exordium with a blush, made *Philomenes* this aunswer.

It seemeth sir, that tis a mery time, your honor is so well disposed to bee pleasant, singling out

a cunning musition, the / simplest plaine song, that your descant might seeme the more refin'd. It behoueth such as myself to brook y frumps of a Prince, & to take them for fauours, for Kings wordes may not offend, if in wrath, much lesse in iest: might your handmaide dare to reply, in my opinion howsoeuer your eyes haue banquetted, your sight is neuer the worse, nor they the more satisfied: for your harts surfeite I will bee bead-woman with your stomack not in fasting, but pray that your Phisition may prooue such as would fit your desires: but my Lorde to your last clause, it is vnlikely your mirth dependeth of my fauour, whose fauour cannot profit, nor disfauour preiudice, but taking it in iest as your honor profferd it, I pray you for my part my Lord to be as merry as you please. The instruments sounded, and forward must *Philomenes*, who wisht *Arions* strings might crack, that his melody ended, he might proceed in his prattle. As soone as the musick stopt againe, the Prince began thus. Beleeue me Lady, if you take my talk for a iest, you haue a deeper insight in my thoughts then myself: for by your diuine beauty, (the oath that for the whole world I would not infringe) so deeply in earnest did I break into my first passion, that my hart feeleth far more then my tongue vttered, so strongly and strangely hath loue on a suddain *vi et armis* as they say, made

entrance, there where fancie before could haue no passage, so that rightly hast thou sayde *Argentina*, that though mine eyes & hart surfeited, yet they are not satisfied: as vowing themselues euer deuoted to so excellent a choyse: which if they may possesse as it lyes in your power, nature by no meanes may minister thē greater content: As *Philomenes* was ready to wade further in his discourse, the daunce, I know not vpon what occasion, brake of, and the olde man calling his sonne, tolde the noblemen they should heare one of *Arions* schollers; whervpon he commaunded his sonne to take the instrument in hys hand, who very nie as skilful as his Maister, obeyed his Fathers charge, and glad that time had giuen him opportunitie / to shew his cunning before this Goddesse, hee began to play, and sung a sonnet to this effect.

Cupid abroad was lated in the night,
 His winges were wet with ranging in the
 raine;
 Harbour he sought; to mee hee tooke his flight,
 To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complaine;
 I opte the doore, and graunted his desire,
 I rose my selfe, and made the wagge a fire.
 Looking more narrow by the fiers flame,
 I spied his quiuer hanging by his backe:

Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
I would haue gone for feare of further wrack.
But what I drad, did mee poore wretch betide:
For forth he drew an arrow from his fide.

He pierst the quick, and I began to start,
A pleasing wound but that it was too hie ;
His shaft procurde a sharpe yet sugred smart:
Away he flewe, for why his winges were dry ;
But left the arrow sticking in my brest :
That fore I greeude I welcomd such a gueft.

Philomenes hauing ended his song, they all generallie commended the skil of the yong Prince, but especially *Argentina*, who hearing him sing both sweetly and passionately, was charmed as if she had heard the Sirens, that while all the other[s] walked abroad, shee fained herselfe not well, and withdrew solitary into her Chamber, where alone, she began to ruminare in her memory all the perfections of *Philomenes*, as well the swee[t]nes of his face, y^e proportion of his body, as the vertues & qualities of the mind : his courage, his comelines, his dignities, but there she stopt & gaue a sigh, as being a prince too high for her to gaze at: meditating thus, shee so swallowed vp the potions y^e *Venus* / had tempred with her sorcery, as drunk with his beutie, she began to fall with herselfe into this parle.

Unhappy *Argentina*, whose youth vertue hath brideled with chaste thoughtes, whose yeeres beauty inchaunteth with fond lookes: resembling the nettle, which may be handled in the bud, but stingeth in the flower: do thy vertues increase like the pace of a Crab, backward? Hast thou in thy cradle been continent, and wilt thou in thy saddle be impudent? art thou come to this feast to buy follie? knowst thou not that *Venus* stands by the wine-presse of *Bacchus*, and breathes her venom vpon his liquor? satst thou downe pleasant, & must thou rise passionate? I and in loue *Argentina*? and why not in loue? was I not framed for loue? are not Womens hearts the Exchequer where fancie yeelds vp his accounts? yes *Argentina*, and feare not to loue, for if thy choyce be right made, there can nothing come for marriage but honour: but with whom art thou in loue? with *Philomenes* the Kings Sonne and heire apparent to the Diadem of *Corinth*: a steppe higher *Argentina* then it becommeth thee to tread, a degree farre aboue thy fortunes, a star to[o] high for thee to gaze at. Kings as they are men before the gods, so are they gods before men: such high personages as wee must honor with our lookes, not attempt with our loues: Why but *Argentina* he loues thee, he is inamored of thy beauty, hee sues with wordes, and intreates with his eyes: What then? cannot

such great Princes be sooner pensick then passionate : weare fauour in their mouthes, when they haue flatterie in theyr harts? Dooth not loue hang in their eye-lyddes, which as it is taken in with euery looke, so tis shaken off with euery winke? is not their fancies like the Somers dew, which scarce wetteth the grasse, before it bee dried vp with the Sunne? take heed *Argentina*, Princes haue liberties and priuiledges, they can laugh at faultes, which wee must pay with pennalties: Wee hold *Venus* for a Goddesse, they neuer offer her incense nor sacrifice : and / yet they no sooner craue, but she is ready to graunt : yea but hath sworne, ah fond foole, *Periuria ridet Amantum Iupiter* : Louers oaths are like fetters made of glasse, that glister faire, but couple in restraint : if swearing had made loue perfect, *Carthage* had possest *Eneas* for their King: *Phillis* had not hangd her selfe, nor *Medea* said *Deteriora sequor* : yet men must be credited, els shall loue be a shadow : talkt of, but not put in execution : all are not sons to *Anchises*, nor brothers to *Iason*, nor traitors like *Demophon* : *Philomenes* face bewraies his faith, & me thinkes his looks containe loyalty : Thus poore wench doo I perswade my selfe to the best, whereas perhaps he meanes but to sport with me, to make triall of my wit : well if it be so, I will endeuor to loue him lesse thẽ I doo, but if he mean

truth, I will labour to loue him more then I haue done: and with this she rested content, & went abroad to find out the rest of the Ladies. *Argentina* had not serued her selfe thus in secret, but *Philomenes* was as solitary: for getting himselfe vp into his Study, then setting down his head on his hand, & his elbow on his book, he began thus to debate with himselfe. *Philomenes* thou hast read much & reapt litle, that at one look hast learnd more thē in seauen yeres study thou couldst discouer: *Hermes* told thee that beauty was a star, whose influence had fundry effects: this was Allegorical, & thou didst only passe it ouer for a principle. *Auicen* said that loue was a fury: how didst thou esteeme of this but as an axiome? *Epictetus* called *Venus* the restless planet: thou tookest this for a dark & Amphibological Aphorisme: comments thou hadst none, and conceiue thou couldst not: but now if *Hermes*, *Auicen*, or *Epictetus* want interpreters, let amorous Schollers be auditours to my precepts: for I haue found beauty a star, and haue gazd against it: Loue is a fury, for it is full of passions, & *Venus* a restless starre, for since the Goddesse distilled into my thoughts her precious Balms, the operation hath been so mighty, as my greatest rest hath beene restless disquiet: what / need these ambigues, this schollerisme, this foolery: Thou art in loue

with *Argentina*, the cōmanders daughter of *Corinth*, a Duke, but thy Subiect: why then dost thou vse preambles & protestations? canst thou not say flatly I am in loue? *Venus* Cofers when they haue the greatest found, are alwaies most empty: & louers when they prattle most, are thought either great talkers, or deepe flatterers: then *Philomenes* discouer thy mind: *Argentina* is a woman, & therefore to be wooed, & so to be won: Kings may command, where poore men cannot intreat: tis better to name a crowne then to write a Letter: an ounce of giue me, is worth a pound of heare me: the name of Queen is a great argument, & therefore feare not: thou hast as much to be liked, as she to be loued. Thus far well *Philomenes*, but suppose she hath already fetled her affection, & hath made choise of some other: seeke not to diuert her, for she that is faithles to one, will be constant to none: if thou loue her, wish her not to be disloyall, but rather paune thy life, then disparage her honor, & wrestle with Loue, whom if thou subdue thou exteemst a glorious conquest. In this resolution he flung out of his chamber, and passing into the priuy Garden, there he found all the Ladies sparfeled about in fundry borders, som gathering flowers, others in discourfes of the excellency of the place, some in prattle with the birds, all busie, none idle: taking thus a super-

ficial view of them all, as hauing his eye wandring
 for a fairer obieſt, he paſſed forward to finde out
 if it might be the Lady *Argentina*, whome he ſpied
 with her mother in a ſhady walke of the Garden :
 ſeeing non[e] but the two, thither went *Philomenes*
 & ſaluted them in this maner : Honorable
 Dutches, well accompanied with your faire
 daughter, the Mother happy for bearing ſo ſweete
 a creature, & *Argentina* fortunate in cōming from
 ſuch a parent : your walking in this ſhady Arbour
 reſembles *Latona*, tripping with her train, *Diana*
 in the Lawns, where hauing her ſelf tried the for-
 wardnes of *Eſculapius* her huſband, ſhe ſchoold
 her daughter, / ſo that *Diana* vowed perpetual
 chaſtity : I hope Lady that y^e Duke *Pelopidus*,
 brooks not company with *Eſcula[pi]us*, & there-
 fore you neede not nuſle vp your daughter in ſuch
 hereſie : The Dutches hearing the yong Prince ſo
 pleaſant, being her ſelfe a Lady of merry diſpoſition,
 made him this anſwer : Lord *P[h]ilomenes*, were
 I *Latona* indeed, & as waſpiſh in minde, as ready
 as ſhe to reuenge, I would cauſe *Phebus* to chaſtice
 your frumps as he did the ſons of *Mobæ*, in loding
 my back with ſuch reuerence, & my daughter with
 ſuch beauty : to your ſtrange ſuppoſition, as far as
Pelopides differs from *Eſculapius*, ſo far was mine
 from *Latonas* perſwaſion, ſo beleeuue me ſir, if Roſes
 be not gathered in the bud, they either wither or

proue windfalls: Maids must be married, least they be marred: if they be coy & sweare chastity, they oft wish and wil with secrecy: youth is the subiect of loue, & Siens that are grafted yong, haue the surest ioynts, therefore so far am I from that austere peruerfnes of some mothers, that as yong as *Argentina* is, if there were a man whom she could loue & me like of, they should neuer break off for yeeres. *Philomenes* hearing how the Dutches defembled not, began thus to reply: & what manner of man should he be that might both content you, & please your daughter? the one measuring by age, the other by youth: I would haue him, quoth the Dutches, to be of age answerable to my daughters yeeres, and his parētage proportioned to her parentage, least inequality of time or birth might breed mischeefe: his personage such as might feed her eye, his vertues such as might please vs both, his liuing answerable to all these, & him would I count a fit husband for *Argentina*. A right conclusion quoth *Philomenes*, for there is no match y^e is right made if pelse conclude not the premises: if he had y^e age of *Adon*, the honors of *Hercules*, y^e proportiō of *Theseus*, the vertues of y^e boy, yet *si nil attuleris ibis Homere foras*, if he haue not liuing, al his loue is laid in y^e dust: but what say you *Argētina*, in faith let me as your gostly father, haue you at shrift before / your mother,

tel me were you neuer in loue! *Argentina* blusht & was silent, as one that durst not be bold before her mother: whereupon *Philomenes* said, see Madam, tis your presence makes your daughter so squemish, I pray you prattle with some other of the Ladies, & giue vs leaue a litle to be secret heere in this walk: perhaps I wil be a suter, to your daughter: what say you Madam, shal I haue your good wil? I, & my good word my Lord quoth she, if you meane earnestly: & with that smiling she went her way & left them to thēselues: *Philomenes* seeing himselfe thus alone with his Goddesse, thought to take hold of her mothers words & frō thē to driue his insinuation thus.

You heare sweet Saint, how fauourably your Mother speakes: now Madam, what censure shal I haue at your hands? I cānot paint out many passions, nor tel tales with such large periods as many vse to doo, but I wil court thee and woo thee in one word, & that is *Argentina* I loue thee: more I cannot promise, and so much I will per forme by the faith of a Prince: *Argentina* seeing *Philomenes* speak so plainly, & therefore as she thought so faithfully, made this answer: my Lord, you take the antecedent of my mother's answer for a fauor, but you leaue out the consequent: and that is, if you meane in earnest, for

I cannot thinke your grace would look so low as vpō *Argentina*, but rather gaze at some glorious princeſſe, whoſe Maieſty might match *Iuno*, whoſe worthines *Pallas*, whoſe beauty *Venus*, & with theſe might bring for her dowry a Diadem: but? & with that *Argentina* ſtaid & bluſht: which *Philomenes* eſpied, & therfore wringing her by the hand ſaid: but, what Madam? nay forward with the reſt or you proffer me great wrong: why then my Lord, quoth ſhe, and with that ſhee gald him with a glance: but if your honor would vouchſafe to fauor ſuch a ſimple maid, as from a meane Lady to make her a Queene: for other thē mariage I dare ſweare your Lordſhip doth not intend: your Father gracing our loues with his Kingly conſent, though I could not with loue / ſufficient requite loue, as in perſon & parentage vnfit for your highnes, yet would I with obedience and humility make ſupply of theſe defects, which otherwiſe were wanting. This anſwer of *Argentina* ſo contented *Philomenes*, as that hee ſtoode as a man in a trance: at laſt hee tooke her hand in his, and ſwore, that before the feaſt were ended he wold make her princeſſe of *Corinth*: let this ſuffiſe *Argentina*, qd. he, & with that he ſealed vp the bargain with a kiſſe, and walked towards her Mother, to whom he deliuered *Argentina* thus: Madam here I deliuer your daughter as ſafe as I receiued in outwarde appear-

ance, but how I haue schoold her, time will make trial: perhaps we haue strooke the match, and therefore let the Lorde *Pelopidus* prouide a good dowrie: and with that he went his way: when the matter comes to that effect my Lord, you shall haue a dukedome with her: at that the Prince turnd back and said, thats mine already, and her Father is like to bee my subiect, and so to holde his liuing in cheefe: the Dutcheffe smilde, & thus th[e]y parted. But leauing *Philomenes* to the King his Father, who hauing noted as narrowly as his sonne, the beauty of *Argentina*, had great lyking of the Lady, so that he made inquirie of those which were *Pelopidus* neereft neighbours, what disposition the virgin was of: they all affirmed to the King that shee was so vertuous, humble, curteous, and adorned with such excellent qualities, as the fourme of her life was a methode wherby other Gentlewomen did direct their actions. The King hearing this, resolued in his minde there coulde not be a fitter match for his Sonne: wherupon determining to break with the yong Prince: as he was in this humor, hee met *Philomenes*, whom he tooke aside, and began to question him as concerning *Argentina*, whether hee cold fancy the Lady or no? *Philomenes* afraide the King had espyed their loues, made answer, that he neuer tooke such narrow view of her that he

could yeeld his iudgement with affection: then doo qd. the King, and giue me within two daies an answer, and so he departed. *Philomenes* ioyfull of this, no foo/ner met *Argentina*, but he told what motion his Father had made: but to make a smal haruest of a litle crop, *Philomenes* at the two daies end so answered his Father, that the King breaking with the Duke, it was concluded that the end of the feast should be the beginning of y marriage: which was such a ioy to the nobles to see their yong Prince allied in his owne Land, that they deuised newe Justes and pastimes, continuing the feast many dayes to their great ioy: and the Louers most happy content: The mariage and the feast thus finished, the Nobles departed: *Pelopidus* leauing his daughter thus honorably espoused, took his leaue: the married couple staying still with the old King in his Court, who being of great age, liued not long after, but paid his debt vnto nature, so that *Philomenes* was crowned King of *Corinth*: Liuing thus happily with his wife *Argentina*, thinking his degree too high for Fortune to preiudice, it so fell out, that *Marcion* the King of *Sycilia*, hearing that his ancient enemy *Philomenes* father was dead, thought to try what mettall was in the sonne, to proue if he were as valiant and fortunate as his father: therefore he leauied a great Army & prouided

a great fleete to faile to *Corinth*: which was no
fooner rigged but he imbarqued his men, and as
foone as wind & weather woulde permit, failed
toward *Corinth*, where arriuing in a Desert place,
as politick to land without any great resistance:
he vnshipt his men, and all his furniture for war:
and letting his Nauie ride in the road, hee marched
forward into the maine land, vsing as one ſ
intended a conquest, fire & sword. *Philomenes*
hearing by Postes how *Marcion* was landed with
a mighty Hoast, and had spoiled many of his
prouinces, started vp, & summoning his Lords
about him, raised a mighty hoast, such as neuer
King of *Corinth* dyd before him, and with thē
marched to meet with *Marcion*: whom he incoun-
tred by the Riuer ſ runneth by the great plaine
called the *Corinth* downes: then pitching his
pauilion, he intrenched his Army, and so had
Marcion fortified his: lying thus a while, at last
by Heralts they resolued / vpon a day of battaile,
which once come & both the Armies rangd, they
ioynd battaile so furiously, the one to cōquer, the
other to defend: *Philomenes* hart made one with
equitie, the other with dispaire: that a long while
ſ fight was doubtfull, till at last fortune allotted
the best to *Marcion*, in such sort that the fiede
was his, the *Corinthians* most slaine, some fledde,
the King valiantly fighting, taken prisoner: *Mar-*

cion triumphing in the victory, marched forwardes to the Citty, leading *Philomenes* as his Captive: coming to the gates y^e Cittizens yeelded vp the Keyes, & he as a valiant conquerour entred, & passing into the pallace, found there the Queene all blubbred with teares, as a woman almost fencelesse: whom he comforted and committed to y^e custodie of one of his Duke[s]: seated thus victoriously in *Corinth*, he not onely disgraced the King from all dignitie, but disrobing him, commanded that he should be turnd out of the pallace, and that he should not be releued vpon paine of death, but if he would haue any thing to satisfie his thirst, he should gette it with his handythrift: *Philomenes* not abashed at this doome, intreated the King to be good to his wife, and so went and became a labourer for day wages, contented with this fortune: *Marcion* the next day sent for the Queene, who although forlorne with teares, yet noting her narrowly, hee found her the fayrest creature that euer yet in his life he had viewed, so that hee fell extreamly in loue with her, and offered her what lyberty or pleasure shee would haue, courting her with many faire promises and amorous conceits, but all in vaine: for shee was resolued whatfoeuer fell, life or death, y^e none to her but her loue *Philomenes*: *Marcion* captiuated in her beauty, was restlesse, feeling such strange

& vncouth passions, that at last he fell into these termes.

What fond motions *Marcion* are these that disturbe thy mind? what childish thoughts vnfit for a King, a souldier, nay for one that hath conquered both a Crowne and Kingdom: thou camst from *Sycilia* to be victor, & heere thou art arriued & art vanquished: thou hast beaten *Philomenes* in battaile, / & art brought vnder by his wife in loue: thy resolution was to terrifie thy foes with thy sword, so thou hast don, but faine to please a woman with thy tongue: by this fond foolery I may note, y^e *Venus* frowne is of more force then the weapons of *Mars*, that affections are harder to be supprest then enemies to subdue: that loue is aboue King and Keiser: where *Cupid* commaunds, there dignity hath no priuiledge to withstand: then *Marcion* yeelde, sue and intreat: but whom? the wife of *Philomenes* thy captiue: rather commaund her, and what shee will not yeelde by intreaty, take by constraint: in so dooing should I reape infamy, and forced loue is neuer sweete: no *Marcion* allure her with wealth, promise she shal be thy paramore, to feat her next thy selfe in thy kingdome: women are won with fauors, and there is none so chaste but time and gifts may intice. In this resolution he sent for *Argentina* & beganne thus to deliuer his minde

vnto her. Thou seeft *Argentina*, how I haue fauourd thee, not like a Princeffe that were captiue, but euen as a Queene that is sole mistres and foueraigne of my affections: thy beauty hath cōquered that hart which had made conquest of thy Country, & subdued him who before, womans feature neuer vanquished: then *Argentina* take pittie of him that for thy loue is so passionate, consent that I may enioy thee as my paramour, and thou shalt be honourd as she that is best loued of the King of *Sycilia*. I could *Argentina* y^e seeft obtaine by force what I sue for by intreatie: but I couet rather to possesse my selfe of thy louely consent, then by constraint: yeeld therefore what I request, and heere before the Lords of *Sycilia*, I promise to grant whatsoeuer thou shalt commaund, so it touch not my Crowne nor thy Husbande, though to the danger of my person, freely without exception: *Argentina* as one nothing dismaid, returnd him this answere: I not deny *Marcion* thou hast subdued *Corinth*, and deposed the King, which I attribute rather to his bad fortunes, then thy prowesse or chiuallrie, but in all thy conquest thou shalt neuer boast thou hast conquered either *Philomenes* or hys wife / *Argentina*, seeing we are only ouercom, not vanquished: in that both of vs remaine contented, and keepe our minds vntoucht: thou art inchaunted with my

loue : no *Marcion*, but perhaps thou art fed with
lust, & neuer hope that *Argentina* will minister
any meanes to appease the flame, although thou
shouldst inforce her to consent by the most extreame
torments : *Philomenes* liues, & so long wil I loue :
not thee, but him whom I vowed to be true vnto
for euer : yet thy last condition hath somewhat
perswaded me, that if thou graunt what I request,
I will consent not only to be thy paramour but
thine for euer : the king was so glad of this, that
he iterated with an oath to performe her demaund :
then this it is quoth *Argentina* : To morrow
morning thou shalt shut thy selfe into a secret
place, whereof my selfe wil keepe the key, &
there for three dayes thou shalt fast, without tasting
any thing to asslake hunger or thirst : this time
thou shalt pray to the Gods for the remission of
our sinns which we shal offend in by breach of
matrimony, then at the terme of three days thou
shalt freely take the vse of my body before thou
eat any meat, otherwise if thou faile but as much
as *Proserpina* to taste a graine of the pomgranet,
thou shalt neuer after question me of loue : thus
doo, and I grant to like thee, or els here is my
head, let that pay my raunsom : *Marcion* was so
setled in her beauty, that he thought it nothing to
vndertake this taske, and therefore promised before
his Lords to fast three daies, and then to lye with

her before he eat any meat, or els neuer to motion her any more of loue : whereupon the next day the Princeſſe ſhut him vp till the date was expired : in which three dayes he felt ſuch torments, ſuch pinching hunger and extreme thirſt, that he curſed loue, and exclaimed againſt beauty as a charme ꝑ made men ſenceles, willing to giue for one crum the Diadem of *Corinth* : well, the terme expired, all the Nobles were aſſembled & ſat in the great hall expecting what euent ſhold fall either of ꝑ Kings faſt, or of *Argentinas* requeſt : at laſt *Argentina* ſent the key to one of the Lords, that the king might come into the / Hall, whether ſhe preſently would repaire : the Lord went to the chamber doore and no ſooner put the key to the lock, but *Marcion* ſtarted vp and cryed for meat : the Lord vnlockt and ſaw the King glance at him with ſuch a fierce looke, that he was afraid and ſtarted back : villaine quoth *Marcion*, haſt thou brought me any meat ? and with that running as a mad man into the hall, flinging in fury among the Lords : Why Gentiles (quoth he) ſit you heere without meat ? why are not the tables ſpread ? doo I allow ſuch niggardly allowance, or will you famiſh him that foſtereth you all ? At this he was in a rage : *Argentina* apparailled in her richeſt robes, came pacing, that ſhe looked more like an Angell then a mortall creature, in-

ſomuch that euery eye directed their glaunces at ſo heauenly an object, except *Marcion*, who at her ſight ſat as a man greatly amated : hauing her mayde followe her with a diſh of meat crumd : *Argentina* with a ſmiling countenance taking him by the hand, ſayd thus.

Redoubted Conquerour, according to promiſe, I am come in the preſence of theſe Lords to offer my ſelf ſubiect to your highnes pleaſure, ready to goe whither your grace ſhal conduct me : *Marcion* at this cried out, & thinkſt thou *Argentina* that famiſht men haue minde on beauty? or is hunger to be ſatiſfied with loue? no, no, tis true *Marcion*, *Sine Cerere & baco friget Venus*, reaſon could not ſubdue luſt, but faſting hath ſet it on a *non plus* : but what is that the mayde carries? meat my Lord quoth ſhe for your honour after, and with that ſhe bluſht : *Marcion* no ſooner heard her name meate, but he leapt to the mayde, puld away the diſh, ſaying: far wel fond loue, and welcome that wherof one morſel is worth a monarchy : *Argentina* giue me leaue to eate, for thou haſt conquered *Marcion* in his own folly : and with that he fell to his meat : wherewith after he had ſomewhat appeaſed his hunger, fitting him in his ſeat royal, he began to parle with his Lords of *Argentinas* pollicy, highly extolling the conſtancy of ſo true a wife, and ſo far entred into

confideration of the chaunce of fortune, / and fall of Princes, that rifing from his throne, he went and embraced and kift *Argentina*, not only praifing her for her redy inuention to perfwade him from his vanity, but for her fake fent for her husband, and yeelded him his Crowne and his Kingdome, and liuing his fworn friend, returned home into *Sycilia*.

No fooner had *Arion* ended his tale, but *Mars* taking opportunity, faid : we fee by this euent, that as women haue their vanities whereby to be checked, fo they haue their vertues redounding greatly to their praife : beeing both affable and conftant, although that fingle inftance of *Orpheus* his *Lidia* did inferre the contrary : And fo quoth *Apollo* would *Venus* ferue for an inftance if you mean of conftancy, for no doubt if you may be iudge, al beauty fhall be vertue, & all women fhall be Saints: & now quoth *Iupiter*, *Apollo* by your leaue to take *Mars* his part, we ought rightly to think of women, feeing fo oft we feeke their fauors, & fpeak to them by intreaties for their loues, otherwife we fhould proue our felues very ingrate: to beat thē with rods, that feaft vs with banquets, to proffer them Scorpions that giues vs no worfe then their own felues : Liuely fpokē quoth *Mercury*, but *Iuno* likes you neuer the

better for this flattery, as supposing you haue
 fued to more then contented her, or becommed
 you: but in my opinion, *Arions* tale paints out a
 paragon, a matchles mirrour, as wel for constancy,
 as the other for cruelty: these extremes therfore
 infer no certain cōclussions, for they leaue a mean
 betweene both, wherein I think the nature of
 women doo consist, neither so cruel but they wil
 grant, nor so constant but they will yeeld, &
 rather oft-times proue too curteous then too
 vnkind: See quoth *Mars* how peeuishly you
 conclude, to taunt them still of vnconstancy: well
Mercury, quoth he, thou art subtil, & canst by
 thy fallacions prooue what thou wilt: but yet
 this I set down for mine own opinion, that
 women the more beautiful they are, the more
 curteous, the more constant, y^e fuller of excelent
 qualities, or / rather vertues, and by the Riuer of
Stycks I fwere,—and with that he rose in choller,
 —this I will approoue against him that dare main-
 taine the contrary: though not with my pen, yet
 my sword: at this the Gods smild, and *Mars* in
 such a rage clapt his hand on the boord, that
 I awoke, not knowing what became of the Gods
 or of *Arions* soule, only I remembred their tales.

Being thus awakt, I lookt about me, and still
 fate my Shepheard: how now good fellow, quoth

I, haue I not taken a lusty nap? thy Pipe founded so sweetly, and there I had such a dreame as I would not haue lost for much, for I hope it wil after more profit me then all my iourney I haue past to *Erecinus*: I am glad quoth the Shepheard, my pipe did thee so much pleasure, and if thy slumber hath presented thee any visions, note them, for al dreames that men see in *Erecinus*, prooue true: and with that standing vp, me thought he had wings on his head, shoulders, and feete: he bad me far well, & tooke his flight: then I knewe it was *Mercury*. Whereupon, calling to mind the occasion of my iourney: I found that either I had lost loue, or loue lost me: for my passions were eased: I left *Erecinus* and hasted away as fast as I could, glad that one dreame had rid me of fancy, which so long had fettred me, yet could

I not hie so fast, but ere I could get home,

I was ouertaken with repentance.

Robert Greene.

FINIS.

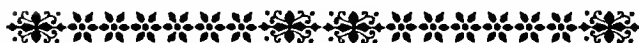


XXXI.

GREENS
GROATSWORTH OF WIT,

ETC.

1592—1596.



NOTE.

'Greens Groatsworth of Wit' was originally published in 1592. It was re-published in 1596, 1600, 1616-17, 1620, 1621, 1629, 1637 and later (undated). Sir Egerton Brydges reprinted it at the Lee Priory Press, not very accurately. Our text is of 1596 from the Huth Library. See annotated Life in Vol. I.—G.

GREENS, Groats-worth of Wit,

bought with a Million of

Repentaunce.

Describing the follie of youth, the falshoode of makeshift
flatterers, the miserie of the negligent, and mischiefes
of deceiuing Courtezans.

*Written before his death, and published at his
dying request.*

Felitem fuisse infaustum.

Vir. effet vulnere veritas.

LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard Oliue
dwelling in long Lane, and are there
to be folde. 1596.



THE PRINTER TO
the Gentle Readers.

I haue published heere Gentlemen for your mirth and benefit, *Greenes* groateſworth of wit. With fundry of his pleaſant diſcourſes, ye haue beene before delighted: But now hath death giuen a period to his pen: onely this happened into my hands, which I haue publiſhed for your pleaſures: Accept it fauorably becauſe it was his laſt birth, and not leaſt worth, in my poore opinion. But I will ceaſe to praiſe that which is aboue my conceit, and leaue it ſelfe to ſpeake for it ſelfe: and ſo abide your learned cenſuring.

Yours, W. W./



TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

Gentlemen. The Swan sings melodiously before death, that in all his life time vseth but a iarring sound. *Greene* though able inough to write, yet deeplyer searched with sickenesse then euer heretofore, sends you his Swanne-like song, for that he feares he shal neuer againe carroll to you woonted loue layes, neuer againe discouer to you youths pleasures. How euer yet sickenesse, riot, incontinence, haue at once shown their extremitie, yet if I recouer, you shall all see more fresh springs, then euer sprang from me, directing you how to liue, yet not diswading you from loue. This is the last I haue writ, and I feare me the last I shall write. And how euer I haue beene censured for some of my former bookes, yet Gentlemen / I protest they were as I had speciall information. But passing them, I commend this to your fauorable censures, and like an Embrion without shape, I feare me will bee thrust into the world. If I liue to

ende it, it shall be otherwise: if not, yet will I commend it to your courtesies, that you may as wel be acquainted with my repentant death, as you haue lamented my carelesse course of life. But as *Nemo ante obitum felix*, so *Acta Exitus probat*: Befeeching therefore to bee deemed hereof as I deferue, I leaue the worke to your likings, and leaue you to your delights. /



GREENES Groatsworth of wit.

In an Iland bound with the Ocean, there was sometime a Citie situated, made rich by Marchandize and populous by long space: the name is not mentioned in the Antiquary, or else worne out by times Antiquitie: what it was it greatly skilles not: but therein thus it happened. An old new made Gentleman herein dwelt, of no small credit, exceeding wealth, and large conscience: he had gathered from many to bestowe vpon one, for though he had two sonnes, he esteemed but one, that being as himselfe, brought vp to be goldes bondman, was therefore held heire apparent of his ill gathered goods.

The other was a Scholler, and married to a proper Gentlewoman, and therefore least regarded, for tis an olde said saw: To learning and law, ther's no

greater foe, then they that nothing know: yet was not the father altogether vnlettered, for he had good experience in a *Nouerint*, and by the vniuerfall tearmes therein contained, had driuen many gentlewomen to seeke vnknownen countries: wife he was, for he boare office in his / parish, and sate as formally in his fox-furd gowne, as if he had beene a very vpright dealing Burges: he was religious too, neuer without a booke at his belt, and a bolt in his mouth, ready to shoote through his finfull neighbor.

And Latin he had some where learned, which though it were but little, yet was it profitable, for he had this Philosophie written in a ring, *Tu tibi cura*, which precept he curiously obserued, being in selfeloue so religious, as he held it no point of charitie to part with any thing, of which he liuing might make vse.

But as all mortall things are momentarie, and no certaintie can bee founde in this vncertaine world, so *Gorinius* (for that shall be this Ufurers name) after many a goutie pang that had pinchd his exterior parts, many a curse of the people that mounted into heauens prefence, was at last with his last summons, by a deadly disease arrested, where-against when hee had long contended, and was by Phisitions giuen ouer, hee cald his two sonnes before him: and willing to performe the

olde prouerbe, *Qualis vita finis Ita*, hee thus prepared himselfe, and admonished them. My sonnes, (for so your mother faide ye were) and so I assure my selfe one of you is, and of the other I wil make no doubt.

You see the time is come, which I thought would neuer haue approached, and we must now be seperated, I feare neuer to meete againe. This fixteene yeares daily haue I liued vexed with disease : and might I liue fixteene more, how euer miserably, I should thinke it happie. But death is relentlesse, and will not be intreated : witleffe, and knowes not what good my gold might do him : senselesse, & hath no pleasure in the delightfull places / I would offer him. In breefe, I thinke he hath with this foole my eldest sonne beene brought vp in the vniuersitie, and therefore accounts that in riches is no vertue. But you my sonne, (laying then his hand on the yongers head) haue thou another spirit : for without wealth life is a death : what is gentry if wealth be wanting, but base seruile beggerie? Some comfort yet it is vnto me, to see how many gallants sprung of noble parents haue croucht to *Gorinius* to haue sight of his gold : O gold, desired golde, admired golde ! and haue lost their patrimonies to *Gorinius*, because they haue not returned by their day that adored creature ! How many

fchollers haue written rimes in *Gorinius* praise, and receiued (after long capping and reuerence) a fixpeny reward in signe of my superficiall liberalitie. Breefely my yong *Lucanio*, how I haue bin reuerentst thou seest, when honefter men I confesse, haue beene set farre off: for to be rich is to be any thing, wise, honest, worshipfull, or what not? I tell thee my sonne: when I came first to this Cittie, my whole wardrop was onely a fute of white sheepe skins, my wealth an olde Groate, my wooing, the wide world. At this instant (O grieffe to part with it) I haue in readie coyne threescore thousand pound, in plate and Jewels, xv. thousand, in bonds and specialties as much, in land nine hundred pound by the yeere: all which, *Lucanio* I bequeath to thee, onely I referue for *Roberto* thy well red brother, an olde Groate (being the stocke I first began with) wherewith I wish him to buy a groatfworth of wit: for he in my life hath reprooued my maner of life, and therefore at my death, shall not be contaminated with corrupt gaine. Heere by the way Gentlemen must I disgresse to shew the reason of *Gorinius* present speech: *Roberto* being / come from the Academie, to visit his father, there was a great feast provided: where for table talke, *Roberto* knowing his father and most of the companie to be execrable vsurers, inuayed mightily

againſt that abhorred vice, inſomuch that he vrged teares from diuers of their eyes, and compunction in ſome of their hearts. Dinner being paſt, hee comes to his father, requeſting him to take no offence at his liberall ſpeech, ſeeing what he had vttered was truth. Angrie, ſonne (ſaide he) no by my honeſty, (& that is ſomewhat I may ſay to you) but uſe it ſtill, and if thou canſt perſwade any of my neighbours from lending vppon vſurie, I ſhould haue the more customers: to which when *Roberto* would haue replied, he ſhut himſelfe into his ſtudie, and fell to telling ouer his money.

This was *Robertos* offence: nowe returne we to ſeeke *Gorinius*, who after he had thus vnequally diſtributed his goods and poſſeſſions, began to aſke his ſons how they liked his bequeſtes: either ſeemed agreed, and *Roberto* vrged him with nothing more, then repentance of his finloke: to thine owne ſaid he, fond boy, and come my *Lucanio*, let me giue thee good counſel before my death: as for you fir, your bookes are your counſellors, and therefore to them I bequeath you. Ah *Lucanio*, my onely comfort, becauſe I hope thou wilt as thy father be a gatherer, let me bleſſe thee before I die. Multiply in wealth my ſonne by anie meanes thou maiſt, onely flie Alchymie, for therein are more deceites then her beggerly Artiſtes haue wordes; and yet are the wretches

more talkatiue then women. But my meaning is, thou shouldest not stand on conscience in causes of profite, but heape treasure vpon treasure, for the time of neede: yet seeme / to be deuout, else shalt thou be held vile: frequent holy exercises, graue companie, and aboue all, vse the conuerfation of yong Gentlemen, who are so wedded to prodigalitie, that once in a quarter necessity knocks at their chamber doores: profer them kindnesse to relieue their wants, but be sure of good assurance: giue faire words till dayes of payment come, and then vse my course, spare none: what though they tell of conscience (as a number will talke) looke but into the dealings of the world, & thou shalt see it is but idle words. Seest thou not many perish in the streetes, and fall to theft for neede: whom small succor would releue, then where is conscience, and why art thou bound to vse it more then other men? Seest thou not daily forgeries, periuries, oppreffions, rackings of the poore, rayfing of rents, inhauncing of duties, euen by them that shuld be all conscience, if they meant as they speake: but *Lucanio* if thou reade well this booke, and with that hee reacht him Machiauels works at large) thou shalt see what it is to be foole-holy, as to make scruple of conscience, where profit presents it selfe.

Besides, thou hast an instance by thy threed-bare

brother heere, who willing to do no wrong, hath lost his child's right: for who would wish any thing to him, that knowes not how to vse it?

So much *Lucanio* for conscience: and yet I knowe not whats the reason, but somewhat stings mee inwardly when I speake of it. I, father, said *Roberto*, it is the worme of conscience, that vrages you at the last houre to remember your life, that eternall life may follow your repentance. Out foole (said this miserable father) I feele it now, it was onely a fitch. I will forward with my exhortation to *Lucanio*. As I faide my / sonne, make spoyle of yong gallants by insinuating thy selfe amongst them, and be not mooued to think their Auncefthors were famous, but consider thine were obscure, and that thy father was the first Gentleman of the name: *Lucanio* thou art yet a Bachelor, and so keepe thee, till thou meete with one that is thy equall, I meane in wealth: regard not beautie, it is but a baite to entice thine neighbors eie: and the most faire are commonly most fond: vse not too many familiars, for few prouue friends, and as easie it is to weigh the wind, as to diue into the thoughts of worldly glosers. I tell thee *Lucanio*, I haue seene foure score winters besides the odde seauen, yet saw I neuer him, that I esteemed as my friend but gold, that desired creature, whom I haue deerely loued, and found so firme a friend, as nothing to

me hauing it, hath beene wanting. No man but may thinke deerely of a true friend, and so doe I of it, laying it vnder fure locks, and lodging my heart therewith.

But now (Ah my *Lucanio*) now must I leaue it, and to thee I leaue it with this lesson, loue none but thy selfe, if thou wilt liue esteemed. So turning him to his study, where his chiefe treasure lay, he loud cried out in the wise mans words, *O mors quam amara*, O death how bitter is thy memorie to him that hath al pleasures in this life, and so with two or three lamentable groanes he left his life: and to make short worke, was by *Lucanio* his sonne enterd, as the custome is with some solemnitie: But leauing him that hath left the world, to him y censureth of euery worldly man, passe we to his sons: and see how his long laied vp store is by *Lucanio* looked into. The youth was of cōdition simple, shamefast, and flexible to any counsaile, which *Roberto* per/ceiuing, and pondering how little was left to him, grew into an inward contempt of his fathers vnequall legacie, and determinate resolution to worke *Lucanio* al possible iniurie: here vpon thus conuerting the sweetnesse of his studie, to the sharpe thirst of reuenge, he (as Enuie is feldome idle) fought out fit companions to effect his unbrotherly resolution. Neither in such a case is

ill companie farre to seeke, for the Sea hath scarce so ioperdies, as populous Citties haue deceiuing Syrens, whose eies are Adamants, whose wares are witchcrafts, whose doores leade downe to death. With one of these female Serpents *Roberto* comforts, and they conclude, what euer they compassed, equally to share to their contentes. This match made, *Lucanio* was by his brother brought to the bush, where he had scarce pruned his wings, but hee was fast limed, and *Roberto* had what he expected. But that we may keepe forme, you shall heare how it fortuneth.

Lucanio being on a time very penfue, his brother brake with him in these tearmes. I wonder *Lucanio* why you are so disconsolate, that want not any thing in the world that may worke your content. If wealth may delight a man, you are with that sufficiently furnisht: if credit may procure a man any comfort, your word I knowe well, is as well accepted as any mans obligation: in this Citie are faire buildings and pleasant gardens, and cause of folace: of them I am assured you haue your choyse. Consider brother you are yong, then plod not altogether in meditating on our fathers precepts: which howsoever they fauoured of profit, were most vnfaulerly to one of your yeeres applied. You must not thinke but certaine Marchants of this Citie, expect your company, sundry Gentlemen

desire your / familiarity, and by conuerſing with ſuch, you will be accounted a Gentleman: otherwiſe a peſant, if ye liue thus obſcurely. Beſides, which I had almoſt forgot, and then had all the reſt beene nothing, you are a man by nature furniſhed with all exquisite proportion, worthy the loue of any courtly Ladie, be ſhe neuer ſo amorous: you haue wealth to maintaine her, of women not little longed for: wordes to court her you ſhall not want, for my ſelfe will be your ſecretary. Brieflie, why ſtande I to diſtinguiſh abilitie in perticularities, when in one word it may be ſayde, which no man can gainſay, *Lucanio* lacketh nothing to delight a wife, nor any thing but a wife to delight him? My young maiſter beeing thus clawde, and puſt vp with his owne prayſe, made no longer delay, but hauing on his holyday hoſe, he tricked himſelfe vp, and like a fellowe that meant good ſooth, hee clapped his Brother on the Shoulder, and ſayde. Faith Brother *Roberto*, and yee ſay the worde, lets go ſeeke a wife while it is hote, both of vs togiſher. Ile pay well, and I dare turne you looſe to ſay as well as anye of them all: well Ile doe my beſt, ſaid *Roberto*, and ſince ye are ſo forward, lets goe now and trie our good fortune.

With this foorth they walke, and *Roberto* went directlie towarde the houſe where *Lamilia* (for ſo wee call the Curtezan) kept her Hoſpital, which was

in the Suburbes of the Cittie, pleasauntly seated,
and made more delectable by a pleasaunt Garden,
wherein it was scituate. No sooner come they
within ken, but Mistresse *Lamilia* like a cunning
angler made readie her chaunge of baytes, that
shee might effect *Lucanios* bane: and to begin,
shee discouered from her window her beauteous
inting face, and taking a lute in her hād that /
she might the rather allure, she sung this Sonnet
with a delicious voice.

Lamilias Song.

*Fie fie on blind fancie,
It hinders youths ioy:
Faire virgins learne by me,
To count loue a toy.*

*When Loue learned first the A B C of delight,
And knew no figures, nor conceited phrase:
He simplie gaue to due desert her right,
He led not louers in darke winding wayes:
He plainly wild to loue, or flatly answered no,
But now who lists to proue, shall find it nothing
Fie fie then on fancie, [so:
It hinders youths ioy,
Faire virgins learne by me,
To count loue a toy.*

Lamil[*i*]*a*, ceaſt her ſong, and *Roberto* (aſſuring himſelfe the foole was caught) came to *Lucanio* (that ſtoode now as one that had ſtarde *Meduſa* in the face) and awaked him from his amazement with theſe words. What in a traunce brother? whence ſprings theſe dumps? are yee amazed at this obieſt? or long ye to become loues ſubieſt? Is there not difference betweene this delectable life, and the imprifonment you haue all your life hitherto endured? If the ſight and hearing of this harmonious beautie work in you effects of wonder, what will the poſſeſſion of ſo diuine an eſſence, wherein beautie and Art dwell in their perfect excellencie. Brother ſaid *Lucanio*, lets uſe few words, and ſhe be no more then a woman, I truſt youle helpe mee to her? and if you doe, well, I ſay no more, but I am yours till death vs depart, and what is mine ſhal be yours, world without end, Amen.

Roberto ſmiling at his ſimpleneſſe, helpt him to gather vp his dropt golde, and without any more circumſtance led him to *Lamilias* houſe: for ſuch places it may be ſaid as of hell./

Noctes atque dies patet atri ianua ditis.

So their doores are euer open to entice youth to deſtruction. They were no ſooner entred, but *Lamilia* her ſelfe, like a ſecond *Helen*, court like

begins to salute *Roberto*, yet did her wandring eie glance often at *Lucanio*: the effect of her entertainment consisted in these tearmes, that to her simple house Signor *Roberto* was welcome, and his brother the better welcome for your sake: albeit his good report confirmed by his present demeanor, were of it selfe enough to giue him deserued entertainment, in any place how honourable soeuer: mutuall thanks returned, they lead this prodigal childe into a Parlor, garnished with goodly portraictures of amiable personages: neere which, an excellent consort of musicke began at their entrance to play. *Lamilia* seeing *Lucanio* shamefast, tooke him by the hand, and tenderly wringing him, vsed these words. Beleeue me Gentlemen, I am verie forie that our rude enter[tain]ment is such, as no way may worke your content: for this I haue noted since your first entering, that your countenance hath beene heauie, and the face being the glasse of the heart, assures me the same is not quiet: would ye wish any thing heere that might content you, say but the word, and assure ye of present deliuerance to effect your full delight. *Lucanio* being so farre in loue, as he perswaded himselfe without her grant hee could not liue, had a good meaning to vtter his minde, but wanting fit wordes, hee stoode like a trewant that lackt a prompter, or a plaier that being out of his part at his first

entrance, is faine to haue the booke to speake what he should performe. Which *Roberto* perceiuing replied thus in his behalfe. Madame, the Sunnes brightnesse daileth the beholders eies, the maiestie of Gods, / amazed humane men. *Tullie* Prince of Orators, once fainted though his cause were good, and he that tamed monsters, stooode amated at beauties ornaments: Then blame not this yoong man though hee replied not, for he is blinded with the beautie of your sunne-darkening eies, made mute with the celestiall organe of your voyce, and feare of that rich ambush of amber colored darts, whose pointes are leuelde against his heart. Well Signor *Roberto* saide shee, how euer you interpret their sharpe leuell, be sure they are not bent to doe him hurt, and but that modestie blindes vs poore Maidens from vttering the inwarde sorrowe of our mindes, perchaunce the cause of greefe is ours, how euer men do colour, for as I am a virgin I protest (and therewithall shee tainted her cheekes with a vermilion blush) I neuer sawe Gentleman in my life in my eie, so gracious as is *Lucanio*, onely that is my greefe, that either I am despised for that he scornes to speake, or else (which is my greater sorrow) I feare he cannot speake. Not speake Gentlewoman quoth *Lucanio*? that were a ieast indeede: yes, I thanke God I am founde of winde and lim, onely my heart is not as it was

woont: but and you be as good as your word, that will soone be well, and so crauing ye of more acquaintance, in token of my plaine meaning receiue this diamond, which my olde father loued deerely: and with that deliuered her a Ring, wherein was apointed a Diamond of wonderfull worth. Which shee accepting with a lowe conge, returned him a filke Riband for a fauour, tyed with a truelouers knot, which he fastened vnder a faire Jewell on his Beuer felt.

After this *Diamedis* & *Glauci permutatio*, my young maister / waxed cranke, and the musicke continuig, was very forward in dauncing, to shew his cunning: and so desiring them to play on a hornepipe, laid on the pauement lustily with his leaden heeles, coruetting like a steede of *Signor Rocoes* teaching, and wanted nothing but bells, to bee a hobbyhorse in a morrice. Yet was he soothed in his folly, and what euer he did, *Lamilia* counted excellent: her praise made him proude, infomuch that if he had not beene intreated, hee would rather haue died in his daunce, then left off to shew his mistresse delight. At last reasonably perswaded, seeing the table furnished, he was contented to cease, and settle himselfe to his victuals, on which (hauing before labored) he fed lustily, especially of a Woodcocke pie, wherewith *Lamilia* his caruer, plentifully plied him. Full dishes

hauing furnisht emptie stomaches, and *Lucanio* thereby got leifure to talke, falles to discourfe of his wealth, his lands, his bonds, his abilitie, and how himfelfe with all he had, was at Madame *Lamilias* difpofing: defiring her afore his brother, to tell him fimpli what fhee meant. *Lamilia* replied. My fweet *Lucanio*, how I efteeme of thee mine eies doe witneffe, that like handmaidens, haue attended thy beautilous face, euer fince I firft beheld thee: yet feeing loue that lafteth gathereth by degrees his liking, let this for that fuffice: if I finde thee firme, *Lamilia* will be faithfull: if fleeting, fhe muft of neceffitie be infortunate that hauing neuer feene any whome before fhee could affect, fhee fhoulde bee of him iniurioufly forfaken. Nay faide *Lucanio*, I dare fay my brother here will giue his word, for that I accept your own faid *Lamilia*, for with me your credit is better then your brothers. *Roberto* brake off their amorous prattle with thefe fpeeches. Sith / either of you are of other fo fond at the firft fight, I doubt not but time will make your loue more firme. Yet madame *Lamilia* although my brother and you be thus forward, fome croffe chaunce may come: for *Multa cadunt inter calicem fupremaq. labe.* And for a warning to teach you both wit, Ile tell you an olde wiues tale.

Before ye go on with your tale (quoth miftrefse

Lamilia) let me giue ye a caueat by the way, which shall be figured in a Fable.

Lamiliaes Tale.

The Foxe on a time came to visite the Gray, partly for kindered, cheefely for craft : and finding the hole emptie of all other companie, sauing onely one Badger, enquiring th cause of his solitarineffe, he described the sodaine death of his dam and fire, with the rest of his consorts. The Foxe made a Friday face, counterfeiting sorrow : but concluding that deaths shake was vneuitable, perswaded him to seeke some fit mate wherwith to match. The Badger soone agreed : so forth they went, and in their way met with a wanton ewe straggling from the fold : the Foxe bad the Badger play the tall stripling, and strut on his tiptoes : for (quoth he) this ewe is lady of al these lands, and her brother cheefe belweather of fundrie flocks. To be short, by the Foxes permission there would be a perpetuall league, betweene her harmeleffe kindred, and al other deuouring beafts, for that the Badger was to them all allied : seduced, shee yeelded : and the Foxe conducted them to the Badgers / habitation. Where drawing her aside vnder color of exhortation, pulde out her throate to fatisfie his greedie thurst. Here I should note, a yoong whelp that

viewed their walke, infourmed the shepheard of what hapned. They followed, and trained the Foxe and Badger to the hole: the Foxe afore had craftily conuaied himself away: the shepheard found the Badger rauing for the ewes murther: his lamentation being helde for counterfet, was by the shepheards dog wearied. The Foxe escaped: the ewe was spoiled, and euer since betweene the Badgers and the dogges, hath continued a mortall enmitie: And now be aduised *Roberto* (quoth she) goe forward with your tale, seeke not by flie insinuation to turne our mirth to sorrow. Go too *Lamilia* (quoth hee) you feare what I meane not, but how euer ye take it, Ile forward with my tale.

Robertoes Tale.

In the North parts there dwelt an old Squier, that had a yong daughter his heire; who had (as I know Madame *Lamiliá* you haue had) many youthfull Gentlemen that long time sued to obtaine her loue. But she knowing her owne perfection (as women are by nature proude) woulde not to any of them vouchsafe fauour: infomuch that they perceiuing her relentlesse, shewed themselues not altogether witleffe, but left her to her fortune, when they founde her

frowardnesse. At last it fortun'd among other strangers, a Farmers sonne visited her fathers house : on whom at the first sight shee was enamored, he likewise on hir. Tokens of loue past betweene them, either acquainted others parents of their choise, and they kindly gaue their consent. Short tale to make, married they were, and great solemnitie was at the wedding feast. A yong Gentleman, that had beene long a futer to her, vexing that the sonne of a farmer should be so preferred, cast in his minde by what meanes (to marre their merriment) he might steale away the Bride. Hereupon he confers with an old beldam, called mother *Gunby*, dwelling thereby, whose counsell hauing taken, he fell to his practise, and proceeded thus. In the after noone, when dauncers were very busie, he takes the Bride by the hand, and after a turne or two, tels her in her eare, he had a secret to impart vnto her, appointing her in any wise, in the euening to find a time to confer with him : she promised she would and so they parted. Then goes he to the bridegroom, and with protestations of entire affect, protests that the great sorrow hee takes at that which he must vtter, whereon depended his especial credit, if it were knowne the matter by him should be discovered. After the bridegroomes promise of secrecie, the gentleman tels him, that a friend of

his receiued that morning from y^e bride a letter, wherein she willed him with some sixteene horse to awaite her comming at a Parke side, for that she detested him in her heart as a base country hinde, with whom her father compelled her to marrie. The bridegroome almost out of his wits, began to bite his lippe. Nay saith the Gentleman, if you will by me be aduised, you shall saue her credit, win her by kindnes, and yet preuent her wanton complot. As how said the Bridegroome? Mary thus said the gentleman: In the euening (for till the guests be gone she intends not to gad) get you / on horsebacke, and seeme to be of the companie that attends her comming: I am appointed to bring her from the house to the Parke, and from thence fetch a winding compasse of a mile about, but to turne vnto olde mother *Gunbyes* house, where her louer my friend abides: when she alights, I wil conduct her to a chamber far from his lodging, but when the lights are out, and she expects her adulterous copesmate, your selfe (as reason is) shall proue her bedfellow, where priuately you may reprocue her, and in the morning earely returne home without trouble. As for the gentleman my friend, I will excuse her absence to him, by saying, shee mockt thee with her maide in stead of her selfe, whom when I knew at her lighting, I disdained to bring her vnto

his prefence. The Bridegroom gaue his hand it should be so.

Now by the way we must vnderstand, this mother *Gunby* had a daughter, who all that day fate heauily at home with a willow garland, for that the bridegroom (if he had dealt faithfully) should haue wedded her before any other. But men (*Lamília*) are vnconstant, mony now a daies makes the match, or else the match is marde.

But to the matter: the bride groome and the Gentleman thus agreed: he tooke his time, conferred with the bride, perswaded her that her husband (notwithstanding his faire shew at the marriage) had sworne to his old sweete heart, their neighbour *Gunbyes* daughter, to be that night her bedfellow: and if she would bring her father, his father, and other friends to the house at midnight, they should finde it so.

At this the yong gentlewoman inwardly vext to be by a peasant so abused, promised if she sawe likelyhood of / his flipping away, that then she would doe according as he directed.

All this thus sorting, the old womans daughter was trickly attired, ready to furnish this pageant, for her old mother promised all things necessarie.

Well, Supper past, dauncing ended, all the guests would home, and the Bridgroom pretending to bring some friend of his home, got his horse, and

to the Parke side he rode, and staid with the horsemen that attended the Gentleman.

Anone came *Marian* like mistress Bride, and mounted behind the gentleman, away they post, fetch their compasse, & at last alight at an olde wiues house, where suddenly she is conuaid to her chamber, & the bridegroome sent to keepe her company: where he had scarce deuised how to begin his exhortation, but the father of his bride knockt at the chamber doore. At which being somewhat amazed, yet thinking to turne it to a ieast, with his wife (as he thought) was in bed with him, hee opened the doore, saying: Father, you are heartily welcome, I wonder how you found vs out heere; this deuise to remooue our selues, was with my wiues consent, that we might rest quietly without the Maids and Batchelers disturbing vs. But where is your wife said y^e gentleman? why heere in bed said he. I thought (quoth the other) my daughter had beene your wife, for sure I am to day shee was giuen you in marriage. You are merrily disposed said the Bridegrome, what, thinke you I haue another wife? I thinke but as you speake, quoth the gentleman, for my daughter is below, & you say your wife is in the bed. Below (said he) you are a merie man, and with that casting on a night gowne, he went downe, where when he saw his

wife, the gentleman his father, and a number / of his friends assembled, he was so confounded, that how to behaue himselfe he knew not ; onely hee cried out that he was deceiued. At this the olde woman arises, and making her selfe ignorant of al the whole matter, enquires the cause of that sodaine tumult. When she was tolde the new bridegrome was found in bed with her daughter, she exclaimed against so great an iniurie. *Marian* was called in quorum : she iustified it was by his allurements : he being condemned by al their consents, was iudged vnworthy to haue the gentlewoman vnto his wife, & compelled (for escaping of punishment) to marrie *Marian* : and the yong Gentleman (for his care in discouering the farmers sonnes leudnes) was recompensd with the Gentlewomans euer during loue.

Quoth *Lamília*, and what of this ? Nay nothing faide *Roberto*, but that I haue told you the effects of sodaine loue : yet the best is, my brother is a maidenly batcheler, and for your selfe, you haue beene troubled with many futers. The fewer the better, said *Lucanio*. But brother, I con you little thanke for this tale : hereafter I pray you vse other table talke. Lets then end talk, quoth *Lamília*, and you (signor *Lucanio*) and I will goe to the Chesse. To Chesse, said he, what meane you by that ? It is a game, said she, that the

first danger is but a checke, the worst, the giuing of a mate. Wel, said *Roberto*, that game ye haue beene at alreadie then, for you checkt him first with your beauty, & gaue your self for mate to him by your bountie. That is wel taken brother, said *Lucanio*, so haue we past our game at Cheffe. Wil ye play at tables then, said she? I cannot, quoth he, for I can goe no further with my game, if I be once taken. Will ye play then at cards? I, said he, if it be at one and thirtie. That fooles game, said she? Weele all to hazard, said *Roberto* and / brother you shall make one for an houre or two : contented quoth he. So to dice they went, and fortune so fauoured *Lucanio*, that while they continued square play, he was no loofer. Anone cofonage came about, and his Angels being double winged flew cleane from before him. *Lamiliá* being the winner, prepared a banquet ; which finished, *Roberto* aduised his brother to depart home, and to furnish himselfe with more crowns, leaft he were outcrakt with new commers. ✓

Lucanio loath to be outcountenanft, followed his aduise, desiring to attend his retorne, which he before had determined vnrequested : for as soone as his brothers backe was turned, *Roberto* begins to reckon with *Lamilia*, to bee a sharer as well in the mony deceitfully woone, as in the ✓

Diamond so wilfully giuen. But she, *secundum mores meretricis*, iested thus with the scholler. Why *Roberto*, are you so well read, and yet shew your selfe so shallow witted, to deeme women so weake of conceit, that they see not into mens demerites? Suppose (to make you my stale to catch the woodcocke, your brother) that my tongue ouerrunning mine intent, I spake of liberal rewarde; but what I promised, there is the point; at least what I part with, I will be well aduised. It may be you wil thus reason: Had not *Roberto* trained *Lucanio* with *Lamilias* lure, *Lucanio* had not now beene *Lamilias* pray: therefore sith by *Roberto* she possesseth her prize, *Roberto* merites an equall part. Monstrous absurd if so you reason; as wel you may reason thus: *Lamilias* dog hath kilde her a deere, therefore his mistris must make him a pastie. No poore pennileffe Poet, thou art beguilde in me, and yet I wonder how thou couldest, thou hast beene so often beguilde. But it fareth with licentious men, as with the chafed bore in the /streame, who being greatly refreshed with swimming, neuer feeleth any smart vntill he perish recurelesly wounded with his owne weapons. Reasonlesse *Roberto*, that hauing but a brokers place, asked a lenders reward. Faithlesse *Roberto*, that hast attempted to betray thy brother, irreligiously forsaken thy wife, deseruedly beene in

thy fathers eie an abiect: thinkest thou *Lamilia* so loose, to confort with one so lewd? No hypocrite, the sweete Gentleman thy brother, I will till death loue, and thee while I liue loath. This share *Lamilia* giues thee, other gettest thou none.

As *Roberto* would haue replied, *Lucanio* approached: to whom *Lamilia* discourst the whole deceit of his brother, & neuer rested intimating malitious arguments, till *Lucanio* vtterly refused *Roberto* for his brother, and for euer forbad him of his house. And when he wold haue yeelded reasons, and formed excuse, *Lucanios* impatience (vrged by her importunate malice) forbad all reasoning with them that was reasonlesse, and so giuing him Jacke Drums entertainment, shut him out of doores: whom we will follow, and leaue *Lucanio* to the mercie of *Lamilia*. *Roberto* in an extreame extasie rent his haire, curst his destinie, blamed his trecherie, but most of all exclaimed against *Lamilia*: and in her against all enticing Curtizans in these tearmes.

*What meant the Poets to inuectiue verse,
To sing Medeas shame, and Scillas pride,
Calipsoes charmes, by which so many dide?
Onely for this, their vices they rehearse,
That curious wits which in this world conuerse,
May shun the dangers and enticing shoes,*

*Of such false Syrens, those home-breeding foes,
 That from their eies their venim do disperse. |
 So soone kils not the Basiliske with sight,
 The Vipers tooth is not so venomous,
 The Adders tung not halfe so dangerous,
 As they that beare the shadow of delight,
 Who chaine blinde youths in tramels of their haire,
 Till wast bring woe, and sorrow hast despaire.*

With this he laide his head on his hand, and leant
 his elbow on the ground sighing out sadly,

Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis.

On the other side of the hedge fate one that
 heard his sorrow, who getting ouer, came towardes
 him, and brake off his passion. When he ap-
 proched, he saluted *Roberto* in this sort.

Gentleman quoth hee (for so you seeme) I haue
 by chaunce heard you discourse some part of
 your greefe ; which appeareth to be more then
 you will discouer, or I can conceipt. But if you
 vouchsafe such simple comfort as my abilitie will
 yeeld, assure your selfe, that I will endeouour to
 doe the best, that either may procure your profit,
 or bring you pleasure: the rather, for that I
 suppose you are a scholler, and pittie it is men
 of learning should liue in lacke.

Roberto wondring to heare such good words,

✓ for that this iron age affoordes few that esteeme of vertue ; returned him thankfull gratulations, and (vrger by necessitie) vttered his present grieve, beseeching his aduise how he might be imployed. Why, easily, quoth hee, and greatly to your benefit : for men of my profession get by schollers their whole liuing. What is your profession, sayd *Roberto*? Truly sir said he, I am a player. A ✓ Player, quoth *Roberto*, I tooke you rather for a gentleman of great liuing, for if by outward habit men shuld be censured, I tell you, you would be taken for a substantiall / man. So am I where I dwell (quoth the player) reputed able at my proper cost, to build a Windmill. What though the worlde once went hard with mee, when I was faine to carrie my playing Fardle a footebacke ; *Tempora mutantur*, I know you know the meaning of it better then I, but I thus ✓ conster it ; it is otherwise now ; for my very share in playing apparrell will not be solde for two hundred pounds. Truly (said *Roberto*) it is strange, that you should so prosper in that vaine practise, for that it seemes to me your voyce is nothing gracious. Nay then, said the player, I mislike your iudgement : why, I am as famous for Delphrigus, and the king of Fairies, as euer was any of my time. The twelue labors of *Hercules* haue I terribly thundred on the stage, and placed

three scenes of the deuill on the highway to heauen. Haue ye so (saide *Roberto*?) then I pray you pardon me. Nay more (quoth the player) I can serue to make a prettie speech, for I was a countrie Author, passing at a morall, for it was I that pend the Morall of mans wit, the Dialogue of Diues, and for seauen yeeres space was absolute interpreter of the puppets. But now my Almanacke is out of date.

The people make no estimation,
Of Morralls teaching education.

Was not this prettie for a plaine rime extempore? if ye will ye shall haue more. Nay it is enough, saide *Roberto*, but how meane you to vse mee? Why sir, in making playes, saide the other, for which you shall be well paied, if you will take the paines.

Roberto perceiuing no remedie, thought best to respect of his present necessity, to trie his wit, & went with him willingly: who lodged him at the townes end in a house of retaile, where what happened our Poet, you shall / heereafter heare. There by conuersing with bad company, he grew *A malo in peius*, falling from one vice to another, and so hauing found a vaine to finger crownes, he grew cranker then *Lucanio*, who by this time began to droope, being thus dealt withall by

Lamilia. She hauing bewitched him with her enticing wiles, caused him to consume in lesse then two yeares, that infinite treasure gathered by his father, with so many a poore mans curse. His lands sold, his iewels pawnd, his money waisted, he was casseerd by *Lamilia* that had coofened him of all. Then walked he like one of duke *Humfreys* Squires, in a threedbare cloake, his hofe drawne out with his heeles, his shooes vnseamed, lest his feete should sweate with heate: now (as witleffe as he was) hee remembred his fathers words, his kindnes to his brother, his carelesnesse of himselfe. In this sorrow hee fate downe on pennileffe bench; where when *Opus* and *Vsus* told him by the chimes in his stomacke, it was time to fall vnto meate, he was faine with the *Camelion* to feed vpon the aire, & make patience his best repast.

While he was at his feast, *Lamilia* came flaunting by, garnished with the iewels whereof she beguiled him: which sight serued to close his stomacke after his cold cheere. *Roberto* hearing of his brothers beggerie, albeit he had little remorse of his miserable state, yet did he seeke him out, to vse him as a propertie, whereby *Lucanio* was somewhat prouided for. But being of simple nature, hee serued but for a blocke to whet *Robertoes* wit on: which the poore foole

perceiuing, he forfooke all other hopes of life, and fell to be a notorious Pandar: in which detested course hee continued till death. But *Roberto* now famozed for an Arch-plaimaking-poet, his purse like the sea somtime sweld, anon like the same sea / fell to a low ebbe; yet seldom he wanted, his labors were so well esteemed. Marry this rule he kept, what euer he fingerd' aforehand, was the certaine meanes to vnbinde a bargaine, and being asked why he so sleightly dealt with them that did him good? It becomes me, sa[i]th hee, to be contrarie to the worlde, for commonly when vulgar men receiue earnest, they doe performe, when I am paid any thing afore-hand, I breake my promise. He had shift of lodgings, where in euery place his Hostesse writ vp the wofull remembrance of him, his laundresse, and his boy; for they were euer his in household, beside retainers in sundry other places. His companie were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilferie, periurie, forgerie, or any villanie. Of these hee knew the casts to cog at Cards, coosin at Dice: by these he learned the legerdemaines of nips, foysters, connicatchers, crosbyters, lifts, high Lawyers, and all the rabble of that vncleane generation of vipers: and pithily could he paint out their whole courses of craft: So cunning he was in all crafts, as nothing rested

in him almost but craftinesse. How often the Gentlewoman his wife laboured vainely to recall him, is lamentable to note : but as one giuen ouer to all lewdnes, he communicated her sorrowful lines among his loose truls, that iested at her bootelesse laments. If he could any way get credite on scores, he would then brag his creditors carried stones, comparing euerie round circle to a groning O, procured by a painful burden. The shamefull ende of fundry his comforts, deseruedly punished for their amisse, wrought no compunctiō in his heart : of which one, brother to a Brothell he kept, was trust vnder a tree as round as a Ball.

To some of his swearing companions thus it happened /: A crue of them sitting in a Tauerne carowing, it fortunēd an honest Gentleman, and his friend, to enter their roome : some of them being acquainted with him, in their domineering drunken vaine, would haue no nay, but downe he must needes sitte with them ; beeing placed, no remedie there was, but he must needes keep euen compasse with their vnseemely carrowing. Which he refusing, they fell from high wordes to found strokes, so that with much adoe the Gentleman faued his owne, and shifted from their company. Being gone, one of these tiplers forfooth lackt a gold Ring, the other sware they

see the Gentleman take it from his hande. Upon this the Gentleman was indited before a Judge: these honest men are depofed: whose wifedome weighing the time of the braule, gaue light to the Iury what power wine-wafhing poyfon had: they according vnto confcience, found the Gentleman not guiltie, and God releafed by that verdict the innocent.

With his accufers thus it fared: one of them for murther was worthily executed: the other neuer fince prospered: the third, fitting not long after upon a luftie horfe, the beaft fuddenly died vnder him: God amend the man.

Roberto euery day acquainted with these examples, was notwithstanding nothing bettered, but rather hardened in wickedneffe. At laft was that place iuftified, God warneth men by dreams and visions in the night, and by knowne examples in the day, but if he returne not, hee comes vpon him with iudgement that fhall bee felt. For now when the number of deceites caufed *Roberto* bee hatefull almoft to all men, his immeafurable drinking had made him the perfect Image of the dropfie, and the loathsome scourge of Luft, tyrannized in his loues: / liuing in extreame pouerty, and hauing nothing to pay but chalke, which now his Hoft accepted not for currant, this miserable man lay comfortleffely languifhing,

hauing but one groat left (the iust proportiō of his fathers Legacie) which looking on, he cried: O now it is too late, too late to buy witte with thee: and therefore will I see if I can sell to carelesse youth what I negligently forgot to buy.

Heere (Gentlemen) breake I off *Robertos* speech; whose life in most parts agreeing with mine, found one selfe punishment as I haue doone. Heereafter suppose me the said *Roberto*, and I will goe on with that hee promised: *Greene* will send you now his groatsworth of wit, that neuer shewed a mitesworth in his life: and though no man now be by, to doe me good, yet ere I die, I will by my repentance indeuor to doe all men good.

Deceiuing world, that with alluring toyes,
Hast made my life the subiect of thy scorne:
And scorneest now to lend thy fading ioyes,
To lengthen my life, whom friends haue left for-
lorne.

How well are they that die ere they be borne,
And neuer see thy sleights, which few men shun,
Till vnawares they helpelesse are vndon.

Oft haue I sung of loue, and of his fire,
But now I finde that Poet was aduizde;
Which made full feasts increasers of desire,

And prooues weake loue was with the poore
despizde.

For when the life with foode is not fuffizde,
What thoughts of loue, what motion of delight;
What pleafance can proceede from fuch a wight?/

Witneffe my want the murderer of my wit,
My rauisht fenfe of woonted furie reft ;
Wants fuch conceit, as fhould in Poims fit,
Set downe the forrow wherein I am left :
But therefore haue high heauens their gifts bereft :
Because fo long they lent them me to vse,
And I fo long their bountie did abuse.

O that a yeare were graunted me to liue,
And for that yeare my former wits reftorde :
What rules of life, what counfell would I giue?
How fhould my finne with forrow then deplore?
But I muft die of euery man abhorde.

Time loofely fpend will not againe be woonne,
My time is loofely fpend, and I vndone.

O horrenda fames, how terrible are thy affaultes?
but *Vermis confcientiæ*, more wounding are thy
ftings. Ah Gentlemen, that liue to reade my
broken and confused lines, looke not I fhould (as
I was woont) delight you with vain fantasies, but
gather my follies altogether, and as you would

deale with so many parricides, cast them into the fire : call them *Telegones*, for now they kill their father, and euerie lewd line in them written, is a deep piercing wound to my heart ; euerie idle houre spent by any in reading them, brings a million of sorrowes to my soule. O that the teares of a miserable man (for neuer any man was yet more miserable) might wash their memorie out with my death ; and that those works with me together might be interd. But sith they cannot, let this my last worke witnes against them with me, how I detest them. Blacke is the remembrance of my blacke works, blacker then night, blacker / then death, blacker then hell. ✓

Learne wit by my repentance (Gentlemen) and let these fewe rules following be regarded in your liues.

1. First in all your actions set God before your eies ; for the feare of the Lord is the beginning of wisdome : Let his word be a lanterne to your feete, and a light vnto your paths, then shall you stand as firme rocks, and not be mocked.

2. Beware of looking backe : for God will not be mocked ; of him that hath receiued much, much shall be demanded.

3. If thou be single, and canst abstaine, turne thy eies from vanitie, for there is a kinde of women bearing the faces of Angels, but the hearts

of Deuils, able to intrap the elect if it were possible.

4. If thou be m[a]rried, forsake not the wife of thy youth, to follow strange flesh ; for whore-mongers and adulterers the Lord will iudge. The doore of a Harlot leadeth downe to death, and in her lips there dwels destruction ; her face is decked with odors, but shee bringeth a man to a morfell of bread and nakednesse : of which myselfe am instance.

5. If thou be left rich, remember those that want, and so deale, that by thy wilfulnes thy self want not : Let not Tauerners and Victuallers be thy Executors ; for they will bring thee to a dishonorable graue.

6. Oppresse no man, for the crie of the wronged ascendeth to the eares of the Lord : neither delight to encrease by Usurie, least thou loose thy habitation in the euerlasting Tabernacle.

7. Beware of building thy house to thy neighbours hurt ; for the stones will crie to the timber ; We were laide together in blood : and those that so erect houses, calling / them by their names, shall lie in the graue like sheepe, and death shall gnaw vpon their foules.

8. If thou be poore, be also patient, and striue not to grow rich by indirect meanes ; for goods so gotten shall vanish away like smoke.

9. If thou be a father, maister, or teacher, ioyn good examples with good counsaile ; else little auaille precepts, where life is different.

10. If thou be a sonne or seruant, despise not reproofe ; for though correction be bitter at the first, it bringeth pleasure in the end.

Had I regarded the first of these rules, or beene obedient at the last : I had not now at my last ende, beene left thus desolate. But now, though to my selfe I giue *Consilium post facta* ; yet to others they may serue for timely precepts. And therefore (while life giues leaue) will send warning to my olde comforts, which haue liued as loosely as myselfe, albeit weakenesse will scarce suffer me to write, yet to my fellowe Schollers about this Cittie, will I direct these few insuing lines.

*To those Gentlemen his Quondam acquaintance,
that spend their wits in making Plaies, R. G.
wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom
to preuent his extremities.*

IF wofull experience may mooue you (Gentlemen) to beware, or vnheard of wretchednes intreate you to take heed : I doubt not but you will looke backe with sorrow on your time past, and endeuour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not, (for with thee wil I first

begin), thou famous gracer of Tragedians, that *Greene*, who hath said with thee like the foole / in his heart, There is no God, should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse: for penetrating is his power, his hand lies heauie vpon me, he hath spoken vnto me with a voice of thunder, and I haue felt he is a God that can punish enimies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst giue no glory to the giuer? Is it pestilent Machiuiilian pollicie that thou hast studied? O punish follie! What are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time, the generation of mankinde. For if *Sic volo, sic iubeo*, hold in those that are able to command: and if it be lawfull *Fas & nefas* to doe any thing that is beneficiall, onely Tyrants should possesse the earth, and they struing to exceede in tyranny, should each to other bee a slaughter man; till the mightiest outliuing all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age man's life should ende. The brother of this Diabolicall Atheisme is dead, and in his life had neuer the felicitie he aimed at: but as he began in craft, liued in feare, and ended in despaire. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei iudicia?* This murderer of many brethren, had his conscience feared like *Caine*: this betrayer of him that gaue his life for him, inherited the portion of *Iudas*: this Apostata perished as ill as *Iulian*: and wilt thou my friend

be his Disciple? Looke vnto me, by him perswaded to that libertie, and thou shalt finde it an infernall bondage. I knowe the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilfull striuing against knowne truth, exceedeth al the terrors of my soule. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremitie; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I ioine young *Iuuenall*, that byting Satyrist, that lastlie with mee together writ a Comedie. Sweete / boy, might I aduise thee, be aduised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inueigh against vaine men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so wel: thou hast a libertie to reprove all, and none more; for one being spoken to, all are offended, none being blamed no man is iniured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage, tread on a worme and it will turne: then blame not schollers vexed with sharpe lines, if they reprove thy too much libertie of reproofe.

And thou no lesse deseruing then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour; driuen (as my selfe) to extreame shifts, a little haue I to say to thee: and were it not an idolatrous oth, I would sweare by sweet *S. George*, thou art vnworthie better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base minded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned: for vnto none of you (like me)

fought those burres to cleaue: those Puppits (I meane) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all haue beene beholding: is it not like that you, to whome they all haue beene beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes trust them not: for there is an vpstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie. O that I might intreate your rare wits to be imployed in more profitable courses: & let those Apes imitate your past excellence, and neuer more acquaint them with your admired inuentions. I know the best husband of you all will neuer proue an Ufurer, and the kindest of them / all will neuer prooue a kinde nurse: yet whilst you may, seeke you better Maisters; for it is pittie men of such rare wits, should be subiect to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

In this I might insert two more, that both haue writ against these buckram Gentlemen: but let their owne works serue to witnesse against their owne wickednesse, if they perseuer to mainteine any more such peasants. For other new commers, I leaue

them to the mercie of these painted monstres, who (I doubt not) will driue the best minded to despise them : for the rest, it skils not though they make a ieaft at them.

But now returne I againe to you [t]hree, knowing my miserie is to you no news : and let me heartily intreate you to bee warned by my harmes. Delight not (as I haue done) in irreligious oaths ; for from the blasphemers house, a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal vnto beasts. Flie lust, as the deathsmā of the soule, and defile not the Temple of the holy ghost. Abhorre those Epicures, whose loose life hath made religion lothsome to your eares : and when they sooth you with tearmes of Master-ship, remember *Robert Greene*, whome they haue so often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember gentlemen, your liues are like so many lighted Tapers, that are with care deliuered to all of you to maintaine : these with wind-puft wrath may be extinguisht, which drunkennes put out, which negligence let fall : for mans time of itselfe is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wherewith to sustaine it, there is no substance left for life to feede on. Trust not then (I beseech yee)

to such weake staies: for they / are as changeable in minde, as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forst to leaue where I would begin; for a whole booke cannot containe these wrongs, which I am forst to knit vp in some few lines of words.

*Desirous that you should liue, though
himselſe be dying,
Robert Greene.*

Now to all men I bid farewell in this fort, with this conceited Fable of the olde Comedian *Æſope*.

An Ant and a Graſhopper walking together on a greene, the one careleſſely ſkipping, the other carefully prying what winters prouiſion was ſcattered in the way: the Graſhopper ſcorning (as wantons wil) this needeleſſe thrift (as he tearmed it) reprooued him thus:

*The greedie miſer thirſteth ſtill for gaine;
His thrift is theft, his weale works others woe:
That foole is fond which will in caues remaine,
When mongſt faire ſweetes he may at pleaſure goe.*

To this the Ant perceiuing the Graſhoppers meaning, quickly replied:

*The thriftie huſband ſpares what vnthrifts ſpends,
His thrift no theft, for dangers to prouide:*

*Trust to thy selfe, small hope in want yeeld
friendes,
A caue is better then the desarts wide.*

In short time these two parted, the one to his pleasure / the other to his labour. Anon Haruest grewe on, and reft from the Grashopper his woonted moysture. Then weakely skips he to the medows brinks : where till fell winter he abode. But stormes continually powing, hee went for succour to the Ant his olde acquaintance, to whome he had scarce discouered his estate, but the little worme made this replie.

*Pack hence (quoth he) thou idle lazie worme,
My house doth harbour no vnthrifitie mates :
Thou scornedst to toile, and now thou feelst the
storme,
And starust for foode while I am fed with cates.
Vse no intreats, I will relentlesse rest,
For toyling labour hates an idle guest.*

The Grashopper, foodlesse, helpelesse, and strengthlesse, got into the next brooke, and in the yeelding sand digde himselfe a pit : by which likewise he ingraued this Epitaph.

*When Springs greene prime arrayd me with
delight,
And euery power with youthfull vigor fild,*

*Gaue strength to worke what euer fancie wild:
I neuer feard the force of winters spight.*

*When first I saw the sunne the day begin,
And drie the mornings teares from hearbs and
grasse ;*

*I little thought his chearefull light would passe,
Till vgly night with darknes enterd in.*

*And then day lost I mournd, spring past I
waild,*

But neither teares for this or that auaild.

*Then too too late I praisd the Emmets paine, |
That sought in spring a harbour gainst the heate :
And in the haruest gathered winters meate,
Perceiuing famine, frosts, and stormie raine.*

*My wretched end may warne Greene springing
youth,*

*To vse delights as toyes that will deceiue,
And scorne the world before the world them leaue :
For all worlds trust, is ruine without ruth.*

*Then blest are they that like the toyling Ant,
Prouide in time gainst winters wofull want.*

With this the grasshopper yeelding to the weathers extremit[ie], died comfortlesse without remedie. Like him myselfe: like me, shall al that trust to friends or times inconstancie. Now faint of my last infirmitie, beseeching them that

shal burie my bodie, to publish this last farewell,
written with my wretched hand.

Fælicem fuisse infaustum.

*A letter written to his wife, found with this
booke after his death.*

The remembrance of many wrongs offered thee,
and thy vnreprooued virtues, adde greater sorrow
to my miserable state, then I can vtter, or thou
conceiue. Neither is it lessened by consideration
of thy absence (though shame would let me hardly
beholde thy face) but exceedingly aggrauated, for
that I cannot (as I ought) to thy owne selfe
reconcile my selfe, that thou mightest witnesse my
inward woe at this instant, that haue made thee a
wofull wife for so long a time. But equal heauen
hath denied that comfort, giuing at my last neede /
like succour as I haue sought all my life: being
in this extremitie as voide of helpe, as thou hast
beene of hope. Reason would, that after so long
waste, I should not send thee a childe to bring thee
greater charge; but consider, he is the fruit of thy
wombe, in whose face regard not the fathers faults
so much, as thy owne perfections. He is yet
Greene, and may grow straight, if he be carefully
tended: otherwise apt enough (I feare me) to
follow his fathers folly. That I haue offended

thee highly I knowe, that thou canst forget my iniuries I hardly beleeeue : yet perfwade I my selfe if thou saw my wretched state, thou couldest not but lament it: nay, certainly I knowe thou wouldest. Al my wrongs muster themselues about me, euery euill at once plagues me. For my contempt of God, I am contemned of men : for my fwearing and forfwearing, no man will beleeeue me : for my gluttony, I suffer hunger : for my drunkennesse, thirst: for my adulterie, vlcereous fores. Thus God hath cast me downe, that I might be humbled : and punished me for example of others sinne: and although he suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet trust I
 in the world to come to finde mercie, by the
 merits of my Sauour, to whome I
 commend this, and commit
 my soule.

*Thy repentant husband for his dis-
 loyaltie. Robert Greene.*

Fælicem fuisse infaustum.

FINIS.



XXXII.

THE REPENTANCE OF
ROBERT GREENE.

1592.



NOTE.

There was only one edition of 'The Repentance,'—viz., of 1592. I am indebted for it to the Bodleian. Of this unquestionably genuine and authentic book, see annotated Life in Vol. I.—G.

The Repentance

of Robert Greene Maister
of Artes.

Wherein by himselfe is laid open his loose life,
with the manner of his death.

SEMPER EADEM



AT LONDON

Printed for Cutbert Burbie, and are to be sold at
the middle shop in the Poultry, vnder
Saint Mildreds Church.

1592.



The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers.

Gentlemen, I know you are not vnacquainted with the death of *Robert Greene*, whose pen in his lifetime pleased you as well on the Stage, as in the Stationers shops: And to speake truth, although his loose life was odious to God and offensive to men, yet forasmuch as at his last end he found it most grievous to himselfe (as appeareth by this his repentant discourse) I doubt not but he shall for the same deserue fauour both of God and men. And considering Gentlemen, that *Venus* hath her charmes to inchaunt; that Fancie is a Sorceresse bewitching the Senses, and follie the onely enemy to all vertuous actions. And forasmuch as the purest glasse is the most bricke, the finest Lawne the soonest staine, the highest Oake most subiect to the wind, and the quickest wit the more easily woone to folly: I doubt not but you will with regarde forget his follies, and like to the Bee gather hony

out of the good counfels of him, who was wife, learned, and póliticke, had not his lasciuious life withdrawn him from those studies which had been far more profitable to him.

For herein appeareth that he was a man giuen ouer to the lust of his owne heart, forsaking all godlines, & one that daily delighted in all manner of wickednes. Since other therefore haue forerun him in the like faults, and haue been forgiuen both of God and men, I trust hee shall bee the better accepted, that by the working of Gods holy spirit, returnes with such a resolued Repentance, being a thing acceptable both to God and men.

To conclude, forasmuch as I found this discourse very passionate, and of woonderfull effect to withdraw the wicked from their vngodly waies, I thoght good to publish the same: and the rather, for that by his repentance they may as in a glasse see their owne follie, and thereby in time resolute, that it is better to die repentant, than to liue dishonest.

Yours C. B.





To all the wanton youths of
England: *Robert Greene* wifheth reformation of wilfulnes.

When I consider (kinde, Cuntrimen) that youth is like to the spring time of mans age, readie in the bloome to be nipped with euerie misfortune, and that a yong man is like to a tender plant, apt to be wrested by nurture either to good or euill, as his friendes like good Gardeners shall with care indeuour his education: seeing in the prime of our yeares vice is most ready to creepe in, and that want of experience committeth sundrie wanton desires, I thoght good to lay before you a president of such preiudiciall inconueniences, which at the first seeming sweete vnto youth, at the last growe into fruits of bitter repentance: For a yong man led on by selfe will (hauing the raines of libertie in his owne hand) foreseeth not the ruth of follie, but aimeth at present pleasures, for he giues himselfe vp to delight, and thinketh euerie thing good, honest, lawfull and vertuous, that fitteth for the content of his lasciuious

humour: hee foreseeth not that such as clime hastely, fall sodainely: that Bees haue stings as well as honie: that vices haue ill endes as well as sweete beginnings: and whereof growes this heedles life, but of selfe-conceit, thinking the good counsell of age is dotage: that the aduice of friends proceeds of enuie, and not of loue: that when their fathers correct them for their faults, they hate them: whereas when the blacke Oxe hath trod on their feete, and the Crowes foote is seene in their eies, then toucht with the feeling of their owne follie, they sigh out had I wist, when repentance commeth too late. Or like as waxe is ready to receiue euerie newe forme, that is stamped into it, so is youth apt to admit of euery vice that is obiected vnto it, and in young yeares wanton desires is cheefely predominate, especiallie the two Ringleaders of all other mischiefes, namely pride and whoredome: these are the Syrens that with their enchanting melodies, drawe them on to vtter confusion: for after a young man hath suckt in that sinne of pride, hee groweth into contempt, and as he increaseth prowde in his attyre, so he is scornfull in his lookes, and disdaines the wholsome admonition of his honest freends, whose aduice he supposeth to be doone of malice, and therefore esteemeth his owne waies best, and had rather hazard his life, than to loose an inch of his credit. Pride is like to fier, that will die and goe out if it bee not maintained with fewell, and yet.

lay on neuer so bigge logges, it consumes them all to ashes, so pride craues maintenance, or els it will fade: and had a young man neuer so great reuenues, pride at last will reduce it to begger you: for it is such a sinne, as once got into the boane it will step into the flesh: he that once ietteth in his brauerie, if he haue no meanes to maintaine it, will leaue no bad course of life vnattempted, but hee will haue corners to vpholde his follie. Heereof growes cooffenages, thefts, murthers, and a thousand other pettie mischiefes, and causes many proper persons to bee trust vp at the gallowes, purchasing thereby infamy to themselues, and hart breaking sorrow to their friends and parents for euer.

Companion to this vice, is lust and lecherie, which is the viper, whose venome is incurable, and the onely sinne that in this life leadeth to shame, and after death vnto hell fire: for he that giueth himselfe ouer to harlots, selleth his soule to destruction, and maketh his bodie subiect to all incurable diseases. These two vices do not onlie waste a mans substance, but also consumeth his bodie and soule, and maketh him attempt to do any mischiefe for his maintenance therein. If happely the young man hath any grace, and is loth to take any unlawfull wayes, the ordinary course of his copesmates is straight to call him coward, and cast him out of their fauour, or els by fweete persuasions and flattering vvordes, make him forsake God

and all good meanes of life vvhatsoeuer : this is the manner, life, and course of such as vvill not listen to the graue aduice of their parents, but seeke therby to bring their graie haire vwith greefe vnto theyr graues.

This ensuing discourse, gentle Reader, dooth lay open the graceles endeouours of my selfe, vvho although I vv ere for a long time giuen ouer to the lust of my ovvn hart, yet in the end, Gods grace did so fauourablie vvorke in me, that I trust heerein thou shalt perceiue my true and vnfained repentance. Accept it in good part, and if it may profit anie I haue my desire.

Farewell, R. G.



The Repentance

of Robert Greene, Maister
of Arts.



NS there is no steele so stiffe, but the stamp will pierce ; no flint so harde, but the drops of raine will hollowe : so there is no heart so voide of grace, or giuen ouer to wilfull follie, but the mercifull fauour of God can mollifie. An instance of the like chaunced to my selfe, being a man wholly addicted to all gracelesse indeuors, giuen from my youth to wantonnes, brought vp in riot, who as I grew in yeares, so I waxed more ripe in vngodlines, that I was the mirrour of mischiefe, and the very patterne of all preiudiciall actions : for I neither had care to take any good course in life, nor yet to listen to the friendly perswasions of my parents. I seemed as one of no

religion, but rather as a meere Atheist, contemning the holy precepts vttered by any learned preacher : I would smile at such as would frequent the Church, or such place of godly exercise, & would scoffe at any that would checke mee with any wholesome or / good admonition : so that herein I seemed a meere reprobate, the child of Sathan, one wipt out of the booke of life : and as an outcast from the face and fauor of God, I was giuen ouer to drunkennes, so that I lightly accounted of that company that would not intertaine my inordinate quaffing. And to this beastly sinne of gluttonie, I added that detestable vice of swearing, taking a felicitie in blaspheming & prophaning the name of God, confirming nothing idly but with such solemne oths, that it amazed euen my companions to heare mee. And that I might seeme to heape one sinne vpon another, I was so rooted therein, that whatsoeuer I got, I stil consumed the same in drunkennes.

Liuing thus a long time, God (who suffereth finners to heape coles of fire vpon their owne heads, and to bee fed fat with sinne against the day of vengeance) suffered me to go forward in my loose life : many warninges I had to draw me from my detestable kind of life, and diuers crosses to contrary my actions : but all in vaine, for though I were sundry times afflicted with many

foule and greeuous diseases, and thereby scourged ✓ with the rod of Gods wrath, yet when by the great labor & frendship of fundry honest persons, they had (though to their great charges) sought & procured my recouery, I did with the Dog *Redire in vomitum*, I went again with the Sow to wallow in the mire, and fell to my former follies as frankly, as if I had not tasted any iot of want, or neuer been scourged for them. *Consuetudo peccandi tollit sensum peccati*; my daily custome in sinne had cleane taken away the feeling of my sinne: for I was so giuen to these vices afore saide, that I counted them rather veniall scapes & faults of nature, than any great / and greeuous offence: neither did I care for death, but held it onely as the end of life. For comming one day into Aldersgate street to a welwillers house of mine, hee with other of his friendes perswaded me to leaue my bad course of life, which at length would bring mee to vtter destruction, whereupon I scoffingly made them this answer. Tush, what better is he that dies in his bed than he that endes his life at Tyburne, all owe God a death: if I may haue my desire while I liue, I am satisfied, let me shift after death as I may. My friends hearing these words, greatly greeued at my gracelesse resolution, made this reply: If you feare not death in this world, nor the paines

of the body in this life, yet doubt the second death, & the losse of your soule, which without hearty repentance must rest in hell fire for euer and euer.

Hell (quoth I) what talke you of hell to me? I know if I once come there, I shal haue the company of better men than my selfe, I shal also meete with some madde knaues in that place, & so long as I shall not sit there alone, my care is the lesse. But you are mad folks (quoth I) for if I feared the Iudges of the bench no more than I dread the iudgements of God, I would before I slept diue into one Carles bagges or other, and make merrie with the shelles I found in them so long as they would last. And though some in this company were Fryers of mine owne fraternitie to whome I spake the wordes: yet were they so amazed at my prophane speeches, that they wisht themselues foorth of my company. Whereby appeareth that my continuall delight was in sinne, and that I made my selfe drunke with the dregges of mischiefe. But beeing departed thence vnto my lodging, / and now grown to the full, I was checked by the mightie hand of God: for Sicknes (the messenger of death) attached me, and tolde me my time was but short, and that I had not long to liue: wherevpon I was vexed in mind, and grew very heauy. As thus I fate solempnly

thinking of my end, and feeling my selfe waxe sicker and sicker, I fell into a great passion, and was wonderfully perplexed, yet no way discovered my agony, but fate still calling to mind the lewdnes of my former life: at what time sodainly taking the booke of *Resolution* in my hand, I light vpon a chapter therein, which discovered vnto mee the miserable state of the reprobate, what Hell was, what the worme of Conscience was, what tormentes there was appointed for the damned soules, what vnspcakable miseries, what vnquenchable flames, what intolerable agonies, what incomprehensible griefs; that there was nothing but feare, horror, vexation of mind, depriuation from the sight and fauour of God, weeping and gnashing of teeth, and that al those tortures were not terminated or dated within any compasse of yeares, but euerlasting, world without end; concluding all in this of the Psalmes: *Ab inferis nulla est redemptio.*

After that I had with deepe consideration pondered vpon these points, such a terrour stroke into my conscience, that for very anguish of minde my teeth did beate in my head, my lookes waxed pale and wan, and fetching a great sigh, I cried vnto God, and said: If all this be true, oh what shall become of me? If the rewarde of sinne be death and hell, how many deaths and hels do I deserue, that haue beene a most miserable sinner?

If damnation be the meed for wickednes, then am I dam/ ned : for in all the world there neuer liued a man of worfer life. Oh what shall I doe? I cannot call to God for mercie; for my faults are beyond the compasse of his fauour: the punishment of the body hath an ende by death, but the paines of the soule by death are made euerlasting. Then what a miserable case am I in if I die! yet if my death might redeeme my offences, & wash away my finnes, oh might I suffer euery day twentie deathes while seauen yeares lasteth, it were nothing; but when I shall end a contempt to the world, I shal enioy the disdaine of men, the displeasure of God, & my soule (that immortall creature) shall euerlastingly bee damned: Oh woe is mee, why doe I liue? nay rather why was I borne? Curfed be the day wherein I was born, and haplesse be the breasts that gaue me sucke. Why did God create me to bee a vessell of wrath? Why did hee breath life into me, thus to make me a lost sheepe? Oh I feele a hell already in my conscience: the number of my finnes do muster before my eies, the poore mens complaints that I haue wronged, cries out in mine eares and faith, *Robin Greene* thou art damned: nay, the iustice of God tels mee I cannot bee faued. Now I do remember (though too late) that I haue read in the Scriptures, how

neither adulterers, fwearers, theeues, nor murderers shall inherite the kingdome of heauen. What hope then can I haue of any grace, when (giuen ouer from all grace) I exceeded all other in these kinde of finnes? If thus vppon earth and aliue I feele a hell, oh what a thing is that hell, where my soule shall euerlastingly liue in torments! I am taught by the scripture to pray; but to whome should I pray? to him that I haue blasphemed, to him that I haue contemned and despised, / whose name I haue taken in vaine? No, no, I am in a hell. Oh that my last gaspe were come, that I might be with Iudas or Cain, for their place is better than mine; or that I might haue power with these hands to vnlose my soule from this wretched carcasfe, that hath imprisoned so many wicked villainies within it. Oh I haue sinned, not against the Father, nor against the Sonne, but against the Holy Ghost: for I presumed vpon grace, and when the spirit of God cried in my mind & thoght, and said, drunkenness is a vice, whoredome is a vice: I carelessly (in contempt) resisted this motion, and as it were in a brauery, committed these finnes with greediness. Oh now I shall crie with Diues to haue one drop of water for my tongue, but shall not be heard: I haue sinned against my owne soule, and therefore shalbe cast into vtter darknesse: and

further I shall not come till I haue paid the vttermoſt farthing, which I ſhal neuer be able to ſatiſfie. Oh happy are you that feele the ſparks of Gods fauour in your hearts, happy are you that haue hope in the paſſion of Chriſt, happy are you that beleue that God died for you, happy are you that can pray. Oh why doth not God ſhew the like mercie vnto mee? The reaſon is, becauſe in all my life I neuer did any good. I alwaies gloried in ſinne, and deſpiſed them that imbraced vertue. God is iuſt, and cannot pardon my offences ; and therefore I would I were out of this earthly hell, ſo I were in that ſecond hell, that my ſoule might ſuffer tormentes : for now I am vexed both in ſoule and bodie.

In this deſpairing humor, ſearching further into the ſaid Booke of *Reſolution*, I found a place that greatly did comfort mee, & laid before me the promiſes of Gods / mercie, ſhewing mee that although the Iuſtice of God was great to puniſh finners, yet his mercie did exceede his works : and though my faults were as red as ſkarlet, yet waſht with his bloud, they ſhoulde bee made as white as ſnow : therein was laid before mine eyes, that Dauid (who was called a man after his owne heart) did both commit adultery, and ſealde it with murder: yet when hee did repent, God heard him, and admitted him to his fauour.

Therein was laid before me the obstinate sinne of Peter, that not onely denied his Maister Christ, but also forswore him selfe: yet so soone as hee shed tears, and did hartily repent him, his offences were pardoned. Therein was laid open the theefe that had liued licentiously, and had scarce in all his life done one good deed, and yet hee was saued by hope in the mercies of God. Therein was also laide open how the feueritie of the Law was mittigated with the sweet and comfortable promises of the Gospell, insomuch that I began to be somewhat pacified, & a little quieted in mind, taking great ioy and comfort in the pithie perswasions and promises of Gods mercie alleadged in that Booke. And yet I was not presently resolued in my conscience, that God would deale so fauorably with me, for that stil the multitude of my sinnes presented me with his Iustice: and would therefore reason thus with my selfe. Why, those men (before mentioned) were elected and predestinated to be chosen vessels of Gods glory, & therefore though they did fal, yet they rose againe, & did shew it in time, with some other fruits of their election. But contrariwise, I (the most wicked of all men) was euen brought vp from my swadling clouts in wickednes, my infancy was sin, & my riper age increast in wickednes; I / tooke no pleasure but in ill,

neither was my minde sette vpon any thing but vpon the spoyle: then seeing all my life was lead in lewdnes, and I neuer but once felt any remorse of conscience, how can God pardon mee, that repent rather for feare then for loue? Yet calling vnto mind the words of *Esay*, that at what time soeuer a sinner doth repent him from the bottome of his heart, the Lord would wipe away all his wickednes out of his remembrance.

Thus beeing at a battaile betweene the spirite and the flesh, I beganne to feelee a greater comfort in my mind, so that I did [with] teares confesse and acknowledge, that although I was a most miserable sinner, yet the anguish that Christ suffered on the Crosse, was able to purge and cleanse me from all my offences: so that taking hold with faith vpon the promises of the Gospell, I waxed strong in spirite, and became able to resist and withstand all the desperate attempts that Sathan had giuen before to my weake and feeble conscience. When thus I had consideratly thought on the wretchednes

of my life, and therewithall looked into the
vncertainty of death, I thought good to
write a short discourse of my [life],
the same which I haue ioyned
to this treatise, containing
as followeth. /



The life and death

of Robert Greene Maister
of Artes.

Neede not make long discourse of my parentes, who for their grauitie and honest life [were] well knowne and esteemed amongst their neighbors ; namely, in the Cittie of Norwitch, where I was bred and borne. But as out of one selfe same clod of clay there sprouts both stinking weeds and delightfull flowers: so from honest parentes often grow most dishonest children ; for my Father had care to haue mee in my Non-age brought vp at schoole, that I might through the studie of good letters grow to be a frend to my self, a profitable member to the common-welth, and a comfort to him in his age. But as early pricks the tree that will proue a thorne : so euen in my first yeares I began to followe the filthines of mine owne desires, and

neyther to listen to the wholesome aduertisements of my parentes, nor bee rulde by the carefull correction of my Maister. For being at the Vniuersitie of Cambridge, I / light amongst wags as lewd as my selfe, with whome I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew mee to traue]l into Italy, and Spaine, in which places I sawe and practizde such villainie as is abhominable to declare. Thus by their counsaile I sought to furnish myselfe with coine, which I procured by cunning sleights from my Father and my friends, and my Mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped mee to the oyle of Angels, that I grew thereby prone to all mischiefe: so that beeing then conuerfant with notable Braggarts, boon companions and ordinary spend-thrifts, that practized fundry superficiall studies, I became as a Sien grafted into the same stocke, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities. At my return into England, I ruffled out in my filks, in the habit of *Malcontent*, and seemed so discontent, that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause mee to stay my selfe in: but after I had by degrees proceeded Maister of Arts, I left the Vniuersitie and away to London, where (after I had continued some short time, & driuen my self out of credit with fundry of my frends) I became an Author of

Playes, and a penner of Loue Pamphlets, so that I soone grew famous in that qualitie, that who for that trade growne so ordinary about London as *Robin Greene*. Yong yet in yeares, though olde in wickednes, I began to resolute that there was nothing bad that was profitable: whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great a delight in wickednesse, as fundrie hath in godlinesse: and as much felicitie I tooke in villainy, as others had in honestie.

Thus was the libertie I got in my youth, the cause of my licentious liuing in my age, and beeing the first steppe to hell, I find it now the first let from heauen.

But I would wish all my native Countrymen, that reade this my repentaunce; First to feare God in their whole life, which I neuer did: Secondly, to obey their Parents, and to listen vnto the wholesome counsaile of their Elders: so shall their dayes be multiplied vppon them heere on earth, and inherite the crowne of glorie in the kingdome of heauen. I exhort them also to leaue the company of lewd and ill liuers: for conuerfing with such Copes-mates, drawes them into fundry dangerous inconueniences: nor lette them haunt the company of harlots, whose throates are as smooth as oyle, but their feet lead the steps vnto death and destruction: for they like Syrens

with their sweete inchaunting notes, soothed me vp in all kind of vngodlines.

Oh take heede of harlots (I wish you the vnbridled youth of England) for they are the Bafilikes that kill with their eyes, they are the Syrens that allure with their sweete lookes: and they leade their fauorers vnto their destruction, as a sheepe is lead vnto the slaughter.

From whordome I grew to drunkennes, from drunkennes to swearing and blaspheming the name of God, hereof grew quarrels, frayes, and continual controuerfies, which are now as wormes in my conscience gnawing me incessantly. And did I not through hearty repentance take hold of Gods mercies, euen these detestable finnes woulde drench me downe into the damnable pit of destruction; for *Stipendium peccati mors*.

Oh knowe (good Countrymen) that the horrible fins and intollerable blasphemie I haue vsed against the /Maiestie of God, is a blocke in my conscience, and that so heauy that there were no way with me but desperation, if the hope of Christs death and passion did not helpe to ease mee of so intollerable and heauie a burthen.

I haue long with the deafe Adder stopt mine eares against the voice of Gods Ministers, yea my heart was hardened with Pharao against all the motions that the spirit of God did at any time

worke in my mind, to turn me from my detestable kind of liuing.

Yet let me confesse a trueth, that euen once, and yet but once, I felt a feare and horroure in my conscience, & then the terrour of Gods iudgements did manifestly teach me that my life was bad, that by sinne I deserued damnation, and that such was the greatnes of my sinne, that I deserued no redemption. And this inward motion I receiued in Saint Andrews Church in the Cittie of Norwich, at a Lecture or Sermon then preached by a godly learned man, whose doctrine, and the maner of whose teaching, I liked wonderfull well: yea (in my conscience) such was his singlenes of hart, and zeale in his doctrine, that hee might haue conuerted [me] the most monster [sinner] of the world.

Well, at that time, whosoever was worst, I knewe my selfe as bad as he: for being new come from Italy, (where I learned all the villanies vnder the heauens) I was drowned in pride, whoredome was my daily exercise, and gluttony with drunkennes was my onely delight.

At this Sermon the terrour of Gods iudgements did manifestly teach me, that my exercises were damnable, and that I should bee wipte out of the booke of life, if I did not speedily repent my loosenes of life, and re/forme my misdemeanors.

At this Sermon the said learned man (who doubtles was the child of God) did beate downe sinne in such pithie and perswasive manner, that I began to call vnto mind the daunger of my soule, and the preiudice that at length would befall mee for those grosse finnes which with greedines I daily committed: in so much as sighing I said in my selfe, Lord haue mercie vpon mee, and send me grace to amend and become a new man.

But this good motion lasted not long in mee; for no sooner had I met with my copesmates, but seeing me in such a solemne humour, they demaunded the cause of my sadnes: to whom when I had discovered that I sorrowed for my wickednesse of life, and that the Preachers wordes had taken a deepe impression on my conscience, they fell vpon me in ieasting manner, calling me Puritane and Presbiterian, and wished I might haue a Pulpit, with such other scoffing tearmes, that by their foolish perswasion the good and wholesome lesson I had learned went quite out of my remembrance: so that I fel againe with the Dog to my olde vomit, and put my wicked life in practise, and that so thoroughly as euer I did before.

Thus although God sent his holy spirit to call mee, and though I heard him, yet I regarded

it no longer than the present time, when sodainly forfaking it, I went forward obstinately in my misse. Neuerthelesse soone after I married a Gentlemans daughter of good account, with whom I liued for a while: but for as much as she would perswade me from my wilful wickednes, after I had a child by her, I cast her off, hauing spent vp the marriage money which I obtained by her. /

Then left I her at six or seuen, who went into Lincolneshire, and I to London: where in short space I fell into fauor with such as were of honorable and good calling. But heere note, that though I knew how to get a friend, yet I had not the gift or reason how to keepe a friend: for hee that was my dearest friend, I would bee sure so to behaue my selfe towards him, that he shoulde euer after professe to bee my vtter enemie, or else vowe neuer after to come in my company.

Thus my misdemeanors (too many to bee recited) caused the most part of those so much to despise me, that in the end I became friendles, except it were in a fewe Alehouses, who commonly for my inordinate expences would make much of me, vntil I were on the score, far more than euer I meant to pay by twenty nobles thick.

After I had wholly betaken me to the penning of plaies (which was my continuall exercise) I

was so far from calling vpon God, that I fildome thought on God, but tooke such delight in swearing and blaspheming the name of God, that none could think otherwise of mee, than that I was the child of perdition.

These vanities and other trifling Pamphlets I penned of Loue, and vaine fantasies, was my chiefeſt ſtay of liuing, and for thoſe my vaine diſcourſes, I was beloued of the more vainer ſort of people, who beeing my continuall companions, came ſtill to my lodging, and there would continue quaffing, carowſing, and ſurfeting with me all the day long.

But I thanke God that hee put it in my head, to lay open the moſt horrible cooſenages of the common Conny-catchers, Coofeners, and Croſſe-biters, which I haue indifferently handled in thoſe my ſeueral diſcourſes already imprinted. And my truſt is that thoſe diſcourſes will doe great good, and bee very beneficiall to the Commonwealth of England.

But oh my deare Wife, whoſe company and fight I haue refrained theſe fixe yeares : I aſke God and thee forgiueneſſe for ſo greatly wronging thee, of whome I ſeldom or neuer thought vntill now. Pardon mee (I pray thee) whereſoeuer thou art, and God forgiue mee all my offences.

And now to you all that liue and reuell in ſuch

wickednesse as I haue done, to you I write, and in Gods name wish you to looke to yourselues, and to reforme your selues for the safe gard of your owne soules: dissemble not with God, but seeke grace at his handes; hee hath promist it, and he will performe it.

God doth sundry times deferre his pu[n]ishment vnto those that runne a wicked race; but *Quod defertur non aufertur*, that which is deferde is not quittanft, a day of reckoning will come, when the Lord will say; *Come giue account of thy Stewardship*. What God determineth, man cannot preuent: he that binds two finnes together, cannot go vn timer 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 fauors, in kindred: they are all vncertaine, and they are furthest off, when men thinke them most nigh. Oh were I now to begin the flower of my youth, were I now in the prime of my yeares, how far would I bee from my former follyes! what a reformed course of life would I take: but it is too late; onely now the comfortable mercies of the Lord is left me to hope in. /

It is bootlesse for me to make any long discourse to such as are gracelesse as I haue beene. All wholesome warninges are odious vnto them, for

they with the spider sucke poison out of the most pretious flowers, & to such as God hath in his secrete councell elected, fewe words will suffice. But howsoever my life hath beene, let my repentant ende be a generall example to all the youth in England to obey their parentes, to flie whoredome, drunkennes, swearing, blaspheming, contempt of the word, and such gréeuous and grosse finnes, least they bring their parents heads with sorrow to their graues, and least (with mee) they be a blemish to their kindred, and to their posteritie for euer.

Thus may you see how God hath secrete to himselfe the times of calling: and when hee will haue them into his vineyard, some hee calles in the morning, some at noone, and some in the euening, and yet hath the last his wages aswell as the first: For as his iudgements are inscrutable, so are his mercies incomprehensible. And therefore let all men learne these two lessons; not to despaire, because God may worke in them through his spirit at the last houre; nor to presume, least God giue them ouer for their presumption, and deny them repentance, and so they die impenitent: which *finalis impenitentia* is a manifest sinne against the holy Ghost.

To this doth that golden sentence of S. *Augustine* allude, which hee speaketh of the theefe, hanging

on the Crosse. *There was* (saith hee) *one theefe
saued and no more, therefore presume not ; and there
was one saued, and therefore despaire not.* And to
conclude, take these caueats here after following. /



Certaine Cautiats sent by Robert Greene to a frend of his (as a farewell :)
written with his owne hand.

1 **T**He feare of the Lord is the beginning of wisdome: therefore serue God, least he suffer thee to be lead into temptation.

2 Despise neither his worde nor his Minister: for he that heareth not can haue no faith, & without faith no man can be saued.

3 Obey thy Prince: for he that lifteth his hande against the Lords anointed, shall be like vnto a withered plant.

4 Despise not the counsaile of thy Father, nor the wholesome admonition of thy mother: for he that listeneth not to their lessons, shall be cut off in his youth.

5 Spend the prime of thy yeares in vertue: so dost thou lay an earnest pennie of honorable age.

6 Flie the sweetnes of the grape: for a man that is giuen to much wine shall neuer be rich.

7 Take not the name of God in vaine: for then thou shalt not bee guiltlesse, nor shall the curse of God come neare thy house.

8 A man that delights in harlots shall heape sinne vpon his soule: he shall be an open shame in the streets, and his place shall not be knowne. /

9 He that robbeth from his neighbour, purchaseth discredit to himselfe and his kindred, and he shall not go to his graue with honor.

10 Who medleth with pitch shall be defiled, and he that eateth the bread of Robbers, fatneth himselfe against the day of vengeance.

11 Giue not thy youth ouer to the Deuill, neyther vow the dregs of thy olde age vnto God; for a repentant mind commeth from God.

12 Remember thy end, and thou shalt neuer doe amisse, and let the law of the Lord be a lanthorne to thy feete: so shall thy pathes bee aright, and thou die with honour.

Robert Greene.





The manner of the death and last end of
Robert Greene Maister of Artes.

After that he had pend the former discourse (then lying fore sicke of a fureet which hee had taken with drinking) hee continued most patient and penitent ; yea he did with teares forsake the world, renounced fwearing, and desired forgiuenes of God and the worlde for all his offences : so that during all the time of his sicknesse (which was about a moneths space) hee was neuer heard to sweare, raue, or blaspheme the name of God as he was accustomed to do before that time, which greatly comforted his wel willers, to see how mightily the grace of God did worke in him.

He confessed himselfe that he was neuer heart sicke, but said that al his paine was in his belly. And although continually scowred, yet still his belly sweld, and neuer left swelling vpward, vntill it sweld him at the hart and in his face.

During the whole time of his sicknes, he continually called vpon God, and recited these sentences following :

O Lord forgiue me my manifold offences.

O Lord haue mercie vpon me,

*O Lord forgiue me my secret finnes, and in thy
mercie (Lord) pardon them all. |*

Thy mercie (O Lord) is aboue thy works.

And with such like godly sentences hee passed the time, euen till he gaue vp the Ghost.

And this is to bee noted, that his sicknesse did not so greatly weaken him, but that he walked to his chaire & backe againe the night before he departed, and then (being feeble) laying him downe on his bed, about nine of the clocke at night, a friende of his tolde him, that his Wife had sent him commendations, and that shee was in good health: whereat hee greatly reioiced, confessed that he had mightily wronged her, and wished that hee might see her before he departed. Whereupon (feeling his time was but short) hee tooke pen and inke, & wrote her a Letter to this effect.

*S*weet Wife, as euer there was any good will
or friendship betweene thee and mee, see this
bearer (my Host) satisfied of his debt: I owe him
tenne pound, and but for him I had perished in the

streetes. Forget and forgiue my wronges done vnto thee, and Almighty God haue mercie on my soule.

Farewell till we meet in heauen, for on earth thou shalt neuer see me more.

This 2 of September.

1592.

Written by thy dying Husband.

Robert Greene. |



*Greenes Prayer in the time of
his sicknesse.*



Lord Iesus Christ my Sauour and redeemer, I humbly beseech thee to looke downe from heauen vpon me (thy seruant that am grieued with thy spirite, that I may patiently endure to the end thy rod of chastisement: And forasmuch as thou art Lorde of life and death, as also of strength, health, age, weakenes, and sicknes, I do therefore wholly submit my selfe vnto thee, to bee dealt withall according to thy holy will and pleasure. And seeing O mercifull Iesu, that my finnes are innumerable like vnto the sandes of the sea, and that I haue so often offended thee that I haue worthely deserued death and vtter damnation, I humbly pray thee to deale with me according to thy gracious mercie and not agreeable to my wicked deserts. And graunt that I may (O Lorde) through thy spirite, with patience, suffer and beare this Crosse, which thou hast worthily laid vpon mee: notwithstanding how greeuous soeuer the burthen thereof be, that my faith may be found laudable and glorious in thy sight, to the increase

of thy glory, & my euerlasting felicitie. For euen thou (O Lord) most sweete Sauior didst first suffer paine before thou wert crucified : Since therefore O meeke Lambe of God that my way to e/ternall ioy is to suffer with thee worldly greeuances, graunt that I may be made like vnto thee, by suffering patiently, aduersitie, trouble, and sicknes. And lastly, forasmuch as the multitude of thy mercies doth put away the finnes of those which truely repent, so as thou remembrest them no more, open the eye of thy mercie, and behold me a most miserable and wretched sinner, who for the same doth most earnestly desire pardon and forgiuenes. Renew (O Lorde) in mee, whatsoeuer hath beene decayed by the fraudulent mallice of Sathan, or my owne carnall wilfulnes : receiue me (O Lord) into thy fauour, consider of my contrition, and gather vp my teares into thy heauenly habitation : and seeing (O Lorde) my whole trust and confidence is onely in thy mercie, blot out my offences, and tread them vnder feet, so as they may not be a witnesse against me at the day of wrath. Grant this

O Lord, I humbly beseech thee,
for thy mercies sake.

Amen.

FINIS.



XXXIII.

GREENES VISION,

ETC.



NOTE.

The following is Mr. Dyce's note to even his second edition of Greene's "Dramatic and Poetical Works" (1861):—"My acquaintance with *Greene's Vision* is confined to the description of it and the extracts from it in Mr. Collier's Introduction to our author's *Pandosto*,—*Shakespeare's Library*, and in his *Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works*, page 35. Though, as Mr. Collier remarks, 'Greene could have had nothing to do with the title-page,' this tract would seem to be a genuine production, and was most probably printed towards the close of the year 1592. It was, no doubt, one of those 'many papers in sundry booksellers hands' mentioned by Chettle in the Address 'to the Gentlemen Readers' in *Kind-Harts Dreame*." For more on 'Greene's Vision' see annotated Life in Vol. I.

This completes the Prose Works of Greene; for another work semi-modelled after the 'Vision,' is assuredly the production of another. The title-page thus runs:—

GREENES Newes both from *Heauen and Hell.*

Prohibited the first for writing of
Bookes, and banished out of the laft for
difplaying of *Conny-
catchers.*

Commended to the Presse
By B. R.

✠ MARCANTIA ✠ REALE ✠

AT LONDON,
Printed Anno. Domini.
1593.



Mr. Dyce never saw this either. I have been more fortunate in discovering an exemplar in the British Museum. It will be found utilized in all its personal and biographic items, etc., in the annotated Life, Vol. I. There also other kindred tractates are quoted from.—G.

GREENES VISION:

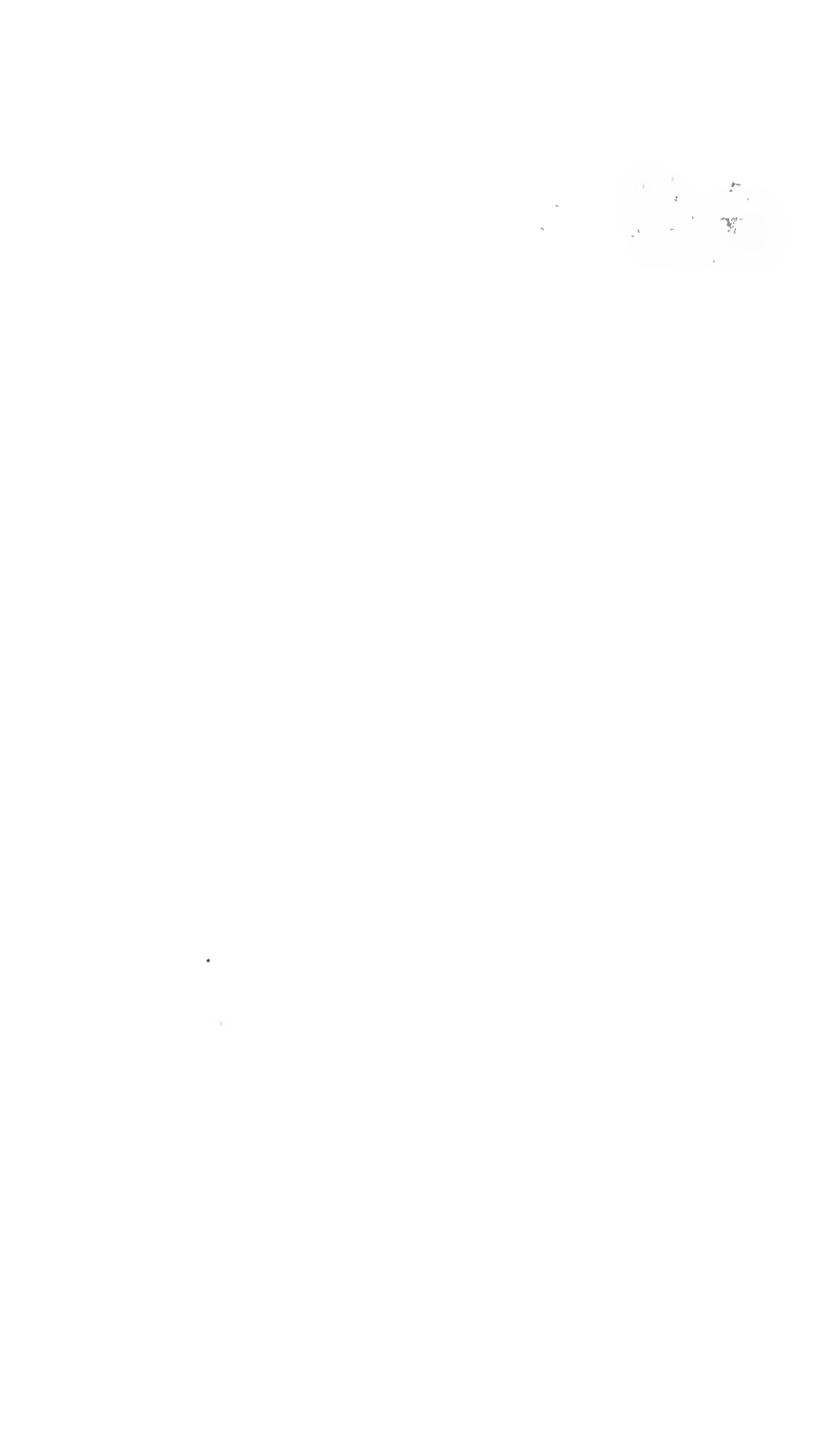
Written at the instant of his
death.

*Conteyning a penitent passion for
the folly of his Pen.*

Sero sed serio.



Imprinted at London for *Thomas
Newman*, and are to be sould at his shop
in Fleetstreete, in Saint Dunstons
Churchyard.





To the right worshipfull and his e-
speciall good friend, M. Nicholas
Sanders of Ewell Esquier, *T. Newman*
wisheth all felicitie.

WERE I as able as I am willing (Right
Worshipfull) to shewe my selfe thank-
full for your manie kindnesse extended
vnto me, some more accomplit Dedication then
this, should haue offred it selfe to your iudiciall
view at this instant. It was one of the last workes
of a wel known Author, therefore I hope it will
be more acceptable. Manie haue published repent-
aunces vnder his name, but none more vnfeigned
than this, being euerie word of his owne: his
own phraze, his own method. The experiences
of many vices brought forth this last vision of
vertue. I recommend it intirely to your worships
euen ballancing censure. None haue more insight
then you into matters of wit. All men of Art
acknowledge you to bee / an especiall *Mecenas*,

and supporter of learning in these her despised latter daies. I am one that haue no interest in knowledge, but the inseperate loue that I beare to them that professe it: That attendant loue on good letters, striues to honor you in whome Art is honoured. I thinke not this pamphlet any way proportionable in woorth with your worshippinges patronage: but it is my desire to yeelde some encrease to your fame in anie thing that I shall imprint. Thus wishing to your worshippe that felicitie and contentment, which your owne best gouerned thoughtes doe aime at,
I most humblie take my
leauē.

Your VVorships most bounden

T. Newman.





To the Gentlemen Readers,
Health.

Gentlemen, in a vision before my death, I foresee that I am like to sustaine the shame of many follies of my youth, when I am shrowded in my winding sheete. O let not iniurious tongues triumph ouer a dead carcase. Now I am sick, and sorrow hath wholly seazd on me: vaine I haue beene, let not other men shewe themselues vaine in reproching my vanitie. I craue pardon of you all, if I haue offended any of you with laciuious Pamphleting. Many things I haue wrote to get money, which I could otherwise wish to be supprest: Pouertie is the father of innumerable infirmities: in seeking to salue priuate wantes, I haue made my selfe a publique laughing stock. Hee that commeth in Print, setteth himselfe vp as a common marke for euery one to shoote at: I haue shotte at many abuses, ouer shotte my selfe in describing of some:

where truth failed, my inuention hath stood my friend. God forgiue me all my misdemeanours: now in the best lust of my yeares, death I feare will depriue me of any further proceeding in securitie. This booke hath many things, which I would not haue written / on my Tombe: I write this last, let it be my last will and testament.

Farewell, if I liue you shall heare of me
in deuinitie, in the meane time,
accept the will for the
deede, and speake well
of me when I am
dead.

Yours dying :

Robert Greene.





GREENES VISION.

After I was burdened with the penning of the *Cobler of Canterbury*, I waxed passing melancholy, as grieuing that either I shold be wrong with enuy, or wronged with suspition. But whē I entred into the consideratiō, that slander spareth not Kinges, I brookt it with the more patience, & thought, that as the strongest gustes offend lesse the low shrubs than the tall Cedars: So the blemish of report would make a lesse scarre in a cottage than in a pallace: yet I could not but conceit it hardly, and so in a discontented humor I sat me down vpon my bed-side, and began to cal to remembrance what fond and wanton lines had past my pen, how I had bent my course to a wrong shore, as beating my brains about such vanities as were little profitable, sowing my seed

in the sand and so reaping nothing but thornes and thistles. As thus I recounted ouer the follies that youth led me vnto, I stept to my Standish that stood hard by, and writ this Ode.

*Greenes Ode, of the vanitie of wanton
writings.*

T Hough Tytirus the Heards swaine,
 Phillis loue-mate felt the paine,
 That Cupid fiers in the eie,
 Till they loue or till they die,
 Straigned ditties from his pipe. |
 VVith pleasant voyce and cunning stripe :
 Telling in his song how faire,
 Phillis eie-browes and hir haire.
 How hir face past all supposes :
 For white Lillies : for red Roses.
 Though he founded on the hils,
 Such fond passions as loue wils,
 That all the Swaines that foulded by,
 Flockt to heare his harmonie,
 And vowed by Pan that Tytirus
 Did Poet-like his loues discusse,
 That men might learne mickle good,
 By the verdict of his mood ;
 Yet olde Meneleas ouer-ag'd,
 That many winters there had wag'd.

*Sitting by and hearing this :
Said, their wordes were all amisse.
For (quoth he) such wanton laies,
Are not worthie to haue praise.
Iigges and ditties of fond loues,
Youth to mickle follie mooues.
And tould this old said saw to thee,
Which Coridon did learne to me,
Tis shame and sin for pregnant wits,
To spend their skill in wanton fits.
Martiall was a bonnie boy,
He writ loues griefe and loues ioy.
He tould what wanton lookes passes,
Twixt the Swaines and the lasses.
And mickle wonder did he write,
Of Womens loues and their spight.
But for the follies of his pen,
He was hated of most men :
For they could say, t'was sin and shame
For Schollers to endite such game.
Quaint was Ouid in his rime,
Chieftest Poet of his time. |
What he could in words rehearse,
Ended in a pleasing verse.
Apollo with his ay-greene baies,
Crownd his head to shew his praise :
And all the Muses did agree,
He should be theirs, and none but he.*

*This Poet chaunted all of loue,
Of Cupids wings and Venus doue :
Of faire Corinna and her hew,
Of white and red, and vaines blew.
How they loued and how they greed,
And how in fancy they did speed.
His Elegies were wanton all,
Telling of loues pleasing thrall,
And cause he would the Poet seeme,
That best of Venus lawes could deeme,
Strange precepts he did impart,
And writ three bookes of loues art.
There he taught how to woe,
What in loue men should doe,
How they might sooneſt winne,
Honest women vnto sinne :
Thus to tellen all the truth,
He infected Romes youth :
And with his bookes and verses brought
That men in Rome naught els ſaught,
But how to tangle maid or wife,
With honors breach throgħ wanton life :
The foolish ſort did for his ſkill,
Praise the deepneſſe of his quill :
And like to him ſaid there was none,
Since died old Anacreon.
But Romes Auguſtus worlds wonder,
Brookt not of this foolish blonder :*

*Nor likt he of this wanton verse,
 That loues lawes did rehearse.
 For well he saw and did espie, |
 Youth was sore impaird thereby :
 And by experience he finds,
 VVanton bookes infect the minds,
 Which made him straight for reward,
 Though the censure seemed hard,
 To bannish Ovid quite from Rome,
 This was great Augustus doome :
 For (quoth he) Poets quils,
 Ought not for to teach men ils.
 For learning is a thing of prise,
 To shew precepts to make men wise.
 And neere the Muses sacred place,
 Dwels the virtuous minded graces.
 Tis shame and sinne then for good wits,
 To shew their skill in wanton fits.
 This Augustus did reply,
 And as he said, so thinke I.*

After I had written this Ode, a deepe insight
 of my follies did pearce into the center of
 my thoughtes, that I felt a passionat remorse,
 discouering such perticuler vanities as I had
 foothed vp withall my forepassed humors, I began
 to consider that that *Astrea*, that virtue, that
 metaphisicall influence which maketh one man

differ from an other in excellence béeing I meane come from the heauens, & was a thing infused into man from God, the abuse whereof I found to be as preiudicial as the right vser therof was profitable, that it ought to be imployed to wit, [not] in painting out a goddesse, but in setting out the praises of God : not in discouering of beauty but in discouering of vertues : not in laying out the platformes of loue, nor in telling the déepe passions of fancy, but in perswading men to honest & honorable actions which are the steps that lead to the true and perfect felicity : the serpent is then therefore an odious creature, for that he sucketh poyson from the O[d]oriferous flower, from whence the painefull Bee gathers her sweete Honnie. And that Lapidarie is holden a man woorthlesse in the worlde, / that will wrest the secret operation of the Diamond, to a deadly Aconiton : And such schollers deserue much blame, as out of that pretious fountaine of learning will fetch a pernitious water of vanitie : the trees that grow in *Indea* haue rough barks,* but they yéeld pretious gummes : and the stoncs in *Sicillia* haue a duskie couller, but being cut they are as orient as the sunne : so the outward phraze is not to be measured by pleasing the eare, but the inward matter by profiting the

* Altered in contemporary pen and ink to 'barks' from misprint 'banks.'

minde: the puffing glorie of the loftie stile shadowing wanton conceits is like to the skin of a serpent that contriues impoysoned flesh, or to a panther that hath a beautifull hide but a beastly paunch: for as the flowers of *Egipt* please the eye, but infect the stomack, and the water of the riuier *Orume* cooleth the hand but killeth the heart, so bookes that contriue scurilitie, may for a while breed a pleasing conceit and a merrie passion: but for euery dram of mirth, they leaue behinde them in the readers minde, a Tunfull of infecting mischiefs, like to the Scorpion, that flatters with his head and stings with his taile. These premisses driue me into a maze, especially when I considered, that wee were borne to profit our countrie, not onely to pleasure our selues: then the discomfortities that grew from my vaine pamphlets, began to muster in my sight: then I cald to minde, how many idle fancies I had made to passe the Presse, how I had pestred Gentlemens eyes and mindes, with the infection of many fond passions, rather infecting them with the allurements of some enchanted *Aconiton*, then tempered their thought with any honest Antidote, which consideration entered thus farre into my conscience.

Greenes trouble of minde.

EAther of mercie, whose gracious fauour is more pliant to pardon, then wee to become penitent, who art more willing to shadowe the contrite heart with remission, then we to offer our selues with hartie repentance: I héere in the humbleness of heart / prostrate my selfe before the throne of thy maiestie, vp-houlden with mercy and loue, as one blushing at the blemish of my vile and detestable offences, wherewith I haue purchased the burthen of thy wrath, being so heauie a load, that the shoulders of my poore diseased conscience, being ready to sinke vnder so heauie a weight, destitute of any meane to support the same, or to cure the passion of such a maladie, but by the salue that growes from the death of thy bitter passion, who camst into the world, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

When I doe (great Physition of our déepest mis-déeds) but glaunce mine eye at the obiect of my sinne, and *Sicco pede* passe them ouer as faults of course and follies of youth : yet I am pierced with so sharpe a passion, that I cannot conceale the greef of my conscience, but it bursteth forth in sighes and groanes, insomuch that I thinke life an enemy to my weale, and I wish the

beginning of my dayes had béene the hower of my departure.

But when with a strict insight, I say, *Redde rationem villicationis*, and take a straight accompt what the déedes of my youth haue béene, how full of vanitie, and fond conceited fancies, oh then what a fearefull terror dooth torture my minde, what a dungeon of dollours lyes open to swallow me? As the Scorpion stings deadly, and the Vipers bites mortally, so dooth the worme of my conscience grype without ceasing. And yet O Lord, a deeper miserie, for when with a fore-seeing consideration I looke into the time to come, wherein the secret coniecture of my faults and offences, shall be manifested and laid to my charge, and that I know *Stipendium peccati mors*, Oh then whether shall I flie from thy prefence? shall I take the wings of the morning and absent my selfe? can the hideous mountaines hide me, can wealth redéeme sinne, can beautie counteruaile my faults, or the whole world counterpoyse the ballance of mine offences? oh no, and therefore am I at my wits end, wishing for death, and the end of my miserable dayes, and yet then the remembrance of hell, and the torments thereof driue me to wish the contrarie. But / when I couet long life, and to see more dayes, then this imagination wrings me, I thinke, as I was conceiued in sinne and from

my birth inclined to ill : fo the fequell of my dayes will growe a *Malo in penis*, and the longer the woorfe, the more yeares, the more offences : for the life of man is as the Panther, the longer he liues the more fpots hee hath in his fkinne, and the Onix, the longer it is kept, the more ftroakes it hath. So our nature is fo corrupt, that we renew not our bill with the Eagle, but grow blacker and blacker with the Halciones.

When I ruminare on thefe premisses, then I loath the length of more dayes, fearing leaft the aptneffe of my corrupt flefh, through the rebellion thereof, againft the fpirit, heape greater plagues vpon my poore foule. What fhall I doe then Lord, thus diftreft on euery fyde, hauing no hope of comfort left me, but feare and difpaire? If I feeke to man, I know the ftrength of *Sampfon*, the pollicie of *Achitophell*, the wifdome of *Salomon*, to bee vaine in this refpect, for all haue fynned and are within the compaffe of my miserable condition : being payned with this maladie, to whome fhall I flie for medicine? euen to the wéete Phifytian of all fycklie foules, to thée that canft with a word cure all my forrowes, to the kinde Samaritan, that wilt powre wyne and Oyle into my woundes, fet mee on thine owne beaft, and take care for the faluing of my hurts, that canft fay, thy finnes are forgiuen, and I am whole.

.

To thee I come (ouer heated with the thirst of sinne) for water, that may spring in me a Well of lyfe: I am heauie loaden, and I will lay the burden on thy back, for thou art a promised mediatour for the penitent vnto God the Father. It is thou that seekest the wandring sheepe, and bringest him home on thy shoulders: thou wilt not loose that groate, but findest it with ioy, thou weepest in the neck of thy repenting Sonne, and killest the fat Calfe for his welcome: thou hast cryed out in the streetes, Were your finnes as Red as Scarlet, Ile make them as white as Snowe, and were they as Purple, I will make them as white as wooll. / These proclaimed promises is comfort, this heauenly voice is consolation, whereby I am reuiued, and my conscience lightned of the follies of my youth: nowe haue I found the true and onely physition for my long diseased soule, euen he that came to heale the penitent. Giue me grace Lord, then to take perfect handfast of these comfortable sayings: stretch forth thy hand, and I will with *Peter* spring into the water, for thou wilt vphould me: let me touch with faith the hem of thy Vesture, and then I shall enioy the true working of that most singular medicine, thy death & bitter passion, who sufferedst for our finnes, and on the crosse criedst *Consummatum est*, to take away the punishment due for our transgression: oh thy

mercy is infinite whereby thou callest vs, thy loue vnsearchable, whereby thou fauourest vs, and thy wisdomie incomprehensible, whereby thou guidest vs: all these doo appeare to be imparted towards me, in that thou stirrest vp in my heart a loathing of my sinne, and that the follies of my young yeares are odious in my remembrance. Sith then O Lord thou hast toucht me with repentance, and hast called me from the wildernesse of wickednesse and extreame dispaire, to place me in the pleasant fields of sinceritie, truth and godlinesse: and so shadowe me with the wings of thy grace, that my minde being free from all sinfull cogitations, I may for euer keepe my soule an vndefiled member of thy church, and in faith, loue, feare, humblenesse of heart, praier, and dutifull obedience, shew my selfe regenerate, and a reformed man from my former follies.

✓ **B**Eing in this deepe meditation, lying contemplating vpon my bed, I fell a sleepe, where I had not lyne long in a slumber, but that me thought I was in a faire medowe, sitting vnder an Oake, viewing the beautie of the sunne which then shewed himselfe in his pride: as thus I sat gasing on so gorgeous an object, I spied comming downe the Meade, two ancient men, aged, for their foreheads were the Calenders of their yeares,

and the whiteneſſe of their haire bewrayed the number of their dayes, their pace was anſwerable to their / age, and *In diebus illis* hung vpon their garments: their viſages were wrinckled, but well featured, and their countenance conteyned much grauitie. Theſe two ould men came to me, and ſat downe by me, the one of the right hand, and the other on the left: looking vpon them earneſtly, I eſpyed written on the ones breſt *Chawcer*, and on the others *Gower*: *Chawcer* was thus attired as néere as I can deſcribe it.

*The deſcription of ſir Geffery
Chawcer.*

*H*is ſtature was not very tall ;
Leane he was ; his legs were ſmall,
Hoſd within a ſtock of red ;
A buttond bonnet on his head,
From vnder which did hang, I weene,
Siluer haire both bright and ſheene :
His beard was white, trimmed round,
His countnance blithe and merry found :
A Sleeueleſſe Iacket large and wide,
With many pleights and ſkirts ſide,
Of water Chamlet did he weare ;
A whittell by his belt he beare.
His ſhoes were corned, broad before,
His Inckhorne at his ſide he wore,

*And in his hand he bore a booke :
Thus did this auntient Poet looke.*

Thus was *Chawcer* attired, and not vnlike him
was *Iohn Gower*, whose description take thus.

The description of Iohn Gower.

[Arge he was, his height was long ;
Broad of brest, his lims were strong ; /
But couller pale, and wan his looke,—
Such haue they that plyen their booke :
His head was gray and quaintly shorne,
Neately was his beard worne.
His visage graue, sterne and grim,—
Cato was most like to him.
His Bonnet was a Hat of blew,
His sleeues straight, of that same hew ;
A surcoate of a tawnie die,
Hung in pleights ouer his thigh :
A breech close vnto his dock,
Handsomd with a long stock ;
Pricked before were his shoone,
He wore such as others doone ;
A bag of red by his side,
And by that his napkin tide.
Thus Iohn Gower did appeare,
Quaint attired, as you heere.

Sitting as a man in a maze at the view of these

two ancient Poets, as well at the grauitie of their lookes, as the strangenesse of their attire. At last sir *Geffry Chaucer* start vp, and leaning on his staffe with a smiling countenance, began thus to breake silence. My friend quoth he, thy countenance bewrays thy thoughts, and thy outward lookes thy inward passions: for by thy face I see the figure of a discontented minde, and the very glaunce of thine eyes is a map of a disquieted conscience. Take heede, I tell thee sorrowes concealed are the more fower, and greefes smothered, if they burst not out will make the heart to breake: I confesse it is best to bee secretarie to a man's selfe, and to reueale the inwarde thoughts to a stranger is mere follie, yet I tell thee, better brooke an inconuenience then a mischiefe, and be counted a little fond, then too froward. Therefore if thy gréepe be not to priuate, or so néere to thy selfe, that thou wilt not bewray it to thy shirte: manie festring sores launched are the sooner cured, and cares discouered are the sooner eased: thou hast heere two, whome experience hath taught many medicines / for young mens maladies, I am sir *Geffrey Chaucer*, this *Iohn Gower*: what we can in counsaile, shall be thy comfort, and for secrecie we are no blabs. Heering sir *Geffrey Chaucer* thus familiar, I tooke heart at grasse to my selfe, and thought nowe I might haue my

doubt well debated, betwéene two fuch excellent schollers: wherevpon putting of my hat with great reuerence, I made this replie.

Graue Laureats, the tipes of Englands excellence for Poetry, and the worlds wonders for your wits, all haile, and happily welcome, for your prefence is a falue for my paffions, and the inward gréeses that you perceiue by my outward lookes, are alreadie halfe eafed by your comfortable promife: I cannot denie but my thoughts are discontent, and my fences in a great maze, which I haue damd vp a long while, as thinking beft to smoothen sorrow with filence, but now I will fet fire on the ftrow, and lay open my fecrets to your felues, that your fwéet counsailes may eafe my discontent. So it is, that by profeffion I am a scholler, & in wil do affect that which I could neuer effect in action, for faine would I haue fome tafte in the liberall sciences, but *Non licet cui bis adire Corinthum*, and therefore I content my felfe with a superficiall insight, and only fatisfie my defire with the name of a Scholler, yet as blind Baiard wil iumpe fooneft into the mire, fo haue I ventured afore many my betters, to put my felfe into the preffe, and haue fet foorth fundrie bookes in print of loue & fuch amorous fancies which fome haue fauoured, as other haue misliked. But now of late there came foorth a booke called the Cobler of Canterburie,

a merrie worke, and made by some madde fellow, conteining pleasant tales, a little tainted with scurilitie, such reuerend *Chawcer* as your selfe set foorth in your iourney to *Canterbury*. At this booke the grauer and greater sorte repine, as thinking it not so pleasant to some, as preiudiciall to many, crossing it with such bitter inuectiues, that they condemne the Author almost for an Atheist. Now learned Lawreat, héere lyes the touch of my passions: they father the booke vpon me, whereas it is *Incerti authoris*, and suspitiouflye slaunder me with many harde reproaches, / for penning that which neuer came within the compasse of my Quill. Their allegation is, because it is pleasant, and therefore mine: because it is full of wanton conceits, and therefore mine: in some places say they the stile bewraies him: thus vpon supposed premisses they conclude peremptorie, & though some men of account may be drawne by reason from that suppose, yet that *Ignobile Vulgus*, whose mouthes will not be stopt with a Bakers batch, will still crie, it was none but his: this father *Chawcer* hath made me enter into consideration of all my former follies, and to thinke how wantonly I haue spent my youth, in penning such fond pamphlets, that I am driuen into a dumpe whether they shall redound to my insuing credit, or my future infamie, or whether I haue doone well or ill,

in setting foorth such amorous trifles: heerein resolue me, and my discontent is doone.

At this long period of mine, *Chawcer* fat downe & laught, and then rising vp and leaning his back against a Trée, he made this merry aunswer. Why *Greene* quoth he, knowest thou not, that the waters that flow from *Pernassus* Founte, are not tyed to any particular operation? that there are nine Muses, amongst whom as there is a *Clio* to write graue matters so there is a *Thalia* to endite pleasant conceits, and that *Apollo* hath Baies for them both, aswell to crowne the one for hir wanton amours, as to honour the other for her worthy labours: the braine hath many strings, and the wit many stretches: some tragical to write, like *Euripides*: some comicall to pen, like *Terence*: some déepely conceited to set out matters of great import: others sharpe witted to discouer pleasant fantasies: what if *Cato* set foorth seueare censures, and *Ouid* amorous Axiomes, were they not both counted for their faculties excellent? yes, and *Ouid* was commended for his *Salem ingenii*, when the other was counted to haue a dull wit, & a slow memory: if learning were knit in one string, and could expresse himself but in one vaine, thē should want of variety, bring all into an imperfect Chaos. But sundry men, sundry conceits, & wits are to be praised not for the grauity of the / matter,

but for the ripenes of the inuention : so that *Martiall*, *Horace* or any other, deserue to bee famoused for their Odes and Elegies, as well as *Hesiodē*, *Hortensius*, or any other for their deeper precepts of doctrines. Feare not then what those Morosie wil murmure, whose dead cinders brook no glowing sparkes, nor care not for the opinion of such as hold none but Philosophie for a Subiect : I tell thee learning will haue his due, and let a vipers wit reach his hand to *Apollo*, and hee shall sooner haue a branch to eternize his fame, than the sowrest Satyricall Authour in the worlde. Wee haue heard of thy worke to be amorous, sententious, and well written. If thou doubttest blame for thy wantonnes, let my selfe suffice for an instaunce, whose Canterburie tales are broad enough before, and written homely and pleasantly : yet who hath bin more canonised for his workes, than Sir *Geffrey Chaucer*? What *Green*? Poets wits are frée, and their words ought to be without checke : so it was in my time, and therefore resolute thy selfe, thou hast doone Scholler-like, in setting foorth thy pamphlets, and shalt haue perpetual fame which is learnings due for thy endeuour. This saying of *Chawcer* chéered mee vntill olde *Iohn Gower* rising vp with a fowre countenance began thus.

John Gower to the Authour.

WELL hath *Chawcer* said, that the braine hath fundrie strings, and the wit diuerse stretches: some bent to pen graue Poems, other to endite wanton fancies, both honoured and praised for the height of their capacitie: yet as the Diamond is more esteemed in the Lapidaries shop than the Topace, and the Rose more valued in the Garden than Gilly-flowers: So men that write of Morall precepts, or Philosophicall Aphorismes are more highly esteémed, than such as write Poems of loue, and conceits of fancie. In elder time learning was so high prized that Schollers were companions for Kings, & Philosophers were fathers of the Commonwealth, vpholding the state with the strength of their precepts: their wits were then employed either to the censures of virtue, or to the secrets of nature: either to deliuer opinions of Morall Discipline, or conclusions of natural philosophy, being measured by the grauity of their sayings, not the wantonnes of their sentences: And so long were poets titled with many honors as long as their poems were vertuous, either tending to suppressse vanitie with *Hesiod*, or to aduance arms and vallour with *Homer*. But when they began to wrest their sonnets to a wrong vse,

then they were out of credite, and for an instance of their follies, *Ouid* there graunde Captaine, was rewarded with bannishment. They which confidred that man was born to profit his countrey, fought how to apply their time, and bend their wits to attaine to perfection of learning, not to inueagle youth with amours, but to incite to vertuous labours: some in their Academies, taught the motion of the Starres, the count of the heauens, some of the nature of trées, plants, hearbs and stones: others deciphered the secret qualities of beafts, birds, & fowls, others, writs of Aconomical precepts, some of policy, some of gouernement of Common wealthes, and how the Citizens should followe vertue, and eschewe vice: others deliuered instruction for manners. Thus all generallie aimed at an vniuerfall profit of their countrey, and how to kéepe youth from any touch of idle vanities. None in their writings discourfed either of loue or hir lawes: for *Venus* then onely was holden for a wandring planet, not honored for a wanton Goddeffe. Philosophers were dunces in loues doctrine, and held it infamous for to be tainted with the blemish of fond fancy: much more to pen down any precepts of affectiō: if then Ethnik Philosophers, who knewe not God, but by a naturall instinct of vertue, fought so carefully to auoid such vanities, & only bent the sum of

their wits to their countries profit: thē how blameworthy are such as endeauour to shew their quicke capacities in such wanton woorkes, as greatly prejudice the state of the commonwealth. I grant ther is no wéed so il, but som wil gather, no stone so craf'd, but some wil choose: nor no book so fond but some wil fauor: but *Vox populi vox Dei* the most & the grauest wil account it vaine and scurrulous. Therefore trust me, / *Iohn Gowers* opinion is: thou hast applied thy wits ill, & hast sowed chaffe & shalt reape no haruest. But my maister *Chaucer* brings in his workes for an instance, that as his, so thine shalbe famous: no it is not a promise to conclude vpon: for men honor his more for the antiquity of the verse, the english & prose, than for any deepe loue to the matter: for prooffe marke how they weare out of vse. Therefore let me tel thee, thy books are baits that allure youth, Syrens that sing sweetly, and yet destroy with their notes, faire flowers without smel and good phrases without any profite.

Without any profite (quoth *Chawcer*) and with that hee start vp with a frown: no *Gower*, I tell thee, his labours, as they be amorous, so they be sententious: and serue as well to suppress vanity, as they seem to import wantonnes. Is there no meanes to cure sores, but with Corasives? no helpe for vlcers, but sharpe

implasters? no salve against vice, but fower
 satyres? Yes, a pleasant vaine, quips as nie the
 quicke as a grauer inuectiue, and vnder a merry
 fable can *Esop*e as wel tant folly, as *Hesiod*e correct
 manners in his Heroicks. I tell thee this man
 hath ioyned pleasure with profite, & though his
 Bee hath a sting, yet she makes sweet honny.
 Hath he not discovered in his workes the follies
 of loue, the sleights of fancy, and lightnesse of
 youth, to be induced to such vanities? and what
 more profit can there be to his countrey than
 manifest such open mischiefes, as grew from the
 conceit of beauty & deceit of women: and all
 this hath he painted down in his pamphlets. I
 grant (quoth *Gower*) the meaning is good, but
 the method is bad: for by aiming at an incon-
 uenience he bringeth in a mischiefe: in seeking to
 f[u]ppresse fond loue, the swéetnes of his discourse
 allures youth to loue, like such as taking drink
 to cool their thirst, feele the tast so pleasant, that
 they drinke while they surfeit. *Ouid* drewe not
 so many with his remedie of Loue from loue,
 as his *Ars Amandi* bred amorous schollers, nor
 hath *Greenes* Bookes weaned so many from vanity,
 as they haue wedded from* wantonneffe. That
 is the reason (quoth *Chawcer*) that youth is more
 prone vnto euil than to good, and with the

* Corrected in old pen and ink to 'to.'

Serpent, sucke honny from the swee/teft sirops :
 and haue not Poets shadowed waightie precepts
 in slender Poems and in pleasant fancies vsed deepe
 perswations? who bitte the Curtizans of his time
 and the follies of youth more than *Horace*, and
 yet his Odes were wanton. Who more inuaied
 against the manners of men then *Martiall*, and
 yet his verse was lasciuious? And had hee not
 better (quoth *Gower*) haue discovered his prin-
 ciples in some graue sort as *Hesiod* did or *Pindaris*,
 than in such amorous & wanton manner: the
 lightnesse of the conceit cracks halfe the credite,
 and the vanitie of the pen breeds the lesse beleefe.
 After *Ouid* had written his Art of Loue, and set
 the youth on fire to imbrace fancy, he could not
 reclaime them with

Otia si tollas periere cupidinis arcus.

The thoughts of young men are like Bauins,
 which once set on fire, will not out till they be
 ashes, and therefore doe I infer, that such Pamphlets
 doe rather preiudice than profite. Tush (quoth
Chawcer) all this is but a peremptorie selfe conceit
 in thine owne humour: for I will shew thee for
 instance, such sentences as may like the grauest,
 please the wisest, and instruct the youngest and
 wantonnest, and they be these: first of the
 disposition of women.

Sentences collected out of the Authours bookes.

*Quid leuius bruto? * fulmen, quid fulmine? flamma,
Quid flamma? mulier, quid muliere? nihil.*

1 **B**E not ouertaken with the beautie of women,
whose eies are fram'd by art to enamour,
and their hearts by nature to inchant.

2 Women with their false teares know their
due times, and their swéete woordes pearce deeper
than sharpe swordes.

3 Womens faces are lures, there beauties are
baites, their lookes nets, their wordes charmes, and
all to bring men to ruine.

4 A hard fauored woman that is renowned for
hir cha / stitie is more honorable than she that
is famous for her beautie.

5 She which holdeth in her eie most coynes,
hath oft in her heart most dishonesty.

6 A woman may aptly bee compared to a
Roafe, for as we cannot enioy the fragrant smell
of the one without prickles: so wee cannot
posseffe the vertues of the other, without some
shrewish conditions.

7 Though Women haue small force to ouer-
come men by reason, yet haue they good fortune
to vnder-mine men by policie.

* Altered in pen and ink to 'vento.'

8 Womens paines are more pinching, if they bee girded with a frumpe, than if they be galled with a mischiefe.

9 The ready way to fier a woman to desire, is to crosse thē with disdaine.

10 Some women haue their loues in their lookes, which taken in with a gase, is thrust out with a wincke.

11 Womens eares are not their touchstones, but their eies: they fee and make choyce, and not heare and fancy.

12 Women oft resemble in their loues the Apothecaries in their Art, which choose the wéeds for their shops, when they leaue the flowers in the field.

13 Euerie looke that women lend is not loue, nor euerie smile in their face is not a pricke in their bosome.

14 Womens hearts are full of hoales, apt to receiue, but not to reteine.

15 The Cloffets of womens thoughts are euer open, & the deapth of their heart hath a string that stretcheth to their tongues end.

16 A woman is like Fortune standing vppon a Gloabe, winged with the feathers of ficklenes.

17 Womens heartes are the Exchequers where fancye yéelds vp hir accounts.

18 Women, be they chaff, be they curteous,

be they constant, be they rich, renowned, honest, wife : yet haue they sufficient vanities to counter-vaile their vertues.

19 Womens excellency is discouered in their constancie. /

20 As the glittering beames of the Sunne when it ariseth, decketh the Heauens : so the glistering beautie of a good wife adorneth the house.

How saiest thou *Gower*, quoth *Chawcer* to these sentences? are they not worthie graue eares, and necessarye for young mindes? is there no profit in these principles ; is there not flowers amongst weedes, and swéete aphorismes hidden amongst effeminate amours? Are not these worthie to eternize a mans fame, and to make the memoriall of him lasting? I cannot denie quoth *Gower*, but the sayings are good, both pleasant and Satyricall : but if they had béene placed in an other humor, how much more had they béene excellent? for is not a Diamond placed in gould, more pretious, then set in Copper? and sentences in a matter of import, higher valued, then thrust in amongst vaine trifles? If ripe wits would consider what glory redounds by déepe studies, they would neuer busie their braines about such superficial vanities. Tushe, quoth *Chawcer*, it behooues a Scholler to fit his Pen to the time and persons,

and to enter with a déepe insight into the humours of men, and win them by such writings as best wil content their fancies, I tell thée

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci :

What, a pleasant tale stufte full of conceit, bréedes delight to the eare, and pierceth into the thoughts: *Demosthenes* when he could not perswade the Athenians with his long and learned Orations, drew them to withstand *Phillip* with a merry Fable. And *Alcibiades* wrought more amongst his Souldiers with his pleasant allusions, then with all his graue exhortations: for prooffe *Gower* thou shalt héere me tell a tale for the suppressing of ielousie, which tell mee how thou likest when thou hast heard it. With that hee sat him downe, and so did *Gower*: and I in the midst was verie attentive. /

Chawcers tale of Iealofie.

Here dwelled in Grandchester hard by Cambridge, a man called *Tomkins*, a Whelewright he was, and such a one as liued by his art, who being a young man and vnmarried, held it a religion euery funday to frolike it in the Church yarde: his doublet was of leather, ruffled after the best fashion, faire trust afore with a doozen, and a halfe of Pewter

Buttons : a Ierkin of Graye Carfey, with a tagd welt of the owne, and becaufe his dublet was new, his fléeues hung downe verie properly : a round flop of white, with two guards about the pocket hole, gracft with a long ftock, that for wearing at the knee were fencft with two pièces of a Calues fkinne : his Ruffe was of fine Lockeram, fticht very faire with Couentrie blew : a Gréene Hat fresh from the Haberdashers, tyed vp before, and a brooch of Copper, wherein Saint George fate verye well mounted.

Thus *Tomkins* came ruffling amongst the wenches to the Churchyard, where he was alwayes foregallant of the Countrie gambals, performing his charge with fuch a grace, that the proudest wenche in all the parifh would fauour him with her Napkin. The Bee flies fo long amongst the flowers, that at laft he lights on one : and *Tomkins* could not touche the fier fo oft, but he muft warme : put Flaxe and Fire together, and they will flame : and fo proper a Squire could not court it fo oft among fo many faire maides, but at laft he was caught by the heele, and ouer the fhooes forfooth in loue, and with whome? with a Maide that euery daye wente to fell Creame at Cambridge.

A bonnie Laffe fhe was, verye well tuckt vp in a Ruffet Petticoate, with a bare hemme, and

no Fringe, yet had shee a Red lace, and a Stomacher of Tuft Mockado, and a Partlet cast ouer with a prittie whippe, and drest she was / in a Kerchiffe of Holland, for her Father was a Farmer: her girdle was gréene, and at that hung a large Leather Purse with faire threaden Taffels, & a new paire of yellow gloues, tufted with redde rawe Silke verie richly: and forsooth this Maides name was *Kate*: her did *Tomkins* loue, infomuch that many lookes past betwéene them, and many wooings, that at last he brake the matter to her, and she that was old enough to giue an answere, said: if he could get her Fathers good will, she was content. At this *Tomkins* strooke the bargaine vppe with a kisse, and sought opertunitie to méet with her Father to breake the matter vnto him. At last Fortune so fauoured, that her Fathers Axletree broake as he was carrying manure to the ground, where-
vpon he was faine to pul forth his horses, and in all post hast to send for *Tomkins*, and forsooth *Kate* must be the woman to fetch the Wheele-right: Away she goes, and as she went, smug'd her selfe vp with her harding Aporne, and comes to *Tomkins* house, whome shee found lustie at his worke: she saluted him, & he down with his Axe, and gaue her a welcome: she did her message, and he left all workes and went with

her. Afloone as he came to her fathers house, he went about his work, and made him a newe Axeltrée : when hee had done, hee was bidden come in and drinke, and her father drew foorth his purse and pleased him for his paines. *Tomkins*, that thought nowe to bewray the matter, putting his Axe vnder his arme, desired the old man hee might haue a woord with him : to whome hee discoursed the whole matter as concerning his Daughter. Hee heard him like an olde Foxe, and considered *Tomkins* was a yong man and a thriftie, and had a good occupation, and therefore hee could not haue a fitter matche. Wherevpon, after some prattle betwéene them, all was agréed, and the marriage day was set downe : Against which, the Tailor of the Towne had worke enough for the Bride and Bride-groomes aparell, and many a Goose and many a Pig lost their life against that day. Well, on a Sunday it was, and the maids flockt to *Kates* fathers house, striving to make the Bride handsome, who had a fresh Gowne of home-spun Cloath, and was very finelie /dizond in a little Cappe, and a faire paste : the Glouer sould two doozen of two peny Gloues, which she gaue to her friends, and I warrant you *Tomkins* house was as full of lustie Gallants, that tooke care to set out their Bridegroomme all new from top to toe, with a

paire of gréene Garters tyed croffe aboue the knée, and a doozen of Crewell Points that set out his hose verie faire. Thus with a branche of Rosemarie marched *Tomkins* to the Church, where *Kate* and he met : and there, to be bréepe, they were marryed : well that daye was past with dauncing and Honney moone it was for a moneth after : *Tomkins* did little worke, for he had enough to do to looke on his faire wife : yet shee went as she was woonte when she was a Maide to Cambridge with her Creame : but *Tomkins* on a day, considering that Schollers were mad fellows, began to be iealous, leaft some of them might teach his Wife Lodgick, so that he cut hir off from that vaine, and tyed hir to hir Distaffe, and caused hir to sit by him as hee wrought.

Long were they not married, but séeing his Wife was the fayrest in all the parrish, and noting that diuers of his neighbours did vse to his house, he began to wax iealous, in so much that euery looke she cast, he thought to be loue, and if she smilde it went to his heart, for hee thought it was a fauour. Thus *Tomkins* grew almost mad, and yet durst not wrong his Wife, because hir father was one of the cheefe men in all the parish, and beside his wife was so honest, as he could finde her in no fault : yet thus smothering his

owne fuspition he liued in a fecond hell, not daring
 to let his wife go out of his fight, and scarce
 truſting his owne eyes. *Kate* was not ſo ſimple
 but ſhe could perceiue it, and gréeued, that with
 out cauſe ſhe was ſo wrongd, yet poore wench
 ſhe conceald her gréeſe with patience, and brookt
 his fufpition, till ſhe might with credit reuenge :
 for cauſeleſſe iealouſie is the greateſt breathe to
 a womans honeſtie : I knowe not how ſhe dealt
 with the Whelewrite, but a Scholler of Trinitie
 Hoſtell *Vitiauit Glicerium*, and made poore *Tom-*
kins looke ouer the pale like a Buck in ſeaſon.
 Women haue their ſhifts, and if / they be willing,
 they haue as many inchauntments as euer *Cyrceſ*
 had, to turne men into hornd beaſts. Still was
Tomkins ſuſpitiouſ, but fault he could finde none,
 for *Kate* was a warie wenche, and the Scholer
 had taught hir *Si non caſte, tamen caute* : But his
 iealouſie ſtill ſtucke in her ſtomacke, that on a
 time ſhe deſired the Scholer to deuife ſome meane
 how he might rid her huſband of his fonde
 fufpition : let that alone for me, quoth the Scholer,
 take no care, before ſunday at night ile make him
 ſinge a new ſonge : *Kate* went home, and to hir
 wheele ſhe goes, and makes much of hir *Tomkins*,
 who vpon Friday next caryed his wife to hir
 fathers, and commanded hir to ſtay there while
 he went to Cambridge, and came againe : ſhe

obeyed his charge, and away goes hee towards the good towne. By the way as he went, in a dump studying on the beautie of his wife, féeding himselfe with his iealous humor, he ouertooke a Scholer, to whome he gaue the time of the daye : Welcome friend quoth the Scholer, where do you dwell ? Sir quoth he, at next towne at Granchester : at Granchester man quoth hee, I am glad I met thée, now shall I laugh a little : I pray thée tell me fréend, haue you not a Wheele-wright that dwels there ? they call him *Tomkins* : yes marrie sir quoth he, I am his next neighbor, I pray you what of him ? if thou dwelst so néere, I maruel (quoth he) thou doost aske ? why hee married bonnie *Kate* of Granchester, that sould Creame : and now he is the moste famous Cuckould in all the countrey. This went as colde as a stone to *Tomkins* heart, yet because hee would learne all, he conceald the matter, and bare it out with a good countenance, and said that although he dwelt at the next doore, yet he neuer heard so much. Ile tell thée man, quoth the Scholler, for a Quarte of Wine, Ile shew thée, the next time shée comes to towne, with whome she is familiarlie acquainted : Marrie quoth he, and at the next Tauerne, Ile bestow it on you, and to morrow comes lustie *Kate* to Cambridge, and if you do me so much fauour,

ile bestow a dish of Apples on you, to eate these winter euenings : the Scholler thankt him, & to the wine they went, & the next day *Tomkins* was appointed / to come to Trinitie Hostell to such a Chamber: vppon which conclusion he did his businesse and home he went. He bare out the matter with a good face, although he was full of choller in his hart, & could not sleép, to thinke *S. Luke* was his Patron. But the next morning early hee bad his wife make her ready to goe to market, for he was not well, and keepe his bed hee would till she came againe. *Kate* start vp and made her selfe verie handsome, and suspected there was some thing in the winde : Well, to Cambridge she must, for it was her husbands charge, and away shee went. No fooner was shee out of the doores, but vp got he and made him selfe readie, tooke the key in his pocket, and crost another way to Cambridge, that hee was seene of none, and to Trinity Hostell he goes, and found out the Scholler: who bad him welcome, thankt him for his wine, and tould him you are come in a good hower, for follow me and I will shew you where your wife and a Scholler are now making merrie together. The matter before was debated amongst them how poor *Tomkins* should be handled. Wel the Scholer brought him secreatly to a Chamber windowe, where looking

in, he might see his wife sitting vpon a Schollers ✓
lap eating of a pound of Cherries : skarce could
hee keepe his tongue from railing out, but at
the Schollers request hee bridled it and put it vp
with patience. Well, home hee would to prouide
for his wiues welcome, but the Scholer tould him
hee should drinke first, and filling him out drinke,
gaue him a Dormitarie potion, that after he had
talked a little, he fell in a dead sleepe : then went
the Scholer in and fetcht *Kate* out, and shewed
her her husband. Merrie they were, and past
away the time while it was late in the night,
& then they heaued vp *Tomkins* on a horse backe,
and carried him home to his house, vndrest him,
and laid him in his bed, & though it were late,
Katherine cald her mother vp, & reueald the
whole matter to her. The old beldame laught,
and said, the iealous fool was wel ferued. Wel
the Scholers had good chéere made them, and
away they went, and the Mother and the daughter
sette vppe a watching Candle, and fate verie man-
nerly by a good fier, looking when *Tomkins* should
wake. About / midnight, the drinke left his ope-
ration, and he suddenly awoke, and starting vp,
fswore by gogs nownes, you arrant whore, ile be
reuengde vpon thee : with that his mother and
his wife stept to him, and said, what chéere sonne,
fie leaue such idle talke and remember God :

naye you whore (quoth *Tomkins*) ile be reuengd
both on you and your knaue scholler. Daughter
quoth the olde Beldam, goe for more neighbours,
he begins to raue : good Sonne leaue these words,
and remember Christ: with that *Tomkins* lookt
about, began to call himselfe to remembrance,
and saw hee was in his bed, with a Kercher
on his head, watcht by his mother and his wife,
maruelled how he should come from Cambridge,
that in this mase he lay a long while, as in a
trance : at last he said, alas where am I? Marrie
husband (quoth *Kate*) in your own house, and
in your owne bed, sicke God helpe you : why
(quoth he) and was I not at Cambridge to day?
at Cambridge man alas, when I came home,
I found you héere, and my mother sitting by
you, very sicke : and so you continued till
within this hower, and then you fell in a
slumber : why but quoth *Tomkins*, was I not at
Cambridge this day, and saw thée in Trinitie
hostell? In Trinitie Hostell, trust me (quoth she)
I was not there this two yeere, and for your being
at Cambridge, God helpe you, I pray God you
were able to go thether. Whie Mother (quoth
he) make me not mad, assoone as my wife went
to Cambridge, I start vp, made me readie, and
went to Trinitie hostell, and there saw I hir with
these eies, sitting vpon a Schollers knée, eating

of a pound of Cherries. Well Husband (quoth *Kate*) and how came you home againe? I marrie (quoth he) their lyes the question: I know well of my going thether, and of my being there, but of my returne, why I remember nothing. No I thinke so poore man (quoth she) for all this day hast thou beene a sick man, and full of broken slumbers and strange dreames: I will tell thee Sonne this disease is a mad blood that lies in thy head, which is growne from ielousie, take héede of it, for if it should continue but fixe dayes, it would make thée starke mad, for it was nothing but an idle and a ielious fancie, that made / thée thinke thou wert at Cambridge, and sawest thy wife there: and was I not then out of my bed, quoth he? no God helpe you, quoth the Mother. Then wife quoth he, and he wept, I aske both God and thée forgiuenesse, and make a vowe, if God graunt me health, neuer heere after to suspect thée: thou shalt go whether thou wilt, and kéepe what companie thou wilt, for a ielious minde is a second hell. Thus was *Tomkins* brought from his suspition and his wife and hee reconcilde.

What saiest thou quoth *Chawcer* to this tale?
 is there any offence to be taken? is it not
 a good inuectiue against ielousie? *Sauf vostre*

grace, quoth *Iohn Gower*, fir *Geffrey*, your tale is too scurrulous, and not worthie to trouble my graue eare: such fantasticall toyes be in the Cobler of Canterbury, and that bred the booke such discredit: call you this a method to put downe any particular vice, or rather a meanes generally to set vp vanitie? this is the sore that creepes into the minde of youth, and leaues not fretting till it be an incurable vicer: this is the rust that eateth the hardest Steele, and cannot be rubd off with the purest Oyle. Mens mindes are apt to follies, and prone to all such idle fancies, and such bookes are Spurres to pricke them forward in their wickednesse, where they neede sharpe bits to bridle in their wanton affections: cannot the Phisition salve a maladie, without vnder a poysoned and pleasant sirope, he hide a medicinable potion, when the operation of the one shall doo more preiudice, then the vertue of the other can worke profit? Shall I in such sharpe hookes lay aluring baites? shall I seeke to drawe men from dancing with a Taber, to perswade men to peace with weapons, or exhort men to vertuous actions with tales of wanton affections? no *Greene*, marke *Iohn Gower* wel, thou hast write no booke well, but thy *Nunquam sera est*, and that is indifferent *Linsey Wolsey* to be borne, and to be praised and no more: the

rest haue swéete phrascs, but sower follies : good precepts tempered amongst idle matter, Eeles amongst Scorpions : and Pearles, strowed amongst pibbles : beléeue / not Sir *Geffrey Chawcer* in this : marke but his madde tale to put downe Icalowfie, I will tell a tale to the same effect, and yet I hope, neither so light of concept, nor so full of scurrilitie.

Iohn Gowers tale against Ielousie.

IN the citie of Antwerpe, there dwelled a gentleman of good parentage, called *Alexander Vandermaest*, who beeing indued with Lands and liuings, such as were able to maintaine an honest port, thought not with the Cedar to die fruitles, nor to end his name with his life, and therefore to haue a priuate friende with whome to communicate his thoughtes, and issue to maintaine the fame of his house, he thought to wed him self to some good wife with whose beauty he might delight his eie, & with whose vertues hee might content his mind. At last looking about, hee sawe manie faire and well featured, but they had faults that bred his mislike : Some thought to amend Nature with Art, and with Apothecaries drugges, to refine that which God had made perfect : Such artificiall paintings he likt not, as being the instances of pride. Some

had their eies full of Amours, casting their lookes with such alluring glaunces, that their verie immodestie appeared in their eie-lids: those hee held too forward to the fist: Some had delight to heare themselves chat, and had more talke in their tongues, than witte in their heads: those he counted for Gosses, and let them slip: taking thus a narrow view of the maides of Antwerpe. At last he spied one amongst the rest, who was faire, modest, silent, and generallie indued with all vertues, as highly commended through all the Cittie for her chastitie, as she was praised for her beautie. Vpon her did *Alexander* cast his eie, and so fixe his heart, that he began entirely to affect her, knowing what a pretious iewell he should haue, if he got so vertuous a wife: For he had read in Iesus Syrach, that happie is that / man that hath a vertuous wife, for the number of his dayes shalbe double. A vertuous woman dooth make a ioyfull man, and whether he be riche or poore, he may alwaies haue a merrie heart. A woman that is silent of tounge, shamefast in countenance, sober in behauiour, and honest in condition, adorned with vertuous qualities correspondent, is like a goodly, pleasant Flower, deckt with the coullers of all the Flowers in the Field, which shall be giuen for a good portion, to such a one as feareth God.

These sayings made *Alexander* an earnest futor to *Theodora*, for so was the Maides name: and so followed his purposed intent, that not onely he obteyned the good will of the Maide, but the consent of her parents, so that in short time there was a mariage, not onely concluded, but fully consummated. These two agréed together louingly, and in such loyaltie, that all Antwerpe talked of the affection of the one, and the obedience of the other, and the loue of both: liuing in this concord, the deuill that grudged at the sinceritie of *Iob*, greeued at the mutuall amitie of these two, and sought to set them at oddes, which he attempted with the pernicious fier of Ielousie, a plague that offereth déepest wrong to the holy estate of marriage, and setteth forth such mortall variance, as hardly by any meanes can be pacified. Where married couples agree together, it is a great happinesse, and a thing very acceptable in the sight of God: but as in musick are many discords, before there can be framed a true Diapasin, so in wedlock are many iarres, before there be established a perfect friendship: Falling out there may be, and wordes may growe betweene such swéete friends: but

Amantium iræ amoris redinte gratia est:

Marrie where Ielousie enters by stelh, from

thence he cannot be thrust out by force. This pestilent humor entred into the minde of *Alexander*, for seeing he had the fayrest wife in all Antwarpe, & that many Marchants resorted to his house, he found that women are weake vessels, and conceited a Iealous opinion without cause, thinking such as came to enter / parle with him for traffike, come rather for the beautie of his wife, then for any other trade of Marchandize, in so much that hee pind her vp in her Chamber, and kept himselfe the Key : not content with this, sitting one day in a great dumpe he fell into this meditation.

*Alexander Vandermaest, his iealous meditation
with himselfe.*

THou hast married thy selfe *Alexander*, to a Woman, and therefore to a thing light and inconstant, whose heart is like to feathers blowne abroad with euery winde, & whose thoughts aime at euery new obiekt : thou mightst *Vandermaest* haue foreseene this, for thou hast red that *Armins* of Carthage being earnestly perswaded to marry, answered, I dare not ; for if I chance vpon one that is wise, shee will be wilfull : if wealthie, then wanton : if poore, then peeuisht : if beautifull, then proude : if deformed, then loathsome : and the least of these is able to kill a thousand men. Why *Alexander* did thou

not eschew this, foreseeing this, and knowing them to bee such euils? why didst thou loade thy selfe with such a heauie burden, oh howe art thou changed? what motion hath madded thee with this conceit? thou wert woont to say that they were Heauens wealth, and earths miracles, adorned with the singularitie of proportion, to shrowd the excellencie of all perfection, as farre excéeding men in vertues, as they excell them in beauties, resembling Angels in qualities, as they are like to Gods in perfectnes, being purer in minde then in moulede, and yet made of the puritie of man: iust they are, as giuing loue hir due: constant, as houlding loyaltie more pretious then life, as hardly to be drawne from vnited affection, as the Salamanders from the Cauernes of Etna. Oh *Alexander*, I would they were so, then wert / thou as happy, as now thou art miserable: but no doubt their hearts are made of Iet, that draw vp fancie in a minute, and let it slip in a moment, and their thoughts so fickle, that they couet to féede on euery new obiect: they seeke to marrie, that the husband may couer their faults, and like Atheists, they count all pardoned, that is doone with secrecie. She riseth vp saith the Wife man, and wipeth her mouth, as though shee had made no offence. No doubt there be such as thou dooest decipher, but torment not thy selfe with

lealoufie, let not thy hart fufpect what neither thy eye fees by prooffe, nor thine eares heere by reporte, *Theodora* is vertuous, and chafte, honour dwels in hir thoughts, and modeftie in her eyes, fhee treads vpon the Tortufe, and kéepe her houle, and ftrayes not abroad with euery wanton giglet : She layes not out the tramels of hir hayre to allure mens lookes : nor is fhe wanton in her eye lids, fhe feekes not to companie with ftrangers, nor takes delight in much prattle, but as *Sufanna* was to *Ioachim*, and *Lucretia* to *Collatine*, fo is *Theodora* to *Alexander*. She is like to the vertuous Woman which *Salomon* fets out in the Prouerbes, who eates not her bread with idlenesse : fhee is vp earlie and late, labouring gladlie with her hands : fhe occupie Wooll and Flaxe, layes hould vpon the Difaffe, and puts hir fingers to the Spindle : fuch a one *Alexander* is thy *Theodora*, whome Antwarpe admires for hir vertues, and thou maift loue for her perfection. Such fhe fêemes indeed, but women are fubtill, fhewing themfelues to difdaine that which they moft defire, and vnder the mafke of a pure life, shadowe a thoufand deceitfull vanities. She is faire, and many eies awaite vpon her beautie, and women are weake creatures, fome women.

I fee many Marchants flocke to my houle, and amongst them all, perhaps fhe will like one : tush, for

all her shew of constancie and vertuous perfection, I will not trust her, nor beleéue her, for women are subtile to allure, and slipperie to deceiue, hauing their hearts made of waxe ready to receiue euery impressiõ : and with this he starte vp, and wente to looke if his wiues Chamber doore were safe lockt, and so went / about his businesse, but so discontent in his thoughts, as all the world might espie his gréepe by his passions. *Theodora* saw all this, and perceiued the folly of her husband, and brookt it with great patience, for that she knew her selfe free from al intended suspition, coueting with her forcible effects of dutie, to race out the cankred rust of Iealousie, that bred such secret and silent iarres betwixt her and her *Alexander* : pind vp thus as a hauk in a mew to solace her, she had recourse to her book, aiming in all her Orizons for grace, that her actions might be directed, and the course of her life so leaueld, that no blemish might taint the brightnes of her credit, otherwhile for recreation she would take her Lute in her hand and sing this Ditie.

Theodoras Song.

*S*ecret alone, and silent in my bed,
 When follies of my youth doe touch my thought ;
 And reason tels me that all flesh is sinne,
 And all is vaine that so by man is wrought.

*Hearts sighes,
Eies teares,
With sorrow throb when in my mind I see,
All that man doth is foolish vanitie.*

*When pride presents the state of honors pompe,
And seekes to set aspiring mindes on fire ;
When wanton Loue brings beauty for a bait,
To scotch the eie with ouer hot desire.*

*Hearts sighes,
Eies teares,
VVith sorrow throb when in my mind I see,
That pride and loue are extreame vanitie.*

*O Loue that ere I loued, yet loue is chaste,
My fancie likt none but my husbands face. |
But when I thinke I loued none but him,
Nor would my thought giue any other grace.*

*Harts sighes,
Eyes teares,
With sorrow throb, when in my minde I see,
The purest loue is toucht with Iealousie.*

*Alas mine eye had neuer wanton lookes,
A modest blush did euer taint my Cheekes ;
If then suspition with a faulse conceipt,
The ruine of my fame and honour seekes,*

*Harts sighes,
Eyes teares,
Must needs throb sorrows, when my mind doth see,
Chaste thoughts are blamd with causelesse ieaousie.*

*My husbands will was ere to me a lawe,
To please his fancie is my whole delight ;
Then if he thinkes whatsoeuer I do is bad,
And with suspition chastitie requight :
Harts sighes,
Eyes teares,
Must needs throb sorrows, when my minde dooth see,
Dutie and loue are quit with ieaousie.*

*No deeper hell can fret a womans minde,
Then to be tainted with a false suspect ;
Then if my constant thoughts be ouercroft,
When pratling fond, can yeeld no true detect.
Harts sighes,
Eyes teares,
Must needs throb sorrows, when my minde doth see,
Duty and loue are quit with ieaousie.*

*Seeke I to please, he thinkes I flatter then,
Obedience is a couer for my fault ;
When thus he deemes I tread my shoo awrie. |
And going right, he still suspects I halt,*

*Harts sighes,
Eyes teares,
Must needs throb sorrows, when my minde doth see,
Dutie and loue are quit with iealousie.*

*No salue I haue to cure this restlesse soare,
But sighes to God, to change his iealous minde ;
Then shall I praise him in applauding himns,
And when the want of this mistrust I finde :
Harts sighes,
Eyes teares,
Shall cease, and Lord ile onely pray to thee,
That women neare be wrongd with Iealousie.*

Theodora hauing ended her Dittie, layde by her Lute, and fate in a muse, when diuers Merchants came in to aske for her husband : amongst the rest, one was verye pleasant with the Maide of the house, and fell to prattle with her, in which instant *Alexander* comming in, and seeing them in secret and priuate talke (and the Merchant with a letter) began straight to mistrust that the Gentleman was communing with his maide for the deliuerie of some amorous letter to her Mistres : wherevpon he began to enter into such a frantike, as hee regarded not the salute of his friends, but seemed like a mad man, not answering according to their demaunds, but in such abrupt

replies, that all of them espyed the man to be passing passionate, thinking some fond humor so infected his braine, that he would growe lunatike : wherevpon after some short parle with him, they all departed, and tooke their leaue, leauing him deepe perplexed in his deepest thoughts : first he went and lookt if the doore were fast, which he found as strongly lockt as he left it, then hee questioned with his maide about the talke and the letter, she discourst vnto him all the truth, but in vaine, for so deeply had suspition grafted mistrust in his conscience, that beléeve could take no place, but that his heart suspected, that he thought verely / to be as sure as the Gospell, for who so is pained with the restless torment of ielousie, doubteth all, mistrusteth himselfe, being alwayes frozen with feare, and fired with suspition : With this canckred poison was the minde of *Alexander* so corrupt, as he thought verily his wife had played false, and that he being blinde, had eaten the flie : wherevpon he studied how to quittance hir villanie : so heauie an enemy is Ielousie to the holy estate of matrimonie, sowing betwene the married couples such deadly feedes of secret hatred, that loue being once raced out by sacklesse distrust, through enuie there ensueth a desire of bloudie reuenge : and so it fell out with *Alexander* : but that God which defendeth th

innocent, shrowded guiltlesse *Theodora* vnder his wings, and kept hir from the peremptorie resolution of her frantike husband. Well, at last iealousie entered so farre into his thought, that he fell into a Lunatike melancholie, and like a mad man fled out of his house, and ranne about the Fields, haunting secret Groues, and solitarie places to féele his humour. The report of this strange chance, was bruted abroade throughout all Antwerpe, which made men to wonder at the matter: some had hard opinion of *Theodora*, and said her lewdnesse bred his frenzie, and that *Alexander* hauing spied some wanton trick by his wife, fell into that Lunacie, condemning hir for a pernicious courtizan: others séeing the vertuous disposition of the woman, could not be induced to so hard a suspition, but thought the brainfick iealousie of the man had procured that strange maladie: some suspended their iudgements both of him and hir, till further triall might make it manifest, but the most part spake ill of hir, especially his parents and kinsfolke, who reuilde hir, and cald her strumpet, turning her out of doore as a Courtizan deseruing no better fauour.

Thus hardly was poore *Theodora* vsd, who tooke all patiently, and being distrest and wrongd, went to a poore womans house, who vpon méere pittie harboured her: where falling to hir labour,

ſhee conſirmed to all good mindes, the aſſured confidence of vertuous chaſtitie: being there poore, changing / her apparel to the place, ſhe went in her white Waſtcoat, and ſate to her wheele, whereon woorking buſily euery day aboute other, noting her innocency, and how vniuſtly ſhee was accused, ſhee burſt out into teares, and blubbred out this paſſion.

*Theodoras meditation of her
Innocencie.*

UNfortunate *Theodora*, whoſe thoughtes are meaſured with enuy, and whoſe déedes are weied with ſuſpition, the prime of thy yeares is nipped with miſhappes, and when the bloſſoms of thy youth ſhould grow to ripe fruits, they are bitten with the froſtes of Fortune. When thou wert a maid, modeſty hung in thy looks, and thy chaſte thoughts appeared in thy countenaunce, all Antwerpe ſpoake of thy beautie, and applauded thy vertues, and nowe being a wife, they accuſe thee of vanity and lightneſſe, wheras thy conſtancy is as great, and thy chaſtity no leſſe. Ah, but infamy galleth vnto death, and liueth after death: Tuiſh *Theodora*, vertue may be blam'd, but neuer ſham'd. The Diamond may be hidden in dirt, but neuer looſe

his operation : the Sunne may be obscured with a Cloud, but at last it wil break forth in his brightnes, and vertue hidden with slander, will at last maugre enuie appeare without blemish. Ah *Theodora*, but *Alexander*, thine *Alexander*, the ioy of thy youth, and the content of thy mind is run lunatick, and al for thee I confesse: and my heart gréeues at his mishap, and with daily Orisons I will pray, that his iealous thoughts may be raced out: his parents and friends hould thee for a Curtisan: all Antwerpe wonders at thee, and exclames against thee for a strumpet, the more is my sorrow, & the greater my misery: but the Lord who is *Chro*diagnostes*, whose eie sees the secrets of al heartes, sees mine innocency. Oh, but what shall I doe to recouer my husbands weale, & recouer my former credit: might my blood / be a salve to cure his malady, or my life ease the fore that so torments him, I would with the hazard of my soule, seeke to recouer the weale of his body: and launch out the déereft drops of blood, to purchase his least content. But iealousie that infectious fiend, hath wrought thy bitter bale, and his vtter ouerthrow, setting such a flame of fire in his breast, as neither reason nor counsaile can quench. What shal I then doe? fit thee down *Theodora*, and let thy praiers pearce the heauens,

* 'hro' erased by pen and ink, and 'au' inserted.

cry out in the bitternes of mind, take hould of the hemme of Christs vesture by faith, and with the blind man say: thou son of *Dauid*, looke vpon the innocency of thy handmaid, redresse her wrongs, and heale the malady of her husband. Orizons *Theodora* haue wings, and if they bee plumed with the feathers of an assured beliefe in Christ his passion, they flie fast through the farthest spheres, and penetrate euen the throane of his maiesty: and that they plead for grace, from whence by the helpe of the lambe, who sits there a Mediator for vs, they returne not without regard. Do this first *Theodora*, then sit thee downe to thy worke, and with thy hands thrift, satisfie thy harts thirst. Forget thy amours, and fall to labours, and be sure of this, in thy cottage thou shalt shun much enuy, and many reproaches: for Fortune seldome lookes so low as pouerty. Content thee with thy estate, for aduersity is the triall of the mind, and mishap is the ballance of the thoghts. Vse patience, for it is a great prooffe of vertue and be not seene abroad: for secrecy kils infamy, and such as delight to bee seene, shall haue their credit toucht with many tongues, and haue this verse hung on their backe.

Speſtatum veniunt, veniunt ſpeſtentur vt ipſæ.

Thus liuing poorely, content: and patient in

thy labours, Antwerpe shall thinke it was thy husbands folly, not thy vanity.

Thus *Theodora* satisfied her selfe with her own perswasion, & in the cottage shund the stormes that Fortune inflicted vpon great mansions, as she thus rested happy, for that

Fœlix qui potuit contentus viuere paruo.

Alexander romed vp and downe still perplexed with his /iealous passions, and finding no ease in his conscience: for iealousie is like the biting of Hidaspis, which suffers a man to take no sleepe: Lunatike he was, and yet fundrie times he would both reasonablie meditate with himselfe, and confer with others, forrowing at the fondnesse of his owne suspition: but straight againe hee would with the Dog returne to his vomit, and fall to his ould vayne of frenzie, with generall exclamations against beautie: yet so sententious, that amongst the rest I remember some of his principles, which seemed rather the censure of some ripe wit, then the fruites of any Lunacie, and they as I remember be these.

*Alexanders sentences in his Lunacie,
against beautie.*

I **A**H, beautie is a vaine thing, whose paintings
are trickt vp with times coullers, which

being fet to dry in the Sunne, loofe their brightneffe with the Sunne.

2 Beautie is a Charme, worfe then *Cyrces* had amongft hir confections, for it firft inchaunteth the eye, then bewitcheth the heart, and at laft brings both to vtter ruine, when of it felfe it is but like the Flower *Afautis*, that loofeth couller with euery lowde winde.

3 Beautie draweth many mens eyes to looke on fo gorgeous an obieft, and is oft the caufe of manye difhoneft actions.

4 Beauty is delightfome and pleafant, yet nothing more perilous and deadlie.

5 The more beautie, the more pride, the more pride, the more inconstancie.

6 Beautie, when it is not ioynde with vertue, is like the fethers of a Phenix, placft on the caraffe of a Crowe.

7 Beautie is oft the faireft marke that leadeth to mishaps.

8 Beautie is a couller dasht with euery breath, a flower mixt with euery frost, and a fauor that time & age defaceth. /

Thefe sententious and fatyricall inuectiues againft beautie, did he breath out in his madneffe, which seemed hée was more melancholie then Lunatike : well howfoeuer, about he ran reftleffe

and passionate, till on a day, comming into a meadow, he saw in a little houell made with boughes, an aged man sitting, houlding a serpent in his hand, that with hir téeth still bit hir selfe, and still the aged father smilde. *Alexander* standing by, and seeing this, as mad as he was, marvelled at the matter, and vpon a suddaine said: Father what doost thou meane by that embleame? The ould man turning his head, and seeing *Alexander*, was nothing abasht but replied: My Sonne quoth he, I am viewing the Enugmaticall figure of Ielowsie: of Ielousie quoth *Alexander*? as how? marrie quoth he, thus. Thou seest this Serpent, it is bred in the Cauernes of Sicillia, brought from thence, and giuen me by a marchant, the name of it is a Limster: marke how Nature hath made it full of splene and choller, still intending to doo, and restlesse to reuenge: but so hath the cerious workman of all provided, that it can bite nor prejudice no creature but it selfe, which disposition when I considered, I compar'd it to a iealous man, who being pinched with that passion, hurteth none but himselfe, and galled with suspition, biteth with the Lemster his owne flesh: for I tell thee my sonne whosoever is fired with iealousie, or toucht with that hatefull passion of mistrust, he fretteth inwardly, taketh no rest, & consumes himself with inward gréepe, hurting none but himselfe, as

conteyning all the miserie within himselfe. Ah *Alexander* quoth he, I know thee, and sorrow that I see thee thus fond, to be brought into such dishonor, by the suspition of a woman, when beeing Iealous of hir, thou wringest thy selfe at the heart: when thou hurtst not her little finger, if thou couldst conceit what it were, and knewst the secret operation and inward preiudice, thou wouldst shake it off, as a toye worthlesse a man of such calling. Antwerpe I tell thee pitties thee as they loue thee, and wonders at thee, as they note thy follies, and are angrie at thee, as thou perseuerest in so vaine an humour: and because thou shalt haue an insight by me into / the follie of thine owne humor, I will set thee downe the description of ieaiousie: wherein, as in a glasse thou maist perceiue thine owne madding passions.

*The ould mans description of
iealousie.*

IEAIOUSIE is a canckar, that fretteth the quiet of the thoughts, a moath that secretly consumeth the life of man, & a poyson specially opposed against the perfections of loue. The hart being once infected with ieaiousie, the sleepes are broken: dreames, disquiet slumbers, thoughts, cares, and sorrows: the life woe and myserie, that liuing he dies, and liuing

prolongs out his life in passions worse than death. None looketh on his loue, but suspition saies this is he, that commeth to be contriuall of my fauours: none knocks at his doore, but starting vp he thinks them messengers. None talkes, but they whisper of affection: if she frowne, she hates him, and loues others: if she smile, it is because she hath had successe in hir loues: looke she frowardlye on any man, she dissembles: if she fauour him with a gracious eye, then as a man tainted with a frenzie, he cryes out, that neither fier in the strawe, nor loue in a womans looks can be conceald. Thus dooth he liue restlesse, maketh loue that oft is swéet, to be in taste as bitter as gall, and consumes himselfe with secret torments.

How saist thou my sonne (quoth the ould man) haue I not hit thee in the right vaine, and made a perfect description of thine owne patheticall humours. Oh quoth *Alexander*, and he sat him downe with teares in his eyes, and sighes, in such sort, and so deeply straind, as his heart was ready to burst. Now Father, and neuer before now, doe I see into the depth of mine owne follies, and perceiue how infortunately this Ielowse conceit hath led me: but teach me, how shall I shake of this fiend, that so mortally haunts me? by what meanes / shall I race out this passion, that so paines

me : and haue the disquiet of my thoughts satisfied. Oh my Sonne (quoth the ould man) thou art commaunded by the wise man, not to be iealous ouer the wife of thy bosome, least shee shoue some shrewd point of wickednesse vpon thee : for nothing more gréeueth an honest woman, nor draweth more aptly to some mortall resolution, then to be suspected without cause. And I tell thee my Sonne, Antwerpe hath euer spoken well of thy wife, whatsoeuer thou hast misconstrued. Thou hast then doone amisse, in absenting thy selfe from her, for thou art chargde not to departe from a good and discreet woman that is fallen vnto thee for thy portion, in the feare of the Lord : for the guift of hir honestie is aboue gould. A woman of fewe wordes, is a guift of God : and to a well nurtured Maide may nothing be comparde. An honest and mannerly woman, is a guift aboue other guifts : and there is no weight to bee compard to a womans minde, that can rule it selfe : like as the cléere light vpon the holy Candlestickes, so is the beautie of the face vpon an honest body : like as the goulden pillars vpon the sockets of siluer, so are the faire legs vpon a woman that hath a constant minde.

A faire Wyfe reioyseth her husband, and a man loueth nothing better : but if shee be louing and vertuous withall, then is not her husband like to

other men. He that hath gotten a vertuous woman, hath a goodly possession, she is vnto him a helpe and pillar on whome he resteth: where no hedge is, there the goods are spoiled, and where no Husband is, there the friendlesse mourneth. Dooest thou marke my Sonne these Sentences? if thou hast so good a wife: oh how hast thou sinned, to wrong hir with Ielousie: to taint thine honor, and to blemish the credit of her chastitie. If she bee wanton, and wyll neuer wante one: but sitteth downe as *Syrach* saith, and openeth hir Quier to euery Arrowe, then my Sonne shake her off, abide not with such a woman, least yee feele the force of the lawe: but bee not iecalous, for that breeds thy fatall ruine, and to her is no preiudice. Oh Father (quoth he) these wordes, as they pierce to the quicke, / so are they Balme to my distressed soule: I feele a comfort in the sweetnesse of your counsaile, and these principles are perswasive arguments to race out my former follies. I must of force confesse, that I married her a Maid, famoused through all Antwerpe for her vertue, as shee was spoken of for her beautie. And beeing married, I found her obedient, chaste, modest, and silent: but her beautie bred the bane, and was the meanes of all my misery: For when I noted the excellencie of her feature, and the rarenesse of her perfection,

and confidered that euery mans eie aim'd at fo faire an obieft, that womens harts were of waxe, ready to receiue euerie impreffion, and faw how diuerfe Marchants of the citie flockt to my houle, then the fting of Iealoufie beganne to torment me, and fufpition brought mee into this melancholie humour: I need not paint out in particulars. For Father, thou haft described fufficiently my paffions, how I was paffionate, onely let this fuffice, I was iealous, but whether with caufe or no, there lies the queftion. Were I fatisfied in this, I would fay, farewell to all fond Iealoufie. To eafe thee of this martyrdome, my fonne, I will not onely releue thee with counsaile, but aid thee with the effect of my Art. Thou haft beene abfent a long while, from thy wife, and al men hold thee ftill for lunaticke: I hauing fome skill in Negromancie, will change thy countenance into y^e ſhape of a moſt beautiful yong man: beeing thus metamorphoſed, thou ſhalt go to thy wife, and being now croſſed with pouertie, & liuing poore diſtreſt in Cottage, thou ſhalt proffer her gold and maintenance, I tel thee my ſonne, thou ſhalt carry with thee two great perſwaſions, to make breach into a womans honeſtie, which is beautie and wealth, chieflie where the partie is pinched with penurie. If ſhee yeelde vnto thee, ſhake her off as an inconstant Curtiſan, and then

be more ieloufe. For what shouldst thou be fuspitious of that which thou knowest? If she withstand, and had rather brooke honest pouertie, than violate her chastitie, Oh *Alexander*, then sorrowe at thy follies, say thou hast sin'd against so vertuous a wife, and reconcile thy selfe vnto hir, and be not touched any more with ielousie, for that is a /hell to thee, and no hurt to hir. This counsaile did greatlie comfort *Alexander*, that he not onely humblie thanked the ould man for his aduise, but intreated him to prosecute the intent of his purpose, which he presentlie did, for by his arte he made him seeme a beautifull young man, faire to the eye and well proportioned, but in all forme, farre from that which he was: hauing store of Crownes in his purse (thus transformed) away he trudgeth towards Antwerpe, where in the suberbes, hee heard of his wife how she was wrongd by his friends, turned out of doores, and liued there with a widow woman, in a poore cottage: hir fame was good, and the report of her labours were great, her honestie highly valued, and her patience much commended, which greatly comforted the thoughts of *Alexander*: at last learning out the house, he went thether, and comming in asked for *Theodora*, who humblie rose and saluted him with such modest curtesie, as did importe a shew of great vertue. *Alexander* noting

her bashfulnesse, began to confider, that if she plaide false, she was cunning to coyne her countenance, and he fought therefore to trie her thus.

F Ayre Mistresse, whom Fortune hath made as miserable, as Nature had formed beautifull, and whom the crosse aspect of the planets, haue left as distrest as the Gods in their fauours haue made vertuous, Know this, that comming as a stranger to Antwerpe, it was tould me by mine hoast, as a wonder, of the extremitie of your husbands ieaiousie, and the excellencie of your patience: his follies, and your vertues: his suspition, and your constancie. His report made me desirous to see with mine eye, what I heard with mine eare, that I might confirme reporte with a sure witnesse. Now seeing you, and noting your exterior lineaments, gracft with so manie inward perfections, I praise Nature for hir workmanship, accuse Fortune for her tyrannie, and sorrowe that so beautifull a creature should bee bitten with such bitter crosses.

But necessitye is a fore penance, and extremitie is as / hard to beare as death: yet Mistresse *Theodora* it is a colde comforte, is wrapt in no remedie: a greeuous vlcere, that no Chirurgie can finde a salve for, and a hard sorrow that no reliefe can medicine. Seeing therefore your

husbands ieaiousie hath left you from friends and many cares, seeke, as you haue hetherto chockt Fortune with patience, so to thwart mishap with a present remedie, and thus it is : Your beautie Mistresse *Theodora*, is able to content any eye, and your qualities, to satisfie the most curious minde : which as it doth amase me, so it driues a pittiful compassion into my thoughts to lay any plot for your better estate. Therefore may it please you to vouchsafe of such a friend as my selfe, your want shall be releued, and your necessitie redressed : I will take you from this cottage, to a place more fit for your calling : your rags shalbe robes, and your thin diet plenteous fare : and to make vp all fortunate, you shall haue such a friend at your commaund, as no mishap any waye can diuert from your loue. If you stand vpon the losse of your honour, and the blemish of your fame : to answer that obiection, first Antwerpe hath made hazard of your credit, and though without cause, yet they haue calde your name in question, and infamie is such a deepe coloure, that it will hardly be raced out with obliuion : to take you from such vipers as cease not to sting you with the enuie of their tongues : I will carrie you from the reach of them all, and the greatest wonder lasteth but nine dayes, nor will the talke of your departure continue any longer tearmes :

for the offence, why it is loue, and that shadowes wanton scapes: what is doone closely is halfe pardoned, and affections that are mainteyned with loyaltie, are but slender faults; let not feare of a little fame, tie you still to such extremity: Misery is a malady that ought to haue no respect of medecine, and where necessitie doth bréede a soare, foolish is that patient if hee makes doubt to accept of any salue. What *Theodora* your husband is Lunatick, neuer to be hoped for, nor had againe in his right wits: then vouchesafe a friend, who if no other maske will serue, will shadowe all faultes with gould. /

Theodora could scarce stay the hearing of such a long discourse, knowing it was preiudiciall to a womans credit, to listen to such prattle, alluding to the French proverbe.

*La ville qui parle, la femme qui s'escoute
L'une se gaigne, l'autre se foute,*

Wherevpon she puld her hand from his, and with a modest blush made him answer.

I cannot deny sir, but I haue found Fortune my foe, yet to counteruaile her malice I haue had Patience my friend, and what the world hath objected with suspition, I haue answered with innocency: for my present misery, as I brooke it with content, so I hope to finde the heauens more

fauourable: and for my husbands follies, I counte his present ieaIouſie counteruailde with his former loues, and hope that God will chaunge his opinions into better cenſures, and make him conceit of me as fauourable, as now hee thinkes hardlie. In the meane time ſir, your aime is farre beyond the marke, and your compaſſe directed by a wrong ſtarre: for though I be pinched with wante, and toucht with that ſting that forceth many to attempt vnlawfull actions, yet had I rather ſit with *Cornelia*, and ſatiſſie my hunger with handes labours, then frolick it with *Lamia*, and buy repentance with delicates: no Sir, thinke not that all the pouertie in the world can hale me from the thought of mine ould honour, or any ſhower of miſfortune, driue me from the ſeate of vertue, better liue in lowe content, then in high infamie: and more pretious is want with honeſtie, then wealth with diſcredit: Therefore ſir, I thanke you for your proffer, but I am no traffike for ſuch a chapman: but reporte this whereſoeuer you come, that I would ſcorne a crowne, in reſpect of conſtancie, and hould the participation of a kingdom light, in value of my chaſtity: I tell you ſir, though I be a woman, yet the loue that I bear, and the dutie that I owe to my husband howſoeuer he hath wrongd mee, makes me ſo reſolute, that neyther extremitie ſhall diſwade me from affecting

him, nor any proffer of riches perfwade to fancie any other. And wheras you obieſt, that my credit is alreadie craſde in Antwerpe, / I denie not but I am ſuſpected, and of moſt, wrongde with hard reproches : yet carying a cléere conſcience, I haue this hope, that ſeeing

Temporis filia veritas

Time and my good behauiour ſhall wipe out the blemish of ſuch cauſeleſſe infamie, and then ſhall I ſhew my ſelf to mine owne honour, and theyr diſcredit. And whereaſ you ſay, that Louers faults are ſlender offences, I anſwer : that there can be no greater ſtaine to a woman, then to be toucht with loſſe of her good name, eſpecially being confirmed and ratified by prooſe : for that being loſt, ſhe hath no more whereon to boſte : and that made *Lucretia* let out a pure ſoule from a defiled body.

Then good Sir, you knowe my minde, my pouertie is my content : mine honor, my wealth : and mine innocencie, the onely thing that is left to quiet my conſcience : therefore as your Marte was little, your Market being doone, the doore is open, and you may go when you pleaſe.

Alexander hearing this was highly contented, yet thought to giue one affault more, and houlding hir faſt by the wreſt, returned hir a replie thus.

Tush Mistresse *Theodora*, women must be coye, and seeme at the first to disdain that, which after they desire: els might they be thought very light, that would come at euery lure. I haue beene a Huntsman, and will not at the first default giue ouer the chace: therefore aduise your selfe better, take time when you will giue me an answer: aske counsaile of your pillowe, I can tell you, Gould is a goodly thing, and there is not a warmer coate then wealth: what, such faults are checkt with a smyle, not controulde with a frowne, and men smother vp Louers offences with fauour. Be not peremptorie, for in that you shall discouer rather folly then any aduised wisdome, such as haue diseases, and refuse remedie are worthy still to bide in the paine, and they who are ouer the shooes in wante, are worthie the Staffe and the Wallet / if they will not any way reach at wealth. Consider therefore with your selfe, and to morrow this time I will come & craue an answer.

Theodora, hauing her face full of choller, pluckt away her arme, fate her downe to her Wheele, and then reason'd thus roughly with him.

Sir, neuer take any longer daies, where the partie is vnwilling to set no further date: nor giue any more attemptes, where the Castle is impregnable, Know, your sute is in vain: and your words breathed into the wind: and to bee

fhort, take it as you pleafe, I hould your goulde in fcorne, and your felfe (vnleffe you were more honeft) in difdaine. If you be fo paffionate, that you muft needs haue a Paramour, go feeke fuche Lettice where they grow, for heere is none for your lips : you fhall not finde heere a *Danae* that will be drawne in with a fhower of golde, but rather a *Diana*, whome *Venus* and al her frownes could neuer affright. Therefore take this for a finall answer, if you come any more, you fhall find your welcome as bad as may be, and for want of entertainment, you fhall doe your account at the doore, and fo Sir, if you be a Gentleman, be gone.

This cheared fo the hart of *Alexander*, that in that very momēt he left to be iealous, & conceiued fuch a new loue towards *Theodora*, that hee could fcarce abtaine from imbracing her, but yet he bridled his affection, & féeing he could doe no good, tooke his leaue verie courteoufli. Hee was no fooner out of doore, but *Theodora* rofe and fhut it. *Alexander* fubtilly stole vnder the window, to heare what fhee would fay, and according to his expectation, hee heard her fay thus to her Landes-Ladie.

Oh (quoth ſhe) and ſhe fetcht a déepe figh: How doth Fortune frowne, and how is the time iniurious, that men think golde able to banniſh

vertue, and Fame to be lesse vallued then treasure. Because I am poore, what, dooth Antwerpe thinke, I meane to make sale of my chastitie? and because / extreamity hath bitten me by the heele: Do men thinke, pelfe shall draw mee to become a wanton? no, I call him to witnes that knowes mine innocencie. I hould mine honour as deare as my life, and my constancy as pretious, as the apple of mine eie: and though as the wise man writ, the dishonest woman saies, what, we are in the dark and compast in with the wals: feare not, no man can espie vs, yet the eie of the Lord sees al and he seareth the heart and the reins, and punisheth such offences in iustice: Farre rather had I be openly blamed, being innocent, than haue a good report with a guiltie conscience: for though I be wrongfully accused, yet the Lord is able at all times to raise vp a *Daniell* that may cleare them that put their trust in him. Pouertie, wante, extremitie, misfortune, all seeme easie beeing tempered with content and patience: but riches, treasure, prosperitie, and wealth are odious, beeing tainted with the staine of an adulterous name. No *Alexander*, wheresoever thou beest or whatsoever thy Fortune is, or howe so euer thou hast wronged mee, yet thy faults shall not make mee offend, nor thy abuse draw mee to any preiudice: But I will bee loyall *Theodora*, the

constant wife of *Alexander* for euer : for in the booke of *Wifdome* this I read.

Wifdome
Chapter 4. { *O how faire is a chaste generation
with vertue, the memorial thereof is
immortal: for it is knowen with God
& men, when it is present: men take
example therat, and if it go away,
yet they desire it: it is alwaies crowned
and houlden in honor, & winneth the
reward of the uniuerfall battaile.*

With this she ceast, and fel to her spinning, and *Alexander* he went his way to find out the olde man, whome hee found solitarie in his houel. As soone as he cast vp his eie and saw *Alexander*: Oh my sonne *Alexander* (quoth he) what newes? *Alexander* fate him downe and fetching a deepe sigh, said, father, I haue finned, and wronged my wife with a false suspect: / Now doe I find, that she that loueth loyally, may wel be crost with calamity, but neuer iustly accused of inconstancie: suspition may put in a false plea, but prooffe neuer maintained the action, and with that he discourst from point to point, how he had dealt with *Theodora*, what proffers, what answers, and what she said in his absence. The olde man at this was very glad, and demaunded of him, howe hee felt himselfe from his former franticke humour? quight

shaken off (quoth *Alexander*) and therefore now pul off your enchantment, that I may returne to my former shape, and home to my wife, which hee did, and after many good instructions (glad that hee had recald him from his iealousie) hee tooke his leaue of *Alexander*, who trimming vp himselfe like a pilgrime, departed towards Antwerpe, and in the euening comming thither, went to his Father's house. Assoone as he came in and was espied, they all ranne away as affraid of him: But when with reuerence his Father saw him doe his duty, hee entertained him with teares, and demaunded of him, how he farde? *Alexander* said wel, and fate downe by him, and discourfed to him at large all his fortunes, his méeting with the olde man, and what hadde happened, still crying at euerie sentence, how he had wrong'd his louing *Theodora*: At this glad newes all his friends and kinsfolkes were sent for, and there at a solempne supper, the discourse of all was declared vnto them: They reioyfed at his happy metamorphosis, and forrowed at the hard abuse they offered to *Theodora*.

But to make amends, the next day there was a great feast prouided, and all the chiefe of Antwerpe bidden thither as guests. *Theodora* was sent for, her husband and she reconciled, set in her former estate, held in great estimation for her constancy, and her husband euer after frée from all suspitious iealousie.

NOW Sir *Geffrey Chawcer* (quoth *Gower*) how like you this tale? is it not more full of humanity, then your vain and scurrulous inuention? and yet affecteth as much in / the mind of the hearers? are not graue sentences as forcible, as wanton principles? tush (quoth *Chawcer*) but these are not plesant, they bréed no delight, youth wil not like of such a long circumstance. Our English Gentlemen are of the mind of the Athenians, that will sooner bee perswaded by a fable, than an Oration: and induced with a merrie tale, when they will not be brought to any compasse with serious circumstances. The more pittie (quoth *Gower*) that they should bee so fond, as to be subiect to the delight of euery leud fancy, when the true badge of a Gentleman, is learning ioyned with vallour and vertue, and therefore ought they to read of Martiall Discipline, not of the flight of *Venus*: and to talke of hard labours, not to chat of foolish and effeminate amoures. *Aristotle* read not to *Alexander* wanton Elegies, but he instructed him in Morall precepts, and taught how to gouerne like a King, not how to court like a loue: But now a daies, our youthes desire to read amorous pamphlets, rather then Philosophicall actions, and couet like Epicures rather to passe the time in some pleasant fable, then like Philosophers to spend the day in profitable Aphorismes: but when

the blacke Oxe hath trode on their foot, and that age haies them on to olde yeares, and the Palme trée, as the Preacher saies, waxeth white, then will they repent those howers they haue spent in tossing ouer such fruitlesse papers. Therefore *Greene* take this of me, as thou hast written many fond workes, so from henceforth attempt nothing but of worth: ✓ let not thy pen stoope so low, as vanity, nor thy wit be so far abused to paint out any precepts of fancie, but flie higher with the Hobbie: soare against y^e sun with the Eagle: carry spices into thy nest with the Phenix: & doe nothing but worthie thy wit and thy learning. Is not a Diamond as soone cut as a pebble? a rose as soone planted as a weed? a good booke as easilie pend, as a wanton Pamphlet? Then *Green*, giue thy selfe to write either of humanitie, and as *Tullie* did, set downe thy mind *de officiis*, or els of Morall vertue, and so be a profitable instructer of manners: doe as the Philosophers did, seeke to bring youth to vertue, with setting downe Axiomes of good liuing, and doe not perswade young / Gentlemen to folly, by the acquainting themselues with thy idle workes. I tell thee, bookes are companions, and friends, and counsaillors, and therefore ought to bee ciuill, honest, and discrét, least they corrupt with false doctrine, rude manners, and vicious liuing: Or els penne some thing of natural philosophie. Diue

down into the Aphorismes of the Philosophers and see what nature hath done, and with thy pen paint that out to the world: let them see in the creatures the mightinesse of the Creator, so shalt thou reape report woorthy of memorie. Thus *Greene* haue I counsailed thee, and the seuen liberall Sciences lie before thee as subiects whereon to write: Leaueloue and her follies, let *Venus* bee a starre to gaze at, or els, if thou wilt néeds Poetically haue her a Woman, accept her an infamous strumpet to wonder at: let fancie alone, and medle no more with affection: thou hast said enough, and if *Augustus* had liued, as much as would haue deserued banishment. Now that I haue counsailed thee, tell me *Greene*, what thinkest thou of my aduertizement? howe art thou resolued? Dooft thou not repent of thy time mispent, in penning such fruitlesse pamphlets? Rising vppe reuerently with my Cap in my hand, I made them this answere.

*The Authours answere to Gower
and Chawcer.*

Earned & lawreat, whose censures are Authentical: I haue noted your words with such attention, that my minde is cleared of that doubt, wherewith it hath béene long blemished: For now I perceiue Father *Chawcer*, that I followed too long your pleasant vaine,

in penning fuch Amourous workes, and that ſame fame that I ſought after by fuch trauail, was nothing but ſmoke. I did with the Southerne wind bring in clouds to /deſtroy my ſelfe, and like the Smith, make a toole to breede mine owne bane: and hunt after fame, when in déedes I found the ready path to infamy. My pamphlets haue paſſed the preſſe, and ſome haue giuen them praiſe, but the graueſt fort, whoſe mouthes are the trumpets of true report, ha[ue] ſpoken hardlie of my labours: For which, if ſorrow may make amendes, I hope to acquite ſome part of my miſſe with penaunce, and in token (*Father Gower*) that what my tongue ſpeaketh, my heart thinketh: I will begin from hence forth to hate all fuch follies, and to write of matters of ſome import: either Moral to diſcouer the actiue courſe of vertue, how man ſhould direct his life to the perfect felicity, or els to diſcourſe as a Naturaliſt, of the perfection that Nature hath planted in her creatures, thereby to manifeſt the excellent glory of the maker: or ſome Politicall Axiomes, or Acanonicall preceptes that may both generally and perticularly profite the Commonwealth. Hence foorth *Father Gower*, farewell the inſight I had into loues ſecrets: let *Venus* reſt in her ſpheare, I wil be no Aſtronomer to her influence: let affection die, and periſh as a vapour that vaniſheth in the aire, my yeares growe

towards the graue, and I haue had bouts enough with fancy: They which helde *Greene* for a patron of loue, and a second *Ouid*, shal now thinke him a *Timon* of such lineaments, and a *Diogines* that will barke at euery amorous pen. Onely this (father *Gower*) I must end my *Nunquam sera est*, and for that I craue pardon: but for all these follies, that I may with the Niniuites, shew in sackcloth my harty repentaunce: looke as speedily as the presse wil serue for my mourning garment, a weede that I knowe is of so plaine a cut, that it will please the grauest eie, and the most precize eare. Thus father *Gower*, thy counsaile hath made me a conuert & a penitent deeply sorrowfull for the follies of my penne, but promising héere that no idle fancies shall grow any more from my conceit, hoping you will take my hand for a pawne of the faith of my promise, I rest yours in all humble duty. At this *Gower* wroong mee by the hand, and smilde, and *Chawcer* shakt his head and fumed: All three rising, and ready to depart, when the Meadow was all shadowed with a light, which suddenly vanisht: and there appeared a man in great roialtie, attyred gorgeous, in the habite of a King: carrying such grauitie in his countenance, as it strooke both feare and reuerence into my thoughts: At his presence *Chawcer* and *Gower* abasht, and both putting off their Bonnets, fell on

their knees: my selfe in a great maze, did him
such duty as belongde to a Potentate: but still
mine eie gasde on the man, whose description take
thus.

The discription of Salomon.

H Is stature tall, large, and hie,
Lim'd and featur'd beauteouslie,
Chest was broad, armes were strong.
Lockes of Amber passing long,
That hung and waued vpon his necke,
Heauens beautie might they checke.
Visage faire and full of grace,
Mild and sterne, for in one place,
Sate mercie meeklie in his eie :
And Iustice in his lookes hard by.
His Roabes of Bisse, were crimsen hew,
Bordred round with twines of blew :
In Tyre no richer filke solde,
Ouer braided all with golde :
Costly set with pretious stone,
Such before I neere saw none.
A massie Crowne vpon his head,
Checquerd through with Rubies red.
Orient Pearle and bright Topace,
Did burnish out each valiant place.
Thus this Prince that seemed sage,
Did goe in royall Equipage.

THIS gorgeous Potentate drew néere me, and taking me by the hand, lifted me vp from the place where I kneeled, / and said thus: My son, they which respect their fame, are the children of wisdome: & such as feare the danger of report, shal be houlden vertuous. I know thy thoughts by thy lookes, and thy face bewraies thy resolution. The *Pro et contra* these haue had about thy pamphlets, them I heard, though thou hast not séene me, and I haue equally weighed their censures: *Chawcers* opinion, hath his Maister *Gower* refelled, and made them by his counsaile peremptory to leaue the follies of thy penne, and all wanton Amours, to betake them to Philosophy and higher laboures: but to diuert thee from that opinion my sonne am I come to put knowledge in thy lippes, and to teach thee wisedome. I am hee that craued it of the Lord, and he gaue me it, and made me wiser then the sons of men. Therefore harken to my wordes, and let my sayings sink down into thy heart, so shalt thou be honored in the stréets, & bee had in estimation before the Magistrate. Wisedome my sonne is more worth then pretious stones, yea, all the things that thou canst desire, are not to be compared to it. Wisedome hath her dwelling with knowledge, and prudent counsaile is hir own: with her is the fear of the Lord and

the eschewing of il. As for pride and disdaine, and a mouth that speaketh foolish things, she vtterly abhorreth them. She giues counsaile, & is a guide, and is ful of vnderstanding and strength : through her kings raign : through her, princes make iust laws : through hir, Lords beare rule, & Iudges of the earth execute iudgement : she is louing to those who loue her, and they that seeke hir early, shall find hir. Riches and honor are with her : yea, excellent goodnes and righteoufnes : her fruit is better then golde, & hir encrease more worth, than fine siluer. The Lord himself hath hir in possession, therefore harkē to hir, for blessed is y man that watcheth at hir doors : who so findeth hir, findeth life, and shall obtaine fauour of the Lord, and who so offendeth against hir, hurteth his own soule : and who so hateth her, is the louer of death. If then my Sonne, Wisedome be so pretious, howe hast thou mispent thy youth, that hast haunted after foolishnesse, and beaten thy braines about idle fancies, and yet art now resoluing to continue in vanitie : I tell thee, I haue / sought out to finde what is perfect vnder the Sunne : and I haue found nothing but wisedome without blemish.

√ √ Learning hath many braunches, and teacheth her Schollers many strange things, and yet my Sonne when thou hast waded the depth of hir

knowledge, and fought into the secret of her
bosome, thou shalt finde all thy labours to be
vexation of minde and vanitie. Canst thou num-
ber and extract, as the cunning Arithmetician:
or with Geometrie measure the ground, and leuell
out the plaines by the excellencie of thine arte.
Canst thou reach vnto the heauens with thy
knowledge, and tell the course of the Starres,
setting downe their aspects, oppositiues, times,
and sextiles, and discourse of the influence of
euery Star? canst thou with musick please thine
eare, and with the melodie of hir Cordes make
thy heart merrie? Canst thou tell the secrets
of Philosophie, and like a cunning naturalist,
discouer the hidden aphorismes of arte, and set
out the nature and operation of all things? wel
my sonne, say thou canst write of all these things,
yet when thou dooest with a carefull insight, enter
into the consideration, what the end of all is, thou
shalt finde the studie of them to bee vtter vexation
of minde, and vanitie: and the fame that growes
from such labours, to vanish away like smoake,
or a vapour tossed with the winde: If then all
be follie, seeke Wisedome, and shee will teach
thee the feare of the Lord. Therefore my Sonne,
follow my counsell from hencefoorth, as thou
hast made a vowe to leaue effeminate fancies,
and to proclaime thy selfe an openemie to

loue: so abiure all other studies, seeing *Omnia sub cælo vanitas*, and onely giue thy selfe to Theologie: be a Deuine my Sonne, for her documents are feueritie, and her foode is the bread of life: hir principles came from Heauen, and hir wordes came from aboue, so shalt thou make amends for the follyes of thy youth, and as thou hast seduced youth by thy wanton Pamphlets: so shalt thou instruct them by thy godlie laboures. Diuinitie, whie it is a studie that farre surpasseth all the seuen liberall sciences, and the least sparke that it doth lighten is more bright then all their fading glories: it comprehendeth / the lawe of the Lorde: and by it shalt thou knowe what the depth of his will is. Theologie ✓ is mother of all knowledge, for from it commeth health of the soule, and through it thou shalt win men vnto heauen. Then my Sonne, leaue all other vaine studies, and applye thy selfe to feede vpon that heauenly Manna, whose taste shall comforte thy heart, and drinke of those waters, which shall spring in thee a well of life, and so shalt thou recouer thy fame that thou hast lost, and be accompted of amongst the Elders of the Cittie. Couet not to blinde thy selfe with the illusions that other artes present vnto thee: for so shalt thou haue the portion of the foole, and the end of thy labours shall be vanitie: for

all knowledge except it, is mere follie : and there is no wifdome, but the knowledge of the law of the Lord.

Therefore be not wife in thine owne conceit, for he that will not heere instruction, shall feelee the smart of the rodde. Deuinitie I tell thee, is the true wifdome, and vpon hir right hand is long life, and vpon hir left hand is riches and honour: her wayes are pleafant, and her pathes are peaceable: ſhe is a tree of life to them that lay hould vppon her, and bleſſed are they that keepe her faſt. The firſt point of wifdome, is, that thou be willing to obtaine wifdome, and when thou haſt got her, ſhee will make thee a gracious head, and garniſhe thy temples with a Crowne of glorie: if then my Sonne, all knowledge, all ſciences, all artes, all learning except Theologie, be meere fooliſhneſſe and vanitie: leaue the quiddities of Lodgick, and aphoriſmes of Philoſophie : and applye thy wits onely to diuinitie. Hould not theſe precepts light, that I haue giuen thee, nor diſdayne not my counſaile, for I that ſpeake to thee am *Salomon*.

And this he ſpake with ſuch a maieſtie, that the terrour of his countenance afrighted me, and I ſtarted and awoake, and found my ſelfe in a dreame: yet Gentlemen, when I entered into the conſideration of the viſion, and called to minde

not onely the counsaile of *Gower*, but the persuasions of *Salomon*: a sodaine feare tainted euery limme, and I felt a horror in my conscience, for the follyes of my Penne: wherevpon, as in my dreame so awooke, I resolued peremptorie to leaue all thoughts of loue, and to applye my wits as néere as I could, to seeke after wisedome so highly commended by *Salomon*: but howsoeuer ✓
the direction of my studies shall be limited
me, as you had the blossomes of my
wanton fancies, so you shall haue
the fruites of my better
laboures.

FINIS.

Rob. Greene.

*Imprinted at London for Thomas
Newman, and are to be sould at his shop
in Fleetestreete, in Saint Dunstons
Churchyard.*

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

* * See general explanatory remarks prefixed to Notes and Illustrations in Vol. II., pp. 301-2.

ORPHARION.

- Page 5, l. 1, '*Robert Carey*'—see Index of Names, s.n. : l. 5, '*Hippocrates*'—sic : l. 7, '*Bayard*'—see Glossarial-Index s.v., freq. : l. 11, '*to*' = too, *ut freq.* : l. 16, '*prefer*' = offer or bear in : l. 19, '*plausible*' = pleasing or praiseful.
- „ 7, l. 10, '*driue*' = drove : *ib.*, '*line*' = lien or lain : l. 16, '*for*' = against.
- „ 9, l. 6, '*affects*' = affections : l. 12, '*Tarantals*' = tarantula.
- „ 10, l. 4, '*Semiramus*' = Semiramis : l. 18, '*Venus had only a Temple*' = Venus alone had a temple, was the only one worshipped.
- „ 11, l. 23, '*fondnesse*' = foolishness.
- „ 12, l. 6, '*passing*' = overpassing, and thence as 'very.'
- „ 14, l. 1, '*passions*' = lamentings, *ut freq.*

- Page 15, l. 3, '*had she*'—perhaps error for '*hath she*' or '*she hath*' : l. 8, '*inferred*' = brought in, *ut freq.* : l. 21, '*Rosalger*'—I find only '*algarot*' or butter of antimony (terchloride of antimony or caustic) mingled with water so as to make a white powder. This was possibly mingled with conserve of roses or with roses so as to act both as a bait and a poison to mice.
- „ 16, l. 4, '*incarnative*' = a medicine to make (or heal) flesh : l. 15, '*wheele . . . for*'—can only reduce to sense by reading '*wheele*, (where . . . plaste), *then for*,' etc.
- „ 17, l. 5, '*are*'—either Greene's knowledge was defective, or he uses the word in an unusual sense, apparently = admixture : l. 10, '*but flattering*' = but flattering [favour (only)] : l. 12, '*new fangle*' = new fangle[d], *i.e.* new toyed or new trifled, or fond of new toys or new trifles.
- „ 18, l. 2, '*roundly*' = plainly, unceremoniously, *i.e.* saying what he had to say without angles : l. 13, '*mansion*'—note spelling, and cf. p. 25, l. 20, '*mansion*' : l. 16, '*crue*'—see Glossarial-Index *s.v.*, for prior examples, *freq.* : l. 20, '*Take me not generally*'—This contrary to his meaning destroys his previous sayings. Greene cannot have used '*generally*' as = universally and without exception, for this is not English. Hence the passage seems—as too often in Orpharion—corrupt. Query—is '*not*' a misprint

for 'now'? thus implying, 'I speak generally but there may be exceptions.' Of course it is just possible he may have meant—'Take me not generally [but universally]'; but the old Shepherd's speeches do not seem to warrant such extravagance of language: l. 28, '*galupin*' = galaxy or Milky way [*i.e.* gal = γαλα, milk].

- Page 19, l. 7, '*capable*'—note spelling: l. 9, '*parle*' = talk: l. 24, '*None comes . . . nor retorne*'—even Batman, a Professor of Divinity, has plural noun and verbs singular.
- „ 21, l. 21, '*Phæbus*' = Phoebe: l. 16, '*slauery*'—misprinted '*saluery*.'
- „ 22, l. 12, '*Feere*' = companion, mate: l. 21, '*forepointed*' = foreappointed: l. 22, '*arrival consequence*'—Query [a] consequence? or possibly error for '*consequent on*.'
- „ 23, l. 1, '*censures*' = judges, *ut freq.*: l. 8, '*Beralles*' = Berils or beryls: l. 9, '*oftentimes*,' etc.—either Greene mentally supplied after '*faces*' [are stained] from '*staines*,' l. 8, or '*with*' should be '*have*'—an unlikely error: l. 19, '*Ramera*' = remora: l. 27, '*inferre*' = bring in.
- „ 24, l. 1, '*apples of Tantalus*'—by the use of 'ashes' Greene seems to have confused in his memory the classic fable and notices of the Dead Sea fruit: l. 7, '*halfe*'—misprinted '*halpe*': l. 10, '*with the only breath*'—an excellent example that such collocations were equivalent to our 'only with the

breath,' etc.: l. 16, '*metaphisica*[l]' = beyond nature, as before.

Page 25, l. 1, '*experience*' = trial, but not obsolete:

l. 13, '*frowes*'—from Dutch = women: l. 25, '*respecting*'—we should say 'in respect of':

l. 27, '*remorse*' = pity—an excellent example: l. 28, '*shrikes*' = shrieks.

„ 26, l. 13, '*dry blow*' = a hard or severe blow ('blow' being used of course metaphorically).

„ 27, l. 4, '*Marguerites*' = pearls: l. 16, '*roialtie*'—misprinted '*roilaie*': l. 18, '*set down his staff*' = made up his mind, because when stopping, the wayfarer sets down his staff.

„ 28, l. 5, '*Wast*'—see Glossarial-Index *s.v.*: l. 18, '*Acestes*'—misprinted '*Alcestes*': l. 19, '*Armour*' = arms (heraldically).

„ 29, l. 1, '*by whom*'—query an error for 'but whom': l. 10, '*put thy*' etc.—still a vulgar expression: l. 17, '*lesse*.'

„ 30, l. 2, '*sealed*:'—this punctuation is very frequent in Greene, but with us it would be '*sealed, . . . mind*': l. 16, '*stay*' = prop or support, and therefore (oddly) used as = estate or fortune.

„ 31, l. 18, '*quesie*' = queasy, squeamish: l. 19, '*wrest*' = twist or screwing: *ib.*, '*enduring*' = continuing: l. 22, '*Goord Nutte*'—the seeds of some gourds or of plants then reckoned amongst gourds, were much larger than those of the common gourd, and even had nutty shells. But no such effect of gourd seeds or nuts is mentioned

in Park : l. 25, '*contemplature*' = contemplativeness.

Page 32, l. 11, '*amateth*' = daunteth, dismayeth :
l. 12, '*Zerxes*'—misprint for '*Zeuxses*' :
l. 25, '*start vp*' = -ed.

„ 33, l. 1, '*a complexion*'—by a singular misplacing of type this is in the original misprinted unintelligibly '*exa complion*' = Melancholy was one of the four '*complexions*' : l. 11, '*curiositie*' = over-carefulness, niceness : l. 15, '*conditions*'—probably included both position by fortune and condition of constitution : l. 19, '*penitrature*'—clearly an error, but whether for a new coinage of '*penitence*' or '*portraiture*' cannot say : l. 23, '*Caratides*'—see separate lists, as before : l. 24, '*leafe*'—misprinted '*least*' in original.

„ 34, l. 14, '*Volgo*'—same mistake has occurred before—a mere fancy name here.

„ 35, l. 25, '*Phisiognomer*' = physiognomist, *i.e.* face-reader.

„ 36, l. 3, '*crepidum*'—the usual misreading for '*crepidam*' : l. 8, '*extoll*' = lift up high : l. 15, '*Prince*' = princess : l. 26, '*fonde*' = foolish.

„ 37, l. 11, '*Hobby*' = a small kind of hawking hawk, a sparrow-hawk appointed to a young man below a squire : l. 26, '*try*' = prove, *ut freq.* : l. 28, '*childing*' = chilling ?

„ 38, l. 14, '*pretended*' = intended, *i.e.* intended beforehand : l. 18, '*standish*' = inkstand,

etc., *ut freq.*: l. 25, '*Phalanga*' = phalangium, a name common in Pliny (B. xxix.c.4) to various venomous spiders.

Page 39, l. 3, '*come*'—*sic*—should apparently be '*come[s]*': l. 10, '*I haue aspyred too hie I am borne.*' We should now write '[that] I have aspyred [because] I am borne,' but Greene and his contemporaries frequently omitted 'that,' carelessly making another 'that' *subaudite* do duty in the second clause instead of using 'because': l. 12, '*race*' = raze, *ut freq.*

„ 41, l. 8, '*Labia*'—*sic*—probable misprint for Libia or Libya, in which Greene's uncertain geography may have placed the Egyptian labyrinth. Africa generally was called Libya by the Greeks: l. 19, '*paltring*' = paltry.

„ 42, l. 1, '*ownce*' = ounce.

„ 44, l. 6, '*arming sword*' = a two-handed sword ('Nomenclator,' p. 275, referred to by Halliwell-Phillipps *s.v.*): l. 14, '*come*'—query misprint for 'came'?

„ 45, l. 10, '*voiage*' = journey or passage.

„ 46, l. 3, '*Conducts*' = conductors, leaders: l. 18, '*Cornet*' = a company of horse, because they bore a 'cornet.' Hence the officer answering to the ensign of an infantry company is still in the cavalry called a 'cornet.'

„ 47, l. 10, '*beside*' = beyond: l. 24, '*Ragusa*'—Greene was not at all careful as to his

geography : l. 27, '*Barriers*' = fighting within prescribed bounds or lists.

Page 49, l. 5, '*prest*' = ready : l. 24, '*acception*' = exception—note spelling.

„ 50, l. 21, '*abashed*' = '[were] abashed' : or qy. used in a causative sense? or as 'abashed themselves'? Cf. p. 57, l. 28, for similar phrasing—*choller* [being] *past* : l. 22, '*ingrate*' = ungrateful.

„ 51, l. 8, '*grudged*' = felt a grudge, as still used : l. 12, '*of*' = off, as in l. 17 '*off*' = of : l. 13, '*doome*' = judgment : l. 14, '*ouerthwarts*' = ouerthrows, or thwarts, or contradictions, or crosses.

„ 52, l. 5, '*there*'—error for 'the' or 'then the.'

„ 53, l. 13, '*martiall* [lawe], or possibly '*martiall* [ists].'

„ 54, l. 8, '*harriers*' = spoilers—misprinted '*harniers*' : l. 16, '*mayne battaile*' = the middle or chief of the three divisions into which an Elizabethan army was divided, the others being the van and the rear : l. 19, '*were*'—misprinted '*weere*' : l. 21, '*legard*' = leigered or leagured. Cf. p. 53, l. 14.

„ 55, l. 15, '*Sentonell*' = sentinel—note spelling.

„ 56, l. 12, '*treaties*' = entreaties?

„ 57, l. 3, '*raced*' = razed, *ut freq.* : l. 7, '*eyther*'—sentence unfinished, or '*eyther*' superfluous and meant to be erased, or qy. error for '*even*'? : l. 12, '*from*'—misprinted '*for*'; or qy. = against? : l. 20, '*pawne*' = security.

- Page 58, l. 6, '*legars*' = besiegers : *ibid.*, '*admiration*' = wonder : l. 9, '*reveled*' = revealed : l. 24, '*Courte of garde*' = the guard. It is corruptly used by Dekker ('Gull's H. B.' c. 8) as guard. Not improbably the *Corps de garde* and the *Cour de Garde* became in English ears one and the same, but properly it is not the 'guard,' the persons composing the guard, but the court or place of guard.
- „ 59, l. 3, '*my Father's court*'—note sudden change from the indirect or historical to the direct.
- „ 60, l. 23, '*Lidia*'—misprinted '*Liuvia*': l. 27, '*traine*' = plot that leads up to a stratagem.
- „ 61, l. 7, '*pined*' = starving. Cf. p. 62, l. 7; or qy. = pinned = unpinning?: l. 18, '*euent's*' = issues : l. 26, '*tyred*' = hawking term (Fr. *tiröner* or *tirer*) = to pounce and feed upon, as do birds of prey.
- „ 62, l. 9, '*bruited*' = made known, spread abroad : l. 10, '*last date*'—'date,' and more especially 'last date,' is still commonly used for 'end,' as "ages of endless date": l. 13, '*fondly*' = foolishly, *ut freq.*: l. 17, '*touch*' = touchstone or trial, or query = [the time of] touch or contact [between life and death, or between this life and a future existence]?
- „ 63, l. 24, '*Dietie*' = deity—provincial pronunciation still.
- „ 65, l. 1, '*Dolphin*'—not the many-coloured fish

Dolphin ; but the Delphinus, a genus of cetaceous mammals including the porpoise. Hence the epithet "crooked back." It was on such an animal's back that Arion was fabled to have escaped. See p. 68, l. 26.

Page 66, l. 7, '*censures*' = judges, or decides. Cf. p. 68, l. 18, *ut freq.* : l. 13, '*metaphysicall*' = beyond physical, as before.

„ 67, l. 3, '*stigmaticall*'—then used for a person 'branded' for some crime. Hence = deformed, or of evil constitution : l. 25, '*copesmates*' = companions.

„ 68, l. 4, '*Esseni*' = Essenes—whose general practice was that of celibacy : l. 16, '*Silex*' = flint ? or qy. press error for Silenite ? See Batman upon Barth. xvi. 92. The Latin dictionaries of the date Anglicise '*silex*' by marble as well as flint, and Holyoke's Rider's English-Latin gives under flint—"A flint-stone of a marvellous nature, being steeped in water it burneth, and sprinkled with oyle it is quenched. [Lat.] *Thracras vel Thracius lapis*—a flint-stone or marchasite, out of the which fire is stricken—*Chalix pyrites, igniarius lapis, marchasita, lapis cerarius.*"

„ 69, l. 10, '*straightly*' = straitly.

„ 70, l. 1, '*Phebe*' = moon : l. 7, '*flourisht upon*' = well displayed upon—the result being indicated by the act. 'Over-dash' is its synonym : l. 18, '*start*' = started, *ut freq.* :

l. 23, '*messe*'—from Shakespeare and others we learn that in Elizabeth's time a '*messe*' meant four, that being the number that at dinner made up a '*messe*' of persons associated in some way in their eating: l. 26, '*sewed*'—either a misprint for '*serued*,' as suggested by Greene's style and the occurrence just below this of '*servitor*,' or a misprint or variant for '*sewe[r]ed*,' a word of the same sense as '*serued*,' but more definite in meaning. The Prince was their '*sewer*.'

Page 71, l. 8, '*measure*'—Halliwell-Phillipps and Wright explain this as "a slow and solemn dance," but no authority is given for the necessarily "slow and solemn," and for other reasons it may be doubted. Cf. p. 73, l. 9: l. 28, '*out*'—the phrase requires '*out [like]*' or '*[as]*.'

„ 74, l. 16, '*other[s]*'—perhaps the '*s*' was not required, as '*other*' was then used as a plural.

„ 75, l. 17, '*for*'—query misprint for '*from*'? or = an account of? Cf. p. 80, l. 8.

„ 76, l. 1, '*pensick*' = sick-with-the-pen, or poetically; or query a variant of '*pensive*'? Ash and Coles have *pensiculation* (and Latin *pensiculator*) = a thoughtful consideration. Or perhaps Greene used the word in our Eastern counties' sense of *pense* = to be fretful, complaining; or its contrast with '*passionate*' suggests that

it is, as Laertes says of Hamlet's love for Ophelia—"a toy in blood . . . The suppliance of a minute."

- Page 77, l. 17, '*dark*'—misprinted '*dart*': *ibid.*, '*amphibological*' = an aphorism of ambiguous or doubtful meaning—from Græco-Latin *amphibologia*, etc.: l. 27, '*ambigues*' = ambiguities — formed from the Latin substantive *ambiguum*, instead of, as ours, from the variant *ambiguitas*.
- „ 78, l. 22, '*exteemst*' = a press error for '*esteemst*': l. 25, '*sparseled*' = dispersed.
- „ 79, l. 12, '*tried*' = proved: l. 13, '*Esculapius her husband*'—queer mythology: l. 15, '*Pelopidus*'—read Pelopidas, and so p. 83, ll. 3, 14, etc. Cf. p. 70, l. 4; also note the scene is Corinth, and the other names Grecian: l. 17, '*nusle vp*' = nestle up, wrap up in one's arms: l. 22, '*Mobæ*' = press error doubtless for Niobe or Niobæ.
- „ 80, l. 1, '*windfalls*' = fallen by the winds, as blown-down fruit.
- „ 81, l. 5, '*prattle*' = converse, *ut freq.*: l. 9, '*I*' = ay.
- „ 82, l. 16, '*requite*'—misprinted '*request*' in the original.
- „ 83, l. 4, '*way: when*'—there is clearly an omission between these words of some such words as '*then the Dutches replied.*' The compositor's eye probably wandered from '*then*' to '*when*': l. 10, '*Philomenes to*' = Philomenes, [let us] to.

- Page 86, l. 9, '*disgraded*' = degraded : l. 14, '*handy-thrift*' = handicraft ; but 'thrift' as derived from 'thrive' was not always used then in our sense of sparingness, but as = thriving, prosperity, etc.
- „ 88, l. 7, '*feature*'—see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*, *freq.*
- „ 90, l. 22, '*Gentiles*' = Gentles ; but perhaps Greene intended an equivoque.
- „ 91, l. 14, '*baco*' = press error for Baccho—the phrase is Terence's.
- „ 93, l. 14, '*fallacions*' = fallacies : l. 18, '*or*'—misprinted 'and' in original.

GREENS GROATS-WORTH OF WIT.

Title-page, l. 8, '*before*' in the original is misprinted 'before before' ; and so, l. 14, '*long*' is 'long long.' The second motto is misprinted '*Vir essit*' for '*Virescit*.' '*Virescit vulnere virtus*' is the original reading, from Aul. Gell., '*Noctes Atticæ*,' xviii. 11. 4,— '*veritas*' was doubtless intended as a (modern) variant or improvement. Doubtless to have left these *literatim* would have brought the blundering of the old printers before the eye ; but we owe too much to Thomas Creede so to disgrace him.

Page 99, l. 15, '*W. W.*'—does not appear in the title-page. In the Stationers' Register (iii. 72—Arber) we have this entry :—

20 Octobris 1596.

Thomas Creede. Entred for Richard Oliffes Copie
Richard Olif. GREENES *groates* [worth] *of witt* printed
by John Danter. And Thomas Creede
from tyme to tyme to print this book
for Richard Oliff vj^d.

also—agreeably to our Note (p. 96)—

22 Die Septembris [1592]

William Entred for his copie, vnder master Watkins
Wrighte hande/vppon the perill of Henrye Chettle /
a book intituled / GREENES *Groatsworth of*
wyt bought with a million of Repentance . . . vj^d.

whence 'W. W.' is = William Wrighte.

- Page 101, l. 4, '*deeper*'—example of a comparative
of adverb in -ly, made with -er : l. 17,
'*former bookes*' = the 'Coney' tractates :
l. 28, '*me will*'—example of omission of
pronoun [it] where we should deem it
necessary. The writer considered the
former 'this' to be sufficiently understood
here.
- „ 103, l. 7, '*Antiquary*'—an intentionally vague
reference : l. 10, '*Gentleman*'—misprinted
'*gentlemen*.'
- „ 104, l. 3, '*Nouerint*'—see Glossarial-Index, s.v. :
l. 10, '*bolt*' = reproving saying—a thing
launched at one, and that hurts, as in a
thunderbolt : l. 15, '*curiously*' = carefully,
as before—excellent example.
- „ 105, l. 12, '*witlesse*' = foolish — misprinted
'*intreated witlesse* : '.
- „ 106, l. 11, '*wooning*' = winning, house or home.
- „ 107, l. 12, '*telling*' = counting—common enough
still, yet needing to be noted, as commen-

tators on Milton unhappily prove : l. 18, 'sinloke'—apparently an unintelligible misprint.

Page 108, l. 10, 'assurance' = security (as still in use): l. 26, 'foole-holy' = over-holy ; but see context.

„ 109, l. 10, 'it now'—query 'it [not] now, it was'?

„ 110, l. 14, 'enterd' = interred.

„ 111, l. 3, 'Adamants' = loadstones : l. 4, 'witchcrafts'—misprinted 'vitchcrafts,' as 'vith' for 'with' in p. 10, l. 25.

„ 112, l. 16, 'clawde' = flattered, *ut freq.*

„ 113, l. 3, 'scituate'—an instance of the absorption of the -ed, which is perpetuated to this day in house advertisements : l. 15, 'A B C'—pronounce as metre directs, 'Absey,' as now : l. 19, 'wild' = will'd. So p. 148, l. 1.

„ 114, l. 16, 'prentise for three lynes'—because a 'prenticeship is usually for seven years : l. 18, 'Auarice his deceased father'—a parallel phrase to Shakespeare's "whose mother was her painting" (Cymb. III.iv.52): l. 21, 'wainscot proof'—see Glossarial-Index s.v.

„ 115, l. 15, 'and' = an ; and so p. 118, l. 1 : l. 17, 'till death,' etc.—the words used in the (then) marriage service of Church of England ; now it is 'till death us *do* part.'

„ 116, l. 13, 'shamefast'—held back by shame ; probably the original of our present

'shamefaced,' and at least a variant : l. 26
'*meaning*' = intention.

Page 117, l. 12, '*amber coloured darts*' = her hair.

„ 118, l. 6, '*apointed*' = set : l. 10, '*Beuer felt*' = hat. Our present tall hats, before 'silk was used for them, were made of beaver' fur and vulgarly called 'Beavers' : l. 12 '*cranke*'—a second instance of this odd use of '*cranke*' for (apparently) 'chatt' and agreeable'—a use hitherto unknown and not yet found (it is believed) in any other author. See also p. 137, l. 27 : l. 14 '*play on*'—a 'hornepipe' being a tune and dance, the use of 'on' is noticeable : l. 27 '*woodcock pie*'—introduced by Greene because 'woodcock' was a known name for a particular kind of 'fowl.' Cf. p. 128 l. 7.

„ 119, l. 3, '*abilitie*'—in a commercial sense, able to spend, etc. : l. 17, '*for*,' etc. Punctuate 'word. For . . . own said,' etc.

„ 120, l. 4, '*Gray*' = badger : l. 10, '*Friday face*' = Fast-day face : l. 16, '*strout*' = strut l. 24, '*habitation*.' Punctuate '*habitation*,' but Greene's punctuation is arbitrary, and not according to our grammar, etc., especially in the ending and commencement of a sentence.

„ 121, l. 2, '*trained*' = followed the train of—still in use : l. 7, '*wearied*' = press error for 'worried.'

„ 122, l. 5, '*others*'—a second example of when

- we should use 'the others.' See p. 119, l. 21 : l. 23, '*affect*' = affection.
- Page 124, l. 24, '*trickly attired*' = properly and well attired for the trick—*i.e.* attired like the bride. Cf. p. 125, l. 3, where Marian is Mother Gunby's daughter.
- „ 126, l. 14, '*to marrie Marian*'—usual haste of Greene shown here : for in p. 122, l. 7, he had said 'married they [the farmer's son and the Squire's daughter] were,' etc.
- „ 128, l. 26, '*Roberto*'—by this name, by the term 'Poet' (l. 18), by the incidents pp. 131, 134, 135 (and note on p. 137, 4—9), and by "irreligiously forsaken thy wife" which last there was no need otherwise of adding, it is clear that 'Roberto' represented Robert Greene : and so tragically throughout.
- „ 129, l. 15, '*Jacke Drums entertainment*'—properly a 'beating,' but used for any uncivil or rude entertainment that drove one out of doors : l. 14, '*them that was*'—an excellent illustration of *that* followed by a singular though it refer to a plural antecedent : l. 22, '*in*'—Dyce's correction to 'to' [but *qy.* too?] accepted, but not 'mean' for 'meant' : l. 27, '*shoes*' = shows.
- „ 130, l. 7, '*tramels*' = nets : l. 18, Dyce misprints '*brings*' and '*hastes*.'
- „ 131, l. 11, '*censured*' = judged, *ut freq.* : l. 26, '*Delphingus*,' etc.—on this and after-allusions, see annotated Life in Vol. I.

- Page 132, l. 6, '*Moral of mans wit*,' '*Dialogue of Dines*,' etc.—see *ibid.* : l. 27, '*cranker*' = chattier, merrier. Cf. note on p. 118, l. 12.
- „ 133, l. 6, '*casseered*' = cashiered : l. 8, '*duke Humfrey's Squires*'—when a dinnerless man walked in St. Paul's he was said to dine with Duke Humphrey, whose tomb was there—*freq.* : l. 9, '*drawn out with his heeles*'—one of several odd uses of the preposition 'with.' It means, of course through the agency of his heels' : l. 12, '*kindness*'—ironical : l. 24, '*remorse*' = pity, *ut freq.*
- „ 134, l. 4, '*Arch plai-making*' = maker of plays : l. 13, '*earnest*' = payment in part beforehand : l. 20, '*lightly*' = commonly : l. 22 '*casts*' = sleights : l. 24, '*nips*,' etc.—see Coney-books, *freq.*, and Glossarial-Index for all these technical terms.
- „ 135, l. 7, '*scores*' = credit : l. 13, '*Brothell*'—oddly used for a 'prostitute'—her and his name was Ball, she being the mother of 'Infortunatus Greene' : *ib.*, '*trust*' = trussed : l. 28, '*other*'—one example among others of 'other' being used as a plural.
- „ 136, l. 17, '*warneth men by dreams*.' Cf. St Matthew ii. 12 : l. 26, '*chalke*' = chalked up score or credit.
- 137, l. 4, '*sell*,' etc.—here Greene refers to this and his other late booklets ; and ll. 7—9

etc., again show that 'Roberto' was (at least in many things) a portrait of Robert Greene himself: l. 19—the scansion is 'To length/en my life,' the 'en' (like 'er') being held sometimes as a non- or very short syllable. Hence Dyce's (silent) correction 'T'outlengthen' is not needed: at most 'en' should have been struck out.

Page 138, l. 15, '*then deplore*'—Dyce makes the correction 'he deplor'd'; but surely such is not permissible to any Editor. Spenser over and over betrays the same neglect, and critically it is well to know of other examples. Sense and rhyme (see ll. 2 and 5 of this stanza) are restored by reading 'deplor[d]e.'

„ 139, l. 3, '*Telegones*' = Telegonus, son of Ulysses by Circe, unknowingly killed his father.

„ 142, l. 1, '*the famous gracer of Tragedians*' = Marlowe; but see annotated Life in Vol. I.

„ 143, l. 9, '*young Iuuenal*' = Nash; but *ibid.*: l. 21, '*thou no lesse deservuing*,' etc. = Peele; but *ibid.*

„ 144, l. 1, '*burres*' = the rough prickly coverings of the seeds of the burdock: sometimes also used of those of the chestnut: l. 8, '*upstart crow*' = Shakespeare; but see annotated Life in Vol. I.: l. 24, '*two more*'—*ibid.*

„ 145, l. 11, '*maketh*'—misprint 'making' in original; but query expunge the 'and'? This would render 'making' correct.

Page 146, l. 13, '*prying*' = spying and something more—still used: l. 27, '*husband*' = husbandman.

„ 147, l. 2, '*wide*'—Dyce records quarto as '*wilde*', but it is not so in our exemplar, and of course rhyme proves '*wide*' is correct. l. 4, '*pleasure*'—misprinted '*pleasurely*'—*qy. pleasaunce?*: l. 19, '*into*' = unto (Dyce).

THE REPENTANCE OF ROBERT GREENE

Page 156, last l., '*C. B.*' = Cuthbert Burbie of title-page.

„ 157, l. 8, '*nurture*' = education or training.

„ 158, l. 15, '*obiected*' = cast before in its primary etymological sense: l. 26, '*to loose*'—an instance of the use of '*to*,' where we should omit it: *ib.*, '*inch*'—misspelled '*intch*' in the original.

„ 159, l. 26, '*copesmates*' = companions, *ut freq.*

„ 162, l. 7, '*meere*' = wholly or only: l. 14, '*blaspheming*' = blaspheming.

„ 164, l. 14, '*shelles*' = money (cant term): l. 25 '*attached*' = legally arrested.

„ 165, l. 6, '*Resolution.*' So p. 168, l. 18. See annotated Life in Vol. I., of this contemporary book: l. 6, '*light*' = lighted. See p. 172, l. 4.

„ 167, l. 24, '*brauery*' = defiance.

„ 172, l. 21, '*Malcontent*'—query a character in a play?

„ 173, l. 6, '*profitable*'—query '[not] profitable

- or '[un]profitable'?: l. 14, 'let' = hindrance, stop: l. 24, 'copesmates.' See p. 159, l. 26; p. 176, l. 12, *et freq.*
- Page 177, l. 25, 'score' = in debt: l. 27, 'penning of plaies,' etc.—see annotated Life in Vol. I. on this.
- „ 178, l. 17, 'indifferently' = impartially.
- „ 182, l. 18, 'earnest pennie' = advance payment. See Glossarial-Index *s.v.*
- „ 185, l. 23, 'a Letter'—on this see annotated Life, Vol. I., new corrective notes by Professor Storozhenko sent to the Editor.
- „ 187, l. 21, 'worthily' = deservedly, righteously.
- „ 193, l. 2, 'Nicholas Sanders'—see Index of Names, *s.n.*: l. 12, 'Manie'—four are known.
- „ 194, l. 3, 'inseperate' = inseparable.
- „ 197, l. 3, 'Cobler of Canterbury'—appeared in 1590 and 1608, and under a new title in 1630, 'The Tincker of Turvey'
- „ 198, l. 2, 'thus'—misprinted 'this.'
- „ 201, l. 15, read 'place[s].'
- „ 202, l. 6,—read '[not] in painting': l. 15, 'painefull' = painstaking: l. 18, 'Aconiton' = poison (generically): l. 24, 'orient'—see Glossarial-Index for other examples, *s.v.*
- „ 203, l. 2, 'contriues'—see Glossarial-Index *s.v.*: l. 13, 'driue' = drove or drave.
- „ 205, l. 14, 'coniecture' = throwing together.
- „ 206, l. 2, 'a Malo in penis'—read 'a Malo in pejus': l. 24, 'to the[e]'; and so l. 22.
- „ 207, l. 20, 'handfast' = hand-clasp.

- Page 209, l. 16, '*stock*' = stocking : l. 23, '*side*' = long : l. 25, '*whittell*' = knife : l. 26, '*corned*' = cornered.
- „ 210, l. 18, '*breech*' = breeches : l. 20, '*Pricked* . . . *shoone*' = pointed shoes : l. 21, '*doone*' = do.
- „ 211, l. 3, '*start*' = -ed, *ut freq.* : l. 15, '*mere*' — misprinted '*more*' : l. 17, '*fond*' foolish, *ut freq.*
- „ 213, l. 9, '*touch*' = touchstone.
- „ 215, l. 6, '*Morosie*' = morose people.
- „ 217, l. 9, '*count*' — query '*course*' ? : l. 12, '*Aconomical*' = economical : l. 26, '*Ethnik*' = heathen.
- „ 219, l. 1, '*implasters*' = plasters (laid on) : l. 21, '*while*' = until, *ut freq.*
- „ 220, l. 18, '*Bauins*' = bundles of (tarred) sticks = flambeaux. See Glossarial-Index *s.v.*
- „ 225, l. 1, '*Carsey*' = Kersey : l. 4, '*guards*' = facings : l. 5, '*stock*' = stocking, as before : l. 7, '*Lockeram*' = coarse linen : l. 8, '*Couentrie blew*' — a once famous frieze.
- „ 226, l. 2, '*Mockado*' — see Glossarial-Index *s.v.* : *ib.*, '*Partlet*' = ruff, and see *ibid.* : l. 24, '*harding aporne*' = apron, but see *ibid.*
- „ 227, l. 23, '*dizond*' = adorned, bedizened : l. 24, '*paste*' = artificial jewel ?
- „ 228, l. 2, '*Creuell Points*' = wool-work.
- „ 229, l. 13, '*shifts*' = tricks, expedients.
- „ 232, l. 8, '*Dormitarie*' = sleeping opiate : l. 21, '*watching Candle*' = night candle ? : l. 25, '*gogs noones*' = God's wounds (minced oath).

Page 235, l. 3, '*nunquam sera est*' = Coney books.

„ 236, l. 25, '*instances*.' Cf. Shakespeare, "give such *instances* of loss."

„ 241, l. 6, '*tramels*' = nets, as before.

„ 249, l. 14, '*Chro diagnostes*'—error for *diagnostes* (διαγνωστης) = the discerner or accurate inquirer into. The '*Chro*' may be *χρω* of *χρως*, body or flesh, and the whole word *Chro-diagnostes* = body or flesh-discerner, in agreement with context. Or '*Chro*' may be an error for *Chr[i]o*, 'I anoint,' and the phrase be inaccurately meant for 'the anointed discerner.' The MS. correction was meant to make it *Caudiagnostes* = burning discerner; but a mere conjectural emendation: l. 21, '*launch*' = lance (Henry IV., I. i. 56) and Hamlet IV. v. 162.

„ 250, l. 14, '*hands thrist*' must be a misprint for '*hands thrift*,' in apposition-contrast or poise with '*hart§ thirst*.' We know that '*thrist*' was a Greene-used form of '*thirst*,' but neither sense nor this poisoning of the clauses allows of the use of both forms in one short sentence.

„ 253, l. 16, '*Sinister*'—see separate lists, *s.v.*

„ 257, l. 20, '*race*' = raze.

„ 262,—this French couplet in the original is made "pie" of thus :—

" Le ville que parle, le femme qui S'esconte
L'ane se gaigne, l'aulie, S'effonte."

= (accurately as on p. 262) = "The town

that parleys, the woman that deliberates, the one surrenders (is gained), the other allows herself to be —": l. 11, '*induced*' = led.

Page 266, l. 25, '*Landes-ladie*'—note spelling.

„ 270, l. 8, '*circumstance*' = condition. Cf. Hamlet III. iii. 83.

„ 273, l. 22, '*Acanonicall*.' Cf. p. 217, l. 12.

„ 275, l. 16, '*Bisse*' = fine silk.

II. PROVERBS, PROVERBIAL SAYINGS, PHRASES, ETC.

Page 5, l. 10, '*will is aboue skill*.'

„ 7, l. 10, '*it hath line this twelue months in the suds*.'

„ 9, l. 13, '*pierced with Achilles launce must be healed by his speare*.'

„ 10, l. 25, '*buy smoake with many perrills and daungers*.'

„ 15, l. 26, '*repentance oft cometh too late*.'

„ 17, l. 10, '*reape many kisses and little loue*': l. 13, '*she makes him swell in the browes*' = cornutes: l. 23, '*looke before thou leape*': l. 24, '*see what chaffer she prouides for her chapmen*.'

„ 18, l. 19, '*Wiues be they neuer so watcht they will*': l. 20, '*Maides be they neuer so bashfull they wish*': l. 21, '*widdowes bee they neuer so coy, they would*.'

„ 21, l. 16, '*as if his service should be slavery*.'

„ 22, l. 2, '*But faire and constant hardly may agree*.'

Page 23, l. 18, '*we light in the ditch.*'

„ 24, l. 19, '*thought it was best to pocket up what-soeuer a Ghost out of hell did tattle.*'

„ 29, l. 10, '*thou mayst put thy winnings in thine eye.*'

„ 31, l. 2, '*Tush, Loue is aboue Lord or law, friend or faith*': l. 14, '*she is but a woman, and therefore to be wonne.*'

„ 33, l. 12, '*the best fruite hath the brauest blossomes*': '*the most precious stone, is chosen by the most glistering hue*' and '*the best conditions by the sweetest countenance*': l. 16, '*where beauty reigneth, there vertue remaineth; and vnder a faire face resteth a faithfull hart*': l. 21, '*the hottest thunders are not euer quenched with raine, nor the deepest greefes euer discourd by teares.*'

„ 34, l. 9, '*take time by the forehead*': l. 11, '*tooke hart at grace*': l. 16, '*to repress the fier is to encrease the flame*,' etc.: l. 19, '*wounds fed of with delays fester*,' etc.: l. 20, '*fancy long held in the grasse*,' etc.

„ 35, l. 23, '*hath too much familiaritie bredde contempt?*'

„ 36, l. 7, '*set a Begger on horsebacke, and they say he will neuer light*'—an explanation of one sense at least in which '*riding to the devil*' was taken: l. 8, '*extoll one of base stock*,' etc.

„ 37, l. 21, '*But by the sweete, how should wee know the sower: the white seemeth most siluer lined*,' etc.

- Page 38, l. 16, '*Acestes was faine to aime his course
by a new compasse.*'
- „ 39, l. 14, '*I quench fire with Flave.*'
- „ 53, l. 28, '*met halfe at aduantage,*' etc.
- „ 57, l. 10, '*brought the Beare to the stake.*'
- „ 58, l. 12, '*he neuer plaid in iest.*'
- „ 59, l. 11, '*caught the Lyon in y^e snare*': l. 14,
'*he should fal to his fortunes.*'
- „ 60, l. 21, '*well out of the way.*'
- „ 64, l. 5, '*remaine in the fogge*'—the context
explains '*all smeared in the smoke.*'
- „ 66, l. 20, '*the richest gold hath the rarest colour,*'
etc., etc.
- „ 67, l. 19, '*he possesseth at command.*'
- „ 70, l. 28, '*was on his halfe-penny*' = his desires
on something different to or beyond the
rest.
- „ 71, l. 23, '*tread his taske.*'
- „ 72, l. 4, '*Kings wordes may not offend.*'
- „ 75, l. 5, '*like the pace of a Crab, backward*':
l. 6, '*Hast thou in thy cradle been continent,*'
etc., etc.
- „ 76, l. 15, '*Louers oaths are like fetters made of
glasse.*'
- „ 78, l. 8, '*a woman, & therfore to be wooed, &
so to be won*': l. 11, '*an ounce of giue me
is worth a pound of heare me*': l. 17, '*she
that is faithless to one will be constant to
none.*'
- „ 80, l. 1, '*Maids must be married, least they be
marred*': l. 2, '*if they be coy,*' etc.
- „ 84, l. 20, '*paide his debt vnto nature.*'

- Page 87, l. 16, '*loue is aboue King and Keiser*':
 l. 22, '*forced loue is neuer sweete.*'
 „ 88, l. 26, '*we are only ouercom not vanquished.*'
 „ 101, l. 2, '*the Swan sings melodiously before death.*'
 „ 103, l. 19, '*To learning and law, ther's no greater foe,*' etc.
 „ 116, ll. 27-8, '*stooode like a trewant,*' etc.
 „ 122, l. 7, '*Short tale to make.*'
 „ 124, l. 8, '*mony now a daies make the match,*' etc.
 „ 126, l. 23, '*I con you little thanke.*'
 „ 130, l. 26, '*pittie it is men of learning should liue in lacke.*'
 „ 135, l. 7, '*brag his creditors carried stones.*'
 „ 143, l. 17, '*stop shallow water,*' etc.; '*tread on a worme,*' etc.
 „ 155, l. 16, '*purest glass is the most brickle, the finest Lawne the soonest staine, the highest Oake most subiect to the wind, and the quickest wit the more easily woone to folly.*'
 „ 158, l. 1, '*such as clime hastely fall sodainely*':
 l. 9, '*the blacke Oxe hath trod on their feete,*'
 and cf. p. 271, l. 1: l. 11, '*they sigh out had I wist,*' etc.
 „ 159, l. 5, '*once got into the boane it will step into the flesh.*'
 „ 163, l. 5, '*I did with the Dog,*' etc.
 „ 171, l. 17, '*as early pricks the tree that will proue a thorne,*' etc.
 „ 177, l. 10, '*I left her at six or seuen.*'
 „ 179, l. 14, '*so long the Pot,*' etc.

- Page 195, l. 14, '*Pouertie is the father of innumerable infirmities.*'
- „ 211, l. 10, '*sorrowes concealed are the more sower,*' etc.: l. 19, '*thou wilt not bewray it to thy shirte*': l. 27, '*I tooke heart at grasse.*'
- „ 212, l. 13, '*I will set fire on the straw*': l. 22, '*as blind Baiard,*' etc.
- „ 213, l. 21, '*stopt with a Bakers batch.*'
- „ 214, l. 27, '*sundry men, sundry conceits.*'
- „ 225, l. 20, '*put Flaxe and Fire together,*' etc.
- „ 229, l. 12, '*looke ouer the pale like a Buck in season.*'
- „ 246, l. 20, '*he being blinde, had eaten the flic.*'
- „ 248, l. 27, '*blam'd, but neuer sham'd.*'
- „ 255, l. 11, '*fier in the strawe.*'
- „ 257, l. 3, '*where no hedge is, there the goods are spoiled,*' etc.: l. 10, '*If she bee wanton,*' etc.
- „ 260, l. 24, '*a colde comforte.*'
- „ 261, l. 26, '*the greatest wonder lasteth but nine dayes.*'
- „ 265, l. 4, '*come at euery lure*': l. 7, '*aske counsaile of your pillowe*': l. 15, '*ouer the shooes in wante.*'
- „ 266, l. 4, '*go seeke suche Lettice,*' etc.
- „ 273, l. 14, '*what my tongue speaketh, my heart thinketh.*'

A. B. G.

END OF VOL. XII.