

The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding

ORIGINAL SPELLING

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined
THE NINTH BOOKE of Ovids Metamorphosis.
What ayleth thee (quoth Theseus) to sygh so sore? and how
Befell it thee to get this mayme that is uppon thy brow?
The noble streame of Calydon made answer, who did weare
A Garland made of reedes and flags upon his sedgie heare:
A greeveus pennance you enjoyne. For who would gladly show
The combats in the which himself did take the overthrow?
Yit will I make a just report in order of the same.
For why? to have the woorser hand was not so great a shame,
As was the honor such a match to undertake. And much
It comforts mee that he who did mee overcome, was such ... [IX.10]
A valiant champion. If perchaunce you erst have heard the name
Of Deyanyre, the fayrest Mayd that ever God did frame
Shee was in myne opinion. And the hope to win her love
Did mickle envy and debate among hir wooers move.
With whome I entring to the house of him that should have bee
My fathrilaw: Parthaons sonne (I sayd) accept thou mee
Thy Sonnylaw. And Hercules in selfsame sort did woo.
And all the other suters streight gave place unto us two.
He vaunted of his father Jove, and of his famous deedes,
And how against his stepdames spyght his prowesse still proceedes. ... [IX.20]
And I ageine a toother syde sayd thus: It is a shame
That God should yeeld to man. (This stryfe was long ere he became
A God). Thou seeist mee a Lord of waters in thy Realme
Where I in wyde and wynding banks doo beare my flowing streame.
No straunger shalt thou have of mee sent farre from forreine land:
But one of household, or at least a neyghbour heere at hand.
Alonly let it bee to mee no hindrance that the wyfe
Of Jove abhorres mee not, ne that upon the paine of lyfe
Shee sets mee not to talk. For where thou bostest thee to bee
Alcmenas sonne, Jove eyther is not father unto thee: ... [IX.30]
Or if he bee it is by sin. In making Jove thy father,
Thou maakst thy mother but a whore. Now choose thee whither rather
Thou had to graunt this tale of Jove surmised for to bee,
Or else thy selfe begot in shame and borne in bastardee.
At that he grimly bendes his browes, and much adoo he hath
To hold his hands, so sore his hart inflamed is with wrath.
He said no more but thus: My hand dooth serve mee better than
My toong. Content I am (so I in feighting vanquish can)

That thou shalt overcome in wordes. And therewithall he gan
 Mee feercely to assaile. Mee thought it was a shame for mee ... [IX.40]
 That had even now so stoutly talkt, in dooings faint to bee.
 I casting off my greenish cloke thrust stifly out at length
 Mine armes and streynd my pawing armes to hold him out by strength,
 And framed every limme to cope. With both his hollow hands
 He caught up dust and sprincked mee: and I likewise with sands
 Made him all yelow too. One whyle hee at my necke dooth snatch
 Another whyle my cleere crisp legges he striveth for to catch,
 Or trippes at mee: and everywhere the vauntage he dooth watch.
 My weightinesse defended mee, and cleerely did disfeate
 His stoute assaults as when a wave with hideous noyse dooth beate ... [IX.50]
 Against a Rocke, the Rocke dooth still both sauf and sound abyde
 By reason of his massinesse. Wee drew a whyle asyde
 And then incountring fresh ageine, wee kept our places stowt
 Full minded not to yeeld an inch, but for to hold it owt.
 Now were wee standing foote to foote. And I with all my brest
 Was leaning forward, and with head ageinst his head did rest,
 And with my gryping fingars I ageinst his fingars thrust.
 So have I seene two myghtie Bulles togither feercely just
 In seeking as their pryse to have the fayrest Cow in all
 The feeld to bee their make, and all the herd bothe greate and small ... [IX.60]
 Stand gazing on them fearfully not knowing unto which
 The conquest of so greate a gayne shall fall. Three times a twich
 Gave Hercules and could not wrinch my leaning brest him fro
 But at the fourth he shooke mee off and made mee to let go
 My hold: and with a push (I will tell truthe) he had a knacke
 To turne me off, and heavily he hung upon my backe.
 And if I may beleevd bee (as sure I meene not I
 To vaunt my selfe vayngloriously by telling of a lye,)
 Mee thought a mountaine whelmed me. But yit with much adoo
 I wrested in my sweating armes, and hardly did undoo ... [IX.70]
 His griping hands. He following still his vauntage, suffred not
 Mee once to breathe or gather strength, but by and by he got
 Mee by the necke. Then was I fayne to sinke with knee to ground,
 And kisse the dust. Now when in strength too weake myself I found,
 I tooke mee to my slights, and slipt in shape of Snake away
 Of wondrous length. And when that I of purpose him to fray
 Did bend myself in swelling rolles, and made a hideous noyse,
 Of hissing with my forked toong,, he smyling at my toyes,
 And laughing them to scorne sayd thus: It is my Cradle game
 To vanquish snakes, O Acheloy. Admit thou overcame ... [IX.80]
 All other Snakes, yet what art thou compared to the Snake
 Of Lerna, who by cutting off did still encrease take?
 For of a hundred heades not one so soone was paarde away,
 But that uppon the stump therof there budded other tway.
 This sprouting Snake whose braunching heads by slaughter did revive
 And grow by cropping, I subdewd, and made it could not thryve.
 And thinkest thou (who being none wouldst seeme a Snake) to scape?

Who doost with foorged weapons feyght and under borrowed shape?
 This sayd, his fingers of my necke he fastned in the nape.
 Mee thought he graand my throte as though he did with pinsons nip. ... [IX.90]
 I struggled from his churlish thumbes my pinched chappes to slip
 But doo the best and worst I could he overcame mee so.
 Then thirdly did remayne the shape of Bull, and quickly tho
 I turning to the shape of Bull rebelld ageinst my fo.
 He stepping to my left syde cloce, did fold his armes about
 My wattled necke, and following mee then running maynely out
 Did drag mee backe, and made mee pitch my hornes against the ground,
 And in the deepest of the sand he overthrew mee round.
 And yit not so content, such hold his cruell hand did take
 Uppon my welked horne, that he asunder quight it brake, ... [IX.100]
 And pulld it from my maymed brew. The waterfayries came
 And filling it with frute and flowres did consecrate the same,
 And so my horne the Tresory of plenteousnesse became.
 As soone as Acheloy had told this tale a wayting Mayd
 With flaring heare that lay on both hir shoulders and arrayd
 Like one of Dame Dianas Nymphes with solemne grace forth came
 And brought that rich and precious horne, and heaped in the same
 All kynd of frutes that Harvest sendes, and specially such frute
 As serves for latter course at meales of every sort and sute.
 As soone as daylight came ageine, and that the Sunny rayes ... [IX.110]
 Did shyne upon the tops of things, the Princes went their wayes.
 They would not tarry till the floud were altogether falne
 And that the River in his banks ran low ageine and calme.
 Then Acheloy amid his waves his Crabtree face did hyde
 And head disarmed of a horne. And though he did abyde
 In all parts else bothe sauf and sound, yit this deformitye
 Did \cut his comb: and for to hyde this blemish from the eye
 He hydes his hurt with Sallow leaves, or else with sedge and reede.
 But of the selfsame Mayd the love killd thee, feerce Nesse, in deede,
 When percing swiftly through thy back an arrow made thee bleede. ... [IX.120]
 For as Joves issue with his wyfe was onward on his way
 In going to his countryward, enforst he was to stay
 At swift Euenus bank, bycause the streame was risen sore
 Above his bounds through rage of rayne that fell but late before.
 Agein so full of whoorlpooles and of gulles the channell was,
 That scarce a man could any where fynd place of passage. As
 Not caring for himself but for his wyfe he there did stand,
 This Nessus came unto him (who was strong of body and
 Knew well the foordes), and sayd: Use thou thy strength, O Hercules,
 In swimming. I will fynd the meanes this Ladie shall with ease ... [IX.130]
 Bee set uppon the further bank. So Hercules betooke
 His wyfe to Nessus. Shee for feare of him and of the brooke
 Lookte pale. Her husband as he had his quiver by his syde
 Of arrowes full, and on his backe his heavy Lyons hyde,
 (For to the further bank he erst his club and bow had cast)
 Said: Sith I have begonne, this brooke bothe must and shalbee past.

He never casteth further doubts, nor seekes the calmest place,
 But through the roughest of the streame he cuts his way apace.
 Now as he on the furthersyde was taking up his bow,
 His heard his wedlocke shreeking out, and did hir calling know: ... [IX.140]
 And cryde to Nesse (who went about to deale unfaythfully
 In running with his charge away): Whoa, whither doost thou fly,
 Thou Royster thou, uppon vaine hope by swiftnesse to escape
 My hands? I say give eare thou Nesse for all thy double shape,
 And meddle not with that thats myne. Though no regard of mee
 Might move thee to refrayne from rape, thy father yit might bee
 A warning, who for offring shame to Juno now dooth feele
 Continuall torment in his limbes by turning on a wheele.
 For all that thou hast horses feete which doo so bolde thee make,
 Yit shalt thou not escape my hands. I will thee overtake ... [IX.150]
 With wound and not with feete. He did according as he spake,
 For with an arrow as he fled he strake him through the backe,
 And out before his brist ageine the hooked iron stacke.
 And when the same was pulled out, the blood amayne ensewd
 At both the holes with poyson foule of Lerna Snake embrewd:
 This blood did Nessus take, and said within himselfe: Well: sith
 I needes must dye, yet will I not dye unrevendgd. And with
 The same he staynd a shirt, and gave it unto Dyanyre,
 Assuring hir it had the powre to kindle Cupids fyre.
 A great whyle after when the deedes of worthy Hercules ... [IX.160]
 Were such as filled all the world, and also did appease
 The hatred of his stepmother, as he uppon a day
 With conquest from Oechalia came, and was abowt to pay
 His vows to Jove uppon the Mount of Cenyne, tatling fame
 (Who in reporting things of truth delygths to sauce the same
 With tales, and of a thing of nowght dooth ever greater grow
 Through false and newly forged lyes that shee herself dooth sow)
 Told Dyanyre that Hercules did cast a liking to
 A Ladie called Iolee. And Dyanyra (whoo
 Was jealous over Hercules,) gave credit to the same. ... [IX.170]
 And when that of a leman first the tidings to hir came,
 She being stricken to the hart, did fall to teares alone,
 And in a lamentable wise did make most wofull mone.
 Anon she said: what meene theis teares thus gushing from myne eyen?
 My husbands Lemman will rejoyce at theis same teares of myne.
 Nay, sith she is to come, the best it were to shonne delay,
 And for to woork sum new devyce and practyse whyle I may,
 Before that in my bed her limbes the filthy strumpet lay.
 And shall I then complayne? or shall I hold my toong with skill?
 Shall I returne to Calydon? or shall I tarry still? ... [IX.180]
 Or shall I get me out of doores, and let them have their will?
 What if that I (Meleager) remembring mee to bee
 Thy suster, to attempt sum act notorious did agree?
 And in a harlots death did shew (that all the world myght see)
 What greef can cause the womankynd to enterpryse among?

And specially when thereunto they forced are by wrong.
 With wavering thoughts ryght violently her mynd was tossed long.
 At last shee did preferre before all others, for to send
 The shirt bestayned with the blood of Nessus to the end
 To quicken up the quayling love. And so not knowing what ... [IX.190]
 She gave, she gave her owne remorse and greef to Lychas that
 Did know as little as herself: and wretched woman, shee
 Desyrd him gently to her Lord presented it to see.
 The noble Prince receyving it without mistrust therein,
 Did weare the poyson of the Snake of Lerna next his skin.
 To offer incense and to pray to Jove he did begin,
 And on the Marble Altar he full boawles of wyne did shed,
 When as the poyson with the heate resolving, largely spred
 Through all the limbes of Hercules. As long as ere he could,
 The stoutnesse of his hart was such, that sygh no whit he would. ... [IX.200]
 But when the mischeef grew so great all pacience to surmount,
 He thrust the altar from him streight, and filled all the mount
 Of Oeta with his roring out. He went about to teare
 The deathfull garment from his backe, but where he pulled, there
 He pulld away the skin: and (which is lothsum to report)
 It eyther cleaved to his limbes and members in such sort
 As that he could not pull it off, or else it tare away
 The flesh, that bare his myghty bones and grisly sinewes lay.
 The scalding venim boyling in his blood, did make it hisse,
 As when a gad of steel red hot in water quenched is. ... [IX.210]
 There was no measure of his paine. The frying venim hent
 His inwards, and a purple swet from all his body went.
 His sindged sinewes shrinking crakt, and with a secret strength
 The poyson even within his bones the Maree melts at length.
 And holding up his hands to heaven, he sayd, with hideous reere:
 O Saturnes daughter, feede thy selfe on my distresses heere.
 Yea feede, and, cruell wyght, this plage behold thou from above
 And glut thy savage hart therewith. Or if thy fo may move
 Thee unto pitie, (for to thee I am an utter foe)
 Bereeve mee of my hatefull soule distrest with helplesse wo, ... [IX.220]
 And borne to endlesse toyle. For death shall unto mee bee sweete,
 And for a cruell stepmother is death a gift most meete.
 And is it I that did destroy Busiris, who did foyle
 His temple floores with straungers blood? Ist I that did dispoyle
 Antaeus of his mothers help? Ist I that could not bee
 Abashed at the Spanyard who in one had bodies three?
 Nor at the trypleheaded shape, O Cerberus, of thee?
 Are you the hands that by the hornes the Bull of Candie drew?
 Did you king Augies stable clenze whom afterward yee slew?
 Are you the same by whom the fowles were scaard from Stymphaly? ... [IX.230]
 Caught you the Stag in Maydenwood which did not runne but fly?
 Are you the hands whose puissance receyved for your pay
 The golden belt of Thermodon? Did you convey away
 The Apples from the Dragon fell that waked nyght and day?

Against the force of mee, defence the Centaures could not make,
 Nor yit the Boare of Arcadie: nor yit the ougly Snake
 Of Lerna, who by losse did grow and dooble force still take.
 What? is it I that did behold the pampyred Jades of Thrace
 With Maungers full of flesh of men on which they fed apace?
 Ist I that downe at syght thereof theyr greazy Maungers threw, ... [IX.240]
 And bothe the fatted Jades themselves and eke their mayster slew?
 The Nemean Lyon by theis armes lyes dead uppon the ground.
 Their armes the monstrous Giant Cake by Tyber did confound.
 Uppon theis shoulders have I borne the weyght of all the skie.
 Joves cruell wyfe is weerye of commaunding mee. Yit I
 Unweerie am of dooing still. But now on mee is lyght
 An uncoth plage, which neyther force of hand, nor vertues myght,
 Nor Arte is able to resist. Like wasting fyre it spreedes
 Among myne inwards, and through out on all my body feedes.
 But all this whyle Eurysthye lives in health. And sum men may ... [IX.250]
 Beeleve there bee sum Goddes in deede. Thus much did Hercules say.
 And wounded over Oeta Hygh, he stalking gan to stray,
 As when a Bull in maymed bulk a deadly dart dooth beare,
 And that the dooer of the deede is shrunke asyde for feare.
 Oft syghing myght you him have seene, oft trembling, oft about
 To teare the garment with his hands from top to toe throughout.
 And throwing downe the myghtye trees, and chaufing with the hilles,
 Or casting up his handes to heaven where Jove his father dwelles.
 Behold as Lychas trembling in a hollow rock did lurk,
 He spyed him. And as his greef did all in furie woork, ... [IX.260]
 He sayd: Art thou, syr Lychas, he that broughtest unto mee
 This plagye present? of my death must thou the woorker bee?
 Hee quaakt and shaakt, and looked pale, and fearfully gan make
 Excuse. But as with humbled hands hee kneeling to him spake,
 The furious Hercule caught him up, and swindging him about
 His head a halfe a doozen tymes or more, he floong him out
 Into th' Euboyan sea with force surmounting any sling.
 He hardened into peble stone as in the ayre he hing.
 And even as rayne conjeald by wynd is sayd to turne to snowe,
 And of the snow round rolled up a thicker masse to growe, ... [IX.270]
 Which falleth downe in hayle: so men in auncient tyme report,
 That Lychas beeing swindgd about by violence in that sort,
 (His blood then beeing drayned out, and having left at all
 No moysture.) into peble stone was turned in his fall.
 Now also in th' Euboyan sea appeeres a hygh short rocke
 In shape of man against the which the shipmen shun to knocke,
 As though it could them feele, and they doo call it by the name
 Of Lychas still. But thou Joves imp of great renowme and fame,
 Didst fell the trees of Oeta high, and making of the same
 A pyle, didst give to Poeans sonne thy quiver and thy bow, ... [IX.280]
 And arrowes which should help agein Troy towne to overthrow.
 He put to fyre, and as the same was kindling in the pyle,
 Thy selfe didst spred thy Lyons skin upon the wood the whyle,

And leaning with thy head against thy Club, thou laydst thee downe
 As cheerfully, as if with flowres and garlonds on thy crowne
 Thou hadst beene set a banquetting among full cups of wyne.
 Anon on every syde about those carelesse limbes of thyne
 The fyre began to gather strength, and crackling noyse did make,
 Assayling him whose noble hart for daliance did it take.
 The Goddes for this defender of the earth were sore afraid ... [IX.290]
 To whom with cheerefull countenance Jove perceyving it thus sayd:
 This feare of yours is my delyght, and gladly even with all
 My hart I doo rejoyce, O Gods, that mortall folk mee call
 Their king and father, thinking mee ay myndfull of their weale,
 And that myne offspring should doo well your selves doo show such zeale.
 For though that you doo attribute your favor to desert,
 Considring his most woondrous acts: yit I too for my part
 Am bound unto you. Nerethelesse, for that I would not have
 Your faythfull harts without just cause in fearfull passions wave,
 I would not have you of the flames in Oeta make account. ... [IX.300]
 For as he hath all other things, so shall he them surmount.
 Save only on that part that he hath taken of his mother,
 The fyre shalI have no power at all. Eternall is the tother,
 The which he takes of mee, and cannot dye, ne yeeld to fyre.
 When this is rid of earthly drosse, then will I lift it hygher,
 And take it unto heaven: and I beleeeve this deede of myne
 Will gladsome bee to all the Gods. If any doo repyne,
 If any doo repyne, I say, that Hercule should become
 A God, repyne he still for mee, and looke he sowre and glum.
 But let him know that Hercules deservest this reward. ... [IX.310]
 And that he shall ageinst his will allow it afterward.
 The Gods assented everychone. And Juno seemd to make
 No evill countenance to the rest, untill hir husband spake
 The last. For then her looke was such as well they might perceyve,
 Shee did her husbands noting her in evil part conceyve.
 Whyle Jove was talking with the Gods, as much as fyre could waste
 So much had fyre consumde. And now, O Hercules, thou haste
 No carkesse for to know thee by. That part is quyght bereft
 Which of thy mother thou didst take. Alonly now is left
 The likenesse that thou tookst of Jove. And as the Serpent slye ... [IX.320]
 In casting of his withered slough, renewes his yeeres thereby,
 And wexeth lustyer than before, and looketh crisp and bryght
 With scoured scales: so Hercules as soone as that his spryght
 Had left his mortall limbes, gan in his better part to thryve.
 And for to seeme a greater thing than when he was alyve,
 And with a stately majestie ryght reverend to appeere.
 His myghty father tooke him up above the cloudy spehere,
 And in a charyot placed him among the streaming starres.
 Huge Atlas felt the weyght thereof. But nothing this disbarres
 Eurysthyes malice. Cruelly he prosecutes the hate ... [IX.330]
 Uppon the offspring, which he bare ageinst the father late.
 But yit to make her mone unto and wayle her miserie

And tell her sonnes great woorkes, which all the world could testifie,
 Old Alcmen had Dame Iolee. By Hercules last will
 In wedlocke and in hartie love shee joyned was to Hill,
 By whome shee then was big with chyld: when thus Alcmena sayd:
 The Gods at least bee mercifull and send thee then theyr ayd,
 And short thy labor, when the fruite the which thou goste withall
 Now beeing rype enforceth thee wyth fearful voyce to call
 Uppon Ilihya, president of chyldbirthes, whom the ire ... [IX.340]
 Of Juno at my travailing made deaf to my desire.
 For when the Sun through twyce fyve signes his course had fully run,
 And that the paynfull day of birth approched of my sonne,
 My burthen strayed out my wombe, and that that I did beare
 Became so greate, that of so huge a masse yee well myght sweare
 That Jove was the father. Neyther was I able to endure
 The travail any lenger tyme. Even now I you assure
 In telling it a shuddring cold through all my limbes dooth strike,
 And partly it renewes my peynes to thinke uppon the like.
 I beeing in most cruell throwes nyghts seven and dayes eke seven, ... [IX.350]
 And tyred with continual pangs, did lift my hands to heaven,
 And crying out aloud did call Lucina to myne ayd,
 To loose the burthen from my wombe. Shee came as I had prayd:
 But so corrupted long before by Juno my most fo,
 That for to martir mee to death with payne she purposde tho.
 For when shee heard my piteous plaints and gronings, downe shee sate
 On yon same altar which you see there standing at my gate.
 Upon her left knee shee had pitcht her right ham, and besyde
 Shee stayd the birth with fingars one within another tyde
 In lattiswyse. And secretly she whisperde witching spells ... [IX.360]
 Which hindred my deliverance more than all her dooings ells.
 I labord still: and forst by payne and torments of my Fitts,
 I rayld on Jove (although in vayne) as one besyde her witts.
 And ay I wished for to dye. The woords that I did speake,
 Were such as even the hardest stones of very flint myght breake.
 The wyves of Thebee beeing there, for sauf deliverance prayd
 And giving cheerfull woords, did bid I should not bee dismayd.
 Among the other women there that to my labor came,
 There was an honest yeomans wyfe, Galantis was her name.
 Her heare was yellow as the gold, she was a jolly Dame. ... [IX.370]
 And stoutly served mee, and I did love her for the same.
 This wyfe (I know not how) did smell some packing gone about
 On Junos part. And as she oft was passing in and out,
 Shee spyde Lucina set uppon the altar holding fast
 Her armes together on her knees, and with her fingars cast
 Within ech other on a knot, and sayd unto her thus:
 I pray you who so ere you bee, rejoyce you now with us,
 My Lady Alcmen hath her wish, and sauf is brought abed.
 Lucina leaped up amazde at that that shee had sed,
 And let her hands asunder slip. And I immediately ... [IX.380]
 With loosening of the knot, had sauf deliverance by and by.

They say that in deceyving Dame Lucina Galant laught.
 And therefore by the yellow locks the Goddesse wroth hir caught,
 And dragged her. And as she would have risen from the ground,
 She kept her downe, and into legges her armes shee did confound.
 Her former stoutnesse still remaynes: her backe dooth keepe the hew
 That erst was in her heare: her shape is only altered new.
 And for with lying mouth shee helpt a woman laboring, shee
 Dooth kindle also at her mouth. And now she haunteth free
 Our houses as shee did before, a Weasle as wee see. ... [IX.390]
 With that shee syghes to think uppon her servants hap, and then
 Her daughtrinlaw immediatly replied thus agen:
 But mother, shee whose altred shape dooth move your hart so sore,
 Was neyther kith nor kin to you. What will you say therefore,
 If of myne owne deere suster I the woondrous fortune show,
 Although my sorrow and the teares that from myne eyes doo flow,
 Doo hinder mee, and stop my speeche? Her mother (you must know
 My father by another wyfe had mee) bare never mo
 But this same Ladie Dryopee, the fayrest Ladye tho
 In all the land of Oechalye. Whom beeing then no mayd ... [IX.400]
 (For why the God of Delos and of Delphos had her frayd)
 Andraemon taketh to hys wyfe, and thinkes him well apayd.
 There is a certaine leaning Lake whose bowing banks doo show
 A likenesse of the salt sea shore. Uppon the brim doo grow
 All round about it Mirtletrees. My suster thither goes
 Unwares what was her destinie, and (which you may suppose
 Was more to bee disdeyned at) the cause of comming there
 Was to the fayries of the lake fresh garlonds for to beare.
 And in her armes a babye her sweete burthen shee did hold.
 Who sucking on her brest was yit not full a twelvemoonth old ... [IX.410].
 Not farre from this same pond did grow a Lote tree florisht gay
 With purple flowres and beries sweete, and leaves as greene as Bay.
 Of theis same flowres to please her boy my suster gathered sum,
 And I had thought to doo so too, for I was thither cum.
 I saw how from the slivered flowres red drops of blood did fall,
 And how that shuddring horribly the braunches quaaht withall.
 You must perceyve that (as too late the Countryfolk declare)
 A Nymph cald Lotos flying from fowle Pryaps filthy ware,
 Was turned into this same tree reserving still her name.
 My suster did not know so much, who when shee backward came ... [IX.420]
 Afrayd at that that shee had seene, and having sadly prayd
 The Nymphes of pardon, to have gone her way agen assayd:
 Her feete were fastned downe with rootes. Shee stryved all she myght
 To plucke them up, but they so sure within the earth were pyght,
 That nothing save her upper partes shee could that present move.
 A tender barke growes from beneath up leysurly above,
 And softly overspreddes her loynes, which when shee saw, shee went
 About to teare her heare, and full of leaves her hand shee hent.
 Her head was overgrowen with leaves. And little Amphise (so
 Had Eurytus his Graundsyre naamd her sonne not long ago) ... [IX.430]

Did feelee his mothers dugges wex hard. And as he still them drew
 In sucking, not a whit of milke nor moysture did en sew.
 I standing by thee did behold thy cruell chaunce: but nought
 I could releee thee, suster myne. Yit to my powre I wrought
 To stay the growing of thy trunk and of thy braunches by
 Embracing thee. Yea I protest I would ryght willingly
 Have in the selfesame barke with thee bene closed up. Behold,
 Her husband, good Andraemon, and her wretched father, old
 Sir Eurytus came thither and enquiryd for Dryopee.
 And as they askt for Dryopee, I shewd them lote the tree. ... [IX.440]
 They kist the wood which yit was warme, and falling downe bylow,
 Did hug the rootes of that their tree. My suster now could show
 No part which was not wood except her face. A deawe of teares
 Did stand uppon the wretched leaves late formed of her heares.
 And whyle she might, and whyle her mouth did give her way to speake,
 With such complaynt as this, her mynd shee last of all did breake:
 If credit may bee given to such as are in wretchednesse,
 I sweare by God I never yit deserved this distresse.
 I suffer payne without desert. My lyfe hath guiltlesse beene.
 And if I lye, I would theis boughes of mine which now are greene, ... [IX.450]
 Myght withered bee, and I heawen downe and burned in the fyre.
 This infant from his mothers wombe remove you I desyre:
 And put him forth to nurce, and cause him underneath my tree
 Ofttymes to sucke, and oftentimes to play. And when that hee
 Is able for to speake I pray you let him greete mee heere,
 And sadly say: in this same trunk is hid my mother deere.
 But lerne him for to shun all ponds and pulling flowres from trees,
 And let him in his heart beleeeve that all the shrubs he sees,
 Are bodyes of the Goddesses. Adew deere husband now,
 Adew deere father, and adew deere suster. And in yow ... [IX.460]
 If any love of mee remayne, defend my boughes I pray
 From wound of cutting hooke and ax, and bite of beast for ay,
 And for I cannot stoope to you, rayse you yourselves to mee,
 And come and kisse mee whyle I may yit toucht and kissed bee.
 And lift mee up my little boy. I can no lenger talke,
 For now about my lillye necke as if it were a stalke
 The tender rynd beginnes to creepe, and overgrows my top.
 Remove your fingars from my face. The spreading barke dooth stop
 My dying eyes without your help. Shee had no sooner left
 Her talking, but her lyfe therewith together was bereft. ... [IX.470]
 But yit a good whyle after that her native shape did fade,
 Her newmade boughes continewed warme. Now whyle that Iole made
 Report of this same woondrous tale, and whyle Alcmena (who
 Did weepe) was drying up the teares of Iole weeping too,
 By putting to her thomb: there hapt a sodeine thing so straunge,
 That unto mirth from heaviness theyr harts it streight did chaunge.
 For at the doore in manner even a very boy as then
 With short soft Downe about his chin, revoked backe agen
 To youthfull yeares, stood Iolay with countnance smooth and trim.

Dame Hebee, Junos daughter, had bestowde this gift on him, ... [IX.480]
 Entreated at his earnest sute. Whom mynding fully there
 The giving of like gift ageine to any to forswear,
 Dame Themis would not suffer. For (quoth shee) this present howre
 Is cruell warre in Thebee towne, and none but Jove hath powre
 To vanquish stately Canapey. The brothers shall alike
 Wound eyther other. And alyve a Prophet shall go seeke
 His owne quicke ghoste among the dead, the earth him swallowing in.
 The sonne by taking vengeance for his fathers death shall win
 The name of kynd and wicked man, in one and selfsame cace.
 And flayght with mischeefes, from his wits and from his native place ... [IX.490]
 The furies and his mothers ghoste shall restlessly him chace,
 Untill his wyfe demaund of him the fattall gold for meede,
 And that his cousin Phegies swoord doo make his sydes to bleede.
 Then shall the fayre Callirrhoe, Achelous' daughter, pray
 The myghty Jove in humble wyse to graunt her children may
 Retyre ageine to youthfull yeeres, and that he will not see
 The death of him that did revenge unvenged for to bee.
 Jove moved at her sute shall cause his daughtrinlaw to give
 Like gift, and backe from age to youth Callirrhoe's children drive.
 When Themis through foresyght had spoke theis woords of prophesie, ... [IX.500]
 The Gods began among themselves vayne talke to multiplie,
 They mooyld why others myght not give like gift as well as shee.
 First Pallants daughter grudged that her husband old should bee,
 The gentle Ceres murmurde that her lasions heare was hore.
 And Vulcane would have calld ageine the yeeres long spent before
 By Erichonius. And the nyce Dame Venus having care
 Of tyme to come, the making yong of old Anchises sware.
 So every God had one to whom he speciall favor bare.
 And through this partiall love of theyrs seditiously increast
 A hurlyburly, till the time that Jove among them preast, ... [IX.510]
 And sayd: so smally doo you stand in awe of mee this howre,
 As thus too rage? Thinkes any of you himself to have such powre,
 As for to alter destinye? I tell you lolay
 Recovered hath by destinye his yeeres erst past away,
 Callirrhoe's children must returne to youth by destiny,
 And not by force of armes, or sute susteynd ambitiously.
 And to th' entent with meelder myndes yee may this matter beare,
 Even I myself by destinyes am rulde. Which if I were
 Of power to alter, thinke you that our Aecus should stoope
 By reason of his feeble age? or Radamanth should droope? ... [IX.520]
 Or Minos, who by reason of his age is now disdeynd.
 And lives not in so sure a state as heretofore he reygnd?
 The woords of Jove so movd the Gods that none of them complaynd,
 Sith Radamanth and Aecus were both with age constreynd:
 And Minos also: who (as long as lusty youth did last,)
 Did even with terror of his name make myghty Realmes agast.
 But then was Minos weakened sore, and greatly stood in feare
 Of Milet, one of Deyons race: who proudly did him beare

Uppon his father Phoebus and the stoutenesse of his youth.
 And though he feard he would rebell: yit durst he not his mouth ... [IX.530]
 Once open for to banish him his Realme: untill at last
 Departing of his owne accord, Miletus swiftly past
 The Gotesea and did build a towne uppon the Asian ground,
 Which still reteynes the name of him that first the same did found.
 And there the daughter of the brooke Maeander which dooth go
 So often backward, Cyane, a Nymph of body so
 Exceeding comly as the lyke was seldome heard of, as
 Shee by her fathers wynding bankes for pleasure walking was,
 Was knowen by Milet: unto whom a payre of twinnes shee brought,
 And of the twinnes the names were Caune and Byblis. Byblis ought ... [IX.540]
 To bee a mirror unto Maydes in lawfull wyse to love.
 This Byblis cast a mynd to Caune, but not as did behove
 A suster to her brotherward. When first of all the fyre
 Did kindle, shee perceyvd it not. Shee thought in her desyre
 Of kissing him so oftentymes no sin, ne yit no harme
 In cleeping him about the necke so often with her arme.
 The glittering glosse of godlynesse beguyld her long. Her love
 Began from evill unto woorse by little too remove.
 Shee commes to see her brother deckt in brave and trim attyre,
 And for to seeme exceeding fayre it was her whole desyre. ... [IX.550]
 And if that any fayrer were in all the flocke than shee,
 It spyghts her. In what case she was as yit shee did not see.
 Her heate exceeded not so farre as for to vow: and yit
 Shee suffred in her troubled brist full many a burning fit.
 Now calleth shee him mayster, now shee utter hateth all
 The names of kin. Shee rather had he should her Byblis call
 Than suster. Yit no filthy hope shee durst permit to creepe
 Within her mynd awake. But as shee lay in quiet sleepe,
 Shee oft behild her love: and oft she thought her brother came
 And lay with her, and (though asleepe) shee blushed at the same. ... [IX.560]
 When sleepe was gone, she long lay dumb still musing on the syght,
 And said with wavering mynd: Now wo is mee, most wretched wyght.
 What meenes the image of this dreame that I have seene this nyght?
 I would not wish it should bee trew. Why dreamed I then so?
 Sure hee is fayre although hee should bee judged by his fo.
 He likes mee well, and were he not my brother, I myght set
 My love on him, and he were mee ryght woorthy for to get,
 But unto this same match the name of kinred is a let.
 Well, so that I awake doo still mee undefylde keepe,
 Let come as often as they will such dreamings in my sleepe. ... [IX.570]
 In sleepe there is no wnesse by. In sleepe yit may I take
 As greate a pleasure (in a sort) as if I were awake.
 Oh Venus and thy tender sonne, Sir Cupid, what delyght,
 How present feeling of your sport hath touched mee this nyght.
 How lay I as it were resolvd both maree, flesh, and bone.
 How gladdes it mee to thinke thereon. Alas too soone was gone
 That pleasure, and too hastye and despyghtfull was the nyght

In breaking of my joyes. O Lord, if name of kinred myght
 Betweene us two removed bee, how well it would agree,
 O Caune, that of thy father I the daughtrinlaw should bee. ... [IX.580]
 How fitly myght my father have a sonneinlaw of thee.
 Would God that all save auncesters were common to us twayne.
 I would thou were of nobler stocke than I. I cannot sayne,
 O perle of beautie, what shee is whom thou shalt make a mother.
 Alas how ill befallles it mee that I could have none other
 Than those same parents which are thyne. So only still my brother
 And not my husband mayst thou bee. The thing that hurts us bothe
 Is one, and that betweene us ay inseparably gothe.
 What meene my dreames then? what effect have dreames? and may there bee
 Effect in dreames? The Gods are farre in better case than wee. ... [IX.590]
 For why? the Gods have matched with theyr susters as wee see.
 So Saturne did alie with Ops, the neerest of his blood.
 So Tethys with Oceanus: So Jove did think it good
 To take his suster Juno unto wyfe. What then? the Goddes
 Have lawes and charters by themselves. And sith there is such oddes
 Betweene the state of us and them, why should I sample take,
 Our worldly matters equall with the heavenly things to make?
 This wicked love shall eyther from my hart be driven away,
 Or if it can not bee expulst, God graunt I perish may,
 And that my brother kisse me, layd on Hecce to go to grave. ... [IX.600]
 But my desyre the full consent of both of us dooth crave.
 Admit the matter liketh me. He will for sin it take.
 But yit the sonnes of Aeolus no scrupulousnesse did make
 In going to theyr susters beds. And how come I to know
 The feates of them? To what intent theis samples doo I show?
 Ah whither am I headlong driven? avaunt foule filthy fyre:
 And let mee not in otherwyse than susterlyke desyre
 My brothers love. Yit if that he were first in love with mee,
 His fondnesse to inclyne unto perchaunce I could agree.
 Shall I therefore who wouldnot have rejected him if hee ... [IX.610]
 Had sude to mee, go sue to him? and canst thou speake in deede?
 And canst thou utter forth thy mynd? and tell him of thy neede?
 My love will make mee speake. I can. Or if that shame doo stay
 My toong, a sealed letter shall my secret love bewray.
 This likes her best. Uppon this poynt now restes her doubtful mynd.
 So raysing up herself uppon her leftsyde shee enclynd,
 And leaning on her elbow sayd: Let him advyse him what
 To doo, for I my franticke love will utter playne and flat.
 Alas to what ungraciousnesse intend I for to fall?
 What furie raging in my hart my senses dooth appall? ... [IX.620]
 In thinking so, with trembling hand shee framed her to wryght
 The matter that her troubled mynd in musing did indyght.
 Her ryght hand holdes the pen, her left dooth hold the empty wax.
 Shee ginnes. Shee doutes, shee wryghtes: shee in the tables findeth lacks.
 Shee notes, shee blurres, dislikes, and likes: and changeth this for that.
 Shee layes away the booke, and takes it up. Shee wotes not what

She would herself. What ever thing shee myndeth for to doo
 Misliketh her. A shamefastnesse with boldenesse mixt thereto
 Was in her countenance. Shee had once writ Suster: Out agen
 The name of Suster for to raze shee thought it best. And then ... [IX.630]
 She snatcht the tables up, and did theis following woords ingrave:
 The health which if thou give her not shee is not like to have
 Thy lover wisheth unto thee. I dare not ah for shame
 I dare not tell thee who I am, nor let thee heare my name.
 And if thou doo demaund of mee what thing I doo desyre,
 Would God that namelesse I myght pleade the matter I requyre,
 And that I were unknownen to thee by name of Byblis, till
 Assurance of my sute were wrought according to my will.
 As tokens of my wounded hart myght theis to thee appeere:
 My colour pale, my body leane, my heavy mirthlesse cheere, ... [IX.640]
 My watry eyes, my sighes without apparent causes why,
 My oft embracing of thee: and such kisses (if perdye
 Thou marked them) as very well though might have felt and found
 Not for to have beene Susterlike. But though with greivous wound
 I then were stricken to the hart, although the raging flame
 Did burne within: yit take I God to witnesse of the same,
 I did as much as lay in mee this outrage for to tame.
 And long I stryved (wretched wench) to scape the violent Dart
 Of Cupid. More I have endurde of hardnesse and of smart,
 Than any wench (a man would think) were able to abyde. ... [IX.650]
 Force forceth mee to shew my case which faine I still would hyde,
 And mercy at thy gentle hand in fearfull wyse to crave.
 Thou only mayst the lyfe of mee thy lover spill or save.
 Choose which thou wilt. No enmy craves this thing: but such a one
 As though shee bee alyde so sure as surer can bee none,
 Yit covets shee more surely yit alyed for to bee,
 And with a neerer kynd of band to link her selfe to thee.
 Let aged folkes have skill in law: to age it dooth belong
 To keepe the rigor of the lawes and search out ryght from wrong,
 Such youthfull yeeres as ours are yit rash folly dooth beseeme. ... [IX.660]
 Wee know not what is lawfull yit. And therefore wee may deeme
 That all is lawfull that wee list: ensewing in the same
 The dooings of the myghtye Goddes. Not dread of worldly shame
 Nor yit our fathers roughnesse, no nor fearfulnessse should let
 Our purpose. Only let all feare asyde be wholly set.
 Wee underneath the name of kin our pleasant scapes may hyde.
 Thou knowest I have libertie to talke with thee asyde,
 And openly wee kysse and cull. And what is all the rest
 That wants? Have mercy on mee now, who playnly have exprest
 My case: which thing I have not done, but that the utter rage ... [IX.670]
 Of love constrynes mee thereunto the which I cannot swage.
 Deserve not on my tumb thy name subscribed for to have,
 That thou art he whose cruelnesse did bring mee to my grave.
 Thus much shee wrate in vayne, and wax did want her to indyght,
 And in the margent she was fayne the latter verse to wryght.

Immediatly to seale her shame shee takes a precious stone,
 The which shee moystes with teares: from tung the moysture quight was gone.
 Shee calld a servant shamefastly, and after certaine fayre
 And gentle woords: My trusty man, I pray thee beare this payre
 Of tables (quoth shee) to my (and a great whyle afterward ... [IX.680]
 Shee added) brother. Now through chaunce or want of good regard
 The table slipped downe to ground in reaching to him ward.
 The handsell troubled sore her mynd. But yit shee sent them. And
 Her servant spying tyme did put them into Caunyes hand.
 Meanders nephew sodeinly in anger floong away
 The tables ere he half had red, (scarce able for to stay
 His fistocke from the servants face who quaaht) and thus did say:
 Avaunt, thou baudye ribawd, whyle thou mayst. For were it not
 For shame I should have killed thee. Away afrayd he got,
 And told his mistresse of the feerce and cruell answer made ... [IX.690]
 By Caunye. By and by the hew of Byblis gan to fade,
 And all her body was benumd with lcie colde for feare
 To heere of this repulse. Assoone as that her senses were
 Returnd ageine, her furious flames returned with her witts.
 And thus shee sayd so soft that scarce hir toong the ayer hitts:
 And woorthely. For why was I so rash as to discover
 By hasty wryghting this my wound which most I ought to cover?
 I should with dowlfull glauncing woords have felt his humor furst,
 And made a trayne to trye him if pursue or no he durst.
 I should have vewed first the coast, to see the weather cleere, ... [IX.700]
 And then I myght have launched sauf and boldly from the peere.
 But now I hoyst up all my sayles before I tryde the wynd:
 And therefore am I driven uppon the rockes against my mynd,
 And all the sea dooth overwhelme mee. Neyther may I fynd
 The meanes to get to harbrough, or from daunger to retyre.
 Why did not open tokens warne to bridle my desyre,
 Then when the tables falling in delivering them declaard
 My hope was vaine? And ought not I then eyther to have spaard
 From sending them as that day? or have chaunged whole my mynd?
 Nay rather shifted of the day? For had I not beene blynd ... [IX.710]
 Even God himself by soothfast signes the sequele seemd to hit.
 Yea rather than to wryghting thus my secrets to commit,
 I should have gone and spoke myself, and presently have showde
 My fervent love. He should have seene how teares had from mee flowde.
 Hee should have seene my piteous looke ryght loverlike. I could
 Have spoken more than into those my tables enter would.
 About his necke against his will, myne armes I myght have wound
 And had he shaakt me off, I myght have seemed for to swound.
 I humbly myght have kist his feete, and kneeling on the ground
 Besought him for to save my lyfe. All theis I myght have proved, ... [XIX.720]
 Wherof although no one alone his stomacke could have moved,
 Yit all together myght have made his hardened hart relent.
 Perchaunce there was some fault in him that was of message sent.
 He stept unto him bluntly (I beleeeve) and did not watch

Convenient tyme, in merrie kew at leysure him to catch.
 Theis are the things that hindred mee. For certainly I knowe
 No sturdy stone nor massy steele dooth in his stomacke grow.
 He is not made of Adamant. He is no Tygers whelp.
 He never sucked Lyonesse. He myght with little help
 Bee vanquisht. Let us give fresh charge uppon him. Whyle I live ... [IX.730]
 Without obteyning victorie I will not over give.
 For firstly (if it lay in mee my dooings to revoke)
 I should not have begonne at all. But seeing that the stroke
 Is given, the second poynt is now to give the push to win.
 For neyther he (although that I myne enterpryse should blin)
 Can ever whyle he lives forget my deede. And sith I shrink,
 My love was lyght, or else I meant to trap him, he shall think.
 Or at the least he may suppose that this my rage of love
 Which broyleth so within my brest, proceedes not from above
 By Cupids stroke, but of some foule and filthy lust. In fyne ... [IX.740]
 I cannot but to wickednesse now more and more inclyne.
 By wryghting is my sute commenst: my meening dooth appeere:
 And thou I cease: yit can I not accounted bee for cleere.
 Now that that dooth remayne behynd is much as in respect
 My fond desyre to satisfy: and little in effect
 To aggravate my fault withall. Thus much shee sayd. And so
 Unconstant was her wavering mynd still floting too and fro,
 That though it irkt her for to have attempted yit proceedes
 Shee in the selfsame purpose of attempting, and exceedes
 All measure, and, unhappy wench, shee takes from day to day ... [IX.750]
 Repulse upon repulse, and yit shee hath not grace to stay.
 Soone after when her brother saw there was with her no end,
 He fled his countrie forbycause he would not so offend,
 And in a forreine land did buyld a Citie. Then men say
 That Byblis through despayre and thought all wholly did dismay.
 Shee tare her garments from her brest, and furiously shee wroong
 Her hands, and beete her armes, and like a bedlem with her toong
 Confessed her unlawfull love. But beeing of the same
 Dispoyned, shee forsooke her land, and hatefull house for shame,
 And followed after flying Caune. And as the Froes of Thrace ... [IX.760]
 In dooing of the three yeere rites of Bacchus: in lyke cace
 The maryed wyves of Bubasie saw Byblis howling out
 Through all theyr champion feeldes, the which shee leaving, ran about
 In Caria to the Lelegs who are men in battell stout,
 And so to Lycia. Shee had past Crag, Limyre, and the brooke
 Of Xanthus, and the countrie where Chymaera that same pooke
 Hath Goatish body, Lions head and brist, and Dragons tayle,
 When woods did want: and Byblis now beginning for to quayle
 Through weerynesse in following Caune, sank down and layd her hed
 Against the ground, and kist the leaves that wynd from trees had shed. ... [IX.770]
 The Nymphes of Caria went about in tender armes to take
 Her often up. They oftentymes perswaded her to slake
 Her love. And woords of comfort to her deafe eard mynd they spake.

Shee still lay dumbe: and with her nayles the greenish herbes shee hild.
 And moysted with a streame of teares the grasse upon the feeld.
 The waternymphes (so folk report) put under her a spring.
 Whych never myght be dryde: and could they give a greater thing?
 Immediatly even like as when yee wound a pitchtree rynd,
 The gum dooth issue out in droppes: or as the westerne wynd
 With gentle blast toogither with the warmth of Sunne, unbynd ... [IX.780]
 The yce: or as the clammy kynd of cement which they call
 Bitumen issueth from the ground full fraughted therewithall:
 So Phoebus neece, Dame Byblis, then consuming with her teares,
 Was turned to a fountaine, which in those same vallyes beares
 The tytle of the founder still, and gusheth freshly out
 From underneath a Sugarchest as if it were a spowt.
 The fame of this same wondrous thing perhappes had filled all
 The hundred Townes of Candye had a greater not befall
 More neerer home by lphys meanes transformed late before.
 For in the shyre of Phestos hard by Gnossus dwelt of yore ... [IX.790]
 A yeoman of the meaner sort that Lyctus had to name.
 His stocke was simple, and his welth according to the same.
 Howbee't his lyfe so upryght was, as no man could it blame.
 He came unto his wyfe then big and ready downe to lye,
 And sayd: Two things I wish thee. T'one, that when thou out shalt crye,
 Thou mayst dispatch with little payne: the other that thou have
 A Boay. For Gyrls to bring them up a greater cost doo crave.
 And I have no abilitie. And therefore if thou bring
 A wench (it goes against my heart to thinke uppon the thing)
 Although against my will, I charge it streyght destroyed bee. ... [IX.800]
 The bond of nature needes must beare in this behalf with mee.
 This sed, both wept exceedingly, as well the husband who
 Did give commaundement, as the wyfe that was commaunded too.
 Yit Telethusa earnestly at Lyct her husband lay,
 (Although in vayne) to have good hope, and of himselfe more stay.
 But he was full determined. Within a whyle, the day
 Approched that the frute was rype, and shee did looke to lay
 Her belly every mynute: when at midnyght in her rest
 Stood by her (or did seeme to stand) the Goddesse Isis, drest
 And trayned with the solemne pomp of all her rytes. Two hornes ... [IX.810]
 Uppon her forehead lyke the moone, with eares of rypened cornes
 Stood glistring as the burnisht gold. Moreover shee did weare
 A rich and stately diademe. Attendant on her were
 The barking bug Anubis, and the saint of Bubast, and
 The pydecote Apis, and the God that gives to understand
 By finger holden to his lippes that men should silence keepe,
 And Lybian wormes whose strnging dooth enforce continuall sleepe,
 And thou, Osyris, whom the folk of Aegypt ever seeke,
 And never can have sought inough, and Rittlerattles eke.
 Then even as though that Telethuse had fully beene awake, ... [IX.820]
 And seene theis things with open eyes, thus Isis to her spake:
 My servant Telethusa, cease this care, and breake the charge

Of Lyct. And when Lucina shall have let thy frute at large,
 Bring up the same what ere it bee. I am a Goddesse who
 Delyghts in helping folke at neede. I hither come to doo
 Thee good. Thou shalt not have a cause hereafter to complayne
 Of serving a Goddesse that is thanklesse for thy payne.
 When Isis had this comfort given, shee went her way agayne.
 A joyfull wyght rose Telethuse, and lifting to the sky
 Her hardened hands, did pray hir dreame myght woorke effectually. ... [IX.830]
 Her throwes increast, and forth alone anon the burthen came,
 A wench was borne to Lyctus who knew nothing of the same.
 The mother making him beleewe it was a boay, did bring
 It up, and none but shee and nurce were privie to the thing.
 The father thanking God did give the chyld the Graundsires name,
 Which was lphys. Joyfull was the mother of the same,
 Bycause the name did serve alike to man and woman bothe,
 And so the lye through godly guile forth unperceyved gothe.
 The garments of it were a boayes. The face of it was such
 As eyther in a boay or gyrl of beawtie uttered much. ... [IX.840]
 When lphys was of thirteene yeeres, her father did insure
 The browne lanthee unto her, a wench of looke demure,
 Commended for her favor and her person more than all
 The Maydes of Phestos: Telest, men her fathers name did call.
 He dwelt in Dycitis. They were bothe of age and favor leeke,
 And under both one schoolemayster they did for nurture seeke.
 And hereupon the hartes of both, the dart of Love did streeke,
 And wounded both of them aleeke. But unlike was theyr hope.
 Both longed for the wedding day together for to cope.
 For whom lanthee thinkes to bee a man, shee hopes to see ... [IX.850]
 Her husband. lphys loves whereof shee thinkes shee may not bee
 Partaker, and the selvesame thing augmenteth still her flame.
 Herself a Mayden with a Mayd (ryght straunge) in love became.
 Shee scarce could stay her teares. What end remaynes for mee (quoth shee)
 How straunge a love? how uncoth? how prodigious reygnes in mee?
 If that the Gods did favor mee, they should destroy mee quyght.
 Or if they would not mee destroy, at least wyse yit they myght
 Have given mee such a maladie as myght with nature stond,
 Or nature were acquainted with. A Cow is never fond
 Uppon a Cow, nor Mare on Mare. The Ram delyghts the Eawe, ... [IX.860]
 The Stag the Hynde, the Cocke the Hen. But never men could shew,
 That female yit was tane in love with female kynd. O would
 To God I never had beene borne. Yit least that Candy should
 Not bring foorth all that monstrous were, the daughter of the Sonne
 Did love a Bull. Howbee't there was a Male to dote uppon.
 My love is furiouslyer than hers, if truthe confessed bee.
 For shee was fond of such a lust as myght bee compast. Shee
 Was served by a Bull beguyld by Art in Cow of tree.
 And one there was for her with whom advowtrie to commit.
 If all the conning in the worlde and slyghts of suttile wit ... [IX.870]
 Were heere, or if that Daedalus himselfe with uncowth wing

Of Wax should hither fly againe, what comfort should he bring?
 Could he with all his conning crafts now make a boay of mee?
 Or could he, O lanthee, chaunge the native shape of thee?
 Nay rather, lphys, settle thou thy mynd and call thy witts
 Abowt thee: shake thou off theis flames that foolishly by fitts
 Without all reason reigne. Thou seest what Nature hathe thee made
 (Onlesse thou wilt deceyve thy selfe) So farre foorth wysely wade,
 As ryght and reason may support, and love as women ought.
 Hope is the thing that breedes desyre, hope feedes the amorous thought. ... [IX.880]
 This hope thy sex denieth thee. Not watching doth restreyne
 Thee from embracing of the thing whereof thou art so fayne.
 Nor yit the Husbands jealowsie, nor rowghnesse of her Syre,
 Nor yit the coynesse of the Wench dooth hinder thy desyre.
 And yit thou canst not her enjoy. No, though that God and man
 Should labor to their uttermost and doo the best they can
 In thy behalfe, they could not make a happy wyght of thee.
 I cannot wish the thing but that I have it. Frank and free
 The Goddes have given mee what they could. As I will, so will hee
 That must become my fathrinlaw. So willes my father, too. ... [IX.890]
 But nature stronger than them all consenteth not thereto.
 This hindreth mee, and nothing else. Behold the blisfull tyme,
 The day of Mariage is at hand. lanthee shalbee myne,
 And yit I shall not her enjoy. Amid the water wee
 Shall thirst. O Juno, president of marriage, why with thee
 Comes Hymen to this wedding where no bridegroom you shall see,
 But both are Brides that must that day together coupled be?
 This spoken, she did hold hir peace. And now the tother maid
 Did burn as hot in love as she. And earnestly she prayed
 The bridal day myght come with speed. The thing for which she longed ... [IX.900]
 Dame Telethusa fearing sore, from day to day prolonged
 The time, oft feigning sickness, oft pretending she had seen
 Ill tokens of success. At length all shifts consumed been.
 The wedding day so oft delayed was now at hand. The day
 Before it, taking from her head the kercheef quyght away,
 And from her daughters head likewyse, with scattred heare she layd
 Her handes upon the altar, and with humble voyce thus prayd:
 O Isis, who doost haunt the towne of Paretonie, and
 The feedes by Maraetis lake, and Pharos which dooth stand
 By Alexandria, and the Nyle divided into seven ... [IX.910]
 Great channels, comfort thou my feare, and send mee help from heaven,
 Thyself, O Goddesse, even thyself, and theis thy reliques I
 Did once behold and knew them all: as well thy company
 As eke thy sounding rattles, and thy cressets burning by,
 And myndfully I marked what commaundement thou didst give.
 That I escape unpunished, that this same wench dooth live,
 Thy Counsell and thy hest it is. Have mercy now on twayne,
 And help us. With that word the teares ran downe her cheekes amayne.
 The Goddesse seemed for to move her Altar: and in deede
 She moved it. The temple doores did tremble like a reede. ... [IX.920]

And horns in likenesse to the Moone about the Church did shine.
And Rattles made a raughtish noise. At this same lucky sign,
Although not wholly carelesse, yit right glad she went away.
And lphys followed after her with larger pace than ay
She was accustomed. And her face continued not so white.
Her strength increased, and her looke more sharper was to sight.
Her hair grew shorter, and she had a much more lively sprite,
Than when she was a wench. For thou, O lphys, who right now
A mauther wert, art now a boy. With off'rings both of yow
To Church retyre, and there rejoyce with faith unfearfull. They ... [IX.930]
With off'rings went to Church again, and there theyr vows did pay.
They also set a table up, which this brief meter had:
The vows that lphys vovd a wench he hath performd a Lad.
Next morrow over all the world did shine with lightsome flame,
When Juno, and Dame Venus, and Sir Hymen joyntly came
To lphys mariage, who as then transformed to a boy
Did take lanthee to his wyfe, and so her love enjoy.

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The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding

ORIGINAL SPELLING

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined
THE TENTH BOOKE of Ovids Metamorphosis.

From thence in saffron colourd robe flew Hymen through the ayre,
And into Thracia beeing called by Orphy did repayre.
He came in deede at Orphyes call: but neyther did he sing
The woordes of that solemnitie, nor merry countnance bring,
Nor any handsell of good lucke. His torch with drizling smoke
Was dim: the same to burne out cleere, no stirring could provoke.
The end was woorser than the signe. For as the Bryde did come
Abrode accompanyde with a trayne of Nymphes to bring her home,
A serpent lurking in the grasse did sting her in the ancle:
Whereof shee dyde incontinent, so swift the bane did rangle. ... [X.10]
Whom when the Thracian Poet had bewayld sufficiently
On earth, the Ghostes departed hence he minding for to trie,
Downe at the gate of Taenarus did go to Limbo lake.
And thence by gastly folk and soules late buried he did take
His journey to Persephonee and to the king of Ghosts
That like a Lordly tyran reignes in those unpleasant coasts.
And playing on his tuned harp he thus began to sound:
O you, the Sovereines of the world set underneath the ground,
To whome wee all (what ever thing is made of mortall kynd)
Repayre, if by your leave I now may freely speake my mynd, ... [X.20]
I come not hither as a spye the shady Hell to see:
Nor yet the foule three headed Curre whose heares all Adders bee
To tie in cheynes. The cause of this my vyage is my wyfe
Whose foote a Viper stinging did abridge her youthfull lyfe.
I would have borne it paciently: and so to doo I strave,
But Love surmounted powre. This God is knowen great force to have
Above on earth. And whether he reigne heere or no I dowl.
But I beleewe hee reignes heere too. If fame that flies abowt
Of former rape report not wrong, Love coupled also yow.
By theis same places full of feare: by this huge Chaos now, ... [X.30]
And by the stilnesse of this waste and emptye Kingdome, I
Beseech yee of Eurydicee unreele the destynye
That was so swiftly reeled up. All things to you belong.
And though wee lingring for a whyle our pageants do prolong,
Yit soone or late wee all to one abyding place doo come:
Wee haste us hither all: this place becomes our latest home:

And you doo over humaine kynd reigne longest tyme. Now when
 This woman shall have lived full her tyme, shee shall agen
 Become your owne. The use of her but for a whyle I crave.
 And if the Destnyes for my wyfe denye mee for to have ... [X.40]
 Releace, I fully am resolvd for ever heere to dwell.
 Rejoyce you in the death of both. As he this tale did tell,
 And played on his instrument, the bloodlesse ghostes shed teares:
 To tyre on Titius growing hart the greedy Grype forbearas:
 The shunning water Tantalus endeavereth not to drink:
 And Danaus daughters ceast to fill theyr tubbes that have no brink.
 Ixions wheele stood still: and downe sate Sisypheus uppon
 His rolling stone. Then first of all (so fame for truth hath gone)
 The Furies beeing striken there with pitie at his song
 Did weepe. And neyther Pluto nor his Ladie were so strong ... [X.50]
 And hard of stomacke to withhold his just petition long.
 They called foorth Eurydicee who was as yit among
 The newcome Ghosts, and limped of her wound. Her husband tooke
 Her with condicion that he should not backe uppon her looke,
 Untill the tyme that hee were past the bounds of Limbo quight:
 Or else to lose his gyft. They tooke a path that steepe upryght
 Rose darke and full of foggy mist. And now they were within
 A kenning of the upper earth, when Orphye did begin
 To dowl him lest shee followed not, and through an eager love
 Desyrous for to see her he his eyes did backward move. ... [X.60]
 Immediatly shee slipped backe. He retching out his hands,
 Desyrous to bee caught and for to ketch her grasping stands.
 But nothing save the slippry aire (unhappy man) he caught.
 Shee dying now the second tyme complaynd of Orphye naught.
 For why what had shee to complayne, onlesse it were of love
 Which made her husband backe agen his eyes uppon her move?
 Her last farewell shee spake so soft, that scarce he heard the sound,
 And then revolted to the place in which he had her found.
 This double dying of his wife set Orphye in a stound,
 No lesse than him who at the syght of Plutos dreadfull Hound ... [X.70]
 That on the middle necke of three dooth beare an iron cheyne,
 Was striken in a sodein feare and could it not restreyne,
 Untill the tyme his former shape and nature beeing gone,
 His body quight was overgrowne, and turned into stone.
 Or than the foolish Olenus, who on himself did take
 Anothers fault, and giltlesse needes himself would giltie make,
 Together with his wretched wyfe Lethaea, for whose pryde
 They both becomming stones, doo stand even yit on watry Ide.
 He would have gone to Hell ageine, and earnest sute did make:
 But Charon would not suffer him to passe the Stygian lake. ... [X.80]
 Seven dayes he sate forlorne uppon the bank and never eate
 A bit of bread. Care, teares, and thought, and sorrow were his meate
 And crying out uppon the Gods of Hell as cruell, hee
 Withdrew to lofty Rhodopee and Heme which beaten bee
 With northern wynds. Three tymes the Sunne had passed through the sheere

And watry signe of Pisces and had finisht full the yeere,
 And Orphye (were it that his ill successe hee still did rew,
 Or that he vowed so to doo) did utterly eschew
 The womankynd. Yit many a one desyrous were to match
 With him, but he them with repulse did all alike dispatch. ... [X.90]
 He also taught the Thracian folke a stewes of Males to make
 And of the flowring pryme of boayes the pleasure for to take.
 There was a hyll, and on the hyll a verie levell plot,
 Fayre greene with grasse. But as for shade or covert was there not.
 As soone as that this Poet borne of Goddes, in that same place
 Sate downe and toucht his tuned strings, a shadow came apace.
 There wanted neyther Chaons tree, nor yit the trees to which
 Fresh Phaetons susters turned were, not Beeche, nor Holme, nor Wich,
 Not gentle Asp, nor wyvelesse Bay, nor lofty Chestnutttree.
 Nor Hazle spalt, nor Ash wherof the Shafts of speares made bee. ... [X.100]
 Nor knotlesse Firre, nor cheerfull Plane, nor Maple flecked grayne.
 Nor Lote, nor Sallow which delights by waters to remayne.
 Nor slender twigged Tamarisk, nor Box ay greene of hew.
 Nor Figtrees loden with theyr frute of colours browne and blew.
 Nor double colourd Myrtletrees. Moreover thither came
 The wrything Ilye, and the Vyne that runnes uppon a frame,
 Elmes clad with Vynes, and Ashes wyld and Pitchtrees blacke as cole,
 And full of trees with goodly frute red stryped, Ortyards whole.
 And Palmetrees lythe which in reward of conquest men doo beare,
 And Pynapple with tufted top and harsh and prickling heare, ... [X.110]
 The tree to Cybele, mother of the Goddes, most deere. For why?
 Her minion Atys putting off the shape of man, did dye,
 And hardened into this same tree. Among this companee
 Was present with a pyked top the Cypresse, now a tree,
 Sumtime a boay beloved of the God that with a string
 Dooth arme his bow, and with a string in tune his Violl bring.
 For hallowed to the Nymphes that in the feeldes of Carthye were
 There was a goodly myghty Stag whose hornes such bredth did beare,
 As that they shadowed all his head. His hornes of gold did shyne,
 And downe his brest hung from his necke, a cheyne with jewels fyne. ... [X.120]
 Amid his frunt with prettie strings a tablet beeing tyde,
 Did waver as he went: and from his eares on eyther syde
 Hung perles of all one growth about his hollow temples bryght.
 This goodly Spitter beeing voyd of dread, as having quyght
 Forgot his native fearefulnessse, did haunt mens houses, and
 Would suffer folk (yea though unknownen) to coy him with theyr hand.
 But more than unto all folke else he deerer was to thee
 Of Cyparisse, the fayrest Wyght that ever man did see
 In Coea. Thou to pastures, thou to water springs him led,
 Thou wreathedst sundry flowres betweene his hornes uppon his hed. ... [X.130]
 Sumtyme a horsman thou his backe for pleasure didst bestryde,
 And haltring him with silken bit from place to place didst ryde.
 In summer tyme about hygh noone when Titan with his heate
 Did make the hollow crabbed cleas of Cancer for to sweate,

Unweeting Cyparissus with a Dart did strike this Hart
 Quyght through. And when that of the wound he saw he must depart,
 He purposed for to die himself. What woords of comfort spake
 Not Phoebus to him? willing him the matter lyght to take
 And not more sorrow for it than was requisite to make.
 But still the Lad did sygh and sob, and as his last request ... [X.140]
 Desyred God he myght thenceforth from moorning never rest.
 Anon through weeping overmuch his blood was drayned quyght:
 His limbes wext greene: his heare which hung upon his forehead whyght
 Began to bee a bristled bush: and taking by and by
 A stiffnesse, with a sharpened top did face the starrie skye.
 The God did sigh, and sadly sayd: Myselfe shall moorne for thee,
 And thou for others: and ay one in moorning thou shalt bee.
 Such wood as this had Orphye drawen about him as among
 The herdes of beasts, and flocks of Birds he sate amyds the throng.
 And when his thumbe sufficiently had tryed every string, ... [X.150]
 And found that though they severally in sundry sounds did ring,
 Yit made they all one Harmonie, he thus began to sing:
 O Muse my mother, frame my song of Jove, for every thing
 Is subject unto royall Jove. Of Jove the heavenly King
 I oft have shewed the glorious power. I erst in graver verse
 The gyants slayne in Phlaegra feeldes with thunder, did reherse.
 But now I neede a meelder style to tell of prettie boyes
 That were the derlings of the Gods: and of unlawfull joyes
 That burned in the brests of Girles, who for theyr wicked lust
 According as they did deserve, receyved penance just. ... [X.160]
 The King of Goddes did burne erewhyle in love of Ganymed
 The Phrygian and the thing was found which Jupiter that sted
 Had rather bee than that he was. Yit could he not beteeme [bedeem]
 The shape of any other Bird than Aegle for to seeme
 And so he soring in the ayre with borrowed wings trust up
 The Trojane boay who still in heaven even yit dooth beare his cup,
 And brings him Nectar though against Dame Junos will it bee.
 And thou Amyclys sonne (had not thy heavy destinee
 Abridged thee before thy tyme) hadst also placed beene
 By Phoebus in the firmament. How bee it (as is seene) ... [X.170]
 Thou art eternall so farre forth as may bee. For as oft
 As watrie Piscis giveth place to Aries that the soft
 And gentle springtyde dooth succede the winter sharp and stowre:
 So often thou renewest thyself, and on the fayre greene clowre
 Doost shoote out flowres. My father bare a speciall love to thee
 Above all others. So that whyle the God went oft to see
 Eurotas and unwallid Spart, he left his noble towne
 Of Delphos (which amid the world is situate in renowne)
 Without a soveraigne. Neyther Harp nor Bow regarded were.
 Unmyndfull of his Godhead he refused not to beare ... [X.180]
 The nets, nor for to hold the hounds, nor as a peynfull mate
 To travell over craggid hilles, through which continuall gate
 His flames augmented more and more. And now the sunne did stand

Well neere midway beeteene the nyghts last past and next at hand.
 They stript themselves and noynted them with oyle of Olyfe fat.
 And fell to throwing of a sledge that was ryght huge and flat.
 Fyrst Phoebus peysing it did throw it from him with such strength,
 As that the weyght drave downe the clouds in flying. And at length
 It fell upon substantiall ground, where plainly it did show
 As well the cunning as the force of him that did it throw. ... [X.190]
 Immediatly upon desyre himself the sport to trie,
 The Spartane lad made haste to take up unadvisedly
 The Sledge before it still did lye. But as he was in hand
 To catch it, rebounding up ageinst the hardened land,
 Did hit him full upon the face. The God himselfe did looke
 As pale as did the lad, and up his swoounding body tooke.
 Now culles he him, now wypes he from the wound the blood away,
 Anotherwhyle his fading lyfe he stryves with herbes to stay.
 Nought booted Leechcraft. Helplesse was the wound. And like as one
 Broosd violet stalkes or Poppie stalkes or Lillies growing on ... [X.200]
 Browne spindles, streight they withering droope with heavy heads and are
 Not able for to hold them up, but with their tops doo stare
 Uppon the ground, so Hyacinth in yeelding of his breath
 Chopt downe his head. His necke bereft of strength by meanes of death
 Was even a burthen to itself, and downe did loosely wrythe
 On both his shoulders, now a t'one and now a toother lythe.
 Thou faadst away, my Hyacinth, defrauded of the pryme
 Of youth (quoth Phoebus) and I see thy wound my heynous cryme.
 Thou are my sorrow and my fault: this hand of myne hath wrought
 Thy death: I like a murtherer have to thy grave thee brought. ... [X.210]
 But what have I offended thou? onlesse that to have playd,
 Or if that to have loved, an offence it may be sayd.
 Would God I render myght my lyfe with and instead of thee.
 To which syth fatall destinee denyeth to agree,
 Both in my mynd and in my mouth thou evermore shalt bee.
 My Violl stricken with my hand, my songs shall sound of thee,
 And in a newmade flowre thou shalt with letters represent
 Our syghings. And the tyme shall come ere many yeeres bee spent,
 That in thy flowre a valeant Prince shall joyne himself with thee,
 And leave his name uppon the leaves for men to reede and see. ... [X.220]
 Whyle Phoebus thus did prophesie, behold the blood of him
 Which dyde the grasse, ceast blood to bee, and up there sprang a trim
 And goodly flowre, more orient than the Purple cloth ingrayne,
 In shape a Lillye, were it not that Lillyes doo remayne
 Of sylver colour, whereas theis of purple hew are seene.
 Although that Phoebus had the cause of this greate honor beene,
 Yit thought he not the same ynough. And therfore did he wryght
 His syghes uppon the leaves thereof: and so in colour bryght
 The flowre hath an writ theron, which letters are of greef.
 So small the Spartans thought the birth of Hyacinth repreef ... [X.230]
 Unto them, that they woorship him from that day unto this.
 And as their fathers did before, so they doe never misse

With solemne pomp to celebrate his feast from yeere to yeere.
 But if perchaunce that Amathus the rich in mettals, weere
 Demanded if it would have bred the Propets it would sweare,
 Yea even as gladly as the folke whose brewes sumtyme did beare
 A payre of welked hornes: whereof they Cerastes named are.
 Before they doore an Altar stood of Jove that takes the care
 Of alyents and of travellers, which lothsome was to see,
 For lewdnesse wrought theron. If one that had a straunger bee ... [X.240]
 Had lookt thereon, he would have thought there had on it beene killd
 Sum sucking calves or lambes. The blood of straungers there was spilld.
 Dame Venus sore offended at this wicked sacrifice,
 To leave her Cities and the land of Cyprus did devyse
 But then bethinking her, shee sayd: What hath my pleasant ground,
 What have my Cities trespassed? what fault in them is found?
 Nay rather let this wicked race by exyle punnisht beene,
 Or death, or by sum other thing that is a meane betweene
 Both death and exyle. What is that? save only for to chaunge
 Theyr shape. In musing with herself what figure were most straunge, ... [X.250]
 Shee cast her eye uppon a horne. And therewithall shee thought
 The same to bee a shape ryght meete uppon them to bee brought:
 And so shee from theyr myghty limbes theyr native figure tooke,
 And turnd them into boystous Bulles with grim and cruell looke.
 Yit durst the filthy Prophets stand in stiffe opinion that
 Dame Venus was no Goddesse till shee beeing wroth thereat,
 To make theyr bodies common first compelld them everychone
 And after chaungd theyr former kynd. For when that shame was gone,
 And that they wexed brazen faast, shee turned them to stone,
 In which betweene their former shape was diffrence small or none. ... [X.260]
 Whom forbycause Pygmalion saw to leade theyr lyfe in sin
 Offended with the vice whereof greate store is packt within
 The nature of the womankynd, he led a single lyfe.
 And long it was ere he could fynd in hart to take a wyfe.
 Now in the whyle by wondrous Art an image he did grave
 Of such proportion, shape, and grace as nature never gave
 Nor can to any woman give. In this his worke he tooke
 A certaine love. The looke of it was ryght a Maydens looke,
 And such a one as that yee would beleeeve had lyfe, and that
 Would moved bee, if womanhod and reverence letted not: ... [X.270]
 So artificiall was the work. He woondreth at his Art
 And of his counterfetted corse conceyveth love in hart.
 He often toucht it, feeling if the woork that he had made
 Were verie flesh or Ivorye still. Yit could he not perswade
 Himself to think it Ivory, for he oftentymes it kist
 And thought it kissed him ageine. He hild it by the fist,
 And talked to it. He beleeeved his fingars made a dint
 Uppon her flesh, and feared lest sum blacke or broonsed print
 Should come by touching over hard. Sumtyme with pleasant boords
 And wanton toyes he dalyingly dooth cast foorth amorous woords. ... [X.280]
 Sumtime (the giftes wherein yong Maydes are wonted to delyght)

He brought her owches, fyne round stones, and Lillyes fayre and whyght,
 And pretie singing birds, and flowres of thousand sorts and hew,
 In gorgeous garments furthermore he did her also decke,
 And peynted balles, and Amber from the tree distilled new.
 And on her fingars put me rings, and cheynes about her necke.
 Riche perles were hanging at her eares, and tablets at her brest.
 All kynd of things became her well. And when she was undrest,
 She seemed not lesse beawtifull. He layd her in a bed
 The which with scarlet dyde in Tyre was richly overspred, ... [X.290]
 And terming her his bedfellow, he couched downe hir head
 Uppon a pillow soft, as though shee could have felt the same.
 The feast of Venus hallowed through the Ile of Cyprus, came
 And Bullocks whyght with gilden hornes were slayne for sacrifyse,
 And up to heaven of frankincence the smoky fume did ryse.
 When as Pygmalion having doone his dutye that same day,
 Before the altar standing, thus with fearefull hart did say:
 If that you Goddes can all things give, then let my wife (I pray)
 (He durst not say bee yoon same wench of Ivory, but) bee leeke
 My wench of Ivory. Venus (who was nought at all to seeke ... [X.300]
 What such a wish as that did meene) then present at her feast,
 For handsell of her freendly helpe did cause three tymes, at least
 The fyre to kindle and to spyre thryse upward in the ayre.
 As oone as he came home, streyghtway Pygmalion did repayre
 Unto the image of his wench, and leaning on the bed,
 Did kisse hir. In her body streyght a warmenesse seemd to spred.
 He put his mouth againe to hers, and on her brest did lay
 His hand. The Ivory waxed soft: and putting quyght away
 All hardnesse, yeelded underneathe his fingars, as wee see
 A peece of wax made soft against the Sunne, or drawen to bee ... [X.310]
 In divers shapes by chaufing it betweene ones handes, and so
 To serve to uses. He amazde stood wavering to and fro
 Tweene joy, and feare to be beeguyld, ageine he burnt in love,
 Ageine with feeling he began his wished hope to prove.
 He felt it verrie flesh in deede. By laying on his thumb,
 He felt her pulses beating. Then he stood no longer dumb
 But thanked Venus with his hart, and at the length he layd
 His mouth to hers who was as then become a perfect mayd.
 Shee felt the kisse, and blusht therat: and lifting fearefully
 Hir eyelidds up, hir Lover and the light at once did spye. ... [X.320]
 The mariage that her selfe had made the Goddesse blessed so,
 That when the Moone with fulsum lyght nyne tymes her course had go,
 This Ladye was delivered of a Sun that Paphus hyght,
 Of whom the Iland takes that name. Of him was borne a knyght
 Calld Cinyras who (had he had none issue) surely myght
 Of all men underneathe the sun beene thought the happyest wyght.
 Of wicked and most cursed things to speake I now commence.
 Yee daughters and yee parents all go get yee farre from hence.
 Or if yee mynded bee to heere my tale, beleeve mee nought
 In this beehalfe: ne think that such a thing was ever wrought. ... [X.330]

Of if yee will beleeve the deede, beleeve the vengeance too
 Which lyghted on the partye that the wicked act did doo.
 But if that it be possible that any wyght so much
 From nature should degenerate, as for to fall to such
 A heynous cryme as this is, I am glad for Thracia, I
 Am glad for this same world of ours, yea glad exceedingly
 I am for this my native soyle, for that there is such space
 Betweene it and the land that bred a chyld so voyd of grace.
 I would the land Panchaya should of Amomie be rich,
 And Cinnamom, and Costus sweete, and Incence also which ... [X.340]
 Dooth issue largely out of trees, and other flowers straunge,
 As long as that it beareth Myrrhe: not woorth it was the chaunge,
 Newe trees to have of such a pryce. The God of love denyes
 His weapons to have hurted thee, O Myrrha, and he tryes
 Himselfe ungiltie by thy fault. One of the Furies three
 With poysonde Snakes and hellish brands hath rather blasted thee.
 To hate ones father is a cryme as heynous as may bee,
 But yit more wicked is this love of thine than any hate.
 The youthfull Lordes of all the East and Peeres of cheef estate
 Desyre to have thee to their wyfe, and earnest sute doo make. ... [X.350]
 Of all (excepting onely one) thy choyce, O Myrrha, take.
 Shee feeles her filthye love, and stryves ageinst it, and within
 Herself sayd: Whither roonnes my mynd? what thinke I to begin?
 Yee Gods (I pray) and godlynesse, yee holy rites and awe
 Of parents, from this heynous cryme my vicious mynd withdrawe,
 And disappoynt my wickednesse. At leastwyse if it bee
 A wickednesse that I intend. As farre as I can see,
 This love infrindgeth not the bondes of godlynesse a whit.
 For every other living wyght dame nature dooth permit
 To match without offence of sin. The Heifer thinkes no shame ... [X.360]
 To beare her father on her backe: the horse bestrydes the same
 Of whom he is the syre: the Gote dooth bucke the kid that hee
 Himself begate: and birdes doo tread the selfsame birdes wee see
 Of whom they hatched were before. In happye cace they are
 That may doo so without offence. But mans malicious care
 Hath made a brydle for it self, and spyghtfull lawes restreyne
 The things that nature setteth free. Yit are their Realmes (men sayne)
 In which the moothe with the sonne, and daughter with the father
 Doo match, wherethrough of godlynesse the bond augments the rather
 With doubled love. Now wo is mee it had not beene my lot ... [370]
 In that same countrie to bee borne. And that this lucklesse plot
 Should hinder mee. Why thinke I thus? Avaunt, unlawfull love.
 I ought to love him, I confesse: but so as dooth behove
 His daughter: were not Cinyras my father than, Iwis
 I myght obtaine to lye with him. But now bycause he is
 Myne owne, he cannot bee myne owne. The neerenesse of our kin
 Dooth hurt me. Were I further off perchaunce I more myght win.
 And if I wist that I therby this wickednesse myght shunne,
 I would forsake my native soyle and farre from Cyprus runne.

This evill heate dooth hold mee backe, that beeing present still ... [X.380]
 I may but talke with Cinyras and looke on him my fill,
 And touch, and kisse him, if no more may further graunted bee.
 Why wicked wench, and canst thou hope for further? doost not see
 How by thy fault thou doost confound the rygths of name and kin?
 And wilt thou make thy mother bee a Cucqueane by thy sin?
 Wilt thou thy fathers leman be? wilt thou bee both the moother
 And suster of thy chyld? shall he bee both thy sonne and brother?
 And standst thou not in feare at all of those same susters three
 Whose heads with crawling snakes in stead of heare bematted bee?
 Which pushing with theyr cruell bronds folks eyes and mouthes, doo see ... [X.390]
 Theyr sinfull harts? but thou now whyle thy body yit is free,
 Let never such a wickednesse once enter in thy mynd.
 Defyle not myghtye natures hest by lust ageinst thy kynd.
 What thou thy will were fully bent? yit even the very thing
 Is such as will not suffer thee the same to end to bring.
 For why he beeing well disposde and godly, myndeth ay
 So much his dewtye that from ryght and truth he will not stray.
 Would Godlyke furie were in him as is in mee this day.
 This sayd, her father Cinyras (who dowted what to doo
 By reason of the worthy store of suters which did woo ... [X.400]
 His daughter,) bringing all theyr names did will her for to show
 On which of them shee had herself most fancie to bestow.
 At first shee hild her peace a whyle, and looking wistly on
 Her fathers face, did boyle within: and scalding teares anon
 Ran downe her visage. Cinyras, (who thought them to proceede
 Of tender harted shamefastnesse) did say there was no neede
 Of teares, and dryed her cheekes, and kist her. Myrrha tooke of it
 Exceeding pleasure in her selfe: and when that he did wit
 What husband shee did wish to have, shee sayd: One like to yow.
 He understanding not hir thought, did well her woordes allow. ... [X.410]
 And sayd: In this thy godly mynd continew. At the name
 Of godlynesse, shee cast mee downe her looke for very shame.
 For why her giltie hart did knowe shee well deserved blame.
 Hygh mydnight came, and sleepe bothe care and carkesses opprest.
 But Myrrha lying brode awake could neyther sleepe nor rest.
 Shee fryes in Cupids flames, and woorkes continewally uppon
 Her furious love. One while shee sinkes in deepe despayre. Anon
 Shee fully myndes to give attempt, but shame doth hold her in.
 Shee wishes and shee wotes not what to doo, nor how to gin.
 And like as when a myghty tree with axes heawed rownd, ... [X.420]
 Now redy with a strype or twaine to lye uppon the grownd,
 Uncerteine is which way to fall and tottreth every way:
 Even so her mynd with dowtfull wound effeebled then did stray
 Now heere now there uncerteinely, and tooke of bothe encrease.
 No measure of her love was found, no rest, nor yit releace,
 Save only death. Death likes her best. Shee ryseth, full in mynd
 To hang herself. About a post her girdle she doth bynd,
 And sayd: Farewell deere Cinyras, and understand the cause

Of this my death. And with that woord about her necke she drawes
 The nooze. Her trustye nurce that in another Chamber lay ... [X.430]
 By fortune heard the whispring sound of theis her woordes (folk say).
 The aged woman rysing up unboltes the doore. And whan
 Shee saw her in that plyght of death, shee shreeking out began
 To smygth her self, and scratcht her brest, and quickly to her ran
 And rent the girdle from her necke. Then weeping bitterly
 And holding her betweene her armes, shee askt the question why
 Shee went about to hang her self so unadvisedly.
 The Lady hilld her peace as dumb, and looking on the ground
 Unmovably, was sorye in her hart for beeing found
 Before shee had dispatcht herself. Her nurce still at her lay, ... [X.440]
 And shewing her her emptie dugges and naked head all gray,
 Besought her for the paynes shee tooke with her both night and day
 In rocking and in feeding her, shee would vouchsafe to say
 What ere it were that greeved her. The Ladye turnd away
 Displeasde and fetcht a sygh. The nurce was fully bent in mynd
 To bowlt the matter out: for which not onely shee did bynd
 Her fayth, in secret things to keepe: but also sayd, put mee
 In truth to fynd a remedye. I am not (thou shalt see)
 Yit altogether duld by age. If furiouslynesse it bee,
 I have bothe charmes and chaunted herbes to help. If any wyght ... [X.450]
 Bewitcheth thee, by witchcraft I will purge and set thee quyght.
 Or if it bee the wrath of God, we shall with sacrifice
 Appease the wrath of God right well. What may I more surmyse?
 No theeves have broken in uppon this house and spoyld the welth.
 Thy mother and thy father bothe are living and in helth.
 When Myrrha heard her father naamd, a greivous sygh she fet
 Even from the bottom of her hart. Howbee't the nurce as yet
 Misdeemd not any wickednesse. But nerethelesse shee gest
 There was some love: and standing in one purpose made request
 To breake her mynd unto her, and shee set her tenderly ... [X.460]
 Uppon her lappe. The Ladye wept and sobbed bitterly.
 Then culling her in feeble armes, shee sayd: I well espye
 Thou art in love. My diligence in this behalf I sweare
 Shall servisable to thee bee. Thou shalt not neede to feare
 That ere thy father shall it knowe. At that same woord shee lept
 From nurces lappe like one that had beene past her witts, and stept
 With fury to her bed. At which shee leaning downe hir face
 Sayd: Hence I pray thee: force mee not to shewe my shamefull cace.
 And when the nurce did urge her still, shee answered eyther: Get
 Thee hence, or cease to aske mee why myself I thus doo fret, ... [X.470]
 The thing that thou desyrste to knowe is wickednesse. The old
 Poore nurce gan quake, and trembling both for age and feare did hold
 Her handes to her. And kneeling downe right humbly at her feete,
 One whyle shee fayre intreated her with gentle woordes and sweete.
 Another whyle (onlesse shee made her privie of her sorrow)
 Shee threatned her, and put her in a feare shee would next morrow
 Bewray her how shee went about to hang herself. But if

Shee told her, shee did plyght her fayth and help to her releef.
 Shee lifted up her head, and then with teares fast gushing out
 Beesloobered all her nurces brest: and going oft about ... [X.480]
 To speake, shee often stayd: and with her garments hid her face
 For shame, and lastly sayd: O happye is my moothers cace
 That such a husband hath. With that a greevous sygh shee gave
 And hild her peace. Theis woordes of hers a trembling chilnesse drave
 In nurcis limbes, which perst her bones: (for now shee understood
 The cace) and all her horye heare up stiffly staring stood
 And many things shee talkt to put away her cursed love,
 If that it had beene possible the madnesse to remove.
 The Mayd herself to be full trew the councell dooth espye:
 Yit if shee may not have her love shee fully myndes to dye. ... [X.490]
 Live still (quoth nurce) thou shalt obtaine (shee durst not say thy father,
 But stayd at that). And forbycause that Myrrha should the rather
 Beleeve her, shee confimd her woordes by othe. The yeerely feast
 Of gentle Ceres came, in which the wyves bothe moste and least
 Appareld all in whyght are woont the firstlings of the feeld,
 Fyne garlonds made of eares of corne, to Ceres for to yeeld.
 And for the space of thryce three nyghts they counted it a sin
 To have the use of any man, or once to towche his skin.
 Among theis women did the Queene freequent the secret rites.
 Now whyle that of his lawfull wyfe his bed was voyd a nightes, ... [X.500]
 The nurce was dooble diligent: and fynding Cinyras
 Well washt with wyne, shee did surmyse there was a pretye lasse
 In love with him. And hyghly shee her beawty setteth out.
 And beeing asked of her yeeres, shee sayd shee was about
 The age of Myrrha. Well (quoth he) then bring her to my bed.
 Returning home shee sayd: bee glad my nurcechilde: we have sped.
 Not all so wholly in her hart was wretched Myrrha glad,
 But that her fore misgiving mynd did also make her sad.
 Howbee't shee also did rejoyce as in a certaine kynd,
 Such discord of affections was within her combred mynd. ... [X.510]
 It was the tyme that all things rest. And now Bootes bryght,
 The driver of the Oxen seven, about the northpole pyght
 Had sumwhat turnd his wayne asyde, when wicked Myrrha sped
 About her busynesse. Out of heaven the golden Phoebee fled.
 With cloudes more black than any pitch the starres did hyde their hed.
 The nyght becommeth utter voyd of all her woonted lyght.
 And first before all other hid their faces out of syght
 Good Icar and Erigonee, his daughter, who for love
 Most vertuous to her fatherward, was taken up above
 And made a starre in heaven. Three tymes had Myrrha warning given ... [X.520]
 By stumbling, to retyre. Three tymes the deathfull Owle that eeven
 With doolefull noyse prognosticates unhappie lucke. Yet came
 Shee forward still: the darknesse of the nyght abated shame.
 Her left hand held her nurce, her right the darke blynd way did grope.
 Anon shee to the chamber came: anon the doore was ope:
 Anon shee entred in. With that her foltring hammes did quake:

Her colour dyde: her blood and hart did cleerely her forsake.
 The neerer shee approached to her wickednesse, the more
 She trembled: of her enterpryse it irked her full sore:
 And fayne shee would shee might unknowen have turned back. Nurce led ... [X.530]
 Her pawsing forward by the hand: and putting her to bed,
 Heere, take this Damzell, Cinyras, shee is thine owne, shee sed.
 And so shee layd them brest to brest. The wicked father takes
 His bowelles into filthy bed, and there with wordes asslakes
 The maydens feare, and cheeres her up. And lest this cryme of theyres
 Myght want the ryghtfull termes, by chaunce as in respect of yeeres
 He daughter did hir call, and shee him father. Beeing sped
 With cursed seede in wicked womb, shee left her fathers bed,
 Of which soone after shee became greate bagged with her shame.
 Next night the lewdnesse doubled. And no end was of the same, ... [X.540]
 Untill at length that Cinyras desyrous for to knowe
 His lover that so many nyghts uppon him did bestowe,
 Did fetch a light: by which he sawe his owne most heynous cryme,
 And eeke his daughter. Nathelesse, his sorrow at that time
 Represt his speeche. Then hanging by he drew a Rapier bryght.
 Away ran Myrrha, and by meanes of darknesse of the nyght
 Shee was delivered from the death: and straying in the broade
 Datebearing feeldes of Arabye, shee through Panchaya yode,
 And wandring full nyne moonethes at length shee rested beeing tyrde
 In Safa land. And when the tyme was neere at hand expyrde, ... [X.550]
 And that uneath the burthen of her womb shee well could beare,
 Not knowing what she might desyre, distrest betweene the feare
 Of death, and tediousnesse of lyfe, this prayer shee did make:
 O Goddes, if of repentant folk you any mercye take,
 Sharpe vengeance I confesse I have deserved, and content
 I am to take if paciently. How bee it to th'entent
 That neyther with my life the quick, nor with my death the dead
 Anoyed bee, from both of them exempt mee this same sted,
 And altring mee, deny to mee both lyfe and death. We see
 To such as doo confesse theyr faults sum mercy shewd to bee. ... [X.560]
 The Goddes did graunt her this request, the last that she should make.
 The ground did overgrow hir feete, and ancles as she spake.
 And from her bursten toes went rootes, which wrything heere and there
 Did fasten so the trunk within the ground shee could not steare.
 Her bones did into timber turne, whereof the marie was
 The pith, and into watrish sappe the blood of her did passe.
 Her armes were turnd to greater boughes, her fingars into twig,
 Her skin was hardned into bark. And now her belly big
 The eatching tree had overgrown, and overtane her brest,
 And hasted for to win her neck, and hyde it with the rest. ... [X.570]
 Shee made no taryence nor delay, but met the comming tree,
 And shroonk her face within the barke therof. Although that shee
 Together with her former shape her senses all did loose,
 Yit weepeth shee, and from her tree warme droppes doo softly woose.
 The which her teares are had in pryce and honour. And the Myrrhe

That issueth from her gummy bark dooth beare the name of her,
 And shall doo whyle the world dooth last. The misbegotten chyld
 Grew still within the tree, and from his mothers womb defyld
 Sought meanes to bee delyvered. Her burthende womb did swell
 Amid the tree, and stretcht her out. But woordes wherwith to tell ... [X.580]
 And utter forth her greef did want. She had no use of speech
 With which Lucina in her throwes shee might of help beseech.
 Yit like a woman labring was the tree, and bowwing downe
 Gave often sighes, and shed forth teares as though shee there should drowne.
 Lucina to this wofull tree came gently downe, and layd
 Her hand thereon, and speaking woordes of ease the midwife playd.
 The tree did cranye, and the barke deviding made away,
 And yeelded out the chyld alyve, which cryde and wayld streyght way.
 The waternymphes uppon the soft sweete hearbes the chyld did lay,
 And bathde him with his mothers teares. His face was such as spyght ... [X.590]
 Must needes have prayds. For such he was in all condicions right,
 As are the naked Cupids that in tables picturde bee.
 But to th'entent he may with them in every poynt agree,
 Let eyther him bee furnisshed with wings and quiver light,
 Or from the Cupids take theyr wings and bowes and arrowes quight.
 Away slippes fleeting tyme unspyde and mocks us to our face,
 And nothing may compare with yeares in swiftnesse of theyr pace.
 That wretched imp whom wickedly his graundfather begate,
 And whom his cursed suster bare, who hidden was alate
 Within the tree, and lately borne, became immediatly ... [X.600]
 The beautyfullst babe on whom man ever set his eye.
 Anon a stripling hee became, and by and by a man,
 And every day more beautifull than other he becam,
 That in the end Dame Venus fell in love with him: wherby
 He did revenge the outrage of his mothers villanye.
 For as the armed Cupid kist Dame Venus, unbeware
 An arrow sticking out did raze hir brest uppon the bare.
 The Goddesse being wounded, thrust away her sonne. The wound
 Appeered not to bee so deepe as afterward was found.
 It did deceyve her at the first. The beauty of the lad ... [X.610]
 Inflaamd her. To Cythera Ile no mynd at all shee had.
 Nor unto Paphos where the sea beats round about the shore,
 Nor fisshy Gnyde, nor Amathus that hath of metalls store.
 Yea even from heaven shee did absteyne. Shee lovd Adonis more
 Than heaven. To him shee clinged ay, and bare him companye.
 And in the shadowe woont shee was to rest continually,
 And for to set her beawtye out most seemely to the eye
 By trimly decking of her self. Through bushy grounds and groves,
 And over Hills and Dales, and Lawnds and stony rocks shee roves,
 Bare kneed with garment tucked up according to the woont ... [X.620]
 Of Phebe, and shee cheerd the hounds with hallowing like a hunt,
 Pursewing game of hurtlesse sort, as Hares made lowe before,
 Or stagges with loftye heades, or bucks. But with the sturdy Boare
 And ravening woolf, and Bearewhelpes armd with ugly pawes, and eeke

The cruell Lyons which delyght in blood, and slaughter seeke,
 Shee meddled not. And of theis same shee warned also thee,
 Adonis, for to shoonne them, if thou wooldst have warned bee.
 Bee bold on cowards (Venus sayd) for whoso dooth aduance
 Himselfe against the bold, may hap to meete with sum mischaunce.
 Wherefore I pray thee, my sweete boy, forbear too bold to bee. ... [X.630]
 For feare thy rashnesse hurt thy self and woork the wo of me
 Encounter not the kynd of beastes whom nature armed hath,
 For dowl thou buy thy prayse too deere procuring thee sum scath.
 Thy tender youth, thy beawty bryght, thy countnance fayre and brave
 Although they had the force to win the hart of Venus, have
 No powre against the Lyons, nor against the bristled swyne.
 The eyes and harts of savage beasts doo nought to theis inclyne.
 The cruell Boares beare thunder in theyr hooked tushes, and
 Exceeding force and feercenesse is in Lyons to withstand.
 And sure I hate them at my hart. To him demaunding why, ... [X.640]
 A monstrous chaunce (quoth Venus) I will tell thee by and by,
 That hapned for a fault. But now unwoonted toyle hath made
 Mee weerye: and beholde, in tyme this Poplar with his shade
 Allureth, and the ground for cowch dooth serve to rest uppon.
 I prey thee let us rest here. They sate them downe anon.
 And lying upward with her head uppon his lappe along,
 Shee thus began, and in her tale shee bussed him among:
 Perchaunce thou hast or this tyme heard of one that overcame
 The swiftest men in footemanshippe. No fable was that fame.
 She overcame them out of dowl. And hard it is to tell ... [X.650]
 Thee whither she did in footemanship or beawty more excell.
 Uppon a season as she askt of Phebus, what he was
 That should her husband bee, he sayd: For husband doo not passe,
 O Atalanta, thou at all of husband hast no neede.
 Shonne husbanding. But yit thou canst not shonne it, I thee reede,
 Alyve thou shalt not be thy self. Shee being sore afrayd
 Of this Apollos Oracle, did keepe herself a mayd,
 And lived in the shady woodes. When wooers to her came,
 And were of her importunate, shee drave away the same
 With boystous woordes, and with the sore condition of the game. ... [X.660]
 I am not to be had (quoth shee) onlesse yee able bee
 In ronning for to vanquish mee. Yee must contend with mee
 In footemanshippe. And who so winnes the wager, I agree
 To bee his wife. But if that he bee found too slowe, then hee
 Shall lose his head. This of your game the verrye law shall bee.
 Shee was in deede unmercifull. But such is beawties powre,
 That though the sayd condition were extreme and over sowre,
 Yit many suters were so rash to undertake the same.
 Hippomenes as a looker on of this uncurteous game,
 Sate by, and sayd: Is any man so mad to seeke a wyfe ... [X.670]
 With such apparant perill and the hazard of his lyfe?
 And utterly he did contemne the yongmens love. But when
 He saw her face and bodye bare, (for why the Lady then

Did strippe her to her naked skin) the which was like to myne,
 Or rather (if that thou wert made a woman) like to thyne:
 He was amazde. And holding up his hands to heaven, he sayth:
 Forgive mee you with whom I found such fault even now: in fayth
 I did not know the wager that yee ran for. As hee prayseth
 The beawty of her, in himselfe the fyre of love he rayseth.
 And through an envy fearing lest shee should away be wonne, ... [X.680]
 He wisht that here a one of them so swift as shee might roonne.
 And wherfore (quoth hee) put not I myself in preace to trye
 The fortune of this wager? God himself continually
 Dooth help the bold and hardye sort. Now whyle Hippomenes
 Debates theis things within himselfe and other like to these,
 The Damzell ronnes as if her feete were wings. And though that shee
 Did fly as swift as arrow from a Turkey bowe: yit hee
 More woondred at her beawtye than at swiftnesse of her pace.
 Her ronning greatly did augment her beawtye and her grace.
 The wynd ay whisking from her feete the labells of her socks ... [X.690]
 Uppon her back as whyght as snowe did tosse her golden locks,
 And eeke th'embroydred garters that were tyde beneathe her ham.
 A rednesse mixt with whight uppon her tender bodye cam,
 As when a scarlet curtaine streynd ageinst a playstred wall
 Dooth cast like a shadowe, making it seeme ruddye therewithall.
 Now whyle he straunger noted this, the race was fully ronne,
 And Atalant (as shee that had the wager cleerely wonne)
 Was crowned with a garlond brave. The vanquisht sighing sore,
 Did lose theyr lyves according to agreement made before.
 Howbeeit nought at all dismayd with theis mennes lucklesse cace ... [X.700]
 He stepped forth, and looking full uppon the maydens face,
 Sayd: Wherfore doost thou seeke renowne in vanquissing of such
 As were but dastards? Cope with mee. If fortune bee so much
 My freend to give mee victorie, thou needest not hold scorne
 To yeeld to such a noble man as I am. I am borne
 The sonne of noble Megaree, Onchestyes sonne, and hee
 Was sonne to Neptune. Thus am I great graundchylde by degree
 In ryght descent, of him that rules the waters. Neyther doo
 I out of kynde degenerate from vertue meete therto,
 Or if my fortune bee so hard as vanquisht for to bee, ... [X.710]
 Thou shalt obtaine a famous name by overcomming mee.
 In saying thus, Atalanta cast a gentle looke on him:
 And dowing whither shee rather had to lose the day or win,
 Sayd thus: What God, an enmy to the beawtyfull, is bent
 To bring this person to his end, and therefore hath him sent
 To seeke a wyfe with hazard of his lyfe? If I should bee
 Myselfe the judge in this behalfe, there is not sure in mee
 That dooth deserve so deerely to bee earned. Neyther dooth
 His beawty moove my hart at all. Yit is it such in sooth
 As well might moove mee. But bycause as yit a chyld he is, ... [X.720]
 His person mooves mee not so much as dooth his age lwis.
 Beesydes that manhod is in him, and mynd unfrayd of death:

Beesydes that of the watrye race from Neptune as he seth
 He is the fowrth: beesydes that he dooth love mee, and dooth make
 So great accompt to win mee to his wyfe, that for my sake
 He is contented for to dye, if fortune bee so sore
 Ageinst him to denye him mee. Thou straunger hence therfore.
 Away, I say, now whyle thou mayst, and shonne my bloody bed.
 My mariage cruell is, and craves the losing of thy hed.
 There is no wench but that would such a husband gladly catch. ... [X.730]
 And shee that wyse were myght desyre to meete with such a match.
 But why now after heading of so many, doo I care
 For thee? Looke thou to that. For sith so many men as are
 Alreadye put to slawghter can not warne thee to beeware,
 But that thou wilt bee weerye of thy lyfe, dye: doo not spare.
 And shall he perrish then bycause he sought to live with mee?
 And for his love unwoorthely with death rewarded bee?
 All men of such a victory will speake too foule a shame.
 But all the world can testifie that I am not to blame.
 Would God thou wouldst desist. Or else bycause thou are so mad, ... [X.740]
 I would to God a little more thy feete of swiftnesse had.
 Ah what a maydens countenance is in this chyldish face.
 Ah, foolish boy Hippomenes, how wretched is thy cace.
 I would thou never hadst mee seene. Thou woorthy art of lyfe.
 And if so bee I happy were, and that to bee a wyfe
 The cruell destnyes had not mee forbidden, sure thou art
 The onely wyght with whom I would bee matcht with all my hart.
 This spoken, shee yit rawe and but new stricken with the dart
 Of Cupid, beeing ignorant, did love and knew it nat.
 Anon her father and the folk assembled, willed that ... [X.750]
 They should begin theyr woonted race. Then Neptunes issue prayd
 With carefull hart and voyce to mee, and thus devoutly sayd:
 O Venus, favour myne attempt, and send mee downe thyne ayd
 To compasse my desyred love which thou hast on mee layd.
 His prayer movd mee (I confesse,) and long I not delayd
 Before I helpt him. Now there is a certaine feeld the which
 The Cyprian folk call Damasene, most fertile and most rich
 Of all the Cyprian feelds: the same was consecrate to mee
 In auncient tyme, and of my Church the glebland woont to bee.
 Amid this feeld, with golden leaves there growes a goodly tree ... [X.760]
 The crackling boughes whereof are all of yellow gold. I came
 And gathered golden Apples three: and bearing thence the same
 Within my hand, immediatly to Hippomen I gat
 Invisible to all wyghts else save him and taught him what
 To doo with them. The Trumpets blew: and girding forward, both
 Set foorth, and on the hovering dust with nimble feete eche goth.
 A man would think they able were uppon the Sea to go
 And never wet theyr feete, and on the ayles of corne also
 That still is growing in the feeld, and never downe them tread.
 The man took courage at the showt and woordes of them that sed: ... [X.770]
 Now, now is tyme, Hippomenes, to ply it, hye apace:

Enforce thyself with all thy strength: lag not in any cace:
 Thou shalt obtaine. It is a thing ryght dowtfull whither hee
 At theis well willing woordes of theyrs rejoyced more, or shee.
 O Lord, how often when shee might outstrippe him did shee stay,
 And gazed long uppon his face, right loth to go her way.
 A weerye breath proceeded from theyr parched lippes, and farre
 They had to ronne. Then Neptunes imp her swiftnesse to disbarre,
 Trolld downe at one side of the way an Apple of the three.
 Amazde therat, and covetous of the goodly Apple, shee ... [X.780]
 Did step asyde and snatched up the rolling frute of gold.
 With that Hippomenes coted her. The folke that did behold,
 Made noyse with clapping of theyr hands. She recompenst her slothe
 And losse of tyme with footemanshippe: and streight ageine outgothe
 Hippomenes, leaving him behind. And beeing stayd agen
 With taking up the second, shee him overtooke. And when
 The race was almost at an end: He sayd: O Goddesse, thou
 That art the author of this gift, assist mee freendly now,
 And therewithall, of purpose that she might the longer bee
 Askew at one side of the feelde. The Lady seemde to make ... [X.790]
 In comming, hee with all his might did bowle the last of three
 A dowl in taking of it up. I forced her to take
 It up, and to the Apple I did put a heavy weyght,
 And made it of such massinesse shee could not lift it streight.
 And lest that I in telling of my tale may longer bee,
 Than they in ronning of their race, outstripped quight was shee.
 And he that wan her, marying her enjoyd her for his fee.
 Thinkst thou I was not woorthy thanks, Adonis, thinkest thou
 I earned not that he to mee should frankincence allow?
 But he forgetfull neyther thanks nor frankincence did give. ... [X.800]
 By meanes whereof to sooden wrath he justly did me drive.
 For beeing greeved with the spyght, bycause I would not bee
 Despysd of such as were to come, I thought it best for mee
 To take such vengeance of them both as others might take heede
 By them. And so ageinst them both in anger I proceede.
 A temple of the mother of the Goddes that vowwed was
 And buylded by Echion in a darksome grove, they passe.
 There through my might Hippomenes was toucht and stirred so,
 That needes he would to Venerie though out of season go.
 Not farre from this same temple was with little light a den ... [X.810]
 With pommye vawlted naturally, long consecrate ere then
 For old religion, not unlike a cave: wher priests of yore
 Bestowed had of Images of wooden Goddes good store.
 Hippomenes entring herinto defyld the holy place,
 With his unlawfull lust: from which the Idolls turnd theyr face.
 And Cybell with the towred topes disdeyning, dowted whither
 Shee in the lake of Styx might drowne the wicked folk together.
 The pennance seemed over lyght. And therefore shee did cawse
 Thinne yellow manes to growe uppon theyr necks: and hooked pawes
 In stead of fingars to succede. Theyr shoulders were the same ... [X.820]

They were before: with woondrous force deepe brested they became.
 Theyr looke beecame feerce, cruell, grim, and sowre: a tufted tayle
 Stretcht out in length farre after them upon the ground doth trayle.
 In stead of speech they rore: in stead of bed they haunt the wood:
 And dreadful unto others they for all theyr cruell moode
 With tamed teeth chank Cybells bitts in shape of Lyons. Shonne
 Theis beastes deere hart: and not from theis alonely see thou ronne,
 But also from eche other beast that turnes not backe to flight
 But offreth with his boystows brest to try the chaunce of fyght:
 Lest that thyne overhardinesse bee hurtfull to us both. ... [X.830]
 This warning given, with yoked swannes away through aire she goth.
 But manhod by admonishment restrynded could not bee.
 By chaunce his hounds in following of the tracke, a Boare did see,
 And rowsed him. And as the swyne was comming from the wood,
 Adonis hit him with a dart askew, and drew the blood.
 The Boare streyght with his hooked groyne the hunting staffe out drew
 Bestayned with his blood, and on Adonis did pursew.
 Who trembling and retyring back, to place of refuge drew.
 And hyding in his coddys his tuskes as farre as he could thrust
 He layd him all along for dead uppon the yellow dust. ... [X.840]
 Dame Venus in her chariot drawen with swannes was scarce arrived
 At Cyprus, when shee knew afarre the sygh of him depryved
 Of lyfe. Shee turnd her Cygnets backe and when shee from the skye
 Beehilld him dead, and in his blood beweltred for to lye:
 Shee leaped downe, and tare at once hir garments from her brist,
 And rent her heare, and beate upon her stomack with her fist,
 And blaming sore the destnyes, sayd: Yit shall they not obteine
 Their will in all things. Of my greefe remembrance shall remayne
 (Adonis) whyle the world doth last. From yeere to yeere shall growe
 A thing that of my heavinesse and of thy death shall showe ... [X.850]
 The lively likenesse. In a flowre thy blood I will bestowe.
 Hadst thou the powre, Persephonee, rank sented Mints to make
 Of womens limbes? and may not I lyke powre upon mee take
 Without disdeine and spyght, to turne Adonis to a flowre?
 This sed, shee sprinckled Nectar on the blood, which through the powre
 Therof did swell like bubbles sheere that ryse in weather cleere
 On water. And before that full an howre expyred weere,
 Of all one colour with the blood a flowre she there did fynd
 Even like the flowre of that same tree whose frute in tender rynde
 Have pleasant graynes inclosde. Howbee't the use of them is short. ... [X.860]
 For why the leaves do hang so looce through lightnesse in such sort,
 As that the windes that all things perce, with every little blast
 Doo shake them off and shed them so as that they cannot last.

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Length: 9,586 words

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The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding

ORIGINAL SPELLING

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined
THE XI. BOOKE of Ovids Metamorphosis.

Now whyle the Thracian Poet with this song delyghts the mynd
Of savage beastes, and drawes both stones and trees agaynst their kynds,
Behold the wyves of Ciconie with red deer skinnnes about
Their furious brists as in the feeld they gadded on a rout,
Espyde him from a hillocks toppe still singing to his harp.
Of whom one shooke her head at him, and thus began to carp:
Behold (sayes shee) behold yoon same is he that doth disdeine
Us women. And with that same woord shee sent her lawnce amayne
At Orphyes singing mouth. The Lawnce armd round about with leaves,
Did hit him, and without a wound a marke behind it leaves. ... [XI.10]
Another threw a stone at him, which vanquisht with his sweete

And most melodious harmonye, fell humbly at his feete
 As sorye for the furious act it purposed. But rash
 And heady ryot out of frame all reason now did dash,
 And frantik outrage reigned. Yit had the sweetenesse of his song
 Appeasd all weapons, saving that the noyse now growing strong
 With blowing shalmes, and beating drummes, and bedlem howling out,
 And clapping hands on every syde by Bacchus drunken rout,
 Did drowne the sownd of Orphyes harp. Then first of all stones were
 Made ruddy with the prophets blood, and could not give him eare. ... [XI.20]
 And first the flocke of Bacchus froes by violence brake the ring.
 Of Serpents, birds, and savage beastes that for to heere him sing
 Sate gazing round about him there. And then with bluddy hands
 They ran uppon the prophet who among them singing stands.
 They flockt about him like as when a sort of birds have found
 An Owle a daytymes in a tod: and hem him in full round,
 As when a Stag by hungrye hownds is in a morning found,
 The which forestall him round about and pull him to the ground.
 Even so the prophet they assaile, and throwe their Thyrses greene
 At him, which for another use than that invented beene. ... [XI.30]
 Sum cast mee clods, sum boughes of trees, and sum threw stones. And lest
 That weapons wherwithall to wreake theyr woodnesse which increast
 Should want, it chaunst that Oxen by were tilling of the ground
 And labring men with brawned armes not farre fro thence were found
 A digging of the hardned earth, and earning of theyr food,
 With sweating browes. They seeing this same rout, no longer stood,
 But ran away and left theyr tooles behynd them. Every where
 Through all the feeld theyr mattocks, rakes, and shovells scattred were.
 Which when the cruell feends had caught, and had asunder rent
 The horned Oxen, backe ageine to Orphy ward they went, ... [XI.40]
 And (wicked wights) they murthred him, who never till that howre
 Did utter woordes in vaine, nor sing without effectuall powre.
 And through that mouth of his (oh lord) which even the stones had heard,
 And unto which the witlesse beastes had often given regard,
 His ghost then breathing into aire, departed. Even the fowles
 Were sad for Orphye, and the beast with sorye syghing howles:
 The rugged stones did moorne for him, the woods which many a tyme
 Had followed him to heere him sing, bewayled this same cryme.
 Yea even the trees lamenting him did cast theyr leavy heare.
 The rivers also with theyr teares (men say) encreased were. ... [XI.50]
 Yea and the Nymphes of brookes and woods uppon theyr streames did sayle
 With scattred heare about theyr eares, in boats with sable sayle.
 His members lay in sundrie steds. His head and harp both cam
 To Hebrus, and (a woondrous thing) as downe the streame they swam,
 His Harp did yeeld a moorning sound: his livelesse toong did make
 A certeine lamentable noyse as though it still yit spake,
 And bothe the banks in moorning wyse made answer to the same.
 At length adowne theyr country streame to open sea they came,
 And lyghted on Methymnye shore in Lesbos land. And there
 No sooner on the forreine coast now cast aland they were, ... [XI.60]

But that a cruell naturde Snake did streyght uppon them fly,
 And licking on his ruffled heare the which was dropping drye,
 Did gape to tyre uppon those lippes that had beene woont to sing
 Most heavenly hymnes. But Phebus streyght preventing that same thing,
 Dispoyns the Serpent of his bit, and turnes him into stone
 With gaping chappes. Already was the Ghost of Orphye gone
 To Plutos realme, and there he all the places eft beehild
 The which he heretofore had seene. And as he sought the feeld
 Of fayre Elysion (where the soules of godly folk doo woonne,)
 He found his wyfe Eurydicee, to whom he streyght did roonne, ... [XI.70]
 And hild her in imbracing armes. There now he one while walks
 Together with hir cheeke by cheeke: another while he stalks
 Before her, and another whyle he followeth her. And now
 Without all kinde of forfeiture he saufly myght avow
 His looking backward at his wyfe. But Bacchus greeved at
 The murder of the Chapleine of his Orgies, suffred not
 The mischeef unrevengd to bee. For by and by he bound
 The Thracian women by the feete with writhen roote in ground,
 As many as consenting to this wicked act were found.
 And looke how much that eche of them the prophet did pursew, ... [XI.80]
 So much he sharpening of their toes, within the ground them drew.
 And as the bird that fynds her legs besnarled in the net
 The which the fowlers suttletye hathe clocely for her set,
 And feeles shee cannot get away, stands flickering with her wings,
 And with her fearefull leaping up drawes clocer still the strings:
 So eche of theis when in the ground they fastned were, assayd
 Aflayghted for to fly away. But every one was stayd
 With winding roote which hild her downe. Her frisking could not boote.
 And whyle shee lookte what was become of Toe, of nayle, and foote,
 Shee sawe her leggs growe round in one, and turning into woode. ... [XI.90]
 And as the thyghes with violent hand shee sadly striking stoode,
 Shee felt them tree: her brest was tree: her shoulders eeke were tree.
 Her armes long boughes yee myght have thought, and not deceyved bee.
 But Bacchus was not so content: he quyght forsooke their land:
 And with a better companye removed out of hand
 Unto the Vyneyarde of his owne mount Tmolus, and the river
 Pactolus though as yit no streames of gold it did deliver.
 Ne spyghted was for precious sands. His olde accustomed rout
 Of woodwards and of franticke froes envyrond him about.
 But old Silenus was away. The Phrygian ploughmen found ... [IV.100]
 Him reeling bothe for droonkenesse and age, and brought him bound
 With garlands unto Midas, king of Phrygia, unto whom
 The Thracian Orphye and the preest Eumolphus comming from
 The towne of Athens erst had taught the Orgies. When he knew
 His fellowe and companion of the selfesame badge and crew,
 Uppon the comming of this guest, he kept a feast the space
 Of twyce fyve dayes and twyce fyve nyghts together in that place.
 And now th' eleventh tyme Lucifer had mustred in the sky
 The heavenly host, when Midas commes to Lydia jocundly

And yeeldes the old Silenus to his fosterchylde. He, glad ... [XI.110]
 That he his fosterfather had eftsoones recovered, bad
 King Midas ask him what he would. Right glad of that was hee,
 But not a whit at latter end the better should he bee.
 He minding to misuse his giftes, sayd: Graunt that all and some
 The which my body towcheth bare may yellow gold become.
 God Bacchus graunting his request, his hurtfull gift performd,
 And that he had not better wisht he in his stomacke stormd.
 Rejoycing in his harme away full merye goes the king:
 And for to try his promise true he towcheth every thing.
 Scarce giving credit to himself, he pulled yong greene twiggs ... [XI.120]
 From off an Holmetree: by and by all golden were the spriggs.
 He tooke a flintstone from the ground, the stone likewyse became
 Pure gold. he towched next a clod of earth, and streight the same
 By force of towching did become a wedge of yellow gold.
 He gathered eares of rypened corne: immediatly beholde
 The corne was gold. An Apple then he pulled from a tree:
 Yee would have thought the Hesperids had given it him. If hee
 On Pillars high his fingars layd, they glistred like the sonne.
 The water where he washt his hands did from his hands so ronne,
 As Danae might have beene therwith beguyld. he scarce could hold ... [XI.130]
 His passing joyes within his hart, for making all things gold.
 Why he thus joyd, his officers did spred the boord anon,
 And set downe sundry sorts of meate and mancheate theruppon.
 Then whither his hand did towch the bread, the bread was massy gold:
 Or whither he chawde with hungry teeth his meate, yee might behold
 The peece of meate betweene his jawes a plat of gold to bee.
 In drinking wine and water mixt, yee myght discerne and see
 The liquid gold ronne downe his throte. Amazed at the straunge
 Mischaunce, and being both a wretch and rich, he wisht to chaunge
 His riches for his former state, and now he did abhorre ... [XI.140]
 The thing which even but late before he cheefly longed for.
 No meate his hunger slakes: his throte is shrunken up with thurst:
 And justly dooth his hatefull gold torment him as accurst.
 Then lifting up his sory armes and handes to heaven, he cryde:
 O father Bacchus, pardon mee. My sinne I will not hyde.
 Have mercy, I beseech thee, and vouchsaf to rid mee quyght
 From this same harme that seemes so good and glorious unto syght.
 The gentle Bacchus streight uppon confession of his cryme
 Restored Midas to the state hee had in former tyme.
 And having made performance of his promis, hee beereft him ... [XI.150]
 The gift that he had graunted him. And lest he should have left him
 Beedawbed with the dreges of that same gold which wickedly
 Hee wished had, he willed him to get him by and by
 To that great ryver which dooth ronne by Sardis towne, and there
 Along the channell up the streame his open armes to beare
 Untill he commeth to the spring: and then his head to put
 Full underneathe the foming spowt where greatest was the gut,
 And so in washing of his limbes to wash away his cryme.

The king (as was commaunded him) against the streame did clyme,
 And streyght the powre of making gold departing quyght from him, ... [XI.160]
 Infects the ryver, making it with golden streame to swim.
 The force whereof the bankes about so soked in theyr veynes,
 That even as yit the yellow gold uppon the cloddes remaines.
 Then Midas, hating riches, haunts the pasture grounds and groves,
 And up and down with Pan among the Lawnds and mountaines roves.
 But still a head more fat than wyse, and doltish wit he hath,
 The which as erst, yit once againe must woork theyr mayster scath.
 The mountayne Tmole from loftye toppe to seaward looketh downe.
 And spreading farre his boorely sydes, extendeth to the towne
 Of Sardis with the t'one syde and to Hypep with the tother. ... [XI.170]
 There Pan among the fayrre elves that dawnsed round together
 In setting of his conning [comming] out for singing and for play
 Uppon his pype of reedes and wax, presuming for to say
 Apollos musick was not like to his, did take in hand
 A farre unequall match, whereof the Tmole for judge should stand.
 The auncient judge sitts downe uppon his hill, and ridds his eares
 From trees, and onely on his head an Oken garlond weares.
 Wherof the Acornes dangled downe about his hollow brow.
 And looking on the God of neate he sayd: Yee neede not now
 To tarry longer for your judge. Then Pan blew lowd and strong ... [XI.180]
 His country pype of reedes, and with his rude and homely song
 Delighted Midas eares, for he by chaunce was in the throng.
 When Pan had doone, the sacred Tmole to Phebus turnd his looke,
 And with the turning of his head his busshye heare he shooke.
 Then Phebus with a crowne of Bay uppon his golden heare
 Did sweepe the ground with scarlet robe. In left hand he did beare
 His viol made of precious stones and Ivorye intermixt.
 And in his right hand for to strike, his bowe was redy fixt.
 He was the verrye paterne of a good Musician ryght
 Anon he gan with conning hand the tuned strings to smygth. ... [XI.190]
 The sweetenesse of the which did so the judge of them delyght,
 That Pan was willed for to put his Reedepype in his cace,
 And not to fiddle nor to sing where viols were in place.
 The judgement of the holy hill was lyked well of all,
 Save Midas, who found fault therwith and wrongfull did it call.
 Apollo could not suffer well his foollish eares to keepe
 Theyr humaine shape, but drew them wyde, and made them long and deepe.
 And filld them full of whytish heares, and made them downe to sag,
 And through too much unstablenesse continually to wag.
 His body keeping in the rest his manly figure still, ... [XI.200]
 Was ponnisht in the part that did offend for want of skill.
 And so a slowe paaste Asses eares his heade did after beare.
 This shame endevereth he to hyde. And therefore he did weare
 A purple nyghtcappe ever since. But yit his Barber who
 Was woont to notte him spyed it: and beeing eager to
 Disclose it, when he neyther durst to utter it, nor could
 It keepe in secret still, he went and digged up the mowld,

And whispring softly in the pit, declaard what eares hee spyde
 His mayster have, and turning downe the clowre ageine, did hyde
 His blabbed woordes within the ground, and closing up the pit ... [XI.210]
 Departed thence and never made mo woordes at all of it.
 Soone after, there began a tuft of quivering reedes to growe
 Which beeing rype bewrayd theyr seede and him that did them sowe.
 For when the gentle sowtherne wynd did lyghtly on them blowe,
 They uttred foorth the woordes that had beene buried in the ground
 And so reprovde the Asses eares of Midas with theyr sound.
 Apollo after this revenge from Tmolus tooke his flyght:
 And sweeping through the ayre, did on the selfsame syde alyght
 Of Hellespontus, in the Realm of king Laomedon.
 There stode uppon the right syde of Sigaeum, and uppon ... [XI.220]
 The left of Rhetye cliffe that tyme, an Altar buylt of old
 To Jove that heereth all mennes woordes. Heere Phebus did behold
 The foresayd king Laomedon beginning for to lay
 Foundation of the walles of Troy: which woork from day to day
 Went hard and slowly forward, and requyred no little charge,
 Then he togither with the God that rules the surges large,
 Did put themselves in shape of men, and bargaynd with the king
 Of Phrygia for a summe of gold his woork to end to bring.
 Now when the woork was done, the king theyr wages them denayd,
 And falsly faaste them downe with othes it was not as they sayd. ... [XI.230]
 Thou shalt not mock us unrevendgd (quoth Neptune). And anon
 He caused all the surges of the sea to rush uppon
 The shore of covetous Troy, and made the cuntrye like the deepe.
 The goodes of all the husbandmen away he quight did sweepe,
 And overwhelmed theyr feeldes with waves. And thinking this too small
 A pennance for the falsehod, he demaunded therwithall
 His daughter for a monster of the Sea. Whom beeing bound
 Untoo a rocke, stout Hercules delivering saufe and sound,
 Requyrd his steeds which were the hyre for which he did compound.
 And when that of so great desert the king denyde the hyre. ... [XI.240]
 The twyce forsworne false towne of Troy he sacked in his ire.
 And Telamon in honour of his service did enjoy.
 The Lady Hesion, daughter of the covetous king of Troy.
 For Peleus had already got a Goddesse to his wife,
 And lived unto both theyr joyes a right renowmed lyfe.
 And sure he was not powder of his graundsyre, than of thee
 That wert become his fathrinlaw. For many mo than hee
 Have had the hap of mighty Jove the nephewes for to bee.
 But never was it heeretofore the chaunce of any one
 To have a Goddesse to his wyfe, save only his alone. ... [XI.250]
 For unto watry Thetis thus old Protew did foretell:
 Go marry: thou shalt beare a sonne whose dooings shall excell
 His fathers farre in feates of armes, and greater he shall bee
 In honour, high renowme, and fame, than ever erst was hee.
 This caused Jove the watry bed of Thetis to forbear
 Although his hart were more than warme with love of her, for feare

The world sum other greater thing than Jove himself should breede,
 And willd the sonne of Aeacus this Peleus to succede
 In that which he himself would faine have done, and for to take
 The Lady of the sea in armes a mother her to make. ... [XI.260]
 There is a bay of Thessaly that bendeth lyke a boawe.
 The sydes shoote forth, where if the sea of any depth did flowe
 It were a haven. Scarcely dooth the water hyde the sand.
 It hath a shore so firme, that if a man theron doo stand,
 No print of foote remaynes behynd: it hindreth not ones pace,
 Ne covered is with hovering reeke. Adjoyning to this place,
 There is a grove of Myrtle trees with frute of dowe colour,
 And in the midds thereof a Cave. I can not tell you whither
 That nature or the art of man were maker of the same.
 It seemed rather made by arte. Oft Thetis hither came ... [XI.270]
 Starke naked, ryding bravely on a brydled Dolphins backe.
 There Peleus as shee lay asleepe uppon her often bracke.
 And forbycause that at her handes entreatance nothing winnes,
 He folding her about the necke with both his armes, beginnes
 To offer force. And surely if shee had not falne to wyles
 And shifted oftentimes her shape, he had obteind erewhyles.
 But shee became somtymes a bird: he hild her like a bird.
 Anon shee was a massye log: but Peleus never stird
 A whit for that. Then thirdly shee of speckled Tyger tooke
 The ugly shape: for feare of whose most feerce and cruell looke, ... [XI.280]
 His armes he from her body twicht. And at his going thence,
 In honour of the watry Goddes he burned frankincence,
 And powred wyne uppon the sea, with fat of neate and sheepe:
 Untill the prophet that dooth dwell within Carpathian deepe,
 Sayd thus: Thou sunne of Aecus, thy wish thou sure shalt have
 Alonely when shee lyes asleepe within her pleasant Cave,
 Cast grines to trappe her unbewares: hold fast with snarling knot:
 And though shee fayne a hundreth shapes, deceyve thee let her not.
 But sticke unto't what ere it bee, untill the tyme that shee
 Returneth to the native shape shee erst was woont to bee. ... [XI.290]
 When Proteus thus had sed, within the sea he duckt his head,
 And suffred on his latter woordes the water for to spread.
 The lyghtsum Titan downeward drew, and with declyng chayre
 Approched to the westerne sea, when Neryes daughter fayre
 Returning from the sea, resorts to her accustomed cowch.
 And Peleus scarecely had begon hir naked limbes to towch,
 But that shee chaungd from shape to shape, untill at length shee found
 Herself surprysd. Then stretching out her armes with sighes profound,
 She sayd: Thou overcommest mee, and not without the ayd
 Of God. And then she, Thetis like, appeerd in shape of mayd. ... [XI.300]
 The noble prince imbracing her obteynd her at his will,
 To both theyr joyes, and with the great Achylles did her fill.
 A happy wyght was Peleus in his wyfe: a happy wyght
 Was Peleus also in his sonne. And if yee him acquight
 Of murthring Phocus, happy him in all things count yee myght.

But giltye of his brothers blood, and bannisht for the same
 From bothe his fathers house and Realm, to Trachin sad he came.
 The sonne of lyghtsum Lucifer, king Ceyx (who in face
 Exprest the lively beawtye of his fathers heavenly grace,)
 Without all violent rigor and sharpe executions reignd ... [XI.310]
 In Trachin. He right sad that tyme unlike himself, remaynd
 Yit mourning for his brothers chaunce transformed late before.
 When Peleus thither came, with care and travayle tyred sore,
 He left his cattell and his sheepe (whereof he brought great store)
 Behynd him in a shady vale not farre from Trachin towne,
 And with a little companie himself went thither downe.
 Assoone as leave to come to Court was graunted him, he bare
 A braunche of Olyf in his hand, and humbly did declare
 His name and lynage. Onely of his crime no woord hee spake,
 But of his flyght another cause pretendedly did make: ... [XI.320]
 Desyring leave within his towne or cuntrye to abyde.
 The king of Trachin gently thus to him ageine replyde:
 Our bownty to the meanest sort (O Peleus) dooth extend:
 Wee are not woont the desolate our cuntrye to forfend.
 And though I bee of nature most inclyned good to doo:
 Thyne owne renowme, thy groundsyre Jove are forcements thereunto.
 Misspend no longer tyme in sute. I gladly doo agree
 To graunt thee what thou wilt desyre. Theis things that thou doost see
 I would thou should account them as thyne owne, such as they bee
 I would they better were. With that he weeped. Peleus and ... [XI.330]
 His freends desyred of his greef the cause to understand.
 He answerd thus: Perchaunce yee think this bird that lives by pray
 And putts all other birds in feare had wings and fethers ay.
 He was a man. And as he was right feerce in feats of armes,
 And stout and readye bothe to wreake and also offer harmes:
 So was he of a constant mynd. Daedalion men him hyght.
 Our father was that noble starre that brings the morning bryght,
 And in the welkin last of all gives place to Phebus lyght.
 My study was to mayntaine peace, in peace was my delyght.
 And for to keepe mee true to her to whom my fayth is plyght. ... [XI.340]
 My brother had felicite in warre and bloody fyght.
 His prowesse and his force which now dooth chase in cruell flyght
 The Dooves of Thisbye since his shape was altred thus anew,
 Ryght puyssant Princes and theyr Realms did heeretofore subdew.
 He had a chyld calld Chyone, whom nature did endew
 With beawtye so, that when to age of fowreteene yeeres shee grew,
 A thousand Princes liking her did for hir favour sew.
 By fortune as bryght Phebus and the sonne of Lady May
 Came t'one from Delphos, toother from mount Cyllen, by the way
 They saw her bothe at once, and bothe at once were tane in love. ... [XI.350]
 Apollo till the tyme of nyght differd his sute to move.
 But Hermes could not beare delay. He stroked on the face
 The mayden with his charmed rod which hath the powre to chace
 And bring in sleepe: the touch whereof did cast her in so dead

A sleepe, that Hermes by and by his purpose of her sped.
 As soone as nyght with twinckling starres the welkin had beesprent,
 Apollo in an old wyves shape to Chyon clocely went,
 And tooke the pleasure which the sonne of Maya had forehent.
 Now when shee full her tyme had gone, shee bare by Mercurye
 A sonne that hyght Awtolychus, who provde a wyly pye, ... [XI.360]
 And such a fellow as in theft and filching had no peere.
 He was his fathers owne sonne right: he could mennes eyes so bleere,
 As for to make the black things whyght, and whyght things black appeere.
 And by Apollo (for shee bare a payre) was borne his brother
 Philammon, who in musick arte excelled farre all other,
 As well in singing as in play. But what avayled it
 To beare such twinnes, and of two Goddes in favour to have sit?
 And that shee to her father had a stowt and valeant knight,
 Or that her graundsyre was the sonne of Jove that God of might?
 Dooth glorie hurt to any folk? It surely hurted her. ... [XI.370]
 For standing in her owne conceyt shee did herself prefer
 Before Diana, and dispraysd her face, who there with all
 Inflaamd with wrath, sayd: Well, with deedes we better please her shall.
 Immediatly shee bent her bowe, and let an arrow go,
 Which strake her through the toong, whose spight deserved wounding so.
 Her toong wext dumb, her speech gan fayle that erst was over ryfe,
 And as shee stryved for to speake, away went blood and lyfe.
 How wretched was I then, O God? how strake it to my hart?
 What woordes of comfort did I speake to ease my brothers smart?
 To which he gave his eare as much as dooth the stony rocke ... [XI.380]
 To hideous roring of the waves that doo against it knocke.
 There was no measure nor none ende in making of his mone,
 Nor in bewayling comfortlesse his daughter that was gone.
 But when he sawe her bodye burne, fowre tymes with all his myght
 He russhed foorth to thrust himself amid the fyre in spyght.
 Fowre tymes hee beeing thence repulst, did put himself to flyght.
 And ran mee wheras was no way, as dooth a Bullocke when
 A hornet stings him in the necke. Mee thought hee was as then
 More wyghter farre than any man. Yee would have thought his feete
 Had had sum wings. So fled he quyght from all, and being fleete ... [XI.390]
 Through eagernesse to dye, he gat to mount Parnasos knappe
 And there Apollo pitying him and rewing his missehappe,
 When as Daedalion from the cliffe himself had headlong floong,
 Transformd him to a bird, and on the soodaine as hee hung
 Did give him wings, and bowwing beake, and hooked talants keene,
 And eeke a courage full as feerce as ever it had beene.
 And furthermore a greater strength he lent him therwithall,
 Than one would thinke conveyd myght bee within a roome so small.
 And now in shape of Gossehawke hee to none indifferent is,
 But wreakes his teene on all birds. And bycause him selfe ere this ... [XI.400]
 Did feele the force of sorrowes sting within his wounded hart,
 Hee maketh others oftentymes to sorrow and to smart.
 As Caeyx of his brothers chaunce this wondrous story seth,

Commes ronning thither all in haste and almost out of breth
 Anaetor the Phocayan who was Pelyes herdman. Hee
 Sayd: Pelye Pelye, I doo bring sad tydings unto thee.
 Declare it man (quoth Peleus) what ever that it bee.
 King Ceyx at his fearefull woordes did stand in dowlfull stowne.
 This noonetyde (quoth the herdman) lche did drive your cattell downe
 To zea, and zum a them did zit uppon the yellow zand ... [XI.410]
 And looked on the large mayne poole of water neere at hand.
 Zum roayled zoftly up and downe, and zum a them did zwim
 And bare their jolly horned heades aboove the water trim.
 A Church stondes neere the zea not deckt with gold nor marble stone
 But made of wood, and hid with trees that dreeping hang theon.
 A visherman that zat and dryde hiz netts uppo the zhore
 Did tell's that Nereus and his Nymphes did haunt the place of yore.
 And how that they beene Goddes a zea. There butts a pot vorgrowne
 With zallow trees uppon the zame, the which is overblowne
 With tydes, and is a marsh. From thence a woolf, an orped wyght, ... [XI.420]
 With hideous noyse of rustling made the groundes neere hand afryght.
 Anon he commes mee buskling out bezmeared all his chappes
 With blood daubaken and with vome as veerce as thunder clappes.
 Hiz eyen did glaster red as vyre, and though he raged zore
 Vor vamin and vor madnesse bothe, yit raged he much more
 In madnesse. Vor hee cared not his hunger vor to zlake,
 Or i'the death of oxen twoo or three an end to make.
 But wounded all the herd and made a havocke of them all,
 And zum of us too, in devence did happen vor to vall,
 In daunger of his deadly chappes, and lost our lyves. The zhore ... [XI.430]
 And zea is staynd with blood, and all the ven is on a rore.
 Delay breedes losse. The cace denyes now dowting vor to stond,
 Whye owght remaynes let all of us take weapon in our hond.
 Let's arme our zelves, and let uz altogether on him vall.
 The herdman hilld his peace. The losse movde Peleus not at all.
 But calling his offence to mynde, he thought that Neryes daughter,
 The chyldlesse Ladye Psamathe, determynd with that slaughter
 To keepe an Obit to her sonne whom hee before had killd.
 Immediatly uppon this newes the king of Trachin willd
 His men to arme them, and to take their weapons in theyr hand, ... [XI.440]
 And he addrest himself to bee the leader of the band.
 His wyfe, Alcyone, by the noyse admonisht of the same,
 In dressing of her head, before shee had it brought in frame,
 Cast downe her heare, and ronning foorth caught Ceyx fast about
 The necke, desyring him with teares to send his folk without
 Himself, and in the lyfe of him to save the lyves of twayne.
 O Princesse, cease your godly feare (quoth Peleus then agayne).
 Your offer dooth deserve great thanks. I mynd not warre to make
 Ageinst straunge monsters. I as now another way must take
 The seagods must bee pacifyde. There was a Castle hye, ... [XI.450]
 And in the same a lofty towre whose toppe dooth face the skye,
 A joyfull mark for maryners to guyde theyr vessels by.

To this same Turret up they went, and there with syghes behilld
 The Oxen lying every where stark dead uppon the feelde
 And eeke the cruell stroygood with his bluddy mouth and heare.
 Then Peleus stretching forth his handes to Seaward, prayd in feare
 To watrish Psamath that she would her sore displeasure stay,
 And help him. She no whit relents to that that he did pray.
 But Thetis for hir husband made such earnest sute, that shee
 Obteynd his pardon. For anon the wolfe (who would not bee ... [XI.460]
 Revoked from the slaughter for the sweetenesse of the blood)
 Persisted sharpe and eager still, untill that as he stood
 Fast byghting on a Bullocks necke, shee turnd him intoo stone
 As well in substance as in hew, the name of wolfe alone
 Reserved. For although in shape hee seemed still yit one,
 The very colour of the stone beewrayd him to bee none,
 And that he was not to bee feard. How be it froward fate
 Permitts not Peleus in that land to have a settled state.
 He wandreth like an outlaw to the Magnets. There at last
 Acastus the Thessalien purgd him of his murther past. ... [XI.470]
 In this meane tyme the Trachine king sore vexed in his thought
 With signes that both before and since his brothers death were wrought,
 For counsell at the sacret Spelles (which are but toyes to foode
 Fond fancyes, and not counsellors in perill to doo goode)
 Did make him reedy to the God of Claros for to go.
 For heathenish Phorbas and the folk of Phlegia had as tho
 The way to Delphos stopt, that none could travell to or fro.
 But ere he on his journey went, he made his faythfull make
 Alcyone preevy to the thing. Immediatly theyr strake
 A chilnesse to her verry bones, and pale was all her face ... [XI.480]
 Like box and downe her heavy cheekes the tears did gush apace.
 Three times about to speake, three times shee washt her face with teares,
 And stinting oft with sobbes, shee thus complayned in his eares:
 What fault of myne, O husband deere, hath turnd thy hart fro mee?
 Where is that care of mee that erst was woont to bee in thee?
 And canst thou having left thy deere Alcyone merrie bee?
 Doo journeyes long delygth thee now? dooth now myne absence please
 Thee better then my presence dooth? Think I that thou at ease
 Shalt go by land? Shall I have cause but onely for to mourne?
 And not to bee afrayd? And shall my care of thy returne ... [XI.490]
 Bee voyd of feare? No no. The sea mee sore afrayd dooth make.
 To think uppon the sea dooth cause my flesh for feare to quake.
 I sawe the broken ribbes of shippes alate uppon the shore.
 And oft on Tumbes I reade theyr names whose bodyes long before
 The sea had swallowed. Let not fond vayne hope seduce thy mynd,
 That Aeolus is thy fathrinlaw who holdes the boystous wynd
 In prison, and can calme the seas at pleasure. When the wynds
 Are once let looce uppon the sea, no order then them bynds.
 Then neyther land hathe priviledge, nor sea exemption fynds.
 Yea even the clowdes of heaven they vex, and with theyr meeting stout ... [XI.500]
 Enforce the fyre with hideous noyse to brust in flashes out.

The more that I doo know them, (for ryght well I know theyr powre,
 And saw them oft a little wench within my fathers bowre)
 So much the more I think them to bee feard. But if thy will
 By no intreatance may bee turnd at home to tarry still,
 But that thou needes wilt go: then mee, deere husband, with thee take.
 So shall the sea us equally together tosse and shake.
 So woorser than I feele I shall bee certeine not to feare.
 So shall we whatsoever happes together joyntly beare.
 So shall wee on the broad mayne sea together joyntly sayle. ... [XI.510]
 Theis woordes and teares wherewith the imp of Aelous did assayle
 Her husbond borne of heavenly race, did make his hart relent.
 (For he lovd her no lesse than shee lovd him.) But fully bent
 He seemed, neyther for to leave the journey which he ment
 To take by sea, nor yit to give Alcyone leave as tho
 Companion of his perlous course by water for to go.
 He many woordes of comfort spake her feare away to chace.
 But nought hee could perswade therein to make her like the cace.
 This last asswagement of her greef he added in the end,
 Which was the onely thing that made her loving hart to bend: ... [XI.520]
 All taryance will assuredly seeme over long to mee.
 And by my fathers blasing beames I make my vow to thee
 That at the furthest ere the tyme (if God therto agree)
 The moone doo fill her circle twyce, ageine I will heere bee.
 When in sum hope of his returne this promis had her set,
 He willd a shippe immediatly from harbrough to bee fet,
 And throughly rigged for to bee, that neyther maast, nor sayle,
 Nor tackling, no nore other thing should apperteyning fayle.
 Which when Alcyone did behold, as one whoose hart misgave
 The happes at hand, shee quaakt ageine, and teares out gusshing drave. ... [XI.530]
 And streyning Ceyx in her armes with pale and piteous looke,
 Poore wretched soule, her last farewell at length shee sadly tooke,
 And swounded flat uppon the ground. Anon the watermen
 (As Ceyx sought delayes and was in dowt to turne agen)
 Set hand to Ores, of which there were two rowes on eyther syde,
 And all at once with equall stroke the swelling sea devyde.
 Shee lifting up her watrye eyes behilld her husband stand
 Uppon the hatches making signes by beckening with his hand:
 And shee made signes to him ageine. And after that the land
 Was farre removed from the shippe, and that the sight began ... [XI.540]
 To bee unable to discerne the face of any man,
 As long as ere shee could shee lookt uppon the rowing keele.
 And when shee could no longer tyme for distance ken it weele,
 Shee looked still uppon the sayles that flasked with the wynd
 Uppon the maast. And when shee could the sayles no longer fynd,
 She gate her to her empty bed with sad and sorye hart
 And layd her downe. The chamber did renew afresh her smart,
 And of her bed did bring to mynd the deere departed part.
 From harbrough now they quyght were gone: and now a pleasant gale
 Did blowe. The mayster made his men theyr Ores asyde to hale, ... [XI.550]

And hoysed up the toppesayle on the hyghest of the maast,
 And clapt on all his other sayles bycause no wind should waast.
 Scarce full t'one half, (or sure not much above) the shippe had ronne
 Uppon the sea and every way the land did farre them shonne,
 When toward night the wallowing waves began to waxen wyght,
 And eeke the heady easterne wynd did blow with greater myght,
 Anon the Mayster cryed: Strike the toppesayle, let the mayne
 Sheate flye and fardle it to the yard. Thus spake he, but in vayne,
 For why so hideous was the storme uppon the soodeine brayd,
 That not a man was able there to heere what other sayd. ... [XI.560]
 And lowd the sea with meeting waves extreemely raging rores.
 Yit fell they to it of them selves. Sum Haalde asyde the Ores:
 Sum fensed in the Gallyes sydes, sum downe the sayleclothes rend:
 Sum pump the water out, and sea to sea ageine doo send.
 Another haales the sayleyards downe. And whyle they did eche thing
 Disorderly, the storme increast, and from eche quarter fling
 The wyndes with deadly foode, and bownce the raging waves together.
 The Pilot being sore dismayd sayth playne, he knowes not whither
 To wend himself, nor what to doo or bid, or in what state
 Things stood. So huge the mischeef was, and did so overmate ... [XI.570]
 All arte. For why of ratling ropes, of crying men and boyes,
 Of flusshing waves and thundring ayre, confused was the noyse.
 The surges mounting up aloft did seeme to mate the skye,
 And with theyr sprinckling for to wet the clowdes that hang on hye.
 One whyle the sea, when from the brink it raysd the yellow sand,
 Was like in colour to the same. Another whyle did stand
 A colour on it blacker than the Lake of Styx. Anon
 It lyeth playne and loometh whyght with seething froth thereon.
 And with the sea the Trachin shippe ay alteration tooke.
 One whyle as frm a mountaynes toppe it seemed downedto looke ... [XI.580]
 To valleyes and the depth of hell. Another whyle beset
 With swelling surges round about which neere above it met,
 It looked from the bottom of the whoorlepoole up aloft
 As if it were from hell to heaven. A hideous flushing oft
 The waves did make in beating full against the Galleyes syde.
 The Galleye being striken gave as great a sownd that tyde
 As did sumtyme the Battellramb of steele, or now the Gonne
 In making battrye to a towre. And as feerce Lyons ronne
 Full brist with all theyr force ageinst the armed men that stand
 In order bent to keepe them off with weapons in theyr hand, ... [XI.590]
 Even so as often as the waves by force of wynd did rave,
 So oft uppon the netting of the shippe they maynely drave,
 And mounted farre above the same. Anon off fell the hoopes:
 And having washt the pitch away, the sea made open loopes
 To let the deadly water in. Behold the clowdes did melt,
 And showers large came pooring downe. The seamen that them felt
 Myght thinke that all the heaven had falne uppon them that same tyme,
 And that the swelling sea likewyse above the heaven would clyme.
 The sayles were throughly wet with showers, and with the heavenly raine.

Was mixt the waters of the sea. No lyghts at all remayne ... [XI.600]
 Of sunne, or moone, or starres in heaven. The darknesse of the nyght
 Augmented with the dreadfull storme, takes dowble powre and myght.
 Howbee't the flasshing lyghtnings oft doo put the same to flyght,
 And with theyr glauncing now and then do give a soodeine lyght.
 The lightnings setts the waves on fyre. Above the netting skippe
 The waves, and with a violent force doo lyght within the shippe.
 And as a souldyer stowter than the rest of all his band
 That oft assayles a citie walles defended well by hand,
 At length atteines his hope, and for to purchase prayse withall
 Alone among a thousand men getts up uppon the wall: ... [XI.610]
 So when the loftye waves had long the Galleyes sydes assayd,
 At length the tenth wave rysing up with huger force and brayd,
 Did never dease assaulting of the weery shippe, till that
 Upon the hatches lyke a fo victoriously it gat.
 A part thereof did still as yit assault the shippe without,
 And part had gotten in. The men all trembling ran about,
 As in a Citie commes to passe, when of the enmyes sum
 Dig downe the walles without, and sum already in are come.
 All arte and conning was to seeke. Theyr harts and stomacks fayle:
 And looke, how many surges came theyr vessell to assayle, ... [XI.620]
 So many deathes did seeme to charge and breake uppon them all.
 One weepes: another stands amazde: the third them blist dooth call
 Whom buryall dooth remayne. To God another makes his vow,
 And holding up his handes to heaven the which hee sees not now,
 Dooth pray in vayne for help. The thought of this man is uppon
 His brother and his parents whom he cleerely hath forgone.
 Another calles his house and wyfe and children unto mynd.
 And every man in generall the things he left behynd.
 Alcyone moveth Ceyx hart. In Ceyx mouth is none
 But onely one Alcyone. And though shee were alone ... [XI.630]
 The wyght that he desyred most, yit was he verry glad
 Shee was not there. To Trachin ward to looke desyre he had,
 And homeward fayne he would have turnd his eyes which never more
 Should see the land. But then he knew not which way was the shore,
 Nor where he was. The raging sea did rowle about so fast:
 And all the heaven with clouds as black as pitch was over cast,
 That never nyght was halfe so dark. There came a flaw at last,
 That with his violence brake the maste, and strake the sterne away.
 A billowe proudly pranking up as vaunting of his pray
 By conquest gotten, walloweth hole and breaketh not asunder, ... [XI.640]
 Beholding with a lofty looke the waters woorking under.
 And looke, as if a man should from the places where they growe
 Rend downe the mountaynes, Athe and Pind, and whole them overthrowe
 Into the open sea: so soft the Billowe tumbling downe,
 With weyght and violent stroke did sink and in the bottom drowne
 The Gallye. And the moste of them that were within the same
 Went downe therwith and never up to open aier came,
 But dyed strangled in the gulf. Another sort againe

Caught peeces of the broken shippe. The king himself was fayne
 A shiver of the sunken shippe in that same hand to hold, ... [XI.650]
 In which hee erst a royall mace had hilld of yellow gold.
 His father and his fathrinlawe he calles uppon (alas
 In vayne.) But cheefly in his mouth his wife Alcyone was.
 In hart was shee: in toong was shee: he wisshed that his corse
 To land where shee myght take it up the surges myght enforce:
 And that by her most loving handes he might be layd in grave.
 In swimming still (as often as the surges leave him gave
 To ope his lippes) he harped still upon Alcyones name,
 And when he drowned in the waves he muttred still the same.
 Behold, even full uppon the wave a flake of water blacke ... [XI.660]
 Did breake, and underneathe the sea the head of Ceyx stracke.
 That nyght the lyghtsum Lucifer for sorrowe was so dim,
 As scarcely could a man discerne or thinke it to bee him.
 And forasmuch as out of heaven he might not steppe asyde,
 With thick and darksum clouds that nyght his countenance he did hyde.
 Alcyone of so great mischaunce not knowing aught as yit,
 Did keepe a reckening of the nyghts that in the whyle did flit,
 And hasted garments both for him and for herself likewyse,
 To weare at his homecomming which shee vaynely did surmyse.
 To all the Goddes devoutly shee did offer frankincence: ... [XI.670]
 But most above them all the Church of Juno shee did sence.
 And for her husband (who as then was none) shee kneeld before
 The Altar, wisshing health and soone arrivall at the shore,
 And that none other woman myght before her be preferd.
 Of all her prayers this one peece effectually was heard.
 For Juno could not fynd in hart intreated for to bee
 For him that was already dead. But to th'entent that shee
 From dame Alcyones deadly hands might keepe her Altars free,
 Shee sayd: Most faythfull messenger of my commaundments, O
 Thou Raynebowe, to the sluggish house of Slomber swiftly go. ... [XI.680]
 And bid him send a Dreame in shape of Ceyx to his wyfe
 Alcyone, for to shew her playne the losing of his lyfe.
 Dame Iris takes her pall wherein a thousand colours were
 And bowwing lyke a stringed bow upon the cloudy sphere,
 Immediatly descended to the drowzye house of Sleepe
 Whose Court the clowdes continually doo clocely overdreepe.
 Among the darke Cimmerians is a hollow mountaine found
 And in the hill a Cave that farre dooth ronne within the ground,
 The Chamber and the dwelling place where slouthfull sleepe dooth cowch.
 The lyght of Phebus golden beames this place can never towch. ... [XI.690]
 A foggie mist with dimnesse mixt streames upwarde from the ground,
 And glimmering twylyght evermore within the same is found.
 No watchfull bird with barbed bill, and combed crowne dooth call
 The moorning foorth with crowing out. There is no noyse at all
 Of waking dogge, nor gagling goose more waker than the hound
 To hinder sleepe. Of beast ne wyld ne tame there is no sound.
 No bowghes are stird with blastes of wynd, no noys eof tatling toong

Of man or woman ever yit within that bower roong.
 Dumb quiet dwelleth there. Yit from the Roches foote dooth go
 The ryver of forgetfulnesse, which ronnethe trickling so ... [XI.700]
 Uppon the little pebble stones which in the channel lye,
 That unto sleepe a great deale more it dooth provoke thereby.
 Before the entry of the Cave, there growes of Poppye store,
 With seeded heades, and other weedes innumerable more,
 Out of the milkye jewce of which the night dooth gather sleepes,
 And over all the shadowed earth with dankish deawe them dreepes.
 Bycause the craking hindges of the doore no noyse should make,
 There is no doore in all the house, nor porter at the gate.
 Amid the Cave, of Ebonye a bedsted standeth hye,
 And on the same a bed of downe with keeverings blacke dooth lye: ... [XI.710]
 In which the drowzye God of sleepe his lither limbes dooth rest.
 About him, forging sundrye shapes as many dreames lye prest
 As eares of corne doo stand in feeldes in harvest tyme, or leaves
 Doo grow on trees, or sea to shore of sandye cinder heaves.
 As soone as Iris came within this house, and with her hand
 Had put asyde the dazeling dreames that in her way did stand,
 The brightnesse of her robe through all the sacred house did shine.
 The God of sleepe scarce able for to rayse his heavy eyen,
 A three or fowre tymes at the least did fall ageine to rest,
 And with his nodding head did knocke his chinne against his brest. ... [XI.720]
 At length he shaking of himselfe, uppon his elbowe leande.
 And though he knew for what shee came: he askt her what shee meand.
 O sleepe (quoth shee,) the rest of things, O gentlest of the Goddes,
 Sweete sleepe, the peace of mynd, with whom crookt care is aye at oddes:
 Which cherrishest mennes weery limbes appalld with toyling sore,
 And makest them as fresh to woork and lustye as beefore,
 Commaund a dreame that in theyr kyndes can every thing expresse,
 To Trachine, Hercles towne, himself this instant to adresse.
 And let him lively counterfet to Queene Alcyonea
 The image of her husband who is drowned in the sea ... [XI.730]
 By shipwrecke. Juno willeth so. Her message beeing told,
 Dame Iris went her way. Shee could her eyes no longer hold
 From sleepe. But when shee felt it come shee fled that instant tyme,
 And by the boawe that brought her downe to heaven ageine did clyme.
 Among a thousand sonnes and mo that father slomber had
 He calld up Morph, the feyner of mannes shape, a craftye lad.
 None other could so conningly expresse mans verrye face,
 His gesture and his sound of voyce, and manner of his pace,
 Together with his woonted weede, and woonted phrase of talk.
 But this same Morphye onely in the shape of man dooth walk. ... [XI.740]
 There is another who the shapes of beast or bird dooth take,
 Or else appeereth unto men in likenesse of a snake.
 The Goddes doo call him Icilos, and mortall folke him name
 Phobotor. There is also yit a third who from theis same
 Woorkes diversly, and Phantasos he highteth. Into streames
 This turnes himself, and into stones, and earth, and timber beames,

And into every other thing that wanteth life. Theis three,
 Great kings and Capteines in the night are woonted for to see.
 The meaner and inferiour sort of others haunted bee.
 Sir Slomber overpast the rest, and of the brothers all ... [XI.750]
 To doo dame Iris message he did only Morphye call.
 Which doone he waxing luskish, streyght layd downe his drowzy head
 And softly shroonk his layzye limbes within his sluggish bed.
 Away flew Morphye through the aire: no flickring made his wings:
 And came anon to Trachine. There his fethers off he flings,
 And in the shape of Ceyx standes before Alcyones bed,
 Pale, wan, stark naakt, and like a man that was but lately deade.
 His berde seemd wet, and of his head the heare was dropping drye,
 And leaning on her bed, with teares he seemed thus to cry:
 Most wretched woman, knowest thou thy loving Ceyx now ... [XI.760]
 Or is my face by death disformd? behold mee well, and thow
 Shalt know mee. For thy husband, thou thy husbandes Ghost shalt see.
 No good thy prayers and thy vowes have done at all to mee.
 For I am dead. In vayne of my retorne no reckning make.
 The cloudy sowth amid the sea our shippe did tardy take,
 And tossing it with violent blastes asunder did it shake.
 And floodes have filld my mouth which calld in vayne uppon thy name.
 No persone whom thou mayst misdeeme brings tydings of the same.
 Thou hearest not thereof by false report of flying fame.
 But I myself: I presently my shipwrecke to thee showe. ... [XI.770]
 Aryse therefore and wofull teares uppon thy spouse bestowe.
 Put moorning rayment on, and let mee not to Limbo go
 Unmoorned for. In shewing of this shipwrecke Morphye so
 Did feyne the voyce of Ceyx, that shee could none other deeme,
 But that it should bee his indeede. Moreover he did seeme
 To weepe in earnest: and his handes the verry gesture had
 Of Ceyx. Queene Alcyone did grone, and beeing sad
 Did stirre her armes, and thrust them foorth his body to embrace.
 In stead whereof shee caught but ayre. The teares ran downe her face.
 Shee cryed. Tarry: whither flyste? together let us go. ... [XI.780]
 And all this whyle she was asleepe. Both with her crying so,
 And flayghted with the image of her husbands gastly spryght,
 She started up: and sought about if fynd him there shee myght.
 (For why her Groomes awaking with the shreeke had brought a light.)
 And when shee no where could him fynd, shee gan her face to smyght,
 And tare her nyghtclothes from her brest, and strake it feercely, and
 Not passing to unty her heare shee rent it with her hand.
 And when her nurce of this her greef desyrde to understand
 The cause: Alcyone is undoone, undoone and cast away
 With Ceyx her deare spouse (shee sayd). Leave comforting I pray. ... [XI.790]
 By shipwrecke he is perrisht: I have seene him: and I knew
 His handes. When in departing I to hold him did pursew
 I caught a Ghost: but such a Ghost as well discerne I myght
 To bee my husbands. Nathelesse he had not to my syght
 His woonted countenance, neyther did his visage shyne so bryght,

As heeretofore it had beene woont. I saw him, wretched wyght,
 Starke naked, pale, and with his heare still wet: even verry heere
 I saw him stand. With that shee lookes if any print appeere
 Of footing where as he did stand uppon the floore behynd.
 This this is it that I did feare in farre forecasting mynd, ... [XI.800]
 When flying mee I thee desyrde thou shouldst not trust the wynd.
 But syth thou wentest to thy death, I would that I had gone
 With thee. Ah meete, it meete had beene thou shouldst not go alone
 Without mee. So it should have come to passe that neyther I
 Had overlived thee, nor yit beene forced twice to dye.
 Already, absent in the waves now tossed have I bee.
 Already have I perrished. And yit the sea hath thee
 Without mee. But the cruelnesse were greater farre of mee
 Than of the sea, if after thy decease I still would strive
 In sorrow and in anguish still to pyne away alive. ... [XI.810]
 But neyther will I strive in care to lengthen still my lyfe,
 Nor (wretched wyght) abandon thee: but like a faythfull wyfe
 At leastwyse now will come as thy companion. And the herse
 Shall joyne us, though not in the selfsame coffin: yit in verse.
 Although in tumb the bones of us together may not couch,
 Yit in a graven Epitaph my name thy name shall touch.
 Her sorrow would not suffer her to utter any more.
 Shee sobd and syghde at every woord, until her hart was sore.
 The morning came, and out shee went ryght pensif to the shore
 To that same place in which shee tooke her leave of him before. ... [XI.820]
 Whyle there shee musing stood, and sayd: He kissed mee even heere,
 Heere weyed hee his Anchors up, heere loosd he from the peere.
 And whyle shee calld to mynd the things there marked with her eyes:
 In looking on the open sea, a great way off shee spyes
 A certaine thing much like a corse come hovering on the wave.
 At first shee dowted what it was. As tyde it neerer drave,
 Although it were a good way off, yit did it plainely showe
 To bee a corse. And though that whose it was shee did not knowe,
 Yit forbycause it seemd a wrecke, her hart therat did ryse:
 And as it had sum straunger beene, with water in her eyes ... [XI.830]
 She sayd: Alas poore wretch who ere thou art, alas for her
 That is thy wyfe, if any bee. And as the waves did stirre,
 The body floted neerer land: the which the more that shee
 Behilld, the lesse began in her of stayed wit to bee.
 Anon it did arrive on shore. Then plainely shee did see
 And know it, that it was her feere. Shee shrieked, It is hee.
 And therewithall her face, her heare, and garments shee did teare,
 And unto Ceyx stretching out her trembling handes with feare,
 Sayd: cumst thou home in such a plyght to mee, O husband deere?
 Returnst in such a wretched plyght? There was a certaine peere ... [XI.840]
 That buylded was by hand, of waves the first assaults to breake,
 And at the havons mouth to cause the tyde to enter weake.
 Shee lept thereon. (A wonder sure it was shee could doo so)
 Shee flew, and with her newgrowen winges did beate the ayre as tho.

And on the waves a wretched bird shee whisked to and fro.
 And with her crocking neb then growen to slender bill and round,
 Like one that wayld and moorned still shee made a moaning sound.
 Howbee't as soone as she did touch his dumb and bloodlesse flesh,
 And had embraast his loved limbes with winges made new and fresh,
 And with her hardened neb had kist him coldly, though in vayne, ... [XI.850]
 Folk dowt if Ceyx feeling it to rayse his head did strayne,
 Or whither that the waves did lift it up. But surely hee
 It felt: and through compassion of the Goddes both hee and shee
 Were turnd to birdes. The love of them eeke subject to their fate,
 Continued after: neyther did the faythfull bond abate
 Of wedlocke in them beeing birdes: but standes in stedfast state.
 They treade, and lay, and bring foorth yoong and now the Alcyon sitts
 In wintertime uppon her nest, which on the water flitts
 A sevnnyght. During all which tyme the sea is calme and still,
 And every man may to and fro sayle saufly at his will. ... [XI.860]
 For Aeolus for his offsprings sake the windes at home dooth keepe,
 And wil not let them go abroad for troubling of the deepe.
 An auncient father seeing them about the brode sea fly,
 Did prayse theyr love for lasting to the end so stedfastly.
 His neyghbour or the selfsame man made answer (such is chaunce)
 Even this fowle also whom thou seest uppon the surges glaunce
 With spindle shanks, (he poynted to the wydegoawld Cormorant)
 Before that he became a bird, of royall race might vaunt.
 And if thou covet lineally his pedegree to seeke,
 His Auncetors were Ilus, and Assaracus, and eeke ... [XI.870]
 Fayre Ganymed who Jupiter did ravish as his joy,
 Laomedon and Priamus the last that reygned in Troy.
 Stout Hectors brother was this man. And had he not in pryde
 Of lusty youth beene tane away, his deedes perchaunce in tyme
 Had purchaast him as great a name as Hector, though that hee
 Of Dymants daughter Hecuba had fortune borne to bee.
 For Aesacus reported is begotten to have beene
 By scape, in shady Ida on a mayden fayre and sheene
 Whose name was Alyxothoe, a poore mans daughter that
 With spade and mattocke for himselfe and his a living gat. ... [XI.880]
 This Aesacus the Citie hates, and gorgious Court dooth shonne,
 And in the unambitious feeldes and woods alone dooth wonne.
 He seeldoom haunts the towne of Troy, yit having not a rude
 And blockish wit, nor such a hart as could not be subdewd
 By love, he spyde Eperie (whom oft he had pursewd
 Through all the woodes) then sitting on her father Cebrius brim
 A drying of her heare against the sonne, which hanged trim
 Uppon her back. As soone as that the Nymph was ware of him,
 She fled as when the grisild wolfe dooth scare the fearefull hynd
 Or when the Fawcon farre from brookes a Mallard happes to fynd. ... [XI.890]
 The Trojane knyght ronnes after her, and beeing swift through love,
 Pursweth her whom feare dooth force apace her feete to move.
 Behold an Adder lurking in the grasse there as shee fled,

Did byght her foote with hooked tooth, and in her bodye spread
 His venom. Shee did cease her flyght and soodein fell downe dead.
 Her lover being past his witts her carkesse did embrace,
 And cryde: Alas it irketh mee, it irkes mee of this chace.
 But this I feard not. Neyther was the gaine of that I willd
 Woorth halfe so much. Now two of us thee (wretched soule) have killd.
 The wound was given thee by the snake, the cause was given by mee. ... [XI.900]
 The wickedder of both am I: who for to comfort thee
 Will make thee satisfaction with my death. With that at last
 Downe from a rocke (the which the waves had undermynde) he cast
 Himself into the sea. Howbee't dame Tethys pitying him,
 Receyvd him softly, and as he uppon the waves did swim,
 Shee covered him with fethers. And though fayne he would have dyde,
 Shee would not let him. Wroth was he that death was him denyde,
 And that his soule compell'd should bee ageinst his will to byde
 Within his wretched body still, from which it would depart,
 And that he was constreynd to live perforce ageinst his hart. ... [XI.910]
 And as he on his shoulders now had newly taken wings,
 He mounted up, and downe uppon the sea his boddye dings.
 His fethers would not let him sinke. In rage he dyveth downe,
 And desprately he strives himself continually to drowne.
 His love did make him leane, long leggs: long neck dooth still remayne.
 His head is from his shoulders farre: of Sea he is most fayne.
 And for he underneath the waves delygtheth for to drive
 A name according thereunto the Latins doo him give.

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The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding

ORIGINAL SPELLING

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined

THE XII. BOOKE of Ovids Metamorphosis.

King Priam being ignorant that Aesacus his sonne

Did live in shape of bird, did moorne: and at a tumb wheron

His name was written, Hector and his brother solemnly

Did keepe an Obit. Paris was not at this obsequye.

Within a while with ravisht wyfe he brought a lasting warre

Home unto Troy. There followed him a thowsand shippes not farre

Conspyrd together, with the ayde that all the Greekes could fynd:

And vengeance had beene tane foorthwith but that the cruell wynd

Did make the seas unsaylable, so that theyr shippes were fayne

At rode at fisshye Awlys in Baeotia to remayne. ... [XII.10]

Heere as the Greekes according to theyr woont made sacrificyse

To Jove, and on the Altar old the flame aloft did ryse.

They spyde a speckled Snake creepe up uppon a planetree bye

Uppon the toppe whereof there was among the braunches hye

A nest, and in the nest eyght birdes, all which and eeke theyr dam

That flickering flew about her losse, the hungry snake did cram

Within his mawe. The standers by were all amazde therat.

But Calchas, Thestors sonne, who knew what meening was in that,

Sayd: We shall win. Rejoyce, yee Greekes, by us shall perish Troy,

But long the tyme will bee before wee may our will enjoy. ... [XII.20]

And then he told them how the birds nyne yeeres did signifie

Which they before the towne of Troy not taking it should lye.

The Serpent as he wound about the boughes and braunches greene,

Became a stone, and still in stone his snakish shape is seene.

The seas continewed verry rough and suffred not theyr hoste

Imbarked for to passe from thence to take the further coast.

Sum thought that Neptune favored Troy bycause himself did buyld

The walles therof. But Calchas (who both knew, and never hild

His peace in tyme) declared that the Goddesse Phebe must

Appeased bee with virgins blood for wrath conceyved just. ... [XII.30]

As soone as pitie yeelded had to cace of publicke weale,
 And reason got the upper hand of fathers loving zeale,
 So that the Ladye Iphigen before the altar stood
 Among the weeping ministers, to give her maydens blood:
 The Goddesse taking pitie, cast a mist before theyr eyes,
 And as they prayd and stird about to make the sacrificyse,
 Conveyes her quight away, and with a Hynd her roome supplyes.
 Thus with a slaughter meete for her Diana beeing pleasd,
 The raging surges with her wrath together were appeasd,
 The thousand shippes had wynd at poope. And when they had abode ... [XII.40]
 Much trouble, at the length all safe they gat the Phrygian rode.
 Amid the world tweene heaven, and earth, and sea, there is a place,
 Set from the bounds of eche of them indifferently in space,
 From whence is seene what ever thing is practisd any where,
 Although the Realme bee nere so farre, and roundly to the eare
 Commes whatsoever spoken is. Fame hath his dwelling there.
 Who in the toppe of all the house is lodged in a towre.
 A thousand entryes, glades, and holes are framed in this bowre.
 There are no doores to shet. The doores stand open nyght and day.
 The house is all of sounding brasse, and roreth every way, ... [XII.50]
 Reporting dowble every woord it heareth people say.
 There is no rest within, there is no silence any where.
 Yit is there not a yelling out: but humming, as it were
 The sound of surges beeing heard farre off, or like the sound
 That at the end of thunderclappes long after dooth redound,
 When Jove dooth make the clowdes to crack. Within the courts is preace
 Of common people, which to come and go doo never ceace.
 And millions both of trothes and lyes ronne gadding every where,
 And woordes confusely flye in heapes. Of which, sum fill the eare
 That heard not of them erst, and sum Colcaryers part doo play ... [XII.60]
 To spread abroad the things they heard. And ever by the way
 The thing that was invented growes much greater than before,
 And every one that getts it by the end addes sumwhat more.
 Lyght credit dwelleth there. There dwells rash error: there dooth dwell
 Vayne joy: there dwelleth hartlesse feare, and Bruit that loves to tell
 Uncertayne newes uppon report, whereof he dooth not knowe
 The author, and Sedition who fresh rumors loves to sowe.
 This Fame beholdeth, what is doone in heaven, on sea, and land,
 And what is wrought in all the world he layes to understand.
 He gave the Trojans warning that the Greekes with valeant men ... [XII.70]
 And shippes approched, that unwares they could not take them then.
 For Hector and the Trojan folk well armed were at hand
 To keepe the coast and bid them bace before they came aland.
 Protesilay by fatall doome was first that dyde in feeld
 Of Hectors speare: and after him great numbers mo were killd
 Of valeant men. That battell did the Greeks full deerly cost.
 And Hector with his Phrygian folk of blood no little lost,
 In trying what the Greekes could doo. The shore was red with blood.
 And now king Cygnet, Neptunes sonne, had killed where he stood

A thousand Greekes. And now the stout Achilles causd to stay ... [XII.80]
 His Charyot: and his lawnce did slea whole bandes of men that day.
 And seeking Cygnet through the feeld or Hector, he did stray.
 At last with Cygnet he did meete. For Hector had delay
 Untill the tenth yeare afterward. Then hasting foorth his horses
 With flaxen manes, against his fo his Chariot he enforces.
 And brandishing his shaking dart, he sayd: O noble wyght,
 A comfort let it bee to thee that such a valeant knyght
 As is Achilles killeth thee. In saying so he threw
 A myghty dart, which though it hit the mark at which it flew,
 Yit perst it not the skinne at all. Now when this blunted blowe ... [XII.90]
 Had hit on Cygnets brest, and die no print of hitting show,
 Thou, Goddesse sonne (quoth Cygnet), for by fame we doo thee knowe.
 Why wooondrest at mee for to see I can not wounded bee?
 (Achilles woondred much thereat.) This helmet which yee see
 Bedect with horses yellow manes, this sheeld that I doo beare,
 Defend mee not. For ornaments alonly I them weare.
 For this same cause armes Mars himself likewyse. I will disarm
 Myself, and yit unrazed will I passe without all harme.
 It is to sum effect, not borne to bee of Neryes race,
 So that a man be borne of him that with threeforked mace ... [XII.100]
 Rules Nereus and his daughters too, and all the sea besyde.
 This sayd, he at Achilles sent a dart that should abyde
 Uppon his sheeld. It perced through the steele and through nyne fold
 Of Oxen hydes, and stayd uppon the tenth. Achilles bold
 Did wrest it out, and forcybly did throwe the same agayne.
 His bodye beeing hit ageine, unwounded did remayne,
 And cleere from any print of wound. The third went eeke in vayne.
 And yit did Cygnet to the same give full his naked brist.
 Achilles chafed like a Bull that in the open list
 With dreadfull hornes dooth push ageinst the scarlet clothes that there ... [XII.110]
 Are hanged up to make him feerce, and when he would them teare
 Dooth fynd his wounds deluded. Then Achilles lookt uppon
 His Javelings socket, if the head thereof were looce or gone.
 The head stacke fast. My hand byleeke is weakened then (quoth he)
 And all the force it had before is spent on one I see.
 For sure I am it was of strength, both when I first downe threw
 Lyrnessus walles, and when I did Ile Tenedos subdew,
 And eeke Aetions Thebe with her proper blood embrew.
 And when so many of the folke of Tewthranie I slew,
 That with theyr blood Caycus streame became of purple hew. ... [XII.120]
 And when the noble Telephus did of my Dart of steele
 The dowble force, of wounding and of healing also feelee.
 Yea even the heapes of men slayne heere by mee, that on this strond
 Are lying still to looke uppon, doo give to understond
 That this same hand of myne both had and still hath strength. This sed,
 (As though he had distrusted all his dooings ere that sted,)
 He threw a Dart against a man of Lycia land that hyght
 Menetes, through whose Curets and his brest he strake him quyght.

And when he saw with dying limbes him sprawling on the ground,
 He stepped to him streyght, and pulld the Javeling from the wound, ... [XII.130]
 And sayd alowd: This is the hand, this is the selfsame dart
 With which my hand did strike even now Menetes to the hart.
 Ageinst my tother Copemate will I use the same: I pray
 To God it may have like successe. This sed, without delay
 He sent it toward Cygnet, and the weapon did not stray,
 Nor was not shunned. Insomuch it lighted full uppon
 His shoulder: and it gave a rappe as it uppon som ston
 It lyghted had, rebownding backe. Howbeeit where it hit,
 Achilles sawe it bloodye, and was vaynly glad of it.
 For why there was no wound. It was Menetes blood. Then lept ... [XII.140]
 He hastily from his Charyot downe, and like a madman stept
 To carelesse Cygnet with his swoord. He sawe his swoord did pare
 His Target and his morion bothe. But when it toucht the bare,
 His bodye was so hard, it did the edge thereof abate.
 He could no lengar suffer him to triumph in that rate,
 But with the pommell of his swoord did thump him on the pate,
 And bobd him well about the brewes a doozen tymes and more,
 And preacing on him as he still gave backe amazd him sore,
 And troubled him with buffetting, not respetting a whit.
 Then Cygnet gan to bee afrayd, and mistes beegan to flit ... [XII.150]
 Before his eyes, and dimd his syght. And as he still did yeeld,
 In giving back, by chaunce he met a stone amid the feeld,
 Ageinst the which Achilles thrust him back with all his myght,
 And throwing him ageinst the ground, did cast him bolt upryght.
 Then bearing bostowsely with both his knees ageinst his chest,
 And leaning with his elbowes and his target on his brest,
 He shet his headpeece cloce and just, and underneathe his chin
 So hard it straynd, that way for breath was neyther out nor in,
 And closed up the vent of lyfe. And having gotten so
 The upper hand, he went about to spoyle his vanquisht fo. ... [XII.160]
 But nought he in his armour found. For Neptune had as tho
 Transformd him to the fowle whose name he bare but late ago.
 This labour, this encounter brought the rest of many dayes,
 And eyther partye in theyr strength a whyle from battell stayes.
 Now whyle the Phrygians watch and ward uppon the walles of Troy,
 And Greekes likewyse within theyr trench, there came a day of joy,
 In which Achilles for his luck in Cygnets overthrow,
 A cow in way of sacrifyse on Pallas did bestowe,
 Whose inwards when he had uppon the burning altar cast,
 And that the acceptable fume had through the ayre past ... [XII.170]
 To Godward, and the holy rytes had had theyr dewes, the rest
 Was set on boords for men to eate in disshes fynely drest.
 The princes sitting downe, did feede uppon the rosted flesh,
 And both theyr thirst and present cares with wyne they did refresh.
 Not Harpes, nor songs, nor hollowe flutes to heere did them delyght.
 They talked till they nye had spent the greatest part of nyght.
 And all theyr communication was of feates of armes in fyght

That had beene doone by them or by theyr foes. And every wyght
 Delyghts to uppen oftentimes by turne as came about
 The perills and the narrow brunts himself had shifted out. ... [XII.180]
 For what thing should bee talkt beefore Achilles rather? Or
 What kynd of things than such as theis could seeme more meeter for
 Achilles to bee talking of? But in theyr talk most breeme
 Was then Achilles victory of Cygnet. It did seeme
 A woonder that the flesh of him should bee so hard and tough
 As that no weapon myght have powre to raze or perce it through,
 But that it did abate the edge of steele: it was a thing
 That both Achilles and the Greekes in woondrous maze did bring.
 Then Nestor sayd: This Cygnet is the person now alone
 Of your tyme that defyed steele, and could bee perst of none. ... [XII.190]
 But I have seene now long ago one Cene of Perrhebye,
 I sawe one Cene of Perrhebye a thousand woundes defye
 With unatteynted bodye. In mount Othris he did dwell:
 And was renowned for his deedes: (and which in him ryght well
 A greater woonder did appeere) he was a woman borne.
 This uncouth made them all much more amazed than before,
 And every man desyred him to tell it. And among
 The rest, Achilles sayd: Declare, I pray thee (for wee long
 To heare it every one of us), O eloquent old man,
 The wisdom of our age: what was that Cene and how he wan ... [XII.200]
 Another than his native shape, and in what rode, or in
 What fyght or skirmish, tweene you first acquaintance did beegin,
 And who in fyne did vanquish him if any vanquisht him.
 Then Nestor: Though the length of tyme have made my senses dim,
 And dyvers things erst seene in youth now out of mynd be gone:
 Yit beare I still mo things in mynd: and of them all is none
 Among so many both of peace and warre, that yit dooth take
 More stedfast roote in memorye. And if that tyme may make
 A man great store of things through long continuance for to see,
 Two hundred yeeres already of my lyfe full passed bee, ... [XII.210]
 And now I go uppon the third. This foresayd Ceny was
 The daughter of one Elatey. In beawty shee did passe
 The maydens of all Thessaly. From all the Cities bye
 And from thy Cities also, O Achilles, came (for why
 Shee was thy countrywoman) store of wooers who in vayne
 In hope to win her love did take great travail, suit and payne.
 Thy father also had perchaunce attempted heere to matcht
 But that thy moothers maryage was alreadye then dispatcht,
 Or shee at least affyanced. But Ceny matcht with none,
 Howbeeit as shee on the shore was walking all alone, ... [XII.220]
 The God of sea did ravish her. (So fame dooth make report.)
 And Neptune for the great delight he had in Venus sport,
 Sayd: Ceny, aske mee what thou wilt, and I will give it thee.
 (This also bruted is by fame.) The wrong heere doone to mee
 (Quoth Ceny) makes mee wish great things. And therefore to th' entent
 I may no more constreyned bee to such a thing, consent

I may no more a woman bee. And if thou graunt thereto,
 It is even all that I desyre, or wish thee for to doo.
 In bacer tune theis latter woordes were uttred, and her voyce
 Did seeme a mannes voyce as it was in deede. For to her choyce ... [XII.230]
 The God of sea had given consent. He graunted him besyde
 That free from wounding and from hurt he should from thence abyde,
 And that he should not dye of steele. Right glad of this same graunt
 Away went Ceny, and the feeldes of Thessaly did haunt,
 And in the feates of Chevalrye from that tyme spent his lyfe.
 The over bold Ixions sonne had taken to his wyfe
 Hippodame. And kevering boordes in bowres of boughes of trees
 His Clowdbred brothers one by one he placed in degrees.
 There were the Lordes of Thessaly. I also was among
 The rest: a cheerefull noyse of feast through all the Pallace roong. ... [XII.240]
 Sum made the altars smoke, and sum the brydale carrolls soong.
 Anon commes in the mayden bryde, a goodly wench of face,
 With wyves and maydens following her with comly gate and grace.
 Wee sayd that sir Pirithous was happy in his wyfe:
 Which handsell had deceyved us wellneere through soodeine stryfe.
 For of the cruell Centawres thou most cruell Ewryt, tho
 Like as thy stomacke was with wyne farre over charged: so
 As soone as thou behilldst the bryde, thy hart began to frayne.
 And doubled with thy droonkenesse thy raging lust did reigne.
 The feast was troubled by and by with tables overthrown. ... [XII.250]
 The bryde was hayled by the head, so farre was furye growen.
 Feerce Ewryt caught Hippodame, and every of the rest
 Caught such as commed next to hand, or such as like him best.
 It was the lively image of a Citie tane by foes,
 The house did ring of womens shreekes. We all up quickly rose.
 And first sayd Theseus thus: What aylst? art mad, O Ewrytus?
 That darrest (seeing mee alive) misuse Pirithous?
 Not knowing that in one thou doost abuse us both? And least
 He myght have seemd to speake in vayne, he thrust way such as preast
 About the bryde, and tooke her from them freating sore thereat. ... [XII.260]
 No answer made him Ewrytus: (for such a deede as that
 Defended could not bee with woordes) but with his sawcye fist
 He flew at gentle Theseus face, and bobd him on the brist.
 By chaunce hard by, an auncient cuppe of image woork did stand,
 Which being huge, himself more huge sir Theseus tooke in hand,
 And threw't at Ewryts head. He spewd as well at mouth as wound
 Mixt cloddes of blood, and brayne and wyne, and on the soyled ground
 Lay sprawling bolt upryght. The death of him did set the rest,
 His dowblelimbed brothers, so on fyre, that all the quest
 With one voyce cryed out, Kill, kill. The wyne had given them hart. ... [XII.270]
 Theyr first encounter was with cuppes and cannes throwen overthwart,
 And brittle tankerds, and with boawles, pannes, dishes, potts, and trayes,
 Things serving late for meate and drinke, and then for bluddy frayes.
 First Amycus, Ophions sonne, without remorse began
 To reeve and rob the brydehouse of his furniture. He ran

And pulled downe a Lampbeame full of lyghtes, and lifting it
 Aloft like one that with an Ax dooth fetch his blowe to slit
 An Oxis necke in sacrifyse, he on the forehead hit
 A Lapith named Celadon, and crussshed so his bones
 That none could know him by the face: both eyes flew out at ones. ... [XII.280]
 His nose was beaten backe and to his pallat battred flat.
 One Pelates, a Macedone, exceeding wroth therat,
 Pulld out a maple tressles foote, and napt him in the necks,
 That bobbing with his chin ageinst his brest to ground he becks.
 And as he spitted out his teeth with blackish blood he lent
 Another flowe to Amycus, which streyght to hell him sent.
 Gryne standing by and lowring with a fell grim visage at
 The smoking Altars, sayd: Why use we not theis same? with that
 He caught a myghty altar up with burning fyre thereon,
 And it among the thickest of the Lapithes threw anon. ... [XII.290]
 And twoo he over whelmd therewith calld Brote and Orion.
 This Orions moother, Mycale, is knowne of certeintye
 The Moone resisting to have drawne by witchcraft from the skye.
 Full dearely shalt thou by it (quoth Exadius) may I get
 A weapon: and with that in stead of weapon, he did set
 His hand uppon a vowd harts horne that on a Pynetree hye
 Was nayld, and with two tynes therof he strake out eyther eye
 Of Gryne: whereof sum stacke uppon the horne, and sum did flye
 Uppon his beard, and there with blood like jelly mixt did lye.
 A flaming fyrebrand from amids an Altar Rhaetus snatcht, ... [XII.300]
 With which uppon the leftsyde of his head Charaxus latcht
 A blow that crackt his skull. The blaze among his yellow heare
 Ran sindging up, as if dry corne with lightning blasted were.
 And in his wound the seared blood did make a greevous sound,
 As when a peece of steele red hot tane up with tongs is drownd
 In water by the smith, it spirts and hisseth in the trowgh.
 Charaxus from his curled heare did shake the fyre, and though
 He wounded were, yit caught he up uppon his shoulders twayne.
 A stone, the Jawme of eyther doore that well would loade a wayne.
 The masse therof was such as that it would not let him hit ... [XII.310]
 His fo. It lighted short: and with the falling downe of it
 A mate of his that Comet hygnt, it all in peeces smit.
 Then Rhaete restreyning not his joy, sayd thus: I would the rowt
 Of all thy mates myght in the selfsame maner prove them stowt.
 And with his halfeburnt brond the wound he searched new agayne,
 Not ceasing for to lay on loade uppon his pate amayne,
 Untill his head was crusht, and of his scalp the bones did swim
 Among his braynes. In jolly ruffe he passes streyght from him
 To Coryt, and Euagrus, and to Dryant on a rowe.
 Of whom when Coryt (on whose cheekes yoong mossy downe gan grow) ... [XII.320]
 Was slayne, What prayse or honour (quoth Euagrus) hast thou got
 By killing of a boy? mo woordes him Rhetus suffred not
 To speake, but in his open mouth did thrust his burning brand,
 And downe his throteboll to his chest. Then whisking in his hand

His fyrebrand round about his head he feercely did assayle
The valyant Dryant. But with him he could not so prevayle.
For as he triumpht in his lucke, proceeding for to make
Continuall slaughter of his foes, sir Dryant with a stake
(Whose poynt was hardned in the fyre) did cast at him a foyne
And thrust him through the place in which the neck and shoulders joyne. ... [XII.330]
He groand and from his cannell bone could scarcely pull the stake.
And beeing foyled with his blood to flyght he did him take.
Arnaeus also ran away, and Lycidas likewyse.
And Medon (whose ryght shoulderplate was also wounded) flyes.
So did Pisenor, so did Cawne, and so did Mermeros
Who late outtronning every man, now wounded slower goes:
And so did Phole, and Menelas, and Abas who was woont
To make a spoyle among wylde Boares as oft as he did hunt:
And eeke the wyzarde Astylos who counselled his mates
To leave that fray: but he to them in vayne of leaving prates. ... [XII.340]
He eeke to Nessus (who for feare of wounding seemed shy)
Sayd: Fly not, thou shalt scape this fray of Hercles bowe to dye.
But Lycid and Ewrinomos, and Imbreus, and Are
Escapte not death. Sir Dryants hand did all alike them spare.
Cayneius also (though that he in flying were not slacke,)



THE TRVE TRAGEDIE OF RI-
CHARD THE THIRD.

*Enters Truth and Poetrie. To them the Ghost of George
Duke of Clarence.*

Ghost.

C *Resse cruor sanguinis, satietur sanguine cresse,
Quod spero scitto. O scitto, scitto, vendicte.* *Exit.*

Poetrie. Truth well met.

Truth. Thanks Poetrie, what makes thou vpon a stage?

Poe. Shadowes.

Truth. Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes,
Therefore depart and giue Truth leaue
To shew her pageant.

Poe. Why will Truth be a Player?

Truth. No, but Tragedia like for to present
A Tragedie in England done but late,
That will reuue the hearts of drooping mindes.

Poe. Whereof?

Truth. Marry thus.

Richard Plantagenet of the House of Yorke,
Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,
Had as the Chronicles make manifest,
In the two and twentieth yeare of Henry the sixth,
By act of Parliament intailed to him
The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,
And to his offspring lawfully begotten,

A 3

After

Yit was he wounded on the face: for as he looked backe,
 A weapons poynt did hit him full midway betweene the eyes,
 Wheras the noze and forehead meete. For all this deane, yit lyes
 Ashipnas snorting fast asleepe not mynding for to wake,
 Wrapt in a cloke of Bearskinnes which in Ossa mount were take. ... [XII.350]
 And in his lithier hand he hild a pottle of wyne. Whom when
 That Phorbas saw (although in vayne) not medling with them, then
 He set his fingars to the thong: and saying: Thou shalt drink
 Thy wyne with water taken from the Stygian fountaynes brink,
 He threw his dart at him. The dart (as he that tyme by chaunce
 Lay bolt upright uppon his backe) did through his throteboll glaunce.
 He dyde and felt no payne at all. The blacke swart blood gusht out,
 And on the bed and in the pottle fell flushing lyke a spout.
 I saw Petreius go about to pull out of the ground
 An Oken tree. But as he had his armes about it round, ... [XII.360]
 And shaakt it too and fro to make it looce, Pirithous cast
 A Dart which nayled to the tree his wrything stomacke fast.
 Through prowesse of Pirithous (men say) was Lycus slayne.
 Through prowesse of Pirithous dyde Crome. But they both twayne
 Lesse honour to theyr conquerour were, than Dycitis was, or than
 Was Helops. Helops with a dart was striken, which through ran
 His head, and entring at the ryght eare to the left eare went.
 And Dycitis from a slipprye knappe downe slyding, as he ment
 To shonne Perithous preacing on, fell headlong downe, and with
 His hugenesse brake the greatest Ash that was in all the frith, ... [XII.370]
 And goard his gutts uppon the stump. To wreake his death comes Phare:
 And from the mount a mighty rocke with bothe his handes he tare:
 Which as he was about to throwe, Duke Theseus did prevent,
 And with an Oken plant uppon his mighty elbowe lent
 Him such a blowe, as that he brake the bones, and past no further.
 For leysure would not serve him then his maymed corce to murder.
 He lept on hygh Bianors backe, who none was woont to beare
 Besydes himself. Ageinst his sydes his knees fast nipping were,
 And with his left hand taking hold uppon his foretoppe heare
 He cuft him with his knobbed plant about the frowning face, ... [XII.380]
 And made his wattled browes to breake. And with his Oken mace
 He overthrew Nedimnus: and Lycesperes with his dart,
 And Hippasus whose beard did hyde his brest the greater part:
 And Riphey taller than the trees, and Therey who was woont
 Among the hilles of Thessaly for cruell Beares to hunt,
 And beare them angry home alyve. It did Demoleon spyght
 That Theseus had so good successe and fortune in his fyght.
 An old long Pynetree rooted fast he strave with all his myght
 To pluck up whole bothe trunk and roote, which when he could not bring
 To passe, he brake it off, and at his emnye did it fling. ... [XII.390]
 But Theseus by admonishment of heavenly Pallas (so
 He would have folke beleve it were) start backe a great way fro
 The weapon as it came. Yit fell it not without some harme.
 It cut from Crantors left syde bulke, his shoulder, brest, and arme.

This Crantor was thy fathers Squyre (Achilles) and was given
 Him by Amyntor ruler of the Dolops, who was driven
 By battell fore to give him as an hostage for the peace
 To bee observed faythfully. When Peleus in the preace
 A great way off behilld him thus falne dead of this same wound,
 O Crantor, deerest man to mee of all above the ground, ... [XII.400]
 Hold heere an obitgift hee sayd: and both with force of hart
 And hand, at stout Demoleons head he threw an asshen dart,
 Which brake the watling of his ribbes, and sticking in the bone,
 Did shake. He pulled out the steale with much adoo alone.
 The head thereof stacke still behynd among his lungs and lyghts.
 Enforst to courage with his payne, he ryseth streight uprights,
 And pawing at his emny with his horsish feete, he smygths
 Uppon him. Peleus bare his strokes uppon his burganet,
 And fenst his shoulders with his sheeld, and evermore did set
 His weapon upward with the poynt, which by his shoulders perst ... [XII.410]
 Through both his brestes at one full blowe. Howbee't your father erst
 Had killed Hyle and Phlegrye, and Hiphinous aloof
 And Danes who boldly durst at hand his manhod put in proof.
 To theis was added Dorylas, who ware uppon his head
 A cap of woloves skinne. And the hornes of Oxen dyed red
 With blood were then his weapon. I (for then my courage gave
 Mee strength) sayd: See how much thy hornes lesse force than Iron have.
 And therewithall with manly might a dart at him I drave.
 Which when he could not shonne, he clapt his right hand flat uppon
 His forehead where the wound should bee. For why his hand anon ... [XII.420]
 Was nayled to his forehead fast. Hee roared out amayne.
 And as he stood amazed and began to faynt for payne,
 Your father Peleus (for he stood hard by him) strake him under
 The middle belly with his sword, and ript his womb asunder.
 Out girdes mee Dorill streyght, and trayles his guttes uppon the ground
 And trampling underneath his feete did breake them, and they wound
 About his legges so snarling, that he could no further go,
 But fell downe dead with empty womb. Nought booted Cyllar tho
 His beawtye in that frentick fray, (at leastwyse if wee graunt
 That any myght in that straunge shape, of natures beawtye vaunt.) ... [XII.430]
 His beard began but then to bud: his beard was like the gold:
 So also were his yellowe lokes, which goodly to behold
 Midway beneath his shoulders hung. There rested in his face
 A sharpe and lively cheerfulnessse with sweete and pleasant grace.
 His necke, brest, shoulders, armes, and hands, as farre as he was man,
 Were suche as never carvers woork yit stayne them could or can.
 His neather part likewyse (which was a horse) was every whit
 Full equall with his upper part, or little woorse than it.
 For had yee given him horses necke, and head, he was a beast
 For Castor to have ridden on. So bourly was his brest: ... [XII.440]
 So handsome was his backe to beare a saddle: and his heare
 Was blacke as jeate, but that his tayle and feete milk whyghtish were.
 Full many Females of his race did wish him to theyr make.

But only dame Hylonome for lover he did take.
 Of all the halfbrutes in the woodes there did not any dwell
 More comly than Hylonome. She usde herself so well
 In dalyance, and in loving, and in uttring of her love,
 That shee alone hilld Cyllarus. As much as did behove
 In suchye limbes, shee trimmed them as most the eye might move.
 With combing, smoothe shee made her heare: shee wallowed her full oft ... [XII.450]
 In Roses and in Rosemarye, or Violets sweete and soft:
 Sumtyme shee caryed Lillyes whyght: and twyce a day shee washt
 Her visage in the spring that from the toppe of Pagase past:
 And in the streame shee twyce a day did bath her limbes: and on
 Her left syde or her shoulders came the comlyest things, and none
 But fynest skinnes of choycest beasts. Alike eche loved other:
 Together they among the hilles roamd up and downe: together
 They went to covert: and that tyme together they did enter
 The Lapithes house, and there the fray together did adven-
 A dart on Cyllars left syde came, (I know not who it sent) ... [XII.460]
 Which sumwhat underneathe his necke his brest asunder splent.
 As lyghtly as his hart was raazd, no sooner was the dart
 Pluckt out, but all his bodye wext stark cold and dyed swart.
 Immediatly Hylonome his dying limbes up stayd,
 And put her hand uppon the wound to stoppe the blood, and layd
 Her mouth to his, and labored sore to stay his passing spryght.
 But when shee sawe him thoroughly dead, then speaking woordes which might
 Not to my hearing come for noyse, shee stikt herself uppon
 The weapon that had gored him, and dyde with him anon
 Embracing him beetweene her armes. There also stood before ... [XII.470]
 Myne eyes the grim Phecomes both man and horse who wore
 A Lyons skinne uppon his backe fast knit with knotts afore.
 He snatching up a timber log (which scarcely two good teeme
 Of Oxen could have stird) did throwe the same with force extreeme
 At Phonolenyes sonne. The logge him all in fitters strake,
 And of his head the braynepan in a thousand peeces brake,
 That at his mouth, his eares, and eyes, and at his nosethrills too,
 His crussed brayne came roping out as creame is woont to doo
 From sives or riddles made of wood, or as a Cullace out
 From streyner or from Colender. But as he went about ... [XII.480]
 To strippe him from his harnesse as he lay uppon the ground,
 (Your father knoweth this full well) my sword his gutts did wound,
 Teleboas and Cthonius bothe, were also slaine by mee.
 Sir Cthonius for his weapon had a forked bough of tree.
 The tother had a dart. His dart did wound mee. You may see
 The scarre therof remayning yit. Then was the tyme that I
 Should sent have beene to conquer Troy. Then was the tyme that I
 Myght through my force and prowess, if not vanquish Hector stout,
 Yit at the least have hilld him wag, I put you out of Dout.
 But then was Hector no body: or but a babe. And now ... [XII.490]
 Am I forspent and worne with yeeres. What should I tell you how
 Piretus dyde by Periphas? Or wherefore should I make

Long processe for to tell you of Sir Ampycus that strake
 The fowrefoote Oecle on the face with dart of Cornell tree,
 The which had neyther head nor poynt? Or how that Macaree
 Of Mountaine Pelithronye with a leaver lent a blowe
 To Erigdupus on the brest which did him overthrowe?
 Full well I doo remember that Cymelius threw a dart
 Which lyghted full in Nesseyes flank about his privie part.
 And think not you that Mops, the sonne of Ampycus, could doo ... [XII.500]
 No good but onely prophesye. This stout Odites whoo
 Had bothe the shapes of man and horse, by Mopsis dart was slayne,
 And labouring for to speake his last he did but strive in vayne.
 For Mopsis dart together nayld his toong and neather chappe,
 And percing through his throte did make a wyde and deadly gappe.
 Fyve men had Cene already slayne: theyr wounds I cannot say:
 The names and nomber of them all ryght well I beare away.
 The names of them were Stiphelus, and Brome, and Helimus,
 Pyracmon with his forest bill, and stout Antimachus.
 Out steppes the biggest Centawre there, huge Latreus, armed in ... [XII.510]
 Alesus of Aemathias spoyle slayne late before by him.
 His yeeres were mid tweene youth and age, his courage still was yoong,
 And on his abrun head hore heares peerd heere and there amoong.
 His furniture was then a sword, a target and a lawnce
 Aemathian like. To bothe the parts he did his face advance,
 And brandishing his weapon brave, in circlewyse did prawnce
 About, and stoutly spake theis woordes: And must I beare with yow,
 Dame Ceny? for none other than a moother (I avow)
 No better than a moother will I count thee whyle I live.
 Remembrest not what shape by birth dame nature did thee give? ... [XII.520]
 Forgettst thou how thou purchasedst this counterfett shape
 Of man? Consyderest what thou art by birth? and how for rape
 Thou art become the thing thou art? Go take thy distaffe, and
 Thy spindle, and in spinning yarne go exercyse thy hand.
 Let men alone with feates of armes. As Latreus made this stout
 And scornefull taunting in a ring still turning him about,
 This Ceny with a dart did hit him full uppon the syde
 Where as the horse and man were joynd together in a hyde.
 The strype made Latreus mad: and with his lawnce in rage he stracke
 Upon sir Ceny's naked ribbes. The lawnce rebounded backe ... [XII.530]
 Like haylestones from a tyled house, or as a man should pat
 Small stones uppon a dromslets head. He came more neere with that,
 And in his brawned syde did stryve to thrust his sword. There was
 No way for sword to enter in. Yit shalt thou not so passe
 My handes (sayd he.) Well sith the poynt is blunted thou shalt dye
 Uppon the edge: and with that woord he fetcht his blow awre,
 And sydling with a sweeping stroke along his belly smit.
 The strype did give a clinke as if it had on marble hit.
 And therewithall the sword did breake, and on his necke did lyght.
 When Ceny had sufficiently given Latreus leave to smyght ... [XII.540]
 His flesh which was unmaymeable. Well now (quoth he) lets see,

If my swoord able bee or no to byght the flesh of thee.
 In saying so, his dreadfull swoord as farre as it would go
 He underneathe his shoulder thrust, and wrinching to and fro
 Among his gutts, made wound in wound. Behold with hydeous crye
 The dowblemembred Centawres sore abasht uppon him flye,
 And throwe theyr weapons all at him. Theyr weapons downe did fall
 As if thy had rebated beene, and Cenye for them all
 Abydes unstricken through. Yea none was able blood to drawe.
 The straungenesse of the cace made all amazed that it sawe. ... [XII.550]
 Fy, fy for shame (quoth Monychus) that such a rable can
 Not overcome one wyght alone, who scarcely is a man.
 Although (to say the very truthe) he is the man, and wee
 Through fayntnesse that he was borne by nature for to bee.
 What profits theis huge limbes of ours? what helps our dowble force?
 Or what avayles our dowble shape of man as well as horse
 By puissant nature joynd in one? I can not thinke that wee
 Of soveraigne Goddess Juno were begot, or that wee bee
 Ixions sonnes, who was so stout of courage and so hault,
 As that he durst on Junos love attempt to give assault. ... [XII.560]
 The emny that dooth vanquish us is scarcely half a man
 Whelme blocks, and stones, and mountaynes whole uppon his hard brayne pan:
 And presse yee out his lively ghoste with trees. Let timber choke
 His chappes, let weyght enforce his death in stead of wounding stroke.
 This sayd: by chaunce he gets a tree blowne downe by blustering blasts
 Of Southerne wynds, and on his fo with all his myght it casts,
 And gave example to the rest to doo the like. Within
 A whyle the shadowes which did hyde mount Pelion waxed thin:
 And not a tree was left uppon mount Othris ere they went.
 Sir Cenye underneathe this greate huge pyle of timber pent, ... [XII.570]
 Did chauf and on his shoulders hard the heavy logges did beare.
 But when above his face and head the trees up stacked were,
 So that he had no venting place to drawe his breth: One whyle
 He faynted: and another whyle he heaved at the pyle,
 To tumble downe the loggs that lay so heavy on his backe,
 And for to winne the open ayre ageine above the stacke:
 As if the mountayne Ida (Io) which yoonder we doo see
 So hygh, by earthquake at a tyme should chaunce to shaken bee.
 Men dowt what did become of him. Sum hold opinion that
 The burthen of the woodes had driven his soule to Limbo flat. ... [XII.580]
 But Mopsus sayd it was not so. For he did see a browne
 Bird flying from amid the stacke and trowing up and downe.
 It was the first tyme and the last that ever I behild
 That fowle. When Mopsus softly saw him soring in the feeld,
 He looked wistly after him, and cryed out on hye:
 Hayle peerlesse perle of Lapith race, hayle Cenye, late ago
 A valeant knyght, and now a bird of whom there is no mo.
 The author caused men beleewe the matter to bee so.
 Our sorrow set us in a rage. it was too us a greef
 That by so many foes one knyght was killd without releef. ... [XII.590]

Then ceast wee not to wreake our teene till most was slaine in fyght,
 And that the rest discomfited were fled away by nyght.
 As Nestor all the processe of this battell did reherce
 Betweene the valeant Lapithes and misshapen Centawres ferce,
 Tlepolemus displeased sore that Hercules was past
 With silence, could not hold his peace, but out theis woordes did cast:
 My Lord, I muse you should forget my fathers prayse so quyght.
 For often unto mee himself was woonted to recite,
 How that the clowdbred folk by him were cheefly put to flyght.
 Ryght sadly Nestor answerd thus: Why should you mee constreyne ... [XII.600]
 To call to mynd forgotten greefs? and for to reere ageine
 The sorrowes now outworne by tyme? or force mee to declare
 The hatred and displeasure which I to your father bare?
 In sooth his dooings greater were than myght bee well beleaved.
 He fild the world with high renowme which nobly he atcheeved.
 Which thing I would I could denye. For neyther set wee out
 Deiphobus, Polydamas, nor Hector that most stout
 And valeant knyght, the strength of Troy. For whoo will prayse his fo?
 Your father overthrew the walles of Messen long ago,
 And razed Pyle, and Ely townes unwoorthye serving so. ... [XII.610]
 And feerce ageinst my fathers house hee usde bothe sword and fyre.
 And (not to speake of others whom he killed in his ire)
 Twyce six wee were the sonnes of Nele all lusty gentlemen.
 Twyce six of us (excepting mee) by him were murthred then.
 The death of all the rest myght seeme a matter not so straunge:
 But straunge was Periclymens death whoo had the powre to chaunge
 And leave and take what shape he list (by Neptune to him given,
 The founder of the house of Nele). For when he had been driven
 To try all shapes, and none could help: he last of all became
 The fowle that in his hooked feete dooth beare the flasshing flame ... [XII.620]
 Sent downe from heaven by Jupiter. He practising those birds,
 With flaping wings, and bowwing beake, and hooked talants girds
 At Hercle, and beescratcht his face. Too certeine (I may say)
 Thy father amde his shaft at him. For as he trowing lay
 Among the clowdes, he hit him underneath the wing. The stroke
 Was small: howbee't bycause therwith the sinewes being broke,
 He wanted strength to maynteine flyght, he fell me to the ground,
 Through weakenesse of his wing. The shaft that stucked in the wound,
 By reason of the burthen of his bodye perst his syde,
 And at the leftsyde of his necke all bloodye foorth did glyde. ... [XII.630]
 Now tell mee, O thou beawtyfull Lord Amirall of the fleet
 Of Rhodes, if mee to speake the prayse of Hercle it bee meete.
 But lest that of my brothers deathes men think I doo desyre
 A further vendge than silence of the prowesse of thy syre,
 I love thee even with all my hart, and take thee for my freend.
 When Nestor of his pleasant tales had made this freendly end,
 They called for a boll of wyne, and from the table went,
 And all the resdew of the nyght in sleeping soundly spent.
 But Neptune like a father tooke the matter sore to hart

That Cygnet to a Swan he was constreyned to convert. ... [XII.640]
 And hating feerce Achilles, he did wreake his cruell teene
 Uppon him more uncourteously than had beseeming beene.
 For when the warres well neere full twyce fyve yeeres had lasted, hee
 Unshorne Apollo thus bespake: O nevew, unto mee
 Most deere of all my brothers impes, who helpedst mee to lay
 Foundation of the walles of Troy for which we had no pay,
 And canst thou syghes forbear to see the Asian Empyre fall?
 And dooth it not lament thy hart when thou to mynd doost call
 So many thousand people slayne in keeping Ilion wall?
 Or (too th'entent particlerly I doo not speake of all) ... [XII.650]
 Remembrest thou not Hectors Ghost whoo harryed was about
 His towne of Troy? where nerethelese Achilles that same stout
 And farre in fyght more butcherly, whoo stryves with all his myght
 To stroy the woorke of mee and thee, lives still in healthfull plyght?
 If ever hee doo come within my daunger he shall feele
 What force is in my tryple mace. But sith with sword of steele
 I may not meete him as my fo, I pray thee unbeeware
 Go kill him with a sodeine shaft and rid mee of my care.
 Apollo did consent: as well his uncle for to please,
 As also for a pryvate grudge himself had for to ease. ... [XII.660]
 And in a clowd he downe among the host of Troy did slyde,
 Where Paris dribbling out his shaftes among the Greekes hee spyde:
 And telling him what God he was, sayd: Wherfore doost thou waast
 Thyne arrowes on the simple sort? If any care thou haste
 Of those that are thy freendes, go turne ageinst Achilles head,
 And like a man revendge on him thy brothers that are dead.
 In saying this, he brought him where Achilles with his brond
 Was beating downe the Trojane folk, and leveld so his hond
 As that Achilles tumbled downe starke dead uppon the lond.
 This was the onely thing wherof the old king Priam myght ... [XII.670]
 Take comfort after Hectors death. That stout and valeant knyght
 Achilles whoo had overthrowen so many men in fyght,
 Was by that coward carpet knyght beereevd of his lyfe,
 Whoo like a caytif stale away the Spartane princes wyfe.
 But if of weapon womanish he had foreknowen it had
 His destnye beene to lose his lyfe, he would have beene more glad
 That Queene Penthesileas bill had slaine him out of hand.
 Now was the feare of Phrygian folk, the onely glory, and
 Defence of Greekes, that peerelesse prince in Armes, Achilles turnd
 To asshes. That same God that had him armd, him also burnd. ... [XII.680]
 Now is he dust: and of that great Achilles bydeth still
 A thing of nought, that scarcely can a little coffin fill.
 Howbee't his woorthy fame dooth lyve, and spreadeth over all
 The world, a measure meete for such a persone to beefall.
 This matcheth thee, Achilles, full. And this can never dye.
 His target also (too th'entent that men myght playnly spye
 What wyghts it was) did move debate, and for his armour burst
 Out deadly foode. Not Diomed, nor Ajax Oylye durst

Make clayme or chalendge to the same, nor Atreus yoonger sonne,
Nor yit his elder, though in armes much honour they had wonne. ... [XII.690]
Alone the sonnes of Telamon and Laert did assay
Which of them two of that great pryse should beare the bell away.
But Agamemnon from himself the burthen putts, and cleeres
His handes of envye, causing all the Capteines and the Peeres
Of Greece to meete amid the camp together in a place,
To whom he put the heering and the judgement of the cace.

FINIS DUODECIMI LIBRI.

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The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding

ORIGINAL SPELLING

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined
THE XIII. BOOKE of Ovids Metamorphosis.

The Lordes and Capteynes being set toogither with the King,
And all the souldiers standing round about them in a ring,
The owner of the sevenfold sheeld, to theis did Ajax ryse.
And (as he could not brydle wrath) he cast his frowning eyes
Uppon the shore and on the fleete that there at Anchor lyes
And throwing up his handes: O God and must wee plead (quoth hee)
Our case before our shippes? and must Ulysses stand with mee?
But like a wretch he ran his way when Hector came with fyre,
Which I defending from theis shippes did force him to retyre.
It easier is therefore with woordes in print to maynteine stryfe, ... [XIII.10]
Than for to fyght it out with fists. But neyther I am ryfe
In woordes, nor hee in deedes. For looke how farre I him excell
In battell and in feates of armes: so farre beares hee the bell
From mee in talking. Neyther think I requisite to tell
My actes among you. You your selves have seene them verry well.
But let Ulysses tell you his doone all in hudther mudther,
And wherunto the only nyght is privy and none other.
The pryse is great (I doo confesse) for which wee stryve. But yit
It is dishonour unto mee, for that in clayming it
So bace a persone standeth in contention for the same. ... [XIII.20]
To think it myne already, ought to counted bee no shame
Nor pryde in mee: although the thing of ryght great valew bee
Of which Ulysses standes in hope. For now alreadye hee
Hath wone the honour of this pryse, in that when he shall sit
Besydes the cuishon, he may brag he strave with mee for it.
And though I wanted valiantnesse, yit should nobilitee
Make with mee. I of Telamon am knowne the sonne to bee
Who under valeant Hercules the walles of Troy did scale,
And in the shippe of Pagasa to Colchos land did sayle.
His father was that Aecus who executeth ryght ... [XIII.30]
Among the ghostes where Sisyphus heaves up with all his myght
The massye stone ay tumbling downe. The hyghest Jove of all
Acknowledgeth this Aecus, and dooth his sonne him call.
Thus am I Ajax third from Jove. Yit let this Pedegree,
O Achyves, in this case of myne avaylable not bee,
Onlesse I proove it fully with Achylles to agree.
He was my brother, and I clayme that was my brothers. Why
Shouldst thou that art of Sisyphs blood, and for to filch and lye
Exprestest him in every poynt, by foorged pedegree
Aly thee to the Aecyds, as though we did not see ... [XIII.40]
Thee to the house of Aecus a straunger for to bee?
And is it reason that you should this armour mee denye
Bycause I former was in armes, and needed not a spye
To fetch me foorth? Or think you him more woorthye it to have,
That came to warrefare hindermost, and feynd himself to rave,
Bycause he would have shund the warre? untill a suttler head

And more unprofitable for himself, sir Palamed,
 Escryde the crafty fetches of his feareful hart, and drew
 Him foorth a warfare which he sought so cowardly to eschew?
 Must he now needes enjoy the best and richest armour, whoo ... [XIII.50]
 Would none at all have worne onlesse he forced were thertoo?
 And I with shame bee put besyde my cousin germanes gifts
 Bycause to shun the formest brunt of warres I sought no shifts?
 Would God this mischeef mayster had in verrye deede beene mad,
 Or else beleeved so to bee: and that wee never had
 Brought such a panion unto Troy. Then should not Paeans sonne
 In Lemnos like an outlawe to the shame of all us wonne.
 Who lurking now (as men report) in woodes and caves, dooth move
 The verry flints with syghes and grones, and prayers to God above.
 To send Ulysses his desert. Which prayer (if there bee ... [XIII.60]
 A God) must one day take effect. And now beehold how hee
 By othe a Souldier of our Camp, yea and as well as wee
 A Capteine too, alas, (who was by Hercules assignde
 To have the keeping of his shafts,) with payne and hungar pynde,
 Is clad and fed with fowles, and dlibs his arrowes up and downe
 At birds, which were by destynye preparde to stroy Troy towne.
 Yit liveth hee bycause hee is not still in companie
 With sly Ulysses. Palamed that wretched knyght perdie,
 Would eke he had abandoned beene. For then should still the same
 Have beene alyve: or at least have dyde without our shame. ... [XIII.70]
 But this companion bearing (ah) too well in wicked mynd
 His madnesse which sir Palamed by wisdom out did fynd,
 Appeached him of treason that he practysde to betray
 The Greekish hoste. And for to vouch the fact, he shewd streyghtway
 A masse of goold that he himself had hidden in his tent,
 And forged Letters which he feynd from Priam to bee sent.
 Thus eyther by his murthring men or else by banishment
 Abateth hee the Greekish strength. This is Ulysses fyght.
 This is the feare he puttes men in. But though he had more might
 Than Nestor hath, in eloquence he shal not compasse mee ... [XIII.80]
 To think his leawd abandoning of Nestor for to bee
 No fault: who beeing cast behynd by wounding of his horse,
 And slowe with age, with calling on Ulysses waxing hoarce,
 Was nerethelesse betrayd by him. Sir Diomed knowes this cryme
 Is unsurmysde. For he himselfe did at that present tyme
 Rebuke him oftentimes by name, and feercely him upbrayd
 With flying from his fellowe so who stood in neede of ayd.
 With ryghtfull eyes dooth God behold the deedes of mortall men.
 Lo, he that helped not his freend wants help himself agen.
 And as he did forsake his freend in tyme of neede: so hee ... [XIII.90]
 Did in the selfsame perrill fall forsaken for to bee.
 He made a rod to beat himself. he calld and cryed out
 Uppon his fellowes. Streight I came: and there I saw the lout
 Bothe quake and shake for feare of death, and looke as pale as clout.
 I set my sheeld betweene him and his foes, and him bestrid:

And savde the dastards lyfe. Small prayse redoundes of that I did.
 But if thou wilt contend with mee, lets to the selfsame place
 Agein: bee wounded as thou wart: and in the foresayd case
 Of feare, beset about with foes: cowch underneath my sheeld:
 And then contend thou with mee there amid the open feeld. ... [XIII.100]
 Howbee't, I had no sooner rid this champion of his foes,
 But where for woundes he scarce before could totter on his toes,
 He ran away apace, as though he nought at all did ayle.
 Anon commes Hector to the feeld and bringeth at his tayle
 The Goddes. Not only thy hart there (Ulysses) did thee fayle,
 But even the stowtest courages and stomachs gan to quayle.
 So great a terroure brought he in. Yit in the midds of all
 His bloody ruffe, I coapt with him, and with a foyling fall
 Did overthrowe him to the ground. Another tyme, when hee
 Did make a chalendge, you my Lordes by lot did choose out mee, ... [XIII.110]
 And I aid match him hand to hand. Your wishes were not vayne.
 For if you aske mee what successe our combate did obtaine,
 I came away unvanquished. Behold the men of Troy
 Brought fyre and sword, and all the feendes our navye to destroy.
 And where was slye Ulysses then with all his talk so smooth?
 This brest of myne was fayne to fence your thousand shippes forsooth,
 The hope of your returning home. For saving that same day
 So many shippes, this armour give. But (if that I shall say
 The truth) the greater honour now this armour beares away.
 And our renownes together link. For (as of reason ought) ... [XIII.120]
 An Ajax for this armour, not an armour now is sought
 For Ajax. Let Dulychius match with theis, the horses whyght
 Of Rhesus, dastard Dolon, and the coward carpetknyght
 King Priams Helen, and the stelth of Palladye by nyght.
 Of all theis things was nothing doone by day nor nothing wrought
 Without the helpe of Diomed. And therefore if yee thought
 To give them to so small deserts, devyde the same, and let
 Sir Diomed have the greater part. But what should Ithacus get
 And if he had them, who dooth all his matters in the dark,
 Who never weareth armour, who shootes ay at his owne mark ... [XIII.130]
 To trappe his fo by stelth unwares? The very headpeece may
 With brightnesse of the glistring gold his privie feates bewray
 And shew him lurking. Neyther well of force Dulychius were
 The weyght of great Achilles helme uppon his pate to weare.
 It cannot but a burthen bee (and that ryght great) to beare
 (With those same shrimpish armes of his) Achilles myghty speare.
 Agen his target graven with the whole huge world theron
 Agrees not with a fearefull hand, and cheefly such a one
 As taketh filching even by kynd. Thou Lozell, thou doost seeke
 A gift that will but weaken thee, which if the folk of Greeke ... [XIII.140]
 Shall give thee through theyr oversyght, it will be unto thee
 Occasion, of thyne emnye's spoyld not feared for to bee,
 And flyght (wherein thou, coward, thou all others mayst outbrag)
 Will hindred bee when after thee such masses thou shalt drag.

Moreover this thy sheeld that feeles so seeld the force of fyght
 Is sound. But myne if gasht and hakt and stricken thurrough quyght
 A thousand tymes, with bearing blowes. And therfore myne must walk
 And put another in his stead. But what needes all this talk?
 Lets now bee seene another whyle what eche of us can doo.
 The thickest of our armed foes this armour throwe into, ... [XIII.150]
 And bid us fetch the same fro thence. And which of us dooth fetch
 The same away, reward yee him therewith. Thus farre did stretch
 The woordes of Ajax. At the ende whereof there did ensew
 A muttring of the souldiers, till Laertis sonne the prew
 Stood up, and raised soberly his eyliddes from the ground
 (On which he had a little whyle them pitched in a stound)
 And looking on the noblemen who longd his woordes to heere
 He thus began with comly grace and sober pleasant cheere:
 My Lordes, if my desyre and yours myght erst have taken place,
 It should not at this present tyme have beene a dowtfull cace, ... [XIII.160]
 What person hath most ryght to this great pryse for which wee stryve,
 Achilles should his armour have, and wee still him alyve.
 Whom sith that cruell destinie to both of us denyes,
 (With that same woord as though he wept, he wypte his watry eyes)
 What wyght of reason rather ought to bee Achilles heyr,
 Than he through whom to this your camp Achilles did repayre?
 Alonly let it not avayle sir Ajax heere, that hee
 Is such a dolt and grossehead, as he shewes himself to bee
 Ne let my wit (which ay hath done you good, O Greekes) hurt mee.
 But suffer this mine eloquence (such as it is) which now ... [XIII.170]
 Dooth for his mayster speake, and oft ere this hath spoke for yow,
 Bee undisdeynd. Let none refuse his owne good gifts he brings.
 For as for stocke and auncetors, and other such like things
 Wherof our selves no fownders are, I scarecely dare them graunt
 To bee our owne. But forasmuch as Ajax makes his vaunt
 To bee the fowrth from Jove: even Jove the founder is also
 Of my house: and than fowre descents I am from him no mo.
 Laertes is my father, and Arcesius his, and hee
 Begotten was of Jupiter. And in this pedegree
 Is neyther any damned soule, nor outlaw as yee see. ... [XIII.180]
 Moreover by my moothers syde I come of Mercuree,
 Another honor to my house. Thus both by fathers syde
 And moothers (as you may perceyve) I am to Goddes alyde.
 But neyther for bycause I am a better gentleman
 Then Ajax by the moothers syde, nor that my father can
 Avouch himself ungiltye of his brothers blood, doo I
 This armour clayme. Wey you the case by merits uprightly,
 Provyded no prerogatyve of birthryght Ajax beare,
 For that his father Telamon, and Peleus brothers were.
 Let only prowess in this pryse the honour beare away. ... [XIII.190]
 Or if the case on kinrid or on birthryght seeme to stay,
 His father Peleus is alive, and Pyrrhus eeke his sonne.
 What tytyle then can Ajax make? This geere of ryght should woone

To Phthya, or to Scyros Ile. And Tewcer is as well
 Achilles uncle as is hee. Yit dooth not Tewcer mell.
 And if he did, should hee obteyne? Well, sith the cace dooth rest
 On tryall which of us can prove his dooings to bee best,
 I needes must say my deedes are mo than well I can expresse:
 Yit will I shew them orderly as neere as I can gesse.
 Foreknowing that her sonne should dye, the Lady Thetis hid ... [XIII.200]
 Achilles in a maydes attire. By which fyne slyght shee did
 All men deceyve, and Ajax too. This armour in a packe
 With other womens tryflyng toyes I caryed on my backe,
 A bayte to treyne a manly hart. Appareld like a mayd
 Achilles tooke the speare and sheeld in hand, and with them playd.
 Then sayd I: O thou Goddesse sonne, why shouldst thou bee afrayd
 To raze great Troy, whoose overthrowe for thee is onely stayd?
 And laying hand uppon him I did send him (as you see)
 To valeant dooings meete for such a valeant man as hee.
 And therfore all the deedes of him are my deedes. I did wound ... [XIII.210]
 King Teleph with his speare, and when he lay uppon the ground,
 I was intreated with the speare to heale him safe and sound.
 That Thebe lyeth overthrowne, is my deede. You must think
 I made the folk of Tenedos and Lesbos for to shrink.
 Both Chryse and Cillas, Phebus townes, and Scyros I did take.
 And my ryght hand Lyrnessus walles to ground did levell make.
 I gave you him that should confound (besydes a number mo)
 The valeant Hector. Hector, that our most renownmed fo,
 Is slayne by mee. This armour heere I sue agein to have
 This armour by the which I found Achilles. I it gave ... [XIII.220]
 Achilles whyle he was alive: and now that he is gone
 I clayme it as myne owne agein. What tyme the greefe of one
 Had perst the harts of all the Greekes, and that our thousand sayle
 At Awlis by Ewboya stayd, bycause the wyndes did fayle,
 Continewing eyther none at all or cleene ageinst us long,
 And that our Agamemnon was by destnyes overstrong
 Commaunded for to sacrifyse his gittlesse daughter to
 Diana, which her father then refusing for to doo.
 Was angry with the Godds themselves, and though he were a king
 Continued also fatherlyke: by reason, I did bring ... [XIII.230]
 His gentle nature to relent for publike profits sake.
 I must confesse (whereat his grace shall no displeasure take)
 Before a parcial judge I undertooke a ryght hard cace.
 Howbeeit for his brothers sake, and for the royall mace
 Committed, and his peoples weale, at length he was content
 To purchace prayse wyth blood. Then was I to the mooother sent,
 Who not perswaded was to bee, but compast with sum guyle.
 Had Ajax on this errand gone, our shippes had all this whyle
 Lyne still there yit for want of wynd. Moreover I was sent
 To Ilion as ambassadour. I boldly thither went, ... [XIII.240]
 And entred and behilld the Court, wherein there was as then
 Great store of princes, Dukes, Lords, knyghts, and other valeant men.

And yit I boldly nerethelesse my message did at large
 The which the whole estate of Greece had given mee erst in charge.
 I made complaint of Paris, and accusde him to his head.
 Demanding restitution of Queene Helen that same sted
 And of the bootye with her tane. Both Priamus the king
 And eeke Antenor his alye the woordes of mee did sting.
 And Paris and his brothers, and the resdew of his trayne
 That under him had made the spoyle, could hard and scarce refrayne ... [XIII.250]
 There wicked hands. You, Menelay, doo know I doo not feyne.
 And that day was the first in which wee joyntly gan susteyne
 A tast of perrills, store whereof did then behind remayne.
 It would bee overlong to tell eche profitable thing
 That during this long lasting warre I well to passe did bring,
 By force as well as pollycie. For after that the furst
 Encounter once was overpast, our emnyes never durst
 Give battell in the open feeld, but hild themselves within
 Theyr walles and bulwarks till the tyme the tenth yeere did begin,
 Now what didst thou of all that whyle, that canst doo nought but streeke? ... [XIII.260]
 Or to what purpose servedst thou? For if thou my deedes seeke,
 I practysd sundry pollycies to trappe our foes unware:
 I fortifyde our Camp with trench which heretofore lay bare:
 I hartned our companions with a quiet mynd to beare
 The longnesse of the weery warre: I taught us how wee were
 Bothe to bee fed and furnished: and to and fro I went
 To places where the Counsell thought most meete I should bee sent.
 Behold the king deceyved in his dreame by false pretence
 Of Joves commaundement, bade us rayse our seedge and get us hence.
 The author of his dooing so may well bee his defence. ... [XIII.270]
 Now Ajax shoul have letted this, and calld them backe ageine
 To sacke the towne of Troy. He should have fought with myght and maine.
 Why did he not restreyne them when they ready were to go?
 Why tooke he not his sword in hand? why gave he not as tho
 Sum counsell for the fleeting folk to follow at the brunt
 In fayth it had a tryfle beene to him that ay is woont
 Such vaunting in his mouth to have. But he himself did fly
 As well as others. I did see, and was ashamed, I,
 To see thee when thou fledst, and didst prepare so cowardly
 To sayle away. And thereuppon I thus aloud did cry: ... [XIII.280]
 What meene yee, sirs? what madnesse dooth you move to go to shippe
 And suffer Troy as good as tane, thus out of hand to slippe?
 What else this tenth yeere beare yee home than shame? with such like woord
 And other, (which the eloquence of sorrowe did avoord,)
 I brought them from theyr flying shippes. Then Agamemnon calld
 Toogither all the capteines who with feare were yit appalld.
 But Ajax durst not then once creak. Yit durst Thersites bee
 So bold as rayle uppon the kings, and he was payd by mee
 For playing so the saucy jacke. Then stood I on my toes
 And to my fearefull cuntrymen gave hart against theyr foes. ... [XIII.290]
 And shed new courage in theyr mynds through talk that fro mee goes.

From that tyme forth what ever thing hath valeantly atcheeved
 By this good fellow beene, is myne, whoo him from flyght repreeved.
 And now to touche thee: which of all the Greekes commendeth thee?
 Or seeketh thee? But Diomed communicates with mee
 His dooings, and alloweth mee, and thinkes him well apayd
 To have Ulysses ever as companion at the brayd.
 And sumwhat woorth you will it graunt (I trowe) alone for mee
 Out of so many thousand Greekes by Diomed pikt to bee.
 No lot compelled mee to go, and yit I setting lyght ... [XIII.300]
 As well the perrill of my foes as daunger of the nyght,
 Killd Dolon who about the selfsame feate that nyght did stray,
 That wee went out for. But I first compelld him to bewray
 All things concerning faythlesse Troy, and what it went about.
 When all was learnd, and nothing left behynd to harken out,
 I myght have then come home with prayse. I was not so content.
 Proceeding further to the Camp of Rhesus streyght I went,
 And killed bothe himself and all his men about his tent.
 And taking bothe his chariot and his horses which were whyght,
 Returned home in tryumph like a conquerour from fyght. ... [XIII.310]
 Denye you mee the armour of the man whoose steedes the fo
 Requyred for his playing of the spye a nyght, and so
 May Ajax bee more kynd to mee than you are. What should I
 Declare unto you how my sword did waste ryght valeantly
 Sarpedons hoste of Lycia? I by force did overthrowe
 Alastor, Crome, and Ceranos, and Haly on a rowe.
 Alcander,, and Noemon too, and Prytanis besyde,
 And Thoon and Theridamas, and Charops also dyde
 By mee, and so did Ewnomos enforst by cruell fate.
 And many mo in syght of Troy I slew of bacer state. ... [XIII.320]
 There also are (O countrymen) about mee woundings, which
 The place of them make beawtyfull. See heere (his hand did twich
 His shirt asyde) and credit not vayne woordes. Lo heere the brist
 That alwayes to bee one in your affayres hath never mist.
 And yit of all this whyle no droppe of blood hath Ajax spent
 Uppon his fellowes. Woundlesse is his body and unrent.
 But what skills that, as long as he is able for to vaunt
 He fought against bothe Troy and Jove to save our fleete? I graunt
 He did so. For I am not of such nature as of spyght
 Well doings to deface: so that he chalendge not the ryght ... [XII.330]
 Of all men to himself alone, and that he yield to mee
 Sum share, whoo of the honour looke a partener for to bee.
 Patroclus also having on Achilles armour, sent
 The Trojans and theyr leader hence, to burne our navye bent.
 And yit thinks hee that none durst meete with Hector saving hee,
 Forgetting bothe the king, and eeke his brother, yea and mee.
 Where hee himself was but the nyneth, appoynted by the king,
 And by the fortune of his lot preferd to doo the thing.
 But now for all your valeantnesse, what Issue had I pray
 Your combate? Shall I tell? Forsoothe, that Hector went his way ... [XIII.340]

And had no harme. Now wo is mee how greeveth it my hart
 To think uppon that season when the bulwark of our part
 Achilles dyde. When neyther teares, nor greef, nor feare could make
 Mee for to stay, but that uppon theis shoulders I did take,
 I say uppon theis shoulders I Achilles body tooke,
 And this same armour claspt theron, which now to weare I looke.
 Sufficent strength I have to beare as great a weyght as this,
 And eeke a hart wherein regard of honour rooted is.
 Think you that Thetis for her sonne so instantly besought
 Sir Vulcane this same heavenly gift to give her, which is wrought ... [XIII.350]
 With such exceeding cunning, to th'entent a souldier that
 Hath neyther wit nor knowledge should it weare? He knowes not what
 The things ingraven on the sheeld doo meene. Of Ocean se,
 Of land, of heaven, and of the starres no skill at all hath he.
 The Beare that never dyves in sea he dooth not understand,
 The Pleyads, not the Hyads, nor the cities that doo stand
 Uppon the earth, nor yit the sword that Orion holdes in hand.
 He seekes to have an armour of the which he hath no skill.
 And yit in fynding fault with mee bycause I had no will
 To follow this same paynfull warre and sought to shonne the same, ... [XIII.360]
 And made it sumwhat longer tyme before I thither came,
 He sees not how hee speakes reproch to stout Achilles name.
 For it to have dissembled in this case, yee count a cryme,
 Wee both offenders bee. Or if protracting of the tyme
 Yee count blame woorthye, yit was I the tymelyer of us twayne.
 Achilles loving moother him, my wyfe did mee deteyne.
 The former tyme was given to them, the rest was given to yow.
 And therefore doo I little passe although I could not now
 Defend my fault, sith such a man of prowesse, birth and fame
 As was Achilles, was with mee offender in the same. ... [XIII.370]
 But yit was he espyed by Ulysses wit, but not
 Ulysses by sir Ajax wit. And lest yee woonder at
 The rayling of this foolish dolt at mee, hee dooth object
 Reproche to you. For if that I offended to detect
 Sir Palamed of forged fault, could you without your shame
 Arreyne him, and condemne him eeke to suffer for the same?
 But neyther could sir Palamed excuse him of the cryme
 So heynous and so manifest: and you your selves that tyme
 Not onely his indytement heard, but also did behold
 His deed avowched to his face by bringing in the gold. ... [XIII.380]
 And as for Philoctetes, that he is in Lemnos, I
 Deserve not to bee toucht therewith. Defend your cryme: for why
 You all consented therunto. Yit doo I not denye,
 But that I gave the counsell to convey him out of way
 From toyle of warre and travell that by rest he myght assay
 To ease the greatnesse of his peynes. He did thereto obey
 And by so dooing is alyve. Not only faythfull was
 This counsell that I gave the man, but also happye, as
 The good successe hath shewed since. Whom sith the destnyes doo

Requyre in overthrowing Troy, appoynt not mee thertoo: ... [XIII.390]
 But let sir Ajax rather go. For he with eloquence
 Or by some suttile pollycie, shall bring the man fro thence
 And pacyfie him raging through disease, and wrathfull ire.
 Nay, first the river Simois shall to his spring retyre,
 And mountaine Ida shall theron have stonde never a tree,
 Yea and the faythlesse towne of Troy by Greekes shall reskewd bee,
 Before that Ajax blockish wit shall aught at all avayle,
 When my attempts and practyses in your affayres doo fayle.
 For though thou, Philoctetes, with the king offended bee,
 And with thy fellowes everychone, and most of all with mee, ... [XIII.400]
 Although thou curse and ban mee to the hellish pit for ay,
 And wissheth in thy payne that I by chaunce nyght crosse thy way,
 Of purpose for to draw my blood: yit will I give assay
 To fetch thee hither once ageine. And (if that fortune say
 Amen,) I will as well have thee and eeke thyne arrowes, as
 I have the Trojane prophet whoo by mee surprysed was,
 Or as I did the Oracles and Trojane fates disclose,
 Or as I from her chappell through the thickest of her foes
 The Phrygian Pallads image fetcht: and yit dooth Ajax still
 Compare himself with mee. Yee knowe it was the destinyes will ... [XIII.410]
 That Troy should never taken bee by any force, untill
 This Image first were got. And where was then our valeant knight
 Sir Ajax? Where the stately woordes of such a hardy wyght?
 Why feareth hee? Why dares Ulysses ventring through the watch
 Commit his persone to the nyght his buysnesse to dispatch?
 And through the pykes not only for to passe the garded wall
 But also for to enter to the strongest towre of all
 And for to take the Idoll from her Chapell and her shryne
 And beare her thence amid his foes? For had this deede of myne
 Beene left undoone, in vayne his sheeld of Oxen hydes seven fold ... [III.420]
 Should yit the Sonne of Telamon have in his left hand hold.
 That nyght subdewd I Troy towne. That nyght did I it win,
 And opened it for you likewise with ease to enter in.
 Cease to upbrayd mee by theis lookes and mumbling woordes of thyne
 With Diomed: his prayse is in this fact as well as myne.
 And thou thy selfe when for our shippes thou diddest in reskew stand,
 Wart not alone: the multitude were helping thee at hand.
 I had but only one with mee. Whoo (if he had not thought
 A wyseman better than a strong, and that preferment ought
 Not alway followe force of hand) would not himself have sought ... [XIII.430]
 This Armour. So would toother Ajax better stayed doo,
 And feerce Ewrypyle, and the sonne of hault Andremon too.
 No lesse myght eeke Idominey, and eeke Meriones,
 His countryman, and Menelay. For every one of these
 Are valeant men of hand, and not inferior unto thee
 In materiall feates. And yit they are contented rude to bee
 By myne advyce. Thou hast a hand that serveth well in fyght.
 Thou hast a wit that stands in neede of my direction ryght.

Thy force is witlesse. I have care of that that may ensew.
 Thou well canst fyght: the king dooth choose the tymes for fyghting dew ... [XIII.440]
 By myne advyce. Thou only with thy body canst avayle.
 But I with bodye and with mynd to profite doo not fayle,
 And looke how much the mayster dooth excell the gally slave,
 Or looke how much prehemynence the Capteine ought to have
 Above his souldyer: even so much excell I also thee.
 A wit farre passing strength of hand inclosed is in mee.
 In wit rests cheefly all my force. My Lordes, I pray bestowe
 This gift on him why ay hath beene your watchman as yee knowe.
 And for my tenne yeeres cark and care endured for your sake
 Full recompence for my deserts with this same honour make. ... [XIII.450]
 Our labour draweth to an end, all lets are now by mee
 Dispatched. And by bringing Troy in cace to taken bee
 I have already taken it. now by the hope that yee
 Conceyve, within a whyle of Troy the ruine for to see,
 And by the Goddes of whom alate our emnyes I bereft,
 And as by wisdom to bee doone yit any thing is left,
 If any bold aventrous deede, or any perlous thing,
 That asketh hazard both of lyfe and limb to passe to bring,
 Or if yee think of Trojane fates there yit dooth ought remayne,
 Remember mee. Or if from mee this armour you restrayne, ... [XIII.460]
 Bestowe it on this same. With that he shewed with his hand
 Minervas fatall image, which hard by in syght did stand.
 The Lords were moved with his woordes, and then appeared playne
 The force that is in eloquence. The lerned man did gayne
 The armour of the valeant. He that did so oft susteine
 Alone both fyre, and sword, and Jove, and Hector could not byde
 One brunt of wrath. And whom no force could vanquish ere that tyde,
 Now only anguish overcommes. He drawes his sword and sayes:
 Well: this is myne yit. Unto this no clayme Ulysses layes.
 This must I use ageinst myself: this blade that heretofore ... [XIII.470]
 Hath bathed beene in Trojane blood, must now his mayster gore
 That none may Ajax overcome save Ajax. With that woord
 Into his brest (not wounded erst) he thrust his deathfull sword.
 His hand to pull it out ageine unable was. The blood
 Did spout it out. Anon the ground bestayned where he stood,
 Did breede the pretye purple flowre uppon a clowre of greene,
 Which of the wound of Hyacinth had erst engendred beene.
 The selfsame letters eeke that for the chylde were written than,
 Were now againe amid the flowre new written for the man.
 The former tyme complaynt, the last a name did represent. ... [XIII.480]
 Ulysses, having wonne the pryse, within a whyle was sent
 To Thoants and Hysiphiles realme, the land defamde of old
 For murthering all the men therin by women over bold.
 At length attayning land and lucke according to his mynd,
 To carry Hercles arrowes backe he set his sayles to wynd.
 Which when he with the lord of them among the Greekes had brought,
 And of the cruell warre at length the utmost feate had wrought,

At once both Troy and Priam fell. And Priams wretched wife
 Lost (after all) her womans shape, and barked all her lyfe
 In forreine countrye. In the place that bringeth to a streight ... [XIII.490]
 The long spred sea of Hellespont, did Ilion burne in height.
 The kindled fyre with blazing flame continewed unalayd,
 And Priam with his aged blood Joves Altar had berayd.
 And Phebus preestesse casting up her handes to heaven on hye,
 Was dragd and haled by the heare. The Grayes most spyghtfully
 (As eche of them had prisoners tane in meed of victory)
 Did drawe the Trojane wyves away, who lingring whyle they mought
 Among the burning temples of theyr Goddes, did hang about
 Theyr sacred shrynes and images. Astyanax downe was cast
 From that same turret from the which his mooother in tyme past ... [XIII.500]
 Had shewed him his father stand oft fyghting to defend
 Himself and that same famous realme of Troy that did descend
 From many noble auncetors. And now the northerne wynd
 With prosperous blasts, to get them thence did put the Greekes in mynd.
 The shipmen went aboard, and hoyst up sayles, and made fro thence.
 Adeew deere Troy (the women cryde), wee haled are from hence.
 And therewithall they kist the ground, and left yit smoking still
 Theyr native houses. Last of all tooke shippe ageinst her will
 Queene Hecub: who (a piteous cace to see) was found amid
 The tumbes in which her sonnes were layd. And there as Hecub did ... [XIII.510]
 Embrace theyr chists and kisse theyr bones, Ulysses voyd of care
 Did pull her thence. Yit raught shee up, and in her boosom bare
 Away a crum of Hectors dust, and left on Hectors grave
 Her hory heares and teares, which for poore offrings shee him gave.
 Ageinst the place where Ilion was, there is another land
 Manured by the Biston men. In this same Realme did stand
 King Polemnestors palace riche, to whom king Priam sent
 His little infant Polydore to foster, to th'entent
 He might bee out of daunger from the warres: wherein he ment
 Ryght wysely, had he not with him great riches sent, a bayt ... [XIII.520]
 To stirre a wicked covetous mynd to treason and deceyt.
 For when the state of Troy decayd, the wicked king of Thrace
 Did cut his nurcechylds weasant, and (as though the sinfull cace
 Toogither with the body could have quyght beene put away)
 He threw him also in the sea. It happened by the way,
 That Agamemnon was compeld with all his fleete to stay
 Uppon the coast of Thrace, untill the sea were wexen calme,
 And till the hideous stormes did cease, and furious wynds were falne.
 Heere rysing gastly from the ground which farre about him brake,
 Achilles with a threatning looke did like resemblance make ... [XIII.530]
 As when at Agamemnon he his wrongfull sword did shake,
 And sayd: Unmyndfull part yee hence of mee, O Greekes, and must
 My merits thanklesse thus with mee be buryed in the dust?
 Nay, doo not so. But to th'entent my death dew honour have,
 Let Polyxene in sacrifyse bee slayne uppon my grave.
 Thus much he sayd: and shortly his companions dooing as

By vision of his cruell ghost commaundment given them was,
 Did fetch her from her mothers lappe, whom at that tyme, well neere,
 In that most great adversitie alonly shee did cheere.
 The haultye and unhappye mayd, and rather to bee thought ... [XIII.540]
 A man than woman, to the tumb with cruell hands was brought,
 To make a cursed sacrifyse. whoo mynding constantly
 Her honour, when shee standing at the Altar prest to dye,
 Perceyvd the savage ceremonies in making ready, and
 The cruell Neoptolemus with naked swoord in hand
 Stand staring with ungentle eyes uppon her gentle face,
 She sayd: Now use thou when thou wilt my gentle blood. The cace
 Requyres no more delay. Bestow thy weapon in my chest,
 Or in my throte: (in saying so shee proferred bare her brest,
 And eeke her throte). Assure your selves it never shalbee seene, ... [XIII.550]
 That any wyght shall (by my will) have slave of Polyxene.
 Howbee't with such a sacrifyse no God yee can delygth.
 I would desyre no more but that my wretched moother myght
 Bee ignorant of this my death. My moother hindreth mee,
 And makes the pleasure of my death much lesser for to bee.
 Howbeeit not the death of mee should justly greeve her hart:
 But her owne lyfe. Now to th'entent I freely may depart
 To Limbo, stand yee men aloof: and sith I aske but ryght
 Forebeare to touch mee. so my blood unsteined in his syght
 Shall farre more acceptable been what ever wyght he bee ... [XIII.560]
 Whom you prepare to pacifye by sacrifysing mee.
 Yit (if that these last woordes of myne may purchase any grace),
 I, daughter of king Priam erst, and now in prisoners cace,
 Beeseeche you all unraunsomed to render to my moother
 My bodye: and for buriall of the same to take none other
 Reward than teares: for whyle shee could shee did redeeme with gold.
 This sayd: the teares that shee forbare the people could not hold.
 And even the verry preest himself full sore ageinst his will
 And weeping, thrust her through the brest which she hild stoutly still.
 Shee sinking softly to the ground with faynting legges, did beare ... [XIII.570]
 Even to the verry latter gasp a countnance voyd of feare.
 And when shee fell, shee had a care such parts of her to hyde,
 As womanhod and chastitie forbiddeth to be spyde.
 The Trojane women tooke her up, and moorning reckened
 King Priams children, and what blood that house alone had shed.
 They syghde for fayer Polyxeene: they syghed eeke for thee
 Who late wart Priams wyfe, whoo late wart counted for to bee
 The flowre of Asia in his flowre, and Queene of moothers all:
 But now the bootye of the fo as evill lot did fall,
 And such a bootye as the sly Ulysses did not passe ... [XIII.580]
 Uppon her, saving that erewhyle shee Hectors moother was.
 So hardly for his moother could a mayster Hector fynd.
 Embracing in her aged armes the bodye of the mynd
 That was so stout, shee powrd theron with sobbing syghes unsoft
 The Teares that for her husband and her children had so oft

And for her countrie sheaded beene. Shee weeped in her wound
 And kist her pretie mouth, and made her brist with shrekes to sound,
 According to her woonted guyse, and in the jellyed blood
 Beerayed all her grisild heare, and in a sorrowfull mood
 Sayd theis and many other woordes with brest bescratcht and rent: ... [XIII.590]
 O daughter myne, the last for whom thy moother may lament,
 (For what remaynes?) O daughter, thou art dead and gone. I see
 Thy wound which at the verry hart strikes mee as well as thee.
 And lest that any one of myne unwounded should depart,
 Thou also gotten hast a wound. Howbee't bycause thou wart
 A woman, I beleeeved thee from weapon to bee free.
 But notwithstanding that thou art a woman, I doo see
 Thee slayne by sword. Even he that kild thy brothers killeth thee,
 Achilles, the decay of Troy and maker bare of mee.
 What tyme that he of Paris shaft by Phebus meanes was slayne, ... [XIII.600]
 I sayd of feerce Achilles now no feare dooth more remayne.
 But then, even then he most of all was feared for to bee.
 The ashes of him rageth still against our race I see.
 Wee feele an emny of him dead and buryed in his grave.
 To feede Achilles furie, I a frutefull issue gave.
 Great Troy lyes under foote, and with a ryght great greevous fall
 The mischeeves of the common weale are fully ended all.
 But though to others Troy be gone, yit standes it still to mee:
 My sorrowes ronne as fresh a race as ever and as free.
 I late ago a soveraine state, advaunced with such store ... [XIII.610]
 Of daughters, sonnes, and sonneinlawes, and husband over more
 And daughterinlawes, am caryed like an outlawe bare and poore,
 By force and violence haled from my childrens tumbes, to bee
 Presented to Penelope a gift, who shewing mee
 In spinning my appoynted taske, shall say: This same is shee
 That was sumtyme king Priams wyfe, this was the famous moother
 Of Hector. And now after losse of such a sort of other,
 Thou (whoo alonly in my greefe my comfort didst remayne,)
 To pacifye our emnyes wrath uppon his tumb art slayne.
 Thus bare I deathguyfts for my foes. To what intent am I ... [XIII.620]
 Most wretched wyght remayning still? Why doo I linger? Why
 Dooth hurtfull age preserve mee still alive? To what intent,
 Yee cruell Goddes, reserve yee mee that hath already spent
 Too manye yeeres, onlesse it bee new buryalls for to see?
 And whoo would think that Priamus myght happy counted bee
 Sith Troy is razd? Happy man is hee in being dead.
 His lyfe and kingdoome he forwent toogither: and this stead
 He sees not thee, his daughter, slaine. But peradventure thou
 Shall like the daughter of a king have sumptuous buryall now,
 And with thy noble auncetors thy bodye layd shall bee. ...[XIII.630]
 Our linage hath not so good lucke. The most that shall to thee
 Bee yeelded are thy moothers teares, and in this forreine land
 To hyde thy murdered corce withall a little heape of sand.
 For all is lost. Nay yit remaynes (for whome I well can fynd

In hart to live a little whyle) an imp unto my mynd
 Most deere, now only left alone, sumtyme of many mo
 The yoongest, little Polydore, delivered late ago
 To Polemnestor, king of Thrace, whoo dwelles within theis bounds.
 But wherefore doo I stay so long in wasshing of her wounds,
 And face berayd with gory blood? In saying thus, shee went ... [XIII.640]
 To seaward with an aged pace and hory heare beerent.
 And (wretched woman) as shee calld for pitchers for to drawe
 Up water, shee of Polydore on shore the carkesse sawe,
 And eeke the myghty wounds at which the Tyrants swoord went thurrow.
 The Trojane Ladyes shrieked out. But shee was dum for sorrow.
 The anguish of her hart forclosde as well her speech as eeke
 Her teares devowring them within. Shee stood astonyed leeke
 As if shee had beene stone. One whyle the ground shee staard uppon.
 Another whyle a gastly looke shee kest to heaven. Anon
 Shee looked on the face of him that lay before her killd. ... [XIII.650]
 Sumtymes his woundes, (his woundes I say) shee specially behilld.
 And therewithall shee armd her selfe and furnisht her with ire:
 Wherethrough as soone as that her hart was fully set on fyre,
 As though shee still had beene a Queene, to vengeance shee her bent
 Enforcing all her witts to fynd some kynd of ponnishment.
 And as a Lyon robbed of her whelpes becommeth wood,
 And taking on the footing of her emnye where hee stood,
 Purseweth him though out of syght: even so Queene Hecubee
 (Now having meynt her teares with wrath) forgetting quyght that shee
 Was old, but not her princely hart, to Polemnestor went ... [XIII.660]
 The cursed murtherer, and desyrde his presence to th'entent
 To shew to him a masse of gold (so made shee her pretence)
 Which for her lyttle Polydore was hid not farre from thence.
 The Thracian king beleeving her, as eager of the pray,
 Went with her to a secret place. And as they there did stay,
 With flattring and deceytfull toong he thus to her did say:
 Make speede I prey thee, Hecuba, and give thy sonne this gold.
 I sweare by God it shall bee his, as well that I doo hold
 Already, as that thou shalt give. Uppon him speaking so,
 And swearing and forswearing too, shee looked sternely tho, ... [XIII.670]
 And beeing sore inflaamd with wrath, caught hold uppon him, and
 Streight calling out for succor to the wyves of Troy at hand
 Did in the traytors face bestowe her nayles, and scratched out
 His eyes, her anger gave her hart and made her strong and stout.
 Shee thrust her fingars in as farre as could bee, and did bore
 Not now his eyes (for why his eyes were pulled out before)
 But bothe the places of the eyes berayd with wicked blood.
 The Thracians at theyr Tyrannes harme for anger waxing wood,
 Began to scare the Trojane wyves with darts and stones. Anon
 Queene Hecub ronning at a stone, with gnarring seazd theron, ... [XIII.680]
 And wirryed it beeweene her teeth. And as shee opte her chappe
 To speake, in stead of speeche shee barkt. The place of this missehappe
 Remayneth still, and of the thing there done beares yit the name.

Long myndfull of her former illes, shee sadly for the same
 Went howling in the feeldes of Thrace. Her fortune moved not
 Her Trojans only, but the Greekes her foes to ruthe: her lot
 Did move even all the Goddes to ruthe: and so effectually,
 That Hecub to deserve such end even Juno did denye.
 Although the Morning of the selfsame warres had favorer beene:
 Shee had no leysure to lament the fortune of the Queene, ... [XIII.690]
 Nor on the slaughters and the fall of Ilion for to think.
 A household care more neerer home did in her stomacke sink,
 For Memnon, her beloved sonne, whom dying shee behild
 Uppon the feerce Achilles speare amid the Phrygian feeld.
 Shee saw it, and her ruddy hew with which shee woonted was
 To dye the breaking of the day, did into palenesse passe:
 And all the skye was hid with clowdes. But when his corce was gone
 To burningward, shee could not fynd in hart to looke thereon:
 But with her heare about her eares shee kneeled downe before
 The myghtye Jove, and thus gan speake unto him weeping sore: ... [XIII.700]
 Of al that have theyr dwelling place uppon the golden skye
 The lowest (for through al the world the feawest shrynes have I)
 But yit a Goddesse, I doo come, not that thou shouldst decree
 That Altars, shrynes, and holydayes bee made to honour mee.
 Yit if thou marke how much that I a woman doo for thee,
 In keeping nyght within her boundes, by bringing in the light,
 Thou well mayst thinke mee worthy sum reward to clayme of ryght.
 But neyther now is that the thing the Morning cares to have,
 Ne yit her state is such as now dew honour for to crave.
 Bereft of my deere Memnon who in fyghting valeantly ... [XIII.710]
 To help his uncle, (so it was your will, O Goddes) did dye
 Of stout Achilles sturdye speare even in his flowring pryme,
 I sue to thee, O king of Goddes, to doo him at this tyme
 Sum honour as a comfort of his death, and ease this hart
 Of myne which greatly greeved is with wound of percing smart.
 No sooner Jove had graunted dame Aurora her desyre
 But that the flame of Memnons corce that burned in the fyre
 Did fall: and flaky rolles of smoke did dark the day, as when
 A foggy mist steames upward from a River or a fen,
 And suffreth not the Sonne to shyne within it. Blacke as cole ... [XIII.720]
 The cinder rose: and into one round lump assembling whole
 Grew grosse, and tooke bothe shape and hew. The fyre did lyfe it send,
 The lyghtnesse of the substance self did wings unto it lend.
 And at the first it flitted like a bird: and by and by
 It flew a fethered bird in deede. And with that one gan fly
 Innumerable mo of selfsame brood: whoo once or twyce
 Did sore about the fyre, and made a piteous shreeking thryce.
 The fowrth tyme in theyr flying round, themselves they all withdrew
 In battells twayne, and feercely foorth of eyther syde one flew
 To fyght a combate. With theyr billes and hooked talants keene ... [XIII.730]
 And with theyr wings couragiously they wreakt theyr wrathfull teene.
 And myndfull of the valeant man of whom they issued beene,

They never ceased jobbing eche uppon the others brest,
 Untill they falling both downe dead with fyghting overprest,
 Had offred up theyr bodyes as a woorthy sacrificyse
 Unto theyr cousin Memnon who to Asshes burned lyes.
 Theis soodeine birds were named of the founder of theyr stocke:
 For men doo call them Memnons birds. And every yeere a flocke
 Repayre to Memnons tumb, where twoo doo in the foresayd wyse
 In manner of a yeeremynd slea themselves in sacrificyse. ... [XIII.740]
 Thus where as others did lament that Dymants daughter barkt,
 Auroras owne greef busyed her, that smally shee it markt:
 Which thing shee to this present tyme with piteous teares dooth shewe:
 For through the universall world shee sheadeth moysting deawe.
 Yit suffred not the destinyes all hope to perrish quyght
 Together with the towne of Troy. That good and godly knyght
 The sonne of Venus bare away by night uppon his backe
 His aged father and his Goddes, an honourable packe.
 Of all the riches of the towne that only pray he chose,
 So godly was his mynd: and like a bannisht man he goes ... [XIII.750]
 By water with his owne yoong sonne Ascanius from the Ile
 Antandros, and he shonnes the shore of Thracia which ere whyle
 The wicked Tyrants treason did with Polydores blood defyle.
 And having wynd and tyde at will, he sauflly wyth his trayne
 Arryved at Apollos towne where Anius then did reigne.
 Whoo being both Apollos preest and of that place the king,
 Did entertheyne him in his house and unto church him bring,
 And shewd him bothe the Citie and the temples knowen of old,
 And eke the sacred trees by which Latona once tooke hold
 When shee of chyldbirth travailed. As soone as sacrificyse ... [XIII.760]
 Was doone with Oxens inwards burnt according to the guyse,
 And casting incence in the fyre, and sheading syne thereon,
 They joyfull to the court returnd, and there they took anon
 Repaste of meate and drink. Then sayd the good Anchyses this:
 O Phebus, soveraine preest, onlesse I take my markes amisse,
 (As I remember) when I first of all this towne did see,
 Fowre daughters and a sonne of thyne thou haddest heere with thee.
 King Anius shooke his head wheron he warre a myter whyght,
 And answerd thus: O noble prince, in fayth thou gessest ryght.
 Of children fyve a father then, thou diddest mee behold, ... [XV.770]
 Whoo now (with such unconstancie are mortall matters rolld)
 Am in a manner chyldlesse quyght. For what avayles my sonne
 Who in the Ile of Anderland a great way hence dooth wonne?
 Which country takes his name of him, and in the selfsayd place,
 In stead of father, like a king he holdes the royall mace.
 Apollo gave his lot to him: and Bacchus for to shewe
 His love, a greater gift uppon his susters did bestowe
 Then could bee wisht or credited. For whatsoever they
 Did towche, was turned into corne, and wyne, and oyle streyghtway.
 And so theyr was riche use in them. As soone as that the fame ... [XIII.780]
 Hereof to Agamemnons eares, the scourge of Trojans, came,

Lest you myght tast your stormes alone and wee not feele the same
 In part, an hoste he hither sent, and whither I would or no
 Did take them from mee, forcing them among the Greekes to go
 To feede the Greekish army with theyr heavenly gift. But they
 Escapde whither they could by flyght. A couple tooke theyr way
 To Ile Ewboya: tother two to Anderland did fly,
 Theyr brothers Realme. An host of men pursewd them by and by,
 And threatened warre onlesse they were deliverde. Force of feare
 Subdewing nature, did constreyne the brother (men must beare ... [XIII.790]
 With fearfulnessse) to render up his susters to theyr fo.
 For neyther was Aenaeas there, nor valeant Hector (who
 Did make your warre last ten yeeres long) the countrys to defend.
 Now when they should like prisoners have beene fettred, in the end
 They casting up theyr handes (which yit were free) to heaven, did cry
 To Bacchus for to succour them, who helpt them by and by,
 At leastwyse if it may bee termd a help, in woondrous wyse
 To alter folke. For never could I lerne ne can surmyse
 The manner how they lost theyr shape. The thing it selfe it knowen.
 With fethered wings as whyght as snow they quyght away are flowen. ... [XIII.800]
 Transformed into doovehouse dooves, thy wyfe dame Venus burdes.
 When that the time of meate was spent with theis and such like woordes,
 The table was removed streyght, and then they went to sleepe.
 Next morrow rysing up as soone as day began to peepe,
 They went to Phebus Oracle, which willed them to go
 Unto theyr mooother countrey and the coastes theyr stocke came fro.
 King Anius bare them companie. And when away they shoold,
 He gave them gifts. Anchises had a scepter all of goold.
 Ascanius had a quiver and a Cloke right brave and trim.
 Aenaeas had a standing Cup presented unto him. ... [XIII.810]
 The Thebane Therses whoo had been king Anius guest erewhyle
 Did send it out of Thessaly: but Alcon one of Myle
 Did make the cuppe. And hee theron a story portrayd out.
 It was a Citie with seven gates in circuit round about,
 Which men myght easly all discerne. The gates did represent
 The Cities name, and showed playne what towne thereby was ment.
 Without the towne were funeralls a dooing for the dead,
 With herces, tapers, fyres, and tumbes. The wyves with ruffled head
 And stomacks bare pretended greef. The nymphes seemd teares to shead,
 And wayle the drying of theyr welles. The leavelesse trees did seare. ... [XIII.820]
 And licking on the parched stones Goats romed heere and there.
 Behold amid this Thebane towne was lyvely portrayd out
 Echions daughters twayne, of which the one with courage stout
 Did profer bothe her naked throte and stomacke to the knyfe.
 And tother with a manly hart did also spend her lyfe,
 For safeguard of her countryfolk: and how that theruppon
 They both were caryed solemnly on herces, and anon
 Were burned in the cheefest place of all the Thebane towne.
 Then (least theyr linage should decay whoo dyde with such renowne,)
 Out of the Asshes of the maydes there issued twoo yong men, ... [XIII.830]

And they unto theyr moothers dust did obsequies agen.
 Thus much was graved curiously in auncient precious brasse,
 And on the brim a trayle of flowres of bearbrich gilded was.
 The Trojans also gave to him as costly giftes agen.
 Bycause he was Apollos preest they gave to him as then
 A Chist to keepe in frankincence. They gave him furthermore
 A Crowne of gold wherin were set of precious stones great store.
 Then calling to remembrance that the Trojans issued were
 Of Tewcers blood, they sayld to Crete. But long they could not there
 Abyde th'infection of the aire: and so they did forsake ... [XIII.840]
 The hundred Cities, and with speede to Itayleward did make.
 The winter wexed hard and tough, and tost them verry sore.
 and when theyr shippes arrived were uppon the perlous shore
 Among the Strophad Iles, the bird Aello did them feare.
 The costes of Dulicy, Ithaca, and Same they passed were,
 And eeke the Court of Neritus where wyse Ulysses reignd,
 And came to Ambrace for the which the Gods strong stryfe maynteind.
 There sawe they turned into stone the judge whoose image yit
 At Actium in Apollos Church in signe therof dooth sit.
 They vewed also Dodon grove where Okes spake: and the cost ... [XIII.850]
 Of Chaon where the sonnes of king Molossus scapt a most
 Ungracious fyre by taking wings. From thence they coasted by
 The cuntrye of the Pheaks fraught with frute abundantly.
 Then tooke they land in Epyre, and to Buthrotus they went
 Wheras the Trojane prophet dwelt, whoose reigne did represent
 An image of theyr auncient Troy. There being certifyde
 Of things to come by Helen (whoo whyle there they did abyde
 Informed them ryght faythfully of all that should betyde)
 They passed into Sicilie. With corners three this land
 Shootes out into the Sea: of which Pachinnus front dooth stand ... [XIII.860]
 Against the southcoast. Lilibye dooth face the gentle west,
 And Pelore unto Charlsis wayne dooth northward beare his brest.
 The Trojanes under Pelore gat with ores and prosperous tydes
 And in the even by Zanclye shore theyr fleete at anchor rydes.
 Uppon the left syde restlessly Charybdis ay dooth beate them,
 And swalloweth shippes and spewes them up as fast as it dooth eate them.
 And Scylla beateth on theyr ryght: which from the navell downe
 Is patched up with cruell curres: and upward to the crowne
 Dooth keepe the countnance of a mayd, and (if that all bee trew
 That Poets fayne) shee was sumtyme a mayd ryght fayre of hew. ... [XIII.870]
 To her made many wooers sute: all which shee did eschew.
 And going to the salt Sea nymphes (to whom shee was ryght deere)
 She vaunted, to how many men shee gave the slippe that yeere.
 To whom the Lady Galate in kembering of her heare
 Sayd thus with syghes: But they that sought to thee (O Lady) were
 None other than of humane kynd, to whom without all feare
 Of harme, thou myghtest (as thou doost) give nay. But as for mee
 Although that I of Nereus and gray Doris daughter bee,
 And of my susters have with mee continually a gard,

I could not scape the Cyclops love, but to my greef full hard. ... [XIII.880]
 (With that her teares did stoppe her speech.) As soone as that the mayd
 Had dryde them with her marble thomb, and moande the nymph, she sayd:
 Deere Goddesse, tell mee all your greef, and hyde it not from mee:
 For trust mee, I will unto you bothe true and secret bee.
 Then unto Cratyes daughter thus the nymph her playnt did frame:
 Of Fawne and nymph Simethis borne was Acis, whoo became
 A joy to bothe his parents, but to mee the greater joy.
 For being but a sixteene yeeres of age, this fayre sweete boy
 Did take mee to his love, what tyme about his chyldish chin
 The tender heare like mossy downe to sprowt did first begin. ... [XIII.890]
 I loved him beyond all Goddes forbod, and likewyse mee
 The Giant Cyclops. Neyther (if demaunded it should bee)
 I well were able for to tell you whither that the love
 Of Acis, or the Cyclops hate did more my stomacke move.
 There was no oddes betweene them. Oh deere Goddesse Venus, what
 A power haste thou? Behold how even this owgly Giant that
 No sparke of meekenesse in him hath, whoo is a terrour to
 The verrie woodes, whom never guest nor straunger came unto
 Without displeasure, whoo the heavens and all the Goddes despyseth,
 Dooth feele what thing is love. The love of mee him so surpryseth, ... [XIII.900]
 That Polypheme regarding not his sheepe and hollowe Cave,
 And having care to please dooth go about to make him brave.
 His sturre stiff heare he kembeth nowe with strong and sturdy rakes,
 And with a sythe dooth marcusotte his bristled berd: and takes
 Delyght to looke uppon himself in waters, and to frame
 His countnance. Of his murtherous hart the wyldnesse wexeth tame.
 His unastaunched thyrst of blood is quenched: shippes may passe
 And repasse saufly. In the whyle that he in love thus was,
 One Telemus, Ewrymeds sunne, a man of passing skill
 In birdflyght, taking land that tyme in Sicill, went untill ... [XIII.910]
 The orped Gyant Polypheme, and sayd: This one round eye
 That now amid thy forehead stands shall one day ere thou dye
 By sly Ulysses blinded bee. The Gyant laught therat,
 And sayd: O foolish soothsayre, thou deceyved art in that.
 For why another (even a wench) already hathe it blynded.
 Thus skorning him that told him truthe bycause he was hygh mynded,
 He eyther made the ground to shake in walking on the shore,
 Or rowsd him in his shadye Cave. With wedged poynt before
 There shoots a hill into the Sea: whereof the sea dooth beate
 On eyther syde. The one eyd feend came up and made his seate ... [XIII.920]
 Theron, and after came his sheepe undriven. As soone as hee
 Had at his foote layd downe his staffe which was a whole Pyne tree
 Well able for to bee a maast to any shippe, he takes
 His pype compact of fyvescore reedes, and therewithall he makes
 So loud a noyse that all the hilles and waters therabout
 Myght easily heere the shirlnesse of the shepeherds whistling out.
 I lying underneathe the rocke, and leaning in the lappe
 Of Acis marked theis woordes of his which farre I heard by happe:

More whyght thou art then Primrose leaf, my Lady Galatee.
 More fresh than meade, more tall and streyght than lofty Aldertree. ... [XIII.930]
 More bright than glasse, more wanton than the tender kid forsooth.
 Than Cockleshelles continually with water worne, more smoothe.
 More cheerefull than the winters Sun, or Sommers shadowe cold,
 More seemely and more comly than the Planetree to behold,
 Of valew more than Apples bee although they were of gold.
 More cleere than frozen yce, more sweete than Grape through rype ywis,
 More soft than butter newly made, or downe of Cygnet is.
 And much more fayre and beawtyfull than garden to myne eye,
 But that thou from my companye continually doost flye.
 And thou the selfsame Galate art more tettish for to frame ... [XIII.940]
 Than Oxen of the wilderness whom never whyght did tame.
 More fleeting than the waves, more hard than warryed Oke to twyne,
 More tough than willow twiggs, more lyth than is the wyld whyght vyne.
 More than this rocke unmovable, more violent than a streame.
 More prowde than Peacocke prayds, more feerce than fyre and more extreeme.
 More rough than Breers, more cruell than the new delivered Beare,
 More mercillesse than troden snake, than sea more deafe of eare.
 And which (and if it lay in mee I cheefly would restrayne)
 Not only swifter paced than the stag in chace on playne,
 But also swifter than the wynd and flyghtfull ayre. But if ... [XIII.950]
 Thou knew me well, it would thee irke to flye and bee a greef
 To tarry from mee. Yea thou wouldst endeavour all thy powre
 To keepe mee wholly to thy self. The Quarry is my bowre
 Heaven out of whole mayne stone. No Sun in sommer there can swelt.
 No nipping cold in wintertyme within the same is felt.
 Gay Apples weying downe the boughes have I, and Grapes like gold,
 And purple Grapes on spreaded Vynes as many as can hold.
 Bothe which I doo reserve for thee. Thyself shalt with thy hand
 The soft sweete strawbryes gather, which in wooddy shadowe stand.
 The Cornell berryes also from the tree thy self shall pull: ... [XIII.960]
 And pleasant plommes, sum yellow lyke new wax, sum blew, sum full
 Of ruddy jewce. Of Chestnutts eeke (if my wyfe thou wilt bee)
 Thou shalt have store: and frutes all sortes: all trees shall serve for thee.
 This Cattell heere is all myne owne. And many mo besyde
 Doo eyther in the bottoms feede, or in the woodes them hyde,
 And many standing at theyr stalles doo in my Cave abyde.
 The number of them (if a man should ask) I cannot showe.
 Tush, beggars of theyr cattell use the number for to knowe.
 And for the goodnesse of the same, no whit beleewe thou mee.
 But come thyself (and if thou wilt) the truth therof to see. ... [XIII.970]
 See how theyr udders full doo make them straddle. Lesser ware
 Shet up at home in cloce warme peends, are Lambes. There also are
 In other pinfolds Kidds of selfsame yeaning tyme. Thus have
 I alwayes mylke as whyte as snow. Wherof I sum doo save
 To drink, and of the rest is made good cheese. And furthermore
 Not only stale and common gifts and pleasures wherof store
 Is to bee had at eche mannes hand, (as Leverets, Kidds, and Does,

A payre of pigeons, or a nest of birds new found, or Roes,)
 Shall unto thee presented bee. I found this tother day
 A payre of Bearewhelpes, eche so lyke the other as they lay ... [XIII.980]
 Uppon a hill, that scarce yee eche discerne from other may.
 And when that I did fynd them I did take them up, and say
 Theis will I for my Lady keepe for her therwith to play.
 Now put thou up thy fayre bryght head, good Galat, I thee pray,
 Above the greenish waves: now come my Galat, come away.
 And of my present take no scorne. I know my selfe to bee
 A jollye fellow. For even now I did behold and see
 Myne image in the water sheere, and sure mee thought I tooke
 Delyght to see my goodly shape, and favor in the brooke.
 Behold how big I am: not Jove in heaven (for so you men ... [XIII.990]
 Report one Jove to reigne, of whom I passe not for to ken)
 Is huger than this doughty corce of myne. A bush of heare
 Dooth overdreepe my visage grim, and shadowes as it were
 A grove uppon my shoulders twayne. And think it not to bee
 A shame for that with bristled heare my body rough yee see.
 A fowle ilfavored syght it is to see a leavelesse tree.
 A lothely thing it is, a horse without a mane to keepe.
 As fethers doo become the birdes, and wooll becommeth sheepe,
 Even so a beard and bristled skin becommeth also men.
 I have but one eye, which dooth stand amid my frunt. What then? ... [XIII.1000]
 This one round eye of myne is lyke a myghty target. Why?
 Vewes not the Sun all things from heaven? Yit but one only eye
 Hath hee. Moreover in your Seas my father beres the sway.
 Him will I make thy fathrinlaw. Have mercy I thee pray,
 And harken to myne humble sute. For only unto thee
 Yeeld I. Even I of whom bothe heaven and Jove despysed bee
 And eeke the percing thunderbolt, doo stand in awe and feare
 Of thee, O Nerye. Thyne ill will is greevouser to beare
 Than is the deadly Thunderclappe. Yit could I better fynd
 In hart to suffer this contempt of thyne with pacient mynd ... [XIII.1010]
 If thou didst shonne all other folk as well as mee. But why
 Rejecting Cyclops doost thou love dwarf Acis? Why say I
 Preferst thou Acis unto mee? Well, let him liked bee
 Both of himself, and also (which I would be lothe) of thee.
 And if I catch him he shal feelee that in my body is
 The force that should bee. I shall paunch him quicke. Those limbes of his
 I will in peeces teare, and strew them in the feeldes, and in
 Thy waters, if he doo thee haunt. For I doo swelt within.
 And being chaaft the flame dooth burne more feerce to my unrest.
 Mee thinks mount Aetna with his force is closed in my brest. ... [XII.1020]
 And yit it nothing moveth thee. As soone as he had talkt
 Thus much in vayne, (I sawe well all) he rose: and fuming stalkt
 Among his woodes and woonted Lawndes, as dooth a Bulchin, when
 The Cow is from him tane. He could him no where rest as then.
 Anon the feend espyed mee and Acis where wee lay,
 Before wee wist or feared it: and crying out gan say:

I see yee. And confounded myght I bee with endlesse shame,
 But if I make this day the last agreement of your game.
 Theis woordes were spoke with such a reere as verry well became
 An angry Giant. Aetna shooke with lowdnesse of the same. ... [XIII.1030]
 I scaard therwith dopt underneathe the water, and the knyght
 Simethus turning streyght his backe, did give himself to flyght,
 And cryed: Help mee Galate, help parents I you pray,
 And in your kingdome mee receyve whoo perrish must streyghtway.
 The roundeyd devill made pursewt: and rending up a fleece
 Of Aetna Rocke, threw after him: of which a little peece
 Did Acis overtake. And yit as little as it was,
 It overwhelmed Acis whole. I wretched wyght (alas)
 Did that which destnyes would permit. Foorthwith I brought to passe
 That Acis should receyve the force his father had before. ... [XIII.1040]
 His scarlet blood did issue from the lump, and more and more
 Within a whyle the rednesse gan to vannish: and the hew
 Resembled at the first a brooke with rayne distroubled new,
 Which wexeth cleere by length of tyme. Anon the lump did clyve,
 And from the hollow cliffe therof hygh reedes spring up alyve.
 And at the hollow issue of the stone the bubling water
 Came trickling out. And by and by (which is a woondrous matter)
 The stripling with a wreath of reede about his horned head
 Avaunst his body to the waste. Whoo (save he was that stead
 Much biggar than he erst had beene, and altogether gray) ... [XIII.1050]
 Was Acis still. And being turnd to water, at this day
 In shape of river still he beares his former name away.
 The Lady Galat ceast her talk and streyght the companye brake.
 And Neryes daughters parting thence, swam in the gentle lake.
 Dame Scylla home ageine returnd. (Shee durst not her betake
 To open sea) and eyther roamd uppon the sandy shore
 Stark naakt, or when for weerinesse shee could not walk no more,
 Shee then withdrew her out of syght and gate her to a poole,
 And in the water of the same, her heated limbes did coole.
 Behold the fortune. Glaucus (whoo then being late before ... [XIII.1060]
 Transformed in Ewboya Ile uppon Anthedon shore,
 Was new becomeme a dweller in the sea) as he did swim
 Along the coast was tane in love at syght of Scylla trim,
 And spake such woordes as he did think myght make her tarry still.
 Yit fled shee still, and swift for feare shee gate her to a hill
 That butted on the Sea. Ryght steepe and upward sharp did shoote
 A lofty toppe with trees, beneathe was hollowe at the foote.
 Heere Scylla stayd and being sauf by strongnesse of the place,
 (Not knowing if he monster were, or God, that did her chace,)
 Shee looked backe. And woondring at his colour and his heare ... [XIII.1070]
 With which he shoulders and his backe all wholly covered were,
 Shee saw her neather parts were like a fish with tayle wrythde round
 Who leaning to the nearest Rocke, sayd thus with lowd cleere sound:
 Fayre mayd, I neyther monster am nor cruell savage beast:
 But of the sea a God, whoose powre and favour is not least.

For neyther Proteus in the sea nor Triton have more myght
 Nor yit the sonne of Athamas that now Palaemon hyght.
 Yit once I was a mortall man. But you must know that I
 Was given to seawoorkes, and in them mee only did apply.
 For sumtyme I did draw the drag in which the fishes were, ... [XIII.1080]
 And sumtyme sitting on the cliffes I angled heere and there.
 There butteth on a fayre greene mede a bank whereof t'one half
 Is closd with sea, the rest is clad with herbes which never calf
 Nor horned Ox, nor seely sheepe, nor shakheard Goate did feede.
 The busye bee did never there of flowres sweet smelling speede.
 No gladsum garlonds ever there were gathered for the head.
 No hand those flowers ever yit with hooked sythe did shred.
 I was the first that ever set my foote uppon that plot.
 Now as I dryde my dropping netts, and layd abrode my lotte,
 To tell how many fishes had bychaunce to net beene sent, ... [XIII.1090]
 Or through theyr owne too lyght beleefe on bayted hooke beene hent:
 (The matter seemeth like a lye, but what avayles to lye?)
 As soone as that my pray had towcht the grasse, it by and by
 Began to move, and flask theyr finnes, and swim uppon the drye,
 As in the Sea. And as I pawsd and woondred at the syght,
 My draught of fishes everychone to seaward tooke theyr flyght,
 And leaping from the shore, forsooke theyr newfound mayster quyght.
 I was amazed at the thing: and standing long in dowl,
 I sought the cause if any God had brought this same abowt,
 Or else sum jewce of herb. And as I so did musing stand, ... [XII.1100]
 What herb (quoth I) hath such a powre? And gathering with my hand
 The grasse, I bote it with my toothe. My throte had scarcely yit
 Well swallowed downe the uncouth jewce, when like an agew fit
 I felt myne inwards soodeinly to shake, and with the same,
 A love of other nature in my brest with violence came.
 And long I could it not resist, but sayd: Deere land, adeew,
 For never shall I haunt thee more. And with that woord I threw
 My bodye in the sea. The Goddes thereof receyving mee,
 Vouchsavored in theyr order mee installed for too bee,
 Desyring old Oceanus and Thetis for theyr sake, ... [XIII.1110]
 The rest of my mortalitie away from mee to take.
 They hallowed mee, and having sayd nyne tymes the holy ryme
 That purgeth all prophanednesse, they charged mee that tyme
 To put my brestbulk underneathe a hundred streames. Anon
 The brookes from sundry coastes and all the Seas did ryde uppon
 My head. From whence as soone as I returned, by and by
 I felt my self farre otherwyse through all my limbes, than I
 Had beene before. And in my mynd I was another man.
 Thus farre of all that mee befell make just report I can.
 Thus farre I beare in mynd. The rest my mynd perceyved not. ... [XIII.1120]
 Then first of all this hory greene gray grisild beard I got,
 And this same bush of heare which all along the seas I sweepe,
 And theis same myghty shoulders, and theis grayish armes, and feete
 Confounded into finned fish. But what avayleth mee

This goodly shape, and of the Goddes of sea to loved bee?
Or for to be a God my self, if they delyght not thee?
As he was speaking this, and still about to utter more,
Dame Scylla him forsooke: wherat he wexing angry sore,
And beeing quickened with repulse in rage he tooke his way
To Circes, Titans daughters, Court which full of monsters lay. ... [XIII.1130]

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The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding

ORIGINAL SPELLING

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined
THE XIV BOOKE OF OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

Now had th' Ewboyan fisherman (whoo lately was becomeme
 A God of sea to dwell in sea for ay,) alreadye swomme
 Past Aetna which uppon the face of Giant Typho lyes,
 Toogither with the pasture of the Cyclops which defyes
 Both Plough and harrowe, and by teemes of Oxen sets no store:
 And Zancle, and crackt Rhegion which stands a tother shore:
 And eeke the rough and shipwrecke sea which being hemmed in
 With two mayne landes on eyther syde, is as a bound betwin
 The frutefull Realmes of Italy and Sicill. From that place
 He cutting through the Tyrrhene sea with both his armes apace, ... [XIV.10]
 Arryved at the grassye hilles and at the Palace hye
 Of Circe, Phoebus imp, which full of sundry beastes did lye.
 When Glaucus in her presence came, and had her greeted, and
 Receyved freendly welcomming and greeting at her hand,
 He sayd: O Goddesse, pitie mee a God, I thee desyre.
 Thou only (if at least thou think mee woorthy so great hyre)
 Canst ease this love of myne. No wyght dooth better know than I
 The powre of herbes, whoo late ago transformed was therby.
 And now to open unto thee of this my greef the ground,
 Uppon th' Italian shore ageinst Messene walls I found ... [XIV.20]
 Fayre Scylla. Shame it is to tell how scornfull shee did take
 The gentle woordes and promises and sute that I did make.
 But if that any powre at all consist in charmes, then let
 That sacret mouth of thyne cast charmes: or if more force bee set
 In herbes to compasse things withall, then use the herbes that have
 Most strength in woorking. Neyther think, I hither come to crave
 A medcine for to heale myself and cure my wounded hart:
 I force no end. I would have her bee partener of my smart.
 But Circe (for no natures are more lyghtly set on fyre
 Than such as shee is) (whither that the cause of this desyre ... [XIV.30]
 Were only in herself, or that Dame Venus bearing ay
 In mynd her fathers deede in once disclosing of her play,
 Did stirre her heerunto) sayd thus: It were a better way
 For thee to fancye such a one whoose will and whole desyre
 Is bent to thine, and whoo is sindgd with selfsame kynd of fyre.
 Thou woorthye art of sute to thee. And (credit mee) thou shouldst
 Bee woode in deede, if any hope of speeding give thou wouldst.
 And therefore dowt not. Only of thy beawtye lyking have.
 Lo, I whoo am a Goddesse and the imp of Phoebus brave,
 Whoo can so much by charmes, who can so much by herbes, doo vow ... [XIV.40]
 My self to thee. If I disdeine, disdeine mee also thow.
 And if I yeeld, yeeld thou likewyse: and in one only deede
 Avenge thy self of twayne. To her intreating thus to speede,
 First trees shall grow (quoth Glaucus) in the sea, and reeke shall thryve
 In toppes of hilles, ere I (as long as Scylla is alyve)
 Doo chaunge my love. The Goddesse wext ryght wroth: and sith she could
 Not hurt his persone beeing falne in love with him, ne would:
 Shee spyghted her that was preferd before her. And uppon

Displeasure tane of this repulse, shee went her way anon.
 And wicked weedes of grisly jewce toogither shee did bray, ... [XIV.50]
 And in the braying, witching charmes shee over them did say.
 And putting on a russet cloke, shee passed through the rowt
 Of savage beastes that in her court came fawning round about,
 And going unto Rhegion cliffe which standes ageinst the shore
 Of Zancle, entred by and by the waters that doo rore
 With violent tydes, uppon the which shee stood as on firme land,
 And ran and never wet her feete a whit. There was at hand
 A little plash that bowwed like a bowe that standeth bent,
 Where Scylla woonted was to rest herself, and thither went
 From rage of sea and ayre, what tyme the sonne amid the skye ... [XIV.60]
 Is hottest making shadowes short by mounting up on hye.
 This plash did Circe then infect ageinst that Scylla came,
 And with her poysons which had powre most monstrous shapes to frame,
 Defiled it. Shee sprinkled there the jewce of venymd weedes,
 And thryce nyne tymes with witching mouth shee softly mumbling, reedes
 A charme ryght darke of uncouth woordes. No sooner Scylla came
 Within this plash, and to the waast had waded in the same,
 But that shee sawe her hinderloynes with barking buggs atteint.
 And at the first, not thinking with her body they were meynt
 As parts therof, shee started back, and rated them. And sore ... [XIV.70]
 Shee was afayrd the eager curres should byght her. But the more
 Shee shonned them, the surer still shee was to have them there.
 In seeking where her loynes, and thyghes, and feet and ancles were,
 Chappes like the chappes of Cerberus in stead of them shee found.
 Nought else was there than cruell curres from belly downe to ground.
 So underneathe misshaped loynes and womb remayning sound,
 Her mannish mastyes backes were ay within the water drownd.
 Her lover Glaucus wept therat, and Circes bed refuse
 That had so passing cruelly her herbes on Scylla usde.
 But Scylla in that place abode. And for the hate shee bore ... [XIV.80]
 To Circeward, (assoone as meete occasion servde therfore)
 Shee spoyld Ulysses of his mates. And shortly after, shee
 Had also drownd the Trojane fleete, but that (as yit wee see)
 Shee was transformd to rock of stone, which shipmen warely shonne.
 When from this Rocke the Trojane fleete by force of Ores had wonne,
 And from Charybdis greedye gulf, and were in manner readye
 To have arryvde in italy, the wynd did ryse so heady,
 And that it drave them backe uppon the coast of Affricke. There
 The Tyrian Queene (whoo afterward unpaciently should beare
 The going of this Trojane prince away) did enterteine ... [XIV.90]
 Aenaeas in her house, and was ryght glad of him and fayne.
 Uppon a Pyle made underneathe pretence of sacrifyse
 Shee goard herself upon a sword, and in most wofull wyse
 As shee herself had beene beguyld: so shee beguyled all.
 Eftsoone Aenaeas flying from the newly reered wall
 Of Carthage in that sandy land, retyred backe agen
 To Sicill, where his faythfull freend Acestes reignd. And when

He there had doone his sacrifice, and kept an Obit at
 His fathers tumb, he out of hand did mend his Gallies that
 Dame Iris, Junos messenger, had burned up almost. ... [XIV.100]
 And sayling thence he kept his course aloof along the coast
 Of Aeolye and of Vulcanes Iles the which of brimston smoke.
 And passing by the Meremayds rocks, (His Pilot by a stroke
 Of tempest being drownd in sea) he sayld by Prochite, and
 Inarime, and (which upon a barreine hill dooth stand)
 The land of Ape Ile, which dooth take that name of people slye
 There dwelling. For the Syre of Goddes abhorring utterly
 The leawdnesse of the Cercops, and theyr wilfull perjurye.
 And eeke theyr guylefull dealing did transforme them everychone
 Into an evillfavoured kynd of beast: that beeing none ... [XIV.110]
 They myght yit still resemble men. He knit in lesser space
 Theyr members, and he beate mee flat theyr noses to theyr face,
 The which he filled furrowlike with wrinckles every where,
 He clad theyr bodyes over all with fallow coulourd heare,
 And put them into this same Ile to dwell forever there.
 But first he did bereeve them of the use of speeche and toong,
 Which they to cursed perjurye did use bothe old and yoong.
 To chatter hoarcely, and to shreeke, to jabber, and to squeake,
 He hath them left, and for to moppe and mowe, but not to speake.
 Aenaeas having past this Ile, and on his ryght hand left ... [XIV.120]
 The towne of Naples, and the tumb of Mysen on his left,
 Together with the fenny grounds: at Cumye landed, and
 Went unto longlyvde Sybills house, with whom he went in hand
 That he to see his fathers ghoste myght go by Averno deepe.
 Shee long uppon the earth in stownd her eyes did fixed keepe,
 And at the length as soone as that the spryght of prophesye
 Was entred her, shee raysing them did thus ageine reply:
 O most renoumed wyght, of whom the godlynesse by fyre
 And valeantnesse is tryde by swoord, great things thou doost requyre.
 But feare not, Trojane: for thou shalt bee lord of thy desyre. ... [XIV.130]
 To see the reverend image of thy deerebeeloved syre,
 Among the fayre Elysian feeldes where godly folke abyde,
 And all the lowest kingdoomes of the world I will thee guyde.
 No way to vertue is restreynd. This spoken, shee did shoue
 A golden bowgh that in the wood of Proserpine did growe,
 And willed them to pull it from the tree. He did obey:
 And sawe the powre of dreadfull hell, and where his graundsyres lay
 And eeke the aged Ghost of stowt Anchises. Furthermore
 He lernd the customes of the land arryvd at late before,
 And what adventures should by warre betyde him in that place. ... [XIV.140]
 From thence retyring up ageine a slow and weery pace,
 He did asswage the tediousnesse by talking with his guyde.
 For as he in the twylyght dim this dreadfull way did ryde,
 He sayed: Whither present thou thyself a Goddesse bee,
 Or such a one as God dooth love most dearly, I will thee
 For ever as a Goddesse take, and will acknowledge mee

Thy servant, for saufguyding mee the place of death to see,
 And for thou from the place of death hast brought me sauf and free.
 For which desert, what tyme I shall attayne to open ayre,
 I will a temple to thee buyld ryght sumptuous, large, and fayre, ... [XIV.150]
 And honour thee with frankincence. The prophetisse did cast
 Her eye uppon Aeneas backe, and syghing sayd at last:
 I am no Goddesse. Neyther think thou canst with conscience ryght,
 With holy incence honour give to any mortall wyght.
 But to th' entent through ignorance thou erre not, I had beene
 Eternall and of worldly lyfe I should none end have seene,
 If that I would my maydenhod on Phebus have bestowde.
 Howbeeit whyle he stood in hope to have the same, and trowde
 To overcome mee with his gifts: Thou mayd of Cumes (quoth he)
 Choose what thou wilt, and of thy wish the owner thou shalt bee. ... [XIV.160]
 I taking full my hand of dust, and shewing it him there,
 Desyred like a foole to live as many yeeres as were
 Small graynes of cinder in that heape. I quight forgot to crave
 Immediately, the race of all those yeeres in youth to have.
 Yit did he graunt mee also that, uppon condicion I
 Would let him have my maydenhod, which thing I did denye.
 And so rejecting Phebus gift a single lyfe I led.
 But now the blessefull tyme of youth is altogether fled,
 And irksome age with trembling pace is stolne uppon my head,
 Which long I must endure. For now already as you see ... [XIV.170]
 Seven hundred yeares are come and gone and that the number bee
 Full matched of the granes of dust, three hundred harvestes mo,
 I must three hundred vintages see more before I go.
 The day will come that length of tyme shall make my body small,
 And little of my withered limbes shall leave or naught at all.
 And none shall think that ever God was tane in love with mee.
 Even out of Phebus knowledge then perchaunce I growen shall bee,
 Or at the least that ever he mee lovde he shall denye,
 So sore I shall be altered. And then shall no mannes eye
 Discerne mee. Only by my voyce I shall bee knowen. For why ... [XIV.180]
 The fates shall leave mee still my voyce for folke to know mee by.
 As Sybill in the vaulted way such talk as this did frame,
 The Trojane knyght Aenaeas up at Cumes fro Limbo came.
 And having doone the sacrifyse accustomed for the same,
 He tooke his journey to the coast which had not yit the name
 Receyved of his nurce. In this same place he found a mate
 Of wyse Ulysses, Macare of Neritus, whoo late
 Before, had after all his long and tedious toyles, there stayd.
 He spying Achemenides (whom late ago afrayd
 They had among mount Aetnas Cliffs abandoned when they fled ... [XIV.190]
 From Polypheme): and woondring for to see he was not dead,
 Sayd thus: O Achemenides, what chaunce, or rather what
 Good God hath save the lyfe of thee? What is the reason that
 A barbrous shippe beares thee a Greeke? Or whither saylest thou?
 To him thus, Achemenides, his owne man freely now

And not forgrowen as one forlorne, nor clad in bristled hyde,
 Made answer: Yit ageine I would I should in perrill byde
 Of Polypheme, and that I myght those chappes of his behold
 Beesmeared with the blood of men, but if that I doo hold
 This shippe more deere than all the Realme of wyse Ulysses, or ... [XIV.200]
 If lesser of Aenaeas I doo make account than for
 My father, neyther (though I did as much as doone myght bee,)
 I could ynough bee thankfull for his goodnesse towards mee.
 That I still speake and breathe, that I the Sun and heaven doo see,
 Is his gift. Can I thanklesse then or myndlesse of him bee,
 That downe the round eyed gyants throte this soule of myne went not?
 And from that hencefoorth when to dye it ever be my lot
 I may be layd in grave, or sure not in the Gyants mawe?
 What hart had I that tyme (at least if feare did not withdrawe
 Both hart and sence) when left behynd, you taking shippe I saw? ... [XIV.210]
 I would have called after you but that I was afrayd
 By making outcrye to my fo myself to have beewrayd.
 For even the noyse that you did make did put Ulysses shippe
 In daunger. I did see him from a cragged mountaine strippe
 A myghty rocke, and into sea it throwe midway and more.
 Ageine I sawe his giants pawe throwe huge big stones great store
 As if it were a sling. And sore I feared lest your shippe
 Should drowned by the water bee that from the stones did skippe,
 Or by the stones themselves, as if my self had beene therin.
 But when that flyght had saved you from death, he did begin ... [XIV.220]
 On Aetna syghing up and downe to walke: and with his pawes
 Went groping of the trees among the woodes. And forbycause
 He could not see, he knockt his shinnes ageinst the rocks eche where.
 And stretching out his grisly armes (which all beegrymed were
 With baken blood) to seaward, he the Greekish nation band,
 And sayd: O if that sum good chaunce myght bring unto my hand
 Ulysses or sum mate of his, on whom to wreake myne ire,
 Uppon whose bowells with my teeth I like a Hawke myght tyre:
 Whose living members myght with their my talants teared beene:
 Whoose blood myght bubble down my throte: whose flesh myght pant between ... [XIV.230]
 My jawes: how lyght or none at all this losing of myne eye
 Would seeme. Their woordes and many mo the cruell feend did cry.
 A shuddring horror perced mee to see his smudged face,
 And cruell handes, and in his frunt the fowle round eyelesse place,
 And monstrous members, and his beard beslowbered with the blood
 Of man. Before myne eyes then death the smallest sorrow stood.
 I loked every minute to bee seased in his pawe.
 I looked ever when he should have cramd mee in his mawe.
 And in my mynd I of that tyme mee thought the image sawe
 When having dinged a doozen of our fellows to the ground ... [XIV.240]
 And lying lyke a Lion feerce or hunger sterved hownd
 Uppon them very eagerly he downe his greedy gut
 Theyr bowwels and theyr limbes yit more than half alive did put,
 And with theyr flesh toogither crasht the bones and maree whyght.

I trembling like an aspen leaf stood sad and bloodlesse quyght.
 And in beholding how he fed and belked up againe
 His bloody vittells at his mouth, and uttred out amayne
 The clottred gobbets mixt with wyne, I thus surmysde: Like lot
 Hangs over my head now, and I must also go to pot.
 And hyding mee for many dayes, and quaking horribly ... [XIV.250]
 At every noyse, and dreading death, and wisshing for to dye,
 Appeasing hunger with the leaves of trees, and herbes and mast,
 Alone, and poore, and footelesse, and to death and pennance cast,
 A long tyme after I espyde this shippe afarre at last,
 And ronning downward to the sea by signes did succour seeke.
 Where fynding grace, this Trojane shippe receyved mee, a Greeke.
 But now I prey thee, gentle freend, declare thou unto mee
 Thy Capteines and thy fellowes lucke that tooke the sea with thee.
 He told him how that Aelous, the sonne of Hippot, he
 That keepes the wyndes in pryson cloce did reigne in Tuskane sea. ... [XIV.260]
 And how Ulysses having at his hand a noble gift,
 The wynd enclosde in leather bagges, did sayle with prosperous drift
 Nyne dayes toogither: insomuch they came within the syght
 Of home: but on the tenth day when the morning gan give lyght,
 His fellowes being somewhat toucht with covetousenesse and spyght,
 Supposing that it had beene gold, did let the wyndes out quyght.
 The which returning whence they came, did drive them backe amayne
 That in the Realme of Aeolus they went aland agayne.
 From thence (quoth he) we came unto the auncient Lamyas towne
 Of which the feerce Antiphates that season ware the crowne. ... [XIV.270]
 A cowple of my mates and I were sent unto him: and
 A mate of myne and I could scarce by flyght escape his hand.
 The third of us did with his blood embrew the wicked face
 Of leawd Antiphate, whoo with swoord us flying thence did chace,
 And following after with a rowt threw stones and loggs which drownd
 Both men and shippes. Howbeeit one by chaunce escaped sound,
 Which bare Ulysses and my self. So having lost most part
 Of all our deare companions, we with sad and sory hart
 And much complayning, did arryve at yonder coast which yow
 May ken farre hence. A great way hence (I say) wee see it now ... [XIV.280]
 But trust mee truly over neere I saw it once. And thow
 Aenaeas, Goddesse Venus sonne, the justest knight of all
 The Trojane race (for sith the warre is doone, I can not call
 Thee fo) I warne thee get thee farre from Circes dwelling place.
 For when our shippes arryved there, remembring eft the cace
 Of cruell king Antiphates, and of that hellish wyght
 The round eyed gyant Polypheme, wee had so small delyght
 To visit uncowth places, that wee sayd wee would not go.
 Then cast we lotts. The lot fell out uppon myself as tho,
 And Polyte, and Eurylocus, and on Elpenor who ... [XIV.290]
 Delyghted too too much in wyne, and eyghteene other mo.
 All wee did go to Circes houses. As soone as wee came thither,
 And in the portall of the Hall had set our feet toogither,

A thousand Lyons, wolves and beares did put us in a feare
 By meeting us. But none of them was to bee feared there.
 For none of them could doo us harme: but with a gentle looke
 And following us with fawning feete theyr wanton tayles they shooke.
 Anon did Damzells welcome us and led us through the hall
 (The which was made of marble stone, floore, arches, roof, and wall)
 To Circe. Shee sate underneathe a traverse in a chayre ... [XIV.300]
 Aloft ryght rich and stately, in a chamber large and fayre.
 Shee ware a goodly longtreynd gowne: and all her rest attyre
 Was every whit of goldsmithes woork. There sate mee also by her
 The Sea nymphes and her Ladyes whoose fyne fingers never knew
 What toozing wooll did meene, nor threede from whorled spindle drew.
 They sorted herbes, and picking out the flowers that were mixt,
 Did put them into mawnds, and with indifferent space betwixt
 Did lay the leaves and stalks on heapes according to theyr hew,
 And shee herself the woork of them did oversee and vew.
 The vertue and the use of them ryght perfectly shee knew, ... [XIV.310]
 And in what leaf it lay, and which in mixture would agree.
 And so perusing every herb by good advysement, shee
 Did wey them out. Assoone as shee us entring in did see,
 And greeting had bothe given and tane, shee looked cheerefully,
 And graunting all that we desyrde, commaunded by and by
 A certeine potion to bee made of barly parched drye
 And wyne and hony mixt with cheese. And with the same shee slye
 Had meynt the jewce of certeine herbes which unespyde did lye
 By reason of the sweetenesse of the drink. Wee tooke the cup
 Delivered by her wicked hand, and quaft it cleerely up ... [XIV.320]
 With thirstye throtes. Which doone, and that the cursed witch had smit
 Our highest heare tippes with her wand, (it is a shame, but yit
 I will declare the truth) I wext all rough with bristled heare,
 And could not make complaint with woordes. In stead of speech I there
 Did make a rawghtish grunting, and with groveling face gan beare
 My visage downward to the ground. I felt a hooked groyne
 To wexen hard uppon my mouth, and brawned neck to joyne
 My head and shoulders. And the handes with which I late ago
 Had taken up the charmed cup, were turnd to feete as tho.
 Such force there is in Sorcerie. In fyne wyth other mo ... [XIV.330]
 That tasted of the selfsame sawce, they shet mee in a Styne.
 From this missehappe Eurilochus alonly scapte. For why
 He only would not taste the cup, which had he not fled fro,
 He should have beene a bristled beast as well as we. And so
 Should none have borne Ulysses woorde of our mischaunce, nor hee
 Have come to Circe to revenge our harmes and set us free.
 The peaceprocurer Mercurie had given to him a whyght
 Fayre flowre whoose roote is black, and of the Goddes it Moly hyght.
 Assurde by this and heavenly hestes, he entred Circes bowre.
 And beeing bidden for to drink the cup of baleful powre, ... [XIV.340]
 As Circe was about to stroke her wand uppon his heare,
 He thrust her backe, and put her with his naked sword in feare.

Then fell they to agreement streyght, and fayth in hand was plyght.
 And beeing made her bedfellowe, he claymed as in ryght
 Of dowrye, for to have his men ageine in perfect plyght.
 Shee sprincled us with better jewce of uncowth herbes, and strake
 The awk end of her charmed rod uppon our heades, and spake
 Woordes to the former contrarie. The more shee charmd, the more
 Arose wee upward from the ground on which wee daarde before.
 Our bristles fell away, the clift our cloven clees forsooke. ... [XIV.350]
 Our shoulders did returne agein: and next our elbowes tooke
 Our armes and handes theyr former place. Then weeping wee embrace
 Our Lord, and hing about his necke whoo also wept apace.
 And not a woord wee rather spake then such as myght appeere
 From harts most thankfull to proceede. Wee taryed theyr a yeere.
 I in that whyle sawe many things, and many things did heere.
 I marked also this one thing with store of other geere
 Which one of Circes fowre cheef maydes (whoose office was alway
 Uppon such hallowes to attend) did secretly bewray
 To mee. For in the whyle my Lord with Circe kept alone, ... [XIV.360]
 This mayd a yoongmannes image sheawd of fayre whyght marble stone
 Within a Chauncell. On the head therof were garlonds store
 And eeke a woodspecke. And as I demanded her wherefore
 And whoo it was they honord so in holy Church, and why
 He bare that bird uppon his head: shee answering by and by
 Sayd: Lerne hereby, sir Macare, to understand the powre
 My lady hathe, and marke thou well what I shall say this howre.
 There reignd erewhyle in Italy one Picus, Saturnes sonne,
 Whoo loved warlike horse and had delyght to see them ronne.
 He was of feature as yee see. And by this image heere ... [XIV.370]
 The verry beawtye of the man dooth lyvelely appeere.
 His courage matcht his personage. And scarcely had he well
 Seene twentye yeeres. His countnance did allure the nymphes that dwell
 Among the Latian hilles. The nymphes of fountaines and of brookes,
 As those that haunted Albula were ravisht with his lookes
 And so were they that Numicke beares, and Anio too, and Alme
 That ronnet short, and heady Nar, and Farfar coole and calme.
 And all the nymphes that usde to haunt Dianas shadye poole,
 Or any lakes or meeres neere hand, or other waters coole.
 But he disdeyning all the rest did set his love uppon ... [XIV.380]
 A lady whom Venilia bare (so fame reporteth) on
 The statly mountayne Palatine by Janus that dooth beare
 The dowble face. Assoone as that her yeeres for maryage were
 Thought able, shee preferring him before all other men,
 Was wedded to this Picus, whoo was king of Lawrents then.
 Shee was in beawtye excellent, but yit in singing, much
 More excellent: and theruppon they naamd her Singer. Such
 The sweetenesse of her musicke was, that shee therwith delyghts
 The savage beastes, and caused birdes to cease theyr wandring flyghts,
 And moved stones and trees, and made the ronning streames to stay. ... [XIV.390]
 Now whyle that shee in womans tune recordes her pleasant lay

At home, her husband rode abroad upon a lustye horse
 To hunt the Boare, and bare in hand twoo hunting staves of force.
 His cloke was crymzen butned with a golden button fast.
 Into the selfsame forest eeke was Phebus daughter past
 From those same feeldes that of herself the name of Circe beare,
 To gather uncowth herbes among the fruteful hillocks there.
 As soone as lurking in the shrubbes shee did the king espye,
 Shee was astrawght. Downe fell her herbes to ground. And by and by
 Through all her bones the flame of love the maree gan to frye. ... [XIV.400]
 And when shee from this forced heate had cald her witts agen,
 Shee purposde to bewray her mynd. But unto him as then
 Shee could not come for swiftnesse of his horse and for his men
 That garded him on every syde. Yit shalt thou not (quoth shee)
 So shift thee fro my handes although the wynd should carrye thee,
 If I doo knowe myself, if all the strength of herbes fayle not,
 Or if I have not quyght and cleene my charmes and spelles forgotte.
 In saying theis same wordes, shee made the likenesse of a Boare
 Without a body, causing it to swiftly passe before
 King Picus eyes, and for to seeme to get him to the woode, ... [XIV.410]
 Where for the thickenesse of the trees a horse myght do no good.
 Immediatly the king unwares a hote pursute did make
 Uppon the shadowe of his pray, and quikly did forsake
 His foming horses sweating backe: and following vayne wan hope,
 Did runne afoote among the woodes, and through the bushes crope.
 Then Circe fell a mumbling spelles, and praying like a witch
 Did honour straunge and uncowth Goddes with uncowth charmes, by which
 Shee usde to make the moone looke dark, and wrappe her fathers head
 In watry cloudes. And then likewyse the heaven was overspred
 With darknesse, and a foggie mist steamd upward from the ground. ... [XIV.420]
 And nere a man about the king to gard him could bee found,
 But every man in blynd bywayes ran scattrring in the chace,
 Through her inchauntments. At the length shee getting tyme and place,
 Sayd: By those lyghtsum eyes of thyne which late have ravisht myne,
 And by that goodly personage and lovely face of thyne,
 The which compelleth mee that am a Goddesse to enclyne
 To make this humble sute to thee that art a mortall wyght,
 Asswage my flame, and make this sonne (whoo by his heavenly syght
 Foresees all things) thy fathrinlawe: and hardly hold not scorne
 Of Circe whoo by long discent of Titans stocke am borne. ... [XIV.430]
 Thus much sayd Circe. He ryght feerce rejecting her request,
 And her, sayd: Whooso ere thou art, go set thy hart at rest.
 I am not thyne, nor will not bee. Another holdes my hart:
 And long God graunt shee may it hold, that I may never start
 To leawdnesse of a forreigne lust from bond of lawfull bed,
 As long as Janus daughter, my sweete Singer, is not dead.
 Dame Circe having oft renewd her sute in vayne beefore,
 Sayd: Dearely shalt thou bye thy scorne. For never shalt thou more
 Returne to Singer. Thou shalt lerne by proof what one can doo
 That is provoked, and in love, yea and a woman too. ... [XIV.440]

But Circe is bothe stird to wrath, and also tane in love,
 Yea and a woman. Twyce her face to westward she did move,
 And twyce to Eastward. Thryce shee layd her rod uppon his head.
 And therewithall three charmes shee cast. Away king Picus fled.
 And woondring that he fled more swift than earst he had beene woont,
 He saw the fethers on his skin, and at the sodein brunt
 Became a bird that haunts the woodes. Wherat he taking spyght,
 With angrie bill did job uppon hard Okes with all his myght.
 And in his moode made hollowe holes uppon theyr boughes. The hew
 Of Crimzen which was in his cloke, uppon his fethers grew. ... [XIV.450]
 The gold that was a clasp and did his cloke toogither hold,
 Is fethers, and about his necke goes circlewyse like gold.
 His servants luring in that whyle oft over all the ground
 In vayne, and fynding no where of theyr kyng no inkling, found
 Dame Circe. (For by that tyme shee had made the ayer sheere,
 And suffred both the sonne and wyndes the mistye steames to cleere0
 And charging her with matter trew, demaunded for theyr kyng,
 And offring force, began theyr darts and Javelings for to fling.
 Shee sprincling noysom venim streyght and jewce of poysoning myght,
 Did call together Eribus and Chaos, and the nyght, ... [XIV.460]
 And all the feendes of darknesse, and with howling out along
 Made prayers unto Hecate. Scarce ended was her song,
 But that (a woondrous thing to tell) the woodes lept from theyr place.
 The ground did grone: the trees neere hand lookt pale in all the chace:
 the grasse besprent with droppes of blood lookt red: the stones did seem
 To roare and bellow horce: and doggs to howle and raze extreeme:
 And all the ground to crawle with snakes blacke scaalde: and gastly spryghts
 Fly whisking up and downe. The folke were flayghted at theis syghts.
 And as they woondring stood amazd, shee strokte her witching wand
 Uppon theyr faces. At the touche wherof, there out of hand ... [XIV.470]
 Came woondrous shapes of savage beastes uppon them all. Not one
 Reteyned stil his native shape. The setting sonne was gone
 Beyond the utmost coast of Spaine, and Singer longd in vayne
 To see her husband. Bothe her folke and people ran agayne
 Through all the woodes. And ever as they went, they sent theyr eyes
 Before them for to fynd him out, but no man him espyes.
 Then Singer thought it not ynough to weepe and teare her heare,
 And beat herself (all which shee did). Shee gate abrode, and there
 Raundgd over all the broade wyld feelds like one besyds her witts.
 Six nyghts and full as many dayes (as fortune led by fitts) ... [XIV.480]
 She strayd mee over hilles and dales, and never tasted rest,
 Nor meate, nor drink of all the whyle. The seventh day, sore opprest
 And tyred bothe with travell and with sorrowe, downe shee sate
 Uppon cold Tybers bank, and there with teares in moorning rate
 Shee warbling on her greef in tune not shirle nor over hye,
 Did make her moane, as dooth the swan: whoo ready for to dye
 Dooth sing his buriall song before. Her maree molt at last
 With moorning, and shee pynde away: and finally shee past
 To lither ayre. But yit her fame remayned in the place.

For why the auncient husbandmen according to the cace, ... [XIV.490]
 Did name it Singer of the nymph that dyed in the same.
 Of such as these are, many things that yeere by fortune came
 Bothe to my heering and my sight. Wee waxing resty then
 And slugs by discontinuance, were commaunded yit agen
 To go aboard and hoysse up sayles. And Circe told us all
 That long and dowtfull passage and rowgh seas should us befall.
 I promis thee those woordes of hers mee throughly made afrayd:
 And therefore hither I mee gate, and heere I have mee stayd.
 This was the end of Macars tale. And ere long tyme was gone,
 Aeneas Nurce was buried in a tumb of marble stone, ... [XIV.500]
 And this short verse was set theron: #In this same verry place
 My Nurcechylde whom the world dooth know to bee a chylde of grace
 Delivering mee, Caieta, quicke from burning by the Grayes,
 Hathe burnt mee dead with such a fyre as justly winnes him prayse.
 Theyr Cables from the grassye strond were loosde, and by and by
 From Circes slaunderous house and from her treasons farre they fly.
 And making to the thicgrowse groves where through the yellow dust
 The shady Tyber into sea his gushing streame dooth thrust,
 Aeneas got the Realme of king Latinus, Fawnus sonne,
 And eeke his daughter, whom in feyght by force of armes he wonne. ... [XIV.510]
 He enterprysed warre against a Nation feerce and strong.
 And Turne was wrothe for holding of his wyfe away by wrong.
 Against the Shyre of Latium met all Tyrrhene, and long
 With busye care hawlt victorie by force of armes was sought.
 Eche partie to augment theyr force by forreine succour wrought.
 And many sent the Rutills help, and many came to ayd
 The Trojanes: neyther was the good Aeneas ill apayd
 Of going to Evanders towne. But Venulus in vayne
 To outcast Diomedes citie went his succour to obtaine.
 This Diomed under Dawnus, king of Calabrye, did found ... [XIV.520]
 A myghtye towne, and with his wyfe in dowrye hild the ground.
 Now when from Turnus, Venulus his message had declaard,
 Desyring help: th'Aetolian knyght sayd none could well bee spaard.
 And in excuse, he told him how he neyther durst be bold
 To prest his fathers folk to warre of whom he had no hold,
 Nor any of his countrymen had left as then alyve
 To arme. And lest yee think (quoth hee) I doo a shift contryve,
 Although by uppening of the thing my bitter greef revyve
 I will abyde to make a new rehersall. After that
 The Greekes had burned Troy and on the ground had layd it flat, ... [XIV.530]
 And that the Prince of Narix by his ravishing the mayd
 In Pallas temple, on us all the pennance had displayd
 Which he himself deserved alone: then scattred heere and there
 And harryed over all the seas, wee Greekes were fayne to beare
 Nyght, thunder, tempest, wrath of heaven and sea, and last of all
 Sore shipwrecke at mount Capharey to mend our harmes withall.
 And lest that mee to make too long a processe yee myght deeme
 In setting forth our heavy happes, the Greekes myght that tyme seeme

Ryght rewfull even to Priamus. Howbee't Minerva, shee
 That weareth armour, tooke mee from the waves and saved mee. ... [XIV.540]
 But from my fathers Realme ageine by violence I was driven.
 For Venus bearing still in mynd the wound I had her given
 Long tyme before, did woork revendge. By meanes wherof such toyle
 Did tosse mee on the sea, and on the land I found such broyle
 By warres, that in my hart I thought them blist of God whom erst
 The violence of the raging sea and hideous wynds has perst,
 And whom the wrathfull Capharey by shipwrecke did confound:
 Oft wisshing also I had there among the rest beene drownd.
 My company now having felt the woorst that sea or warre
 Could woork, did faynt, and wisht an end of straying out so farre. ... [XIV.550]
 But Agmon hot of nature and too feerce through slaughters made
 Sayd: What remayneth, sirs, through which our pacience cannot wade?
 What further spyght hath Venus yit to woork ageinst us more?
 When woorse misfortunes may be feard than have beene felt before,
 Then prayer may advauntadge men, and vowwing may then boote.
 But when the woorst is past of things, then feare is under foote.
 And when that bale is hyghest growne, then boote must next ensew.
 Although shee heere mee, and doo hate us all (which thing is trew)
 That serve heere under Diomed: Yit set wee lyght her hate.
 And deerely it should stand us on to purchase hygh estate. ... [XIV.560]
 With such stowt woordes did Agmon stirre dame Venus unto ire
 And raysd ageine her settled grudge. Not many had desyre
 To heere him talk thus out of square. The moste of us that are
 His freendes rebukte him for his woordes. And as he did prepare
 To answeere, bothe his voyce and throte by which his voyce should go,
 Were small: his heare to feathers turnd: his necke was clad as tho
 With feathers: so was brist and backe. The greater fethers stacke
 Uppon his armes: and into wings his elbowes bowwed backe.
 The greatest portion of his feete was turned into toes.
 A hardened bill of horne did growe uppon his mouth and nose, ... [XIV.570]
 And sharpened at the neather end. His fellowes, Lycus, Ide,
 Rethenor, Nyct, and Abas all stood woondring by his syde.
 And as they woondred, they receyvd the selfsame shape and hew.
 And finally the greater part of all my band up flew,
 And clapping with theyr newmade wings, about the ores did gird.
 And if yee doo demaund the shape of this same dowtfull bird,
 Even as they bee not verry Swannes: so drawe they verry neere
 The shape of Cygnets whyght. With much adoo I settled heere,
 And with a little remnant of my people doo obteyne
 The dry grownds of my fathrinlaw king Dawnus, whoo did reigne ... [XIV.580]
 In Calabry. Thus much the sonne of Oenye sayd. Anon
 Sir Venulus returning from the king of Calydon,
 Forsooke the coast of Puteoll and the feeldes of Messapie,
 In which hee saw a darksome denne forgrowne with busshes hye,
 And watred with a little spring. The halfegoate Pan that howre
 Possessed it: but heertofore it was the fayryes bowre.
 A shepeherd of Appulia from that cuntrye scaard them furst.

But afterward recovering hart and hardynesse they durst
 Despyse him when he chaced them, and with theyr nimble feete
 Continewed on theyr dawncing still in tyme and measure meete. ... [XIV.590]
 The shepeherd fownd mee fault with them: and with his lowtlike leapes
 Did counterfette theyr minyon dawnce, and rapped out by heapes
 A rabble of unsavory taunts even like a country cloyne,
 To which, most leawd and filthy termes of purpose he did joyne.
 And after he had once begon, he could not hold his toong,
 Untill that in the timber of a tree his throte was cloong.
 For now he is a tree, and by his jewce discerne yee may
 His manners. For the Olyf wyld dooth sensibly bewray
 By berryes full of bitternesse his rayling toong. For ay
 The harshnesse of his bitter woordes the berryes beare away. ... [XIV.600]
 Now when the kings Ambassadour returned home without
 The succour of th'Aetolian prince, the Rutills being stout
 Made luckelesse warre without theyr help: and much on eyther syde
 Was shed of blood. Behold king Turne made burning bronds to glyde
 Uppon theyr shippes, and they that had escaped water, stoode
 In feare of fyre. The flame had sindged the pitch, the wax, and wood,
 And other things that nourish fyre, and ronning up the maste
 Caught hold uppon the sayles, and all the takling gan to waste,
 The Rowers seates did also smoke: when calling to her mynd
 That theis same shippes were pynetrees erst and shaken with the wynd ... [XIV.610]
 On Ida mount, the moothe of the Goddes, dame Cybel, filld
 The ayre with sound of belles, and noyse of shalmes. And as shee hild
 The reynes that rulde the Lyons tame which drew her charyot, shee
 Sayd thus: O Turnus, all in vayne theis wicked hands of thee
 Doo cast this fyre. For by myself dispoyned it shall bee.
 I wilnot let the wasting fyre consume theis shippes which are
 A parcell of my forest lde of which I am most chare.
 It thundred as the Goddesse spake, and with the thunder came
 A storme of rayne and skipping hayle, and soodeyne with the same
 The sonnes of Astrey meeting feerce and feyghting verry sore, ... [XIV.620]
 Did trouble both the sea and ayre and set them on a rore.
 Dame Cybel using one of them to serve her turne that tyde,
 Did breake the Cables at the which the Trojane shippes did ryde
 And bare them prone, and underneathe the water did them dryve.
 The Timber of them softning turnd to bodyes streyght alyve.
 The stemmes were turnd to heades, the ores to swimming feete and toes,
 The sydes to ribbes, the keele that through the middle gally goes
 Became the ridgebone of the backe, the sayles and tackling, heare:
 And into armes in eyther syde the sayleyards turned were.
 Theyr hew is duskye as before, and now in shape of mayd ... [XIV.630]
 They play among the waves of which even now they were afrayd.
 And beeing Sea nymphes, wheras they were bred in mountaynes hard,
 They haunt for ay the water soft, and never afterward
 Had mynd to see theyr natyve soyle. But yit forgetting not
 How many perills they had felt on sea by lucklesse lot,
 They often put theyr helping hand to shippes distrest by wynd,

Onlesse that any caryed Greekes. For bearing still in mynd
 The burning of the towne of Troy, they hate the Greekes by kynd.
 And therefore of Ulysses shippes ryght glad they were to see
 The shivers, and as glad they were as any glad myght bee, ... [XIV.640]
 To see Alcinous shippes wex hard and turned into stone.
 Theis shippes thus having gotten lyfe and beeing turnd each one
 To nymphes, a body would have thought the miracle so greate
 Should into Turnus wicked hart sum godly feare have beate,
 And made him cease his wilfull warre. But he did still persist.
 And eyther partye had theyr Goddes theyr quarrell to assist,
 And courage also: which as good as Goddes myght well be thought.
 In fyne they neyther for the Realme nor for the scepter sought,
 Nor for the Lady Lavine: but for conquest. And for shame
 To seeme to shrinke in leaving warre, they stil prolongd the same. ... [XIV.650]
 At length dame Venus sawe her sonne obteyne the upper hand.
 King Turnus fell, and eeke the towne of Ardea which did stand
 Ryght strong in hygh estate as long as Turnus lived. But
 Assoone as that Aeneas swoord to death had Turnus put,
 The towne was set on fyre: and from amid the embers flew
 A fowle which till that present tyme no persone ever knew,
 And beete the ashes feercely up with flapping of his wing.
 The leanenesse, palenesse, dolefull sound, and every other thing
 That may expresse a Citie sakt, yea and the Cities name
 Remayned still unto the bird. And now the verrye same ... [XIV.660]
 With Hernesewes fethers dooth bewayle the towne wherof it came.
 And now Aeneas prowessse had compelled all the Goddes
 And Juno also (whoo with him was most of all at oddes)
 To cease theyr old displeasure quyght. And now he having layd
 Good ground whereon the growing welth of July myght be stayd,
 Was rype for heaven. And Venus had great sute already made
 To all the Goddes, and cleeping Jove did thus with him perswade
 Deere father, whoo hast never beene uncurtuious unto mee,
 Now shewe the greatest courtesie (I pray thee) that may bee.
 And on my sonne Aeneas (whoo a graundchyld unto thee ... [XIV.670]
 Hath got of my blood) if thou wilt vouchsafe him awght at all,
 Vouchsafe sum Godhead to bestowe, although it bee but small.
 It is ynough that once he hathe alreadye seene the Realme
 Of Pluto utter pleasurelesse, and passed Styxis streame.
 The Goddes assented: neyther did Queene Juno then appeere
 In countnance straunge, but did consent with glad and merry cheere.
 Then Jove: Aeneas woorthy is a saynct in heaven to bee.
 Thy wish for whom thou doost it wish I graunt thee frank and free.
 This graunt of his made Venus glad. Shee thankt him for the same.
 And glyding through the aire uppon her yoked doves, shee came ... [XIV.680]
 To Lawrent shore, where clad with reede the river Numicke deepe
 To seaward (which is neere at hand) with stealing pace dooth creepe.
 Shee bade this river wash away what ever mortall were
 In good Aeneas bodye, and them under sea to beare.
 The horned brooke fulfilld her hest, and with his water sheere

Did purge and clenze Aenaeas from his mortall body cleere.
 The better porcion of him did remayne unto him sownd.
 His moother having hallowed him did noynt his bodye rownd
 With heavenly odours, and did touch his mouth with Ambrosie
 The which was mixt with Nectar sweete, and made him by and by ... [XIV.690]
 A God to whom the Romanes give the name of Indiges.
 Endeverting with theyr temples and theyr altars him to please.
 Ascanius with the dowble name from thence began to reigne,
 In whom the rule of Alba and of Latium did remayne.
 Next him succeeded Silvius, whoose sonne Latinus hild
 The auncient name and scepter which his graundsyre erst did weeld.
 The famous Epit after this Latinus did succede.
 Then Capys and king Capetus. But Capys was indeede
 The formest of the two. From this the scepter of the Realme
 Descended unto Tyberine, whoo drowning in the streame ... [XIV.700]
 Of Tyber left that name thereto. This Tyberine begat
 Feerce Remulus and Acrota. By chaunce it hapned that
 The elder brother Remulus for counterfetting oft
 The thunder, with a thunderbolt was killed from aloft.
 From Acrota, whoose stayednesse did passe his brothers skill,
 The crowne did come to Aventine, whoo in the selfsame hill
 In which he reygned buried lyes, and left therto his name.
 The rule of nation Palatine at length to Proca came.
 In this Kings reigne Pomona livd. There was not to bee found
 Among the woodnymphes any one in all the Latian ground ... [XIV.710]
 That was so conning for to keepe an Ortyard as was shee,
 Nor none so paynefull to preserve the frute of every tree.
 And theruppon shee had her name. Shee past not for the woodes
 Nor rivers, but the villages and boughes that bare bothe buddes
 And plentuous frute. In sted of dart a shredding hooke shee bare,
 With which the overlusty boughes shee eft away did pare
 That spreaded out too farre, and eft did make therwith a rift
 To greffe another imp uppon the stocke within the clift.
 And lest her trees should die through drought, with water of the springs
 Shee moysteth of theyr sucking roots the little crumpled strings. ... [XIV.720]
 This was her love and whole delyght. And as for Venus deedes,
 Shee had no mynd at all of them. And forbycause shee dreedes
 Enforcement by the countrie folke, shee walld her yards about,
 Not suffring any man at all to enter in or out.
 What have not those same nimble laddes so apt to frisk and daunce
 The Satyrs doone? Or what the Pannes that wantonly doo prounce
 With horned forheads? And the old Silenus whoo is ay
 More youthfull than his yeeres? And eeke the feend that scares away
 The theeves and robbers with his hooke, or with his privy part
 To winne her love? But yit than theis a farre more constant hart ... [XIV.730]
 Had sly Vertumnus, though he sped no better than the rest.
 O Lord, how often being in a moawers garment drest,
 Bare he in bundells sheaves of corne? And when he was so dyght,
 He was the very patterne of a harvest moawer ryght.

Oft bynding newmade hay about his temples he myght seeme
 A haymaker. Oft tymes in hand made hard with woork extreeme
 He bare a goade, that men would sweere he had but newly then
 Unyoakt his weerye Oxen. Had he tane in hand agen
 A shredding hooke, yee would have thought he had a gardener beene,
 Or proyrner of sum vyne. Or had you him with ladder seene ... [XIV.740]
 Uppon his necke, a gatherer of frute yee would him deeme.
 With swoord a souldier, with his rod an Angler he did seeme.
 And finally in many shapes he sought to fynd accesse
 To joy the beawty but by syght, that did his hart oppresse.
 Moreover, putting on his head a womans wimple gay,
 And staying by a staffe, graye heares he foorth to syght did lay
 Uppon his forehead, and did feyne a beldame for to bee,
 By meanes wherof he came within her goodly ortyards free.
 And woondring at the frute, sayd: Much more skill hast thou I see
 Than all the Nymphes of Albula. Hayle, Lady myne, the flowre ... [XIV.750]
 Unspotted of pure maydenhod in all the world this howre.
 And with that woord he kissed her a little: but his kisse
 Was such as trew old women would have never given ywis,
 Then sitting downe uppon a bank, he looked upward at
 The braunches bent with harvests weyght. Ageinst him where he sat
 A goodly Elme with glistring grapes did growe: which after hee
 Had praysed, and the vyne likewyse that ran uppon the tree:
 But if (quoth hee) this Elme without the vyne did single stand,
 It should have nothing (saving leaves) to bee desyred: and
 Ageine if that the vyne which ronnes uppon the Elme had nat ... [XIV.760]
 The tree to leane unto, it should uppon the ground ly flat.
 Yit art not thou admonisht by example of this tree
 To take a husband, neyther doost thou passe to maryed bee.
 But would to God thou wouldest. Sure Queene Helen never had
 Mo suters, nor the Lady that did cause the battell mad
 Betweene the halfbrute Centawres and the Lapythes, nor the wyfe
 Of bold Ulysses whoo was eeke ay fearefull of his lyfe,
 Than thou shouldst have. For thousands now (even now most cheefly when
 Thou seemest suters to abhorre) desyre thee, both of men,
 And Goddes and halfgoddes, yea and all the fayryes that doo dwell ... [XIV.770]
 In Albane hilles. But if thou wilt bee wyse, and myndest well
 To match thyself, and wilt give eare to this old woman heere,
 (To whom thou more than to them all art (trust mee) leef and deere,
 And more than thou thyself beleevst) the common matches flee,
 And choose Vertumnus to thy make. And take thou mee to bee
 His pledge. For more he to himself not knowen is, than to mee.
 He roves not like a ronnegate through all the world abode.
 This cuntrye heerabout (the which is large) is his abode.
 He dooth not (like a number of theis common wooers) cast
 His love to every one he sees. Thou art the first and last ... [XIV.780]
 That ever he set mynd uppon. Alonly unto thee
 Hee vowes himself as long as lyfe dooth last. Moreover hee
 Is youthfull, and with beawtye sheene endewd by natures gift,

And aptly into any shape his persone he can shift.
 Thou canst not bid him bee the thing, (though al things thou shouldst name)
 But that he fitly and with ease will streyght becomeme the same.
 Besydes all this, in all one thing bothe twayne of you delyght,
 And of the frutes that you love best the firstlings are his ryght:
 And gladly he receyves thy gifts. But neyther covets hee
 Thy Apples, Plommes, nor other frutes new gathered from the tree, ... [XIV.790]
 Nor yit the herbes of pleasant sent that in thy gardynes bee:
 Nor any other kynd of thing in all the world, but thee.
 Have mercy on his fervent love, and think himself to crave
 Heere present by the mouth of mee, the thing that he would have.
 And feare the God that may revenge: as Venus whoo dooth hate
 Hard harted folkes, and Rhammuse whoo dooth eyther soone or late
 Expresse her wrath with myndfull wreake. And to th'entent thou may
 The more beware, of many things which tyme by long delay
 Hathe taught mee, I will shewe thee one which over all the land
 Of Cyprus blazed is abroad, which being ryghtly skand ... [XIV.800]
 May easily bow thy hardned hart and make it for to yild.
 One lphis borne of lowe degree by fortune had behild
 The Ladye Anaxarete descended of the race
 Of Tewcer, and in vewwing her the fyre of love apace
 Did spred it self through all his bones. With which he stryving long,
 When reason could not conquer rage bycause it was too strong,
 Came humbly to the Ladyes house: and one whyle laying ope
 His wretched love before her nurce, besought her by the hope
 Of Lady Anaxarete her nurcechylds good successe,
 Shee would not bee ageinst him in that cace of his distresse. ... [XIV.810]
 Another whyle entreating fayre sum freend of hers, he prayd
 Him earnestly with carefull voyce, of furthrance and of ayd.
 Oftymes he did preferre his sute by gentle letters sent.
 Oft garlonds moysted with the deawe of teares that from him went
 He hanged on her postes. Oft tymes his tender sydes he layd
 Ageinst the threshold hard, and oft in sadnesse did upbrayd
 The locke with much ungentlenesse. The Lady crueller
 Than are the rysing narrowe seas, or falling Kiddes, and farre
 More hard than steele of Noricum, and than the stonny rocke
 That in the quarrye hath his roote, did him despyse and mocke. ... [XIV.820]
 Besyde her dooings mercylesse, of statelynesse and spyght
 Shee adding prowde and skornefull woordes, defrauds the wretched wyght
 Of verry hope. But lphis now unable any more
 To beare the torment of his greef, still standing there before
 Her gate, spake theis his latest woordes. Well, Anaxarete,
 Thou hast the upper hand. Hencefoorth thou shalt not neede to bee
 Agreeved any more with mee. Go triumph hardely:
 Go vaunt thy self with joy: go sing the song of victorye:
 Go put a crowne of glittering bay uppon thy cruell head.
 For why thou hast the upper hand, and I am gladly dead. ... [XIV.830]
 Well, steely harted, well: rejoyce. Compeld yit shalt thou bee
 Of sumwhat in mee for to have a lyking. Thou shalt see

A poynt wherein thou mayst mee deeme most thankfull unto thee,
 And in the end thou shalt confesse the great desert of mee.
 But yit remember that as long as lyfe in mee dooth last,
 The care of thee shall never from this hart of myne be cast.
 For bothe the lyfe that I doo live in hope of thee, and tother
 Which nature giveth, shall have end and passe away toogither.
 The tydings neyther of my death shall come to thee by fame.
 Myself (I doo assure thee) will bee bringer of the same. ... [XIV.840]
 Myself (I say) will present bee that those same cruell eyen
 Of thyne may feede themselves uppon this livelesse corce of myne.
 But yit, O Goddes, (if you behold mennes deedes) remember mee.
 (My toong will serve to pray no more) and cause that I may bee
 Longtyme heerafter spoken of: and length the lyfe by fame
 The which yee have abridged in yeeres. In saying of this same
 He lifted up his watrye eyes and armes that wexed wan
 To those same stulpes which oft he had with garlondes deckt ere than,
 And fastning on the topps therof a halter thus did say:
 Thou cruell and ungodly wyght, theis are the wreathes that may ... [XIV.850]
 Most pleasure thee. And with that woord he thrusting in his head,
 Even then did turne him towards her as good as being dead,
 And wretchedly did totter on the poste with strangled throte.
 The wicket which his feereful feete in sprawling maynely smote,
 Did make a noyse: and flying ope bewrayd his dooing playne.
 The servants shreekt, and lifting up his bodye, but in vayne,
 Conveyd him to his moothers house, his father erst was slayne.
 His moother layd him in her lappe, and cleeping in her armes
 Her sonnes cold bodye, after that shee had bewayld her harmes
 With woordes and dooings mootherlyke, the corce with moorning cheere ... [XIV.860]
 To buryall sadly through the towne was borne uppon a beere.
 The house of Anaxarete by chaunce was neere the way
 By which this piteous pomp did passe. And of the doolefull lay
 The sound came to the eares of her, whom God alreadye gan
 To strike. Yit let us see (quoth shee) the buryall of this man.
 And up the hygh wyde windowde house in saying so, shee ran.
 Scarce had shee well on lphis lookt that on the beere did lye,
 But that her eyes wext stark: and from her limbes the blood gan flye.
 In stead therof came palenesse in. And as shee backward was
 In mynd to go, her feete stacke fast and could not stirre. And as ... [XIV.870]
 Shee would have cast her countnance backe, shee could not doo it. And
 The stonny hardnesse which alate did in her stomacke stand,
 Within a whyle did overgrow her whole from sole to crowne.
 And lest you think this geere surmysde, even yit in Salamin towne
 Of Lady Anaxarete the image standeth playne.
 The temple also in the which the image dooth remayne,
 Is unto Venus consecrate by name of Looker Out.
 And therefore weying well theis things, I prey thee looke about
 Good Lady, and away with pryde: and be content to frame
 Thy self to him that loveth thee and cannot quench his flame. ... [XIV.880]
 So neyther may the Lentons cold thy budding frutetrees kill

Nor yit the sharp and boystous wyndes thy flowring Gardynes spill.
 The God that can uppon him take what kynd of shape he list
 Now having sayd thus much in vayne, omitted to persist
 In beldames shape, and shewde himself a lusty gentleman,
 Appeering to her cheerefully, even like as Phebus whan
 Hee having overcommethe clowdes that did withstand his myght,
 Dooth blaze his brightsum beames agein with fuller heate and lyght.
 He offred force, but now no force was needfull in the cace.
 For why shee beeing caught in love with beawty of his face, ... [XIV.890]
 Was wounded then as well as hee, and gan to yeeld apace.
 Next Proca, reignd Amulius in Awsonye by wrong,
 Till Numitor, the ryghtfull heyre, deposed verry long,
 Was by his daughters sonnes restorde. And on the feastfull day
 Of Pale, foundation of the walles of Rome they gan to lay.
 Soone after Tacye, and the Lordes of Sabine stird debate:
 And Tarpey for her traytrous deede in opening of the gate
 Of Tarpey towre was prest to death according to desert
 With armour heapt uppon her head. Then feerce and stowt of hart
 The Sabines like to toonglesse woolves without all noyse of talke ... [XIV.900]
 Assayld the Romanes in theyr sleepe, and to the gates gan stalke
 Which Ilias sonne had closed fast with lockes and barres. But yit
 Dame Juno had set open one, and as shee opened it
 Had made no noyse of craking with the hindges, so that none
 Perceyvd the opening of the gate but Venus all alone.
 And shee had shet it up, but that it is not lawfull to
 One God to undoo any thing another God hath doo.
 The water nymphes of Awsonie hild all the groundes about
 The Church of Janus where was store of springs fresh flowing out.
 Dame Venus prayd theis nymphes of help. And they considering that ... [XIV.910]
 The Goddesse did request no more but ryght, denyde it nat.
 They opened all theyr fountayne veynes and made them flowe apace.
 Howbee't the passage was not yit to Janus open face
 Forclosed: neyther had as yit the water stopt the way.
 They put rank brimstone underneathe the flowing spring that day,
 And eeke with smokye rozen set theyr veynes on fyre for ay.
 Through force of theis and other things, the vapour perced lowe
 Even downe unto the verry rootes on which the springs did growe.
 So that the waters which alate in coldnesse myght compare
 Even with the frozen Alpes, now hot as burning furnace are. ... [XIV.920]
 The two gate posts with sprinkling of the fyry water smoakt.
 Wherby the gate beehyghted to the Sabines quyght was choakt
 With rysing of this fountaine straunge, untill that Marsis knyght
 Had armed him. Then Romulus did boldly offer fyght.
 The Romane ground with Sabines and with Romanes bothe were spred.
 And with the blood of fathrinlawes which wicked swoord had shed
 Flowde mixt the blood of sonneinlawes. Howbee't it seemed best
 To bothe the partyes at the length from battell for to rest,
 And not to fyght to uttrance: and that Tacye should becomene
 Copartner with king Romulus of sovereintye in Rome. ... [XIV.930]

Within a while king Tacye dyde: and bothe the Sabines and
 The Romanes under Romulus in equal ryght did stand.
 The God of battell putting off his glittering helmet then,
 With such like woordes as theis bespake the syre of Goddes and men:
 The tyme, O father (in as much as now the Romane state
 Is wexen strong uppon the good foundation layd alate,
 Depending on the stay of one) is comme for thee to make
 Thy promis good which thou of mee and of thy graundchylde spake
 Which was to take him from the earth and in the heaven him stay.
 Thou once (I markt thy gracious woordes and bare them well away) ... [XIV.940]
 Before a great assembly of the Goddes didst to mee say
 There shalbee one whom thou shalt rayse above the starry skye.
 Now let thy saying take effect. Jove graunting by and by
 The ayre was hid with darksom clowdes, and thunder forth did fly,
 And lyghtning made the world agast. Which Mars perceyving to
 Bee luckye tokens for himself his enterpryse to do,
 Did take his rist uppon his speare and goldly lept into
 His bloodye charyot. And he lent his horses with his whippe
 A yirking lash, and through the ayre full smoothely downe did slippe.
 And staying on the woody toppe of mountayne Palatine, ... [XIV.950]
 He tooke away king Romulus whoo there did then defyne
 The pryvate caces of his folk unseemly for a king.
 And as a leaden pellet broade enforced from a sling
 Is woont to dye amid the skye: even so his mortall flesh
 Sank from him downe the suttile ayre. In sted wherof a fresh
 And goodly shape more statelly and more meete for sacred shryne
 Succeeded, like our Quirin that in statelly robe dooth shyne.
 Hersilia for her feere as lost, of moorningmade none end,
 Untill Queene Juno did commaund dame Iris to descend
 Uppon the Raynebowe downe, and thus her message for to doo: ... [XIV.960]
 O of the Latian country and the Sabine nacion too
 Thou peerlesse perle of womanhod, most woorthy for to bee
 The wyfe of such a noble prince as heertofore was hee,
 And still to bee the wyfe of him canonized by name,
 Of Quirin: cease thy teares. And if thou have desyre the same
 Thy holy husband for to see, ensew mee to the queache
 That groweth greene on Quirins hill, whose shadowes overreache
 The temple of the Romane king. Dame Iris did obey.
 And slyding by her paynted bowe, in former woordes did say
 Her errand to Hersilia. Shee scarce lifting up her eyes ... [XIV.970]
 With sober countenance answerd: O thou Goddesse (for surmyse
 I cannot whoo thou art, but yit I well may understand
 Thou art a Goddesse) leede mee, O deere Goddesse, leede mee, and
 My husband to mee shewe. Whom if the fatall sisters three
 Will of theyr gracious goodnesse graunt mee leave but once to see,
 I shall account mee into heaven receyved for to bee.
 Immediatly with Thawmants imp to Quirins hill shee went.
 There glyding from the sky a starre streyght downe to ground was sent,
 The sparkes of whose bryght blazing beames did burne Hersilias heare.

And with the starre the ayre did up her heare to heavenward beare. ... [XIV.980]
The buylder of the towne of Rome receyving streyght the same
Betweene his old acquaynted handes, did alter both her name
And eeke her bodye, calling her dame Ora (1). And by this
Shee joyntly with her husband for a Goddesse woorshipt is.

FINIS LIBRI DECIMI QUARTI

1. Ora: per Ovid Hora.
Length: 9,987 words

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The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding

ORIGINAL SPELLING

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined

THE XV. BOOKE of Ovids Metamorphosis.

A Persone in the whyle was sought sufficient to susteine
The burthen of so great a charge, and woorthy for to reigne
In stead of such a mighty prince. The noble Nume by fame
(Whoo harped then uppon the truthe before to passe it came)
Appoynted to the Empyre was. This Numa thought it not
Inough that he the knowledge of the Sabine rites had got.
The deepenesse of the noble wit to greater things was bent,
To serch of things the natures out. The care of this intent
Did cause that he from Curie and his native Countrye went
With peynfull travell, to the towne where Hercules did hoste. ... [XV.10]
And asking who it was of Greeke that in th'Italian coast
Had buylt that towne, an aged man well seene in storyes old,
To satisfye his mynd therein the processe thus him told:
As Hercules enriched with the Spannish kyne did hold
His voyage from the Ocean sea, men say with lucky cut
He came aland on Lacine coast. And whyle he there did put
His beace to grazing, he himself in Crotons house did rest,
The greatest man in all those parts and unto straungers best:
And that he there refresht him of his tedious travell, and
That when he should depart, he sayd: Where now thy house dooth stand, ... [XV.20]
Shall in thy childers tyme a Citie buylded bee.
Which woordes of his have proved trew as playnly now wee see.
For why there was one Myscelus, a Greeke, Alemons sonne,
A persone more in favour of the Goddes than any one
In those dayes was. The God that beares the boystous club did stay
Upon him being fast asleepe, and sayd: Go seeke streyght way
The stonny streame of Aeserie. Thy native soyle for ay
Forsake. And sore he threatned him onlesse he did obey.
The God and sleepe departed both together. Up did ryse
Alemons sonne, and in himself did secretly devyse ... [XV.30]
Upon this vision. Long his mynd strove dowtfull to and fro.
The God bad go. His country lawes did say he should not go,
And death was made the penaltie for him that would doo so.
Cleere Titan in the Ocean sea had hid his lyghtsome head,
And duskye nyght had put up hers most thick with starres bespred.
The selfsame God by Myscelus did seeme to stand eftsoone,
Commaunding him the selfsame thing that he before had doone,
And threatning mo and greater plages onlesse he did obey.
Then being stricken sore in feare he went about streyghtway
His household from his natyve land to forreine to convey. ... [XV.40]
A rumor heereuppon did ryse through all the towne of Arge
And disobedience of the lawe was layed to his charge.
Assoone as that the cace had first beene pleaded and the deede
Apparantly perceyved, so that witnesse did not neede,
Arreyned and forlorne to heaven he cast his handes and eyes,
And sayd: O God whoose labours twelve have purchaste thee the skyes,

Assist mee, I thee pray. For thou art author of my cryme.
 When judgement should bee given it was the guyse in auncient tyme
 With whight stones to acquit the cleere, and eeke with blacke to cast
 The giltie. That tyme also so the heavy sentence past. ... [XV.50]
 The stones were cast unmercifull all blacke into the pot.
 But when the stones were powred out to number, there was not
 A blacke among them. All were whyght. And so through Hercles powre
 A gentle judgement did proceede, and he was quit that howre.
 Then gave he thanks to Hercules, and having prosperous blast,
 Cut over the Ionian sea, and so by Tarent past
 Which Spartanes buylt, and Cybaris, and Neaeth Salentine,
 And Thurine bay, and Emese, and eeke the pastures fyne
 Of Calabrye. And having scarce well sought the coastes that lye
 Uppon the sea, he found the mouth of fatall Aeserye. ... [XV.60]
 Not far from thence, he also found the tumb in which the ground
 Did kiver Crotons holy bones, and in that place did found
 The Citie that was willed him, and gave thereto the name
 Of him that there lay buried. Such originall as this same
 This Citie in th' Italian coast is sayd to have by fame.
 Heere dwelt a man of Samos Ile, who for the hate he had
 To Lordlynesse and Tyranny, though unconstraynd was glad
 To make himself a bannisht man. And though this persone werre
 Farre distant from the Goddes by site of heaven: yit came he neere
 To them in mynd. And he by syght of soule and reason cleere ... [XV.70]
 Behold the things which nature dooth to fleshly eyes denye.
 And when with care most vigilant he had assuredly
 Imprinted all things in his hart, he set them openly
 Abroade for other folk to lerne. He taught his silent sort
 (Which woondred at the heavenly woordes theyr mayster did report)
 The first foundation of the world: the cause of every thing:
 What nature was: and what was God: whence snow and lyghtning spring:
 And whither Jove or else the wynds in breaking clowdes doo thunder:
 What shakes the earth: what law the starres doo keepe their courses under
 And what soever other thing is hid from common sence. ... [XV.80]
 He also is the first that did injoyne an abstinence
 To feede of any lyving thing. He also first of all
 Spake thus: although ryght lernedly, yit to effect but small:
 Yee mortall men, forbear to frank your flesh with wicked foode.
 Yee have both corne and fruites of trees and grapes and herbes right good.
 And though that sum bee harsh and hard: yit fyre may make them well
 Both soft and sweete. Yee may have milk, and honny which dooth smell
 Of flowres of tyme. The lavish earth dooth yeeld you plentiously
 Most gentle foode, and riches to content bothe mynd and eye.
 There needes no slaughter nor no blood to get your living by. ... [XV.90]
 The beastes do breake theyr fast with flesh: and yit not all beastes neyther.
 For horses, sheepe, and Rotherbeastes to live by grasse had lever.
 The nature of the beast that dooth delyght in bloody foode.
 Is cruell and unmercifull. As Lyons feerce of moode,
 Armenian Tigers, Beares, and Woolves. Oh, what a wickednesse

It is to cram the mawe with mawe, and frank up flesh with flesh,
 And for one living thing to live by killing of another:
 As whoo should say, that of so great abundance which our mooother
 The earth doth yeeld most bountuously, none other myght delyght
 Thy cruell teethe to chawe uppon, than grisly woundes, that myght ... [XV.100]
 Exprese the Cyclops guyse? or else as if thou could not stawnche
 The hunger of thy greedye gut and evill mannerd pawnche,
 Onlesse thou stroyd sum other wyght. But that same auncient age
 Which wee have naamd the golden world, cleene voyd of all such rage,
 Livd blessedly by frute of trees and herbes that grow on ground,
 And stayned not their mouthes with blood. Then birds might safe and sound
 Fly where they listed in the ayre. The hare unscaard of hound
 Went pricking over all the feeldes. No angling hooke with bayt
 Did hang the seely fish that bote mistrusting no deceyt.
 All things were voyd of guylfulnesse: no treason was in trust: ... [XV.110]
 But all was freendshippe, love and peace. But after that the lust
 Of one (what God so ere he was) disdeyning former fare,
 To cram that cruell crope of his with fleshmeate did not spare,
 He made a way for wickednesse. And first of all the knyfe
 Was staynd with blood of savage beastes in ridding them of lyfe.
 And that had nothing beene amisse, if there had beene the stay.
 For why wee graunt, without the breach of godlynesse wee may
 By death confound the things that seeke to take our lyves away.
 But as to kill them reason was: even so agein theyr was
 No reason why to eate theyr flesh. This leawdnesse thence did passe ... [XV.120]
 On further still. Wheras there was no sacrificyse beforne,
 The Swyne (bycause with hoked groyne he rooted up the corne,
 And did deceyve the tillmen of theyr hope next yeere thereby)
 Was deemed woorthy by desert in sacrificyse to dye.
 The Goate for bygthing vynes was slayne at Bacchus altar whoo
 Wreakes such misdeedes. Theyr owne offence was hurtful to theis two.
 But what have you poore sheepe misdoone, a cattell meeke and meeld,
 Created for to maynteine man, whoose fulsomme duggs doo yeeld
 Sweete Nectar, whoo dooth clothe us with your wooll in soft aray?
 Whoose lyfe dooth more us benefite than dooth your death farreaway? ... [XV.130]
 What trespassse have the Oxen doone, a beast without all guyle
 Or craft, unhurtfull, simple, borne to labour every whyle?
 In fayth he is unmyndfull and unwoorthy of increace
 Of corne, that in his hart can fynd his tilman to releace
 From plough, to cut his throte: that in his hart can fynde (I say)
 Those neckes with hatchets off to strike, whoose skinne is worne away
 With labring ay for him: whoo turnd so oft his land most tough,
 Whoo brought so many harvestes home. Yit is it not ynough
 That such a great outrageousnesse committed is. They father
 Theyr wickednesse uppon the Goddes. And falsly they doo gather ... [XV.140]
 That in the death of paynfull Ox the Hyghest dooth delyght.
 A sacrificyse unblemished and fayrest unto syght,
 (For beawtye woorketh them theyr bane) adornd with garlonds, and
 With glittering gold, is cyted at the altar for to stand.

There heeres he woordes (he wotes not what) the which the preest dooth pray,
 And on his forehead suffereth him betweene his hornes to lay
 The eares of corne that he himself hath wrought for in the clay,
 And stayneth with his blood the knyfe that he himself perchaunce
 Hathe in the water sheere ere then behild by soodein glaunce.
 Immediatly they haling out his hartstrings still alive, ... [XV.150]
 And poring on them, seeke therein Goddes secrets to retryve.
 Whence commes so greedy appetyte in men, of wicked meate?
 And dare yee, O yee mortall men, adventure thus to eate?
 Nay doo not (I beseeche yee) so. But give good eare and heede
 To that that I shall warne you of, and trust it as your creede,
 That whensoever you doo eate your Oxen, you devowre
 Your husbandmen. And forasmuch as God this instant howre
 Dooth move my toong to speake, I will obey his heavenly powre.
 My God Apollos temple I will set you open, and
 Disclose the woondrous heavens themselves, and make you understand ... [XV.160]
 The Oracles and secrets of the Godly majesty.
 Greate things, and such as wit of man could never yit espye,
 And such as have beene hidden long, I purpose to descrye.
 I mynd to leave the earth, and up among the starres to sty.
 I mynd to leave this grosser place, and in the clowdes to flye,
 And on stowt Atlas shoulders strong to rest my self on hye,
 And looking downe from heaven on men that wander heere and there
 In dreadfull feare of death as though they voyd of reason were,
 To give them exhortation thus: and playnely to unwynd
 The whole discourse of destinie as nature hath assignd. ... [XV.170]
 O men amaazd with dread of death, why feare yee Limbo Styx,
 And other names of vanitie, which are but Poets tricks?
 And perrills of another world, all false surmysed geere?
 For whether fyre or length of tyme consume the bodyes heere,
 Yee well may thinke that further harmes they cannot suffer more.
 For soules are free from death. Howbee't, they leaving evermore
 Theyr former dwellings, are receyv'd and live ageine in new.
 For I myself (ryght well in mynd I heare it to be trew)
 Was in the tyme of Trojan warre Euphorbus, Penthewes sonne,
 Quygth through whoose hart the deathfull speare of Menelay did ronne. ... [XV.180]
 I late ago in Junos Church at Argos did behold
 And knew the target which I in my left hand there did hold.
 All things doo chaunge. But nothing sure dooth perrish. This same spright
 Dooth fleete, and fiscing heere and there dooth swiftly take his flyght
 From one place to another place, and entreth every wyght,
 Removing out of man to beast, and out of beast to man.
 But yet it never perrisheth nor never perrish can.
 And even as supple wax with ease receyveth fygyures straunge,
 And keepes not ay one shape, ne hydes assured ay from chaunge,
 And yit continueth alwayes wax in substaunce: so I say ... [XV.190]
 The soule is ay the selfsame thing it was and yit astray
 It fleeteth into sundry shapes. Therfore lest Godlynesse
 Bee vanquisht by outrageous lust of belly beastlynesse,

Forbeare (I speake by prophesie) your kinsfolkes ghostes to chace
 By slaughter: neyther nourish blood with blood in any cace.
 And sith on open sea the wynds doo blow my sayles apace,
 In all the world there is not that that standeth at a stay.
 Things eb and flow: and every shape is made to passe away.
 The tyme itself continually is fleeting like a brooke.
 For neyther brooke nor lyghtsomme tyme can tarrye still. But looke ... [XV.200]
 As every wave dryves other foorth, and that that commes behynd
 Bothe thrusteth and is thrust itself: even so the tymes by kynd
 Doo fly and follow bothe at once, and evermore renew.
 For that that was before is left, and streyght there doth ensew
 Anoother that was never erst. Eche twinkling of an eye
 Dooth chaunge. Wee see that after day commes nyght and darks the sky,
 And after nyght the lyghtsum Sunne succeedeth orderly.
 Like colour is not in the heaven when all things weery lye
 At midnyght sound asleepe, as when the daystarre cleere and bryght
 Comes foorth uppon his milkwhyght steede. Ageine in other plyght ... [XV.210]
 The Morning, Pallants daughter fayre, the messenger of lyght
 Delivereth into Phebus handes the world of cleerer hew.
 The circle also of the sonne what tyme it ryseth new
 And when it setteth, looketh red, but when it mounts most hye,
 Then lookes it whyght, bycause that there the nature of the skye
 Is better, and from filthye drosse of earth dooth further flye.
 The image also of the Moone that shyneth ay by nyght,
 Is never of one quantitie. For that that giveth lyght
 Today, is lesser than the next that followeth, till the full.
 And then contrarywyse eche day her lyght away dooth pull. ... [XV.220]
 What? Seest thou not how that the yeere as representing playne
 The age of man, departes itself in quarters fowre? First bayne
 And tender in the spring it is, even like a sucking babe.
 Then greene, and voyd of strength, and lush, and foggye, is the blade,
 And cheeres the husbandman with hope. Then all things flourish gay.
 The earth with flowres of sundry hew then seemeth for to play,
 And vertue small or none to herbes there dooth as yit belong.
 The yeere from springtyde passing foorth to sommer, wexeth strong,
 Becommeth lyke a lusty youth. For in our lyfe through out
 There is no tyme more plentiful, more lusty, hote and stout. ... [XV.230]
 Then followeth Harvest when the heate of youth growes sumwhat cold,
 Rype, meeld, disposed meane betwixt a yoongman and an old,
 And sumwhat sprent with grayish heare. Then ugly winter last
 Like age steales on with trembling steppes, all bald, or overcast
 With shirle thinne heare as whyght as snowe. Our bodies also ay
 Doo alter still from tyme to tyme, and never stand at stay.
 Wee shall not bee the same wee were today or yisterday.
 The day hath beene wee were but seede and only hope of men,
 And in our moothers womb wee had our dwelling place as then:
 Dame Nature put to conning hand and suffred not that wee ... [XV.240]
 Within our moothers streyned womb should ay distressed bee,
 But brought us out to aire, and from our prison set us free.

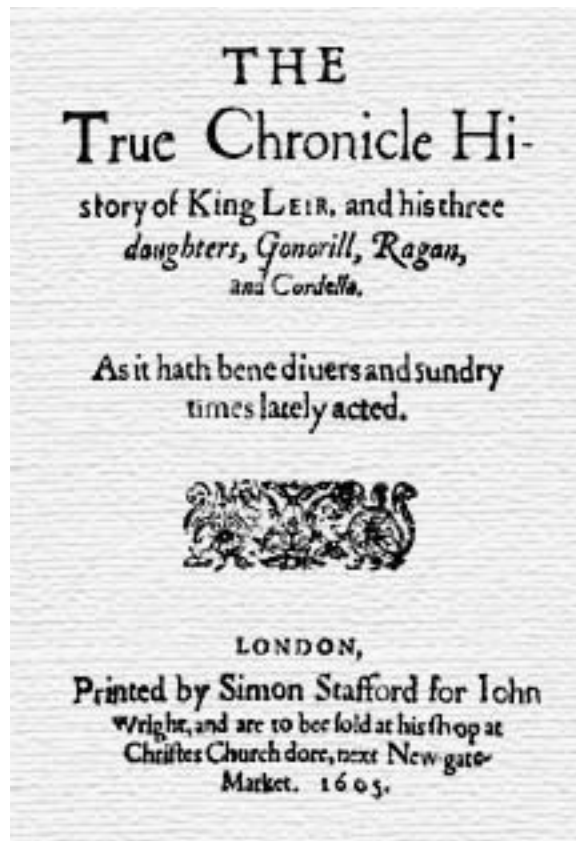
The chyld newborne lyes voyd of strength. Within a season tho
 He waxing fowerfooted lernes like savage beastes to go.
 Then sumwhat foltring, and as yit not firme of foote, he standes
 By getting sumwhat for to helpe his sinewes in his handes.
 From that tyme growing strong and swift, he passeth forth the space
 Of youth: and also wearing out his middle age apace,
 Through drooping ages steepye path he ronnethe out his race.
 This age dooth undermyne the strength of former yeares, and throwes ... [XV.250]
 It downe. Which thing old Milo by example playnely shewes.
 For when he sawe those armes of his (which heeretofore had beene
 As strong as ever Hercules in woorking deadly teene
 Of biggest beastes) hang flapping downe, and nought but empty skin,
 He wept. And Helen when shee saw her aged wrinkles in
 A glasse wept also: musing in herself what men had seene,
 That by two noble princes sonnes shee twyce had ravisht beene.
 Thou tyme the eater up of things, and age of spyghtfull teene,
 Destroy all things. And when that long continuance hath them bit,
 You leysurely by lingring death consume them every whit. ... [XV.260]
 And theis that wee call Elements doo never stand at stay.
 The enterchaunging course of them I will before yee lay.
 Give heede therto. This endlesse world conteynes therin I say
 Fowre substances of which all things are gendred. Of theis fower
 The Earth and Water for theyr masse and weyght are sunken lower.
 The other cowple Aire and Fyre, the purer of the twayne,
 Mount up, and nought can keepe them downe. And though there doo remayne
 A space betweene eche one of them: yit every thing is made
 Of them same fowre, and into them at length ageine doo fade.
 The earth resolving leysurely dooth melt to water sheere. ... [XV.270]
 The water fyned turnes to aire. The aire eeke purged cleere
 From grossenesse, spyreth up aloft, and there becommeth fyre.
 From thence in order contrary they backe ageine retyre.
 Fyre thickening passeth into Aire, and Ayer waxing grosse,
 Returnes to water: Water eeke congealing into drosse,
 Becommeth earth. No kind of thing keepes ay his shape and hew.
 For nature loving ever chaunge repayres one shape anew
 Uppon another. Neyther dooth there perrish aught (trust mee)
 In all the world, but altring takes new shape. For that which wee
 Doo terme by name of being borne, is for to gin to bee ... [XV.280]
 Another thing than that it was: and likewise for to dye,
 To cease to bee the thing it was. And though that varyably
 Things passe perchaunce from place to place: yit all from whence they came
 Returning, do unperrished continew still the same.
 But as for in one shape, bee sure that nothing long can last.
 Even so the ages of the world from gold to iron past.
 Even so have places oftentimes exchaunged theyr estate.
 For I have seene it sea which was substanciall ground alate,
 Ageine where sea was, I have seene the same become dry lond,
 And shelles and scales of Seafish farre have lyen from any strond, ... [XV.290]
 And in the toppes of mountaynes hygh old Anchors have beene found.

Deepe valleyes have by watershotte beene made of levell ground,
 And hilles by force of guling oft have into sea beene worne.
 Hard gravell ground is sumtyme seene where marris was beforne,
 And that that erst did suffer drowght, becommeth standing lakes.
 Heere nature sendeth new springs out, and there the old in takes.
 Full many rivers in the world through earthquakes heretofore
 Have eyther chaundgd theyr former course, or dryde and ronne no more.
 Soo Lycus beeing swallowed up by gaping of the ground,
 A greatway off fro thence is in another channell found. ... [XV.300]
 Even so the river Erasine among the feeldes of Arge
 Sinks one whyle, and another whyle rones greate ageine at large.
 Caucus also of the land of Mysia (as men say)
 Misliking of his former head, rones now another way.
 In Sicill also Amasene rones sumtyme full and hye,
 And sumtyme stopping up his spring, he makes his chanell drye.
 Men drank the waters of the brooke Anigrus heretofore,
 Which now is such that men abhorre to towche them any more.
 Which commes to passe, (onlesse wee will discredit Poets quyght)
 Bycause the Centaures vanquished by Hercules in fyght ... [XV.310]
 Did wash theyr woundes in that same brooke. But dooth not Hypanis
 That springeth in the Scythian hilles, which at his fountaine is
 Ryght pleasant, afterward become of brackish bitter taste?
 Antissa, and Phenycian Tyre, and Pharos in tyme past
 Were compast all about with waves: but none of all theis three
 Is now an Ile. Ageine the towne of Lewcas once was free
 From sea, and in the auncient tyme was joynd to the land.
 But now environd round about with water it dooth stand.
 Men say that Sicill also hath beene joynd to Italy
 Untill the sea consumde the bounds beeweene, and did supply ... [XV.320]
 The roome with water. If yee go to seeke for Helicee
 And Burye which were Cities of Achaia, you shall see
 Them hidden under water, and shipmen yit doo shewe
 The walles and steeples of the townes drownd under as they rowe.
 Not farre from Pitthey Troysen is a certeine high ground found
 All voyd of trees, which heeretofore was playne and levell ground,
 But now a mountayne. For the wyndes (a woondrous thing to say)
 Inclosed in the hollow caves of ground, and seeking way
 To passe therefro, in struggling long to get the open skye
 In vayne, (bycause in all the cave there was no vent wherby ... [XV.330]
 To issue out,) did stretch the ground and make it swell on hye,
 As dooth a bladder that is blowen by mouth, or as the skinne
 Of horned Goate in bottlewyse when wynd is gotten in.
 The swelling of the foresayd place remaynes at this day still,
 And by continuance waxing hard is growen a pretye hill.
 Of many things that come to mynd by hearsay, and by skill
 Of good experience, I a fewe will utter to you mo.
 What? Dooth not water in his shapes chaunge straungely to and fro?
 The well of horned Hammon is at noonetyde passing cold.
 At morne and even it wexeth warme. At midnyght none can hold ... [XV.340]

His hand therin for passing heate. The well of Athamane,
 Is sayd to kindle woode what tyme the moone is in the wane.
 The Cicons have a certeine streame which beeing droonk dooth bring
 Mennes bowwelles into Marble hard: and whatsoever thing
 Is towcht therwith, it turnes to stone. And by your bounds behold
 The rivers Crathe and Sybaris make yellow heare like gold
 And Amber. There are also springs (which thing is farre more straunge)
 Which not the bodye only, but the mynd doo also chaunge.
 Whoo hath not heard of Salmacis, that fowle and filthye sink?
 Or of the lake of Aethyop, which if a man doo drink, ... [XV.350]
 He eyther roneth mad, or else with woondrous drowzinesse
 Forgoeth quyght his memorie? Whoo ever dooth represse
 His thirst with drawght of Clitor well, hates wyne, and dooth delyght
 In only water: eyther for bycause there is a myght
 Contrary unto warming wyne by nature in the well,
 Or else bycause (for so the folk of Arcadye doo tell)
 Melampus, Amythaons sonne (when he delivered had
 King Praetus daughters by his charmes and herbes from being mad),
 Cast into that same water all the baggage wherewithall
 He purgd the madnesse of theyr mynds. And so it did befall, ... [XV.360]
 That lothsomnesse of wyne did in those waters ay remayne.
 Ageine in Lyncest contrarie effect to this dooth reigne.
 For whoo so drinkes too much therof, he reeleth heere and there
 As if by quaffing wyne no whyt alayd he droonken were.
 There is a Lake in Arcadye which Pheney men did name
 In auncient tyme, whose dowtfulnesse deserveth justly blame.
 A nyght tymes take thou heede of it, for if thou taste the same
 A nyghttymes, it will hurt. But if thou drink it in the day
 It hurteth not. Thus lakes and streames (as well perceyve yee may)
 Have divers powres and diversly. Even so the tyme hathe beene ... [XV.370]
 That Delos which stands stedfast now, on waves was floting seene.
 And Galyes have beene sore afraid of frusshing by the Iles
 Symplegads which together dasht uppon the sea erewhyles,
 But now doo stand unmovable ageinst bothe wynde and tyde.
 Mount Aetna with his burning Oovens of brimstone shall not byde
 Ay fyrye: neyther was it so for ever erst. For whither
 The earth a living creature bee, and that to breathe out hither
 And thither flame, great store of vents it have in sundry places,
 And that it have the powre to shift those vents in divers caces,
 Now damming theis, now opening those, in moving to and fro: ... [XV.380]
 Or that the whisking wynds restreynd within the earth bylowe,
 Doo beate the stones against the stones, and other kynd of stuffe
 Of fyrye nature, which doo fall on fyre with every puffe:
 Assoone as those same wynds doo cease, the caves shall streight bee cold.
 Or if it bee a Rozen mowld that soone of fyre takes hold,
 Or brimstone mixt with clayish soyle on fyre dooth lyghtly fall:
 Undowtedly assoone as that same soyle consumed shall
 No longer yeeld the fatty foode to feede the fyre withall,
 And ravening nature shall forgo her woonted nourishment,

Then being able to abyde no longer famishment, ... [XV.390]
 For want of sustenance it shall cease his burning. I doo fynd
 By fame, that under Charlsis wayne in Pallene are a kynd
 Of people which by dyving thryce three tymes in Triton lake
 Becomme all fethred, and the shape of birdes uppon them take.
 The Scythian witches also are reported for to doo
 The selfsame thing (but hardly I give credit therunto)
 By smearing poyson over all theyr bodyes. But (and if
 A man to matters tryde by proof may sauflly give beleef,)
 Wee see how flesh by lying still a whyle and ketching heate
 Dooth turne to little living beastes. And yit a further feate, ... [XV.400]
 Go kill an Ox and burye him,(the thing by proof man sees)
 And of his rotten flesh will breede the flowergathering Bees,
 Which as theyr father did before, love feeldes exceedingly,
 And unto woork in hope of gayne theyr busye limbes apply.
 The Hornet is engendred of a lustye buried Steede.
 Go pull away the cleas from Crabbes that in the sea doo breede,
 And burye all the rest in mowld, and of the same will spring
 A Scorpion which with writhen tayle will threaten for to sting.
 The Caterpillers of the feelde the which are woont to weave
 Hore filmes uppon the leaves of trees, theyr former nature leave, ... [XV.410]
 (Which thing is knowen to husbandmen) and turne to Butterflies.
 The mud hath in it certeine seede wherof greene frosshes ryse.
 And first it brings them footelesse foorth. Then after, it dooth frame
 Legges apt to swim: and furthermore of purpose that the same
 May serve them for to leape afarre, theyr hinder part is mych
 More longer than theyr forepart is. The Bearwhelp also which
 The Beare hath newly littred, is no whelp immediatly.
 But like an evill favored lump of flesh alyve dooth lye.
 The dam by licking shapeth out his members orderly
 Of such a syse, as such a peece is able to conceyve. ... [XV.420]
 Or marke yee not the Bees of whom our hony wee receyve,
 How that theyr yoong ones which doo lye within the sixsquare wax
 Are limblesse bodyes at the first, and after as they wex
 In processe take bothe feete and wings? What man would think it trew
 That Ladye Venus simple birdes, the Dooves of silver hew,
 Or Junos bird that in his tayle beares starres, or Joves stowt knyght
 The Earne, and every other fowle of whatsoever flyght,
 Could all bee hatched out of egges, onlesse he did it knowe?
 Sum folk doo hold opinion when the backebone which dooth growe
 In man, is rotten in the grave, the pith becommes a snake. ... [XV.430]
 Howbee't of other things all theis theyr first beginning take.
 One bird there is that dooth renew itself and as it were
 Beget it self continually. The Syrians name it there
 A Phoenix. Neyther corne nor herbes this Phoenix liveth by,
 But by the jewce of frankincence and gum of Amomye.
 And when that of his lyfe well full fyve hundred yeeres are past,
 Uppon a Holmetree or uppon a Date tree at the last
 He makes him with his talants and his hardened bill a nest.

Which when that he with Casia sweete and Nardus soft hathe drest,
 And strowed it with cynamon and Myrrha of the best, ... [XV.440]
 He rucketh downe uppon the same, and in the spyces dyes.
 Soone after, of the fathers corce men say there dooth aryse
 Another little Phoenix which as many yeeres must live
 As did his father. He (assoone as age dooth strength him give
 To beare the burthen) from the tree the weyghty nest dooth lift,
 And godlyly his cradle thence and fathers herce dooth shift.
 And flying through the suttile aire he gettes to Phebus towne,
 And there before the temple doore dooth lay his burthen downe.
 But if that any noveltie woorth woondring bee in theis,
 Much rather may we woonder at the Hyen if we please. ... [XV.450]
 To see how interchaungeably it one whyle dooth remayne
 A female, and another whyle becommeth male againe.
 The creature also which dooth live by only aire and wynd,
 All colours that it leaneth to dooth counterfet by kynd.
 The Grapegod Bacchus, when he had subdewd the land of Inde,
 Did fynd a spotted beast cald Lynx, whoose urine (by report)
 By towching of the open aire congealeth in such sort,
 As that it dooth becommeth a stone. So Corall (which as long
 As water hydes it is a shrub and soft) becommeth strong
 And hard assoone as it dooth towch the ayre. The day would end, ... [XV.460]
 And Phebus panting steedes should in the Ocean deepe descend,
 Before all alterations I in wordes could comprehend.
 So see wee all things chaungeable. One nation gathereth strength:
 Another wexeth weake: and bothe doo make exchange at length.
 So Troy which once was great and strong as well in welth as men,
 And able tenne yeeres space to spare such store of blood as then,
 Now beeing bace hath nothing left of all her welth to showe,
 Save ruines of the auncient woorkes which grasse dooth overgowe,
 And tumbes wherin theyr auncetours lye buried on a rowe.
 Once Sparta was a famous towne: Great Mycene florisht trim: ... [XV.470]
 Bothe Athens and Amphions towres in honor once did swim.
 A pelting plot is Sparta now: great Mycene lyes on ground.
 Of Theab the towne of Oedipus what have we more than sound?
 Of Athens, king Pandions towne, what resteth more than name?
 Now also of the race of Troy is rysing (so sayth fame)
 The Citie Rome, which at the bank of Tyber that dooth ronne
 Downe from the hill of Appennyne) already hath begonne
 With great advysement for to lay foundation of her state.
 This towne then chaungeth by increase the forme it had alate,
 And of the universall world in tyme to comme shall hold ... [XV.480]
 The sovereyntie, so prophesies and lotts (men say) have told.
 And as (I doo remember mee) what tyme that Troy decayd,
 The prophet Helen, Priam's sonne, theis woordes ensewing sayd
 Before Aenaeas dowting of his lyfe in weeping plyght:
 O Goddesse sonne, beleve mee (if thou think I have foresyght
 Of things to comme) Troy shalnot quyght decay whyle thou doost live.
 Bothe fyre and sword shall unto thee thy passage freely give.



Thou must from hence: and Troy with thee convey away in haste,
 Untill that bothe thyself and Troy in forreine land bee plaast
 More freendly than thy native soyle. Moreover I foresee, ... [XV.490]
 A Citie by the offspring of the Trojans buylt shall bee,
 So great as never in the world the lyke was seene before
 Nor is this present, neyther shall be seene for evermore.
 A number of most noble peeres for manye yeeres afore
 Shall make it strong and puyssant: but hee that shall it make
 The soveraine Ladye of the world, by ryght descent shall take
 His first beginning from thy sonne the little Jule. And when
 The earth hathe had her tyme of him, the sky and welkin then
 Shall have him up for evermore, and heaven shall bee his end.
 Thus farre (I well remember mee) did Helens woordes extend ... [XV.500]
 To good Aenaeas. And it is a pleasure unto mee
 The Citie of my countrymen increasing thus to see:
 And that the Grecians victorie becommes the Trojans weale.
 But lest forgetting quyght themselves our horses happe to steale
 Beyond the mark: the heaven and all that under heaven is found,
 Dooth alter shape. So dooth the ground and all that is in ground.
 And wee that of the world are part (considring how wee bee
 Not only flesh, but also sowles, which may with passage free
 Remove them into every kynd of beast both tame and wyld)
 Let live in saufty honestly with slaughter undefyld, ... [XV.510]
 The bodyes which perchaunce may have the spirits of our brothers,

Our sisters, or our parents, or the spirits of sum others
 Alyed to us eyther by sum freendshippe or sum kin,
 Or at the least the soules of men abyding them within.
 And let us not Thyesteslyke thus furnish up our boordes
 With bloodye bowells. Oh how leawd example he afoordes.
 How wickedly prepareth he himself to murther man
 That with a cruell knyfe dooth cut the throte of Calf, and can
 Unmovably give heering to the lowing of the dam
 Or sticke the kid that wayleth lyke the little babe, or eate ... [XV.520]
 The fowle that he himself before had often fed with meate.
 What wants of utter wickednesse in woorking such a feate?
 What may he after passe to doo? well eyther let your steeres
 Weare out themselves with woork, or else impute theyr death to yeeres.
 Against the wynd and weather cold let Wethers yeeld yee cotes,
 And udders full of batling milk receyve yee of the Goates.
 Away with sprindges, snares, and grinnes, away with Risp and net.
 Away with guylefull feates: for fowles no lymetwiggess see yee set.
 No feared fethers pitche yee up to keepe the Red deere in,
 Ne with decaytfull bayted hooke seeke fishes for to win. ... [XV.530]
 If awght doo harme, destroy it, but destroy't and doo no more.
 Forbeare the flesh: and feede your mouthes with fitter foode therfore.
 Men say that Numa furnisshed with such philosophye
 As this and like, returned to his native soyle, and by
 Entreatance was content of Rome to take the sovereintye.
 Ryght happy in his wyfe which was a nymph, ryght happy in
 His guydes which were the Muses nyne, this Numa did begin
 To teach Religion, by the meanes whereof hee shortly drew
 That people unto peace whoo erst of nought but battell knew.
 And when through age he ended had his reigne and eeke his lyfe, ... [XV.540]
 Through Latium he was moorned for of man and chyld and wyfe
 As well of hygh as low degree. His wyfe forsaking quyght
 The Citie, in vale Aricine did hyde her out of syght.
 Among the thickest groves, and there with syghtes and playnts did let
 The sacrifyse of Diane whom Orestes erst had fet
 From Taurica in Chersonese, and in that place had set.
 How oft ah did the woodnymphes and the waternymphes perswade
 Egeria for to cease her mone. What meanes of comfort made
 They. Ah how often Theseus sonne her weeping thus bespake.
 Oh Nymph, thy moorning moderate: thy sorrow sumwhat slake: ... [XV.550]
 Not only thou hast cause to heart thy fortune for to take.
 Behold like happes of other folkes, and this mischaunce of thyne
 Shall greeve thee lesse. Would God examples (so they were not myne)
 Myght comfort thee. But myne perchaunce may comfort thee. If thou
 In talk by hap hast heard of one Hippolytus ere now,
 That through his fathers lyght beleefe, and stepdames craft was slayne,
 It will a woonder seeme to thee, and I shall have much payne
 To make thee to beleewe the thing. But I am very hee.
 The daughter of Pasyphae in vayne of tempting mee
 My fathers chamber to defyle, surmysde mee to have sought ... [XV.560]

The thing that shee with all her hart would fayne I should have wrought.
 And whither it were for feare I should her wickednesse bewray,
 Or else for spyght bycause I had so often sayd her nay,
 Shee chardgd mee with hir owne offence. My father by and by
 Condemning mee, did banish mee his Realme without cause whye.
 And at my going like a fo did ban me bitterly.
 To Pitthey Troyzen outlawelike my chariot streight tooke I.
 My way lay hard uppon the shore of Corinth. Soodeinly
 The sea did ryse, and like a mount the wave did swell on hye,
 And seemed huger for to growe in drawing ever nye, ... [XV.570]
 And roring clyved in the toppe. Up starts immediatly
 A horned bullocke from amid the broken wave, and by
 The brest did rayse him in the ayre, and at his nostrills and
 His platter mouth did puffe out part of sea uppon the land.
 My servants harts were sore afrayd. But my hart musing ay
 Upon my wrongfull banishment, did nought at all dismay.
 My horses setting up theyr eares and snorting wexed shy, e,
 And beeing greatly flayghted with the monster in theyr eye,
 Turnd downe to sea: and on the rockes my wagon drew. In vayne
 I stryving for to hold them backe, layd hand uppon the reyne ... [XV.580]
 All whyght with fome, and haling backe lay almost bolt upryght.
 And sure the feercenesse of the steedes had yeelded to my might,
 But that the wheele that ronnethe ay about the Extree round,
 Did breake by dashing on a stub, and overthrew to ground.
 Then from the Charyot I was snatcht the brydles beeing cast
 About my limbes. Yee myght have seene my sinewes sticking fast
 Uppon the stub: my gutts drawen out alyve: my members, part
 Still left uppon the stump, and part foorth harryed with the cart:
 The crasshing of my broken bones: and with what passing payne
 I breathed out my weery ghoste. There did not whole remayne ... [XV.590]
 One peece of all my corce by which yee myght discerne as tho
 What lump or part it was. For all was wound from toppe to toe.
 Now canst thou, nymph, or darest thou compare thy harmes with myne?
 Moreover I the lightlesse Realme behild with theis same eyne,
 And bathde my tattred bodye in the river Phlegeton,
 And had not bright Apollos sonne his cunning shewde uppon
 My bodye by his surgery, my lyfe had quyght bee gone.
 Which after I by force of herbes and leechecraft had ageine
 Receyvd by Aesculapius meanes, though Pluto did disdeine,
 Then Cynthia (lest this gift of hers myght woorke mee greater spyght) ... [XV.600]
 Thicke clouds did round about mee cast. And to th'entent I myght
 Bee saufe myself, and harmelesly appeere to others syght:
 Shee made mee old. And for my face, shee left it in such plyght,
 That none can knowe mee by my looke. And long shee dowed whither
 To give mee Dele or Crete. At length refusing bothe togither,
 Shee plaast mee heere. And therewithall shee bad me give up quyght
 The name that of my horses in remembrance put mee myght.
 For whereas erst Hippolytus hath beene thy name (quoth shee)
 I will that Virbie afterward thy name for ever bee.

From that tyme forth within this wood I keepe my residence, ... [XV.610]
 As of the meaner Goddes, a God of small significance,
 And heere I hyde mee underneathe my soveraine Ladyes wing
 Obeying humbly to her hest in every kynd of thing.
 But yit the harmes of other folk could nothing help nor boote
 Aegerias sorrowes to asswage. Downe at a mountaines foote
 Shee lying melted into teares, till Phebus sister sheene
 For pitie of her great distresse in which shee had her seene,
 Did turne her to a fountaine cleere, and melted quyght away
 Her members into water thinne that never should decay.
 The straungenesse of the thing did make the nymphes astonyed: and ... [XV.620]
 The Ladye of Amazons sonne amaazd therat did stand,
 As when the Tyrrhene Tilman sawe in earing of his land
 The fatall clod first stirre alone without the help of hand,
 And by and by forgoing quyght the earthly shape of clod,
 To take the seemely shape of man, and shortly like a God
 To tell of things as then to comme. The Tyrrhenes did him call
 By name of Tages. He did teach the Tuskanes first of all
 To gesse by searching bulks of beastes what after should befall.
 Or like as did king Romulus when soodeinly he found
 His lawnce on mountayne Palatine fast rooted in the ground, ... [XV.630]
 And bearing leaves, no longer now a weapon but a tree,
 Which shadowed such as woondringly came thither for to see.
 Or else as Cippus when he in the ronning brooke had seene
 His hornes. For why he saw them, and supposing there had beene
 No credit to bee given unto the glauncing image, hee
 Put off his fingers to his head, and felt it so to bee.
 And blaming now no more his eyes, in comming from the chase
 With conquest of his foes, he stayd. And lifting up his face
 And with his face, his hornes to heaven, he sayd: What ever thing
 Is by this woonder meant, O Goddes, if joyfull newes it bring ... [XV.640]
 I pray yee let it joyfull to my folk and cuntrye bee:
 But if it threaten evill, let the evill light on mee.
 In saying so, an altar greene of clowwers he did frame,
 And offred fuming frankincence in fyre uppon the same,
 And powred boawles of wyne theron, and searched therewithall
 The quivering inwards of a sheepe to know what should befall.
 A Tyrrhene wizard having sought the bowelles, saw therein
 Great chaunges and attempts of things then readye to begin,
 Which were not playnly manifest. But when that he at last
 His eyes from inwards of the beast on Cippus hornes had cast, ... [XV.650]
 Hayle king (he sayd). For untoo thee, O Cippus, unto thee,
 And to thy hornes shall this same place and Rome obedyent bee.
 Abridge delay: and make thou haste to enter at the gates
 Which tarrye open for thee. So commaund the soothfast fates.
 Thou shalt bee king assoone as thou hast entred once the towne,
 And thou and thyne for evermore shalt weare the royall crowne.
 With that he stepping back his foote, did turne his frowning face
 From Romeward, saying: "Farre, O farre, the Goddes such handsel chace.

More ryght it were I all my life a bannisht man should bee,
 Than that the holy Capitoll mee reigning there should see. ... [XV.660]
 Thus much he sayd: and by and by toogither he did call
 The people and the Senators. But yit he first of all
 Did hyde his hornes with Lawrell leaves: and then without the wall
 He standing on a mount the which his men had made of soddes,
 And having after auncient guyse made prayer to the Goddes
 Sayd: Heere is one that shall (onlesse yee bannish him your towne
 Immediatly) bee king of Rome and weare a royall crowne.
 What man it is, I will by signe, but not by name bewray.
 He hath uppon his brow two hornes. The wizard heere dooth say,
 That if he enter Rome, you shall lyke servants him obey. ... [XV.670]
 He myght have entred at your gates which open for him lay,
 But I did stay him thence. And yit there is not unto mee
 A neerer freend in all the world. Howbee't forbid him yee
 O Romanes, that he comme not once within your walles. Or if
 He have deserved, bynd him fast in fetters like a theef.
 Or in this fatall Tyrants death, of feare dispatch your mynd.
 Such noyse as Pynetrees make what tyme the heady easterne wynde
 Dooth whiz amongst them, or as from the sea dooth farre rebound:
 Even such among the folk of Rome that present was the sound.
 Howbee't in that confused roare of fearefull folk, did fall ... [XV.680]
 Out one voyce asking, Whoo is hee? And staring therewithall
 Uppon theyr foreheads, they did seeke the forewayd hornes. Agen
 (Quoth Cippus) Lo, yee have the man for whom yee seeke. And then
 He pulld (ageinst his peoples will) his garlond from his head,
 And shewed them the two fayre hornes that on his browes were spred.
 At that the people dassheth downe theyr lookes and syghing is
 Ryght sorye (whoo would think it trew?) to see that head of his,
 Most famous for his good deserts. Yit did they not forget
 The honour of his personage, but willingly did set
 The Lawrell garlond on his head ageine. And by and by ... [XV.690]
 The Senate sayd: Well Cippus, sith untill the tyme thou dye
 Thou mayst not come within theis walles, wee give thee as much ground
 In honour of thee, as a teeme of steeres can plough thee round,
 Betweene the dawning of the day, and shetting in of nyght.
 Moreover, on the brazen gate at which this Cippus myght
 Have entred Rome, a payre of hornes were gravde to represent
 His woondrous shape, as of his deede an endlesse monument.
 Yee Muses whoo to Poets are the present springs of grace,
 Now shewe (for you knowe, neyther are you dult by tyme or space)
 How Aesculapius in the Ile that is in Tyber deepe ... [XV.700]
 Among the sacred sayncts of Rome had fortune for to creepe.
 A cruell plague did heertofore infect the Latian aire,
 And peoples bodyes pyning pale the murreine did appayre.
 When tyred with the buriall of theyr freends, they did perceyve
 Themselves no helpe at mannes hand nor by Phisicke to receyve.
 Then seeking help from heaven, they sent to Delphos (which dooth stand
 Amid the world) for counsell to bee had at Phebus hand.

Beseeching him with helthfull ayd to succour theyr distresse,
 And of the myghtye Citie Rome the mischeef to redresse.
 The quivers which Apollo bryght himself was woont to beare, ... [XV.710]
 The Baytrees, and the place itself together shaken were.
 And by and by the table from the furthest part of all
 The Chauncel spake theis woords, which did theyr harts with feare appal:
 The thing yee Romanes seeke for heere, yee should have sought more ny
 Your countrie. Yea and neerer home go seeke it now. Not I,
 Apollo, but Apollos sonne is hee that must redresse
 Your sorrowes. Take your journey with good handsell of successe,
 And fetch my sonne among you. When Apollos hest was told
 Among the prudent Senators, they sercht what towne did hold
 His sonne, and unto Epidawre a Gallye for him sent. ... [XV.720]
 Assoone as that th'Ambassadors arryved there they went
 Unto the counsell and the Lordes of Greekland: whom they pray
 To have the God the present plagies of Romanes for to stay,
 And for themselves the Oracle of Phebus foorth they lay.
 The Counsell were of sundry mynds and could not well agree.
 Sum thought that succour in such neede denyed should not bee.
 And divers did perswade to keepe theyr helpe, and not to send
 Theyr Goddes away sith they themselves myght neede them in the end.
 Whyle dowtfully they off and on debate this curious cace,
 The evening twylyght utterly the day away did chace, ... [XV.730]
 And on the world the shadowe of the earth had darknesse brought.
 That nyght the Lord Ambassadors as sleepe uppon him wrought,
 Did dreame he saw before him stand the God whose help he sought,
 In shape as in his chappell he was woonted for to stand,
 With ryght hand stroking downe his berd, and staffe in tother hand,
 And meekely saying: Feare not, I will comme and leave my shryne.
 This serpent which dooth wreath with knottes about this staffe of mine
 Mark well, and take good heede therof: that when thou shalt it see,
 Thou mayst it knowe. For into it transformed will I bee.
 But bigger I will bee, for I will seeme of such a syse, ... [XV.740]
 As may celestially bodyes well to turne into suffise.
 Streight with the voyce, the God, and with the voyce and God, away
 Went sleepe: and after sleepe was gone ensewd cheerfull day.
 Next morning having cleerely put the fyrye starres to flyght,
 The Lordes not knowing what to doo, assembled all foorthryght
 Within the sumptuous temple of the God that was requyrde,
 And of his mynd by heavenly signe sum knowledge they desyrde.
 They scarce had doone theyr prayers, when the God in shape of snake
 With lofty crest of gold, began a hissing for to make,
 Which was a warning given. And with his presence he did shake ... [XV.750]
 The Altar, shryne, doores, marble floore, and rooffe all layd with gold,
 And vauncing up his brest he stayd ryght stately to behold
 Amid the Church, and round about his fyrye eyes he rold.
 The syght did fray the people. But the wyvelesse preest (whoose heare
 Was trussed in a fayre whyght Call did know the God was there.
 And sayd: Behold, tiz God, tiz God. As many as bee heere

Pray both with mouth and mynd. O thou our glorious God, appeere
 To our beehoofe, and helpe thy folke that keepe thy hallowes ryght.
 The people present woorshipped his Godhead there in syght,
 Repeating dowble that the preest did say. The Romaines eeke ... [XV.760]
 Devoutly did with Godly voyce and hart his favour seeke.
 The God by nodding did consent, and gave assured signe
 By shaking of his golden crest that on his head did shyne,
 And hissed twyce with spiriting toong. Then trayld he downe the fyne
 And glistring greeces of his church. And turning backe his eyen,
 He looked to his altarward and to his former shryne
 And temple, as to take his leave and bid them all fare well.
 From thence ryght huge uppon the ground (which sweete of flowres did smell
 That people strewed in his way), he passed stately downe,
 And bending into bowghts went through the hart of all the towne, ... [XV.770]
 Untill that hee the bowwing wharf besyde the haven tooke.
 Where staying, when he had (as seemd) dismiss with gentle looke
 His trayne of Chapleynes and the folke that wayted on him thither,
 Hee layd him in the Romane shippe to sayle away toogither.
 The shippe did feele the burthen of his Godhed to the full,
 And for the heavey weyght of him did after passe more dull.
 The Romanes being glad of him, and having kild a steere
 Uppon the shore, untyde theyr ropes and cables from the peere.
 The lyghtsum wynd did dryve the shippe. The God avauncing hye,
 And leaning with his necke uppon the Gallyes syde, did lye ... [XV.780]
 And looke uppon the greenish waves, and cutting easly through
 Th'lonian sea with little gales of westerne wynd not rough,
 The sixt day morning came uppon the coast of Italy.
 And passing foorth by Junos Church that mustreth to the eye
 Uppon the head of Lacine he was caryed also by
 The rocke of Scylley. Then he left the land of Calabrye
 And rowing softly by the rocke Zephyrion, he did draw
 To Celen cliffs the which uppon the ryght syde have a flawe.
 By Romeche and by Cawlon, and by Narice thence he past,
 And from the streyghtes of Sicily gate quyght and cleere at last. ... [XV.790]
 Then ran he by th'Aeolian Iles and by the metall myne
 Of Tempsa, and by Lewcosye, and temprate Pest where fyne
 And pleasant Roses florish ay. From thence by Capreas
 And Atheney the headlond of Minerva he did passe
 To Surrent, where with gentle vynes the hilles bee overclad,
 And by the towne of Hercules and Stabye ill bestad
 And Naples borne to Idlenesse, and Cumes where Sybell had
 Hir temples, and the scalding bathes, and Linterne where growes store
 Of masticke trees, and Vulturne which beares sand apace from shore,
 And Sinuesse where as Adders are as whyght as any snowe, ... [XV.800]
 And Minturne of infected ayre bycause it stands so lowe,
 And Caiete where Aeneas did his nurce in tumber bestowe,
 And Formy where Antiphates the Lestrigon did keepe,
 And Trache envyrond with a fen, and Circes mountayne steepe:
 To Ancon with the boystous shore. Assoone as that the shippe

Arryved heere, (for now the sea was rough,) the God let slippe
 His circles, and in bending bowghts and wallowing waves did glyde
 Into his fathers temple which was buylded there besyde
 Uppon the shore, and when the sea was calme and pacifyde,
 The foresayd God of Epidawre, his fathers church forsooke, ... [XV.810]
 (The lodging of his neerest freend which for a tyme hee tooke,)

And with his crackling scales did in the sand a furrowe cut,
 And taking hold uppon the sterne did in the Galy put
 His head, and rested till he came past Camp and Lavine sands,
 And entred Tybers mouth at which the Citie Ostia stands.
 The folke of Rome came hither all by heapes bothe men and wyves
 And eeke the Nunnes that keepe the fyre of Vesta as theyr lyves,
 To meete the God, and welcomd him with joyfull noyse. And as
 The Gally rowed up the streame, greate store of incence was
 On altars burnt on bothe the banks, so that on eyther syde ... [XV.820]
 The fuming of the frankincence the very aire did hyde,
 And also slaine in sacrifyse full many cattell dyde.

Anon he came to Rome, the head of all the world: and there
 The serpent lifting up himself, began his head to beare
 Ryght up along the maast, uppon the toppe whereof on hye
 He looked round about, a meete abyding place to spye.
 The Tyber dooth devyde itself in twaine, and dooth embrace
 A little pretye Lland (so the people terme the place)
 From eyther syde whereof the bankes are distant equall space.
 Apollos Snake descending from the maast conveyd him thither, ... [XV.830]
 And taking eft his heavenly shape, as one repaying hither
 To bring our Citie healthfulnesse, did end our sorrowes quyght.

Although to bee a God with us admitted were this wyght,
 Yit was he borne a forreiner. But Caesar hathe obteynd
 His Godhead in his native soyle and Citie where he reignd.
 Whom peerelesse both in peace and warre, not more his warres up knit
 With triumph, nor his great exployts atcheeved by his wit,
 Nor yit the great renowme that he obteynd so speedely,
 Have turned to a blazing starre, than did his progenie.
 For of the actes of Caesar, none is greater than that hee ... [XV.840]
 Left such a sonne behynd him as Augustus is, to bee
 His heyre. For are they things more hard: to overcomme thy Realme
 Of Britaine standing in the sea, or up the sevenfold streame
 Of Nyle that beareth Paperreede victorious shippes to rowe,
 Or to rebellious Numidye to give an overthrowe,
 Or Juba, king of Moores, and Pons (which proudly did it beare)
 Uppon the name of Mythridate) to force by swoord and speare
 To yeeld them subjects unto Rome, or by his just desert
 To merit many triumphes, and of sum to have his part,
 Than such an heyre to leave beehynd, in whom the Goddes doo showe ... [XV.850]
 Exceeding favour unto men for that they doo bestowe
 So great a prince uppon the world? Now to th'entent that hee
 Should not bee borne of mortall seede, the other was too bee
 Canonyzde for a god. Which thing when golden Venus see,

(Shee also sawe how dreadfull death was for the bisshop then
 Prepaard, and how conspiracye was wrought by wicked men)
 Shee looked pale. And as the Goddes came any in her way,
 Shee sayd unto them one by one: Behold and see, I pray,
 With how exceeding eagernessee they seeke mee to betray,
 And with what woondrous craft they stryve to take my lyfe away, ... [XV.860]
 I meene the thing that only now remayneth unto mee
 Of Iule the Trojans race. Must I then only ever bee
 Thus vext with underserved cares? How seemeth now the payne
 Of Diomedes speare of Calydon to wound my hand ageyne?
 How seemes it mee that Troy ageine is lost through ill defence?
 How seemes my sonne Aeneas like a bannisht man, from thence
 To wander farre ageine, and on the sea to tossed bee,
 And warre with Turnus for to make? or rather (truth to say)
 With Juno? What meene I about harmes passed many a day
 Ageinst myne ofspring, thus to stand? This present feare and wo ... [XV.870]
 Permit mee not to think on things now past so long ago.
 Yee see how wicked swoordes ageinst my head are whetted. I
 Beseeche yee keepe them from my throte, and set the traytors by
 Theyr purpose. Neyther suffer you dame Vestas fyre to dye
 By murthering of her bisshop. Thus went Venus wofully
 Complayning over all the heaven, and moovde the Goddes therby.
 And for they could not breake the strong decrees of destinye,
 They shewed signes most manifest of sorrowe to ensew.
 For battells feyghting in the clowde with crasshing armour flew.
 And dreadful trumpets sownded in the aire, and hornes eeke blew, ... [XV.880]
 As warning men before hand of the mischeef that did brew.
 And Phebus also looking dim did cast a drowsy lyght
 Upon the earth, which seemd lykewyse to bee in sorrye plyght.
 From underneathe amid the starres brands oft seemd burning bryght.
 It often rayned droppes of blood. The morning starre lookt blew,
 And was bespotted heere and there with specks of rusty hew.
 The moone had also spottes of blood. The Screeche owle sent from hell
 Did with her tune unfortunate in every corner yell.
 Salt teares from Ivory images in sundry places fell.
 And in the Chappells of the Goddes was singing heard, and woordes ... [XV.890]
 Of threatning. Not a sacrifyse one signe of good afoordes.
 But greate turmoyle to bee at hand theyr hartstrings doo declare.
 And when the beast is ripped up the inwards headlesse are.
 About the Court, and every house, and Churches in the nyghts
 The doggs did howle, and every where appeered gastly spryghts.
 And with an earthquake shaken was the towne. Yit could not all
 Theis warnings of the Goddes dispoynnt the treason that should fall,
 Nor overcommen the destinies. The naked swoordes were brought
 Into the temple. For no place in all the towne was thought
 So meete to woork the mischeef in, or for them to commit ... [XV.900]
 The heynous murder, as the Court in which they usde to sit
 In counsell. Venus then with both her hands her stomacke smit,
 And was about to hyde him with the clowd in which shee hid

Aeneas, when shee from the sword of Diomed did him rid,
 Or Paris, when from Menelay shee did him saufe convey.
 But Jove her father staying her did thus unto hir say:
 Why, daughter myne, wilt thou alone bee stryving to prevent
 Unvanquishable destinie? In fayth and if thou went
 Thy self into the house in which the fatall susters three
 Doo dwell, thou shouldest there of brasse and steele substantiall see ... [XV.910]
 The registers of things so strong and massye made to bee,
 That sauf and everlasting, they doo neyther stand in feare
 Of thunder, nor of lyghtning, nor of any ruine there.
 The destnyes of thyne offspring thou shalt there fynd graven deepe
 In Adamant. I red them: and in mynd I doo them keepe.
 And forbycause thou shalt not bee quyght ignorant of all,
 I will declare what things I markt hereafter to befall.
 The man for whom thou makest sute, hath lived full his tyme
 And having ronne his race on earth must now to heaven up clyme.
 Where thou shalt make a God of him ay honord for to bee ... [XV.920]
 With temples and with Altars on the earth. Moreover hee
 That is his heyre and beares his name, shall all alone susteyne
 The burthen layd uppon his backe, and shall our help obteyne
 His fathers murther to revenge. The towne of Mutinye
 Beseedged by his powre, shall yeeld. The feelds of Pharsaly
 Shall feele him, and Philippos in the Realme of Macedonne
 Shall once ageine bee staynd with blood. The greate Pompeius sonne
 Shall vanquisht be by him uppon the sea of Sicilye.
 The Romane Capteynes wyfe, the Queene of Aegypt, through her hye
 Presumption trusting to her match too much, shall threate in vayne ... [XV.930]
 To make her Canop over our hygh Capitoll to reigne.
 What should I tell thee of the wyld and barbrous nacions that
 At bothe the Oceans dwelling bee? The universall plat
 Of all the earth inhabited, shall all be his. The sea
 Shall unto him obedient bee likewyse. And when that he
 Hathe stablisht peace in all the world, then shall he set his mynd
 To civill matters, upryght lawes by justice for to fynd,
 And by example of himself all others he shall bynd.
 Then having care of tyme to comme, and of posteritye,
 A holy wyfe shall beare to him a sonne that may supply ... [XV.940]
 His carefull charge and beare his name. And lastly in the end
 He shall to heaven among the starres, his auncetors, ascend,
 But not before his lyfe by length to drooping age doo tend.
 And therfore from the murthred corce of Julius Caesar take
 His sowe with speede, and of the same a burning cresset make,
 That from our heavenly pallace he may evermore looke downe
 Uppon our royall Capitoll and Court within Rome towne.
 He scarcely ended had theis woordes, but Venus out of hand
 Amid the Senate house of Rome invisible did stand,
 And from her Caesars bodye tooke his new expulsed spryght ... [XV.950]
 The which shee not permitting to revolve to ayer quyght,
 Did place it in the skye among the starres that glister bryght

And as shee bare it, shee did feelee it gather heavenly myght,
 And for to wexen fyrye. Shee no sooner let it flye,
 But that a goodly shyning starre it up aloft did sty
 And drew a greate way after it bryght beames like burning heare.
 Whoo looking on his sonnes good deedes confessed that they were
 Farre greater than his owne, and glad he was to see that hee
 Excelled him. Although his sone in no wyse would agree
 To have his deedes preferd before his fathers: yit dooth fame, ... [XV.960]
 (Whoo aye is free, and bound to no commaund) withstand the same
 And stryving in that one behalf ageinst his hest and will,
 Proceedeth to preferre his deedes before his fathers still.
 Even so to Agamemnons great renowne gives Atreus place,
 Even so Achilles deedes, the deedes of Peleus doo abace.
 Even so beyond Aegaeus, farre dooth Theseyes prowesse go.
 And (that I may examples use full matching theis) even so
 Is Saturne lesse in fame than Jove. Jove rules the heavenly spheres,
 And all the tryple shaped world. And our Augustus beares
 Dominion over all the earth. They bothe are fathers: they ... [XV.970]
 Are rulers both. Yee Goddes to whom both fyre and swoord gave way,
 What tyme yee with Aenaeas came from Troy: yee Goddes that were
 Of mortall men canonyzed: thou Quirin whoo didst reere
 The walles of Rome: and Mars who wart the valeant Quirins syre
 And Vesta of the household Goddes of Caesar with thy fyre
 Most holy: and thou Phebus whoo with Vesta also art
 Of household: and thou Jupiter whoo in the hyghest part
 Of mountayne Tarpey hast thy Church: and all yee Goddes that may
 With conscience sauf by Poets bee appealed to: I pray
 Let that same day bee slowe to comme and after I am dead, ... [XV.980]
 In which Augustus (whoo as now of all the world is head)
 Quyght giving up the care therof ascend to heaven for ay,
 There (absent hence) to favour such as unto him shall pray.
 Now have I brought a woork to end which neither Joves feerce wrath,
 Nor swoord, nor fyre, or freating age with all the force it hath
 Are able to abolish quyght. Let comme that fatall howre
 Which (saving of this brittle flesh) hath over mee no powre,
 And at his pleasure make an end of myne uncerteyne tyme.
 Yit shall the better part of mee assured bee to clyme
 Aloft above the starrye skye. And all the world shall never ... [XV.990]
 Be able for to quench my name. For looke how farre so ever
 The Romane Empyre by the ryght of conquest shall extend,
 So farre shall all folke reade this woork. And tyme without all end
 (If Poets as by prophesie about the truth may ame)
 My lyfe shall everlastingly bee lengthened still by fame.

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don by Willyam Seres dwelling at the west
end of Paules church, at the
signe of the Hedgehogge.

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The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding

MASTER GLOSSARY for

The Arthur Golding Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses

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(OED refers to the OED compact disc; the full-volume set may well contain expanded entries.)

(FS means found in Shakespeare; NFS means not found in Shakespeare)

Glossary: Words, Phrases

abidden (v): endured. Book II (348). NFS.

abod/abod (n): delay. Book I (833). FS (2-MV, A&C); Gascoigne Jocasta; (anon.) Mucedorus.
OED contemp citation: 1577 Holinshed Chron.

aby/abie (v): pay for, atone. Books VII (623), VIII (869, 961). FS (2-MND); Kyd Sol&Per; Greene George a Greene; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Choice of Valentines; Munday Death of ... Huntington.

ackowne (a): acknowledged. Book VII (815). FS (1-Oth). Almost all contemporary references cited in the OED are in religious works.

adamant (n): alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond, while others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. Golding uses both meanings, apparently according to need. Books IV (343, 563), VII (523), IX (728), XV (915). FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); others. Common.

adrad/adread (a): adread/afraid. Book I (421). NFS. Cf. Greene Maiden's Dream; Sidney Arcadia.

advultry/advoutrie (n): adultery. NFS. Books IV (210), VII (960), IX (869).

aflaight (a): afleet. Book VI (832).

agen (adv): southern pronunciation of again. Epistle, Book V, Used throughout Golding Ovid. NFS. Cf. Golding Abr Sac.

ayles/ails (n): the awn of barley or other corn. Book X (768). NFS.

allay/alay (v): dilute. Book XV (364). FS (4-A&C, WT, Corio, H8),

ame/aim (v): guess, conjecture. Book VII (868).

algate (adv): at any rate. Book V (514). NFS.

amomum/amomie (n): aromatic plant, species unknown in early writings. Books X (339), XV (435). NFS. Cf. Nashe Menaphon. OED citation: Per OED:1551 Turner Herbal (1568) 26 Amomum is a small bushe ... Some call it a christenmase rose.

apaid/apayd (v, a): satisfied. Book XIV (517).

appall (v): weaken. Books II (190, 375, 490), VIII (670), IX (620), XV (713). FS (2-1H6, Edw3); Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Locrine. "Unappalled" in Brooke Romeus.

as tho (adv): then. Used throught Golding Ovid.

attent (n): intent. Preface (125). NFS.

at all aventure: at random. Book VII (441). NFS. Per OED a legal term.

avaunced/avaunst: raised. Book XIII (1049). See also "vaunst".

avaunt (v): begone. Books IX (606, 688), X (372). FS (16); Lodge Wounds; Whip, Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe Dido; Greene G a G, ? Selimus; Harvey Sonnet; (anon.) Nobody/ Somebody; Chapman Bussy.

avoord/avord (v): afford. Epistle (548). NFS. Cf. Golding Abr Sac.

awk (adv): directed the wrong way. Book XIV (347). NFS. OED cites Golding De Mornay, Harvey New Letter.

axletree: see extree.

backs/backes (n): bats. Book IV (513).

bagged/bagd (a): big with child, pregnant. Books III (328), X (539). NFS.

bain/bane/bayne (a): limber. Book III (865), Books IV (435), VII (378), XV (222). NFS.

bale (n): misery. Book XIV (340, 557). FS (Corio); Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Locrine, Mucedorus.

balk(e) (n): (1) isthmus. Book VII (515). NFS. (2) tie-beam of a house, stretching from wall to wall. Book VIII (826).

ballace (n): ballast. Book II (213). NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.

ban (n, v): curse. Books II (774), V (124, 128, 593), XIII (401), XIV (225), XV (566). FS (1H6, 2H6, Ham, Titus, Lucrece, V&A, Lucrece, PP); Gascoigne Jocasta; 1555 Latimer Ser& Rem; Lyly Sapho; Greene Selimus; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Locrine, Arden; Marlowe Jew; Nashe Pierce Penniless; Munday Huntington.

base, bid the base/bace (v): challenge them. Book XII (73). Cf. Marlowe Edw2.

battling (a): fertile. Books VII (529), XV (526). NFS. Cf. Greene Fr Bacon.

bayard (n): one given to reckless, blind action. Epistle (118). FS (Edw3); Harvey 4 letters.

beace (n): beasts, cattle. Book XV (17).

beaking (a): projecting. Book IV (878). NFS.

bearbrich (a): bear's-breech, acanthus. Book XIII (833).

bedlem/bedlam (n): lunatic, madwoman. Books III (898), IV (636), IX (757). FS (John, Lear).

bedreint (a): drenched. Book IV (894).

behight (a): promised. Book III (149). NFS. Cf. Golding Abr Sac.

beldame (n): aged woman. Book XIV (747, 885). FS (5-John, 1H4, 2H4, Mac, Lucrece); Brooke Romeus; Lyly Bombie; Nashe Penniless, Saffron Waldon; (disp.) Greene's Groatsworth of Wit; (anon.) Penelope's Complaint.

belked (v): belched. Book XIV (246). NFS. belking (a): throbbing. Book II (758). NFS. OED relates this word to the gout.

bell, bear the bell/win the bell (v): win the prize. Books III (252), VII (596), XII (692), Book XIII (13). NFS. Cf. Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Watson Hek; Lyly Sapho, Whip; (anon.) Willobie.

beray (v): stain, befoul. Books V (52), VI (300), VIII (683), Book XIII (493, 589, 640, 677). FS (Titus); .OED contemp citations: 1530 Palsgr. 449/1 You have berayed your gowne with myer. 1570 Holinshed Scot. Chron. (1806) I. 296 ... and the bed all beraied with bloud. 1576 Gascoigne Steele Gl. (Arb.) 56 ... Berayde with blots of ... 1602 Return fr. Parnass. iv. v. (Arb.) 58 Our fellow Shakespeare hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit.

berent/beerent (a): torn. Book XIII (641). NFS. OED contemp citations: 1530 Palsgr. 449/1 You have berayed your gowne with myer.OED contemp citations: 1582 Breton Dolor. Disc. in Heliconia; 1596 W. Smith Chloris.

besprent (a): sprayed. Book VI (57), VII (208), XI (356), XIV (465). NFS. Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek.

bestad (v): beset, situated. Books IV (699, 863), VIII (691, 1052), Book XV (796). NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Jocasta; Spenser Shep Cal, FQ; Harvey Pierce's Super; Nashe Astrophel.

bestead (v): served (her purpose). Book VII (361). NFS. Cf. Drayton et al Oldcastle; Munday More.

bewray (v): reveal. Epistle (89, 261), Books I (279, 494), II (540, 560, 683, 860, 866, 876,988, 1017), III (706), IV (195, 231), VI (42, 666, 694, 737), VII (234, 942, 1069), IX (614), IX (477), X (477), XI (213, 466), XIII (132, 303), XIV (212, 359, 402, 598, 855), XV (562, 668). FS (7); Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV, Pandosto, Maiden's Dream; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/ Malta; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Whip; Pasquil Return; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (anon.) Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

bill (n): weapon, long pole with axe and pike on one end. FS (many); Golding Ovid; many others. bill [broad brown] (n): halberd (a kind of combination of spear and battle-axe, consisting of a sharp-edged blade ending in a point and a spear-head, mounted on a handle five-to seven-feet long). FS (Ado); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Endymion.

bird-flight/birdflyght (n): augury by interpreting flight of birds. Book XIII (910).

blazon/blaze (v): (1) describe in heraldic terms. (2) describe or proclaim openly. Book XIV (800). FS (8); Oxford poem, letter; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; Spenser FQ

blear/bleere (v): confuse, hoodwink. Book XI (362). FS (Shrew); Brooke Romeus; Lyly Gallathea; Kyd Sp Tr; Nashe Summers.

blin (v): stop. Books VI (371), IX (735). NFS.

blo (a): blackish-blue, livid, leaden-colored. Book III (68). NFS.

bobbed/bobd (v): struck. Book XII (147, 263). FS. 4-Rich3, T&C, Oth). ; Munday Sir Thomas More. OED contemp citations : 1578 Chr. Prayers in Priv; 1589 Nashe Martins Months; 1605 R. Armin Foole upon F..

bodkin (n): (1) pin or pin-shaped ornament used to fasten women's hair; also a short pointed weapon, dagger. Book II (515), IV (714). FS (Ham); Golding Ovid; Lyly Sapho, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Pappe; Sidney Arcadia; Nashe Absurdity; (anon.) Arden; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho. (2) .

boined/boynd (v): swelled. VIII (1004, only OED citation). NFS.

boistous/boystous (a): rough, gross. Books V (759), VI (867), X (254, 660, 829), XI (496), XII (155), XIV (882), Book XV (25, 805). NFS.

bollen/bolled/bolne (a): swollen. Book VIII (1003). NFS.

bolt/bowlt (v): sift the matter. Book X (446). FS (WT) Nashe Penniless. OED contemp citations: 1562 J. Heywood Prov. & Epigr; 1544 R. Ascham Toxoph; ; 1576 Lambarde Peramb. Kent.

boon/boone (n): prayer. Book IV (462). FS.

boot (v, n): help. Books I (357), II (1029), VI (668) VII (52), VIII (151, 715), X (199, 511), XI (88), XII (428), XIV (555, 557), XV (614). FS (many); Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers; Robinson Delights; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene G a G, Maiden's Dream; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Leic Gh.

Bootes: constellation containing Arcturus. Book II (226).

bote (v): bit. Books XIII (1102), XV (109).

bought (n): coil, loop. Books III (48), Book XV (770). NFS.

bourd/boord (a): jest, idle tale. Book X (279). NFS. Cf. Golding Abr Sac. Abraham. OED contemp. citations: 1548 Cranmer Catech; 1593 Drayton Eclog.

bowels/bowelles (n): offspring, child. Book X (534). FS (MM). OED contemp citations: 1526 Tindale Philem; 1559 Morwyng Evonym; 1593 H. Smith Serm.

bowing (a): bent, curved. Books VIII (194), XI (395, 684), XII (622), Book XV (771). FS (2-Temp, Timon); Lyly Bombie, Woman ... Moon.

box (n): boxwood. Book IV (164). FS (12th).

brach (n): originally a kind of scent-hound, later always any kind of bitch-hound. Book III (256). FS (6-1H4, Shrew, Lear, T&C); Golding Ovid. Note especially Shakespeare Shrew (Prologue) Lord: Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: ... And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach. ... Shakespeare seems to have been a master of the hounds.

bracke/brake (v): burst. Book XI (272). FS (Errors).

braid/brayd (n): sudden assault, movement. Books VII (820), XI (559, 612), XIII (297). NFS. Cf. Greene Orl Fur.

brast/brust (v): burst. Book II (238, 398, 1019).

brave (a): splendid, abundant. Book I (542, 696). FS (MND, 1H4, Temp); (anon.) Fam Vict; Woodstock; Marlowe T1.

bray (v): beat together, usually with a mortar. Book XIV (50). NFS. Cf. Greene Orl Fur.

break/brake [one's mind] (v): disclose, reveal. Books I (207), X (460). FS (5-1H6, Errors, Ado, T&C, Mac); Oxford letter; Lyly Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Willobie; (disp.) Cromwell.

breers (v): briars. Book XIII (946).

breme/breeme (a): widely spoken of. Book XII (183). NFS.

bruit (n, v): rumor, fame; spread rumor. Books I (251, 972), VII (519, 610, 891). FS (6-3H6, 2H4, T&C, Timon, Ham, Q2, Edw3); ; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Lyly Bombie; (anon.) Ironside, Arden; Harvey Pierce's Super; Chettle Kind Hart.

brunt (n): outburst, attack. Books III (93, 287), XIII (53, 275, 467), Book XIV (446)., NFS. Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lodge Wounds of Civil War; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Greene Fr Bac, ? Selimus; Marlowe T1, Massacre.

bug/bugg (n): bugbear, hobgoblin, bogey. Book XIV (68). FS (5-3H6, Ham, WT, Cymb, T&C); Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene? Selimus; (anon.) Pasquil Countercuff, Apology; Arden; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

bulchin (n): bull-calf. Book XIII (1023). NFS.

bulke (n): trunk, body. Books VI (214, 497), XV (629). FS (5-Rich3, 1H4, Ham, Oth, Lucrece); Lyly Woman ... Moon.

burd (n): maiden. Book IV (524). (Alternate of "bird"?)

burgeons (n): buds, shoots. Books IV (492), Book VII (529). NFS.

burgonet/burganet (n): helmet with visor. Book XII (405). FS (2-2H6, Edw3); Greene Orl Fur, Upstart Court, ? Selimus; (anon.) Locrine.

buskling (v): bustling, prowling. Book XI (422). NFS.

bylive (adv): immediately, eagerly. NFS. Book IV (188).

caddow/cadowe (n): jackdaw. Book VII (601). NFS.

caitiff (n, a): wretches, sometimes prisoner. Books I (179), II (983), III (810), XII (674). FS (13); Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia; Greene James IV, ? Selimus; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Mucedorus; Drayton et al Oldcastle.

callet (n): trull. Book VI (179). FS (2H6, 3H6); Gascoigne Supposes; Greene James IV; (anon.) Willobie.

cankered/cancred (a): corrupt, infected. Books II (945, 971, 1011, 1044), VI (676), VIII (142). FS (6-John, R&J, 1H4, 2H4, Corio); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Love Met; others.

cannel bone/channel bone (n): neck, windpipe. Book XII (331).

canvas (v): discuss. Book I (460). NFS.

carack/carrack/carick (n): merchant ship. Book VIII (194). FS (3-Errors, Oth, TNK); (anon.) Woodstock.

carf (v): cut. Book VIII (950). NFS. Rare.

cark (n): anxiety, care. Books II (971), III, (497), XIII (449). NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; (anon.) Selimus; (disp.) Spenser FQ; Cromwell (as a verb).

carl (n): countryman, possibly slave, miser; after 1500, fellow of low birth. Epistle (124), Books I (623), VI (439, 469, 676), VII (917), VIII (142, 177). FS (1-Cymb); (anon.) Arden; Nashe Summers.

carpet knight (n): one who earns honors at court rather than in battle. Books XII (673), XIII (123). FS (1-12th); (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington.

cartware (n): team [of horses]. Book II (217). NFS.

cates (n): dainties, delicacies. Book VIII (844). FS (6-1H6, Errors, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3, Pericles); Udall; Sundrie Flowers; Marlowe T1, T2; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Arden, Dodypoll; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Jonson Cynthia.

chair/chare/char (n): chariot (n). Books II (83, 140), Book XI (293). NFS.

champion/champian (a): unbroken [fields]. Books I (46, 367, 650), II (336), VII (995, 1015), IX (763). FS (Edw3); (anon.) Locrine.

chank/chankt (v): chew. Books VIII (388, 994, 1025) X (826). Dialect of champ.

chaps/chappes (n): jaws. Books III (88), IV (120), VI (451, 482), VIII (385, 546), IX (91), XI (66, 422, 430), XII (504, 564), XIII (681), XIV (74, 198). FS (7); Golding Ovid; Munday Huntington. Heminge's Post. OED contemp citations: 1555 Eden Decades W. Ind; 1575 Turberv. Bk. Venerie

Charles his waine (n): the Big Dipper. (See also "wain".) Books I (74), II (222), XIII (862) XV (392). FS (1H4); (anon.) Cromwell.

chase/chace (n): persecute, harass. Book XV (194). FS (Rich3, WT). Gascoigne Jocasta; OED cites: 1596 B. Griffin Fidessa xxix, Griefs, chase this earth, that it may fade with anguish.

chaufing/chafing (a): raging. NFS. Book IX (257).

cheer (n): expression. Books I (456), II (416, 571), IV (577), XIV (676, 860). FS (5-1H6, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Locrine, Willobie, Penelope; Peele Wives. OED contemp citation: 1559 Mirr. for Mag.

childers (a): children's. Book XV (21).

chink (n, v): crack. Book II (269). FS (5: MND).

chuff/cuffe (n): rustic, churl. Book V (383). FS (1-1H4). OED cites only one earlier use; (anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Nobody/Somebody; Nashe Penniless, Lenten Stuff; Bacon; Jonson.

cited (cyted): summoned, brought forth. Book XV (144).

cite/cyte (v): (1) summon, bring forth. Book XV (144). FS (H8).

clawback (n): one who claws another's back, a toady. Epistle (86). NFS. Cf. Nobody/Somebody.

clear/cleere (a): innocent. Book XV (49). FS (2-Timon, Temp); Greene Orl Fur.

clees/cleas (n): hoofs. Books I (930), II (111), IV (455, 768), VI (157), X (134), XIV (350), Book XV (406). NFS.

clerkly (a): clever, scholarly. Pref (189). FS (2-MWW, 3d OED citation). (adv): artfully, scholarly. FS (2-2H6, TGV, 4th citation); Edwards Dam&Pith. (OED missed Golding and Edwards 1st 2 citations.)

clepes: see clips.

clew (n): ball of yarn. Book VIII (232). FS (1-AWEW).

clifted (a): cleft, split. Books VII (339), VIII (822). NFS.

climes/clymes (n): regions, zones. Preface (200). FS (8).

clip/clepe/cleep (v): clasp. Books VIII (190, 916), IX (546), XIV (667, 858). FS (WT, Corio, A&C, V&A, PP#11); Lyly Mother Bombie, Woman ... Moon; Marston Malcontent.

clive/cleave/clave (v): cling. Book III (105), VIII (189). NFS. Cf. (anon.) Arden.

clive/clyve/cleave (v): split. FS (Ado/cleft). Book XIII (1044).

clod (n): clot. Books I (8, 24, 506), III (120), XII (267), XV (623, 624). FS (3-John, MM, Ado);
Golding Abr Sac; (anon.) Locrine, Leic Gh.

clotted (a): clotted. Books I (8), Book XIV (248). NFS.

clout (n): cloth. Books VI (741), VIII (982), XIII (94). FS (4-R&J, Lear, Hamlet, A&C); Lyly
Campaspe, Gallatea, Sapho, Bombie, Endymion; Greene Orl Fur, James IV; Nashe Summers.

clowres (n): sward, grassy ground. Books IV (366), VIII (944), X (174), XI (209), XIII (476), XV
(643). NFS. Rare, Only 16th c. OED citation.

cloyne (n): clown. Book XIV (593). NFS.

clubbish (a): Book VII (556). NFS. OED: clumsy, boorish (Nims: "armed with a club").

clung (v): shriveled. Book VII (612). NFS.

coal carriers/colcaryers/colcarriers (n): hirelings who do the dirty work. Epistle (86), Book XII
(60). NFS. Cf. OED contemp citation: 1567 Fenton Trag. Disc. 70 ... who earst had bene
colecaryer in amarus affaires.

cocker/cockering (v, a): humor, coddle/indulging. Epistle (78). FS (1-John); Lyly Bombie; Nashe
Absurdity.

cods/coddes (n): husks, pods. Book IV (917). FS (AsYou, but with double meaning).

cods/coddes (n): male genitalia. Books V (162), VIII (531), Book X (839). FS (AsYou, wordplay);
Gascoigne Supposes.

colewort (n): plant of the cabbage family. Book VIII (824).

coll/cull (v): embrace, hug. Books II (656), III (485), VI (120), IX (668), X (197, 462). NFS. Cf.
Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Euphues, Love's Met; Kyd Sol&Per. OED contemp citations: 1564
Becon Jewel of Joy Wks.

collop/collup (n): slice, piece. Book V (651). FS (2-1H6, WT); Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly
Bombie; Kyd Sol&Per (referring to circumcision).

comb ... cut (v): comb is cut: to cut (rarely to cast down) the comb of: to lower the pride of, take
the conceit out of, tame, take down, abash, humiliate. Book IX (117). NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside.
OED cites: 1536 Tindale Expos; 1545 Udall Erasm; 1548 Hall Chron.

compassed/compast (a): arched. Book VI (77). FS (4-Shrew, MWW, T&C, V&A); Lyly Love's
Met.

conveying neat (v): stealing cattle. Preface (42).

cope (v): Book XIV (108). (1) engage, encounter, come to blows. FS (T&C, V&A). (2) contend with. FS (3H6, AsYou).

cope (n): (1) covering, as a cape, canopy, cover over a coffin Cf. Sundrie Flowers (Ever/Never). (2) cope of heaven: over-arching canopy or vault of heaven. Book II (208). FS (1-Pericles); Spenser M. Hubbard, Hymn Hon. Love; (anon.) Ironside; Chapman Iliad. OED cites: 1380 Wyclif Serm. Sel. Wks. II. 3; 1385 Chaucer L.G.W.; 1460 Pol. Rel. & L. Poems; 1489 Caxton Sonnes of Aymon; 1549 Compl. Scot. Ded. 3; 1571 Campion Hist. Irel. 1591 Spenser M. Hubberd; 1611 Chapman Iliad.

copemate (n): adversary. Book XII (133), 1st OED citation. FS (1-Lucrece); (anon.) Arden; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chapman All Fooles.

copped/chopt (v): let fall. Book X (204).

cornel (n): cherry [tree]. Books I (119, 867), XIII (960), throughout Golding's Ovid. The wood of *Cornus mascula* was celebrated for its hardness and toughness, whence it was anciently in request for javelins, arrows, etc.

corse (obs.): corpse, body. Books III (639, 911), IV (192, 297, 303, 322), VI (348, 355, 360, 374). Used throughout this work. FS (29); Sundrie Flowers; (anon.) Dodypoll, Leic Gh.

corsie (n): cause of grief, grievance. Books II (997, 1010), V (532). NFS.

costus (n): fragrant root of the plant *Saussurea lappa*, indigenous to Kashmir, that yields an essential oil used in perfumery, etc. Book X (340). NFS. 1st OED citation in 1607.

cote (v): pass, overtake. Books VII (1019), X (782). FS (1-Ham); Greene Fr Bacon. OED contemp citations: 1566 Drant Horace; 1599 Sandys Europae; 1602 Marston Antonio's Rev; 1611 Chapman Iliad.

coteplights (n): folds of one's garments. Book V (84). NFS.

courbed/courbde (a): curbed. Books III (35, 851), VIII (185, 999). NFS.

coy (v): caress. Books II (1084), VII (161, 290), X (126). FS (1-MND). OED contemp citations: 1567 Turberv. Ovid's Epist; 1575 Turberv. Faulconrie .

crack/crake (v): brag. Book VIII (527). Cf. FS (LLL); Peele Edw I; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie (n); (disp.) Greene's Groat; Munday More; Marston Fawn.

cracked (a): fissured. Book XIV (6). FS (3-Rich2, Lear, Temp).

crazed (a): Nims suggests weak, oblique. The context implies a meaning of crossed. Book VII (1044). NFS. Cf. (anon.) Locrine.

creak (v): croak, squawk. Book XIII (287). NFS.

cresset (n): iron vessel containing oil, used as a torch. Books IV (597), IX (914), Book XV (945). FS (1H4).

crisp (a): smooth, shining, clear. Book IX (47, 322). FS (2-Temp, Timon). Per OED very limited use after Golding's first.

crope (v): crept. Books VII (817), XIV (415). NFS.

cuckqueane (n): female cuckold. Book VI (682), Book X (385). NFS.

cull: see coll.

cullis/cullace (n): strong broth, esp. nourishing for the sick. Book XII (465). NFS. Cf. Lyly Campaspe; (anon.) Ironside.

culm (n): soot. Book II (295). NFS.

culme (a): calm, motionless. Book VII (679). NFS.
PK curets (n): cuirass. Book III (123), XII (128). Cf. Greene Orl Furioso.

dad (n): father. Book V (12). FS (King John); others.

danger (n): power, dominion. Book XII (655). FS (4-Errors, MV, Oth, Lucrece); Brooke Romeus; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope, Leic Gh; Chapman Revenge.

dared/daarde (v): crouched. Book XIV (349). NFS.

dart (n): spear, javelin. Used throughout. FS (many); Marlowe T2; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Mucedorus, Locrine, Leic Gh; Sidney Antony; Munday More, Huntington. dart (v): hurl, spear. Books I, II, V. NFS. Greene ? Selimus

daubaken (a): smeared. Book XI (423). NFS.

daunting (a): dimming, subduing. Book IV (245). NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Jocasta.

daw (n): simpleton (from jackdaw). Book VI (47). FS (6-1H6, Ado, Oth, T&C, Corio); Lodge Wounds; Greene Cony; Lyly Whip..

deft (a): handsome, well wrought. Book VIII (431). NFS.

delved (a): dug-out. Book IV (292). FS (Ham, Cymb); Kyd Sp Tr.

demean (v): express. Book VIII (554). NFS. Cf. Lyly Woman ... Moon.

depart(e)s (v): divides. Book XV (222). Cf. (disp.) Greenes Groat.

descry (v): reveal, discover, perceive. Book XV (162). FS (14); Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds; Greene Pandosto, James IV; Watson Tears;

Nashe Saffron; Peele Wives; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Selimus, Ironside, Willobie, Penelope; Harvey Pierce's Super.

dight (a): constructed, equipped, prepared; ready dight: fitly prepared.
Books I (568), II (161, 892), III (640), IV (923), VII (318), XIV (733). NFS. Cf. Brooke Rom&Jul; (anon.) Penelope's Comp.

ding (n): hurl down. Books XI (912), Book XIV (240). NFS. Cf. Greene ? Selimus; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Willobie; Nashe Chr Tears; Drayton et al Oldcastle.

divorce (a): separate. Book VII (515). FS (5-LLL, Timon, 2H4, H5, Edw3). Lambarde uses it identically: 1570-6 Peramb. Kent (1826) 89 It was sometime divorced from the continent by a water.

dolles (n): palms. Book VI (458). NFS.

dopt (v): dipped. Book XIII (1031).

dossers (n): horns. Only OED citation. Book VII (410). NFS.

dowle/dowel (n): boundary marker. Book I (152). NFS.

dowle (a): double. Book XI (267).

dreeping/dreepe (a, v): drooping/droop. Book XI (415, 706). NFS. See also "overdreepe".

dreint (a): drenched. Book III (773).

drib (v): shoots to miss the mark. Book XIII (65). FS (MM, "dribbling").; Lyly Gallathea.
OEDcontemp citation: 1572 Churchyard To Rdr. in J. Jones Bathes of Bath, At rousers they but shot their Shafts, and dribbed wyde a skore.

droopy/droupie (a): gloomy. Book VIII (2)

drumslade/dromslet (n): Form of drum. Book XII (532). Common in 16th c.

eared/earde/earring (n, a, v): plowed/plowing. Books III (118), V (595), XV (622). FS (3-Rich2, AWEW, A&C); (anon.) Ironside.

ech/eatch: increasing, enlarge, eke out. Book X (569). FS (Pericles).

eft (adv): again, back. Used throughout. NFS. Cf. Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers (N/E).

eke (adv): also. Used throughout. FS (7-H5, MND, MWW, AsYou, AWEW); Brook Romeus; (anon.) Willobie, Leic Gh..

eme/eame (n): uncle. Book V (27). NFS. Cf. (anon.) Locrine.

emmet (n): ant. Book VII (843). FS (1-Edw3); (anon.) Mucedorus, Willobie.

escried/escryde (v): revealed. Book XIII (48). NFS.

evenlong/evelong (adv): straight along the way. Book VIII (712). NFS.

extree (n): axle-tree [of heaven]: imaginary line which forms the axis of the revolution of the earth, a planet, the heavens. Books II (378, 401), VI (222); XV (583). FS (2-1H4, T&C); Golding Ovid; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Marlowe 1 Tamburlaine (OED missed these citations); Pasquill Apology; Drayton et al Oldcastle.

fadom/fathom (n): The length covered by the outstretched arms, including the hands to the tip of the longest finger; hence, a definite measure of 6 feet ..., now chiefly used in taking soundings. Book VIII (936). FS (2-Oth, Lear).

fain/fayne (adv): pleased. Book XIV (91). FS (1H6, AsYou); Golding Ovid. (a): 2H6, 2H4). Common.

falchion/fauchon (n): broad sword. Book V (93). FS (8); Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Maiden's Dream; (anon.) Arden, Ironside.

faltered/foltred (v) [in the mouth]: stumbled in speech. Book III (340). NFS. Cf. Brooke Rom&Jul

fardle (v): furl. Book XI (558). NFS.

fat (n): vessel (obs.). Book II (35).

favor (n): appearance, features. Book XIII (989). FS (29); Brooke Romeus; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Greene Cony; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Weakest; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Nashe Summers; Chapman Revenge.

featly (a): well, fitly. Preface (204). FS (2- WT, Temp).

feere/fere (n): mate, companion. Epistle (183), Books I (470, 582, 594, 583), II (588, 719), III (573), V (630, 703), VI (546), VII (84), VII (84), VIII (53), XI (836), XIV (958). FS (3- TA, Pericles, TNK); Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope.

feight (v): possibly feigh, to winnow. Book III (125). NFS.

fell (n): savage, cruel. Books I (167), II (110, 582), III (42, 255, 300), IV (536, 559, 624, 768), VI (434, 676), VII (42, 281, 311, 558), VIII (748, 1039), IX (234), XII (287). FS (any); Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene ? Selimus; Marlowe Edw2; (anon) Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope..

felly/folly (n): rim of a wheel, supported by spokes. Book II (145). FS (Ham).

fet (v): fetched. Books III (313), XV (545). FS (2H6, H5); Brooke Romeus; Lodge Wounds; Greene ? Selimus.

fetch (n): trick, stratagem. Book XIII (48). FS (1-Ham). Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bacon; Nashe Summers; Chettle Kind Hart.

fisking (v): frisking. Book XV (184). NFS. Cf. Harvey's Pierce's Super. OED contemp citation: 1523 Fitzherb. Husb. -45 ... ye shall perceyue it by her bytynge, or fyskyng.

fistocke (n): fist. Book IX (687). NFS. Only OED citation.

fitters (n): pieces. Book XII (475). NFS. OED cites: 1532 More Confut. Tindale Wks. 374/2 Whiche the deuill hath by ye blast of his mouth..frushed al to fitters.

flacker (v): flutter. Books VII (483), VIII (453). NFS. (See also "fleck"). OED cites earlier only the Coverdale Bible Isa. 6.2.

flaited/flited/flaighted/flayght (v, a): frightened. Books II (500), III (45), IV (600, 735), V (349), IX (490), XI (89, 782), XIV (468), XV (578). NFS. OED cites first use.

flask (v): splashed, fluttered. Books II (1096), V (680), VI (886), VIII (267), XI (544), XIII (1094). NFS. Only OED citations.

flat . Book XII (580), either of following meanings. (1) (a): directly, outright. FS (Ado). (2) (n): flatland, lowland, possibly swampland. FS (Ham, Temp).

flattering (a): coaxing, beckoning. Book IV (422). FS (3-3H6, R&J, AsYou).

flaw (n): sudden squall. Book IV (769). FS (4-2H6, Ham, Corio, Pericles); (anon.) Arden.

fleck (v): flutter about. Book VIII (340). NFS. (See also "flacker".)

fleece (n): flitch (slice). Book XIII (1035). NFS.

fleet (a): shallow. Book V (734). NFS.

fleet (v): drift. Books VII (88, 588, 825), XV (184, 192). FS (many); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers (STV); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1, Edw2. fleeting (a): drifting. Book XV (199). FS (3-MV, AsYou, Edw3); (anon.) Locrine.

flewed (a): ref. to the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound (e.g. the bloodhound). Book III (269). FS (MND); Lyly Midas. OED cites: Turberv. Faulconrie.

flightshot/flyghtshot (n): bowshot. Book VIII (875). NFS.

flintwort (n): aconite, suggested by Pliny's statement that it grows on bare rocks. Book VII (518).

flitch (n): side. Book VIII (825). NFS.

fode/foode (v): encourage, beguile. Books VII (932), Book XI (473, 567). NFS. Cf. Golding Calvin on Ps.

foil/foyle (n, v): stain, shame, defile. Books I (961), VI (817), VIII (533), IX (223), XII (332). FS (3-AsYou, Temp, Cymb); Gascoigne Jocasta (anon.) Mucedorus, Penelope; Sidney Antony.

foil/foyle (v): path, track. Book VIII (66, 448). NFS.

foin/foyne (n, v): thrust. Book XII (329). FS (3-MWW, Ado, Lear). ; Lyly Pap; Nashe Valentines.

fond (a): foolish, rash. (Book II (69, 120). FS (many). Common.

fondling (n): foolish/rash one. Book II (135). FS (1-V&A); Lyly Woman ... Moon; (anon.) Penelope.

footless (a): without a leg to stand on. Book XIV (253). NFS.

for the nonce/nones (adv): expressly for the purpose. Book I (569), VIII (398). FS (3-1H6, 1H4, Ham); Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Harvey Speculum; Bacon poetry; Marlowe Dido; (anon.) Marprelate.

forbod (n): forbidding, interdiction. Book XIII (891). (v): past tense of forbad. FS (Lucrece, Lov Comp).

ford/foord (n): sea. Book VI (653). NFS.

forfend (v): forbid. Books VI (423, 443, 444), Book XI (324). FS (8); Udall Erasmus; Lodge Wounds; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Woodstock; Ironside.

forgrown (a): shaggy, covered with hair, foliage. Book XIV (196, 584). NFS.

forpined (v): pined away. Book IV (702). NFS.

frame (v): prepare, create. Books I (297, 632), II (4), IV (388), V (620), VI (228, 259, 599), VIII (861, 915), IX (12, 44, 621), X (153), XII (48), XIII (885, 905, 940), XIV (63, 182, 879), XV (413, 643). FS (many); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Gallathea, Sapho.

frank (v): cram. Book XV (84, 96). NFS.

frayed/frayd (v): assaulted, scared/driven off. Books IX (76, 401), Book XV (754). FS (T&C); Brooke Romeus. OED cites one contemp (legal) use: 1575 Durham Depos. (Surtees) 286 Neither this examine nor his brother..ever did lay in wayt nor frayd off the said Sir Richard Mylner.

frayne (v): No OED appropriate definition; translates Ovid's "ardet" (burn, glow). The noun "frayne" can mean an ash. Book XII (248). NFS.

frith (n): field, wood, possibly a protected area. Books III (205), VII (310), Book XII (370). NFS.

frosches/frosshes (n): frogs. Book XV (412). NFS.

frows/froes/frowes (n): women, maenaeds, often Dutch or German, may refer to Bacchantes. Books IV (32), VI (752), VII (337), IX (760), XI (21, 99). NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Pasquil Return; (anon.) Penelope; Chapman d'Olive.

froward (a): perverse, forward. Books IV (459), VI (248), XI (467). FS (13). Common.

frusshing (n): crushing, crashing. Book XV (372).

furniture (n): clothing, personal effects. Book II (913). FS (3-2H6, 1H4, AWEW); Greene Orl Fur.

gad (n): metal bar or spike, kalso stylus. Book IX (210). FS (1-Titus).

gaincope/gainecope (v): catch up with, intercept. Book III (283). NFS.

gate (n): way, path. Books VIII (274), X (182). Cf. Gascoigne Supposes; (anon.) Locrine.

gear/geere (n): furnishings, equipment. Books VIII (817), XIV (357), XV (173). Cf. Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Bombie.

gear/geere (n): device, matter. Book XIV (874). FS (11); Golding Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington.

gear/geere (n): clothes. Book VIII (1065). FS (2H6, LLL); Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr.

geat (n): goat. Book V (418). NFS.

gird/gyrd (v): rush, dart, move suddenly. Books I (655), II (209), X (765), XII (425, 622), Book XIV (575). FS (1-Corio?).

gird (v): jibe. Book II (750). FS (2-1H6, Shrew); Lyly Pap.

gla(u)nced down (v): moved obliquely. Book VII (289). NFS.

glebeland/glebland (n): cultivated land, part of a church/clergy benefice. Book X (759). NFS.

glisten/glaster (v): glitter. Books I (80, 975), II (54, 156, 231, 320, 853), III (201), IV (234, 279, 437, 502, 655, 736), VIII (376), IX (812), XI (128, 424), XIII (132), XIV (756 "glistening grape"), Book XV (765, 952). FS (9); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers (Ever/Never); Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Lyly Gallathea, Woman ... Moon, Midas; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Locrine, Willobie; (disp.) Cromwell.

gloze/glose (n, v): specious, over-expansive talk, flattery. Epistle (530). glozers (n): flatterers. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Lodge Wounds; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Greene Maiden's. Cf. (anon.) Nobody/Somebody (v).

gnarring/gnoorrng/gnoring (v, n): snarling. Books III (269), XIII (680); Golding Calvin on Deut; Harvey 4 Letters.

gobbits/gobbets (n): per OED sweetmeats. Here and in Shakespeare, shredded uncooked flesh. Book VI (815). FS (2H6). Neither use cited in OED.

goles (v): gullets. Book VI (481). NFS.

gorget (n): collar. Cf. Jocasta. Book VIII (429); FS (1-T&C); Gascoigne Jocasta.

graned/graand (v): choked, strangled. Book IX (90). OED cites first use in 1613.

greces/greeces (n): flight of stairs. Books VI (120), VII (752), Book XV (765). FS (TNK).

greedy/greddie gut (n): glutton. Books III (81, 256); V (562), XV (102). NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Supposes; (anon.) Mucedorus. OED cites Protestant invective: 1550 Lever Serm. (Arb.) 63 Disceitful Merchauntes, couetous greedygutttes,...; 1579 Tomson Calvin's Serm. Tim. 638/1 ... play the greedie guts without all measure.

greff (n): graft. Book XIV (718).

greund/grewnde (n): greyhound, probably a bitch. Books I (649, 654), III (257), VII (980, 982, 984, 998, 1001, 1013, 1018). FS (5-LLL, 1H4, Shrew, MWW, Corio); Golding Ovid; Oxford poem (Cardanus); illustration on title page of Willobie (Actaeon). Apparently adopted by the Earl of Oxford as a heraldic animal during the reign of Henry VIII.

grins/grinnes (n): animal or bird snares, probably with a running noose. Books XI (287), XV (527). NFS.

grip/grype (n): vulture. Books IV (566), Book X (44). FS (1-Lucrece); Norton & Sack Gorboduc.

gripple (a): gripping, greedy. Book VII (599). NFS. Cf. Spenser FQ; (anon.) Ironside. OED contemp. citations: 1574 Rich Mercury & Soldier; 1589 Warner Alb. Eng.

groin/groyne (n): snout of a pig. Books VIII (497), X (836), XIV (326), Book XV (122). FS (V&A); Golding Abraham.

guard/garde (n, v): decorative border. Books II (914), V (64). FS (1-MM); (anon.) Mucedorus, Ironside.

guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. Books II (361), IV (232), VIII (653, 956). FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Brooke Romeus; Lyly Woman/Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe Massacre; Nashe Summers; Munday Huntington; (anon.) Ironside, Leic Gh.

gulfe/golf (n): quantity of corn held in one bay of a barn. Book VI (583).

gull (n): gullet. Book IV (547).

gut (n): passage. Book XI (157). NFS.

hair-lace (n): headband, tie, fillet. Book V (759). NFS.

hallow (v): sanctify, purify. Book XIV (588). FS (2H6).

hallows (n): holy or heathen shrine/relic. Books XIV (359), Book XV (758). NFS. Cf. Nashe Valentines.

hame (n): stubble. Book I (596). NFS.

handsel/hansel (n): omen. Books VI (556, 557, 574), VII (799), IX (683), X (5, 302), XII (245), XV (658, 717). NFS. Cf. Lyly Bombie. OED contemp citations: 1573 Twyne Aneid; 1579-80 North Plutarch.

handsomness (n): ease, dexterity. Book VI (71). NFS.

handwarp/handywarp (n): a 16 c. cloth. Books IV (215), Book VI (26). NFS.

harbrough/harbrowgh (n, v): harbor. Books II (91), III (557, 689, 757, 761, 809, VII (567), VIII (131), IX (705), XI (526, 549). NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Jocasta; (anon.) Arden. (See also herbroughless.)

hardels (n): OED defines as hurdles(?). Book I (138). NFS.

hardly/hardely (adv): (1) with difficulty. Book II (118). FS (12th, Oth, Edw3); Oxford letter, Kyd Sp Tr; Sidney Antony; Nashe Summers; Marlowe Edw2; Drayton et al Oldcastle, (anon.) Mucedorus. (2) forcefully, boldly, firmly. Book XIV (827). Not uncommon.

harry (v): drag. Epistle (577), Books XII (651), XV (588). NFS.

hault/haut/haught/hawlt (a): (1) haughty. Epistle (251), Books VIII (785), XII (559); Book XIII (432, 540), XIV (514). NFS. Cf. Greene James IV; Marlowe Edw2. (2) high, mighty (seas, majesty). Book IV (657, 668, 786).

havers (n): in the original Latin, the word means beast. Book VIII (510). Not in OED.

heare (n): hair. (This spelling has been kept at the end of lines, to illustrate rhyming patterns.)

hedge wine (n): cheap wine; possibly blackberry (OED). Book VIII (851).

height, in height (adv): to the utmost, completely. Book XIII (491). FS (many); (anon.) Leic Gh.

hems/hemmes (n): border. Book II (147). NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid.

hent (a): surrounded, taken. Books II (296), XIII (1091). FS (1-Ado); Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Jocasta; Sundrie Flowers/Spreta tamen vivunt.

hent (v): seized. Books IX (211, 428), XI (358). FS (2-MM, WT); Brooke Romeus.

herbroughless (a): harborless. Book I (255).

herce (n): form of hearse -- frame. Book III (640).

heronshaw/hernesewe (n): heron, young heron. Book XIV (661). FS.

hest/heste (n): behest. Preface (141), Books II (847), VIII (940), Book XIV (339, 685), Book XV (613, 718, 962). FS (LLL, 1H4, Temp); Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine.

high-minded (a): proud, arrogant. Book XIII (916). FS (1-1H6); Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per.

hight/hyght (v): is/was called/named. Epistle (381), Books I (7, 194, 366, 369, 702), II (471, 800, 857, 923, 1050), III (180, 385, 443, 753), IV (843), V (158, 801), VII (640, 890), VIII (337, 738, 807), X (323), XI (336, 360, 745), XII (127, 312), XIII (1077), XIV (338). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

hight (v): provide. Book VII (717). NFS.

hill/hille [your heads] (v): hide, cover. Books I (452), V (824)..

hire/hyre (n): payment, reward. Epistle (179, 189), Books VIII (166), XIV (16). FS (8); Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Pers; (anon.) Dainty Devices, Ironside, Willobie.

hittymissie (adv): Shakespeare used hit-or-miss in Troilus. Book VIII (548). Uses per OED: 1553 T. Wilson Rhet; 1602 Warner Alb. Eng.

hoar/hore (a): grey-white. Alternate word "hore" would mean filthy or decayed. Books I (277), VI (670).

Hobby hawk/hauke (n): small falcon. Book VIII (191).

hoise/hoyse (v): hoist. Book XIV (495).

host (v): be a guest. Book V (798). FS (1-Edw3).

hotchpotch/hodgepodge (n): stew, mixture. Book V (557, 563). NFS. Cf. Lyly Bombie; Nashe Chr Tears, Saffron; (anon.) Cromwell; Marston Scourge.

hounce (n): ornament on a horse-collar. Book II (147). NFS.

hugger-mugger/hudther mudther (n): secrecy. Book XIII (16). FS (Ham); Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1553 Becon Reliques of Rome; 1590 in Acc. & Pap. relating to Mary Q. of Scots; 1601 Holland Pliny II. 563 Say that this is done in secret and hucker mucker.

hugy/howgie (a): huge. Book V (440). FS (Edw3); Brooke Romeus; Robinson Delights; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sp Tr; Harvey poem/Shakerly; (anon.) Penelope.

hurly-burly (n): commotion. Book IX (510). FS (4-John, Shrew & 2H4 as hurly only, 1H4); Golding Calvin on Ps; Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene Fr Bacon; Nashe Penniless; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Penelope. OED also cites: 1580 Baret Alv.

imp (n): denotes a child of. Used throughout.

incontinent (adv): immediately. Book X (10). FS (4-Rich2, AsYou, Oth, Timon); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Greene Alphonsus; Marlowe T1; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Locrine, Leic Gh; Chapman Iliad.

infest (a): hostile, envenomed. Book IV (610). FS (1-Temp, as a verb); Gascoigne Jocasta.

infringed (a): uninfringed. Book VII (622).

ingrain/ingrayne (a): dyed in grain, dyed with fast colors. Book X (223).

intermitted (v): interrupted. FS (1: JC). Book I (938). Cf. Sidney Mark Antony.

iwis/ywis/ywus (adv): surely. Books I (949), X (374, 721), XIII (936), XIV (753). FS (4-Rich3, Shrew, MV, Pericles); Sundrie Flowers; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie Nobody/Somebody, Penelope; Nashe Almond; (disp.) Harvey 4 Letters; Cromwell. Common.

jennet/genet (n): small horse, originally Spanish-bred. Books II (211), VI (158). FS (3-Edw3, Oth, V&A); Brooke Romeus; Lodge Wounds.

jet/jetting (v): stroll/strolling. Book II (721). FS (4-Rich3, 12th, Cymb, TA); Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene James IV; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Woodstock, Dodypoll, Willobie, Arden, Leic Gh; Nashe Chr. Tears.

job (v): peck, stab at. Books XIII (733), XIV (448). NFS. Cf. Golding Calvin on Deut.

jowle; wide-jowled/wydegoawld (a): wide-cropped. Book XI (867). NFS.

just (n): joust. Book IX (58).

keeverings (n): coverings. Book XI (710). NFS.

kell (n): kiln. Book VII (151). NFS.

ken (v): espy, see. Books VII (490, 627), XI (543), XIII (991), XIV (280). FS (4-2H6, T&C, Edw3, TNK); Greene Alphonsus. kenning (n): sight. Book X (58). NFS.

kew/cue (n): frame of mind. Book IX (725). NFS.

kindle (v): give birth. Book IX (389). FS (5-John, AsYou, A&C, H8, Lucrece); Golding Ovid; Sidney Antony; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (disp.) Cromwell, (anon.) Leic Gh.

kirtle (n): cloak. Book II (841). FS (2-PP, Sonnet 20).

kiver (n): cover. Book XV (62).

knap (n): summit. Books VII (1010), XI (391), XII (368). NFS. OED contemp citation: 1548 Hall Chron.

knapped/napt (v): struck, knocked. Book XII (283). FS (2-MV, Lear).

kneeler-down (n): Hercules constellation. Book VIII (244). NFS.

knops (n): knobs. Book I (406).

kye /kie (n): cattle. Book II (870)

labels of her socks (n): narrow strips of fabric/laces for her foot-coverings/sandals. Book X (690).

Lapiths: tribe of Thessaly. Ancestral home of many of the eponymous Hellenic ancestors. Humans who fought the Centaurs at the wedding of their King Pirithous, companion of Theseus. Book XII. Cf. Lyly Pap.

latch (v): grasp. Book VIII (544, 762). FS (1-Sonnet 113).

lawnd/laund (n): pasture, open field. Books II (566, 608), V (717), Book VII (1009), Book X (619), XI (165), XIII (1023). FS (3-3H6, TNK, V&A); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe Edw2; Greene Fr Bacon, Orl Fur; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Nashe Penniless.

at ... lay (v): urged. Book IX (804).

leaning lake (n): lake with sloping banks. Book IX (403). NFS.

leech/leache (n): physician. Book VII (717). FS (1-Timon); Brooke Romeus; (anon.) Penelope.

leechcraft (n): medicine. Books X (197), XV (598). NFS.

leef: see lief.

[un]leeful: [un]lawful. Book III (419). NFS.

leese (v): lose. Book I (742). FS (1: Sonnet 5); Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Geo a Greene, ? Selimus.

leesings (n): idle labors. Epistle (537). NFS.

leet (n): district, often created for legal purposes. Book VIII (977). FS (2-Oth, Shrew/both possibly legal terms).

leman (n): sweetheart, lover. Books I (755, 771), IV (286, 336), IX (171, 175). FS (3-2H4, MWW, 12th); Greene G a G; Nashe Valentines. Common.

let/letteth [his course] (v): hinder, slow down, prevent. Epistle (538), Books II (209, 1022), III (723), IV (78, 79, 91, 96, 931), V (673), VIII (269), X (270), XV (544). Used throughout, common.

let (n): hindrance. Books III (61), VI (862), IX (568), XIII (451, 954). Used throughout.

lever (adv): rather. Apparent form of "liefer". Book XV (93). NFS. Cf. Golding Abraham.

lief/leef/liefe (n, a):beloved. liefest (a): dearest. Books II (814), V (650), XIV (773). NFS. Cf. Lyly Woman ... Moon; Greene George a Greene.

lights (n): lungs. Books II (1004), XII (405). NFS.

lime twig/lymetwigge (n): twig spread with birdlime. Book XV (528). FS (2-2H6, AWEW); Lyly Gallatea; Nashe Penniless; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody.

line (v): lain. Book VII (1040).

lithe/lither/lythe (a): (1) yielding, soft, pliant Book III (613, 865), IV (435), V (536), VII (170, 378), VIII (303, 453, 1027), X (109, 206), XIII (943), XIV (489). FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid. OED contemp citation: 1565 Cooper Thesaurus, s.v. Brachium, Cerea brachia, Nice and liether arms. (2) weak, sluggish, calm, lazy. Epistle (116), Books XI (711), XII (351). NFS.

losel/lozell (n): scoundrel. Book XIII (139). NFS. Cf. Lodge Wounds; Greene G a G; (anon.) Loctrine; Munday Huntington.

lucert (n): lizard. Book V (570, 571). NFS.

luring (v): calling. Book XIV (453). NFS.

luskish (a): lazy, sluggish. Book XI (752). NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Supposes.

main/mayne (a): solid. Book XIII (954). FS (6-2H6, H8, T&C, A&C).

main (n): force, strength. Book XIII (272), FS (4-1H4, MV, T&C, Sonnet 60); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Whip.

mainly/maynely (adv): rapidly. Book IX (96). FS (1-H4).

make (n): mate. Books VII (1038), VIII (883), XI (478), XII (443), XIV (775). FS (Lear); Sundrie Flowers.

manchet/mancheate (n): fine wheaten bread. Book XI (133). NFS. Cf. Oxford Cardanus poem. OED also cites: 1577 Harrison England

marcusotte (v): cut a beard in the marquisotte fashion. Book XIII (904). NFS. Cf. Greene Coney-Catching. OED contemp citations: 1580 J. Jeffere Bugbears; 1588 Losses Span. Navy in Harl. Misc. (1753).

maree/marie (n): marrow. Books IX (214, 575), X (565), Boox XIV (244, 400, 487).

marish/marris (n): marsh. Book XV (3810).

mast (n): fruit (nuts etc.) from various forest trees. Books VII (751), Boox XIV (252). FS (Timon).

mastic/masticke (n): gum, resin. Book XV (799). NFS.

masty (n): large dog, probably mastiff. Book XIV (77). NFS. Cf. (anon.) Locrine.

mattock (n): digging tool with a blade with an adze on one side, and a kind of pick on the other. Book XI (38, 880). FS (3-R&J, Titus); Peele Wives; Lyly Midas.

maugre/mauger: (fr) in spite of. Books IV (444), VI (427). FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Orl Fur, Alphonsus, Pandosto; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh, Pasquil Countercuff; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.

maund/mawnd (n): woven basket with handles. Books V (493), VIII (853), XIV (307). FS (1-Lov. Comp).

mauther/modther/moother (n): young girl. Books IX (929), Book XII (518, 519). NFS. Chiefly found in East Anglia; also found in Gloucestershire, Herts, and Sheffield. OED contemp citations: 1573 Tusser Husb. 1591 Fraunce Yuychurch; 1610 B. Jonson Alch.

may (n): maiden. Book II (561).

mazer (n): hardwood drinking-bowl, originally made of "mazer" (maple) wood. Book VIII (848). FS (Ham); Lyly Pap.

meacock/meicock (n): coward, weakling, effeminate one. Book III (692). FS (1-Shrew); (anon.) Penelope; Harvey Pierce's Super.

mead/mede (n): meadow. Books II (269), IV (421), Book V (206). FS (6). Common.

meddle/medle (v): mix. Book VII (578). NFS. Cf. (anon.) Cromwell.

meed (n): reward, prize. Epistle (172, 592), Books II (947), IX (492), XIII (496). FS (19); Sundry Flowers (E/N); Kyd Sp Tr; Narlowe T1; Lyly Woman ... Moon; (anon.) Arden, Nobody/Somebody.

mell (v): meddle. Book XIII (195). FS (1-AWEW); (anon.) Willobie.

mer/mere/meere (n): lake, pond, possibly marsh or fen. Books I (41), VIII (790)

merry-go-down (n): strong ale. Book V (556). Nashe Lenten Stuff. 3 citations in OED, including Nashe: 1500 Songs & Carols; 1577 Harrison England

meter/meeter (n): poem. Book IX (932). FS (1H4, Rich2, Sonnets)

meynt (v): mingled, mixed. Past tense of "meng". Books IV (170), XIII (659), XIV (69, 318). NFS. OED cites Surrey, Turberville, Spenser, others.

minion/minyon (n, a): dainty, pretty. Book XIV (592). NFS as adj. OED contemp. citations: 1542 Udall Erasm; 1553 Roister D.; 1579 Puttenham Partheniades.

moil/mooyl/moyl (v): worry, fret, wallow. NFS. Book IX (502). Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation). OED contemp citations: 1575 Gascoigne Flowers; 1577 B. Googe Heresbach's Husb.

moly (n): mythological herb having a white flower and a black root, endowed with magic properties; said by Homer to have been given by Hermes to Odysseus as a charm against Circe's sorceries. The Homeric moly is by some writers identified with the mandrake, but Theophrastus and Dioscorides apply the name to some species of garlic (*Allium*). Epistle (278), Book XIV (338). Cf. Lyly Euphues, Gallatea; Greene Orl Fur, James IV. OED cites also : 1579 Gosson Sch. Abuse (Arb.) 42 ... as Homers Moly against Witchcraft.

mops (n): term of endearment for a young girl. Book III (203). NFS. Cf. Lyly Woman ... Moon, Midas.

morion (n): helmet. Book VI (96), XII (143). NFS. Cf. Sidney Antony; possibly Nashe Summers.

Morning (n): refers to the Goddess Aurora. Book XIII (689, 708).

murrain/murren (n): plague. Books VII (786), XV (703). FS (3-Temp, Troilus, Corio); Edwards Dam&Pith; Nashe Penniless; (anon.) Woodstock; Drayton et al Oldcastle. OED cites Hall's Chron, dramatic uses from Heywood, Ingelend, Richards, (anon.) Gammer Gurton, others.

nave (n): central part of the wheel. Book II (401). FS (2-Ham, Mac).

neat/nete (n): cattle/cow. Books V (205, 419), VIII (745), XI (179, 283). FS (3-3H6, WT, Corio); Golding Ovid; Sundrie Flowers. neatherd/neatheard (n): cowherd. Book I (623). FS (Cymb)

neb (n): (1) beak or bill of a bird. Cf. Golding Ovid. (2) mouth, sometimes face of a person. FS (WT, 1st OED citation).

neck-verse/neckeverse (n): Latin verse shown to defendant in a capital case; claiming benefit of clergy because of ability to read would save him from hanging. Book VI (8). NFS. OED cites first use with the verb "put to" (similar to "put the question").

nice/nyce (a): picky, hard to please. Book IX (506). FS (many).

nock (n): notch. Book VI (296). NFS.

noddle (n): back. Book V (149). NFS.

noddy/noddie/noddle (n): simpleton. Book III (521). FS (2-TGV); Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene Cony; Lyly Whip, Bombie; (anon.) Dodypoll; Chettle Kind Hart.

nostrills (n): nostrils. Used sparingly, at least through the 17th c. Book XII (477). NFS. Cf. Pasquil Apology.

not/notte (v): clip short. Book XI (205).

oofe: woof. Book IV (215).

open/uppen (v): mention. Book XII (179).

orient (a): shining like the dawn, bright red. Books III (610), X (223). FS (2-Edw3); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh. OED contemp citation: 1578 Lyte Dodoens ii. ix. 158 The floures ...be of an excellent shining or orient redde.

originall (n): origin. Book XV (64). FS (2-2H4, MND); (disp.) Cromwell.

orpid/orped (a): fierce. Books VII (560), VIII (526), XI (420), XIII (911). NFS. (per OED Golding Ovid Bok VIII 1st of 2 known uses); 1594 Constable Venus & Adonis vii, For an orped swine Smit him in the groyne.

ouch/owche (n): buckle, brooch, clasp. Book X (282). FS (24).

out of hand (adv). suddenly, immediately. Books I (391), II (1048), III (117, 388, 696, 877), IV (595, 937), V (185, 229, 483, 694), VI (243), VII (65, 110), VIII (598), XI (95), XII (677), XIII (282), XIV (99, 470), Book XV (948). FS (4: 1H6, 3H6, Titus, Edw3); Holinshed; Golding Abraham; Holinshed; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Yorkshire.

overdreepe (v): droop over. Books XI (686), XIII (993).

overraft (v): overreached. Book I (570).

overseen (a): deceived; sometimes self-deceived, rash. Book II (78). FS (Lucrece).

packing (n): intrigue, conspiracy. Books II (681), IX (372). FS (5-Shrew, MWW, Cymb, Lear, Edw3); Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Bombie.

pall (n): mantle, robe. Book XI (683). FS (Mac, as a verb).

palmed (a): having a palm or flat expanded part with projecting points. Book III (162).

panion (n): companion. Book XIII (56).

parget (n): plaster. Book IV (100). NFS.

pass/past (v): care for, heed. Books VII (725), X (653), XI (787), XIII (991), XIV (713). FS (2H5, Mac); many others. Common.

paunch (n, v): stab, wound in the paunch, disembowel. Book XIII (1016). FS (1-Tempest); Kyd Sp Tr; Florio, Viscerare.

paynim (n): pagan, heathen. Epistle (321, 444), Preface (3). NFS.

peakishly (adv): NFS. OED suggests obscurely, remotely. No other use noted. Book VI (663). NFS.

peends (v): pends. Book XIII (972). NFS.

peevish (n): small, silly. Book V (554). FS (many). common.

peise/peyse/poise (v): weigh, balance. Books I (13), VIII (271), X (187). FS (2-Rich3, John); Brooke Rom&Jul; Marston Malcontent.

pelt (n): wound. Book VI (319). NFS.

pelting (a): paltry. Books V (553), VI (12, 663), VIII (805), XV (472). FS (7-Rich2, MND, T&C, MM, Lear, TNK); Lyly Campaspe, Gallatea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie; (anon.) Woodstock, Willobie; Harvey 4 Letters; Chettle Kind Hart.

panion (n): companion. Book XIII (56).

perbreak/perbrake (v): spew up, vomit. Book VI (839). NFS. Cf. Marlowe T1.

perst (v): perished. Book XIV (546). NFS. (Nims: Ovid's word "mersit" means "sunk, overwhelmed.")

pied-coat/pydecote (a): wearing a multicolored coat. Book IX (815). NFS.

pies (n): refers to transformation of Euipe's daughters into magpies (see Book V). Epistle (117), Book V (377, 828).

pie/pye (n): magpie, wily person (thief). Book XI (360),

pight/pyght (v): pitched, thrust. Books II (23, 837, 981), IX (424), X (512). FS (2-Cymb, T&C); Greene Maiden's Dream; (anon.) Willobie.

pile/pyle (n): pyre. Book XIV (92). NFS.

pine/pyne (v): starve. Book VIII (975). FS; Brooke Rom&Jul.

pinsons (n): pincers. Book VI (709). NFS.

pipkins (n): pots. Book VI (815). NFS.

pismire/pismere (n): ant. Applied contemptuously to persons. Book VII (819). FS (1-1H4); Bacon poem; Jonson Revels.

plash (n): pond, small pool of water. Book XIV (58, 62, 67). FS (1-Shrew); Spenser FQ.

platter mouth (n): possibly broad and flat, as per OED def. of "platter face". Book XV (574). NFS.

plight/plyght (n): condition (favorable or unfavorable). Favorable only: Books IV (263), XV. FS (3 -MWW, T&C, Sonnet 28); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus.

poldrens (n): shoulder-plates. Book III (122). NFS,

policy/polycie (n): trickery, cunning. Book XIII (256). FS (many); Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene Pandosto, ? Selimus; (anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

pommy (n): pumice (obs. form) Books III (186), VIII (722), X (811). NFS.

pomp (n): ceremony, esp. parade. Books II (901), Book XIV (863). FS (John, MND, Titus).

pook (n): mischievous spirit or demon, once identified with the Biblical devil, later more often as a mischievous goblin or imp. Book IX (766). FS. OED contemp citation: 1590 Shakes. MND, 1595 Spenser Epithal. 341 Ne let the

Pouke, nor other euill sprights, ...

porkepisces (n): undoubtedly porkepes, a form of porpoise (porkefishes); dolphins. Books I (352), II (340). NFS.

prank (v): sport, show off. Book VIII (944). FS (3-12th, Corio, WT); Lyly Sapho; Greene James IV.

preace (v): press. Book I (798). NFS. (n): press of people. Books X (682), XII (56, 398). NFS. Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Locrine; Oxford letter.

prest (v): impress. Book XIV (525). NFS.

prew/preu (a): valiant (from preu). Book XIII (154). Final OED citation: 1523 Ld. Berners Froiss. l. i. 1 Wherby the prewe and hardy may haue ensample

prick (n): (1) mark. Book V (720). FS (many); Watson Hek; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Famous Victories. (2) highest point. Book VIII (417).

pritch [taking ... pritch], (n): taking ... offense. Book VII (470). NFS. Only known uses before 17th c. by Golding, incl. 1571 Calvin on Ps.

puissance (n): power, military army/might. Books (VI), (IX). FS (7-2H6, 3H6, John, 2H4, H5, Lear, TNK); Golding Ovid; Greene G a G, Pandosto, ? Selimus; (anon.) Locrine, Leic Gh; Spenser FQ. puissant/puyssant (a): powerful. FS (11); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Leic Gh; Nashe Unf Trav. Books VI (544), XI (344), XII (557), XV (495). FS (11); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Leic Gh; Nashe Unf Trav.

pulled/poulde (a): shorn. Book I (693). NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

queach (n): dense bushy growth, thicket. Epistle, Books I (138), IV (418), XIV (966). (OED 3d citation). queachy (a): forming a dense grove or thicket. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid (1st use per OED). Somewhat rare.

quean (n): hussy, strumpet. Book III (320). FS (4-R&J, 2H4, MWW); many others. Common.

quest (n): pack (as in hunting hounds). Book XII (269). NFS. Cf. Lyly Bombie.

quetch (v): move. Book V (770). NFS.

quite/quight (v): acquit, absolve. Book VII (543).

quoth/quoath (v): faint. OED cites only Golding's Ovid Books V (86), Book VII (1112). NFS.

race (n): course. Book XIV (164). FS (3-John, MM, Sonnet 51); Golding Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith; Sidney Ps; (anon.) Willobie; Spenser FQ. (2) taste, flavor. FS (A&C).

rack (n): manger. Book VII (697). NFS.

rake (v)s: ruts. Book II (175, 364). NFS.

randon, at (adv): flowing swiftly (per OED). Book I (339). NFS.

rase/raze (v): rage, growl, bark. Book XIV (466). NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

raspis, heps/heppes, haws/hawes, cornels/cornelles (n): raspberries, fruit of the wild rose, hawthorn, Cornelian cherry tree (which was cultivated in Britain). Book I (119).

rate (n): manner. Books XII (145), XIV (484).FS (MV); (anon.) Willobie; Spenser FQ.

rathe (a): early. Book IV (240). NFS. rather (adv): earlier. Book VIII (798). FS (Oth).

raught (v): seized, snatched, grabbed. Books II (589), III (71, 224, 543), V (70, 152), XIII (512). FS (4-2H6, 3H6, H5, A&C); OED cites only Golding: 1571 Golding Calvin on Ps. xix; 1583 Calvin on Deut. xix. raughtish (a): harsh. (only OED citation). Books IX (922), XIV (325). NFS.

ravine (n): violence, force. Book I (162). NFS.

reach (v): hold out to. Book VII (533). FS (1-Titus); Lyly Campaspe, Endymion; (anon.) Mucedorus, Woodstock; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

rear (n): peal, noise, roar. Books VII (830), VIII (567), XIII (1029). OED cites Hudson Du Bartas Judith.

rear/reere (v): shout, roar. Books IV (474), Book IX (215). NFS.

rear/reere (v): raise, create. Books XII (601), XV (973). FS (Titus); Hall Chron.; Spenser FQ.

rear (a): underdone. Not uncommon. Book VIII (846).

reave/reeve (v): plunder, rob. Book XII (275). FS (3-2H6, AWEW, V&A); Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur; Marlowe Edw2; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Locrine.

rebate (v). blunt, repulse. Book XII (548). FS (2-MM, Edw3); Greene Orl Fur; Lodge Rosaline.

rede/reede (v): Advise, counsel. Book X (655). FS (Ham); Greene Alphonsus. Common.

reek (n): water-plant, seaweed. Books IV (362), XI (266), XIV (44). NFS.

reermice (n): bats. Book IV (513).

remain/remayne (v): await. Book XI (623, 915). NFS.

repreef (v): reproof. Book X (230). NFS.

resolved (a): dissolved. Book IX (198, 575). FS (Ham); Marlowe T1.

resty/restie (a): (1) rancid, stale. Book VIII (826). FS (1-Edw3). OED contemp citations: 1547 Boorde Introd. Knowl; 1575 Turberv. Faulconrie. (2) sluggish, lazy, disinclined to obey orders. Book XIV (493). FS (3-Cymb, T&C, Sonnet 100); Lyly Pap; Nashe Almond. OED cites: 1565 Cooper Thesaurus; 1571 Golding Calvin on Ps.

retch (v): reach out. Books II (252), VI (458). NFS. Cf. Sidney Antony

retchless (a): reckless. Book II (167). NFS.

revolt (v): return. Book X (68). FS (2H6).

riddle (n): coarse-meshed sieve, used for separating chaff from corn etc. Book XII (465). NFS.

rig/rigge (n): likely obs. form of ridge (OED: plows that rig/ridge the land). Book I (156). NFS.

risp (n): twig. Book XV (527). NFS.

rittle-rattles (n): rattles, sistrums, probably Egyptian rattles with three loose and running wires cross them. Book IX (819). NFS.

rivel [skin] (a): wrinkle. Book III (338). FS (T&C); Marston Malcontent.

rock (n): distaff. Books IV (269, 277), VI (26). NFS.

rode (n): roadstead, place of anchor. Book XII (10, 41, 201). NFS.

roil/roayl (v): roam, wander. Books II (870), III (18), Book XI (412). NFS.

roping (v): forming ropes or rope-like threads, esp. of a viscid or glutinous nature. Books I (136), Book XII (478). FS (2-H5).

rother (n): of the ox family. Books IV (781), VII (700), XV (92). FS (1-Timon).

roused/rowzed (v): rested, settled. Book XIII (918). OED only citation before 16th c.: 1563 Foxe A. & M.

rout (n): company, crowd. Books I (210, 577), II (554), IV (38, 576), V (52, 195, 385), XII (313), XIV (52, 275). FS (10); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Marlowe T2, Edw2; Lyly Whip; Greene Maiden's Dream; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope, Leic Gh.

roume (n): room. Book I (28, 44).

rovers (n): marks. Book II (257). NFS. Per OED: 1572 Churchyard To Rdr. in J. Jones Bathes of Bath, At rousers they but ...

ruck (v): huddle, crouch. Books VI (552), XV (441). FS (3H6). OED contemp citations: 1555 W. Watreman Fardle Facions ; 1573 G. Harvey Letter-bk. ; 1583 Golding Calvin on Deut.

ruckt (v): stacked, leaned. Book VI (755). NFS.

rudesby (n): rude fellow. Book VI (723). FS (Shrew, 12th).

ruff (n): high degree of excitement. Books XII (318), XIII (108). NFS. Cf.

ruffled [hair] (a): disordered. Books IV (587, 688), Book XIII (818). NFS.

runagate/ronneagate (n): vagabond, deserter, renegade. Book XIV (777). FS (4-Rich3, R&J, Cymb); Golding Gascoigne Supposes; Greene Alphonsus. ? Selimus; Nashe Martin Marp, Unfor Travel, Almond; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon). Locrine. OED contemp citations: 1548 Hall Chron.; 1576 Fleming Panopl. Epist.

sadly (adv): soberly. Book VII (392). FS (Ado); Greene James IV. A common contemp meaning, shown by the OED: 1548 Hall Chron., Hen. VIII, I. 69 Thei daunsed with Ladies sadly, and communed not with the ladies after the fashion of Maskers, but behaved themselves sadly.

sallow (n): plant of the willow family. Books VIII (453, 833, 837), IX (118), Book X (102).

scantlings (n): samples (first OED citation). Epistle (279). FS (Troilus).

scape (n): transgression. Book IV (211). FS (2-WT, Lucrece).

scathe (n): harm. Book XI (167). FS (5-2H6, Rich3, R&J, Titus, John); Kyd Sol&Per; Greene G A G; (anon.) Locrine; Munday Huntington..

seely/sielie (a): silly, innocent, vulnerable. Books I (274, 411, 422, 612, 649), IV (541, 770), V (501, 747, 770), VII (783), XIII (1084), Book XV (109). FS (many); others.

sense/sence (v): offer incense to. Book XI (671). NFS.

set you quite beside: take from you. Book V (395). NFS.

sew (v): drain, ooze. Book IV (759). NFS.

shacky/shackie/shack-hair/shakheard (a): shaggy. Book I (275), Book XIII (1084). NFS. Metamorphoses only OED citation.

shawm/shalme (n): medieval instrument, similar to oboes. Books IV (486), XI (17), XIV (612).

sheen/shene (a, n): bright. Books II (476), III (201, 771), IV (471), XIV (783), XV (616). FS (2-MND, Ham).

sheen (a): beautiful. Book XI (878). NFS. Cf. Greene Menaphon; Spenser FQ. OED contemp citation: 1586 ? Montgomerie Banks of Helicon.

sheer/shere (a): clear, pure, translucent. Books II (148), III (607), IV (364, 507), VII (356, 420), (921, 997), X (85, 856), XIII (988), XIV (455, 685), Book XV (149, 270). FS (2-Shrew, Rich2).

shent (a): disgraced. Book II (710). FS (5-MWW, 12th, T&C, Ham, Corio); Brooke Romeus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endmion; (anon.) Penelope.

shield (v): forbid. Book VII (51). FS (2-R&J, AWEW). Does not include "God shield".

shield (n): the tough side skin of a boar. Book VIII (382, 553?).

sight (v): possible past tense of (1) sight, spy, or (2) sigh. Book III (239).

shirl (a): (1) shrill. Books II (12), III (270, 623), XII (926), XIV (485). NFS. (2) rough. Books VIII (995), XV (235). NFS.

shiver (n): splinter. Books VIII (603), XIV (640]. FS (Rich2, Troilus); Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion; Nashe Astrophel. shivered (a): splintered. FS (1-Edw3).

shock (n): crowd: Book VII (145). 2d of 3 OED citations. NFS.

shoring (n): slope. Book VIII (258, 1st of 2 OED citations). NFS. shoringness (n): pitch, slant. Only OED citation. Book VIII (841).

shraming/shreaming (v): screaming. Books IV (486), VIII (140). NFS.

sicker (a): certain, secure. NFS. Book IV (193).

silly: see "seely"

singles (n): entrails. Book VII (353). Only citation in OED. NFS.

sithes (n): times. Book II (14). NFS.

skene/skaine (n): dagger, widely used by Irish and Scots. Book V (220). NFS.

skill (v): mattes, care. Books VII (93), VIII (812), XIII (327). FS (Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Lyly Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

skud/skudde (v): hurried. Book II (725). NFS.

sleight/slight [of hand] (n): craft, trickery. Books I (540), IV (945). FS (3H6, Mac); Leic Gh; others. Common.

slugging/sluggish (v, a): lazing one/lazy, slow. Book V (546, 682). FS (3, present tense). sluggish (a) lazy. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside.

snetched (v): slaughtered (only known use per OED). Book V (149).

snudge (n): niggard. Book III (821). NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers.

sod (v): seethed. Books II (317, 318), Book V (559). FS (2-Lucrece, TNK); Lyly Bombie.

soot (a): sweet. Not uncommon. Book VIII (845).

soothfast (a): truthful. Book III (427), Book XV (654). NFS.

souse (n): heavy blow. Book V (148). NFS. Cf. Robert the Devil; Spenser FQ.

souse (v): swoope, pounce. Book VIII (192). FS (1-John); Watson Hek.

sowpeth (v): soaks, drifts. Book VII (90). NFS.

spalt (a): brittle, short-grained. Book X (100), 1st OED citation. NFS.

speed (v): fare, succeed. Books V (392), X (506), XIII (1085), XIV (37). FS (19+,); Golding Abraham; many others.

spill (v): kill. Books IV (291), IX (653), XIV (882). FS (3-Ham, Lear, Lucrese); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Euphues; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Woodstock, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

spindle-shank (v): a long and slender leg (OED misses this first known use). Book III (231). NFS.

spire/spyre (v): rise in a spiral form. Book X (303). NFS.

spirget (n): peg. Book VIII (830). NFS.

spirk (v): sprout, shoot. Book IV (310). NFS.

spitter (n): young deer. Book X (124). NFS.

sprent (v): sprayed. Book XV (233). NFS. Cf. Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek.

springe/sprindge (n): snare for catching small game, spec allusion to woodcocks. Book XV (527). FS (3-Ham, WT); Lyly Whip

spurn (v): kick. Book V (51). FS (many); Cf. Brooke Romeus; (anon.) Woodstock, Dodypoll, Arden; (disp.) Cromwell.

square, out of square (a): awry. Books II (536), IV (675), XIV (563). NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith.

stack (v): stuck. Book IX (153).

stark (a): rigid, stiff. Book XIV (868). NFS. starkly (adv): stiffly. FS (MM).

steale/stele (n): shaft. Books I (568), V (484), XII (404). NFS.

stealing (v): gliding steadily and imperceptibly. Book XIV (682). FS (6-Rich3, Errors, WT, Ham, V&A, Sonnet 33); Kyd Sol&Per. Common.

stear (v): stir. Books V (116, 431), X (564).

sted/stead (n): assistance. Book VI (428). NFS.

stiff-staring (a): [hair] standing up straight. Books III (113), X (486). FS (1-Tempest).

stiling (v): trickling, distilling. Bok I (1593). 2d of 2 OED citations. The other: 1542 Wyatt Poems, Process of time 6 And yet an hert that sems so tender receveth no dropp of the stiling teres that ...

stint (v): cease, stop. Book VIII (1095). FS (R&J, Timon-); Gascoigne Steele Gl.

stomach/stomacke (n): appetite for, inclination. Epistle (481), Preface (150), Book IX (721). FS (MV, Temp); Antony. Used throughout Golding's Ovid. Cf. Greene Alphonsus.

stomach/stomake (n): temper, pride. Books VI (210), VIII (750). FS (2-Shrew, H8); Lyly Endymion; Greene G a G; Alphonsus; (anon.) Marprelate, Ironside, Weakest; Spenser FQ; Harvey Pierce's Super; Sidney Antony.

stomacke/stomach (n): disposition. Book X (51). FS (Lear, Ado).

stomach/stomacke (v): take offense, resent. Books I (190), IV (229), Book VI (167). NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus; Marlowe Edw2.

stond (n): possibly obs. var. of stand. Book I (341).

stound/stownd (n): (1) amazement. Books IV (161), X (69), XI (408), XIV (125). NFS. (2) time. Books V (376), VI (745). NFS.

stour/stoor/stowre/stur (a): fierce, violent, harsh, rough. Epistle (521), Books III (374), V (40), VIII (564), X (173), XIII (903). NFS. stourenesse (n): coarseness, roughness, stiffness. Book VII (788). NFS.

stout (a): bold, resolute. Epistle (56, 194, 251), Preface (61, 193), V (386). FS (3-2H6, 1H4, John); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon; Sidney Arcadia; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

stoutness (n): courage, bravery. Books IV (804), IX (200, 386, 529). FS (Corio); Golding Abraham; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus.

stover (n): fodder, winter hay. Book V (435). FS (1-Temp.)

straught (a): distraught. Book III (833, 869).

streeke (v): strike. Book XIII (260).

stripe/strype (n): stroke, blow. Books II (760), III (82, 102, 412, 413), X (421), XII (529, 538). FS (4-WT, Temp, A&C, Corio); Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Pers; Spenser FQ.

strond (n): strand, grassy shoreline. Book XIV (505). FS (1H4) Kyd Sp Tr, (anon.) Lucrine.

stroygood (n): destructive or wasteful person. Book XI (455). NFS. OED contemp citations: 1573-80 Tusser Husb. (1878) 21 A giddie braine maister, and stroyal his knaue, brings ruling to ruine and thrift to hergraue. 1540 Palsgr. Acolastus i. iii. F iij b, I reioyce..to be called Acolastus .i. a stroygood, or a prodigal felow.

stulp (n): stoop -- post, pillar. Book XIV (848). NFS.

stunting (v): holding back. Book VIII (940). NFS.

sty/stie (v): rise up, soar. Books IV (819, 875), V (319, 636, 747, 795), VII (452), Book VIII (198, 991), Book XV (164, 955). NFS. Cf. Munday Hungtington.

surmise (v): accuse. Book XV (560). NFS.

swale (n): shade. Book V (427). NFS.

swart (a): (1) livid through suffering: livid through suffering. Books II (301, 966), XII (463). NFS.
(2) dark-complexioned. Book XII (357). FS (Errors, Sonnet 28); (anon.) Woodstock; Spenser FQ.

sweaked (v): swung. Book VIII (945). NFS.

swelteth (v): is ready to die of emotion. Books III (585), VI (627). NFS. Cf. Watson Tears.

swift (n): small lizard, newt. Book V (576). NFS.

tables (n): tablets, inscribed decorations, pictures, medallions; Books I (106), V (134), VIII (931), IX (624, 631, 680, 682, 686, 707, 716, 932), Book X (121, 287, 592). FS (Ham). Common.

tackling/tacklings (n): task, undertaking. Only OED citation in this sense much later. Book VI (61). NFS.

target (n): shield. Books IV (976), Book XII (143, 156, 514, 686). FS (many), Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta, Kyd Sol&Per; Lyly Campaspe; Greene ? Selimus; Marlowe Edw2; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Locrine.

tarriance (n): delay. Book III (60). FS (2-TGV, PP); Golding Caesar. OED contemp citations: 1542 Udall Erasm; 1576 U. Fulwell Ars Adulandi.

taunt/tawnt (n): branch, twig. Book VII (819). NFS.

team-ware/teemeware (n): team of horses. Book V (811). NFS.

teen (n): wrath, malice, anguish. Books III (418), V (634), VII (500), XI (400), XII (591, 641), XIII (731), XV (253, 258). FS (5-Rich3, LLL, Temp, V&A, L Comp).

teil/teyle (n): lime or linden tree. Book VIII (795). NFS.

terve (v): bend. Book V (417). NFS.

tettish (a): peevish, irritable. Book XIII (940). NFS. Cf. Nashe Penniless.

thews (n): attributes. Book IV (862). NFS. Cf. Mirr. Mag; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Arden (as a verb).

thirl/turle (v): spun. Books III (80), VIII (241). NFS. Cf. Watson Hek.

thirse/thyrsus (n): staff decorated at the end with an ornament resembling pine cone and wreathed with vines. Books III (685), IV (8), XI (29). NFS.

tho: then. Used throughout.

thow (v): thaw. Book II (1066).

throat-boll/throat-bowl/throteboll (n): Adams apple. Books III (87), V (423), VI (523), VII (154), XII (324, 356). NFS.

tide (n): time. Book XI (586)

tillman/tilman (n): farmer, tiler of the soil. Books I (323), XV (123, 134, 622). NFS.

tines (n): wild vetch, tare. Book V (602). NFS.

tire/tyre (v): tear flesh, as a hawk. Books X (44), XI (63), XIV (228). FS (3H6, V&A); Watson Hek; Lodge Catharos; Lyly Midas; (anon.) Leicester's Gh.

tod/todde (n): bushy mass, cluster. Books II (750), XI (26). FS (4-WT, WT).

toil/toyle (n): net, snare. Books II (617), III (172, 177, 446), VII (901, 995, 996, 1048), VIII (447), Book XIV (543). FS (5-LLL, JC, Ham, A&C, Pericles); Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Fr Bac; Narkiwe Dido, Massacre; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.

tolleth (v): entices. Book VIII (288, 1045). NFS.

tools (n): weapons. Book III (53).

tooting on (v): looking at. Book III (634). NFS. Cf. Brooke Romeus.

toys (n): antics. Books VI (793), X (280). FS (many); Golding Abr Sac; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Watson Tears; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe, Midas; Greene Selimus; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie.

tozing/toozing (n): combing (of wool etc.). Book XIV (305). NFS.

train/trayne/treyne (n): trap. Books I (229), IX (699, 810), XIII (204). FS (4-Errors, Rich3, Mac); Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Gallathea, Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope. (2) plan. FS (many); (anon.) Nobody/Somebody.

traverse (n): curtain, screen. Book XIV (300). NFS.

tree (n): wood (structure of wood, as in wooden horse). Books VIII (174), IX (868). Cf. Marlowe Dido.

trice (v): pull back. Book VII (563). NFS.

triple world (n): The latin triplex mundus (earth, air, water), used often by Elizabethan dramatists. Book XV (969). FS (1-A&C); Greene Alphonsus, Orl Fur; Marlowe T1, T2. A&C (I.1.)
The triple pillar of the world transform'd / Into a strumpet's fool

troll (v): spin, whirl, roll, bowl. Books II (264), Book X (779). FS (2-WT, Temp); (anon.) Arden.

trot (n): old hag, sometimes bawd. Book V (554). FS (2-Shrew, MM); Gascoigne Supposes; Greene Orl Fur; (anon.) Mucedorus, Dodypoll; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho.

trou (n): think, believe confidently. Book XIV (158). FS (16); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds, Greene G a G, Alphonsus, James IV; Marlowe Jew/Malta, Edw2; (anon.) Woodstock, Marprelate, Ironside, Willobie; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Pasquil Apology.

tubbish (a): round, resembling a tub (1st use per OED). Book IV (485). NFS.

tush (n): tusk. Book VIII (384). FS (V&A).

twibill (n): double-bladed battle-ax. Book IV (28).

uncouth (n): strange news. Book XII (196). NFS. uncouth (a): unfamiliar, strange. Books XIII (1103), XIV (66). FS (3-AsYou, Titus, Lucrece).

uneath/unneth (adv): uneasily, with difficulty. Books II (378), X (551). FS (1-2H6).

unpend (v): free (per OED, only known use). Book I (331). NFS.

unrazed (a): unwounded. Book XII (98). NFS.

ure (n): use. Books I (531), II (823). NFS. Cf. Gascoigne Jocasta; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Weakest, Penelope.

uttered/uttred (v): ejected. Book XIV (247). FS (Ado, JC); Spenser Shep. Cal; Chettle Kind Hart.

vaunst/vaunced [herself] (v, trans.): lifts herself/rises. Books I (934, 946, 952), V (515). Book XV (752). NFS.

vaunt (v, n): boast, triumph. Epistle (118, 241), III (227), V (233), VIII (372, 642), IX (19, 68), XII (430), XIII (175, 277, 327, 873). FS ((3-2H6, H5, Sonnet 15); Greene ? Selimus.

wag, held/hilld ... wag (v): held at bay. Book XII (489). NFS. OED contemp citation: 1540 J. Heywood Wit & Folly (Percy Soc.) 12, ... That I wyll hold ye wagg a nother way.

wain/wayne (n): cart, chariot. (See also "Charles his wain".) Books II (192, 212, 215, 221, 227, 265, 660), IV (779), X (513), XII (309). NFS (except in phrase "Charles wain"); Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Greene ? Selimus; Spenser Shep. Cal, FQ.

wales (n): waves. Book II (16). NFS.

wallop (n): rapid and noisy boiling (per OED possibly derived from gallop). Book VII (343). NFS.

wanton (1): frolicksome, skittish. Book XIV (297). FS (2H4, PP). Not uncommon.

wanze [away] (v): waste away. Books III (618), VI (58). NFS. Cf. Nashe Chr Tears.

ward (v): stand guard. Book I (691, 777, 780). FS (3-Rich3, T&C, Titus); Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bac; Lyly Midas; (anon.) Arden, Willobie.

warly (a): warlike. Book V (58).

warried/warryed; warrie/warry (a): full of knots. Books XIII (942), VIII (930). Only OED citation.

waryish (a): sickly-looking. Books II (968), VII (446). Only OED citation. NFS.

washing [swashing] (a): swashbuckling. Book V (252). FS (2-AsYou, R&J).

waste (a): barren, empty. Books II (81), X (31). FS (Sonnet 77).

watershot/watershotte (n): overflow of water. Book XV (292). NFS.

watling (n): framework (e.g., woven rods interlaced with branches, twigs). Book XII (403).

weasand/wezant (n): windpipe, throat, gullet. Books VI (323), XIII (523). FS (1-Temp); Nashe Chr Tears.

webster (n): weaver (181). Cf. Book VI. NFS.

wedlock (n): wife. Book IX (140). NFS.

weeds (n): clothing. Books III (775), IV (128, 140), VI (365), VII (187), VIII (590, 967), Book XI (739). FS (many); many others.

weele (a): well. (Book III (784).

welked/whelked (a): ridged, rough, twisted. Books II (840), V (417), IX (100), X (237). FS (1-Lear).

welkin (n): clouds, the firmament. Epistle (381), Books I (193), II (248), VII (254), XI (338, 356), XV (498). FS (14); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1, Faustus; Kyd Sol&Per; Peele Wives; Marston Malcontent; Jonson: in his Humor; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho; Chapman Iliad.

wether (n): ram, sheep. Book XV (525). FS (5-MV, MWW, AsYou, WT, PP).

whelk/whelke (n): (n): marine mollusc. Book I (394). NFS.

whewling (a): howling. Book VII (497). NFS.

whisk (v): wave, move. Cf. Golding Ovid. NFS. Cf. Lyly Bombie. whisking (a) : whirling, moving rapidly. Books VII (113), XIV (468), XV (381). NFS; Cf. Udall Roister; Marlowe/Nashe Dido.

whissing (a): whistling, wheezing, buzzing. Book IV (165). FS (T&C).

whist (a): hushed, silent. Books IV (203), V (712), VII (253). FS (1-Temp); Surrey Aeneas; Lyly Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie; Greene James IV, Pandosto, Never Too Late; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

whorl (v): var. of whirl. Book XIV (305).

wicket (n): small door or gate. Book VIII (815). NFS.

wight/wyght (n): living being. Ep. (43, 53, 129, 188, 594), Pref. (194), Books I (260, 823), II (982), III (445, 569, 776), IV (350, 392, 420, 718, 777, 969), V (48, 462, 674), VI (216), VII (56, 126, 350, 542, 753, 910, 945, 992, 1041), VIII (87, 131, 1075), IX (217, 562, 829, 887), X (128, 326, 333, 359, 450, 747, 764) XI (51, 303, 420, 631, 796, 812), XII (86, 178, 552, 687), XIII (165, 413, 551, 560, 621, 941, 1038), XIV (17, 128, 154, 286, 427, 822, 850), Book XV (103, 185, 833). FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Abraham; many others.

wight/wyght/wighter/wightness [of foot] (a, n): swift, nimble, athletic, strong. Books I (532), III (236, 263), VI (849), VII (996), VIII (865), XI (389). NFS. Cf. Munday Huntington.

wind [her]: move herself. Book IV (115).

windlass/wyndlass, fetch a (v): make a circuit [to intercept game]. Books II (891), VII (1015). NFS. Ovid OED contemp citations 1563 Golding Caesar; 1580 Lyly Euphues

wist (v): knew/known. Books II (244, 297), VI (328, 764), X (378), XIII (1026). FS (1-1H6); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyy Euphues; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope, News Heaven/Hell; Drayton et al Oldcastle.

wistly (adv): intently. Books II (620), VI (80, 609), X (403), XII (585). FS (5-Rich2, Lucrece, &A, PP); Watson Hek; (anon.) Arden.

wit (v): inquire, discover. Book X (408). NFS. Cf. Kyd Sp Tr.

withe (n): band, tie, or shackle of tough flexible twig or branch, or of several twisted together; as of willow or osier, used for binding or tying, sometimes for plaiting. Book I (781). NFS. Cf. Lodge Wounds.

witch/wich (n): applied to trees having pliant branches, as per mountain ash. Book X (98).

won/winne (v): dwell, remain. Books II (475), XI (69, 882), XIII (57, 773). NFS. Cf. Watson Hek; Sidney Arcadia; Greene James IV.

wood/wode (a): wild, furious, insane. Books I (272), III (98, 796), XIII (656, 678). FS (4-1H6, TGV, MND, V&A); Greene Orl Fur; (anon.) Leicester's Gh.

woodness (n): fury. Book I (388), III (677, 848), IV (620), V (7), XI (32). NFS.

woodward (n): keeper of the wood. Book XI (99). NFS.

wooze/woose (v): ooze. Book X (574).

worm (n): serpent. Book VII (451). FS (5-1H6, MND, Mac, A&C, Timon); (anon.) Mucedorus. OED early citation: 1526 Tindale Acts.

wried/wride (a): covered, concealed, disguised (from v. wry). Book V (414). NFS.

writhen/writhed (a): coiled (branches), twisted. Books I (396, 782), II (12, 181, 251), XI (78), XIII (1072), XV (408). NFS. Cf. Nashe Summers; (anon.) Arden

wry/wried/wride (v): place, turn. Books V (269, 294), VII (439). NFS.

wrying (v): writhing. Book VI (379).

yeaned (v): born. Book VII (412). NFS. yearning (n): birth. Book XIII (973).

year-mind/yeeremynd (n): annual commemoration of a deceased person. Book XIII (740).

yeedeth/yode (v): went away. Books III (484), VI (420), X (548). NFS. Cf. Spenser FQ.

yerk/yirk/yark (v): lash, whip, kick out. Book XIV (949). FS (1-H5); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho.

yesking (v): sobbing, hiccuping. Book V (164). NFS.

younger/yoonger (n): fashionable youth, possibly of high rank (often Dutch or German). Book VIII (917). FS (3-3H6, 1H4, MV); Gascoigne Supposes; Lodge Wounds; Greene Fr Bac; Munday Huntington

yod: see yeedeth.

zea, some, sit: sea, some, sit. Book XI (410).

Glossary: Proper Names

Achaia: Greece (originally designated the regions occupied by descendants of Aeacus.) Books III, V, VII, VIII, XV

Achilles, son of Peleus. Mighty warrior against Trojans. See House of Aeacus, below. Books VIII, XI, Book XII, Book XIII.

Acrise/Acrisius: see Danae, below.

Actaeon, hounds of: see special note, below; see also The House of Cadmus. Book III.

Aecus: King of Aegina (kingdom of the Myrmidons), son of Jupiter; father of Peleus and Telamon. Became one of the three Judges of the dead in Tartarus. Books VII, IX, XI, XIII.

Aello/Aellopus (storm foot): a harpy. Book XIII.

Aeolus: God and personification of the winds. Books I, IV, XI.

Aeolus: Son of Hellen. Thessalian king, father of Sisyphus (see below) and Athamus. Books IV, IX, XIV.

Aeson: half-brother of King Pelias of Thessaly, father of Jason. Book VII.

Althaea: wife of Oeneus of Calydonia. Mother of Meleager and Deianira. Book VIII.

Amphion: King of Thebes, son of Jupiter and Antiope. The walls of Thebes were built by his music. Epistle (511), VI (280), XV (471).

Anchises: King of the Dardanians. Father of Aeneas by Venus. Book IX.

Andromeda: daughter of King Cepheus, who was rescued from a sea monster. Married Perseus. Book IV.

Antigone: daughter of King Laomedon of Troy (not the daughter of Oedipus). Book VI.

Antiphates: cannibal King of (1) Laestrygon, Italy, and (2) Sicily. Book XIV.

Ajax, son of Telamon; see House of Aecus, below. Mighty warrior against Trojans. Maddened when he was not awarded the armor of Achilles, he slew a flock of sheep; eventually killed himself. Epistle, Books XII, XIII. FS (LLL,H6, Lear); Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Nashe Penniless, Unf Trav, Absurdity; (anon.) Penelope.

Ariadne: daughter of Minos, rescuer of Theseus from the Labyrinth. Deserted by Theseus, one story relates that on the Island of Naxos she married Bacchus. Book VIII.

Athamas: son of Aelus, husband of Ino (see Royal House of Cadmus, below.). Book III

Atreus: father of Agamemnon (see Descendants of Tantalus, below).

Boreas: north wind personified. Father of Calais and Zetes. Books I, VI.

Cadmus: see House of Cadmus, below. Book III

Celeus: King of Eleusis, who with his wife entertained Ceres. Their oldest son Abas being rude, Ceres changed him into a lizard. Ceres accidentally killed their second son but repaid their hospitality by giving their son Triptolemus the gift of agriculture. Book V.

Daedalus: built the Cretan Labyrinth, father of Icarus. Book VIII.

Daenaus: King of Lybia, father of the Danaids, fifty maidens who wed the fifty sons of his brother Aegyptus. On their wedding night, all but one of the Danaids killed their husbands; upon their death they were condemned to the endless task of carrying water in jars perforated like sieves. The surviving couple Lynceus and Hypermnestira ruled in Lybia after Lynceus killed Daenaus. Book IV (573), X (46).

Danae, daughter of Acrisius, mother (by Jove) of Perseus. Told that he would be killed by a grandson, Acrisius imprisoned Danae in a dungeon. Jupiter came to her in a golden shower and she bore Perseus. Acrisius then locked mother and child in a wooden ark, which he cast upon the sea. A fisherman named Dictys found the ark and took it to King Polydectes of Seriphos, who raised Perseus. Wishing to marry Danae, Polydectes pretended to be engaged to another and tricked Perseus into a promising the Gorgon Medusa's head as a bridal gift.. Book IV (751).

Delia: Diana (born on Delos). Book V (785).

Deucalion (new-wine sailor) king of Pthia, son of Prometheus the Titan and his wife Pyrrha, daughter of Epimetheus, survivors of the great flood of Jove, represent a Hellenic version of the story of Noah. They were the parents of Hellen, eponymous ancestor of the Hellenes. Book I (379).

Dictynna: a name of the Moon Goddess in Western Crete. Book II (549).

Dis: Pluto. Book V (630).

Echion (viper): one of the "sown men" (from the serpent's teeth) of Thebes. Book III (42-145), Book XIII (823).

Egeria (of the black poplar), a nymph was the wife of Numa. Rites of the priestess Egeria were a major factor of Sir James Frazier's *The Golden Bough*. Book XV (548).

Erisichon: King of Thessaly. father of Mestra. A major character in John Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoses*. Book VIII (924).

Faunus son: Latinus, see below. Book XIV (509).

Galatea (milk-white): not the statue created by Pygmalion, but a sea nymph. Book XIII (874)

Glaucus, son of Anthedon, tasted of a certain grass, leaped into the sea and became a marine oracular god, famous for amorous adventures, one of which was with Scylla. Books VII (308), XIV (13).

Grayes: Greeks. books XIII (495), XIV (503).

Helenus: the seer, youngest son of Hecuba and brother of the seer Cassandra. After Trojan violation of Apollo's sanctuary, he aided the Greeks and became king of the Molossians. Book XIII (124, 857), Book XV (483).

Hersilia: wife of Romulus. Book XIV.

Hippolytus (of the stampeding horses), the son of Theseus and the Amazon Hippolyta, was falsely accused of rape by his stepmother Phaedra (sister of Ariadne). The Latins relate that he was disguised as an old man and brought by Cynthia/Artemis to her sacred grove at Aricia, where he married Egeria under the name Virbius (vir bis, twice man). Book XV (555).

Ilia's son: Romulus.

Ixion: son of the Lapith king, who attempted to make love to Juno. In punishment he was bound to a fiery wheel which rolled ceaselessly throughout the sky. Father of Perithous and of the Centaurs. Found throughout Ren. literature. Books IV, VIII, X.

Kids/Kiddes (falling): Haedi, double stars.

Latinus: (1) son of Faunus, King of Laurentium; (2) son of Silvius, King of Alba. Book XIV.

Laton/Latona: daughter of Coeus and Phoebe, mother of Apollo and Diana. Instigated the killing of Niobe's children. Book VI.

Lavinia/Lavinia: daughter of Latinus, wife of Aeneas.

Lycaon, who civilized Arcadia, angered Jupiter by sacrificing a boy to him; he was transformed into a wolf. His sons angered Jupiter by serving him a soup mixed with the guts of their brother Nyctimus. Nyctimus was restored to life; the others transformed into wolves. In disgust, Jupiter then unleashed a great flood, of which Deucalion and Pyrrha were the survivors. Books I, II.

Maia: mother of Mercury (Hermes). Book II (853).

Marsyas: a fawn and flutist who challenged Apollo to a musical contest. The contest was decided in favor of Apollo, and Marsyas was flayed alive for his presumption. In a later contest Apollo defeated Pan the piper, only Midas voting for Pan. Midas was endowed with ass's ears for his lack of judgment. This myth is touched upon in Golding's Ovid and the story of Midas was a major element of Lyly's play Midas. Book VI (510).

Melampus (black foot) of Pylus, was the first mortal to be granted prophetic powers, the first to practice as a physician, and the first to temper wine with water. He healed of madness Lysippe, Iphianassa and Iphinoe, the three daughters of Proetus of Argolis. (This madness resembles the murderous fury of the Bacchantes of Thebes, related in Book III.) Melampus married Lysippe and his brother Bias married Iphianassa, receiving equal shares in Argolis as a reward (Iphinoe having died). Book XV (357).

Memnon (resolute): King of Egypt, son of Aurora and Tithonus (half brother of Priam). A Trojan ally, Memnon was slain by Achilles, and (at his mother's request to Jove) a number of hen-birds (Memnodides) were formed from the embers and smoke of his pyre. Book XIII (693)

Merops: in this telling, King of Ethiopia, husband of Clymen. Book I (997), Book II (235).

Minos: son of Jupiter and Europa. One of the three Judges of the dead in Tartarus. Book IX.

Minos: descendant of Minos, above. King of Crete. Husband of Pasiphae. Father of Ariadne (rescuer of Theseus) and Phaedra (wife of Theseus). Books VII, VIII.

Minotaur: Half man, half bull, son of Pasiphae (wife of Minos) and a bull. Book VIII.

Nele/Neleus: son of Book XII (613)

Nereus: father of Thetis and son of Neptune. Books II, XII.

Nesse: Centaur killed by Hercules. Book IX.

Niobe: See Tantalus and the Pelopids: Kings of Mycenae and Sparta, below. Book VI.

Nyctimene: a girl of Lesbos, punished for incest. Book II (742).

Orpheus: musician whose singing could charm beasts, trees and rocks. Sailed with the Argonauts to Colchis. Journeyed to hell to rescue Eurydice. Torn apart by Maenads; his head,

which had been thrown into the river Hebrus, floated still singing to the sea and was carried to Lesbos. FS (3-MV, H8, Lucrece); Kyd Sp Tr. Books X, XI.

Palaemon: Merlicertes, son of Athamas and Ino (daughter of Cadmus), who was transformed into the God Palaemon. Book IV (670), Book XIII (1077).

Paean/Poeas: father of Philoctetes, who had been given the poisoned arrows of Hercules. He was either bitten by an envenomed snake or wounded by one of the arrows. He suffered horribly for years, not dying of his wounds but unable to find a cure. Book XIII (56-60).

Parhassis: A name of Callisto, an Arcadian nymph, mother of Arcas by Jove. Hunted by Artemis for her sin, she was changed into a bear and placed among the stars. Book II (571).

Pasiphae: daughter of Helios, sister of Circe, wife of Minos, mother of the Minotaur and of Ariadne and Phaedra. Book VIII.

Pean: Apollo. Book I.

Peleus/Peleus: son of Aecus, father of Achilles. See Descendants of Aecus, below. Books VIII, XI, XII, XIII.

Pelias: son of Neptune and Tyro and half-brother of Aeson (father of Jason the Argonaut). Book VII.

Pelops: See Tantalus and the Pelopids: Kings of Mycenae and Sparta, below. Book VI.

Perseus: son of Danae and Jupiter. Slayer of the Gorgon Medus. Married Andromeda. Ancestor of Heracles. Book V.

Phaedra: daughter of Minos, wife of Theseus. Repulsed in her advances to her stepson Hippolytus, she plotted and carried out his destruction.

Phyney/Phineus: per Nims two people:

- (1) brother of Cepheus. Book V. Leader of the rebellion against Perseus.
- (2) Thracian king and prophet, blinded for blinding his sons and tormented by harpies, delivered by Calais and Zetes.

Philo's words: Philo Judeus (30 b.c.-45 a.d.) wrote commentaries on Genesis. Epistle (370).

Phoebe: Diana, the Moon. Used throughout.

Phoebus/Phebus: Apollo, the Sun. Used throughout.

Phocus/Phokos: son of Aecus; see below. Book XI. Book VII.

Pirithous: Son of Ixion, King of the Lapiths and companion of Theseus, whose wedding instigated the battle of the Lapiths and the Centaurs.

Polyphemus (famous): one of the one-eyed Cyclops, a son of Peptune and a sea nymph. Book XIII (901), Book XIV (191).

Protew/Proteus (first man): a shape-changing sea-god. Books II, Book VIII, Book XI, Book XIII. Proteus apparently gave his name to a major character in Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Quirin: Romulus as a god. Book XIV, XV.

Rhadamanthus: Son of Jupiter and Europe. One of the three Judges of the dead in Tartarus. Book IX.

Rhammuse: Nemesis. Book XIV.

Simethus: Acis was the child of Faunus and the nymph of the river Simaethus. Book XIII (1032).

Sisyphus: King of Corinth, seduced his niece Tyro and falsely accused his brother of incest and of murdering Tyro's children. Known as a thief and liar who betrayed Jupiter's secrets. Sentenced to roll a huge stone to the summit of a hill, each time forced to start again as the stone rolled back down hill. Son of King Aeolus of Thessaly. Books IV, X, XIII.

Tantalus: see descendants of Tantalus, below. Book IV, VI, X

Tarpey: Roman girl who betrayed the Capitoline citadel to the Sabines. Book XIV.

Telamon: father of Ajax and Teucer, son of Aecus; see below. Book VII.

Teucer/Tewcer (artisan): son of Telamon of Salamis and Hesione (sister of Priam), his captive. Teucer was the half-brother of Ajax, also a son of Telamon. See House of Aecus, below. Book XIII (839).

Thyestes (pestle), son of Pelops and brother of Atreus, King of Mycenae. See descendants of Tantalus, below. Book XV (done).

Titius/Tityus: son of Jupiter, a giant who attempted to violate Latona, mother of Apollo. In Tartarus, Tityus was stretched out on the ground eternally, while two vultures ate his liver. Books IV, X. Found in many Ren. literary works.

Triptolemus: son of King Celeus of Eleusis. Given gift of agriculture by Ceres. Book V.

Tritonia: Minerva. (Book VI).

Turnus: King of Rutulia. Killed by Aeneas. Book XIV (512).

Tyndareus, King of Sparta, descendent of Perseus by his daughter Gorgophone. Married Leda, mother of Castor (soldier, horse-tamer) and Clytemnestra (by Tyndareus). Pollux (boxer) and Helen (by Jupiter). Pollux persuaded his father to immortalize his twin Castor also; they were set among the stars as the Twins. Book VIII (399-402).

Tyrrhene: From Tyre, Phoenician. The reference is to Cadmus and the "sown men," sprung from the plowed-under dragon's teeth. Book XV (622 ff.).

Vertumnus: god of the changing year. Major character in Nashe Will Summers Last Will and Testament, in which he was the season Spring, the only one of four seasons (all major characters) identified by a personal name. Book XIV (731).

Zephyr: west wind. Book I.

Golding Ovid Book III (160-304): The Royal House of Cadmus of Thebes

Cadmus (from the east) of Phoenicia (son of Agenor and brother of Europa), married Harmonia (concord) (daughter of Venus and Mars). After death both deified and turned into serpents.

Parents of:

* Semele (moon), mother of Bacchus by Jove.

* Agave (high born), mother of Pentheus (grief), King of Thebes, opponent of Bacchus, whom she tore apart in an orgiastic frenzy. Book III (645).

* Ino (she who makes sinewy) married Athamas, King of Boetia (who had already two sons Phrixus and Leucon by his first wife). Juno drove Athamas mad, upon which he killed his oldest son by Ino, Learchus, believing him to be a stag. Ino then seized her infant son Melicertes and jumped into the sea. Later Ino and Melicertes were deified.

* Autonoe (with a mind of her own), mother of Actaeon by Aristaeus (son of Apollo and Cyrene).

** Actaeon, son of Autonoe, was turned into a stag by Diana, and torn apart by his own dogs.

Golding Ovid Book III: The Hounds of Actaeon

In a pamphlet Harts, Hounds and Hedingham Elisabeth Sears, with the assistance of research into land deeds and transfers furnished by Charles Bird, provides evidence of a relationship between the names of Actaeon's pack and the environs of the Earl of Oxford's Castle Hedingham.

Translations from Anthony Brian Taylor of the Swansea Institute and from Robert Graves, The Greek Myths.

Golding (modern sp)

1. Blackfoot (Ovid's Pack Melampus [black foot])
2. Stalker (Ovid's Pack Ichnobates [keen, clever])
3. Spy (Ovid's Pack Dorceus)
4. Eatall (Ovid's Pack Pamphagus [eat up, consume])
5. Scalecliff (Ovid's Pack Oribasus [climber?])

6. Killbuck (Nebrophonus [fawn killer])
7. Savage (Ovid's Pack -- none)
8. Spring (Ovid's Pack Laelaps [hurricane])
Oxford property assn: A wood listed in the tithe map in Sybie Hedingham. Parcel #698.
9. Hunter (Ovid's Pack Theron) Oxford property assn: Hunter's Wood, in sight of the Castle.
10. Lightfoot (Ovid's pack Pterelas [launcher of feathers])
Oxford property assn: A wood name at Southey Green, in sight of the Castle.
11. Woodman (Ovid's Pack Hylaeus [of the woods])
12. Shepherd (Ovid's Pack Poemenis)
13. Laund (Pasture) (Ovid's Pack Nape)
14. Greedygut (Ovid's Pack Harpyia [snatcher?])
15. 1st puppy
16. 2d puppy
17. Ladon (Ovid's Pack Ladon [grabber; Graves embracer])
18. Blab (Ovid's Pack Canache [barking])
19. Fleetwood (Ovid's Pack Dromas)
Oxford property assn: Adjacent parish of Sibie Hedingham, most of which DeVere property.
20. Patch (Ovid's Pack Sticte)
21. White (Ovid's Pack Leucon). See note.
22. Bowman (Ovid's Pack Tigride) Oxford property assn: Bowman field (Beaumont). #174
23. Roister (Ovid's Pack Alce) Oxford property assn: Roister's Wood, in the parish of Sibie Hedingham.
24. Beauty (Ovid's Pack -- none). But may also refer to Leucon/fair. See note for 21, 24.
25. Tawny (Ovid's Pack Asbolus)
26. Ruffler (Ovid's Pack Lacon)
27. Tempest (Ovid's pack Aello [storm foot])
28. Cole (Ovid's Pack -- none) Oxford property assn: Cole field, #746.
29. Swift (Ovid's Pack Thous [swift])
30. Wolf (Ovid's Pack Lycisce)
31. His brother (Ovid's Pack Cyprius)
32. Snatch (Ovid's Pack Harpalus [grasping])
33. Rug (Ovid's Pack Lachne)
34. Jollyboy (Ovid's Pack Lebrox [gluttonous, forceful])
35. Chorle (Ovid's Pack Agridos [fierce tooth])
36. Ringwood (Ovid's Pack Hylactor [barker])
Oxford property assn: Ringewood, a 26-acre parcel in sight of Hedingham Keep. #80
37. Slo (Ovid's Pack Melanchaetes)
38. Killdeer (Ovid's Pack Theridamas)
39. Hillbred (Ovid's Pack Oresitrophes)

-
6. Killbuck (Rouse) is named "Bilbucke" by Nims.
 7. Savage seems to be a Golding addition, perhaps another aspect of "Hunter" (fierce Theron).
 8. Laelops is also the name of the dog given by Procris to Cephalus.
 21. Although "wight" is traditionally translated as "white" and assigned to Ovid's "Leucon", This is an unusual spelling of "white" in Golding's Ovid. In other lines in Book III "white" is spelled "white", while "wight" is given the meaning "speedy" or "living being" (both used throughout Golding's Ovid). since No. 24 can also be assigned to "Leucon", it is possible that alternatively "wight" in the case of No. 21, could be a new dog "Speedy" (as in limber, athletic).
 24. Beauty, an addition, may be another aspect of Leucon.

28. Cole, another addition.

36. Ringwood (Rouse) is mis-named "Kingwood" by Nims. In the Oxfordian (Vol. II, Oct. 1999, p. 124) Robert Brazil points out that Latin scholar Andy Hanas revealed that "Hylactor" (bark, growl) may, with the word "hyle" (wood), combine two meanings to suggest the phrase "barker in the wood".

Tantalus and the Pelopids: Kings of Mycenae and Sparta

Tantalus: possibly the son of Jupiter. Betrayed Jupiter's secrets; also killed his son Pelops and served him at a feast of the Gods. Sentenced to eternal torment in the company of Ixion, Sisyphus, Tityus, and the Danaids. He hangs, eternally consumed by hunger, from the bough of a fruit tree which leans over a lake. When he leans down the water slips away. When he reaches for the fruit of the tree, a wind blows it out of the way. Tantalus children:

* Pelops, restored to life, won in a chariot race Hippodamia, daughter King Oenomaus of Pisa and Elis. His sons Atreus, father of Menelaus and Agamemnon, and Thyestes, father of Aegisthus, contended for power, and Thyestes was the lover of Atreus' wife. In revenge, Atreus killed Thyestes' sons Pleisthenes and Tantalus and served them to his brother in a banquet. Thyestes fled, cursing the descendants of Atreus. Thyestes' son Aegisthus later became the lover of Queen Clytemnestra, engineering the murder of Clytemnestra's husband Agamemnon (Atreus' son), thus fulfilling the curse. FS (TNK); Golding Ovid. Book XV (515).

* Niobe, married to King Amphion of Thebes, was overheard by Latona boasting that the many children she had born proved her superiority to that deity. Latona urged Apollo and Diana to kill Niobe's children as a punishment. In some accounts Niobe's daughter survived and later married Peleus. Book VI.

Descendants of Aecus, Trojan Warriors

Aecus (bawling, or earth born), son of Jupiter and Europa (Nym) or Aegina (Graves). An angry Juno destroyed the Island of Aegina, where Aecus ruled. Aecus begged Jupiter to replenish the Island with as many subjects as there were ants carrying grains of corn up a nearby oak. That night in a dream he saw a shower of ants falling to the ground from the sacred oak and arising as men. When he awoke, he saw a host of men approaching, whose faces he recognized from his dream. The new subjects (the Myrmidons) followed Pelus into exile from Aegina and fought with Peleus' son Achilles at Troy. Aecus married (1) Psamathe, and (2) Endeis of Megara. Their children were:

* By Psamathe, a son Phokos, murdered by his brother Peleus.

* By Endeis, a son Telamon, father of Ajax and Teucer.

* By Endeis, a son Peleus, father of Achilles by the nymph Thetis (daughter of Nereus).

Glossary: Places

Albula: River Tiber. The following names (376-377) refer to small waterways and/or tributaries of the Tiber. Book XIV.

Acheron: a lake of fire in the underworld. Featured in Kyd Sp Tr, other Elizabethan drama, including Titus Andronicus, (anon.) Dr. Dodypoll and Willobie His Avis, with overtones recalling passages in Matthew and Revelations favored by Shakespeare and marked in the Earl of Oxford's copy of the Geneva Bible.

Anderland: Andros. Book XIII (773).

Apollo's town: Delos. Book XIII (755).

Biston men, manured by: held/cultivated by the Bistonians (Thrace, S. of Mt. Rhodope). Book XIII (516).

Candie/Candy: city in northern Crete. Nims points out that line VIII (47) is a mistranslation: "And as she sat beholding still the King of Candy's tent," The word "candida" means bright, dazzling; the adjective "Dictaei" refers to Mount Dicte. Interestingly the town of Candy figures prominently in the Story of St. Paul's shipwreck, where he and his fellow passengers were frightened by the stories of a population of monsters (a survival of the Minotaur legend perhaps). Crete with its legendary monster, conforms in many aspects with Shakespeare's depiction of the island in *The Tempest*. There is considerable correspondence between the Minotaur the calf-man (confined in the labyrinth), whose mother was Pasiphae (she who shines for all), a moon-goddess, sired by a bull, and Caliban the bull-man (confined within a rock under the earth), whose mother was Sycorax (a moon-goddess), and whose sire was certainly the calley (a bull-beast of English legend, featured on heraldry of the Earls of Oxford). The correspondence would be in mythological imagery only; a storm in the Mediterranean would usually have blown the ship away from Crete, not toward it; and one of the volcanic islands in its path, such as Stromboli, would fit the physical description better and conform to geographic reality. Books VIII, IX.

Cayster: river in Lydia, famous for its swans. Books II, V.

Euboean/Ewboyan fisherman: Glaucus. See Glossary: Names, above.

Goatsea/Gotesea: Aegean Sea. Book IX.

Helicon, Mount: mountain in Boetia sacred to the muses. Often referred to in Elisabethan literature. Books II, V. FS (2H4); many others

Messapie: Messapia, old name of Apulia and Calabria. Book XIV.

Myle: Hyleas. Book XIII.

Pheaks, country of: Phaecians (Isle of Scheria). Book XIII.

Phlegethon: a fabled river of fire, one of the five rivers of Hades. NFS. Found notably in *Kyd Spanish Tragedy*. OED cites Gower (1390) and Spenser *Fairy Queen* (1590), later uses. Epistle, Books II, 5, XV.

Puteoll (Pucetia, a region in Apulia) and Messapie (Apulia and Calabria). Book XIV (583).

Same: Samos. Book XIII (845).

Simplegads/Symplegads: two drifting islands in the Euxine Sea that kept crashing into each other. Book XV (373).

Syrtis/sirts: Name of two large quicksands off the Northern Coast of Africa. Per OED: 1526 Tindale Acts xxvii. 17 Fearynge lest we shulde have fallen into Syrtes [so Coverdale and Geneva; Great Bible the Syrtes, Rheims the Syrte; 1611 the quicke-sands; Vulg. Syrtim, Gr. ...].



Note that this is the same area and chapter believed to be a source of *The Tempest*. 1552 Elyot, *Cyrenaica*..hath on the west the great Sirtis. Book VIII (159).

Trinacris: Sicily. Book V.

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Elizabethan Poetry (a selection)

By Thomas Watson
Hekatompathia - A Passionate century of Love - Modern Spelling
A transcription of the 1582 first edition
Glossary and Appendices to Hekatompathia

by Edward de Vere
Poems of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford

Arthur Brooke
Romeus and Juliet - [coming soon]

Arthur Golding
Brief Biography and List of Works
Ovid's Metamorphoses - [coming soon]

Anonymous
Willobie His Avis - [coming soon]

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Poems and Lyrics of Edward de Vere

(Arranged alphabetically by first line, first key word)

1. Come hither, shepherd swain! (Fond Desire)
2. A crown of bays shall that man wear (Song: The Forsaken Man)
3. Doth sorrow fret thy soul?
4. Even as the wax doth melt, or dew consume away (Care and Disappointment)
5. Faction that ever dwells (Fortune and Love)
6. Fain would I sing, but fury makes me fret (Revenge of Wrong)
7. Fram'd in the front of forlorn hope past all recovery (Loss of Good Name)
8. I am not as I seem to be
9. If care or skill could conquer vain desire, (Reason and Affection)
10. If women could be fair and yet not fond (Woman's Changeableness)
11. The labouring man that tills the fertile soil, (Part of preface to Bedingfield's Cardanus Comfort)
12. The lively lark stretched forth her wing (The Meeting with Desire)
13. Love is a discord and a strange divorce (Love is a Discord)
14. My meaning is to work (Love and Wit)
15. My mind to me a kingdom is
16. Sitting alone upon my thought in melancholy mood (Echo Verses)

17. The trickling tears that fall along my cheeks (Love and Antagonism)
18. Were I a king I might command content (Wert thou a King yet not command content)
19. What cunning can express
20. What is Desire, which doth approve (What is Desire?)
21. What plague is greater than grief of mind? (Grief of Mind)
22. When I was fair and young then favour graced me (Verses ascribed to Queen Elizabeth)
23. Whenas the heart at tennis plays (Love compared to a tennis-play)
24. Who taught thee first to sigh, alas my heart? (Love Thy Choice)
25. Winged with desire, I seek to mount on high

Appendices

Glossary

Connections

Sources and Suggested Reading

Modern spelling transcriptions by B.F. and R.B. copyright © 2002

Underlined words are in the Glossary.

Note on Sources: Fuller's = Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library, Vol. IV (1872);

JTL = De Vere's poems arranged by JT Looney

Poems and Lyrics of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford

1. Come hither, shepherd swain (Fond Desire)

[song lyrics - to be performed by two singers]

Come hither, shepherd swain!

Sir, what do you require?

I pray thee show to me thy name;

My name is Fond Desire.

When wert thou born, Desire?

In pride and pomp of May.

By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?

By fond conceit men say.

Tell me who was thy nurse?

Fresh youth, in sugar'd joy.

What was thy meat and daily food?

Sad sighs and great annoy.

What had'st thou then to drink?

Unfeign'd lover's tears.

What cradle wert thou rocked in?

In hope devoid of fears.

What lulled thee to thy sleep?

Sweet thoughts that liked one best.

and where is now thy dwelling place?

In gentle hearts I rest.

Doth company displease?

It doth in many one.
Where would Desire then choose to be?
He loves to muse alone.

What feedeth most thy sight?
To gaze on beauty still.
Whom find'st thou most thy foe?
Disdain of my good will.

Will ever age or death
Bring thee unto decay?
No, no, Desire, farewell;
A thousand times a day.

The, Fond Desire, farewell;
Thou art no mate for me;
I should be loathe, methinks, to dwell
With such a one as thee.

Earle of Oxenforde

Sources: Fuller's #10; JTL #6

A less complete version of this song appeared in the anonymous Arte of English Poesy 1589.
Complete version from Rawlinson MS. folio 15. Similar copy in Harleian MS 6910.
Steven May uses the variant version.

2. A crown of bays shall that man wear (Song: The Forsaken Man)
[song lyrics]

A crown of bays shall that man wear,
That triumphs over me;
For black and tawny will I wear,
Which mourning colors be.
The more I follow'd one,
The more she fled away,
As Daphne did full long ago
Apollo's wishful prey.
The more my plaints I do resound
The less she pities me;
The more I sought the less I found,
Yet mine she meant to be.
Melpomene alas, with doleful tunes help then
And sing Bis, woe worth on me forsaken man.

Then Daphne's bays shall that man wear,
That triumphs over me;
For black and tawny will I wear,
Which mourning colors be.
Drown me with trickling tears,
You wailful wights of woe;
Come help these hands to rend my hairs,

My rueful hap to show.

On whom the scorching flame
Of love doth feed you see;
Ah a lalalantida, my dear dame
Hath thus tormented me.
Wherefore you muses nine, with doleful tunes help than,
And sing, Bis, woe worth on me forsaken man.

Then Daphne's bays shall that man wear,
That triumphs over me;
For black and tawny will I wear,
Which mourning colors be;
An anchor's life to lead,
With nails to scratch my grave,
Where earthly worms on me shall feed,
Is all the joy I crave;
And hide myself from shame,
Since that mine eyes do see,
Ah a lalalantida, my dear dame
Hath thus tormented me.
And all that present be, with doleful tunes help than,
And sing Bis, woe worth on me, forsaken man.

Finis. E. O.

Sources: Fuller's #6; JTL #13
1st printed in Paradyse of Dainty Devices, 1576
Note similarities to Sonnets 133, 89

3. Doth sorrow fret thy soul? [song lyrics]
Doth sorrow fret thy soul? O direful sprite.
Doth pleasure feed thy heart? O blessed man.
Hast thou been happy once? O heavy plight.
Are thy mishaps forepast? O happy than (then)
Or hast thou bliss in eld? O bliss too late:
But hast thou bliss in youth? O sweet estate.

E. of O.

Sources: Fuller's #17, called "Questions and Answers"; JTL #22
Published in England's Parnassus, 1600. The poem also appears in Sidney's Astrophel and Stella
Attribution: Prof. May lists this poem as "wrongly attributed" to Oxford.

4. Even as the wax doth melt, or dew consume away (Care and Disappointment)
[His Mynde not Quietly Settled, he Writeth thus]
Even as the wax doth melt, or dew consume away
Before the sun, so I, behold, through careful thoughts decay;
For my best luck leads me to such sinister state,
That I do waste with others' love, that hath myself in hate.

And he that beats the bush the wished bird not gets,
But such, I see, as sitteth still and holds the fowling nets.

The drone more honey sucks, that laboureth not at all,
Than doth the bee, to whose most pain least pleasure doth befall:
The gard'ner sows the seeds, whereof the flowers do grow,
And others yet do gather them, that took less pain I trow.
So I the pleasant grape have pulled from the vine,
And yet I languish in great thirst, while others drink the wine.

Thus like a woeful wight I wove the web of woe,
The more I would weed out my cares, the more they seemed to grow:
The which betokeneth, forsaken is of me,
That with the careful culver climbs the worn and withered tree,
To entertain my thoughts, and there my hap to moan,
That never am less idle, lo! than when I am alone.

Finis. E. Ox.

Sources: Fuller's #3; JTL #15
1st printed in Paradyse of Dainty Devices, 1576

5. Faction that ever dwells (Fortune and Love)
[song lyrics]

Faction that ever dwells
In court, where wit excels.
Hath set defiance:
Fortune and Love have sworn,
That they were never born
Of one alliance.

Cupid, which doth aspire,
To be God of Desire,
Swears he gives laws;
That where his arrows hit,
Some joy, some sorrow it,
Fortune no cause.

Fortune swears weakest hearts
(The books of Cupid's arts)
Turn'd with her wheel.
Senseless themselves shall prove
Venter hath place in love,
Ask them that feel.

This discord it begot
Atheists, that honour not.
Stature thought good,
Fortune should ever dwell
In court, where wits excel,

Love keep the wood.

So to the wood went I,
With love to live and lie,
Fortune's forlorn.
Experience of my youth,
Made me think humble Truth
In deserts born.

My saint I keep to me,
And Joan herself is she,
Joan fair and true.
She that doth only move
Passions of love with love
Fortune adieu !

Sources: Fuller's #14 called "Cupid and Fortune"; JTL #7
Attribution: Prof. May: 'wrongly attributed' to Oxford; accepted as Oxford by Dr. Grosart.
First published as by Sidney in *Astrophel and Stella* (1591).
Sometimes attributed to Fulke Greville

6. Fain would I sing, but fury makes me fret (Revenge of Wrong)
Fain would I sing, but fury makes me fret,
And Rage hath sworn to seek revenge of wrong;
My mazed mind in malice so is set,
As Death shall daunt my deadly dolours long;
Patience perforce is such a pinching pain,
As die I will, or suffer wrong again.

I am no sot, to suffer such abuse
As doth bereave my heart of his delight;
Nor will I frame myself to such as use,
With calm consent, to suffer such despite;
No quiet sleep shall once possess mine eye
Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury.

My heart shall fail, and hand shall lose his force,
But some device shall pay Despite his due;
And Fury shall consume my careful course,
Or raze the ground whereon my sorrow grew.
Lo, thus in rage of ruthless mind refused,
I rest revenged on whom I am abused.
Finis. Earle of Oxenforde.

Sources: Fuller's #20 [Longings]; JTL #11
Tann. MS. 306

7. Framed in the front of forlorn hope past all recovery (Loss of Good Name)

[song lyrics]

Fram'd in the front of forlorn hope past all recovery,
I stayless stand, to abide the shock of shame and infamy.
My life, through ling'ring long, is lodg'd in lair of loathsome ways;
My death delay'd to keep from life the harm of hapless days.
My sprites, my heart, my wit and force, in deep distress are drown'd;
The only loss of my good name is of these griefs the ground.

And since my mind, my wit, my head, my voice and tongue are weak,
To utter, move, devise, conceive, sound forth, declare and speak,
Such piercing complaints as answer might, or would my woeful case,
Help crave I must, and crave I will, with tears upon my face,
Of all that may in heaven or hell, in earth or air be found,
To wail with me this loss of mine, as of these griefs the ground.

Help Gods, help saints, help sprites and powers that in the heaven do dwell,
Help ye that are aye wont to wail, ye howling hounds of hell;
Help man, help beasts, help birds and worms, that on the earth do toil;
Help fish, help fowl, that flock and feed upon the salt sea soil,
Help echo that in air doth flee, shrill voices to resound,
To wail this loss of my good name, as of these griefs the ground.

Finis. E.O.

Sources: Fuller's #5 [His good name being blemished he bewaileth]; JTL #10
1st printed in Paradyse of Dainty Devices, 1576 & updated in 1596 edition
See Connections file below for especially interesting literary parallels to this poem.

8. I am not as I seem to be

[song lyrics]

I am not as I seem to be,
For when I smile I am not glad;
A thrall, although you count me free,
I, most in mirth, most pensive sad,
I smile to shade my bitter spite
As Hannibal that saw in sight
His country soil with Carthage town,
By Roman force defaced down.

And Caesar that presented was,
With noble Pompey's princely head;
As 'twere some judge to rule the case,
A flood of tears he seemed to shed;
Although indeed it sprung of joy;
Yet others thought it was annoy.
Thus contraries be used I find,
Of wise to cloak the covert mind

I, Hannibal that smile for grief;

And let you Caesar's tears suffice;
The one that laughs at his mischief;
The other all for joy that cries.
I smile to see me scorned so,
You weep for joy to see me woe;
And I, a heart by Love slain dead,
Present in place of Pompey's head.

O cruel hap and hard estate,
That forceth me to love my foe;
Accursed be so foul a fate,
My choice for to prefix it so.
So long to fight with secret sore
And find no secret salve therefore;
Some purge their pain by plaint I find,
But I in vain do breathe my wind.

Finis. E.O.

Sources: Fuller's #2 [Not Attaining to his Desire he complaineth]; JTL #14
1st printed in Paradyse of Dainty Devices, 1576 & updated in 1596 edition
Similar to the closing song of Love's Labors Lost

9. If care or skill could conquer vain desire (Reason and Affection)
If care or skill could conquer vain desire,
Or Reason's reins my strong affection stay:
There should my sighs to quiet breast retire,
And shun such signs as secret thoughts betray;
Uncomely Love which now lurks in my breast
Should cease, my grief through Wisdom's power oppress'd.

But who can leave to look on Venus' face,
Or yieldeth not to Juno's high estate ?
What wit so wise as gives not Pallas place ?
These virtues rare each Gods did yield a mate;
Save her alone, who yet on earth doth reign,
Whose beauty's string no God can well destrain.

What worldly wight can hope for heavenly hire,
When only sighs must make his secret moan ?
A silent suit doth seld to grace aspire,
My hapless hap doth roll the restless stone.
Yet Phoebe fair disdained the heavens above,
To joy on earth her poor Endymion's love.

Rare is reward where none can justly crave,
For chance is choice where Reason makes no claim;
Yet luck sometimes despairing souls doth save,
A happy star made Giges joy attain.
A slavish smith, of rude and rascal race,

Found means in time to gain a Goddess' grace.

Then lofty Love thy sacred sails advance,
My sighing seas shall flow with streams of tears;
Amidst disdains drive forth thy doleful chance,
A valiant mind no deadly danger fears;
Who loves aloft and sets his heart on high
Deserves no pain, though he do pine and die.

Finis. E.O.

Sources: Fuller's #4 [Coelum non Solum]; JTL #17

1st printed in Paradyse of Dainty Devices, 1576 & updated in 1596 edition

Also called "Being in Love he complaineth"

10. If women could be fair and yet not fond (Woman's Changeableness)
[song lyrics]

If women could be fair and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm not fickle, still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond,
By service long to purchase their good will;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus do they flee to Pan,
Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist
And let them fly fair fools which way they list.

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, O what a fool was I.

Finis. Earle of Oxenforde.

Sources: Fuller's #19 [Fayre Fooles] ; JTL #19

From Rawlinson MS 85 Folio 16

A variation printed as a song lyric by Oxford - by Byrd in 1587

Prof. May lists this poem as "possibly" by Oxford.

Note: This poem has important literary connections.

11. The labouring man that tills the fertile soil (Labour and its Reward)
(Part of the preface to Bedingfield's Cardanus Comfort, 1576)

The labouring man that tills the fertile soil,
And reaps the harvest fruit, hath not indeed
The gain, but pain; and if for all his toil
He gets the straw, the lord will have the seed.

The manchet fine falls not unto his share;
 On coarsest cheat his hungry stomach feeds.
 The landlord doth possess the finest fare;
 He pulls the flowers, he plucks but weeds.
 The mason poor that builds the lordly halls,
 Dwells not in them; they are for high degree;
 His cottage is compact in paper walls,
 And not with brick or stone, as others be.
 The idle drone that labours not at all,
 Sucks up the sweet of honey from the bee;
 Who worketh most to their share least doth fall,
 With due desert reward will never be.
 The swiftest hare unto the mastive slow
 Oft-times doth fall, to him as for a prey;
 The greyhound thereby doth miss his game we know
 For which he made such speedy haste away.
 So he that takes the pain to pen the book,
 Reaps not the gifts of goodly golden muse;
 But those gain that, who on the work shall look,
 And from the sour the sweet by skill doth choose,
 For he that beats the bush the bird not gets,
 But who sits still and holdeth fast the nets.

Sources: The Earl of Oxford to the Reader in Bedingfield's Cardanus's Comfort (1576).
 Fuller's #21; JTL #8

12. The lively lark stretched forth her wing (Desire)
 [song lyrics]

The lively lark stretched forth her wing
 The messenger of Morning bright;
 And with her cheerful voice did sing
 The Day's approach, discharging Night;
 When that Aurora blushing red,
 Descried the guilt of Thetis' bed.
 Laradon tan tan, Tedriton teight

I went abroad to take the air,
 And in the meads I met a knight,
 Clad in carnation color fair;
 I did salute this gentle wight:
 Of him I did his name inquire,
 He sighed and said it was Desire.
 Laradon tan tan, Tedriton teight

Desire I did desire to stay;
 And while with him I craved talk,
 The courteous knight said me no nay,
 But hand in hand with me did walk;
 Then of Desire I ask'd again,

What things did please and what did pain.
Laradon tan tan

He smiled and thus he answered than [then]:
Desire can have no greater pain,
Than for to see another man,
The things desired to attain;
Nor greater joy can be than this:
That to enjoy that others miss.
Laridon tan tan

Finis. Earle of Oxforde.

Sources: Fuller's #7; JTL #4

From the Rawlinson MS. 85 folio 14

Appeared also in Paradyse of Dainty Devices, 1576 as "Judgement of Desire by EO"

The "nonsense" tags, sung for effect, were left out by JTL and Grosart.

They are in the Paradyse 1576 version

13. Love is a discord and a strange divorce (Love is a Discord)
[song lyrics]

Love is a discord and a strange divorce
Betwixt our sense and rest, by whose power,
As mad with reason, we admit that force
Which wit or labour never may divorce (?):
It is a will that brooketh no consent;
It would refuse yet never may repent.

Love's a desire, which, for to wait a time,
Doth lose an age of years, and so doth pass
As doth the shadow sever'd from his prime;
Seeming as though it were, yet never was;
leaving behind naught but repentant thought
Of days ill spent of that which profits nought.

It's now a peace and then a sudden war,
A hope consumed before it is conceived;
At hand it fears, and menaceth afar;
And he that gains is most of all deceived.
Love whets the dullest wits, his plagues be such,
But makes the wise by pleasing dote as much.

Sources: Fuller's #16; JTL #16

Published in England's Parnassus, 1600.

Attribution: Prof. May lists this poem as "wrongly attributed" to Oxford.

14. My meaning is to work (Love and Wit)
[song lyrics]

My meaning is to work
What wonders love hath wrought,

Wherein I muse, why men of wit
Have love so dearly bought.

For love is worse than hate,
And eke more harm hath done;
Record I take of those that rede
Of Paris, Priam's son.

It seemed the god of sleep
Had mazed so much his wits,
When he refused wit for love,
Which cometh but by fits.

But why accuse I him,
Whom th' earth hath covered long?
There be of his posterity
Alive, I do him wrong.

Whom I might well condemn,
To be a cruel judge
Unto myself, who hath the crime
In others that I grudge.

Finis. E.O.

Sources: Fuller's #11; JTL #18

1st printed in a 19th century edition of Paradyse of Dainty Devices, [1810]
It is not clear where the editor (Brydges) of that edition found the lost lyric.

15. My mind to me a kingdom is
[song lyrics]

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That world affords or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most men have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed each gazing eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall.
For why my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty suffers oft,
How hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those that are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear.

Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies;
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave, they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain:
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain.
I fear no foe, nor fawning friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will,
Their treasure is their only trust;
And cloaked craft their store of skill.
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defense;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offense.
Thus do I live; thus will I die.
Would all did so as well as I!

Attribution: Dr. Stephen W. May [Studies in Philology, 1980] [R.E.S. 36, 104 (1975)]
Poem has also appeared in collections attributed to Sir Edward Dyer

16. Sitting alone upon my thought in melancholy mood (Echo Verses)
Sitting alone upon my thought in melancholy mood,
In sight of sea, and at my back an ancient hoary wood,
I saw a fair young lady come, her secret fears to wail,
Clad all in color of a nun, and covered with a veil;
Yet (for the day was calm and clear) I might discern her face,
As one might see a damask rose hid under crystal glass.

Three times, with her soft hand, full hard on her left side she knocks,
And sigh'd so sore as might have mov'd some pity in the rocks;
From sighs and shedding amber tears into sweet song she brake,

When thus the echo answered her to every word she spake:

[Ann Vavasour's Echo]

Oh heavens ! who was the first that bred in me this fever ? Vere
Who was the first that gave the wound whose fear I wear for ever ? Vere.
What tyrant, Cupid, to my harm usurps thy golden quiver ? Vere.
What sight first caught this heart and can from bondage it deliver ? Vere.

Yet who doth most adore this sight, oh hollow caves tell true ? You.
What nymph deserves his liking best, yet doth in sorrow rue ? You.
What makes him not reward good will with some reward or ruth ? Youth.
What makes him show besides his birth, such pride and such untruth ? Youth.

May I his favour match
May I his favour match with love, if he my love will try? Ay.
May I requite his birth with faith ? Then faithful will I die ? Ay.
And I, that knew this lady well,
Said, Lord how great a miracle,
To her how Echo told the truth,
As true as Phoebus' oracle.

The Earle of Oxforde.

Sources: Fuller's #12 [Vision of a Fair Maid, with Echo-Verses]; JTL #1

Rawlinson MS.85 folio 11 "Verses made by the earle of Oxforde"

Attribution: Prof. May lists this poem as "possibly" by Oxford; accepted by Dr. Grosart.

The heading "Ann Vavasour's Echo" is in the MS.

17. The trickling tears that fall along my cheeks (Love and Antagonism)

[song lyrics]

The trickling tears that fall along my cheeks,
The secret sighs that show my inward grief,
The present pains perforce that Love aye seeks,
Bid me renew my cares without relief;
In woeful song, in dole display,
My pensive heart for to betray.

Betray thy grief, thy woeful heart with speed;
Resign thy voice to her that caused thee woe;
With irksome cries, bewail thy late done deed,
For she thou lov'st is sure thy mortal foe;
And help for thee there is none sure,
But still in pain thou must endure.

The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame;
The strongest tower, the cannon lays on ground,
The wisest wit that ever had the fame,

Was thrall to Love by Cupid's slights;
Then weigh my cause with equal wights (weights).

She is my joy, she is my care and woe;
She is my pain, she is my ease therefore;
She is my death, she is my life also,
She is my salve, she is my wounded sore:
In fine, she hath the hand and knife,
That may both save and end my life.

And shall I live on earth to be her thrall?
And shall I live and serve her all in vain?
And kiss the steps that she lets fall,
And shall I pray the Gods to keep the pain
From her that is so cruel still?
No, no, on her work all your will.

And let her feel the power of all your might,
And let her have her most desire with speed,
And let her pine away both day and night,
And let her moan, and none lament her need;
And let all those that shall her see,
Despise her state and pity me.

Finis. E. O.

Sources: Fuller's #1 [A Lover rejected Complaineth]; JTL #12
Appeared also in Paradyse of Dainty Devices, 1576 and updated in 1596
Note: Another poem with specially interesting connections.

18. Were I a king I might command content

JTL's version:

Were I a king I might command content;
Were I obscure unknown would be my cares,
And were I dead no thoughts should me torment,
Nor words, nor wrongs, nor love, nor hate, nor fears
A doubtful choice of these things which to crave,
A kingdom or a cottage or a grave. Vere

Fuller's version:

Were I a king I might command content;
Were I obscure unknown should be my cares,
And were I dead no thoughts should me torment,
Nor words, nor wrongs, nor love, nor hate, nor fears
A doubtful choice for me of three things one to crave,
A kingdom or a cottage or a grave. Vere

Sources: Fuller's #22 [Epigram]; JTL #20
(See also 2H6, 3H6, Rich2.)

In the Chetham MS.8012 is Philip Sidney's reply to this poem.

Sidney's Answer:

Wert thou a King yet not command content,
Since empire none thy mind could yet suffice,
Wert thou obscure still cares would thee torment;
But wert thou dead, all care and sorrow dies;
An easy choice of these things which to crave,
No kingdom nor a cottage but a grave.

19. What cunning can express
What cunning can express
The favour of her face ?
To whom in this distress,
I do appeal for grace.
A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye.

From which each throws a dart,
That kindleth soft sweet fire:
Within my sighing heart,
Possessed by Desire.
No sweeter life I try,
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field,
That glories in his white,
For pureness now must yield,
And render up his right;
Heaven pictured in her face,
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light,
That beats on running streams,
Compares not with her white,
Whose hairs are all sun-beams;
So bright my Nymph doth shine,
As day unto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceeds the Damask-Rose;
Which in her cheeks is spread,
Whence every favour grows.
In sky there is no star,
But she surmounts it far.

When Phoebus from the bed
Of Thetis doth arise,

The morning blushing red,
In fair carnation wise;
He shows in my Nymph's face,
As Queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily white,
This taint of roseate red;
This Cynthia's silver light,
This sweet fair Dea spread;
These sunbeams in mine eye,
These beauties make me die.

Finis. Earle of Oxenford.

Sources: Fuller's #18 [The Shepherds commendation of his Nymph]; JTL #3
First appeared in this format in Phoenix Nest (1593), then England's Helicon (1600)
as "What Shepherd can Express". Fuller's follows Helicon and has the poem begin:

What shepherd can express
The favor of her face ?

20. What is Desire, which doth approve (What is Desire)
What is Desire, which doth approve,
To set on fire each gentle heart ?
A fancy strange, or God of Love,
Whose pining sweet delight doth smart;
In gentle minds his dwelling is.

Is he god of peace or war ?
What be his arms ? What is his might ?
His war is peace, his peace is war;
Each grief of his is but delight;
His bitter ball is sugared bliss.

What be his gifts ? How doth he pay ?
When is he seen ? or how conceived ?
Sweet dreams in sleep, new thoughts in day,
Beholding eyes, in mind received;
A god that rules and yet obeys.

Why is he naked painted? Blind?
His sides with shafts? His back with brands?
Plain without guile, by hap to find;
Pursuing with fair words that [withstands]
And when he craves he takes no nays.

What were his parents? Gods or no?
That living long is yet a child;
A goddess' son? Who thinks not so?
A god begot, beguiled;
Venus his mother, Mars his sire.

What labours doth this god allow?
What fruits have lovers for their pains?
Sit still and muse to make a vow
T.' their ladies, if they true remain;
A good reward for true desire.

Sources: Fuller's #9 [Love Questions]; JTL #5
From Rawlinsons MS. 85 folio 15
Prof. May says this one is 'wrongly attributed' to Oxford; It was accepted by Dr. Grosart.

21. What plague is greater than the grief of mind? (Grief of Mind)
What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein;
In every vein that leaves such clots behind;
Such clots behind as breed such bitter pain;
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.
E. of Ox

Sources: Fuller's #15; JTL #23
Published in England's Parnassus, 1600.
The poem also appears in Sidney's Astrophel and Stella
Prof. May lists this poem as "wrongly attributed" to Oxford.

22. When I was fair and young
When I was fair and young then favour graced me;
Of many was I sought their mistress for to be.
But I did scorn them all, and answered them therefore,
Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more.

How many weeping eyes I made to pine in woe;
How many sighing hearts I have no skill to show;
Yet I the prouder grew, and answered them therefore,
Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more.

Then spake fair Venus' son, that proud victorious boy,
And said, you dainty dame, since that you be so coy,
I will so pluck your plumes that you shall say no more
Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more.

When he had spake these words such change grew in my breast,
That neither night nor day I could take any rest.
Then, lo ! I did repent, that I had said before
Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
Importune me no more.

Attribution: This poem was considered by both Dr. Grosart and Looney to be Oxford's based on one extant manuscript copy, although another extant manuscript copy attributed it to Queen Elizabeth. Prof. May lists it as 'wrongly attributed' to Oxford and only 'possibly' by the Queen. Sources: Fuller's #23 [Love-Lay]; JTL #24

23. Whenas the heart at tennis plays (Love compared to a tennis-play)
Whenas the heart at tennis plays, and men to gaming fall,
Love is the court, hope is the house, and favour serves the ball.
The ball itself is true desert; the line, which measure shows,
Is reason, whereon judgment looks how players win or lose.
The jetty is deceitful guile; the stopper, jealousy,
Which hath Sir Argus' hundred eyes wherewith to watch and pry.
The fault, wherewith fifteen is lost, is want of wit and sense,
And he that brings the racket in is double diligence.
And lo, the racket is freewill, which makes the ball rebound;
And noble beauty is the chase, of every game the ground.
But rashness strikes the ball awry, and where is oversight?
and quote; A bandy ho, and quote; the people cry, and so the ball takes flight.
Now, in the end, good-liking proves content the game and gain.
Thus, in a tennis, knit I love, a pleasure mixed with pain.

Source: Steven May

24. Who taught thee first to sigh, alas, my heart? (Love Thy Choice)
Who taught thee first to sigh, alas, my heart ?
Who taught thy tongue the woeful words of plaint ?
Who filled your eyes with tears of bitter smart ?
Who gave thee grief and made thy joys to faint ?
Who first did paint with colors pale thy face ?
Who first did break thy sleeps of quiet rest?
Above the rest in court who gave thee grace ?
Who made thee strive in honour to be best ?
In constant truth to bide so firm and sure,
To scorn the world regarding but thy friends ?
With patient mind each passion to endure,
In one desire to settle to the end ?
Love then thy choice wherein such choice thou bind,
As nought but death may ever change thy mind.
Finis. Earle of Oxenforde.

Sources: Fuller's #13 [Love thy Choice]; JTL #2
Rawlinson MS 85 folio 16
Note that this is a proper 14 line Sonnet.
25. Winged with desire, I seek to mount on high
Winged with desire, I seek to mount on high,
Clogged with mishap, yet am I kept full low;
Who seeks to live and finds the way to die,
Sith comfort ebbs and cares do daily flow,

But sad despair would have me to retire,
 When smiling hope sets forward my desire.
 I still do toil, and never am at rest,
 Enjoying least when I do covet most;
 With weary thoughts are my green years oppressed,
 To danger drawn from my desired coast,
 Now crazed with care, then haled up with hope,
 With world at will, yet wanting wished scope.
 I like in heart, yet dare not say I love,
 And looks alone do lend me chief relief;
 I dwelt sometimes at rest, yet must remove;
 With feigned joy I hide my secret grief;
 I would possess, yet needs must flee the place
 Where I do seek to win my chieftest grace.
 Lo, thus I live twixt fear and comfort tossed,
 With least abode where best I feel content;
 I seld resort where I should settle most;
 My sliding times too soon with her are spent;
 I hover high, and soar where hope doth tower,
 Yet froward fate defers my happy hour.
 I live abroad, but still in secret grief,
 Then least alone when most I seem to lurk;
 I speak of peace, and live in endless strife,
 And when I play, then are my thoughts at work;
 In person far, that am in mind full near,
 Making light show where I esteem most dear.
 A malcontent, yet seem I pleased still,
 Bragging of heaven, yet feeling pains of hell;
 But time shall frame a time unto my will,
 Whenas in sport this earnest will I tell;
 Till then, sweet friend, abide these storms with me
 Which shall in joys of either fortunes be.

Source: Steven May

APPENDICES

Glossary

culver (n): dove, wood pigeon. NFS. Cf. Oxford poem; Spenser sonnet.

greyhound (greund/grewnde: sight hound, probably a bitch, valued for speed. FS (5-LLL, 1H4, Shrew, MWW, Corio); Golding Ovid; Oxford poem (Cardanus); illustration on title page of Watson Hek (Actaeon); illustration on title page of Willobie (Actaeon). Apparently adopted by the Earl of Oxford as a heraldic animal during the reign of Henry VIII.

manchet/mancheate (n): fine wheaten bread. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Oxford Cardanus poem. OED also cites: 1577 Harrison England

pine, pine away (v): starve, waste away. FS (10+); Golding Ovid; Oxford poems; many others.

wight [wyght]: living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; many others.

Connections

Marked means marked in Oxford's copy of the Geneva Bible
Chris Paul deserves special thanks for contributions to this section.

#1

Fond Desire

Brooke Romeus (2123): When love and fond desire were boiling in my breast,
Golding Ovid (Ep.130): ... But pride and fond desire of praise have ever wrought ...
(VI.61): And through a fond desire / Of glory, to her own decay ...
(VIII.89): ... For fortune works against the fond desire ...
(VIII.302): ... Of fond desire to fly to Heaven, above his bounds he stied.
(IX.744-45): ... is much as in respect / My fond desire to satisfy, and little in effect
Watson Hek (LXIII): Whome love doth force to follow fond desire ...
Which fond desire no counsel can remove;
(LXXIX): And fond desire doth overmaster will:
(XCI): You suffer now by forced fond desire:
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (Epi): O fond desire of princely ...
Lyly Gallathea (I.3) MELEBEUS: ... suffering thee to perish by a fond desire ...
Shakes TGV (I.1)VAL: Thou art a votary to fond desire.
Lucrece (45): ... But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Greene (Prince's Sonnet.7): The boy waxy bold, fired by fond desire (in poem)
Anon. Willobie (III.10): The root of woe is fond desire, ...
(XXIII.4): To daunt the qualms of fond desire,
Penelope (XIV.5): My lightness breeds their fond desire

#2

Trickling ... Tears

Brooke Romeus (1193): The nurse with trickling tears to witness inward smart,
(1540): Their trickling tears, as crystal clear, but bitterer far than gall.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.69) JOC: Naught else but tears have trickled from mine eyes,
(V.2.153) NUNCIUS: The trickling tears rained down his paled cheeks:
Golding Ovid Met (I.430): And with these words the bitter tears did trickle down their cheek,
(II.821): A sore deep sigh, and down her cheeks the tears did trickle wet.
Oxford (The Forsaken Man): Drown me with trickling tears,
(Love and Antagonism): The trickling tears that fall along my cheeks,
Greene Alphonsus (V.3.190) CARINUS: Then, dainty damsel, stint these trickling tears;
Shakes 1H4 (II.4) FALSTAFF: Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.
Anon. Willobie (XLVII.5): Your silent sighs & trickling tears,
(XLVIII.5): Where thinking on my helpless hap, / My trickling tears, like rivers flow,
Lyly MB (I.3) PRISCUS: with tears trickling down thy cheeks and drops of blood falling from thy heart

Woeful wight ... Hap

Golding Ovid (IX.562): Now woe is me, most wretched wight.
Brooke Romeus (2005): Her weary bed betime the woeful wight forsakes,
(2638): And them on divers parts beside, the woeful wight did hold.

Oxford poem (Song: The Forsaken Man): You wailful wights of woe;
 (Care and Disappointment): Thus like a woeful wight I wove the web of woe.
 Edwards Dam&Pith (Song, 588-91): Awake ye woeful wights,
 That long have wept in woe: / Resign to me your plaints and tears,
 My hapless hap to show.
 Greene Alphonsus (IV.2.51) CARI: Some woeful wight lamenting / his mischance:
 Anon. Penelope (VI.3): For careless wights why do you care,
 And causeless eke so woeful are?

Death ... Worms

Geneva Bible Job 24.20 ... The worm shall seal his sweetness: ... (No Match)
 Isaiah 51.8 the worm shall eat them (No Match)
 Brooke Romeus (2893-95) My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
 Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.
 But (God I praise) I feel no worm that gnaweth me,
 Golding Ovid Met. (IX.817): And Libyan worms whose stinging doth enforce continual sleep,
 Oxford poem (The Forsaken Man): Where earthly worms on me shall feed,
 Lyly Campaspe (III.5.54-55): APELLES: the feeding canker of my ear, the never-dying worm of
 my heart,
 Midas (II.1) SOPH: love a worm which seeming to live in the eye, dies in the heart.
 (V.2) PETULUS: He means you are the last of the stock alive; the rest the worms have eaten.
 DELLO: A pox of those saucy worms, that eat men before they be dead.
 Shakes 2H6 (III.2) SALIS: The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
 Rich3 (I.3.221) The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
 As You (III.2.65): Thou worm's-meat.
 Hamlet (IV.3) HAM: Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we eat all creatures else to eat us
 HAM: A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a / king, and ...
 MM (III.1.16-17): For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork / Of a poor worm.
 V&A (154): Death,-- / 'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm,
 Nashe Summers (1595-96) SONG: Strength stoops unto the grave,
 Worms feed on Hector brave, ...
 (1679-81) AUTUMN: For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feed'st;
 The worms will curse thy flesh another day, / Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.
 Anon. Willobie (XIII.2): ... and therein find / That gnawing worm that never lins
 L. Gh. (2121): We fed on joys, but now for worms are food,
 Disp. Cromwell (V.5.131) CROMWELL: The land of Worms, which dying men discover,

#4

Consume away

Golding Ovid Met.(III.617): Did he consume and melt away with Cupid's secret fire.
 (V.533): Until she melting into tears consumed away with smart.
 Brooke, Romeus (106): Doth make thee thus consume away the / best part of thine age,
 Oxford poem: Ev'n as the wax doth melt, or dew consume away
 Before the sun, so I, behold, through careful thoughts decay;
 Watson Hek (Comment: XXV): ... her own miserable estate in / daily consuming away ...
 (XXVIII): ... Whose hearts by Love once quite consum'd away, ...
 (XLVIII): Where so his willful wings consume away,
 Shakes John (IV.1) ARTHUR: Nay, after that, consume away in rust
 Much Ado (III.1) HERO: Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

#6

Pain ... Patience

Brooke Romeus (612-13): The wounded man that now doth deadly pains endure,
Scarce patient tarryeth ...

Gascoigne ... Jocasta (V.5.218-19) ANT: Sustain the smart of these your present pains
With patience, that best may you preserve.

Oxford poem (Revenge of Wrong): Patience perforce is such a pinching pain,
Shakes Errors (II.1) ADRIANA: Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause. / A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry; / But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much or more would we ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me,
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Sonnet (140): Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press

My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;

Lest sorrow lend me words and words express / The manner of my pity-wanting pain.

Anon. Willobie (XXXIII.2): My patience must, my pain endure.

Wit ... Will

Brooke Romeus (2296): And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.

Oxford poem (Revenge of Wrong): Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury.

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (III.2) MENECE: ... Yet evil it were in this / to yield your will.

CREON: Thy wit is wily for to work thy woe.

Watson Hek (XXXVIII): And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,

(LXXVIII): That wit and will to Reason do retire:

Lyly MB (I.3) SPERANTUS: He hath wit at will.

Kyd Sp Tr (IV.3.307) HIERON: Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,

And lets thee wit by me his Highness' will,

Shakes TGV (II.6.12) PRO: And he wants wit that wants resolved will

To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.

LLL (II.1.49-50) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will,

Whose edge hath power cut, whose will still wills ...

12th (I.5.29) FESTE: Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!

Hamlet (I.5.44-46) GHOST: O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce -- won to his shameful lust / The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.

Corio (II.3.27-28) 3 CIT: Nay your wit will not so soon out as / another man's will, ...

Lucrece (1230:) What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;

Anon. Ironside (V.1.34) EDR: See, see, what wit and will can bring about.

Willobie (XXXII.2): If wit to will, will needs resign,

(LIII.1): If fear and sorrow sharp the wit, / And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,

Then will & style must finely fit, / To paint my grief, and wail my case:

(LVII.5): Can wit enthralled to will retire?

(Auth. Conc. 1): Whom gifts nor wills nor force of wit / Could vanquish once with all their shows:

Penelope (I.4): For what my wit cannot discharge, / My will surely supplies at large.

Nashe Summers (498-99) WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,

And wit to make the baddest matter good.

#7

Framed ... Forlorn ... Miseries -- Past all recovery

Oxford poem (Loss of Good Name): Fram'd in the front of forlorn hope, past all recovery

Watson (LXXXII/pyramid sonnet): So frames it with me now, that I confess

The life I led in Love devoid of rest / It was a Hell, where none felt more than I,

Nor any with like miseries forlorn.

Anon. Locrine (V.4.103) LOCRINE: Framed in the front of forlorn miseries!

Past all recovery

(II.5.68) ALBANACT: My self with wounds past all recovery

(IV.1.176) ASSARACHUS: Which is not yet past all remedy.

Fam Vic (650) HENRY 5: Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking

Shakes 2H6 (I.1) WARWICK: For grief that they are past recovery:

Disp. Oldcastle (I.1) SHERIFF: my Lord Powesse is gone / Past all recovery.

Life ... Linger[ing]

Brooke Romeus (1924): You haste away my lingering death and double all my woe.

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (V.3.55) ANT: Shall linger life within thy luckless breast,

Supposes (II.1) DUL: ... I shall be sure to linger and live in hope one fortnight longer:

Oxford poem (Loss of Good Name): My life, though ling'ring long,

is lodg'd in lair of loathsome ways

Anon. Locrine (IV.1.87): I, being conqueror, live a lingering life,

Mucedorus (I.4.16) SEGASTO: Accursed I in lingering life thus long!

(III.1.50) MUCE: I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Nashe Summers (137) SUMMER: For her doth Summer live, and linger here,

Shakes Cymb (V.5) CORNELIUS: She did confess she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,

Should by the minute feed on life and lingering / By inches waste you

Shame ... Infamy

Geneva Bible Prov. 25.9-10 ... Discover not the secret to another, Lest he that heareth it, put thee to shame, and thine infamy do not cease. (No Match).

Golding Ovid Met. (VIII.207): Of double shape, an ugly thing. This shameful infamy,

Oxford (Framed in the front): I stayless stand, to abide the shock of shame and infamy.

Gascoigne Supposes (I.1) BALIA: a poor servant of your father's,

by whom shame and infamy is the best dower you can look for to attain.

Anon. Locrine (IV.1.135-36) ESTRILD: Better to die renowned for chastity,

Than live with shame and endless infamy

Weakest (XVI.169) EPERNOUNE: Oh wherefore stain you virtue and renown

With such foul terms of ignomy and shame?

Shakes Ado (IV.1) LEONATO: Who smirch'd thus and mired with infamy,

Howl ... Wail

Geneva Bible Micah 1.8 Therefore I will mourn & howl: ...

(KJ uses howl and wail). Possible source; Shakespeare used Micah I.7 at least twice.

Oxford (Loss of Good Name): Help ye that are aye wont to wail, ye howling hounds of hell;

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (IV.1.87) NUNCIUS: With howling cries and woeful wailing plaints:

Anon. Locrine (II.5.106-07) TROMP: With howling & screeking, with wailing and weeping,

Shakes TGV (II.3) LAUNCE: ... my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat

#8

I am that I am

Geneva Bible: Ex. 3.14. 1 Cor. 15.10 But by the grace of God, I am that I am. (Ch. MARKED)

Brooke Romeus (2886): To make me other than I am, how so I seem to be.

Oxford Letter (10-30-84, to Lord Burghley): I am that I am ...

Poem: I am not as I seem to be, Nor when I smile I am not glad;

Lyly MB (II.3) SILENA: Though you be as old as you are, I am as young as I am;

(IV.2) SILENA: Because I did, and I am here because I am.

Shakes Edw3 (II.1) WARWICK: I am not Warwick as thou think'st I am,

Sonnet (122): I am that I am

12th-(III.1.141) Viola: I am not what I am.

Oth (I.1.65) Iago: I am not what I am.

Lear. (I.2) Edmund: I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Anon. Dodypoll (III.5.40) LUCILIA: I know not what I am nor where I am,

Nashe Summers (124): SUMMER: Summer I was, I am not as I was;

#9

Stone ... Roll

Geneva Bible 1 Sam. 14.33 ... Ye have transgressed: roll a great stone unto me this day

No Match, NEAR 14.27, 37). Prov. 26.27 Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him. (No Match)

Also intrinsic to the verse is an apparent reference to the classical myth of Sisyphus

A number of new Testament roll ... stone finds seem inappropriate.

Most of the examples below refer to the classical/pagan rolling stone of Fortune/Fate, or to the mythological punishment of Sisyphus.

Golding Ovid Met. (IV.569-70): There also labored Sisyphus that drave against the hill

A rolling stone that from the top came tumbling downward still.

(X.48-49): ... and down sat Sisyphus upon / His rolling stone.

Oxford poem (Reason and Affection): My hapless hap doth roll the restless stone.

Watson Hek (LXII): [Comment] Sisyphus rolleth a great round stone up a steep hill, which being once at the top presently falleth down amain.

[Verse] By fear, like Sisyphus I labor still / To turlie a rolling stone against the hill,

Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.316-18) VICEROY: What help can be expected at her hands,

Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone / and mind more mutable than fickle winds?

(IV.1.528-29) GHOST: Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,

And take from Sisyphus his endless moan;

Greene Orl Fur (II.2.71) ORLANDO: The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides --

Shakes H5 (III.6) PISTOL: Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,

And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate, / And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,

That goddess blind, / That stands upon the rolling restless stone--

H8 (V.3) SUFF: ... When ye first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Anon. Locrine (III.2.50) HUBBA: Or roll the stone with wretched Sisiphos.

Ironside (770) EDRICUS: ... for else in time you might dismount the queen

and throw her headlong from her rolling stone

and take her whirling wheel into your hand.

(1062-63) CANUTUS: What tell'st thou me of Fortune and her frowns,

of her sour visage and her rolling stone?
Willobie (LVI.2): To roll the stone that turns again.
(LVII.3): And shall I roll the restless stone?

#9

Reason ... Stay

Oxford poem (Reason and Affection): Or Reason's reins my strong / affection stay:
Greene James IV (V.6.104) SIR CUTH: Oh stay, with reason mitigate your rage;
Shakes MND (V.1) THESEUS: ... in all reason, we must stay the time.
Lear (V.3) ALBANY: Stay yet; hear reason. ...
H8 (I.1) NORFOLK: Stay, my lord, / And let your reason with your choler question
Anon. Dodypoll (V.2): He with youth's fury, without reason's stay;
Munday Huntington (III.230) QUEEN: So while with me a reasoning they stay,

Valiant ... Mind

Oxford (Reason&Affection): A valiant mind no deadly danger fears;
Marlowe T1 (III.1.33) BAJAZETH: Because I hear he bears a valiant mind.
Greene James IV (III.2.107) ATEUKIN: For I espy in you a valiant mind,
Anon. Locrine (II.3.27) THRAS: There might we see the valiant-minded knights
Shakes T&C (III.3) THER: Would the fountain of your mind were clear again,
that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep / than such a valiant ignorance
Othello (I.3) DESDEMONA: I saw Othello's visage in his mind
And to his honour and his valiant parts / Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

#10

Hawk ... Haggard (considered a Shakespeare marker)

Golding Abraham (680-81): SATAN: My case goes ill. O Cowl we must yet find
Some other way t'assault this haggard's mind.
Oxford poems: (Women's Changeableness: To mark the choice they make, and how they
change,
How oft from Phoebus do they flee to Pan,
Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist
And let them fly fair fools which way they list.
(Love and Antagonism): The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame;
OED cites as first comparisons to women in Euphues and Shrew:
Lyly 1580 Euphues (Arb.) 114 Foolish and franticke louers, will deeme my precepts hard,
and esteeme my perswasions haggarde.
Watson Hek (XLVII): In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.4): ... In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
Shakes Shrew (1596) (IV.1) PET: ... My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged, / For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard, / To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient. ...
Edw3 (III.5) KING EDW: ... And ever after she'll be haggard-like.
(IV.2) HOR: I will be married to a wealthy widow,

As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
 Oth (III.3): ... If I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
 I'll whistle her off and let her down the wind, / That comes before his eye. ...
 Other early non-female-related OED citations for "haggard": Stanyhurst Aeneas (1583);
 Turberville (1567) Epitaphs: Live like a haggard still therefore, and for no luring;
 that haggard wise doth love to live;
 Nashe, Christ's Tears (1593): Though Christ hold out never so moving lures unto us,
 all of them (haggard-like) we will turn tail to
 Anon. Willobie (X.2): In haggard Hawk that mounts so high
 (LXIII.1): As haggard loving mirthless coup, / At friendly lure doth check and frown?
 Blame not in this the Falconer's skill, / But blame the Hawk's unbridled will.
 (LXVII.3): They do but fruitless pain procure / To haggard kites that cast the lure.
 (LXXVIII.3): When fish as haggard Hawks shall fly,
 (Res.17): Cease then your suits, ye lusty gallants all,
 Think not I stoop at every Falconer's call,
 Truss up your lures, your luring is in vain, / Chosen is the Perch, whereon I will remain.
 Willobie contains other related hawking terms.

#10

Fair ... Fond

Oxford Poetry: (Women's Changeableness): If women could be fair and yet not fond,
 Or that their love were firm not fickle, still, ...
 Disp. Greene's Groat (177): and the most fair are commonly most fond, ...

Play the fool

Oxford Poem (Women's Changeableness): And then we say when we their fancy try,
 To play with fools, O what a fool was I
 Watson Hek (LXVIII): I sat in Folly's ship, and play'd the fool,
 (XCV): Or once again will play the loving fool,
 Shakes MV (I.1) GRATIANO: Let me play the fool: ...
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait, / For this fool gudgeon, this opinion. ...
 (III.5) LORENZO: How every fool can play upon the word!
 12th (III.1) VIOLA: This fellow is wise enough to play the fool
 Hamlet (III.1) HAMLET: Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the
 fool no where but in's own house.
 AWEW (II.2) COUNTESS: I play the noble housewife with the time
 To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

#11

Honey ... Drone

Oxford poem #11:

The idle drone that labours not at all,
 Sucks up the sweet of honey from the bee;

Oxford poem #4:

The drone more honey sucks, that laboureth not at all,
 Than doth the bee, to whose most pain least pleasure doth befall:
 Shakes H5 (I.2) CANTERBURY: ... The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. ...
Pericles (II.Pro.) GOWER: ... Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
Lucrece (120): My honour lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Gain ... Pain

Shakes Lucrece (105) Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.
(123): 'The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.
Sonnets (141): Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.
PP (16): Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

Labor ... Reap ... Gain

Geneva Bible Leviticus 23.22 And when you reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not rid
clean the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou make any after-gathering of
thy harvest, but shalt leave them unto the poor and to the stranger: ... (MARKED)
Oxford Letter (6-25-86): and not able to compass the end or reap the fruit of his travail
Memorandum (1601-02): and yet [so he] reaping no benefit to myself [for] / sythe her Majesty
had given me nothing
Anon. Locrine (II.2.5) DOROTHY: Our ease is great, our labor small
And yet our gains be much withall
Shakes AsYou (III.5.103-04) SIL: To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps. ...
That thou mightstst repossest the crown in peace;
And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won
AWEW (II.1) KING: I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid:

Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
2H6 (III.1) YORK: And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
LLL (IV.3.302) BIRON: Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil.
See also 3H6 (II.2.116 and V.2.15).

Beat the Bush ... Get the Bird

Oxford poem (Care & Disappointment): And he that beats the bush the wished bird not gets,
Letter (3-20-95): Thus I was to have beaten the bush whilst other holding the net, had taken the bird.

Flowers ... Weeds

Lyly Sapho (I.1.97-99) SYBILLA: Anyta, which being a sweet flower at the rising of the sun
becometh a weed if it be not plucked before the setting.

Greene James IV (II.1.22-25) IDA: ... Some men like to the rose

Are fashion'd fresh; some in their stalks do close

And born, do sudden die; some are but weeds,

And yet from them a secret good proceeds.

Anon. Ironside (IV.1.71-72) MESS: Their flags and banners, yellow, blue and red,
resembles much the weeds in ripened corn.

Arden (III.5.142-43) ALICE: Flowers do sometimes spring in fallow lands,

Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns;

Willobie (X.1): Well then I see, you have decreed, / And this decree must light on me;

Unhappy Lily loves a weed, / That gives no scent, that yields no glee:

Thou art the first I ever tried, / Shall I at first be thus denied?

Shakes Sonnet (94): The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Oth (IV.2) OTHELLO: O thou weed, / Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst / ne'er been born!

Sweet ... Sour

Shakes Rich2 (I.3) GAUNT: Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

(V.5) RICHARD: Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,

R&J (II.5) JULIET: ... thou shamest the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

AsYou AsYou (III.2.107) TOUCHSTONE: Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

Oth (IV.3) EMILIA: ... And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

T&C (III.1) HELEN: And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offense.

Tempest (IV.1) PROSPERO: ... No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall

To make this contract grow: but barren hate,

Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew ...

H8 (IV.2) GRIFFITH: ... Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;

But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

Lucrece (867): The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours.

Sonnets (35): To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

(39) Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave

Found also in Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Lyly Endymion, Bombie, anon. Supposes.

Due desert

Golding Ovid Met. (II.369): But put the case that my desert destruction duly crave,

(V.35): And which he hath by due desert of purchase dearly bought.
 Disp. Greene's Groat (265): He simply gave to due desert her right,
 Anon. Willobie (commendation): But rather strive by due desert for like renown,
 (LI.2): Love oft doth spring from due desert,
 (LVII.2): Whose eyes discern the due deserts,
 Penelope (I.2): Of those whom due desert doth crown
 (I.5): His perfect zeal by due desert

#12

Aurora ... Cheerful
 Oxford (The Meeting with Desire) The messenger of Morning bright;
 And with her cheerful voice did sing
 The day's approach, discharging Night;
 Descried the guilt of Thetis' bed.
 Anon. Locrine (I.1.52-54) CORIN: Where ere Aurora, handmaid of the Sun,
 Where ere the Sun, bright guardian of the day,
 Where ere the joyful day with cheerful light,
 (II.1.80) HUBBA: Whenas the morning shows his cheerful face,

#15

End ... Life
 Geneva Bible Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor;
 Eccclus. 11.27: In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.36 (No Match).
 Brooke Romeus (2026: Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life.
 Golding Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen,
 Gascoigne Jocasta (III.1.262) MENECEUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life.
 (V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent.
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
 Oxford poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end.
 Watson Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life,
 hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.
 Lyly Endymion (I.2) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder,
 in putting me in remembrance of the end.
 FLOSCULA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.
 (II.1) TELLUS: She shall have an end.
 ENDYMION: So shall the world.
 Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) HIERONIMO: For evils unto ills conductors be,
 And death's the worst of resolution. / For he that thinks with patience to contend
 To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
 Sol&Per (V.2.120) SOLIMAN: So let their treasons with their lives have end.
 Shakes Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
 Anon. Willobie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end:

#17

Deer ... Wounded/Hunted
 Golding Ovid's Met (Book III/Actaeon): This is the subject of Actaeon's story.
 Oxford Poem (Love and Antagonism): The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,
 Shakes Lucrece (1149-50): As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly,

Anon Arden (III.3.8-27) ARDEN: This night I dreamt that, being in a park,
 A toil was pitched to overthrow the deer, / And I upon a little rising hill
 Stood wistly watching for the herd's approach.
 Even there, methoughts, a gentle slumber took me,
 And summoned all my parts to sweet repose. / But in the pleasure of this golden rest,
 An ill-thewed foster had removed the toil / And rounded me with that beguiling home
 Which late, methought, was pitched to cast the deer.
 With that he blew an evil-sounding horn, / And at the noise another herdman came
 With falchion drawn, and bent it at my breast,
 Crying aloud, 'Thou art the game we seek.
 With this I waked and trembled every joint, / Like one obscured in a little bush
 That sees a lion foraging about; / And when the dreadful forest king is gone,
 He pries about with timorous suspect / Throughout the thorny casements of the brake,
 And will not think his person dangerless,
 But quakes and shivers, though the cause be gone.
 Weakest (VI.19-22): LEONTIUS: This other day, for hunting of the stag, ...
 Whenas the hounds had roused the trembling deer,
 And every man spurred hard unto the cry,
 Munday Huntington (IX.15) ROBIN; Shall ring a sad knell for the fearful deer,

Joy ... Care

Brooke Romeus (1906) Of me your child (your jewel once, your only joy and care),
 Golding Ovid Met. (II.797): And as the burthen brought some care the honor brought him joy.
 Oxford poem (Love and Antagonism.): She is my joy, she is my care and woe;
 Edwards Dam&Pith (891) DAMON: In whom my joy, my care, and life doth only remain.
 Watson Hek. (XCIII): When others joy'd, to cares I did incline,
 Anon. Locrine (IV.1.102): One dram of joy, must have a pound of care.

#24

Love Thy Choice

Oxford Sonnet: Love Thy Choice
 Watson Hek (XXXVII): Then may I love my peerless choice by right,
 Lyly Woman/Moon (III.2.121) LEARCHUS: Make me thy love, though Stesias be thy choice;
 Greene James 4 (I.1.78) K. SCOTLAND: Misled by love, hath made another choice --
 Shakes Shrew (I.2): That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
 Anon. Willobie (LII.7): True love is constant in her choice,
 Dodypoll (V.2.94) ALPH: ... go tell her so: / Or let her come, my choice is free in love.

Tongue ... Woe

Oxford poem (Love thy choice): Who taught thy tongue / the woeful words of plaint ?
 Edwards Dam&Pith (592, Song): My woe no tongue can tell.
 Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.84) PER: My tongue to tell my woes is all too weak;
 Shakes Rich3 (IV.4): That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.

Painted bait, words, faces, hooks

Geneva Bible Shaheen ascribes cosmetic references to Isa. 3.16 (No Match).
 Oxford Sonnet: (Love thy Choice): Who first did paint with colours pale thy face ?
 Lyly Sapho (II.1.22) SYBILLA: Be not proud of beauty's painting,
 whose colors consume themselves because they are beauty's painting.

(III.4) VENUS: But truth is a she, and so always painted.
 PHAO: I think a painted truth.
 Anon. Locrine (IV.1.91): Oh that sweet face painted with nature's dye,
 Willobie (XLII.10): Esteem not this a painted bait,
 (XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,
 (LVIII.4): Catch fools as fish, with painted hooks.
 Shakes Shrew (I.1) KATH: And paint your face and use you like a fool.
 Hamlet (III.1.51-53) CLAUDIUS: [Aside] The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it ...
 Hamlet (III.1.150): I have heard of your paintings, too.
 Also see Hamlet (II.1.142.46)
 Timon (IV.3) TIMON: No matter: -- wear them, betray with them: whore still;
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face, / A pox of wrinkles!
 Nashe Penniless: since her picture is set forth in so many painted faces here at home.
 Absurdity: for fear of pricking their fingers when they are painting their faces;
 Chapman D'Olive (I.1.203-5) RODERIGUE: Thou believst all's natural beauty that shows
 fair, though the painter enforce it, and sufferst in soul, I know, / for the honorable lady.

Crucifixion: Crown of thorns ... Endure the end
 Geneva Bible Matt. 10.22 (No Match); Mark 13.13 (No Match)
 Crown of thorns: Matt. 27.29 (No Match, NEAR near marked 27.31); Mark 15.17 (No Match).
 Oxford poem (Love thy Choice): With patient mind each passion to endure,
 (#65, Jan. 1602): notwithstanding it hath endured all the crosses that can be possible
 Anon. Dodypoll (IV.3.23-24): I must endure the end and show I live
 Though this same plaintive wreath doth show me forsaken.
 Disp. Oldcastle (V.10.4) COBHAM: Oh, give me patience to endure this scourge,

Quiet rest

Geneva Bible 1Kings Arg. Because the children of God should look for no continual rest and
 quietness in this world ... (MARKED).
 Brooke Romeus (1854): So we her parents in our age, shall live in quiet rest.
 (2100): I never gave my weary limbs long time of quiet rest,
 (2542): In heaven hath she sought to find a place of quiet rest.
 Gascoigne et al Jocasta (V.5.43) OED: Have greatest need to crave their quiet rest.
 Oxford Poem (Love Thy Choice): Who first did break thy sleeps of quiet rest ?
 Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.1089-90) HIER: ... will I rest me in unrest, / Dissembling quiet in unquietness.
 Shakes: Rich3 (V.3) BLUNT: ... And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
 King John (III.4) PANDULPH: One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest ...
 Greene Alphonsus (III.2.95) CALCHAS: Shall nere my ghost obtain his quiet rest?
 James (V.1.80) Queen: How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?
 Anon. Woodstock (IV.3) BUSHY: her quiet soul rests in celestial peace:
 Willobie (XLIII.1): What sudden chance or change is this, / That doth bereave my quiet rest?
 Disp. Greene's Groat (526-27): that we might rest quietly / without ... disturbing.
 Oldcastle (V.8) L COB: But where, my Lord / Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds?

Connections: Technical

Anadiplosis

This device is self-explanatory. Examples are found in (in chronological order) the Earl of
 Oxford's poetry, Lodge Civil War, Anon. Locrine, Kyd's Spanish Tragedy and Soliman and

Perseda, and Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Thomas Watson translated a sonnet to illustrate the form, with explanatory comments, presumably by his patron the Earl of Oxford. Watson Hek (XLI) This Passion is framed upon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhetoric, which of the Greeks is called paltlsgia or anadiplosis, of the Latins Reduplicatio; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) allegeth this example out of Virgil, ...

O Happy men that find no lack in Love
I Love, and lack what most I do desire;
My deep desire no reason can remove;
All reason shuns my breast, that's set on fire;
And so the fire maintains both force and flame,
That force availeth not against the same;
One only help can slake this burning heat,
Which burning heat proceedeth from her face,
Whose face by looks bewitched my conceit,
Through which conceit I live in woeful case;
O woeful case, which hath no end of woe,
Till woes have end by favor of my foe;
And yet my foe maintaineth such a War,
As all her War is nothing else but Peace;
But such a Peace as breedeth secret jar,
Which jar no wit, nor force, nor time can cease;
Yet cease despair: for time by wit, or force,
May force my friendly foe to take remorse.

Oxford (Grief of Mind): What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein;
In every vein that leaves such clots behind;
Such clots behind as breed such bitter pain;
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.

Lodge Wounds (IV.2.64-68): ANT: I wonder why my peasant stays so long,
And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am assail'd with fear,
And by my fear await with faintful breath
The final period of my pains by death.

Kyd Sp Tr (I.3.32): My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
These bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,
My best-beloved, my sweet and only son.

(II.1.120): And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave.
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears

And through her ears dive down into her heart,
 And in her heart set him where I should stand.
 Sol&Per (V.2): No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,
 And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;
 If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate;
 If captivate, then forced from holy faith;
 If forced from faith, forever miserable;
 For what is misery but want of God?
 And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown.
 See also opening of III.2.
 Anon. Locrine (V.2.25) THRA: Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause;
 This open wrong must have an open plague,
 This plague must be repaid with grievous war,
 This war must finish with Locrine's death;
 His death will soon extinguish our complaints.
 Shakes Errors (I.2.47-52): She is so hot because the meat is cold.
 The meat is cold because you come not home,
 You come not home because you have no stomach,
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
 But we, that know what tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default today

Sources and Suggested Reading

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Pandosto by Robert Greene, 1588

Original Spelling. From the First Quarto of 1588.
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 Items defined in the glossary are underlined.

Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

Pandosto. the Triumph of Time.

Wherein is discovered by a pleasant Historie,
that although by the meanes of sinister fortune,
Truth may be concealed yet by Time in spite of fortune
it is most manifestly revealed.

Pleasant for age to avoyde drowsie thoughtes,
profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes,
and bringing to both a desired content.
Temporis filia veritas.

By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin

for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Signe of the Bible,
neere unto the North doore of Paule, 1588.

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Appendix III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia.

[Para. 1] Among al the passions wherewith humane mindes are perplexed, there is none that so galleth with restlesse despight, as the infectious soare of Jealousie: for all other griefes are eyther to bee appeased with sensible perswasions, to be cured with wholesome counsel, to be relieved in want, or by tract of time to be worne out. (Jealousie only excepted) which is so sawsed with suspitious doubttes, and pinching mistrust, that whoso seekes by friendly counsaile to rase out this hellish passion, it forthwith suspecteth that he geveth this advise to cover his owne guiltinesse. Yea, who so is payned with this restlesse torment doubteth all, dystrusteth him-selfe, is alwayes frozen with feare, and fired with suspition, having that wherein consisteth all his joy to be the breeder of his miserie. Yea, it is such a heavy enemy to that holy estate of matrimony, sowing betweene the married couples such deadly seeds of secret hatred, as Love being once rased out by spiteful distrust, there oft ensueth bloudy revenge, as this ensuing Hystorie manifestly prooveth: wherein Pandosto (furiously incensed by causelesse Jealousie) procured the death of his most loving and loyall wife, and his owne endlesse sorrow and misery.

[Para. 2] In the Countrey of Bohemia there raygned a King called Pandosto, whose fortunate successe in warres against his foes, and bountifull curtesie towards his friendes in peace, made him to be greatly feared and loved of all men. This Pandosto had to Wife a Ladie called Bellaria, by birth royall, learned by education, faire by nature, by vertues famous, so that it was hard to judge whether her beautie, fortune, or vertue, wanne the greatest commendations. These two lincked together in perfect love, led their lives with such fortunate content, that their

Subjects greatly rejoyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not beene married long, but Fortune (willing to increase their happines) lent them a sonne, so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the Childe greatly augmented the love of the parentes, and the joys of their commons; in so much that the Bohemians, to shewe their inward joyes by outwarde actions, made Bone-fires and triumphs throughout all the Kingdome, appointing Justes and Turneyes for the honour of their young Prince: whether resorted not onely his Nobles, but also divers Kings and Princes which were his neighbours, willing to shewe their frendship they ought to Pandosto, and to win fame and glory by their prowesse and valour. Pandosto, whose minde was fraught with princely liberality, entertayned the Kings, Princes, and noble men with such submissee curtesie and magnifical bounty, that they all sawe how willing he was to gratifie their good wils, making a generall feast for his Subjects, which continued by the space of twentie dayes; all which time the Justes and Turneyes were kept to the great content both of the Lordes and Ladies there present. This solemne tryumph being once ended, the assembly, taking their leave of Pandosto and Bellaria: the young sonne (who was called Garinter) was nursed up in the house to the great joy and content of the parents.

[Para. 3] Fortune envious of such happy successe, willing to shewe some signe of her inconstancie, turned her wheele, and darkned their bright sunne of prosperitie, with the mistie cloudes of mishap and misery. For it so happened that Egistus King of Sycilia, who in his youth had bene brought up with Pandosto, desirous to shewe that neither tracte of time, nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navie of ships, and sayled into Bohemia to visite his old friend and companion, who hearing of his arrivall, went himselfe in person, and his wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great traine of Lords and Ladies, to meet Egistus: and espying him, alighted from his horse, embraced him very lovingly, protesting that nothing in the world could have happened more acceptable to him then his comming, wishing his wife to welcome his olde friend and acquaintance: who (to shewe how she liked him whom her husband loved) intertayned him with such familiar curtesie, as Egistus perceived himselfe to bee verie well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced eche other, they mounted againe on horsbacke and rode toward the Citie, devising and recounting, howe being children they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes: where, by the meanes of the Citizens, Egistus was receyved with triumphs and shewes in such sort, that he marvelled how on so small a warning they coulde make such preparation.

[Para. 4] Passing the streetes thus with such rare sightes, they rode on to the Pallace, where Pandosto entertained Egistus and his Scycilians with such banqueting and sumptuous cheare, so royally, as they all had cause to commend his princely liberality; yea, the verie basest slave that was knowne to come from Sycilia was used with such curtesie, that Egistus might easily perceive how both hee and his were honored for his friendes sake. Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of curtesie), willing to show how unfaynedly shee looved her husband by his friends intertainment, used him likewise so familiarly, that her countenance bewraied how her minde was affected towardes him: oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed chamber, to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him. This honest familiarity increased dayly more and more betwixt them; for Bellaria, noting in Egistus a princely and bountifull minde, adorned with sundrie and excellent qualities, and Egistus, finding in her a vertuous and curteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other: in so much that when Pandosto was busied with such urgent affaires, that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the Garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents. This custome still continuing betwixt them, a certaine melancholy passion entring the minde of

Pandosto, drave him into sundry and doubtfull thoughts. First, he called to minde the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comelines and braverie of his friend Egistus, thinking that Love was above all Lawes, and therefore to be staied with no Law: that it was hard to put fire and flaxe together without burning; that their open pleasures might breede his secrete displeasures. He considered with himselfe that Egistus was a man, and must needes love: that his wife was a woman, and therefore subject unto love, and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force.

[Para. 5] These and such like doubtfull thoughtes a long time smothering in his stomacke, beganne at last to kindle in his minde a secret mistrust, which increased by suspition, grewe at last to be a flaming Jealousie, that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiaritie, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that hee began to watch them more narrowly, to see if hee coulde gette any true or certaine prooffe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted their lookes and gestures, and suspected their thoughtes and meaninges, they two seely soules who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie, which drave him into such a franticke passion, that he beganne to beare a secret hate to Egistus, and a lowring countenance to Bellaria, who marveiling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beeyond the Moone, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughtes, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in her selfe a cleare conscience, ceased to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demaund the cause of his dumps. In the meane time Pandostoes minde was so farre charged with Jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured (as he thought) that his Friend Egistus had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play: whereupon desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance: and so under the shape of a friend, to shew him the tricke of a foe. Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him: which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter: promising of yearely revenues; his cupbearer, eyther being of a good conscience, or willing for fashion sake, to deny such a bloody request, began with great reasons to perswade Pandosto from his determinate mischief: shewing him what an offence murther was to the gods: how such unnaturall actions did more displease the heavens than men, and that causeles crueltie did seldome or never escape without revenge: he layd before his face, that Egistus was his friend, a king, and one that was come into his kingdome to confirme a league of perpetuall amitie betwixt them, that he had and did shew him a most friendly countenance: how Egistus was not onely honoured of his owne people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his curtesie. And that if he now should, without any just or manifest cause, poyson him, it would not only be a great dishonour to his Majesty, and a meanes to sow perpetuall enmitie betweene the Sycilians and the Bohemians, but also his owne subjectes would repine at such trecherous crueltie. These and such like perswasions of Franion (for so was his cup-bearer called) could no whit prevaile to dissuade him from his devilish enterprise: but remaining resolute in his determination, his fury so fiered with rage, as it could not be appeased with reason, he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baytes: preferment, and death: saying that if he would poyson Egistus, he should advaunce him to high dignities: if he refused to do it of an obstinate minde, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience. Franion, seeing that to perswade Pandosto any more, was but to strive against the streame, consented, as soone as opportunity would give him leave, to dispatch Egistus, wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted injuries, intending also

asoon as Egistus was dead, to give his wife a sop of the same sawce, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restles sorrow. While thus he lived in this hope, Franion being secret in his chamber, began to meditate with himselfe in these termes.

[Para. 6] Ah Franion, treason is loved of many, but the traitor hated of all: unjust offences may for a time escape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art servant to a king, and must obey at commaund: yet Franion, against law and conscience, it is not good to resist a tyrant with armes, nor to please an unjust king with obedience. What shalt thou do? Folly refuseth gold, and frensie preferment: wisdom seeketh after dignitie, and counsel looketh for gaine. Egistus is a stranger to thee, and Pandosto thy soveraigne: thou hast little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to have great care to obey the other. Thinke this Franion, that a pound of gold is worth a tunne of Lead, great gifts are little Gods, and preferment to a meane man is a whetstone to courage: there is nothing sweeter than promotion, nor lighter than report: care not then though most count thee a traytor, so all call thee rich. Dignitie (Franion) advaunceth thy posteritie, and evill report can hurt but thyselfe. Know this, where Eagles builde, Faulcons may prey: where Lyons haunt, Foxes may steale. Kings are knownen to commaunde, servaunts are blamelesse to consent: feare not thou then to lift at Egistus, Pandosto shall beare the burthen. Yea, but Franion, conscience is a worme that ever biteth, but never ceaseth: that which is rubbed with the stone Galactites will never be hot. Flesh dipped in the Sea Aegeum will never bee sweete: the hearbe Tragion, being once bit with an Aspis, never groweth, and conscience once stayned with innocent blood, is alwayes tyed to a guiltie remorse. Preferre thy content before riches, and a cleare minde before dignitie; so beeing poore, thou shalt have rich peace, or else rich, thou shalt enjoy disquiet.

[Para. 7] Franion having muttered out these or such like words, seeing either he must die with a cleare minde, or live with a spotted conscience, he was so combred with divers cogitations that hee could take no rest: untill at last he determined to breake the matter to Egistus; but fearing that the king should either suspect or heare of such matters, he concealed the devise till opportunitie would permit him to reveale it. Lingring thus in doubtfull feare, in an evening he went to Egistus lodging, and desirous to breake with him of certaine affaires that touched the king, after all were commaunded out of the chamber, Franion made manifest the whole conspiracie which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to accompt him a traytor for bewraying his maisters counsell, but to thinke that he did it for conscience, hoping that although his maister inflamed with rage, or incensed by some sinister reportes, or slaundersous speeches, had imagined such causelesse mischief: yet when time should pacifie his anger, and try those talebearers but flattering Parasites, then he would count him as a faithfull servaunt, that with such care had kept his maisters credit. Egistus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his tale, but a quaking feare possessed all his limmes, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that Franion did but shaddow his craft with these false colours: wherefore he began to waxe in choller, and sayd that he doubted not Pandosto, sith he was his friend, and there had never as yet bene any breach of amitie: he had not sought to invade his lands, to conspire with his enemies, to dissuade his subjectes from their allegiance: but in word and thought he rested his at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should moove Pandosto to seeke his death, but suspected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians to bring the King and him at oddes.

[Para. 8] Franion staying him in the midst of his talke, told him that to dally with Princes was with the swannes to sing agaynst their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any such secret mischief, it might have bene better brought to passe then by revealing the conspiracie:

therefore his Majestie did ill to misconstrue of his good meaning, sith his intent was to hinder treason, not to become a traytor; and to confirme his premises, if it please his Majestie to fly into Sycilia for the safegard of his life, he would goe with him: and if then he found not such a practise to be pretended, let his imagined trecherie be repayed with most monstrous torments.

[Para. 9] Egistus hearing the solemne protestation of Franion, began to consider, that in love and kingdomes, neither faith, nor lawe is to bee respected: doubting that Pandosto thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy warre to invade Sycilia. These and such doubtess thoroughly weighed, he gave great thanks to Franion, promising if hee might with life returne to Syracuse, that hee would create him a Duke in Sycilia, craving his counsell how he might escape out of the countrey. Franion, who having some small skill in Navigation, was well acquainted with the Ports and Havens, and knew every daunger in the Sea, joyning in counsell with the Maister of Egistus Navie, rigged all their ships, and setting them afloate, let them lye at anker, to be in the more readinesse when time and winde should serve.

[Para. 10] Fortune although blind, yet by chaunce favoring this just cause, sent them within six dayes a good gale of wind; which Franion seeing fit for their purpose, to put Pandosto out of suspition, the night before they should sayle, he went to him and promised, that the next day he would put the device in practise, for he had got such a forcible poyson, as the very smell thereof should procure sodaine death. Pandosto was joyfull to heare this good newes, and thought every houre a day till he might be glutted with bloody revenge, but his suit had but ill successe: for Egistus fearing that delay might breede daunger, and willing that the grasse should not be cut from under his feete, taking bagge and baggage, with the helpe of Franion, conveyed himself and his men out of a posterne gate of the Citie so secretly and speedely that without any suspition they got to the sea shoare, where, with many a bitter curse taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard. Weighing their Ancres and hoysting sayle, they passed as fast as winde and sea would permit towards Sycilia; Egistus being a joyfull man that he had safely past such trecherous perils.

[Para. 11] But as they were quietly floating on the sea, so Pandosto and his Citizens were in an uprore: for seeing that the Sycilians without taking their leave were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared some treason, and King thought that without question his suspition was true, seeing his Cup-bearer had bewrayed the summe of his secret pretence: whereupon he began to imagine, that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection she bare him, was the onely meanes of his secret departure, in so much that, incensed with rage, he commaunded that his wife should be carried to straight prison, untill they heard further of his pleasure.

[Para. 12] The garde unwilling to lay their hands on such a vertuous Princesse, and yet fearing the kings furie, went very sorrowfully to fulfill their charge. Comming to the Queenes lodging, they found her playing with her young sonne Garinter, unto whom with teares doing the message, Bellaria astonished at such a hard censure, and finding her cleare conscience a sure advocate to pleade in her case, went to the prison most willingly: where with sighs and teares she past away the time till she might come to her triall.

[Para. 13] But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage, and whose unbridled folly was incensed with furie: seeing Franion had bewrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might well be rayled on, but not revenged, determined to wreake all his wrath on poore Bellaria. He therefore caused a generall Proclamation to be made through all his Realme, that the Queene

and Egistus had by the helpe of Franion, not onely committed most incestuous adulterie, but also had conspired the Kings death: wherupon the traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the cuntry, although the vertuous disposition of the Queene did halfe discredit the contents, yet the sodaine and speedie passage of Egistus, and the secret departure of Franion, induced them (the circumstances thoroughly considered) to thinke that both the Proclamation was true, and the King greatly injured: yet they pitied her case, as sorowful that so good a Ladie should be crossed with such adverse Fortune.

[Para. 14] But the King, whose restlesse rage would admit no pity, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his wifes falshood with the bitter plague of pinching penurie, yet his minde should never be gluted with revenge, till he might have fit time and oportunitie to repay the treacherie [of], Egistus with a fatall injurie. But a curst Cow hath oft times short hornes, and a willing mind but a weake arm: for Pandosto although he felt that revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envie alwayes proffereth steele, yet he saw, that Egistus was not onely of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many Kings of his alliance to ayde him, if neede should serve: for he married to the Emperours daughter of Russia. These and the like considerations something daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injurie with peace, than hunt after revenge with dishonor and losse; determining since Egistus had escaped scot-free, that Bellaria should pay for all at an unreasonable price.

[Para. 15] Remayning thus resolute in his determination, Bellaria continuing still in prison, and hearing the contents of the Proclamation, knowing that her mind was never touched with such affection, nor that Egistus had ever offered her such discourtesie, would gladly have come to her answer, that both she might have knowne her unjust accusers, and cleared her selfe of that guiltlesse crime.

[Para. 16] But Pandosto was so enflamed with rage, and infected with Jealousie, as he would not vouchsafe to heare her nor admit any just excuse, so that she was faine to make a vertue of her neede, and with patience to beare these heavie injuries. As thus she lay crossed with calamities (a great cause to increase her griefe) she found her selfe quicke with childe: which assoone as she felt stir in her bodie, she burst foorth into bitter teares, exclaiming against fortune in these tearmes.

[Para. 17] Alas, Bellaria, how infortunate art thou, because fortunat! better hadst thou bene borne a begger than a Prince: so shouldest thou have bridled Fortune with want, where now shee sporteth her selfe with thy plentie. Ah happy life where poore thoughts, and meane desires live in secure content, not fearing Fortune because too low for Fortune! Thou seest now Bellaria, that care is a companion to honor, not to povertie, that high caedars are frushed with tempests, when low shrubs are not toucht with the wind: pretious Diamonds are cut with the file, when despised peables lie safe in the sand: Delphos is sought to by Princes, not beggers: and Fortunes altars smoke with Kings presents, not with poore mens gifts. Happy are such, Bellaria, that curse Fortune for contempt, not fear, and may wish they were, not sorrow they have bene. Thou art a Princesse, Bellaria, and yet a prisoner, borne to the one by discent, assigned to the other by despite: accused without cause, and therefore oughtest to die without care: for patience is a shield against Fortune, and a guiltlesse minde yeeldeth not to sorow. Ah, but Infamie galleth unto death, and liveth after death: Report is plumed with times feathers, and Envie oftentimes soundeth Fames trumpet: thy suspected adulterie shall fly in the ayre, and thy knowne vertues shall ly hid in the Earth; one Moale stayneth a whole face, and what is once

spotted with Infamy can hardly be worne out with time. Die then Bellaria, Bellaria die! for if the Gods should say thou art guiltlesse, yet envie would heare the Gods, but never beleeeve the Gods. h haplesse wretch, cease these tearmes: desperat thoughts are fit for them that feare shame, not for such as hope for credite. Pandosto hath darkned thy fame, but shal never discredite thy vertues. Suspition may enter a false action, but prooffe shall never put in his plea: care not then for envie, sith report hath a blister on her tongue: and let sorrow baite them which offend, not touch thee that art faultlesse. But alas, poore soule, howe canst thou but sorrow? Thou art with child, and by him that in steed of kind pitie, pincheth thee in cold prison.

[Para. 18] And with that, such gasping sighes so stopping her breath, that she could not utter mo words, but wringing her hands, and gushing forth streames of tears, shee passed away the time with bitter complaints. The Jaylor pitying these her heavie passions, thinking that if the king knew she were with child, he would somewhat appease his furie, and release her from prison, went in all hast, and certified Pandosto what the effect of Bellarias complaint was: who no sooner heard the Jaylor say she was with child, but as one possessed with a phrenzie, he rose up in a rage, swearing that she and the basterd brat she was withall should dye, if the Gods themselves said no; thinking assuredly by computation of time, that Egistus, and not he, was father to the child.

[Para. 19] This suspicious thought galled afresh this halfe healed sore, in so much as he could take no rest, until he might mitigate his choler with a just revenge, which happened presently after. For Bellaria was brought to bed of a faire and beautifull daughter, which no sooner Pandosto heard, but he determined that both Bellaria and the yong infant should be burnt with fire.

[Para. 20] His Nobles, hearing of the Kings cruell sentence, sought by perswasions to divert him from this bloody determination: laying before his face the innocencie of the child, and vertuous disposition of his wife, how she had continually loved and honored him so tenderly, that without due proof he could not, nor ought not to appeach her of that crime. And if she had faulted, yet it were more honorable to pardon with mercy, then to punish with extremity, and more Kingly, to be commended of pity, than accused of rigor. And as for the child, if he should punish it for the mothers offence, it were to strive against nature and justice: and that unnatural actions do more offend the Gods then men: how causelesse crueltie, nor innocent blood never scapes without revenge.

[Para. 21] These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that Bellaria beeing an adulteresse, the child was a bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous brat should call him father. Yet at last (seeing his noble men were importunate upon him) he was content to spare the childs life, and yet to put it to a worsere death. For he found out this devise, that seeing (as he thought) it came by Fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of Fortune, and therefore he caused a little cock-boate to be provided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then send it to the mercie of the seas, and the destinies.

[Para. 22] From this his Peeres in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his Gard to fetch the child, who being come to the prison, and with weeping teares recounting their maisters message: Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her mercilesse husband, but she fell downe in a swound, so that all thought she had bin dead, yet at last being come to her selfe, she cried and scried out in this wise.

[Para. 23] Alas, sweete infortunate babe, scarce borne before envied by fortune: would the day of thy birth had bin the tearme of thy life! then shouldest thou have made an end to care and prevented by fathers rigor. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hatefull revenge, thy dayes are too short for so sharpe a doome, but thy untimely death must pay thy mothers debtes, and her guiltlesse crime must be thy gastly curse. And shalt thou, sweete babe, be committed to fortune, when thou art already spighted by Fortune? Shall the seas be thy harbour, and the hard boate thy cradle? Shall thy tender Mouth, in steede of sweete kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy Lullabie, and the salt sea fome in steede of sweete milke? Alas, what destinies would assigne such hard hap? What father would be so cruell? Or what Gods will not revenge such rigor? Let me kisse thy lips (sweet Infant) and wet thy tender cheekes with my teares, and put this chaine about thy litle necke, that if fortune save thee, it may helpe to succour thee. Thus, since thou must goe to surge in the gastfull seas, with a sorrowfull kisse I bid thee farewell, and I pray the Gods thou mayst fare well.

[Para. 24] Such, and so great was her grieve, that her vital spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell downe in a traunce, having her sences so sotted with care, that after she was revived, yet she lost her memorie, and lay for a great time without moving, as one in a traunce. The gard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the King, who quite devoide of pity commanded that without delay it should bee put in the boat, having neither saile nor rudder to guid it, and so to bee carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very shipmen, seeing the sweete countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the King of rigor, and to pity the childs hard fortune: but feare constrayned them to that which their nature did abhorre: so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few green bows made a homely cabben to shrowd it as they could from wind and weather: having thus trimmed the boat they tied it to a ship, and so haled it into the mayne Sea, and then cut in sunder the coarde, which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little Boate so vehemently in the waves, that the shipmen thought it could not long continue without sincking, yea the storme grewe so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shoare.

[Para. 25] But leaving the Childe to her fortunes. Againe to Pandosto, who not yet glutted with sufficient revenge, devised which way he should best increase his Wives calamitie. But first assembling his Nobles and Counsellors, hee called her for the more reproach into open Court, where it was objected against her, that she had committed adulterie with Egistus, and conspired with Franion to poyson Pandosto her husband, but their pretence being partely spyed, shee counselled them to flie away by night for their better safety. Bellaria, who standing like a prisoner at the Barre, feeling in her selfe a cleare Conscience to withstand her false accusers: seeing that no lesse then death could pacifie her husbands wrath, waxed bolde, and desired that she might have Lawe and Justice, for mercy shee neyther craved nor hoped for; and that those perjured wretches, which had falsely accused her to the King, might be brought before her face, to give in evidence.

[Para. 26] But Pandosto, whose rage and Jealousie was such, no reason, nor equitie could appease: tolde her, that for her accusers they were of such credite, as their wordes were sufficient witnesse, and that the sodaine and secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed: and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault: but her stale countenance should stand for no coyne, for as the Bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruell death be requited. Bellaria no whit dismayed with this

rough reply, tolde her Husband Pandosto, that he spoke upon choller, and not conscience: for her vertuous life had beene ever such, as no spot of suspition could ever staine. And if she had borne a friendly countenance to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friende, and not for any lusting affection: therefore if she were condemned without any further prooffe, it was rigour, and not Law.

[Para. 27] The noble men which sate in judgment, said that Bellaria spake reason, and intreated the king that the accusers might be openly examined, and sworne, and if then the evidence were such, as the Jury might finde her guilty (for seeing she was a Prince she ought to be tryed by her peeres), then let her have such punishment as the extremitie of the Law will assigne to such malefactors. The king presently made answeare, that in this case he might, and would, dispence with the Law, and that the Jury being once panneld, they should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The noble men seeing the king in choler were all whist, but Bellaria, whose life then hung in the ballaunce, fearing more perpetuall infamie then momentarie death, tolde the king, if his furie might stand for a Law, that it were vaine to have the Jury yeeld their verdict; and therefore she fell downe upon her knees, and desired the king that for the love he bare to his young sonne Garinter, whome she brought into the world, that hee would graunt her a request, which was this, that it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noble men whome he best trusted, to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson with Franion: and if the God Apollo, who by his devine essence knew al secrets, gave answeare that she was guiltie, she were content to suffer any torment, were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable, that Pandosto could not for shame deny it, unlesse he would bee counted of all his subjects more wilfull then wise. He therefore agreed, that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine Embassadors dispatched to the Ile of Delphos; and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison.

[Para. 28] Bellaria having obtained this graunt was now more carefull for her little babe that floated on the Seas, then sorrowful for her owne mishap. For of that she doubted: of her selfe she was assured, knowing if Apollo should give Oracle according to the thoughts of the hart, yet the sentence should goe on her side, such was the clearnes of her minde in this case. But Pandosto (whose suspitious heade still remained in one song) chose out six of his Nobility, whom hee knew were scarce indifferent men in the Queenes behalfe, and providing all things fit for their journey, sent them to Delphos. They willing to fulfill the Kinges commaund, and desirous to see the situation and custome of the lland, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage, which (the wind and weather serving fit for their purpose) was soone ended. For within three weekes they arrived at Delphos, where they were no sooner set on lande, but with great devotion they went to the Temple of Apollo, and there offring sacrifice to the GOD, and giftes to the Priest, as the custome was, they had not long kneeled at the Altar, but Apollo with a loude voice said: Bohemians, what you finde behinde the Alter take and depart. They forthwith obeying the Oracle founde a scroule of parchment, wherein was written these words in letters of Golde, --

[Para. 29] The Oracle.

Suspition is no prooffe: Jealousie is an unequall judge: Bellaria is chast: Egistus blameless: Franion a true subject: Pandosto threacherous: his babe an innocent, and the King shall live without an heire: if that which is lost be not founde.

[Para. 30] As soone as they had taken out this scroule, the Priest of the God commaunded them that they should not presume to read it, before they came in the presence of Pandosto: unlesse they would incurre the displeasure of Apollo. The Bohemian Lords carefully obeying his commaund, taking their leave of the Priest, with great reverence departed out of the Temple, and went to their ships, and assoone as winde would permit them, sailed toward Bohemia, whither in short time they safely arrived, and with great tryumph issuing out of their Ships went to the Kinges pallace, whom they found in his chamber accompanied with other Noble men: Pandosto no sooner saw them, but with a merrie countenance he welcomed them home, asking what newes: they told his Majestie that they had received an aunswere of the God written in a scroule, but with this charge, that they should not read the contents before they came into the presence of the King, and with that they delivered him the parchment: but his Noble men entreated him that sith therein was containd either the safetie of his Wives life, and honesty, or her death, and perpetuall infamy, that he would have his Nobles and Commons assembled in the judgement Hall, where the Queene be brought in as prysoner should heare the contents: if shee were found guilty by the Oracle of the God, then all should have cause to thinke his rigour proceeded of due desert: if her Grace were found faultlesse, then shee should bee cleared before all, sith she had bene accused openly. This pleased the King so, that he appointed the day, and assembled al his Lords and Commons, and caused the Queene to be brought in before the Judgement seat, commaunding that the inditement shoulde bee read, wherein she was accused of adultery with Egistus, and of conspiracy with Franion: Bellaria hearing the contentes, was no whit astonished, but made this cheereful aunswer:

[Para. 31] If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spiteful discredit. For although lying Report hath sought to appeach mine honor, and Suspition hath intended to soyle my credit with infamie: yet where Vertue keepeth the Forte, Report and Suspition may assayle, but never sack: how I have led my life before Egistus comming, I appeale Pandosto to the Gods and to thy conscience. What hath past betwixt him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale: that I loved Egistus I can not denie: that I honored him I shame not to confesse: to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope my selfe to be found without spot: for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not privie to his departure, and that this is true which I have heere rehearsed, I referre myself to the devine Oracle.

[Para. 32] Bellaria had no sooner sayd, but the King commaunded that one of his Dukes should reade the contents of the scroule: which after the Commons had heard, they gave a great showt, rejoycing and clapping their hands that the Queene was cleare of that false accusation: but the king whose conscience was a witnesse against him of his witlesse furie, and false suspected Jealousie, was so ashamed of his rashe folly, that he entreated his nobles to perswade Bellaria to forgive, and forget these injuries: promising not onely to shew himselfe a loyall and loving husband, but also to reconcile himselfe to Egistus, and Franion: revealing then before them all the cause of their secrete flighte, and how treacherously hee thought to have practised his death, if the good minde of his Cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was worde brought him that his young sonne Garinter was sodainly dead, which newes so soone as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreame joy, and now suppressed with heavie sorrowe, her vital spirites were so stopped, that she fell downe presently dead, and could never be revived.

[Para. 33] This sodaine sight so appalled the Kings Sences, that he sancke from his seat in a swoound, so as he was fayne to be carried by his nobles to his Pallace, where hee lay by the space of three dayes without speache: his commons were as men in dispaire, so diversely distressed: there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout al Bohemia: their young Prince dead, their vertuous Queene bereaved of her life, and their King and Sovereigne to great hazard: this tragicall discourse of fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadowes, not men; yet somewhat to comfort their heavie hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himselfe, and had recovered his speache, who as in a fury brayed out these bitter speeches:

[Para. 34] O miserable Pandosto, what surer wnesse then conscience? what thoughts more sower then suspition? What plague more bad then Jealousie? Unnaturall actions offend the Gods more then men, and causelesse crueltie never scapes without revenge. I have committed such a bloody fact, as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah Jealousie, a hell to the minde, and a horror in the conscience, suppressing reason, and inciting rage: a worse passion then phrenzie, a greater plague than madnesse. Are the Gods just? Then let them revenge such brutishe crueltie: my innocent Babe I have drowned in the Seas; my loving wife I have slaine with slaundersous suspition; my trusty friend I have sought to betray, and yet the Gods are slacke to plague such offences. Ah unjust Apollo, Pandosto is the man that hath committed the fault: why should Garinter, seely childe, abide the paine? Well, sith the Gods meane to prolong my dayes, to increase my dolour, I will offer my guiltie blood a sacrifice to those sackles soules, whose lives are lost by my rigorous folly.

[Para. 35] And with that he reached at a Rapier, to have murdered himselfe, but his Peeres being present, stayed him from such a bloody acte: perswading him to think, that the Commonwealth consisted on his safetie, and that those sheepe could not but perish, that wanted a sheeheard; wishing that if hee would not live for himselfe, yet he should have care of his subjects, and to put such fancies out of his minde, sith in sores past help, salves do not heale, but hurt: and in things past cure, care is a corrosive: with these and such like perswasions the Kinge was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his minde: so that assoone as he could goe abroad, hee caused his wife to be embalmed, and wrapt in lead with her young sonne Garinter: erecting a rich and famous Sepulchre, wherein hee intombed them both, making such solemne obsequies at her funeral, as al Bohemia as all Bohemia might perceive he did greatly repent him of his forepassed folly, causing this epitaph to be ingraven on her Tombe in letters of Golde.

[Para. 36] THE EPITAPH

HERE LYES ENTOMBDE BELLARIA FAIRE, ACCUSED TO BE UNCHASTE BY APOLLOS
SACRED DOOME, SLAINE BY JEALOUSIE AT LAST. ERE THOU BE THAT PASSEST BY, HIM,
THAT CAUSDE THIS QUEENE TO DIE.

[Para. 37] This epitaph being engraven, Pandosto would once a day repaire to the Tombe, and there with watry plaintes bewaile his misfortune; coveting no other companion but sorrowe, nor no other harmonie, but repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous passion, at last let us come to shewe the tragicall discourse of the young infant.

[Para. 38] Who being tossed with Winde, and Wave, floated two whole days without succour, readie at every puffe to be drowned in the Sea, till at last the Tempest ceased and the little boate was driven with the tyde into the Coast of Sycilia, where sticking uppon the sandes it

rested. Fortune minding to be wanton, willing to shewe that as she hath wrinkles on her browes, so shee hath dimples in her cheekes, thought after so many sower lookes, to lend a fayned smile, and after a puffing storme, to bring a pretty calme: shee began thus to dally. It fortun'd a poore mercenary Sheepeheard, that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert, that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the Wolves or Eagles had undone him (for hee was so poore, as a sheepe was halfe his substance), wandered downe toward the Sea cliffes, to see if perchaunce the sheepe was browsing on the sea Ivy, whereon they greatly doe feede, but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke, hee heard a child crie; but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleatyng of his Sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the Sea, he spyed a little boate, from whence as he attentively listened, he might heare the cry to come: standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shoare, and wading to the boate, as he looked in, he saw a little babe lying al alone, ready to die for hunger and colde, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet, richely imbrodered with Golde, and having a chayne about the necke.

[Para. 39] The Sheepeheard, who before had never seene so faire a Babe, nor so riche Jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little God, and began with great devocion to knock on his breast. The Babe, who wrythed with the head, to seeke for the pap, began againe to cry afresh, whereby the poore man knew that it was a Childe, which by some sinister meanes was driven thither by distresse of weather; marvailing how such a seely infant, which by the Mantle, and the Chayne, could not be but borne of Noble Parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poore sheepeheard perplexed thus with divers thoughts, tooke pittie of the childe, and determined with himselfe to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought up, according to the worthinesse of birth; for his ability coulde not afforde to foster it, though his goode minde was willing to further it.

[Para. 40] Taking therefore the Childe in his armes, as he foulded the mantle together, the better to defend it from colde, there fell downe at his foote a very faire and riche purse, wherein he founde a great summe of golde, which sight so revived the shepherds spirits, as he was greatly ravished with joy, and daunted with feare: Joyfull to see such a summe in his power, and feareful if it should be knowne, that it might breede his further daunger. Necessitie wisht him at the least, to retaine the Golde, though he would not keepe the childe: the simplicity of his conscience scared him from such deceitfull briberie. Thus was the poore manne perplexed with a doubtfull Dilemma, until at last the covetousnesse of the coyne overcame him: for what will not the greedy desire of Golde cause a man to doe? So that he was resolved in himselfe to foster the child, and with the summe to relieve his want: resting thus resolute in this point he left seeking of his sheepe, and as covertly, and secretly as he coulde, went a by way to his house, least any of his neighbours should perceive his carriage: as soone as he was got home, entring in at the doore, the childe began to crie, which his wife hearing, and seeing her husband with a yong babe in armes, began to bee somewhat jelousse, yet marveiling that her husband should be so wanton abroad, sith he was so quiet at home: but as women are naturally given to beleieve the worste, so his wife thinking it was some bastard, beganne to crowe against her goodman, and taking up a cudgel (for the most maister went breechles) sware solemnly that shee would make clubs trumps, if hee brought any bastard brat within her dores. The goodman, seeing his wife in her majestie with her mace in her hand, thought it was time to bowe for feare of blowes, and desired her to be quiet, for there was non such matter; but if she could holde her peace, they were made for ever: and with that he told her the whole matter, how he had found

the childe in a little boat, without any succour, wrapped in that costly mantle, and having that rich chaine about the neck: but at last when he shewed her the purse full of gold, she began to simper something sweetely, and taking her husband about the neck, kissed him after her homely fashion: saying that she hoped God had seene their want, and now ment to relieeve their poverty, and seeing they could get no children, had sent them this little babe to be their heire. Take heede in any case (quoth the shepherd) that you be secret, and blabbe it not out when you meete with your gossippes, for if you doe, we are like not only to loose the Golde and Jewels, but our other goodes and lives. Tush (quoth his wife), profit is a good hatch before the doore: feare not, I have other things to talke of then of this; but I pray you let us lay up the money surely, and the Jewels, least by any mishap it be spied.

[Para. 41] After that they had set all things in order, the shepheard went to his sheepe with a merry note, and the good wife learned to sing lullaby at home with her yong babe, wrapping it in a homely blanket in sted of a rich mantle; nourishing it so clenly and carefully as it began to bee a jolly girle, insomuch as they began both of them to be very fond of it, seeing, as it waxed in age, so it increased in beauty. The shepheard every night at his comming home, would sing and daunce it on his knee, and prattle, that in a short time it began to speake, and call him Dad, and her Mam: at last when it grew to ripe yeeres, that it was about seven yeares olde, the shepheard left keeping of other mens sheepe, and with the money he found in the purse, he bought him the lease of a pretty farme, and got a smal flocke of sheepe, which when Fawnia (for so they named the child) came to the age of ten yeres, hee set her to keepe, and shee with such diligence performed her charge as the sheepe prospered marveilously under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had been her father, and Mopsa her mother, (for so was the shepheard and his wife called) honoured and obeyed them with such reverence, that all the neighbours praised the duetifull obedience of the child. Porrus grewe in a short time to bee a man of some wealth, and credite, for fortune so favoured him in having no charge but Fawnia, that he began to purchase land, intending after his death to give it to his daughter; so that diverse rich farmers sonnes came as wooers to his house: for Fawnia was something clenly attired, beeing of such singular beautie and excellent witte, that those whoso sawe her, would have thought shee had bene some heavenly nymph, and not a mortal creature: in so much, that when she came to the age of sixteene yeeres, shee so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and minde, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was borne of some high parentage; but the people thinking she was daughter to the shephard Porrus, rested only amazed at hir beauty and wit; yea she won such favour and commendations in every mans eye, as her beautie was not only prayed in the countrey, but also spoken of in the Court: yet such was her submissee modestie, that although her praise daily increased, her mind was no whit puffed up with pride, but humbled her selfe as became a country mayde and the daughter of a poore shepheard. Every day she went forth with her sheepe to the field, keeping them with such care and diligence, as al men thought she was verie painfull, defending her face from the heat of the sunne with no other vail, but with a garland made of bowes and flowers; which attire became her so gallantly, as shee seemed to bee the Goddess Floria her selfe for beauty.

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Pandosto by Robert Greene, 1588

Original Spelling. From the First Quarto of 1588.

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Items defined in the glossary are underlined.

Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

Pandosto. the Triumph of Time. PART 2

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[Para. 42] Fortune, who al this while had shewed a frendly face, began now to turne her back, and to shewe a lowring countenance, intending as she had given Fawnia a slender checke, so she would give her a harder mate: to bring which to passe, she layd her traine on this wise. Egistus had but one only son called Dorastus, about the age of twenty yeeres, a prince so decked and adorned with the gifts of nature: so fraught with beauty and vertuous qualities, as not onely his father joyed to have so good a sonne, and al his commons rejoyced that God had lent them such a noble Prince to succeede in the Kingdom. Egistus placing al his joy in the perfection of his sonne: seeing that he was now marriage-able, sent Embassadors to the king of Denmarke, to intreate a mariage betweene him and his daughter, who willingly consenting, made answer, that the next spring, if it please Egistus with his sonne to come into Denmarke, hee doubted not but they should agree upon reasonable conditions. Egistus resting satisfied with this friendly answer, thought convenient in the meane time to breake with his sonne: finding therefore on a day fit oportunity, he spake to him in these fatherly tearmes:

[Para. 43] Dorastus, thy youth warneth me to prevent the worst, and mine age to provide the best. Opportunities neglected are signes of folly: actions measured by time, are seldome bitten with repentance: thou art young, and I olde: age hath taught me that, which thy youth cannot yet conceive. I therefore will counsell thee as a father, hoping thou wilt obey as a childe. Thou seest my white hayres are blossomes for the grave, and thy freshe colour fruite for time and fortune, so that it behooveth me to thinke how to dye, and for thee to care how to live. My crowne I must leave by death, and thou enjoy my Kingdome by succession, wherein I hope thy vertue and prowesse shall bee such, as though my subjectes want my person, yet they shall see in thee my perfection. That nothing either may faile to satisfie thy minde, or increase thy dignities, the onely care I have, is to see thee well married before I die, and thou become olde.

[Para. 44] Dorastus, who from his infancy, delighted rather to die with Mars in the Fielde then to dally with Venus in the Chamber, fearing to displease his father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reverent answer.

[Para. 45] Sir, there is no greater bond then duetie, nor no straiter law then nature: disobedience in youth is often galled with despight in age. The commaund of the father ought to be a constraint to the childe: so parentes willes are laws: so they passe not all laws: may it please your Grace therefore to appoint whome I shall love, rather then by deniall I should be appeached of disobedience: I rest content to love, though it bee the only thing I hate.

[Para. 46] Egistus hearing his sonne to flie so farre from the marke, began to be somewhat chollericke, and therefore made him his hasty aunswere.

[Para. 47] What Dorastus canst thou not love? Commeth this cynicall passion of prone desires, or peevish frowardnesse? What durst thou think thy selfe to[o] good for all, or none good enough for thee? I tell thee, Dorastus, there is nothing sweeter then youth, nor swifter decreasing, while it is increasing. Time past with folly may bee repented, but not recalled. If thou marrie in age, thy wives fresh coulours will breede in thee dead thoughtes and suspition, and thy white hayres her lothesomnesse and sorrowe. For Venus affections are not fed with Kingdomes, or treasures, but with youthfull conceits and sweet amours. Vulcan was allotted to shake the tree, but Mars allowed to reape the fruite. Yeelde Dorastus to thy Fathers perswasions, which may prevent thy perils. I have chosen thee a Wife, faire by nature, royall by birth, by vertues famous, learned by education, and rich by possessions, so that it is hard to judge whether her bounty, or fortune, her beauty, or vertue bee of greater force: I mean, Dorastus, Euphrania, daughter and heire to the King of Denmarke.

[Para. 48] Egistus pausing here a while, looking when his son should make him answer, and seeing that he stoode still as one in a trance, he shooke him up thus sharply.

[Para. 49] Well Dorastus take heede, the tree Alpya wasteth not with fire, but withereth with the dewe: that which love nourisheth not, perisheth with hate: if thou like Euphrania, thou breedest my content, and in loving her thou shalt have my love, otherwise -- and with that hee flung from his sonne in a rage, leaving him a sorrowfull man, in that he had by deniall displeased his Father, and halfe angrie with him selfe that hee could not yeelde to that passion, whereto both reason and his Father perswaded him: but see how fortune is plumed with times feathers, and how shee can minister strange causes to breede straunge effects.

[Para. 50] It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the Farmers Daughters in Sycilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistres of the feast, who having attired her selfe in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting: there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use. As the evening grew on, and their sportes ceased, ech taking their leave at other, Fawnia desiring one of her companions to beare her companie, went home by the flocke, to see if they were well folded, and as they returned, it fortuned that Dorastus (who all that daye had bene hawking, and kilde store of game) incountred by the way these two mayds, and casting his eye sodenly on Fawnia, he was halfe afraid, fearing that with Acteon he had seene Diana; for hee thought such exquisite perfection could not be founde in any mortall creature. As thus he stood in a maze, one of his Pages told him, that the maide with the garland on her heade was Fawnia, the faire shepherd, whose beauty was so much talked of in the Court. Dorastus desirous to see if nature had adorned her minde with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how she had bin trained up, who answered him with such modest reverence and sharpnesse of witte, that Dorastus thought her outward beautie was but a counterfai to darken her inward qualities, wondring how so courtly behaviour could be found in so simple a cottage and cursing fortune that had shadowed wit and beauty with such hard fortune. As thus he held her a long while with chat, Beauty seeing him at discover, thought not to lose the vantage, but strooke him so deeply with an invenomed shafte, as he wholly lost his libertie, and became a slave to Love, which before contemned love, glad now to gaze on a poore shepherd, who before refused the offer of a riche Princesse; for the perfection of Fawnia had so fired his fancie as he felt his minde greatly chaunged, and his affections altered, cursing Love that had wrought such a chaunge, and blaming the basenesse of his mind, that would make such a choice: but thinking these were but passionat toies that might be thrust out at pleasure, to avoid the Syren that inchaunted him, he put spurs to his horse, and bad the faire shepherd farewell.

[Para. 51] Fawnia (who al this while had marked the princely gesture of Dorastus) seeing his face so wel featured, and each lim so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his perfection, commending him so long, til she found her selfe faultie, and perceived that if she waded but a little further, she might slippe over her shooes: shee therefore seeking to quench that fire which never was put out, went home, and faining her selfe not well at ease, got her to bed: where casting a thousand thoughts in her head, she could take no rest: for if she waked, she began to call to minde his beautie, and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleepe, she then dreamed of his perfection: pestered thus with these unacquainted passions, she passed the night as she could in short slumbers.

[Para. 52] Dorastus (who all this while rode with a flea in his eare) could not by any meanes forget the sweete favour of Fawnia, but rested so bewitched with her wit and beauty, as hee could take no rest. He felt fancy to give the assault, and his wounded mind readie to yeeld as vanquished: yet he began with divers considerations to suppress this frantick affection, calling to minde, that Fawnia was a shepherd, one not worthy to bee looked at of a Prince, much less to bee loved of such a potentate, thinking what a discredite it were to himself, and what a grief it would be to his father, blaming fortune and accusing his owne follie, that should bee so fond as but once to cast a glance at such a country slut. As thus he was raging against him selfe, Love fearing if shee dallied long, to loose her champion, stept more nigh, and gave him such a fresh wounde as it pearst him at the heart, that he was faine to yeeld, maugre his face, and to forsake the companie and gette him to his chamber: where being solemnly set, hee burst into these passionate tearmes.

[Para. 53] Ah, Dorastus, art thou alone? No, not alone, while thou art tried with these unacquainted passions. Yeld to fancy, thou canst not by thy fathers counsaile, but in a frenzie thou art by just destinies. Thy father were content, if thou couldest love, and thou therefore discontent, because thou doest love. O devine Love, feared of men because honoured of the Gods, not to be suppressed by wisdom, because not to be comprehended by reason: without Lawe, and therefore above all Law. How now, Dorastus, why doest thou blaze that with praises, which thou has cause to blaspheme with curses? Yet why should they curse Love that are in Love? Blush Dorastus at thy fortune, thy choice, thy love: thy thoughts cannot be uttered without shame, nor thy affections without discredit. Ah Fawnia, sweete Fawnia, thy beautie Fawnia. Shamest not thou Dorastus to name one unfitte for thy birth, thy dignities, thy Kingdomes? Dye Dorastus, Dorastus die. Better hadst thou perish with high desires, then live in base thoughts. Yea but, beautie must be obeyed, because it is beauty, yet framed of the Gods to feede the eye, not to fetter the heart. Ah but he that striveth against Love, shooteth with them of Scyrum against the wind, and with the Cockatrice pecketh against the steele. I will therefore obey, because I must obey. Fawnia, yea Fawnia shall be my fortune, in spight of fortune. The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phoebus liked Sibilis, Jupiter Io, and why not I then Fawnia? one something inferiour to these in birth, but farre superiour to them in beautie, borne to be a Shepheard, but worthy to be a Goddess. Ah Dorastus, wilt thou so forget thy selfe as to suffer affections to suppress wisdom, and Love to violate thine honour? How sower will thy choice be to thy Father, sorrowfull to thy Subjects, to thy friends a griefe, most gladsome to thy foes! Subdue then thy affections, and cease to love her whome thou couldst not love, unlesse blinded with too much love. Tushe I talke to the wind, and in seeking to prevent the causes, I further the effectes. I will yet praise Fawnia; honour, yea and love Fawnia, and at this day followe content, not counsaile. Doo Dorastus, thou canst but repent: and with that his Page came into the chamber, whereupon hee ceased from his complaints, hoping that time would weare out that which fortune had wrought. As thus he was pained, so poore Fawnia was diversly perplexed: for the next morning getting up very earely, she went to her sheepe, thinking with hard labours to passe away her new conceived amours, beginning very busily to drive them to the field, and then to shifte the foldes, at last (wearied with toile) she sate her down, where (poore soule) she was more tryed with fond affections: for love beganne to assault her, in so much that as she sate upon the side of a hill, she began to accuse her owne folly in these tearmes.

[Para. 54] Infortunate Fawnia, and therefore infortunate because Fawnia, thy shepherds hooke sheweth thy poore state, thy proud desires an aspiring mind: the one declareth thy want, the other thy pride. No bastard hauke must soare so high as the Hobbie, no Fowle gaze against the Sunne but the Eagle, actions wrought against nature reape despight, and thoughts above Fortune disdaine. Fawnia, thou art a shepheard, daughter to poore Porrus: if thou rest content with this, thou art like to stande, if thou climbe thou art sure to fal. The Herb Anita growing higher then sixe ynche becommeth a weede. Nylus flowing more then twelve cubits procureth a dearth. Daring affections that passe measure, are cut shorte by time or fortune: suppress then Fawnia those thoughts which thou mayest shame to expresse. But ah Fawnia, love is a Lord, who will commaund by power, and constraine by force. Dorastus, ah Dorastus is the man I love, the woorse is thy hap, and the lesse cause hast thou to hope. Will Eagles catch at flyes, will Cedars stoupe to brambles, or mighty Princes looke at such homely trulles? No, no, thinke this, Dorastus disdaine is greater then thy desire, hee is a Prince respecting his honour, thou a beggars brat forgetting thy calling. Cease then not onely to say, but to thinke to love Dorastus,

and dissemble thy love Fawnia, for better it were to dye with griefe, then to live with shame: yet in despite of love I will sigh, to see if I can sigh out love.

[Para. 55] Fawnia somewhat appeasing her griefes with these pithie perswasions, began after her wonted manner to walke about her sheepe, and to keepe them from straying into the corne, suppressing her affection with the due consideration of her base estate, and with the impossibilities of her love, thinking it were frenzy, not fancy, to covet that which the very destinies did deny her to obtaine.

[Para. 56] But Dorastus was more impatient in his passions; for love so fiercely assayed him, that neither companie, nor musicke could mitigate his martirdome, but did rather far more increase his maladie: shame would not let him crave counsaile in this case, nor feare of his Fathers displeasure reveyle it to any secreete friend; but hee was faine to make a Secretarie of himselfe, and to participate his thoughtes with his owne troubled mind. Lingring thus awhile in doubtfull suspence, at last stealing secretly from the court without either men or Page, hee went to see if hee could espie Fawnia walking abroad in the field; but as one having a great deale more skill to retriue the partridge with his spaniels, then to hunt after such a straunge pray, he sought, but was little the better: which crosse lucke drave him into a great choler, that he began to accuse love and fortune. But as he was readie to retire, he sawe Fawnia sitting all alone under the side of a hill, making a garland of such homely flowers as the fields did afoord. This sight so revived his spirites that he drew nigh, with more judgement to take a view of her singular perfection, which hee found to bee such as in that countrey attyre she stained all the courtlie Dames of Sicilia. While thus he stode gazing with pearcing looks on her surpassing beautie, Fawnia cast her eye aside, and spyed Dorastus, which sudden sight made the poore girl to blush, and to die her christal cheeks with a vermilion red; which gave her such a grace, as she seemed farre more beautiful. And with that she rose up, saluting the Prince with such modest curtesies, as he wondred how a country maid could afoord such courtly behaviour. Dorastus, repaying her curtesie with a smiling countenance, began to parlie with her on this manner.

[Para. 57] Faire maide (quoth he) either your want is great, or a shepherds life very sweete, that your delight is in such country labors. I can not conceive what pleasure you should take, unless you meane to imitate the nymphes, being yourself so like a Nymph. To put me out of this doubt, shew me what is to be commended in a shepherdes life, and what pleasures you have to countervaille these drudging labours.

[Para. 58] Fawnia with blushing face made him this ready aunswere. Sir, what richer state then content, or what sweeter life then quiet? we shepherds are not borne to honor, nor beholding unto beautie, the less care we have to feare fame or fortune: we count our attire brave inough if warme inough, and our foode dainty, if to suffice nature: our greatest enemy is the wolfe: our onely care in safe keeping our flock: in stead of courtly ditties we spend the daies with cuntry songs: our amorous conceites are homely thoughtes; delighting as much in talke of Pan and his countrey pranks, as Ladies to tell of Venus and her wanton toyes. Our toyle is in shifting the fouldes, and looking to the Lambes, easie labours: oft singing and telling tales, homely pleasures; our greatest welth not to covet, our honor not to climbe, our quiet not to care. Envie looketh not so lowe as shepherds: Shepherds gaze not so high as ambition: we are rich in that we are poore with content, and proud onely in this, that we have no cause to be proud.

[Para. 59] This wittie aunswer of Fawnia so inflamed Dorastus fancy, as he commended him selfe for making so good a choyce, thinking, if her birth were aunswerable to her wit and beauty, that she were a fitte mate for the most famous Prince in the worlde. He therefore beganne to sifte her more narrowly in this manner.

[Para. 60] Fawnia, I see thou art content with Country labours, because thou knowest not Courtly pleasures: I commend thy wit, and pittie thy want: but wilt thou leave thy Fathers Cottage and serve a Courtlie Mistresse?

[Para. 61] Sir (quoth she) beggars ought not to strive against fortune, nor to gaze after honour, least either their fall be greater, or they become blinde. I am borne to toile for the Court, not in the Court, my nature unfit for their nurture: better live then in meane degree, than in high disdaine.

[Para. 62] Well saide, Fawnia (quoth Dorastus) I gesse at thy thoughts; thou art in love with some Countrey Shepheard.

[Para. 63] No sir (quoth she) shepherds cannot love, that are so simple, and maides may not love that are so young.

[Para. 64] Nay therefore (quoth Dorastus) maides must love, because they are young, for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though olde, is painted with fresh colours.

[Para. 65] I graunt (quoth she) age may be painted with new shadowes, and youth may have imperfect affections; but what arte concealeth in one, ignorance revealeth in the other.

[Para. 66] Dorastus seeing Fawnia held him so harde, thought it was vaine so long to beate about the bush: therefore he thought to have given her a fresh charge: but he was so prevented by certaine of his men, who missing their maister, came posting to seeke him; seeing that he was gone foorth all alone, yet before they drewe so nie that they might heare their talke, he used these speeches.

[Para. 67] Why, Fawnia, perhappes I love thee, and then thou must needes yeelde, for thou knowest I can commaunde and constraîne. Trueth sir (quoth she) but not to love; for constrained love is force, not love: and know this sir, mine honesty is such, as I hadde rather dye then be a concubine even to a King, and my birth is so base as I am unfitte to bee a wife to a poore farmer. Why then (quoth he) thou canst not love Dorastus. Yes saide Fawnia, when Dorastus becomes a shepheard, and with that the presence of his men broke off their parle, so that he went with them to the palace, and left Fawnia sitting still on the hill side, who seeing that the night drewe on, shifted her fouldes, and busied her selfe about other worke to drive away such fond fancies as began to trouble her braine. But all this could not prevaile, for the beautie of Dorastus had made such a deepe impression in her heart, as it could not be worne out without cracking, so that she was forced to blame her owne folly in this wise.

[Para. 68] Ah Fawnia, why doest thou gaze against the Sunne, or catch at the Winde? starres are to be looked at with the eye, not recht at with the hande: thoughtes are to be measured by Fortunes, not by desires: falles come not by sitting low, but by climing too hie: what then shal al feare to fal, because some happe to fall? No luck commeth by lot, and fortune windeth those threedes which the destinies spin. Thou art favored Fawnia of a prince, and yet thou art so fond

to reject desired favours: thou hast deniall at thy tonges end, and desire at thy hearts bottome; a womans fault, to spurne at that with her foote, which she greedily catcheth at with her hand. Thou lovest Dorastus, Fawnia, and yet seemest to lower. Take heede, if hee retire thou wilt repent: for unles hee love, thou canst but dye. Dye then Fawnia: for Dorastus doth but jest: the Lyon never prayeth on the mouse, nor Faulcons stoupe not to dead stales. Sit downe then in sorrow, cease to love, and content thy selfe, that Dorastus will vouchsafe to flatter Fawnia, though not to fancy Fawnia. Heigh ho! Ah foole, it were seemelier for thee to whistle as a Shepheard, then to sigh as a lover. And with that she ceased from these perplexed passions, folding her sheepe, and hying home to her poore Cottage.

[Para. 69] But such was the incessant sorrow of Dorastus to thinke on the witte and beautie of Fawnia, and to see how fond hee was being a Prince: and how froward she was being a beggar, then he began to loose his wonted appetite, to looke pale and wan; instead of mirth, to feede on melancholy: for courtly daunces to use cold dumpes: in so much that not onely his owne men, but his father and all the court began to marvaile at his sudden change, thinking that some lingring sickenes had brought him into this state: wherefore he caused Phisitions to come, but Dorastus either would let them minister, nor so much as suffer them to see his urine: but remained stil so oppressed with these passions, as he feared in him selfe a farther inconvenience. His honor wished him to ceasse from such folly, but Love forced him to follow fancy: yea and in despite of honour, love wonne the conquest, so that his hot desires caused him to find new devises, for hee presently made himselfe a shepherds coate, that he might goe unknowne, and with the lesse suspition to prattle with Fawnia, and conveied it secretly into a thick grove hard joyning to the Pallace, whither finding fit time, and opportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his princely apparel got on those shepherds roabes, and taking a great hooke in his hand (which he had also gotten) he went very anciently to find out the mistres of his affection: but as he went by the way, seeing himselfe clad in such unseemely ragges, he began to smile at his owne folly, and to reprove his fondnesse, in these tearmes.

[Para. 70] Well, said Dorastus, thou keepest a rich decorum, base desires and homely attire: thy thoughtes are fit for none but a shepheard, and thy apparrell such as only become a shepheard. A strange change from a Prince to a pesant! What is it? thy wretched fortune or thy wilful folly? Is it thy cursed destinies? Or thy crooked desires, that appointeth thee this penance? Ah Dorastus thou canst but love, and unlesse thou love, thou art like to perish for love. Yet fond foole, choose flowers, not weedes; Diamondes, not peables; Ladies which may honour thee, not shepherds which may disgrace thee. Venus is painted in silkes, not in ragges; and Cupid treadeth on disdaine, when he reacheth at dignitie. And yet Dorastus, shame not at thy shepherds weede: the heavenly Godes have sometime earthly thoughtes: Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a Bul, Apollo a shepheard: they Gods, and yet in love: and thou a man appointed to love.

[Para. 71] Devising thus with himselfe, he drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was keeping her shepe, who casting her eye aside, and seeing such a manerly shepheard, perfectly limmed, and comming with so good a pace, she began halfe to forget Dorastus, and to favor this prety shepheard, whom she thought shee might both love and obtaine: but as shee was in these thoughtes, she perceived then, that it was the yong prince Dorastus, wherfore she rose up and reverently saluted him. Dorastus taking her by the hand, repaied her curtesie with a sweete kisse, and praying her to sit downe by him, he began thus to lay the batterie.

[Para. 72] If thou marvel Fawnia at my strange attyre, thou wouldest more muse at my unaccustomed thoughtes: the one disgraceth but my outward shape, the other disturbeth my inward sences. I love Fawnia, and therefore what love liketh I cannot mislike. Fawnia, thou hast promised to love, and I hope thou wilt performe no lesse: I have fulfilled thy request, and now thou canst but graunt my desire. Thou wert content to love Dorastus when he ceast to be a Prince, and to become a shepheard, and see I have made the change, and therefore not to misse of my choice.

[Para. 73] Trueth, quoth Fawnia, but all that weare Cooles are not Monkes: painted Eagles are pictures, not Eagles. Zeusis Grapes were like Grapes, yet shadows: rich clothing make not princes: nor homely attyre beggers: shepherds are not called shepherds, because they weare hookes and bagges, but that they are borne poore, and live to keep sheepe: so this attire hath not made Dorastus a shepherd, but to seeme like a shepherd.

[Para. 74] Well Fawnia, answered Dorastus, were I a shepherd, I could not but like thee, and being a prince I am forst to love thee. Take heed Fawnia be not proud of beauties painting, for it is a flower that fadeth in the blossome. Those which disdayne in youth are despised in age: Beauties shadowes are trickt up with times colours, which being set to drie in the sunne are stained with the sunne, scarce pleasing the sight ere they beginne not to be worth the sight, not much unlike the herbe Ephemeron, which flourisheth in the morning and is withered before the sunne setting. If my desire were against lawe, thou mightest justly deny me by reason, but I love thee Fawnia, not to misuse thee as a Concubine, but to use thee as my wife: I can promise no more, and meane to performe no lesse.

[Para. 75] Fawnia hearing this solemne protestation of Dorastus, could no longer withstand the assault, but yeelded up the forte in these friendly tearmes.

[Para. 76] Ah Dorastus, I shame to expresse that thou forcest me with thy sugred speech to confesse: my base birth causeth the one, and thy high dignities the other. Beggars thoughts ought not to reach so far as Kings, and yet my desires reach as high as Princes. I dare not say, Dorastus, I love thee, because I am a shepherd; but the Gods know I have honored Dorastus (pardon if I say amisse) yea and loved Dorastus with such dutiful affection as Fawnia can performe, or Dorastus desire: I yeeld, not overcome with prayers, but with love, resting Dorastus handmaid ready to obey his wil, if no prejudice at all to his honour, nor to my credit.

[Para. 77] Dorastus hearing this freendly conclusion of Fawnia embraced her in his armes, swearing that neither distance, time, or adverse fortune should diminish his affection: but that in despite of the destinies he would remaine loyall unto death. Having thus plight their troath each to each other, seeing they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sycilia, for that Egistus consent would never bee graunted to so meane a match, Dorastus determined, assone as time and opportunitie would give them leave, to provide a great masse of money, and many rich and costly jewels, for the easier cariage, and then to transporte themselves and their treasure into Italy, where they should leade a contented life, until such time as either he could be reconciled to his Father, or else by succession come to the Kingdome. This devise was greatly prayseed of Fawnia, for she feared if the King his father should but heare of the contract, that his furie would be such as no lesse than death would stand for payment: she therefore tould him, that delay bred daunger: that many mishaps did fall out betweene the cup and the lip, and that to avoid danger, it were best with as much speed as might be to pass out of Sycilia, least fortune might prevent their pretence with some newe despite: Dorastus, whom love pricked

forward with desire, promised to dispatch his affaires with as great hast, as either time or opportunitie would geve him leave: and so resting upon this point, after many imbracings and sweete kisses they departed.

[Para. 78] Dorastus having taken his leave of his best beloved Fawnia, went to the Grove where hee had his rich apparel, and there uncasing himself as secretly as might be, hiding up his shepherds attire, till occasion should serve again to use it, he went to the pallace, shewing by his merrie countenance, that either the state of his body was amended, or the ease of his minde greatly redressed: Fawnia poore soule was no less joyful, that being a shepheard, fortune had favoured her so, as to reward her with the love of a Prince, hoping in time to be advanced from the daughter of a poore farmer to be the wife of a riche King: so that she thought every houre a yeere, till by their departure they might prevent danger, not ceasing still to goe every daye to her sheepe, not so much for the care of her flock, as for the desire she had to see her love and Lord Dorastus: who oftentimes, when oportunitie would serve, repaired thither to feede his fancy with the sweet content of Fawnias presence: and although he never went to visit her, but in his shepherds ragges, yet his ofte repaire made him not onely suspected, but knowne to divers of their neighbours: who for the good will they bare to old Porrus, tould him secretly of the matter, wishing him to keepe his daughter at home, least she went so ofte to the field that she brought him home a yong sonne: for they feared that Fawnia being so beautifull, the yong prince would allure her to folly. Porrus was stricken into a dump at these newes, so that thanking his neighbours for their good will he hyed him home to his wife, and calling her aside, wringing his handes and shedding forth teares, he brake the matter to her in these tearmes.

[Para. 79] I am afraid wife, that my daughter Fawnia hath made her selfe so fine, that she will buy repentance too deare. I heare newes, which if they be true, some will wish they had not proved true. It is tould me by my neighbours, that Dorastus the Kings sonne begins to looke at our daughter Fawnia: which if it be so, I will not geve her a halfe-peny for her honestie at the yeeres end. I tell thee wife, nowadaies beauty is a great stale to trap yong men, and faire wordes and sweete promises are two great enemies to a maydens honestie: and thou knowest where poore men entreate, and cannot obtaine, there Princes may commaund, and wil obtaine. Though Kings sonnes daunce in nettes, they may not be seene: but poore mens faultes are spied at a little hole: Well, it is a hard case where Kings lustes are lawes, and that they should binde poore men to that, which they themselves wilfully breake.

[Para. 80] Peace husband (quoth his wife) take heede what you say: speake no more than you should, least you heare what you would not: great streames are to be stopped by sleight, not by force: and princes to be perswaded by submission, not by rigor: doe what you can, but no more than you may, least in saving Fawnias mayden-head, you loose your owne head. Take heede I say, it is ill jesting with edged tooles, and bad sporting with Kinges. The Wolfe had his skinne puld over his eares for but looking into the Lions den. Tush wife (quoth he) thou speakest like a foole. If the King should knowe that Dorastus had begotten our daughter with childe (as I feare it will fall out little better) the Kings furie would be such as no doubt we should both loose our goodes and lives; necessitie therefore hath no lawe, and I will prevent this mischief with a newe devise that is come into my head, which shall neither offend the King, nor displease Dorastus. I meane to take the chaine and the jewels that I found with Fawnia, and carrie them to the King, letting him then to understand how she is none of my daughter, but that I found her beaten up with the water alone in a little boate wrapped in a rich Mantle, wherein was inclosed this treasure. By this meanes I hope the King will take Fawnia into his service, and we whatsoever chaunceth will be blamelesse. This device pleased the good wife very well, so that

they determined assoone as they might know the King at leisure, to make him privie to this case.

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Pandosto by Robert Greene, 1588

Original Spelling. From the First Quarto of 1588.

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Items defined in the glossary are underlined.

Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

Pandosto. the Triumph of Time. PART 3

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[Para. 81] In the meane time Dorastus was not slacke in his affaires, but applyed his matters with such diligence, that he provided all thinges fitte for their journey. Treasure and Jewels he had gotten great store, thincking there was no better friend than money in a strange countrey: rich attire he had provided for Fawnia, and because he could not bring the matter to passe without the helpe and advice of some one, he made an old servant of his called Capnio, who had served him from his childhood, privie to his affaires: who seeing no perswasions could prevaile to divert him from his settled determination, gave is consent and dealt so secretly in the cause, that within short space hee had gotten a ship ready for their passage: the Mariners seeing a fit gale of winde for that purpose, wished Capnio to make no delayes, least if they pretermitted this good weather, they might stay long ere they had such a fayre winde. Capnio fearing that his negligence should hinder the journey, in the night time conveyed the trunckes

full of treasure into the shippe, and by secrete meanes let Fawnia understand, that the next morning they meant to depart: she upon this newes slept verie little that night, but gotte up very early, and wente to her sheepe, looking every minute when she should see Dorastus, who taried not long, for fear delay might breede daunger, but came as fast as he could gallop, and without any great circumstance took Fawnia up behinde him and rode to the haven, where the shippe lay, which was not three quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there, but the Marriners were readie with their Cockboate to set them aboard, where being coucht together in a Cabben they past away the time in recounting their old loves, til their man Capnio should come.

[Para. 82] Porrus who had heard that this morning the King would go abroad to take the ayre, called in haste to his wife to bring him his holyday hose and his best Jacket, that he might goe like an honest substantiall man to tell his tale. His wife, a good cleanly wenche, brought him all things fitte, and spungd him up very handsomlie, giving him the chaines and Jewels in a little boxe, which Porrus for the more safety put in his bosom. Having thus all his trinkets in a readines, taking his staffe in his hand he bad his wife kisse him for good lucke, and so hee went towards the Pallace. But as he was going, fortune (who meant to shewe him a little false play) prevented his purpose in this wise.

[Para. 83] He met by chaunce in his way Capnio, who trudging as fast as he could with a little coffer under his arme to the ship, and spying Porrus whome he knewe to be Fawnias Father, going towardes the Pallace, being a wylie fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore crost him the way, and askt him whither he was going so earely this morning. Porrus (who knew by his face that he was one of the Court) meaning simply, told him that the Kings son Dorastus dealt hardly with him; for he had but one daughter who was a little beautifull, and that his neighbours told him the young Prince had allured her to folly, he went therefore now to complaine to the King how greatly he was abused.

[Para. 84] Capnio (who straight way smelt the whole matter) began to soothe him in his talke, and said, that Dorastus dealt not like a Prince to spoyle any poore manes daughter in that sort: he therefore would doe the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest man. But (quoth Capnio) you lose your labour in going to the Pallace, for the King meanes this day to take the aire of the Sea, and to goe aboard of a shippe that lies in the haven. I am going before, you see, to provide all things in redinesse, and if you will follow my counsaile, turne back with me to the haven, where I will set you in such a fitte place as you may speake to the King at your pleasure. Porrus giving credit to Capnios smooth tale, gave him a thousand thanks for his friendly advise, and went with him to the haven, making all the way his complaints of Dorastus, yet concealing secretlie the chaine and the Jewels. Assone as they were come to the Sea side, the marriners seeing Capnio, came a land with their cockboate, who still dissembling the matter, demaunded of Porrus if he would go to see the ship? who unwilling and fearing the worst, because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made his excuse that he could not brooke the Sea, therefore would not trouble him.

[Para. 85] Capnio seeing that by faire meanes hee could not get him aboard, commaunded the mariners that by violence they should carrie him into the shippe, who like sturdy knaves hoisted the poore shepheard on their backes, and bearing him to the boate, lanced from the land.

[Para. 86] Porrus seeing himselfe so cunningly betraied durst not crie out, for hee sawe it would not prevaile, but began to intreate Capnio and the mariners to be good to him, and to pittie his estate, hee was but a poore man that lived by his labour: they laughing to see the shepheard so

afraide, made as much haste as they could, and set him aboorde. Porrus was no sooner in the shippe, but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia, yet he scarce knew her: for she had attired her selfe in riche apparell, which so increased her beauty, that shee resembled rather an Angell than a mortall creature.

[Para. 87] Dorastus and Fawnia, were halfe astonished to see the olde shepherd, marvailing greatly what wind had brought him thither, til Capnio told them al the whole discourse: how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the King, if by pollicie he had not prevented him, and therefore now sith he was aboard, for the avoiding of further danger it were best to carrie him into Italy.

[Para. 88] Dorastus praised greatly his mans devise, and allowed of his counsaile; but Fawnia (who stil feared Porrus, as her father) began to blush for shame, that by her meanes he should either incure daunger or displeasure.

[Para. 89] The old shephard hearing this hard sentence, that he should on such a sodaine be caried from his Wife, his country, and kinsfolke, into a forraine Lande amongst straungers, began with bitter teares to make his complaint, and on his knees to intreate Dorastus, that pardoning his unadvised folly he would give him leave to goe home: swearing that hee would keepe all thinges as secret as they could wish. But these protestations could not prevaile, although Fawnia intreated Dorastus very earnestly, but the mariners hoisting their maine sailes waied ankers, and hailed into the deepe, where we leave them to the favour of the wind and seas, and returne to Egistus.

[Para. 90] Who having appointed this day to hunt in one of his Forrests, called for his sonne Dorastus to go sport himselfe, because hee saw that of late hee began to loure; but his men made answer that hee was gone abroade none knew whither, except he were gone to the grove to walke all alone, as his custome was to doe every day.

[Para. 91] The King willing to waken him out of his dumpes, sent one of his men to goe seeke him, but in vaine, for at last he returned, but finde him he could not, so that the King went himselfe to goe see the sport; where passing away the day, returning at night from hunting, hee asked for his sonne, but he could not be heard of, which drave the King into a great choler: whereupon most of his Noblemen and other Courtiers boasted abroad to seek him, but they could not heare of him through all Sicilia, onely they missed Capnio his man, which againe made the King suspect that hee was not gone farre.

[Para. 92] Two or three daies being passed, and no newes heard of Dorastus, Egistus began to feare that he was devoured with some wilde beastes, and upon that made out a great troupe of men to go seeke him; who coasted through all the Country, and searched in everie daungerous and secrete place, untill at last they mette with a Fisherman that was sitting in a little covert hard by the sea side mending his nettes, when Dorastus and Fawnia tooke shipping: who being examined if he either knewe or heard where the Kings Sonne was, without any secrecie at all revealed the whole matter, how he was sayled two dayes past, and had in his company his man Capnio, Porrus and his faire Daughter Fawnia. This heavie newes was presently caryed to the King, who halfe dead for sorrow commaunded Porrus wife to be sent for: she being come to the Pallace, after due examination, confessed that her neighbours had oft told her that the Kings Sonne was too familiar with Fawnia, her Daughter: whereuppon, her husband fearing the worst,

about two dayes past (hearing the King should goe an hunting) rose earely in the morning and went to make his complaint, but since she neither hearde of him, nor saw him.

[Para. 93] Egistus perceiving the womans unfeyned simplicitie, let her depart without incurring further displeasure, conceiving such secret greefe for his Sonnes recklesse follie, that he had so forgotten his honour and parentage, by so base a choise to dishonor his father, and discredit himselfe, that with very care and thought he fel into a quartan fever, which was so unfit for his aged yeeres and complexion, that he became so weake, as the Phisitions would graunt him no life.

[Para. 94] But his sonne Dorastus little regarded either father, countrie, or Kingdome in respect of his Lady Fawnia, for fortune smyling on this young novice, lent him so lucky a gale of winde, for the space of a day and a night, that the maryners lay and slept upon the hatches; but on the next morning about the breake of day, the aire began to be overcast, the winds to rise, the seas to swel, yea presently there arose such a fearfull tempest, as the ship was in danger to be swallowed up with every sea, the maine mast with the violence of the wind was thrown over boord, the sayles were torne, the tacklings went in sunder, the storme raging still so furiously that poore Fawnia was almost dead for feare, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The tempest continued three dayes, al which time the Mariners everie minute looked for death, and the aire was so darkned with cloudes that the Maister could not tell by his compasse in what Coast they were. But upon the fourth day about ten of the clocke, the wind began to cease, the sea to waxe calme, and the sky to be cleare, and the Mariners descryed the coast of Bohemia, shooting of their ordnance for joy that they had escaped such a fearefull tempest.

[Para. 95] Dorastus hearing that they were arrived at some harbour, sweetly kissed Fawnia, and bad her be of good cheere: when they tolde him that the port belonged unto the cheife Cittie of Bohemia where Pandosto kept his Court, Dorastus began to be sad, knowing that his Father hated no man so much as Pandosto, and that the King himself had sought secretly to betray Egistus: this considered, he was halfe afraide to goe on land, but that Capnio counselled him to chaunge his name and his countrey, until such time as they could get some other barke to transport them into Italy. Dorastus liking this devise made his case privy to the Marriners, rewarding them bountifully for their paines, and charging them to saye that he was a Gentleman of Trapalonia called Meleagrus. The shipmen willing to shew what friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could, or hee might wish, and uppon this they landed in a little village a mile distant from the Citie, where after they had rested a day, thinking to make provision for their mariage, the fame of Fawnias beauty was spread throughout all the Citie, so that it came to the eares of Pandosto, who then being about the age of fifty, had notwithstanding yong and freshe affections: so that he desired greatly to see Fawnia, and to bring this matter the better to passe, hearing they had but one man, and how they rested at a very homely house, he caused them to be apprehended as spies, and sent a dozen of his garde to take them: who being come to their lodging, tolde them the Kings message. Dorastus no whit dismayed, accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the court (for they left Porrus to keepe the stuffe) who being admitted to the Kings presence, Dorastus and Fawnia with humble obeysance saluted his majestie.

[Para. 96] Pandosto amazed at the singular perfection of Fawnia, stood halfe astonished, viewing her beauty, so that he had almost forgot himselfe what hee had to doe: at last with stearne countenance he demaunded their names, and of what countrey they were, and what

caused them to land in Bohemia. Sir (quoth Dorastus) know that my name is Meleagrus, a Knight borne and brought up in Trapalonia, and this gentlewoman, whom I meane to take to my wife is an Italian borne in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cause I have so small a trayne with me is for that, her friends unwilling to consent, I intended secretly to convey her into Trapalonia; whither as I was sailing, by distresse of weather I was driven into these coasts: thus have you heard my name, my country, and the cause of my voiage. Pandosto starting from his seat as one in choller, made this rough reply.

[Para. 97] Meleagrus, I feare this smooth tale hath but small trueth, and that thou coverest a foule skin with faire paintings. No doubt this Ladie by her grace and beauty is of her degree more meete for a mighty Prince, then for a simple knight, and thou like a perjured traitour hath bereft her of her parents, to their present griefe, and her insuing sorrow. Till therefore I heare more of her parentage and of thy calling, I wil stay you both here in Bohemia.

[Para. 98] Dorastus, in whome rested nothing but Kingly valor, was not able to suffer the reproches of Pandosto, but that he made him this answer.

[Para. 99] It is not meete for a King, without due prooffe to appeach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon suspition to inferre beleefe: straungers ought to bee entertained with courtesie, not to bee intreated with crueltie, least being forced by want to put up injuries, the Gods revenge their cause with rigor.

[Para. 100] Pandosto hearing Dorastus utter these wordes, commaunded that he should straight be committed to prison, untill such time as they heard further of his pleasure, but as for Fawnia, he charged that she should be entertained in the Court, with such curtesie as belonged to a straunger and her calling. The rest of the shipmen he put into the Dungeon.

[Para. 101] Having thus hardly handled the supposed Trapalonians, Pandosto contrarie to his aged yeares began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, in so much that hee could take no rest, but cast in his old head a thousand new devises: at last he fell into these thoughtes.

[Para. 102] How art thou pestred Pandosto with fresh affections, and unfitte fancies, wishing to possesse with an unwilling mynde, and a hot desire troubled with a could disdaine! Shall thy mynde yeeld in age to that thou hast resisted in youth? Peace Pandosto, blabbe not out that which thou maiest be ashamed to reveale to thy self. Ah, Fawnia is beautifull, and it is not for thine honour (fond foole) to name her that is thy Captive, and an other mans Concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand which my hart would faine refuse: playing like the bird Ibys in Egypt, which hateth Serpents, yet feedeth on their egges.

[Para. 103] Tush, hot desires turne oftentimes to colde disdaine: Love is brittle, where appetite, not reason, beares the sway. Kinges thoughtes ought not to climbe so high as the heavens, but to looke no lower then honour: better it is to pecke at the starres with the young Eagles, then to prey on dead carkases with the Vulture: tis more honourable for Pandosto to dye by concealing Love, then to enjoy such unfitte Love. Doth Pandosto then love? Yea. Whome? A maid unknowne, yea and perhappes, immodest, stragled out of her owne countrie: comelie in bodie, but perhappes crooked in minde. Cease then Pandosto, to looke at Fawnia, much lesse to love her: be not overtaken with a womans beauty, whose eyes are framed by arte to inamour, whose

hearte is framed by nature to inchaunt, whose false teares knowe their true times, and whose sweete wordes pearce deeper then sharpe swordes.

[Para. 104] Here Pandosto ceased from his talke, but not from his love: for although he sought by reason, and wisdom to suppress this franticke affection, yet he could take no rest, the beautie of Fawnia had made such a deepe impression in his heart. But on a day, walking abroad into a Parke which was hard adjoyning to his house, he sent by one of his servants for Fawnia, unto whome he uttered these wordes.

[Para. 105] Fawnia, I commend thy beauty and wit, and now pittie thy distresse and want: but if you will forsake Sir Meleagrus, whose poverty though a Knight, is not able to maintaine an estate aunswerable to thy beauty, and yeld thy consent to Pandosto, I wil both increase thee with dignities and riches. No sir, answered Fawnia: Meleagrus is a knight that hath wonne me by love, and none but he shal weare me: his sinister mischance shall not diminishe my affection, but rather increase my good will. Thinke not though your Grace hath imprisoned him without cause, that feare shall make mee yeeld my consent: I had rather be Meleagrus wife, and a beggar, then live in plenty, and be Pandostos Concubine.

[Para. 106] Pandosto, hearing the assured aunswere of Fawnia, would, notwithstanding, prosecute his suite to the uttermost: seeking with faire words and great promises to scale the fort of her chastitie, swearing that if she would graunt to his desire, Meleagrus should not only be set at libertie, but honored in his courte amongst his Nobles: but these alluring baytes could not intise her minde from the love of her newe betrothed mate Meleagrus: which Pandosto seeing, he left her alone for that time to consider more of the demaund. Fawnia, being alone by her selfe, began to enter into these solitarie meditations.

[Para. 107] Ah, infortunate Fawnia, thou seest to desire above fortune is to strive against the Gods and Fortune. Who gazeth at the sunne weakeneth his sight: they which stare at the skie, fall oft into deepe pits: haddest thou rested content to have been a shepheard, thou neededst not to have feared mischaunce. Better had it bene for thee, by sitting lowe, to have had quiet, then by climing high to have fallen into miserie. But alas, I feare not mine owne daunger, but Dorastus displeasure. Ah sweete Dorastus, thou art a Prince, but now a prisoner, by too much love procuring thine owne love. Haddest thou not loved Fawnia thou haddest bene fortunate. Shall I then bee false to him that hath forsaken Kingdomes for my cause? No; would my death might deliver him, so mine honor might be preserved.

[Para. 108] With that, fetching a deepe sigh, she ceased from her complaints, and went againe to the Pallace, injoying a libertie without content, and profered pleasure with smal joy. But poore Dorastus lay all this while in close prison, being pinched with a hard restraint, and pained with the burden of colde, and heavie Irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond affection had procured him this mishappe, that by the disobedience of his parentes, he had wrought his owne despight: an other while cursing the Gods and fortune, that they should crosse him with such sinister chaunce: uttering at last his passions in these words.

[Para. 109] Ah unfortunate wretch, borne to mishappe, now thy folly hath his desert: Art thou not worthie for thy base minde to have bad fortune? could the destinies favour thee, which hast forgot thine honor and dignities? Wil not the Gods plague him with despight that payneth his father with disobedience? Oh Gods, if any favour or justice be left, plague me, but favour poore Fawnia, and shrowd her from the tirannies of wretched Pandosto, but let my death free her from

mishap, and then, welcome death! Dorastus payned with these heaue passions, sorrowed and sighed, but in vaine, for which he used the more patience.

[Para. 110] But againe to Pandosto, who broyling at the heat of unlawfull lust could take no rest but still felte his minde disquieted with his new love, so that his nobles and subjectes marveyled greatly at this sudaine alteration, not being able to conjecture the cause of this his continued care. Pandosto, thinking every hower a yeare til he had talked once againe with Fawnia, sent for her secretly into his chamber, whither though Fawnia unwillingly comming, Pandosto entertained her very courteously, using these familiar speeches, which Fawnia answered as shortly in this wise.

[Para.111] Pandosto, are you become lesse wilfull and more wise, to preferre the love of a King before the liking of a poore Knight? I thinke ere this you thinke it is better to be favoured of a King then of a subject.

[Para. 112] Fawnia, the body is subject to victories, but the mind not to be subdued by conquest: honesty is to be preferred before honour, and a dramme of faith weigheth downe a tunne of gold. I have promised Meleagrus to love, and will performe no lesse.

[Para. 113] Pandosto, I know thou art not so unwise in thy choice, as to refuse the offer of a King, nor so ingrateful as to dispise a good turne: thou art now in that place where I may commaunde, and yet thou seest I intreate. My power is such as I may compell by force, and yet I sue by prayers: Yeelde Fawnia thy love to him which burneth in thy love. Meleagrus shall be set free, thy countrymen discharged: and thou both loved and honoured.

[Para. 114] Fawniasee Pandosto, where lust ruleth it is a miserable thing to be a virgin, but know this, that I will alwaies preferre fame before life, and rather choose death then dishonour.

[Para. 115] Pandosto seeing that there was in Fawnia a determinate courage to love Meleagrus, and a resolution without feare to hate him, flong away from her in a rage: swearing if in shorte time she would not be wonne with reason: he would forget all courtesie, and compel her to graunt by rigour: but these threatning wordes no whit dismayed Fawnia; but that she still both dispihted and dispised Pandosto. While thus these two lovers strove, the one to winne love the other to live in hate: Egistus heard certaine newes by Merchautes of Bohemia, that his sonne Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto, which made him feare greatly that his sonne should be but hardly intreated: yet considering that Bellaria and hee was cleared by the Oracle of Apollo from that crime wherewith Pandosto had unjustly charged them, hee thought best to send with all speed to Pandosto, that he should set free his sonne Dorastus, and put to death Fawnia and her father Porrus: finding this by the advise of Counsaile the speediest remedy to release his sonne, he caused presently two of his shippes to be rigged, and thoroughly furnished with provision of men and victuals, and sent divers of his nobles Embassadors into Bohemia, who willing to obey their King and relieve their yong Prince: made no delayes, for feare of danger, but with as much speed as might be, sailed towards Bohemia: the winde and seas favored them greatly, which made them hope of some good happe, for within three daies they were landed: which Pandosto no soner heard of their arrival, but hee in person went to meete them, intreating them with such sumptuous and familiar courtesie, that they might well perceive how sory he was for the former injuries hee had offered to their King, and how willing (if it might be) to make amendes.

[Para. 116] As Pandosto made report to them, how one Meleagrus, a Knight of Trapolonia, was lately arrived with a Lady called Fawnia in his land, comming very suspitiously, accompanied onely with one servant, and an olde shepheard. The Embassadors perceived by the halfe, what the whole tale ment, and began to conjecture, that it was Dorastus, who for feare to bee knowne, had changed his name: but dissembling the matter, they shortly arrived at the Court, where after they had bin verie solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the noble men of Sicilia being gathered together, they made reporte of their Embassage: where they certified Pandosto that Meleagrus was sonne and heire to the King Egistus, and that his name was Dorastus: how contrarie to the Kings minde he had privily convaied away that Fawnia, intending to marrie her, being but daughter to that poore shepheard Porrus: whereupon the Kings request was that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might bee murthered and put to death, and that his sonne Dorastus might be sent home in safetie.

[Para. 117] Pandosto having attentively and with great mervaille heard their Embassage, willing to reconcile himselfe to Egistus, and to shew him how greatly he esteemed his favour: although love and fancy forbad him to hurt Fawnia, yet in despiht of love hee determined to execute Egistus will without mercy; and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of prison, who mervailing at this unlooked for curtesie, found at his coming to the Kings presence, that which he least doubted of, his fathers Embassadors: who no sooner sawe him, but with great reverence they honored him: and Pandosto embracing Dorastus, set him by him very lovingly in a chaire of estate. Dorastus ashamed that his follie was bewraied, sate a long time as one in a muse, til Pandosto told him the summe of his Fathers embassage: which he had no sooner heard, but he was toucht at the quicke, for the cruell sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia: but neither could his sorrow nor perswasions prevaile, for Pandosto commaunded that Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio should bee brought to his presence; who were no sooner come, but Pandosto having his former love turned to a disdainfull hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these tearmes.

[Para. 118] Thou disdainfull vassal, thou currish kite, assigned by the destinies to base fortune, and yet with an aspiring minde gazing after honour: how durst thou presume, being a beggar, to match with a Prince? By thy alluring lookes to inchant the sonne of a King to leave his owne countrie to fulfill thy disordinate lusts? O despihtfull minde, a proud heart in a beggar is not unlike to a great fire in a smal cottage, which warmeth not the house, but burneth it: assure thy selfe that thou shalt die, and thou old doating foole, whose follie hath bene such, as to suffer thy daughter to reach above thy fortune, looke for no other meede, but the like punishment. But Capnio, thou which hast betrayed the King, and has consented to the unlawfull lust of thy Lord and maister, I know not how justly I may plague thee: death is too easie a punishment for thy falsehood, and to live (if not in extreme miserie) were not to shew thee equitie. I therefore award that thou shall have thine eyes put out, and continually while thou diest, grinde in a mil like a brute beast. The feare of death brought a sorrowfull silence upon Fawnia and Capnio, But Porrus seeing no hope of life, burst forth into these speeches.

[Para. 119] Pandosto, and ye noble Embassadors of Sicilia, seeing without cause I am condemned to die; I am yet glad I have opportunitie to disburden my conscience before my death: I will tel you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true: whereas I am accused that I have bene a supporter of Fawnias pride, and shee disdained as a vilde begger, so it is that I am neither Father unto her, nor she daughter unto me. For so it happened that I being a poore shepheard in Sicilia, living by keeping other mens flockes: one of my sheepe straying downe to the sea side, as I went to seeke her, I saw a little boat driven upon the shoare, wherein I found a

babe of sixe daies olde, wrapped in a mantle of skarlet, having about the necke this chaine: I pittying the child, and desirous of the treasure, carried it home to my wife, who with great care nursed it up, and set it to keepe sheepe. Here is the chaine and the Jewels, and this Fawnia is the childe whome I found in the boate. What shee is, or of what parentage, I knowe not, but this I am assured that she is none of mine.

[Para. 120] Pandosto would scarce suffer him to tell out his tale, but that he enquired the time of the yeere, the manner of the boate, and other circumstaunces, which when he found agreeing to his count, he sodainelie leapt from his seate, and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his teares, and crying, My daughter Fawnia, ah sweete Fawnia, I am thy Father, Fawnia. This sodaine passion of the King drave them all into a maze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus. But when the King had breathed himselfe a while in this newe joy, he rehearsed before the Embassadours the whole matter, how he hadde entreated his wife Bellaria for jealousie, and that this was the childe whome hee sent to floate in the seas.

[Para. 121] Fawnia was not more joyfull that she had found such a Father, then Dorastus was glad he should get such a wife. The Embassadors rejoyced that their yong prince had made such a choice, that those Kingdomes which through enmitie had long time bin dissevered, should now through perpetual amitie be united and reconciled. The Citizens and subjects of Bohemia (hearing that the King had found againe his Daughter, which was supposed dead, joyfull that there was an heire apparent to his Kingdome) made Bonfires and shoves throughout the Cittie. The Courtiers and Knights appointed Justs and Turneis to signifie their willing mindes in gratifying the Kings hap.

[Para. 122] Eightene daies being past in these princely sports, Pandosto, willing to recompence old Porrus, of a shepheard made him a Knight: which done, providing a sufficient Navie to receive him and his retinue, accompanied with Dorastus, Fawnia, and the Sicilian Embassadours, he sailed towards Sicilia, where he was most princelie entertained by Egistus; who hearing this comicall event, rejoyced greatly at his sonnes good happe, and without delay (to the perpetuall joy of the two yong Lovers) celebrated the marriage: which was no sooner ended, but Pandosto (calling to mind how first he betraied his friend Egistus, how his jealousie was the cause of Bellarias death, that contrarie to the law of nature hee had lusted after his owne Daughter) moved with these desperate thoughts, he fell into a melancholie fit, and to close up the Comedie with a Tragicall stratageme, he slewe himselfe, whose death being many daies bewailed of Fawnia, Dorastus, and his deere friend Egistus, Dorastus taking his leave of his father, went with his wife and the dead corpse into Bohemia, where after they were sumptuouslie intoombed, Dorastus ended his daies in contented quiet.

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Pandosto by Robert Greene, 1588

Glossary and Appendices to Pandosto, The Triumph of Time
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APPENDIX I

Glossary

(FS means found in Shakespeare.

(NFS means not found in Shakespeare)

Actaeon, son of Autonoe, who accidentally seeing Diana at her bath, was turned into a stag and torn apart by his own dogs.

Alpia (n): tree that is not harmed by fire but withers from dew. This seems to be an invention of Greene's? NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto.

anciently (adv): in the manner of an old man. NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto (only OED citation).

appeach (v): accuse, denounce. FS (3-Rich2, AWEW); Greene Pandosto.

bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV, Pandosto, Maiden's Dream; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Whip; Pasquil Return; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (anon.) Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

break/brake [one's mind] (v): discuss, disclose, reveal. FS (5-1H6, Errors, Ado, T&C, Mac); Golding Ovid; Oxford letter; Lyly Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Pandosto; (anon.) Arden, Willobie; (disp.) Cromwell.

cheer (n): provender, food. FS (20); Sundrie Flowers; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene G a G, Fr Bac, James IV, Pandosto, Maiden's Dream; Marlowe Faustus; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Arden; Nashe Valentines, Summers; Harvey Sonnet; (disp./Chettle) Greene's Groat; (disp.) Cromwell; Munday Huntington.

cockboat (n): ship's boat; small, light craft. FS (1-Lear); Lyly Euphues; Greene Pandosto.

currish (a): resembling a dog in the sense of vicious, malicious. FS (Shrew, MV). (2) base, ignoble. FS (3H6, TGV); Greene Pandosto.

descry (v): reveal, discover, perceive. FS (14); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds; Greene Pandosto, ? Selimus, James IV; Watson Tears; Nashe Saffron; Peele Wives; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie, Penelope; Harvey Pierce's Super.

despite (v): (1) feel, show contempt for. NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto. (2) spite. FS (Ado).
despite (n): (1) contempt. FS (Ado); Greene Pandosto. (2) aversion. Cf. Spenser FQ.

discourse (n): course of events. NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto.

discover (a, n): exposed, off guard. NFS. Lodge Euphues Golden Legacy; Greene Arbasto, Pandosto.

dump (v): muse. mood. NFS. Cf. Stanyhurst Aeneis; Greene Orl Fur, Never Too Late, Fr Bacon, Pandosto.

ephemeron (n): A plant described by ancient writers. Some ancient authors distinguish two plants called ephemeron: one so named because springing up and dying in one day, the other as being a poison that causes death within a day. NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto. OED contemp. citations: 1578 Lyte Dodoens ii. xlv. 204 If it be Ephemeron as it seemeth to be, then it is good for the teeth. 1616 Hayward Sanct. Troub. Soul ii. (1620) To Rdr. 39 Many writings are like the plant Ephemeron; which springeth, flourisheth, and fadeth in one day.

fact (n): deed, act. FS (2H6, MM, Pericles); Marlowe T1; Greene Pandosto; (anon.) Willobie.

flea in one's ear (n): stinging or mortifying reproof or repulse, sending one away discomfited; also anything that surprises or alarms, matter for disquietude ... NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto.

fold (v): (1) hide, conceal. FS (4-Errors, Titus, Lucrece, V&A). (2) pen up [as sheep]. FS (1-Corio);. Greene Pandosto; (anon.) Pasquil Apology.

fond (a): foolish, rash. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Greene Pandosto. Common.

franion (n): gallant/fellow (n). NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation); Greene Pandosto (name of character); Peele Wives. OED contemp citations: 1587 Turberville Epitaphs & Sonn; 1589 (anon.) Rare Triumphs; Spenser FQ.

froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Common. frowardly (adv): perversely. NFS. Cf. Ox letter. frowardness (n): perversity, forwardness. NFS. Cf. Lyly Sapho; Greene Pandosto; (disp.) Greene's Groat; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.

frush (v): strike violently to crush or smash. NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto (4th OED citation).

galactite (n): a precious stone of white color. Cf. Greene Pandosto.

hobby hawk/hauke (n): small falcon. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Greene Pandosto.

just (n): older form of joust. FS (1-Rich2). Cf. Golding Ovid. Rich2 (V.2.52): What news from Oxford? Do these justs and triumphs hold?

kite (n): bird of prey regarded as a scavenger. FS (7-2H6, Rich3, JC, Ham, WT, Corio, Lear); Greene Pandosto.

lift (v): "lift against Egistus:" not in OED, undoubtedly means "life arm against." NFS.

lower/lour (v): look down, often used with clouds to refer to threatening looks. FS (2H6); Watson Hek; Lyly Sapho; Greene Pandosto, James IV, ? Selimus. lowering (a): gloomy. FS (Edw3); Golding Abraham; Sundrie Flowers; Greene Pandosto; (anon.) Ironside.

maugre: (fr) in spite of. FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Orl Fur, Alphonsus, Pandosto; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh, Pasquil Countercuff; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.

meed (n): reward, prize. FS (19); Golding Ovid; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1; Greene Pandosto; (anon.) Arden; Nobody/Somebody.

policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene Pandosto, ? Selimus; (anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

post (v): travel speedily, gallop. FS (1H4); Greene Pandosto, ? Selimus.

pretermit (v): omit, neglect. NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto; Nashe Absurdity.

prone (a): (1) eager. FS (Luc). (2) base, submissive. FS (MM). Cf. Greene Pandosto (either meaning could apply).

puissance (n): power, military army/might. FS (7-2H6, 3H6, John, 2H4, H5, Lear, TNK); Golding Ovid; Greene G a G, Pandosto, ? Selimus; (anon.) Locrine, Leic Gh; Spenser FQ. puissant (a): powerful. FS (11); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Leic Gh; Nashe Unf Trav.

quartan fever (n): characterized by a paroxysm, recurring every fourth (modern, third) day. NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto.

rehearse (v): give an account of. FS (many); Greene Pandosto.

sack (v): plunder, despoil, destroy. FS (AWEW); Greene Pandosto; Kyd Cornelia.

sackless (a): innocent. NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto; Nashe Lenten Stuff.

scot-free (a): free from payment of "scot", tavern score, fine, etc.; exempt from injury, punishment, etc.; scatheless. NFS. Cf. Greene Alphonsus, Pandosto. OED contemp citations: 1548 Hall Chron., Edw. IV; 1567 J. Maplet Green Forest; 1579-80 North Plutarch, Tiberius & Caius

seely (a): silly, innocent, vulnerable. FS (many); Greene Pandosto; many others.

sleight/slight [of hand] (n): craft, trickery. FS (3H6, Mac); Greene Pandosto; others. Common.

slut (n): drudge. NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto.

stale (a): worn, exhausted, strained. Cf. Greene Pandosto. Here it could refer to common use of the word "stale" as a cant word for wanton.

stale (n): (1) decoy, lure, bait, decoy. FS (3H6); Golding Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes, Lodge Wounds, Greene ? Selimus; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

stay (v): detain, take in custody. FS (R&J); Greene Pandosto; Spenser FQ.

straggle (v): wander away NFS. Cf. Greene Menaphon. straggled (a). NFS. Cf. Greene Pandosto (OED missed 1st citation). straggling (a): FS (Timon).

submit (a): submissive. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues; Greene Pandosto; Heywood 2nd Pt. Edw. IV.

toys (n): ideas, fancies, whims. FS (R&J); Greene Pandosto, Maiden's Dream.

tragium (n): strong-smelling plant or plants; identified by 16th c. herbalists with *Dictamnus albus* (D. Fraxinella, Lyte 343), and *Chenopodium vulvaria* (Tragium Germanicum, Lyte 548).

whist (a): hushed, silent. (v) hush. FS (1-Temp); Golding Ovid; Surrey Aeneas; Lyly Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie; Greene James IV, Pandosto, Never Too Late; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

Length: 19,89 words

Suggested Reading

Bullough, Geoffrey, ed. *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare*, Vol. VIII. New York: Columbia University Press, 1975.

APPENDIX II: Connections

Fancy ... dwell; Force ... love

Oxford poem (I am not as I seem to be.4): O cruel hap and hard estate, / That forceth me to love my foe:

Watson Hek (LXIII): Whome love doth force to follow fond desire ...

Lyly Endymion (I.4.6-7) FLOSCULA: for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery,

(V.4.231) CYNTHIA: Semele, I will not command love, for it cannot be enforced.

Bombie (II.3.2-3) CANDIUS: A fiend that seeks to place affection by appointment and to force love by compulsion.

Kyd Sol&Per (I.1.126-27) PER: If heavens were just, that power that forceth love / Would never couple wolves and lambs together.

Greene Pandosto (Para. 4): that his wife was a woman, and therefore subject unto love; and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force.

(Para. 67): "Truth, sir," (quoth she) "but not to love, for constrained love is force, not love;

Fr Bac (III.3.149-50) POST: It grieves me, damsel; but the Earl is forced

To love the lady by the King's command.

Anon. Leir (1.73) PERILLUS: Do not force love, where fancy cannot dwell,

Willobie (XIII.1): Was't love or lust, that did intend / Such friendless force, as you did move?
Leic Gh. (494): For forced love will quickly back retire.
Shakes TGV (V.4) PROTEUS: To hazard life and rescue you from him / That would have forced
your honour and your love;

Conscience ... Guilt ... Death ... Worm

Brooke Romeus (2893-95) My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.

But (God I praise) I feel no worm that gnaweth me,

Greene Pandosto (Para. 6): conscience is a worm that ever biteth, but never ceaseth: ... and
conscience once stained with innocent blood, is always tied to a guilty remorse.

Shakes 2H6 (III.2) SALIS: The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;

Rich3 (I.3.221) The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!

As You (III.2.65): Thou worm's-meat.

Hamlet (IV.3) HAM: Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we eat all creatures else to feed us

HAM: A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a / king, and ...

MM (III.1.16-17): For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork / Of a poor worm.

V&A (154): Death,-- / 'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm,

Nashe Summers (1595-96) SONG: Strength stoops unto the grave, / Worms feed on Hector
brave,

(1679-81) AUTUMN: For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feed'st;

The worms will curse thy flesh another day, / Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.

Lyly MB (V.2) VICINIA: my conscience (which these eighteen years hath been frozen with
congealed guiltiness)

Disp. Greene's Groat (165-66): it is the worm of conscience

Anon. Willobie (XIII.2): ... and therein find / That gnawing worm that never lins

Cromwell (V.5.131) CROMWELL: The land of Worms, which dying men discover,

L. Gh. (2121): We fed on joys, but now for worms are food,

Oxford letter (#62, 11-22-1601) a vain fable can brandel the clearness of your guiltless
conscience

Bible Job 24.20 ... The worm shall seal his sweetness: ... (No Match). Isaiah 51.8 the worm shall
eat them (No Match)

Shame ... Infamy

Golding Ovid Met (VIII.207): Of double shape, an ugly thing. This shameful infamy,

Oxford (#10, Dainty Devices): I stayless stand, to abide the shock of shame and infamy.

Gascoigne Supposes (I.1) BALIA: a poor servant of your father's,

by whom shame and infamy is the best dower you can look for to attain.

Greene Pandosto (Para. 17): One mole staineth a whole face, and what is once spotted with
infamy can hardly be worn out with time.

Anon. Locrine (IV.1.135-36) ESTRILD: Better to die renowned for chastity,

Than live with shame and endless infamy

Weakest (XVI.169) EPERNOUNE: Oh wherefore stain you virtue and renown With such foul
terms of ignomy and shame?

Shakes Ado (IV.1) LEONATO: Who smirch'd thus and mired with infamy,

I might have said 'No part of it is mine; / This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?

Bible Prov. 25.9-10 ... Discover not the secret to another, Lest he that heareth it, put thee to
shame, and thine infamy do not cease. (No Match)

Stop ... Breath

Golding Ovid Met (II.358): ... (the smoke had stopped her breath).
(II.1036)) Strake to her heart, and closed her veins, and lastly stopped her breath:
(VI.854): The sorrow of this great mischance did stop Pandion's breath
(VII. 772.73) ... Some with halters stopped their wind, by death expulsiing fear of death:
(VIII.639): His trespass I confess deserves the stopping of his breath,
Edwards Dam&Pith (615) SONG: With speed now stop my breath!
Greene Pandosto (Para. 18): so stopping her breath that she could not utter more words,
Shakes Rich3 (III.5) GLOU: ... Murder thy breath in the middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
King John (III.4) CONSTANCE ... And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust
To stop the air would hurt them.
Lucrece (169) ... 'Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
Anon. Woodstock (V.3.89-90) KING: ... let drums sound death, and strike
at once to stop this traitor's breath.
Willobie (LXV.5): Till death so stop your husband's breath;
(LXVII.2): Conspire with grief to stop my breath,
Penelope (XI.4): Or wisely she had stopp'd his breath.
Pasquil Apology (Para. 9): even by the Sermons that spun him a hal-ter to stop his breath, he
was no Protestant.

Devoid of

Brooke Romeus (618): Think that the whilst fair Juliet is not devoid of care.
Edwards Dam&Pith (765) EUBULUS: They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound, they
dread no enemy,
Watson Hek (I): My heart devoid of cares did bathe in bliss,
(XXXVII): And yet through love remain devoid of blame:
(LXXXII): The life I led in Love devoid of rest
Greene Pandosto (Para. 24): the King, who quite devoid of pity commanded that without delay it
should be put in the boat,
Anon. Leir (13.6) CORDELLA: When as I was devoyd of worldly friends,
(19.319) LEIR: Since the other two are quite devoyd of love;
(23.48) LEIR: In a strange country, and devoyd of friends,
(28.8) KING: Devoyd of sence, new waked from a dreame,
(29.5) 1 CAP: We are betrayd, and quite devoyd of hope,
(30.66) CORDELLA: Fy, shamelesse sister, so devoyd of grace,
Locrine (I.2.16) BRUTUS: Devoid of strength and of their proper force,
Shakes Titus (V.3.) LUCIUS: Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;

Fly away

Brooke Romeus (975): For lo, the Montagues thought shame away to fly,
Golding Ovid Met (VII.103): ... and frantic love did fly away dismayed.
(XI.87): Aflaited for to fly away
Lyly Gallathea (I.1) TYTERUS: the fowls fly away,
and the cattle in the field for terror shun the banks.
Marlowe T2 (V.3.70) TAMB: Who flies away at every glance I give,
Greene Alphonsus (V.3.121-22) AMURACK: Can ere be fond to turn his heels and fly
Away for fear from such a boy as thou?
Geo a Greene (I.3.22) MUSGROVE: They fled away and posted thence amain,

Pandosto (Para. 25): she counseled them to fly away by night for their better safety.
 Shakes 2H6 (II.1) SUFFOLK: True; made the lame to leap and fly away.
 1H6 (IV.6) TALBOT: All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.
 TGV (III.1) VAL: But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.
 12th (II.4) CLOWN: Come away, come away, death, ... / Fly away, fly away breath;
 WT (III.2) OFFICER: for / their better safety, to fly away by night.
 Titus (V.2) TITUS: That so my sad decrees may fly away,
 Anon. Willobie (XXXVIII.3): And though the body fly away, / Yet let me with the shadow play.
 Penelope: (XLVI.2): And yet not one away would fly.
 Dodypoll (III.5.70-71) LUCILIA: Ah, have I loosed thee then to fly from me?
 LASSENBERGH: Away!

Crave Mercy

Golding Ovid Met (III.290): As one by humbling of himself that mercy seemed to crave,
 (IX.652): And mercy at thy gentle hand in fearful-wise to crave.
 Greene Pandosto (Para. 25): for mercy she neither craved nor hoped for;
 Anon. Willobie (LXIII.4): And though these lines for mercy crave,
 Who can on papers pity have?
 Shakes MM (V.1) ANGELO: ... That I crave death more willingly than mercy

Found/Lost

Greene Pandosto (Para. 29) "The Oracle. Suspicion is no proof: Jealousy is in unequal judge:
 Bellaria is chaste: Egistus blameless: Franion a true subject: Pandosto treacherous: his babe an
 innocent, and the King shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found."
 Shakes LLL (IV.3.358-59): Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 AWEW (I.1.130-32): Virginitie, be being once lost, may be ten times found;
 by being ever kept, it is ever lost.
 Anon. Willobie (I.22): They find their vice by virtue crossed,
 Their foolish words, and labor lost.

Due desert

Golding Ovid Met (II.369): But put the case that my desert destruction duly crave,
 (V.35): And which he hath by due desert of purchase dearly bought.
 Oxford poem (Cardanus): With due desert reward will never be.
 Greene Pandosto (Para. 30): should have cause to think his rigor proceeded of due desert:
 Disp. Greene's Groat (265): He simply gave to due desert her right,
 Anon. Willobie (commendation): But rather strive by due desert for like renown,
 (LI.2): Love oft doth spring from due desert
 (LVII.2): Whose eyes discern the due deserts,
 Penelope (I.2): Of those whom due desert doth crown
 (I.5): His perfect zeal by due desert

Blood ... Vital spirit ... Life

Golding Ovid Met (II.1032): For want of blood and lively heat, to wax both pale and wan.
 (IV.297) And so a corse both void of blood and life thou didst remain.
 (VII.186): And suddenly both void of blood and lively heat she sate
 (X.527): Her color died; her blood and heart did clearly her forsake.
 (XI.377): And as she strived for to speak, away went blood and life.

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.246) BAILO: With hideous cries betoken blood and death:
 Oxford letter (9/72): to admonish you as one with whom I would spend my blood and life,
 Marlowe T1 (II.1.41) COSROE: And with my blood my life slides through my wound,
 Greene Pandosto (Para. 32): her vital spirits were so stopped that she fell down presently dead,
 Anon. Ironside (I.1.261) LEOFRIC: We gave them life; for us they shed their blood.
 Locrine (I.1.126) CORIN: I hazarded my life and dearest blood, ...
 (I.1.137) And for this gift, this life and dearest blood,
 Dodypoll (II.1.132) FLORES: Shall grow in me to blood and vital spirit, ...
 Shakes 12th (II.5.135) MAL: ... let thy blood and spirit embrace them;

Shepherd (good, lax shepherd)

Oxford letter (4-25/27 1603): There is nothing therefore left to my comfort but the excellent virtues, and deep wisdom wherewith God hath endued our new master and sovereign Lord, who doth not come amongst us as a stranger but as a natural prince, succeeding by right of blood, and inheritance, not as a conqueror, but as the true shepherd of Christ's flock to cherish and comfort them.

Greene Alphonsus (II.1.58) BELINUS: Like simple sheep, when shepherd absent is
 Far from his flock, assailed by greedy wolves,

Pandosto (Para. 35): that the Common-wealth consisted on his safetie, and that those sheepe could not but perish, that wanted a sheeheard; wishing that if hee would not live for himselfe, yet he should have care of his subjects,

Anon. Woodstock (IV.2) WOODSTOCK: ... where I compared the state (as now it stands, meaning King Richard and his harmful flatterers) unto a savage herd of ravening wolves, the commons to a flock of silly sheep who, whilst their slothful shepherd careless stood, those forest thieves broke in, and sucked their blood.

Shakes 2H6 (2.2.73-74): Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
 that virtuous prince.

3H6 (V.6) HENRY 6: So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
 So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece ...

Rich3 (4.4.22-23): Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
 And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

Edw3 (I.1) ARTOIS: Place the true shepherd of our commonwealth?

(III.3) PRINCE: Aye, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art:

No father, king, or shepherd of thy realm,

Anon. Willobie (V.1): Needs must the sheep strake all awry,

Whose shepherds wander from their way:

Drayton et al Oldcastle (IV.1) KING: Your lives as lamps to give the people light,
 As shepherds, not as wolves to spoil the flock.

Bible John 10.11-14 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep But an hireling ... seeth the wolf coming, & he leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. ...I am the good shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

Love Thy Choice

Oxford Sonnet: Love Thy Choice

Watson Hek (XXXVII): Then may I love my peerless choice by right,

Lyly Woman/Moon (III.2.121) LEARCHUS: Make me thy love, though Stesias be thy choice;

Greene Pandosto (Para. 53): Blush, Dorastus, at thy fortune, thy choice, thy love:

James 4 (I.1.78) K. SCOTLAND: Miled by love, hath made another choice --

Shakes Shrew (I.2): That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Anon. Willobie (LII.7): True love is constant in her choice,
Dodypoll (V.2.94) ALPH: ... go tell her so: / Or let her come, my choice is free in love.

Fall ... Climb

Oxford Poetry (My Mind to Me a Kingdom is) I see how plenty suffers off,
How hasty climbers soon do fall;
Lyly Sapho (I.1.3) PHAO: Who climbeth, standeth on glass and falleth on thorn.
Greene Pandosto (Para. 54): if thou rest content with this, thou art like to stand, if thou climb
thou art sure to fall.
Anon. Nobody (1461) CORNWELL: And that's prodigious! I but wait the time,
To see their sudden fall, that swiftly climb.
(1490-91) VIGENIUS: Then let's try mast'ries, and one conquer all.
We climbed at once, and we at once will fall.
Arden (III.5.15) MOSBY: But since I climbed the top bough of the tree
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
Each gentlest airy [stirry] gale doth shake my bed
And makes me dread my downfall to the earth.
Cromwell (V.1.70) GARDINER: Here's honors, titles, and promotions:
I fear this climbing will have a sudden fall.
Leic. Gh. (82): He, too well known by his climb-falling pride,
Shakes Cymb (III.2)BEL: ... the art o'the court ... whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that / The fear's as bad as falling"
Note Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth: "I feign would climb but fear to fall"

Proud aspiring boy

Lodge Wounds (II.1.41-43) SCILLA: As for his son, the proud aspiring boy,
His beardless face and wanton smiling brows / Shall, if I catch him, deck yond Capitol.
Greene ? Selimus (I.105): And wink at Selimus' aspiring thought,
Pandosto (Para. 54): thy proud desires an aspiring mind:
Anon. Nobody [271-74]ARCH: Ambitious boys, we doom you prisonment;
... In which we'll bound your proud aspiring thoughts.

Painted bait, words, faces, hooks

Oxford Sonnet: (Love thy Choice): Who first did paint with colors pale thy face ?
Lyly Sapho (II.1.22) SYBILLA: Be not proud of beauty's painting,
whose colors consume themselves because they are beauty's painting.
(III.4) VENUS: But truth is a she, and so always painted.
PHAO: I think a painted truth.
Greene Pandosto (Para. 64): "Nay therefore," (quoth Dorastus) maids must love, because they
are young; for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though old, is painted with fresh colors."
Anon. Locrine (IV.2.91): Oh that sweet face painted with nature's dye,
Willobie (XLII.10): Esteem not this a painted bait,
(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,
(LVIII.4): Catch fools as fish, with painted hooks.
Shakes Shrew (I.1) KATH: And paint your face and use you like a fool.
Hamlet (III.1.51-53) CLAUDIUS: [Aside] The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it ...
Hamlet (III.1.150): I have heard of your paintings, too.

Also see Hamlet (II.1.142.46)

Timon (IV.3) TIMON: No matter: -- wear them, betray with them: whore still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face, / A pox of wrinkles!

Nashe Penniless: since her picture is set forth in so many painted faces here at home.

Absurdity: for fear of pricking their fingers when they are painting their faces;

Chapman D'Olive (I.1.203-5) RODERIGUE: Thou believst all's natural beauty that shows fair, though the painter enforce it, and sufferst in soul, I know, / for the honorable lady.

Bible Shaheen ascribes cosmetic references to Isa. 3.16.

Crack ... Heart

Greene Pandosto (Para. 65): had made such a deep impression in her heart, as it could not be worn out without cracking,

Shakes John (V.7) KING: The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,

MWW (II.2) FORD: ... My heart is / ready to crack with impatience.

Pericles (III.2) CERIMON: If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart

That even cracks for woe! ...

Hamlet (V.2) HORATIO: Now cracks a noble heart. ...

Lear (II.1) GLOUCESTER: O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd!

Corio (V.3) CORIO: This last old man, / Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,

Anon. Yorkshire HUSBAND: Here's weight enough to make a heartstring crack.

Love ... Prick

Watson Hek (XVI): He feel the prick, that seeks to pluck the Rose.

Greene Pandosto (Para. 77): Dorastus, whom love pricked forward with desire,

Shakes R&J (I.4) MER: Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

ROMEO: Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, / Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Sonnet (20): But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,

Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

Anon. Dodypoll (I.1.77-78): What thing is love? ... It is a prick, ...

Stream ... stop

Greene Pandosto (Para. 80): great streams are to be stopped by sleight, not by force:

Anon. Leir (1.74) PERILLUS: Lest streames, being stopt, above the banks do swell.

Foul ... Fair

Golding Abraham's Sac (545) SONG: All kind of things both foul and fair,

Ep. (17): The fair, the foul, the crooked, and the right.

Brooke Romeus (57): Hath founde a mayde so fayre (he found so foul his happe)

(159): No lady fayre or fowle, was in Verona towne (159)

(178): That Ladies thought the fairest dames were foul in his respect.

Watson Heck (I): But now (alas) all's foul, which then was fair,

Lyly Campaspe (II.1) HEPH: Ermines have fair skins but foul livers, ...

(III.3) CAMPASPE: A fair woman -- but a foul deceit.

(IV.1) PSYLLUS: I will not lose the sight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is, ...

(V.3) LAIS: ... to make foul scars in fair faces and crooked maims in straight legs?

Sapho (II.1) PHAO: I fear me fair be a word too foul for a face so passing fair.

SYBILLA: ... beauty, which is fair in the cradle and foul in the grave ...

(II.4) SYBILLA: There is none so foul that thinketh not herself fair.

Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: Tear these tender joints with thy greedy jaws, this fair face with thy foul teeth.

Midas (I.2) PETULUS: ... they are ... too fair to pull over so foul a skin.

MB (II.4) SILEN: ... because that I am so fair, therefore are you so foul; ...

(III.4) RIXUL: ... and yet I hope foul water will quench hot fire as soon as fair.

HALF: ... let fair words cool that choler / which foul speeches hath kindled; ...

Marlowe Tamburlaine I: Fair is too foul.

Greene Pandosto (Para. 95): Meleagrus, I feare this smooth tale hath but small trueth, and that thou coverest a foule skin with faire paintings.

Shakes 3H6 (IV.7) EDW IV: ... By fair or foul means we must enter in, ...

LLL (IV.1) PRINCESS: ... Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

PRINCESS: S... A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

Much Ado (IV.1) CLAUDIO: But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,

Cymb (I.6) IACHIMO: Thanks, fairest lady. ... and can we not

Partition make with spectacles so precious / 'Twixt fair and foul?

Oth (II.1) IAGO: There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Timon (IV.3) TIMON: Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,

Mac (I.1) ALL: Fair is foul, and foul is fair / Hover through the fog and filthy air.

(I.3) MACBETH: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

V&A (170) ... The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;

Lucrece (50): ... That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair, ...

(173): ... My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it. ...

Sonnet (137): ... To put fair truth upon so foul a face?

Anon. Willobie (XXXV.4): So foul within, so fair without,

Dodypoll (II.1.97) FLORES: To make fair mends for this foul trespass done,

What a foul knave and fairy!

Sidney Antony (1075) Ant. Fair and foul subjected) Aegypt ah! thou know'st

Jonson Bartholemew Fair (II.2): Let me drink, boy, with my love, thy Aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foul on the Fair.

(III.6): I was mov'd in spirit, to be here, this day, in this Fair, this wicked,

and foul Fair; and fitter may it be a called a foul, then a Fair:

(IV.5): All the fowl in the Fair, I mean, all the dirt in Smithfield,

Shaheen quotes the proverb cited in Tiley (F3): "Fair face foul heart"

It is likely that this Shakespeare favorite arose within the text of that common proverb.

Word ... Sword

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.396) ETEOCLES: Sweet words prevail, where sword and fire do fail.

II.1.549) ETEOCLES: Lo here the sword that shall perform his word.

Lyly Campaspe (II.2) HEPH: Campaspe whose smooth words wound deeper than sharp swords.

Marlowe T1 (I.1.73) MYCETES:ÊGo, stout Theridamas, thy words are swords,

Greene Pandosto (Para. 101): and whose sweet words pierce deeper than sharp swords.

Pasquil Apology (Para. 44): some of their Elders to be governing and preaching Elders, to handle the word and the sword together;

Shakes 2H4 (4.2.10): Turning the word to sword and life to death

MWW (III.1.44-45): What? The sword and the word? Do you study them both, /Master Parson?
Hamlet ((III.2.421): I will speak daggers to her.

Anon. Willobie (XVIII.1): To jest at God and at his word, / Look for his just revenging sword.

(XVIII.4): Where is thy law, where is thy word, / That did condemn the wedlock crime,
To present death, with bloody sword?

Bible (No Match) Eph.I 6.17 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which
is the word of God. Heb. 4.12 For the word of God is lively, & mighty in operation, and sharper
than any two-edged sword, ...

Punishment: blinding ... grind in a mill

Greene Pandosto (Para. 116): I therefore award that thou shall have thine eyes put out, and
continually while thou diest, grinde in a mil like a brute beast.

Bible Judges 16.21: Therefore the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him
down to Assah, and bound him with fetters: and he did grind in the prison house .

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Distinctive, Favorite Words, Phrases: doubtful, lingering in doubtful; something (as in
somewhat); fortune as a verb

Compound Words: 13 words (5 nouns, 8 adj).

bed-chamber (n), best-beloved (a), cup-bearer (n), half-healed (a), half-penny (n), new-
betrothed (a), new-conceived (a), scot-free (a), such-like (a), sun-setting (n), tale-bearers (n),
too-private (a), unlooked-for (a)

Words beginning with "con": 33 words (15 verbs, 14 nouns, 5 adj, 1 adv)

conceal (v), concealing (n), conceit (n), conceive (v), conclude (v), conclusion (n), concubine
(n), condemn (v), conditions (n), confess (v), confirm (v), conjecture (n, v), conquest (n),
conscience (n), consent (v), consider (v), consideration (n), consist (v), conspiracy (n), conspire
(v), constrain (v), constraint (n), contain (v), contempt (n), content (n, a), contented (a),
continually (adv), continue (v), continued (a), contract (n), contrary (a), convenient (a), convey
(v)

Words beginning with "dis": 30 words (15 verbs, 13 nouns, 7 adj).

disburden (v), discharge (v), discontent (a), discourse (n), discourtesy (n), discover (n),
discredit (v, n), disdain (v, n), disdainful (a), disgrace (v), dishonor (n, v), dismayed (a, v),
disobedience (n), disordinate (a), dispatch (v), dispense (v), displease (v), displeasure (n),
disposition (n), disquiet (n), disquieted (a), dissemble (v), dissever (v), dissuade (v), distance
(n), distant (a), distress (n), distressed (a), distrust (v, n), disturb (v)

Words beginning with "in": 32 words (9 verbs, 10 nouns, 11 adj, adv, 1 prep, 2 conj).

incensed (a), incessant (a), incestuous (a), incite (v), inconstancy (n), inconvenience (n),
increase (v), incur (v), indictment (n), indifferent (a), induce (v), infamous (a), infamy (n), infancy
(n), infant (n), infect (v), infectious (a), infer (v), inferior (a), inflame (v), infortunate (a), injured
(a), injury (n), innocence (n), innocent (a, n), insomuch (conj), instead (conj), intend (v), intent
(n), into (prep), invade (v), inward (a)

Words beginning with "mis": 13 words (4 verbs, 7 nouns, 2 adj).

mischance (n), mischief (n), misconstrue (v), miserable (a), misery (n), misfortune (n), mishap (n), mislike (v), mistake (v), mistress (n), mistrust (n), mistrusted (a), misuse (v)

Words beginning with "over" (*surely unusual): 4 words (2 verbs, 2 adj).
overboard (a), overcast (a), overcome (v), overtake (v)

Words beginning with "pre": 14 words (5 verbs, 7 nouns, 2 adj, 2 adv).
precious (a), prefer (v), preferment (n), prejudice (n), premise (n), preparation (n), presence (n), present (a, n), presently (adv), presume (v), pretend (v), pretense (n), prevail (v), prevent (v)

Words beginning with "re": 50 words (34 verbs, 16 nouns, 2 adj, 1 adv).
recall (v), receive (v), recompense (v), reconcile (v), recount (v), recover (v), redressed (v), refer (v), refuse (v), regard (v), rehearse (v), reject (v), rejoice (v), rejoicing (n), relate (v), release (v), relieve (v), remain (v), remedy (n), remorse (n), repair (v, n), repay (v), repent (v), repentance (n), repine (v), reply (n), report (n), reproach (n), reprove (v), request (n), requite (v), resemble (v), resist (v), resolute (a), revolve (v), resort (v), respect (v, n), restraint (n), retain (v), retinue (n), retrieve (v), return (v), reveal (v), revenues (n), revenge (n, v), reverence (n), reverent (a), reverently (adv), revive (n), reward (v)

Words beginning with "un": 32 words (3 verbs, nouns, 22 adj, 3 adv, 3 prep, 1 conj).
unaccustomed (a), unacquainted (a), unadvised (a), unbridled (a), uncasing (v), unchaste (a), undone (v), unequal (a), unfeigned (a), unfeignedly (adv), unfit (a), unfortunate (a), ungrateful (a), unjust (a), unjustly (adv), unknown (a), unlawful (a), unless (conj), unlike (a), unlooked-for (a), unnatural (a), unreasonable (a), unseemly (a), unspotted (a), until (prep), untimely (a), unto (prep), unwilling (a), unwillingly (adv), unwise (a) under (prep), understand (v)

Words ending with "able": 7 words, all adj. - acceptable (a), answerable (a), honorable (a), marriageable (a), miserable (a), profitable (a), [un]reasonable (a)

Words ending with "ize": none.

Words ending with "less": 13 words (12 adj, 1 conj).
blameless (a), breechless (a), causeless (a), endless (a), faultless (a), guiltless (a), hapless (a), merciless (a), reckless (a), restless (a), sackless (a), unless (conj), witless (a)

Words ending with "ness": 15 words, all nouns.
baseness (n), clearness (n), comeliness (n), covetousness (n), fondness (n), frowardness (n), guiltiness (n), happiness (n), loathsomeness (n), madness (n), readiness (n), sharpness (n), sickness (n), witness (n), worthiness (n)

Words ending with "ship": friendship (n)

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John Lyly: Euphues and his England 1580
(Original spelling, slightly updated by incorporating,
for clarity, the author's changes in later editions)
Transcribed by Barboura Flues
Edited, designed, and published on the web by Robert Brazil
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¶Euphues and his England,
CONTAINING.

his voyage and aduentures, myxed with
sundry pretie discourses of honest
Loue, the discription of the
countrey, the Court, and
the manners of that
Isle.

DELIGHTFUL TO
be read, and nothing hurtfull to be regar-
ded: wherein there is small offence
by lightnesse gluen to the wise,
and lesse occasion of loose-
nes proffered to the
wanton.

¶By Iohn Lyly, Maister
of Arte.

Commend it, or amend it.

Imprinted at London for Gabriell Cawood, dwelling
in Paules Church-yard. 1580.

To the Right Honourable my
very good Lorde and Maister, Edward de Vere,
Earle of Oxenforde, Vicount Bulbeck, Lorde of
Escales and Badlesmere, and Lorde great
Chamberlaine of England, John Lyly

wisheth long lyfe, with encrease of Honour.

THE first picture that Phydias the first Paynter shadowed, was the portraiture of his owne person, saying thus: if it be well, I will paint many besides Phydias, if ill, it shall offend none but Phydias.

In the like manner fareth it with me (Right Honourable) who never before handling the pensill, did for my fyrst counterfaite, coulour mine owne Euphues, being of this minde, that if it wer lyked, I would draw more besides Euphues, if loathed, grieve none but Euphues.

Since that, some there have bene, that either dissembling the faultes they saw, for feare to discourage me, or not examining them, for the love they bore me, that praised mine olde worke, and urged me to make a new, whose words I thus answered. If I should coyne a worse, it would be thought that the former was framed by chaunce, as Protogenes did the foame of his dogge, if a better, for flatterie, as Narcissus did, who only was in love with his own face, if none at all, as froward as the Musition, who being entreated, will scarce sing sol fa, but not desired, straine above Ela.

But their importunitie admitted no excuse, in-so-much that I was enforced to preferre their friendship before mine owne fame, being more carefull to satisfie their requestes, then fearefull of others reportes: so that at the last I was content to set an other face to Euphues, but yet just behind the other, like the Image of Janus, not running together, lik the Hopplitides of Parrhasius least they should seeme so unlike Brothers, that they might be both thought bastardes, the picture wherof I yeeld as common all to view, but the patronage onely to your Lordshippe, as able to defend, knowing that the face of Alexander stamped in copper doth make it currant, that the name of Caesar, wrought in Canvas, is esteemed as Cambricke, that the feather of an Eagle, is of force to consume the Beetle.

I have brought into the worlde two children, of the first I was delivered, before my friendes thought mee conceived, of the second I went a whole yeare big, and yet when everye one thoght me ready to lye downe, I did then quicken: But good huswives shall make my excuse, who know that Hens do not lay egges when they clucke, but when they cackle, nor men set forth bookes when they promise, but when they performe. And in this I resemble the Lappwing, who fearing hir young ones to be destroyed by passengers, flyeth with a false cry farre from their nestes, making those that looke for them seeke where they are not: So I suspecting that Euphues would be carped of some curious Reader, thought by some false shewe to bringe them in hope of that which then I meant not, leading them with a longing of a second part, that they might speake well of the first, being never farther from my studie, then when they thought mee hovering over it.

My first burthen comming before his time, must needes be a blind whelp, the second brought forth after his time must needes be a monster. The one I sent to a noble man to nurse, who with great love brought him up, for a yeare: so that where-soever he wander, he hath his Nurses name in his forehead, wher sucking his first milke, he can-not forget his first Master.

The other (right Honourable) being but yet in his swathe cloutes, I commit most humbly to your Lordships protection, that in his infancie he may be kepte by your good care from fals, and in his youth by your great countenance shielded from blowes, and in his age by your gracious

continuaunce, defended from contempt. He is my youngest and my last, and the paine that I sustained for him in travell, hath made me past teeming, yet doe I thinke my self very fertile, in that I was not altogether barren. Glad I was to sende them both abroad, least making a wanton of my first, with a blinde conceipt, I should resemble the Ape, and kill it by cullyng it, and not able to rule the second, I should with the Viper, loose my bloud with mine own brood. Twinnes they are not, but yet Brothers, the one nothing resemblyng the other, and yet (as all children are now a dayes) both like the father. Wherin I am not unlike unto the unskilfull Painter, who having drawen the Twinnes of Hippocrates, (who wer as lyke as one pease is to an other) & being told of his friends that they wer no more lyke then Saturne and Appollo, he had no other shift to manifest what his worke was, then over their heads to write: The Twinnes of Hippocrates. So may it be, that had I not named Euphues, fewe woulde have thought it had bene Euphues, not that in goodnes the one so farre excelleth the other, but that both beeing so bad, it is hard to judge which is the worst.

This unskilfulnesse is no wayes to be covered, but as Accius did his shortnesse, who being a lyttle Poet, framed for himselfe a great picture, & I being a naughtie Painter, have gotten a most noble Patron: being of Ulysses minde, who thought himselfe safe under the Shield of Ajax..

I have now finished both my labours, the one being hatched in the hard winter with the Alcyon, the other not daring to bud till the colde were past, like the Mulbery, in either of the which or in both, if I seeme to gleane after an others Cart, for a few eares of corne, or of the Taylors shreds to make me a lyvery, I will not deny, but that I am one of those Poets, which the painters faine to come unto Homers bason, there to lap up, that he doth cast up.

In that I have written, I desire no praise of others but patience, altogether unwillyng, bicause every way unworthy, to be accompted a workeman.

It sufficeth me to be a water bough, no bud, so I may be of the same roote, to be the yron, not steele, so I be in the same blade, to ber vinegar, not wine, so I be in the same caske, to grinde colours for Appelles, though I cannot garnish, so I be of the same shop. What I have done, was onely to keepe my selfe from sleepe, as the Crane doth the stone in hir foote, & I would also with the same Crane, I had bene silent holding a stone in my mouth.

But it falleth out with me, as with the young wrastler, that came to the games of Olympia, who having taken a foyle, thought scorne to leave, till he had received a fall, or him that being pricked in the finger with a Bramble, thrusteth his whole arme among the thornes, for anger. For I seeing my selfe not able to stande on the yce, did neverthesse adventure to runne, and being with my first booke stricken into disgrace, could not cease until I was brought into contempt by the second: wherein I resemble those that having once wet their feete, care not how deepe they wade.

In the which my wading (right Honourable) if the envious shal clap lead to my heeles to make me sinke, yet if your Lordship with your lyttle finger doe but holde me up by the chinne, I shall swimme, and be so farre from being drowned, that I shall scarce be duckt.

When Bucephalus was painted, Appelles craved the judgement of none but Zeuxis: when Juppiter was carved, Prisius asked the censure of none but Lysippus: now Euphues is shadowed, only I appeale to your honour, not meaning thereby to be carelesse what others

thinke, but knowing that if your Lordship allowe it, there is none but wil lyke it, and if ther be any so nice, whom nothing can please, if he will not commend it, let him amend it.

And heere right Honourable, although the Historie seeme unperfect, I hope your Lordship will pardon it.

Appelles dyed not before he could finish Venus, but before he durst, Nichomachus left Tindarides rawly, for feare of anger, not for want of Art, Timomachus broke off Medea scarce halfe coloured, not that he was not willing to end it, but that he was threatned: I have not made Euphues to stand without legges, for that I want matter ot make them, but might to maintein them: so that I am enforced with the olde painters, to colour my picture but to the middle, or as he that drew Ciclops, who in a little table made him to lye behinde an Oke, wher one might perceive but a peece, yet conceive that al the rest lay behinde the tree, or as he that painted an horse in the river with halfe legges, leaving the pasternes for the viewer, to imagine as in the water.

For he that vieweth Euphues, wil say that he is drawn but to the wast, that he peepeth, as it were behinde some screene, that his feet are yet in the water: which maketh me present your Lordship, with the mangled body of Hector, at it appeared to Andromache, & with half a face as the painter did him that had but one eye, for I am compelled to draw a hose on, before I can finish the legge, & in steed of a foot to set downe a shoe. So that whereas I had though to shew the cunning of a Chirugian bymine Anatomy with a knife, I must play the Tayler on the shoppe boorde with a paire of sheeres. But whether Euphues lympe with Vulcan, as borne lame, or go on stilts with Amphionax, for lack of legs, I trust I may say, that his feet shold have ben, olde Helena: for the poore Fisher-man that was warned he should not fish, did yet at his dore make nets, and the olde Vintener of Venice, that was forbidden to sell wine, did notwithstanding hang out an lvie bush.

This Pamphlet right honorable, containing the estate of England, I know none more fit to defend it, then one of the Nobilitie of England, nor any of the Nobilitie, more auntient or more honorable then your Lordship, besides that, describing the condition of the English court, & the majestie of our dread Sovereigne, I could not finde one more noble in court, your Honor, who is or should be under hir Majestie chieftest in court, by birth borne to the greatest Office, & therfore me thought by right to be placed in great authoritie: for who so compareth the honor of your L. noble house, with the fidelitie of your auncestours, may wel say, which no other can truly gainsay, Vero nihil verius. So that I commit the ende of al my pains unto your most honorable protection, assuring my self that the little Cock boat is safe, when it is hoised into a tall ship, that the Cat dare not fetch the mouse out of the Lions den, that Euphues shal be without daunger by your L. Patronage, otherwise, I cannot see, wher I might finde succour in any noble personage. Thus praying continually for the encrease of your Lordships honour, with all other things that either you woulde wish, or God will graunt, I ende.

Your Lordships most dutifully to commaund,
JOHN LYLY.

TO THE LADIES
and Gentlewoemen of England,
John Lyly wisheth what

they would.

Arachne having woven in cloth of Arras, a Raine-bow of sundry & silkes, it was objected unto hir by a Ladie more captious then cunning, that in hir worke there wanted some coulours: for that in a Raine-bow there would bee all: Unto whom she replied, if the coulours lacke thou lookest for, thou must imagine that they are on the other side of the cloth: For in the Skie wee canne discerne but one side of the Raine-bowe, and what coulours are in the other, see wee can-not, gesse wee may.

In the like manner (Ladies and Gentlewoemen) am I to shape an aunswere in the behalfe of Euphues, who framing divers questions and quirkes of love, if, by some more curious then needeth, it shall be tolde him, that some sleighes are wanting, I must saye they are noted on the backside of the booke. When Venus is paynted, we can-not see hir back, but hir face, so that all other thinges that are to be recounted in love, Euphues thinketh them to hang at Venus back in a budget, which bicause hee can-not see, hee will not set downe.

These discourses I have not clapt in a cluster, thinking with my selfe, that Ladies had rather be sprinckled with sweete water, then washed, so that I have sowed them heere and there, lyke Strawberies, not in heapes, lyke Hoppes: knowing that you take more delyght, to gather flowers one by one in a garden, then to snatche them by handfulles from a Garland.

It resteth Ladies, that you take the paines to read it, but at such times, as you spend in playing with your little Dogges, and yet will I not pinch you of that pastime, for I am content that your Dogges lye in your laps, so Euphues may be in your hands, that when you shall be wearie in reading of the one, you may be ready to sport with the other: or handle him as you doe your Junckets, that when you can eate no more, you tye some in your napkin for children, for if you be filled with the first part, put the second in your pocket for your wayting Maydes: Euphues had rather lye shut in a Ladyes casket, then open in a Schollers studie.

Yet after dinner, you may overlooke him to keepe you from sleepe, or if you be heavie, to bring you a sleepe, for to worke upon a full stomacke is against Phisicke, and therefore better it were to holde Euphues in your hands, though you let him fal, when you be willing to winke, then to sowe in a clout, and pricke your fingers, when you begin to nod.

What-soever he hath written, it is not to flatter, for he never reaped anye rewarde by your sex, but repentaunce, neyther canne it be to mocke you, for hee never knewe anye thing by your sexe, but righteousnesse.

But I feare no anger for saying well, when there is none but thinketh she deserveth better.

She that hath no glasse to dresse hir head, will use a bole of water, shee that wanteth a sleeke-stone to smooth hir linnen, wil take a pebble, the country dame girdeth hir selfe as straight in the wast with a course caddis, as the Madame of the court with a silke riband, so that seeing everye one so willing to be pranked, I could not thinke any one unwilling to be praised.

One hand washeth an other, but they both wash the face, one foote goeth by an other, but they both carrye the body, Euphues and Philautus prayse one an other, but they both extoll woemen: Therfore in my minde you are more beholding to Gentlemen that make the coulours, then to the

Painters, that drawe your counterfaites: for that Apelles cunning is nothing if hee paint with water, and the beautie of women not much if they go unpraised.

If you thinke this Love dreamed not done, yet mee thinketh you may as well like that love which is penned and not practised, as that flower that is wrought with the needle, and groweth not by nature, the one you weare in your heades, for the faire sight, though it have no favour, the other you may reade for to passe the time, though it bring small pastime. You chuse cloth that will weare whitest, not that will last longest, coulours that looke freshest, not that endure soundest, and I would you would read bookes that have more shewe of pleasure, then ground of profit, then should Euphues be as often in your hands, being but a toy, as Lawne on your heads, being but trash, the one will be scarce liked after once reading, and the other is worne out after the first washing.

There is nothing lyghter then a feather, yet is it sette a loft in a woemans hatte, nothing slighter then haire, yet is it most frised in a Ladies head, so that I am in good hope, though their be nothing of lesse accounte then Euphues, yet he shall be marked with Ladies eyes, and lyked sometimes in their eares: For this I have diligently observed, that there shall be nothing found, that may offend the chaste minde with unseemely tearmes, or uncleanly talke.

Then Ladies I commit my selfe to your curtesies, craving this only, that having read, you conceale your censure, writing your judgments as you do the posies in your rings, which are alwayes next to the finger, not to be seene of him that holdeth you by the hands, and yet known to you that wear them on your hands: If you be wronge (which cannot be done with-out wrong) it were better to cut the shooe, then burne the last.

If a Tailour make your gowne too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher, if too great, with a number of plights, if too short, with a faire garde, if too long, with a false gathering, my trust is you will deale in the like manner with Euphues, that if he have not fead your humour, yet you will excuse him more then the Tailour: for could Euphues take the measure of a womans minde, as the Tailour doth of hir bodie, hee would go as neere to fit them for a fancie, as the other doth for a fashion.

Hee that weighes wind, must have a steadie hand to holde the ballaunce, and he that sercheth a woemans thoughts must have his own stayed. But least I make my Epistle as you do your new found bracelets, endlesse, I wil frame it like a bullet, which is no sooner in the mould but it is made. Committing your Ladiships to the Almightye, who graunt you al you would have, and should have: so your wishes stand with his will. And so humbly I bid you farewell.

Your Ladiships to commaund

JOHN LYLY

To the Gentlemen
Readers.

Gentlemen, Euphues is come at the length though too late, for whose absence, I hope three badde excuses, shall stande in a steede of one good reason.

First in his travaile, you must think he loytered, tarying many a month in Italy viewing the Ladyes in a Painters shop, when he should have bene on the Seas in a Merchaunts ship, not unlike unto an idle huswife, who is catching of flyes, when she should sweepe downe copwebs.

Secondly, being a great start from Athens to England, he thought to stay for the advantage of a Leape yeare, and had not this yeare leapt with him, I think he had not yet leapt hether.

Thirdly, being arrived, he was as long in viewing of London, as he was in comming to it, not farre differing from Gentlewomen, who are longer a dressing their heads then their whole bodyes.

But now he is come Gentlemen, my request is onely to bid him welcome, for divers ther are, not that they mislike the matter, but that they hate the man, that wil not stick to teare Euphues, bicause they do envie Lyly: Where-in they resemble angry Dogges, which byte the stone, not him that throweth it, or the cholericke Horse-rider, who being cast from a young Colt, & not daring to kill the Horse went into the stable to cutte the saddle.

These by they, that thought Euphues to be drowned and yet were never troubled with drying of his clothes, but they gessed as they wished, and I woulde it had happened as they desired.

They that loath the Fountaines heade, will never drinke of the lyttle Brookes: they that seeke to poyson the Fish, will never eate the spawne: they that lyke not mee, will not allowe anye thing, that is mind.

But as the Serpent Porphirius, though he bee full of poyson yet having no teeth, hurteth none but himselfe, so the envious, though they swell with malyce till they burst, yet having no teeth to bite, I have no cause to feare.

Onely my sute is to you Gentlemen, that if anye thing bee amisse, you pardon it: if well, you defende it: and how-soever it bee, you accepte it.

Faultes escaped in the Printing, correcte with your pennes: omitted by my negligence, overslippe with patience: committed by ignoraunce, remit with favour.

If in every part it seeme not alyke, you know that it is not for him that fashioneth the shoe, to make the graine of the leather.

Lovers when they come into a Gardeine, some gather Nettles, some Roses, one Tyme, an other Sage, and everye one, that, for his Ladyes favour, that shee favoureth: insomuch as there is no Weede almoste, but it is worne. If you Gentlemen, doe the lyke in reading,

I shall be sure all my discourses shall be regarded, some for the smell, some for the smart, all for a kinde of a loving smacke:

Lette everye one followe his fancie, and say that is best, which he lyketh best.

And so I commit everye mans

delight to his own choice, &
my selfe to all your
courtesies.

Yours to use,
John Lyly

Continue on to read Euphues and his England

Glossary for Euphues and his England

Elizabethan Authors Homepage

John Lyly: Euphues and his England 1580
(Original spelling, slightly updated by incorporating,
for clarity, the author's changes in later editions)
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Euphues and his England,
CONTAINING.
his voyage and adventures, myxed with
sundry pretie discourses of honest
Loue, the discription of the countrey,
the Court, and the manners of that
Isle.
DELIGHTFUL TO
be read, and nothing hurtfull to be regar-
ded: wherein there is small offence
by lightnesse gluen to the wise,
and lesse occasion of loose-
nes proffered to the
wanton.

By Iohn Lyly, Maister
of Arte.

Commend it, or amend it.

Imprinted at London for Gabriell Cawood, dwelling
in Paules Church-yard. 1580.

Euphues and his England.

EUpHues having gotten all things necessary for his voyage into England, accompanied onelye with Philautus, tooke shipping the first of December, 1579, by our English Computation: Who as one resolved to see that with his eies, which he had oftentimes heard with his eares, began to use this perswasion to his friend Philautus, aswell to counsell him how he should behave himselfe in England, as to comfort him beeing nowe on the Seas.

As I have found thee willing to be a fellow in my travell, so would I have thee ready to be a follower of my counsell: in the one shalt thou shew thy good will, in the other manifest thy wisdom. Wee are now sayling into an Iland of smal compasse as I gesse by their Maps, but of great civility as I hear by their maners, which if it be so, it behooveth us to be more inquisitive of their conditions, then of their countrey: and more carefull to marke the natures of their men, then curious to note the situation of the place. And surely me thinketh we cannot better bestow our time on the Sea, then in advise how to behave our selves when we come to the shore: for greater daunger is ther to arive in a straunge countrey where the inhabitants be polittique, then to be tossed with the troublesome waves, where the Mariners be unskilfull. Fortune guideth men in the rough Sea, but Wisdom ruleth them in a straunge land.

If Travailers in this our age were as warye of their conditions, as they be venterous of their bodyes, or as willing to reape profit by their paines, as they are to endure perill for their pleasure, they would either prefer their own foyle (sic.?) before a straunge Land, or good counsell before their owne conceyte. But as the young scholler in Athens went to heare Demosthenes eloquence at Corinth, and was entangled with Lais beautie, so most of our travailers which pretend to get a smacke of straunge language to sharpen their wits, are infected with vanity by following their wils. Daunger and delight growe both uppon one stalke, the Rose and the Canker in one bud, white and blacke are commonly in one border. Seeing then my good Philautus, that we are not to conquer wilde beasts by fight, but to confer with wise men by pollicie: We ought to take greater heede that we be not intrapped in follye, then feare to bee subdued by force. And heere by the way it shall not be amisse, aswell to drive away the tediousnesse of time, as to delight our selves with talke, to rehearse an olde treatise of an auncient Hermitte, who meeting with a pylgrime at his Cell, uttered a straunge and delightfull tale, which if thou Philautus are disposed to heare, and these present attentive to have, I will spende some time about it, knowing it both fit for us that be travailers to learne wit, and not unfit for these that be Merchaunts to get wealth.

Philautus although the stumpes of love so sticked in his mind, that he rather wished to heare an Eelegie in Ovid, then a tale of an Hermit: yet was hee willing to lend his eare to his friende, who had left his heart with his Lady, for you shal understand that Philautus having read the Cooling Carde which Euphues sent him, sought rather to aunswere it, then allow it. And I doubt not but if Philautus fall into his olde vaine in England, you shall heare of his new device in Italy. And although some shall thinke it impertinent to the historie, they shall not finde it repugnant, no more then in one nosegay to set two flowers, or in one counterfaite two coulours, which bringeth more delight, then disliking.

Philautus aunswered Euphues in this manner.

MY good Euphues, I am as willing to heare thy tale, as I am to be pertaker of thy travaile, yet I knowe not howe it commeth to passe, that my eyes are eyther heavy against foule weather, or

my head so drowsie against some ill newes, that this tale shall come in good time to bring me a sleepe, and then shall I get no harme by the Hermit, though I get no good: the other that wer then in the shippe flocked about Euphues, who began in this manner.

There dwelt some-tymes in the Iland Scyrum, an auncient gentleman called Cassander, who aswell as by his being a long gatherer, as his trad being a lewd usurer, waxed so wealthy, that he was thought to have almost all the money in that countrey in his owne coffers, being both aged and sickly, found such weaknesse in him-selfe, that he thought nature would yeeld to death, and phisicke to his diseases. This Gentleman had one onely sonne, who nothing resembled the father either in fancie or favour, which the olde manne perceiving, dissembled with him both in nature and honestie, whom he caused to be called unto his bedside, and the chamber beeing voyded, he brake with him in these tearmes.

Callimachus (for so was hee called) thou art too young to dye, and I too old to lyve: yet as nature must of necessitie pay hir debt to death, so must she also shew hir devotion to thee, whome I alive had to be the comfort of myne age, and whome alone I must leave behynde mee, for to bee the onely mayntainer of all myne honour. If thou couldest aswell conceive the care of a father, as I can level at the nature of a childe, or wer I as able to utter my affection towards a sonne as thou oughtest to shew thy duety to thy sire, then wouldest thou desire my life to enjoy my counsell, and I should correct thy life to amend thy conditions: yet so tempered, as neyther rigor might detract any thing from affection in me, or feare any whit from thee, in duety. But seeing my selfe so feeble that I cannot live to bee thy guyde, I am resolved to give thee such counsell as may do thee good, wher-in I shal shew my care, and discharge my duetie.

My good sonne, thou art to receive by my death wealth, and by my counsel wisdom, and I would thou wert as willing to imprint the one in thy hart, as thou wilt be ready to beare the other in thy purse: to bee rich is the gift of Fortune, to bee wise the grace of God. Have more minde on thy bookes then my bags, more desire of godlinesse then gold, greater affection to dye well, then to live wantonly.

But as the Cypresse tree, the more it is watered, the more it withereth, and the oftner it is lopped, the sooner it dyeth, so unbrideled youth, the more it is also by grave advise counselled, or due correction controlled, the sooner it falleth to confusion, hating all reasons that would bring it from folly, as that tree doth all remedies, that should make it fertile.

Alas Callimachus, when wealth commeth into the handes of youth before they can use it, then fall they to al disorder that may be, tedding that with a forke in one yeare, which was not gathered together with a rake, in twentie.

But why discourse I with thee of worldly affaires, being my self going to heaven, heere Callimachus take the key of yonder great barred Chest, wher thou shalt finde such store of wealth, that if thou use it with discretion, thou shalt become the onely rich man of the world. Thus turning him on his left side, with a deepe sigh and pitifull grone, gave up the ghoast.

Callimachus, having more minde to looke to the locke, then for a shrowding sheete, the breath beeing scarce out of his fathers mouth, & his body yet panting with heate, opened the Chest, where he found nothing, but a letter written very faire, sealed up with his Signet of armes, with this superscription:

In finding nothing, thou shalt gaine all things.

Callimachus, although hee were abashed at sight of the emptie Chest, yet hoping this letter would direct him to the golden Myne, he boldly opened it, the contents whereoff follow in these termes.

Wisedome is great wealth. Sparing, is good getting. Thrift consisteth not in golde, but grace. It is better to dye with-out money, then to live with out modestie. Put no more clothes on thy back, then will expell colde: neither any more meat in thy belly, then may quench hunger. Use not change in attire, nor varietie in thy dyet: the one bringeth pride, the other surfets. Each vaine, voyd of pietie: both costly, wide of profit.

Goe to bed with the Lambe, & rise with the Larke: Late watching in the night, breedeth unquyet: & long sleeping in the day, ungodlinesse: Flye both: this, as unwholsome: that, as dishonest.

Enter not into bands, no not for thy best friends: he that payeth an other mans debt seeketh his own decay, it is as rare to see a rich Surety, as a black Swan, and he that lendeth to all that will borrowe, sheweth great good will, but lyttle witte. Lende not a penny without a pawne, for that will be a good gage to borrowe. Be not hastie to marry, it is better to have one plough going, then two cradells: and more profit to have a barne filled then a bedde. But if thou canst not live chastly, chuse such an one, as maye be more commended for humilitie, then beautie. A good huswife, is a great patrimony: and she is most honourable, that is most honest. If thou desire to be olde, beware of too much wine: If to be healthy, take heede of many women: If too be rich, shunne playing at all games. Long quaffing, maketh a short lyfe: Fonde lust, causeth drye bones: and lewd pastimes, naked purses. Let the Cooke be thy Phisition, and the shambles thy Apothecaries shop: He that for every qualme wil take a Receipt, and can-not make two meales, unlesse Galen be his Gods good: shall be sure to make the Phisition rich, and himselfe a begger; his bodye will never be with-out diseases, and his purse ever with-out money.

Be not too lavish in giving almes, the charitie of this Countrey, is, God helpe thee: and the courtesie, I have the best wine in towne for you.

Live in the Countrey, not in the Court: where neither Grasse will growe, nor Mosse cleave to thy heeles.

Thus hast thou if thou canst use it, the whole wealth of the world: and he that can not follow good counsel, never can get commoditie. I leave thee more, then thy father left me: For he dying, gave me great wealth, without care how I might keepe it: and I give thee good counsell, with all meanes how to get riches. And no doubt, what so is gotten with witte, will bee kept with warinesse, and encreased with Wisedome.

God blesse thee, and I blesse thee: and as I tender thy safetie, so God deale with my soule.

Callimaches was stroken into such a maze, at this his fathers last Will, that he had almost lost his former wit: And being in an extreame rage, renting his clothes and tearing his haire, began to utter these words.

Is this the nature of a Father to deceive his sonne, or the part of crabbed age, to delude credulous youth? Is the death bedde which ought to bee the ende of devotion, become the

beginning of deceit? Ah Cassander, friend I can-not terme thee, seeing thee so unkinde: and father I will not call thee, whome I finde so unnaturall.

Who so shall heare of this ungratefulnesse, will rather lament thy dealyng, then thy death: and marvel that a man affected outwardly with such great gravitie, should inwardly be infected with so great guile. Shall I then show the duetie of a childe, when thou hast forgotten the Nature of a Father? No, no, for as the Torch bourned downewarde, is extinguished with the self-same waxe which was the cause of his lyght: so Nature tourned to unkindenesse, is quenched by those meanes it shoulde be kindeled, leaving no braunch of love, where it founde no roote of humanitie.

Thou hast caryed to thy grave more graye haire, then yeares and yet more yeares, then vertues. Couldst thou under the Image of so precise holynesse, harbour the expresse patterne of barbarous crueltie? I see now, that as the Canker soonest entreth into the white Rose, so corruption doth easliest creepe into the white head.

Would Callimachus could as well disgest thy malyce with patience, as thou diddest disguise it with craft: or would I might either burie my care with thy carcasse, of that thou hadst ended thy defame with thy death.

But as the hearb Moly hath a floure as white as snow, & a roote as blacke as incke: so age hath a white head, showing pietie, but a black hart swelling with mischiefe.

Wher-by I see, that olde men are not unlyke unto olde Trees, whose barks seemeth to be sound, when their bodies are rotten.

I will mourne, not that thou art now dead, but bicause thou hast lived so long: neither doe I weepe to see thee without breath, but to finde thee without mony.

In steede of coyne, thou hast left me counsaile: O polytique olde man. Didst thou learne by experience, that an edge can be any thing worth, if it have nothing to cut, or that Myners could worke without mettals, or Wisedome thrive, with-out where-with.

What availeth it to be a cunning Lapidarie, and have no stones? or a skilfull Pilot, and have no ship? or a thriftie man, and have no money. Wisdome hath no Mint, Counsell is no Coyner. He that in these dayes seeketh to get wealth by wit, with-out friends, is lyke unto him, that thinketh to buye meate in the market for honestie with-out money: which thriveth on either side so well, that the one hath a wittie head and an emptie pursse; the other a godly minde, & an emptie belly.

Yes, such a world it is, that Gods can do nothing with-out golde, and who of more might? nor Princes any thing with-out gifts, and who of more Majestie? nor Philosophers any thing with-out guylt, and who of more wisdome? For as among the Aegyptians, there was no man esteemed happie, that had not a beast full of spots, so amongst us ther is none accompted wise that hath not a purse full of golde. And haddest thou not loved money so well, thou wouldest never have lived so warily and died so wickedly, who either burying thy treasure, doest hope to meete it in hell, or borrowing it of the Divil hast rendred him the whole, the interest where-of I feare me commeth to no lesse then the price of thy soule.

But whether art thou caried, Callimachus, rage can neither reduce thy fathers life, nor recover his treasure. Let it suffice thee, that he was unkinde, and thou unfortunate, that he is dead and heareth thee not, that thou art a live and profitest nothing.

But what did my father think, that too much wealth would make me proud, and feared not too great misery would make me desperate? Whilest he was beginning a fresh to renew his complaints & revile his parents, his kinsfolke assembled, who caused him to bridle his lavish tongue, although they mervailed at his pitious tale: For it was well knowne to them all, that Cassander had more mony then halfe the countrey, and loved Callimachus better then his own selfe.

Callimachus by the importunitie of his allies, repressed his rage, setting order for all thinges requisite for his fathers funeralles, who being brought with due reverence unto the grave, hee returned home, making a short Inventorie to his fathers long Wil. And having made ready money of such movables as were in his house, putte both them and his house into his purse, resolving now with him-selfe in this extremitie, eyther with the hazarde of his labour to gayne wealth, or by mysfortune to seeke death, accompting it great shame to live with-out travell, as grieve to bee left with-out treasure, and although hee were earnestly entreated, as well by good proffers of gentle perswasions to weane him-selfe from so desolate, or rather desperate lyfe, hee would not hearken eyther to his owne commodities or their counselles: For seeing (sayd hee) I am left heyre to all the worlde, I meane to execute my authoritie, and clayme my lands in all places of the world. Who now so rich as Callimachus? Who had as many revenues every where as in his owne countrey? Thus beeyng in a readines to departe, apparrelled in all coulours, as one fitte for all companies, and willing to see all countries, journeyed three or foure dayes verie devoutlye lyke a pilgrime, who straying out of his pathway, & somewhat weary, not used to such day-labours, rested him-self uppon the side of a silver streame, even almost in the grisping of the evening, where thinking to steale a nappe, beganne to close his eyes. As he was thus between slumbring and waking, he heard one cough pitiously, which caused him to start: and seeing no creature, hee searched diligently in every bushe and under every shrubbe, at the last he lyghted on a little cave, where thrusting in his head more bolde then wise, hee espyed an olde man cladde all in gray, with a head as white as Alabaster, his hoarie beard hanging downe well neere to his knees, with him no earthly creature, saving onelye a Mouse sleeping in a Cattes eare. Over the fyre this good olde man satte, leaning his head to looke into a little earthen vessell which stoode by him.

Callimachus delygthed more then abashed at this straunge sight, thought to see the manner of his hoste, before he would be his guest.

This olde manne immediatlye tooke out of his pottle certayne rootes, on the which hee fedde hungerlye, having no other drinke then fayre water. But that which was moste of all to bee considered and noted, the Mouse and the Catte fell to their victualles, beeing such reliques as the olde manne had left, yea and that so lovinglye, as one woulde have thought them both married, judging the Mouse to be verie wilde, or the Cat very tame.

Callimachus coulde not refrayne laughter to beholde the solempne feaste, at the voyce where-of the olde manne arose, and demanded who was there: unto whome Callimachus aunswered: Father, one that wisheth thee both greater cheere and better servaunts: unto whome he replied, shoaring up his eyes, by yis sonne, I accompt the cheere good, which maintayneth health, and the servauntes honest, whome I finde faythfull. And if thou neyther thinke scorne of my company

nor my Cell, enter and welcome: the which offer Callimachus accepted with great thankes, who thought his lodging would be better then his supper.

The next morning the olde manne being very inquisitive of Callimachus what he was, wher he dwelt, and whether he would, Callimachus discoursed with him in perticulers, as before, touching his Fathers death and despite, against whome hee uttered so many bytter and burning wordes, as the olde Hermittes eares gloed to heare them, and my tonge would blyster if I should utter them. More-over he added that he was determined to seeke adventures in straunge lands, and either to fetch the golden fleece by travaile, or susteine the force of Fortune by his owne wilfull follye.

Now Philautus, thou shalt understand that this olde Hermitte, whiche was named also Cassander, was Brother to Callimachus Father, and Uncle to Callimachus, unto whom Cassander had before his death conveyed the summe of tenne thousand poundes, to the use of his sonne in his most extremitie and necessitie, knowing or at the least foreseeing that his young colt will never beare a white mouth with-out a harde bridle. Also hee assured him-selfe that his brother so little tendred money being a professed Hermitte, and so much tendred and esteemed Callimachus, beeing his neere kinsman, as he put no doubt to stand to his devotion.

Cassander this olde Hermitte hearing it to bee Callimachus his Nephewe, and understanding of the death of his brother, dissembled his grieve although he were glad to see thinges happen out so well, and determined with him-selfe to make a Cosinne of his young Nevew, untill hee had bought witte with the price of woe, wherefore he assayd first to staye him from travell, and to take some other course, more fitte for a Gentleman. And to the intent sayde hee, that I may perswade thee, give ear unto my tale, and this is the tale Philautus that I promised thee, which the Hermitte sitting nowe in the Sunne, began to utter to Callimachus.

WHen I was younge as thou nowe art, I never thought to bee olde, as nowe I am, which caused lustye bloud to attempte those thinges in youth, which akyng boanes have repented in age. I hadde one onely Brother, which also bore my name, being both borne at one tyme as twinnes, but so farre disagreeing in nature, as hadde not as well the respecte of the just tyme, as also the certeyntie and assuraunce of our Mothers fidelitie, perswaded the worlde wee hadde one Father, it would verye hardelye have beene thought, that such contrarye dispositions coude well have beene bredde in one wombe, or issued from ones loynes. Yet as out of one and the selfe-same roote, commeth as well the wilde Olyve, as the sweete, and as the Palme Persian Fig tree, beareth as well Apples, as Figs: so our mother thrust into the world at one time, the blossome of gravitie and lyghtnesse.

We were nursed both with one teate, where my brother sucked a desire of thrift, and I of theft: which evidently sheweth that as the breath of the Lyon, engendreth aswell the Serpent, as the Ant: and as the selfe same deaw forceth the Earth to yeelde both the Darnell and Wheat: or as the Easterly winde maketh the blossomes to blast, and the buddes to blowe: so one wombe nourished contrary wits, and one milke divers manners, which argueth something in Nature I know not what, to be mervaylous, I dare not saye monstrous.

As we grew olde in yeares, so began we to be more opposit in opinions: He grave, I gamesome: he studious, I carelesse: he without mirth, and I without modestie.

And verely, had we resembled each other, as little in favour, as we did in fancie, or disagreed as much in shape as we did in sence: I know not what Dedalus would have made a Laborynth for such Monsters, or what Appelles could have couloured such misshapes.

But as the Painter Tamantes could no way expresse the grieve of Agamemnon who saw his onely daughter sacraficed, and therefore drew him with a vale over his face, whereby one might better conceive his anguish, then he colour it: so some Tamantes seeing us, would be constrained with a Curtaine to shadow that deformitie, which no counterfait could portraie lyvely. But nature recompensed the dissimilitude of mindes, with a Sympathy of bodies, for we were in all parts one so like the other, that it was hard to distinguish either in speach, countenance, or height, one from the other: saving that either caried the motion of his mind, in his manners, and that the affects of the hart were bewrayed by the eyes, which made us known manifestly. For as two Rubies be they never so lyke, yet if they be brought together one staineth the other, so we beeing close one to the other, it was easely to imagine by the face whose vertue deserved most favour, for I could never see my brother, but his gravitie would make me blush, which caused me to resemble the Thrushe, who never singeth in the companie of the Nightingale. For whilest my Brother was in presence, I durst not presume to talke, least his wisdom might have checked my wildnesse: Much lyke to Roscius, who was alwayes dumbe, when he dined with Cato. Our Father being on his death-bed, knew not whom to ordein his heire, being both of one age: to make both, woulde breede as he thought, unquiet: to appoint but one, were as he knew injury: to devide equally, were to have no heire: to impart more to one then to the other, were partiality: to disherite me of his wealth, whom Nature had disherited of wisdom, were against reason: to barre my brother from golde, whome God seemed to endue with grace, were flatte impietie: yet calling us before him, he uttered with watry eyes, these words.

WEre it not my sonnes, that Nature worketh more in me, then Justice, I should disherite the one of you, who promiseth by his folly to spende all, & leave the other nothing, whose wisdom seemeth to purchase all things. But I well know, that a bitter roote is amended with a sweete graft, and crooked trees prove good Cammocks, and wilde Grapes, make pleasaunt Wine Which perswadeth me, that thou (poynting to me) wilt in age repent thy youthly affections, & learne to dye as well, as thou hast lyved wantonly. As for thee (laying his hande on my brothers head) although I see more then commonly in any of thy yeares, yet knowing that those that give themselves to be bookish, are oftentimes so blockish, that they forget thrift (whereby the olde Saw is verified, that the greatest Clearkes are not the wisest men, who digge still at the roote, while others gather the fruite) I am determined to helpe thee forward, least having nothing thou desire nothing, and so be accompted as no body. He having thus said, called for two bags, the one ful of gold, the other stufte with writings, & casting them both unto us, sayd this: There my sonnes devide all as betweene you it shal be best agreed, and so rendred up his ghoast, with a pitifull grone.

My brother as one that knew his owne good, & my humour, gave me leave to chuse which bag I lyked, at the choice I made no great curiositie, but snatching the gold, let go the writings, which wer as I knew Evidences for land, oblygations for debt, too heavy for me to cary, who determined (as now thou doest Callimachus) to seeke adventures. My pursse now swelling with a timpany, I thought to serch al countries for a remedy, & sent many golden Angels into every quarter of the world, which never brought newes again to their master, being either soared into heaven, wher I cannot fetch them, or sunke into Hell for pride, wher I meane not to follow them. This life I continued the space of xiiii. yeares, until I had visited & viewed every country, & was a stranger in mine owne: but finding no treasure to be wrapped in travell, I returned with more

vices, then I went forth with pence, yet with so good a grace, as I was able to sinne both by experience and authoritie, use framing me to the one, and the Countryes to the other. There was no cryme so barbarous, no murther so bloody, no oath so blasphemous, no vice so execrable, but that I could readely recite where I learned it, and by roate repeate the peculiar crime, of everye perticular Country, Citie, Towne, Village, House, or Chamber.

If I met with one of Creete, I was readye to lye with him for the whetstone. If with a Grecian, I could dissemble with Synon. I could court it with the Italian, carous it with the Dutch-man. I learned al kinde of poysons, yea, and such as were fit for the Popes holynesse. In Aegypt I worshipped their spotted God, at Memphis. In Turkey, their Mahomet. In Rome, their Masse: which gave me not onely a remission for my sinnes past without penance, but also a commission to sinne ever after with-out prejudice.

There was no fashion but fitted my backe, no fancie but served my tourne: But now my Barrell of golde, which Pride set a broche, Love began to set a tilte, which in short time ranne so on the lees, that the Divell daunced in the bottome, where he found never a crosse. It were too tedious to utter my whole lyfe in this my Pilgrimage, the remembraunce where-off, doth nothing but double my repentaunce.

Then to growe to an ende, I seeing my money wasted, my apparell worne, my minde infected with as many vices, as my body with diseases, and my bodye with more maladyes, then the Leopard hath markes, having nothing for amends but a few broken languages, which served me in no more steede, then to see one meat served in divers dishes: I thought it best to retourne into my native soyle, where finding my brother as farre now to excede others in wealth, as hee did me in wit, and that he had gayned more by thrift, then I could spende by pride, I neither envyed his estate, nor pityed mine owne: but opened the whole course of my youth, not thinking there-by to recover that of him by request, which I had lost my selfe by riot, for casting in my minde the miserie of the world with the mischiefes of my life, I determined from that unto my lives end, to lead a solitary life in this cave, which I have don the tearm of ful forty winters, from whence, neither the earnest entreatie of my Brother, nor the vaine pleasures of the world could draw me, neyther shall any thing but death.

Then my good Callimachus, recorde with thy selfe the inconveniences that come by travailing, when on the Seas every storme shall threaten death, and every calme a daunger, when eyther thou shall be compelled to boord others as a pyrate, or feare to be boorded of others as a Marchaunt: when at all times thou must have the back of an Asse to beare all, and the snowt of a swine to say nothing, thy hand on thy cap to shew reverence to every rascall, thy purse open to be prodigall to every Boore, thy sworde in thy sheath, not once daring either to strick or ward, which maketh me think that travailers are not onely framed not to commit injuries, but also to take them. Learne Callimachus of the Byrde Acanthis, who being bredde in the thistles will live in the thistles, and of the Grashopper, who being sprong of the grasse, will rather dye then depart from the grasse. I am of this minde with Homer, that as the Snayle that crept out of hir shell was turned eftsoones into a Toad, and therby was forced to make a stoole to sit on, disdaining hir own house: so the Travailer that stragleth from his own countrey, is in short tyme transformed into so monstrous a shape, that hee is faine to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he canne, not where he would. What did Ulysses wish in the midst of his travailing, but onely to see the smoake of his owne Chymnie? Did not all the Romaines saye that he that wandered did nothing els but heap sorowes to his friends, and shame to himself, and resembled those that seeking to light a Lynke, quenched a Lamp, imitating the barbarous

Gothes, who thought the rootes in Alexandria, sweeter then the resons in Barbary: But he that leaveth his own home, is worthy no home. In my opinion it is a homely kinde of dealing to preferre the curtesie of those he never knew, before the honesty of those among whom he was born: he that cannot live with a grot in his own country, shal never enjoy a penny in an other nation. Little dost thou know Callimachus with what wood travaileers are warmed, who must sleepe with their eies open, least they be suspected by their lookes, and eat with their mouths close, least they be poysoned with theyr meates. Where if they wax wealthy, they shall be envied, not loved: If poore punished, not pittied: If wise, accounted espials: If foolish, made drudges. Every Gentle-man will be their peere though they be noble, and every pesaunt their Lord if they be gentle: Hee therefore that leaveth his own house to seeke adventures, is like the Quaile that forsaketh the Malowes to eat Hemlock, or the Fly that shunneth the Rose, to light in a cowshard. No Callimachus, there wil no Mosse sticke to the stone of Sisiphus, no grasse hang on heeles of Mercury, no butter cleave on the bread of a travailer. For as the Egle at every flight looseth a fether, which maketh hir bald in hir age: so the travailer in every country looseth some fleece, which maketh him a begger in his youth, buying that with a pound, which he cannot sell againe for a penny, repentaunce. But why go I about to dissuade thee from that, which I my self followed, or to perswade thee to that which thou thy selfe flyest? My gray haire is like unto a white frost, thy read bloud not unlike unto a hot fyre: so that it cannot be that either thou shouldest follow my counsell, or I allow thy conditions: such a quarrel hath ther alwaies bin betwene the grave & the cradle, that he that is young thinketh the olde man fond, and the olde knoweth the young man to be a foole. But Callimachus, for the towardnes I see in thee, I must needs love thee, & for thy frowardnes, of force counsel thee: & do in the same sort, as Phoebus did that daring boy Phaeton. Thou goest about a great matter, neither fit for thy yeares being very young, nor thy profit being left so poore, thou desirest that which thou knowest not, neither can any performe that which thou seemest to promise. If thou covet to travaile straunge countries, search the Maps, there shalt thou see much, with great pleasure & smal paines, if to be conversant in al courts, read histories, where thou shalt understand both what the men have ben, & what their maners are, & me thinketh ther must be much delight, when ther is no danger. And if thou have any care either of the greene bud which springeth out of the tender stalke, or the timely fruite which is to grow of so good a roote, seeke not to kill the one, or hasten the other: but let time so work that grafts may be gathered off the tree, rather then sticks to burn. And so I leave thee, not to thy self, but to him that made thee, who guid thee with his grace, whether thou go as thou wouldest, or tarry at home as thou shouldest.

Callimachus obstinate in his fond conceit, was so far from being perswaded by this old Hermit, that he rather made it a greater occasion of his pilgrimage, & with an answer between scorning and resoning, he replied thus.

Father or friend (I know not verie well howe to tearme you) I have beene as attentive to heare your good discourse, as you were willing to utter it: yet mee thinketh you deale marvailouslye with youth, in seeking by sage counsell to put graye hayres on their chins, before nature hath given them almost any hayres on their heades: where-in you have gone so farre, that in my opinion your labour had bene better spent in travailing where you have not lyved, then in talking wher you cannot be beleaved. You have bene a Travailer and tasted nothing but sowre, therefore who-soever travaileth, shall eate of the same sauce: an Argument it is, that your fortune was ill, not that others should be as bad, and a warning to make you wise, not a warning to prove others unfortunate. Shal a souldier that hath received a skar in the battaile, give out that all warriours shall be maymed? Or the Marchaunt that hath lost by the Seas, be a cause that no other should venture, or a travailer that hath sustained harm by sinister fortune, or bene

infected by his own folly, dissuade all Gentlemen to rest at their own home till they come to their long home? Why then let all men abstaine from wine, because it made Alexander tipsie, let no man love a woman for that Tarquine was banished, let not a wise man play at all, for that a foole hath lost all: which in my minde would make such medly, that wee should bee enforced to leave things that were best, for feare they may bee badde, and that were as fond as not to cut ones meate with that knife that another hath cut his finger. Things are not to be judged by the event, but by the ende, nor travailing to be condemned by yours or manies unluckie successe, but by the common and most approved wisdom of those that canne better shew what it is then I, and will better speake of it then you doe.

Where you alledge Uliesses that he desired nothing so much, as to see the smoake of Ithaca, it was not because he loved not to travaile, but that he longed to see his wife after his travaile: and greater commendation brought his travail to him, then his wit: the one taught but to speake, the other what he should speake. And in this you tourne the poynt of your owne bodkin into your owne bosome. Uliesses was no lesse esteemed for knowledge he had of other countryes, then for the renewes he had in his own, & wher in the ende, you seeme to refer me to the viewing of Maps, I was never of that minde to make my ship in a Painters shop, which is lyke those, who have great skill in a wodden Globe, but never behold the Skie. And he that seeketh to bee a cunning travailer by seeing the Mappes, and an expert Astronomer, by turning the Globe, may be an Apprentice for Appelles, but no Page for Uliesses.

Another reason you bring, that travailing is costly: I speake for my selfe. He that hath litle to spende, hath not much to lose, and he that hath nothing in his owne countrey, can-not have lesse in any.

Would you have me spend the floure of my youth, as you doe the withered rase of your age? can the faire bloude of youth creepe into the ground as it were frost bitten? No Father Hermit, I am of Alexanders minde, if there were as many worlds, as there be cities in the world, I would never leave untill I had seene all the worlds, and each citie in everie world. Therefore to be short, nothing shall alter my minde, neither penny nor Pater noster.

This olde man seeing him so resolute, resolved to let him depart, and gave him this Fare-well.

MY good sonne though thou wilt not suffer mee to perswade thee, yet shalt thou not let mee to pittie thee, yea and to pray for thee: but the tyme will come when comming home by weeping crosse, thou shalt confesse, that it is better to be at home in the cave of an Hermit then abroad in the court of an Emperour, and that a crust with quietnesse, shall be better then Quayles with unrest. And to the ende thou maist prove my sayings as true, as I know thy selfe to bee wilfull, take the paines to retourne by this poore Cel, where thy fare shall be amended, if thou amende thy fault, and so farewell.

Callimachus courteously tooke his leave, and went his waye: but we will not leave him till we have him againe, at the Cell, where we found him.

NOW Philautus and Gentlemen all, suppose that Callimachus had as ill fortune, as ever had any, his minde infected with his body, his time consumed with his treasure: nothing won, but what he cannot loose though he would, Miserie. You must imagine (because it were too long to tell all his journey) that he was Sea sicke, (as thou beginnest to be Philautus) that he hardly escaped death, that he endured hunger and colde, heate with-out drinke, that he was entangled with

women, entrapped, deceived, that every stoole he sate on, was penniles bench, that his robes were rags, that he had as much neede of a Chirurgian as a Phisition, and that thus he came home to the Cell, and with shame and sorrow, began to say as followeth.

I Finde too late yet at length that in age there is a certeine foresight, which youth can not search, and a kinde of experience, unto which unripened yeares cannot come: so that I must of necessitie confesse, that youth never raineth wel, but when age holdeth the bridell, you see (my good father) what I would say by outward shew, and I neede not tell what I have tryed, bicause before you tolde me I shoulde finde it: this I say, that whatsoever miserie happened either to you or any, the same hath chaunced to me alone. I can say no more, I have tryed no lesse.

The olde Hermit glad to see this ragged Colte retourned, yet grieved to see him so tormented, thought not to adde sower words to augment his sharp woes, but taking him by the hande, and sitting down, began after a solempn manner, from the beginning to the ende, to discourse with him of his fathers affaires, even after the sort that before I rehearsed, and delyvered unto him his money, thinking now that miserie woulde make him thriftie, desiring also, that aswell for the honour of his Fathers house, as his owne credite, hee would retourne againe to the Islande, and there be a comfort to his friends, and a reliefe to his poore neighbours, which woulde be more worth then his wealth, and the fulfilling of his Fathers last Will.

Callimachus not a little pleased with this tale, & I thinke not much displeased with the golde, gave such thanks, as to such a friend appertained, and following the counsel of his unckle, which ever after he obeyed as a commaundement, he came to his owne house, lived long with great wealth, and as much worship as any one in Scyrum, and whether he be now lyving, I know not, but whether he be or no, it skilleth not.

Now Philautus, I have tolde this tale, to this ende, not that I thinke travailing to be ill if it be used wel, but that such advice be taken, yet the horse carry not his own bridle, nor youth rule himself in his own conceits. Besides that, such places are to be chosen, wher-in to inhabit as are as commendable for vertue, as buildings: where the miners are more to be marked, then, the men seene. And this was my whole drift, either never to travaile, or so to travaile, as although the purse be weakened, the minde may be strengthened. For not he that hath seene most countries is most to be esteemed, but he that learned best conditions: for not so much are the scituation of the places to be noted, as the vertues of the persons. Which is contrarie to the common practise of our travailers, who goe either for gaine, and returne with-out knowledge, or for fashion sake, and come home with-out pietie: Whose estates are as much to be lamented, as their follyes are to be laughed at.

This causeth youth, to spende their golden time, with-out either praise or profit, pretending a desire of learning, when they onely followe loytering. But I hope our travell shal be better employed, seeing vertue is the white we shoote at, not vanitie: neither the English tongue (which as I have heard is almost barbarous) but the English manners, which as I thinke are most precise. And to thee Philautus I begin to addresse my speach, having made an end of mine hermits tale, and if these few precepts I give thee be observed, then doubt not but we both shall learne that we best lyke. And these they are.

AT thy comming into England be not too inquisitive of newes, neither curious in matters of State, in assemblies aske no questions, either concerning manners or men. Be not lavish of thy

tongue, either in causes of weight, least thou shew thy selfe as a espyall, or in wanton talke, least thou prove thy selfe a foole.

It is the Nature of that country to sift straungers: every one that shaketh thee by the hand, is not joynd to thee in heart. They thinke Italians wanton, & Grecians subtile, they will trust neither they are so incredulous: but undermine both, they are so wise. Be not quarrellous for every lyght occasion: they are impatient in their anger of any equal, readie to revenge an injury, but never wont to profer any: they never fight without provoking, & once provoked they never cease. Beware thou fal not into the snares of love, the women there are wise, the men craftie: they will gather love by thy lookes, and picke thy minde out of thy hands. It shal be there better to heare what they say, then to speak what thou thinkest: They have long ears and short tongues, quicke to heare, and slow to utter, broad eyes, and light fingers, ready to espy and apt to stricke. Every straunger is a marke for them to shoote at: yet this must I say which in no country I can tell the like, that it is as seldome to see a straunger abused there, as it is rare to see anye well used els where: yet presume not too much of the curtesies of those, for they differ in natures, some are hot, some cold, one simple, and the other wilie, yet if thou use a few words and fayre speaches, thou shalt commaund any thing thou standes in neede of.

Touching the situation of the soile I have read in my studie, which I partly beleeeve (having no worse Author then Caesar) yet at my comming, when I shal conferre the thinges I see, with those I have read, I will judge accordingly. And this have I heard, that the inner parte of Brittain is inhabited by such as were born and bred in the Isle, and the Sea-choast by such as have passed thether out of Belgick to search booties & to make war. The country is mervailously replenished with people, and there be many buildings almost like in fashion to the buildings of Gallia, there is great store of cattell, the coyn they use is either of brasse or els rings of Iron, sised at a certain weight in steede of money. In the inner parts of the Realme groweth tinne, and in the sea coast groweth yron. The brasse that they occupy is brought in from beyond-sea. The ayre is more temperate in those places then in Fraunce, and the colde lesser. The Island is in fashion three cornered, wher-of one side is toward Fraunce, the one corner of this side which is in Kent, where for the most part Shippes arive out of Fraunce, is in the East, and the other nethermore, is towardes the South. This side containeth about five hundred miles, an other side lyeth toward Spain and the Sunne going down, on the which side is Ireland, lesse then Brittain as is supposed by the one halfe: but the cut betweene them, is like the distaunce that is betweene Fraunce and Brittain.

In the midst of this course is an Island called Man, the length of this side is (according to the opinion of the Inhabiters) seven hundred miles. The third side is northward, & against it lyeth no land, but the poynt of that side butteth most uppon Germany. This they esteeme to be eight hundred miles long, and so the circuit of the whole Island is two thousand miles. Of al the Inhabitants of this Isle, the Kentish men are most civilest, the which country marcheth altogether upon the sea, & differeth not greatly from the maner of France. They that dwell more in the hart of the Realme sow corne, but live by milk and flesh, and cloth themselves in lether. All the Brittaines doe die them-selves with woad, which setteth a blewish coulour upon them, and it maketh them more terrible to beholde in battaile. They weare their hayre long and shave all partes of their bodyes, saving the head and the upper lippe. Divers other uses and customes are among them, as I have read Philautus: But whether these be true or no, I wil not say: for me thinketh an Island so well governed in peace then, and so famous in victories, so fertile in all respects, so wholesome and populous, must needes in the terme of a thousand yeares be much better, and I beleeeve we shall finde it such, as we never read the like of any, and until we arrive

there, we wil suspend our judgements: Yet do I meane at my returne from thence to draw the whole discription of the Land, the customes, the nature of the people, the state, the government, & whatsoever deserveth either mervaille or commendation.

Philautus not accustomed to these narrow Seas, was more redy to tell what wood the ship was made of, then to aunswer to Euphues discourse: yet between waking and winking, as, one halfe sicke and some-what sleepy, it came in his braynes, aunswered thus.

In fayth Euphues thou hast told a long tale, the beginning I have forgotten, the middle I understand not, and the end hangeth not together: therfore I cannot repeat it as I would, nor delight in it as I ought: yet if at our arrivall thou wilt renew thy tale, I will rub my memorie: in the meane season, would I wer either again in Italy, or now in England. I cannot brook these Seas, which provoke my stomack sore. I have an appetite, it wer best for me to take a nap, for every word is brought forth with a nod.

Euphues replied. I cannot tell Philautus whether the Sea make thee sicke, or she that was borne of the Se : if the first, thou hast a quesie stomacke: if the latter, a wanton desire. I wel beleve thou remembrest nothing that may doe thee good, nor forgettest any thing which can do thee harme, making more of a soare then a plaister, and wishing rather to be curssed then cured, where-in thou agreest with those which having taken a surfet, seeke the meanes rather to sleepe then purge, or those that having the greene sicknes, & are brought to deaths dore follow their own humour, and refuse the Phisitions remedy. And such Philautus is thy desease, who pining in thine owne follies, chusest rather to perish in love, then to live in wisdom, but whatsoever be the cause, I wish the effect may answer my friendly care: then doubtles you shalt neither die being seasick, or doat being love sick. I would the Sea could aswel purge thy mind of fond conceits, as thy body of grose humours. Thus ending, Philautus againe begun to urge.

Without dout Euphues you dost me great wrong, in seeking a skar in a smoth skin, thinking to stop a vain wher none opened, and to cast love in my teeth, which I have already spit out of my mouth, which I must needes thinke proceedeth rather for lacke of matter, then any good meaning, els woldest thou never harp on that string which is burst in my hart, and yet ever sounding in thy eares. Thou art like those that procure one to take phisick before he be sick, and to apply a searcloth to his bodye, when he feeleth no ach, or a vomit for a surfet, when his stomacke is empty. If ever I fall to mine old Byas, I must put thee in the fault that talkes of it, seeing thou didst put me in the minde to think of it, wher-by thou seemest to blow the cole which thou woldest quench, setting a teene edge, wher thou desirest to have a sharp poynt, ymping a fether to make me flye, when thou oughtest rather to cut my wing for feare of a soaring.

Lucilla is dead, and she upon whome I gesse thou harpest is forgotten: the one not to be redeemed, the other not to be thought on: Then good Euphues wring not a horse on the withers, with a false saddle, neither imagin what I am by thy thoughts, but by mine own doings: so shalt thou have me both willing to followe good counsell, and able hereafter to give thee comfort. And so I rest halfe sleepy with the Seas.

With this aunswere Euphues held him-self content, but as much wearyed with talke as the other was with travaile, made a pyllow of his hand, and there let them both sleepe their fill and dreame with their fancies, untill either a storme cause them to wake, or their hard beds, or their journies ende.

Thus for the space of an eight weekes Euphues & Philautus sailed on the seas, from their first shipping, betwen whome divers speaches were uttered, which to resite were nothing necessary in this place, & weighing the circumstances, scarce expedient, what tempests they endured, what strang sights in the element, what monstrous fishes were seene, how often they were in daunger of drowning, in feare of boording, how wearie, how sick, how angrie, it were tedious to write, for that whosoever hath either read of travailing, or himselfe used it, can sufficiently gesse what is to be sayd. And this I leave to the judgement of those that in the like journey have spent their time from Naples to England, for if I should faine more then others have tryed, I might be thought too Poeticall: if lesse, partiall: therefore I omit the wonders, the Rockes, the markes, the goulfes, and whatsoever they passed or saw, least I should trouble divers with things they know, or may shame my selfe, with things I know not. Lette this suffice, that they are safely come within a ken of Dover, which the Master espying, with a cheerefull voyce waking them, began to utter these words unto them.

GEntlemen and friends, the longest Summers day hath his evening, Ulisses arriveth at last, & rough windes in time bring the ship to safe Road. We are now within foure houres sayling of our Haven, and as you wil thinke of an earthly heaven. Yonder white Cliffes which easely you may perceive, are Dover hils, where unto is adjoyning a strong and famous Castle, into the which Julius Caesar did enter, where you shall view many goodly monuments, both straunge & auncient. Therefore pull up your harts, this merry winde will immediately bring us to an easie bayte.

Philautus was glad he slept so long, and was awaked in so good time, beeing as weary of the seas, as he that never used them. Euphues not sorrowfull of this good newes, began to shake his cares, and was soone apparailled. To make short, the windes were so favorable, the Mariners so skilfull, the waye so short, that I feare me they will lande before I can describe the manner how, and therefore suppose them now in Dover Towne in the noble Isle of England, somewhat benighted, & more apt to sleepe then suppe. Yet for manners sake they entertained their Master & the rest of the Merchants and Marriners, wher having in due time both recorded their travailes past, and ended their repast, every one went to his lodging, where I wil leave them soundly sleeping untill the next day.

The next day they spent in viewing the Castle of Dover, the Pyre, the Cliffes, the Road, and Towne, receiving as much pleasure by the sight of auncient monuments, as by their curteous entertainment, no lesse praising the persons for their good mindes, then the place for the goodly buildings: & in this sort they refreshed themselves 3, or 4, daies, until they had digested the seas, & recovered again their healths, yet so warely they behaved themselves, as they wer never heard, either to enquire of any newes, or point to any fortres, beholding the bulwarkes with a slight & careles regard, but the other places of peace, with admiration. Folly it wer to shew what they saw, seing heereafter in the description of England, it shall most manifestly appeare. But I will set them forward in their journey, where now with-in this two houres, we shall finde them in Caunterbury.

Travailing thus like two Pilgrimes, they thought it most necessary to direct their steppes toward London, which they hard was the most royall seat of the Queene of England. But first they came to Caunterbury, an olde Citie, somewhat decayed, yet beautiful to behold, most famous for a Cathedrall Church, the very Majestie whereoff, stroke them into a maze, where they saw many monuments, and heard tell of greater, then either they ever saw, or easely would beleieve.

After they had gone long, seeing them-selves almost benighted, determined to make the nexte house their Inne, and espying in their way even at hande a very pleasaunt garden, drew neere: where they sawe a comely olde man as busie as a Bee among his Bees, whose countenance bewrayed his conditions: this auncient Father, Euphues greeted in this manner.

FATHER, if the courtesie of Englande be aunswerable in the custome of Pilgrimes, then will the nature of the Countrey, excuse the boldnesse of straungers: our request is to have such entertainment, beeing almost tyred with travaile, not as divers have for acquaintaunce, but as all men have for their money, which curtesie if you graunt, we will ever remaine in your debt, although every way discharge our due: and rather we are importunate, for that we are no lesse delighted with the pleasures of your garden, then the sight of your gravitie. Unto whom the olde man sayd.

GEntlemen, you are no lesse I perceive by your manners, and you can be no more beeing but men, I am neither so uncourteous to mislyke your request not so suspicious to mistrust your truthes, although it bee no lesse perillous to be secure, then peevish to be curious. I keepe no victualling, yet is my house an Inne, & I an Hoste to every honest man, so far as they with courtesie wil, & I may with abilytie. Your entertainment shal be as smal for cheere, as your acquaintaunce is for time, yet in my house ye may happely finde some one thing cleanly, nothing courtly: for that wisdomed provideth things necessarie, not superfluous, & age seeketh rather a Modicum for sustenance, then feastes for surfets. But until some thing may be made ready, might I be so bold as enquire your names, countreys, and the cause of your pilgrimage, where-in if I shalbe more inquisitive then I ought, let my rude birth excuse my bolde request, which I will not urge as one importunate (I might say) impudent.

Euphues, seeing this fatherly and friendlye Sire, (whom we will name Fidus) to have no lesse inwarde courtesie, then outward comelynesse, conjectured (as well he might) that the profer of his bountie, noted the noblenesse of his birth, beeing wel assured that as no Thersites could be transformed into Uliesses, so no Alexander could be couched in Damocles.

Thinking therefore now with more care and advisednesse to temper his talke, least either he might seeme foolysh or curious, he aunswered him, in these termes.

GOod sir, you have bound us unto you with a double chaine, the one in pardoning our presumption, the other in graunting our petition. Which great & undeserved kindenesse, though we can-not requit with the lyke, yet if occasion shall serve, you shall finde us heereafter as willing to make amends, as we are now ready to give thanks.

Touching your demaunds, we are not so unwise to mislyke them, or so ungratefull to deny them, least in concealing our names, it might be thought for some trespassse, and covering our pretence, we might be suspected of treason. Know you then sir, that this Gentleman my fellow, is called Philautus, I Euphues: he an Italian, I a Grecian: both sworne friendes by just tryall, both Pilgrimes by free will. Concerninge the cause of our comming into this Islande, it was onely to glue our eyes to our eares, that we might justifie those things by sight, which we have oftentimes with incredible admiration understoode by hearing: to wit, the rare qualyties as well of the body as the minde, of your most dreade Sovereigne and Queene, the brute of the which hath filled every corner of the worlde, insomuch as there is nothing that moveth either more matter or more mervaille then hir excellent majestie, which fame when we saw, with-out comparison, and almost above credit, we determined to spend some parte of our time and

treasure in the English court, where if we could finde the reporte but to be true in halfe, wee shoulde not onelye thinke our money and travayle well employed, but returned with interest more then infinite. This is the onely ende of our comming, which we are nothing fearefull to utter, trusting as well to the curtesie of your countrey, as the equitie of our cause.

Touching the court, if you can give us any instructions, we shal think the evening wel spent, which procuring our delight, can no way worke your disliking.

GEntlemen (aunswered this olde man) if bicause I entertaine you, you seeke to undermin me, you offer me great discourtesie: you must needes thinke me verye simple, or your selves very subtyll, if upon so small acquaintaunce I should answer to such demands, as are neither for me to utter being a subject, nor for you to know being straungers. I keepe hives for Bees, not houses for busibodies (pardon me Gentlemen, you have moved my patience) & more welcome shal a wasp be to my honny, then a privy enemy to my house. If the rare reporte of my most gracious Ladye have brought you hether, mee thinketh you have done very ill to chuse such a house to confirme your mindes, as seemeth more like a prison then a pallace, where-by in my opinion, you meane to derogate from the worthines of the person by the vilnes of the place, which argueth your pretences to savor of malice more then honest meaning. They use to consult of Jove in the Capitol, of Caesar, in the senat, of our noble Queene, in hir owne court. Besides that, Alexander must be painted of none but Appelles, nor engraven of any but Lisippus, not our Elizabeth set forth of every one that would in duety, which are all, but of those that can in skylle, which are fewe, so furre hath nature overcome arte, and grace eloquence, that the paynter draweth a vale over that he cannot shaddow, and the Orator holdeth a paper in his hand, for that he cannot utter. But whether am I wandring, rapt farther by devotion then I can wade through with discretion. Cease then Gentle-men and know this, that an English-man learneth to speake of menne, and to holde his peace of the Gods. Enquire no farther then beseemeth you, least you heare that which can-not like you. But if you thinke the time long before your repast, I wil finde some talk which shall breede your dlight touching my Bees.

And here Euphues brake him off, and replyed: though not as bitterly as he would, yet as roundlye as he durst, in this manner.

We are not a little sory syr, not that we have opened our mindes, but that we are taken amisse, and where we meant so well, to be entreated so ill, having talked of no one thing, unlesse it be of good wil towards you, whome we revered for age, and of dutye towarde your Sovereigne, whom we mervailed at for vertue: which good meaning of ours misconstrued by you, hath bread such a distemperature in our heads, that we are fearfull to praise hir, whom al the world extolleth, and suspitious to trust you, whom above any in the worlde we loved. And wheras your greatest argument is, the basenes of your house, me thinketh that maketh most against you. Caesar never rejoyced more, then when hee heard that they talked of his valyant exploits in simple cotages, alledging this, that a bright Sunne shineth in every corner, which maketh not the beames worse, but the place better. When (as I remember) Agesilaus sonne was set at the lower end of the table, & one cast it in his teeth as a shame, he answered: this is the upper end where I sit, for it is not the place that maketh the person, but the person that maketh the place honorable. When it was told Alexander that he was much praysed of a Myller, I am glad, quoth he, that there is not so much as a Miller but loveth Alexander. Among other fables, I call to my remembrance one, not long, but apt, and as simple as it is, so fit it is, that I cannot omit it for that opportunitie of the time, though I might over-leap it for the basenesse of the matter. When all the Birds wer appointed to meete to talke of the Eagle, there was great contention, at whose nest

they should assemble, every one willing to have it at his own home, one preferring the nobilitie of his birth, an other the statelynes of his building: some would have it for one qualitie, some for an other: at the last the Swallow, said they should come to his nest (being commonly of filth) which all the Birds disdain, sayd: why thy house is nothing els but dirt, and therefore answered the Swallow would I have talke there of the Eagle: for being the basest, the name of an Eagle wil make it the bravest. And so good father may I say of thy cotage, wiche thou seemest to account of so homely, that moving but spech of thy Sovereigne, it will be more like a court then a cabin, and of a prison the name of Elizabeth wil make it a pallace. The Image of a Prince stamp in copper goeth as currant, and a Crow may cry Ave Caesar with-out any rebuke.

The name of a Prince is like the sweete dew, which falleth as well upon lowe shrubbes, as hygh trees, and resembleth a true glasse, where-in the poore may see theyr faces with the ryche, or a cleare streame where-in all maye drinke that are drye: not they onely that are wealthy. Where you adde, that wee shoulde feare to move any occasion touching talke of so noble a Prince, truly our reverence taketh away the feare of suspition. The Lamb feareth not the Lion, but the Wolfe: the Partridge dreadeth not the Eagle, but the Hawke: a true and faythfull heart standeth more in awe of his superior whom he loveth for feare, then of his Prince whom he feareth for love. A cleare conscience needeth no excuse, nor feareth any accusation. Lastly you conclude, that neither arte nor heart can so set forth your noble Queene as she deserveth. I graunt it, and rejoyce at it, and that is the cause of our comming to see hir, whom none can sufficiently commend: and yet doth it not follow, that because wee cannot give hir as much as she is worthy of, therefore wee should not owe hir any. But in this we will imitate the olde paynters in Greece, who drawing in theyr Tables the portraiture of Jupiter, were every houre mending it, but durst never finish it: And being demaunded why they beganne that, which they could not ende, they answered, in that we shew him to bee Jupiter, whome every one may beginne to paynt, but none can perfect. In the lyke manner meane we to drawe in parte the prayses of hir, whome we cannot thoroughly portraie, and in that we signifie hir to be Elizabeth. Who enforceth every man to do as much as he can, when in respect of hir perfection, it is nothing. For as he that beholdeth the Sunne stedfastly, thinking ther-by to describe it more perfectly, hath his eyes so daseled, that he can discern nothing, so fareth it with those that seeke marvellously to praise those, that are without the compasse of their judgements, & all comparison, that the more they desire, the lesse they discern, & the neerer they think themselves in good wil, the farther they finde themselves of in wisdom, thinking to mesure that by the ynnch, which they cannot reach with the ell. And yet father, it can be neither hurtful to you, nor hateful to your Prince, to here the commendation of a stranger, or to answer his honest request, who will wish in heart no lesse glorye to hir, then you doe: although they can wish no more. And therefore me thinketh you have offered a little discourtesie, not to answer us, and to suspect us, great injury: having neither might to attempt any thing which may do you harme, nor malice to revenge, wher we finde helpe. For mine owne part this I say, & for my friend present the lyke I dar sweare, how boldly I can-not tell, how truly I know: that there is not any one, whether he be bound by benefit or duetie, or both: whether linked by zeale, or time, or bloud, or al: that more humbly reverenceth hir Majestie, or mervailleth at hir wisdom, or prayeth for hir long prosperous and glorious Reigne, then we then whom we acknowledge none more simple, and yet dare avowe, none more faithfull. Which we speake not to get service by flatterie, but to acquite our selves of suspition, by faith: which is all that either a Prince can require of his subject, or a vassal yeeld to his Sovereign, and that which we owe to your Queene, & all others should offer, that either for feare of punishment dare not offend, or for love of vertue, will not.

Heere olde Fidus interrupted young Euphues, being almost induced by his talke, to aunswere his request, yet as one neither too credulous, nor altogether mistrustful, he replyed as a friend, & so wisely as he glaunched from the marke Euphues shot at, & hit at last the white which Philautus set up, as shall appeare heereafter. And thus he began.

MY sonnes (mine age giveth me the priviledge of that terme, and your honesties can-not refuse it) you are too young to understand matters of state, and were you elder to knowe them it were not for your estates. And therfore me thinketh, the time were but lost, in pullyng Hercules shoos uppon an Infants foot, or in setting Atlas burthen on a childes shoulder, or to bruse your backes, with the burthen of a whole kingdome, which I speake not, that either I mistrust you (for your reply hath fully resolved that feare) or that I malice you (for my good will maye cleare me of that fault) or that I dread your might (for your smal power cannot bring me into such a folly) but that I have learned by experience, that to reason of Kings or Princes, hath ever bene much mislyked of the wise, though much desired of fooles, especially wher old men, which should be at their beads, be too busie with the court, & young men which shold follow their bookes, be to inquisitive in the affaires of princes. We shold not looke at that we cannot reach, nor long for that we shold not have: things above us, are not for us, & therfore are princes placed under the gods, yet they should not see what they do, & we under princes, that we might not enquire what they doe. But as the foolish Eagle that seeing the sun coveteth to build hir nest in the sun, so fond youth which viewing the glory & gorgeoussnesse of the court, longeth to know the secrets in the court. But as the Eagle, burneth out hir eyes with that proud lust: so doth youth break his hart with that peevish conceit. And as Satirus not knowing what fire was, wold needs embrace it, & was burned, so these fonde Satiri not understanding what a Prince is, runne boldly to meddle in those matters which they know not, & so feelee worthely the heat they wold not. And therfore good Euphues & Philautus content your selves with this, that to be curious in things you should not enquire off, if you know them, they appertein not unto you: if you knew them not, they cannot hinder you. And let Appelles answer to Alexander be an excuse for me. When Alexander would needes come to Appelles shop and paint, Appelles placed him at his backe, who going to his owne worke, did not so much as cast an eye back, to see Alexanders devises, which being wel marked, Alexander said thus unto him: Art not thou a cunning Painter, and wilt thou not over-looke my picture, & tel me wheerin I have done wel, & wherin ill? whom he answered wisely, yet merily: In faith O king it is not for Appelles to enquire what Alexander hath done, neither if he shew it me, to judge how it is done, & therefore did I set your Majestie at my back, that I might not glaunce towards a kings work, & that you looking over my head might see mine, for Appelles shadowes are to be seene of Alexander, but not Alexanders of Appelles. So ought we Euphues to frame our selves in all actions & devises, as though the King stood over us to behold us, and not to looke what the King doth behinde us. For whatsoever he painteth it is for his pleasure, and wee must think for our profit, for Appelles had his reward though he saw not the worke.

I have heard of a Magnifico in Millaine (and I thinke Philautus you being an Italian do remember it,) who hearing his sonne inquisitive of the Emperours lyfe and demeanour, reprehended him sharply, saying: that it beseemed not one of his house, to enquire how an Emperour lived, unlesse he himself were an Emperour: for that the behaviour & usage of so honourable personages are not to be called in question of every one that doubteth, but of such as are their equalls.

Alexander being commaunded of Philip his Father to wrastle in the games of Olympia, aunswered he woulde, if there were a King to strive with him, where-by I have noted (that others seeme to inforce) that as kings pastimes are no playes for every one: so their secretes, their counsells, their dealings, are not to be either scanned or enquired off any way, unlesse of those that are in the lyke place, or serve the lyke person. I can-not tell whether it bee a Caunterbury tale, or a Fable in Aesop, (but pretie it is, and true in my minde) That the Foxe and the Wolfe, goeing both a filching for foode, thought it best to see whether the Lyon were a sleepe or awake, least beeing too bolde, they should speede too bad. The Foxe entring into the Kings denne, (a King I call the Lyon) brought word to the Wolfe, that he was a sleepe, and went him-selfe to his owne kenell, the Wolfe desirous to searche in the Lyons denne, that hee might espye some fault, or steale some praye entered boldly, whom the Lyon caught in his pawes and asked what he would? the sillye Wolfe (an unapte tearme, for a Wolfe, yet fit, being in a Lyons handes) aunswered, that understanding by the Foxe that he was a sleepe, hee thought he might be at lybertie to survey his lodging: unto whome the princely Lyon with great disdaine though little despite (for that there can be no envy in a King) sayde thus: Doest thou thinke that Lyon, thy Prince and governour can sleepe though he winke, or darest thou enquire, whether he winke or wake? The Foxe had more craft then thou, and thou more courage (courage I wil not say, but boldnes: & boldnes is too good, I may say desperatenesse) but you shal both wel know, & to your griefs feelee, that neither the wilines of the Fox, nor the wildnes of the Wolfe, ought either to see, or to aske, whether the Lyon either sleepe or wake, bee at home or abroad, dead or alyve. For this is sufficient for you to know, that there is a Lyon, not where he is, or what he doth. In lyke manner Euphues, is the government of a Monarchie (though homely bee the comparison, yet apte it is) that it is neither the wise Fox, nor the malicious Wolfe, should venture so farre, as to learne whether the Lyon sleepe or wake in his denne, whether the Prince fast or feaste in his court: but this shoulde bee their order, to understand there is a king, but what he doth is for the Goddes to examine, whose ordinaunce he is, not for me, whose over-seer he is. Then how vaine is it Euphues (too mylde a worde for so madde a minde) that the foote should neglect his office to correct the face, or that subjectes shoulde seeke more to knowe what their Princes doe, then what they are: where-in they shewe them-selves as badde as beasts, and much worse then my Bees, who in my conceite though I maye seeme partiall, observe more order then they, (and if I myght saye so of my good Bees,) more honestie: honestie my olde Graund-father called that, when menne lyved by law, not lyst: observing in all thinges the meane, which wee name vertue, and vertue we account nothing els but to deale justly and temperately.

And if I myght crave pardon, I would a little acquaint you with the common wealth of my Bees, which is neyther impertinent to the matter we have now in hand, nor tedious to make you weary.

Euphues delighted with the discourses of old Fidus, was content to heare any thing, so he myght heare him speake some thing, and consenting willingly, hee desired Fidus to go forward: who nowe removing him-selfe neerer to the Hyves, beganne as followeth.

GEntlemen, I have for the space of this twenty yeares dwelt in this place, taking no delight in any thing but only in keeping my Bees, & marking them, & this I finde, which had I not seene, I shold hardly have beleeved. That they use as great wit by induction, and arte by workmanship, as ever man hath, or can, using betweene themselves no lesse justice then wisdom, & yet not so much wisdom as majestie: insomuch as thou wouldest thinke, that they were a kinde of people, a common wealth for Plato, where they all labour, all gather honny, flye all together in a swarme, eate in a swarm, and sleepe in a swarm, so neate and finely, that they abhorre nothing so much as uncleannes, drinking pure and cleere water, delighting in sweete and sound Musick,

which if they heare but once out of tune, they flye out of sight: and therefore are they called the Muses byrds, bicause they folow not the sound so much as the consent. They lyve under a lawe, using great reverence to their elder, as to the wiser. They chuse a King, whose pallace they frame both braver in show, and stronger in substaunce: whome if they finde to fall, they establish again in his thron, with no lesse duty then devotion, garding him continually, as it were for feare he should miscarry, and for love he should not: whom they tender with such fayth and favour, that whether soever he flyeth, they follow him, and if hee can-not flye, they carry him: whose lyfe they so love, that they will not for his safety stick to die, such care have they for his health, on whome they build all their hope. If their Prince dye, they know not how to live, they languish, weepe, sigh, neither intending their work, nor keeping their olde societie.

And that which is most mervailous, and almoste incredible: if ther be any that hath disobeyed his commaundements, eyther of purpose, or unwittingly, hee kylleth him-selfe with his owne sting, as executioner of his own stubbornesse. The King himm-selfe hath his sting, which hee useth rather for honour then punishment: And yet Euphues, al-beit they lyve under a Prince, they have their priveledge, and as great liberties as straight lawes.

They call a Parliament, wher-in they consult, for lawes, statutes, penalties, chusing officers, and creating their king, not by affection but reason, not by the greater part, but the better. And if such a one by chaunce be chosen (for among men som-times the worst speede best) as is bad, then is there such civill war and dissention, that untill he be pluckt downe, there can be no friendship, and over-throwne, there is no enmitie, not fighting for quarrelles, but quietnesse.

Every one hath his office, some trimming the honny, some working the wax, one framing hives, an other the combers, and that so artificially, that Dedalus could not with greater arte or excellencie, better dispose the orders, measures, proportions, distinctions, joynts & circles. Divers hew, others polish, all are carefull to doe their worke so strongly, as they may resist the craft of such drones, as seek to live by their labours, which maketh them to keepe watch and warde, as lyving in a campe to others, and as in a court to themselves. Such a care of chastitie, that they never ingender, such a desire of cleannesse, that there is not so much as meate in all their hives.

When they go forth to work, they marke the wind, the clouds, & whatsoever doth threaten either their ruine, or raign, & having gathered out of every flower honny they return loden in their mouthes, thighs, wings, and all the bodye, whome they that tarried at home receyve readily, as easing their backes of so great burthens.

The King him-selfe not idle, goeth up and downe, entreating, threatning, commaunding, using the counsell of a sequel, but not loosing the dignitie of a Prince, preferring those that labour to greater authoritie, and punishing those that loyter, with due severitie. All which thinges being much admirable, yet this is most, that they are so profitable, bringing unto man both honnye and wax, each so whosome that wee all desire it, both so necessary that we cannot misse them. Here Euphues is a common wealth, which oftentimes calling to my minde, I cannot chuse but commend above any that either I have heard or read of. Where the king is not for every one to talke of, where there is such homage, such love, such labour, that I have wished oftentimes, rather be a Bee, then not be as I should be.

In this little garden with these hives, in this house have I sent the better parte of my lyfe, yea and the best: I was never busie in matters of state, but referring al my cares unto the wisdom of

grave Counsellors, and my confidence in the noble minde of my dread Sovereigne and Queene, never asking what she did, but alwayes praying she may do well, not enquiring whether she might do what she would, but thinking she would do nothing but what she might.

Thus contented with a meane estate, and never curious of the high estate, I found such quiet, that mee thinketh, he which knoweth least, lyveth longest: insomuch that I chuse rather to be an Hermitte in a cave, then a Counsellor in the court.

Euphues perceyving olde Fidus, to speake what hee thought, aunswered him in these shorte wordes.

He is very obstinate, whome neither reason nor experiynce can perswade: and truly seeing you have alledged both, I must needes allow both. And if my former request have bred any offence, let my latter repentance make amends. And yet this I knowe, that I enquiryed nothing that might bring you into daunger, or me into trouble: for as young as I am, this have I learned, that one maye poynt at a Starre, but not pull at it, and see a Prince but not search him: And for mine own part, I never mean to put my hand betweene the barke and the tree, or in matters which are not for me to be over curious.

The common wealth of your Bees, did so delight me, that I was not a lyttle sory that either their estate have not ben longer, or your leasure more, for in my simple judgement, there was such an orderlye government, that men may not be ashamed to imitate them, nor you wearie to keepe them.

They having spent much time in these discourses, were called in to Supper, Philautus more willing to eate, then heare their tales, was not the last that went in: where being all set downe, they were served al in earthen dishes, al things so neat and cleanly, that they perceived a kinde of courtly Majestie in the minde of their host, though he wanted matter to shew it in his house. Philautus I know not whether of nature melancholy, or feeling love in his bosome, spake scarce ten words since his comming into the house of Fidus, which the olde man well noting, began merily thus to parle with him.

I Mervaille Gentleman that all this time, you have bene tongue tyed, either thinking not your selfe welcome, or disdayning so homely enterテインment: in the one you doe me wrong, for I thinke I have not shewed my selfe straunge: for the other you must pardon me, for that I have not to do as I would, but as I may: And though England be no graunge, but yeeldeth every thing, yet is it heere as in every place, al for money. And if you will but accept a willing minde in steede of a costly repast, I shall thinke my selfe beholding unto you: and if time serve, or my Bees prosper, I wil make you part amends, with a better breakfast.

Philautus thus replyed: I know good Father, my welcome greater then any wayes I can requite, and my cheere more bountifull then ever I shall deserve, and though I seeme silent for matters that trouble me, yet I would not have you thinke me so foolish, that I should either disdain your company, or mislyke your cheere, of both the which I thinke so well, that if time might aunswere my true meaning, I would exceede in cost, though in courtesie I know not how to compare with you, for (without flatterie be it spoken) if the common courtesie of Englande be no worse then this towarde straungers, I must needes thinke them happy that travaile into these coasts, and the inhabitaunts the most courteous, of all countreyes.

Heere began Euphues to take the tale out of Philautus mouth, and to play with him in his melancholicke moode, beginning thus.

NO Father I durst sweare for my friend, that both he thinketh himselfe welcome, and his fare good, but you must pardon a young courtier, who in the absence of his Lady thinketh himselfe forlorne: And this vile Dog Love will so ranckle where he biteth, that I feare my friends sore, will breed to a Fistula: for you may perceive that he is not where he lives, but wher he loves, and more thoughts hath he in his head, then you Bees in your Hives: and better it were for him to be naked among your Waspses, though his bodye were al blistered, then to have his heart strong so with affection, where-by he is so blinded. But beleeeve mee Fidus, he taketh as great delight to course a cogitation of love, as you doe to use your time with Honny. In this plight hath he bene ever since his comming out of Naples, and so hath it wrought with him (which I had thought impossible) that pure love did make him Seasicke, insomuch as in all my travaile with him, I seemed to every one to beare with me the picture of a proper man, but no living person, the more pitie, & yet no force. Philautus taking Euphues tale by the ende, & the olde man by the arme, betweene grieffe and game, jest and earnest, aunswered him thus.

EUp hues would dye if he should not talke of love once in a day, and therfore you must give him leave after every meale to cloase his stomacke with Love, as with Marmalade, and I have heard, not those that say nothing, but they that kicke oftenest against love, are ever in love: yet doth he use me as the meane to move the matter, and as the man to make his Mirrour, he himselfe knowing best the price of Corne, not by the Market folkes, but his owne foote-steppes. But if he use this speach either to make you merrye, or to put me out of conceipt, he doth well, you must thanke him for the one, and I wil thinke on him for the other. I have oftentimes sworne that I am as farre from love as he, yet will he not beleeeve me, as incredulous as those, who thinke none balde, till they see his braynes.

As Euphues was making aunswere, Fidus prevented him in this manner.

There is no harme done Philautus, for whether you love, or Euphues jest, this shall breed no jarre. It may be when I was as young as you, I was as idle as you (though in my opinion, there is none lesse idle then a lover.) For to tell the truth, I my self was once a Courtier, in the dayes of that most noble King of famous memorie Henry the eight, Father to our most gracious Lady Elizabeth.

Where, and with that he paused, as though the remembraunce of his olde lyfe, had stopped his newe speach, but Philautus eytching to hear what he would say, desired him to goe forward, unto whome Fidus fetching a great sigh sayd, I will. And there agayne made a full poynt. Philautus burning as it were, in desire of this discourse, urged him againe with great entreatie: then the olde man commaunded the boorde to be uncovered, grace being sayd, called for stooles, and sitting al by the fire, uttered the whole discourse of his love, which brought Philautus a bedde, and Euphues a sleepe.

And now Gentlemen, if you will give eare to the tale of Fidus, it may be some will be as watchfull as Philautus, though many as drousie as Euphues. And thus he began with a heavie countenance (as though his paines were present, not past) to frame his tale.

I Was borne in the wylde of Kent, of honest Parents, and worshipfull, whose tender cares, (if the fondnesse of parents may be so termed) provided all things even from my very cradell, until

their graves, that might either bring me up in good letters, or make me heire to great lyvings. I (with-out arrogancie be it spoken) was not inferiour in wit to manye, which finding in my selfe, I flattered my selfe, but in the ende, deceived my selfe: For being of the age of .xx. yeares, there was no trade or kinde of lyfe that either fitted my humour or served my tourne, but the Court: thinking that place the onely meanes to clymbe high, and sit sure: Wherin I followed the vaine of young Souldiours, who judge nothing sweeter then warre til they feele the weight. I was there entertained as well by the great friends my father made, as by mine own forwardnesse, where it being now but Honnie Moone, I endeavoured to courte it with a grace, (almost past grace) laying more on my backe then my friendes could wel beare, having many times a brave cloke and a thredbare purse.

Who so conversant with the Ladyes as I? who so pleasaunt? who more prodigall? In somuch as I thought the time lost, which was not spent either in their company with delight, or for their company in letters. Among all the troupe of gallant Gentle-men, I singled out one (in whome I mysliked nothing but his gravitie) that above all I meant to trust: who aswell for the good qualities he saw in me, as the little government he feared in mee, beganne one night to utter these fewe wordes.

Friend Fidus (if Fortune allow a tearm so familiar) I would I might live to see thee as wise, as I percieve thee wittie, then should thy life be so seasoned, as neyther too much witte might make thee proude, nor too great ryot poore. My acquaintance is not great with thy person, but such insight have I into thy conditions, that I feare nothing so much, as that, there thou catch thy fall, where thou thinkest to take thy rising. Ther belongeth more to a courtier then bravery, which the wise laugh at, or personage, which the chaste mark not, or wit, which the most part see not. It is sober & discret behaviour, civil & gentle demeanor, that in court winneth both credit & commoditie: which counsel thy unripened yeares thinke to proceede rather of the malice of age, then the good meaning. To ryde well is laudable, & I like it, to runne at the tilt not amisse, and I desire it, to revell much to be praised, and I have used it: which thinges as I know them all to be courtly, so for my part I accompt them necessary, for where greatest assemblies are of noble Gentlemen, there should be the greatest exercise of true nobilitie. And I am not so precise, but that I esteeme it as expedient in feates of armes and activitie to employ the body, as in study to wast the minde: yet so should the one be tempered with the other, as it myght seeme as great a shame to be valiaunt and courtly with-out learning, as to bee studious and bookish with-out valure.

But there is an other thing Fidus, which I am to warn thee of, and if I might to wreast thee from: not that I envy thy estate, but that I would not have thee forget it. Thou usest too much (a little I thinke to bee too much) to dallye with woemen, which is the next way to doate on them: For as they that angle for the Tortois, having once caught him, are dryven into such a lythernesse, that they loose all their sprightes, being beenummed, so that they seeke to obtayne the good-will of Ladyes, having once a little holde of their love, they are driven into such a traunce, that they let go the holde of their libertie, bewitched like those that viewe the head of Medusa, or the Viper tyed to the bough of the Beech tree, which keepeth him in a dead sleepe, though it beginne with a sweete slumber. I my selfe have tasted new wine, and finde it to bee more pleasaunt then wholsome, and Grapes gathered before they bee ripe, maye set the eyes on lust, but they make the teeth an edge, and love desired in the budde, not knowing what the blossome were, may delight the conceiptes of the head, but it will destroye the contemplature of the heart. What I speake now is of meere good will, and yet upon small presumption, but in things which come on the sodaine, one cannot be too warye to prevent, or too curious to mystrust: for thou art in a

place, eyther to make thee hated for vice, or loved for vertue, and as thou reverencest the one before the other, so in uprightnesse of lyfe shewe it. 'Thou has good friendes, which by thy lewde delights, thou mayst make great enimies, and heavy foes, which by thy well doing thou mayst cause to be earnest abettors of thee, in matters that now they canvasse agaynst thee.

And so I leave thee, meaning herafter to beare the reign of thy brydell in myne hands: if I see thee head stronge: And so he departed.'

I gave him great thanks, and glad I was we wer parted: for his putting love into my minde, was like the throwing of Buglosse into wine, which encreaseth in him that drinketh it a desire of lust, though it mittigate the force of drunkennesse.

I now fetching a windlesse, that I myght better have a shoote, was prevented with ready game, which saved me some labour, but gained me no quiet. And I would gentlemen that you could feel the like impressions in your myndes at the rehersall of my mishappe, as I did passions at the entring into it. If ever you loved, you have found the like, if ever you shall love, you shall taste no lesse. But he so eger of an end, as one leaping over a stile before hee come to it, desired few parentheses or digressions or gloses, but the text, wher he him-self was coting in the margant. Then said Fidus, thus it fell out.

It was my chaunce (I knows not whether chaunce or destinie) that being invited to a banket where many Ladyes were and too many by one, as the end tryed, though then to many by al saving that one, as I thought, I cast mine eies so earnestly upon hir, that my hart vovd hir the mistris of my love, and so fully was I resolved to prosecut my determination, as I was earnest to begin it. Now Gentlemen, I commit my case to your considerations, being wiser then I was then, and somewhat as I gesse elder: I was but in court a novice, having no friends, but him before rehearsed, whome in such a matter I was lyklier to finde a brydell, then a spurre. I never before that tyme could imagin what love should meane, but used the tearm as a flout to others, which I found now as a fever in my selfe, neither knowing from whence the occasion should arise, nor where I might seeke the remedy. This distresse I thought youth would have worne out, or reason, or time, or absence, or if not every one of them, yet all. But as fire getting bould in the bottome of a tree, never leaveth till it come to the toppe, or as stronge poyson Antidotum being but chafed in the hand, pearceth at the last the hart, so love which I kept but low, thinking at my will to leave, entred at the last so farre that it held me conquered. And then disputing with my selfe, I played this on the bit.

Fidus, it standeth thee uppon eyther to winne thy love, or to weane thy affections, which choyce is so hard, that thou canst not tel whether the victory wil be the greater in subduing thy selfe, or conquering hir.

To love and to lyve well is wished of many but incident to fewe. To live and to love well is incident to fewe, but indifferent to all. To love with-out reason is an argument of lust, to lyve with-out love, a token of folly. The measure of love is to have no meane, the end to be everlasting.

Thesius had no neede of Ariadnes threed to finde the way into the Laborinth, but to come out, nor thou of any help how to fal into these brakes, but to fall from them. If thou be witched with eyes, weare the eie of a wesill in a ring, which is an enchauntment against such charmes, and reason with thy self whether ther be more pleasure to be accounted amorous, or wise. Thou art in the view of the whole court, wher the jelous wil suspecteth uppon every light occasion, where

of the wise thou shalt be accounted fond, & of the foolish amorous: the Ladies themselves, howsoever they looke, will thus imagine, that if thou take thought for love, thou art but a foole, if take it lyghtly, no true servaunt. Besides this thou art to be bounde, as it were an Apprentice serving seaven yeares for that, which if thou winne, is lost in seaven houres, if thou love thine equall, it is no conquest: if thy superiour, thou shalt be enjoyed: if thine inferiour, laughed at. If one that is beautifull, hir colour will chaunge before thou get thy desire: if one that is wise, she will overreache thee so farre, that thou shalt never touch hir: if vertuous, she will eschue such fonde affection, if one deformed, she is not worthy of any affection: if she be rich, she needeth thee not: if poore, thou needest not hir: if olde, why shouldest thou love hir, if young, why should she love thee.

Thus Gentlemen, I fed my selfe with mine owne devices, thinking by peecemeale to cut off that which I could not diminish: for the more I strived with reason to conquere mine appetite, the more against reason, I was subdued of mine affections.

At the last calling to my remembrance, an olde rule of love, which a courtier then tolde me, of whom when I demaunded what was the first thing to winne my Lady, he aunswered, Opportunitie, asking what was the second, he sayd Opportunitie: desirous to know what might be the thirde, he replied Opportunitie. Which aunsweres I marking, as one that thought to take mine ayme of so cunning an Archer, conjectured that to the beginning, continuing and ending of love, nothing could be more convenient then Opportunitie, to the getting of the which I applied my whole studie, & wore my wits to the hard stumpes, assuring my selfe, that as there is a time, when the Hare will lycke the Houndes eare, and the fierce Tigresse play with the gentle Lambe, so ther was a certain season, when women were to be won, in the which moment they have neither will to deny, nor wit to mistrust.

Such a time I have read a young Gentleman found to obtaine the love of the Duchesse of Millayne: such a time I have heard that a poore yeoman chose to get the fairest Lady in Mantua.

Unto the which time, I trusted so much, that I sold the skin before the Beast was taken, reconing with-out mine hoast, and setting downe that in my bookes as ready money, which afterwards I found to be a desperate debt.

IT chaunced that this my Lady (whome although I might name for the love I bore hir, yet I will not for the reverence I owe hir, but in this storye call hir Iffida) for to recreate hir minde, as also to solace hir body, went into the countrey, where she determined to make hir abode for the space of three moneths, having gotten leave of those that might best give it. And in this journey I founde good Fortune so favourable, that hir abiding was within two miles of my Fathers mansion house, my parents being of great familiaritie with the Gentleman, where my Iffida lay. Who now so fortunate as Fidus? who so frolicke? She being in the countrey, it was no being for me in the court? wher every pastime was a plague, to the minde that lyved in melancholy. For as the Turtle having lost hir mate, wandreth alone, joying in nothing, but in solitarinesse, so poore Fidus, in the absence of Iffida, walked in his chamber as one not desolate for lacke of company, but desperate. To make short of the circumstaunces, which holde you too long from that you would heare, & I faine utter, I came home to my father, wher at mine entraunce, supper being set on the table, I espyed Iffida, Iffida Gentlemen, whom I found before I sought, and lost before I wonne. Yet least the alteration of my face, might argue some suspition of my follyes, I, as courtly as I could, though god knowes but coursly, at that time behaved my selfe, as thou nothing payned me, when in truth nothing pleased me. In the middle of supper, Iffida as well for

the acquaintance we had in court, as also the courtesie she used in generall to all, taking a glasse in hir hand filled with wine, dranke to me in this wise. Gentlemen, I am not learned, yet have I heard, that the Vine beareth three grapes, the first altereth, the second troubleth, the third dulleth. Of what Grape this Wine is made I cannot tell, and therefore I must crave pardon, if either this draught chaunge you, unlesse it be to the better, or grieve you, except it be for greater gaine, or dull you, unlesse it be your desire, which long preamble I use to no other purpose, then to warne you from wine heere-after, being so well counselled before. And with that she drinking, delivered me the glasse. I now taking heart at grasse, to see hir so gamesome, as merely as I could, pledged hir in this manner.

IT is pitie, Lady you want a pulpit, having preached so well over the pot, wherein you both shewe the learning, which you professe you have not, and a kinde of love, which would you had: the one appeareth by your long sermon, the other by the desire you have to keepe me sober, but I wil refer mine answer till after supper, and in the meane season, be so temperate, as you shall not thinke my wit to smell of the wine, although in my opinion, such grapes set rather an edge upon wit, then abate the point. If I may speak in your cast, quoth Iffida (the glass being at my nose) I thinke, wine is such a whetstone for wit, that if it be often set in that manner, it will quickly grinde all the steele out, & scarce leave a back wher is found an edge.

With many like speaches we continued our supper, which I will not repeat, least you should thinke us Epicures, to sit so long at our meate: but all being ended, we arose, where as the manner is, thankes and cursie made to each other, we went to the fire, wher I boldened now, with out blushing tooke hir by the hand, & thus began to kindle the flame which I shoulde rather have quenched, seeking to blow a cole, when I should have blowne out the candle.

GEntlewoman either thou thoughts my wits verye short, that a sippe of wine could alter me, or els yours very sharpe, to cut me off so roundly, when as I (without offence be it spoken) have heard, that as deepe drinketh the Goose as the Gander.

Gentleman (quoth she) in arguing of wittes, you mistake mine, and call your owne into question. For what I sayd proceeded rather of a desire to have you in health, then of malyce to wish you harme. For you well know, that wine to a young blood, is in the spring time, Flaxe to fire, & at all times either unwholsome, or superfluous, and so daungerous, that more perish by a surfet then the sword.

I have heard wise Clearkes say, that Galen being asked what dyet he used that he lyved so long, aunswered: I have dronke no wine, I have touched no woman, I have kept my selfe warme.

Now sir, if you will lycence me to proceede, this I thought, that if one of your yeares should take a dram of Magis, wherby consequently you should fal to an ounce of love, & then upon so great heat take a little colde, it were inough to cast you away, or turne you out of the way. And although I be no Phisition, yet have I bene used to attend sicke persons, where I founde nothing to hurt them so much as Wine, which alwayes drew with it, as the Adamant doth the yron, a desire of women: how hurtfull both have bene, though you be too young to have tryed it, yet you are olde enough to beleeeve it. Wine should be taken as the Dogs of Egypt drinke water, by snatches, and so quench their thirst and not hynder theyr running, or as the Daughters of Lysander used it, who with a droppe of wine tooke a spoonfull of water, or as the Virgins in

Rome, whose dryncke but their eye full, contenting them-selves as much with the sight, as the taste.

Thus to excuse my selfe of unkindenesse, you have made me almost impudent, and I you (I feare more) impatient, in seeming to prescribe a diette where there is no daunger, giving a preparative when the body is purged: But seeing all this talke came of drinkeing, let it end with drinking.

I seeing my selfe thus rydden, thought eyther shee should sit fast, or els I would cast hir. And thus I replied.

Lady, you thinke to wade deepe where the Foorde is but shallow, and to enter into the secretes of my minde, when it lyeth open already, where-in you use no lesse art to bring me in doubt of your good wil, then craft to put me out of doubt, having bayted your hooke both with poyson and pleasure, in that, using the meanes of phisicke (where-of you so talke) myngling sweete sirropes with bitter dragges. You stand in feare that wine should inflame my lyver and convert me to a lover: truly I am framed of that mettall, that I cannot mortifye anye affections, whether it be in dryncke or desire, so that I have no neede of your playsters, though I must needs give thanks for your paynes.

And now Philautus, for I see Euphues begynne to nodde, thou shalt understand, that in the myddest of my replye, my Father with the reste of the companye, interrupted mee, sayinge they would all fall to some pastyme, whiche because it groweth late Philautus, we will deferre tyll the morning, for age must keepe a straight dyot or els a sickly life.

Philautus tyckled in everye vaine with delyght, was loath to leave so, although not wylling the good olde manne should breake his accustomed houre, unto whome sleepe was he chiefest sustenance. And so waking Euphues, who hadde taken a nappe, they all went to their lodging, where I thinke Philautus was musing upon the event of Fidus his love: But there I will leave them in their beddes, till the next morning.

GEntle-menne and Gentle-woemenne, in the discourse of this love, it maye seeme I have taken a newe course: but such was the tyme then, that it was straunge to love, as it is nowe common, and then lesse used in the Courte, then it is now in the cuntry: But having respecte to the tyme past, I trust you will not condempne my present tyme, who am enforced to singe after their plaine-songe, that was then used, and will followe heere-after the Crotchets that are in these dayes cunninglye handled.

For the mindes of Lovers alter with the madde moodes of the Musitions: and so much are they within fewe yeares chaunged, that we accompt their olde wooing and singing to have so little cunning, that we esteeme it barbarous, and were they living to heare our newe quoyings, they would judge it to have so much curiositie, that they would tearme it foolish.

In the time of Romulus all heades were rounded of his fashion, in the time of Caesar curled of his manner. When Cyrus lyved, everye one praysed the hooked nose, and when hee dyed, they allowed the straight nose.

And so fareth with love, in tymes past they used to wooe in playne termes, now in piked sentences, and hee speedeth best, that speaketh wisest: every one following the newest waye,

which is not ever the neerest way: some going over the stile when the gate is open, and other keeping the right beaten path, when hee maye crosse over better by the fieldes. Every one followeth his owne fancie, which maketh divers leape shorte for want of good rysinge, and many shoote over for lacke of true ayme.

And to that passe it is come, that they make an arte of that, which was soon to be thought naturall: And thus it standeth, that it is not yet determyned whether in love Ulysses more prevailed with his wit, or Paris with his personage, or Achilles with his prowessse.

For everye of them have Venus by the hand, and they are all assured and certaine to winne hir heart.

But I hadde almost forgotten the olde manne, who useth not to sleepe compasse, whom I see with Euphues and Philautus now alreadye in the garden, readye to proceede with his tale: which if it seeme tedious, wee will breake of againe when they go to dynner.

Fidus calling these Gentle-men uppe, brought them into his garden, where under a sweete Arbour of Eglentine, the byrdes recording theyr sweete notes, hee also strayed his olde pype, and thus beganne.

GEntle-men, yester-nyght I left of abruptly, and therefore I must nowe begynne in the like manner.

My Father placed us all in good order, requesting eyther by questions to whette our wittes, or by stories to trye our memoryes, and Iffyda that might best there bee bolde, beeing the best in the companye, and at all assayes too good for me, began againe to preach in this manner.

Thou art a courtier, Fidus, and therfore best able to resolve any question: for I knowe thy witte good to understand, and ready to aunswer: to thee therfore I addresse my talke.

THere was som-time in Sienna a Magnifico, whom God blessed with three Daughters, but by three wives and of three sundrey qualities: the eldest was verye fayre, but a very foole: the second mervailous wittie, but yet mervailous wanton: the third as vertuous as any living, but more deformed then any that ever lyved.

The noble Gentle-man their father disputed for the bestowing of them with him-selfe thus.

I thank the Gods, that have given me three Daughters, who in theyr bosomes carry theyr dowries, in-somuch as I shall not neede to disburse one myte for all theyr marryages. Maydens be they never so foolyshe, yet beeynge fayre, they are commonly fortunate: for that men in these dayes, have more respect to the out ward show then the inward substance, where-in they imitate good Lapidaries, who chuse the stones that delygth the eye, measuring the value not by the hidden vertue, but by the outwarde glistering: or wise Painters, who laye their best coulours, upon their worst counterfeite.

And in this me thinketh Nature hath dealt indifferently, that a foole whom every one abhorreth, shoulde have beautie, which every one desireth: that the excellencie of the one might excuse the vanitie of the other: for as we in nothing more differ from the Gods, then when we are fooles, so in nothing doe we come neere them so much, as when we are amiable. 'This caused Helen

to be snatched up for a Starre, and Ariadne to be placed in the Heavens, not that they were wise, but faire, fitter to adde a Majestie to the Skie, then beare a Majestie in Earth. Juno for all hir jealousye, beholding Io, wished to be no Goddess, so she might be so gallant. Love commeth in at the eye, not at the eare, by seeing Natures workes, not by hearing womens words. And such effects and pleasure doth sight bring unto us, that divers have lyved by looking on faire and beautifull pictures, desiring no meate, nor harkning to any Musick. What made men to imagine, that the Firmament was God but the beautie? which is sayd to bewitch the wise, and enchaunt them that made it. Pigmalion for beautie, loved an Image of Ivory, Appelles the counterfeit of Campaspe, and none we have heard off so sencelesse, that the name of beautie, cannot either breake or bende. It is this onely that Princes desire in their Houses, Gardeins, Orchards, and Beddes, following Alexander, who more esteemed the face of Venus, not yet finished, then the Table of the nyne Muses perfected. And I am of that minde that there can be nothing given unto mortall men by the immortall Gods, eyther more noble or more necessary then beautie. For as when the counterfeit of Ganimedes, was shoven at a market, every one would faine buye it, bicause ZeuXis had there-in shewed his greatest cunning: so when a beautifull woman appeareth in a multitude, every man is drawne to sue to hir, for that the Gods (the onely Painters of beautie) have in hir expressed, the art of their Deitie. But I wil heere rest my selfe, knowing that if I should runne so farre as Beautie would carry me, I shoulde sooner want breath to tell hir praises, then matter to prove them, thus I am perswaded, that my faire daughter shal be wel maryed, for there is none, that will or can demaund a greater joynter then Beautie.

My second childe is wittie, but yet wanton, which in my minde, rather addeth a delyght to the man, then a disgrace to the mynde, and so lynked are those two qualtyes together, that to be wanton without wit, is Apishnes: & to be thought wittie without wantonnes, precisenesse. When Lais being very pleasaunt, had told a merry jest: It is pitie sayde Aristippus, that Lais having so good a wit, should be a wanton. Yea quoth Lais, but it were more pitie, that Lais shoulde be a wanton and have no good wit. Osyris King of the Aegyptians, being much delyghted with pleasaunt conceipts, would often affirme, that he had rather have a virgin, that could give a quicke aunswere that might cut him, then a milde speach that might claw him. When it was objected to a gentlewoman, that she was neither faire nor fortunate, & yet quoth she, wise & wel favoured, thinking it the chieftest gift that Nature could bestow, to have a Nut-browne hue, and an excellent head. It is wit that allureth, when every word shal have his weight, when nothing shal proceed, but it shal either savour of a sharpe conceipt, or a secret conclusion. And this is the greatest thing, to conceive readely and aunswere aptly, to understand whatsoever is spoken, & to reply as though they understoode nothing. A Gentleman that once loved a Lady most entirely, walking with hir in a parke, with a deepe sigh began to say, O that women could be constant, she replyed, O that they could not, Pulling hir hat over hir head, why quoth the gentleman doth the Sunne offend your eyes, yea, aunswered she the sonne of your mother, which quicke & ready replyes, being well marked of him, he was enforced to sue for that which he was determined to shake off. A noble man in Sienna, disposed to jest with a gentlewoman of meane birth, yet excellent qualities, between game & earnest gan thus to salute hir. I know not how I shold commend your beautie, bicause it is somwat to brown, nor our stature being sowhat to low, & of your wit I can not judge, no quoth she, I beleve you, for none can judge of wit, but they that have it, why then quoth he, doest thou thinke me a foole, thought is free my Lord quoth she, I wil not take you at your word. He perceiving al outward faults to be recompenced with inward favour, chose this virgin for his wife, And in my simple opinion, he did a thing both worthy his stocke and hir vertue. It is wit that flourisheth, when beautie fadeth: that waxeth young when age approacheth, and resembleth the Ivie leafe, who although it be dead, continueth greene. And

bicause of all creatures, the womans wit is most excellent, therefore have the Poets fained the Muses to be women, the Nimphes, the Goddesses: ensamples of whose rare wisdomes, and sharpe capacities would nothing but make me commit Idolatry with my daughter.

I never heard but of these things which argued a fine wit, Invention. Conceiving, Aunswering. Which have all bene found so common in women, that were it not I should flatter them, I should think that singular.

Then this sufficeth me, that my seconde daughter shall not lead Apes in Hell, though she have not a penny for the Priest, bicause she is wittie, which bindeth weake things, and looseth strong things, and worketh all things, in those that have either wit themselves, or love wit in others.

My youngest though no pearle to hang at ones eare, yet so precious she is to a well disposed minde, that grace seemeth almost to disdaine Nature. She is deformed in body, slowe of speache, crabbed in countenance, and almost in all parts crooked: but in behaviour so honest, in prayer so devout, so precise in al hir dealings, that I never heard hir speake anye thing that either concerned not good instruction, or godlye mirth.

Who never delygtheth in costly apparell, but ever desireth homely attire, accompting no bravery greater then vertue: who beholding hir uglye shape in a glasse, smilyng sayd: This face were faire, if it were tourned, noting that the inward motions would make the outward favour but counterfeit. For as the precious stone Sandastra, hath nothing in outward appearance but that which seemeth blacke, but being broken poureth forth beames lyke the Sunne: so vertue sheweth but bare to the outward eye, but being pearced with inward desire, shineth lyke Christall. And this dare I avouch that as the Troglodite which digged in the filthy ground for rootes, and found the inestimable stone Topason, which enriched them ever after: so he that seeketh after my youngest daughter, which is deformed, shall finde the great treasure of pietie, to comfort him during his lyfe. Beautifull women are but lyke the Ermine, whose skinne is desired, whose carcasce is dispised, the vertuous contrariwise, are then most lyked, when theyr skinne is leaste loved.

Then ought I to take least care for hir, whom everye one that is honest will care for: so that I will quiet my self with this perswasion, that every one shal have a wooer shortly. Beautie canot live with-out a husband, wit will not, vertue shall not.

NOwe Gentleman, I have propounded my reasons, for every one I must now aske you the question. If it were your chaunce to travaile to Sienna, and to see as much there as I have tolde you here, whether would you chuse for your wife the faire foole, the witty wanton, or the crooked Saint.

When shee had finished, I stoode in a maze, seeing three hookes layd in one bayte, uncertaine to aunswere what myght please hir, yet compelled to saye some-what, least I should discredit my selfe: But seeing all were whist to heare my judgement, I replied thus.

Ladye Iffyda, and Gentle-woemenne all, I meane not to travayle to Sienna to wooe Beautie, least in comming home the ayre chaunge it, and then my labour bee lost: neyther to seeke so farre for witte, least shee accompt me a foole, when I might speede as well neerer hande: nor to sue to Vertue, least in Italy I be infected with vice: and so looking to gette Jupiter by the hand, I catch Pluto by the heele.

But if you will imagine that great Magnifico to have sent his three Daughters into England, I would thus debate with them before I would bargain with them.

I love Beautie well, but I could not finde in my hart to marry a foole: for if she be impudent I shall not rule hir: and if she be obstinate, she will rule me, and my selfe none of the wisest, me thinketh it were no good match, for two fooles in one bed are too many.

Wittie of all thinges setteth my fancies on edge, but I should hardly chuse a wanton: for be she never so wise, if alwayes she want one when she hath me, I had as leife she should want me too, for of all my apparell I would have my cappe fit close.

Vertue I cannot mislike, which hether-too I have honoured, but such a crooked Apostle I never brooked: for vertue may well fatten my minde, but it will never feede mine eie, & in mariage, as market folkes tell me, the husband should have two eies, & the wife but one: but in such a match it is as good to have no eye, as no appetite.

But to aunswere of three inconveniences, which I would chuse (although each threaten a mischief) I must needs take the wise wanton: who if by hir wantonnesse she will never want wher she likes, yet by hir wit she will ever conceale whom she loves, & to weare a horne and not knowe it, will do me no more harme then to eate a flye, and not see it.

Iffya I know not whether stong with mine answer, or not content with my opinion, replied in this maner.

Then Fidus when you match, God send you such a one, as you like best: but be sure alwaies, that your head be not higher then your hat. And thus faining an excuse departed to hir lodging, which caused all the company to breake off their determined pastimes, leaving me perplexed with a hundred contrary imaginations.

For this Philautus thought I, that eyther I did not hit the question which she would, or that I hit it too full against hir will: for to saye the trueth, wittie she was and some-what merrie, but God knoweth so farre from wantonnesse, as my selfe was from wisdom, and I as farre from thinking ill of hir, as I found hir from taking me well.

Thus all night tossing in my bedde, I determined the next daye, if anye opportunitie were offered, to offer also my importunate service. And found the time fitte, though hir minde so froward, that to thinke of it my heart throbbed, and to utter it, wil bleede freshly.

The next daye I comming to the gallery where she was solitary walking, with hir frowning cloth, as sick lately of the solens, understanding my father to be gone on hunting, and all other the Gentlewomen either walked abroad to take the aire, or not yet redy to come out of their chambers, I adventured in one ship to put all my wealth, and at this time to open my long concealed love, determining either to be a Knight as we saye, or a knitter of cappes. And in this manner I uttered my first speach.

Lady, to make a long preamble to a short sute, wold seeme superfluous, and to beginne abruptly in a matter of great waight, might be thought absurde: so as I am brought into a doubt

whether I should offend you with too many wordes, or hinder my selfe, with too fewe. She not staying for a longer treatise brake me of thus roundly.

Gentle-man a short sute is soone made, but great matters not easily graunted, if your request be reasonable a word wil serve, if not, a thousand wil not suffice. Therefore if ther be any thing that I may do you pleasure in, see it be honest, and use not tedious discourses or colours of retorick, which though they be thought courtly, yet are they not esteemed necessary: for the purest Emeraud shineth britest when it hath no oyle, and trueth delighteth best, when it is apparayled worst.

Then I thus replied.

Fayre Lady as I know you wise, so have I found you curteous, which two qualities meeting in one of so rare beautie, must forshow some great mervaille, and worked such effectes in those, that eyther have heard of your prayse, or seene your person, yet they are induced to offer themselves unto your service, among the number of which your vassalles, I though least worthy, yet most willing, am nowe come to proffer both my life to do you good, and my lyvinges to be at your commaund, which franck offer proceeding of a faythfull mynde, can neyther be refused of you, nor misliked. And bicause I would cut of speaches which might seeme to savor either of flattery, or deceipte, I conclude thus, that as you are the first, unto whome I have vowed my love, so you shall be the last, requiring nothing but a friendly acceptaunce of my service, and good-will for the rewarde of it.

Iffyda whose right eare beganne to glow, and both whose cheekes waxed read, eyther with choler, or bashfulnesse, tooke me up thus for stumbling.

Gentle-man you make me blush, as much for anger as shame, that seeking to prayse me, & proffer your selfe, you both bring my good name into question, and your ill meaning into disdaine: so that thinking to present me with your hart, you have thrust into my hands the Serpent Amphisbena, which having at ech ende a sting, hurteth both wayes. You tearme me fayre, and ther-in you flatter, wise and ther-in you meane wittie, curteous which in other playne words, if you durst have uttered it, you would have named wanton.

Have you thought me Fidus, so light, that none but I could fit your business? or am I the wittie wanton which you harped upon yester-night, that would alwayes give you the styng in the head? you are much deceyved in mee Fidus, and I as much in you: for you shall never finde me for your appetite, and I had thought never to have tasted you so unpleasant to mine. If I be amiable, I will doe those things that are fit for so good a face: if deformed, those things which shalt make me faire. And howsoever I lyve, I pardon your presumption, knowing it to be no lesse common in Court then foolish, to tell a faire tale, to a foule Lady, wheren they sharpen I confesse their wittes, but shewe as I thinke small wisdom, and you among the rest, bicause you would be accompted courtly, have assayed to feele the veyne you cannot see, wherein you follow not the best Phisitions, yet the most, who feeling the pulses, doe alwayes say, it betokeneth an Ague, and you seeing my pulses beat pleasauntly, judge me apte to fall into a fooles Fever: which leaste it happen to shake mee heere-after, I am minded to shake you off now, using but one request, wher I shold seeke oft to revenge, that is, that you never attempt by word or writing to sollicite your sute, which is no more pleasaunt to me, then the wringing of a streight shoe.

When she had uttered these bitter words, she was going into hir chamber: but I that now had no staye of my selfe, began to staye hir, and thus agayne to replye.

I Perceive Iffida that where the streame runneth smoothest, the water is deepest, and where the least smoake is, there to be the greatest fire: and wher the mildest countenance is, there to be the melancholiest conceits. I sweare to thee by the Gods, and there she interrupted me againe, in this manner.

Fidus the more you sweare, the lesse I beleeeve you, for that it is a practise in Love, to have as little care of their owne oathes, as they have of others honors, imitating Jupiter, who never kept oath he swore to Juno, thinking it lawfull in love to have as small regard of Religion, as he had of chastitie. And bicause I wil not feede you with delayes, nor that you should comfort your selfe with tryall, take this for a flatte aunswere, that as yet I meane not to love any, and if I doe, it is not you, & so I leave you. But once againe I stayed hir steppes being now throughly heated as well with love as with cholar, and thus I thundered.

IF I had used the polycie that Hunters doe, in catching of Hiena, it might be also, I had now won you: but coming of the right side, I am entangled my selfe, & had it ben on the left side, I shold have inveigled thee. Is this the guerdon for good wil, is this the cortesie of Ladies, the lyfe of Courtiers, the foode of lovers? Ah Iffida, little dost thou know the force of affection, & therfore thou rewardes it lightly, neither shewing curtesie lyke a Lover, nor giving thanks lyke a Ladye. If I should compare my bloud with thy birth, I am as noble: if my wealth with thine, as rich: if confer qualities, not much inferiour: but in good wil as farre above thee, as thou art beyond me in pride.

Doest thou disdaine me because thou art beautiful? why coulours fade, when courtesie flourisheth. Doest thou reject me for that thou art wise? why wit having tolde all his cardes, lacketh many an ace of wisdom, But this is incident to women to love those that least care for them, and to hate those that most desire them, making a stake of that, which they should use for a stomacher.

And seeing it is so, better lost they are with a lyttle grudge, then found with much grieve, better solde for sorrow, then bought for repentaunce, and better to make no accompt of love, then an occupation: Wher all ones service be it never so great is never thought inough, when were it never so lyttle, it is too much. When I had thus raged, she thus replied.

Fidus you goe the wrong way to the Woode, in making a gappe, when the gate is open, or in seeking to enter by force, when your next way lyeth by favor. Where-in you follow the humour of Ajax, who loosing Achilles shielde by reason, thought to winne it againe by rage: but it fell out with him as it doth commonly, with all those that are cholaricke, that he hurt no man but himself, neither have you moved any to offence but your selfe. And in my minde, though simple be the comparison, yet seemely it is, that your anger is lyke the wrangling of children, who when they cannot get what they would have by playe, they fall to crying, & not unlyke the use of foule gamesters, who having lost the maine by true judgement, thinke to face it out with a false oath, and you missing of my love, which you required in sport, determine to hit it by spite. If you have a commission to take up Ladyes, lette me see it: if a priviledge, let me know it: if a custome, I meane to breake it.

You talke of your birth, when I knowe there is no difference of blouds in a basen, and as lyttle doe I esteeme those that boast of their auncestours, and have themselves no vertue, as I doe of

those that crake of their love, and have no modestie. I knowe Nature hath provided, and I thinke our lawes allow it, that one maye love when they see their time, not that they must love when others appoint it.

Where-as you bring in a rabble of reasons, as it were to bynde mee agaynst my will, I aunswere that in all respectes I thinke you so farre to excell mee, that I cannot finde in my heart to matche with you.

For one of so great good will as you are, to encounter with one of such pride as I am, wer neither commendable nor convenient, no more then a patch of Fustian in a Damaske coat.

As for my beautie & wit, I had rather make them better then they are, being now but meane, by vertue, then worse then they are, which woulde then be nothing, by Love.

Now wher-as you bring in (I know not by what prooffe, for I thinke you were never so much of womens counsells) that there women best lyke, where they be least beloved, then ought [you] the more to pitie us, not to oppresse us, seeing we have neither free will to chuse, nor fortune to enjoy. Then Fidus since your eyes are so sharpe, that you cannot onely looke through a Milstone, but cleane through the minde, and so cunning that you can levell at the dispositions of women whom you never knew, me thinketh you shold use the meane, if you desire to have the ende, which is to hate those whom you would faine have to love you, for this have you set for a rule (yet out of square) that women then love most, when they be loathed most. And to the ende I might stoope to your lure, I pray begin to hate me, that I may love you.

Touching your loosing and finding, your buying & sellyng, it much skilleth not, for I had rather you shoulde loose me so you might never finde me againe, then finde me that I should thinke my selfe lost: and rather had I be solde of you for a penny, then bought for you with a pound. If you meane either to make an Art or an Occupation of Love, I doubt not but you shal finde worke in the Court sufficient: but you shal not know the length of my foote, untill by your running you get commendation. A Phrase now there is which belongeth to your Shoppe hoorde, that is, to make love, and when I shall heare of what fashion it is made, if I like the pattern, you shall cut me a partlet: so as you cut it not with a paire of left handed sheeres. And I doubte not though you have married your first love in the making, yet by the time you have made three or foure loves, you will prove an expert work-manne: for as yet you are like the Taylours boy, who thinketh to take measure before he can handle the sheeres.

And thus I protest unto you, bicause you are but a younge begynner, that I will helpe you to as much custome as I canne, so as you will promyse mee to sowe no false stitches, and when myne old love is worne thread-bare, you shall take measure of a newe.

In the meane season do not discourage your self. Appelles was no good Paynter the first day: For in every occupation one must first endeavour to beginne. He that will sell lawne must learne to folde it, and he that will make love, must learne first to courte it.

As she was in this vaine very pleasaunt, so I think she would have bene verye long, had not the Gentlewoemen called hir to walk, being so faire a day: then taking hir leave very curteously, she left me alone, yet turning againe she saide: will you not manne us Fidus, beeing so proper a man? Yes quoth I, and without asking to, had you beene a proper woman. Then smyling shee

saide: you should finde me a proper woman, had you bene a proper work-man. And so she departed.

Nowe Philautus and Euphues, what a traunce was I left in, who bewailing my love, was answered with hate: or if not with hate, with such a kind of heate, as almost burnt the very bowels with-in me. What greter discourtesie could ther possibly rest in the minde of a Gentlewoman, then with so many nips, such bitter girdes, such disdainfull glickes to answere him, that honoured hir? What crueltie more unfit for so comely a Lady, then to spurre him that galloped, or to let him bloud in the hart, whose veine she shold have stanchd in the liver. But it fared with me as with the herb Basill, the which that the more it is crousshed, the sooner it springeth, or the rue, which the oftner it is cutte, the better it groweth, or the poppy, which the more it is troden with the feete, the more is flourisheth. For in these extremities, beaten as it were to the ground with disdain, my love recheth to the top of the house with hope, not unlike unto a Tree, which though it be often felled to the hard roote, yet it buddeth againe & getteth a top.

But to make an ende both of my tale and my sorrowes, I will proceede, onely craving a little pacience, if I fall into mine old passions: With-that Philautus came in with his spoake, saying: in fayth Fidus, mee thinketh I could never be weary in hearing this discourse, and I feare me the ende will be to soone, although I feele in my self the impression of thy sorows. Yea quoth Euphues, you shall finde my friende Philautus so kinde harted, that before you have donne, he will be farther in love with hir, then you were: for as your Lady saide: Philautus will be bound to make love as warden of that occupation. Then, Fidus, well God graunt Philautus better successe than I hadde, which was too badde. For my Father being returned from hunting, and the Gentlewomen from walking, the table was covered, and we all set downe to dinner, none more pleasaunt then Iffyda, which would not conclude hir mirth, and I not melancolie, bicause I would cover my sadnesse, least either she might thinke me to doat, or my Father suspect me to desire hir. And thus we both in table talke beganne to rest. She requesting me to be hir carver, and I not attending well to that she craved, gave hir salt, which when she received, shee gan thus to reply.

IN sooth Gentle-manne I seldome eate salte for feare of anger, and if you give it mee in token that I want witte, then will you make me cholericke before I eate it: for woemen be they never so foolish, would ever be thought wise.

I stayd not long for mine aunswere, but as well quickened by hir former talke, and desirous to crye quittaunce for hir present tongue, sayd thus.

If to eate store of salt cause one to frette, and to have no salte signifie lacke of wit, then do you cause me to mervaille, that eating no salte you are so captious, and loving no salt you are so wise, when in deede so much wit is sufficient for a woman, as when she is in the raine can warne hir to come out of it.

You mistake your ayme quoth Iffyda, for such a showre may fall, as did once into Danaes lap, and then that woman were a foole that would come out of it: but it may be your mouth is out of taste, therfore you were best season it with salt.

In deede quoth I, your aunsweres are so fresh, that with-out salt I can hardly swallow them. Many nips were returned that time between us, and some so bitter, that I thought them to proceede rather of mallice, to worke dispite, then of mirth to shewe disporte.

My Father very desirous to heare questions asked, willed me after dinner, to use some demaund, which after grace I did in this sorte.

LAdy Iffyda, it is not unlikly but that you can aunswer a question as wisely, as the last nyght you asked one wilylie, and I trust you will be as ready to resolve any doubt by entreatie, as I was by commaundement.

There was a Lady in Spaine, who after the decease of hir Father hadde three suitors, (and yet never a good Archer) the one excelled in all giftes of the bodye, in-somuch that there could be nothing added to his perfection, and so armed in all poyntes, as his very lookes were able to pearce the heart of any Ladie, especially of such a one, as seemed hir selfe to have no lesse beautie, than he had personage.

For that, as betweene the similitude of manners there is a friendship in everie respecte absolute: so in the composition of the bodye there is a certaine love engendred by one looke, where both the bodyes resemble each other as woven both in one lombe. The other hadde nothing to commend him but a quicke witte, which hee hadde alwayes so at his will, that nothing could be spoken, but he would wrest it to his owne purpose, which wrought such delight in this Ladye, who was no lesse wittie then hee, that you woulde have thought a mariage to be solemnized before the match could be talked of. For there is nothing in love more requisite, or more delectable, then pleasaunt and wise conference, neyther canne there aryse any storme in love which by witte is not turned to a calme.

The thirde was a Gentle-man of great possessions, large revenues, full of money, but neither the wisest that ever enjoyed so much, nor the properst that ever desired so much, he had no plea in his sute, but gylt, which rubbed well in a hoat hand is such a grease as will supple a very hard hart. And who is so ignorant that knoweth not, gold be a key for every locke, chieflie with his Ladye, who hir selfe was well stored, and as yet infected with a desyre of more, that shee could not but lende him a good countenance in this match.

Now Lady Iffida, you are to determine this Spanish bargaine, or if you please, we wil make it an English controversie: supposing you to be the Lady, and three such Gentlemen to come unto you a woing [wooing]. In faith, who should be the speeder?

GEntleman (quoth Iffida) you may aunswwere your owne question by your owne argument if you would, for if you conclude the Lady to be beautiful, wittie and wealthy, then no doubt she will take such a one, as should have comelynesse of body, sharpenesse of wit, and store of riches: Otherwise, I would condempne that wit in hir, which thou seeme so much to commend, hir selfe excelling in three qualyties, shee should take one, which was endued but with one: in perfect love the eye must be pleased, the eare delighted, the heart comforted: beautie causeth the one, wit the other, wealth the third.

To love onely for comelynesse were lust: to lyke for wit onely, madnesse: to desire chiefly for goods, covetousness: and yet can there be no love with-out beautie, but we loath it: not with-out wit, but we scorne it: nor with-out riches, but we repent it. Every floure hath his blossome, his savour, his sappe: and every desire should have to feede the eye, to please the wit, to maintaine the roote.

Ganimedes maye cast an amiable countenance, but that feedeth not: Ulysses tell a wittie tale, but that fatteth not: Croesus bring bagges of gold, & that doth both: yet with-out the ayde of beautie he cannot bestow it, and with-out wit he knowes not how to use it. So that I am of this minde, there is no Lady but in hir choyce wil be so resolute, that either she wil lyve a virgin till she have such a one, as shall have all these three properties, or els dye for anger, if she match with one that wanteth any one of them.

I perceiving hir to stand so stifly, thought if I might to remove hir footing, and replied againe.

LAdye you now thinke by pollicie to start, where you bound me to aunswere by necessitie, not suffering me to joyne three flowers in one Nosegay, but to chuse one, or els to leave all. The lyke must I crave at your hands, that if of force you must consent to any one, whether would you have the proper man, the wise, or the rich.

She as not without an answeere, quickly requited him.

Although there be no force, which may compel me to take anye, neither a profer, where-by I might chuse all: Yet to aunswere you flatly, I woulde have the wealthiest, for beautie without riches, goeth a begging, and wit with-out wealth, cheapeneth all things in the Faire, but buyeth nothing.

Truly Lady quoth I, either you speake not as you think, or you be far overshot, for me thinketh, that he that hath beautie, shal have money of ladyes for almes, and he that is wittie wil get it by craft: but the rich having inough, and neither loved for shape nor sence, must either keepe his golde for those he knowes not, or spend it on them, that cares not. Well, aunswered Iffida, so many men, many mindes, now you have my opinion, you must not thinke to wring me from it, for I had rather be as all women are, obstinate in mine owne conceipt, then apt to be wrought to others constructions.

My father liked hir choyce, whether it were to flatter hir, or for feare to offend hir, or that he loved money himselfe better then either wit or beautie. And our conclusions thus ended, she accompanied with hir gentlewomen and other hir servaunts, went to hir Uncles, having taried a day longer with my father, then she appoynted, though not so manye with me, as shee was welcome.

Ah Philautus, what torments diddest thou thinke poore Fidus endured, who now felt the flame even to take full holde of his heart, and thinking by solitarinesse to drive away melancholy, and by imagination to forget love, I laboured no otherwise, then he that to have his Horse stande still, pricketh him with the spurre, or he that having sore eyes rubbeth them with salt water. At the last with continual abstinence from meat, from company, from sleepe, my bodye began to consume, & my head to waxe idle, insomuch that the sustenance wich perforce was thrust into my mouth, was never digested, nor the talke which came from my adle braines liked: For ever in my slumber me thought Iffida presented hir self, now with a countenance pleasant and merry, streight-waies with a colour full of wrath and mischief.

My father no lesse sorrowfull for my disease, then ignorant of the cause, sent for divers Phisitians, among the which ther came an Italian, who feeling my pulses, casting my water, & marking my lookes, commaunded the chamber to be voyded, & shutting the doore applied this medicine to my malady. Gentleman, there is none that can better heale your wound than he that

made it, so that you should have sent for Cupid, not Aesculapius, for although they be both Gods, yet will they not meddle in each others office, Appelles wil not goe about to amend Lisippus carving, yet they both wrought Alexander: not Hippocrates busie himself with Ovids art, & yet they both described Venus. Your humour is to be purged not by the Apothecaries confections, but by the following of good counsaile.

You are in love Fidus? Which if you cover in a close chest, will burne every place before it burs the locke. For as we know by Phisick that poyson wil disperse it selfe into every veyne, before it part the hart: so I have heard by those that in love could say somewhat, that it maimeth everye parte, before it kill the Lyver. If therefore you will make me privie to all your desires, I will procure such meanes, as you shall recover in short space, otherwise if you seeke to conceale the partie, and encrease your passions, you shall but shorten your lyfe, and so loose your Love, for whose sake you lyve.

When I heard my Phisition so pat to hit my disease, I could not dissemble with him, least he shold bewray it, neither would I, in hope of remedy.

Unto him I discoursed the faithfull love, which I bore to Iffida, and described in every perticular, as to you I have done. Which he hearing, procured with in one daye, Lady Iffida to see me, telling my Father, that my disease was but a consuming Fever, which he hoped in short time to cure.

When my Lady came, and saw me so altered in a moneth, wasted to the harde bones, more lyke a ghoast then a lyving creature, after many words of comfort (as women want none about sicke persons) when she saw opportunitie, she asked me whether the Italian was my messenger, or if he were, whether his embassage were true, which question I thus aunswered.

Lady to dissemble with the worlde, when I am departing from it, woulde profite me nothing with man, & hinder me much with god, to make my deathbed the place of deceit, might hasten my death, and encrease my daunger.

I have loved you long, and now at the length must leave you, whose harde heart I will not impute to discourtesie, but destinie, it contenteth me that I dyed in fayth, though I coulde not live in favour, neyther was I ever more desirous to begin my love, then I am now to ende my life. Thinges which cannot be altered are to be borne, not blamed: follies past are sooner remembred then redressed, and time lost may well be repented, but never recalled. I will not recount the passions I have suffered, I think the effects show them, and now it is more behoofull for me to fall to praying for a new life, then to remember the olde: yet this I ad (which though it merit no mercy to save, it deserveth thankses of a friend that onely I loved thee, and lived for thee, and nowe dye for thee. And so turning on my left side, I fetched a deepe sigh.

Iffyda the water standing in hir eyes, clasping my hand in hers, with a sadde countenance answered mee thus.

My good Fidus, if the encreasing of my sorrowes, might mittigate the extremitie of thy sicknes, I could be content to resolve my selfe into teares to ridde thee of trouble: but the making of a fresh wound in my body, is nothing to the healing of a festred sore in thy bowelles: for that such diseases are to be cured in the end, by the meanes of their originall. For as by Basill the Scorpion is engendred, and by the meanes of the same hearb destroyed: so love which by time

& fancie is bred in an idle head, is by time and fancie banished from the heart: or as the Salamander which being a long space nourished in the fire, at the last quencheth it, so affection having taken holde of the fancie, and living as it were in the minde of the lover, in tract of tyme altereth and chaungeth the heate, and turneth it to chilnesse.

It is no small grieve to me Fidus, that I should bee thought to be the cause of thy languishing, and cannot be remedy of thy disease. For unto thee I will reveale more then either wisdom would allowe, or my modestie permit.

And yet so much, as may acquit me of ungratitude towards thee, and ridde thee of the suspicion conceived of me.

SO it is Fidus and my good friende, that about a two yeares past, ther was in court a Gentleman, not unknown unto thee, nor I think unbeloved of thee, whose name I will not conceale, least thou shouldest eyther thinke me to forge, or him not worthy to be named. This Gentleman was called Thirsus, in all respects so well qualified as had he not beene in love with mee, I should have bene enamoured of him.

But his hastinesse prevented my heate, who began to sue for that, which I was ready to proffer, whose sweete tale although I wished it to be true, yet at the first I could not beleieve it: For that men in matters of love have as many wayes to deceive, as they have wordes to utter.

I seemed straight laced, as one neither accustomed to such suites, nor willing to entertaine such a servant, yet so warily, as putting him from me with my little finger, I drewe him to me with my whole hand.

For I stode in a great mamering, how I might behave my selfe, least being too coye he might thinke mee proud, or using too much curtesie, he might judge mee wanton. Thus long time I held him in a doubt, thinking there-by to have just tryall of his faith, or plaine knowledge of his falshood. In this manner I led my life almost one yeare, untill with often meeting and divers conferences, I felt my selfe so wounded, that though I thought no heaven to my happe, yet I lyved as it were in hell till I had enjoyed my hope.

For as the tree Ebenus though it no way be set in a flame, yet it burneth with sweete savors: so my minde though it could not be fired, for that I thought my selfe wise, yet was it almost consumed to ashes with pleasaunt delights and sweete cogitations: in-somuch as it fared with mee, as it doth with the trees stricken with thunder, which having the barks sounde, are brused in the bodye, for finding my outward partes with-out blemyshe, looking into my minde, could not see it with-out blowes.

I now perceiving it high time to use the Phisition, who was alwayes at hande, determined at the next meeting to conclud such faithful and inviolable league of love, as neither the length of time, nor the distance of place, nor the threatning of friendes, nor the spight of fortune, nor the feare of death, should eyther alter or diminish: Which accordingly was then finished, and hath hether-to bene truly fulfilled.

Thirsus, as thou knowest hath ever since bene beyonde the Seas, the remembrance of whose constancie is the onely comfort of my life: neyther do I rejoyce in any thing more, then in the fayth of my good Thirsus.

Then Fidus I appeale in this case to thy honestie, which shall determine of myne honour. Wouldest thou have me inconstant to my olde friend, and faythfull to a newe? Knowest thou not that as the Almond tree beareth most fruite when he is olde, so love hath greatest fayth when it groweth in age. It falleth out in love, as it doth in Vines, for the young Vines bring the most wine but the olde the best: So tender love maketh greatest shewe of blossomes, but tryed love bringeth forth sweetest juyce.

And yet I will say this much, not to adde courage to thy attemptes, that I have taken as great delight in thy company, as ever I did in anyes, (my Thirsus onely excepted) which was the cause that oftentimes, I would eyther by questions move thee to talke, or by quarrels incense thee to choller, perceiving in thee a wit aunswerable to my desire, which I thought throughly to whet by some discourse. But wert thou in comelines Alexander, and my Thirsus, Thersites, wert thou Ulysses, he Mydas, thou Croesus, he Codrus, I would not forsake him to have thee: no not if I might ther-by prolong thy life, or save mine owne, so fast a roote hath true love taken in my hart, that the more it is digged at, the deeper it groweth, the oftener it is cut, the lesse it bleedeth, and the more it is loaden, the better it beareth.

What is there in this vile earth that more commendeth a woman then constancie? It is neyther his wit, though it be excellent that I esteeme, neyther his byrth, though it be noble, nor his bringing uppe, which hath alwayes bene courtlye, but onelye his constancie and my fayth, which no torments, no tyrant, not death shall dissolve. For never shall it be said that Iffyda was false to Thirsus, though Thirsus bee faythlesse (which the Gods forfend) unto Iffyda.

For as Amulius the cunning painter so portrayed (sic.) Minerva, that which waye so-ever one cast his eye, she alwayes behelde him: so hath Cupid so exquisetlye drawne the Image of Thirsus in my heart, that what way so-ever I glaunce, mee thinketh hee looketh stedfastlye uppon mee: in-somuch that when I have seene any to gaze on my beautye (simple God wotte though it bee) I have wished to have the eyes of Augustus Caesar to dymme their sightes with the sharp and scorching beames.

Such force hath time and triall wrought, that if Thirsus shoulde dye I woulde be buried with him, imitating the Eagle which Sesta a Virgin brought up, who seeing the bones of the Virgin cast into the fire, threw him selfe in with them, and burnt himself with them. Or Hippocrates Twinnes, who were borne together, laughed together, wept together, and dyed together.

For as Alexander woulde be engraven of no one man, in a precious stone, but onely of Pergoteles: so would I have my picture imprinted in no heart, but in his, by Thirsus.

Consider with thy selfe Fidus, that a faire woman with-out constancie, is not unlyke unto a greene tree without fruit, resembling the Counterfait that Praxitiles made for Flora, before the which if one stoode directly, it seemed to weepe, if on the left side to laugh, if on the other side to sleepe: where-by he noted the light behaviour of hir, which could not in one constant shadow be set downe.

And yet for the great good wil thou bearest me, I can not reject thy service, but I will not admit thy love. But if either my friends, or my selfe, my goods, or my good will may stande thee in steede, use me, trust mee, commaund me, as farre foorth, as thou canst with modestie, & I may graunt with mine honour. If to talke with me, or continually to be in thy company, may in any

respect satisfie thy desire, assure thy selfe, I wil attend on thee, as dilygently as thy Nourse, and bee more carefull for thee, then thy Phisition. More I can not promise, without breach of my faith, more thou canst not aske without the suspition of folly.

Heere Fidus take this Diamond, which I have hard olde women say, to have bene of great force, against idle thoughts, vayne dreames, and phrenticke imaginations, which if it doe thee no good, assure thy selfe it can do thee no harme, and better I thinke it against such enchaunted fantasies, then either Homers Moly, or Plinyes Centurie.

When my Lady had ended this straunge discourse, I was stricken into such a maze, that for the space almost of halfe an houre, I lay as it had ben in a traunce, mine eyes almost standing in my head without motion, my face without colour, my mouth without breath, in so much that Iffida began to scrich out, and call company, which called me also to my selfe, and then with a faint & trembling tongue, I uttered these words. Lady I cannot use as many words as I would, bicause you see I am weake, nor give so many thanks as I should, for that you deserve infinite. If Thirsus have planted the Vine, I wil not gather the grapes: neither is it reason, that he having sowed with payne, that I should reape the pleasure. This sufficeth me and delighteth me not a litle, yet you are so faithfull, & he so fortunate. Yet good lady, let me obtain one smal sute, which derogating nothing from your true love, must needes be lawful, that is, that I may in this my sicknesse enjoy your company, and if I recover, be admitted as your servaunt: the one wil hasten my health, the other prolong my lyfe. She courteously graunted both, and so carefully tended me in my sicknesse, that what with hir merry sporting, and good nourishing, I began to gather up my crumbes, and in short time to walke into a gallerie, neere adjoyning unto my chamber, wher she disdained not to lead me, & so at al times to use me, as though I had ben Thirsus. Every evening she wold put forth either some pretie question, or utter some mery conceit, to drive me from melancholy. There was no broth that would downe, but of hir making, no meat but of hir dressing, no sleepe enter into mine eyes, but by hir singing, insomuch as she was both my Nurse, my Cooke, and my Phisition. Being thus by hir for the space of one moneth cherished, I waxed strong & so lustie, as though I had never bene sicke.

Now Philautus judge not parcially, whether was she a lady of greater constancie towards Thirsus, or courtesie towards me? Philautus thus aunswered. Now surely Fidus in my opinion, she was no lesse to be commended for keeping hir faith inviolable, then to be praised for giving such almes unto thee, which good behaviour, differeth farre from the nature of our Italian Dames, who if they be constant they dispise al other that seeme to love them. But I long yet to heare the ende, for me thinketh a matter begon with such heate, shoulde not ende with a bitter colde.

O Philautus, the ende is short and lamentable, but as it is have it.

She after long recreating of hir selfe in the country, repayred againe to the court, and so did I also, wher I lyved as the Elephant doth by aire, with the sight of my Lady, who ever used me in all hir secrets as one that she most trusted. But my joyes were too great to last, for even in the middle of my blisse, there came tidings to Iffida, that Thirsus was slayn by the Turkes, being then in paye with the King of Spaine, which battaile was so bloody, that many gentlemen lost their lyves.

Iffida so distraught of hir wits, with these newes fell into a phrensie, having nothing in hir mouth, but alwayes this, Thirsus slayne, Thirsus slayne, ever dubling this speach with such pitiful cryes

& scriches, as it would have moved the souldiers of Ulisses to sorrow. At the last by good keeping, and such meanes as by Phisicke were provided, she came againe to hir selfe, unto whom I writ many letters to take patiently the death of him, whose life could not be recalled, divers she aunswered, which I will shewe you at my better leasure.

But this was most straunge, that no sute colde allure hir againe to love, but ever shee lyved all in blacke, not once comming where she was most sought for. But whith-in the terme of fine yeares, she began a lyttle to lysten to mine old sute, of whose faithfull meaning she had such tryall, as she coude not thinke that either my love was bylded uppon lust, or deceit.

But destenie cut off my love, by the cutting off hir lyfe, for falling into a hot pestilent fever, she dyed, and how I tooke it, I meane not to tell it: but forsaking the Court presently, I have heere lyved ever since, and so meane untill Death shall call me.

NOW Gentlemen I have helde you too long, I feare me, but I have ended at the last. You see what Love is, begon with grieffe, continued with sorrowe, ended with death. A paine full of a pleasure, a joye replenished with misery, a Heaven, a Hell, a God, a Divell, and what not, that either hath in it solace or sorrowe? Where the dayes are spent in thoughts, the nights in dreames, both in daunger, either beguylng us of that we had, or promising us that we had not. Full of jealousie with-out cause, and voyde of feare when there is cause: and so many inconveniences hanging upon it, as to reckon them all were infinite, and to taste but one of them, intollerable.

Yet in these dayes, it is thought the signes of a good wit, and the only vertue peculyar to a courtier. For love they say is in young Gentlemen, in clownes it is lust, in olde men dotage, when it is in al menne, madnesse.

But you Philautus, whose bloud is in his chiefest heate, are to take great care, least being over-warmed with love, it so inflame the liver, as it drive you into a consumption.

And thus the olde man brought them into dinner, wher they having taken their repast, Philautus aswell in the name of Euphues as his own, gave this answer to the old mans tale, and these or the like thanks for his cost and curtesie.

Father, I thanke you, no lesse for your talke which I found pleasaunt, then for your counsell which I accompt profitable, and so much for your great cheere and curteous entertainment as it deserveth of those that can-not deserve any.

I perceive in England the woemen and men are in love constant, to straungers curteous, and bountifull in hospitalitie, the two latter we have tryed to your cost, the other we have heard to your paines, and may justifie them al whersoever we become to your praises and our pleasure. This only we crave, that necessitie may excuse our boldnesse, and for amendes we will use such meanes, as although we can-not make you gaine much, yet you shall loose little.

Then Fidus taking Philautus by the hand, spake thus to them both.

GEntlemen and friendes, I am ashamed to receive so many thanks for so small curtesie, and so farre off it is for me to looke for amends for my cost, as I desire nothing more then to make you ammenes for your company, & your good wills in accompting well of ill fare: onely this I

crave, that at your returne, after you shall be feasted of great personages, you vouchsafe to visitte the cotage of poore Fidus, where you shall be no lesse welcome then Jupiter was to Bacchus: Then Euphues.

We have troubled you too long, and high tyme it is for poore Pilgrimes to take the daye before them, least being be-nighted, they straine curtesie in an other place, and as we say in Athens, fishe and gestes in three dayes are stale: Not-withstanding we will be bold to see you, and in the meane season we thank you, and ever, as we ought, we will pray for you.

Thus after many farewelles, with as many welcomes of the one side, as thankses of the other, they departed, and framed their steppes towards London. And to drive away the time, Euphues began thus to instruct Philautus.

Thou seest Philautus the curtesie of England to surpasse, and the constancie (if the olde Gentleman tolde the trueth) to excell, which warneth us both to be thankfull for the benefits we receive, and circumspect in the behaviour we use, least being unmindfull of good turnes, we bee accompted ingrate, and being dissolute in our lives, we be thought impudent.

When we come into London, wee shall walke in the garden of the worlde, where amonge many flowers we shall see some weedes, sweete Roses and sharpe Nettles, pleasaunt Lillyes and pricking Thornes, high Vines and lower Hedges. All thinges (as the fame goeth) that maye eyther please the sight, or dislike the smell, eyther feede the eye with delight, or fill the nose with infection.

Then good Philautus lette the care I have of thee be in steede of grave counsell, and my good will towardes thee in place of wisdom.

I hadde rather thou shouldest walke amonge the beddes of wolsome pottle-herbes, then the knottes of pleasaunt flowers, and better shalt thou finde it to gather Garlyke for thy stomack, then a sweete Violet for thy senses.

I feare mee Philautus, that seeing the amyable faces of the Englyshe Ladyes, thou wilt cast of all care both of my counsaile and thine owne credit. For wel I know that a fresh colour doth easily dim a quicke sight, that a sweete Rose doth soonest pearce a fine sent, that pleasaunt sirrappes doth chieftiest infecte a delicate taste, that beautifull woemen do first of all allure them that have the wantonnest eyes and the whitest mouthes.

A straunge tree there is called Alpina, which bringeth forth the fayrest blossomes of all trees, which the Bee eyther suspecting to be venemous, or misliking because it is so glorious, neither tasteth it, not commeth neere it.

In the like case Philautus would I have thee to imitate the Bee, that when thou shalt beholde the amiable blossomes of the Alpine tree in any woemanne, thou shunne them, as a place infected eyther with poyson to kill thee, or honnye to deceive thee: For it were more convenient thou shouldest pull out thine eyes and live with-out love, then to have them cleare and be infected with lust.

Thou must chuse a woeman as the Lapidarie doth a true Saphire, who when he seeth it to glister, covereth it with oyle, & then if it shine, he alloweth it, if not, hee breaketh it: So if thou fall

in love with one that is beautifull, cast some kynde of coulour in hir face, eyther as it were mislykinge hir behaviour, or hearing of hir lightnesse, and if then shee looke as fayre as before, wooe hir, win hir, and weare hir.

Then my good friende, consider with thy selfe what thou art, an Italian, where thou art, in England, whome thou shalt love if thou fall into that vaine, an Aungell: let not thy eye go beyond thy eare, nor thy tongue so farre as thy feete.

And thus I conjure thee, that of all thinges thou refrayne from the hot fire of affection.

For as the precious stone Anthracitis beeing throwne into the fyre looketh blacke and halfe dead, but being cast into the water glistreth like the Sunne beames: so the previous minde of man once put into the flame of love, is as it were uglye, and loseth his vertue, but sprinkled with the water of wisdom, and detestation of such fond delightes, it shineth like the golden rayes of Phoebus.

And it shall not be amisse, though my Phisicke be simple, to prescribe a straight diot before thou fall into thine olde disease.

First let thy apparell be but meane, neyther too brave to shew thy pride, nor too base to bewray thy povertie, be as careful to keepe thy mouth from wine, as thy fingers from fyre. Wine is the glasse of the minde, and the onely sauce that Bacchus gave Ceres when he fell in love: be not daintie mouthed, a fine taste noteth the fond appetites, that Venus sayde hir Adonis to have, who seing him to take chieftest delight in coastle cates, smyling sayd this. I am glad that my Adonis hath a sweete tooth in his head, and who knoweth not what followeth? But I will not wade too farre, seeing heeretofore as wel in my cooling card, as at divers other times, I have given thee a caveat, in this vanity of love to have a care: & yet me thinketh the more I warne thee, the lesse I dare trust thee, for I know not how it commeth to passe, that every minute I am troubled in minde about thee.

When Euphues had ended, Philautus thus began.

EUphues, I thinke thou wast borne with this word love in thy mouth, or that thou art bewitched with it in minde, for ther is scarce three words uttered to me, but the third is Love: which how often I have aunswered thou knowest, & yet that I speake as I thinke, thou never beleevest: either thinking thy selfe, a God, to know thoughts, or me worse then a Divell, not to acknowledge them. When I shall give anye occasion, warne me, and that I should give none, thou hast already armed me, so that this perswade thy selfe, I wil sticke as close to thee, as the soale doth to the shoe. But truely, I must needes commende the courtesie of England, and olde Fidus for his constancie to his Lady Iffida, and his faith to hir friende Thirsus, the remembrance of which discourse didde often bring in to my minde the hate I bore to Lucilla, who loved all, and was not found faithfull to any. But I lette that passe, least thou come in againe with thy fa-burthen, and hit mee in the teeth with love, for thou hast so charmed me, that I dare not speake any word that may be wrested to charitie, least thou say, I meane Love, and in truth, I thinke there is no more difference betweene them, then betweene a Broome, and a Beesome.

I will follow thy dyot and thy counsayle, I thanke thee for thy good will, so that I wil now walke under thy shadowe and be at thy commaundement: Not so aunswered Euphues, but if thou follow me, I dare by thy warrant we will not offend much. Much talke ther was in the way, which

much shortned their way: and at last they came to London, where they met divers straungers of their friends, who in small space brought them familiarly acquainted with certaine English gentlemen who much delighted in the company of Euphues, who they found both sober & wise, yet some times mery & pleasant. They wer brought into al places of the citie, & lodged at the last in a Merchaunts house, wher they continued till a certeine breach. They used continually the Court, in the which Euphues tooke such delyght, that he accompted al the praises he hard of it before, rather to be envious, then otherwise, & to be parcial, in not giving so much as it deserved, & yet to be pardoned bicause they coulde not. It happened that these English gentlemen conducted these two straungers to a place, where divers gentlemen wer: some courtiers, others of the country: Wher being welcome, they frequented almost every day for the space of one moneth, entreteining of time in courtly pastimes, though not in the court, inso much that if they came not, they wer sent for, & so vexed as they had ben countrymen, not straungers. Philautus with this continual accesse & often conference with gentlewomen, began to weane himselfe from the counsaile of Euphues, & to wed his eyes to the comelines of Ladies, yet so warily as neither his friend could by narrow watching discover it, neither did he by any wanton countenance, bewray it, but carying the Image of Love, engraven in the bottome of his hart, & the picture of courtesie, imprinted in his face, he was thought to Euphues courtly, and knownen to himselfe comfortlesse. Among a number of Ladyes he fixed his eyes upon one, whose countenance seemed to promise mercy, & threaten mischief, intermedling a desire of liking, with a disdain of love: shewing hir selfe in courtesie to be familiar with al, & with a certein comly pride to accept none, whose wit wold commonly taunt without despite, but not without disport, as one that seemed to abhorre love worse then lust, & lust worse then murder, of greater beautie then birth, & yet of lesse beautie then honestie, which gate hir more honor by vertue then nature could by Arte, or fortune might be promotion. She was redy of answer, yet wary: shrill of speach, yet sweet: in al hir passions so temperate, as in hir greatest mirth none wold think hir wanton, neither in hir deepest grief solum, but alwaies to looke with so sober cheerfulnes, as it was hardly thought wher she wer more commended for hir gravitie of the aged, or for hir courtlines of the youth: oftentimes delighted to heare discourses of love, but ever desirous to be instructed in learning: somewhat curious to keepe hir beautie, which made hir comly, but more careful to increase hir credit, which made hir commendable: not adding the length of a haire to courtlines, that might detract the bredth of a haire from chastitie: In al hir talke so pleasant, in al hir lookes so amiable, so grave modestie joyned with so wittie mirth, that they that wer entangled with hir beautie, wer inforced to prefer hir wit before their wils: & they that loved her vertue, wer compelled to prefer their affections before hir wisdom: Whose rare qualtyes, caused so straunge events, that the wise wer allured to vanitie, & the wantons to vertue, much lyke the river in Arabia, which turneth golde to drosse, & durt to silver. In conclusion, ther wanted nothing in this English Angell that nature might adde for perfection, or fortune could give for wealth, or god doth commonly bestow on mortal creatures: And more easie it is in the description of so rare a personage, to imagine what she had not, then to repeat al she had. But such a one she was, as almost they all are that serve so noble a Prince, such virgins cary lights before such a Vesta, such Nymphes, arrowes with such a Diana. But why go I about to set hir in black & white, whome Philautus is now with all colours importraying in the Table of his hart. And surely I think by this he is half mad, whom long since, I left in a great maze. Philautus viewing all these things, & more then I have uttered (for that the lovers eye perceth deeper) wythdrew himselfe secretly into his lodging and locking his dore, began to debate with himselfe in this manner.

AH thrice unfortunate is he that is once faithful, and better it is to be a mercilesse souldiour, then a true lover: the one liveth by an others death, the other dyeth by his owne life. What straunge

fits be these Philautus that burne thee with such a heate, that thou shakest for cold, & all thy body in a shivering sweat, in a flaming yce, melteth like wax & hardeneth like the Adamant? Is it love? then would it were death: for likelier it is that I should loose my life, then win my Love. Ah Camilla, but why do I name thee, when thou dost not heare me, Camilla, name thee I will, though thou hate me. But alas the sound of my name doth make me sound for grief. What is in me that thou shouldest not dispise, & what is ther not in thee that I should not wonder at. Thou a women, the last thing God made, & therefore the best. I a man that could not live without thee, & therfore the worst. Al things wer made for man, as a sovereign, and man made for woman, as a slave. O Camilla, woulde either thou hadst ben bred in Italy, or I in England, or wold thy vertues wer lesse then thy beautie, or my vertues greater then my affections.

I see that India bringeth golde, but England breedeth goodnesse; And had not England beene thrust into a corner of the world it would have filled the whole world with woe. Where such women are as we have talked of in Italy, heard of in Rome, read of in Greece, but never found but in this Island: And for my part (I speake softly, bicause I will not heare my selfe) would there were none such here, or such every wher. Ah fond Euphues my deere friend, but a simple foole if thou beleeeve now thy cooling Carde, and an obstinate foole if thou do not recant it. But it may be thou layest that Carde for the elevation of Naples like an Astronomer. If it wer so I forgive thee, for I must beleeeve thee: if for the whole world, behold England, wher Camilla was borne, the flower of courtesie, the picture of comelynesse: one that shameth Venus, beeing some-what fairer, but much more vertuous, and stayneth Diana being as chaste, but much more amiable. I but Philautus the more beuti she hath, the more pride, & the more vertue the more precisenes. The Pecock is a Bird for none but Juno, the Dove for none but Vesta: None must wear Venus in a Tablet, but Alexander, none Pallas in a ring but Ulysses. For as there is but one Phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia, where-in she buyldeth, and as there is but one Camilla to be heard off, so is ther but one Caesar that she will like off. Why then Philautus what resteth for thee but to dye with patience, seing thou mayst not lyve with plesure. When thy disease is so daungerous that the third letting of blood is not able to recover thee, when neither Ariadnes thrid, nor Sibillas bough, nor Medeas seede, may remedy thy grieffe. Dye, dye, Philautus, rather with a secret scarre, then an open scorne. Patroclus can-not maske in Achilles armour without a maime, nor Philautus in the English Court without a mocke. I but ther is no Pearle so hard but Viniger breaketh it, no Diamond so stony, but blood mollyfieth, no hart, so stif but Love weakeneth it. And what then? Bicause shee may love one, is it necessarye shee should love thee? Bee there not infinite in England, who as farre exceede thee in wealth, as she doth all the Italians in wisdom, and are as farre above thee in all qualtyes of the body, as she is above them in all giftes of the minde? Doest thou not see every minute the noble youth of England frequent the Court, with no lesse courage then thou cowardise. If Courtlye bravery, may allure hir, who more gallant, then they? If personage, who more valyant? If wit who more sharp, if byrth, who more noble, if vertue, who more devoute?

When there are all thinges in them that shoulde delygth a Ladye, and no one thing in thee that is in them, with what face Philautus canst thou desire that, which they can-not deserve, or with what service deserve that, whiche so manye desyre before thee?

The more beautye Camilla hath, the lesse hope shouldest thou have: and thinke not but the bayte that caught thee, hath beguiled other Englyshe-men or now. Infanntes they canne love, neyther so hard harted to despise it, nor so symple not to discerne it.

It is likely then Philautus that the Foxe will let the Grapes hang for the Goose, or the English-man bequeath beautie to the Italian? No no Philautus assure thy selfe, there is no Venus but she hath hir Temple, where on the one side Vulcan may knocke but Mars shall enter: no Sainte but hath hir shrine, and he that can-not wyne with a Pater noster, must offer a penny.

And as rare it is to see the Sunne with-out a light, as a fayre woeman with-out a lover, and as neere is Fancie to Beautie, as the pricke to the Rose, as the stalke to the rynde, as the earth to the roote.

Doest thou not thinke that hourelly shee is served and sued unto, of thy betters in byrth, thy equales in wealth, thy inferiors in no respect.

If then she have given hir fayth, darest thou call hir honour into suspition of falshood?

If she refuse such vaine delightes, wilt thou bring hir wisdom into the compasse of folly?

If she love so beautiful a peece, then will she not be unconstant: If she vow virginity, so chaste a Lady cannot be perjured: and of two thinges the one of these must be true, that eyther hir minde is alreadye so weaned from love, that she is not to be moved, or so settled in love, that she is not to be removed.

I but it maye bee, that so younge and tender a heart hath not yet felte the impression of Love: I but it can-not bee, that so rare perfection should wante that which they all wish, affection.

A Rose is sweeter in the budde, then full blowne. Young twiggess are sooner bent then olde trees. White Snowe sooner melted then hard Yce: which proveth that the younge shee is, the sooner she is to bee wooed, and the fayrer shee is, the likelier to be wonne. Who wil not run with Atlanta, though he be lame? Who would not wrastle with Cleopatra, though he were sicke? Who feareth to have Camilla, though he were blinde.

Ah beautie, such is thy force, that Vulcan courteth Venus, she for comlinesse a Goddess, he for ugliness, a divell, more fit to strike with a hammer in his forge, then to holde a Lute in thy chamber.

Whether dost thou wade Philautus in launcing the wound thou shouldest taint, and and pricking the heart which asketh a plaister: for in deciphering what she is, thou hast forgotten what thou thy selfe art, and being daseled with hir beautie, thou seest not thine own basenesse. Thou art an Italian poore Philautus, as much misliked for the vice of thy countrey, as she mervailed at for the vertue of hers, and with no lesse shame doest thou heare, then know with griefe, how if any English-man be infected with any mysdemeanour, they say with one mouth, hee is Italionated: so odious is that nation to this, that the very man is no lesse hated for the name, then the countrey for the manners.

O Italy I must love thee, because I was borne in thee, but if the infection of the ayre be such, as whosoever breede in thee, is poysoned by thee, then had I rather be a Bastard to the Turke Ottomo, then heire to the Emperour Nero.

Thou which here-tofore wast most famous for victories, art become most infamous by thy vices, as much disdained now for thy beastlynesse in peace, as once feared for thy battayles in warre,

thy Caesar being turned to a vicar, thy Consules to Cardinales, thy sacred Senate of three hundred grave Counsellors, to a shamelesse Sinod of three thousand greedy caterpillars. Where there is no vice punished, no vertue prayseed, where none is long loved if he do not ill, where none shall be long loved if he do well. But I leave to name thy sinnes, which no Syphers can number, and I would I were as free from the infection of some of them, as I am far from the reckoning of all of them, or would I were as much envied for good, as thou art pittied for ill.

Philautus would thou haddest never lived in Naples, or never left it. What new skirmishes dost thou now feelee betweene reason and appetite, love and wisdom, daunger and desire.

Shall I go and attyre my selfe in costly apparell, tushe a faire pearle in a Murrians eare cannot make him white? Shall I ruffle in newe devices, with Chaines, with Bracelettes, with Ringes and Robes, tushe the previous Stones of Mausolus Sepulchre cannot make the dead carcassee sweete.

Shall I curle my hayre, coulour my face, counterfayte courtlynesse? tushe there is no paynting can make a pycure sensible. No no Philautus, eyther swallowe the juyce of Mandrak, which maye cast thee into a dead sleepe, or chewe the hearbe Chervell, which may cause thee to mistake every thing, so shalt thou either dye in thy slumber, or thinke Camilla deformed by thy potion.

No I can-not do so though I would, neither would I though I could. But suppose thou thinke thy selfe in personage comely, in birth noble, in wit excellent, in talke eloquent, of great renewes: yet will this only be cast in thy teethe as an obloquie, thou art an Italian.

I but all that be blacke digge not for coales, all things that breede in the mudde, are not Evets, all that are borne in Italy, be not ill. She will not think what most are, but enquire what I am. Everye one that sucketh a Wolfe is not ravening, ther is no countrey but hath some as bad as Italy, many that have worse, none but hath some. And canst thou thinke that an English Gentleman wil suffer an Italian to be his Rivall? No, no, thou must either put up a quarrell with shame, or trye the Combat with perill. An English man hath three qualyties, he can suffer no partner in his love, no straunger to be his equal, or to be dared by any. Then Philautus be as wary of thy life, as careful for thy love: thou must at Rome, reverence Romulus, in Boetia Hercules, in Englande those that dwell there, els shalt thou not lyve there.

Ah Love what wrong doest thou me, which once beguiledest me with that I had, & now beheaddest me for that I have not. The love I bore to Lucilla was cold water, the love I owe to Camilla hoate fire, the firste was ended with defame, the last must beginne with death.

I see now that as the resiliation of an Ague is desperate, and the second opening of a veyne deadly, so the renuing of love is, I know not what to terme it, worse then death, and as bad, as what is worst, I perceive at the last the punishment of love is to live. Thou art heere a straunger without acquaintance, no friend to speake for thee, no one to care for thee, Euphues will laugh at thee if he know it, and thou wilt weepe if he know it not. O infortunate Philautus, born in the wane of the Moone, and as likely to obtain thy wish, as the Wolfe is to catch the Moone. But why goe I about to quench fire with a sword, or with affection to mortifie my love?

O my Euphues, would I had thy wit, or thou my wil. Shal I utter this to thee, but thou art more likely to correct my follyes with counsaile, then to comfort me with any pretie conceit. Thou wilt

say that she is a Lady of great credit, & I heere of no countenance. I but Euphues, low trees have their tops, smal sparkes their heat, the Flye his splene, the Ant hir gall, Philautus his affection, which is neither ruled by reason, nor led by appointment. Thou broughtest me into Englande Euphues to see & I am blynde, to seeke adventures, and I have lost my self, to remedy love, & I am now past cure, much like Scriphuis that ole drudge in Naples, who coveting to heale his bleard eye, put it out. My thoughts are high, my fortune low, & I resemble that foolish Pilot, who hoyseth up all his sayles, & hath no winde, & launceth out his ship, & hath no water. Ah Love thou takest away my tast, & provokest mine appetite, yet if Euphues would be as willing to further me now, as he was once wily to hinder me, I shold think my self fortunate & all that are not amorous to be fooles. There is a stone in the flood of Thracia, that whosoever findeth it, is never after grieved, I would I had that stone in my mouth, or that my body were in the River, that either I might be without grieffe, or without lyfe. And with these wordes, Euphues knocked at the dore, which Philautus opened pretending drowsinesse, and excusing his absence by Idlenesse, unto whom Euphues sayd.

What Philautus doest thou shunne the Courte, to sleepe in a corner, as one either cloyed with delight, or having surfetted with desire, beleeeve me Philautus if the winde be in that doore, or thou so devout to fall from beautie to thy beads, & to forsake the court to lyve in a Cloister, I cannot tel whether I should more wonder at thy fortune, or prayse thy wisdom, but I feare me, if I live to see thee so holy, I shall be an old man before I dye, or if thou dye not before thou be so pure, thou shalt be more mervayled at for thy yeares, then esteemed for thy vertues. In sooth my good friende, if I should tarry a yeare in England, I could not abide an houre in my chamber, for I know not how it commeth to passe, that in earth I thinke no other Paradise, such varietie of delights to allure a courtly eye, such rare puritie to draw a well disposed minde, that I know not whether they be in Englande more amorous or vertuous, whether I shoulde thinke my time best bestowed, in viewing goodly Ladies, or hearing godly lessons. I had thought no woman to excel Livia in the world, but now I see that in England they be al as good, none worse, many better, insomuch that I am enforced to thinke, that it is as rare to see a beautifull woman in England without vertue, as to see a faire woman in Italy without pride. Curteous they are without coyne, but not without a care, amiable without pride, but not without courtliness: mery without curiositie, but not without measure, so that conferring the Ladies of Greece with the ladies of Italy, I finde the best but indifferent, & comparing both countries with the Ladies of England, I accompt them al stark naught. And truly Philautus thou shalt not shrive me like a ghostly father, for to thee I will confesse in two things my extreme folly, the one in loving Lucilla, who in comparison of these had no spark of beautie, the other for making a cooling card against women, when I see these to have so much vertue, so that in the first I must acknowledge my judgement raw, to discerne shadowes, and rash in the latter to give so peremtory sentence, in both I thinke my selfe, to have erred so much, that I recant both, beeing ready to take any penance thou shalt enjoyne me, whether it be a faggot for Heresie, or a fine for Hipocrisie. An Hereticke I was by mine invective against women, and no lesse then an Hipocrite for dissembling with thee, for nowe Philautus I am of that minde that women, but Philautus taking holde of this discourse, interrupted him with a sodaine reply, as followeth.

STaye Euphues, I can levell at the thoughtes of thy heart by the words of thy mouth, for that commonly the tongue uttereth the minde, & the out ward speach bewrayeth the inward spirit. For as a good roote is knowen by a faire blossome, so is the substaunce of the heart noted by the shew of the countenance. I can see day at a little hole, thou must halt cunningly if thou beguile a Cripple, but I cannot chuse but laugh to see thee play with the bayt, that I feare thou hast swallowed, thinking with a Myst, to make my sight blynde, because I shold not perceive thy

eyes bleared, but in faith Euphues, I am now as well acquainted with thy conditions as with thy person, and use hath made me so expert in thy dealings, that well thou mayst juggle with the world, but thou shalt never deceive me.

A burnt childe dreadeth the fire, he that stumbleth twice at one stone is worthy to break his shins, thou mayst happily forswear thy selfe, but thou shalt never delude me. I know thee now as readely by thy visard as thy visage: It is a blynde Goose that knoweth not a Foxe from a Fearn-bush, and a foolish fellow that cannot discern craft from conscience, being once cousened. But why should I lament thy folyes with griefe, when thou seemest to colour them with deceite. Ah Euphues I love thee well, but thou hatest thy selfe, and seekest to heape more harms on thy head by a little wit, then thou shalt ever claw of by thy great wisdom, al fire is not quenched by water, thou hast not love in a string, affection is not thy slave, you canst not leave when thou listest. With what face Euphues canst thou returne to thy vomit, seeming with the greedy hounde to lap up that which thou diddest cast up. I am ashamed to rehearse the tearmes that once thou diddest utter of malice against women, and art thou not ashamed now again to recant them? they must needs think thee either envious upon smal occasion, or amorous upon a light cause, and they will they all be as ready to hate thee for thy spight, as to laugh at thee for thy loosenesse.

No Euphues so deepe a wound cannot be healed with so light a playster, thou maist by arte recover the skin, thou maist flatter with fooles bicause thou art wise, but the wise will ever marke thee for a foole. Then sure I cannot see what thou gainest if the simple condemne thee of flatterie, and the grave of folly. Is thy cooling Carde of this propertie, to quench fyre in others, and to kindle flames in thee? or is it a whetstone to make thee sharpe and us blunt, or a sword to cut wounds in me and cure them in Euphues? Why didst thou write that agaynst them thou never thoughtest, or if thou diddest it, why doest thou not follow it? But it is lawfull for the Phisition to surfet, for the sheepeheard to wander, for Euphues to prescribe what he will, and do what he lyst.

The sick patient must keepe a straight diot, the silly sheepe a narrow folde, poore Philautus must beleve Euphues and all lovers (he onely excepted) are cooled with a carde of teene, or rather fooled with a vaine toy. Is this thy professed puritie to crye peccavi? thinking it as great sinne to be honest, as shame not to be amorous, thou that diddest blaspheme the noble sex of women with-out cause, dost thou now commit Idolatrie with them with-out care? observing as little gravitie then in thine unbrideled furie, as thou dost now reason by thy disordinate fancie. I see now that there is nothing more faire then snow, yet nothing les firm, nothing more fine then witte, yet nothing more fickle. For as Polypus upon what rock soever he liketh, turneth himselfe into the same likenesse, or as the bird Piralis sitting upon white cloth is white, upon greene, greene and changeth hir coulour with every cloth, or as our changeable silk, turned to the Sunne hath many coulours, and turned backe the contrary, so wit shippeth it self to every conceit being constant in nothing but inconstancie. Wher is now thy conference with Athens, thy devotion, thy Divinitie? Thou sayest I am fallen from beautie to my beades, and I see thou art come from thy booke to beastlines, from coting of the scriptures, to courting with Ladies, from Paule to Ovid, from the Prophets to Poets, resembling the wanton Diophantus, who refused his mothers blessing, to heare a song, and thou forsakest Gods blessing to sit in a warme Sunne. But thou Euphues thinkest to have thy prerogative (which others will not graunt thee for a priviledge) that under the couler of wit, thou maist be accounted wise and, being obstinate, thou art to be thought singular. There is no coyne good silver, but thy half-penny, if thy glasse glisten it must needs be gold, if you speak a sentence it must be a law, if give a censer an oracle, if

dreame a Prophecie, if conjecture a truth: insomuch, that I am brought into a doubt, whether I should more lament in thee, thy want of government, or laugh at thy fained gravity: But as that rude Poette Cherilus hadde nothing to be noted in his verses, but onely the name of Alexander, nor that rurall Poet Daretus any thing to cover his deformed ape, but a white curtain, so Euphues hath no one thing to shadow his shamelesse wickednes, but onely a shew of wit. I speake al this Euphues, not that I envie thy estate, but that I pittie it, and in this I have discharged the duetye of a friend, in that I have not wincked at thy folly. Thou art in love Euphues, contrarie to thine oth, thine honor, thine honestie, neither would any professing that thou doest, live as thou doest, which is no lesse grief to me then shame to thee: excuse thou maist make to me, bicause I am credulous, but amends to the world thou canst not frame, bicause thou art come out of Greece, to blase thy vice in England, a place too honest for thee, and thou too dishonest for any place. And this my flat & friendly delling if thou wilt not take as I meane, take as thou wilt: I feare not thy force, I force not thy friendship: And so I ende.

Euphues not a little amased with the discourteous speach [speech] of Philautus, whome he sawe in such a burning fever, did not applye warme clothes to continue his sweate, but gave him colde drink to make him shake, eyther thinking so straunge a maladie was to be cured with a desperate medicine, or determining to use as little art in Phisicke, as the other did honestie in friendshippe, and therfore in steede of a pyll to purge his hotte bloud, he gave him a choake-peare to stoppe his breath, replying as followeth.

I had thought Philautus, that a wounde healing so faire could never have bred to a Fistula, or a bodye kept so well from drinke, to a dropsie, but I well perceive that thy fleshe is as ranke as the wolves, who as soone as he is stricken recovereth a skinne, but rankleth inwardly untill it come to the lyver, and thy stomacke as quesie as olde Nesters, unto whome pappe was no better then poyson, and thy body no less distempered then Hermogenes, whom abstinence from wine, made oftentimes dronken. I see thy humor is love, thy quarrell jelousie, the one I gather by thine addle head, the other by thy suspicious nature: but I leave them both to thy will and thee to thine owne wickednesse: pretily to cloake thine own folly, thou callest me theefe first, not unlike unto a curst wife, who deserving a check, beginneth first to scolde.

There is nothing that can cure the kings Evill, but a Prince, nothing ease a plurisie but letting bloud, nothing purge thy humour, but that which I cannot give thee, nor thou gette of any other, libertie.

Thou seemest to coulour craft by a friendly kindnes, taking great care for my bondage, that I might not distrust thy follies, which is, as though the Thrush in the cage should be sory for the Nightingale which singeth on the tree, or the Bear at the stake lament the mishap of the Lion in the forest.

But in trueth Philautus though thy skin shewe thee a fox, thy little skil tryeth thee a sheep. It is not the coulour that commendeth a good painter, but the good countenance, nor the cutting that valueth the Diamond, but the vertue, nor the glose of the tongue that tryeth a friend, but the faith. For as al coyne are not good that have the Image of Caesar, nor al golde that are coyned with the kinges stampe, so all is not trueth that beareth the show of godlines, nor all friends that beare a faire face, if thou pretende such love to Euphues, carrye thy heart on the backe of thy hand, and thy tongue in the palme, that I may see what is in thy minde, and thou with thy fingers claspe thy mouth. Of a straunger I canne beare much, bicause I know not his manners, of an enemy more, for that al proceedeth of malice, all things of a friend, if it be to trye me, nothing if it

be to betray me: I am of Scipios minde, who had rather that Hannibal should eate his hart with salt, then Laelius grieve it with unkindenesse: and of the lyke with Laelius, who chose rather to bee slayne with the Spaniards, then suspected of Scipio.

I can better take a blister of a Nettle, then a prick of a Rose: more willing that a Raven should pecke out mine eyes, then a Turtle peck at them. To dye of the meate one lyketh not, is better then to surfet of that he loveth: and I had rather an enemy shoulde bury me quicke, then a friende belye me when I am dead.

But thy friendship Philautus is lyke a new fashion, which being used in the morning, is accompted olde before noone, which varietie of chaunging, being often-times noted of a grave Gentleman in Naples, who having bought a Hat of the newest fashion, & best block in all Italy, and wearing but one daye, it was tolde him that it was stale, he hung it up in his studie, & viewing al sorts, al shapes, perceived at the last, his olde Hat againe to come into the new fashion, where-with smiling to himselfe he sayde, I have now lyved compasse, for Adams old Apron must make Eve a new Kirtle: noting this, that when no new thing could be devised, nothing could be more new then the olde. I speake to this ende Philautus, that I see thee as often chaunge thy head as other do their Hats, now beeing friend to Ajax, bicause he shoulde cover thee with his buckler, now to Ulysses, that he may pleade for thee with his eloquence, now to one, and now to an other, and thou dealest with thy friendes, as that Gentleman did with his felt, for seeing not my vaine, aunswerable to thy vanities, thou goest about (but yet the neerest way) to hang me up for holydayes, as one neither fitting thy head nor pleasing thy humor, but when Philautus thou shalt see that chaunge of friendships shal make thee a fat Calfe,, & a leane Cofer, that there is no more hold in a new friend then a new fashion, that Hats alter as fast as the Turner can turne his block, & harts as soone as one can turne his back, when seeing every one return to his olde wearing, & finde it the best, then compelled rather for want of others, then good wil of me, thou wilt retire to Euphues, whom thou laydst by the wals, & seeke him againe as a new friend, saying to thy self, I have lyved compasse, Euphues olde faith must make Philautus a new friend. Wherein thou resembllest those that at the first comming of new Wine, leave the olde, yet finding that grape more pleasaunt then wholesome, they begin to say as Calisthenes did to Alexander, that he had rather carous olde grains with Diogenes in his dish, then new grapes with Alexander in his standing Cup, for of al Gods sayd he, I love not Aesculapius. But thou art willing to chaunge, else wouldest thou be unwilling to quarrel, thou keepest only company out of my sight, with Reynaldo thy country man, & now proving it do not care, if he have better deserved the name of a friend then I, god knoweth, but as Achilles shield being lost on the seas by Ulisses, was tost by the sea to the Tombe of Ajax, as a manifest token of his right: so thou being forsaken of Reynaldo, wilt bee found in Athens by Euphues dore, as ye true owner. Which I speak not as one loth to loose thee, but careful thou loose not thy selfe. Thou thinkest an Apple maye please a childe, & every odde aunswere appease a friend., No Philautus, a plaister is a small amends for a broken head, & a bad excuse, will not purge an ill accuser. A friend is long a getting, & soone lost, like a Merchants riches, who by tempest looseth as much in two houres, as he hath gathered together in twentie yeares. Nothing so fast knit as glasse, yet once broken, it can never be joyned, nothing fuller of mettall then steele, yet over heated it wil never be hardned, friendship is the best pearle, but by disdain thrown into vineger, it bursteth rather in peeces, then it wil bow to any softnes. It is a salt fish that water canot make fresh, sweet honny that is not made bitter with gall, harde golde that is not to bee mollified with fire, & a miraculous friend that is not made an enimy with contempt. But give me leave to examine the causes of thy discourse to the quick, & omitting the circumstance, I wil to the substance. The onely thing thou layest to my charge is love, & that is a good ornament, the

reasons to prove it, is my praising of women, but that is no good argument. Am I in love Philautus? with whom it should be thou canst not conjecture, & that it should not be with thee, thou gives occasion. Priamus began to be jealous of Hecuba, when he knew none did love hir, but when he loved many, & thou of me, when thou art assured I love none, but thou thy self every one. But whether I love or no, I cannot live in quiet, unlesse I be fit for thy diet, wherein thou dost imitate Scyron & Procrustes, who framing a bed of brasse to their own bignes, cased it to be placed as a lodging for all passengers, insomuch that none could travel that way, but he was enforced to take measure of their sheets: if he were to long for the bed, they cut off his legs for catching cold, it was no place for a longis, if too short they racked him at length, it was no pallet for a dwarfe: & certes Philautus, they are no lesse to be discommended for their crueltie, then thou for thy folly. For in like manner has thou built a bed in thine owne brains, wherein every one must be of thy length, if he love you cuttest him shorter, either with some odd devise, or grave counsel, swearing (rather then thou woldst not be beleved) that Protogenes portraied Venus with a sponge sprinkled with sweete water, but if once she wrong it, it would drop blood: that hir Ivorie Combe would at the first tickle the haire, but at the last turne all the haire unto Adders: so that nothing is more hatefull then Love. If he love not, then stretchest out lyke a Wyre-drawer, making a wire as long as thy finger, longer then thine arme, pullyng on with the pincers with the shoemaker a litle shoe on a great foote, till thou crack thy credite, as he doth his stitches, alleading that Love followeth a good wit, as the shadowe doth the body, and as requisite for a Gentleman, as steele in a weapon.

A wit sayest thou with-out love, is lyke an Egge with-out salte, and a Courtier voyde of affection, like salt without savour. Then as one pleasing thy selfe in thine owne humour, or playing with others for thine owne pleasure, thou rollest all thy wits to sift Love from Lust, as the Baker doth the branne from his flower, bringing in Venus with a Tortoise under hir foote, as slowe to harmes: hir Chariot drawn with white Swannes, as the cognisance of Vesta, hir birds to be Pigeons, noting pietie: with as many inventions to make Venus currant, as the Ladies use slights in Italy to make themselves counterfaite. Thus with the Aegyptian thou playest fast or loose, so that there is nothing more certaine, then that thou wilt love, and nothing more uncertaine then when, turning at one time thy tale to the winde, with the Hedge-hogge, & thy nose in the winde, with the Weather-cocke, in one gale both hoysing sayle & casting Anker, with one breath, making an Alarum and a Parly, discharging in the same instant, both a Bullet and a false fire. Thou hast rackt me, and curtaild me, sometimes I was too long, sometimes too shorte, now too bigge, then too litle, so that I must needs thinke thy bed monstrous, or my body, eyther thy brains out of temper, or my wits out of tune: insomuch as I can lyken thy head to Mercuris pipe, who with one stop caused Argus to stare and winke. If this fault bee in thy nature, counsel canne do little good, if in thy disease, phisicke can do lesse: for nature will have hir course, so that perswasions are needelesse, and such a mallady in the Marrowe, will never out of the bones, so that medicines are bootlesse.

Thou sayest that all this is for love, and that I being thy friend, thou art loth to wink at my folly: truly I say with Tully, with faire wordes thou shalt yet perswade me: for experience teacheth me, that straight trees have crooked rootes, smooth baits sharpe hookes, that the fayrer the stone is in the Toades head, the more pestilent the poyson is in hir bowelles, that talk the more it is seasoned with fine phrases, the lesse it savoreth of true meaning. It is a mad Hare that wil be caught with a Taber, and a foolish bird that staieth the laying salt on hir taile, and a blinde Goose that commeth to the Foxes sermon, Euphues is not entangled with Philautus charmes. If all were in jest, it was too broad weighing the place, if in earnest too bad, considering the person, if to try thy wit, it was folly to bee so hot, if thy friendship, mallice to be so hastie: Hast thou not read

since thy comming into England a pretie discourse of one Phialo, concerning the rebuking of a friende? Whose reasons although they wer but few, yet were they sufficient, and if thou desire more, I coulde rehearse infinite. But thou art like the Epicure, whose bellye is sooner filled then his eye: For he coveteth to have twentie dishes at his table, when hee can-not disgest one in his stomacke, and thou desirest manye reasons to bee brought, when one might serve thy turne, thinking it no Rayne-bowe that hath not al coulours, nor auncient armoury, that are not quartered with sundry cotes, nor perfect rules that have not thousand reasons, and of al the reasons would thou wouldest follow but one, not to checke thy friende to a braverie, knowing that rebuckles ought not to weigh a graine more of salt then suger: but to be so tempered, as like pepper they might be hoat in the mouth, but like treacle wholsom at the heart: so shal they at the first make one blushe if he were pale, and well considered better, if he were not past grace.

If a friende offend he is to be whipped with a good Nurses rodde, who when hir childe will not be still, giveth it together both the twigge and the teate, and bringeth it a sleepe when it is waywarde, aswell with rocking it as rating it.

The admonition of a true friend should be like the practise of a wise Phisition, who wrappeth his sharpe pils in fine sugar, or the cunning Chirurgian, who launcing the wound with an yron, immediatly applyeth to it soft lint, or as mothers deale with their children for worms, who put their bitter seedes into sweete reasons, if this order had beene observed in thy discourse, that enterlasing sowre tauntes with sugred counsell, bearing aswell a gentle raine, as using a hard snaffle, thou mightest have done more with the whiske of a wand, then now thou canst with the prick of the spur, and avoyded that which now thou maist not, extream unkindnesse. But thou art like that kinde Judge, which Propertius noteth, who condemning his friend, caused him for the more ease to be hanged with a silken twist. And thou like a friend cuttest my throat with a Rasor, not with a hatchet for my more honor. But why should I set downe the office of a friend, when thou like our Athenians, knowest what thou shouldest doe, but like them, never dost it. Thou saiest I eat mine own words in praysing women, no Philautus I was never eyther so wicked, or so witlesse, to recant truethes, or mistake coulours. But this I say, that the Ladyes in England as farre excell all other cuntryes in vertue, as Venus doth all other woemen in beautie. I flatter not those of whome I hope to reape benefit, neyther yet so prayse them, but that I think them women: ther is no sword made of steele but hath yron, no fire made of wood but hath smoake, no wine made of grapes but hath leese, no woeman created of flesh but hath faultes: And if I love them Philautus, they deserve it.

But it grieveth not thee Philautus that they be fayre, but that they are chaste, neyther dost thou like mee the worse for commending theyr beautie, but thinkest they will not love thee well, bicause so vertuous, where-in thou followest those, who better esteeme the sight of the Rose, then the savour, preferring fayre weedes before good hearbes, chusing rather to weare a painted flower in their bosomes, then to have a wholsome roote in their broathes, wich resembleth the fashion of your Maydens in Italy, who buy that for the best cloth that wil weare whitest, not that wil last longest. There is no more praise to be given to a faire face then to a false glasse, for as the one flattereth us with a vaine shaddow to make us proud in our own conceits, so the other feedeth us with an idle hope to make us peevish in our owne contemplations.

Chirugians affyrme, that a white vaine beeing stricken, if at the fyrst there springe out bloud, it argueth a good constitution of bodye, and I thinke if a fayre woeman having heard the suite of a Lover, if she blush at the first brunt, and shew hir bloud in hir face, sheweth a well dysposed

minde: so as vertuous woemenne I confesse are for to bee chosen by the face, not when they blushe for the shame of some sinne committed, but for feare she should committe any, al women shal be as Caesar would have his wife, not onelye free from sinne, but from suspition: If such be in the Englyshe courte, if I should not prayse them, thou wouldest saye I care not for their vertue, and now I give them their commendation, thou swearest I love them for their beautie: So that it is o lesse labour to please thy mind, then a sick mans mouth, who can realish nothing by the taste, not that the fault is in the meat, but in his malady, nor thou like of any thing in thy bed, not that ther is any disorder in my sayings, but in thy sences. Thou dost last of all objecte that which silence might well resolve, that I am fallen from Prophets to Poets, and returned againe with the dog to my vomit, which GOD knoweth is as farre from trueth as I knowe thou art from wisdome.

What have I done Philautus, since my going from Naples to Athens, speake no more then the trueth, utter no lesse, flatter me not to make me better then I am, be-lye me not to make me worse, forge nothing of malice, conceale nothing for love: did I ever use any unseemlye talke to corrupt youth? tell me where: did I ever deceive those that put me in trust? tell mee whome: have I committed any fact worthy eyther of death or defame? thou canst not reckon what. Have I abused my selfe towards my superiors, equalles, or inferiors? I thinke thou canst not devise when: But as there is no wooll so white but the Diar can make blacke, no Apple so sweete but a cunning grafter can chaunge into a Crabbe: so is there no man so voyde of cryme that a spightful tongue cannot make him to be thought a caitife, yet commonly it falleth out so well that the cloth weareth the better being dyed, and the Apple eateth pleasaunter beeing grafted, and the innocentte is more esteemed, and thriveth sooner being envied for vertue, and belyed for malice. For as he that stroke Jason on the stomacke, thinking to kill him, brake his impostume with the blow, wherby he cured him: so oftentimes it fareth with those that deale maliciously, who in steed of a sword apply a salve, and thinking to be ones Priest, they become his Phisition. But as the Traytour that clyppeth the coyne of his Prince, maketh it lyghter to be wayed, not worse to be touched: so he that by sinister reports, seemeth to pare the credite of his friend, may make him lighter among the common sort, who by weight often-times are deceived with counterfaites, but nothing empayreth his good name with the wise, who trye all gold by the touch-stone.

A Straunger comming into the Capital of Rome seeing all the Gods to be engraven, some in one stone, some in an other, at the lat he perceived Vulcan, to bee wrought in Ivory, Venus to be carved in Jeate, which long time beholding with great delygth, at the last he burst out in these words, neither can this white Ivory Vulcan, make thee a Smith, neither this faire woman Jeat, make thee a faire stone. Where-by ne noted that no cunning could alter the ature of the one, nor no Nature transforme the colour of the other. In lyke manner say I Philautus, although thou have shadowed my guiltlesse life, with a defamed counterfait, yet shall not thy black Vulcan make either thy accusations of corce, or my innocencie faultie, neither shal the white Venus which thou has portrayed upon the blacke Jeat of thy malyce, make thy conditions amiable, for Vulcan cannot make Ivory blacke, nor Venus chaunge the coulour of Jeat, the one having received such course by Nature, the other such force by Vertue.

What cause have I given thee to suspect me, and what occasion hast thou not offered me to detest thee? I was never wise inough to give thee counsaile, yet ever willing to wish thee well, my wealth small to do thee good, yet ready to doe my best: Insomuch as thou couldest never accuse me of any discourtesie, unlesse it were in being more carefull of thee, then of my selfe. But as all floures that are in one Nosegay, are not of one nature, nor all Rings that are worne uppon one hande, are not of one fashion: so all friendes that associate at bedde and at boord,

are not one of disposition. Scipio must have a noble minde, Laelius an humble spirite: Titus must lust after Sempronia, Gisippus must leave hir: Damon must goe take order for his lands, Pithias must tarry behinde, as a Pledge for his life: Philautus must doe what he will, Euphues not what he should. But it may be that as the sight of divers colours, make divers beasts madde: so my presence doth drive thee into this melancholy. And seeing it is so, I will absent my selfe, hier an other lodging in London, and for a time give my self to my booke, for I have learned this by experience, though I be young, that Bavins are known by their bands, Lyons by their clawes, Cockes by their combes, envious mindes by their manners. Hate thee I will not, and trust thee I may not: Thou knowest what a friende shoulde be, but thou wilt never live to trye what a friende is. Fare-well Philautus, I wil not stay to heare thee reple, but leave thee to thy lyst, Euphues carieth this Posie written in his hands, and engraven in his heart. A faithfull friend, is a wilfull foole. And so I taking leave, till I heare thee better minded, England shall be my abode for a season, depart when thou wilt, and againe fare-well.

Euphues in a great rage departed, not suffering Philautus to aunswere one word, who stood in a maze, after the speache of Euphues, but taking courage by love, went immediatlye to the place where Camilla was dauncing, and ther will I leave him, in a thousand thoughts, hammering in his head, and Euphues seeking a new chamber, which by good friends he quickly got, and there fell to his Pater noster, wher a while I will not trouble him in his prayers.

NOW you shall understand that Philautus furthered as well by the opportunitie of the time, as the requests of certeine Gentlemen his friends, was entreated to make one in a Masque, which Philautus perceiving to be at the Gentlemans house where Camilla laye, assented as willyngly to goe, as he desired to speede, and all things beeing in a readinesse, they went with speede: where beeing welcommed, they daunced, Philautus taking Camilla by the hande, and as time served, began to boord hir in this manner.

IT hath ben a custome faire Lady, how commendable I wil not dispute, how common you know, that Masquers do therefore cover their faces that they may open their affections, & under the colour of a daunce, discover their whole desires: the benefit of which priviledge, I wil not use except you graunt it, neither can you refuse, except you break it. I meane only with questions to trye your wit, which shall neither touch your honour to aunswere, not my honestie to aske.

Camilla tooke him up short, as one not to seeke how to reply, in this manner.

GEntleman, if you be lesse, you are too bolde, if so, too broade, in clayming a custome, where there is no prescription. I knowe not your name, bicause you feare to utter it, neither doe I desire it, and you seeme to be ashamed of your face, els would you not hide it, neither doe I long to see it: but as for any custome, I was never so superstitious, that either I thought it treason to breake them, or reason to keepe them.

As for the proving of my witte, I had rather you should accompt me a foole by silence, then wise by aunswering? For such questions in these assemblies, move suspition where there is no cause, and therefore are not to be resolved least there be cause.

Philautus, who ever as yet but played with the bait, was not stroke with the hooke, and no lesse delyghted to heare hir speake, then desirous to obtaine his suite, trayned hir by the bloud in this sort.

IF the patience of men were not greater then the perversenesse of women, I should then fall from a question to a quarrell, for that I perceive you draw the counterfaite of that I would say, by the conceit of that you thinke others have sayd: but whatsoever the colour be, the picture is as it pleaseth the Paynter: and whatsoever were pretended, the minde is as the hart doth intend. A cunning Archer is not knowen by his arrow but by his ayme: neither a friendly affection by the tongue, but by the faith. Which if it be so, me thinketh common courtesie should allow that, which you seeke to cut off by courtly coynesse, as one either too young to understand, or obstinate to overthwart, your yeares shall excuse the one, and my humour pardon the other.

And yet Lady I am not of that faint minde, that though I winke with a flash of lyghtening, I dare not open mine eyes againe, or having once suffered a repulse, I should not dare to make fresh assault, he that striketh sayle in a storme, hoyseth them higher in a calm, which maketh me the bolder to utter that, which you disdaine to heare, but as the Dove seemeth angry, as though she had a gall, yet yeeldeth at the last to delight: so Ladyes pretende a great skyrmishe at the first, yet are boorded willinglye at the last.

I meane therefore to tell you this which is all, that I love you: And so wringing hir by the hand, he ended: she beginning as followeth.

GEntleman (I follow my first tearme) which sheweth rather my modestie then your desart, seeing you resemble those which having once wet their feete, care not how deepe they wade, or those that breaking the yce, weigh not how farre they slippe, thinking it lawfull, if one suffer you to treade awry, no shame to goe slipshad: if I should say nothing then would you vaunt that I am wonne: for that they that are silent seeme to consent, if any thing, then would you boast that I would be woed, for that castles that come to parlue, and woemen that delight in courting, are willing to yeelde: So that I must eyther heare those thinges which I would not, & seeme to be taught by none, or to holde you talke, which I should not, and runne into the suspition of others. But certainlye if you knewe how much your talke displeaseth me, and how litle it should profit you, you would think the time as vainely lost in beginning your talke, as I accompt over long, untill you ende it.

If you build upon custome that Maskers have libertie to speake what they should not, you shall know that woemen have reason to make them heare what they would not, and though you can utter by your vizarde what-soever it be with-out blushing, yet cannot I hear it without shame. But I never looked for a better tale of so ill a face, you say a bad coulour maye make a good countenance, but he that conferreth your disordered discourse, with your deformed attyre, may rightly saye, that he never sawe so crabbed a visage, nor hearde so crooked a vaine. An archer saye you is to be knowne by his ayme, not by his arrowe: but your ayme is so ill, that if you knewe how farre wide from the white your shaft sticketh, you would here-after rather break your bow, then bend it. If I be too young to understand your destinies, it is a signe I can-not like, if too obstinate, it is a token I will not: therefore for you to bee displeased, it eyther needeth not, or booteth not. Yet goe you farther, thinking to make a great vertue of your little valure, seeing that lightning may cause you wincke, but it shall not stricke you blinde, that a storme may make you strycke sayle, but never cut the mast, that a hotte skyrmishe may cause you to retyre, but never to runne away: what your cunning is, I knowe not, and likely it is your courage is great, yet have I heard, that he that hath escaped burning with lightning, hath beene spoyled with thunder, and one that often hath wished drowning hath beene hanged once for al, and he that shrinketh from a bullette in the maine battaile, hath beene stricken with a bil in the rerewarde. You fall from one thing to an other, using no decorum, except this, that you study to have your discourse as farre

voyde of sence, as your face is of favor, to the ende, that your disfigured countenance might supplye the disorder of your ill couched sentences, amonge the which you bring in a Dove without a gall, as farre from the matter you speake off, as you are from the mastrye you would have, who although she can-not be angry with you in that she hath no gall, yet can she laugh at you for thht she hath a spleene.

I will ende where you beganne, hoping you will beginne where I end, you let fall your question which I looked for, and pickt a quarrell which I thought not of, and that is love: but let hir that is disposed to aunswere your quarrell, be curious to demaund your question.

And this Gentle-manne I desire you, all questions and other quarrelles set aparte, you thinke me as a friende, so farre forth as I can graunt with modestie, or you require with good manners, and as a friende, I wishe you, that you blowe no more this fire of love, which will waste you before it warme mee, and make a colde in you, before it can kindle in mee: If you think otherwise I may aswell use a shift to drive you off, as you did a shewe to drawe me on. I have aunswere your custome, least you should argue me of coyne, no otherwise then I might mine honour saved, and your name unknowne.

By this time entered an other Masque, but almost after the same manner, and onely for Camillas love, which Philautus quickly espyed, and seeing his Camilla to be courted with so gallant a youth, departed: yet with-in a corner, to the ende he might decipher the Gentle-man whom he found to be one of the bravest youthes in all England, called Surius, then wounded with grieve, hee sounded with weaknesse, and going to his chamber beganne a freshe to recount his miseries in this sorte.

Ah myserable and accursed Philautus, the very monster of Nature and spectacle of shame, if thou live thou shalt be despysed, if thou dye not myssed, if woe poynted at, if win lothed, if loose laughed at, bred either to live in love and be forsaken, or die with love and be forgotten.

Ah Camilla would eyther I had bene born without eyes not to see thy beautie, or with-out eares not to heare thy wit, the one hath enflamed me with the desire of Venus, the other with the giftes of Pallas, both with the fire of love: Love, yea love Philautus, then the which nothing canne happen unto man more miserable.

I perceive now that the Chariotte of the Sunne is for Phoebus, not for Phaeton, that Bucephalus will stoupe to none but Alexander, that none can sounde Mercurius pipe but Orpheus, that none shall win Camillas liking but Surius, a Gentlemanne, I confesse of greater byrth then I, and yet I dare say not of better faith. It is he Philautus that will fleete all the fat from thy bread, in-somuch as she will disdaine to looke upon thee, if she but once thinke uppon him. It is he Philautus that hath wit to trye hir, wealth to allure hir, personage to entice hir, and all thinges that eyther Nature or Fortune can give to winne hir.

For as the Phrigian Harmonie being moved to the Calenes maketh a great noyse, but being moved to Apollo it is still and quiet: so the love of Camilla desired of mee, mooveth I knowe not how manye discordes, but proved of Surius, it is calme, and consenteth.

It is not the sweete flower that Ladyes desyre, but the fayre, whiche maketh them weare that in theyr heades, wrought forth with the needle, not brought forth by Nature: And in the lyke maner they accompte of that love, whiche arte canne coulour, not that the heart dooth confesse,

where-in they imitate the Maydens (as Euphues often hath told mee) of Athens, who tooke more delight to see a freshe and fine coulour, then to tast a sweete and wholesome sirrop.

I but howe knowest thou that Surius fayth is not as great as thine, when thou art assured thy vertue is no lesse then his? He is wise, and that thou seest: valyaunt, and that thou fearest: rich, and that thou lackest: fit to please hir, and displace thee: and without spite be it sayd, worthye to doe the one, and willing to attempt the other.

Ah Camilla, Camilla, I know not whether I should more commend thy beautie or thy wit, neither can I tell whether thy lookes have wounded me more or thy words, for they both have wrought such an alteration in my spirites, that seeing thee silent, thy comelynesse maketh me in a maze, and hearing thee speaking, thy wisdom maketh me starke madde.

I but things above thy height, are to be looked at, not reached at. I but if now I should ende, I had ben better never to have begon. I but time must weare away love, I but time may winne it. Hard stones are pearced with soft droppes, great Oakes hewen downe with many blowes, the stoniest heart mollyfied by continuall perswasions, or true perseveraunce.

If deserts can nothing prevaile, I will practise deceipts, and what faith cannot doe, conjuring shall. What saist thou Philautus, canst thou imagine so great mischief against hir thou lovest? Knowest thou not, that Fish caught with medicines, & women gotten with witchcraft are never wholesom? No, no, the Foxes wiles shal never enter into the Lyons head, nor Medeas charmes into Philautus heart. I, but I have hard that extremities are to be used, where the meane will not serve, & that as in love ther is no measure of griefe, so there should be no ende of guile, of two mischiefes the least is to be chosen, and therefore I thinke it better to poyson hir with the sweet bait of love, then to spoile my selfe with the bitter sting of death.

If she be obstinate, why should not I be desperate? If she be voyd of pitie, why shoulde I not be voyde of pietie? In the ruling of Empires there is required as great policie as prowes: in governing an Estate, close crueltie doth more good then open clemencie, for the obtaining of a Kingdome, as well mischief as mercy, is to be practised. And then in the winning of my Love, the very Image of beautie, courtesie and wit, shall I leave any thing unsought, unattempted, undone? He that desireth riches, must stretch the string that will not reach, and practise all kindes of getting. He that coveteth honour, and can-not clymbe by the ladder, must use al colours of lustinesse: He that thirsteth for Wine, must not care how he get it, but wher he maye get it, nor he that is in love, be curious, what meanes he ought to use but redy to attempt any: For slender affection do I think that, which either the feare of Law, or care of Religion may diminish.

Fye Philautus, thine owne wordes condemne thee of wickednesse: tush the passions I sustaine, are neither to be quieted with counsaile, nor eased by reason: therefore I am fully resolved, either by Arte to winne hir love, or by despayre to loose mine owne lyfe.

I have hearde heere in London of an Italian, cunning in Mathematicke named Psellus, of whome in Italy I have hearde in suche cases canne doe much by Magicke, and will doe all thinges for money, him will I assaye, as well with golde as other good tournes, and I thinke there is nothing that can be wrought, but shal be wrought for gylt, or good wil, or both.

And in this rage, as one forgetting where hee was, and whome hee loved, hee went immediately to seeke Phisicke for that, which onely was to bee found by Fortune.

HEre Gentlemen you maye see, into what open sinnes the heate of Love driveth man, especially where one loving is in dispayre, either of his owne imperfection or his Ladyes vertues, to bee beloved againe, which causeth man to attempt those thinges, that are contrarie to his owne mind, to Religion, to honestie.

What greater villany can there be devised, then to enquire of Sorcerers, South-sayers, Conjurers, or learned Clearkes for the enjoying of love? But I will not refell that heere, which shall bee confuted heere-after.

Philautus hath soone founde this Gentleman, who conducting him into his studie, and demaunding of him the cause of his comming, Philautus beginneth in this manner, as one past shame to unfold his sute.

MAster Psellus (and Countrey-man) I neyther doubt of your cunning to satisfie my request, nor of your wisdom to conceale it, for were either of them wanting in you, it might tourne mee to trouble, and your selfe to shame.

I have hearde of your learning to be great in Magicke, and somewhat in Phisicke, your experience in both to be exquisit, which caused me to seeke to you for a remedie of a certeine grieve, which by your meanes maye be eased, or els no wayes cured.

And to the ende such cures may be wrought, God hath stirred up in all times Clearkes of greate vertue, and in these our dayes men of no small credite, among the which, I have hearde no one, more commended then you, which althoughe happelye your modestye will denye, (for that the greatest Clearkes doe commonlye dissemble their knowledge) or your precisenesse not graunt it, for that cunning men are often daungerous, yet the worlde doth well know it, divers have tried it, and I must needes beleve it.

Psellus not suffering him to raunge, yet desirous to know his arrant, aunswered him thus.

GEntleman and countryman as you say, and I beleve, but of that heereafter: if you have so great confidence in my cunning as you protest, it may bee your strong imagination shall worke that in you, which my Art cannot, for it is a principle among us, that a vehement thought is more avaylable, then the vertue of our figures, formes, or characters. As for keeping your counsayle, in things honest, it is no matter, & in causes unlawful, I will not meddle. And yet if it threaten no man harme, and maye doe you good, you shall finde my secrecie to be great, though my science be smal, and therefore say on.

THEre is not farre hence a Gentlewoman whom I have long time loved, of honest parents, great vertue, and singular beautie, such a one, as neither by Art I can describe, nor by service deserve: And yet bicause I have heard many say, that wher cunning must worke, the whole body must be coloured, this is hir shape.

She is a Virgin of the age of eightene yeares, of stature neither too high nor too low, and such was Juno: hir haire blacke, yet comely, and such had Laeda: hir eyes hasill, yet bright, and such were the lyghtes of Venus.

And although my skill in Phisognomie be small, yet in my judgement she was borne under Venus, hir forehead, nose, lippes, and chinne, fore-shewing (as by such rules we gesse) both a desire to lyve, and a good successe in love. In complection of pure sanguine, in condition a right Sainte, seldome given to play, often to prayer, the first letter of whose name (for that also is necessary) is Camilla.

THis Lady I have served long, and often sued unto, in-somuch that I have melted like wax against the fire, and yet lived in the flame with the flye Pyrausta. O Psellus the tormentes sustained by hir presence, the griefes endured by hir absence, the pyning thoughtes in the daye, the pinching dreames in the night, the dying life, the living death, the jelousie at all times, and the dispaire at this instant, can neyther be uttered of me with-out fludes of teares, nor heard of thee without grieve.

No Psellus not the tortures of hell are eyther to be compared, or spoken of in the respect of my tormentes: for what they all had severally, all that and more do I feele joyntly: In-somuch that with Sysiphus I rolle the stone even to the toppe of the Hill, when it tumbleth both it selfe and me into the bottome of hell: yet never ceasing I attempt to renewe my labour, which was begunne in death, and can-not ende in life.

What dryer thirst could Tantalus endure then I, who have almost everye houre the drinke I dare not taste, and the meate I can-not? In-somuch that I am torne upon the wheele with Ixion, my lyver gnawne of the Vultures and Harpies: yea my soule troubled even with the unspeakable paines of Megara, Tisiphone, Alecto: whiche secrete sorrowes although it were more meete to enclose them in a Laborinth, then to sette them on a Hill: Yet where the minde is past hope, the face is past shame.

It fareth with me Psellus as with the Austrich, who pricketh none but hir selfe, which causeth hir to runne when she would rest; or as it doth with the Pelicane, who stricketh bloud out of hir owne bodye to do others good: or with the Wood Culver, who plucketh of hir fethers in winter to keepe others from colde: or as the Storke, who when she is least able, carrieth the greatest burthen. So I practise all thinges that may hurt mee to do hir good that never regardeth my paynes, so farre is shee from rewarding them.

For as it is impossible for the best Adamant to drawe yron unto it, if the Diamond be neere it, so is it not to bee looked for, that I with all my service, suite, desartes, and what els so-ever that may draw a woemanne, should winne Camilla, as longe as Surius, a precious stone in hir eyes, and an eye sore in mine, bee present, who loveth hir I knowe too wel, and shee him I feare me, better, which love wil breed betweene us such a deadly hatred, that beeing dead, our bloud cannot bee mingled together like Florus and Aegithus, and beeing burnt, the flames shall parte like Polinices and Eteocles, such a mortall enmitie is kindled, that nothing can quench it but death: and yet death shall not ende it.

What counsell canne you give me in this case? what comfort? what hope?

When Acontius coulde not perswade Cydippe to love, he practised fraude. When Tarquinius coulde not winne Lucretia by prayer, he used force.

When the Gods coulde not obtaine their desires by suite, they turned them-selves into newe shapes, leaving nothing undonne, for feare they should bee undonne.

The disease of love Psellus, is impatient, the desire extreame, whose assaultes neyther the wise can resist by pollicie, nor the valiaunt by strength.

Julius Caesar a noble Conquerour in warre, a grave Counsaylour in peace, after he had subdued Fraunce, Germanie, Britaine, Spaine, Italy, Thesalay, Aegipt, yea entered with no lesse puissance then good fortune into Armenia, into Pontus, into Africa, yeelded in his chiefest victories to love Psellus, as a thing fit for Caesar, who conquered all thinges saving him-selfe, and a deeper wound did the small Arrowe of Cupid make, then all the speares of his enemies.

Hannibal not lesse valiaunt in armes, nor more fortunate in love, having spoyled Ticinum, Trebia, Trasmena and Cannas, submitted him-selfe in Apulia to the love of a woman, whose hate was a terrour to all men, and became so bewitched, that neyther the feare of death, nor the desire of glorye coulde remove him from the lappe of his lover.

I omitte Hercules, who was constrained to use a distaffe for the desire of his love. Leander, who ventured to crosse the Seaes for Hero, Iphis that hanged him-selfe, Pyramus that killed him-selfe, and infinite more, which coulde not resist the hot skyrnishes of affection.

And so farre hath this humour crept into the minde, that Biblis loved hir Brother, Myrrha hir Father, Canace hir nephew: In-somuch as ther is no reason to be given for so straung a grieve, nor no remedie so unlawefull, but is to bee sought for so monstrous a disease. My disease is straung, I my selfe a straunger, and my suite no lesse straunge then my name, yet least I be tedious in a thing that requireth haste, give eare to my tale.

I have hearde often-tymes that in Love there are three thinges for to bee used, if time serve, violence, if wealth be great, golde, if necessitie compel, sorcerie.

But of these three but one can stand me in steede, the last, but not the least, whiche is able to worke the mindes of all woemen like wax, when the other can scarce wind them like with. Medicines ther are that can bring it to passe, and men ther are that have, some by potions, some by verses, some by dreames, all by deceite, the ensamples were tedious to recite, and you knowe them, the meanes I come to learne, and you can give them, which is the onely cause of my comming, and may be the occasion of my pleasure, and certainlye the waye both for your prayse and profit.

Whether it be an enchaunted leafe, a verse of Pythia, a figure of Amphion, a Charecter of Osthanes, an Image of Venus, or a branch of Sybilla, it skilleth not.

Let it be eyther the seedes of Medea, or the bloud of Phillis, let it come by Oracle of Apollo, or by Prophecie, of Tyresias, eyther by the entrayles of a Goat, or what els soever I care not, or by all these in one, to make sure incantation and spare not.

If I winne my love, you shall not loose your labour, and whether it redound or no to my greater perill, I will not yet forget your paines.

Let this potion be of such force, that she may doat in hir desire, and I delight in hir distresse.

And if in this case you eyther reveale my suite or denye it, you shall soone perceyve that Philautus will dye as desperatelye in one minute, as he hath lived this three moneths carefully, and this your studie shall be my grave, if by your studye you ease not my grieve.

When he had thus ended, he looked so sternly upon Psellus, that he wished him farder off, yet taking him by the hande, and walking into his chamber, this good man began thus to aunswere him.

GEntleman, if the inward spirite be aunswerable to the outward speach, or the thoughtes of your heart agreeable to the words of your mouth, you shal breede to your selfe great discredite, and to me no small disquyet. Doe you thinke Gentleman that the minde being created of God, can be ruled by man, or that anye one can move the heart, but he that made the heart? But such hath bene the supersition of olde women, & such the folly of young men, that there could be nothing so vayne but the one woulde invent, nor anye thing so sencelesse but the other would beleeve: which then brought youth into a fooles Paradise, & hath now cast age into an open mockage.

What the force of love is, I have knowen, what the effects have bene I have heard, yet could I never learne that ever love could be wonne, by the vertues of hearbes, stones or words. And though many there have bene so wicked to seeke such meanes, yet was there never any so unhappy to finde them.

Parrhasius painting Hopplitides, could neither make him that ranne to sweate, nor the other that put off his armour to breathe, adding this as it were for a note, No further then colours: meaning that to give lyfe was not in his Pencill, but in the Gods.

And the like may be said of us that give our mindes to know the course of the Starres, the Plannets, the whole Globe of heaven, the Simples, the Compounds, the bowels of the Earth, that something we may gesse by the out-ward shape, some-thing by the nativitie: but to wrest the will of man, or to wreath his heart to our humours, it is not in the compasse of Arte, but in the power of the most highest.

But for bicause there have bene manye with-out doubt, that have given credit to the vayne illusions of Witches, or the fonde inventions of idle persons, I will set downe such reasons as I have heard, and you wil laugh at, so I hope, I shal both satisfie your minde and make you a lyttle merry, for me thinketh there is nothing that can more delyght, then to heare the things which have no weight, to be thought to have wrought wonders.

If you take Pepper, the seede of a Nettle, and a pretie quantitie of Pyretum, beaten or pounded altogether, and put into Wine of two yeares olde, whensoever you drinke to Camilla, if she love you not, you loose your labour. The cost is small, but if your beliefe be constant, you winne the goale, for the Receipt standeth in a strong conceipt.

Egges and Honnye, blended with the Nuts of a Pine tree, & laid to your left side, is of as great force when you looke uppon Camilla to bewitch the minde, as the Quintessence of Stocke-fish, is to nourish the body.

An hearbe there is, called Anacamsoritis, a strange name and doubtlesse of a straunge nature, for whosoever toucheth it, falleth in love, with the person shee next seeth. It groweth not in England, but heere you shal have that which is not halfe so good, that will do as much good, and yet truly no more.

The Hearbe Carisium, moystened with the bloude of a Lysarde, and hanged about your necke, will cause Camilla (for hir you love best) to dreame of your services, suites, desires, desertes, and whatsoever you would wish hir to thinke of you, but beeing wakened she shall not remember what shee dreamed off. And this Hearbe is to be founde in a Lake neere Boetia, of which water who so drinketh, shall bee caught in Love, but never finde the Hearbe: And if hee drincke not, the Hearbe is of no force.

There is in the Frogges side, a bone called Apocynon, and in the heade of a young Colte, a bounch named Hippomanes, both so effectuall, for the obtaining of love, that who so getteth either of them, shall winne any that are willyng, but so injuriously both crafte and Nature dealt with young Gentlemen that seeke to gaine good will be these meanes, that the one is lycked off before it can be gotten, the other breaketh as soone as it is touched. And yet unlesse Hippomanes be lycked, it can-not worke, and except Apocynon be sound it is nothing worth.

I omit the Thistle Eryngium, the Hearbes Catanance and Pityusa, Juba his Charito blepharon, and Orpheus Staphilinus, all of such vertue in cases of love, that if Camilla shoulde but tast any one of them in hir mouthe, shee woulde never lette it goe downe hir throate, leaste shee shoulde bee poysoned, for well you knowe Gentleman, that Love is a Poyson, and therefore by Poyson it must be mayntayned.

But I will not forgette as it were the Methridate of the Magitians, the Beast Hiena, of whom there is no parte so small, or so vyle, but it serveth for their purpose: Insomuch that they accompt Hyena their God that can doe al, and their Divel that will doe all.

If you take seaven hayres of Hyenas lyppes, and carrye them sixe dayes in your teeth, or a peece of hir skinne nexte your bare hearte, or hir bellye girded to your left side, if Camilla suffer you not to obtaine your purpose, certeinly she can-not chuse, but thanke you for your paines.

And if you want medicines to winne women, I have yet more, the lungs of a Vultur, the ashes of Stellio, the left stone of a Cocke, the tongue of a Goose, the brayne of a Cat, the last haire of a Wolves taile. Thinges easie to be hadde, and commonlye practised, so that I would not have thee stande in doubte of thy love, when either a young Swallow famished, or the shrowding sheete of a deere friend, or a waxen Taper that burnt at his feete, or the enchaunted Needle that Medea hid in Jasons sleeve, are able not onely to make them desire love, but also dye for love.

How doe you now feelee your selfe Philautus? If the least of these charmes be not sufficient for thee, all exorcismes and conjurations in the world will not serve thee.

You see Gentleman, into what blynde and grose errorrs in olde time we were ledde, thinking every olde wives tale to be a truth, and every merry word, a very witchcraft. When the Aegyptians fell from their God to their Priests of Memphis, and the Grecians, from their Morall questions, to their disputations of Pirrhys, and the Romaines from Religion, to policie: then began all superstition to breede, and all impietie to blome, and to be so great, they have both

growen, that the one being then an Infant, is nowe an Elephant, and the other beeing then a Twigge, is now a Tree.

They invented as many Enchauntments for love, as they did for the Tooth-ach, but he that hath tryed both will say, that the best charme for a Toothe, is to pull it out, and the best remedie for Love, to weare it out.

If incantations, or potions, or amorous sayings could have prevailed, Circes would never have lost Ulysses, nor Phaedra Hippolitus, nor Phillis Demophoon.

If Conjurations, Characters, Circles, Figures, Fendes, or Furies might have wrought any thing in love, Medea would not have suffered Jason to alter his minde.

If the sirropes of Macaonias, or the Verses of Aeus, or the Satyren of Dipsas were of force to move the minde, they all three would not have been martired with the torments of love.

No no Philautus thou maist well poyson Camilla with such drugges, but never perswade hir: For I confesse that such hearbes may alter the bodye from strength to weaknesse, but to thinke that they can move the minde from vertue to vice, from chastitie to lust, I am not so simple to beleieve, neither would I have thee so sinfull as to doubt it.

LUcilia ministring an amorous potion unto hir husband Lucretius, procured his death, whose life she onely desired.

Aristotle noteth one that beeing inflamed with the beautie of a faire Ladye, thought by medicine to procure his blisse, and wrought in the ende hir bane: So was Caligula slaine of Caesonia, and Lucius Lucullus of Calistine.

Perswade thy selfe Philautus that to use hearbes to winne love will weaken the body, and to think that hearbes can further, doth hurt the soule: for as great force have they in such cases, as noble men thought them to have in the olde time. Achimenis the hearbe was of such force, that it was thought if it wer thrown into the battaile, it would make all the soldiers tremble: but where was it when the Cimbri and Teutoni were exiled by warre, wher grewe Achimenis, one of whose leaves would have saved a thousand lives?

The Kinges of Persia gave their souldiers the plant Latace, which who so hadde, shoulde have plentye of meate and money, and men and al things: but why did the soldiers of Caesar endure such famine in Pharsalia, if one hearbe might have eased so many heartes.

Where is Balis that Juba so commendeth, the which coulde call the dead to lyfe, and yet hee himselfe dyed?

Democritus made a confection, that who-soever dranke it should have a faire, a fortunate, and a good childe. Why did not the Persian Kinges swill this Nectar, having such deformed and unhappy issue?

Cato was of that minde, that three enchanted wordes coulde heale the eye-sight: and Varro, that a verse of Syblla could ease the goute, yet the one was fayne to use running water, which was but a colde medicine, the other patience, which was but a drye playster.

I would not have thee thinke Philautus that love is to bee obtained by such meanes, but onely by faith, vertue, and constancie.

Philip King of Macedon casting his eye uppon a fayre Virgin became enamored, which Olympias his wife perceiving, thought him to bee enchanted, and caused one of hir servauntes to bring the Mayden unto hir, whome shee thought to thrust both to exile and shame: but viewing hir fayre face with-out blemyshe, hir chaste eyes with-out glauncinge, hir modest countenance, hir sober and woemanlye behaviour, finding also hir vertues to be no lesse then hir beautie, shee sayde, in thy selfe there are charmes, meaning that there was no greater enchantment in love, then temperaunce, wisdom, beautie & chastitie. Fond therefore is the opinion of those that thinke the minde to be tyed to Magick, and the practise of those filthy, that seeke those meanes.

Love dwelleth in the minde, in the will, and in the hearts, which neyther Conjuror canne alter nor Phisicke. For as credible it is, that Cupid shooteth his Arowe and hytteth the heart, as that hearbes have the force to bewitch the heart, onelye this difference there is, that the one was a function of poetrie, the other of superstition. The will is placed in the soule, and who canne enter there, but hee that created the soule?

No no Gentle-man what-soever you have heard touching this, beleeve nothing: for they in myne opinion which imagine that the mynde is eyther by incantation to bee ruled, are as far from trueth, as the East from the West, and as neere impietie against God, as they are to shame among men, and so contrary is it to the profession of a Christian, as Paganisme.

Suffer not your selfe to bee lead with that vile conceypte, practise in your love all kinde of loyaltie. Be not mute, nor full of bable, bee sober, but avoyde sollennesse, use no kinde of ryotte eyther in banqueting, which procureth surfeites, nor in attyre, which hasteth beggerye.

If you thinke well of your witte, be alwayes pleasaunt, if yll bee often silent: in the one thy talke shal prove thee sharpe, in the other thy modestie, wise.

All fyshe are not caught with Flyes, all woemenne are not allured with personage. Frame letters, ditties, Musicke, and all meanes that honestie may allowe: For he wooeth well, that meaneth no yll, and hee speedeth sooner that speaketh what hee should, then he that uttereth what he will. Beleeve me Philautus I am nowe olde, yet have I in my head a love tooth, and in my minde there is nothing that more pearceth the heart of a beautifull Ladye, then writinge, where thou mayst so sette downe thy passions and hir perfection, as shee shall have cause to thinke well of thee, and better of hir selfe: but yet so warilye, as neyther thou seeme to prayse hir too much, or debase thy selfe too lowelye: for if thou flatter them with-out meane they loath it, and if thou make of thy selfe above reason they laugh at it, temper thy wordes so well, and place everye sentence so wiselye, as it maye bee harde for hir to judge, whether thy love be more faythfull, or hir beautie amiable.

Lions fawne when they are clawed, Tygers stoupe when they are tickled, Bucephalus lyeth downe when he is curried, woemen yeelde when they are courted.

This is the poyson Philautus, the enchantment, the potions that creepeth by sleight into the minde of a woeman, and catcheth hir by assuraunce, better then the fonde devices of olde dreames, as an Apple with an Ave Marie, or a hasill wand of a yeare olde crossed with six

Charactors, or the picture of Venus in Virgin Wax, or the Image of Camilla uppon a Moulwarpes skinne.

It is not once mencioned in the Englishe Courte, nor so much as thought of in any ones conscience, that Love canne bee procured by such meanes, or that anye canne imagine suche myschiefe, and yet I feare mee it is too common in our Countrey, where-by they incurre hate of everye one, and love of none.

Touching my cunning in any vile devices of Magick it was never my studie, onely some delyght, I tooke in the Mathematicks which made me knowen of more then I would, and of more then thinke well of me, although I never did hurt any, nor hindred.

But be thou quiet Philautus, and use those meanes that may winne thy love, not those that may shorten hir lyfe, and if I can any wayes stande thee in steade, use me as thy poore friend and countrey-man, harme I will doe thee none, good I cannot. My acquaintance in Court is small, and therefore my dealyns about the Courte shall be fewe, for I love to stande aloofe from Jove and lyghtning. Fire giveth lyght to things farre off, and burneth that which is next to it. The Court shineth to me that come not there, but singeth those that dwell there. Onely my counsaile use, that is in writing, and me thou shalt finde secret, wishing thee alwayes fortunate, and if thou make me pertaker of thy successe, it shall not tourne to thy grieve, but as much as in mee lyeth, I will further thee.

When he had finished his discourse, Philautus liked very well of it, and thus replied.

WEll Psellus, thou hast wrought that in me, which thou wishest, for if the baites that are layde for beautie be so ridiculous, I thinke it of as great effect in love, to use a Plaister as a Potion.

I now uterly dissent from those that imagine Magicke to be the meanes, and content with thee, that thinkest letters to be, which I will use, and howe I speede I will tell thee, in the meane season pardon me, if I use no longer aunswere, for well you know, that he that hath the fit of an Ague uon him, hath no lust to talke but to tumble, and Love pinching me I have more desire to chew upon melancholy, then to dispute upon Magicke, but heereafter I will make repaire unto you, and what I now give you in thankes, I will then requite with amends.

Thus these two country-men parted with certeine Italian embracings and termes of courtesie, more then common. Philautus we shal finde in his lodging, Psellus we will leave in his studie, the one musing of his love, the other of his learning.

HEre Gentlewomen you may see, how justly men seeke to entrap you, when scornefully you goe about to reject them, thinking it not unlawfull to use Arte, when they percive you obstinate, their dealings I wil not allow, neither can I excuse yours, and yet what should be the cause of both, I can gesse.

When Phydias first paynted, they used no colours, but blacke, white, redde, and yeolow: Zeuxis added greene, and every one invented a new shadowing. At the last it came to this passe, that he in painting deserved most prayse, that could sette downe most coulours: whereby ther was more contention kindeled about the colour, then the counterfaite, & greater emulation for varietie in shew, then workmanship in substaunce.

In the lyke manner hath it fallen out in Love, when Adam wooed there was no pollycie, but playne dealyng, no colours but blacke and white. Affection was measured by faith, not by fancie: he was not curious, nor Eve cruell: he was not enamoured of hir beautie, nor she allured with his personage: and yet then was she the fairest woman in the worlde, and he the properest man. Since that time every Lover hath put too a lynke, and made of a Ring, a Chaine, and an odde Corner, and framed of a playne Alley, a crooked knot, and of Venus Temple, Dedalus Laborinth. One curleth his hayre, thinking love to be moved with faire lockes, an other layeth all his lyving uppon his backe, judging that women are wedded to braverie, some use discourses of Love, to kindle affection, some ditties to allure the minde, some letters to stirre the appetite, divers fighting to prove their manhoode, sundry sighing to shew their maladyes, many attempt with shewes to please their Ladyes eyes, not few with Musicke to entice the eare: Insomuch that there is more strife now, who shal be the finest Lover, then who is the faithfullest.

This causeth you Gentlewomen, to picke out those that can court you, not those that love you, and hee is accompted the best in your conceipts, that useth most colours, not that sheweth greatest courtesie.

A playne tale of faith you laugh at, a picked discourse of fancie, you mervayle at, condempning the simplicitie of truth, and preferring the singularitie of deceit, where-in you resemble those fishes that rather swallow a faire baite with a sharpe hooke, then a foule worme breeding in the mudde.

Heere it commeth that true lovers receiving a floute for their fayth, and a mocke for their good meaning, are enforced to seeke such meanes as might compell you, which you knowing impossible, maketh you the more disdainfull and them the more desperate. This then is my counsaile, that, you use your lovers lyke friends, and chuse them by their faith, not by the shew, but by the sound, neither by the waight, but by the touch, as you do the golde: so shall you be prayed, as much for vertue as beautie. But retourne we againe to Philautus who thus beganne to debate with himselfe.

What hast thou done Philautus, in seeking to wounde hir that thou desirest to winne?

With what face canst thou looke on hir, whome thou soughtest to loose? Fye, fye Philautus, thou bringest thy good name into question, and hir lyfe into hazard, having neither care of thine owne credite, nor hir honour. Is this the love thou pretendest which is worse then hate? Diddest not thou seeke to poyson hir, that never pinched thee?

But why doe I recount those thinges which are past, and repent, I am now to consider what I must doe, not what I would have done? Follyes past, shall be worne out with faith to come, and my death shal shew my desire. Write Philautus, what sayest thou? write, no, no thy rude stile wil bewray thy meane estate, and thy rash attempt, will purchase thine overthrow. Venus delyghteth to heare none but Mercury, Pallas wil be stolne of none but Ulysses, it must bee a smoothe tongue, and a sweete tale that can enchaunt Vesta.

Besides that I dare not trust a messenger to carye it, nor hir to reade it, least in shewing my letter shew disclose my love, & then shall I be pointed at of those that hate me, and pitied of those that lyke me, of hir scorned, of all talked off. No Philautus, be not thou the bye word of the common people, rather suffer death by silence, then derision by writing.

I, but it is better to reveale thy love, then conceale it, thou knowest not what bitter poyson lyeth in sweet words, remember Psellus, who by experience hath tryed, that in love one letter is of more force, then a thousand lookes. If they lyke writings they read them often, if dislyke them runne them over once, and this is certeine that she that readeth suche toyes, will also aunswere them. Onely this be secret in conveyance, which is the thing they chieflyest desire. Then write Philautus write, he that feareth every bush, must never goe a birding, he that casteth all doubts, shal never be resolved in any thing. And this assure thy selfe, that be thy letter never so rude and barbarous, shee will reade it, and be it never so loving, she will not shewe it, which were a thing contrary to hir honor, and the next way to call hir honestie into question. For thou hast heard, yea and thy selfe knowest, that Ladyes that vaunt of their Lovers, or shewe their letters, are accompted in Italy counterfait, and in England they are not thought currant.

Thus Philautus determined, hab, nab, to sende his letters, flattering him-selfe with the successe which he to him-selfe faigned: and after long musing, he thus beganne to frame the minister of his love.

To the fayrest, Camilla.

HARd is the choyce, fayre Ladye, when one is compelled eyther by silence to dye with griefe, or by writing to live with shame: But so sweete is the desire of lyfe, and so sharpe are the passions of love, that I am enforced to preferre an unseemely suite, before an untimely death. Loth I have bin to speake, and in dispayre to speede, the one proeeding of mine own cowardise, the other of thy crueltie. If thou enquire of my name, I am the same Philautus, which for thy sake of late came disguised in a Maske, pleading custome for a priviledge, and curtesie for a pardon. The same Philautus which then in secret tearmes coloured his love, and now with bitter teares bewrayes it. If thou nothing esteeme the brynish water that falleth from mine eyes, I would thou couldest see the warme blood that droppeth from my heart. Oftentimes I have beene in thy company, where easily thou mightest have perceived my wanne cheekes, my holow eies, my scalding sighes, my trembling tongue, to forshew that then, which I confesse now. Then consider with thy self Camilla, the plight I am in by desire, and the perill I am like to fall into by deniall.

To recount the sorrowes I sustaine, or the service I have vowed, would rather breede in thee an admiration, then a belief: only this I adde for the time, which the ende shall trye for a trueth, that if thy aunswer be sharpe, my life wil be short, so farre love hath wrought in my pyning and almost consumed bodye, that thou onely mayst breath into me a new life, or bereave mee of the olde.

Thou art to weigh, not now long I have loved thee, but how faythfully, neyther to examine the worthynesse of my person, but the extremitie of my passions: so preferring my desarts before the length of time, and my desease, before the greatnes of my byrth, thou wilt eyther yeelde with equitie, or deny with reason, of both the which, although the greatest be on my side, yet the least shall not dislike me: for that I have alwayes founde in thee a minde neyther repugnaunt to right, nor void of reson. If thou wouldst but permit me to talke with thee, or by writing suffer me at large to discourse with thee, I doubt not but that, both the cause of my love wold be beleaved, & the extremitie rewarded, both proceeding of thy beautie and vertue, the one able to allure, the other ready to pittie. Thou must thinke that God hath not bestowed those rare giftes upon thee to kyll those that are caught, but to cure them. Those that are stunge with the Scorpion, are healed with the Scorpion, the fire that burneth, taketh away the heate of the burn, the Spider

Phalangium that poysoneth, doth with hir skinne make a playster for poyson, and shall thy beautie which is of force to winne all with love, be of the crueltie to wound any with death? No Camilla, I take no lesse delight in thy fayre face, then pleasure in thy good conditions, assuring my selfe that for affection with-out lust, thou wilt not render malyce with-out cause.

I commit my care to thy consideration, expecting thy Letter eyther as a Cullise to preserve, or as a sworde to destroy, eyther as Antidotum, or as Aconitum: If thou delude mee, thou shalt not long triumphe over mee lyving, and small will thy glory be when I am dead. And I end.

Thine ever, though

he be never thine.

Philautus.

This Letter beeing coyned, hee studyed how hee myght conveye it, knowing it to be no lesse perrilous to trust those hee knewe not in so weightye a case, then dyffycult for him-selfe to have opportunitie to delyver it in so suspitious a company: At the last taking out of his closette a fayre Pomegranet, and pullyng all the kernelles out of it, hee wrapped his Letter in it, closing the toppe of it finely, that it could not be perceyved, whether nature agayne hadde knitte of it of purpose to further him, or his arte hadde overcome natures cunning. This Pomegranate hee tooke, beeing him-selfe both messenger of his Letter, and the mayster, and insinuating him-selfe into the companie of the Gentlewoemen, amonge whom was also Camilla, hee was welcommed as well for that he had beene long tyme absent, as for that hee was at all tymes pleasaunt, much good communication there was touching manye matters, which heere to insert were neyther convenient, seeing it doth not concern the Hystorie, nor expedient, seeing it is nothing to the delyverie of Philautus Letter. But this it fell out in the ende, Camilla whether longing for so faire a Pomegranet, or willed to aske it, yet loth to require it, she sodeinlye complayned of an olde disease, wherwith shee manye times felt hir selfe grieved, which was an extreame heate in the stomack, which advantage Philautus marking, would not let slip, when it was purposely spoken, that he should not give them the slippe: and therefore as one gladde to have so convenient a time to offer both his duetie and his devotion, he beganne thus.

I Have heard Camilla, of Phisitions, that there is nothing eyther more comfortable, or more profitable for the stomack or enflamed liver, then a Poungranet, which if it be true, I am glad that I came in so good tyme with a medicine, seeing you were in so ill a time surprised with your maladie: and verily this will I saye, that there is not one Kernell but is able both to ease your paine, and to double your pleasure, and with that he gave it hir, desiring that as she felte the working of the potion, so shee would consider of the Phisition.

Camilla with a smyling countenaunce, neyther suspecting the craft, nor the conveyer, answered him with these thanks.

I thank you Gentleman as much for your counsell as your curtesie, and if your conning be answerable to eyther of them, I will make you amendes for all of them: yet I wil not open so faire a fruite as this is, untill I feelee the payne that I so much feare. As you please quoth Philautus, yet if every morning you take one kernell, it is the way to prevent your disease, and me thinketh that you should be as carefull to worke meanes before it come, that you have it not, as to use meanes to expell it when you have it.

I am content, aunswered Camilla, to trye your phisick, which as I know it can do me no great harme, so it may doe me much good.

In truth sayd one of the Gentlewomen then present, I perceive this Gentleman is not onely cunning in Phisicke, but also very carefull for his Patient.

It behoveth, quoth Philautus, that he that ministreth to a Lady, be as desirous of hir health, as his owne credite, for that there redoundeth more prayse to the Phisition that hath a care to his charge, then to him that hath only a show of his Art. And I trust Camilla will better accept of the good will I have to ridde hir of hir disease, then the gift, which must worke the effect.

Otherwise quoth Camilla, I were verye much to blame, knowing that in manye the behaviour of the man, hath wrought more then the force of the medicine. For I would alwayes have my Phisition, of a cheerefull countenance, pleasauntlye concepted, and well proportioned, that he might have his sharpe Potions mixed with sweete counsaile, and his sower drugs mitigated with merry discourses.

And this is the cause, that in olde time, they paynted the God of Phisicke, not lyke Saturne but Aesculapius: of a good complection, fine witte, and excellent constitution.

For this I know by experience, though I be but young to learne, and have not often bene sicke, that the sight of a pleasant and quicke witted Phisition, hath removed that from my heart with talke, that he could not with all his Triacle.

That might well be, aunswered Philautus, for the man that wrought the cure, did perchance cause the disease, and so secret might the griefe be, that none could heale you, but he that hurte you, neither was your heart to be eased by any in-ward potion, but by some outward perswasion: and then it is no mervaille if the ministring of a few wordes, were more avayleable then Methridate.

Wel Gentleman said Camilla, I wil neither dispute in Phisick, wherin I have no skill, neither aunswere you, to your last surmise, which you seeme to levell at, but thanking you once againe both for your gift & good will, we wil use other communication, not forgetting to aske for your friend Euphues, who hath not long time bene, where he might have bene welcommed at all times, & that he came not with you at this time, we both mervayle, and would faine know.

This question so earnestlye asked of Camilla, and so hardlye to bee aunswered of Philautus, nipped him in the head, notwithstanding least he shold seeme by long silence to incurre some suspition, he thought a bad excuse better then none at all, saying that Euphues now a dayes, became so studious (or as he tearmed it, supersticious) that he could not himselfe so much, as have his company.

Belike quoth Camilla, he hath either espyed some new faults in the women of England, whereby he seeketh to absent himselfe, or some olde haunt that will cause him to spoyle himselfe.

Not so sayd Philautus, and yet that it was sayd so I will tell him.

Thus after much conference, many questions, and long time spent, Philautus tooke his leave, and beeing in his chamber, we will ther leave him with such cogitation, as they commonly have, that either attende the sentence of lyfe or death at the barre, or the aunswere of hope or dispaire of their loves, which none can set downe but he that hath them, for that they are not to

be uttered by the conjecture of one that would imagine what they should be, but by him that knoweth what they are.

Camilla the next morning opened the Pomegranet, and saw the letter, which reading, pondering and perusing, she fell into a thousande contrarieties, whether it were best to aunswere it or not, at the last, inflamed with a kinde of cholar, for that she knew not what belonged to the perplexities of a lover, she requited his frawd and love, with anger and hate, in these termes, or the lyke.

To Philautus.

I Did long time debate with my selfe Philautus, whether it might stand with mine honour to send thee an aunswere, for comparing my place with thy person, me thought thy boldnes more, then either, good manners in thee wold permit, or I with modestie could suffer. Yet at the last, casting with my selfe, that the heat of thy love might clean be razed with the coldnes of my letter, I thought it good to commit an inconvenience, that I might prevent a mischiefe, chusing rather to cut thee off short by rigour, then to give thee any lot of hope by silence. Greene sores are to be dressed roughly, least they fester, tetars to be drawn in the beginning least they spread, ring wormes to be anoynted when they first appeare, least they compasse the whole body, & the assaults of love to be beaten back at the first siege, least they undermine at the second. Fire is to be quenched in the spark, weedes are to be rooted in the bud, follyes in the blossome. Thinking this morning to trye thy Phisick, I perceived thy frawd, insomuch as the kernel that shoulde have cooled my stomack with moistnes, hath kindled it with cholar, making a flaming fire, wher it found but hot imbers, converting like the Spider a sweet floure into a bitter poyson. I am Philautus no Italian Lady, who commonly are woed with leasings, & won with lust, entangled with deceit & enjoyed with delight, caught with sinne, and cast off with shame.

For mine owne part, I am too young to knowe the passions of a lover, and too wise to beleewe them, and so farre from trusting any, that I suspect all: not that ther is in every one, a practise to deceive, but that ther wanteth in me a capacitie to conceive.

Seeke not then Philautus to make the tender twig crooked by Arte, which might have growen streight by Nature. Corne is not to be gathered in the budde, but in the eare, nor fruite to be pulled from the tree when it is greene, but when it is mellow, nor Grapes to bee cut for the presse, when they first rise, but when they are full ripe: nor young Ladies to be sued unto, that are fitter for a rodde then a husbnde, and meeter to beare blowes then children.

You must not think of us as of those in your owne countrey, that no sooner are out of the cradell, but they are sent to the court, and woed some-times before they are weaned, which bringeth both the Nation and their names, not in question onely of dishonestie, but into oblique.

This I would have thee to take for a flat aunswere, that I neither meane to love thee, nor heereafter if thou follow thy sute to heare thee. Thy first practise in the Masque I did not allow, the seconde by thy writing I mislyke, if thou attempt the third meanes, thou wilt enforce me to utter that, which modestie now maketh me to conceale.

If thy good will be so great as thou tellest, seeke to mitigate it by reason or time, I thanke thee for it, but I can-not requit it, unlesse either thou wert not Philautus, or I not Camilla. Thus pardoning thy boldnes uppon condition, and resting thy friend if thou rest thy sute, I ende.

Neither thine, nor hir owne,
Camilla.

THis letter Camilla stitched into an Italian Petrark which she had, determining at the next comming of Philautus, to deliver it, under the pretence of asking some question, or the understanding of some worde. Philautus attending hourelye the successe of his love, made his repaire according to his accustomed use, and finding the Gentlewomen sitting in an herbor, saluted them curteously, not forgetting to be inquisitive how Camilla was eased by his Poungranet, which oftentimes asking of hir, she aunswered him thus.

In faith Philautus, it had a faire coat, but a rotten kernell, which so much offended my weake stomacke, that the very sight caused me to loth it, and the sent to throw it into the fire.

I am sory quoth Philautus (who spake no lesse then trueth) that the medicine could not worke that, which my mind wished, & with that stode as one in a traunce, which Camilla perceiving, thought best to rub no more on that gall, least the standers by should espy where Philautus shooe wronge him.

Well said Camilla let it goe, I must impute it to my ill fortune, that where I looked for a restoritie, I found a consumption: and with that she drew out hir petrarke, requesting him to conster hir a lesson, hoping his learning would be better for a scholemaister, then his lucke was for a Phisition. Thus walking in the ally, she listned to his construction, who turning the booke, found where the letter was enclosed, and dissembling that he suspected, he saide he would keepe hir Petrark untill the morning, do you quoth Camilla. With that the Gentlewomen clustred about them both, eyther to hear how cunningly Philautus could conster, or how readily Camilla could conceive. It fell out that they turned to such a place, as turned them all to a blanke, where it was reasoned, whether love came at the sodeine viewe of beautie, or by long experience of vertue, a long disputation was like to ensue, had not Camilla cut it off before they could joyne issue, as one not willing in the company of Philautus eyther to talke of love, or thinke of love, least eyther hee should suspect she had beene wooed, or might be won, which was not done so closelye, but it was perceived of Philautus, though dissembled. Thus after many words, they went out to their dinner, where I omit their table talke, least I loose mine.

After their repast, Surius came in with a great train, which lightened Camillas hart, & was a dagger to Philautus breast, who taried no longer then he had leysure to take his leave, eyther desirous to read his Ladyes aunswer, or not willing to enjoy Surius his companie, whome also I will now forsake, and followe Philautus, to heare how his minde is quieted with Camillas curtesie.

Philautus no sooner entred his chamber, but he read hir letter, wich wrought such skirmishes in his minde, that he had almost forgot reason, falling into the olde vaine of his rage, in this manner.

Ah cruell Camilla and accursed Philautus, I see now that it fareth with thee, as it doth with the Harpey, which having made one astonied with hir fayre sight, turneth him into a stone with hir venomous savor, and with me as it doth with those that view the Basiliske, whose eyes procure delight to the looker at the first glymse, and death at the second glaunce.

Is this the curtesie of England towards straungers, to entreat them so dispightfully? Is my good will not onely rejected with-out cause, but also disdained without coulour? I but Philautus prayse at the parting, if she had not liked thee, she would never have aunswere thee. Knowest thou not that wher they love much, they dissemble most, that as fayre weather commeth after a foule storme, so sweete tearmes succede sowre taunts?

Assaye once againe Philautus by Letters to winne hir love, and followe not the unkinde hounde, who leaveth the sent bycause hee is rated, or the bastarde Spanyell, which beeing once rebuked, never retrieth his game. Let Atlanta runne never to swiftelye, shee will looke back upon Hyppomanes, let Medea bee as cruell as a fende to all Gentle-men, shee will at the last respect Jason. A denyall at the first is accompted a graunt, a gentle aunswere a mockerie. Ladyes use their Lovers as the Storke doth hir young ones, who pecketh them till they bleed with hir bill, and then healeth them with hir tongue. Cupid him-self must spend one arrowe, and thinkest thou to speede with one Letter? No no Philautus, he that looketh to have cleere water must digge deepe, he that longeth for sweete Musicke, must set his stringes at the hyghest, hee that seeketh to win his love must stretch his labor, and hasard his lyfe. Venus blisseth Lions in the fold, and Lambes in the chamber, Eagles at the assaulte, and Foxes in counsayle, so that thou must be hardy in the pursuit, and meeke in victory, venterous in obtaining, and wise in concealing, so that thou win that with prayse, which otherwise thou wilt loose with peevishnesse. Faint hart Philautus neither winneth Castell nor Lady: therfore endure all thinges that shall happen with patience, and pursue with diligence, thy fortune is to be tryed, not by the accedents but by the end.

Thus Gentlewoemen, Philautus resembleth the Viper, who beeing stricken with a reede lyeth as he were dead, but stricken the second tyme, recovereth his strength: having his answer at the first in the masque, he was almost amased, and nowe againe denied, he is animated, presuming thus much upon the good disposition and kindnesse of woemen, that the higher they sit, the lower they looke, and the more they seeme at the first to loth, the more they love at the last. Whose judgement as I am not altogether to allow, so can I not in some respect mislike. For in this they resemble the Crocodile, who when one approacheth neere unto him, gathereth up him-self into the roundnesse of a ball, but running from him, stretcheth him-self into the length of a tree. The willing resistance of women was the cause that made Arellius (whose arte was only to draw women) to paynt Venus Cnydia catching at the ball with hir hand, which she seemed to spurn at with hir foote. And in this poynt they are not unlike unto the Mirre Tree, which being hewed, gathereth in his sappe, but not moved, poureth it out like sirrop. Woemen are never more coye then when they are beloved, yet in their mindes never lesse constant, seeming to tie themselves to the mast of the shippe with Ulysses, when they are wooed, with a strong Cable: which being well discerned is a twine threed: throwing a stone at the head of him, unto whome they immediately cast out an aple, of which their gentle nature Philautus being perswaded, followed his suit againe in this manner.

Philautus to the faire, Camilla.

I Cannot tell (Camilla) whether thy ingratitude be greater, or my misfortune, for perusing the few lynes thou gavest me, I found as small hope of my love as of thy courtesie. But so extreame are the passions of love, that the more thou seekest to quench them by disdayne, the greater flame thou encreasest by desire. Not onelyke unto Jupiters Well, which extinguisheth a firie brande, and kindleth a wet sticke. And no lesse force, hath thy beautie over me, then the fire hath over Naptha which leapeth into it, whersoever it seeth it.

I am not he Camilla that will leave the Rose, because I pricked my finger, or forsake the golde that lyeth in the hot fire, for that I burnt my hande, or refuse the sweete Chesnut, for that it is covered with sharpe huskes. The minde of a faithfull lover, is neither to be daunted with despite, nor afrighted with daunger. For as the Load-stone, what winde soever flowe, tourneth alwayes to the North, or as Aristotles Quadratus, which way soever you tourne it, is alwayes constant: so the faith of Philautus, is evermore applyed to the love of Camilla, neither to be removed with any winde, or rolled with any force. But to thy letter.

Thou saist greene wounds are to be dressed roughly least they fester: certainly thou speakest lyke a good Chyrugian, but dealest lyke one unskilfull, for making a great wound, thou putttest in a small tent, cutting the flesh that is sound, before thou cure the place that is sore: striking the veyne with a knife, which thou shouldest stop with lynt. And so hast thou drawn my tetter, (I use thine owne terme) that in seeking to spoyle it in my chinne, thou hast spreade it over my body.

Thou addest thou art no Italian Lady, I answer, would thou wert, not that I would have thee wooed, as thou sayst they are, but that I might win thee as thou now art: and yet this I dare say, though not to excuse al, or to disgrace thee, that some there are in Italy too wise to be caught with leasings, and too honest to be entangled with lust, and as wary to eschue sinne, as they are willing to sustaine shame, so that what-soever the most be, I would not have thee thinke ill of the best.

Thou alleadgest thy youth and allowed thy wisdom, the one not apt to know the impressions of love, the other suspitious not to beleewe them. Truly Camilla I have heard, that young is the Goose that wil eate no Oates, and a very ill Cocke that will not crow before he be olde, and no right Lyon, that will not feede on hard meat, before he tast sweet milke, and a tender Virgin God knowes it must be, that measureth hir affections by hir age, when as naturally they are enclyned (which thou perticularly putttest to our countrey) to play the brides, before they be able to dresse their heades.

Many similytudes thou bringest in to excuse youth, thy twig, thy corne, thy fruit, thy grape, & I know not what, which are as easelye to be refelled, as they are to be repeated.

But my good Camilla, I am as unwillyng to confute any thing thou speakest, as I am thou shouldst utter it: insomuch as I would sweare the Crow were white, if thou shouldest but say it.

My good will is greater than I can expresse, and thy courtesie lesse then I deserve: thy counsayle to expell it with time and reason, of so lyttle force, that I have neither the will to use the meane, nor the wit to conceive it. But this I say, that nothing can break off my love but death, nor any thing hasten my death, but thy discourtesie. And so I attend thy finall sentence, & my fatall destenie.

Thine ever, though he
be never thine.
Philautus.

THis letter he thought by no meanes better to be conveyed, then in the same booke he received hirs, so omitting no time, least the yron should coole before he could strike, he presently went to Camilla, whome he founde in gathering of flowers, with divers other Ladyes and Gentlewomen,

which came aswell to recreate themselves for pleasure, as to visite Camilla, whom they all loved. Philautus somewhat boldened by acquaintance, courteous by nature, and courtly by countenance, saluted them al with such termes, as he thought meete for such personages, not forgetting to call Camilla his schollar, when she had schooled him being hir master.

One of the Ladies who delighted much in mirth, seing Philautus behold Camilla so stedfastly, saide unto him.

GEntleman, what floure like you best in all this border, heere be faire Roses, sweete Violets, fragrant primroses, heere wil be lilly-floures, Carnations, sops in wine, sweet Johns, and what may either please you for sight, or delight you with savour: loth we are you should have a Posie of all, yet willing to give you one, not that which shal looke best, but such a one as you shal lyke best. Philautus omitting no opportunitie, that might either manifest his affection or commend his wit, aunswered hir thus.

Lady, of so many sweet floures to chuse the best, it is harde, seeing they be all so good, if I shoulde preferre the fairest before the sweetest you would happely imagine that either I were stopped in the nose, or wanton in the eyes, if the sweetness before the beautie, then would you gesse me either to lyve with savours, or to have no judgement in colours, but to tell my minde (upon correction be it spoken) of all flowers, I love a faire woman.

In deede quoth Flavia (for so was she named) faire women are set thicke, but they come up thinne, and when they begin to budde, they are gathered as though they wer blowne, of such men as you are Gentleman, who thinke greene grasse will never be drye Hay, but when the flower of their youth (being slipped too young) shall fade before they be olde, then I dare saye, you would chaunge your faire flower for a weede, and the woman you loved then, for the worst violet you refuse now.

Lady aunswered Philautus, it is a signe that beautie was no niggard of hir slippes in this gardein, and very envious to other grounds, seing heere are so many in one Plot, as I shall never finde more in all Italy, whether the reason be the heate which killeth them, or the country that cannot beare them. As for plucking them up soone, in that we shew the desire we have to them, not the malyce. Where you conjecture, that men have no respect to things when they be olde, I cannot consent to your saying for well doe they know that it fareth with women as it doth with the Mulbery tree, which the elder it is, the younger it seemeth, and therfore hath it growen to a Proverb in Italy, when one see-eth a woman stricken in age to looke amiable, he saith she hath eaten a Snake: so that I must of force follow mine olde opinion, that I love fresh flowers well, but faire women better.

Flavia would not so leave him, but thus replyed to him.

You are very amorous Gentleman, otherwise you wold not take the defence of that thing which most men contemne, and women will not confesse. For where-as you goe about to currey favour, you make a fault, either in praysing us too much, which we accompt in Englande flatterye, or pleasing your selfe in your owne minde, which wise men esteeme as folly. For when you endeavour to prove that woemen the older they are, the fayrer they looke, you thinke them eyther very credulous to beleeeve, or your talke verye effectuall to perswade. But as cunning as you are in your Pater noster, I will add one Article more to our Crede, that is, you may speak in

matters of love what you will, but women will beleieve but what they lyst, and in extolling their beauties, they give more credit to their owne glasses, then mens gloses.

But you have not yet aunswered my request touching what flower you most desire: for woemen doe not resemble flowers, neyther in shew nor savour.

Philautus not shrinking for an Aprill showre, followed the chace in this manner.

Lady, I neither flatter you nor please my selfe (although it pleaseth you so to conjecture) for I have alwayes observed this, that to stand too much in mine owne conceite would gaine me little, and to claw to those of whome I sought for no benefite, woulde profit me lesse: yet was I never so ill brought up, but that I could when time and place should serve, give every one I lyked their just commendation, unlesse it were among those that were with-out comparison: offending in nothing but in this, that beeing too curious in praising my Lady, I was like to the Painter Protogenes, who could never leave when his worke was well, which faulte is to be excused in him, because hee would make it better, and may be borne with in mee, for that I wish it excellent. Touching your first demaund which you seeme againe to urge in your last discourse, I say of al flowers I love the Rose best, yet with this condition, bicause I wil not eate my word, I like a faire Lady well. Then quoth Flavia since you wil needes joyne the flower with the woman, amonge all us (& speake not partially) call hir your Rose that you most regarde, and if she deny that name, we will enjoyne hir a penance for hir pride, & rewarde you with a violet for your paynes.

Philautus being driven to this shift wished him selfe in his chamber, for this he thought that if he shoulde choose Camilla she woulde not accept it, if an other, she might justly reject him. If he shoulde discover his love, then woulde Camilla thinke him not to be secreate, if concele it, not to be fervent: besides all, the Ladyes woulde espie his love and prevent it, or Camilla despise his offer, and not regarde it. While he was thus in a deepe meditation, Flavia wakened him saying, why Gentleman are you in a dreame, or is there none heere worthy to make choyce of, or are wee all so indifferent, that there is never a good.

Philautus seeing this Lady so curteous, and loving Camilla so earnestly, coulde not yet resolve with himselfe what to doe, but at the last, love whiche neither regardeth what it speaketh, nor where, he replied thus at all adventures.

LAdyes and Gentlewomen, I woulde I were to fortunate that I might choose every one of you for a flower, and then would I boldly affirme that I coulde shewe the fayrest poesie in the worlde, but follye it is for me to wish that being a slave, which none can hope for, that is an Emperour. If I make my choyse I shall speede so well as he that enjoyeth all Europe. And with that gathering a rose he gave it to Camilla, whose coulour so encreasd as one would have judged al hir face to have been a Rose, had it not beene stayned with a naturall whitnesse, which made hir to excell the Rose.

Camilla with a smiling countenance as though nothing greeved, yet vexed inwardly to the heart, refused the gifte flatly, pretending a redy excuse, which was, that Philautus was either very much over seene to take hir before the Ladie Flavia, or els disposed to give hir a mocke above the rest in the companie.

Well quoth Flavia to Philautus (who nowe stoode like one that had beene besmered) there is no harme done, for I perceive Camilla is otherwise spedde, and if I be not much deceived, she is a

flower for Surius wearing, the penance shee shall have is to make you a Nosegay which shee shall not deny thee, unlesse shee defie us, and the rewarde thou shalt have, is this, while you tarrie in Englande my neece shal be your Violet.

This Ladyes cousin was named Frauncis, a fayre Gentlewoman and a wise, young and of very good conditions, not much inferiour to Camilla, equall shee could not be.

Camilla who was loth to be accompted in any company coye, endeoured in the presence of the Ladie Flavia to be very curteous, and gathered for Philautus a posie of all the finest flowers in the Garden, saying thus unto him, I hope you will not be offended Philautus in that I coulde not be your Rose, but imputing the faulte rather to destinie then discourtesie.

Philautus plucking up his spirits, gave hir thanks for his paynes, and immediately gathered a violet, which he gave mistres Frauncis, which she curteously received, thus all partes were pleased for that time.

Philautus was invited to dinner, so that he could no longer stay, but pulling out the booke wherein his letter was enclosed, he delivered it to Camilla, taking his humble leave of the Lady Flavia and the rest of the Gentlewomen.

When he was gone there fell much talke of him between the Gentlewomen, one commending his wit, an other his personage, some his favour, all his good conditions insomuch that the Ladie Flavia bound it with an othe, that she thought him both wise and honest.

When his company was dissolved, Camilla not thinking to receive an aunswere, but a lecture, went to hir Italian booke where shee founde the letter of Philautus, who without any further advise, as one very much offended, or in a great heate, sent him this bone to gnawe uppon.

To Philautus.

SUFFICE it not thee Philautus to bewraie thy follies & move my pacience, but thou must also procure in me a minde to revenge, & to thy selfe the meanes of a farther perill? Where diddest thou learne that being forbidden to be bold, thou shouldest growe impudent? or being suffered to be familiar thou shouldest waxe haile fellowe? But to so malepert boldnes is the demeanor of young Gentlemen come, that where thy have bene once welcome for curtesie, they thinke themselves worthie to court any Lady by customes: wherin they imagine they use singuler audacitie which we can no otherwise terme then saucinesse, thinking women are to be drawn by their coyned & counterfait conceits, as the straw is by the Aumber, or the yron by the Loadstone, or the gold by the minerall Chrysocolla.

But as there is no serpent that can breede in the Box tree for the hardnesse, nor wil build in the Cypres tree for the bitterness, so is there no fond or poysoned lover that shall enter into my heart which is hardned like the Adamant, nor take delight in my words, which shalbe more bitter then Gall.

It fareth with thee Philautus, as with the droone, who having lost hir owne wings. seekes to spoile the Bees of theirs, & thou being clipped of thy libertie, goest about to bereave me of mine, not farre differing from the natures of Dragons, who sucking bloud out of the Elephant, kill him, and with the same, poyson themselves: & it may be that by the same meanes that thou takest in

hande to inveigle my minde, thou entrap thine owne: a just reward, for so unjust dealing, and a fit revenge for so unkinde a regard.

But I trust thy purpose shall take no place, and that thy mallice shall want might, wherein thou shalt resemble the serpent Porphirius, who is full of poyson, but being toothlesse he hurteth none but himselfe, and I doubt not but thy minde is as ful of deceit, as thy words are of flatterie, but having no toothe to bite, I have no cause to feare.

I had not thought to have used so sower words, but where a wande cannot rule the horse, a spurre must. When gentle medicines, have no force to purge, wee must use bitter potions: and where the sore is neither to be dissolved by plaister, nor to be broken, it is requisite, it should be launced.

Hearbes that are the worse for watering, are to be rooted out, trees that are lesse fertile for the lopping, are to be hewen downe. Hawkes that waxe haggard by manning, are to be cast off, & fonde lovers, that encrease in their follyes when they be rejected, are to bee dispised.

But as to be without haire, amongst the Mycanions, is accompted no shame, bicause they be al borne balde, so in Italy to lyve in love, is thought no fault, for that there they are all given to lust, which maketh thee to conjecture, that we in England reckon love as the chiefest vertue, which we abhorre as the greatest vice, which groweth lyke the lvy about the trees, and killeth them by cullyng them. Thou arte alwayes talking of Love, and applying both thy witte and thy wealth in that idle trade: only for that thou thinkest thy selfe amiable, not unlyke unto the Hedgehogge, who evermore lodgeth in the thornes, bicause he himselfe is full of prickells.

But take this both for a warning & an aunswer, that if thou prosecute thy suite, thou shalt but undoe thyselfe, for I am neither to be woed with thy passions, whilest thou livest, nor to repent me of my rigor when thou art dead, which I wold not have thee think to proceede of anye hate I beare thee, for I malyce none, but for love to mine honour, which neither Italians shal violate, nor English man diminish. For as the precious stone Chalazias, being throwen into the fire keepeth stil his coldnesse, not to be warmed with any heate, so my heart although dented at with the arrowes of thy burning affections, and as it were environed with the fire of thy love, shal alwayes keepe his hardnesse, & be so farre from being mollyfied, that thou shalt not perceive it moved.

The Violet Ladie Flavia bestowed on thee, I wishe thee, and if thou lyke it, I will further thee, otherwise if thou persist in thine olde follyes, wherby to encrease my new griefes, I will neither come where thou art, nor shalt thou have accesse to the place where I am. For as little agreement shal there be betweene us, as is betwixt the Vine, and the Cabish, the Oke and the Olyve tree, the Serpent and the Ash tree, the yron and Theamedes.

And if ever thou diddest love me, manifest it in this, that heereafter thou never write to mee, so shall I both be perswaded of thy faith, and eased of mine owne feare. But if thou attempt againe to wring water out of the Pommice, thou shalt but bewraye thy falshood, and augment thy shame, and my severitie.

For this I sweare, by hir whose lyghts can never dye, Vesta, and by hir whose heasts are not to be broken, Diana, that I will never consent to love him, whose sight (if I may so say with modestie) is more bitter unto me then death.

If this aunswere wil not content thee, I wil shew thy letters, disclose thy love, and make thee ashamed to undertake that, which thou cannest never bring to passe. And so I ende, thine, if thou leave to be mine.

Camilla.

CAMilla dispatched this letter with speede, and sent it to Philautus by hir man, which Philautus having read, I commit the plyght he was in, to the consideration of you Gentlemen that have ben in the like: he tare his haire, rent his clothes, and fell from the passions of a Lover to the panges of phrensie, but at the last callyng his wittes to him, forgetting both the charge Camilla gave him, and the contents of hir Letter, hee greeted hir immediately agayne, with an aunswere by hir owne Messenger in this manner.

To the cruell Camilla,
greeting.

IF I were as farre in thy bookes to be beleaved, as thou art in mine to be beloved, thou shouldest either soone be made a wife, or ever remaine a Virgin, the one would ridde me of hope, the other acquit mee of feare.

But seeing there wanteth witte in mee to perswade, and will in thee to consent: I meane to manifest the beginning of my Love, by the ende of my lyfe, the affects of the one shal appeare by the effects of the other.

When as neither solempne oath nor sound perswasion, nor any reason can worke in thee a remorse, I meane by death to shew my desire, the which the sooner it commeth, the sweeter it shalbe, and the shortnes of the force, shal abate the sharpnes of the sorrow. I cannot tel whether thou laugh at my folly, or lament my phrensie, but this I say, & with salt teares trickling down my cheekes, I swere, that thou never foundst more plesure in rejecting my love, then thou shalt feele paine in remembring my losse, & as bitter shal lyfe be to thee, as death to me, and as sorrowfull shal my friends be to see thee prosper, as thine glad to see me perish.

Thou thinkest all I write, of course, and makest all I speake, of small accompt: but God who revengeth the perjuries of the dissembler, is wisse of my truth, of whom I desire no longer to lyve, then I meane simply to love.

I will not use many wordes, for if thou be wise, few are sufficient, if froward, superfluous: one lyne is inough, if thou be courteous, one word too much, if thou be cruell. Yet this I adde and that in bitternes of soule, that neither my hande dareth write that, which my heart intendeth, nor my tongue utter that, which my hande shall execute. And so fare-well, unto whom onely I wish well.

Thine ever, though
shortly never.
Philautus.

THis Letter beeing written in the extremitie of his rage, he sent by him that brought hirs. Camilla perceiving a fresh reply, was not a little melancholy, but digesting it with company, & burning the

letter, she determined never to write to him, nor after that to see him, so resolute was she in hir opinion, I dare not say obstinate least you gentlewomen shoulde take pepper in the nose, when I put but salt to your mouthes. But this I dare boldly affirme, that Ladies are to be woed with Appelles pencill, Orpheus Harpe, Mercuries tongue, Adonis beautie, Croesus welth, or els never to be wone, for their bewties being blased, their eares tickled, their mindes moved, their eyes pleased, there appetite satisfied, their coffers filled, when they have al thinges they shoulde have and would have, then men neede not to stande in doubt of their comming, but of their constancie.

But let me followe Philautus, who nowe both loathing his life and cursing his lucke, called to remembrance his old friend Euphues, whom he was wont to have alwayes in mirth a pleasant companion, in grieve a comforter, in al his life the only stay of his lybertie, the discourtesie which hee offered him so encreased his greefe, that he fell into these termes of rage, as one either in an extasie, or in a lunacie.

Now Philautus dispute no more with thy selfe of thy love, but be desparate to ende thy life, thou hast cast off thy friende, and thy Lady hath forsaken thee, thou destitute of both, canst neither have comfort of Camilla, whom thou seest obstinate, nor counsaile of Euphues, whom thou hast made envious.

Ah my good friende Euphues, I see nowe at length, though too late, that a true friend is of more price then a kingdome, and that the faith of thee is to be preferred, before the beautie of Camilla.

For as safe being is it in the company of a trustie mate, as sleeping in the grasse Trifole, where there is no serpent so venomous that dare venture.

Thou wast ever carefull for my estate, & I carelesse for thine, thou diddest alwayes feare in me the fire of love, I ever flattered my selfe with the bridle of wisdom, when thou wast earnest to give me counsaile, I waxed angrie to heare it, if thou diddest suspect me upon just cause, I fel out with thee for every light occasion, nowe now Euphues, I see what it is to want a friend, & what it is to loose one, thy wordes are come to passe which once I thought thou spakest in sport, but nowe I finde them as a prophecie, that I should be constrayned to stande at Euphues dore as the true owner.

What shal I do in this extremitie? which way shal I turne me? of whom shal I seeke remedie? Euphues wil reject me, & why shoulde he not? Camilla hath rejected me, & why should she? the one I have offended with too much grieve, the other I have served with too great good will, the one is lost with love, the other with hate, he for that I cared not for him, she because I cared for hir. I but though Camilla be not to be moved, Euphues may be mollified. Trie him Philautus, sue to him, make friends, write to him, leave nothing undone that may either shew in thee a sorrowful heart, or move in him a minde that is pitifull. Thou knowest he is of nature courteous, one that hateth none, that loveth thee, that is tractable in al things, Lions spare those that couch to them, the Tygresse biteth not when shee is clawed, Cerberus barketh not if Orpheus pipe sweetly, assure thy self that if thou be penitent, he will be pleased: and the old friendship wilbe better then the newe.

Thus Philautus joying nowe in nothing but onely in the hope he had to recover the friendship with repentance, which he had broken off by rashnesse, determined to greet his friend Euphues,

who al this while lost no time at his booke in London, but how he imployed it, he shall himselfe utter, for that I am neither of his counsaile nor court, but what he hath done he will not conceale, for rather he wisheth to be wray his ignorance, then his ydlenes, and willinger you shall find him to make excuse of rudenesse then lasinesse.

But thus Philautus saluted him.

Philautus to Euphues.

The sharpe Northeast winde (my good Euphues) doth never last three dayes, tempestes have but a short time, and the more violent the thunder is, the lesse permanent it is. In the like maner it falleth out with the jarres & crossings of friends which begun in a minuit, are ended in a moment.

Necessary it is that among frinds there should bee some over-thwarting, but to continue in anger not convenient, the camill first troubleth the water before he drinke, the Frankensence is burned before it smell, friendes are tryed before they are to be trusted, least shining like the Carbuncle as though they had fire, they be found being touched, to be without fire.

Friendshippe should be like the wine which Homer much commending, calleth Maroneum, whereof one pient being mingled with five quartes of water, yet it keepeth his old strength & vertue, not to be qualified by any discourtesie. Where salt doth grow nothing els can breede, where friendship is built, no offence can harbour.

Then good Euphues let the falling out of friends be a renewing of affection, that in this we may resemble the bones of the Lyon, which lying still & not moved begin to rot, but being stricken one against another break out like fire, and wax greene.

The anger of friends is not unlike unto the phisitions Cucurbitae which drawing al the infecion in the body into one place, doth purge al diseases: and the rages of friendes, reaping up al the hidden malices, or suspicions, or follyes that lay lurking in the minde, maketh the knot more durable: For as the bodie being purged of melancholy waxeth light and apt to all labour, so the minde as it were scoured of mistrust, becommeth fit ever after for beleefe.

But why doe I not confesse that which I have committed, or knowing my selfe guilty, why use I to glose, I have unjustly my good Euphues, picked a quarrel against thee, forgetting the counsell thou gavest me, & despising that which I nowe desire. Which as often as I call to my minde, I cannot but blush to my selfe for shame, and fall out with my selfe for anger. For in falling out with thee, I have done no otherwise then he that desiring to saile safely killeth him at the helme, resembling him that having neede to slight spurreth his horse to make him stande still, or him that swimming upon anothers backe, seeketh to stoppe his breath.

It was in thee Euphues that I put all my trust, & yet uppon thee that I powred out all my mallice, more cruel then the Crocadile, who suffereth the birde to breede in hir mouth, that scoureth hir teeth, & nothing so gentle as the princely Lyon, who saved his life, that helped his foote. But if either thy good nature can forget, that which my ill tongue doth repent, or thy accustomable kindnesse forgive, that my unbridled furie did commit, I will hereafter be as willing to be thy servant, as I am now desirous to be thy friend, and as redie to take an injurie, as I was to give an offence.

What I have done in thine absence I will certifie at thy comming, and yet I doubt not but thou cannest gesse by my condition, yet this I add, that I am as ready to die as to live, & were I not animated with the hope of thy good counsell, I would rather have suffered the death I wish for, then sustained the shame I sought for. But nowe in these extremities reposing both my life in thy hands, and my service at thy commaundement, I attend thine aunswere, and rest thine to use more then his owne.

Philautus.

This letter he dispatched by his boye, which Euphues reading, could not tell whether he shoulde more rejoyce at his friends submission, or mistrust his subiltie, therefore as one not resolving himselfe to determine any thing, as yet, aunswered him thus immediately by his owne messenger.

Euphues to him, that was
his Philautus.

I Have received thy letter, and know the man: I read it and perceived the matter, which I am as farre from knowing how to aunswere, as I was from looking for such an errand.

Thou beginnest to inferre a necessitie that friends should fall out, when as I can-not allowe a convenience. For if it be among such as are faithfull, there should be no cause of breach: if betweene dissemblers, no care of reconciliation.

The Camel saist thou, loveth water, when it is troubled, & I say, the Hart thirsteth for the cleare streame: & fitly diddest thou bring it in against thy selfe (though applyed it, I know not how aptlye for thy selfe) for such friendship doest thou lyke, where braules may be stirred, not quietnesse sought.

The wine Maroneum which thou commendest, & the salt ground which thou inferrest, the one is neither fit for thy drinking, nor the other for thy tast, for such strong Wines will overcome such lyght wits, and so good salt cannot relysh in so unsavory a mouth, neither as thou desirest to applye them, can they stande thee in steede. For often-times have I found much water in thy deedes, but not one drop of such wine, & the ground where salte should grow, but never one corne that had savour.

After many reasons to conclude, that jarres were requisit, thou fallest to a kinde of submission, which I mervayle at: For if I gave no cause, why diddest thou picke a quarrell: if any, why shouldest thou crave a pardon? If thou canst defie thy best friend, what wilt thou doe to thine enemy? Certainly this must needes ensue, that if thou canst not be constant to thy friend, when he doth thee good, thou wilt never beare with him, when hee shall do thee harme: thou that seekest to spil the blood of the innocent, canst shew small mercye to an offender: thou that treadest a Worme on the taile, wilt crush a Waspe on the head: thou that art angry for no cause, wilt I thinke runne madde for a light occasion.

Truly Philautus, that once I loved thee, I can-not deny, that now I should againe doe so, I refuse: For smal confidence shal I repose in thee, when I am guiltie, that can finde no refuge in innocencie.

The malyce of a friend, is like the sting of an Aspe, which nothing can remedie, for being pearced in the hande it must be cut off, and a friend thrust to the heart it must be pulled out.

I had as lief Philautus have a wound that inwardly might lyghtly grieve me, then a scar that outwardly should greatly shame me.

In that thou seemest so earnest to crave attonement thou causest me the more to suspect thy truth: for either thou art compelled by necessitie, & then it is not worth thanks, or els disposed againe to abuse me, and then it deserveth revenge., Eeles cannot be helde in a wet hande, yet are they stayed with a bitter Figge leafe, the Lamprey is not to be killed with a cudgel, yet is she spoiled with a cane, so friends that are so slipperie, and wavering in all their dealyns are not to be kept with fayre and smooth talke, but with rough and sharp taunts: and contrariwise, those which with blowes, are not to be reformed, are oftentimes wonne with light perswasions.

Which way I should use thee I know not, for now a sharpe word moved thee, when otherwhiles a sword wil not, then a friendly checke killeth thee, when a razor cannot rase thee.

But to conclude Philautus, it fareth with me now, as with those, that have bene once bitten with the Scorpion, who never after feeles any sting, either of the Waspe, or the Hornet, or the Bee, for I having bene pricked with thy falsehoode shal never I hope againe be touched with any other dissembler, flatterer, or fickle friend.

Touching thy lyfe in my absence, I feare me it hath bene too loose, but seeing my counsell is no more welcome unto thee then water into a ship, I wil not wast winde to instruct him, that wasteth himselfe to destroy others.

Yet if I were as fully perswaded of thy conversion, as thou wouldest have mee of thy confession, I might happely doe that, which now I will not.

And so fare-well Philautus, and though thou lyttle esteeme my consayle, yet have respect to thine owne credite: So in working thine owne good, thou shalt keepe me from harme.

Thine once,
Euphues.

This letter pinched Philautus at the first, yet trusting much to the good disposition of Euphues, he determined to persevere both in his sute & amendment, & therefore as one beating his yron that he might frame it while it were hoat, aunswered him in this manner.

To mine onely friend,
Euphues.

There is no bone so hard but being laid in vinegar, it may be wrought, nor Ivory so tough, but seasoned with Zutho it may be engraven, nor Box so knottie, that dipped in oyle can-not be carved, and can ther be a heart in Euphues, which neither will yeelde to softnesse with gentle perswasions, nor true perseveraunce? What canst thou require at my hande, that I will deny thee? have I broken the league of friendship? I confesse it, have I misused thee in termes, I will not deny it. But being sorrowfull for either, why shouldest not thou forgive both.

Water is prayed for that it savoureth of nothing. Fire, for that it yeeldeth to nothing: & such should the nature of a true friend be, that it should not savour of any rigour, and such the effect, that it may not be conquered with any offence: Otherwise, faith put into the breast that beareth grudges, or contracted with him that can remember griefes, is not unlyke unto Wine poured into Firre vessels, which is present death to the drinker.

Friends must be used, as the Musicians tune their strings, who finding them in a discorde, doe not breake them, but either by intention or remission, frame them to a pleasant consent: or as Riders handle their young Coltes, who finding them wilde & untractable, bring them to a good pace, with a gentle rayne, not with a sharp spurre, or as the Scythians ruled their slaves not with cruell weapons, but with the shewe of small whippes. Then Euphues consider with thy selfe what I may be, not what I have beene, and forsake me not for that I deceived thee, if thou doe, thy discourtesie will breede my destruction.

For as there is no beast that toucheth the hearbe whereon the Beare hath brethed, so there is no man that will come neere him, upon whom the suspicion of deceit is fastened.

Concerning my life passed, I conceale it, though to thee I meane hereafter to confesse it: yet hath it not beene so wicked that thou shouldest be ashamed, though so infortunate, that I am grieved. Consider we are in England, where our demeanour will be narrowly marked if we treade a wrie, and our follyes mocked if use wrangling. I thinke thou art willing that no such thing shoulde happen, and I knowe thou art wise to prevent it.

I was of late in the company of divers gentlewomen, among whom Camilla was present, who mervailed not a little, that thou soughtest either to absent thy selfe of some conceived injurie, where there was none given, or of set purpose, bicause thou wouldest give one.

I thinke it requisite as well to avoyd the suspicion of malice, as to shunne the note of ingratitude, that thou repayre thither, both to purge thy selfe of the opinion, may be conceived, and to give thanks for the benefits received.

Thus assuring thy selfe thou wilt aunswere my expectation, and renue our olde amitie, I ende, thine assured to commaunde.

Philautus.

Philautus did not sleepe about his busines, but presently sent this letter, thinking that if once he could fasten friendship againe uppon Euphues, that by his meanes he should compasse his love with Camilla, and yet this I durst affirme, that Philautus was both willing to have Euphues, and sorrowfull that he lost him by his owne lavishnes.

Euphues perused this letter oftentimes, being in a mammering what to aunswere, at the last he determined once againe to lie a loofe, thinking that if Philautus meant faithfully, he woulde not desist from his suite, and therefore he returned salutations in this manner.

Euphues to Philautus.

There is an hearbe in India Philautus of plesaunt smell, but who so commeth to it feeleth present smart, for that there breede in it a number of small serpents. And it may be that though thy letter be full of sweete words, there breed in thy heart many bitter thoughts, so that in giving credite to thy letters, I may be deceived with thy leasings.

The Box tree is alwayes greene, but the seede is poyson: Tilia hath a sweete rinde & a pleasant leafe, but the fruite so bitter that no beast will bite it, a dissembler hath ever-more Honneye in his mouth, and Gall in his minde, whiche maketh me to suspecte their wiles, though I cannot ever prevent them.

Thou settest downe the office of a friend, which if they couldst as well performe as thou canst describe, I woulde be as willing to confirme our olde league, as I am to beleewe thy newe lawes. Water that savoureth nothing (as thou sayest) may bee heated and scald thee, and fire whiche yealdeth to nothing may be quenched, when thou wouldest warme thee.

So the friende in whome there was no intent to offende, may thorowe the sinister dealings of his fellowe bee turned to heate, beeing before colde, and the faith which wrought like a flame in him, be quenched and have no sparke.

The powring of Wine into Firre vessels serveth thee to no purpose, for if it be good Wine, there is no man so foolish to put into Firre, if bad, who woulde power into better then Firre.

Mustie Caskes are fitte for rotten Grapes, a barrel of poysoned Ivie is good ynough for a tunne of stinking Oyle, and crueltie too milde a medicine for crafte.

Howe Musitions tune their instruments I knowe, but how a man should temper his friend I cannot tel, yet oftentimes the string breaketh that the Musition seeketh to tune, & the friend cracketh which good counsell shoulde tame, such coltes are to be ridden with a sharpe snafle, not with a pleasant bitte, and little will the Sithian whippe be regarded where the sharpnes of the sword is derided.

If thy lucke have beene infortunate, it is a signe thy living hath not beene Godly, for commonly there commeth an yll ende where there was a naughtie beginning.

But learne Philautus to live hereafter as though thou shouldest not live at all, be constant to them that trust thee, & trust them that thou hast tried, dissemble not with thy friend, either for feare to displease him, or for malice to deceive him, know this that the best simples are very simple, if the phisition could not applie them, that precious stones were no better then Pebbles, if Lapidaries did not knowe them, that the best friende is worse then a foe, if a man doe not use him.

Methridate must be taken inwardly, not spread on plaisters, purgations must be used like drink, not like bathes, the counsaile of a friend must be fastened to the minde, not to the eare, followed, not praysed, employed in good living, not talked off in good meaning.

I know Philautus we are in England, but I would we wer not, not that the place is too base, but that we are too bad, & God graunt thou have done nothing which may turne thee to discredite, or me to displeasure. Thou sayest thou werte of late with Camilla, I feare me too late, and yet

perhaps too soone, I have alwayes tolde thee, that she was too high for thee to clymb, & too faire for others to catch, and too vertuous for any to inveigle.

But wilde horses breake high hedges, though they cannot leap over them, eager Wolves bark at the Moone, though they cannot reach it, and Mercurie whisteleth for Vesta, though he cannot winne hir.

For absenting my selfe, I hope they can take no cause of offence, neither that I knowe have I given any. I love not to be bold, yet would I be welcome, but gestes and fish say we in Athens are ever stale within three dayes, shortly I will visite them, and excuse my selfe, in the meane season I thinke so well of them, as it is possible for a man to thinke of women, and how well that is, I appeale to thee who alwayes madest them no worse then sancts in heaven, and shrines in no worse place then thy heart.

For aunswering thy suite I am not yet so hastie, for accepting thy service I am not so imperious, for in friendship there must be an equalitie of estates, & be that may bee in us, also a similitude of manners, and that cannot, unlesse thou learne a newe lesson, and leave the olde, untill which time I leave thee, wishing thee well as to my selfe.

Euphues.

THis Letter was written in hast, sent with speed, & aunswered againe in post. For Philautus seeing so good counsaile could not proceede of any ill conceipt, thought once againe to sollicite his friend, and that in such tearmes as he might be most agreeable to Euphues tune. In this manner.

To Euphues health in body,
and quietnesse in minde.

IN Musicke there are many discords, before there can be framed a Diapason, and in contracting of good will, many jarres before there be established a friendship, but by these meanes, the Musicke is more sweet, and the amitie more sound. I have received thy letter, where-in there is as much good counsaile contained as either I would wish, or thou thy selfe couldest give: but ever thou harpest on that string, which long since was out of tune, but now is broken, my inconstancie.

Certes my good Euphues, as I can-not but commend thy wisdom in making a staye of reconciliation, (for that thou findest so lyttle stay in me) so can I not but mervayle at thy incredulytie in not beleevving me, since that thou seest a reformation in me.

But it maye be thou dealest with me, as the Philosopher did with his knife, who being many yeares in making of it, alwayes dealyng by the observation of the starres, caused it at the last to cut the hard whet-stone, saying that it skilled not how long things were a doing, but how well they were done.

And thou holdest me off with many delays, using I knowe not what observations, thinking thereby to make me a friend at the last, that shall laste: I prayse thy good meaning, but I mislyke thy rigour.

Me, thou shalt use in what thou wilt, and doe that with a slender twist, that none can doe with a tough wyth. As for my being with Camilla, good Euphues, rubbe there no more, least I winch, for deny I wil not that I am wroung on the withers.

This one thing touching my selfe I saye, and before him that seeth all things I sweare, that heereafter I wil neither dissemble to delude thee, nor pick quarrells to fall out with thee, thou shalt finde me constant to one, faithlesse to none, in prayer devout, in manners reformed, in lyfe chaste, in words modest: not framing my fancie to the humour of love, but my deedes to the rule of zeale: And such a man as heere-tofore merilye thou saidest I was, but now truly thou shalt see I am, and as I know thou art.

Then Euphues appoint the place where we maye meete, and reconcile the mindes, which I confesse by mine owne follies were severed. And if ever after this, I shall seeme jealous over thee, or blynded towards my selfe, use me as I deserve, shamefully.

Philautus.

Euphues seeing such speedye retourne of an other aunswere, thought Philautus to be very sharp set, for to recover him, and weighing with himselfe, that often in mariages, ther have fallen out braules, wher the chieftest love should be, and yet againe reconciliations, that none ought at any time so to love, that he should finde in his heart, at any time to hate: Furthermore, casting in his minde the good he might doe to Philautus by his friendship, and the mischief that might ensue by his fellowes follye, answered him thus agayne speedely, aswell to prevent the course hee might otherwise take, as also to prescribe what way he should take.

Euphues to his friend,
Philautus.

NEttells Philautus have no prickells, yet they sting, and wordes have no points, yet they pearce: though out-wardlye thou protest great amendement, yet often-times the softnesse of Wooll, which the Seres sende sticketh so fast to the skinne, that when one looketh it shold keepe him warme, it fetcheth bloud, and thy smooth talke, thy sweete promises, may when I shal thinke to have them perfourmed to delight me, be a corrosive to destroy me.

But I wil not cast beyond the Moone, for that in all things I know there must be a meane.

Thou swearest now that thy lyfe shall be leade by my lyne, that thou wilt give no cause of offence, by thy disorders, nor take anye by my good meaning, which if it bee so, I am as willyng to bee thy friend, as I am to be mine owne.

But this take for a warning, if ever thou jarre, when thou shouldest jest, or follow thine owne will, when thou art to heare my counsayle, then will I depart from thee, and so display thee, as none that is wise shall trust thee, nor any that is honest shall lyve with thee.

I now am resolved by thy letter, of that which I was almost perswaded off, by mine owne conjecture, touching Camilla.

Why Philautus art thou so mad without acquaintance of thy part, or familiaritie of hers, to attempt a thing which will not onely be a disgrace to thee, but also a discredite to hir? Thinkest

thou thy selfe either worthy to wooe hir, or she willyng to wedde thee? either thou able to frame thy tale to hir content, or shee ready to give eare to thy conclusions?

No, no Philautus, thou art too young to wooe in England, though olde enough to winne in Italy, for heere they measure more the man by the qualyties of his minde, then the proportion of his body. They are too experte in love, having learned in this time of their long peace, every wrinkle that is to be seene or imagined.

It is neither an ill tale wel tolde, nor a good history made better, neither invention or new fables, nor the reciting of olde, that can eyther allure in them an appetite to love, or almost an attention to heare.

It fareth not with them as it doth with those in Italy, who preferre a sharpe wit, before sound wisdom, or a proper man before a perfect minde: they lyve not by shaddowes, nor feede of the ayre, nor luste after winde. Their love is not tyed to Art but reason, not to the precepts of Ovid, but to the perswasions of honestie.

But I cannot but mervayle at thy audacitie, that thou diddest once dare to move hir to love, whom I alwayes feared to sollicite in questioning, aswel doubting to be gravelled by hir quicke and ready witte, as to bee confuted, by hir grave and wyse aunsweres.

But thou wilt saye, she was of no great birth, of meaner parentage then thy selfe. I but Philautus they be most noble who are commended more for their perfection, then their petegree, and let this suffice thee that hir honour consisted in vertue, bewtie, witte, not bloode, auncestors, antiquitie. But more of this at our next meeting, where I thinke I shal bee merry to heere the discourse of thy madnesse, for I imagine to my selfe that shee handled thee verye hardely, considering both the place shee served in, and the person that served hir. And sure I am shee did not hang for thy mowing.

A Phoenix is no foode for Philautus, that dayntie toothe of thine must bee pulled out, els wilt thou surfette with desire, and that Eagles eye pecked out, els wilt bee daseled with delyght. My counsaile must rule thy conceipte, least thou confounde us both.

I will this evening come to thy lodging, where wee will conferre. And till then, I commende mee to thee.

Thine ever to use, if
thou be thine owne.
Euphues

THis letter was so thankfully received of Philautus, that he almost ranne beyonde himselfe for joye, preparing all thinges necessary for the entertainment of his friende, who at the houre appointed fayled not.

Many embracings there were, much straunge curtesie, many pretie glaunces, being almost for the time but straungers because of their long absence.

But growing to questioning one with another, they fell to the whole discourse of Philautus love, who left out nothing that before I put in, which I must omitte, least I set before you, Colewortes

twise sodden, whiche will both offende your eares which I seeke to delight and trouble my hande which I covet to ease.

But this I am sure that Euphues conclusion was this, betweene waking and winking, that our English Ladies and Gentlewomen were so cunning in love, that the labour were more easie in Italie to wed one and burie hir, then heere to wooe one and marrie hir. And thus they with long talking waxed wearie, wher I leave them, not willing to talke any longer, but to sleepe their fills till morning.

Now Gentlewomen I appeale in this controversie to your consciences, whether there be in you an art to love, as Euphues thinketh, or whether it breede in you as it doth in men: by sight, if one bee bewtifull, by hearing, if one be wittie, by desertes if one be curteous, by desire, if one be vertuous, which I woulde not knowe, to this intent that I might bee instructed howe to winne any of you, but to the ende I might wonder at you all: For if there be in love an arte, then doe I not mervaile to see men that everie way are to bee beloved, so oftentimes to be rejected. But so secreate is this matter, that perteyning nothing to our sex, I will not farther enquire of it, least happily in gessing what art woemen use in love, I should minister an art they never before knewe: And so in thinking to bewray the bayte that hath caught one, I give them a nette to drawe many, putting a sworde into the hande, where there is but a sheath, teaching them to strike, that put us to our tryings by warding, whiche woulde double our perrill, who without art cannot allure them, and encrease their tyranny, who with-out they torment will come to no parley.

But this I admonish you, that as your owne bewties make you not covetous of your almes towards true lovers, so other mens flatterie make you not prodigall of your honours towards dissemblers. Let not them that speake fairest be beleaved soonest, for true love lacketh a tongue, and is tryed by the eyes, whiche in a hearte that meaneth well, are as farre from wanton glaunces, as the minde is from idle thoughts.

And this art I will give you, which we men doe commonly practise, if you beholde any one that either your curtesie hath allured, or your beautie, or both, triumph not over him, but the more earnest you see him, the more redie be to followe him, & when he thinketh himselfe neerest, let him be farthest off: Then if he take that with patience, assure your selfe he cannot be faithlesse.

He that Angleth plucketh the bayte away when he is neere a byte, to the ende the fish may be more eager to swallowe the hooke, birds are trayned with a sweet call, but caught with a broade nette: and lovers come with fayre looks, but are entangled with disdainfull eyes.

The Spaniel that fawneth when he is beaten, will never forsake his maister, the man that doteth when he is disdained, will never forgoe his mistres.

But too much of this string which sowndeth too much out of square, and returne we to Euphues and Philautus.

The next morning when they were rysen they went into a gallerie, where Euphues, who perceived Philautus, grievously perplexed for the love of Camilla, beganne thus betweene jest and earnest to talke with him.

Philautus I have well nigh all this night beene disputing with my selfe of thy distresse, yet can I resolve my selfe in nothing that either may content mee, or quiet thee.

What mettall art thou made of Philautus that thinkest of nothing but love, and art rewarded with nothing lesse then love: Lucilla was too badde, yet diddest thou court hir, thy sweete heart now in Naples is none of the best, yet diddest thou follow hir, Camilla exceeding all, where thou wast to have least hope, thou hast woed not without great hazard to thy person, and grieve to mine.

I have perused hir letters which in my simple judgment are so far from allowing thy suit, that they seeme to loath thy service. I wil not flatter thee in thy follies, she is no match for thee, nor thou for hir, the one wanting living to mainteine a wife, the other birth to advance an husbnde. Surius whome I remember thou diddest name in thy discourse, I remember in the court a man of great byrth and noble blood, singuler witte, & rare personage, if he go about to get credite, I muse what hope thou couldest conceive to have a good countenance. Well Philautus to set downe precepts against thy love, will nothing prevaile, to perswade thee to go forward, were very perillous, for I know in the one love will regarde no lawes, and in the other perswasions can purchase no libertie. Thou art too heddie to enter in where no heed can helpe one out.

Theseus woulde not goe into the Laborinth without a threede that might shew him the way out, neither any wise man enter into the crooked corners of love, unlesse he knew by what meanes he might get out. Love which should continue for ever, should not be begon in an houre, but slowly be taken in hande, and by length of time finished: resemblyng Zeuxis, that wise Painter, who in things that he would have last long, tooke greatest leasure.

I have not forgotten one Mistres Frauncis, which the Ladye Flavia gave thee for a Violet, and by thy discription, though she be not equall with Camilla, yet is she fitter for Philautus. If thy humour be such that nothing can feede it but love, cast thy minde on hir, conferre the impossibilytie thou hast to winne Camilla, with the lykelyhoode thou mayst have to enjoy thy Violet: and in this I will endeavour both my wit and my good will, so that nothing shall want in mee, that may work ease in thee. Thy violet if she be honest, is worthy of thee, beautiful thou sayst she is, & therfore too worthy: Hoat fire is not onely quenched by the cleere Fountaine, nor love onely satisfied by the faire face. Therefore in this tell me thy minde, that either we may proceede in that matter, or seeke a newe medicine. Philautus thus replied.

OH my good Euphues, I have neither the power to forsake mine owne Camilla, nor the heart to deny thy counsaile, it is easie to fall into a Nette, but hard to get out. Notwithstanding I will goe against the haire in all things, so I may please thee in anye thing. O my Camilla. With that Euphues stayed him saying.

HE that hath sore eyes must not behold the candle, nor he that would leave his Love, fall to the remembring of his Lady, the one causeth the eye to smart, the other the heart to bleede, wel quoth Philautus, I am content to have the wounde searched, yet unwilling to have it cured, but sithens that sicke men are not to prescribe diets but to keepe them, I am redie to take potions, and if welth serve to paye thee for them, yet one thing maketh to feare, that in running after two Hares, I catch neither.

And certeinlye quoth Euphues, I knowe manye good Hunters that take more delyght to have the Hare on foote, and never catch it, then to have no crye and yet kill in the Fourm : where-by I gesse, there commeth greater delyght in the hunting, then in the eating. It may be sayd Philautus, but I were then verye unfit for such pastimes, for what sporte soever I have all the day, I love to have the game in my dish at night.

And trulye aunswere Euphues, you are worse made for a hound then a hunter, for you marre your sent with carren, before you start your game, which maketh you hunt oftentimes counter, wher-as if you had kept it pure, you might ere this time have tourned the Hare you winded, and caught the game you coursed. Why then I perceive quoth Philautus, that to talke with Gentlewomen, touching the discourses of love, to eate with them, to conferre with them, to laugh with them, is as great pleasure as to enjoye them, to the which thou mayst by some fallacie drive me, but never perswade me: For then were it as pleasaunt to behold fruit, as to eate them, or to see fayre bread, as to tast it. Thou errest Philautus, sayd Euphues, if thou be not of that minde, for he that commeth into fine gardens, is as much recreated to smell the flower, as to gather it. And many we see more delyghted with pictures, then desirous to be Painters: the effect of love is faith, not lust, delightfull conference, not detestable concupiscence, which beginneth with folly and endeth with repentaunce. For mine owne part I would wish nothing, if againe I should fall into that vaine, then to have the company of hir in common conference that I best loved, to heare hir sober talke, hir wise aunsweres, to behold hir sharpe capacitie, and to bee perswaded of hir constancie: & in these things do we only differ from brute beasts, who have no pleasure, but in sensuall appetite. You preach Heresie, quoth Philautus, and besides so repugnant to the text you have taken, that I am more ready to pull thee out of thy Pulpit, than to beleieve thy gloses.

I love the company of women well, yet to have them in lawfull Matrimony, I lyke much better, if thy reasons should goe as currant, then were Love no torment, for hardlye doeth it fall out with him, that is denyed the sighte and talke of his Ladye

Hungry stomackes are not to be fed with sayings against surfettings, nor thirst to be quenched with sentences against drunkennesse. To love women & never enjoy them, is as much as to love wine, & never tast it, or to be delighted with faire apparel, & never weare it. An idle love is that, and fit for him that hath nothing but eares, that is satisfied to heare hir speak, nor desirous to have himselfe speede. When then Euphues, to have the picture of his Lady, is as much, as to enjoy hir presence, and to reade hir letters of as great force as to heare hir aunsweres: which if it be, my suite in love should be as much to the painter to draw hir with an amyable face, as to my Lady to write an amorous letter, both which, with little suite being obtained, I may lyve with love, and never wet my foot, nor breake my sleepes, nor wast my money, nor torment my minde.

But this worketh as much delyght in the minde of a lover, as the Apples that hang at Tantalus nose, or the River that runneth close by his chinne.

And in one word, it would doe me no more good, to see my Lady and not embrace hir, in the heate of my desire, then to see fire, and not warme me in the extremitie of my colde.

No, no Euphues, thou makest Love nothing but a continual wooing, if thou barre it of the effect, and then is it infinite, or if thou allow it, and yet forbid it, a perpetuall warfare, and then is it intollerable.

From this opinion no man shall with-drawe mee, that the ende of fishing is catching, not anglyng: of birding, taking, not whistlyng: of love, wedding, not wooing. Other-wise it is no better then hanging.

Euphues smilyng to see Philautus so earnest, urged him againe, in this manner.

WHy Philautus, what harme were it in love, if the heart should yeelde his right to the eye, or the fancie his force to the eare. I have read of many, & some I know, betweene whom there was as fervent affection as might be, that never desired any thing, but sweete talke, and continuall company at bankets, at playes, and other assembles, as Phrigius and Pieria, whose constant faith was such that there was never word nor thought of any uncleannesse. Pigmalion loved his Ivory Image, being enamoured onely by the sight, & why should not the chaste love of others, be builded rather in agreeing in heavenly meditations, then temporall actions. Beleeve me Philautus, if thou knewest what it were to love, thou wouldest bee as farre from the opinion thou holdest, as I am.

Philautus thinking no greater absurditie to be held in the world then this, replyed before the other coulde ende, as followeth.

IN deede Euphues, if the King would resigne his right to his Legate, then were it not amisse for the heart to yeelde to the eyes. Thou knowest Euphues that the eye is the messenger of love, not the Master, that the eare is the caryer of newes, the heart the disgester. Besides this suppose one have neither eares to heare his Ladie speake, nor eyes to see hir beautie, shall he not therefore be subject to the impression of love. If thou aunswere no, I can alledge divers both deafe and blinde that have beene wounded, if thou graunt it, then confesse the heart must have his hope, which is neither seeing nor hearing, and what is the thirde?

Touching Phrigius & Pieria, thinke them both fooles in this, for he that keepeth a Hen in his house to cackle and not lay, or a Cocke to crowe and not to treade, is not unlike unto him that having sowed his wheat never reapeth it, or reaping it never thresheth it, taking more pleasure to see faire corne, then to eate fine bread: Pigmalion maketh against this, for Venus seeing him so earnestly to love, & so effectually to pray, graunted him his request, which had he not by importunate suit obtained, I doubt not but he would rather have hewed hir in peeces then honoured hir with passions, & set hir up in some Temple for an image, not kept hir in his house for a wife. He that desireth onely to talke and viewe without any farther suit, is not farre different from him, that liketh to see a paynted rose better then to smell to a perfect Violet, or to heare a birde singe in a bush, rather then to have hir at home in his owne cage.

This will, I followe, that to pleade for love and request nothing but lookes, and to deserve workes, and live only by words, is as one should plowe his ground & never sowe it, grinde his coulours and never paint, saddle his horse and never ryde.

As they were thus communing there came from the Ladie Flavia a Gentleman who invited them both that night to supper, which they with humble thankes given promised to doe so, and till supper time I leave them debating their questions.

Nowe Gentlewomen in this matter I woulde I knewe your mindes, and yet I can somewhat gesse at your meaninges, if any of you shoulde love a Gentleman of such perfection as you can wish, woulde it content you onely to heare him, to see him daunce, to marke his personage, to delight in his witte, to wonder at all his qualities, and desire no other solace? If you like to heare his pleasant voyce to sing, his fine fingers to play, his proper personage to undertake any exployt, woulde you covet no more of your love? As good it were to be silent and thinke no, as to blushe and say I.

I must needes conclude with Philautus, though I shoulde cavill with Euphues, that the ende of love is the full fruition of the partie beloved, at all times and in all places. For it cannot followe in reason, that bicause the sauce is good which shoulde provoke myne appetite, therefore I shoulde for-sake the meate for which it was made. Beleeve me the qualities of the minde, the bewtie of the bodie, either in man or woman, are but the sauce to whette our stomakes, not the meate to fill them. For they that live by the vew of beautie stil looke very leane, and they that feede onely upon vertue at boorde, will goe with an hungry belly to bedde.

But I will not crave herein your resolute aunswere, bicause betweene them it was not determined, but every one as he lyketh, and then --!

Euphues and Philautus being nowe againe sent for to the Lady Flavia hir house, they came presently, where thy founde the worthy Gentleman Surius, Camilla, Mistres Frauncis, with many other Gentlemen and Gentlewomen.

At their first entrance doing their duetie, they saluted all the companie, and were welcommed.

The Lady Flavia entertayned them both very lovingly, thanking Philautus for his last company, saying be merry Gentleman, at this time of the yeare a Violette is better then a Rose, and so shee arose and went hir way, leaving Philautus in a muse at hir wordes, who before was in a maze at Camillas lookes. Camilla came to Euphues in this manner.

I am sory Euphues that we have no greene Rushes, considering you have beene so great a straunger, you make me almost to thinke that of you which commonly I am not accustomed to judge of any, that either you thought your selfe too good, or our cheere too badde, other cause of absence I cannot imagine, unlesse seing us very idle, you sought meanes to be well employed, but I pray you hereafter be bolde, and those thinges which were amisse shall be redressed, for we will have Quailes to amende your commons, and some questions to sharpen your wittes, so that you shall neither finde faulte with your dyot for the grosnesse, nor with your exercise for the easinesse. As for your fellowe and friende Philautus we are bounde to him, for he would oftentimes see us, but seldome eate with us, which made us thinke that he cared more for our company, then our meat.

Euphues as one that knewe his good, aunswered hir in this wise.

Fayre Ladye, it were unseemely to strewe grene rushes for his comming, whose companie is not worth a strawe, or to accompt him a straunger whose boldenesse hath bin straunge to all those that knew him to be a straunger.

The smal abilitie in me to requite, compared with the great cheere I received, might happlie make me refraine which is contrary to your conjecture: Neither was I ever so busied in any

weightie affaires, whiche I accompted not as lost time in respect of the exercise I alwayes founde in your company, whiche maketh me thinke that your latter objection proceeded rather to convince mee for a treuant, then to manyfest a trueth.

As for the Quailes you promise me, I can be content with beefe, and for the questions they must be easie, els shall I not aunswere them, for my wit will shew with what grosse diot I have beene brought up, so that conferring my rude replyes with my base birth, you will thinke that meane cheare will serve me, and resonable questions deceive me, so that I shall neither finde fault for my repast, nor favour for my reasons. Philautus in deede taketh as much delight in good companie as in good cates, who shall answere for him-selfe, with that Philautus saide.

Truely Camilla where I thinke my selfe welcome I love to bee bolde, and when my stomake is filled I care for no meat, so that I hope you will not blame if I came often and eate little.

I doe not blame you by my faith quoth Camilla, you mistake mee, for the oftener you come the better welcome, and the lesse you eate, the more is saved.

Much talke passed which being onely as it were a repetition of former thinges, I omitte as superfluous, but this I must note, that Camilla earnestly desired Surius to be acquainted with Euphues, who very willingly accomplished hir request, desiring Euphues for the good report he had harde of him, that he woulde be as bolde with him, as with any one in Englande, Euphues humbly shewing his duetie, promised also as occasion should serve, to trye him.

It now grew toward Supper time, when the table being covered, and the meate served in, Ladye Flavia placed Surius over against Camilla and Philautus next Mistres Frauncis, she tooke Euphues and the rest, & placed them in such order, as she thought best. What cheere they had I know not, what talke they used, I heard not: but Supper being ended, they sate still, the Lady Flavia speaking as followeth.

GEntlemen and Gentlewomen these Lenten Evenings be long, and a shame it were to goe to bedde: colde they are, and therefore follye it were to walke abroad: to play at Cardes is common, at Chestes tedious, at Dice unseemely, with Christmasse games, untimely. In my opinion therefore, to passe awaye these long nights, I would have some pastime that might be pleasaunt, but not unprofitable, rare, but not without reasoning: so shall we all accompt the Evening well spent, be it never so long, which other-wise would be tedious, were it never so short.

Sirius the best in the companie, and therefore best worthy to aunswere, and the wisest, and therefore best able, replied in this manner.

GOod Madame, you have prevented my request with your owne, for as the case now standeth, there can be nothing either more agreeable to my humour, or these Gentlewomens desires, then to use some discourse, aswell to renue olde traditions, which have bene heertofore used, as to encrease friendship, which hath bene by the meanes of certeine odde persons defaced. Every one gave his consent with Surius, yeelding the choyce of that nights pastime, to the discretion of the Ladie Flavia who thus proposed hir minde.

Your taske Surius shall be to dispute wyth Camilla, and chose your owne argumente, Philautus shall argue with mistresse Frauncis, Martius with my selfe. And all having finished their

discourses, Euphues shal be as judge, who hath done best, and whatsoever he shal allot eyther for reward, to the worthiest, or for penance to the worst, shal be presently accomplished. This liked them all exceedingly. And thus Surius with a good greace, and pleasaunt speache, beganne to enter the listes with Camilla.

FAire Ladie, you know I flatter not, I have reade that the sting of an Aspe were incurable, had not nature given them dimme eyes, & the beautie of a woman, no lesse infectious, had not nature bestowed upon them gentle hearts, which maketh me ground my reason upon this common place, that beautiful women are ever mercifull, if mercifull, vertuous, if vertuous, constant, if constant, though no more than goddesses, yet no lesse than Saintes, all these things graunted, I urge my question without condition.

If Camilla, one wounded with your beautie (for under that name I comprehende all other vertues) shold sue to open his affection, serve to trie it, and drive you to so narrow a point, that were you never so incredulous, he should prove it, yea so farre to be from suspition of deceite, that you would confesse he were cleare from distrust, what aunswere woulde you make if you gave your consent, or what excuse if you deny hys curtesie.

Camilla who desired nothing more than to be questioning with Surius, with a modest countenance, yet somewhat bashfull (which added more commendation to hir speache then disgrace) replied in thys manner.

Though ther be no cause noble gentleman to suspect an injurie where a good turne hath bene receyved, yet is it wisdom to be carefull, what aunswere bee made, where the question is difficult.

I have hearde that the Torteise in India when the Sunne shineth, swimmeth above the water wyth hyr back, and being delighted with the faire weather, forgetteth hir selfe untill the heate of the Sunne so harden hir shell, that she cannot sincke when she woulde, whereby she is caught. And so maye it fare with me, that in this good companie, displaying my minde, having more regarde to my delight in talkyng, then to the eares of the hearers, I forget what I speake and so be taken in some thing, I shoulde not utter, whiche happilye the itchyng eares of young gentlemen woulde so canvas, that when I woulde call it in, I cannot, and so be caughte with the Torteise, when I would not.

Therefore if any thing be spoken eyther unwares or unjustly, I am to crave pardon for both: havynge but a weake memorie, and a worse witte, which you can not denye me, for that we saye, women are to be borne withall if they offende againste theyr wylles, and not muche to be blamed, if they trip with theyr willes, the one proceeding of forgetfulnesse, the other, of their natural weakenesse, but to the matter.

IF my beautie (whiche God knowes how simple it is) shoulde entangle anye with desyre, then shold I thus thinke, that either he were enflamed with lust rather then love (for that he is moved by my countenance not enquiring of my conditions,) or els that I gave some occasion of lightnesse, bicause he gathereth a hope to speede, where he never had the heart to speake. But if at the last I should perceive, that his faith were tried lyke golde in the fire, that his affection proceedeth from a minde to please, not from a mouth to delude, then woulde I either aunswer his love with lyking, or weane him from it by reason. For I hope sir you will not thinke this, but that there should be in a woman aswell as tongue to deny, as in a man to desire, that as men have

reason to lyke for beautie, where they love, so women have wit to refuse for sundry causes, where they love not.

Other-wise were we bounde to such an inconvenience, that whosoever served us, we should aunswere his suite, when in every respect we mislyke his conditions, so that Nature might be sayd to frame us for others humours not for our owne appetites. Wherein to some we should be thought very courteous, but to the most scarce honest. For mine owne part if ther be any thing in me to be lyked of any, I thinke it reason to bestow on such a one,, as hath also somewhat to content me, so that where I knowe my selfe loved, and doe love againe, I would uppon just tryall of his constancie, take him.

Surius with-out any stoppe or long pause, replyed presently.

LAdy if the Torteyse you spake off in India, wer as cunning in swimming, as you are in speaking, hee would neither fear the heate of the Sunne, nor the ginne of the Fisher. But that excuse was brought in, rather to shewe what you could say, then to crave pardon, for that you have sayd. But to your aunswere.

What your beautie is, I will not heere dispute, least either your modest eares shoulde glowe to heare your owne prayses, or my smoth tongue trippe in being curious to your perfection, so that what I cannot commend sufficiently, I will not cease continually to mervaile at. You wander in one thing out of the way, where you say that many are enflamed with the countenance, not enquiring of the conditions, when this position was before grounded, that there was none beautifull, but she was also mercifull, and so drawing by the face of hir bewtie all other morrall vertues, for as one ring being touched with the Loadstone draweth another, and that his fellow, til it come to a chaine, so a Lady endewed with bewtie, pulleth on curtesie, curtesie mercy, and one vertue linkes it selfe to another, untill there be a rare perfection.

Besides touching your owne lightnesse, you must not imagine that love breedeth in the heart of man by your lookes, but by his owne eyes, neyther by your wordes when you speake wittily, but by his owne eares, which conceive aptly. So that were you dumbe and coulde not speak, or blinde and coulde not see, yet shoulde you be beloved, which argueth plainely, that the eye of the man is the arrow, the bewtie of the woman the white, which shooteth not, but receiveth, being the patient, not the agent: uppon triall you confesse you woulde trust, but what triall you require you conceale, whiche maketh me suspect that either you woulde have a triall without meane, or without end, either not to bee sustained being impossible, or not to be fynished being infinite. Wherein you would have one runne in a circle, where there is no way out, or builde in the ayre, where there is no meanes howe.

This triall Camilla must be sifted to narrower pointes, least in seeking to trie your lover like a Jenet, you tyre him like a Jade.

Then you require this libertie (which truely I can not denie you) that you may have the choyce as well to refuse, as the man hath to offer, requiring by that reason some quallities in the person you would bestow your love on: yet craftily hyding what properties eyther please you best, or like woemen well: where-in againe you move a doubt, whether personage, or welth, or witte, or all are to be required: so that what with the close tryall of his fayth, and the subtill wishinge of his quallities, you make eyther your Lover so holy, that for fayth hee must be made all of trueth, or so exquisite that for shape hee must be framed in wax: which if it be your opinion, the beautie

you have will be withered before you be wedded, and your wooers good old Gentlemen before they be speeders.

Camilla not permitting Surius to leape over the hedge, which she set for to keepe him in, with a smiling countenance shaped him this aunswer.

IF your position be graunted, that where beautie is, there is also vertue, then myght you adde that where a fayre flower is, there is also a sweete savour, which how repugnant it is to our common experience, there is none but knoweth, and how contrary the other is to trueth, there is one but seeth. Why then do you not set downe this for a rule which is as agreeable to reason, that Rhodope beeing beautifull (if a good complection and fayre favour be tearmed beautie) was also vertuous? that Lais excelling was also honest? that Phrine surpassing them both in beautie, was also curteous? But it is a reason among your Philosophers, that the disposition of the minde, followeth the composition of the body, how true in arguing it maye bee, I knowe not, how false in tryall it is, who knoweth not? Beautie, though it bee amiable, worketh many things contrarye to hir fayre shewe, not unlyke unto Sylver, which beeing white, draweth blacke lynes, or resembling the tall trees in Ida which allured many to rest in them under their shadow, and then infected them with their sent.

Nowe where-as you sette downe, that love commeth not from the eyes of the woeman, but from the glaunces of the man (under correction be it spoken) it is as farre from the trueth, as the head from the toe. For were a Lady blinde, in what can she be beautifull? if dumbe, in what manifest hir witte? when as the eye hath ever bene thought the Pearle of the face, and the tongue the Ambassadors of the heart? If ther were such a Ladie in this company, Surius, that should wincke with both eyes when you would have hir see your amorous lookes, or be no blabbe of hir tongue, when you would have aunswere of your questions, I can-not thinke, that eyther hir vertuous conditions, or hir white and read complection coulde move you to love.

Although this might somewhat procure your liking, that doing what you lyst shee will not see it, and speaking what you would, she will not utter it, two notable vertues and rare in our sex, patience and silence.

But why talke I about Ladyes that have no eies, when there is no manne that will love them if hee him-selfe have eyes. More reason there is to wooe one that is doumbe, for that she can-not deny your suite, and yet having eares to heare, she may as well give an answer with a signe, as a sentence. But to the purpose.

Love commeth not from him that loveth, but from the partie loved, els must hee make his love uppon no cause, and then it is lust, or thinke him-selfe the cause, and then it is no love. Then must you conclude thus, if there bee not in woemen the occasion, they are fooles to trust men that praise them, if the cause bee in them, then are not men wise to arrogate it to themselves.

It is the eye of the women that is made of Adamant, the heart of the man that is framed of yron, and I cannot thinke you wil say that the vertue attractive is in the yron which is drawen by force, but in the Adamant that searcheth it perforce.

And this is the reason that many men have beene entangled against their wils with love, and kept in it with their wills.

You know Surius that the fire is in the flinte that is stricken, not in the steele that striketh, the light in the Sunne that lendeth, not in the Moone that borroweth, the love in the woman that is served, not in the man that sueth.

The similitude you brought in of the arrowe, flewe nothing right to beautie, wherefore I must shute that shafte at your owne brest. For if the eye of man be the arrow, & beautie the white (a faire mark for him that draweth in cupids bow) then must it necessarily ensue, that the archer desireth with an ayme to hitte the white, not the white the arrowe, that the marke allureth the archer, not the shooter the marke, and therfore is Venus saide in one eye to have two Apples, which is commonly applied to those that witch with the eyes, not to those that wooe with their eyes.

Touching tryall, I am neither so foolish to desire thinges impossible, nor so frowarde to request that which hath no ende. But wordes shall never make me beeleeve without workes, least in following a faire shadowe, I loose the firme substance, and in one worde to set downe the onely triall that a Ladie requireth of hir lover, it is this, that he performe as much as he sware, that every othe be a deede, every gloase a goppell, promising nothing in his talke, that he performe not in his triall.

The qualities that are required of the minde are good conditions, as temperance not to exceede in dyot, chastitie not to sinne in desire, constancie not to covet chaunge, witte to delight, wisdom to instruct, myrth to please without offence, and modestie to governe without presisenes.

Concerning the body, as there is no Gentlewoman so curious to have him in print, so is there no one so careles to have him a wretch, onely his right shape to shew him a man, his Christendom to prove his faith, indifferent wealth to maintaine his family, expecting al things necessary, nothing superfluous. And to conclude with you Surius, unlesse I might have such a one, I had as leave be buried as maried, wishing rather to have no beautie and dye a chast virgin, then no joy and live a cursed wife.

Surius as one daunted having little to aunswere, yet delighted to heare hir speak, with a short speech uttered these words.

I Perceive Camilla, that be your cloath never so badde, it will take some colour, & your cause never so false, it will beare some shew of probabyltie, wherein you manifest the right nature of a woman, who having no way to winne, thinketh to overcome with words. This I gather by your aunswere, that beautie may have faire leaves, & foule fruite, that al that are amiable are not honest, that love proceedeth of the womans perfection, and the mans follies, that the triall looked for, is to performe whatsoever they promise, that in minde he be vertuous, in bodye comelye, suche a husband in my opinion is to be wished for, but not looked for. Take heede Camilla, that seeking al the Woode for a streight sticke you chuse not at the last a crooked staffe, or prescribing a good counsaile to others, thou thy selfe follow the worst: much lyke to Chius, who selling the best wine to others, drank him selfe of the lees.

Truly quoth Camilla, my Wooll was blacke, and therefore it could take no other colour, and my cause good, and therefore admitteth no cavill: as for the rules I set downe of love, they were not coyned of me, but learned, and being so true, beleaved. If my fortune bee so yll that serching for a wande, I gather a camocke, or selling wine to other, I drinke vineger my selfe, I must be

content, that of the worst poore helpe patience, which by so much the more is to be borne, by howe much the more it is perforce.

As Surius was speaking, the Ladie Flavia prevented him, saying, it is time that you breake off your speach, least we have nothing to speak, for should you wade anye farther, you woulde both waste the night and leave us no time, and take our reasons, and leave us no matter, that every one therefore, may say some what, we commaunde you to cease, that you have both sayd so well, we give you thanks. Thus letting Surius and Camilla to whisper by themselves (whose talke we wil not heare) the Lady began in this manner to greet Martius.

We see Martius that where young folkes are they treat of love, when souldiers meete they conferre of warre, painters of their coulours. Musitians of their crochets, and every one talketh of that most he liketh best. Which seeing it is so, it behoveth us that have more yeres, to have more wisdome, not to measure our talk by the affections we have had, but by those we should have.

In this therefore I woulde know thy minde whether it be convenient for women to haunt such places where Gentlemen are, or for men to have accesse to gentlewomen, which me thinketh in reason cannot be tollerable, knowing that there is nothing more pernicious to either, then love, & that love breedeth by nothing sooner then lookes. They that feare water will come neere no wells, they that stande in dreade of burning flye from the fire: and ought not they that woulde not be entangled with desire to refraine company? If love have the panges which the passionate set downe, why do they not abstaine from the cause? if it be pleasant why doe they dispraise it.

We shunne the place of pestilence for feare of infection, the eyes of Catoblepas, bicause of diseases, the sight of the Basilisk, for dreade of death, and shall wee not eschewe the companie of them that may entrappe us in love, which is more bitter then any distruction?

If we flye theeves that steale our goods, shall we followe murtherers that cut our throates? If we be heddie to come where Wasps be, least we be stong, shal wee hazarde to runne where Cupid is, where we shall bee stifeled? Truly Martius in my opinion there is nothing either more repugnant to reason, or abhorring from nature, then to seeke that we shoulde shunne, leaving the cleare streame to drinke of the muddye ditch, or in the extremitie of heate to lye in the parching Sunne, when he may sleepe in the colde shadow or being free from fancy, to seeke after love, which is as much as to coole a hott Liver with strong wine, or to cure a weake stomake with raw flesh. In this I would heare thy sentence, induced the rather to this discourse, for that Surius and Camilla have begunne it, then that I like it: Love in mee hath neither power to commaunde, nor perswasion to entreate. Which how idle a thing it is, and how pestilent to youth, I partly knowe, and you I am sure can gesse.

Martius not very young to discourse of these matters, yet desirous to utter his minde, whether it were to flatter Surius in his will, or to make triall of the Ladies witte: Began thus to frame his aunswere.

MAdame, ther is in Chio the Image of Diana, which to those that enter seemeth sharpe and sower, but returning after their suites made, loketh with a merrie and pleasaunt countenance. And it maye bee that at the entraunce of my discourse yee will bende your browes as one displeased, but hearing my prooffe, be delighted and satisfied.

The question you move, is whether it be requisite, that Gentlemen and Gentlewomen should meete. Truly among Lovers it is convenient to augment desire, amongst those that are firme, necessary to maintaine societie. For to take away all meeting for feare of love, were to kindle amongst all: the fire of hate. There is greater daunger Madame, by absence, which breedeth melancholy, then by presence, which engendreth affection.

If the sight be so perillous, that the company shold be barred, why then admit you those to see banquets, that may there-by surfet, or suffer them to eate their meate by a candle that have sore eyes? To be seperated from one I love, would make me more constant, and to keepe company with hir I love not, would not kindle desire. Love commeth as well in at the eares, by the report of good conditions, as in at the eyes by the amiable countenance, which is the cause, that divers have loved those they never saw, & seene those they never loved.

You alleadge that those that feare drowning, come neere no wells, nor they that dread burning, neere no fire. Why then let them stand in doubt also to washe their handes in a shallow brooke, for that Serapus fallying into a channell was drowned: & let him that is colde never warme his hands, for that a sparke fell into the eyes of Actina, whereoff she dyed. Let none come into the companie of women, for that divers have bene allured to love, and being refused, have used vyolence to them-selves.

Let this be set downe for a law, that none walke abroad in the daye but men, least meeting a beautifull woman, he fall in love, and loose his lybertie.

I thinke Madam you will not be so precise, to cut off al conference, bicause love commeth by often communication, which if you do, let us all now presently departe, least in seeing the beautie which daseleth our eies, and hearing the wisdom which tickleth our ears, we be enflamed with love.

But you shall never beate the Flye from the Candell though he burne, nor the Quaile from Hemlocke though it bee poyson, nor the Lover from the companie of his Lady though it be perillous.

It falleth out sundry tymes, that company is the cause to shake off love, working the effects of the roote Rubarbe, which beeing full of choler, purgeth choler, or of the Scorpions sting, which being full of poyson, is a remedy for poyson.

But this I conclude, that to barre one that is in love of the companie of his lady, maketh him rather madde, then mortified, for him to refraine that never knewe love, is eyther to suspect him of folly with-out cause, or the next way for him to fall into folly when he knoweth the cause.

A Lover is like the hearb Heliotropium, which alwaies enclyneth to that place where the Sunne shineth, and being deprived of the Sunne, dieth. For as Lunaris hearbe, as long as the Moone waxeth, bringeth forth leaves, and in the waining shaketh them of : so a Lover whilst he is in the company of his Lady, wher al joyes encrease, uttereth manye pleasaunt conceites, but banyshed from the sight of his Mistris, where all mirth decreaseth, eyther lyveth in Melancholie, or dieth with desperation.

The Lady Flavia speaking in his cast, proceedeth in this manner.

TRuely Martius I had not thought that as yet your coltes tooth stucke in your mouth, or that so olde a trewant in love, could hether-to remember his lesson. You seeme not to inferre that it is requisite they should meete, but being in love that is is convenient, least falling into a mad moode, they pine in their owne pevishnesse. Why then let it follow, that the Drunckarde which surfeiteth with wine be alwayes quaffing, bicause hee liketh it, or the Epicure which glutteth himselfe with meate be ever eating, for that it contenteth him, not seeking at any time the meanes to redresse their vices, but to renue them. But it fareth with the Lover as it doth with him that powreth in much wine, who is ever more thirstie, then he that drinketh moderately, for having once tasted the delightes of love, he desireth most the thing that hurteth him most, not laying a playster to the wounde, but a corasive.

I am of this minde, that if it bee daungerous, to laye Flaxe to the fyre, Salte to the eyes, Sulphure to the nose, that then it can-not bee but perillous to let one Lover come in presence of the other. Surius over-hearing the Lady, and seeing hir so earnest, although hee were more earnest in his suite to Camilla, cut hir off with these wordes.

GOod Madame give mee leave eyther to departe, or to speake, for in trueth you gall me more with these tearmes, then you wist, in seeming to inveigh so bitterly against the meeting of Lovers, which is the onely Marrow of love, and though I doubt not but that Martius is sufficiently armed to aunswere you, yet would I not have those reasons refelled, which I loath to have repeated. It maye be you utter them not of malice you beare to love, but only to move controversie where ther is no question: For if thou envie to have Lovers meete, why did you graunt us, if allow it, why seeke you to seporate us?

The good Lady could not refraine from laughter, when she saw Surius so angry, who in the midst of his own tale, was troubled with hers, whome she thus againe aunswered.

I crye you mercie Gentleman, I had not thought to have catched you, when I fished for an other, but I perceive now that with one beane it is easie to gette two Pignons, and with one baight to have divers bites. I see that others maye gesse where the shooe wringes, besides him that weares it. Madame quoth Surius you have caught a Frog, if I be not deceived, and therfore as good it were not to hurt him, as not to eate him, but if all this while you angled to have a bytte at a Lover, you should have used no bitter medicines, but pleasaunt baightes.

I can-not tell answered Flavia, whether my baight were bytter or not, but sure I am I have the fishe by the gill, that doth mee good. Camilla not thinking to be silent, put in hir spoke as she thought into the best wheele, saying.

Lady your cunning maye deceive you in fishing with an Angle, therfore to catch him you would have, you were best to use a net. A net quoth Flavia, I neede none, for my fishe playeth in a net already, with that Surius beganne to winche, replying immediately, so doth manye a fishe good Ladye that slyppeth out, when the Fysher thinketh him fast in, and it may be, that eyther your nette is too weake to houlde him, or your hand too wette. A wette hand quoth Flavia will holde a dead Hearing: I quoth Surius, but Eeles are not Hearinges, but Lovers are, sayde Flavia.

Surius not willing to have the grasse mowne, where-of hee meant to make his haye, beganne thus to conclude.

GOod Lady leave off fishing for this time, & though it bee Lent, rather breake a statute which is but penall, then sew a pond that maye be perpetuall. I am content quoth Flavia rather to fast for once, then to want a pleasure for ever: yet Surius betwixte us two, I will at large prove, that there is nothings in love more venomous then meeting, which filleth the mind with grief & the body with diseases: for having the one, hee can-not fayle of the other. But now Philautus and Neece Frauncis, since I am cut off, beginne you: but be shorte, bicause the time is short, and that I was more short then I would.

Frauncis who was ever of witte quicke, and of nature pleasaunt, seeing Philautus all this while to be in his dumps, beganne thus to playe with him.

GEntleman either you are musing who shal be your seconde wife, or who shall father your first childe, els would you not all this while hang your head, neither attending to the discourses that you have hard, nor regarding the company you are in: or it may be (which of both conjectures is likeliest) that hearing so much talke of love, you are either driven to the remembrance of the Italian Ladyes which once you served, or els to the service of those in Englande which you have since your comming seene, for as Andromache when so ever she saw the Tombe of Hector coulde not refraine from weeping, or as Laodamia could never beholde the picture of Protesilaus in wax, but she alwayes fainted, so lovers when-soever they viewe the image of their Ladies, though not the same substance, yet the similitude in shadow, they are so benumbed in their joints, and so bereft of their wittes, that they have neither the power to move their bodies to shew life, nor their tongues to make aunswere, so that I thinking that with your other sences, you had also lost your smelling, thought rather to be a thorne, whose point might make you feelee somewhat, then a Violet whose savour could cause you to smell nothing.

Philautus seing this Gentlewoman so pleasantly disposed, replied in this manner.

GEntlewoman, to studie for a seconde wife, before I knowe my first, were to resemble the good Huswife in Naples, who tooke thought to bringe forth hir chickens before she had Hens to lay Eggs, & to muse who should father my first childe, wer to doubt when the cowe is mine, who should owe the calfe. But I will neither be so hastie to beate my braines about two wives, before I knowe where to get one, nor so jelous to mistrust hir fidelitie when I have one. Touching the view of Ladies or the remembrance of my loves, me thinketh it should rather sharpe the poynt in me then abate the edge. My sences are not lost though my labour bee, and therefore my good Violet, pricke not him forward with sharpenesse, whom thou shouldest rather comfort with savours. But to put you out of doubt that my witts were not al this while a wol-gathering, I was debating with my selfe, whether in love it were better to be constant, bewraying all the counsailes, or secreat being ready every hour to flinch: And so many reasons came to confirme either, that I coulde not be resolved of any. To be constant what thing more requisite in love, when it shall alwayes be greene like the Ivie, though the Sun parch it, that shal ever be hard like the true Diamond, though the hammer beate it, that still groweth with the good vine, though the knife cut it. Constancy is like unto the Storke, who wheresoever she flye commeth into no neast but hir owne, or the Lapwinge, whom nothing can drive from hir young ones, but death: But to reveale the secreats of love, the counsailes, the conclusions, what greater dispite to his Ladie, or more shamefull discredite to himselfe, can be immagined, when there shall no letter passe but it shalbee disclosed, no talke uttered but it shall bee againe repeated, nothing done but it shall be revealed: Which when I considered, mee thought it better to have one that shoulde be secrete though fickle, then a blab though constant.

For what is there in the worlde that more deliteth a lover then secrecie, whiche is voyde of feare, without suspition, free from envie: the onely hope a woeman hath to builde both hir honour and honestie uppon.

The tongue of a lover should be like the poynt in the Diall, which though it go, none can see it going, or a young tree which though it growe, none can perceive it growing, having alwayes the stone in their mouth which the Cranes use when they flye over mountaines, least they make a noyse. But to bee sylent, and lyghtly to esteeme of his Ladye, to shake hir off though he be secreat, to chaunge for everything though he bewray nothing, is the onely thing that cutteth the heart in peeces of a true and constant lover, which deeply waying with my selfe, I preferred him that woulde never remove, though he reveiled all, before him that woulde conceale all, and ever bee slyding. Thus wafting to and fro, I appeale to you my good Violet, whether in love be more required secrecie, or constancy.

Frauncis with hir accustomed boldnes, yet modestly, replied as followeth.

GEntleman if I shoulde aske you whether in the making of a good sworde, yron were more to bee required, or steele, sure I am you woulde aunswere that both were necessarie: Or if I shoulde be so curious to demaunde whether in a tale tolde to your Ladyes, disposition or invention be most convenient, I cannot thinke but you woulde judge them both expedient, for as one mettall is to be tempored with another in fashioning a good blade, least either, being all of steele it quickly breake, or all of yron it never cutte, so fareth it in speach, which if it be not seasoned as well with witte to move delight, as with art, to manifest cunning, there is no eloquence, and in no other manner standeth it with love, for to be secreate and not constant, or constant and not secret, were to builde a house of mortar without stones, or a wall of stones without mortar.

There is no lively picture drawn with one colour, no curious Image wrought with one toole, no perfect Musike played with one string, and wouldest thou have love, the patterne of eternitie, couloured either with constancie alone, or onely secrecie?

There must in every triangle be three lines, the first beginneth, the seconde augmenteth, the third concludeth it a figure. So in love three vertues, affection which draweth the heart, secrecie which increaseth the hope, constancie, which finish the worke: without any of these lynes there can be no triangle, without any of these vertues, no love.

There is no man that runneth with one legge, no birde that flyeth with one winge, no love that lasteth with one lym. Love is likened to the Emerald which cracketh rather then consenteth to any disloyaltie, and can there be any greater villany then being secreat, not to be constant or being constant not to be secret. But it falleth out with those that being constant are yet full of bable, as it doth with the serpent Jaculus & the Viper, who burst with their owne brood, as these are torne with their owne tongues.

It is no question Philautus to aske which is best, when being not joyned there is never a good. If thou make a question where there is no doubt, thou must take an aunswere, where there is no reason. Why then also doest thou not enquire whether it were better for a horse to want its foreleggs or his hinder, when having not all he cannot travell: why art thou not inquisitive, whether it were more convenient for the wrastlers in the games of Olympia to be without armes or without feete, or for trees to want rootes or lacke tops when either is impossible? Ther is no

true lover beleeve me Philautus, sence telleth me so, not triall, that hath not faith, secrecie, and constancie. If thou want either it is lust, no love, and that thou hast not them all, thy profound question assureth me: which if thou diddest aske to trie my wit, thou thoughtest me very dull, if thou resolve thy selfe of a doubt, I cannot thinke thee very sharpe.

Philautus that perceived hir to be so sharp, thought once againe like a whetston to make hir sharper, and in these wordes returned his aunswere.

MY sweete violet, you are not unlike unto those, who having gotten the startte in a race, thinke none to bee neere their heeles, bicause they be formost: For having the tale in your mouth, you imagine it is all trueth, and that none can controll it.

Frauncis who was not willing to heare him goe forward in so fond an argument, cut him off before he should come to his conclusion.

GEntle-man, the faster you runne after me, the farther you are from me: therefore I would wish you to take heede, that in seeking to strik at my heeles, you trippe not up your owne. You would faine with your witte cast a white upon blacke, where-in you are not unlike unto those, that seing their shadow very short in the Sunne, thinke to touch their head with their heele, and putting forth their legge are farther from it, then when they stoode still. In my opinion it were better to sit on the ground with little ease, then to ryse and fall with great daunger.

Philautus beeing in a maze to what end this talke should tende, thought that eyther Camilla had made hir privie to his love, or that she meant by suspition to entrappe him: Therfore meaning to leave his former question, and to aunswere hir speach proceeded thus.

Mlstris Frauncis, you resemble in your sayings the Painter Tamantes, in whose pictures there was ever more understoode then painted: for with a glose you seeme to shadow that, which in coulours you wil not shewe. It can-not be, my violet, that the faster I run after you, the farther I shoulde bee from you, unlesse that eyther you have wings tyed to your heeles, or I thornes thrust into mine. The last dogge oftentimes catcheth the Hare, though the fleetest turne him, the slow Snaile clymeth the tower at last, though the swift Swallowe mount it, the lasiest winneth the goale, sometimes, though the lightest be neere it. In hunting I had as lief stand at the receite, as at the loosing, in running rather endure long with an easie amble, then leave off being out of winde, with a swifte gallop: Especially when I runne as Hippomanes did with Atlanta, who was last in the course, but first at the crowne: So that I gesse that woemen are eyther easie to be out stripped, or willing.

I seeke not to trippe at you, bicause I might so hynder you and hurt my self: for in letting your course by striking at your shorte heeles, you woulde when I should crave pardon, shew me a high instep.

As for my shadowe, I never go about to reach it, but when the Sunne is at the highest, for then is my shadowe at the shortest, so that it is not difficult to touch my head with my heele, when it lyeth almoste under my heele.

You say it is better to sit still then to aryse and fall, and I saye hee that never clymbeth for feare of falling, is like unto him that never drincketh for feare of surfeting.

If you thinke eyther the ground so slipperie, wherein I runne, that I must needes fall, or my feete so chill that I must needes founder, it maye be I will chaunge my course here-after, but I meane to ende it now: for I had rather fall out of a lowe window to the ground, then hang in midde way by a bryer.

Frauncis who tooke no little pleasure to heare Philautus talke, began to come on roundly in these tearmes.

IT is a signe Gentleman that your footemanship is better then your stomacke: for what-soever you say, me thinketh you had rather be held in a slippe, then let slippe, where-in you resemble the graye-hounde, that seeing his game, leapeth upon him that holdeth him, not running after that he is held for; or the Hawke which being cast off at a Partridge, taketh a stand to prune hir fethers, when she should take hir flight. For it seemeth you beare good will to the game you can-not play at, or will not, or dare not, where-in you imitate the Cat that leaveth the Mouse, to follow the milk-pan: for I perceive that you let the Hare go by, to hunt the Badger.

Philautus astonied at this speache, knew not which way to frame his aunswere, thinking now that shee perceived his tale to be adressed to hir, though his love were fixed on Camilla, But to rydde hir of suspition, though loth that Camilla should conceive any inckling, he played fast and loose in this manner.

Gentlewoman you mistake me very much, for I have beene better taught then fedde, and therefore I knowe how to follow my game, if it be for my gaine: For wer there two Hares to runne at, I would endeavor not to catch the first that I followed, but the last that I started: yet so as the firste shoulde not scape, nor the last be caught.

You speake contraries, quoth Frauncis, and you wil worke wonders, but take heede your cunning in hunting, make you not to loose both.

Both said Philautus, why I seeke but for one, and yet of two quoth Frauncis, you can-not tell which to follow, one runneth so fast you wil never catch hir, the other is so at the squat, you can never finde hir.

The Ladie Flavia, whether desirous to sleepe, or loth these jests should be too broad as moderator commaunded them both to silence, willing Euphues as umper in these matters, briefly to speake his minde. Camilla and Surious are yet talking, Frauncis and Philautus are not idle, yet all attentive to heare Euphues, as well for the expectation they had of his wit, as to knowe the drift of theyr discourses, who thus began the conclusion of all their speaches.

It was a lawe among the Persians, that the Musitian should not judge of the Painter, nor anye one meddle in that handy craft, where-in hee was not expert, which maketh me mervaille good Madam that you should appoynt him to be an umper in love, who never yet had skill in his lawes. For although I seemed to consent by my silence before I knewe the argument where-of you would dispute, yet hearing nothing but reasons for love, I must eyther call backe my promyse, or call in your discourses, and better it were in my opinion not to have your reasons concluded, then to have them confuted. But sure I am that neyther a good excuse will serve, where authority is rigorous, nor a bad one be hard, where necessitie compelleth. But least I be longer in breaking a web then the Spider is in weaving it, Your pardons obteyned, if I offend in

sharpnesse, and your patience graunted, if molest in length, I thus beginne to conclude against you all, not as one singuler in his owne conceite, but to be tryed by your gentle constructions.

SUrius beginneth with love, which procedeth by beautie (under the whiche hee comprehendeth all other vertues) Ladye Flavia moveth a question, whether the meeting of Lovers be tollerable. Philautus commeth in with two braunches in his hande, as though there were no more leaves on that tree, asking whether constancie or secrecie be most to be required, great holde there hath beene who shoulde prove his love best, when in my opinion there is none good. But such is the vanitie of youth, that it thinketh nothing worthie either of commendation or conference, but onely love, whereof they sowe much and reape little, wherein they spende all and gaine nothing, where-by they runne into daungers before they wist, and repent their desires before they woulde. I doe not discommende honest affection, which is grounded uppon vertue as the meane, but disordinate fancie whiche is builded uppon lust as an extremitie: and lust I must tearme that which is begunne in an houre and ended in a minuit, the common love in this our age, where Ladyes are courted for beautye, not for vertue, men loved for proportion in bodie, not perfection in minde.

It fareth with lovers as with those that drinke of the ryver Gallus in Phrigia, whereof sipping moderately is a medicine, but swilling with excesse it breedeth madnesse.

Lycurgus set it downe for a lawe, that where men were commonly dronken, the vynes shoulde bee destroyed, and I am of that minde, that where youth is given to love, the meanes shoulde be removed. For as the earth wherein the Mynes of Silver and golde are hidden is profitable for no other thing but mettalles, so the heart wherein love is harboured, receiveth no other seede but affection. Lovers seeke not those thinges which are most profitable, but most pleasant, resembling those that make garlands, who choose the fayrest flowers, not the holsomest, and beeing once entangled with desire, they alwayes have the disease, not unlike the Goat, who is never without an aigue, then beeing once in, they followe the note of the Nightingale, which is saide with continual straying to singe, to perishe in hir sweete layes, as they doe in their sugred lives: where is it possible either to eate or drinke, or walke but he shal heare some question of love? in somuch that love is become so common, that there is no artificer of so base a crafte, no clowne so simple, no begger so poore, but either talketh of love, or liveth in love, when they neither know the meanes to come by it, nor the wisdom to encrease it: And what can be the cause of these loving wormes, but onely idlenesse?

But to set downe as a moderator the true perfection of love, not like an enemie to talke of the infection, (whiche is neither the part of my office, nor pleasaunt to your eares,) this is my judgement.

True and vertuous love is to be grounded uppon Time, Reason, Favour & Vertue. Time to make trial, not at the first glaunce so to settle his minde, as though he were willing to be caught, when he might escape, but so by observation and experience, to builde and augment his desires, that he be not deceaved with beautie, but perswaded with constancie. Reason, that all his doings and proceedings seeme not to flowe from a minde enflamed with lust, but a true hart kindled with love. Favour, to delight his eyes, which are the first messengers of affection, Vertue to allure the soule for the which all thinges are to be desired.

The arguments of faith in a man, are constancie not to be removed, secrecie not to utter, securitie not to mistrust, credulitie to beleieve: in a woman patience to endure, jelousie to

suspect, liberalitie to bestowe, fervency, faithfulness, one of the which branches if either the man want, or the woman, it may be a lyking betweene them for the time, but no love to continue for ever. Touching Surlus his question whether love come from the man or the woman, it is manifest that it beginneth in both, els can it not ende in both.

To the Lady Flavius demaunde concerning companie, it is requisite they shoulde meete, and though they be hindered by divers meanes, yet is it impossible but that they will meete.

Philautus must this thinke, that constancie without secrecie availeth little, and secrecie without constancie profiteth lesse.

Thus have I good maddame according to my simple skill in love set downe my judgement, which you may at your Ladishippes pleasure correcte, for hee that never tooke the oare in hand must not think scorne to be taught. Well quoth the Lady, you can say more if you list, but either you feare to offende our eares, or to bewray your owne follies, one may easily perceive that you have bene of late in the painters shop, by the colours that sticke in your coate, but at this time I will urge nothing though I suspect somewhat.

Surlus gave Euphuus thanks allowing his judgment in the description of love, especially in this, that he would have a woman if she were faithful to be also jelious, which is as necessary to be required in them as constancie.

Camilla smiling saide that Euphuus was deceived, for he would have saide that men should have bene jelious, and yet that had bene but superfluous, for they are never otherwise.

Philautus thinking Camilla to use that speach to girde him, for that all that night he vewed hir with a suspitious eye, answered that jelousie in a man was to be pardoned, bicause there is no difference in the looke of a lover, that can distinguish a jelious eye, from a loving.

Frauncis who thought hir part not to be the least, saide that in all thinges Euphuus spake gospel saving in that he bounde a woman to patience, which is to make them fooles.

Thus every one gave his verdit, and so with thanks to the Lady Flavia, they all tooke their leave for that night. Surlus went to his lodging, Euphuus and Philautus to theirs, Camilla accompanied with hir women and hir wayting maide, departed to hir home, whome I meane to bring to hir chamber, leaving all the rest to their rest.

Camilla no sooner had entred in hir chamber, but she began in straunge tearmes to utter this straunge tale, hir doore being cloose shutte, and hir chamber voyded.

Ah Camilla, ah wretched wench Camilla, I perceive nowe, that when the Hoppe groweth high it must have a pole, when the Ivie spreadeth, it cleaveth to the flint, when the Vine riseth it wretheth about the Elme, when virgins wax in yeares, they follow that which belongeth to their appetites, love -- love? Yea love Camilla, the force whereof thou knowest not, and yet must endure the furie. Where is that precious herbe Panace which cureth all diseases? Or that herbe Nepenthes that procureth all delights? No no Camilla: love is not to bee cured by herbes which commeth by fancy, neither can plaisters take away the grieve, which is growen so great by perswasions. For as the stone Draconites can by no meanes be polished unless the Lapidarie burne it, so the mind of Camilla can by no meanes be cured except Surlus ease it.

I see that love is not unlike unto the stone Pansura, which draweth all other stones, be they never so heavy, having in it the three rootes which they attribute to Musicke, Mirth, Melancholie, Madnesse.

I but Camilla dissemble thy love, though it shorten thy lyfe, for better it were to dye with grieve, then live with shame. The Spunge is full of water, yet is it not seene, the hearbe Adyaton though it be wet, looketh alwayes drye, and a wise Lover be she never so much tormented, behaveth hir selfe as though shee were not touched. I but fire can-not be hydden in the flaxe with-out smoake, nor Muske in the bosome with-out smell, nor love in the breast with-out suspition: Why then confesse thy love to Surius, Camilla, who is ready to ask before thou graunt. But it fareth in love, as it doth with the roote of the Reede, which being put unto the ferne taketh away all his strength, and likewise the Roote of the Ferne put to the Reede, depriveth it of all his force: so the lookes of Surius having taken all freedome from the eyes of Camilla, it may be the glaunces of Camilla have bereaved Surius of all libertie, which if it wer so, how happy shouldest thou be, and that it is so, why shouldest not thou hope. I but Surius is noble, I but love regardeth no byrth, I but his friendes will not consent, I but love knoweth no kindred, I but he is not willing to love, nor thou worthy to bee wooed, I but love maketh the proudest to stoupe, and to court the poorest.

Whylst she was thus debating, one of hir Maidens chaunced to knocke, which she hearing left off that, which al you Gentlewomen would gladly heare, for no doubt she determined to make a long sermon, had not she beene interrupted: But by the preamble you may gesse to what purpose the drift tended. This I note, that they that are most wise, most vertuous, most beautiful, are not free from the impressions of Fancy: For who would have thought that Camilla, who seemed to disdain love, should so soone be entangled. But as the straightest wands are to be bent when they be small, so the presisest Virgins are to be won when they be young. But I will leave Camilla, with whose love I have nothing to meddle, for that it maketh nothing to my matter. And returne we to Euphues, who must play the last parte.

Euphues bestowing his time in the Courte, began to marke diligentlye the men, and their manners, not as one curious to misconster, but desirous to be instructed. Manye dayes hee used speach with the Ladyes, sundrye tymes with the Gentle-women, with all became so familiar, that he was of all earnestly beloved.

Philautus had taken such a smacke in the good entertainment of the Ladie Flavia, that he beganne to looke askew uppon Camilla, driving out the remembrance of his olde love, with the recording of the new. Who now but his violet, who but Mistris Frauncis, whom if once every day he had not seene, he wold have beene so solen, that no man should have seene him.

Euphues who watched his friend, demaunded how his love proceded with Camilla, unto whom Philautus gave no aunswere but a smile, by the which Euphues thought his affection but small. At the last thinking it both contrary to his oth and his honestie to conceale any thinge from Euphues, he confessed, that his minde was chaunged from Camilla to Frauncis. Love quoth Euphues will never make thee mad, for it commeth by fits, not like a quotidian, but a tertian.

In deede quoth Philautus, if ever I kill my selfe for love, it shall be with a sigh, not with a sworde.

Thus they passed the time many dayes in England, Euphues commonlye in the court to learne fashions, Philautus ever in the countrey to love Frauncis: so sweete a violet to his nose, that he could hardly suffer it to be an houre from his nose.

But nowe came the tyme, that Euphues was to trye Philautus trueth, for it happened that letters were directed from Athens to London, concerning serious and waightie affayres of his owne, which incited him to hasten his departure, the contentes of the which when he had imparted to Philautus, and requested his company, his friende was so fast tyed by the eyes, that he found thornes in his heele, which Euphues knewe to be thoughtes in his heart, and by no meanes hee could perswade him to goe into Italy, so sweete was the very smoke of England.

Euphues knowing the tyde would tarrye for no man, and seeing his businesse to require such speede, beeing for his great preferment, determined sodeinly to departe, yet not with-out taking of his leave curteouslye, and giving thankes to all those which since his comming had used him friendlye: Which that it myght be done with one breath, hee desired the Merchaunt with whome all this while he sojourned to invite a great number to dynner, some of great calling, manye of good credit, amonge the which Surius as chiefe, the Ladie Flavia, Camilla and Mistris Frauncis were not forgotten.

The time being come of meeting, he saluted them all in this manner.

I was never more desirous to come into England then I am loth to departe, such curtesie have I found, which I looked not for, and such qualities as I could not looke for, which I speake not to flatter any, when in trueth it is knowne to you all. But now the time is come that Euphues must packe from those, whome he best loveth, and go to the Seas, which he hardlye brooketh.

But I would Fortune had delt so favourable with a poore Grecian, that he might have eyther beene borne heere, or able to live heere: which seeing the one is past and can-not be, the other unlikely, and therfore not easie to be, I must endure the crueltie of the one, and with patience beare the necessitie of the other.

Yet this I earnestly crave of you all, that you wil in steede of a recompence accept thankes, & of him that is able to give nothing, take prayer for payment. What my good minde is to you all, my tongue can-not utter, what my true meaning is, your heartes can-not conceive: yet as occasion shall serve, I will shewe that I have not forgotten any, though I may not requit one. Philautus not wiser then I in this, though bolder, is determined to tarry behinde: for hee sayth that he had as lief be buried in England, as married in Italy: so holy doth he thinke the ground heere, or so homely the women ther, whome although I would gladly have with me, yet seeing I can-not, I am most earnestlye to request you all, not for my sake, who ought to desire nothing, nor for his sake who is able to deserve little, but for the curtesies sake of England, that you use him not so well as you have done, which wold make him proud, but no worse then I wish him, which wil make him pure: for thogh I speak before his face, you shall finde true behinde his backe, that he is yet but wax, which must be wrought whilst the water is warme, and yron which being hot, is apt either to make a key or a locke.

It may be Ladies and Gentlewoemen all, that though England be not for Euphues to dwell in, yet it is for Euphues to send to.

When he had thus sayd, he could scarce speake for weeping, all the companye were sorye to forgoe him, some proffered him mony, some lands, some houses, but he refused them all, telling them that not the necessitie of lacke caused him not to departe, but of importance.

This done, they sate downe all to dinner, but Euphues could not be merry, for that he should so soone depart, the feast being ended, which was very sumptuous, as Merchaunts never spare for cost, when they have ful coffers, they al heartely tooke their leaves of Euphues, Camilla who liked verie well of his company, taking him by the hande, desired him that being in Athens, he woulde not forget his friends in Englande, and the rather for your sake quoth she, your friende shalbe better welcome, yea, & to me for his owne sake quoth Flavia, where at Philautus joyced and Frauncis was not sorie, who began a little to listen to the lure of love.

Euphues having all things in a redinesse went immediately toward Dover, whether Philautus also accompanied him, yet not forgetting by the way to visite the good olde father Fidus, whose curtesie they receaved at their comming. Fidus glade to see them, made them great cheare according to his abilitie, which had it been lesse, woulde have bene aunswerable to either desires. Much communication they had of the court, but Euphues cryed quittance, for he saide thinges that are commonly knowne it were folly to repeat, and secretes, it were against mine honestie to utter.

The next morning they went to Dover where Euphues being readie to take ship, he first tooke his farewell of Philautus in these wordes.

Philautus the care that I have had of thee, from time to time, hath beene tried by the counsaile I have alwayes given thee, which if thou have forgotten, I meane no more to write in water, if thou remember imprint it still. But seeing my departure from thee is as it were my death, for that I knowe not whether ever I shall see thee, take this as my last testament of good will.

Bee humble to thy superiours , gentle to thy equalls, to thy inferiours favourable, envie not thy betters, justle not thy fellowes, oppresse not the poore.

The stipende that is allowed to maintaine thee use wisely, be neither prodigall to spende all, nor covetous to keepe all, cut thy coat according to thy cloth, and thinke it better to bee accompted thriftie among the wise, then a good companion among the riotous.

For thy studie or trade of life, use thy booke in the morning, thy bowe after dinner or what other exercise shall please thee best, but alwayes have an eye to the mayne, what soever thou art chaunced at the buy.

Let thy practise be lawe, for the practise of Phisike is too base for so fyne a stomacke as thine, and divinitie too curious for so fickle a heade as thou hast.

Touching thy proceedings in love, be constant to one, and trie but one, otherwise thou shalt bring thy credite into question, and thy love into derision.

Weane thy selfe from Camilla, deale wisely with Frauncis, for in Englande thou shalt finde those that will decypher thy dealings be they never so politique, be secret to thy selfe, and trust none in matters of love as thou lovest thy life.

Certifie me of thy proceedings by thy letters, and thinke that Euphues cannot forget Philautus, who is as deare to mee as my selfe. Commende me to all my friendes: And so farewell good Philautus, and well shalt thou fare if thou followe the counsell of Euphues.

PHilautus the water standing in his eyes, not able to aunswere one worde, untill he had well wepte, replied at the last as it were in one worde, saying, that his counsaile shoulde bee engraven in his heart, and hee woulde followe everie thing that was prescribed him, certifying him of his successe as either occasion, or opportunitie should serve.

But when friendes at departing woulde utter most, then teares hinder most, whiche brake off both his aunswere, and stayde Euphues replye, so after many millions of embracings, at the last they departed. Philautus to London where I leave him, Euphues to Athens where I meane to follow him, for hee it is that I am to goe with, not Philautus.

There was nothing that happened on the Seas worthie the writing, but within fewe dayes Euphues having a merrye winde arryved at Athens, where after hee had visited his friendes, and set an order in his affayres, he began to addresse his letters to Livia touching the state of Englande in this manner.

Livia I salute thee in the Lorde, &c. I am at length returned out of Englande, a place in my opinion (if any such may be in the earth) not inferiour to a Paradise.

I have here inclosed sent thee the discription, the manners, the conditions, the government and entertainment of that countrie.

I have thought it good to dedicate it to the Ladies of Italy, if thou thinke it worthy, as thou cannest not otherwise, cause it to be imprinted, that the praise of such an Isle, may cause those that dwell els where, both to commende it, and marvell at it.

Philautus I have left behinde me, who like an olde dogge followeth his olde sent, love, wiser he is then he was woont, but as yet nothing more fortunate. I am in helth, and that thou art so, I heare nothing to the contrarie, but I knowe not howe it fareth with me, for I cannot as yet brooke mine owne countrie, I am so delighted with another.

Advertise me by letters what estate thou art in, also howe thou likest the state of Englande, which I have sent thee. And so farewell.

Thine to use Euphues.

To the Ladyes and Gentlewomen of
Italy: Euphues wisheth helth
and honour.

IF I had brought (Ladyes) little dogges from Malta, or straunge stones from India, or fine carpets from Turkie, I am sure that either you woulde have woud me to have them, or wished to see them.

But I am come out of Englande with a Glasse, wherein you shall behold the things which you never sawe, and marvel at the sightes when you have seene. Not a Glasse to make you beautiful, but to make you blush, yet not at your vices, but others vertues, not a Glasse to dresse your haire but to redresse your harmes, by the which if you every morning correcte your manners, being as carefull to amend faultes in your hearts, as you are curious to finde faults in your heads, you shall in short time be as much commended for vertue of the wise, as for beautie of the wanton.

Yet at the first sight if you seeme deformed by looking in this glasse, you must not thinke that the fault is in the glasse, but in your manners, not resembling Lavia, who seeing hir beautie in a true glasse to be but deformitie, washed hir face, and broke the glasse.

Heere shall you see beautie accompanied with virginity, temperance, mercie, justice, magnanimitie, and all other vertues whatsoever, rare in your sex, and but one, and rarer then the Phoenix where I thinke there is not one.

In this glasse shall you see that the glasses which you carrie in your fannes of fethers, shewe you to be lyghter then fethers, that the Glasses wher-in you carouse your wine, make you to be more wanton then Bacchus, that the new found glasse Cheynes that you weare about your neckes, argue you to be more brittle then glasse. But your eyes being too olde to judge of so rare a spectacle, my counsell is that you looke with spectacles: for ill can you abyde the beames of the cleere Sunne, being skant able to view the blase of a dymme candell. The spectacles I would have you use, are for the one eie judgment with-out flattering your selves, for the other eye, beliefe with-out mistrusting of mee.

And then I doubt not but you shall both thanke mee for this Glasse (which I sende also into all places of Europe) and thinke worse of your garyshe Glasses, which maketh you of no more price then broken Glasses.

Thus fayre Ladyes, hoping you will be as willing to pry in this Glasse for amendement of manners, as you are to prancke your selves in a lookinge Glasse, for commendation of menne, I wishe you as much beautie as you would have, so as you would endeavour to have as much vertue as you shoulde have. And so farewell.

Euphues
Euphues Glasse for
Europe.

There is an Isle lying in the Ocean Sea, directly against that part of Fraunce, which containeth Picardie and Normandie, called now England, heeretofore named Britaine, it hath Ireland upon the West side, on the North the maine Sea, on the East side the Germaine Ocean. This Islande is in circuit 1720. myles, in forme like unto a Triangle, beeing broadest in the South part, and gathering narrower and narrower till it come to the farthest poynt of Cathnesse, Northward, wher it is narrowest, and ther endeth in manner of a Promonterie. To repeate the auncient manner of this Island, or what sundry nations have inhabited there, to set downe the Giauntes, which in bygnesse of bone have passed the common sise, and almost common creditte, to rehearse what diversities of Languages have beene used, into how many kyngdomes it hath beene divided, what Religions have beene followed before the comming of Christ, although it would breede great delight to your eares, yet might it happily seeme tedious: For that honnie taken excessively cloyeth the stomacke though it be honnie.

But my minde is briefly to touch such things as at my being there I gathered by myne owne studie and enquirie, not meaning to write a Chronocle, but to set downe in a word what I heard by conference.

It hath in it twentie and sixe Cities, of the which the chiefest is named London, a place both for the beautie of buyldings, infinite riches, varietie of all things, that excelleth all the Cities in the world: insomuch that it maye be called the Store-house and Marte of all Europe. Close by this Citie runneth the famous Ryver called the Theames, which from the head wher it ryseth named Isis, unto the fall Midway it is thought to be an hundred and forescore myles. What can there be in anye place under the heavens, that is not in this noble Citie eyther to be bought or borrowed?

It hath divers Hospitals for the relieving of the poore, six-score fayre Churches for divine service, a glorious Burse which they call the Ryoll Exchaung, for the meeting of Merchants of all countries where any traffique is to be had. And among al the straung and beautifull shoves, mee thinketh there is none so notable, as the Bridge which crosseth the Theames, which is in manner of a continuall streete, well replenyshed with large and stately houses on both sides, and situate upon twentie Arches, where-of each one is made of excellent free stone squared, everye one of them being three-score foote in hight, and full twentie in distaunce one from another.

To this place the whole Realme hath his recourse, wher-by it seemeth so populous, that one would scarce think so many people to be in the whole Island, as he shall see somtymes in London.

This maketh Gentlemen brave, and Merchaunts rich, Citisens to purchase, and sojourners to morgage, so that it is to be thought, that the greatest wealth and substaunce of the whole Realme is couched within-in the walles of London, where they that be rich keepe it from those that be ryotous, not deteining it from the lustie youthes of England by rigor, but encreasing it untill young men shall savor of reason, wherein they shew them-selves. Tresurers for others, not horders for them-selves, yet although it be sure enough, woulde they had it, in my opinion, it were better to be in the Gentle-mans purse, then in the Merchants handes.

There are in this Isle two and twentie Byshops, which are as it wer superentendaunts over the church, men of great zeale, and deepe knowledge, diligent Preachers of the worde, earnest followers of theyr doctrine, carefull watchmenne that the Woulfe devoure not the Sheepe, in civill government politique, in ruling the spirituall sworde (as farre as to them under their Prince apperteineth) just, cutting of those members from the Church by rigor, that are obstinate in their herisies, and instructing those that are ignoraunt, appoynting godlye and learned Ministers in every of their Seas, that in their absence maye bee lightes to such as are in darkenesse, salt to those that are unsavorie, leaven to such as are not seasoned.

Visitations are holden oftentymes, where-by abuses and disorders, eyther in the laitie for negligence, or in the clergie for superstition, or in al for wicked living there are punyshments, by due execution wherof the divine service of God is honoured with more puritie, and followed with greater sinceritie.

There are also in this Islande two famous Universities, the one Oxforde, the other Cambridge, both for the profession of all sciences, for Divinitie, phisicke, Lawe, and all kinde of learning, excelling all the Universities in Christendome.

I was my selfe in either of them, & like them both so well, that I meane not in the way of controversie to preferre any for the better in Englande, but both for the best in the world, saving this, that Colledges in Oxenford are much more stately for the building, and Cambridge much more sumptuous for the houses in the towne, but the learning neither lyeth in the free stones of the one, nor the fine streates of the other, for out of them both do dayly proceede men of great wisdom, to rule in the common welth, of learning to instruct the common people, of all singuler kinde of professions to do good to all. And let this suffice, not to enquire which of them is the superiour, but that neither of them have their equall, neither to aske which of them is the most auncient, but whether any other bee so famous.

But to proceede in Englande, their buildings are not very stately unlesse it be the houses of noble men and here & there, the place of a Gentleman, but much amended, as they report that have told me. For their munition they have not onely great stoore, but also great cunning to use them, and courage to practise them, there armour is not unlike unto that which in other countries they use, as Corselets, Almaine Rivetts, shirts of male, jacks quilted and covered over with Leather, Fustion, or Canvas, over thicke plates of yron that are sowed in the same.

The ordinaunce they have is great, and thereof great store.

Their navie is devided as it were into three sorts, of the which the one serveth for warres, the other for burthen, the thirde for fishermen. And some vessels there be (I knowe not by experience, and yet I beleewe by circumstance) that will saile nyne hundred myles in a weeke, when I should scarce thinke that a birde could flye foure hundred.

Touching other commodities, they have foure bathes, the first called Saint Vincents: the seconde, Hallie well, the third Buxton, the fourth (as in olde time they reade) Cair Bledud, but nowe taking his name of a town neere adjoyning it, is called the Bath.

Besides this many wonders there are to be found in this Island, which I will not repeat because I my selfe never sawe them, and you have hearde of greater.

Concerning their dyot, in number of dishes and chaung of meate, the nobilitie of England do exceed most, having all things that either may be bought for money, or gotten for the season: Gentlemen and merchaunts feede very finely, & a poore man it is that dineth with one dish, and yet so content with a little, that having halfe dyned, they say as it were in a proverbe, that they are as well satisfied as the Lord Maior of London whom they think to fare best, though he eate not most.

In their meales there is great silence and gravitie, using wine rather to ease the stomacke, then to load it, not like unto other nations, who never thinke that they have dyned till they be dronken.

The attire they use is rather ledde by the imitation of others, then their owne invention, so that there is nothing in Englande more constant, then the inconstancie of attire, nowe using the French fashion, nowe the Spanish, then the Morisco gownes, then one thing, then another, insomuch that in drawing of an English man the paynter setteth him downe naked, having in the

one hande a payre of sheares, in the other a peece of cloath, who having cut his collar after the french guise is readie to make his sleeve after the Barbarian manner. And although this were the greatest enormitie that I could see in Englande, yet is it to be excused, for they that cannot maintaine this pride must leave of necessitie, and they that be able, will leave when they see the vanitie.

The lawes they use are different from ours for although the Common and Civil lawe be not abolished, yet are they not had in so greate reputation as their owne common lawes which they tearme the lawes of the Crowne.

The regiment that they have dependeth uppon statute lawe, & that is by Parliament which is the highest court, consisting of three several sortes of people, the Nobilitie, Clergie, & Commons of the Realme, so as whatsoever be among them enacted, the Queene striketh the stroke, allowing such things as to hir majesty seemeth best. Then upon common law, which standeth upon Maximes and principles, yeares & tearmes, the cases in this lawe are called plees, or actions, and they are either criminall or civil, the meane to determine are writts, some originall, some judiciall: Their trials & recoveries are either by verdict, or demur, confession or default, wherein if any fault have beene committed, either in processe or forme, matter or judgement, the partie greeved may have a write of errour.

Then upon customable law, which consisteth uppon laudable customes, used in some private countrie.

Last of all uppon prescription, whiche is a certeine custome continued time out of minde, but it is more particuler then their customary lawe.

Murtherers & theeves are hanged, witches burnt, al other villanies that deserve death punished with death, insomuch that there are very fewe haynous offences practised in respecte of those that in other countries are commonly used.

Of savage beastes and vermyn they have no great store, nor any that are noysome, the cattell they keepe for profite, are Oxen, Horses, Sheepe, Goats, and Swine, and such like, whereof they have abundance, wildfole and fish they want none, nor any thing that either may serve for pleasure or profite.

They have more store of pasture then tillage, their meddowes better then their corne field, which maketh more grasors then Cornemungers, yet sufficient store of both.

They excel for one thing, there dogges of al sorts, spanels, hounds, maistiffes, and divers such, the one they keepe for hunting and hawking, the other for necessarie uses about their houses, as to drawe water, to watch theeves, &c. and there-of they derive the worde mastiffe of Mase [ie, master] and thiefe.

There is in that Isle Salt made, & Saffron, there are great quarries of stone for building, sundrie minerals of Quicksilver, Antimony, Sulphur, blacke Lead and Orpiment redde and yellowe. Also there groweth the finest Alum that is, Vermilion, Bittament, Chrisocolle, Coporus, the mineral stone whereof Petreolum is made, and that which is most straunge, the minerall pearle, which are they are for greatnesse and coulour most excellent, so are they digged out of the maine lande, in places farre distant from the shoare.

Besides these, though not straunge, yet necessarie, they have Cole mines, salt Peter for ordinance, Salt Sode for Glasse.

They want no Tinne nor Leade, there groweth Yron, Steele and Copper, and what not, so hath God blessed that countrie, as it shoulde seeme not onely to have sufficient to serve their owne turnes, but also others necessities, whereof there was an olde saying, all countries stande in neede of Britaine, and Britaine of none.

Their Aire is very wholsome, and pleasant, their civilitie not inferiour to those that deserve best, their wittes very sharpe and quicke, although I have heard that the Italian and the French-man have accompted them but grose and dull pated, which I think came not to passe by the prooffe they made of their wits, but by the Englishmans reporte.

For this is straunge (and yet how true it is there is none that ever travailed thether but can reporte) that it is alwayes incident to an English-man to thinke worst of his owne nation, eyther in learning, experience, common reason, or wit, preferring alwaies a straunger rather for the name, then the wisdom. I for mine owne parte thinke, that in all Europe there are not Lawyers more learned, Divines more profound, Phisitions more expert, then are in England.

But that which most allureth a straunger is their curtesie, their civilitie, & good entertainment. I speake this by experience, that I found more curtesie in England among those I never knewe, in one yeare, then I have done in Athens or Italy among those I ever loved, in twentie.

But having entreated sufficiently of the countrey and their conditions, let me come to the Glasse I promised being the court, where although I should as order requireth beginne with the chiefest, yet I am enforced with the Painter, to reserve my best coulors to end Venus, and to laie the ground with the basest.

First then I must tell you of the grave and wise Counsailors, whose foresight in peace warranteth saftie in warre, whose provision in plentie, maketh sufficient in dearth, whose care in health is as it were a preparative against sicknesse, how great their wisdom hath beene in all things, the twentie two yeares peace doth both shew and prove. For what subtilty hath ther bin wrought so closly, what privy attempts so craftily, what rebellions stirred up so disorderly, but they have by policie bewrayed, prevented by wisdom, repressed by justice? What conspiracies abroad, what confederacies at home, what injuries in anye place hath there beene contrived, the which they have not eyther fore-seene before they could kindle, or quenched before they could flame?

If anye wilye Ulysses should faine maddnesse, there was amonge them alwayes some Palamedes to reveale him, if any Thetis went about to keepe hir sonne from the doing of his countrey service, there was also a wise Ulysses in the courte to bewraye it: If Sinon came with a smoothe tale to bringe in the horse into Troye, there hath beene alwayes some courageous Laocoon to throwe his speare agaynst the bowelles, whiche beeing not bewitched with Laocoon, hath unfoulded that, which Laocoon suspected.

If Argus with his hundred eyes went prying to undermine Jupiter, yet met he with Mercurie, who whiselled all his eyes out: in-somuch as ther coulde never yet any craft prevaile against their policie, or any chalenge against their courage. There hath alwayes beene Achilles at home, to

buckle with Hector abroad, Nestors gravitie to countervail Priams counsaile, Ulysses subtilties to match with Antenors policies. England hath al those, that can and have wrestled with al others, wher-of we can require no greater prooffe then experience.

Besides they have al a zelous care for the encreasing of true religion, whose faiths for the most part hath bin tried through the fire, which they had felt, had not they fledde over the water. Moreover the great studie they bend towards schooles of learning, doth sufficiently declare, that they are not onely furtherers of learning, but fathers of the learned. O thrise happy England where such Counsaylours are, where such people live, where such vertue springeth.

Amonge these shall you finde Zopirus that will mangle him-selfe to do his country good, Achates that will never start an ynnch from his Prince Aeneas, Nasicaa that never wanted a shift in extremitie, Cato that ever counsayled to the best, Ptolomeus Philadelphus, that alwaies maintained learning. Among the number of all which noble and wise counsailors, (I can-not but for his honors sake remember) the most prudent & right honourable the Lorde Burgleigh, high Treasurer of that Realme, no lesse revered for his wisdom, than renowned for his office, more loved at home then feared abroad, and yet more feared for his counsaile amonge other nations, then sworde or fyre, in whome the saying of Agamemnon may be verified, who rather wished for one such as Nestor, then many such as Ajax.

This noble man I found so ready being but a stranger, to do me good, that neyther I ought to forget him, neyther cease to pray for him, that as he hath the wisdom of Nestor, so he may have the age, that having the policies of Ulysses, he may have his honor, worthy to lyve long, by whome so many lyve in quiet, and not unworthy to be advanced, by whose care so many have bene preferred.

Is not this a Glasse fayre Ladies for all other countrie (sic.) to beholde, wher there is not only an agreement in fayth, religion, and counsaile, but in friend-shyppe, brother-hood and lyving? By whose good endeavours vice is punished, vertue rewarded, peace establisshed, forren broyles repressed, domesticall cares appeased? what nation can of Counsailors desire more? what Dominion, that excepted, hath so much? when neither courage can prevail against their chivalrie, nor craft take place agaynst their counsaile, nor both joynde in one be of force to undermine their country, when you have daseled your eyes with this Glasse, behold here an other. It was my fortune to be acquainted with certaine English Gentlemen, which brought mee to the court, wher when I came, I was driven into a maze to behold the lusty & brave gallants, the beutiful & chaste Ladies, the rare & godly orders, so as I could not tel whether I should most commend vertue or bravery. At the last coming oftner thether, then it beseemed one of my degree, yet not so often as they desired my company, I began to pry after theyr manners, natures, and lyves, and that which followeth I saw, where-of who so doubteth, I will sweare.

The Ladies spend the morning in devout prayer, not resembling the Gentlewomen in Greece and Italy, who begin their morning at midnoone, and make their evening at midnight, using sonets for psalmes, & pastymes for prayers, reading the Epistle of a Lover, when they should peruse the Gospell of our Lorde, drawing wanton lynes when death is before their face, as Archimedes did triangles & circles when the enemy was at his backe. Behold Ladies in this glasse, that the service of God is to be preferred before all things, imitat the Englysh Damoselles, who have theyr bookes tyed to theyr gyrdles, not fethers, who are as cunning in the scriptures, as you are in Ariosto or Petrarck or anye booke that lyketh you best, and becommeth you worst.

For bravery I cannot say that you exceede them, for certainly it is the most gorgeous court that ever I have seene, read, or heard of, but yet do they not use theyr apperell so nicely as you in Italy, who thinke scorn to kneele at service, for feare of wrinckles in your silks, who dare not life up your head to heaven, for feare of rumpling the rufs in your neck, yet your hands I confesse are holden up, rather I thinke to shewe your ringes, then to manifest your righteousnessse. The braverie they use is for the honour of their Prince, the attyre you weare for the alluring of your pray, the ritch apparell maketh their beautie more seene, your disguising causeth your faces to be more suspected, they resemble in their rayment the Estrich who being gased on, closeth hir winges and hideth hir feathers, you in your robes are not unlike the pecocke, who being prayseed spreadeth hir tayle and bewrayeth hir pride. Velvetts and Silkes in them are like golde about a pure Diamond, in you like a greene hedge, about a filthy dunghill. Thinke not Ladies that bicause you are decked with golde, you are endued with grace, imagine not that shining like the Sunne in earth, yea shall climbe the Sunne in heaven, looke diligently into this English glasse, and then shall you see that the more costly your apparell is, the greater your curtesie should be, that you ought to be as farre from pride, as you are from povertie, and as neere to princes in beautie, as you are in brightnes. Bicause you are brave, disdaine not those that are base, thinke with your selves that russet coates have their Christendome, that the Sunne when he is at his hight shineth aswel upon course carsie, as cloth of tissue, though you have pearles in your eares, Jewels in your breastes, preacious stones on your fingers, yet disdaine not the stones in the streat, which although they are nothing so noble, yet are they much more necessarie. Let not your robes hinder your devotion, learne of the English Ladies, that God is worthy to be worshipped with the most price, to whom you ought to give all praise, then shall you be like stars to the wise, who now are but staring stockes to the foolish, then shall you be prayseed of most, who are now pointed at of all, then shall God beare with your folly, who nowe abhorreth your pride.

As the Ladies in this blessed Islande are devout and brave, so are they chast and beautifull, insomuch that when I first behelde them, I could not tell whether some mist had bleared myne eyes, or some strang enchauntment altered my minde, for it may bee, thought I, that in this Island, either some Artemidorus or Lisimandro, or some odd Nigromancer did inhabit, who would shewe me Fayries, or the bodie of Helen, or the new shape of Venus, but comming to my selfe, and seeing that my sences were not chaunged, but hindered, that the place where I stode was no enchaunted castell, but a gallant court, I could scarce restraîne my voyce from crying, There is no beautie but in England. There did I behold them of pure complexion, exceeding the lillie, & the rose, of favour (wherein the chieftest beautie consisteth) surpassing the pictures that were feyned, or the Magition that would faine, their eyes percing like the Sun beames, yet chast, their speach pleasant & sweete, yet modest & curteous, their gate comly, their bodies straight, their hands white, al things that man could wish, or women woulde have, which howe much it is, none can set downe, when as the one desireth as much as may be, the other more. And to these beautifull mouldes, chast minds: to these comely bodies temperance, modestie, mildenesse, sobrietie, whom I often beheld, merrie yet wise, conferring with courtiers yet warily: drinking of wine yet moderately, eating of delicats yet but their eare ful, listing to discourses of love but not without reasoning of learning: for there it more delighteth them to talke of Robin hood, then to shoot in his bowe, & greater pleasure they take, to heare of love, then to be in love. Heere Ladies is a Glasse that will make you blush for shame, & looke wan for anger, their beautie commeth by nature, yours by art, they encrease their favours with faire water, you maintaine yours with painters colours, the haire they lay out groweth upon their owne heads, your seemelines hangeth upon others, theirs is alwayes in their owne keeping, yours

often in the Dyars, their bewtie is not lost with a sharpe blast, yours fadeth with a soft breath: Not unlike unto Paper Floures, which breake as soone as they are touched, resembling the birds in Aegypt called Ibes, who being handled loose their feathers, or the serpent Serapie, which beeing but toucht with a brake, bursteth. They use their beautie, bicause it is commendable, you bicause you woulde be common, they if they have little, doe not seeke to make it more, you that have none endeavour to bespeake most, if theirs wither by age they nothing esteeme it, if your wast by yeares, you goe about to keepe it, they knowe that beautie must faile if life continue, you sweare that it shall not fade if coulours last.

But to what ende (Ladies) doe you alter the giftes of nature, by the shiftes of arte? Is there no colour good but white, no Planet bright but Venus, no Linnen faire but Lawne? Why goe yee about to make the face fayre by those meanes, that are most foule, a thing loathsome to man, and therefore not lovely, horrible before God, and therefore not lawefull.

Have ye not hearde that the beautie of the Cradell is most brightest, that paintings are for pictures with out sence, not for persons with true reason. Follow at the last Ladies the Gentlewomen of England, who being beautifull doe those thinges as shall beecome so amyable faces, if of an indifferent hew, those things as shall make them lovely, not adding an ounce to beautie, that may detract a dram from vertue. Besides this their chastitie and temperance is as rare, as their beautie, not going in your footesteppes, that drinke wine before you rise to encrease your coulour, and swill it when you are up, to provoke your lust: They use their needle to banish idlenes, not the pen to nourish it, not spending their times in answering the letters of those that woe them, but forswearing the companie of those that write them, giving no occasion either by wanton lookes, unseemely gestures, unadvised speach, or any uncomly behaviour, of lightnesse, or liking. Contrarie to the custome of many countries, where filthie wordes are accompted to savour of a fine witte, broade speach, of a bolde courage, wanton glaunces, of a sharpe eye sight, wicked deedes, of a comely gesture, all vaine delights, of a right curteous curtesie.

And yet are they not in England presise, but wary, not disdainefull to conferre, but careful to offende, not without remorse where they perceive trueth, but without replying where they suspect trecherie, when as among other nations, there is no tale so lothsome to chast eares but it is heard with great sport, and aunswered with great speade.

Is it not then a shame (Ladies) that that little Island shoulde be a myrrour to you, to Europe, to the whole worlde?

Where is the temperance you professe when wine is more common then water? where the chastity when lust is thought lawful, where the modestie when your mirth turneth to uncleanes, uncleanes to shamelesnes, shamelesnesse to al sinfulness? Learne Ladies though late, yet at length, that the chieftest title of honour in earth, is to give all honour to him that is in heaven, that the greatest braverie in this worlde, is to be burning lampes in the worlde to come, that the clearest beautie in this life, is to be amiable to him that shall give life eternall: Looke in the Glasse of England, too bright I feare me for your eyes, what is there in your sex that they have not, and what that you should not have?

They are in prayer devoute, in bravery humble, in beautie chast, in feasting temperate, in affection wise, in mirth modest, in al their actions though courtlye, bicause woemen, yet Aungels, bicause virtuous.

Ah (good Ladies) good, I say, for that I love you, I would yee could a little abate that pride of your stomackes, that loosenesse of minde, that lycentious behaviour which I have seene in you, with no smal sorowe, and can-not remedy with continuall sighes.

They in England pray when you play, sowe when you sleep, fast when you feast, and weepe for their sins, when you laugh at your sensualitie.

They frequent the Church to serve God, you to see gallants, they deck them-selves for clenlinesse, you for pride, they maintaine their beautie for their owne lyking, you for others lust, they refraine wine, bicause they fear to take too much, you bicause you can take no more. Come Ladies, with teares I call you, looke in this Glasse, repent your sins past, refrain your present vices, abhor vanities to come, say thus with one voice, we can see our faults only in the English Glasse: a Glas of grace to them, of grief to you, to them in the steed of righteousness, to you in place of repentance. The Lords & Gentlemen in that court are also an example for all others to folow, true tipes of nobility, the only stay and staf to honor, brave courtiers, stout soldiers, apt to revell in peace, and ryde in warre. In fight fearce, not dreading death, in friendship firme, not breaking promise, curteous to all that deserve well, cruell to none that deserve ill. Their adversaries they trust not, that sheweth their wisdom, their enemies they feare not, that argueth their courage. They are not apt to proffer injuries, nor fit to take any: loth to pick quarrels, but longing to revenge them.

Active they are in all things, whether it be to wrestle in the games of Olympia, or to fight at Barriers in Palestra, able to carry as great burthens as Milo, of strength to throwe as byg stones as Turnus, and what not that eyther man hath done or may do, worthye of such Ladies, and none but they, and Ladies willing to have such Lordes, and none but such.

This is a Glasse for our youth in Greece, for your young ones in Italy, the English Glasse, behold it Ladies and Lordes, and all, that eyther meane to have pietie, use braverie, encrease beautie, or that desire temperancie, chastitie, witte, wisdom, valure, or any thing that may delight your selves, or deserve praise of others.

But an other sight there is in my Glasse, which maketh me sigh for grieve I can-not shewe it, and yet had I rather offend in derogating from my Glasse, then my good will.

Blessed is that Land, that hath all commodities to encrease the common wealth, happye is that Islande that hath wise counsailours to maintaine it, vertuous courtiers to beautifie it, noble Gentle-menne to advaunce it, but to have suche a Prince to governe it, as is their Sovereigne queene, I know not whether I should thinke the people to be more fortunate, or the Prince famous, whether their felicitie be more to be had in admiration, that have such a ruler, or hir vertues to be honoured, that hath such royaltie, for such is their estat ther, that I am enforced to think that every day is as lucky to the Englishmen, as the sixt daye of Februarie hath beene to the Grecians.

But I see you gase untill I shew this Glasse, which you having once seene, wil make you giddy: Oh Ladies I know not when to begin, nor where to ende: for the more I go about to expresse the brightnes, the more I finde mine eyes bleared, the neerer I desire to come to it, the farther I seme from it, not unlike unto Simonides, who being curious to set downe what God was, the more leysure he tooke, the more loth hee was to meddle, saying that in thinges above reach, it

was easie to catch a straine, but impossible to touch a Star: and therefore scarce tollerable to poynt at that, which one can never pull at. When Alexander had commaunded that none shoulde paint him but Appelles, none carve him but Lysippus, none engrave him but Pirgoteles, Parrhasius framed a Table squared, everye way twoo hundred foote, which in the borders he trimmed with fresh coulours, and limmed with fine golde, leaving all the other rume with-out knotte or lyne, which table he presented to Alexander, who no lesse mervailing at the bignes, then at the barenes, demaunded to what ende he gave him a frame with-out face, being so naked, and with-out fashion being so great. Parrhasius aunswered him, let it be lawfull for Parrhasius, O Alexander, to shew a Table wherin he would paint Alexander, if it were not unlawfull, and for others to square Timber, though Lysippus carve it, and for all to cast brasse though Pirgoteles ingrave it. Alexander perceiving the good minde of Parrhasius, pardoned his boldnesse, and preferred his arte: yet enquiring why hee framed the table so bygge, hee aunswered, that hee thought that frame to bee but little enough for his Picture, when the whole worlde was to little for his personne, saying that Alexander must as well bee praysed, as paynted, and that all his victoryes and vertues, were not for to bee drawne in the Compasse of a Sygnette, but in a field.

This aunswer Alexander both lyked & rewarded, insomuch that it was lawfull ever after for Parrhasius both to praise that noble king and to paint him.

In the like manner I hope, that though it be not requisite that any should paynt their Prince in England, that can-not sufficiently perfect hir, yet it shall not be thought rashnesse or rudenesse for Euphues, to frame a table for Elizabeth, though he presume not to paynt hir. Let Apelles shewe his fine arte, Euphues will manifest his faythfull heart, the one can but prove his conceite to blase his cunning, the other his good will to grinde his coulours: hee that whetteth the tooles is not to bee misliked, though hee can-not carve the Image, the worme that spinneth the silke, is to be esteemed, though she cannot worke the sampler, they that fell tymber for shippes, are not to be blamed, bicause they can-not builde shippes.

He that caryeth mortar furthereth the building, though hee be no expert Mason, hee that diggeth the garden, is to be considered, though he cannot treade the knottes, the Golde-smythes boye must have his wages for blowing the fire, though he can-not fashion the Jewell.

Then Ladyes I hope poore Euphues shalt not bee reviled, though hee deserve not to bee rewarded.

I will set downe this Elizabeth, as neere as I can: And it may be, that as the Venus of Apelles, not finished, the Tindarides of Nichomachus not ended, the Medea of Timomachus not perfected, the table of Parrhasius not couloured, brought greater desire to them, to consumate them, and to others to see them: so the Elizabeth of Euphues, being but shadowed for others to vernish, but begun for others to ende, but drawen with a blacke coale, for others to blase with a bright coulour, may worke either a desire in Euphues heereafter if he live, to ende it, or a minde in those that are better able to amende it, or in all (if none can worke it) a wil to wish it. In the meane season I say as Zeuxis did when he had drawen the picture of Atalanta, more wil envie me then imitate me, and not commende it though they cannot amende it. But I come to my England.

There were for a long time civill wars in this countrey, by reason of several claymes to the Crowne, betweene the two famous and noble houses of Lancaster and Yorke, either of them

pretending to be of the royall bloude, which caused them both to spende their vitall bloode, these jarres continued long, not without great losse, both to the Nobilitie and Comminaltie, who joyning not in one, but divers parts, turned the realme to great ruine, having almost destroyed their countrey before they coulede annoynt a king.

But the lyving God who was loath to oppresse England, at last began to repress injuries, and to give an ende by mercie, to those that could finde no ende of malice, nor looke for any ende of mischief. So tender a care hath he alwaies had of that England, as of a new Israel, his chosen and peculier people.

This peace began by a marriage solemnized by Gods speciall providence, betweene Henrie Earle of Ritchmond heire of the house of Lancaster, and Elizabeth daughter to Edward the fourth, the undoubted issue and heire of the house of Yorke, where by (as they tearme it) the redde Rose and the white, were united and joyned together. Out of these Roses sprang two noble buddes, Prince Arthur and Henrie, the eldest dying without issue, the other of most famous memorie, leaving behinde him three children, Prince Edward, the Ladie Marie, the Ladie Elizabeth. King Edward lived not long, which coulede never for that Realme have lived too long, but sharpe frostes bite forwarde springes, Easterly windes blasteth towardly blossoms, cruell death spareth not those, which we our selves living cannot spare.

The elder sister the Princes Marie, succeeded as next heire to the crowne, and as it chaunced nexte heire to the grave, touching whose life, I can say little bicause I was scarce borne, and what others say, of me shalbe forborne.

This Queene being deceased, Elizabeth being of the age of xxij. yeares, of more beautie then honour, & yet of more honour then any earthly creature, was called from a prisoner to be a Prince, from the castell to the crowne, from the feare of loosing hir heade, to be supream heade. And here Ladies it may be you wil move a question, why this noble Ladie was either in daunger of death, or cause of distresse, which had you thought to have passed in silence, I would notwithstanding have reveiled.

This Ladie all the time of her sisters reigne was kept close, as one that tendered not those proceedings, which were contrarie to hir conscience, who having divers enemies, endured many crosses, but so patiently as in hir deepest sorrow, she would rather sigh for the libertie of the gospel, then hir own freedome. Suffering hir inferiours to triumph over hir, hir foes to threaten hir, hir dissembling friends to undermine hir, learning in all this miserie onely the patience that Zeno taught Eretricus to beare and forbear, never seeking revenge but with good Lycurgus, to loose hir owne eye, rather then to hurt an others eye.

But being nowe placed in the seate royall, she first of al established religion, banished poperie, advaunced the worde, that before was so much defaced, who having in hir hande the sworde to revenge, used rather bountifully to reward: Being as farre from rigour when shee might have killed, as hir enemies were from honestie when they coulede not, giving a general pardon, when she had cause to use perticuler punishments, preferring the name of pittie before the remembrance of perils, thinking no revenge more princely, then to spare when she might spill, to stave when she might strike, to profer to save with mercie, when she might have destroyed with justice. Heere is the clemencie worthie commendation and admiration, nothing inferiour to the gentle disposition of Aristides, who after his exile did not so much as note them that banished

him, saying with Alexander that there can be nothing more noble then to doe well to those, that deserve yll.

This mightie and merciful Queene, having many bills of private persons, that sought before time to betray hir, burnt them all, resembling Julius Caesar, who being presented with the like complaints of his commons, threw them into the fire, saying that he had rather, not knowe the names of rebels, then have occasion to reveng, thinking it better to be ignorant of those that hated them, then to be angrie with them.

This clemencie did hir majestie not onely shew at hir comming to the crowne, but also throughout hir whole government, when she hath spared to shedde their bloods, that sought to spill hers, not racking the lawes to extremitie, but mittigating the rigour with mercy insomuch as it may be said of that royal Monarch as it was of Antoninus, surnamed the godly Emperour, who raigned many yeares without the effusion of blood. What greater vertue can there be in a Prince then mercy, what greater praise then to abate the edge which she should whette, to pardon where she shoulde punish, to rewarde where she should revenge.

I my selfe being in England when hir majestie was for hir recreation in her Barge upon the Thames, hard of a Gun that was shotte off though of the partie unwittingly, yet to hir noble person daungerously, which fact she most graciously pardoned, accepting a just excuse before a great amends, taking more grieffe for hir poore Bargeman that was a little hurt, then care for hir selfe that stoode in greatest hasarde: O rare example of pittie, O singuler spectacle of pietie.

Divers besides have there beene which by private conspiracies, open rebellions, close wiles, cruel witchcraftes, have sought to ende hir life, which saveth all their lives, whose practises by the divine providence of the almightie, have ever beene disclosed, insomuch that he hath kept hir safe in the whales belly when hir subjects went about to throwe hir into the sea, preserved hir in the hoat Oven, when hir enimies encreased the fire, not suffering a haire to fal from hir, much lesse any harme to fasten uppon hir. These injuries & treasons of hir subjects, these policies & undermining of forreine nations so little moved hir, that she woulde often say, let them knowe that though it bee not lawfull for them to speake what they list, yet it is lawfull for us to doe with them what we list, being alwayes of that mercifull minde, which was in Theodosius, who wishid (sic.) rather that he might call the deade to life, then put the living to death, saying with Augustus, when she shoulde set hir hande to any condempnation, I woulde to God we could not writ. Infinite were the ensamples that might be alledged, and almost incredible, whereby shee hath shewed hir selfe a Lambe in meekenesse, when she had cause to be a Lion in might, proved a Dove in favour, when she was provoked to be an Eagle in fiercenesse, requiting injuries with benefits, revenging grudges with gifts, in highest majestie bearing the lowest minde, forgiving all that sued for mercie, and forgetting all that deserved Justice.

O divine nature, O heavenly nobilitie, what thing can there more be required in a Prince, then in greatest power, to shewe greatest patience, in chieftest glorye, to bring forth chieftest grace, in abundaunce of all earthlye pompe, to manifest abundaunce of all heavenly pietie? O fortunate England that hath such a Queene, ungratefull if thou praye not for hir, wicked if thou do not love hir, miserable, if thou loose hir.

Heere Ladies is a Glasse for all Princes to behold, that being called to dignitie, they use moderation, not might, tempering the severitie of the lawes, with the mildnes of love, not executing al they wil, but shewing what they may. Happy are they, and onely they that are under

this glorious and gracious Sovereigntie: in-somuch that I accompt all those abjects, that be not hir subjectes.

But why doe I treade still in one path, when I have so large a field to walke, or lynger about one flower, when I have manye to gather: where-in I resemble those that beeinge delighted with the little brooke, neglect the fountaines head, or that painter, that being curious to colour Cupids Bow, forgot to paint the string.

As this noble Prince is endued with mercie, pacience and moderation, so is she adourned with singuler beautie and chastitie, excelling in the one Venus, in the other Vesta. Who knoweth not how rare a thing it is (Ladies) to match virginitie with beautie, a chaste minde with an amiable face, divine cogitations with a comely countenance? But suche is the grace bestowed upon this earthly Goddess, that having the beautie that myght allure all Princes, she hath the chastitie also to refuse all, accounting it no lesse praise to be called a Virgin, then to be esteemed a Venus, thinking it as great honour to be found chaste, as thought amiable: Where is now Electra the chaste Daughter of Agamemnon? Where is Lala that renowned Virgin? Where is Aemilia, that through hir chastitie wrought wonders, in maintayning continuall fire at the alter of Vesta? Where is Claudia, that to manifest hir virginie set the Shippe on float with hir finger, that multitudes could not remove by force? Where is Tuccia one of the same order, that brought to passe no lesse mervayles, by carrying water in a sive, not shedding one drop from Tiber to the Temple of Vesta? If Virginie have such force, then what hath this chaste Virgin Elizabeth don, who by the space of twenty and odd yeares with continuall peace against all policies, with sundry myracles, contrary to all hope, hath governed that noble Island. Against whome neyther forren force, nor civill fraude, neyther discorde at home, nor conspirices abroad, could prevaile. What greater mervayle hath happened since the beginning of the world, then for a young and tender Maiden, to govern strong and valiaunt menne, then for a Virgin to make the whole worlde, if not to stand in awe of hir, yet to honour hir, yea and to live in spight of all those that spight hir, with hir sword in the sheath, with hir armour in the Tower, with hir souldiers in their gownes, insomuch as hir peace may be called more blessed then the quiet raigne of Numa Pompilius, in whose government the Bees have made their hives in the soldiers helmettes. Now is the Temple of Janus removed from Rome to England, whose dore hath not bene opened this twentie yeares, more to be mervayled at, then the regiment of Debora, who ruled twentie yeares with religion, or Semyramis that governed long with power, or Zenobia that reigned six yeares in prosperitie.

This is the onely miracle that virginie ever wrought, for a little Island envix-roned round about with warres, to stande in peace, for the walles of Fraunce to burne, and the houses of England to freese, for all other nations eyther with civile sworde to be devided, or with forren foes to be invaded, and that countrey neyther to be molested with broyles in their owne bosomes, nor threatned with blasts of other borderers: But alwayes though not laughing, yet looking through an Emeraud at others jarres.

Their fields have beene sowne with corne, straungers there pyched with Camps, they have their men reaping their harvest, when others are mustering in their harneis, they use their peeces to fowle for pleasure, others their Calivers for feare of perrill.

O blessed peace, oh happy Prince, O fortunate people: The lyving God is onely the Englysh God, wher he hath placed peace, which bryngeth all plentie, annoynted a Virgin Queene, which with a wand ruleth hir owne subjects, and with hir worthinesse, winneth the good willes of

straungers, so that she is no lesse gracious among hir own, then glorious to others, no lesse loved of hir people, then mervaled at of other nations.

This is the blessing that Christ alwayes gave to his people, peace: This is the curse that hee giveth to the wicked, there shall bee no peace to the ungodlye: This was the onelye salutation hee used to his Disciples, peace be unto you: And therefore is hee called the GOD of love, and peace in hollye writte.

In peace was the Temple of the Lorde buylt by Salomon, Christ would not be borne, untill there were peace through-out the whole worlde, this was the only thing that Esehias prayed for, let there be trueth and peace, O Lorde, in my dayes. All which examples doe manifestly prove, that ther can be nothing given of God to man more notable then peace.

This peace hath the Lorde continued with good and unspeakable goodnesse amonge his chosen people of England. How much is that nation bounde to such a Prince, by whome they enjoye all benefits of peace, having their barnes full, when others famish, their cofers stuffed with gold, when others have no silver, their wives without daunger, when others are defamed, their daughters chaste, when others are defloured, theyr houses furnished, when others are fired, where they have all thinges for superfluitie, others nothing to sustaine their neede. This peace hath God given for hir vertues, pittie, moderation, virginitie, which peace, the same God of peace continue for his names sake.

TOuching the beautie of this Prince, hir countenance, hir personage, hir majestie, I can-not thinke that it may be sufficiently commended, when it can-not be too much mervaled at: So that I am constrained to saye as Praxitiles did, when hee beganne to paynt Venus and hir Sonne, who doubted, whether the worlde could affoorde coulours good enough for two such fayre faces, and I whether our tongue canne yeelde wordes to blase that beautie, the perfection where-of none canne imagine, which seeing it is so, I must doe like those that want a cleere sight, who being not able to discerne the Sunne in the Skie are inforced to beholde it in the water. Zeuxis having before him fiftie faire virgins of Sparta where by to draw one amiable Venus, said, that fiftie more fayrer then those coulde not minister sufficient beautie to shewe the Godesse of beautie, therefore being in dispaire either by art to shadow hir, or by imagination to comprehend hir, he drew in a table a faire temple, the gates open, & Venus going in, so as nothing coulde be perceived but hir backe, wherein he used such cunning, that Appelles himselfe seeing this worke, wished that Venus would turne hir face, saying that if it were in all partes agreeable to the backe, he woulde become apprentice to Zeuxis, and slave to Venus. In the like manner fareth it with me, for having all the Ladyes in Italy more then fiftie hundered, whereby to coulour Elizabeth, I must say with Zeuxis, that as many more will not suffise, and therefore in as great an agonie paint hir court with hir back towards you, for that I cannot by art portraie hir beautie, wherein though I want the skill to doe it as Zeuxis did, yet vewing it narrowly, and comparing it wisely, you all will say that if hir face be aunswerable to hir backe, you wil like my handi-crafte, and become hir handmaides. In the meane season I leave you gasing untill she turne hir face, imagining hir to be such a one as nature framed, to that end that no art should imitate, wherein shee hath proved hir selfe to bee exquisite, & painters to be Apes.

This Beautifull moule when I behelde to be endued, with chastitie, temperance, mildnesse, & all other good giftes of nature (as hereafter shall appeare) when I saw hir to surpasse all in beautie, and yet a virgin, to excell all in pietie, and yet a prince, to be inferiour to none in all the liniaments of the bodie, and yet superiour to every one in all giftes of the minde, I beegan thus

to pray, that as she hath lived fortie yeares a virgin in great majestie, so she may lyve fourescore yeares a mother, with great joye, that as with hir we have long time hadde peace and plentie, so by hir we may ever have quietnesse and aboundaunce, wishing this even from the bottome of a heart that wisheth well to England, though feareth ill, that either the world may ende before she dye, or she lyve to see hir childrens children in the world: otherwise, how tickle their state is that now triumph, upon what a twist they hang that now are in honour, they that live shal see which I to thinke on, sigh. But God for his mercies sake, Christ for his merits sake, the holy Ghost for his names sake, graunt to that realme, comfort with-out anye ill chaunce, & the Prince they have without any other chaunge, that the longer she liveth the sweeter she may smell, lyke the bird Ibis, that she maye be triumphant in victories lyke the Palme tree, fruitfull in hir age lyke the Vyne, in all ages prosperous, to all men gracious, in all places glorious: so that there be no ende of hir praise, untill the ende of all flesh.

Thus did I often talke with my selfe, and wishe with mine whole soule.

What should I talke of hir sharpe wit, excellent wisdom, exquisite learning, and all other qualities of the minde, where-in she seemeth as farre to excell those that have bene accompted singular, as the learned have surpassed those, that have bene thought simple.

In questioning not inferiour to Nicaulia the Queene of Saba, that did put so many hard doubts to Salomon, equall to Nicostrata in the Greeke tongue, who was thought to give precepts for the better perfection: more learned in the Latine, then Amalasunta: passing Aspasia in Philosophie, who taught Pericles: exceeding in judgement Themistoclea, who instructed Pithagoras, adde to these qualyties, those, that none of these had, the French tongue, the Spanish, the Italian, not meane in every one, but excellent in all, readyer to correct escapes in those languages, then to be controlled, fitter to teach others, then learne of anye, more able to adde new rules, then to erre in the olde: Insomuch as there is no Embassadour, that commeth into hir court, but she is willing & able both to understand his message, & utter hir minde, not lyke unto the Kings of Assiria, who aunswere Embassades by messengers, while they themselves either dally in sinne, or snort in sleepe. Hir godly zeale to learning, with hir great skil, hath bene so manifestly approved, that I cannot tell whether she deserve more honour for hir knowledge, or admiration for hir curtesie, who in great pompe, hath twice directed hir Progresse unto the Universities, with no lesse joye to the Students, then glory to hir State. Where, after long & solempne disputations in Law, Phisicke, & Divinitie, not as one wried with Schollers arguments, but wedded to their orations, when every one feared to offend in length, she in hir own person, with no lesse praise to hir Majestie, then delight to hir subjects, with a wise & learned conclusion, both gave them thanks, & put hir selfe to paines. O noble patterne of a princelye minde, not like to the kings of Persia, who in their progresses did nothing els but cut stickes to drive away the time, nor like the delicate lives of the Sybarites, who would not admit any Art to be exercised within their citie, that might make the least noyse. Hir wit so sharpe, that if I should repeat the apt aunsweres, the subtil questions, the fine speaches, the pithie sentences, which on the soddain she hath uttered, they wold rather breed admiration then credit. But such are the gifts that the living God hath indued hir with-all, that looke in what Arte or Language, wit or learning, vertue or beautie, any one hath perticularly excelled most, she onely hath generally exceeded every one in al, insomuch, that there is nothing to bee added, that either man would wish in a woman, or God doth give to a creature.

I let passe hir skil in Musicke, hir knowledge in al the other sciences, when as I feare least by my simplicity I shoulde make them lesse then they are, in seeking to shewe howe great they

are, unlesse I were praising hir in the gallerie of Olympia, where gyving forth one worde, I might heare seven.

But all these graces although they be to be wondered at, yet hir politique gouvernement, hir prudent counsaile, hir zeale to religion, hir clemencie to those that submit, hir stoutnesse to those that threaten, so farre exceede all other vertues, that they are more easie to be mervailed at, then imitated.

Two and twentie yeares hath she borne the sword with such justice, that neither offenders coulde complaine of rigour, nor the innocent of wrong, yet so tempered with mercie, as malefactours have beene sometimes pardoned upon hope of grace, and the injured requited to ease their grieffe, insomuch that in the whole course of hir glorious raigne, it coulde never be saide, that either the poore were oppressed without remedie, or the guiltie repressed without cause, bearing this engraven in hir noble heart, that justice without mercie were extreame injurie, and pittie without equitie plaine partialitie, and that it is as great tyranny not to mitigate Laws, as iniquitie to breake them.

Hir care for the flourishing of the Gospell hath wel appeared, when as neither the curses of the Pope, (which are blessings to good people) nor the threatenings of kings, (which are perillous to a Prince) nor the perswasions of Papists, (which are Honny to the mouth) could either feare hir, or allure hir, to violate the holy league contracted with Christ, or to maculate the blood of the aunciente Lambe, whiche is Christ. But alwayes constaunt in the true fayth, she hath to the exceeding joye of hir subjectes, to the unspeakeable comforte of hir soule, to the great glorie of God, establyshed that religion, the mayntenance where-of, shee rather seeketh to confirme by fortitude, then leave off for feare, knowing that there is nothing that smelleth sweeter to the Lorde, then a sounde spirite, which neyther the hostes of the ungodlye, nor the horror of death, can eyther remove or move.

This Gospell with invincible courage, with rare constancie, with hotte zeale shee hath maintained in hir owne countries with-out chaunge, and defended against all kingdomes that sought chaunge, insomuch that all nations rounde about hir, threatninge alteration, shaking swordes, throwing fyre, menacing famyne, murther, destruction, desolation, shee onely hath stooode like a Lampe on the toppe of a hill, not fearing the blastes of the sharpe winds, but trusting in his providence that rydeth uppon the winges of the foure windes. Next followeth the love shee beareth to hir subjectes, who no lesse tendereth them, then the apple of hir owne eye, shewing hir selfe a mother to the afflicted, a Phisition to the sicke, a Sovereigne and mylde Governesse to all.

Touchinge hir Magnanimitie, hir Majestie, hir Estate royall, there was neyther Alexander, nor Galba the Emperour, nor any that might be compared with hir.

This is she that resembling the noble Queene of Navarr, useth the Marigolde for hir flower, which at the rising of the Sunne openeth hir leaves, and at the setting shutteth them, referring all hir actions and endeavours to him that ruleth the Sunne. This is that Caesar that first bound the Crocodile to the Palme tree, bridling those, that sought to raine hir: This is that good Pelican that to feede hir people spareth not to rend hir owne personne: This is that mightie Eagle, that hath throwne dust into the eyes of the Hart, that went about to worke destruction to hir subjectes, into whose winges although the blinde Beetle would have crept, and so being carried into hir nest,

destroyed hir young ones, yet hath she with the vertue of hir fethers, consumed that flye in his owne fraud.

She hath exiled the Swallowe that sought to spoyle the Grasshopper, and given bytter Almondes to the ravenous Wolves, that endeavored to devoure the silly Lambes, burning even with the breath of hir mouth like the princly Stag, the serpents that wer engendred by the breath of the huge Elephant, so that now all hir enimies, are as whist as the bird Attagen, who never singeth any tune after she is taken, nor they beeing so overtaken.

But whether do I wade Ladyes, as one forgetting him-selfe, thinking to sound the depth of hir vertues with a few fadomes, when there is no bottome: For I knowe not how it commeth to passe, that being in this Laborinth, I may sooner loose my selfe, then finde the ende.

Beholde Ladyes in the Glasse a Queene, a woeman, a Virgin, in all giftes of the bodye, in all graces of the minde, in all perfection of eyther, so farre to excell all men, that I know not whether I may thinke the place too badde for hir to dwell amonge men

To talke of other thinges in that Court, wer to bring Egges after apples, or after the setting out of the Sunne, to tell a tale of a Shaddow.

But this I saye, that all offyces are looked to with great care, that vertue is embraced of all, vice hated, religion daily encreased, manners reformed, that who so seeth the place there, will thinke it rather a Church for divine service, then a Court for Princes delight.

This is the Glasse Ladies where-in I would have you gase, where-in I tooke my whole delight, imitate the Ladyes in England, amende your manners, rubbe out the wrinckles of the minde, and be not curious about the weams in the face. As for their Elizabeth, sith you can neyther sufficiently mervaile at hir, nor I prayse hir, let us all pray for hir, which is the onely duetie we can performe, and the greatest that we can proffer.

Yours to commaund
Euphues.

Jovis Elizabeth.

Pallas, Juno, Venus, cum Nympham numine plenam
Spectarunt, "nostra hec," quoeque triumphat, "erit."
Contendunt avide: sic tandem regia Juno,
"Est mea, de magnis stemma petivit avis."
"Hoc leve, (nec sperno tantorum insignia patrum):
Ingenio pollet; dos mea," Pallas ait.
Dulce Venus risit, vultusque in lumina fixit,
"Haec mea" dixit "erit, nam ametur habet.
Judicio Paridis, cm sit proelata venustas,
Ingenium Pallas? Juno quid urget avos?"
Haec Venus: impatiens veteris Saturnia damni,
"Arbiter in coelis non Paris," inquit "erit."
Intumuit Pallas numquam passura priorem,
"Priamides Helenem," dixit, "adulter amet."

Risit, & erubuit, mixto Cytherea colore,
 "Judicium," dixit, Juppiter ipse ferat."
 Assensere, Jovem, compellant vocibus ultro:
 Incipit affari regia Juno Jovem.
 "Juppiter, Elizabeth vestras si venit ad aures,
 (Quam certe omnino coelica turba stupent)
 Hanc Proprian, & merito semper vult esse Monarcham
 Quequa suam namque est pulchra, diserta, potens.
 Quod pulchra, et Veneris, quod polleat arte, Minerve,
 Quod Princeps, Nympham quis neget esse meam?
 Arbiter istius, modo vis, certaminis esto,
 Sin minus, est nullum lis habitura modum."
 Obstupet Omnipotens, "durum est quod poscitis," inquit,
 "Est tamen arbitrio res peragenda meo.
 Tu soror et conjux Juno, tu filia Pallas,
 Es quoque, quid similem? ter mihi chara Venus.
 Non tua, da veniam, Juno, nec Palladis illa est,
 Nec Veneris, credas hoc licet alma Venus.
 Haec Juno, hec Pallas, Venus hec, & queque Dearum,
 Divisum Elizabeth cum Jove numen habet.
 Ergo quid obstrepitis? frustra contenditis" inquit,
 "Ultima vox haec est, Elizabeth mea est."

Euphues

Es Jovis Elizabeth, nec quid Jove maius habendum,
 Et, Jove teste, Jovi es Juno, Minerva, Venus.

These Verses Euphues sent also under his Glasse, which having once finished, he gave him-
 selfe to his booke, determininge to ende his lyfe in Athens, although he hadde a moneths minde
 to England, who at all tymes, and in all companies, was no niggarde of his good speach to that
 Nation, as one willyng to live in that Court, and wedded to the manners of that country.

It chaunced that being in Athens not passing one quarter of a yeare, he received letters out of
 England, from Philautus, which I thought necessarye also to insert, that I might give some ende
 to the matters in England, which at Euphues departure were but rawly left. And thus they follow.

Philautus to his owne
 Euphues.

I Have oftentimes (Euphues) since thy departure complained, of the distance of place that I am
 so farre from thee, of the length of time that I coulde not heare of thee, of the spite of Fortune,
 that I might not sende to thee, but time at length, and not too late, bicause at last, hath
 recompensed the injuries of all, offering me both a convenient messenger by whom to send,
 and straung newes whereof to write.

Thou knowest howe frowarde matters went, when thou tookest shippe, & thou wouldest
 mervaille to heere howe forward they were before thou strokest saile, for I had not beene long
 in London, sure I am thou wast not then at Athens, when as the corne whiche was greene in the

blade, began to wax ripe in the eare, when the seede which I scarce thought to have taken roote, began to spring, when the love of Surius whiche hardly I would have gessed to have a blossome, shewed a budde. But so unkinde a yeare it hath beene in England, that we felt the heate of the Sommer, before we could discerne the temperature of the Spring, insomuch that we were ready to make Haye, before we coule mowe grasse, having in effecte the Ides of May before the Calends of March, which seeing it is so forward in these things, I mervailed the lesse to see it so redy in matters of love, wher oftentimes they clap hands before they know the bargaine, and seale the Oblygation, before they read the condition.

At my being in the house of Camilla, it happened I found Surius accompanied with two knights, and the Lady Flavia with three other Ladyes, I drew back as one somewhat shamefast, when I was willed to draw neere, as one that was wished for. Who thinking of nothing lesse then to heare a contract for mariage, wher I only expected a conceipt for mirth, I sodainly, yet solempnly, hard those wordes of assurance betweene Surius & Camilla, in the which I had rather have bene a partie, then a witnes, I was not a lyttle amazed to see them strike the yron which I thought colde, & to make an ende before I could heere a beginning. When they saw me as it were in a traunce, Surius taking mee by the hand, began thus to jest.

You muse Philautus to see Camilla & me to bee assured, not that you doubted it unlikely to come to passe, but that you were ignorant of the practises, thinking the diall to stand stil, bicause you cannot perceive it to move. But had you bene privie to all proofes, both of hir good meaning towards me, and of my good wil towards hir, you wold rather have thought great hast to be made, then long deliberation. For this understande, that my friends are unwilling that I shold match so low, not knowing that love thinketh the Juniper shrub, to be as high as the tal Oke, or the Nightingales layes, to be more precious then the Ostritches feathers, or the Lark that breedeth in the ground, to be better then the Hobby that mounteth to the cloudes. I have alwaies hetherto preferred beautie before riches, & honestie before bloud, knowing that birth is the praise we receive of our auncestours, honestie the renowne we leave to our successours, & of to brittle goods, riches & beautie, I had rather chuse that which might delyght me, then destroy me. Made mariages by friends, how daungerous they have bene I know, Philautus, and some present have proved, which can be likened to nothing els so well, then as if a man should be constrayned to pull on a shoe by an others last, not by the length of his owne foote, which beeing too little, wrings him that weares it, not him that made it, if too bigge, shameth him that hath it, not him that gave it. In meates, I love to carve wher I like, & in mariage shall I be carved where I lyke not? I had as lief an other shold take mesure by his back, of my apparel, as appoint what wife I shal have, by his minde.

In the choyce of a wife, sundry men are of sundry mindes, one looketh high as one that feareth no chips, saying that the oyle that swimmeth in the top is the wholsomest, an other poreth in the ground, as dreading al daungers that happen in great stocks, alledging that the honny that lieth in the bottome is the sweetest, I assent to neither, as one willing to follow the meane, thinking that the wine which is in the midst to be the finest. That I might therfore match to mine owne minde, I have chosen Camilla, a virgin of no noble race, nor yet the childe of a base father, but betweene both, a Gentle-woman of an auncient and worshipfull house, in beautie inferior to none, in vertue superior to a number.

Long time we loved, but neither durst she manifest hir affection, bicause I was noble, nor I utter myne, for feare of offence, seeing in hir alwayes a minde more willing to cary torches before Vesta, then tapers before Juno. But as fire when it bursteth out catcheth hold soonest of the

dryest wood, so love when it is reveyled, fasteneth easiest upon the affectionate will, which came to passe in both us, for talking of Love, of his lawes, of his delyghts, torments, and all other braunches, I coulde neither so dissemble my liking, but that she espied it, where at I began to sigh, nor she so cloake hir love, but that I perceived it, where at shee began to blush: at the last, though long time straying curtesie who should goe over the stile, when we both had hast, I (for that I knew women would rather die, then seeme to desire) began first to unfold the extremities of my passions, the causes of my love, the constancie of my faith, the which she knowing to bee true, easely beleevd, and replyed in the like manner, which I thought not certeine, not that I misdoubted hir faith, but that I coulde not perswade my selfe of so good fortune. Having thus made ech other privie to our wished desires, I frequented more often to Camilla, which caused my friendes to suspect that, which nowe they shall finde true, and this was the cause that we al meete heere, that before this good company, we might knit that knot with our tongues, that we shall never undoe with our teeth.

This was Surius speach unto me, which Camilla with the rest affirmed. But I Euphues, in whose hart the stumpes of Love were yet sticking, beganne to chaunge colour, feelyng as it were newe stormes to arise after a pleasant calme, but thinking with my selfe, that the time was past to woe hir, that an other was to wedde, I digested the Pill which had almost chockt me. But time caused me to sing a new Tune as after thou shalt heare.

After much talke and great cheere, I taking my leave departed, being willed to visite the Ladie Flavia at my leasure, which worde was to me in steede of a welcome.

Within a while after it was noysed that Surius was assured to Camilla, which bread great quarrells, but hee like a noble Gentle-man rejoycing more in his Love, then esteeming the losse of his friendes, maugre them all was married, not in a chamber privatelye as one fearing tumultes, but openlye in the Church, as one ready to aunswer any objections.

This mariage solemnised, could not be recalled, which caused his Allies to consent, and so all parties pleased, I thinke them the happiest couple in the worlde.

NOW Euphues thou shalt understand, that all hope being cut off, from obtaining Camilla, I began to use the advauntage of the word, that Lady Flavia cast out, whome I visited more lyke to a sojourner, then a straunger, being absent at no time from breackfast, till evening.

Draffe was mine arrand, but drinke I would, my great curtesie was to excuse my greevous tormentes: for I ceased not continuallye to courte my violette, whome I never found so coye as I thought, nor so curteous as I wished. At the last thinking not to spend all my wooinge in signes, I fell to flatte sayinges, revealing the bytter sweetes that I sustained, the joy at hir presence, the grieffe at hir absence, with al speeches that a Lover myght frame: She not degenerating from the wyles of a woeman, seemed to accuse men of inconstancie, that the painted wordes were but winde, that feygnd sighes, were but sleightes, that all their love, was but to laugh, laying baites to catch the fish, that they meant agayne to throw into the ryver, practisinge onelye cunninge to deceyve, not curtesie, to tell trueth, where-in she compared all Lovers, to Mizaldus the Poet, which was so lyght that every winde would blowe him awaye, unlesse hee had lead tyed to his heeles, and to the fugitive stone in Cyzico, which runneth away if it be not fastened to some post.

Thus would she dally, a wench ever-more given to such disporte: I aunswered for my selfe as I could, and for all men as I thought.

Thus oftentimes we had conference, but no conclusion, many meetinges, but few pastimes, untill at the last Surius one that could quickly perceive, on which side my bread was buttered, beganne to breake with me touching Frauncis, not as though he had heard any thing, but as one that would understand some-thing. I durst not seeme straunge when I founde him so curteous, knowing that in this matter he might almoste worke all to my lyking.

I unfolded to him from time to time, the whole discourses I had with my Violet, my earnest desire to obtaine hir, my landes, goodes, and revenues, who hearing my tale, promised to further my suite, where-in he so besturred his studie, that with-in one moneth, I was in possibilitie to have hir, I most wished, and least looked for.

It were too too long to write an historie, being but determined to send a Letter: therefore I will differre all the actions and accidentes that happened, untill occasion shall serve eyther to meete thee, or minister leasure to me.

To this ende it grewe, that conditions drawn for the performaunce of a certain joynter (for the which I had manye Italians bounde) we were both made as sure as Surius and Camilla.

Hir dowrie was in redy money a thousand pounds, and a fayre house, where-in I meane shortelye to dwell. The joynter I must make is foure hundred poundes yearelye, the which I must heere purchase in England, and sell my landes in Italy.

Now Euphues imagine with thy self that Philautus beginneth to chaunge, although in one yeare to marie and to thrive it be hard.

But would I might once againe see thee heere, unto whome thou shalt be no lesse welcome, then to thy best friende.

Surius that noble Gentleman commendeth him unto thee, Camilla forgetteth thee not, both earnestly wish thy returne, with great promises to do thee good, whether thou wish it in the court or in the countrey, and this I durst sweare, that if thou come againe into England, thou wilt be so friendly entreated, that either thou wilt altogether dwell here, or tarry here longer.

The Lady Flavia saluteth thee, and also my Violet, every one wisheth thee so well, as thou canst wish thy selfe no better.

Other newes here is none, but that which lyttle apperteyneth to mee, and nothing to thee.

Two requestes I have to make, aswell from Surius as my selfe, the one to come into England, the other to heare thyne aunswere. And thus in hast I byd the farewell. From London the first of Februarie. 1579.

Thyne or not his owne:
PHILAUTUS.

This Letter being delivered to Euphues, and well perused, caused him both to mervaille, and to joy, seeing all thinges so straungly concluded, and his friende so happilye contracted: having therefore by the same meanes opportunitie to send aunswere, by the whiche he had pleasure to receive newes, he dispatched his letter in this forme.

Euphues to Philautus.

Ther cold nothing have come out of England, to Euphues more welcome then thy letters, unlesse it had bin thy person, which when I had throughly perused, I could not at the first, either beleeeve them for the straungnes, or at the last for the happinesse: for upon the sodaine to heare such alterations of Surius, passed all credit, and to understand so fortunate successe to Philautus, all expectation: yet considering that manye thinges fall betweene the cup and the lippe, that in one lucky houre more rare things come to passe, then sometimes in seven yeare, that mariages are made in heaven, though consumated in yearth, I was brought both to beleeeve the events, and to allow them. Touching Surius and Camilla, there is no doubt but that they both will lyve well in mariage, who loved so well before theyr matching, and in my mind he delt both wisly & honorably, to prefer vertue before vain-glory, and the godly ornaments of nature, before the rich armour of nobilitie: for this must we all think, (how well soever we think of our selves) that vertue is most noble, by the which men became first noble. As for thine own estat, I will be bold to counsel thee, knowing it never to be more necessary to use advise then in the mariag. Solon gave counsel that before one assured him-self he shoud be so warie, that in tying him-selfe fast, he did not undo him-selfe, wishing them first to eat a Quince peare, that is to have sweete conference with-out brawles, then salt to be wise with-out boasting.

In Boeotia they covered the bride with Asparagonia the nature of the which plant is, to bring sweete fruit out of a sharpe thorne, wher-by they noted, that although the virgin were somewhat shrewishe at the first, yet in time shee myght become a sheepe.

Therefore Philautus, if thy Vyolet seeme in the first moneth either to chide or chafe, thou must heare with out reply, and endure it with patience, for they that can-not suffer the wranglyngs of young maryed women, are not unlyke unto those, that tasting the grape to be sower before it be ripe, leave to gather it when it is ripe, resemblyng them, that being stong with the Bee, forsake the Honny.

Thou must use sweete words, not bitter checkes, & though haply thou wilt say that wandes are to be wrought when they are greene, least they rather break then bende when they be drye, yet know also, that he that bendeth a twigge, bicause he would see if it wold bow by strength, maye chaunce to have a crooked tree, when he would have a streight.

It is pretelye noted of a contention betweene the Winde, and the Sunne, who should have the victory. A Gentleman walking abroad, the Winde thought to blowe of his cloake, which with great blastes and blusterings striving to unloose it, made it to stick faster to his backe, for the more the winde encreased, the closer his cloake clapt to his body, then the Sunne, shining with his hoat beames began to warm this gentleman, who waxing somewhat faint in this faire weather, did not onely put of his cloake but his coate, wich the Wynde perceiving, yeelded the conquest to the Sunne.

In the very like manner fareth it with young wives, for if their husbands with great threatnings, with jarres, with braules, seeke to make them tractable, or bend their knees, the more stiffe they

make them in the joyntes, the oftener they goe about by force to rule them, the more froward they finde them, but using milde words, gentle perswasions, familyar counsaile, entreatie, submission, they shall not onely make them to bow their knees, but to hold up their hands, not onely cause them to honour them, but to stand in awe of them: for their stomackes are al framed of Diamond, which is not to be brused with a hammer but bloode, not byforce, but flatterie, resembling the Cocke, who is not to be feared by a Serpent, but a glead. They that feare theyr Vines will make too sharpe wine, must not cutte the armes, but graft next to them Mandrage, which causeth the grape to be more pleasaunt. They that feare to have curst wives, must not with rigor seeke to calme them, but saying gentle words in every place by them, which maketh them more qyet.

Instruments sound sweetest, when they be touched softest, women waxe wisest, when they be used mildest. The horse striveth when he is hardly rayned, but having the bridle never stirreth, women are starke mad if they be ruled by might, with with a gentle rayne they will beare a white mouth. Gal was cast out from the sacrifice of Juno, which betokened that the mariage bed should be without bitternes. Thou must be a glasse to they wife for in thy face must she see hir owne, for if when thou laughest she weepe, when thou mournest she gile, the one is a manifest signe she delighteth in others, the other a token she dispiseth thee. Be in thy behaviour modest, temperate, sober, for as thou framest thy manners, so wil thy wife fit hers. Kings that be wrastlers cause their subjects to exercise that feate. Princes that are Musitians incite their people to use Instruments, husbands that are chast and godly, cause also their wives to imitate their goodnesse.

For thy great dowry that ought to be in thine owne handes, for as we call that wine, where-in there is more then halfe water, so doe we tearme that, the goods of the husband which his wife bringeth, though it be all.

Helen gaped for goods, Paris for pleasure, Ulysses was content with chast Penelope, so let it be with thee, that whatsoever others marie for, be thou alwayes satisfied with vertue, otherwise may I use that speach to thee that Olympias did to a young Gentleman who only tooke a wife for beautie, saying: this Gentleman hath onely maryed his eyes, but by that time he have also wedded his eare, he wil confesse that a faire shooe wringe, though it be smoothe in the wearing.

Lycurgus made a law that there should be no dowry given with Maidens, to the ende that the vertuous might be maryed, who commonly have lyttle, not the amorous, who oftentimes have to much.

Behave thy self modestly with thy wife before company, remembring the severitie of Cato, who removed Manilius from the Senate, for that he was seene to kisse his wife in presence of his daughter: olde men are seldome merry before children, least their laughter might breede in them loosenesse, husbands shold scarce jest before their wives, least want of modestie on their parts, be cause of wantonnes on their wives part. Imitate the Kings of Persia, who when they were given to ryot, kept no company with their wives, but when they used good order, had their Queenes ever at their table. Give no example of lyghtnesse, for looke what thou practisest most, that will thy wife follow most, though it becommeth hir least. And yet woulde I not have thy wife so curious to please thee, that fearing least hir husband shold thinke she painted hir face, she shold not therefore wash it, onely let hir refraine from such things as she knoweth cannot wel like thee, he that commeth before an Elephant will not weare bright colors, nor he that

commeth to a Bul, red, nor he that standeth by a Tiger, play on a Taber: for that by the sight or noyse of these things, they are commonly much incensed. In the lyke manner, there is no wife if she be honest, that will practise those things, that to hir mate shall seeme displeasaunt, or move him to cholar.

Be thriftie and warie in thy expences, for in olde time, they were as soone condemned by law that spent their wives dowry prodigally, as they that divorced them wrongfully.

Flye that vyce which is peculiar to al those of thy countrey, Jelousie: for if thou suspect without cause, it is the next way to have cause, women are to bee ruled by their owne wits, for be they chaste, no golde canne winne them, if immodest no grieve can amende them, so that all mistrust is either needelesse or bootlesse.

Be not too imperious over hir, that will make hir to hate thee, nor too submissee, that will cause hir to disdain thee, let hir neither be thy slave, nor thy sovereigne, for if she lye under thy foote she will never love thee, if clyme above thy head never care for thee: the one will breed thy shame to love hir to little, the other thy grieve to suffer too much.

In governing thy householde, use thine owne eye, and hir hande, for huswifery consisteth as much in seeing things as setlyng things, and yet in that goe not above thy latchet, for Cookes are not to be taught in the Kitchin, nor Painters in their shoppes, nor Huswives in their houses, let al the keyes hang at hir girdel, but the pursse at thine, so shalt thou knowe what thou dost spend, and how she can spare.

Breake nothing of thy stocke, for as the Stone Thyrrenus beeing whole, swimmeth, but never so lyttle diminished, sinketh to the bottome: so a man having his stocke full, is ever a float, but wasting of his store, becommeth bankerout.

Enterteine such men as shall be trustie, for if thou keepe a Wolfe within thy doores to doe mischief, or a Foxe to work craft and subtiltie, thou shalt finde it as perrilous, as if in thy barnes thou shouldest mainteyne Myce, or in the groundes Moles.

Let thy Maydens be such, as shal seeme readier to take paynes, then follow pleasure, willinger to dresse up theyr house, then their heades, not so fine fingered, to call for a Lute, when they shoulde use the distaffe, nor so dainetie mouthed, that their silken throtes should shallow no packthred.

For thy dyet be not sumptuous, nor yet simple: For thy attyre not costly, nor yet clownish, but cutting thy coat by thy cloth, go no farther then shal become thy estate, least thou be thought proude, and so envied, nor debase not thy byrth, least thou be deemed poore, and so pittied.

Now thou art come to that honourable estate, forget all thy former follyes, and debate with thy selfe, that here-to-fore thou diddest but goe about the world, and that nowe, thou art come into it, that Love did once make thee to folow ryot, that it muste now enforce thee to pursue thrifte, that then there was no pleasure to bee compared to the courting of Ladyes, that now there can be no delight greater then to have a wife.

Commend me humbly to that noble man Surius, and to his good Lady Camilla.

Let my duetie to the Ladie Flavia be remembred, and to thy Violyt, let nothing that may be added, be forgotten.

Thou wouldest have me come againe into England, I woulde but I can-not: But if thou desire to see Euphues, when thou art willing to visite thine Uncle, I will meete thee, in the meane season, know, that it is as farre from Athens to England, as from England to Athens.

Thou sayest I am much wished for, that many fayre promises are made to mee: Truely Philautus I know that a friende in the court is better then a penny in the purse, but yet I have heard that suche a friend cannot be gotten in the court without pence.

Fayre words fatte fewe, great promises without performance, delight for the tyme, but yerke ever after.

I canot but thanke Surius, who wisheth me well, and all those that at my beeing in England lyked me wel. And so with my hartie commendations untill I heare from thee, I bid thee farewell.

Thine to use, if mariage chaunge not manners,
Euphues

THis Letter dispatched, Euphues gave himselfe to solitarinesse, determining to sojourne in some uncauth place, until time might turne white salt into fine sugar: for surely he was both tormented in body and grieved in mind.

And so I leave him, neither in Athens nor els where that I know: But this order he left with his friends, that if any newes came or letters, that they should direct them to the Mount of Silixsedra, where I leave him, either to his musing or Muses.

GEntlemen, Euphues is musing in the bottome of the Mountaine Silexsedra, Philautus married in the Isle of England: two friendes parted, the one living in the delightes of his newe wife, the other in contemplation of his olde griefes.

What Philautus doeth, they can imagine that are newly married, how Euphues liveth, they may gesse that are cruelly martyred: I commit them both to stand to their owne bargaines, for if I should meddle any farther with the marriage of Philautus, it might happely make him jealous, if with the melancholy of Euphues, it, might cause him to be cholaricke: so the one would take occasion to rub his head, sit his hat never so close, and the other offence, to gall his heart, be his case never so quiet. I Gentlewomen, am indifferent for it may be, that Philautus would not have his life knowen which he leadeth in mariage, nor Euphues, his love descryed, which he beginneth in solitarinesse: least either the one being too kind, mighte be thought to dote, or the other too constant, might be judged to bee madde. But were the trueth knowen, I am sure Gentle-

women, it would be a hard question among Ladies, whether Philautus were a better wooer, or a husband, whether Euphues were a better lover, or a scholler. But let the one marke the other, I leave them both, to conferre at theyr next meeting, and committe you, to the Almighty.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London, by Thomas East, for Gabriel
Cawood dwelling in Paules Churchyard. 1580.

John Lyly: *Euphues and his England* 1580
(Original spelling, slightly updated by incorporating,
for clarity, the author's changes in later editions)
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APPENDIX I

Glossary for *Euphues and his England*

By Barboura Flues
(FS means found in Shakespeare. NFS means not found in Shakespeare)

abroach (a): astir. FS (2-Rich3, R&J); Lyly *Euphues Eng*; Lodge *Wounds*; Greene *Selimus*;
Harvey *Sonnet 8*; (anon.) *Ironside*, *Locrine*, *Weakest*.

adamant (n): alleged mineral, ascribed with the hard, unbreakable properties of a diamond;
others ascribed to it properties of the lodestone or magnet. Golding uses both meanings,
according to need. FS (3-1H6, MND, T&C); Golding *Ovid*; others. Common.

Ajax, son of Telamon. Mighty warrior against Trojans. Maddened when he was not awarded the
armor of Achilles, he slew a flock of sheep; eventually killed himself. FS (LLL,H6, Lear); Golding
Ovid; Lyly *Euphues Eng*; Marlowe/Nashe *Dido*; Nashe *Penniless*, *Unf Trav*, *Absurdity*; (anon.)
Penelope.

Almaine rivets: per Bond, armor devised by the Germans, made with short plates with rivets
sliding into slot-holes to allow overlapping.

Amphisbena: Amphisbean, a serpent with two heads. See Pliny III.8.23.

antidotum (n): strong poison Antidotum being but chafed in the hand, pierceth at the last the
heart. Spurious science. Cf. Lyly *Euphues Eng*.

Atalanta: see Ovid *Metamorphoses*, Book X.

aventure [at all] (adv): in any case; at random. NFS. Cf. Golding *Ovid*; Bedingfield *Cardanus*;
Lyly *Euphues Eng*; (anon.) *Leir*. Per OED a legal term: 1672 *Manley Interpr.*, *Aventure*..is a
Mischance, causing the death of a Man, without Felony; as when he is suddenly drowned or
burnt, falling into the Water or Fire.

baiting-place/bait (n): place of refreshment, rest. Cf. Lyly *Euphues Eng*.

basilisk (n, adj): A fabulous reptile, ... alleged to be hatched by a serpent from a cock's egg; an_cient authors stated that its hissing drove away all other serpents, and that its breath, and even its look, was fatal. FS (5-2H6, 3H6, Rich3, WT, Cymb); Watson Hek; Lyly Euphues Eng, Woman ... Moon; Lodge Wounds; Greene Selimus; Nashe Penniless , Anatomy of Absurdity; (anon.) Locrine, Arden, Ironside; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart; etc. Note also the striking use by Kyd in Sol&Per (reg. 1592), in which a major coward, braggart and back-stabber is named Basilisco. See Connections.

bavin (n): bundle of firewood. FS (1H4); Lyly Euphues Eng, Mother Bombie; Nashe Chr Tears; Kemp nine days; Chapman ... Eastward.

bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng; many others.

bill (n): (1) weapon, long pole with axe and pike on one end. FS (many); Golding Ovid; many others. (2) [broad brown] (n): halberd (a kind of combination of spear and battle-axe, con_sisting of a sharp-edged blade ending in a point and a spear-head, mounted on a handle five- to seven-feet long). FS (Ado); Golding Ovid; Lyly Euphues Eng, Sapho, Endymion; (anon.) Leir; Munday John a Kent.

bit, on the: held on a tight rein. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

blazon/blaze (v): (1) describe in heraldic terms. (2) describe or proclaim openly. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Devises; Churchyard De Tristibus; Oxford poem, letter; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng; Kyd Sol&Per; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Leic Gh.

board (v): encounter, accost. FS (Ado); Cf. Earl of Surrey Aeneid; Lyly Euphues Eng; Spenser FQ; Ham Q1 only.

bodkin (n): pin or pin-shaped ornament used to fasten women's hair; also a short pointed weapon, dagger. FS (Ham); Golding Ovid; Lyly Euphues Eng, Sapho, Endymion, Midas, Bombie, Pappe; Sidney Arcadia; Nashe Absurdity; (anon.) Arden; Marston, et al Eastward Ho.

boot (v, n): help, relief. FS (many); Heywood Prov; Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Churchyard De Tristibus; Sundrie Flowers; Robinson Delights; Lyly Euphues Eng; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene G a G, Maiden's Dream; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Leic Gh. bootless (a): helpless, useless. FS (22); Brooke Romeus; Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene G a G, Orl Fur, Cony, Selimus; Kyd Sp; True Trag; Armin Quips; many others

bouch (n): swelling, protuberance, goiter, tumor. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

brake (n): clump of bushes, thicket. FS (11-3H6, MND, H8, V&A, PP); Golding Ovid; Lyly Euphues Eng.

break/brake [one's mind] (v): discuss, disclose, reveal. FS (5-1H6, Errors, Ado, T&C, Mac); Golding Ovid; Oxford letter; Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Pandosto; (anon.) Arden, Willobie; (disp.) Cromwell.

broil (n): fight, strife, turmoil. FS (13-1H6, 2H6, 3H6, Rich3, 1H4, T&C, Edw3); Churchyard poem (Cardanus); Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds; Marlowe Massacre, Edw2; Kyd Cornelia; Greene Alphonsus; Lyly Pap; Pasquil Apology; (anon.) Locrine, Leic Gh.; Munday Huntington.

brook (v): put up with, bear with, tolerate. Usually in negative or preclusive constructions. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Mucedorus, Woodstock, Locrine, Fair Em, Leir, Arden, Ironside, Penelope; Lyly Euphues Eng, Love's Met; Greene G a G, Alphonsus, Orl Fur, Fr Bac, James IV, Maiden's Dream; Marlowe Massacre, Edw2; Sidney Astrophel; Nashe Valentines; Harvey Pierce's Super; Marprelate Prot; Munday Huntington.

brunt (n): outburst, attack. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Euphues Eng, Woman ... Moon; Lodge Civil War; Greene Fr Bac, Selimus; Marlowe T1, Massacre.

buckle (v): (1) enclose, encompass. FS (1-Mac). (2) prepare, equip. NFS. Cf. Lyly Bombie (OED missed 3d citation); Spenser FQ. (3) engage, grapple. FS (2-1H5); Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Alphonsus (OED missed citation), Fr Bac; Lyly Pappe; Munday John a Kent. (4) smash, smite. FS (3H6).

buckler (n): shield. (4-1H4, Ado); Munday Roman; Lyly Euphues Eng, Midas; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Fam Vic, Woodstock, Leir, Ironside . Common.

caddis (n): worsted tape or binding. FS (1H4, WT); Lyly Euphues Eng (1st OED citation).

caitiff/caitive (n, a): wretch, sometimes prisoner. FS (13); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Devices; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia; Greene James IV, Selimus; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Mucedorus; Drayton et al Oldcastle.

caliver (n): (1) light musket, introduced in 16th c. FS (1-1H4); Lyly Euphues Eng; Gates Defence; Nashe Travellor. (2) soldier armed with a caliver. Cf. Lyly Pappe.

carsie: see "kersey".

catoblepas (n): (Pliny VIII.32) there keepeth a wild beast called Catoblepes, little of body otherwise, heave also and slow in his limbs besides, but his head only is so great that his body is hardly able to bear it; he always carrieth it down toward the earth, for if he did not so, he were able to kill all mankind: for there is not one that looketh upon his eyes, but he dieth presently. The like property hath the serpent called a Basilisk (see above). Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

cammock (a): crooked stick or piece of wood. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Greene Selimus.

canker (n): spreading blight, corruption. FS (John, Ham, many); Lyly Euphues Eng, Sapho; Pasquil Countercuff. cankered/cancred (a): corrupt. FS (6-John, R&J, 1H4, 2H4, Corio); Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Euphues Wit, Love Met; others.

canvas (v): catch in a net. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

carouse (v): (1) drink, sometimes toast. FS (Shrew); Marlowe T2; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Loctrine; Nashe Penniless; (disp.) Greene's Groat. (2) (v, trans.): drink/toast (health, other good/bad fortune) to someone/something. FS (Shrew, Oth); Lyly Euphues Eng; Marlowe Edw2; Lyly Pap; Nashe Strange News; Armin Quips.(3) drink/toast (health, other good fortune), addressed to someone. FS (Shrew, Ham); Lyly Bombie.

cast [speak in one's] (v): interrupt. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng (1st OED citation).

cates (n): dainties, delicacies. FS (6-1H6, Errors, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Udall; Sundrie Flowers; Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng; Marlowe T1, T2; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Arden, Dodypoll; Drayton et al Oldcastle; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Jonson Cynthia; Chapman BI Beggar.

cheer (n): (1) expression. FS (5-1H6, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3); (2) provender, food, plenty. FS (20); Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng, Campaspe, Sapho, Bombie; many others.

choke-pear (n): something difficult to swallow. NFS. Cf. Harvey letter; Lyly Euphues Eng, Bombie.

chrysocoll (n): 1657 Phys. Dict, a kind of mineral found like sand in the veins of some metals. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng, Sapho; Greene Never too Late; Lodge Rosalind.

claw (v): grasp, clutch. FS (H5); Lyly Euphues Eng. (2) stroke, flatter. (Ado).

clout (n): cloth. FS (4-R&J, Lear, Hamlet, A&C); Golding Ovid; Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng, Campaspe, Gallatea, Sapho, Bombie, Endymion; Greene Orl Fur, James IV; Nashe Summers.

cockboat (n): ship's boat; small, light craft. FS (1-Lear); Lyly Euphues; Greene Pandosto..

colewort (n): plant of the cabbage family. Cf. Golding Ovid; Lyly Euphues Eng.

commodity (n): profit or gain, benefit, advantage. FS (2-Pericles); Bedingfield Cardanus; Lyly Euphues Wit, England; Oxford letter; (anon.) Ironside; Pasquil Apology.

compass (adv): around the clock, in a circle. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

conceit (n): understanding, idea, imagination. FS (1H6, Errors, R&J, Ham, H8); Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bac; Puttenham Poesie; (anon.) Willobie, Dodypoll.

cooling-card (n): drawback, anything that "cools" a person's passion or enthusiasm; possibly ruins one's chances of winning a game.FS 1-(1H6); Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng; Lodge Wounds, Rosalind; Greene Card; (anon.) True Trag, Leir; Giles Gooscap.

contrarieties (n): contradictions. FS (1H6); Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng; Watson Hek (comments); Oxford tournament speech; Greene Ciceronis; (anon.) Marprelate.

cote (v): comment, cite, quote. NFS. Cf. Udall Erasmus; Hamlet Q2 ("quote" in modern versions); Lyly Euphues Eng.

couch (v): bow in obedience or submission. FS (JC); Lyly Euphues Eng; Fr Bacon source.

coying (n): fondling, coaxing. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng; Drayton Odes (1st of 3 OED citations).

cozen, cozener, cozening (v, n): cheat/dupe, cheater, cheating. FS (7-Shrew, MV, MWW, AWEW, Ham, Lear); Lyly Euphues Eng, Gallatea, Midas, Bombie, Woman ... Moon; Greene Orl Fur, Cony, James IV, Selimus; (anon.) Woodstock, Marprelate, Dodypoll, Ironside, Nobody/ Somebody, Yorkshire, News Heaven/Hell; Harvey Pierce's Super; Nashe Saffron; (disp.) Greene's Groat, Maiden's.

crotchet (n): in music a half-note, formed of a stem with a round black head. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng; Nashe Valentines.

cullis/cullace (n): strong broth, esp. nourishing for the sick. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Lyly Euphues Eng, Campaspe; (anon.) Ironside.

cursie: amended to "courtesie".

darnel (n): unwanted grass; weed which often grows amid corn. FS (3Y6); Devices; Lyly Euphues Eng.

diapason (n): (1) complete concord, harmony, or agreement. NFS. Cf. Greene Maiden's Dream. (2) melodious harmony. FS (Lucrece); Lyly Euphues Eng; Marston Scourge Vill.

discover (v): reveal. FS (many); Brooke Romeus; Bedingfield letter, Oxford letter Cardanus (dedication); Lyly Euphues Eng; Phoenix; (anon.) Ironside; Chapman D'Olive. Common.

disport (n): diversion, amusement, sometimes mockery. FS (Oth); Lyly Euphues Eng.

draff (n): food for swine, swill, dregs. FS (2-1H4, MWW); Heywood Prov; Lyly Euphues Eng; Nashe Menaphon; Harvey Pierce.

dragges: dregs.

dry bones (n): reference to venereal disease. Cf. Euphues Eng.

dump (v, n): muse. mood. NFS. Devices; Watson Hek; Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Card of Fancy, Orl Fur, Never Too Late, Fr Bacon, Pandosto; Lodge Rosalind; (anon.) Leir, Fair Em.

eft (n): newt, small lizard. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

espial (n): spy, body of spies. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

fa-burden: bass, originally from system of harmonizing, from the French "faux-burden".

fain (adv): be pleased. FS (1H6, AsYou, Ham); Golding Ovid; Bedingfield Cardanus; Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Fr Bacon; Armin Quips; (anon.) Leic Gh.

flout (n): mocking speech or action. FS (LLL): Lyly Euphues Eng, Whip.

foil/foyle (n): setting, backing. FS (Rich2); Lyly Euphues Eng; (anon.) Dodypoll.

fond (a): rash, foolish. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng. Common.

forfend (v): forbid, prohibit. FS (8), Golding Ovid; Udall Erasmus; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Woodstock; Ironside; Munday Huntington.

frolic (a): merry. FS (MND?); Lodge Wounds, Greene Fr Bacon, Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Euphues Eng, Midas; Marlowe Faustus; (disp.) Cromwell; (anon.) Leir, Mucedorus; Nashe Saffron; Chapman D'Olive.

froward (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Oxford poem; Devices; Lyly Euphues Wit; Greene Card; Common. frowardly (adv): perversely. NFS. Cf. Ox letter. frowardness (n): perversity, forwardness. NFS. Cf. Devices; Bedingfield Cardanus; Lyly Euphues Eng, Sapho; Greene Pandosto; (disp.) Greene's Groat; (anon.) Woodstock, Arden.

fustian (n) coarse material. FS (Shrew); Lyly Euphues Eng; Chapman Bl Beggar; Bacon Dramatic Forms.

gin (n) : snare, trap, sometimes chains. FS (Macbeth) ; Lyly Euphues Eng.

gleed/glede/glead (n): hot coal. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

glick/gleek (n): gibe, jest, gird. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng, Pap, Bombie.

glister/glaster (v): glitter. FS (9); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers (Ever/Never); Churchyard poem (Cardanus); Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek; Lyly Euphues Eng, Gallathea, Woman ... Moon, Midas; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Locrine; (disp.) Cromwell, Maiden's. Cf. V&A (44): His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire. See also Willobie (In praise of): Yet Tarquin plucked his glistering grape, And Shake-speare, paints poor Lucrece rape.

glistering (a, n): glittering. Cf. Golding Ovid, Abraham; Lyly Sapho; (anon.) Willobie. See also Willobie (In praise of) : Yet Tarquin plucked his glistering grape, And Shake-speare, paints poor Lucrece rape.

gloze/glose (n, v): specious, over-expansive talk, flattery. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, Hamlet Q1 only, T&C, Pericles); Lyly Euphues Anat, Eng, Campaspe; many others.

gravel (v): confound, embarrass, perplex, puzzle. FS (1-AsYou); Lyly Euphues Eng; (anon.) Ironside; Marlowe Faust. OED contemp citation: 1548 Detect. Unskil. Physic. ; 1566 Drant Horace's Sat.

grisping (n): twilight. Lyly Euphues Eng (1st of 2 OED citations).

guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Bedingfield Cardanus; Lyly Euphues Eng, Woman/Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene

Card of Fancy; Marlowe Massacre; Peele Phoenix; Nashe Summers; Munday Huntington; (anon.) Leir, Ironside, Leic Gh; Chapman BI Beggar.

hab nab: hit or miss. Cf. Udall Erasmus; Lyly Euphues Eng.

heedie (a): heedful.

hoise/hoyse (v): hoist. FS (1-2H6); Golding Ovid; Devices; Watson Hek; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Euphues Eng, Campaspe; Munday Zelauto; Nashe Penniless; Chapman BI Beggar.

housewife/huswife (n): a light, worthless, or pert woman or girl. Obs. Usually huswife; now hussy. Cf. Heywood Prov; Lyly Euphues Wit, England; many others.

Iphis, Pyramus, Myrrha: See Ovid Metamorphoses, Books IX, IV, X.

imp out (v): (1) fill in, enlarge. NFS. Cf. Chapman D'Olive (2d OED citation). (2) in falconry, engraft a wing with feathers, strengthen or improve the flight of. FS (Rich2); Lyly Euphues Eng (1st OED citation).

impostume/imposthume (n): swelling or cyst, abcess. FS (Ham); Lyly Euphues Eng.

Ixion: son of the Lapith king, who attempted to make love to Juno. In punishment he was bound to a fiery wheel which rolled ceaselessly throughout the sky.

jade (n): (1) worn-out or badly bred horse. FS (Rich2, 2H6); Devices; Gascoigne Steele Gl; Greene Selimus; Lyly Euphues Eng, Pappe; Kemp Nine Days.

jar (n): discord, strife. FS (AsYou); Heywood Prov; Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng; Spender FQ; Armin Quips; (anon.) Fair Em, Leic Gh.

jennet/genet (n): small horse, originally Spanish-bred. FS (2-Edw3, V&A); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds.

jointure (n): The holding of property to the joint use of a husband and wife for life or in tail, as a provision for the latter, in the event of her widowhood. FS (5); Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Leir, Nobody/Somebody.

justle (v): push. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

ken (n): sight. FS (4-2H6, 2H4, Cymb, Lucrece); Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Orl Fur. kenning (n): sight (v. to ken). NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Kyd Sol&Per. OED contemp. citations: 1577 Holinshed Chron.; 1586 R. Lane in Capt. Smith Virginia; 1598 Tofte Alba.

kersey (n): coarse narrow cloth, woven from long wool. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

kirtle (n): cloak. FS (2-2H4, PP); Golding Ovid; Lyly Euphues Eng.

last (n): wooden model of the foot on which cobblers shaped the shoe. FS (R&J); Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Menaphon..

leasing (n): lie, falsehood. FS (12th, Corio); Lyly Euphues Eng; Nashe Absurdity; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody; Jonson Cynthia; Munday Huntington.

lees (n): dregs. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

let (v): hinder, prevent. FS (Errors, Ham, Lucrece); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; Churchyard De Tristibus; Pickering Horestes; Bedingfield Cardanus; Oxford letters; Robinson Delights; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds; Greene Selimus. Common.

limn (v): illuminate, adorn. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

list (n): pleasure, inclination, desire. FS (Oth); Devices (23, 101); Lyly Euphues Eng.

list (v): choose. FS (many); Heywood Proverbs; Brooke Romeus; Pickering Horestes; Devices; Churchyard De Tristibus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Peele Phoenix; Lyly Euphues Eng; Gates Defence; Lodge Wounds; Sidney Arcadia; Armin Quips; Chapman Bl Beggar; (anon.) Leir, Willobie, Leic Gh.

litherness (n): laziness; sluggishness. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng; Endymion.

lunary (n): moonwort, a fern; by many believed to have magical powers (see Sapho). NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng, Gallatea, Sapho, Endymion. OED missed all uses.

lungis/longis (n): tall, slim awkward man. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng; Nashe Summers.

maculate (v): soil, defile. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

malapert (a): presumptuous, saucy. FS (3-3H6, Rich3, 12th); Lyly Euphues Eng, Endymion, Woman ... Moon; Greene Card of Fancy; Pasquil Apology; (anon.) Ironside, Dodypoll. OED contemp citation: (1567) Drant Horace.

mammering (n): vacillation. CF. Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng.

margent (n): margin or edge, as commentary on comments of a book. FS (R&J, Ham & Q2, not in Folio); Lyly Euphues Eng, Pappe.

maroneum, a wine (n): Not found in the OED.

mithridate (n): composition of many ingredients in the form of an electuary, regarded as a universal antidote or preservative against poison and infectious disease; any medicine to which similar powers were ascribed. NFS. Lyly Euphues Eng, Sapho; Cf. (anon.) Leir, Arden; Chettle Kind Harts; Dekker Gull's Hornbook.

molest (a): troublesome, vexatious. NFS. Cf. Taverner Eras. (only OED citation); Lyly Euphues Eng.

moly (n): mythological herb having a white flower and a black root, endowed with magic properties; said by Homer to have been given by Hermes to Odysseus as a charm against

Circe's sorceries. The Homeric moly is by some writers identified with the mandrake, but Theophrastus and Dioscorides apply the name to some species of garlic (*Allium*). NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Lyly Euphues Wit, England, Gallatea; Greene Orle Fur, James IV. OED cites also: Gosson Sch. Abuse: ... as Homers Moly against Witchcraft.

Morisco (a): in the Moorish fashion NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng. (n) Morris dancer, as a Morisco, barbarian. FS (2H6).

mouldwarp/moldwarp (n): mole. FS (1-1H4); Sundrie Flowers; Lyly Euphues Eng; Spenser Col. Clout.

mower (n): person of low degree; hence the proverb "he/she is no meat for the mower/mowing." NFS (although the proverb is used, reworded). Cf. Udall Erasmus; Lyly Euphues Eng; Jonson Tub; Chapman Humorous Day's.

mowing (n) grimacing. FS (Lear); Lyly Euphues Eng.

Murrion (n): Moor, blackamoor. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng; Nashe Summers.

noisome (a): harmful, inurious, offensive. FS (Corio); Lyly Euphues Eng.

orpiment (n): an arsenic compound. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng, Gallathea.

overthwarting (n) Lyly Euphues Eng.

pack/be packing (v): begone, depart. FS (5-Shrew, MV, MWW, Timon, PP); Pickering Horestes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Robinson Delights; Watson Hek; Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Leir, Willobie. 1st 2 OED citations: 1508 Kennedie Flyting w. Dunbar; 1601 Chester Love's Mart.

packthread (n): cord used to tie packages. FS (R&J); Lyly Euphues Eng, Sapho.

partlet (n): neckcloth worn by a woman. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng; Sidney Arcadia.

peccavi [cry peccavi]: I confess; I have sinned. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Card; Harvey letters.

peevish (n): small, silly. Golding Ovid; Lyly Euphues Eng. Common.

personage (n): personal characteristics, such impressive appearance, stature and bearing. FS (MND); Lyly Euphues Eng.

pine, pine away (v): starve, waste away. FS (10+); Golding Ovid; Oxford poems; Lyly Euphues Eng; many others.

Phaeton: Ovid Metamorphoses, Book I.

policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng, Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene Pandosto, Selimus;

(anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

post (n) speed. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

precise (a): guided by Puritan precepts; code word for Puritan. FS (9-1H6, TGV, MWW, AWEW, Ham, MM); Lyly Euphues Eng, Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Midas, Whip; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Greene James IV; (anon.) Fam Vic, Leir, Blast of Retreat, Willobie, Leic Gh. preciseness (n): adherence to Puritan ideals. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

puissance (n): power, military army/might. FS (7-2H6, 3H6, John, 2H4, H5, Lear, TNK); Golding Ovid; Devices; Lyly Euphues Eng; Munday Zelauto; Greene G a G, Pandosto, Selimus; (anon.) Locrine, Leic Gh; Spenser FQ.

pyrethum (n): original name of the plant Anacyclus Pyrethrum, Pellitory of Spain, a native of Barbary, Arabia, and Syria, having a pungent root used in medicine. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng; 1607 Toppell Four-f. Beasts: To provoke him to [s]neese, by blowing Pepper and Pyrethre beaten to powder, up into his nostrils.

quotidian (n): daily fever or ague. FS (H5, AsYou); Lyly Euphues Eng.

quoying: see "coying."

rack (v): raise above a fair amount, extort. FS (4-2H6, MV, Ado, MM); Sundrie Flowers; Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Cony; (anon.) Munday Huntington; Nobody/Somebody; (disp.) Maiden's.

rase: corrected to "rest".

rate (v): chide, scold. FS (1H4); Devices.; Lyly Euphues Eng.

refel (v): deny, refute. FS (MM). Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng, Campaspe, Sapho; Lodge Rosalind.

rehearse (v): give an account of. FS (many); Bedingfield Cardanus; Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng; Munday Roman, Zelauto; Greene Pandosto.

reprehend (v): reprove, find fault. FS (Errors, LLL, V&A); Watson Amyntas; Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Blast of Retreat; T.H. Oenone & Paris; Kyd letter to Sir John Puckering (1593); (anon.) Oldcastle, Arden, Willobie. (None listed in OED.)

resiluation (n): resilience.

resons: raisons.

sandastros/sandaresus (n): Indian stone described by Pliny, with a transparent exterior but appearing to be burning internally; possibly sandarac, red arsenic sulphide. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

Scyrum: Scuros.

searchcloth/serecloth (n): thin, worn cloth (per OED)?

shamble (n): (1) meat market. NFS. (2) slaughter-house. FS (Oth); Udall Erasmus; Lyly Euphues Eng; Jonson Volpone.

sift (v): question, examine; also understand, comprehend. FS (3-Rich2, Ham Q2, AWEW); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng, Gallathea, Woman ... Moon; Greene Never too Late, Pandosto; (anon.) Ironside, Leir, Weakest; Pasquil Return, Leic Gh.

silly/seely/sielie (a): silly, simple, innocent, vulnerable. FS (many); Lyly Euphues Eng; many others.

simples (n): medicine or medicament concocted of only one constituent, esp. of one herb or plant; hence, a plant or herb employed for medical purposes. In common use from c 1580 to 1750, chiefly in pl. FS (4-R&J, AsYou, Ham, Lear); Lyly Euphues Eng, Sapho, Endymion (OED missed citation); Greene Card of Fancy; Harvey Pierce's Super; Chettle Kind Hart. OED contemp citations: 1539 Elyot Cast. Helthe; 1563 T. Gale Antidot. 1588 Greene Perimedes

Sisyphus: King of Corinth, seduced his niece Tyro and falsely accused his brother of incest and of murdering Tyro's children. Known as a thief and liar who betrayed Jupiter's secrets. Sen_tenced to roll a huge stone to the summit of a hill, each time forced to start again as the stone rolled back down. Son of King Aeolus of Thessaly. Cf. Golding Ovid; Devices; Bedingfield Cardanus; Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Selimus.

skill (v, n): matter, care. FS (3-Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Golding Ovid; Heywood Prov; Devices; Bedingfield Cardanus; Lyly Euphues Eng, Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; Nashe Penniless; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leir; Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chapman BI Beggar, D'Olive.

sleight/slight [of hand] (n): craft, trickery. FS (3H6, Mac); Golding Ovid; Leic Gh; others. Common.

slip (n): (1) counterfeit coin. Cf. Lyly Bombie; Greene; Nashe Unf Trav (OED missed Lyly 3d citation). (2) mire. (3) strip of land. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng (meaning unclear).

sodden (ppa): boiled, cooked. FS (Pericles); Lyly Euphues Eng.

sound [for grief]: changed to "swound."

speed (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+,); Devices; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Lyly Euphues Eng; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene James IV; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Leir, Ironside, Willobie, Leic Gh; Peele Wives; Chapman BI Beggar. Common.

spill (v): kill. FS (3-Ham, Lear, Lucrece); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Lyly Euphues Eng; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Woodstock, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

square, out of square (a): awry. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Euphues

Eng.

squat at the: in a crouching position, as a hare on alert. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng (1st OED citation).

stellio (n): spotted lizard. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

stump (n): remaining piece of a broken entity. Shewmaker finds a phallic use in WS H8. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng, where this association seems to be a somewhat remote possibility.

tabor (n): small drum. FS (Ado, Temp); Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng.

Tamantes: Timanthes.

Tantalus: possibly the son of Jupiter. Betrayed Jupiter's secrets; also killed his son Pelops and served him at a feast of the Gods. Sentenced to eternal torment in the company of Ixion, Sisyphus, Tithonus, and the Danaids. He hangs, eternally consumed by hunger, from the bough of a fruit tree which leans over a lake. When he leans down the water slips away. When he reaches for the fruit of the tree, a wind blows it out of the way.

ted (v): spread. bedding (n) spreading. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

teen: corruption of "keen".

card of teen: strong card, of ten pips. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

tertian (n): fever or ague, characterized by a paroxysm on alternate days, or every third day. Rare. FS (H5); Bedingfield Cardanus; Euphues Eng.

tetter/tetar (n): general term for any pustular herpetiform eruption of the skin, as eczema, herpes, impetigo, ringworm, etc. FS (2-Ham, T&C); Lyly Euphues Eng; Marston Malcontent.

tickle [state] (a): excitable, changeable, unreliable. FS (2-2H6, MM); Heywood Prov; Devices; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Sonnet in Praise ...; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Greene Card of Fancy.

tilia (n): linden. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

tire/tyre (v): wear down, exhaust. FS (Titus); Lyly Euphues Eng; Greene Selimus; Kyd Cornelia.

toys (n): ideas, fancies, whims. FS (R&J); Copland Jyll; Lyly Euphues Eng; Munday Roman; Greene Pandosto, Maiden's Dream.

train/trayne (n, v): trap. FS (5-1H5, Errors, Rich3, Mac); Golding Ovid; Devices; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Euphues; Eng Gallathea, Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Jew, Edw2; Chettle Kind Hart; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope; Chapman D'Olive.

tush (n): a common interjection.

tympany (n): (1) used vaguely for a morbid swelling or tumour of any kind. Common from 16th to 18th c. Cf. Holinshed Chron. (3d OED citation). (2) transf. or allusively, esp. in reference to pregnancy. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng (1st OED citation). (3) swelling, as of pride, arrogance, self-conceit, etc., figured as a disease; a condition of being inflated or puffed up; an excess of something figured as a swelling; something big or pretentious, but empty or vain; inflated style, turgidity, bombast. Note: In context this seems to be a better definition of the Euphues use than #2.

valure (n): worthiness, merit. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

vizard (n): mask. FS (1H4); Lyly Euphues Eng (2d OED citation). (v): FS (T&C).

waft (v): convey, transport. FS (2H6); Lyly Euphues Eng.

wand (n): straight stick, sometimes used for chastisement or as a riding crop. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

ward (v): stand guard. FS (3-Rich3, T&C, Titus); Golding Ovid; Kyd Sp Tr; Greene Fr Bac; Lyly Euphues Eng, Midas; (anon.) Arden, Willobie, Leic Gh.

wem (n): (1) moral defilement, stain. NFS. (2) blemish, scar. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng. (3) harm, injury. Cf. Nashe Lenten Stuff.

whist (a): hushed, silent. (v) hush. FS (1-Temp); Surrey Aeneas; Golding Ovid; Churchyard De Tristibus; Lyly Euphues Eng, Gallathea, Endymion, Midas, Bombie; Greene James IV, Pandosto, Never Too Late; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super.

whistle (v): call, summon, entice. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng (2d OED citation).

whit (n): very small amount. FS Lyly Euphues Eng. Very common..

white (n): in archery, a white target usually placed on the butt. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng. OED citations: Hellowes Guevara's Chron; Greene Mamillia.

winch (v): flinch. FS (1-John), Ham Q2; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Euphues Eng; Bombie; Nashe Almond.

windlass, fetch a (v): make a circuit [to intercept game]. NFS. Cf. Golding Caesar, Ovid; Lyly Euphues Eng. (Nos. 2-4 of 4 OED citations.)

wist (v): knew/known. FS (1-1H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; (anon.) Devices; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Churchyard De Tristibus; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Euphues Eng; Munday Roman Life; Marlowe Edw2; Greene Card of Fancy; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Willobie, Penelope, News Heaven/Hell; Drayton et al Oldcastle.

withe (n): band, tie, or shackle of tough flexible twig or branch, or of several twisted together; as of willow or osier, used for binding or tying, sometimes for plaiting. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds.

wot (v): know. FS (30); Lyly Euphues Wit, Eng. Common.

yerk/yirk/yark (v): (1) lash, whip, kick out. FS (1-H5); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Euphues Eng, Sapho. (2) stab, strike FS (1-Oth).

zutho (n): possibly zythum, an Egyptian cereal.

Lyly's Real and Fanciful World of Science, Natural History and Magic

Gabriel Harvey, Pierce's Supererogation (speaking of Lyly): But every man hath not the gift of Albertus Magnus; rare birds are dainty, and they are quaint creatures that are privileged to create new crea_tures. When I have a mint of precious stones, & strange fools, beasts, and fishes of mine own coining (I could name the party that in comparison of his own natural inventions termed Pliny a barren womb),

adamant (n): see Glossary.

adyaton: a herb though it be wet, looketh always dry. Not in Pliny, apparently spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

alpina: A strange tree ... which bringeth forth the fairest blossoms of all trees, which the Bee either suspecting to be venomous, or misliking because it is so glorious, neither tasteth it, not commeth near it. Not in Pliny, apparently spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

antidotum: stronge poison Antidotum being but chafed in the hand, pierceth at the last the heart. Spurious science. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

Arabian river: The river in Arabia, which turneth gold to dross, & dirt to silver. Not in Pliny, apparently spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

bear: there is no beast that toucheth the herb whereon the Bear hath breathed

crocodile: the birde Trochilus liveth by the mouth of the Crocodile and is not spoiled. cf. Lyly Euphues Wit. the Crocodile, who suffereth the bird to breed in her mouth, that scoureth her teeth. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng. Based on Pliny, breeding in the mouth is a Lyly embellishment. See also Trochilus.

ibis: African bird who being handled lose their feathers. Not in Pliny, apparently spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

jaculus: the serpent Jaculus & the Viper, who burst with their own brood, as these are torn with their own tongues. Pliny ascribes this to the viper, not in his mention of the jaculus.

love charms: The Herb Carisium, moistened with the blood of a Lizard, and hanged about your neck, will cause Camilla ... to dream of ... whatsoever you would wish her to think of you, but being wakened she shall not remember what she dreamed of. And this Herb is to be found in a Lake near Boetia, of which water who so drinketh, shall be caught in Love, but never find the Herb: And if he drink not, the Herb is of no force. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

this I thought, that if one of your years should take a dram of Magis, wherby consequently you should fall to an ounce of love, Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

the Beast Hyena, of whom there is no part so small, or so vile, but it serveth for their purpose: Insomuch that they accompt Hyena their God that can do all, and their Devil that will do all. ... If you take seven hairs of Hyena's lips, and carry them six days in your teeth, or a piece of her skin next your bare heart, or her belly girded to your left side, if Camilla suffer you not to obtain your purpose, certainly she cannot choose, but thank you for your pains. Cf. Euphues Eng.

If thou be witched with eyes, wear the eye of a weasel in a ring, which is an enchantment against such charms, Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

ostrich: It fareth with me Psellus as with the ostrich, who pricketh none but herself, which causeth her to run when she would rest. Apparently spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

piralis/pyrasta (n): the bird Piralis sitting upon white cloth is white, upon green, green and changeth her color with every cloth, There are references to a fly Piralis, that is born in fire, but nothing that conforms to this passage. This seems spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

porphirius (n): a serpent, though he be full of poison yet having no teeth, hurteth none but himself. Spurious natural history. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng (twice).

serapie: a serpent which being touched with a brake, bursteth. Not in Pliny, apparently spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

snail: I am of this mind with Homer, that as the Snail that crept out of her shell was turned eftsoons into a Toad, and thereby was forced to make a stool to sit on, disdaining her own house: ... Not found in Homer, this seems spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng

stone

in Cicico: which runneth away if it be not fastened to some post. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

emerald which cracketh rather than consenteth to any disloyalty. Not in Pliny, apparently spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

pansura: a stone which draweth all other stones, be they never so heavy. Apparently spurious.

of Thrace: a stone in the flood of Thracia, that whosoever findeth it, is never after grieved. Spurious. Cf. Euphues Eng.

Thyrrenus (a stone) being whole, swimmeth, but never so little diminished, sinketh to the bottom. Spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

trochilus: like the brood of Trochilus, whose eggs in the same moment that they are laid become birds. Cf. Lyly Campaspe. See also crocodile.

wood culver: who plucketh of her feathers in winter to keep others from cold. Not in Pliny, apparently spurious. Cf. Lyly Euphues Eng.

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Palladis Tamia: Wit's Treasury

A Comparative Discourse of our English Poets,
with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets.

Francis Meres (1598)

As Greece had three poets of great antiquity, Orpheus, Linus and Musaeus, and Italy other three ancient poets, Livius Andronicus, Ennius & Plautus, so hath England three ancient poets, Chaucer, Gower and Lydgate.

As Homer is reputed the prince of Greek poets, and Petrarch of Italian poets, so Chaucer is accounted the god of English poets.

As Homer was the first that adorned the Greek tongue with true quantity, so Piers Plowman was the first that observed the true quantity of our verse without the curiosity of rime.

Ovid writ a chronicle from the beginning of the world to his own time, that is, to the reign of Augustus the emperor; so hath Hardyng the chronicler (after his manner of old harsh riming) from Adam to his time, that is, to the reign of King Edward the Fourth.

As Sotades Maronites the iambic poet gave himself wholly to write impure and lascivious things, so Skelton (I know not for what great worthiness surnamed the Poet Laureate) applied his wit to scurrilities and ridiculous matters; such among the Greeks were called pantomimi, with us, buffons.

As Consalvo Periz, that excellent learned man and secretary to King Philip of Spain, in translating the Ulysses of Homer out of Greek into Spanish, hath by good judgment avoided the fault of riming, although not fully hit perfect and true versifying, so hath Henry Howard, that true and noble Earl of Surrey, in translating the fourth book of Virgil's Aeneas, whom Michael Drayton in his England's Heroical Epistles hath eternized for an epistle to his fair Geraldine.

As these neoterics Jovianus Pontanus, Politianus, Marullus Tarchaniota, the two Strozae, the father and the son, Palingenius, Mantuanus, Philelphus, Quintianus Stoa and Germanus Brixius have obtained renown and good place among the ancient Latin poets, so also these Englishmen, being Latin poets, Walter Haddon, Nicholas Carr, Gabriel Harvey, Christopher Ocland, Thomas Newton with his Leyland, Thomas Watson, Thomas Campion, Brownswerd & Willey, have attained good report and honourable advancement in the Latin empire.

As the Greek tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides and Aristophanes, and the Latin tongue by Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius and Claudianus, so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlowe and Chapman.

As Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently as to give us effigiem justii imperii the portraiture of a just empire under the name of Cyrus (as Cicero saith of him) made therein an absolute

heroical poem, and as Heliodorus writ in prose his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagines and Cariclea, and yet both excellent admired poets, so Sir Philip Sidney writ his immortal poem, The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, in prose, and yet our rarest poet.

As Sextus Propertius said, *Nescio quid magis nascitur Iliade*, so I say of Spenser's Faerie Queen. I know not what more excellent or exquisite poem may be written.

As Achilles had the advantage of Hector, because it was his fortune to be extolled and renowned by the heavenly verse of Homer, so Spenser's Elisa, the Faerie Queen, hath the advantage of all the queens in the world, to be eternized by so divine a poet.

As Theocritus is famous for his Idyllia in Greek, and Virgil for his Eclogues in Latin, so Spenser, their imitator in his Shepherds' Calendar, is renowned for the like argument, and honoured for fine poetical invention, and most exquisite wit.

As Parthenius Nicaeus excellently sung the praises of his Arete, so Daniel hath divinely sonnetted the matchless beauty of his Delia.

As everyone mourneth when he heareth of the lamentable plangors of Thracian Orpheus for his dearest Eurydice, so everyone passioneth when he readeth the afflicted death of Daniel's distressed Rosamond.

As Lucan hath mournfully depainted the civil wars of Pompey & Caesar, so hath Daniel the civil wars of York and Lancaster, and Drayton the civil wars of Edward the Second and the barons.

As Virgil doth imitate Catullus in the like matter of Ariadne for his story of Queen Dido, so Michael Drayton doth imitate Ovid in his England's Heroical Epistles.

As Sophocles was called a bee for the sweetness of his tongue, so in Charles Fitzgeffrey's Drake, Drayton is termed golden-mouthed for the purity and preciousness of his style and phrase.

As Accius, M. Attilius and Milithus were called tragoediographi because they writ tragedies, so may we truly term Michael Drayton tragoediographus for his passionate penning the downfalls of valiant Robert of Normandy, chaste Matilda, and great Gaveston.

As John Honterus in Latin verse writ 3 books of cosmography with geographical tables, so Michael Drayton is now in penning in English verse a poem called Poli-olbion Geographical and Hydrographical of all the forests, woods, mountains, fountains, rivers, lakes, floods, baths and springs that be in England.

As Aulus Persius Flaccus is reported among all writers to be of an honest life and upright conversation, so Michael Drayton (*quem toties honoris & amoris causa nomino*) among scholars, soldiers, poets and all sorts of people, is held for a man of virtuous disposition, honest conversation, and well-governed carriage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but roguery in villainous man, & when cheating and craftiness is counted the cleanest wit, and soundest wisdom.

As Decius Ausonius Gallus in *libris Fastorum* penned the occurrences of the world from the first creation of it to his time, that is, to the reign of the emperor Gratian, so Warner in his absolute Albions England hath most admirably penned the history of his own country from Noah to his time, that is, to the reign of Queen Elizabeth; I have heard him termed, of the best wits of both our universities, our English Homer.

As Euripides is the most sententious among the Greek poets, so is Warner among our English poets.

As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagorus, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous & honey-tongued Shakespeare, witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared sonnets among his private friends, &c.

As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love Labours Lost, his Love Labours Won, his

Midsummer's Night Dream, & his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard the 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.

As Epicius Stolo said that the muses would speak with Plautus' tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English.

As Musaeus, who wrote the love of Hero and Leander, had two excellent scholars, Thamyris & Hercules, so hath he in England two excellent poets, imitators of him in the same argument and subject, Christopher Marlowe and George Chapman.

As Ovid saith of his work:

amq opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

And as Horace saith of his:

Exegi monumentum aere perennius; Regaliq; situ pyramidum altius; Quod non imber edax; Non Aquilo impotens, possit diruere; aut innumerabilis annorum series & fuga temporum:

so say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spenser's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's, and Warner's works:

Non Iovis ira: imbres: Mars: ferrum; flamma, senectus, Hoc opus unda: lues: turbo: venena ruent. Et quanquam ad plucherrimum hoc opus euertendum tres illi Dij conspirabunt, Cronus, Vulcanus, & pater ipse gentis; Non tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis, Aeternum potuit hoc abolere Decus.

As Italy had Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano and Ariosto, so England had Matthew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, Thomas Watson, Thomas Kyd, Robert Greene & George Peele.

As there are eight famous and chief languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Syriac, Arabic, Italian, Spanish and French, so there are eight notable several kinds of poets, heroic, lyric, tragic, comic, satiric, iambic, elegiac & pastoral.

As Homer and Virgil among the Greeks and Latins are the chief heroic poets, so Spenser and Warner be our chief heroical makers.

As Pindarus, Anacreon and Callimachus among the Greeks, and Horace and Catullus among the Latins are the best lyric poets, so in this faculty the best among our poets are Spenser (who excelleth in all kinds), Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Breton.

As these tragic poets flourished in Greece, Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Alexander Aetolus, Achaëus Erithriaëus, Astydamas Atheniensis, Apollodorus Tarsensis, Nicomachus Phrygius, Thespis Atticus, and Timon Apolloniates, and these among the Latins, Accius, M. Attilius, Pomponius Secundus and Seneca, so these are our best for tragedy, the Lord Buckhurst, Doctor Legge of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxford, Master Edward Ferris, the author of the Mirror for Magistrates, Marlowe, Peele, Watson, Kyd, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Dekker, and Benjamin Johnson.

As M. Anneus Lucanus writ two excellent tragedies, one called Medea, the other de Incendio Troiae cum Priami calamitate, so Doctor Legge hath penned two famous tragedies, the one of Richard the 3. the other of the destruction of Jerusalem.

The best poets for comedy among the Greeks are these, Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis Atheniensis, Alexis Terius, Nicostratus, Amipsias Atheniensis, Anaxandrides Rhodius, Aristonymus, Archippus Atheniensis and Callias Atheniensis, and among the Latins, Plautus, Terence, Naevius, Sext. Turpilius, Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus, so the best for comedy amongst us be Edward Earl of Oxford, Doctor Gager of Oxford, Master Rowley, once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Master Edwards, one of her Majesty's Chapel, eloquent and witty John Lyly, Lodge, Gascoigne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Munday, our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle.

As Horace, Lucilius, Juvenal, Persius & Lucullus are the best for satire among the Latins, so with us in the same faculty these are chief, Piers Plowman, Lodge, Hall of Emmanuel College in Cambridge, the author of Pygmalion's Image and Certain Satires, the author of Skiaetheia. Among the Greeks I will name but two for iambics, Archilochus Parius, and Hipponax Ephesius; so amongst us I name but two iambical poets, Gabriel Harvey and Richard Stanyhurst, because I have seen no mo in this kind.

As these are famous among the Greeks for elegy, Melanthus, Mymnerus Colophonius, Olympius Mysius, Parthenius Nicaeus, Philetas Cous, Theogenes Megarensis, and Pigres Halicarnassaeus, and these among the Latins, Mecaenas, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, T. Valgius, Cassius Severus & Clodius Sabinus, so these are the most passionate among us to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, Sir Francis Bryan, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Edward Dyer, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Whetstone, Gascoigne, Samuel Page, sometimes fellow of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, Churchyard, Breton.

As Theocritus in Greek, Virgil and Mantuan in Latin, Sannazar in Italian, and the author of Amyntae Gaudia and Walsingham's Meliboeus are the best for pastoral, so amongst us the best in this kind are Sir Philip Sidney, Master Chaloner, Spenser, Stephen Gosson, Abraham Fraunce, and Barnfield.

These and many other epigrammatists the Latin tongue hath, Q. Catullus, Portius Licinius, Quintus Cornificius, Martial, Cn. Getulicus, and witty Sir Thomas More; so in English we have these, Heywood, Drant, Kendal, Bastard, Davies.

As noble Mecaenas, that sprung from the Etruscan kings, not only graced poets by his bounty, but also by being a poet himself, and as James the 6, now king of Scotland, is not only a favourer of poets, but a poet, as my friend Master Richard Barnfield hath in this distich passing well recorded:

The King of Scots now living is a poet, As his Lepanto and his furies show it,
So Elizabeth, our dread sovereign and gracious queen, is not only a liberal patron unto poets, but an excellent poet herself, whose learned, delicate and noble muse surmounteth, be it in ode, elegy, epigram, or in any other kind of poem heroic or lyric.

Octavia, sister unto Augustus the emperor, was exceeding bountiful unto Virgil, who gave him, for making 26 verses, 1137 pounds, to wit, ten sesterces for every verse, which amount to above 43. pounds for every verse; so learned Mary, the honourable Countess of Pembroke, the noble sister of immortal Sir Philip Sidney, is very liberal unto poets; besides she is a most delicate poet, of whom I may say, as Antipater Sidonius writeth of Sappho:

Dulcia Mnemosyne demirans carmina Sapphus, Quaesiuit decima Pieris unde foret.

Among others in times past, poets had these favorers, Augustus, Mecaenas, Sophocles, Germanicus, an emperor, a nobleman, a senator, and a captain, so of latter times poets have these patrons, Robert, King of Sicil, the great King Francis of France, King James of Scotland, & Queen Elizabeth of England.

As in former times two great cardinals, Bembus & Biena, did countenance poets, so of late years two great preachers have given them their right hands in fellowship, Beza and Melancthon.

As the learned philosophers Fracastorius and Scaliger have highly prized them, so have the eloquent orators Pontanus and Muretus very gloriously estimated them.

As Georgius Buchananus' Jephthe, amongst all modern tragedies is able to abide the touch of Aristotle's precepts, and Euripides' examples, so is Bishop Watson's Absolam.

As Terence, for his translations out of Apollodorus & Menander, and Aquilius for his translation out of Menander, and C. Germanicus Augustus for his out of Aratus, and Ausonius for his translated Epigrams out of Greek, and Doctor Johnson for his Frog-fight out of Homer, and

Watson for his *Antigone* out of Sophocles, have got good commendations, so these versifiers for their learned translations are of good note among us, Phaer for Virgil's *Aeneads*, Golding for Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, Harington for his *Orlando Furioso*, the translators of Seneca's tragedies, Barnabe Googe for Palingenius, Turberville for Ovid's *Epistles* and Mantuan, and Chapman for his inchoate Homer.

As the Latins have these emblematisers, Andreas Alciatus, Reusnerus, and Sambucus, so we have these, Geoffrey Whitney, Andrew Willet, and Thomas Combe.

As Nonnus Panoplyta write the gospel of Saint John in Greek hexameters, so Gervase Markham hath written Solomon's canticles in English verse.

As C. Plinius writ the life of Pomponius Secundus, so young Charles Fitzgeffrey, that high towering falcon, hath most gloriously penned the honourable life and death of worthy Sir Francis Drake.

As Hesiod write learnedly of husbandry in Greek, so hath Tusser very wittily and experimentally written of it in English.

As Antipater Sidonius was famous for extemporal verse in Greek, and Ovid for his *Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat*, so was our Tarleton, of whom Doctor Case, that learned physician, thus speaketh in the seventh book, & seventeenth chapter of his *Politics*:

Aristoteles suum Theodoretum laudavit quendam peritum Tragoediarum actorem; Cicero suum Roscium: nos Angli Tarletonum, in cuius voce & vultu omnes iocosi affectus, in cuius cerebroso capite lepidae facetiae habitant.

And so is now our witty Wilson, who, for learning and extemporal wit in this faculty, is without compare or compeer, as to his great and eternal commendations he manifested in his challenge at the Swan on the Bankside.

As Achilles tortured the dead body of Hector, and as Antonius, and his wife Fulvia tormented the lifeless corps of Cicero, so Gabriel Harvey hath shewed the same inhumanity to Greene, that lies full low in his grave.

As Eupolis of Athens used great liberty in taxing the vices of men, so doth Thomas Nashe, witness the brood of the Harveys.

As Actaeon was worried of his own hounds, so is Tom Nashe of his Isle of Dogs. Dogs were the death of Euripides, but be not disconsolate, gallant young Juvenal; Linus, the son of Apollo died the same death. Yet God forbid that so brave a wit should so basely perish; thine are but paper dogs; neither is thy banishment like Ovid's, eternally to converse with the barbarous Getes.

Therefore comfort thyself, sweet Tom, with Cicero's glorious return to Rome, & with the counsel Aeneas gives to his sea-beaten soldiers, lib. I. *Aeneid*:

Pluck up thine heart, & drive from thence both fear and care away, To think on this may pleasure be perhaps another day. *Durato, & temet rebus servato secundis.*

As Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the pox.

As Archesilaus Prytanaeus perished by wine at a drunken feast, as Hermippus testifieth in Diogenes, so Robert Greene died of a surfeit taken at pickled herrings & Rhenish wine, as witnesseth Thomas Nashe, who was at the fatal banquet.

As Jodelle, a French tragical poet, being an epicure and an atheist, made a pitiful end, so our tragical poet Marlowe, for his epicurism and atheism had a tragical death; you may read of this Marlowe more at large in the Theatre of God's Judgments, in the 25. chapter entreating of epicures and atheists.

As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a certain rival of his, so Christopher Marlowe was stabbed to death by a bawdy serving-man, a rival of his in his lewd love.

1. Meres, Francis (1565-1647) was briefly an author and commentator on the London literary scene; primarily a rural minister and schoolmaster. Brother-in-law of John Florio (tutor of the Earl of Southampton); friend and protege of Lord Burghley. Author of *Palladis Tamia: Wits Treasury* (1598), the first public notice that a number of plays that had long been played and acted anonymously were the work of a man named William Shakespeare, and one of the first to give notice to Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford as an outstanding playwright. Thus in the authorship controversy Meres gave fuel to both the supporters of William Shaksper of Stratford and the supporters of Edward De Vere.

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London Theaters in the 16th Century

Commercial Theaters

Before the building of theaters specifically designed for theatrical performances, professional acting companies performed in inn yards or other suitable buildings. The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, for instance, was performed by the Queen's Men at the Bull Inn (on/before 1588). The first theater erected specifically for the purpose of performing plays was The Theatre, built by James Burbage in 1576 (see below).

Blackfriars Theater: Part of a medieval monastery, Blackfriars Priory. Unlike other theaters, Blackfriars Theater had a roof. Its admission fees were high, and audiences wealthier, more socially prominent and better educated than the average playgoer. Smaller than other theaters, with a candle-lit stage, Blackfriars was considered a "private" theater.

Affiliations: Combined Children of the Chapel/Paul's Children (early 1580's-1584), led by Henry Evans (assisted by Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford) with plays by the gifted John Lyly performed at Blackfriars and at Court; James Burbage and his sons held the lease from 1584; Children of the Chapel (1600-09); King's Men (1609-)

Curtain Theater (1577): Second London playhouse, probably built by Henry Laneman. Round or multi-sided three-story building, located in Shoreditch near The Theatre near the neighborhood of Curtain Close. Last mentioned in 1627.

Affiliations: Strange's Men (1590-92); Lord Chamberlain's Men (1597-98). Queen's Men (1603-1609).

Fortune Theatre (1600): Built in a northern London suburb by Philip Henslowe and William Alleyn. Built to rival the Globe and in the same general manner. A statue of the Goddess of Fortune presided over the entrance. Burned down in 1621, rebuilt. Destroyed around 1656.

Affiliations: Admiral's Men (1600), succeeded by Prince Henry's Men.

Globe Theatre (1599): Southwark Theatre, reassembled by Cuthbert Burbage when the Theatre (see below) lost the lease of land for that building (see below). Affiliated with Lord Chamberlain's Men. The lease was held by Cuthbert and Richard Burbage (sharing in 1/2 of the building) and company shareholders John Heminge, Will Kemp, Augustine Phillips, Thomas Pope, and William Shakespeare (sharing the other half).

The Globe was a roughly cylindrical 3-story timber building, each floor containing open galleries with seats. The galleries extended around most of the circle, the stage built out into the center from the remainder of the circle. Behind the stage were dressing rooms, storage, other functional areas. Above the thatched roof rose a tower, from which flags were flown and trumpets sounded to announce a production. A late account states that on the Globe's facade was a painted sign depicting Hercules supporting the planet Earth. This sign may have been alluded to in Hamlet (II.2.358), where the children's companies are said to have triumphed over 'Hercules and his load too.'

In 1613 the thatched roof caught on fire, and the Globe burned to the ground. Rebuilt in the same year, it was torn down in 1644, two years after the Puritan government closed the theaters. A new Globe Theatre opened in 1991, its director Mark Rylance, a major British anti-Stratfordian in the authorship controversy.

Rose Theatre (1587): The first theater south of the River Thames, built by Philip Henslowe of timber and plaster on a brick foundation. Probably torn down around 1606.

Affiliations: Strange's Men (after 1592); Sussex's Men (1593), briefly until closed by plague epidemic; Queen's Men and Sussex's Men (spring, 1594); Admiral's Men (spring 1594-1600); Pembroke's Men (1600); Worcester's Men (1602-03).

Swan Theatre (1595): Built by Samuel Langley, a man apparently with both political and underworld affiliations. A foreign visitor described a circular building with three stories of seats, each containing three rows, overlooking an unroofed central area into which a stage thrusts. The stage was half covered by a canopy extending from the rear wall and supported by massive columns on stage. Two doors in the back wall of the stage, with box seats above the doors. At the top of the rear structure a roofed hut, from which a flag flies and trumpets blow, to announce that a play is scheduled. Langley had trouble with obtaining a license and with bookings, presumably because of his unsavory reputation and opposition from political rivals.

The only play to known have been performed was the ill fated Isle of Dogs by Thomas Nashe (see (Pembroke's Men, above), a political fiasco that resulted

in closing of all the theaters. When the theaters were reopened, Langley had difficulty in recruiting other companies. After Langley's death (1601) the theater was sold. By 1632 it had fallen into decay.

The first known mention of a William Shakespeare's connection to London arises in connection with Langley's feud with William Gardiner, a judge and real estate speculator with a history of criminal activity. In 1596 Langley sought court protection against Gardiner and his stepson William Wayte; and Wayte then sought the same protection against Langley, William Shakespeare, and two women named without a courtesy title, seemingly of rather low character. Discovered by Leslie Hotson, the record is a curiosity: placing Shakespeare with the wrong person at the wrong theater at the wrong time; although it does connect him to real estate speculation, an activity that was to mark his financial activities to the end of his days in Stratford.

The Theatre (1576): First London playhouse, built by James Burbage (of Leicester's Men) on leased land in Shoreditch, a northern suburb just outside the City and thus safe from attacks by the ruling London Puritans. The Theatre was apparently a polygonal, roughly cylindrical three-story structure of wood built around an open, unroofed central space. There were rows of galleries overlooking the center at each level. The stage projected from one sector into the center, the building above reserved for backstage needs. The Theatre did not reopen when the theaters were closed in 1597. Burbage's ground lease had expired shortly before his death; and his son Cuthbert dissembled the building and used the timber to build the Globe Theatre.

Affiliations: Leicester's Men (1576-1578); Oxford's Men (1579 and 1582); The Queen's Men (1583 and 1589); Admiral's Men and Strange's Men (1590-91); Lord Chamberlain's Men (after 1594).

Other Performance Facilities

Inns of Court

Grays Inn, Lincoln's Inn, the Middle Temple, the Inner Temple: law schools in London, were noted for the presentation of masques and other events.

Some Productions of the Inns of Court

Grays Inn (1566): George Gascoigne's *Jocasta*; *Supposes*.

Gray's Inn (1595): *Comedy of Errors* (Lord Chamberlain's).

[Said to have caused a riot]

Middle Temple (1602): *Twelfth Night*.

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A Guide to Elizabethan Drama
Influential Elizabethan Authors and Their Works:
Drama - (Standard Attributions)

Richard Edwards
Brief Biography
Damon and Pithias - Modern Spelling

John Fletcher, with William Shakespeare:
The Two Noble Kinsmen - Modern Spelling

Arthur Golding
Brief Biography and List of Works
A Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice - Original Spelling
A Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice - Modern Spelling
Glossary and Appendices to Abraham's Sacrifice

Robert Greene
Alphonsus, King of Aragon - Modern Spelling
original spelling: in Process
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process
George a Greene (anon. attributed to Greene)
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process
Orlando Furioso
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process
James IV
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling [link]

Thomas Kyd
The Complete Plays of Thomas Kyd (Projected)
A Spanish Tragedy
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process
Soliman and Perseda - Modern Spelling
original spelling: in Process

Thomas Lodge

Brief Biography and List of Works [\[link\]](#)
The Wounds of Civil War

John Lyly
The plays of John Lyly (Projected)
Endimion - The Man in the Moone - Modern Spelling
Campaspe
Gallatea
Love's Metamorphoses
Midas
Mother Bombie
Sapho and Phao
Woman in the Moon

John Marston
Eastward Ho (with Ben Jonson, George Chapman): in Process
The Malcontent: in Process

Thomas Middleton:
[Link to Thomas Middleton web site](#)

Thomas Nashe
Summers Last Will and Testament - modern spelling
original spelling: in Process
Pierce Penniless: [\[link\]](#)

Anonymous or Disputed Dramatic Works

Arden of Feversham
original spelling: in Process
The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll - Original Spelling
Glossary and Appendices to Doctor Dodypoll

Edmund Ironside
modern spelling: in Process

The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth - Original Spelling
Famous Victories modern spelling [\[link\]](#)
Glossary and Appendices to Famous Victories

Nobody and Somebody
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process

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CHILDREN'S ACTING COMPANIES 1559-1605

The children's acting companies were usually an activity of an educational or religious institution, often as part of the repertory of its boys choir. These companies were highly popular, especially at court, where they performed plays, sometimes in Latin, with moral themes and often in the traditional Senecan manner. Even in those early days, however, there were presentations of pure diversion: Nicholas Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* or Plautus broad satire *Plautus Miles Gloriosus* at Westminster Grammar School (College of St. Peter), while the Grammar School at Hitchen specialized in reenactments of Biblical stories.

These companies were highly favored by Queen Elizabeth. At list of children's Revels performances shows that the Children of St. Paul's, the Children of the Chapel Royal, the Westminster Choristers, and the Children of the Windsor Chapel were favored. During the period 1583-85 a new company under the patronage of the Earl of Oxford was prominent, featuring the sophisticated and witty comedies of Oxford's secretary and protegee John Lyly. In the early 1580's the patronage of Oxford and dramatic talent of Lyly were joined to the managerial vision of Henry Evans to effect a union of the Children of Paul's and the Chapel Children, obtaining a lease of the Blackfriars Theater. The lease was lost in 1584 and the two children's companies went their separate ways. The Chapel Children relapsed back into relative obscurity at that time, but the Children of Paul's, under the leadership of Thomas Gyles and assisted by John Heywood and John Lyly, established a virtual monopoly of court performances. Their popularity was so strong that Gyles had been granted the power to impress boys for the Cathedral choir.

After the season of 1589-90 the Paul's Children were excluded from London appearances for more than ten years, almost certainly because they had been involved publicly in a skit involving the Martinist religious/political controversy, presumably a skit that showed Martin Marprelate as an ape, later described in *A Whippe for an Ape*, an anonymous poem that bears characteristics of John Lyly (note vocabulary pairings in the glossary, below). Paul's Children continued to perform outside of London, perhaps at a private showing of Thomas Nashe's *Summers Last Will and Testament* (1592 at Croyden).

A letter from Rowland White to Sir Robert Sidney links the revival of Paul's Children (1597?) to the interest of Lord Derby, son-in-law of the Earl of Oxford. "My Lord Derby hath put up the plays of the children in Paul's to his great pains and charge." <1> There is no further evidence connecting Paul's to Lord Derby, who was very involved with his own acting company. The noticeable resemblance between characteristics of Henry Evans and the Welch Sir Hugh Evans (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*) may indicate a return to favor at that period (or perhaps a subtle plea for forgiveness); although the fairies who tormented Falstaff were portrayed by the Children of Windsor. The revival of Paul's also may be traced to the appointment of Richard Mulcaster as headmaster of the grammar school; but it undoubtedly owed the largest debt to Thomas Gyles the choirmaster and his successor Edward Pierce, appointed in mid-1600.

From the early 1600's established authors once again furnished the children's troops with accomplished material: Marston, Dekker, Middleton and Chapman writing for Paul's; Jonson, Chapman, Marston and Middleton for the Children of the Chapel Royal, now Children of the

Queen's Revels with a venue at Blackfriars. The opening years of the reign of James I, with the enthusiastic patronage of the new royal family, were to see an upsurge of royal favor toward the dramatic arts, to the great benefit of the once struggling Children's companies.

1. Michael Shapiro. *Children of the Revels*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1977, p. 21.

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COURT PERFORMANCES BY CHILDREN'S ACTING COMPANIES

1559-1605

1559-69

Aug. 7: Paul's.

Dec. 31: Chapel (?)

1560-61

Christmas: Paul's.

1561-62

Christmas: Paul's.

Feb. 2-10.

1562-63

Christmas: Paul's.

1564-65

Christmas: Chapel. (Edwards) Damon and Pithias. See site map.

Christmas: Paul's.

January: Westminster Grammar School. .Miles Gloriosus; Heautontimorumenus (?).

Feb. 2: Paul's.

1565-66

Before Jan. 3: Paul's (3 performances).

Jan. 17: Westminster Grammar School. Sapienta Solomonis.

1566-67

Dec. 25-Jan. 1: Paul's (2 performances).

Dec. 25-Jan. 1: Westminster Choristers.

Dec. 25-Jan. 1: Windsor.

1567-68

Christmas: Westminster Choristers.

Christmas: Paul's (2 performances). Wit and Will; Prodigality (?).

Feb. 29-March 2: Chapel. King of Scots (?).

Feb. 29-March 2: Windsor.

1568-69

Jan. 1: Paul's.

Feb. 22: Windsor.

1569-70

Dec. 27: Windsor.

Jan. 6: Chapel.

1570-71

Dec. 28: Paul's.
 Feb. 25-27: Chapel.
 Feb. 25-27: Windsor.
 Feb. 25-27: Paul's.
 1571-72
 Dec. 28: Paul's. Iphigenia.
 Jan. 1: Windsor. Ajax and Ulysses.
 Jan. 6: Chapel. Narcissus.
 Feb. 19: Westminster Choristers. Paris and Vienne.
 1572-73
 Christmas: Paul's.
 Jan. 1: Windsor.
 Jan. 6: Eton.
 Feb. 3: Merchant Taylors'.
 1573-74
 Dec. 27: Paul's. Alcmeon.
 Jan. 2: Westminster Choristers. Truth, Faithfulness and Mercy.
 Jan. 6: Windsor. Quintus Fabius.
 Feb. 2: Merchant Taylors'. Timoclea at the Siege of Thebes.
 Feb. 23: Merchant Taylors'. Perseus and Andromeda.
 1574-75
 Jan. 6: Windsor. Xerxes (?).
 Feb. 2: Paul's. Prodigality (?).
 Feb. 13: Chapel.
 Feb. 15: Merchant Taylors'.
 1575-76
 Dec. 27: Windsor.
 Jan. 6: Paul's.
 March 5: Merchant Taylors'.
 1576-77
 Jan. 1: Paul's. The History of Error.
 Jan. 6: Chapel and Windsor. Mutius Scaevola.
 Feb. 19: Paul's. Titus and Gisippus <1>.
 1577-78
 Dec. 27: Chapel.
 Dec. 29: Paul's.
 1578-79
 Dec. 27: Chapel.
 Jan. 1: Paul's. Marriage of Mind and Measure.
 March 2: Chapel. Loyalty and Beauty.
 1579-80
 Dec. 27: Chapel. Alucius.
 Jan. 3: Paul's. Scipio Africanus.
 1580-81
 Jan. 6: Paul's. Pompey.
 Feb. 5: Chapel.
 1581-82
 Dec. 26: Paul's.
 Dec. 31: Chapel.

Feb. 27: Chapel.
 1582-83
 Dec. 26: Chapel. A Game of Cards.
 Feb. 12: Merchant Taylors'. Ariodante and Genevora.
 1583-84
 Jan. 1: Oxford's Boys. (Lyly) Campaspe (?). See site map.
 Jan. 6: Chapel.
 Feb. 2: Chapel.
 March 3: Oxford's Boys. (Lyly) Sapho and Phao (?). See site map.
 1584-85
 Dec. 27: Oxford's Boys. Agamemnon and Ulysses.
 Jan. 1: L. Oxford's Boys.
 1585-86
 Jan. 9: Stanley's Boys.
 1586-87
 Feb. 26: Paul's.
 1586-87
 Feb. 26: Paul's.
 1587-88
 Jan. 1: Paul's. (Lyly) Gallathea (?). See site map.
 Feb. 2: Paul's. (Lyly) Endymion (?). See site map.
 1588-89
 Dec. 27: Paul's.
 Jan. 1: Paul's.
 Jan. 12: Paul's.
 1589-90
 Dec. 28: Paul's.
 Jan. 1: Paul's.
 Jan. 6: Paul's. (Lyly) Midas (?). See site map.
 1600-01
 Jan. 1: Paul's.
 Jan. 6: Chapel. (Jonson) Cynthia's Revels (?).
 Feb. 22: Chapel. The Contention Between Liberality and Prodigality.
 1601-02
 Jan. 6: Chapel.
 Jan. 10: Chapel.
 Feb. 14: Chapel.
 1602-03
 Jan. 1: Paul's.
 1603-04
 Feb. 20: Paul's. (Middleton) The Phoenix. <http://www.tech.org/~cleary/middhome.html>
 Feb. 21: Queen's Revels.
 1604-05
 Jan. 1: Queen's Revels. All Fools.
 Jan. 3: Queen's Revels.
 1606
 July 30: Paul's. Abuses.

Source: Michael Shapiro. *Children of the Revels*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1977.

Note: Titus and Gisippus was a "friendship play", a prototype of plays such as The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

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REPERTORIES OF CHILDREN'S ACTING COMPANIES 1559-1605

The Children of Paul's
The Marriage of Wit and Science (1567-668),
The Contention Between Liberality and Prodigality (1567-68),
Iphigenia: (1571-72). Lost Play,
The History of Error (1576-77). Lost Play.
Titus and Gisippus (1576-77). Lost Play.
The Marriage of Mind and Measure (1578-79). Lost Play.
Scipio Africanus (1579-80). Lost Play.
Pompey (1580-81). Lost Play.
Cupid and Psyche (ca. 1580-82). Lost Play.
Campaspe: John Lyly (1580-84).
Sapho and Phao: John Lyly (1582-84).
Agamemnon and Ulysses (1584-85). Lost Play.
Gallathea: John Lyly (1585-88).
Endymion: John Lyly (ca. 1587-88).
Mother Bombie: John Lyly (1587-90).
Midas: John Lyly (1589-90).
The Woman in the Moon: John Lyly (1590-95).
Love's Metamorphosis: John Lyly (date?).
The Maids Metamorphosis. (1597?-1600).
The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll (1597?-1600).
Antonio and Mellida: John Marston (1599-1600).
Antonio's Revenge: John Marston (1599-1600).
Jack Drum's Entertainment: attributed to John Marston (1600).
Satiromax: John Marston and Thomas Dekker (1601).
What you Will: John Marston (1601).
Blurt, Master Constable: Thomas Dekker (1601-02).
The Family of Love: Thomas Middleton (?) (1602-03?).
The Old Joiner of Aldgate: George Chapman (1603). Lost Play.
The Phoenix: Thomas Middleton (1603-04).
The Fawn: John Marston (ca. 1604).
Bussy D'Ambois: George Chapman (1604).
Westward Ho!: Thomas Dekker and John Webster (1604).
A Trick to Catch the Old One: Thomas Middleton (1604-06).
Michaelmas Term: Thomas Middleton (1604-06).
A Mad World, My Masters: Thomas Middleton (1604-06).
Northward Ho!: Thomas Dekker and John Webster (1605).
The Woman Hater: Francis Beaumont (1605-07).
The Children of the Chapel Royal
(a.k.a. Children of the Queen's Revels, Children of Blackfriars)

Damon and Pithias: Richard Edwards (1564-65).
 Appius and Virginia: R. Bower (?) (1559-67).
 The King of Scots: (1567-68). Lost Play.
 Narcissus (1571-72). Lost Play.
 Mutius Scaevola: (1576-77). Lost Play.
 The Wars of Cyrus: Richard Ferrant ? (1576-80?).
 Loyalty and Beauty: (1578-79). Lost Play.
 Alucius (1579-80). Lost Play.
 Campaspe (see Paul's): John Lyly (1580-894).
 The Arraignment of Paris: George Peele (ca. 1581-84).
 Sapho and Phao (see Paul's): John Lyly (1582-84).
 A Game of Cards: (1582-83). Lost Play.
 Agamemnon and Ulysses (see Paul's) (1584-85). Lost Play
 Dido, Queen of Carthage: Thomas Nashe and Christopher Marlowe (1585-88?)
 Hieronimo: (1600-04).
 Love's Metamorphosis: (see Paul's) John Lyly (1500).
 Cynthia's Revels: Ben Jonson (1600) [link to Jonson site]
 The Contentation between Liberality and Prodigality: (? see Paul's) (1600-01).
 The Case is Altered: Ben Jonson (1600-08).
 Poetaster: Ben Jonson (1601).
 May Day: George Chapman (1601-02).
 Sir Giles Goosecap: George Chapman (1601-03)
 A Royal Widow of England: (1602). Lost Play.
 The Gentleman Usher: George Chapman (1602-03).
 The Malcontent: John Marston (ca, 1603).
 The Dutch Courtesan: John Marston (1603-05).
 The Fawn: (see Paul's) John Marston (1604).
 All Fool's: George Chapman (1604).
 Philotas: Samuel Daniel (1604).
 Monsieus D'Olive: George Chapman (1604-05)
 A Trick to Catch the Old One: Thomas Middleton (1604-05).

The Merchant Taylor's Boys
 Perseus and Andromeda: (1573-74). Lost Play.
 Timoclea at the Siege of Troy: (1573-74). Lost Play.
 Ariodante and Genevora: (1582-83). Lost Play.
 The Children of the Windsor Chapel
 Ajax and Ulysses: (1571-72). Lost Play.
 Quintus Fabius: (1573-74). Lost Play.
 Xerxes: (1574-75). Lost Play.
 Mutius Scaevola (see Chapel) (1576-77). Lost Play.
 St. Paul's Grammar School
 Philamoth's Dream?: John Harrison (1583-84).
 Philomathes' Second Dream?: John Harrison (1585-86).
 Westminster Grammar School (College of St. Peter)
 Ralph Roister Doister: Nicholas Udall (1553-56?)
 Miles Gloriosus: Plautus (1564-65).
 Heautontimorumenus: Terence (1564-65).

Sapientia Solomonis: Sixt Birk (1563-66).
Westminster Choirboys
Paris and Vienne: (1571-72). Lost Play.
Truth, Faithfulness, and Mercy: (1573-74). Lost Play.
Grammar School at Hitchin: all by Ralph Radcliffe (1548-56). All Lost Plays.
The Condemnation of John Huss.
The Afflictions of Job.
The Revolt of Jonah.
The Courage of Judith.
Lazarus and Dives.
The Burning of Sodom and Gomorrah.
The Deliverance of Susannah.
Chaucer's Melibeus.
Titus and Gisippus.
Patient Griselda.
Unknown Children's Companies
Jacob and Esau: (1550-57).
Respublica: Nicholas Udall (1553).
Jack Juggler: (ca. 1553-58).
Tom Tyler and His Wife: (1558-63).
The Disobedient Child: Thomas Ingelond (ca. 1558-69).
The Bugbears: John Jeffere (ca. 1563-65).
The Virtuous and Godly Susanna: Thomas Garter (1563-69).
The Glass of Government: George Gascoigne (1575).
Summers Last Will and Testament: Thomas Nashe (1592).

Source: Michael Shapiro. Children of the Revels. New York: Columbia University Press, 1977.
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Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford

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Inscription to Lady Oxford 1575

Three Contemporary Views of Edward de Vere

George Chapman: From The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois

Gabriel Harvey: Address at Audley End & Speculum Tuscanismi

Anthony Munday

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The Poems of Edward de Vere

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Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford

Select Letters

Letter to Bartholomew Clerke 1571
Dedication in Latin to Bartholomew Clerke's Translation of The Courtier (1571/1572)
[translated by B. M. Ward]

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, Lord Great Chamberlain of England, Viscount Bulbeck and Baron Scales and Badlesmere to the Reader -- Greeting.

A frequent and earnest consideration of the translation of Castiglione's Italian work, which has now for a long time been undertaken and finally carried out by my friend Clerke, has caused me to waver between two opinions: debating in my mind whether I should preface it by some writing and letter of my own, or whether I should do no more than study it with a mind full of gratitude. The first course seemed to demand greater skill and art than I can lay claim to, the second to be a work of no less good-will and application. To do both, however, seemed to combine a task of delightful industry with an indication of special good-will.

I have therefore undertaken the work, and I do so the more willingly in order that I may lay a laurel wreath of my own on the translation in which I have studied this book, and also to ensure that neither my good-will (which is very great) should remain unexpressed, nor that my skill (which is small) should seem to fear to face the light and the eyes of men.

It is no more than its due that praises of every kind should be rendered to this work descriptive of a Courtier. It is indeed every way right, and one may say almost inevitable, that with the highest and greatest praises I should address both the author and the translator, and even more the great patroness of so great a work, whose name alone on the title-page gives it a right majestic and honorable introduction.

For what more difficult, more noble, or more magnificent task has anyone ever undertaken than our author Castiglione, who has drawn for us the figure and model of a courtier, a work to which nothing can be added, in which there is no redundant word, a portrait which we shall recognize as that of a highest and most perfect type of man. And so, although nature herself has made nothing perfect in every detail, yet the manners of men exceed in dignity that with which nature has endowed them; and he who surpasses others has here surpassed himself and has even out-done nature, which by no one has ever been surpassed. Nay more: however elaborate the ceremonial, whatever the magnificence of the court, the splendor of the courtiers, and the multitude of spectators, he has been able to lay down principles for the guidance of the very Monarch himself.

Again, Castiglione has vividly depicted more and even greater things than these. For who has spoken of princes with greater gravity? Who has discoursed of illustrious women with a more ample dignity? No one has written of military affairs more eloquently, more aptly about horse-racing, and more clearly and admirably about encounters under arms on the field of battle. I will say nothing of the fitness and the excellence with which he has depicted the beauty of chivalry in the noblest persons. Nor will I refer to his delineations in the case of those persons who cannot be courtiers, when he alludes to some notable defect or to some ridiculous character, or to some deformity of appearance. Whatever is heard in the mouths of men in casual talk and in society, whether apt and candid or villainous and shameful, that he has set down in so natural a manner that it seems to be acted before our very eyes.

Again, to the credit of the translator of so great a work, a writer too who is no mean orator, must be added a new glory of language. For although Latin has come down to us from the ancient city of Rome, a city in which the study of eloquence flourished exceedingly, it has now given back its features for use in modern courts as a polished language of an excellent temper, fitted out with royal pomp and possessing admirable dignity. All this my good friend Clerke has done,

combining exceptional genius with wonderful eloquence. For he has resuscitated that dormant quality of fluent discourse. He has recalled those ornaments and lights which he had laid aside, for use in connection with subjects most worthy of them. For this reason he deserves all the more honor, because that to great subjects -- and they are indeed great -- he has applied the greatest lights and ornaments.

For who is clearer in his use of words? Or richer in the dignity of his sentences? Or who can conform to the variety of circumstances with greater art? If weighty matters are under consideration, he unfolds his theme in a solemn and majestic rhythm; if the subject is familiar and facetious, he makes use of words that are witty and amusing. When therefore he writes with precise and well-chosen words, with skillfully constructed and crystal-clear sentences, and with every art of dignified rhetoric, it cannot be but that some noble quality should be felt to proceed from his work. To me indeed it seems, when I read this courtly Latin, that I am listening to Crassus, Antonius and Hortensius, discoursing on this very theme.

And, great as all these qualities are, our translator has wisely added one single surpassing title of distinction to recommend his work. For indeed, what more effective action could he have taken to make his work fruitful of good results than to dedicate his Courtier to our most illustrious and noble Queen, in whom all courtly qualities are personified, together with those diviner and truly celestial virtues? For there is no pen so skillful or powerful, no kind of speech so clear, that is not left behind by her own surpassing virtue. It was therefore an excellent display of wisdom on the part of our translator to seek out as a patroness of his work one who was of surpassing virtue, of wisest mind, of soundest religion, and cultivated in the highest degree in learning and literary studies.

Lastly, if the noblest attributes of the wisest princes, the safest protection of a flourishing commonwealth, the greatest qualities of the best citizens, by her own merit and in the opinion of all, continually encompass her around; surely to obtain the protection of that authority, to strengthen it with gifts, and to mark it with the superscription of her name, is a work which, while worthy of all monarchs, is most worthy of our own Queen, to whom alone is due all the praise of all the muses and all the glory of literature.

Given at the Royal Court on the 5th of January 1571.

Fowler, William P. *Shakespeare Revealed in Oxford's Letters*, pp. 45 ff. Portsmouth, N.H. Peter E. Randall. (contact Ruth Loyd Miller, ed. Jennings, La.: Minos Pub. Co., or on the web at <http://www.ruthmiller.com>)

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Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford

Select Letters

Letter to Thomas Bedingfield

Oxford Letter Commending translation of Cardanus Comfort (1573)

To my loving friend Thomas Bedingfield Esquire,
one of Her Majesty's gentlemen pensioners.

After I had perused your letters, good Master Bedingfield,
finding in them your request far differing from the desert of your labor,
I could not choose but greatly doubt whether it were better for me
to yield you your desire, or execute mine own intention
towards the publishing of your book.

For I do confess the affections that I have always borne towards you
could move me not a little.

But when I had thoroughly considered in my mind
of sundry and divers arguments,
whether it were best to obey mine affections or the merits of your studies,
at the length I determined it better to deny your unlawful request
than to grant or condescend to the concealment of so worthy a work.

Whereby as you have been profited in the translating,
so many may reap knowledge by the reading of the same,
that shall comfort the afflicted, confirm the doubtful, encourage the coward,
and lift up the base-minded man, to achieve to any true sum or grade of virtue,
whereto ought only the noble thoughts of men to be inclined.
And because next to the sacred letters of divinity,
nothing doth persuade the same more than philosophy,
of which your book is plentifully stored,
I thought myself to commit an unpardonable error,
to have murdered the same in the waste bottoms of my chests;
and better I thought it were to displease one than to displease many:
further considering so little a trifle cannot procure so great a breach of our amity,
as may not with a little persuasion of reason be repaired again.

And herein I am forced like a good and politic captain
oftentimes to spoil and burn the corn of his own country

lest his enemies thereof do take advantage.
For rather than so many of your countrymen should be deluded
through my sinister means of your industry in studies
(whereof you are bound in conscience to yield them an account)

I am content to make spoil and havoc of your request,
and that, that might have wrought greatly in me in this former respect,
utterly to be of no effect or operation:
and when you examine yourself what doth avail a mass of gold to be continually imprisoned in
your bags, and never to be employed to your use?

I do not doubt even so you think of your studies and delightful Muses.
What do they avail, if you do not participate them to others?
Wherefore we have this Latin proverb:
Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

What doth avail the tree unless it yield fruit unto another?
What doth avail the vine unless another delighteth in the grape?
What doth avail the rose unless another took pleasure in the smell?
Why should this tree be accounted better than that tree,
but for the goodness of his fruit?
Why should this vine be better than that vine,
unless it brought forth a better grape than the other?

Why should this rose be better esteemed than that rose,
unless in pleasantness of smell it far surpassed the other rose?

And so it is in all other things as well as in man.
Why should this man be more esteemed than that man,
but for his virtue, through which every man desireth to be accounted of?
Then you amongst men I do not doubt,
but will aspire to follow that virtuous path,
to illuster yourself with the ornament of virtue.

And in mine opinion as it beautifieth a fair woman
to be decked with pearls and precious stones,
so much more it ornifieth a gentleman
to be furnished in mind with glittering virtues.
Wherefore considering the small harm I do to you,
the great good I do to others, I prefer mine own intention
to discover your volume before your request to secret the same;
wherein I may seem to you to play the part
of the cunning and expert mediciner or physician,
who, although his patient in the extremity of his burning fever
is desirous of cold liquor or drink to qualify his sore thirst,
or rather kill his languishing body,
yet for the danger he doth evidently know by his science to ensue,
denieth him the same.

So you being sick of too much doubt in your own proceedings,
through which infirmity you are desirous to bury and insevell
your works in the grave of oblivion, yet I, knowing the *discommodities
that shall redound to yourself thereby
(and which is more, unto your countrymen)
as one that is willing to salve so great an inconvenience,
am nothing dainty to deny your request.

Again, we see if our friends be dead,
we cannot show or declare our affection
more than by erecting them of tombs;
whereby when they be dead indeed,
yet make we them live as it were again through their monument;
but with me, behold, it happeneth far better,
for in your lifetime I shall erect you such a monument,
that as I say [in] your lifetime you shall see
how noble a shadow of your virtuous life
shall hereafter remain when you are dead and gone.
And in your lifetime, again I say,
I shall give you that monument and remembrance of your life,
whereby I may declare my good will,
though with your ill will as yet that I do bear you in your life.

Thus earnestly desiring you in this one request of mine
(as I would yield to you in a great many)
not to repugn the setting-forth of your own proper studies,
I bid you farewell. From my new country muses at Wivenghole,
wishing you as you have begun, to proceed in these virtuous actions.
For when all things shall else forsake us, virtue yet will ever abide with us,
and when our bodies fall into the bowels of the earth,
yet that shall mount with our minds into the highest heavens.
By your loving and assured friend,

E. Oxenford

Fowler, William P. *Shakespeare Revealed in Oxford's Letters*, pp. 118 ff. Portsmouth, N.H. Peter E. Randall. (contact Ruth Loyd Miller, ed. Jennings, La.: Minos Pub. Co., or on the web at <http://www.ruthmiller.com>)

Sobran, Joseph. *Alias Shakespeare* (App. 4). New York, London, Toronto, Sidney, Singapore: The Free Press, 1997. _____

* commodity: expediency FS (6); Oxford letter (discommodity); Gascoigne Jocasta; Nashe Absurdity; Chapman Eastward Ho; (anon.) Blast of Retreat.

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Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford

Select Letters

Inscription to Lady Oxford (in Latin), September, 1575

This poem was copied from the fly leaf of a Greek Testament given to Lady Oxford
(Translated by Fowler)

To the illustrious Lady Anne de Vere, Countess of Oxford, while her noble husband, Edward
Vere, Earl of Oxford, was occupied in foreign travel

Veram Vera docen:t sun falsa dorsala Vero
Solaque Vera manent caetera vana volant.
Vera ergo Veri, cum sis coniunxque parensque
Verae, speque bona sis paritura Verum.
Mens tua fac Veri semper deflagret amore
Veri semper amans, sint tua verba Vera
Quod magis ut praestes, a very Authore requiras
Litera te doceat spiritus intus alat
Chari ut Longa viri sic desideria Levans
Gloria vera viri Vera vocere tui.

Truths teach the True woman:
falsehoods are incompatible with the Truth.

And only True things last - other things fly away futile.
Therefore, since thou, a True woman,
art both the spouse of a True man and the parent of a True daughter,
and art in good hope of being about to prepare for a True son,
make thy mind to be always cooled off by the love of the Truth.

Ever a lover of the truth, may these words by the True motto,
To fulfill which the more, ask of the Author of Truth
That his message may teach thee,
that His spirit may nourish thee inwardly:
So that thus easing the vast yearnings of a dear man
Thou mayest be called True -- the True glory of thy man.

Hatfield MSS (Cal.II.114)

Ward, B. M. *The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford*, pp. 108-109. London: John Murray. (Contact Ruth Miller, Minos Publishing, Jennings, La., or on the web at <http://www.ruthmiller.com>)

Fowler, William P. *Shakespeare Revealed in Oxford's Letters*, pp. 118 ff. Portsmouth, N.H. Peter E. Randall.

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[George Chapman](#)

George Chapman (c. 1559-1634) was a classical scholar, translator, dramatist and poet. His first poem *The Shadow of Night*, 1594, caused a minor sensation with its bleak tone, predicting the gothic fascination that would sweep England centuries later. The dedications to *Shadow* suggest Chapman was for a time a part of Raleigh's salon of intellectuals, that gained a historical nickname "The School of Night" from Chapman's poem, and an odd line in Shakespeare.

Chapman completed Christopher Marlowe's unfinished translation of *Hero & Leander*. His first play, *Bussy d'Ambois* was performed by Paul's Boys in 1604. Chapman collaborated with Ben

Jonson on the comic drama *Eastward Ho!*, in 1605. Because of some vague slurs about Scots in *Eastward* both Jonson and Chapman were briefly imprisoned.

Chapman is best remembered for his translations of Homer's epic Greek poems.

Chapman & Oxford

George Chapman is linked at least three ways to the Vere family through his writings.

1. There is the famous flattering passage about the Earl of Oxford in Chapman's *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, a play printed in 1613, but thought to have been written as early as 1607.

CLERMONT:

I overtook, coming from Italy,
In Germany, a great and famous earl
Of England, the most goodly-fashioned man
I ever saw; from head to foot in form
Rare and most absolute; he had a face
Like one of the most ancient honored Romans,
From whence his noblest family was derived;
He was beside of spirit passing great,
Valiant, and learned, and liberal as the sun,
Spoke and writ sweetly, or of learned subjects,
Or of the discipline of public weals;
And 'twas the Earl of Oxford; and being offered
At that time, by Duke Casimir, the view
Of his right royal army then in field,
Refused it, and no foot was moved to stir
Out of his own free fore-determined course:
I, wondering at it, asked for it his reason,
It being an offer so much for his honor.
He, all acknowledging, said 'twas not fit
To take those honors that one cannot quit.

Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois, Act III, Scene 4 - 84-103

2. Chapman was friends with Oxford's daughter Susan de Vere the Countess Montgomery, the wife of the patron of the Shakespeare First Folio. Chapman wrote a dedication poem to Susan that was published in his translation of the *Illiad*, in 1609.

To the Great and Vertuous, the Countess of Montgomerie:

Your Fame (great Lady) is so loud resounded,
By your free Trumpet, my right worthy friend;
That, with it, all my forces stand confounded,
Armed and disarmed at once, to one just end;
To honor and describe the blessed consent
Twixt your high blood and soul, in virtues rare.
Of which, my friends praise is so eminent,

That I shall hardly like his echo fair,
To render only the ends of his shrill Verse.
Besides; my bounds are short; and I must merely,
My will to honor your rare parts, rehearse;
With more time singing your renown more clearly
Mean-time, take Homer for my wants supply:
To whom adjoined your Name shall never die.

Oxford wrote a poem that uses an echo effect, and that lyric is what Chapman is alluding to here.

3. Chapman wrote a long poem in 1622 dedicated to and featuring the exploits of Horatio Vere, Oxford's cousin, who had recently died. The work is called *Pro Vere, Autumni Lachrymae*. Inscribed to the Immortal Memory of the most Pious and Incomparable Soldier, Sir Horatio Vere, Knight.

The quarto was printed by B. Alsop for Thomas Walkley in 1622. Isn't it interesting that in the same year that Walkley obtained a manuscript of *Othello* and printed it, he was working on Chapman's memorial to Oxford's trusted cousin Horatio. Perhaps Horatio's death freed up a boxed typescript.

Given Chapman's strong connections to the Vere family, the content of the play *Monsieur D'Olive*, and the language that the D'Olive speaks, there are strong reasons to identify the character Monsieur D'Olive with Oxford. He has the clichés and mannerisms that mark Oxford's style. Additionally, he mentions the mythical King Gyges and Gyges' ring, a rare allusion which appears in an Oxford poem. And there is the obvious symbol of the Olive which is green (*ver*) and is sacred to Minerva.

D'Olive : Faith, sir, I had a poor roof or a penthouse to shade me from the sun,
and three or four tiles to shroud me from the rain, and thought myself
As private as I had King Gyges' ring, and could have gone invisible; yet saw all ...

... our great men
Like to a mass of clouds and now seem like
An elephant, and straightways like an ox
And then a mouse: or like those changeable creatures
that live in the burdello ...

D'Olive: Well. well, lets leave these wit skirmishes, and say when shall we meet ?

Mugeron: How think you, are we not met now ?

D'Olive: Tush, man! I mean at my chamber, where we may take free use of ourselves;
that is, drink sack, and talk satire, and let our wits run wild goose
chase over court and country. I will have my chamber the rendezvous of
all good wits, the shop of good words, the mint of good jests, an
ordinary of fine discourse; critics, essayists, linguists, poets, and
other professors of that faculty of wit, shall at certain hours i' th'
day resort thither; it shall be a second Sorbonne ...

This, I believe, is Chapman's recollection of Oxford's speaking style, from personal experience.

The next excerpt brings us almost into smoking-gun territory where the Olive/Oxford persona merges with a blend of Shakespeare references.

Duke : But pray thee briefly say what said the weaver.

D'Olive: The weaver, sir, much like the virginal Jack,
Start nimbly up; the colour of his beard
I scarce remember; but purblind he was
With the Geneva print, and wore one ear
Shorter than the other for a difference

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap,
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips which should that harvest reap
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand. Sonnet 128

Oph. There's rue for you, and here's some for me.
We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays.
O, you must wear your rue with a difference! Hamlet Act IV Scene 5

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Gabriel Harvey

Gabriel Harvey (c1545-1630) was a well known Elizabethan writer, lecturer, and critic. Born the son of a rope-maker in Saffron-Walden, near Cambridge, he gradually became something of a fixture at the University. In his youth Harvey knew the poet Edmund Spenser, and was loosely associated with the literary circle around Sir Philip Sidney. Harvey became Professor of Rhetoric at Cambridge in 1574. Harvey got in trouble in 1579 for his published correspondence with Spenser, in which he attacked the Earl of Oxford in verse. Later Harvey feuded with satirists

Robert Greene and Thomas Nashe in a series of pamphlets which are remembered as the War of Words of the University Wits. After failing to receive advancement in his career, Harvey retired in 1598, and spent the next 33 years in his library studying Literature Science, and Medicine.

Gabriel Harvey and Oxford

During Oxford's youth Oxford apparently was on good terms with and gave financial assistance to Gabriel Harvey, a Cambridge Don. In 1578 the Queen visited Cambridge, accompanied by the whole Court. Harvey met the procession at Audley End, presented verses written in their honor.

The following address, in Latin, was presented to Lord Oxford (trans. by Ward).

An heroic address to [Oxford], concerning the combined utility and dignity of military affairs and of warlike exercises.

This is my welcome; this is how I have decided to bid All Hail!
to thee and to the other Nobles.

Thy splendid fame, great Earl, demands even more than in the case of others
the services of a poet possessing lofty eloquence.

Thy merit doth not creep along the ground,
nor can it be confined within the limits of a song.

It is a wonder which reaches as far as the heavenly orbs.

O great-hearted one, strong in thy mind and thy fiery will,
thou wilt conquer thyself, thou wilt conquer others;
thy glory will spread out in all directions beyond the Arctic Ocean;
and England will put thee to the test and prove thee to be native-born Achilles.

Do thou but go forward boldly and without hesitation.

Mars will obey thee, Hermes will be thy messenger,
Pallas striking her shield with her spear shaft will attend thee,
thine own breast and courageous heart will instruct thee.

For long time past Phoebus Apollo has cultivated thy mind in the arts.

English poetical measures have been sung by thee long enough.

Let that Courtly Epistle 1 —

more polished even than the writings of Castiglione himself —
witness how greatly thou dost excel in letters.

I have seen many Latin verses of thine, yea,
even more English verses are extant;

thou hast drunk deep draughts not only of the Muses of France and Italy,
but hast learned the manners of many men, and the arts of foreign countries.

It was not for nothing that Sturmius, 2 himself was visited by thee;
neither in France, Italy, nor Germany are any such cultivated and polished men.

O thou hero worthy of renown, throw away the insignificant pen, throw away bloodless books,
and writings that serve no useful purpose; now must the sword be brought into play,
now is the time for thee to sharpen the spear and to handle great engines of war.

On all sides men are talking of camps and of deadly weapons; war and the Furies are
everywhere,
and Bellona reigns supreme.

Now may all martial influences support thy eager mind, driving out the cares of Peace.

Pull Hannibal up short at the gates of Britain. Defended though he be by a mighty host,
let Don John of Austria come on only to be driven home again. Fate is unknown to man,
nor are the counsels of the Thunderer fully determined.

And what if suddenly a most powerful enemy should invade our borders?

If the Turk should be arming his savage hosts against us?

What though the terrible war trumpet is even now sounding its blast?

Thou wilt see it all; even at this very moment thou art fiercely longing for the fray.

I feel it. Our whole country knows it.

In thy breast is noble blood, Courage animates thy brow, Mars lives in thy tongue,
Minerva strengthen thy right hand, Bellona reigns in thy body, within thee burns the fire of Mars.
Thine eyes flash fire, thy countenance shakes a spear;
who would not swear that Achilles had come to life again?

By 1580, Harvey had secured the patronage of the Puritan Dudley/Sidney faction and endorsed the new poetic dicta of Sidney and Spenser. Harvey's vitriolic pen now turned against his former benefactor, expressed in the following poem (letter to Spenser and published by him), which Harvey had not meant for circulation. (Three propoer and familiar letters, 1580)

Speculum Tuscanismi (1580)

Since Galateo came in, and Tuscanism gan usurp,
Vanity above all: villainy next her, stateliness Empress
No man but minion, stout, lout, plain, swain, quoth a Lording:
No words but valorous, no works but womanish only.
For life Magnificoes, not a beck but glorious in show,
In deed most frivolous, not a look but Tuscanish always.
His cringing side neck, eyes glancing, fisnamy smirking,
With forefinger kiss, and brave embrace to the footward.
Large bellied Cod-pieced doublet, uncod-pieced half hose,
Straight to the dock like a shirt, and close to the britch like a diveling.
A little Apish flat couched fast to the pate like an oyster,
French camarick ruffs, deep with a whiteness starched to the purpose.
Every one A per se A, his terms and braveries in print,
Delicate in speech, quaint in array: conceited in all points,
In Courtly guiles a passing singular odd man,
For Gallants a brave Mirror, a Primrose of Honour,
A Diamond for nonce, a fellow peerless in England.
Not the like discourser for Tongue, and head to be found out,
Not the like resolute man for great and serious affairs,
Not the like Lynx to spy out secrets and privities of States,
Eyed like to Argus, eared like to Midas, nos'd like to Naso,
Wing'd like to Mercury, fittst of a thousand for to be employ'd,
This, nay more than this, doth practice of Italy in one year.
None do I name, but some do I know, that a piece of a twelve month
Hath so perfited outly and inly both body, both soul,
That none for sense and senses half matchable with them.
A vulture's smelling, Ape's tasting, sight of an eagle,
A spider's touching, Hart's hearing, might of a Lion.

Compounds of wisdom, wit, prowess, bounty, behavior,
All gallant virtues, all qualities of body and soul.
O thrice ten hundred thousand times blessed and happy,
Blessed and happy travail, Travailer most blessed and happy.

Tell me in good sooth, doth it not too evidently appear
that this English poet wanted but a good pattern before his eyes,
as it might be some delicate and choice elegant Poesy
of good Master Sidney's or Master Dyer's
(our very Castor and Pollux for such and many greater matters)
when this trim gear was in the matching?

A comparison of the two pieces indicates that Harvey's venom was much more potent than his honey.

This insult to a man of Oxford's standing was not to be tolerated by the establishment, and Lyly launched an attack on Harvey, finally forcing from him an apology.

Harvey's career was later ruined by increasingly intemperate quarrels, opposed equally ferociously by the gifted Thomas Nashe. Lady Pembroke withdrew her protection from Harvey; and in 1599 Archbishop Whitgift and Bishop Bancroft ordered an immediate calling-in of various apparently objectionable publications, including an instruction that "all NASSHES and DOCTOR HARVEYES bookes bee taken wheresoeer they maye be found and that none of theire bookes bee euer printed hereafter." John Davies of Hereford summed up the quarrel: "Well, God forgive them both, they did me wrong, / To make me beare their choller spude, so long." 3

Glossary

camarick (n): cambric. Cf. Harvey Speculum.

cod-pieced (a): cod-piece attached to a doublet. Cf. Harvey Speculum (1st OED citation).

deviling: young/small devil. Cf. Harvey Speculum.

fisnamy: physiognomy. Cf. Harvey Speculum.

inly (adv): inwardly. FS (4-3H6, H5, Temp); Cf. Harvey Speculum; Spenser Shep Cal; (anon.) Arden.

Naso: Ovid, author of the #Metamorphoses. Cf. Harvey Speculum. Harvey apparently means that Oxford has a rather large, Roman nose, believed in those days to indicate a lascivious nature..

Notes

1. Bartholomew Clerke's Courtier, published with the patronage of Oxford, containing Oxford's "Letter to the Reader" written in Latin.

2. In 1575 during his European travels Oxford made a special trip to Germany to visit the noted scholar Johannes Sturm. Speaking together in Latin, the two must have gotten along well, for Sturmius later wrote to Queen Elizabeth, urging intervention in the Spanish campaign against the low countries, and suggesting as military commander "some faithful and zealous personage such as the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Leicester, or Philip Sidney." [Ogburn, p. 682]

3. Whitgift quotation from Edward Arber, ed. A Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London (London: privately printed, 1876), 3.677. Davies quotation from The Complete Works of John Davies of Hereford. ed. Alexander B. Grosart (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1878), 2:85. Both quotations in Margaret P. Hannay, Philip's Phoenix. New York, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1990, p. 142.

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Anthony Munday

Anthony Munday was one of several playwrights who served as Secretary to the Earl of Oxford and benefited from his reckless generosity.

In *The Mirror of Mutability* (1579),
Munday addressed the following poem to Oxford:

E xcept I should in friendship seem ingrate,
D enying duty, whereto I am bound;
W ith letting slip your Honour's worthy state,
A t all assays, which I have noble found.
R ight well I might refrain to handle pen:
D enouncing aye the company of men
D own, dire despair, let courage come in place,
E xalt his fame whom Honour doth embrace
V irtue hath aye adorn'd your valiant heart,
E xampl'd by your deeds of lasting fame:
R egarding such as take God Mars his part
E ach where by proof, in honour and in name.

Ward, B. M. *The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford*, p. 329. London: John Murray.
<http://www.ruthmiller.com>

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Oxford's Birthday
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New Evidence Confirms Oxford's Birth Date

This year, 2003, brings us the 453rd birthday of Edward de Vere. For some time, Oxford's nativity has been a debated issue, and the exact fixing of Oxford's birth date has been a challenge. Now there is new information - that a christening cup was delivered out of the Royal Treasury in April, 1550, on behalf of King Edward VI, as a gift to the 16th Earl of Oxford on the christening of his son and new male heir, Edward de Vere. Perhaps this 27.25 oz. gold and silver fact will help settle the matter once and for all.

U. C. Berkeley Professor Alan Nelson found the relevant document, and posted the information on his website. ¹ Here is the entry, updated into modern English.

To our loving friend Sir Anthony Aucher, Knight, Master of the King's jewels and plate. The King's Majesty's pleasure, by our advice, is that you deliver unto Phillip Manwaring (Gentleman Usher to the King's Majesty): One standing cup, gilt with a cover, weighing twenty seven (and a quarter) ounces - By him to be delivered, as the King's Majesty's gift at the Christening of our very good Lord, the Earl of Oxford's Son. And these, our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge therein. Given at the King's Majesty's Manor at Greenwich the 17th of April, the 4th year of his Highness' most prosperous Reign - King Edward the Sixth 1550.

The document in question is a warrant, a standard authorization for the delivery out of the royal treasury of any sum of money or particular piece of treasure. Sir Anthony Aucher was, in fact, the Master of the Jewel House of the Tower of London at that time.

The monarch of England was the boy King, Edward VI, only 17 years old in 1550. He died in 1553 and was followed on the throne by Jane Grey, who ruled all of nine days, and then by his elder sister "Bloody" Mary I of England, who reigned from 1553-58.

Edward VI was a devoted Protestant, and his Privy Council were as well. So while we have no record of the ceremony, it is extremely likely that Oxford was christened in an Anglican, Protestant ceremony. This is relevant as the Veres had historically been Catholics, like all the old nobility, and thus there has been speculation, in the absence of evidence, that Edward de Vere might have had a secret Catholic baptism. The record of the christening gift by the Protestant King and Council strongly suggests that it was a Protestant baptism.

Baptism and christening generally refer to the same event, in both Catholic and Anglican practice. Though baptism was an initiation rite for adults in the early Church, infant baptism gradually became standard practice within Roman Catholicism. The Tudor-founded Church of England carried over the practice of infant baptism. As life was often brutal and quite short, it was thought to be a very good and wise thing to baptize infants quickly, guaranteeing entry into heaven, should they die in childhood. The central feature of baptism is purification by water, which represents the sacrament of Spirit, and removal of sin. The central feature of christening is the official naming of the infant or initiate.

Thus it is a technical triviality whether we refer to Oxford's baptism or his christening. The document uses the word "christening." 2

In establishing Oxford's date of birth as an historic fact, the first problem was to sort out the disagreements among modern published sources. There has been a strange discrepancy in the various reference volumes which have printed birthdays of Edward de Vere.

In the first Oxfordian treatise, *Shakespeare Identified*, 1920, J.T. Looney gave April 2, 1550 for Oxford's birth date. Looney's knowledge of Oxford was based almost entirely on the Dictionary of National Biography entry, which includes the fact that Oxford first took up his seat in Parliament on April 2, 1571. Perhaps the DNB editors subtracted 21 years from that date, missing the true mark by only ten days. B. M. Ward gave the ultimately correct date of April 12, 1550 as did the Ogburns, Senior and Junior, Ruth Loyd Miller, and other scholars on Oxford.

There are now several documentary sources that confirm the April 12, 1550 birth date: a Burghley diary entry of 1576, a manuscript by Percival Golding circa 1618, documents relating to Oxford's freedom from wardship and suing his livery in 1571, and now the Treasury warrant for the christening cup.

One source for Oxford's birth date is the Table of Progeny of the Veres. This manuscript was written circa 1618-1625 by Percival Golding, but clearly incorporated earlier notes. Portions of this manuscript were printed, inaccurately, by W. Kittle in his posthumous 1942 book: *Edward de Vere 17th Earl of Oxford and Shakespeare*.

In 1999, I obtained a copy of the actual Golding manuscript (Harleian MS 4189), and posted the relevant section on the web. 3

Here follows the entry, in modern English.

Edward de Vere, only son of John, born the twelfth day of April, Anno 1550, Earle of Oxenford, High Chamberlain, Lord Bolebec, Sandford and Badlesmere, Steward of the Forest in Essex, and of the Privy Council to the King Majesty that now is. Of whom I will only speak what all men's voices confirm: He was a man in mind and body absolutely accomplished with honorable endowments. He died at his house at Hackney in the month of June, Anno 1604, and lieth buried at Westminster.

This evidence for Oxford's birthday is also notable as the only documentary source for the controversial notion that our Poet actually lies buried in Westminster. It also seems to be the main source that proclaims or confirms that Oxford served on James' Privy Council. A careful reading of the line: "... Steward of the Forest in Essex, and of the Privy Council to the King Majesty that now is" allows that Golding is saying that the King "that now is," i.e. circa 1618, is the same King that Oxford briefly served in 1603-4. So that line is not necessarily an anachronism by Golding.

The time is out of joint

A curious aspect of all late 16th Century dates is tied to the Gregorian calendar reform of 1582. Because of a technical error in the Julian calendar, the seasons were gradually slipping away

from calendric expectations. This was putting Easter out of synch with the actual occurrence of spring, and forced the church to issue a correction. Ten days were added in the Catholic countries, in October 1582, to re-synchronize the church calendar and restore Easter to its rightful time. The Julian problem and its solution involved the question of how many leap years should be counted in a century. From the adoption of the Julian calendar in 46 B.C. to the 16th Century, the slippage and error had added up to ten days.

By official decree of Pope Gregory XIII, October 4, 1582 was followed immediately by Oct. 15, 1582. Was that adding 10 days or stealing 10 days? England noted the change with skepticism and laughter.

All of the Protestant countries, including England and Germany, and Russia (which kept the old Orthodox calendar), ignored, mistrusted, and refused to enact the 1582 correction and only came to their senses one by one, centuries later.

When "correcting" dates from the past there is a sliding scale, not a static formula. English dates from 1582-1700 require a ten day correction. Dates from 1700-1752 require an eleven day correction; 1752 is the year Great Britain and her colonies fixed their system. 4 Russia however, didn't correct its calendar until the Bolshevik revolution. So for Russian dates between 1700-1800 there's an 11 day correction, for 1800-1900 a 12 day correction, and from 1900-1920 a 13 day correction.

Now here's the rub. If Edward de Vere was born April 12, 1550 (by local reckoning) then the "corrected" or modern equivalent is often stated to be April 22. Such a correction, however, is only useful to astrologers, as today's April 22 Sun location is in an analogous position to April 12 of the old calendar.

As a general rule: Historians have no reason to correct any dates prior to October 4, 1582. Thus, the given birthdays of Queen Elizabeth, Leicester, and dozens of other Elizabethans born prior to 1582 are always printed in history books without correction. Shaksper of Stratford, who was baptized on April 26, 1564, and is given an "assigned" birthday of April 23 (to link with St. George's day) never gets a ten day correction to May 2nd.

So there is no precedent, nor reason to use April 22 as "Oxford's birthday." April 12 is the accurate day to celebrate this historic nativity.

Retroactive date correction is used in modern historical chronology when correlating accounts of a single event which has been described in neighboring countries as occurring on two conflicting dates. The Elizabethans were the first generation in England to experience this strange problem first hand.

When Oxford was writing, or anytime after October 1582, one could receive a letter sent from Paris and read it on a date before it had been written, as France was ten days ahead on the Catholic calendar.

Shakespeare may have been thinking about this dilemma when he wrote:

"The time is out of joint, O cursed spite
that ever I was born to set it right."
(Hamlet Act I, scene 5)

Endnotes

1. The manuscript reference number is: British Library MS Add. 5751A, f. 283. The original spelling of the document is on Dr. Nelson's website along with his comments: <http://socrates.berkeley.edu/~ahnelson/birth.html>

2. There are several mentions of christening in Shakespeare. Note the following line, "two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts" in Henry Eighth Act V scene 5.

The palace - Enter TRUMPETS, sounding; then two ALDERMEN, LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy ...

3. You can see the original document at:
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Thebes/4260/pgoldingms.html>

4. Chesterfield's Act of March 1751 decreed that throughout all of the dominions of the British crown, Wednesday, September 2, 1752 would be followed by Thursday, September 14, 1752.

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Gabriel Harvey's battle with Nashe and Oxford

Gabrie Harvey (c1545 -1630), was a few years older than Oxford. Harvey spent most of his life in shire Essex, and must have been keenly aware of the Vere legacy. As an elder student at Cambridge, Harvey clearly felt an intellectual superiority to Edward de Vere (at first), though gradually succumbing to the force and fury of the younger man's poetry, prose, and drama. No wonder he told Oxford in 1578 to put down his pen and pick up a weapon (and go die in a foreign war like a good nobleman and fightin' Vere.)

Harvey's "Vultus Tela Vibrat" (your Look Shakes Spears) gave Oxford (I think) the idea for his famous pen-name.

I want to share with you all something interesting of which you may be unaware.

There is only one contemporary 'Illustration' of Gabriel Harvey --- though it's just a woodcut image of a "generic" man, probably cut out from a larger block. But it appeared in Nashe's caustic Have with you to Saffron-walden. Or, Gabriell Harveys hunt is up, 1596. In which Nashe claims to have created the illustration himself (doubtful in extremis) to illustrate Harvey on his way to the Ajax (an outhouse or indoor WC). What is equally fascinating is that Nashe had the

36
Speculum Tuscanismi.

Since *Galateo* came in, and *Tuscanisme* gan vsurpe,
 Vanitie aboute all : Villanie next her, Statelines Empresse.
 No man, but Minion, Stowte, Lowte, Plaine, swayne, quoth a Lording:
 No wordes but valorous, no workes but woomanish onely.
 For life Magnificoes, not a beck but glorious in shew,
 In deepe most friuolous, not a looke but *Tuscanish* alwayes.
 His cringing side necke, Eyes glauncing, Fisnamic smirking.
 With *first finger kisse*, and braue embrace to the footewarde.
 Largebelled Kodpeafed Dublet, vnkodpeafed halfe hose,
 Straite to the dock, like a shirte, and close to the britch, like a diueling.
 A little Apish Hatte, cowched fast to the pate, like an Oyster,
 French Camarick Ruffes, deepe with a witnesse, starched to the purpose.
 Euery one A per se A, his termes, and braueries in Print,
 Delicate in speach, queynte in aray: conceited in all poyntes:
 In Courtly guyles, a pasing singular odde man,
 For Gallantes a braue Myrrour, a Primerose of Honour,
 A Diamond for nonce, a fellowe perelesse in England.
 Not the like *Discourser* for Tongue, and head to be found out:
 Not the like *resolute Man*, for great and serious affayres,
 Not the like *Lynx*, to spie out secretes, and priuities of States.
 Eyed, like to *Argus*, Earde, like to *Midas*, Nose, like to *Naso*,
 Winged, like to *Mercury*, fittst of a Thousand for to be employde,
 This, nay more than this doth practise of *Italy* in one yeare.
 None doe I name, but some doe I know, that a peece of a twelue month:
 Hath so perfit outly, and inly, both body, both soule,
 That none for sense, and senses, halfe matchable with them.
 A *Vulture* smelling, *Apes* tastling, *fighs* of an *Eagle*,
 A *spiders* touching, *Harts* shattering, might of a *Lion*.
 Compounds of wisdome, witte, prowes, bountie, behauour,
 All gallant Vertues, all qualities of body and soule:
 O thrice tenne hundreth thousand times blessed and happy,
 Blessed and happy *Trouaile*, *Trouailler* most blessed and happy.

Penatibus Hetrusci: in laribusque nostris Inquilinis:

Tell me in god sooth, doth it not too euidently appeare, that

printer (Danter) set up the page so that the toilet-attack on Harvey follows immediately Nashe's statement that Harvey had abused the Earl of Oxford! It's an amazing visual juxtaposition.

Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax* (a jakes) appeared to great controversy in 1596. The Nashe book and illustration followed. Interestingly, "Shakespeare" makes an Ajax / Jakes joke in *Love's Labors Lost*, printed 1598, which also may contain further send-ups of Harvey. The 1598 LLL says that it is an improved edition. Thus, there may have been a (lost) 1st book of LLL in 1596 or 1597.

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Haue with you

tying a flea in a chaine, (put in the last edition of the great Chronicle) which if by anie industrie hee could atchieue, his owne name beeing so generally odious throughout *Kent* and Christendome, hee would presently transforme & metamorphize it from Doctour *Harney* to Doctour *Ty*, (of which stile there was a famous Multition some few yeres since) resolving as the last cast of his maintenaunce, altogether to liue by carrying that Flea like a monster vp and downe the country; teaching it to doo trickes, hey come aloft lack, like an ape ouer the chaine. If you would haue a flea for the nonce that you might keepe for a breeder, why this were a stately flea indeede to get a braue race of fleas on, your fly in a boxe is but a drumble-bee in comparison of it; with no expence at all (on your chin like a witches familiar) you might feed it, and let the chaine hang downe on your breast, like a stale greasie Courtiers chaine, with one strop. Alacke and weladay, too too inconsiderately aduised was this our Poeticall *Gabriel*, when hexameterly entranced, he cride out
*O blessed health, blessed wealth, and blessed abundance,
 O that I had these three for the losse of 30. Commensments.*
 when he should haue exclaimd,

O that I had this flea for the losse of 30. Commensments.
 Peraduenture he thinks thus slightly to steale away with a Flea in his care, but I must flea his asses skin ouer his eares a little handfomer ere wee part. Those that bee so disposed to take a view of him, ere hee bee come to the full Midsummer Moone, and raging *Calentura* of his wretchednes, here let them behold his linely counterfet and portraiture, not in the pantofles of his prosperitie, as he was when he libeld against my Lord

to Saffron-walden.

Lord of *Oxford*, but in the single-soald pumpes of his aduersitie, with his gowne cast off, vntrussing, and ready to beray himselfe, vpon the newes of the going in hand of my booke.

If you aske why I haue put him in round hose, that hee virtually weares Venetians? It is because I would make him looke more dapper & plump and round vpon it, wheras otherwise hee looks like a cale of tooth-pikes, or a Lute pin put in a sute of apparell. Gaze vpon him who list, for I tell you I am not a little proud of my workmanship, and though I say it, I haue handled it so neatly and so sprightly and withall ouzled, gidumbled, muddled, and drizled it so finely, that I forbid euer a



Hauns Roll. Hauns Halhine.

A NEW DIS- COVRSE OF A STALE SVBIECT, CALLED THE Metamorphosis of A IAX:

*Written by MISACMOs, to his friend
 and cosin PHILOSTILPNOS.*



AT LONDON,
 Printed by Richard Field, dwelling
 in the Black-friers.

1556.



Haue vvith you to Saf- fron.vvalden.

O R,

Gabriell Harueys Hunt is vp.

*Containing a full Answer to the eldest Sonne
of the Halter-maker.*

O R,

Nafhe his Confutation of the sinfull
Doctor.

The Mott or Poſte, inſtead of *Omnialit punctum:*

Pacis fiducia nunquam.

*As much to ſay, as I ſayd I would ſpeake with
him.*



Printed at London by *John Danter*
1 5 9 4.

Shakespeare: The Authorship Controversy
On-Site Resources:

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William Shakespeare Resources

Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford

Sir Francis Bacon

Christopher Marlowe

Chronology of The Authorship Controversy
Famous Doubters and Critics of the Orthodox Stratfordian Story
Friedrich Nietzsche and Shakespeare by Robert Sean Brazil © 2007

Other Websites on the Authorship Debate
The Oxford Authorship Site by Nina Green

The De Vere Society

The Shakespeare Oxford Society

The Shakespeare Authorship Sourcebook by Mark Alexander

The Shakespeare Fellowship

The Shakespeare Authorship Roundtable

Shakespeare's Unorthodox Biography by Diana Price

Absolute Shakespeare - The Authorship Debate

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The Shakespeare Problem

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You may ask: what Shakespeare problem? He was one of the most successful screenwriters of the 1990's and he never has to be paid. He gets away with crude jokes that would be called tasteless anywhere else. Shakespeare's just fine the way he is! Shakespeare is high and low. Shakespeare is gay and straight. The Bard, whose personal story is unknown and unquestioned, has been reduced to an icon or symbol of rarefied intelligence, of impenetrable, unreachable genius.

All things to all readers, the author has conveniently disappeared in favor of his words.

The problem has emerged because the few biographical facts that exist about Mr. Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon don't tally with what we would expect from the brilliant author of the plays and poems. The content, attitude, life experience, interests, and deep classical education evident in the plays surpass what is on record for William Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon. Nothing in his life suggests that he was the author of the Shakespeare Canon, or had a reputation in his own lifetime to that effect.

The man commonly accepted to be the author Shakespeare was born in the village of Stratford-on-Avon in April of 1564. There is no record of his actual birthday, but the boy was christened on April 26, 1564, and his name, as given, was Gulielmus Shaksper. No, he wasn't Italian, ... "Gulielmus" was the scribe's Latin spelling of William. The Shaksper family's name is spelled dozens of different ways, but the most frequent, in his own time, was Shaxper, or Shaksper. The

boy's father, John Shaksper, was a glove maker. William Shaksper himself was essentially a grocer, grain trader and landlord by profession. No one in the village of Stratford thought of him as learned, bookish, poetical or theatrical, nor are there any legends, let alone records, of him producing any local entertainment.

The local records only confirm that William Shaksper was a merchant, not a lyricist or genius of letters. Shaksper's will mentions no books or manuscripts. There is no remnant of any evidence that he was even literate himself. His parents and his children could not read. (What writer would not teach his own children to read ?) Nor did his children benefit, or show they had any knowledge of his alleged celebrity as a playwright. The few historical connections which would place Shaksper as an actor or investor in the Globe Theater, or any other theatrical enterprise were all created after the "fact". There is no contemporaneous evidence that Shaksper, the grain dealer of Stratford, was the author of the Shakespeare Plays and Poems. In short, there is a rather big Shakespeare Problem, and it is one of the greatest historical and literary mysteries of all time. The modern image of Shakespeare the Author, in his quaint country cottage, writing for a living while suing his neighbors in small claims court, is a myth. The facts concerning William Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon tell a different story.

The case against Shaksper-of-Stratford in brief:

or 33 Reasons to Doubt that Mr. Shaksper wrote Shakespeare

1. There has never been found any authentic writing of any sort by William Shaksper of Stratford beyond 6 shaky signatures found affixed to legal documents. Each of these differs from the others and they are all from the end phase of his life: 1612-1616. Three of these signatures are on his will, one is on a deposition in a breach-of-promise case, and two are on real-estate documents. None are related to plays, poetry, or publishing.
2. In his Last Will, no books, papers, or unpublished MSS are mentioned. He did not have a private library of any sort. No books have emerged that bear his signature, bookplate, or any other such identifier. His children inherited no books, not even a family Bible.
3. Shaksper's parents were illiterate. His daughters remained illiterate and uneducated. Judith Shaksper affixed a mark instead of a signature. The Shakespeare plays abound with female characters who read, who discuss philosophy, who are in every way literate. In a household in which erudition and wit would have erupted daily, how could Shakespeare's daughters not have been influenced?
4. There is no record of education for William Shaksper, either elementary or higher. His name does not appear in any College matriculation rolls. How he educated himself, if he did, is a mystery. The profound learning, and familiarity with French, Italian, Latin, and even Greek that emerges in the Shakespeare plays had to come from somewhere.
5. There is nothing in the contemporary Stratford-on-Avon history to suggest he was a writer. The men of Stratford knew William Shaksper only as a grain dealer and property owner.
6. The link in Shaksper's will, to Hemynge, Burbage, and Condell of the King's Men, is a visible interpolation, an after the fact addition.
7. This Shaksper's will contains nothing about shares in the Globe or Blackfriars theaters, and his heirs never received any payments, nor sought any.

8. All of the contemporary allusions to Shakespeare the writer are enigmatic and in no way refer to the man from Stratford. The only things that suggest that this Stratford man was the dramatist are the posthumous vague assertions in the First Folio introductions and the peculiar inscriptions on the Stratford Monument.

9. There is nothing contemporary to the relevant time period that show that this Shaksper was connected with London theaters. There are but three or four references to a Will Shakespeare as an actor, and they are only in the period of 1598 to 1603. And several key instances have been misstated. Stratford defenders say that the Cast lists for Ben Jonson's Every man in his Humour 1598, show that Shakespeare acted in that play. But the cast list doesn't appear in the 1598 quarto, only in the 1616 Collected Workes of Jonson. The same is true for the Sejanus 1603 references; they date from 1616. There are two recorded transactions on record, one that names a Shakespeare as involved financially in the King's men, and one in which a Shakespeare was listed among recipients of red cloth for the coronation of King James. In any case, there is no evidence that Shaksper of Stratford was an actor, or had a reputation as an actor on the London stages, or anywhere else. The few mentions of a Shakespeare involved with the theater are in no way linked, until decades later, to the man from Stratford.

10. There were no eulogies to Shakespeare published in 1616 when Shaksper died. His passing was a non-event, while Philip Sidney had been given a funeral of near-Royal proportions. Eulogies to the author "Shakespeare" appeared in the First Folio of 1623.

11. Shaksper of Stratford was involved in numerous petty lawsuits and small claims court proceedings that indicate an attachment to money, however small, which is antithetical to the point of view of the author of the Shakespeare plays and poems.

12. When Shaksper died in 1616, there were at least 16 masterpiece plays that had never been published. These plays appeared in print for the first time in the Folio of 1623. Many of these plays were not even performed in the era in which they were allegedly written. If Shaksper "wrote for money", why would Shaksper not exploit the potential market value of his "back catalog" ? If the rights to Shaksper's assets passed to his daughter Susanna, as residuary legatee, why did she never claim any books or manuscripts as a portion of the residuary estate ?

13. When the Sonnets were published in 1609, Shaksper was alive. He took no action, he received no compensation. The introduction implies that the author is dead. The naughty eroticism and personal revelations do not match Shaksper's lifestyle, and it is unlikely that a living author would permit his private diary of secret thoughts to be issued publicly.

14. Shaksper's rustic Warwickshire lifestyle is ridiculed in the plays. There are only scant references to small farm animals, but numerous references to horses, cattle, hawks, and animals familiar to the nobility.

15. There is no indication that Shaksper left Stratford for London prior to 1585. His wife gave birth to twins that year, and while he may have left in a hurry, all evidence is that he had been "down on the farm" from 1564 to 1585. His sojourn in London after 1585 is mostly conjectural. But allusions and topical references in many of the Shakespeare plays clearly refer to Court

intrigues in the 1576 to 1585 time period. There is no way Shaksper could have known about these matters first hand.

16. There are a number of Shakespeare-like "Apocryphal and Anonymous Plays", that are ruled out of the Shakespeare Canon, because they had a stage history or publication record that doesn't match the dates for Shaksper of Stratford. Some of the apocryphal plays are now being seen to be remarkably Shakespearean in language and plotting, but emerged too early for Shaksper to have written them.

17. There is nothing in Shaksper's biography to indicate sea voyages, knowledge of Italian manners, hawking, jousting, military service, legal training, foreign languages, or familiarity with the Classics.

18. The Monument to Shakespeare in the Church at Stratford-on-Avon is most likely not the original monument, which was sketched in the 17th century and shows a man holding a sack, not a man writing on a pillow. The wording on the monument is extraordinarily peculiar, and can be shown to reveal that Shaksper was a front man for someone else.

19. "The retirement" of Shaksper, from London back to Stratford, is roughly coincidental with the name "William Shake-speare" appearing on plays, and the first literary notices that Shakespeare was the name of a writer of note. The standard story is that Shaksper "commuted" from Warwickshire to London to act in plays, but this is unfeasible and unsupported by any evidence.

20. All attempts at finding relevant material by tracing the Shaksper family have come up empty.

21. There is nothing to link Shaksper-of-Stratford to the Earl of Southampton, his alleged Patron. The dedications to Southampton in *Venus & Adonis* and *Lucrece* suggest that the author knew him well, and was on close familiar terms. Scholars have turned England upside down to find even a scrap of paper connecting Southampton to the man from Stratford. No such documents have been found.

22. Although there are plenty of pay-records for other actors of his day, there is no such data for Shaksper. The Folio of 1623, in part edited by Jonson, lists "Shakespeare" as an actor in his own plays. But the alleged links between the Folio Shakespeare and Shaksper of Stratford, are thin and frayed to the breaking point.

23. There is court testimony from 1615 (the Ostler suit) which includes the statement that the Shakespeare associated with the Globe Theater was dead, and could not testify. Shaksper of Stratford was still alive in 1615.

24. It remains unknown where and how Shaksper got the money to buy his large house in Stratford. He certainly did not earn it through the standard small payments one might earn through the theater or publishing.

25. There is no known link between Shaksper and any of the known writers of his day, except perhaps Ben Jonson who tells both sides of the story, by praising Shake-speare (in the Folio) while slamming Shaksper, as "Sogliardo", the country bumpkin who tries to buy a coat of arms, in *Every Man Out of His Humor*.

26. Edward Alleyn, a famous Elizabethan actor and theater owner, noted in his diaries the names of all the actors and hired dramatists of his time, and the names of all persons who received money in connection with the production of plays at the Fortune, Blackfriars, and other theaters. Alleyn never even once mentions Shaksper.

27. Henslowe's theatrical diary never mentions Shaksper or Shakespeare, even though he names all of the other famous writers who worked for him at one time including Chapman, Day, Dekker, Drayton, Heywood, Jonson, Marston, Middleton, Munday, Webster and others. He does mention the names of some of the Plays we call Shakespeare's, but they are left anonymous. The conclusion is that Henslowe never paid a penny to anyone named Shaksper or Shakespeare, and that the source of the Shakespeare plays was rather different than Henslowe's standard stable of paid providers of entertainment.

28. Shaksper allegedly lived in London for more than twenty years. But there are no remembrances of him or anecdotes of encounters with him by the contemporary writers and diarists of the time. How could Shakespeare, the person, be unknown to the intelligentsia of his era? Shakespeare the author seems to have known the most intimate details of the private lives of England's aristocracy. If "Shake-speare" knew them, they must have known him; perhaps he was even one of them. Could the ruling class of London have known the Bard by another name?

29. William Camden's *Britannia*, 1610, contains several references to Stratford-on-Avon. But he makes no mention of Shakespeare or Shaksper. Camden certainly knew about the Shakespeare plays, and had praised "Shakespeare" the writer, but in no way connects them or their author with Stratford-on-Avon. Camden's list of "Worthies" for Stratford in 1605 does not mention Shaksper, nor does his "Annals" for the year 1616 mention Shaksper's death. William Camden, a prodigious historian and antiquary, who knew everything and everyone in England, and had even signed off on Shaksper's application for a coat of arms, clearly didn't think that Shaksper was notable, and certainly did not connect him in any way with the writer named Shakespeare.

30. Michael Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, 1613, contains detailed maps and an epic poem of all the interesting places in England. His map of Warwickshire does not even include Stratford-on-Avon. Drayton, who hailed from Warwickshire himself, would have known and remembered Shaksper, if the man had been Drayton's inspiration, Shakespeare.

31. During the English Civil War, an Army surgeon named James Cooke, who found himself stationed at Stratford-on-Avon in 1642, sought out Shaksper's daughter Susanna, who was at that time a widow and known as Mrs. Susanna Hall. He asked her to show him any manuscripts or books that might have belonged to her father. He noted with surprise and disappointment that she had no knowledge of any books or documents relating to William Shaksper or Shakespeare. The only written material was that of Dr. Hall. Susanna herself never learned to read or write. This hardly sounds like the daughter of the greatest reader and writer in history.

32. The Globe Theater burned to the ground on June 28, 1613. In a published account of the disastrous fire, reference is made to Richard Burbage, Henry Condell and other Globe officials but nothing is said about Shaksper or Shakespeare.

33. Dr. John Hall was a prominent physician who married Susanna Shaksper in 1607. He was thus "Shakespeare's son-in-law". Dr. Hall logged every volume in his library, but there was no mention of Shakespeare books, manuscripts or memorabilia. As Susanna and Dr. Hall were the residuary legatees and executives of the estate of William Shaksper, it is incredible that there was not a scrap of material related to the alleged literary career of her father. Dr. Hall kept a detailed log of patient histories, and anecdotes but he never mentions William Shakespeare. Hall does note that he treated Michael Drayton, the other notable poet of the era from Warwickshire. "Mr. Drayton, an excellent poet, I cured him of a certain fever with syrup of violets'.

The Authorship Investigation and Debate

Because of the peculiar facts stated above and more, critical doubt about the prevailing myth of the Shakespeare phenomenon has been raised over the past several centuries by some of the greatest minds in Literature, Philosophy, and Science:

Charles Dickens (1812-1870)

"It is a great comfort, to my way of thinking, that so little is known concerning the poet. The life of Shakespeare is a fine mystery, and I tremble every day lest something should turn up."

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

"Conceived out of the fullest heat and pulse of European feudalism, personifying in unparalleled ways the medieval aristocracy, its towering spirit of ruthless and gigantic caste, its own peculiar air and arrogance (no mere imitation) one of the wolfish earls so plenteous in the plays themselves, or some born descendent and knower, might seem to be the true author of those amazing works... I am firm against Shaksper. I mean the Avon man, the actor."

Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens, 1835-1910)

"Shall I set down the rest of the Conjectures which constitute the giant Biography of William Shakespeare? It would strain the Unabridged Dictionary to hold them. He is a Brontosaur: nine bones and six hundred barrels of plaster of paris ... Am I trying to convince anybody that Shaksper did not write Shakespeare's Works? Ah now, what do you take me for ?

Henry James (1843-1916)

"I am... haunted by the conviction that the divine William is the biggest and most successful fraud ever practiced on a patient world."

Sigmund Freud (1856-1939)

"I no longer believe that William Shakespeare, the actor from Stratford was the author of the works which have so long been attributed to him. Since the publication of ... Shakespeare Identified, I am almost convinced that in fact Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford is concealed behind this pseudonym "

Footnote, by Freud, in the 1930 edition of The Interpretation of Dreams

"We will have a lot to discuss about Shakespeare. I do not know what still attracts you to the man of Stratford. He seems to have nothing at all to justify his claim, whereas Oxford has almost everything. It is quite inconceivable to me that Shakespeare should have got everything secondhand: Hamlet's neurosis, Lear's madness, Macbeth's defiance and the character of Lady Macbeth, Othello's jealousy etc. It almost irritates me that you should support the notion "

The Search for the hidden Author

The earliest speculation about a hidden hand behind the Shakespeare plays was in 1785, when the Reverend James Wilmot, D.D. attributed the authorship to Sir Francis Bacon. In 1848, an American consul named Joseph C. Hart speculated in his book, *The Romance of Yachting*, that the Stratford man could not have written the plays. Hart proposed Ben Jonson as the author.

The issue became popular knowledge in 1857 with the appearance of *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded*, by Delia Bacon. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the preface, and helped with both the publication and promotion. This can be considered to be the first Anti-Stratfordian book. Although this work is ponderous, pretentious, and thin on facts, the author launched a whole genre of thought and criticism with her idea that the Shakespeare plays were a vehicle for a new philosophy, that looked beyond religious minutiae, and was based on a higher love and reason. Because of her name, (though she was not related to Francis Bacon), people have assumed that Delia Bacon was the first Baconian. She was not. Delia believed in a group theory of authorship, though she offered that Francis Bacon supplied the philosophy that infuses the plays. In her book, she named Sir Walter Raleigh as the mastermind who created the Shakespeare Plays, using the talents of a circle of men. In Delia's view this is how it went with Raleigh and Company:

"He became at once the centre of that little circle of high born wits and poets, the elder wits and poets of the Elizabethan age, that were then in their meridian there. Sir Philip Sidney, Thomas Lord Buckhurst, Henry Lord Paget, Edward Earl of Oxford, and some other, are included in the contemporary list of this courtly company, whose doings are somewhat mysteriously adverted to by a critic, who refers to the condition of the Art of Poesy at that time ."

Though most of Delia Bacon's "insights" were misguided, she did open the field to investigation, and she did name the man (Edward de Vere, the 17th Earl of Oxford) who has emerged, 140 plus years after her lucky guess, as the strongest candidate for the Authorship of the Shakespeare Canon. Problems with the Bacon Theory After Delia Bacon's book, the floodgates of speculation opened and a torrent of research and nonsense was focused on the Shakespeare problem. A cult soon developed around a legend of a near-superhuman Francis Bacon, who was allegedly the brain behind everything renaissance and revolutionary in the 16th and 17th centuries. The reach was too far, the methodology was laughable faux-cryptography, and the result was universal ridicule. In knocking down the case for Bacon, the biggest culprit is Francis himself. Bacon's voluminous other writings show none of the poetry, playfulness, or street level vulgarity associated with Shakespeare. Matching passages of aphorisms and the like are easily explained by the fact that Bacon was reading Shakespeare, and that sometimes both authors had read and made use of the same sources. The many references to the "Boar" symbol in Shakespeare were latched onto by Baconians as referring to Bacon. In this instance they are close to the truth. They are right that the boar is symbolic of a person, but it is the Blue Boar, the badge of the Earls of Oxford.

In the World War I era, research into the authorship problem took a different turn. Robert Fraser's *The Silent Shakespeare*, 1915, offered William Stanley, the 6th Earl of Derby as the W.S. behind the Shakespeare name. In 1919 Abel Lefranc published *Sous le Masque de*

"William Shakespeare". LeFranc also zeroed in on William Stanley, who was the son-in-law of the 17th Earl of Oxford. The watershed year in this field was 1920, when John Thomas Looney, a British schoolteacher proposed the theory that Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, a Courtier to Queen Elizabeth I, was the author of the Shakespeare plays and poems. He outlined his hypothesis and discoveries in his book, "Shakespeare" Identified. This book had a wide reaching impact among intellectuals. It was reviewed favorably in the London press by John Galsworthy. Both Sigmund Freud and James Joyce read "Shakespeare" Identified and wrote about their impressions. Freud actually revised his interpretation of Hamlet in the light of his new understanding.

Shakespearean Paradigms

The "Status Quo" opinion seems to be that "Shakespeare is just fine the way he is." This is essentially the Stratfordian Paradigm. Shakespeare is seen as a miraculous freak of nature: a self educated country merchant who somehow learned the theater inside and out and wrote the plays for money, and nothing more. Within the Stratfordian position there are a thousand mythical biographies of Shakespeare, based on each modern author's deconstruction of the plays and poems, with the few flimsy facts about Shaksper thrown in for color.

The next paradigm or world-view is based on the variation: "Shakespeare had a little secret." This we may term the Radical Stratfordian position. Within this umbrella are theories based on the idea that Shaksper-of-Stratford was indeed the author, but he had a secret life that shamed him, or was dangerous, and has thus never been verified. The most popular is the "Shakespeare was Gay" theory. Runners up are: "Shakespeare was a secret Catholic", "Shakespeare was a Spy", or "Shakespeare was a member of a Secret Society". Venturing into un-orthodoxy completely we encounter the idea that "Shakespeare was really somebody else, but who knows who?" This is the classic Anti-Stratfordian paradigm. The 33 arguments against Shaksper's authorship of Shakespeare that I listed above have all been fleshed out into full explanations in countless books published in the last 100 years. There are many Anti-Stratfordians, and a good number of them are content to have the whole thing be a fine mystery, without yearning for a definitive answer.

The final stage is called Heresy or Truth, depending on your opinion. It is when one begins to make the claim, that "Shakespeare was _____" (fill in the blank). If you fill in the blank with Francis Bacon, you are termed a Baconian; if you complete the equation with the Earl of Oxford, you are an Oxfordian.

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Shakespeare: The Authorship Controversy
Famous Doubters and Critics of the Orthodox Stratfordian Story

Friedrich
Nietzsche
and the
Shakespeare Authorship
Controversy

by Robert Sean Brazil © 2007

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Part One

The Shakespeare authorship question is rooted in peculiar events, documents, and publications of the late-16th and early-17th centuries. As a topic for intellectual discussion and debate, the "Authorship Problem" only began to emerge -- as a rarely-discussed and little-known issue -- in 18th century England.

"Anti-Stratfordianism" only became a popular fad and movement in the 19th century, fueled, in no small part, by some very zealous Americans.

Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900) became aware of the Shakespeare authorship phenomenon in the 1860s, '70s, and '80s at a time when the candidacy of Francis Bacon was being touted rather vigorously on both sides of the Atlantic. By the time Nietzsche weighed in on the problem, he was following the lead of many other astute independent thinkers. To understand how Nietzsche could have arrived, no later than 1887, at his heretical position on Shakespeare, it will be valuable to look closely at the material available to readers in the world press appearing in the 40 years that preceded Nietzsche's written confessions of doubt about the identity of Shakespeare.

Recapping key events in Shakespeare Doubt from 1847-1907:

[Don't skip this part; there is much new material below!]

Or, if you insist, proceed now to page two, with Nietzsche's statements on the authorship problem.

1847: Charles Dickens, while working a clerk at Grays Inn, wrote, in a letter to his friend William Sandys (June 13, 1847):

" I have sent your Shakespeare extracts to Collier. It is a great comfort to my thinking that so little is known concerning the poet. It is a fine mystery; and I tremble every day lest something should come out. If he had a Boswell, society wouldn't have respected his grave, but would have had his skull in the phrenological shop windows."

1848: *The Romance of Yachting* by Joseph C. Hart. Amongst nautical anecdotes, Hart intersperses speculation about the Shakespeare authorship problem. Hart proposed Ben Jonson as author of the Shakespeare plays.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was an early Shakespeare questioner. Emerson wrote in his journal:

"Is it not strange, that the transcendent men, Homer, Plato, Shakespeare, confessedly unrivalled, should have questions of identity and of genuineness raised respecting their writings?"

There were definite opportunities for Hawthorne to learn from Emerson. Hawthorne was first a neighbor of Emerson in Concord from 1842-1845 (Emerson had settled in Concord in 1834). Hawthorne and Emerson visited the Shaker Community together in 1842. In the same year, Hawthorne and his wife, Sofia, moved into a Concord, Massachusetts, house called "The Old Manse."

Over the next three years in Concord, Hawthorne penned a series of tales that were collected as "Mosses from an Old Manse," published in 1846. It is this book that entranced Herman Melville (1819-1891).

On August 5, 1850, Melville and Hawthorne met in person at a picnic. It is said that a brief but intense friendship developed between the two men. They had something else in common. They both had worked in government houses. Hawthorne toiled at the Boston Custom House in 1839 and at the Salem Custom House in 1846.

In 1852 the Hawthornes returned to Concord at "The Wayside," purchased from the Alcotts. The Hawthornes were neighbors again to Emerson, and to Henry David Thoreau (whose cabin on Walden pond was on Emerson's property).

Hawthorne was a crucial player in the early "Shakespeare Doubt" movement, though I believe that he himself did not, ultimately, doubt the Stratford story. Despite the fact that Hawthorne sponsored Delia Bacon's book, he found her theory unsupported by evidence and dismissed her conclusion. Delia wanted Hawthorne to remove his critique from the front of her book, but he refused, as he was paying for it.

1850: "Hawthorne and His Mosses" by Herman Melville, [Literary World, #7]. As for Mosses from an Old Manse, I have crawled through this collection several times, and there are some very subtle insinuations about the truth hiding behind the legends of poets, all couched in allegorical language. Yet Melville saw in Hawthorne's musings a great revelation. In his essay, Melville wonders if all authorial names are suspect, especially among the greatest:

"Would that all excellent books were foundlings, without father or mother, that so it might be we could glorify them, without including their ostensible authors."

"I know not what would be the right name to put on the title-page of an excellent book, but this I feel, that the names of all fine authors are fictitious ones, far more than that of Junius*,-- simply standing, as they do, for the mystical, ever-eluding Spirit of all Beauty, which ubiquitously possesses men of genius. Purely imaginative as this fancy may appear, it nevertheless seems to receive some warranty from the fact, that on a personal interview no great author has ever come up to the idea of his reader. But that dust of which our bodies are composed, how can it fitly express the nobler intelligences among us?"

* Note: "JUNIUS" is not a familiar name to modern readers, but was a familiar reference in the 18th and 19th centuries. "Junius" was the pen name of a veiled writer who published a series of letters in the Public Advertiser (London) from 1769 to 1772. The unknown writer published other material as The Letters of Junius in 1772. Why Junius? The same author had penned other pseudonymous letters under the names of Lucius and Brutus. The three names together yield Lucius Junius Brutus, the name of the founder of the Roman Republic and the first Consul, circa 509 BC. "Junius" may also connect to the Roman satirist JUVENAL who is thought to have been named Junius. So when Melville invokes this name, it carries some interesting baggage with it.

The British pseudonymous writer "Junius," based on his writings, was an Anglophile Whig who was interested in educating both Americans and their supporters as to the good qualities of their English inheritance and to advocate a reversal of the complaints that were leading up to the American revolution. He was addressing both the colonists and the aristocracy and royalty of England. He wished for a restoration of the bounteous all-inclusive bosom of Britannia. Interestingly, the identity of "Junius" has never been resolved. He must have been a highly placed and historically famous Englishman, yet he was so careful and deliberate in his protected anonymity that this Junius "nut" has never been convincingly cracked. Elaborate cases have been made, however, for dozens of candidates. Perhaps the most intriguing possibilities are: Edmund Burke, Lord George Sackville, William Pitt (The Elder), and Thomas Paine, who was in England during the requisite time (and later changed his opinions by 180 degrees).

1852: The Edinburgh Journal, August 1852, publishes an anonymous article, "Who Wrote Shakespeare." Therein it is suggested that in order to pull off the trick, the man from Stratford must have "kept a poet."

1856: Putnam's Monthly, January 1856, contains Delia Bacon's first entry into the Authorship lists, "Shakespeare and His Plays: An Inquiry Concerning Them." This article's placement was arranged by Emerson.

1857: Delia Bacon's The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the preface for the book (which is much more cogent than Delia's extravagant and breathless prose meanderings within, and is actually critical of Delia's proposal). Hawthorne made the connections to get Delia's book published, under pressure from Emerson and Delia, herself. He ended up paying for the whole publication. Delia Bacon's book is mostly musings, supposition, and rhetoric. While many assume Delia Bacon was, at the outset, an advocate of Lord Bacon (no family relation), the fact is that in The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded Delia proposes that a group wrote the plays, and the head of that group was Sir Walter Raleigh.

In this imagined "Shakespeare" group Delia named several courtiers involved the authorship of the Shakespeare plays and the list included Edward Earl of Oxford. This appears to be the first instance in modern times that the 17th Earl of Oxford was directly suggested as having something to do with the creation of the Shakespeare plays. The year is 1857. That's 63 years before J.T. Looney claimed (1920) to be the first ever to suggest Lord Oxford was involved in the Shakespeare canon. But Delia achieved nothing more with her lucky guess about Oxford. In fact, it wasn't even a guess as much as a crib. She was just loosely quoting from the anonymous *The Arte of English Poesy*, 1589.

In Delia's view this is how it went with Raleigh and Company:

"He became at once the centre of that little circle of high born wits and poets, the elder wits and poets of the Elizabethan age, that were then in their meridian there. Sir Philip Sidney, Thomas Lord Buckhurst, Henry Lord Paget, Edward Earl of Oxford, and some other, are included in the contemporary list of this courtly company, whose doings are somewhat mysteriously adverted to by a critic, who refers to the condition of the Art of Poesy at that time."

Now here's the precise quote from, *The Arte of English Poesy* 1589, page 49.

"In Queene Maries time florished aboue any other Doctour Phaer one that was well learned & excellently well translated into English verse Heroicall certaine bookes of Virgils Aeneidos. since him followed Maister Arthure Golding, who with no lesse commendation turned into English meetre the Metamorphosis of Ouide, and that other Doctour, who made the supplement to those bookes of Virgiles Aeneidos, which Maister Phaer left vndone. And in her Maiesties time that now is are sprong vp an other crew of Courtly makers Noble men and Gentlemen of her Maiesties owne seruantes, who haue written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest, of which number is first that noble Gentleman Edward Earle of Oxford. Thomas Lord of Bukhurst, when he was young, Henry Lord Paget, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Rawleigh, Master Edward Dyar Maister Fulke Greuell, Gascon, Britton, Turberuille and a great many other learned Gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for enuie, but to auoyde tediousnesse, and who haue deserued no little commendation."

a portion of page 49 from the 1589 original

The anonymous author of *Arte of English Poesy* was himself reaching back to William Webbe's *Discourse of Englishe Poetrie*, 1586, where appeared this paragraph:

"I may not omitte the deserved commendations of many honourable and noble Lodes, and Gentlemen, in her Maiesties Courte, which in the rare devises of Poetry, have beene and yet are most excellent skylfull, among whom, the right honourable Earle of Oxford may challenge to him selfe the tytle of the most excellent among the rest. I can no longer forget those learned Gentlemen which tooke such profitable paynes in translating the Latine Poets into our English tongue, whose desertes in that behalfe are more then I can utter."

1884: Walt Whitman publishes, "What Lurks Behind Shakspeare's historical plays" in *The Critic* (Sept. 27, 1884):

"Conceiv'd out of the fullest heat and pulse of European feudalism--personifying in unparallel'd ways the medieval aristocracy, its towering sprit of ruthless and gigantic caste, with its own peculiar air and arrogance (no mere imitation)--only one of the "wolfish earls" so plenteous in the plays themselves, or some born knower and descendent, would seem to be the true author of these amazing works." ... "I am firm against Shaksper. I mean the Avon man, the actor."

1887-1888: Friedrich Nietzsche pens comments about the Shakespeare authorship, which are published later in two different books, both in the years following his 1900 death. Details here.

1891: Hermann Melville completes Billy Budd featuring "the Captain, the Honorable Edward Fairfax "Starry" Vere." Melville then dies, in New York, New York, September 28, 1891. [Billy Budd was begun around 1886. It was as good as lost until the manuscript was discovered among Melville's papers in 1924 and published for the first time that year.]

1892: James Greenstreet, in The Genealogist, proposed that William Stanley, 6th Earl of Derby as author of the Shakespeare plays.

1892: The pseudonymous "Our English Homer" posits a group theory for the writing of Shakespeare's works, including Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Nashe, Lodge, Bacon, and others.

1895: It Was Marlowe: A Story of the Secret of Three Centuries by Wilbur Ziegler (a novel). The book proposed that Marlowe, Raleigh, and Rutland jointly were "Shakespeare."

1903: Henry James, in a letter, writes:

"I am 'a sort of' haunted by the conviction that the divine William is the biggest and most successful fraud ever practised on a patient world."

1909: Is Shakespeare Dead? by Mark Twain, Harper & Brothers 1909.

[CLICK HERE](#) for part 2:

Nietzsche's views of the Shakespeare authorship controversy.

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Famous Doubters and Critics of the Orthodox Stratfordian Story

Friedrich
Nietzsche
and the
Shakespeare Authorship
Controversy

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Part Two

NIETZSCHE on the Shakespeare Authorship:

It is, perhaps, hard for some people to wrap their minds around the idea that Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900) read Shakespeare in English and offered unusual comments -- not only on Shakespeare's style and philosophy, but also on the emerging Shakespeare authorship problem. However, recall that before Nietzsche was a philosopher, he was a philologist. He read widely in many languages, and endeavored to read authors in their native tongues. In addition to the English-language Shakespeare, Nietzsche is reported to have been very fond of the writings and ideas of Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Kaufmann, p. viii; p. 306, full citation below) Emerson had been one of the first and most formidable of the Shakespeare doubters.

Walter Kaufmann was a translator and biographer of Nietzsche. According to Kaufmann, in his excellent *Nietzsche, Philosopher, Psychologist, Antichrist* (1968), Nietzsche's views on the Shakespeare authorship were born from his own elitist reading of the texts combined with his simultaneous interest in the writings and philosophies of Francis Bacon. Nietzsche did not accept Bacon's thinking in all things. For example, Francis Bacon was the perfect apologist for the power of the State, and for uniformity and allegiance to social norms. Nietzsche was an early proponent of individualism and an early critic of the bloated power of the State and its attendant institutions, academic, military, religious, and bureaucratic, which all serve to enforce social conformity and obedience. What Nietzsche did like about Bacon was his rationalism, his thinly veiled skepticism of theological claims, and his precise scientific ability to differentiate between things and place things and ideas in appropriate categories. Bacon had written an essay in *Novum Organum* called "The Four Idols," documenting the four intellectual mistakes of his civilization. They were termed by Bacon, "Idols of the Tribe, Idols of the Cave, Idols of the Marketplace and Idols of the Theater."

Bacon's titles are a bit misleading. Here is what he meant (my interpretation, at least): 'Idols of the Tribe'=commonplace nonsense such as the medieval idea that stars are pinholes letting through the light of heaven, or that the moon is watery, or that gods need to be appeased and fed. 'Idols of the Cave'=tunnel vision and seeing only what we expect. A grocer sees things only by their weight, an exorcist sees sickness as possession by devils, a chemist insists all things are chemicals. 'Idols of the Marketplace'=the way common folk are fooled by advertising, rhetoric, misleading claims, and con-men's smooth pitches. 'Idols of the Theater'=reliance on

Authority, experts, and swallowing the received wisdom, without questioning. The bigger the lie, the more easily it is accepted.

Nietzsche was impressed by this approach and wrote his own "The Four Great Errors," which appeared in *The Gay Science* and, later, as a section of *Twilight of the Idols*. Kaufmann suggests (page 265) that Nietzsche's general fascination with Bacon preceded and led to his suspicion that Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare. However, if Nietzsche had really thought this concept all the way through, he would certainly have found Bacon's scientific rationality at odds with Shakespeare's mythic, quasi-historic, and folkloric approach. Moreover, though Shakespeare defended Kingdom and State on the surface, he was also a harsh critic of its abuses, like Nietzsche, but rather unlike Bacon. Bacon thought ideas and institutions were more important than individual people. Modern critics/idolaters (like H. Bloom) claim that there was never such a thing as an "individual personality" or "independent mind" until Shakespeare showed us how to be one and to have one. Nietzsche is also famous for theorizing that the inherent conflict in Western civilization arises from an antique clash between two major human impulses: the Apollonian and the Dionysian. (Apollo guides order, organization, rules, rationality, and power. Dionysus guides inspiration, insobriety, dance, theater, the miracle of the unexpected.) By Nietzsche's own model, Bacon is clearly Apollonian and Shakespeare Dionysian, what with Falstaff, and Puck, and all those bawdy songs.

Unfortunately, this great philosopher's ideas on Shakespeare got "locked in" by his statements written in 1887-1888, and he was never in a position to revise or update his opinions. Nietzsche came to the authorship problem rather late in his intellectual career, at a time when he was starting to "lose it." He was writing and thinking about Shakespeare and Bacon in 1887-1888. Just one year later, in 1889, Nietzsche had his famous "very bad day" on the streets of Turin, when he allegedly freaked out after he saw a crude tradesman cruelly whipping his horse, and Nietzsche rushed to defend the horse. It all went downhill after that.

If Nietzsche had been born a generation later, or had escaped degenerative mental illness, or had lived past 1920 with his faculties intact, I'm quite sure he would have been an Oxfordian. In fact, Kaufmann makes a similar point (in his edition of *Ecce Homo*, page 246.) While discussing Nietzsche's Baconian leanings Kaufmann says, "Incidentally, Freud believed that the Earl of Oxford had written Shakespeare's plays". [Elsewhere Kaufmann and others detect a straight line from Nietzsche to Freud. See article, "Nietzsche and the romantic construction of adolescence," from *Adolescent Psychiatry*, 1998, by Vivian M. Rakoff. Excerpted here, Rakoff writes (emphasis added):

"..Chapman (1955) has made a careful compilation of Nietzsche's influence on Freud as represented in the writings of Ernest Jones and Henri Ellenberger. While it may not have been clear to Freud, his debt to Nietzsche was apparent to others, and has been increasingly noted. Kauffman (1968) appears to accept without the need for discussion that Freud was in the cultural shadow cast by Nietzsche. A case in point: when Jung commented on the theoretical struggle between Adler and Freud, he wrote, "Freud himself had told me that he never read Nietzsche: now I saw Freud's psychology as, so to speak, an adroit move on the part of intellectual history, compensating for Nietzsche's deification of the power principle. The problem had obviously to be rephrased not as Freud versus Adler, but Freud versus Nietzsche" (Mahony, 1982, p. 213). Jones provides further support for the position that Freud's disclaimer of lack of knowledge of Nietzsche was disingenuous. As early as 1897 he echoed a phrase of Nietzsche's when he wrote of the "collapse of all values". (Jones, 1995, p. 391)."

While Nietzsche had much to say about the author "Shakespeare," irrespective of authorship (read here), in two of his books he made explicit reference to the authorship problem and in both cases suggested Lord Bacon as the author, with subtle qualifications to the assertions. The examples are found in *Will to Power* and *Ecce Homo*.

Will to Power

Section #848 (This was written spring-fall, 1887, but *Will To Power* was never published until 1901, the year after Nietzsche died).

"To be classical, one must possess all the strong, seemingly contradictory gifts and desires -- but in such a way that they go together beneath one yoke; arrive at the right time to bring to its climax and high point a genius of literature or art or poetics (not after this has already happened --); reflect a total state (of a people or a culture) in one's deepest and innermost soul, at a time when it still exists and has not yet been overprinted with imitations of foreign things (or when it is still dependent-); and one must not be a reactive but a concluding and forward-leading spirit, saying Yes in all cases, even with one's hatred.

"Is the highest personal value not part of it?" -- To consider perhaps whether moral prejudices are not playing their game here and whether great moral loftiness is not perhaps in itself a contradiction of the classical ? Whether the moral monsters must not necessarily be romantics, in word and deed? Precisely such a preponderance of one virtue over the others (as in the case of a moral monster) is hostile to the classical power of equilibrium: supposing one possessed this loftiness and was nonetheless classical, then we could confidently infer that one also possessed immorality of the same level: possibly the case of Shakespeare (assuming it was really Lord Bacon)"

Comments by RSB:

1. Kaufmann's only footnote on this is to invite the reader to also look at the similar, relevant passage in the "Why I am so Clever" section of *Ecce Homo*.
2. Nietzsche begins by pointing out that the essence of the "classical" personality is the blessing or burden of being possessed by at least two powerful contradictory forces, desires, or motivations at the same time. Classic heroes struggled mightily over questions of honor and reputation, versus their continued life, limbs, love, and happiness, etc.
3. Nietzsche uses his own theory of equilibrated contradictions to explain how a writer like Bacon may have transcended immorality through his Shakespeare mask. Note that in his first published musing on the subject, Nietzsche says "assuming it was really Lord Bacon." It seems he is leaving the door open for further information or another candidate. In his next piece, however, he seems more certain.

Ecce Homo

(written in 1888, but never published during Nietzsche's lifetime. First printing: 1908.

Chapter: Why I am So Clever
Section: 4

4

"The highest concept of the lyrical poet was given to me by Heinrich Heine. I seek in vain in all the realms of history for an equally sweet and passionate music. He possessed that divine malice without which I cannot imagine perfection: I estimate the value of men, of races, according to the necessity by which they cannot conceive the god apart from the satyr.

And how he handles his German! One day it will be said that Heine and I have been by far the foremost artists of the German language at an incalculable distance from everything mere Germans have done with it." [#1]

"I must be profoundly related to Byron's Manfred: all these abysses I found in myself; at the age of thirteen I was ripe for this work. I have no word, only a glance, for those who dare to pronounce the word "Faust" in the presence of Manfred. The Germans are incapable of any notion of greatness; proof: Schumann. Simply from fury against this sugary Saxon, I composed a counter-overture for Manfred of which Hans von Bulow said that he had never seen anything like it on paper, and he called it rape of Euterpe.

When I seek my ultimate formula for Shakespeare, I always find only this: he conceived of the type of Caesar. That sort of thing can only be guessed: one either is it, or one is not. The great poet dips only from his own reality -- ;up to the point where afterwards he cannot endure his work any longer.

"When I have looked into my Zarathustra, I walk up and down in my room for half an hour, unable to master an unbearable fit of sobbing. I know no more heart-rending reading than Shakespeare: what must a man have suffered to have such a need of being a buffoon! [#4]

"Is Hamlet understood? Not doubt, certainty is what drives one insane.--; But one must be profound, an abyss, a philosopher to feel that way--; We are all afraid of truth.

And let me confess it: I feel instinctively sure and certain that Lord Bacon was the originator, the self-tormentor [#6] of this uncanniest kind of literature: what is the pitiable chatter of American flat-and muddle-heads to me? But the strength required for the vision of the most powerful reality is not only compatible with the most powerful strength for action, for monstrous action, for crime--; it even presupposes it. [#7]

We are very far from knowing enough about Lord Bacon, the first realist in every sense of that word, to know everything he did, wanted, and experienced in himself."

[#1 WK's comment: "Ecce Homo was published in 1908." .. "Nietzsche's reference to "mere Germans" makes a point of the fact that Heine was a Jew (and very widely resented), and Nietzsche took himself to be of Polish descent."]

[#4 WK's comment: A hint for readers of Ecce Homo---WK]

[#4 RSB's comment:

I think what Nietzsche means with his "buffoon" quip is that the noble and aristocratic actual writer of the plays had to make a buffoon of his talent by writing plays geared for the popular stage. The word "buffoon" may have been chosen deliberately. Its early attested use in English goes back at least to 1549. It derives from Middle French bouffon, and further, from Italian buffone: a "jester," and from Italian buffare "to puff out the cheeks," an archaic comic gesture. Puffy-face jester reminds one of the cartoonish Droeshout "portrait" that was slipped in to adorn the First Folio of Shakespeare.

Moreover, Ben Jonson used the word buffoon a lot. He also has a character called Carlo Buffone in *Every Man Out of His Humor*, whom BJ describes with, "Carlo Buffone, "a most fiend like disposition," "a public scurrilous and profane jester -- who will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset." And, "he will sooner lose his soul than a jest, and profane even the most holy things to excite laughter." Critics of the past have tried to associate Buffone with Marston or Dekker. But perhaps Jonson was referring to the Stratford Man.]

[#6 WK comment: Selbsttierqualer: literally, self-animal tormentor. Incidentally, Freud believed that the Earl of Oxford had written "Shakespeare's" plays.---WK]

[#6 RSB comment: Nietzsche seems to have projected his own neuroses onto his heroes. He felt that great art, great accomplishment, only comes at the cost of a huge personal struggle. Thus the true "Shakespeare" author, in Nietzsche's view, must have suffered mightily for such a huge achievement, in what Nietzsche calls the "uncanniest kind of literature." Next, even though Nietzsche says he is "instinctively sure and certain that Lord Bacon was the originator" he must have still retained doubts because of his qualifier, "We are very far from knowing enough about Lord Bacon, the first realist in every sense of that word, to know everything he did, wanted, and experienced in himself." In other words, he blithely classifies away the mismatches and inelegant contradictions of the Bacon theory as simply due to a lack of primary material on Bacon. In fact, there is enough primary material on Bacon to comfortably disqualify him. He had neither the lightness of being, the musical wit, the lyrical ease, nor the fundamentally satirical, aloof, Jaques-like detached attitude to have written the plays. However, if Nietzsche had only been exposed to the later material on Oxford I'm sure he would have switched candidates in a heartbeat.

[#7 WK comment: "Presumably Nietzsche means that he has been persuaded, not by American Baconians but by considerations of his own. Bacon was Lord Chancellor and the "crime" to which he pleaded guilty in 1621 was bribery. He explained, "I was the justest judge that was in England these last 50 years; but it was the justest censure of Parliament that was these two hundred years. In accordance with the general practice of the age, he said, he had accepted the gifts from litigators; but his judgment had never been swayed by a bribe."

[#7 RSB comment: Nietzsche is saying that he has recognized this epic internal authorial struggle in the Shakespeare texts. Thus, his discovery of Bacon is personal, and reasonable, and derived from first principles, and not a mere reaction to the published speculations of American Baconians. He considers Americans to be flat-headed and muddle-headed, incapable of higher thought. He implies their adoption of Bacon is irrational -- a mere lucky guess.

NEXT: Nietzsche on the essence, style, and spirit of Shakespeare.

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Friedrich Nietzsche and the Shakespeare Authorship Controversy by Robert Sean Brazil --
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Webmaster contact: [robertbrazil at juno.com](#) replace at with @

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~~~~~  
Original Research on  
Elizabethan Authorship Issues  
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Dedicated to the Ever-Living Memory of
Ruth L. Miller (1922-2005)

Ruth Loyd Miller was born in Ida, Louisiana, and graduated from LSU in 1942. She later attended the Union Theological Seminary in New York City. After reading law, she passed the Louisiana Bar Exam in 1957 and was a member of the Louisiana State Bar Association and the American Bar Association. In 1967 she was admitted to practice law before the United States Supreme Court. As an attorney, she was a tireless advocate for issues that supported women's rights. She was the first woman to serve on the Louisiana Mineral Board; a delegate and first Vice-Chairman of the Louisiana Constitutional Convention of 1973; and in 1984 the first woman to be elected Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of the Louisiana State University System of which she was a member for 14 years from 1974-1988. In 1987, she earned a Masters of Arts degree in English literature from the University of Louisiana at Lafayette. She was a member of Mortar Board, Phi Kappa Phi, and the National Woman of the Year for the Delta Zeta Sorority. In 1995 she was admitted to the LSU Alumni Hall of Distinction.

Posterity will remember her for her trail-blazing achievements on the subject of the Shakespeare authorship question. She edited and published four books in support of the theory that the Shakespeare canon was written by Edward de Vere, the 17th Earl of Oxford. For many years she presented annual lectures at the Huntington Library in California, and wrote numerous articles on the authorship subject. Her work has gained interest and acceptance the world over. She has been recognized by the influential New Yorker magazine, the New York

Times, and the Los Angeles Times for her achievements and contributions to this important historical debate.

MORE BELOW

Ruth Miller

RESEARCH ARTICLES:

THE HARVEY-NASHE QUARREL AND LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST
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The world of Shakespearean authorship studies lost one of its greatest champions September 15, 2005, with the passing of the legendary Ruth Loyd Miller. For many of us, Ruth's editions of Looney, Clark, and both Wards (bound in purple covers and brimming with illustrations and lavish color portraits), are her most enduring legacy, for not only did she maintain the worldwide availability of these seminal works but she also provided her own copious research and brilliant annotations, and her aptly named companion volume, Oxfordian Vistas. As many Oxfordians, Shakespearean students and scholars know from personal experience, Ruth Miller answered all queries about the Authorship with boundless enthusiasm, generously bringing her years of study into play, sharing it all with a sublimely ironic wit and humor in an ever-courtly Mississippi Delta drawl. For Ruth the voice on the other end of the telephone line could belong to one whose

unique contribution would ultimately trigger the great sea-change in the world's view of the man who was Shakespeare, thus she always treated you as if you might be that one. It is with a keen sense of her profound contribution to all who are engaged in this extraordinary adventure, and to all those who will embark on this journey of discovery, that we honor and celebrate the life of our beloved friend and mentor Ruth Loyd Miller. We are deeply blessed to have known her, and she will live in our hearts and minds to the end of our days.

- K.C. Ligon, Independent scholar, Trustee of the Shakespeare Fellowship

Research into and interest in the Oxford theory of Shakespeare in Germany is of relatively recent inception. Along with Charlton Ogburn Jr, Ruth Loyd Miller and her husband, Minos, are held here in the highest esteem as belonging to a generation spurred more by the desire of serving the cause than by self-serving. Something of this spirit might have been lost in the course of more recent times. Probably, and hopefully, this spirit will be fully restored, remembered. Remembering, as Shakespeare himself put it, is the toll the ferryman Charon has no right to, because his boat is too light for it, it remains this side of Styx and Lethe, of darkness and oblivion. And so death is sometimes the last and only resort of revival. What merely lives on is by the living often perceived as gone, forgotten, what is gone by them remembered and returned to life. Alive we are but living, only death spends the proper light to a full life. A full life is never contained in itself, it is what lives on by ending. And in this end never ends, but continues as witness. Ruth Loyd Miller's life is such a witness. She has rendered herself the greatest service by not having been self-serving. -- Robert Detobel

Robert Detobel of Frankfurt, Germany is a translator, publicist and co-editor of the Neues Shakespeare Journal, a European Oxfordian publication. Before getting involved in the authorship debate in 1982, he published on Third World issues and translated works from French sociologist Alain Touraine. Recently, he has published a book and many articles on the authorship question and addressed numerous Oxfordian conventions.

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Robert Sean Brazil

I am saddened to report the death of Robbie Brazil, co-partner in the Elizabethan Authors web site. A born jester, but no fool, he wore his motley with the pride of one who believes in his mission; a born teacher but no pedant, he helped others to bring out the best in themselves. As the web site grows, he will be deeply missed.

Robbie was beyond description, but the following messages will give you an idea of what his friendship meant to some of those who knew him best.

Barb Flues

Hello,

Robby and I grew up together, and were close friends during our childhood. He had rheumatic fever at five years old, and wasn't supposed to run - so we spent most of our time running up and sliding down staircases when no one was watching. We played games that were so imaginative that it would be impossible to describe them, they were multi-layered and wildly funny. We acted in our first Shakespearean play together, "A Winter's Tale" when we were both nine years old. It was a beautiful homespun production and Rob was a star. Robby, the child, was the most joyous boy. Although he had a weakened heart, and although he was supposed to be cautious and careful, he danced, ran, played and bounded with the strongest heart in the world. Maybe he should have been scared, but he was fearless. Maybe he should have been quiet, but he was full of giggles and roars. Maybe he should have protected himself, but he threw his heart wide open. His creativity and far reaching conceptual imagination was boundless and his spirit was funny, smart and loving and tender. Our friendship set the bar for silliness and creativity very high -- I will never forget it. We truly knew what fun was, and we had more than our share. Rest in peace, my partner in laughter and crime -- I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Kind regards,
Janice Parker

I am at a loss just now to express my feelings for the loss of sweet/tetchy Robert Brazil. Irony strikes (or slaps) me upon re-reading the e-mails below, which I don't think Robert would mind me forwarding at this point, since they are somewhat informative of Robert's condition. (Although, please pardon the sprinkling of nasty language here and there.) My final well-wishes for my fellow traveler didn't pan out as hoped. Well, it is what it is, Goddamnit. We'll catch up with you soon enough, Robert. But as long as this machine is to me, I will miss you, my friend.
~Xopher Paul

From Robert to Chris:
Here's to your health!

I've had a tough couple of months myself. I have liver/kidney disease. Now they are calling it what it is: cirrhosis. But I quit drinking eight years ago, and stopped aspirin, and am ever-increasingly vigilant about my diet. I make all my own meals. I have been thoroughly checked out repeatedly by my gastroenterologist, Dr. Muerte Thanatos, who can't fathom how I'm not dead, and my condition is under control, "i.e., not getting worse." This f---er keeps telling me I

need to get on a transplant list "just in case." They are only happy when you get sicker and need them more and they make even more money. Your results may vary. That's just my cynical view, today. But I do appreciate the lab tests and ultrasounds so i can come to my own conclusions about whether I am dying or not, thank you very f---ing much.

Your partner in grime (or time)

Robert

Subject: Re: private to Red Robert, or Rob Roy - my request for our quest in this Tragical-Comical-Historical-Pastoral

Hi Robert,

Thanks for your reply...

Hey, I knew you were dealing with some pretty serious health issues, Robert, but don't think you'd given me any specifics before now (or if you did please forgive, my short term memory has not exactly been thriving, no, nor arriving). At all events, my sympathy & empathy reach out to you, sincerely. I'm glad you're taking care of yourself and indeed hope your own conclusion after so much testing is that you are not dying, at least of cirrhosis! My final wellwishes for you, fellow traveler, is that you pass away Ver-y peacefully in your sleep once you've achieved Ver-y ripe old codgerdumb (or should that be codgerhood?), Ver-ily, dreaming on things to come... oh to bloody hell with Oxford--upon your exit from this stage of fools I hope you'll be dreaming of the hottest f--- you ever had in your sweet bird of youth; and time (or grime) enough (well, there's never enough time, but plenty of grime) for Ned-deVer till then, comrade ;)

Yours and mind, with all withered humor, however hoary, though hardly without hope, thus, happily--let us both hang in there, or be hanged!

X

Dear Christopher Paul

I know of you only through Phaeton and Nina Green and I only knew of Robert Brazil here and through the internet. I hope I am not being impertinent when I say that your wonderful final letters to Robert convey an incomparable flavor, nutty and sharp and piquant like a fine vintage single malt whisky, and I found them most poignant heart-rending and a marvelous farewell to someone who clearly was a remarkable man and a true friend.

Thank you very very much for sharing them with us.

Warmest regards

Heward [Wilkinson]

I read, with great sadness and full support, your welcomed tribute to Robert. He was, indeed, a creative source. Marking his presence with his varied priceless contributions.

I was blessed to meet him on several memorable occasions. Not least at White Plains where we all spoke on the same bill. His beautiful presentation and publication on Angel Day's English Secretary was truly exceptional.

I have, at hand, a magical photograph of Robert, with his guitar in hand, which I took many years ago at one of the many memorable SOS Conventions. If you -or anyone- would like a copy please let me know your mailing address, when I will gladly send you one. Robert is in a far-away reflective pose. ...

Derran

Nina, et al:

Just to confirm that later today I will post copies of my photograph of dear Robby with his guitar, to all readers who have requested copies, ... Hopefully, they will arrive, by airmail, late next week.

As my tribute to Robby, I can only quote the splendid speech, by Mark Antony above the fallen Brutus:-

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world `This was a man!'

Amongst my happiest memories, I recall Robby proudly telling me that he had `Yorkshire ancestors'. I should have known! You never have to ask anyone from Yorkshire where they come from, for they will have already told you. Not unlike Texans.

Derran (Charlton)

Gerit, thanks for all this. And for reminding me about the debate at Symphony Hall. Boy, was Robbie mad as hell at those guys, Alan Nelson and Irv Matus, on the other side. He couldn't stand it that they were wiggling and twisting and etc etc right there in front of the audience, and while I was speaking he whispered to me, "I'm gonna get 'em," and so on, while I, of course, took the high road and spouted poetry. Near the climax of the whole thing Irv got very upset at the notion that Polonius and Ophelia, not to mention Hamlet himself, might have real-life counterparts in Burghley, Anne Cecil and Edward de Vere, and he yelled something like, "I don't want my Hamlet taken from me!" At that point if I recall we started giggling and one of us, I forget who, replied that he could have Oxford and his Hamlet to boot. In the audience was John Shahan, who already had a draft of the Reasonable Doubt declaration, and later during that same conference that you, Gerit, organized so extraordinarily well, there was our dear friend K.C. Ligon who sat listening to Robert talk about the publishing world of the 16th and 17th centuries -- this was 2003, and I, one of those nights, drove Dan Wright down to Ground Zero where the World Trade buildings had been, and today all that and much more comes together in some chaotic swirl for me...

Hank

I've written to Robert's son David asking for any obituary materials including a photo that he could send on, by Emil and/or regular mail, and also for word of any kind of memorial service. I told him these were for our online forums and sites as well as for our newsletters and other print outlets, and that I'd keep him informed of any gatherings to remember his dad. I told him of our condolences and of our grief over losing such a valuable friend and colleague. And I'll make sure to send on any materials and/or information that I receive.

At one point in the early 1990's Robbie lived across the river from my town of Nyack NY, in Tarrytown, and we'd take the train down to Grand Central and walk over to the Public Library on Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street. Once we were set on finding out if Oxford had skipped town in 1604 and got to the Isle of Man -- much fun, reading about the legend of an Elizabethan nobleman who lived out his days there, and reading of Elizabeth Countess of Derby becoming governor (?) of the Island at some point.

Early on Robbie wrote up a thick book proposal about "the royal story" of Shakespeare, filled with PT scenarios. Of course he later dropped that and, much, much later than that, blasted my book The Monument on elizaforum (and probably elsewhere:-). He knew that his criticisms might hurt but could not disturb our friendship and, in fact, we laughed a lot about our

differences. At the White Plains conference a few years ago, he surprised me with some unsolicited compliments, for which I'll always be grateful.

I should explain that in my life Robert was one of those friends who tell the truth about the way he thought about things and spoke it to your face. He did not care for polite avoidance of the truth of what he felt or knew. And for me this was a source of merriment. One night I drove from Nyack to where he had moved, about an hour and a half north, and there was a terrible storm, but we got to a restaurant he knew, and I recall that much of our talk was not about Shakespeare but about writing and publishing and, in particular, some short stories he was writing or had written. We also talked about acting on stage and, as I recall, more recently he appeared upstate in a community theater production of *The Tempest* -- which Marie probably knows about.

I am one of the many proud owners of an inscribed copy of *The True Story of the Shakespeare Publications, Volume One: Edward de Vere & the Shakespeare Printers*, by Robert Sean Brazil, copyright 1999. And of course we have the remarkable Elizabethan Authors site that he and Barb Flues created, not to mention elizaforum, and his site with various images, as well as his many written contributions for the Oxfordian publications over the years.

I'll always savor Gary Goldstein's remark of yesterday: "He was this bearded wonder of energy, talk, and drama. He was ambitious to do things -- to get not just the research out into circulation but to provide everyone with the literary context of the entire era so that redundancy of effort could be avoided for Oxfordian scholars." That gets it right.

Back on April 1, 2010, addressing Roger Stritmatter on Elizaforum, Robbie wrote in part: "I have no idea why it is my peculiar fate in life to be the pin that goes around bursting balloons, but this is too often the case." He also wrote, "And let it not be said that I am simply the person who says, 'NO.'" -- as he went on to demonstrate this by sharing some new information he had gotten by long and diligent research before raising his hand.

He worked like hell at this stuff. He was different than the mainstream (whatever that might be!) and he knew it and he was not about to change for anything or anyone. The truth made him laugh and I recall, laughing with him, that Edward de Vere would have enjoyed his lack of b.s. and found him good company.

Well, that's it for now. I miss him.

Hank

Dear Colleagues -

I am still in a state of shock at hearing from Robert Brazil's son David a few minutes ago that Robert passed away this month on the 11th of July following a period of acute liver disease. David's Email address is dzbrazil@yahoo.com and I am sure he would like to hear from anyone. He wrote to me:

... "because i was unable to find contact information for various of robby's friends and colleagues, i'd be very glad if you would do me the favor of passing this news on to folks that you know, who knew robby."

... My friendship with Robert goes back to 1991 or so and this comes as complete news to me, although I did wonder about not hearing from him for a while. I'm deeply saddened to say the least. This is the best way I know to reach as many people as possible at the same time.

Hank

Hank, thank you. This is a perfect portrait of his personality. & Chris Paul's "sweet/tetchy Robert Brazil".

I was thrilled to have you two on the Oxfordian side of the debate in NYC-03. Chris Durang said Robert reminded him of Peck's bad boy & he was persuaded to the argument to the point where he mentions it in his latest play. Robert came with me to see my friend in The Syringa Tree in Ithaca a few years ago & at dinner after we discussed his performing in Tempest. We agree on that point. There's something that happens when you perform this stuff; you can feel a ping in your body when it's "real" & we discussed whether a performance workshop at one of the conferences might be of some use. When I came home on the 11th, I noticed the ivy had fallen down in my room & remembered Robert's comment about its feng shui purposes -- he knew a little, or a lot, about everything it seems.

I have missed his voice on the forum these last few months & even more so now that we will never hear it again.

I think Eliza & EA should go on, although I'm not sure how right now.

Yours in sadness, GQ

I'm so glad I was able to see, and hear, Robbie 's mind at work one last time at the SOS conference in White Plains a couple of years ago.

I can imagine the conversation going on now between Robert and Verily Anderson, both waiting in the heavenly anteroom for further assignment. If so, I envy him the opportunity to hear what she knew. Maybe Andy's still there too, and K.C. Maybe they'll be finding out some of the things we still don't know. I hope so.

Stephanie

Like everyone here, I have just read this news and am stunned. I had no idea that Robbie was even ill. He will be missed.

I hope someone will be able to continue his work with elizaforum and the Elizabethan Authors web site.

Bill

My heart and mind go out to Robert's family and friends. He was an inspiration to us all, and I had nothing but the highest regard for his work, and like everyone else, expected for it to long continue, and for it to continue to be one of the best lights we could offer anywhere. I never had the pleasure of making his acquaintance but always thought the opportunity would present itself someday, and that he and I would rant, rave, cajole, laugh, cry, and arm or thumb-wrestle, and otherwise ultimately happily agree upon everything. He was a force, and I hope he continues to be one. His contributions to this cause will never be forgotten, and if anyone here or elsewhere has a plan to respect and continue his legacy, please, by all means, count me in.

Again, many heartfelt prayers for his family and friends. I can count on one hand the number of people in this thing that have meant as much to me.

Mick

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and

Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my, brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Photo courtesy of Derran Charlton



