


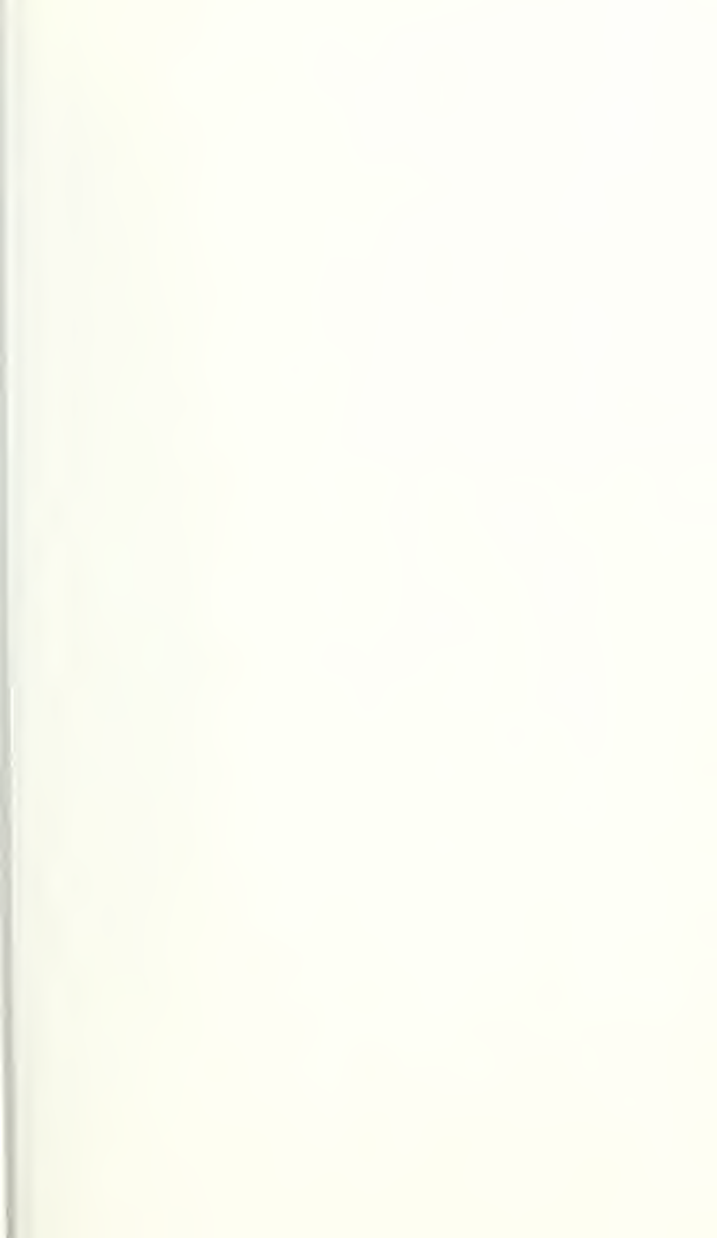
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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. IV.

DAPHNAIDA: AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND
VERTUOUS DOUGLAS HOWARD, ETC. 1591.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAIN. 1595.

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION. 1595.

FOWRE HYMNES. 1596.

PROTHALAMION, OR A SPOUSAL VERSE, ETC. 1596.

ASTROPHEL, ETC., AND SONNETS.

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COMPLETE WORKS
 IN
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 OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

*EDITED, WITH A NEW LIFE, BASED ON ORIGINAL RESEARCHES,
 AND A GLOSSARY EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.*

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

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

PROFESSOR ANGUS, LL.D., LONDON.
 THE REV. THOMAS ASHE, M.A.,
 CREWE.
 PROFESSOR CHILD, LL.D., HARVARD
 UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.
 THE RIGHT HONBLE. THE LORD
 CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.
 PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN,
 LL.D., TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.
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 THE REV. WILLIAM HUBBARD,
 MANCHESTER.
 PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.,
 LONDON.

DR. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON,
 LONDON.
 GEORGE SAINTSBURY, ESQ.,
 LONDON.
 FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE,
 ESQ., LL.D., LONDON.
 AUBREY DE VERE, ESQ., CURRAGH
 CHASE, ADARE.
 PROFESSOR WARD, M.A., OWEN COL-
 LEGE, MANCHESTER.
 THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A.,
 LONDESBOROUGH RECTORY.
 WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, ESQ.,
 M.A., LL.D., TRINITY COLL., CAMB.,

ETC.

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IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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ESSAYS ON THE MINOR POEMS OF SPENSER.
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CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.

	PAGE
ESSAYS ON THE MINOR POEMS OF SPENSER. BY F. T. PALGRAVE, ESQ., LL.D.	ix
I. DAPHNAIDA: AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS DOUGLAS HOWARD, ETC. 1591 . . .	1
II. COLIN CLOUDS COME HOME AGAIN. 1595 . . .	33
III. AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION. 1595 . . .	69
IV. FOWRE HYMNES. 1596 . . .	143
V. PROTHALAMION, OR A SPOUSAL VERSE, ETC. . . .	195
VI. ASTROPHEL, ETC., AND SONNETS . . .	209

ILLUSTRATION.

The (steel) portrait of Raleigh . . *to face title-page in 4° (large paper only)*

ESSAYS

ON THE MINOR POEMS OF SPENSER.

BY FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

I. SPENSER IN RELATION TO HIS IMMEDIATE PREDECESSORS.

SPENSER'S greatness, and his permanent place in Poetry, are to be sought mainly in the *Faerie Queene*, which is criticized elsewhere in this edition. But for the development and the varied resources of his genius, and for many of the new poetical forms by which he has influenced English literature from his age to our own, we must look to those other poems, which the editor has committed to my diffident and reluctant hands. In the separate Prefaces it is intended to note the growth of Spenser's genius, and the quality of each production, with such attention to chronology as their often-conjectural dates of writing may allow. What I here wish to bring out, with all the clearness (imperfect as it must be in matter of this nature) that I can command, is the novelty of the models, whether in subject or in style, which he presented from 1580 onwards ;— to show how far he was a Maker, (to use the fine Elizabethan phrase,) in the literature of the day, by comparison with those who wrote during the preceding half-century.

All great poets must be in advance of their own age ; but though all must, at some period, influence those who succeed, yet this influence may neither be definite nor immediate. Spenser, however, unites both features in a very marked degree. He was, in point of style and form, singularly new ; his influence was instantaneous as well as enduring. In fact, no candid reader of his lesser poems will, I think, be able to deny that whilst much, indeed, is consecrated for all time by exquisiteness and by power, yet much, also, remains of which the value is mainly relative, the interest historical. That we may judge him fairly, we have constantly to bear in mind the very peculiar position in which the development of European culture placed an Englishman during the latter half of the sixteenth century. For the Renaissance movement in literature, which we may trace back to the lyrical impulse of Provence and of Dante's age, if not even earlier, had nearly spent its creative power in its first seats when it reached Spain, Northern France, and England. The last wave of Italian poetry, we might almost say, wafted the Renaissance to our shores. And it was hence here mingled with elements absent from the original outburst in Italy ;—with the genius of Greece and Rome, reawakening after the long sleep which followed the Barbarian conquests,—the spirit of theological reformation,—the spirit of physical science. These powers, penetrating our writers in very varying degrees, give a wider scope than was covered by the early poets of Italy and Provence to the Elizabethan lyrists. They had also a richer and longer national history behind them ; they had even, in Chaucer and his followers, a noble literature wherein Mediævalism

was already tinged by the early Renaissance, but which, in regard to poetical form and diction, could not be taken as a guide to meet sixteenth-century requirements; whilst, at the same time, the English national temperament, substantially the same, then and now, as it was in Chaucer's day, but radically different from that of the southern races, demanded representation under the new colours of Italianized classicalism. Hence so much had necessarily to be learned and attempted and incorporated, that there is often something artificial—something which threatened to be almost "Alexandrian," (a phase which, perhaps, was more distinctly and injuriously felt in France)—about our first fresh Elizabethan creations. There was more material, above all, than the poets could thoroughly fuse: our great early national outburst of poetry wants the perfect spontaneity by which the parallel lyrical movement in Hellas is distinguished.

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

The names of Surrey and Wyatt, friends and fellow-workers, like the names of Petrarch and Boccaccio, Beaumont and Fletcher, Goethe and Schiller, are inseparable *Dioscuri* in the history of our literature. They,

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

* "If we compare the poetry of Wyatt and Surrey with that of Barclay or Skelton, about thirty or forty years before, the difference must appear wonderful." (Hallam, *Literature of Europe*.)

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

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

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

The sun when he had spread his rays,

I should place this as his finest achievement as an amourist: delicacy, passion, description of nature, are here united in a piece which does not fall far below the *Allegro* or *Penseroso*. But the evidence is doubtful: nor does Surrey, in his recognized work, ever quite seem to me to reach the perfection here shown.

Save I, alas ! whom care, of force, doth so constrain
 To wail the day, and wake the night, continually in pain.
 From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bitter tears,
 From tears to painful plaint again ; and thus my life it wears.

* * * * *

And when I hear the sound of song or instrument
 Methink each tune there doleful is, and helps me to lament.
 And if I see some have their most desired sight,
 "Alas !" think I, "each man hath weal, save I, most woful
 wight."

Then, as the stricken deer withdraws himself alone,
 So do I seek some secret place, where I may make my moan ;
 There do my flowing eyes shew forth my melting heart,
 So that the streams of those two wells right well declare my
 smart.

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

That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.

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

Surrey's Vergilian translation, according to Hallam, is the earliest introduction of "blank verse" into our poetry. The narrative is admirably presented, and there is a charm in the simple closeness of the version by virtue of which Surrey is nearer Vergil than most of his later translators. The metre, as must naturally occur in a first experiment, wants modulation. Of attempt

to render or to replace the exquisite touches of the original, the Maronian magic, there is no sign. But who, indeed, in that field has ever succeeded? who without folly may hope for success?

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

Sir Thomas Wyatt, a man at least thirteen years senior to Surrey (died 1542), spent most of his life also in the public service, and was only known by publication in the *Tottel's Miscellany* of 1557, where his poems follow his friend Surrey's. Wyatt's work (the actual date of which, as of Surrey's, can hardly ever be given), is often more primitive in style; the Sonnets especially have greatly the air of early imitations from Petrarch, though in reading them it is best not to remember the originals. A lighter touch appears in the *Rondeaux*; a more modern rhythm; these little poems, although somewhat monotonous, rise at times to a great elegance in the simple expression of feeling. Here also Wyatt

displays considerable power in satire ; his love (or loves) have little of Surrey's sweet ideality. Wyatt, to use a modern phrase, is in every way more "realistic" than his friend ; his passion has not the disinterested character of Sidney's chivalrous temperament. His satirical epistles, on the other hand, have more irony, knowledge of mankind, and point : the language is remarkably clear and direct, and the verse in general free from archaic rudeness. His "best poem in this style," says Hallam, "is a very close imitation of the tenth Satire of Alamanni" : published in 1532.

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

It is noteworthy that, in case of these two poets,

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

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

* Tottel's (1557) has been reprinted by Chalmers and by Mr. Arber; and reprints, more or less accessible, of the *Paradise* (1576), the *Phoenix Nest* (1593), the *Helicon* (1600), the *Rhapsody* (1602), exist.

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

* "Whatever be the subject," says Hallam, "a tone of sadness reigns through this misnamed *Paradise of Daintiness*, as it does through all the English poetry of this particular age. It seems as if the confluence of the poetic melancholy of the Petrarchists with the reflective seriousness of the Reformation overpowered the lighter sentiments of the soul."

whole, Tottel's volume, if it contains more rude work, has better writing, even in the work of its lesser poets, than the *Paradise*. Distinct advance, I think, cannot be claimed for the later work; and of the study of ancient form and sentiment in poetry no important trace as yet appears. The classical element, so far as I have noticed, in its essential features is, in fact, hardly beyond what we may find in such a work as Gower's *Lover's Confession* of 1393.

Another very curious point, which I can only indicate, is the almost entire absence of the poetry of common life, whether of the ballad or of the tale, from the whole of this early literature. The lyrical tale, indeed, as distinguished from the ballad by greater condensation and vividness, and corresponding diminution of the narrative element, was all but unknown in England for more than a century and a half later. The ballad, so far as this class of our poetry, English or Scotch, in its existing form at least, can be safely dated, appears during the sixteenth century. But by the middle of it the only example of any merit, and of proved date, so far as I am aware, and this rather a song of common life than a ballad as commonly understood, appears to be the drinking song in *Gammer Gurton*, published in 1557. This in its boldness of phrase and lively lilt of metre stands out among the serious lyrics of the time, and doubtless is but a specimen of a class which, probably, had not literary merit enough to find preservation. And even this we owe, more or less, to the "new learning"; Still, if he be rightly named the author, having been successively Master of St. John's and of Trinity at Cambridge.

The nearest exceptions, however, to the above remarks will be found in Gifford's *Poëie*, which, though published in 1580, may, in his editor's opinion, represent work of the previous twenty years. Here we have a humorous tale, reminding one in substance of Chaucer and other old fabulists, of much spirit and liveliness; and (in a higher vein of poetry) a spirited address to the Soldiers of the day, which has a direct and practical air very unusual in the writings of the time. In these pieces, and in several charming addresses to lady-loves or friends, Gifford has the modern character which I shall notice in the following poets, whilst in point of tenderness, grace and inventive fancy, he stands much above them. But Gifford, even more than Watson, (afterwards to be characterized,) does not appear to have reached the popularity due to his merits in his own age.

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

Turbervile further marks increasing culture in his translation of Ovid's *Heroides* (1567). The best piece I have found in him is the rendering of the *Asterie* epigram ascribed to Plato :—

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

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

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

* Hallam : Part II., ch. v.

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

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

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

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

* Hallam: Part II., ch. v.

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

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

II. GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO "THE SHEPHEARDES
CALENDER."

1579-80.

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

* Dean Church : ch. ii.

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

If the *Calender* proved to be a "turning-point in the history of our poetry,"* a work with which only Chaucer's *Pilgrimage* could fairly be compared in point of extent and power, its position was, it appears, clearly recognized at the date of publication. The sense that a great poet had arisen has never been more clearly expressed than in the *Epistle* of E. K. prefixed; and it is noteworthy that he dwells most upon the style and command of language shown by the "new Poete"; thus showing a true if unconscious estimate of Spenser's peculiar literary mission; although at the same time betraying a sense that the artificial archaism prevalent in his diction requires apology. The love of mystery and allegory which is so marked in the literature of the Elizabethan age, (forming, doubtless, a parallel to its atmosphere of political intrigue and statecraft, as that itself is an expression of the Machiavellianism of the sixteenth century,) is curiously displayed in this *Preface*, and (so far as we may now infer)

* Church.

in the circumstances attending the publication. It is certain that during several years, although new editions appeared in 1581 and 1586, Spenser was either really not recognized as the author, or at any rate not named : and this, though the author's own proudly-humble dedication to Sir Philip Sidney, and the fact that E. K.'s *Epistle* was addressed to Harvey, a *littérateur* then well known, would naturally, we might think, have led to the announcement of his name. What was the true reason of this mystery,—whether meant to advertise the book ; or whether, as Dean Church conjectures, “the avowed responsibility for the *Calender* might have been inconvenient for a young man pushing his fortune among the cross currents of Elizabeth's court,”—is now, probably, beyond explanation. All students must be perpetually and painfully conscious how meagre and how fragmentary is the evidence surviving for precisely that period of our literary history when details would be of the highest value and interest. The age of youthful advance in the fine arts, the age of first maturity, are always the most fascinatingly attractive to later times ;—they are always also (by a natural law) the ages of which the scantiest records remain. Eminently is this the case in regard to our own Renaissance, those “spacious times of great Elizabeth,” which we seem to know so well. We are familiar with the grand and glittering outline which has been accepted as the history of that Empress (so Spenser names her), and of her England : the actual buildings, the books, survive ; the names of a few writers are still household words of every day ; yet that impenetrable cloud which hides from our closest research the personality of

Shakespeare is only the most typical and striking example of the darkness which everywhere meets us in reference to the inner and vital progress of sixteenth-century England, in every branch of art and thought and literature. The story of our Renaissance can only be now reached by critical inference from its remaining productions; of contemporary records, notices, and letters, till some distance into the following century, we are miserably barren—a deficiency which the explanatory comments on Spenser will be found conspicuously to illustrate.

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

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

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

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

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

With reference to the authorship of the *Arte of English Poesie* see Croft's *Boke of the Governour* of Sir Thomas Elyot (1880, 2 vols. 4to), Life, pp. clxxxii-ix, for evidence that Richard, not George Puttenham, was its most probable author.

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

Turning, lastly, to the twelve poems before us, as I need not here linger over the general question of the Bucolic or Pastoral, a few words may be given to the relation between the *Calender* and the models assigned to Spenser. E. K. gives several reasons, in his conjectural manner, why "this our new Poete" should have begun his career with Pastoral, naming as his examples the chief writers in the style, Theocritus, Vergil, and then several of their Renaissance followers, amongst whom

Petrarch alone is now a living name to us. Marot and Sanazzaro, with "divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes," seem to be suggested as Spenser's immediate models; and this is confirmed in some degree by the *Calender* itself. Harvey's letter of this date to Spenser, describing the studies popular at Cambridge, is in accordance: "Petrarch and Boccace in every man's mouth,—the French and Italian highly regarded: the Latin and Greek but lightly."—I find no certain trace of Theocritus, and hardly more of Vergil than Spenser might have learned without reference to the original. He has neither the power and variety of the Greek idyllist, nor the exquisiteness of phrase, the underlying passion, the magical charm of the Roman. Nor do the ten Bucolics of Mantuanus (died 1516), dedicated to Paris Ceresarius,* supply evidence of any special influence on his part upon the *Calender*;—they are careful pieces of writing, full of minute detail, at times either too rustic and inelegant, or too copious in moralization; in short, quite worthy of the praise which Shakespeare, perhaps ironically, has placed in the mouth of the pedantic schoolmaster Holofernes.† The signs of Spenser's study of Petrarch and Sanazzaro will be best looked for in his own Sonnets. That he has here closely followed the latter is not confirmed by the twelve Eclogues of his *Arcadia*. These are purely pastoral, not digressing into politics or theology, and greatly imitative of Vergil. In some the frightful trisyllabic rhyme (*sdrucchiolo*) is used: in some an Ode

* Reprinted in the *Carmina Illustrum Poetarum Italarum*, Florence, 1715.

† *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv, Sc. 3.

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

Yet, granting that the pastoral form was adapted by Spenser from recent Renaissance models, as in them from Vergil and Theocritus ;—and by him, also, first employed in our literature,—the final impression left by the *Calender* ought, I think, to be that it is in the main a thoroughly original work, imbued much more with an English than with a Renaissance spirit, and in its tone and its details derived in due course from our own poetry, not from those foreign sources, ancient and modern, to which E. K., in the fashion of the day, thought it seemly to trace his friend's inspiration. To Chaucer, of course, as incomparably the richest and the most vigorous genius who, to this date, had ennobled our poetry, Spenser looked up as his master ; and Chaucer's general influence, doubtless, was the most powerful element (so far as such influences are really traceable) in forming the disciple. Here he found, not only " numbers," verse in its technical form, but " the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of Poesy " her-

self. Yet—at any rate in the Minor Poems—Chaucer's inspiration is influential rather over the general manner of Spenser than his style, choice of subject, or quality of thought. This was best ; and it was also inevitable. For the two men are obviously of very different gifts and natures : it is in the romantic plays of Shakespeare, not in the *Faerie Queene*, that the *Pilgrimage* makes its authentic reappearance. Chaucer's genius also shines far more in his longer works than in brief lyrics. Thus it is probable that Spenser formed himself most upon the writers of whom I have given a short sketch in the preceding pages ; one finds among them, at least, his didactic tone, the quality which led Milton to call him "the sage and serious Spenser," whom he "dared to be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas." Even in this field, however, my study has not lighted upon any distinct detailed debt from Spenser to his immediate predecessors and contemporaries. What we find is, that these take suggestions from each other, as others afterwards copied him, with a freedom from which Spenser was perhaps exempted by his own almost too fluent copiousness. The sonnet form, of course, he may have partially learned from Surrey or Wyatt. Sackville's admirably sustained loftiness of melody, as I have noticed, has a strong claim to be regarded as a model for Spenser's, as it is difficult not to believe that the *Induction* preluded to the allegories of the *Faerie Queene*. The literary influence, however, of that poet to whom one would have naturally looked as marked out for the strongest hold over Spenser is strangely absent, not only from the *Calender*, but from the whole body of his

poetry. It is part of that deep and irritating ignorance, already noticed, under which we lie as to the details of the English Renaissance, that no evidence appears to remain upon Spenser's introduction to Sir Philip Sidney,—no notice of him, personally, in any of Sidney's preserved writings. Even the dedication of the *Calender* to

the president
Of Noblesse and of chevalree,

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

* The possibly probable dates for *Astrophel and Stella*, after careful consideration of the circumstances of Sidney's life, I would

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

Looking, however, to the leading dates in Sidney's life, it is likely that part of the *Arcadia* was in existence before 1580, and that this at least—for the *Astrophel* poems, I suspect, remained throughout life the secret of their heart-wrung writer—would be shown to Spenser. Yet the diction and sentiment of the comparatively few pastoral lyrics embodied in *Arcadia* seem to me to bear no relation whatever to Spenser's ; who, it should be remembered, was himself by two years Sidney's senior, and had formed his own style in its main elements, as the translations published by Van der Noodt in 1569 indicate, at a very early age. This style is widely different from Sidney's ; it is far more fluent and musical, more ornamented, more uniformly and distinctively poetical. It is as a fine art that poetry always appears in Spenser ;

place between 1577 and 1583 ; those for *Arcadia* between 1579 and 1583. To the long visit at Wilton from March to September in 1580 we may reasonably assign a large portion of the Romance, if not of the other work.

his work may at times be too overtly ornamented : merely ornamental and decorative his art never is. That "mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reason," which Sidney found in the majority of English poets, cannot be charged to Spenser, even in his most fluent and most conventional moods. In this respect he ranks with Dante in his lyrics, with Petrarch, perhaps we may add with Sanazaro, and is on a higher level than we can assign to the great majority of his Italian contemporaries. Even in a poet so exquisite as Tasso, Form, in his facile *canzoniere*, is too often inadequately sustained by Material. Sidney, on the other hand, is unequal in point of style, lapsing not unfrequently into over-terseness and obscurity, and, though less often in the sonnets than in the *Arcadia* lyrics, into prosaicism. Nor has he any constant share in Spenser's singular gift of fluent melody, a quality rarely reconcilable with brevity of diction. Yet this terseness, this directness of speech, in their turn give Sidney's verse a simple power of appeal to human feeling which is, perhaps, the one quality notably lacking in his great contemporary. Spenser sees life, in his poetry at least, through more than one veil, always, though varyingly, conventional in character. The note of personal passion, as I shall have afterwards to point out, is very seldom clearly and irrefragably heard in his music. He does not speak,—it seems to me that, except at rare moments, he could not speak,—heart to heart. He has been described as adopting the allegorical style, using the word in its widest sense. But the truth is that he could do no otherwise. It was Allegory, rather, that

seized and adopted him.* With his illustrious friend, on the contrary, the allegorical elements of the *Arcadia*, despite the great genius everywhere shown, have a somewhat elaborate and artificial air, which contrasts strongly with the direct expression of feeling characteristic of Sidney's prose whether in his letters or his *Apologie for Poetrie*, and yet more of his lyrics. One example—a "ditty" quoted in the *Arte of English Poesie* (1589) from the *Arcadia*, with alterations clearly due to Sidney himself—will here illustrate sufficiently these remarks: further specimens are reserved for the *Amoretti*. Outside the magical circle of Shakespeare, I cannot find the truth and tenderness of this song anywhere equalled among our Elizabethan amourists.

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

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

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

* "Spenser's efforts," says Dean Church, "were in a different direction from that profound and insatiable seeking after the real, in thought and character, in representation and expression, which made Shakespeare so great, and his brethren great in proportion as they approached him. Spenser's genius . . . to the last moved in a world which was not real. . . . He never threw himself frankly on human life as it is; he always viewed it through a veil of mist which greatly altered its true colours, and often distorted its proportions."

noticed, was clearly revealed in 1569 (ten years anterior to the probable commencement of the *Arcadia*), if either writer distinctly affected the other, the inference would be that Sidney in his youth adopted from Spenser a turn for allegory, which the unfinished state of the romance suggests was discovered by the author to be unsuited to his genius. And the somewhat chilling or restricted praise with which the *Apologie* of 1581 notices the *Calender*, disallowing Spenser's "framing his style in an old rustic language," bears witness in the same direction.

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

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

* *The Shepheard's Content*: st. xxxiii.

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

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

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

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

are his prefatory phrases.

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

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

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

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

Watson calls his pieces *Passions* more frequently than *Sonnets*, and it will be observed that this, like most of the Hundred, is in fact a short poem of three six-line stanzas: as the form used by Spenser in his early

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

Those whose kind hearts sweet pity did attain,
With ruthful tears bemoan'd my miseries:
Those which had heard my never-ceasing plaint,
Or read my woes engraven on the trees,

At last did win my lady to consort them
 Unto the fountain of my flowing anguish,
 Where she, unkind, and they might boldly sport them ;
 Whilst I meanwhile in sorrow's lap did languish.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding ;
 Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

III. PREFACES TO THE MONTHS OF THE CALENDER.

JANUARIE.

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

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

Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,—

would not have fallen from a poet who had his eye closely on natural fact. Nor does the *emblem* or motto, with which, in Italian fashion, this and the other months conclude, find support in the poem, which nowhere suggests any ground for hope. It seems to be only a poetical ornament added in obedience to a reigning literary custom.

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

FEBRUARIE.

If Vergil was before Spenser's mind in the *Januarie*, in this he seems to have wished at once to bring his relation to Chaucer before us. Thenot, an old shepherd, scorned for unsucess in love by Cuddie, retaliates by a fable meant to rebuke the pride of youth. Among the numerous pastorals of this time, or in some fabulist, Spenser may have found this theme. But his treatment of it, if not, I think, marked by so much force and humour as commentators have discovered, is lively and original; there is more of real rustic character here than the *Calender* ordinarily exhibits. The subject has also, as noticed in the *Argument*, a certain appropriateness to February, as the last month in the year according to the old usage; although we may doubt whether this was before Spenser's mind.

The tale of the Oak and Briar is told with great narrative clearness and liveliness of motion. We see here already that gift of story-telling which the *Faerie Queene* displays on a much larger and more varied scale. But though in this point Chaucerian, yet the fable, though professedly learned from Tityrus (who stands for Chaucer in the *Calender*), yet has little humour, little of the broad and direct power of that great master, and, like other similar attempts on Spenser's part, cannot be reckoned as really in Chaucer's style. The Scholiast* was in some degree aware of this when he notes that though told "as learned of Chaucer," the tale "is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Æsopes fables*." But the poem has lines of great vigour, beauty, and natural truth. We may perhaps feel the strong North Country air in it; and the style, here and there, singularly recalls that of Sir Walter Scott. See the paragraph beginning,—

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

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

* "I have added a certain Glosse, or scholion."—Prefatory Epistle of E. K.

it is possible that Spenser employed it under the same impression. It may, however, have been suggested to him by an ordinary ballad-metre, or by the French eight-syllabled line. The effect, to my ear, is not always pleasant.

MARCH.

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

English poetry has reached so much more force and intensity since, that we can now hardly appreciate the attraction which a little picture-idyl of this character naturally presented to the readers of 1580. Not a few short poems (putting the larger pieces of Chaucer and his school out of sight) even then, indeed, were in existence of far higher inspiration than Spenser's "Song of Dan Cupid"; but none, probably, in which antique grace and form, even in the very distant echo of the Greek original which we here find, were so correctly reproduced. The effect on readers must have been like that which we feel when we see a classical subject

by Botticelli or Lippi beside the altar-pieces of Giotto or Angelico. But the singularly infelicitous selection of names which throughout the *Calender* seems to strike a dissonant note and mar the beauty of the verse, detracts much from the elegance of an idyl such as that before us.

APRIL.

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

natural truth. But, when published, the Ode was probably far beyond any at that time written for the glorification of the Queen, in fluency and completeness of art.

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

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

MAYE.

This curious dialogue between Piers and Palinode, two shepherds representing " Protestant and Catholique pastoures," is the first of the three in which Spenser has been led by the example of Mantuanus and other writers of the time into a field wholly alien from the pastoral. Piers must, in a general sense, be taken as representing Spenser's own opinions ;—yet the dialogue, when closely examined, is much less distinctly theological, less Puritan, than the commentators, beginning with E. K. (whose gloss is in his most extravagant and pedantic style), have held it ; and the opponents, with a liberality

not common in any disputation, debate and part without any sign of personal animosity. In fact, we find Spenser here, as he probably remained through life, balanced between the great rival religious systems. To the older religion he is attracted by his temperament as a poet ; to Protestantism partly by its severe tone of professed practical morality, partly by the influence, doubtless, of early friends, in especial of Leicester and Sidney. The bias towards the Puritan side, given by these powerful patrons, had a perturbing effect on Spenser's course as a poet ; his natural impulse would not have been to a system which, even in Elizabeth's reign, although its excesses were repressed, had already (as in the reaction against liberal culture which marked the reign of her brother), showed its antagonism to what was large and elevating, not less than to what was debasing, in the Renaissance movement.

Spenser's internal sentiment, if it be here correctly interpreted, has deprived his satire of force and reality, even while, as could hardly fail in the work of so masterly a poet, he has some lines of much vigour and vivacity. Although I cannot agree with those who have found a model for this Eclogue in the *Plowman's Tale*, ascribed formerly to Chaucer, which is a long and tedious Lollard effusion carried on by way of dialogue between a ploughman and a pelican, yet Spenser here had probably in view Chaucer's anti-monastic and anti-clerical satires. He has been hence betrayed into a species of anachronism ; the exposure and condemnation of faithless and cheating priests and monks, however justified by the corrupt England of the later Plantagenets, having much less object and verisimilitude in the reformed England

of Elizabeth. This unreality detracts much from the effect of the poem ; the ascetic view of clerical life which Piers brings forward (even if it had the historical foundation claimed for it in line 103 and onward), being obviously opposed to Spenser's own instinct for the reasonable enjoyment, for the poetry, of life. Palinode, in fact, replying

Thou findest faulte, . . .

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

JUNE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JULYE.

Another essay, which it is impossible to consider felicitous, in Spenser's peculiar vein of theological satire.

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

To kerke the narre, from God more farre;

—and proceeds forthwith on the well-worn descant which sings the golden age when the clergy were content with nothing; a theme which might seem to have been exhausted in the eclogue for May. It is noteworthy that Palinode, who in that poem represents Roman Catholicism, is now spoken of as having travelled to Rome, where the pomp of the Papal Court has impressed him unfavourably. Whether this refer to some real person of the time or not, there can be no reasonable doubt that by Algrind (noticed also in *Maye*) Archbishop Grindal is intended. Spenser here paints him, with fair reason, as the type of a Christian Shepherd; and the poem ends with what must be an allegorical allusion (though it is difficult to trace the analogy between the Archbishop's sequestration and the death of Æschylus), to the disfavour in royal eyes under which Grindal began to suffer in 1578. The last words,—words of pity and respect for the Archbishop,—

are placed, with a feeling worthy of a true poet, in the mouth of Morrell. This fact, taken with the general character of the piece, which assigns the element of poetry and charm also to Morrell, is in accordance with the view which, in the notes upon the *Maye*, I have expressed as to Spenser's own theological attitude. He rather condescends to popular prejudice and personal liking in this and similar poems, than is really anxious to advocate a cause from which his own nature as poet was distinctly alien.

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

AUGUST.

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

* See Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops*, Second series, Vol. v.

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

SEPTEMBER.

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

more unreal than the *Maye* satire from its want of application to contemporary England; and it is thus criticized by Hobbinol in the rejoinder

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

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

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

OCTOBER.

Again, *Majora canamus!* Though placed in the mouth of Cuddie (a name which, with Tom Piper,

* It is worth noticing that E. K.'s derivation of the name Roffy from the French poet Marot's Eclogue "of Robin and the Kinge" is incorrect. The name intended occurs in Marot's *Complainte* on the death of Loyse, to be noticed presently. Thenot tempts Colin to sing thus:

De moy auras un double chalumeau,
Faict de la main de Raffy Lyonnois.

sounds a note of too-rustic inelegance), not of Colin, this Praise of Poetry represents Spenser's own aim and sentiment so clearly, that the reference made in the Argument to his unhappily lost book "called the Englishe Poete," is hardly needed.

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

The strain of this poem, it has been truly remarked,

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

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

NOVEMBER.

This piece, again, falls wholly within the natural sphere of the Pastoral. It is one long-drawn, musical lament over some unknown "mayden of greate bloud," for whom, especially if by Lobbin Leicester be intended—an identification for which I find no distinct evidence—we might perhaps look among the Dudley connection. The Argument appears to place this poem above the other eleven of Spenser's series, adding that "it is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loys the Frenche Queene." The poem

referred to is the *Complainte* of 1531, "de Madame Loyse de Savoye, mère du Roy," Francis I,—which at once obtained immense celebrity in France, and may have hence suggested to Spenser the names of Thenot and Colin as the interlocutors in his own *Eclogue*. But I do not find much other resemblance between the two poems, unless it be in a certain unreal and conventional tone, which is too frequent among the writers of the Renaissance period to have any special bearing on Spenser's connection with Marot.

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

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

and if to our ears the Lobb and Lobbin, with the markedly rustic phrases of the dialogue (perhaps used in the way of contrast) sound ungracefully, yet in 1580 this ode, again, must have struck all Spenser's contemporaries,—and not least, we may fancy, Sidney and Watson,—as a lofty and equable strain of music in

words such as only Italy or Spain, among modern nations, had hitherto given them. The importance of the *Calender* in this respect is nowhere more powerfully shown. We may indeed still feel that Spenser has not his eye directly on his subject; neither human passion nor landscape description here give the delightful impression which is afforded only by the sense of immediate reference to nature and reality. The note of sincerity, so often, and in general so artlessly, heard in the work of his immediate predecessors, as before in Chaucer, is not audible. But had Spenser aimed at closer truth to fact and feeling, possibly the effect of high and finished art would have been less overtly imparted; the model offered to his contemporaries less ideal. And it was in this direction that our then somewhat chaotic literature, so rich in native material, most needed guidance.

DECEMBER.

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

Il dì dopo le spalle, e i mesi gai.

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

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

In the stanza corresponding to Spenser's seventh Marot traces his own early attempts in poetry to the influence of his father Jean; whose lessons are described at much greater length than Spenser has bestowed upon his own relations with Wrenock;—an unidentified name which, perhaps, is only inserted as a paraphrase of Marot. After this point, although Spenser takes details from the French, the poems part company; Marot having nothing answerable to Spenser's melancholy moralization. It is in this element that we trace,—so far as in his ever-combined web of truth and poetry

we may believe we can trace,—the real Spenser. The *December*, which, from its lovely finish in style and evenly-supported power, we may reasonably conjecture the last written of the *Calender*, is such a complaint of the vanity of life as was at all times nearest on his lips ;—the sad undertone which we read first in the “Preacher, the King of Jerusalem,” or whoever wrote the melancholy music of *Ecclesiastes*, is here fully felt ; the pastoral character disappears, and even the love of *Rosalind*, which Spenser may seem to maintain rather as a poetical necessity than as a *vera passio*, is almost effaced from the poem where one would naturally look for it as the leading idea in the poet’s despondency ;—a singular contrast, we may add, with *Vergil*, whose closing bucolic, (as before noticed,) paints love with a fervour and a loveliness hardly surpassed and rarely equalled in the world’s amourist literature.

IV. COMPLAINTS.

(1591.)

THE RUINES OF TIME.

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

This poem, beginning the series, and striking at once

the note audible throughout, we may reasonably hold one of the last in composition. The clearness of the plan and of the pictures presented is in strong contrast with the confused or obscure delineations to be found in several pieces among the *Complaints*;—a collection which unquestionably contains specimens of Spenser's work of a date anterior to the *Calender* of 1580. The *Ruines* is a lovely piece of melody in his most pregnant and finished manner. Amidst its sweet picturesqueness, here and there occur lines of strong and unmistakeable feeling: as the stanzas on Leicester's death,* and those (216-17, 441-54) which—however rash on Spenser's part—it is difficult not to believe are really levelled at Burleigh.† Spenser by 1590-1 had received liberal rewards from Elizabeth,‡ and he may have hence felt himself secure, and in a position to write these singularly powerful lines, imbued with all the peculiar satire of a great imaginative poet, in revenge for the

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

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

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

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

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

not-unjustifiable coldness which Cecil had always shown to the follower of Leicester and Raleigh.

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

Alio mentes, alio divisimus aures :
Jure igitur vincemur !

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

The device by which the elegies embodied in *The Worlds Ruines*, (as Spenser in the Dedication names the poem,) are assigned to the Genius of Verulamium is not, perhaps, signally appropriate ; but it has its purpose and

value, in enabling Spenser to unite his favourite theme of the havoc wrought by Time, especially upon Imperial Rome, with the death of the great persons here commemorated.

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

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

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

We have here one of those pieces in which Spenser's fluent melody and golden wealth of words, his endless variety of literary resource, his style which never slackens its movement or falls below itself, are qualities far more noticeable and important than the long-drawn-out substance of the poem; which, if these Complaints be taken as literally true, would paint rather an age of barbarism and decay than the great years of Elizabeth's supremacy. However strongly we may suspect that the glory and genius of those years have, in popular estimate, been allowed to atone-for or to conceal inward rottenness,—however defective (as I have before noticed) our evidence for the inner history of the Elizabethan age,—it is yet impossible to accept

this sunless and lightless picture,—even if, as has been conjectured, its composition should be held some years anterior to its publication,—as genuine portraiture. Rather, despite Spenser's own authentication of the poem in the dedicatory letter to Lady Strange, would we wish to regard it as a fancy piece, a musical iteration of conventional complaint on the degeneracy of the present time. If taken otherwise, how little insight, how much unreasonable querulosity, must we not assign to Spenser?

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

Because I nothing noble have to sing;

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

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

must seem to be Shakespeare, and Shakespeare only,

* *Faustus* and *Edward the Second* are placed about 1588 and 1590 respectively in Mr. A. Ward's excellent History of our early Drama: and dates between 1588 and 1591 are assigned by Dr. Dowden to *Titus* and *Henry the Sixth*.

by natural right. But I shall comment upon Spenser's probable attitude toward his greatest contemporary afterwards: meanwhile, returning to the *Teares*, note that even the Muse of Love-songs can find nothing of merit in the age to which so many of our sweetest examples in that kind belong.—*Calliope* and *Urania* follow with equal notes of despair, until the climax of this singular elegy is reached when the ninth Muse, after a general censure of all contemporary poets, turns to the one only living claimant worthy of the name—

Divine Elisa, sacred Emperesse!

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

Quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet:

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

VIRGIL'S GNAT.

Published in 1591, and “long since” dedicated to Lord Leicester, “late deceased.” As he died in 1588, we may hence reasonably assign this piece to any time between 1575 and 1582: a date confirmed by the

evenly sustained quality of the execution, and the metrical structure of the introductory sonnet, which alludes to some obscure cloud between Leicester and Spenser, shadowed forth, he says, in the "Gnatt's complaint." The translation is fluent, musical, and brilliant in its language; it preserves throughout its poetical level. This is doubtless one among the most salient characteristics of Spenser's poetry, compared with that written in the preceding portion of the century; and this, as his original is not a work of very high power or interest as a story, may be reckoned as the chief merit of the version.

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

PROSOPOPOIA, OR MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

This, again, is introduced by Spenser as "long sithens composed in the raw concept of my youth": a phrase which would suit 1576-7. And if the poem at first substantially contained the poignant satire on Church and Court and State which we now find in it, he might naturally have withheld it from earlier publi-

cation ; although it is difficult to believe that some of these flowing and powerful lines, which Spenser himself has hardly surpassed, if surpassed, in his maturest work, were not inserted after his experience of Court life in 1589. If we add the inconsecutiveness of the fable, (the form under which the poem is presented), it becomes natural to think that Spenser's intended picture of "the world as it is" was gradually enlarged during the years between its first composition and its publication.

This "false impersonation," as the *Arte of English Poesie* translates *Prosopopoeia*,—rightly termed by Dean Church the most remarkable piece contained in the "Complaints,"—is a youthful attempt in the style which Spenser carried out with more poetical success in the *Colin Clout*. He tries here to paint actual life in the fashion of Chaucer's analogous poems ; preserving throughout a species of middle style, which, whilst rarely rising into high or serious poetry, yet shall never descend into vulgarity or prosaic diction. In this difficult aim Spenser has been eminently victorious. Nowhere else, I think, has he so nearly rivalled the great *Pilgrimage* ; nowhere else has he more pregnant descriptive phrases, satirical strokes of more vigour and incisiveness. There are lines here, and in the *Colin Clout*,—and not a few,—beside which the satire of Dryden and Pope, masters though they be, yet not masters of high imaginative genius, seems forced and pale. Nor is the reason for this obscure. A poet gifted like Spenser cannot so lay aside the thought of Poetry in her ethereal sense as to write what is simply and only satirical. But hence

what elements of somewhat caricaturist scorn he introduces will have more essential poignancy than satire, avowed and unalloyed, can well reach. The touches are more effective, partly by contrast with the passages of poetry pure, partly through the wider range which belongs to the more imaginative mind. Yet the inner difference between Chaucer and Spenser, to which I have already alluded, reveals itself also in the *Prosopopoia*. Even here Spenser seems unable to present real life except in the guise of Allegory; and the Tale, conceived in this form, wants the directness, the clear purpose, the definite humour, which mark Chaucer at his best; while the story rambles in an uncertain and even awkward fashion from adventure to adventure.

The opening of the *Prosopopoia* flows with all the ease of Boccaccio's golden prose in the introduction to his *Decameron*, which may have here been before Spenser's mind; only an occasional obsolete word reminding us that the poem might not have been written to-day, if poetry of this species had still any life among us. In the first pranks of the *Foxe* and *Ape*, he seems to satirize the doctrine of Equality and Fraternity, as a cloak for selfishness and voluptuousness,—a theme to which he recurs in the very singular *Talus* episode of the *Faerie Queene* (Book V, Cant. 2). Next follows a picture of the churchmen of the day, contrasted with those of mediæval times. Here the same curious indecisiveness of view recurs which we have noticed in the similar theological eclogues of the *Calender*: the priest who represents the clergyman of Spenser's time treating the differences between the older Church and the Reformed in an ironical spirit, and

dwelling mostly on the abuses of patronage under great men of Puritan tendency. Spenser's early attachment to that party (due, probably, in part to the opinions of his first patrons) seems, in fact, to have gradually died away into what has been termed the Platonic Christianity of his maturer poetry ; or he may here, as a true poet should, have been sufficiently impartial to censure the misconduct of friends. Thenceforward the main interest of the tale is to describe the Court of Elizabeth in its personal and political aspects. The meanness of those in high place, the misery of suitors for patronage, are described with that vivacity which betrays personal feeling and experience ; and, as a contrast, the picture of a "very gentle perfect knight" is set before us. But whether this splendid portrait of the Brave Courtier be really intended for Sir Philip Sidney ; whether the *Foxe* (1171—1188) really figures Spenser's opinion of Burleigh, does not seem to me open to certain decision. Possibly the poet rather glances at Cecil and Sidney than intends absolutely to present them ; "leading and misleading" us in his ordinary allegorical fashion. Yet it should be honestly owned that if Burleigh, as, from the passages noted in the *Ruines of Time*, one cannot but fear, be here aimed at, it is difficult to justify a picture which might have been drawn by the malignity of Raleigh or of Essex.

Something unsatisfactory runs, I may perhaps here venture to remark, throughout Spenser's attitude toward his own political contemporaries. This we may in part ascribe to the unfortunate chance which in youth threw him under the baleful friendship of Leicester ; in part, to the almost more than Machiavellian statecraft, the

concealed baseness and hypocrisy, rife in this strange but fascinating portion of our annals. But until we possess something worthy to be named a history of the Elizabethan era, no final judgment on the whole subject is possible.

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

MUIOPOTMOS.*

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

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

* I postpone notice of *The Ruines of Rome* until we reach the *Visions*, also translated from Du Bellay.

noticed several are delineated by their uses, not by their appearance ; nor are the purely descriptive epithets so choice and precise as a poet's catalogue may seem to require. The difference here between Spenser and Wordsworth is very wide : it is homelier and higher at once, the strain which we hear in the sonnet upon Duddon banks :—

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

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

The tapestries which are next described as explanatory of the wrath of Arachne-Aragnoll,—Jove and Europa, and the contest of Pallas and Poseidon,—seem to be imitative of the lovely *Ariadna* picture in the *Thetis and Peleus* of Catullus. But the connection between this episode and the story of Clarion is fantastically slight ; and we may note that Astery, the beauty changed into a butterfly by the jealousy of Venus, and whom one expects to find reappearing in some connection with Clarion, like his father, Muscaroll, is introduced only to be dropped. The tale hence seems even more inconsecutive than Mother Hubbard's ; it

neither is a whole as a story, an allegory, nor a moralization : and one asks in what humour a poet so sage and serious as Spenser, an artist so finished, can have painted this picture ?—a question for sufficient answer to which he might have pointed triumphantly to the exquisiteness with which the fairy web is wrought and embroidered ; to the poet's right, now and then, to be fancy-free.

VISIONS OF THE WORLD'S VANITIE.

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

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

THE RUINES OF ROME.

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

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

Nouveau venu, qui cherche Rome en Rome,
Et rien de Rome en Rome n'apperçois ;
Ces vieux palais, ces vieux arcs que tu vois,
Et ces vieux murs, c'est ce que Rome en nomme.
Voi quel orgueil, quelle ruine, et comme
Celle qui mit le monde sous ses loix,
Pour dompter tout, se dompta quelquefois,
Et devint proye au temps, qui tout consomme.
Rome, de Rome est le seul monument ;
Et Rome, Rome a vaincu seulement.
Le Tybre seul, qui vers la mer s'enfuit,

Reste de Rome. Ah ! mondaine inconstance !
Ce qui est ferme est par le temps détruit,
Et ce qui fuit au temps fait résistance.

These sonnets, besides their picturesqueness and power, have an interest as belonging to what one might call the last dirge of the Italian Renaissance, the force of which, in art and literature, was practically spent by the middle of the sixteenth century. Those numbered 3 and 26 are striking pieces in that rhetorical style which, from Du Bellay's time onwards to our own, has marked or infected French poetry. The fifteenth, where the ghosts of old Rome are painted as revisiting her ruins, is more genuinely poetic. But Du Bellay, and Spenser with him, show no evidence of personal knowledge of Rome. As with Spenser's landscape, the ruins are generalized, or rather, used as a background for poetical moralization.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

These little poems reproduce, in Spenser's simple and probably early sonnet-form, the similar blank-verse series, which was published in the English translation of Van der Noodt's *Theatre for Worldlings*. The date of this book is 1569, the year which saw Spenser's admission as a young student at Cambridge. Four, however, (Nos. 6, 8, 13, 15,) here replace four Visions "out of the Revelations of S. John," found in the *Theatre*. There is a difference, perhaps an advance, in style between these four pieces and those which were reproduced in rhyme by Spenser; the blank-verse is managed with greater freedom, the sentence being broken in the course of the line, and the lines themselves oftener

ending with a full pause. Another hand may hence be conjectured here. In the rest, although there is a little evidence of youthful inexperience, Spenser's musical and fluent manner (to my perception) reveals itself: nor am I aware of any better English blank-verse before 1569. Taking this with the fact that the text of 1569 has been substantially followed throughout the metrical version published in 1591, I accept it as Spenser's. The rhyming is a little less rude than that of the preceding *Ruines*: though, looking to Spenser's laxity on this point, and to the momentary aims or fancies which may induce a poet, at any stage of his career, to revert to an earlier manner, his rhymes are a test upon which but moderate reliance can be laid.

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

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

The original of these sonnets—which, with some variation and omission, appeared in the *Theatre* of 1569, and are hence here described as “formerly translated,”—is the third *Canzone* among the “Rime in Morte di Madonna Laura”: the forty-second in Petrarch's whole series. As is natural where so fine and finished a writer as Petrarch was concerned, Spenser's version is not so satisfactory as his transla-

tions from Du Bellay, so far as I have compared those with the original. And the Canzone-stanza consisting here of twelve lines, Spenser has been constrained to expand his reproduction by a process which the notes upon the text elucidate. Yet this is, on the whole, an exquisite work for so young a writer. The sixth sonnet is all Spenser in miniature. The last embodies the thought of Petrarch's brief *Envoy*; the particular reference to a *Ladie faire* being Spenser's addition;—and this sonnet, we may also note, has the structure of the *Amoretti*.

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

V. DAPHNAIDA.

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

strike the note of despair: yet when we find him, and this in a year which was apparently one of his most prosperous, speaking of himself as

of many, most
Most miserable man,

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

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

Yet, when we have confessed to these signs of human imperfection, our admiration must be freely given to the exquisite melody, the sustained ideal loftiness of diction and manner, of which,—when writing of Spenser’s maturer poetry,—it is superfluous

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

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

VI. COLIN CLOUT.

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

In the allegory of the rivers Spenser, before quitting fancy for fact, as it were renders homage to his favourite style; of which, however, this is an unattractive specimen. Here, as elsewhere, we note that, musical as was his ear, he shows little sense of the peculiar music which lies hid in names; nor, in general, is there much

propriety in their selection. Cuddie, Hobbinol, and Lobbin, match well with the Bregog, the Old Mole, and the Mulla.

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

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

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

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

* Some admirable remarks upon this subject will be found in the fifth chapter of Dean Church's unhappily too-brief *Life of Spenser*. But the true story of Elizabeth's reign (I repeat), still awaits a writer who shall possess the rarest and most unpopular gift of the historian,—courageous impartiality.

on her faithless votary, and amidst a profanity of praise by which even Vergil is outdone, there is little of true force or inner beauty ; little, we may perhaps say, which carries with it the note of personal conviction. But this conventional strain (if conventional, in Spenser's case, it was) is precisely what, in proportion to the greatness of the Poet, we are least able to pardon.

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

* Note that the *Colin Clout* is dedicated in the same year as that of the publication of the *Complaints*.

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

Amongst all these was none his Paragone;—

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

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

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

† This argument (which is given at length by Todd and Fleay), rests upon the premises that *Action*, as indeed Spenser's metre and metrical canons require, must be pronounced *Ætion*; that *ætion* was a common Greek word then used for *first-cause*; that this answers without straining to *Idea*:—and that Drayton,—then rising to a popularity nearest, I imagine, to Spenser's,—had in 1593 published his “*Idea: The Shepherds Garland*,”

is treated as the probable claimant of the name, and that of Shakespeare absolutely excluded. For if we take *Colin Clout* as wholly written in 1591, the date of its dedication, the praise given to *Action* would hardly have been earned by the tragedies which Shakespeare had then exhibited,—even if the Drama had been anywhere else included in this review of literature. But if we suppose,—what is most probable,—that insertions were made in the poem between 1591 and 1595, is it likely that Spenser (especially considering his possible visit to England in the latter year) would not have known and distinctly specified in his list those powerful first-fruits of Shakespeare's lyrical genius, the *Adonis* of 1593, the *Lucrece* of 1594? If, however, we are hence entitled to the conjecture that Spenser was intentionally silent upon his only living rival, (as there seems reason, already noted, to think that he was in regard to Sackville and Watson,) no personal cause can be found for this omission: Essex, friend to Spenser at this period,* having been intimate with Southampton, honoured, in turn, by his friendship with Shakespeare. Yet I think we may rationally trace a silence which we might, at first, be disposed to hold unnatural, to two causes, powerful throughout Spenser's career: The radical difference between the two men in their whole attitude of thought

in which, as *Rowland*, he notices Spenser with respect as author of the *Faerie Queene*.—To this I will add that the fashion of poetical pseudonyms was, in that age, very common,—whence *Rowland* might naturally be so quoted. But I doubt much whether any one would then have held the surname *Shakespeare* appropriate for similar quotation.

* See the eulogy of Essex in the *Prothalamion* of 1596.

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

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

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

But Spenser soon resumes his own more natural

* Yet we may doubt if pastoral absurdity ever reached a more excessive pitch than when Spenser represents his lambs as taught to baa *Elizabeth* (l. 639).

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

—Lord of all the world by right,—

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

* It is worth observing here, that Spenser, in his noble sonnet of 1586, speaks of Harvey's critical insight and independence of character in a tone of respect which would imply or explain deference to his judgment.

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

Colin Clout is one of Spenser's most interesting pieces, not only in regard of its contents, but of its treatment. In this it is a model such as our literature has rarely shown since, and, so far as my reading extends, had never before satisfactorily shown, of the true "middle" style: that style which, running generally on a familiar level, yet never touches prose, and is, on due occasion, capable of rising like the lark, without effort or breach of continuity, into the upper heavens of imaginative poetry. Wyatt, in the Epistles to John Poles, if more concentrated and nervous in diction than Spenser, has none of his lyrical elevation: and the writers nearer his own day who, more or less, attempted the style do not (so far as I have noticed) lift themselves above satire or commonplace. Later specimens of high degree may be found in Pope's letter to Martha Blount, perhaps in Cowper, markedly in

Shelley. None, however, to my judgment, blend the extremes so felicitously as Spenser.—A poem such as this deserved to “make an epoch” not less effectually than the *Calender* or the *Faerie Queene*; whilst, from its realism and its richness in the details of contemporary life and literature, it deserves and rewards general study better than many poems more ideal in character. These reasons, I trust, will be my excuse for the comparative length with which it has been here treated.

VII. AMORETTI.

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

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

My sovereigne Queene most kind,
That honour and large richesse to me lent.

The pastoral disguise is less marked; and if the gracious and fantastic conventionalities of the love-sonnet, which he shares with a thousand other writers, throw a veil which blunts the outline of natural expression, yet the note of genuine feeling,—hardly, perhaps, rising to the authentic tone of absolute passion,—is

audible throughout. On this point, indeed, we may quote Spenser's own words in Sonnet LI,

I, untrainde in lovers trade,

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

The series resumes now that general colour of sadness which may be held the legitimate and time-consecrated atmosphere of the love-sonnet;—always rather elegiac than lyrical in its movement. Is the absence from the Mistress which Spenser deploras a poetic artifice, or some real severance? The similarity to Petrarch's final sonnet in the opening line of Spenser's may suggest the first reason. But the difference between his chastened tone of sorrow and the heart-deep grief of "that sad Florentine"; between Petrarch's

unapproachable magic and Spenser's easy grace, will be best felt if I give myself and the reader the pleasure of comparing them.

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

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

I' non so se le parti sarian pari ;
Che quella cui tu piangi, è forse in vita,
Di ch' a me Morte e 'l Ciel son tanto avari :—

Ma la stagione e l' ora men gradita,
Col membrar de' dolci anni e degli amari,
A parlar teco con pietà m' invita.

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

Petrarch has a choiceness and exquisiteness both in sentiment and in diction, an indescribable union of delicacy with dignity, which, speaking of style, bring him nearer to Vergil, (in the Art of Poetry, after all, the First Master absolute,) than any other poet known to me ;—nor has any one blended the real and the ethereal in the poetry of love with such absolute skill. Much might hence be learned, by a man of Spenser's genius, from

Petrarch ; but a model, in any sense beyond simple imitation, he could not be. Sanazzaro, however, who combines a share of Petrarch's charm with a prevalent tone of refined moralization, may have been of more direct service to Spenser. The subject is of some interest to those who study him lovingly ; and I will hence add a few further specimens to facilitate comparison.

Levommi il mio pensier in parte ov' era
 Quella ch' io cerco e non ritrovo in terra :
 Ivi fra lor che 'l terzo cerchio serra,
 La rividi più bella, e meno altera.

Per man mi prese, e disse : In questa spera
 Sarai ancor meco, se 'l desir non erra :
 I' son colei che ti die' tanta guerra,
 E compié' mia giornata innanzi sera.

Mio ben non cape in intelletto umano :
 Te solo aspetto ; e, quel che tanto amasti,
 E laggiuso è rimasto, il mio bel velo.

—Deh perchè tacque, ed allargò la mano ?
 Ch' al suon de' detti sì pietosi e casti
 Poco mancò ch' io non rimasi in Cielo.*

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

Venuta era madonna al mio languire
 Con dolce aspetto umano
 Allegra e bella in sonno a consolarme ;
 Ed io prendendo ardire
 Di dirle quanti affanni ho speso in vano,
 Vidila con pietate a se chiamarme,
 Dicendo : a che sospire ?
 A che ti struggi ed ardi di lontano ?
 Non sai tu che quell' arme
 Che fer la piaga ponno il duol finire ?
 In tanto il sonno si partia pian piano :

* "In Morte di Madonna Laura : " Son. xxxiv.

Ond' io per ingannarme,
 Lungo spazio non volsi gli occhj aprire ;
 Ma da la bianca mano
 Che sì stretta tenea, sentii lasciarme.

And as Sanazzaro is not easily accessible, a lovely moonlight scene and one sonnet, full of the delightful hyperbole of Love, shall be added.*

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

Ecco ch' un' altra volta, o piagge apriche,
 Udrete il pianto e i gravi miei lamenti ;
 Udrete, selve, i dolorosi accenti,
 E 'l tristo suon de le querele antiche :
 Udrai tu, mar, l' usate mie fatiche :
 E i pesci al mio lagnar staranno intenti :
 Staran pietose a' miei sospiri ardenti
 Quest' aure, che mi fur gran tempo amiche.

E se di vero amor qualche scintilla
 Vive fra questi sassi, avran mercede
 Del cor che desiando arde e sfavilla.

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

Last, two sonnets from the *Astrophel and Stella* : of

* I follow the text given in the *Parnaso Italiano* : (Venezia, 1787 : Zatta.)

† La Luna.

all our greater poems, the one to which least justice has been done, either by students or by readers generally.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

POEMS.

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

Spenser can bring his power within "the sonnet's scanty plot,"—aided, no doubt, by its somewhat rigorous form and the long series of predecessors who had illustrated its capacity. But, except in this region, he, like Chaucer, never seems to have felt that "weight of too much liberty," to which Wordsworth ascribes the attraction which the Sonnet has long exercised over poets. Partly from the inexhaustible fountain of their creative power, (though here Chaucer's imagination is, in general, penetrative, where Spenser's is pictorial.)

partly, perhaps, from the sense which each may have justly entertained, that they were alone in their supremacy, and with a nation to listen to them,—they rank among the Poets who care not to keep narrow bounds, or carve statues in miniature. Nor were those masterpieces of lyrical brevity which the ancient world has left as an heritage to humanity (eternal, whilst the civilized races remain undeteriorated), as yet familiar to our singers. Byron with his fiery fluency, Byron, who hated Horace, makes the nearest approach that, in modern times, I can remember to the character here ascribed to our first two great Masters in poetry.

EPITHALAMION.

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

Spenser has here laid out his subject on his most congenial, most liberal scale; pouring forth all his exuberance, allusive and descriptive, with a refined picturesqueness worthy of Shakespeare in his own age,

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

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

* Petrarch, so far as I have observed, (and Spenser with him,) never uses this metrical form except as a rhymed couplet :—

If, however, the metre of this lyric be a melody from the South, for the idea of an English Hymeneal Spenser may not improbably have been, more or less, indebted to Sidney ; from whose beautiful *Epithalamium* in the *Arcadia* (published 1590), I extract the following stanzas, which, in their merits and their defects, may be profitably compared with Spenser's masterpiece. For the refrain neither poet was indebted, I imagine, to Italian models: it forms, as they have used it, a beautiful completion of the *Canzone* stanza:—

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

* * * * * *

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

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

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

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

VIII. FOWRE HYMNES.

I. IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

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

In this stately Ode Spenser narrates the same mythe, setting forth how Love educed the world from Chaos, which he tells again, with more liveliness of movement, in *Colin Clout*: proceeding then to a long and lofty picture of human passion; the pangs of jealousy; the Paradise of Love triumphant. If there be not much novelty in this treatment of the oldest of poetical themes, the language is of amazing force, no less than fluency: and Spenser shows a singular and laudable boldness in exerting that eternal right of the Poet,—the creation of new or the use of unusual words. Yet the love painted here is at once so idealized and so general,—the human and the personal aspect of passion so faintly present,—that we feel as though this were some splendid procession unwinding itself before us in progress to the Capitol, rather than a Hymn sung in the inmost shrine of Eros. What we hear is far less the music of Love, than Love set to lovely music: a strain of gorgeous beauty, in which the chivalry of the Middle Ages blends audibly with the

mythology of the Renaissance. If this were all that the great Artist sought, his aim has been triumphantly compassed. Yet, in his acceptance of the style; Spenser reveals that deficiency which, in every direction, underlies the Renaissance movement. Many as were the gifts it brought to mankind, one thing is all but always wanting,—*Innerness*. Not here, but in such notes of almost ineffable tenderness as Petrarch has found in his *Triumph*—in such simple stanzas as we owe to some unknown lover and singer of the North, do we hear Love's *ipsissima verba* :—

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

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

II. IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

Beauty, as the garment or incarnation of Love, calls less imperatively for that personal experience in which Spenser's youth (as I read it) was but slightly grounded : whilst the very name announces to us that we have here the theme, above all others, most akin to the genius of this great beauty-worshipper. Hence in spirit and fresh flow of splendid music his second Ode perhaps even surpasses the preceding. Yet, amid all the pomp and pageantry of loveliness, the Neo-Platonism (if I may give the term this significance) into which the philosophy of the poem is thrown, seems to be present in a proportion rather too large to the proper praise of

Beauty; or, perhaps, this theory of the heavenly Ideal (which Spenser, as before noticed, might have reached with but slight study), is insufficient in itself to affect us forcibly. There is here, in short, as may be found elsewhere in Spenser's immense work, a kind of apparent depth, which leaves something lacking.

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

III. OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

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

* *As You Like It*: Act iv, Sc. 1.

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

IV. ON HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

This Ode, however, as it seems to me, although written also, in general, with Spenser's full mastery, falls below its predecessor; which, in truth, so far from being anyway tainted with the grossness of the lower nature, or the corruptness of the Renaissance, anticipates all that is heavenly in the beauty of earth,—leaving little more which even a poet so fertile as Spenser in the field of the beautiful and the musical could add when he resumed the subject.

IX. PROTHALAMION.

The remarks offered upon the metre of the *Epithalamion* apply here also ; but the stanza is to my ear even more exquisitely constructed, the structure more completely symmetrical, the cadences more amorously melodious.

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

X. ASTROPHEL.

If Spenser had reason to admire and to love one of his contemporaries above the rest, it was surely him who, in the corrupt society of that brilliant age, alone has some title to be named the Galahad of Elizabeth's Round Table. We know not, indeed, how soon after Sidney's death in 1586 *Astrophel* may have been written : although evidence remains to prove that all the added poems except two were in existence before it appeared. Perhaps, having deferred the publication (at least) to 1595, Spenser may have felt that he could

not then, in any direct way, express his grief to his own satisfaction;* perhaps his unfortunate alliance with Raleigh and Essex, (now husband to Sidney's widow, born Walsingham,) may have hampered his utterance, or have even half-effaced the remembrance of one so contrasted with them in the loyalty and chivalry of his nature:—the poet has, at any rate, here thrown himself so unreservedly into the merest pastoral conventionalism that *Astrophel* is not a disguise of the truth so much as an entire abandonment of it. Dedicated to Lady Essex (whose husband, it should be remembered, was also brother to Lady Rich, Sidney's own *Stella*), the poem represents the victim of Zutphen dying in the guise of a second Adonis, and mourned by Stella, who dies herself forthwith: when he is metamorphosed into a flower, the unhappier lady-love into a star.

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

* Compare, however, the not dissimilar notice of Sidney in the *Ruines of Time* of 1591.

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

In connection with this criticism, we may note that the poem is itself planned as a direct introduction to the following elegy, which professes to be by Sidney's sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke. Despite this, however, and greatly as I hold mere conjecture in distrust, I am bound to confess that the "dolefull lay" of *Clorinda* seems to me so closely to follow the style and even, in some degree, the method of Spenser's prelude, as to suggest that it has either been freely revised, or even composed by him, as it were in character, some change of tone being therefore intentionally introduced;—a mystification which would be quite in accordance with the mythical character of the Introduction. But, be this as it may, the *Clorinda* has, perhaps, a little more truth and force of feeling;

it certainly has the same fluency, the same facile music ; and not less certainly does it differ greatly in style from the pastoral "Dialogue in praise of Astrea," (Elizabeth), signed with Lady Pembroke's name in Davison's *Rhapsody* of 1602 :—a poem which, as is natural, recalls her brother's manner, so unlike Spenser's at once in its directness, its condensation, and its want of his rippling melodiousness.

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

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.

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

PASTORAL AEGLOGUE

which follows, and may, with Collier, be reasonably assigned also to Bryskett, is at any rate its worthy companion in the qualities just noticed. More truth

than either of these pieces offer is reached in one stanza of the fifth, the

ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PASSION,

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

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

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

EPITAPHS UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR PHILIP
SIDNEY.

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

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

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

Petrarch of our time,

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

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

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

SONNETS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

The first, dated 1586, but published 1592, I should rate as the finest sonnet among all those left us by Spenser. It has that quality of strong feeling, of direct expression, which,—even in presence of his

other amazing gifts,—one must often desiderate in our great Poet ;—and, with this, a certain weight and dignity not only worthy of Milton, but singularly resembling the style of his own encomiastic Sonnets. And that it should have been called forth in honour of Spenser's early friend Harvey adds to our pleasure.

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

F. T. P.

III.

DAPHNAIDA.

1596.

IV.

I

NOTE.

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

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

NOTE.

- l. 196, 'dearnlie' for 'dearnely.'
- l. 197, 'ayre' for 'aire.'
- l. 199, 'vniustlie' for 'vniustly.'
- l. 200, 'wightes' for 'wights.'
- l. 205, 'fayre' for 'faire.'
- l. 206, 'whie' for 'why.'
- l. 208, 'shee' (*bis*) for 'she': and so l. 213.
- l. 212, 'womankinde' for 'woman-kind.'
- l. 218, 'fayre' for 'faire.'
- l. 223, 'dubble' for 'doubble.'
- l. 231, 'rustick' for 'rusticke.'
- l. 240, 'whil't' for 'whilst': so l. 241.
- l. 246, 'stony' for 'stonie.'
- l. 249, 'brest' for 'breast.'
- l. 255, 'trauaile' for 'trauell.'
- l. 261, 'ready' for 'readie.'
- l. 266, 'chanst' for 'chaunst.'
- l. 269, 'needes' for 'needs.'
- l. 274, 'dolor' for 'doulour': and so l. 440.
- l. 294, 'weep' (*bis*) for 'weepe': and so ll. 392, 441.
- l. 299, 'speaches doo' for 'speeches doe.'
- l. 301, 'endles' for 'endlesse.'
- l. 303, 'pourtraicture' for 'pourtraiture.'
- l. 310, 'a rownd' for 'arownd'—accepted.
- l. 314, 'Nimpheand' for 'Nymphes&.'
- l. 328, 'drery' for 'drearie,' and 'chearfull' for 'chearefull.'
- l. 333, 'drough' for 'drouth.'
- l. 345, 'little' for 'litle.'
- l. 377, 'finde' for 'fynd.'
- l. 386, 'forrowe fatiffide' for 'forrow fatiffyde.'
- l. 388, 'pacifide' for 'pacifyde.'
- l. 391, 'till' an obvious correction of 'tell' of the original.
- l. 400, 'withhold' for 'withould.'
- l. 402, 'mold' for 'mould.'
- l. 409, 'drery' for 'dreary.'
- l. 411, 'flye' for 'fly.'
- l. 442, in 1596 catch-word is misprinted 'Who.'
- l. 477, 'starres' for 'starre'—rejected.
- l. 479, 'darknes' for 'darkneffe,' and 'minde' for 'mind.'
- l. 480, 'shinde' for 'shind.'
- l. 486, 'darkfome' for 'darkefome.'
- l. 487, 'deepe' for 'd[r]eere'—rejected.
- l. 491, 'Hencefoorth' for 'Henceforth.'
- l. 493, 'moulde' for 'mould.'
- l. 496, 'helde . . anie' for 'held . . any.'
- l. 500, 'honors' for 'honours.'
- l. 503, 'onely' for 'only.'
- l. 510, 'wayle' for 'waile.'
- l. 514, 'doo' for 'doe.'
- l. 520, 'flocks' for 'flockes.'
- l. 526, 'dere' for 'deare.'
- l. 549, I print 'a 'fdeinfull'—misprinted as one word in both 1591 and 1596.
- l. 556, 'defirde' for 'defyrde.'
- l. 563, comma (,) inserted after 'leau,' as in '91. No one who critically studies these variations will accept the alleged superiority of the text of 1591. The following is the title-page of 1591 :—

Daphnaïda.

An Elegie vpon the

death of the noble and vertuous
Douglas Howard, *Daughter and*
heire of *Henry Lord Howard, Vis-*
count Byndon, and wife of Ar-
thure Gorges Esquier.

Dedicated to the Right honorable the Lady
Hclena, Marquesse of Northampton.

By Ed. Sp.

BY PEACE PLENTY.



BY WISDOME PEACE.

AT LONDON

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

[4to, 11 leaves, A 3—C 3.

Daphnaïda.

AN ELEGIE
VPON THE DEATH
OF THE NOBLE AND
VERTVOVS DOUGLAS

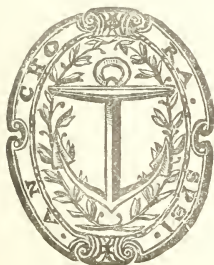
Howard, daughter and heire of

Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byn-
don, and wife of Arthur

Gorges Esquier.

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

By *Ed. Sp.*



AT LONDON

Printed for William Ponsonby,

1596.





TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE AND VER-
tuous Lady *Helena Marquesse* of
North-hampton.

Hauē the rather presumed humbly to offer
vnto your Honour the dedication of this little
Poème, for that the noble and vertuous Gen-
tlewomā of whom it is written, was by match neere alied,
and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiship. The
occasion why I wrote the same, was aswell the great good
fame which I heard of her deceassed, as the particular 10
goodwill which I beare vnto her husband Master Arthur
Gorges, a louer of learning and vertue, whose house,
as your Ladiship by mariage hath honoured, so doe I
find the name of them by many notable records, to be of
great antiquitie in this Realme; and such as haue
euer borne themselues with honourable reputation to the
world, & vnspotted loyaltie to their Prince and countrey:
besides so lineally are they descended from the Howards,

as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolk, was wife / to Sir Edmund, 20 mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges Knightes. And therefore I doe assure my selfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children do so neerely participate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommente this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable fauour and protection. London this first of Ianuarie. 1591.

Your Honours humbly euer.

30

Ed. Sp. /



D a p h n a i d a .



Hat euer man he be, whose heauie
mynd
With grieve of mournefull great
misshap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase
would fynd:
Let reade the rufull plaint herein
expressed,

Of one (I weene) the wofulst man aliue ;
Euen sad *Alcyon*, whose empierced brest,
Sharpe forrowe did in thousand peeces riue.

But who so else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life dooth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence : 10
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of forrowe heauilie can sing ;
For euen their heauie song would breede delight :
But here no tunes, faue sobs and grones shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweete harmonie,
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weaue the direfull threeds of destinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto : and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darkenes deepe come from the Stygian strands, 20
And grisly Ghosts to heare this dolefull teene. /

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweatie steedes now hauing ouer run
The compast skie, gan water in the west,
I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowring pride opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came vnto my mind a troublous thought,
Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse, 30
Ne lets it rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauineffe,
Which she conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainneffe, and lifes wretchedneffe,
That yet my soule it deeply doth empassion.

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

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

Approa/ching nigh, his face I vewed nere, 50
 And by the semblant of his countenaunce,
 Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
 Most like *Alcyon* seeming at a glaunce ;
Alcyon he, the iollie Shepheard fwaine,
 That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce.
 And fill with pleafance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguize,
 I softlie sayd, *Alcyon* ? There withall
 He lookt a fide as in disdainefull wife,
 Yet stayed not : till I againe did call. 60
 Then turning back, he faide with hollow found,
 Who is it, that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
 The wretchedst man that treads this day on groũd ?

One, whom like wofulnesse impressed deepe,
 Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
 And giuen like cause with thee to waile and wepe :
 Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare,
 Then stay *Alcyon*, gentle shepheard stay
 (Quoth I) till thou haue to my trustie eare
 Committed, what thee dooth so ill apay. 70

Cease foolish man (saide he halfe wrothfully)
To seeke to heare that which cannot be told :
For the huge anguish, which dooth multiplie
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold :
Ne doo I care, that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone. /

Then be it so (quoth I) that thou art bent
To die alone, vn pitied, vnplained,
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cause, which thee thereto constrained :
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

80

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

90

Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my griefe,
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe :
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)
I will to thee this heauie case relate,
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For neuer didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

Whilome I vfde (as thou right well doest know)
 My little flocke on wefterne downes to keepe. 100
 Not far from whence *Sabrinaes* ftreames doth flow,
 And flowrie bancks with filuer liquor fteepe :
 Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaũce,
 For all my ioy was on my gentle fheepe,
 And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

It / there befell, as I the fields did range
 Fearelefse and free, a faire young Lionefse,
 White as the natiue Rofe before the chaunge,
 Which *Venus* blood did in her leaues imprefse.
 I fpied playing on the graffie plaine 110
 Her youthfull fports and kindlie wantonneffe,
 That did all other Beafte in beawtie ftaine.

Much was I moued at fo goodly fight ;
 Whofe like before, mine eye had feldome feene,
 And gan to caft, how I her compaffe might,
 And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene :
 So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
 That I her caught difporting on the greene,
 And brought away faft bound with filuer chaine.

And afterwards I handled her fo fayre, 120
 That though by kind fhee ftout and faluage were,
 For being borne an auncient Lions hayre,
 And of the race, that all wild beaftes do feare ;
 Yet I her fram'd and wan fo to my bent,
 That fhee became fo meeke and milde of cheare,
 As the leaft lamb in all my flock that went.

For shee in field, where euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day :
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay, 130
Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe ;
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe./

Safe then and safest were my fillie sleepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast :
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe :
My louely Lionesse without beheaft
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood. 140

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

Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end :
But oh fond man, that in worlds ficklenesse 150
Repos'dst hope, or weenedst her thy frend,
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter fit for Tragedies.

For whilest I was thus without dread or dout,
 A cruell *Satyre* with his murderous dart,
 Greedie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
 Gaue her the fatall wound of deadly smart :
 And reft from me my sweete companion,
 And reft fro me my loue, my life, my hart : 160
 My *Lyoneffe* (ah woe is me) is gon.

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

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
 That I for pittie of his heauie plight, 170
 Could not abftain mine eyes with teares to fteepe :
 But when I faw the anguifh of his fpright
 Some deale alaid, I him befpoke againe.
 Certes *Alcyon*, painefull is thy plight,
 That it in me breeds almoft equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderftand
 The riddle of thy loued *Lioneffe* ;
 For rare it feemes in reason to be fband,
 That man, who doth the whole worlds rule poffeffe
 Should to a beaft his noble hart embafe, 180
 And be the vaffall of his vaffaleffe :
 Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull cafe.

Then fighting fore, *Daphne* thou knewest (quoth he)
 She now is dead ; ne more endur'd to say :
 But fell to ground for great extremitie,
 That I beholding it, with deepe difmay
 Was much appald, and lightly him vprearing,
 Reuoked life, that would haue fled away,
 All were my selfe through grief in deadly drearing. /

Then gan I him to comfort all my best, 190
 And with milde counsaile ftroue to mitigate
 The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
 But he thereby was more empaffionate :
 As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,
 Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,
 And breaking forth at last, thus dearnely plained.

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire,
 Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore ?
 Which so vniustly do their iudgements share ;
 Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so fore 200
 The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
 And doe not spare the best or fairest, more
 Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse.

If this be right, why did they then create
 The world so faire, fith fairenesse is neglected ?
 Or why be they themselues immaculate,
 If purest things be not by them respected ?
 She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,
 Yet was by them as thing impure reiected :
 Yet she in purenesse, heauen it selfe did pas. 210

In purenesse and in all celestially grace,
 That men admire in goodly womankind ;
 She did excell and seem'd of Angels race,
 Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
 Adorn'd with wisedome and with chastitie :
 And all the dowries of a noble mind,
 Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No / age hath bred (since faire *Astræa* left
 The finfull world) more vertue in a wight,
 And when she parted hence, with her she reft 220
 Great hope ; and robd her race of bountie quight :
 Well may the shepheard lasses now lament,
 For double losse by her hath on them light ;
 To loose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let *Elisa* royall Shepheardeesse
 The praises of my parted loue enuy,
 For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse,
 Powr'd vpon her, like showers of *Castaly*
 By her owne Shepheard, *Colin* her own Shepherd,
 That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie, 230
 Of rusticke muse full hardly to be betterd.

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

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

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

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

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake, 260
 She all resolu'd and readie to remoue,
 Calling to me (ay me) this wife bespake ;
Alcyon, ah my first and latest loue,
 Ah why does my *Alcyon* weepe and mourne,
 And grieue my ghost, that ill mote him behoue,
 As if to me had chaunst some euill tourne ?

I, since the messenger is come for mee,
 That summons foules vnto the bridale scaft
 Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
 And straight obay his foueraine behest : 270
 Why should *Alcyon* then so fore lament,
 That I from miserie shall be releast,
 And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

Our /daies are full of dolour and diseafe,
 Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
 That nought on earth may lessen or appease.
 Why then should I desire here to remaine ?
 Or why should he that loues me, sorrie bee
 For my deliuerance, or at all complaine
 My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see ? 280

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

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee
 Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,
 My young *Ambrosia*, in lieu of mee 290
 Loue her : so shall our loue for euer last.
 Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long :
 So hauing said, away she softly past :
 Weepe Shepheard weepe, to make mine vnderfong.

3 So oft as I record those piercing words,
 Which yet are deepe engrauen in my brest,
 And those last deadly accents, which like swords
 Did wound my heart and rend my bleeding chest,
 With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,
 The which my soule first conquerd and possesst, 300
 The first beginners of my endlesse care ; /

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

How happie was I, when I saw her leade
 The Shepherds daughters dauncing in arownd ? 310
 How trimly would she trace and softly tread
 The tender grasse with rosy garland crownd ?
 And when she list aduance her heauenly voyce,
 Both Nymphes & Muses nigh she made astownd,
 And flocks and shepherds caused to reioyce.

But now ye Shepherd lasses, who shall lead
 Your wandring troupes, or sing your vielayes ?
 Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
 That was the Lady of your holy dayes ?
 Let now your blisse be turned into bale, 320
 And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,
 And with the same fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to thrill,
 That may allure the senses to delight ;
 Ne euer Shepheard found his Oaten quill
 Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
 To idle pleafance : but let ghaftlineffe
 And drearie horror dim the chearefull light,
 To make the image of true heauineffe.

Let / birds be filent on the naked fpray, 330
 And fhady woods refound with dreadfull yells :
 Let freaming floods their haftie courfes ftay,
 And parching drouth drie vp the chriftall wells ;
 Let th' earth be barren and bring foorth no flowres,
 And th' ayre be filld with noyfe of dolefull knells,
 And wandring fpirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature nurfe of euery liuing thing,
 Let reft her felfe from her long wearineffe,
 And ceafe henceforth things kindly forth to bring, 340
 But hideous monfters full of vglinneffe :
 For fhe it is, that hath me done this wrong,
 No nurfe, but Stepdame, cruell, mercileffe,
 Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderfong.

4 My litle flocke, whom earft I lou'd fo well,
 And wont to feede with fineft graffe that grew,
 Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter *Aftrofell*,
 And ftinking Smallage, and vnfauerie Rew ;
 And when your mawes are with thofe weeds corrupted,
 Be ye the pray of Wolues : ne will I rew,
 That with your carkaffes wild beafts be gluttet. 350

Ne worfe to you my fillie ſheepe I pray,
 Ne forer vengeance wiſh on you to fall
 Than to my ſelfe, for whoſe confuſde decay
 To careleſſe heauens I doo daylie call :
 But heauens reſuſe to heare a wretches cry,
 And cruell death doth ſcorne to come at call,
 Or graunt his boone that moſt deſires to dye. /

The good and righteous he away doth take,
 To plague th' vnrighteous which alieue remaine :
 But the vngodly ones he doth forſake, 360
 By liuing long to multiplie their paine :
 Els ſurely death ſhould be no puniſhment,
 As the great Iudge at firſt did it ordaine,
 But rather riddance from long languiſhment.

Therefore my *Daphne* they haue tane away ;
 For worthie of a better place was ſhe :
 But me vnworthie willed here to ſtay,
 That with her lacke I might tormented be.
 Sith then they ſo haue ordred, I will pay
 Penance to her according their decree, 370
 And to her ghoſt doe ſeruice day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
 Throuhout the world from one to other end,
 And in affliction waſte my better age.
 My bread ſhall be the anguiſh of my mynd,
 My drink the teares which fro my eyes do raine,
 My bed the ground that hardeſt I may fynd :
 So will I wilfully increaſe my paine.

And she my loue that was, my Saint that is,
 When she beholds from her celestiaall throne, 380
 (In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)
 My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
 And pitie me that liuing thus doo die:
 For heauenly spirits haue compafsion
 On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So / when I haue with sorrow satiffyde
 Th' importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
 And th' eauens with long languor pacifyde,
 She for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
 Will send for me ; for which I daylie long, 390
 And will till then my painfull penance eeke :
 Weepe Shepheard, weepe to make my vnderfong.

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

I hate the heauen, because it doth withhold 400
 Me from my loue, and eke my loue from me ;
 I hate the earth, because it is the mould
 Of fleshly flime and fraile mortalitie ;
 I hate the fire, because to nought it flies,
 I hate the Ayre, because fighes of it be,
 I hate the Sea, because it teares supplies.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my loue to see ;
I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee : 410
I hate all times, because all times doo fly
So fast away, and may not staye bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by. /

I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying :
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine eares :
I hate to tast, for food withholds my dying :
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares :
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left :
I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares :
So all my senses from me are bereft. 420

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

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth euer too and fro,
And neuer standeth in one certaine state, 430
But still vnstedfast round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midst of miserie,
Driuen with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying liues, and liuing still does dye.

So doo I liue, fo doo I daylie die,
 And pine away in felfe-consuming paine,
 Sith she that did my vitall powres fupplie,
 And feeble fpirits in their force maintaine
 Is fetcht fro me, why feeke I to prolong
 My wearie daies in dolour and difdaine? 440
 Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderfong.

6 Why / doo I longer liue in lifes defpight?
 And doo not dye then in defpight of death:
 Why doo I longer fee this loathfome light,
 And doo in darkneffe not abridge my breath,
 Sith all my forrow fhould haue end thereby,
 And cares finde quiet; is it fo vneath
 To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I finde it deadly dolorous;
 For life drawes care, and care continuall woe: 450
 Therefore to dye muft needes be ioyeous,
 And wifhfull thing this fad life to forgoe.
 But I muft ftay; I may it not amend,
 My *Daphne* hence departing bad me fo,
 She bad me ftay, till she for me did fend.

Yet whileft I in this wretched vale doo ftay,
 My wearie feete fhall euer wandring be,
 That ftill I may be readie on my way,
 When as her meffenger doth come for me:
 Ne will I reft my feete for feebleneffe, 460
 Ne will I reft my limmes for frailtie,
 Ne will I reft mine eyes for heauineffe.

But as the mother of the Gods, that fought
 For faire *Eurydice* her daughter deere
 Throghout the world, with wofull heauie thought ;
 So will I trauell whilest I tarrie heere,
 Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
 Ne when as drouping *Titan* draweth neere
 To loofe his teeme, will I take vp my Inne. /

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights) 470
 Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more ;
 Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
 Nor failing force to former strength restore,
 But I will wake and forrow all the night
 With *Philumene*, my fortune to deplore,
 With *Philumene*, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I see the starre to fall,
 And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
 Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call,
 How my faire Starre (that shind on me so bright) 480
 Fell sodainly, and faded vnder ground ;
 Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
 And night without a *Venus* starre is found.

But foone as day doth shew his deawie face,
 And cals foorth men vnto their toylsome trade,
 I will withdraw me to some darkefome place,
 Or some d[r]eere caue, or solitarie shade,
 There will I figh, and forrow all day long,
 And the huge burden of my cares unlade :
 Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderfong. 490

7 Henceforth mine eyes shall neuer more behold
 Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
 Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
 Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight :
 For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
 Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
 But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

And / ye fond men, on fortunes wheele that ride,
 Or in ought vnder heauen repose assurance,
 Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride : 500
 Be sure that they shall haue no long endurance,
 But ere ye be aware will flit away ;
 For nought of them is yours, but th' only vance
 Of a small time, which none ascertaine may.

And ye true Louers, whom defastrous chaunce
 Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
 To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferance,
 When ye doe heare me in that desert place,
 Lamenting loud my *Daphnes* Elegie,
 Helpe me to waile my miserable case, 510
 And when life parts, vouchsafe to close mine eye.

And ye more happie Louers, which enioy
 The presence of your dearest loues delight,
 When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
 Yet pittie me in your empaffiond spright,
 And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
 May happen vnto the most happiest wight ;
 For all mens states alike vnstedfast be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
 Your carelesse flockes on hils and open plaines, 520
 With better fortune, than did me succeed,
 Remember yet my vnderferued paines,
 And when ye heare, that I am dead or flaine,
 Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines ;
 That fad *Alcyon* dyde in lifes disdaine. /

And ye faire Damsels Shepheards deare delights,
 That with your loues do their rude hearts possesse,
 When as my hearfe shall happen to your fightes,
 Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cypareffe ;
 And euer sprinckle brackish teares among, 530
 In pitie of my vnderferu'd distresse,
 The which I wretch, endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrimes, that with restlesse toyle
 Wearie your felues in wandring desert wayes,
 Till that you come, where ye your voves affoyle,
 When passing by ye reade these wofull layes
 On my graue written, rue my *Daphnes* wrong,
 And mourne for me that languish out my dayes :
 Cease Shepheard, cease, and end thy vnderfong.

Thus when he ended had his heauie plaint, 540
 The heauiest plaint that euer I heard found,
 His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
 As if againe he would haue fallen to ground ;
 Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
 Amouued him out of his stonie fswound,
 And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
 Nor suffer folace to approach him nie,
 But casting vp a 'fdeinfull eie at me,
 That in his traunce I would not let him lie, 550
 Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,
 As one difposed wilfullie to die,
 That I fore grieu'd to fee his wretched cafe.

Tho / when the pang was fomewhat ouerpaft,
 And the outrageous pafsion nigh appeafed,
 I him defyrde, fith daie was ouercaft,
 And darke night faft approched, to be pleafed
 To turne afide vnto my Cabinet,
 And ftaie with me, till he were better eafed
 Of that ftrong ftond, which him fo fore befet. 560

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
 Ne longer him intreate with me to ftaie,
 But without taking leaue, he foorth did goe
 With ftaggring pace and difmall lookes difmay,
 As if that death he in the face had feene,
 Or hellifh hags had met vpon the way :
 But what of him became I cannot weene. 567

FINIS. /



IV.

COLIN CLOVTS COME
HOME AGAINE.

1595.

NOTE.

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

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|--|---|
| <p>l. 1, 'knownen' — substituted for 'knowne' of the original—mere displacing of 'ne.'</p> <p>l. 46, comma (,) for period (.).</p> <p>l. 93, 'chofe': 1611 spells 'choofe.'</p> <p>l. 170, 'fingulfts' for misprint 'fingulfs.' See <i>F. Q.</i>, B. XI., c. xi., st. 11, l. 1.</p> <p>l. 187, comma (,) after 'regardfull.'</p> <p>l. 195, period (.) for , after 'fare.'</p> <p>l. 279, colon (:) for comma (,).</p> <p>l. 317. Dr. Morris prints 'bordrags'—and I accept, but indicate it as a correction.</p> <p>l. 341, semi-colon (;) for , after 'Daffadillies.'</p> <p>l. 384, 'a'—inadvertently put before 'Corydon'—deleted : comma (,), inserted after 'Corydon.'</p> <p>l. 365, semi-colon (;) for , after 'dight.'</p> <p>l. 489, 'Urania'—correction of original's misprint 'Uriana'—again mere displacing of letters.</p> <p>ll. 542, 544, colon (:) for period (.).</p> <p>l. 602, 'clufsters' for 'glufsters.'</p> <p>l. 603, b[ra]unches—the filling in corrects an obvious dropping of letters—as noticed by Collier and accepted by Dr. Morris.</p> <p>l. 644, comma (,) after 'forgotten' for period (.).</p> | <p>l. 672. 'Durft' for misprint of original 'Dareft'—accepted from Dr. Morris.</p> <p>l. 695 is an odd line: the poem otherwise is in alternate rhymes (1st and 3rd, 2nd and 4th): so that somehow a line has been here dropped out by the printer, or it may have been a flaw of the Poet's own.</p> <p>l. 759, 'far[e]'—the 'e' filled in. See l. 760, 'misfaring,' which explains the 'far' = fare. So Dr. Morris.</p> <p>l. 764, 'Drownded'—1611 characteristically changes to 'Drowned.'</p> <p>l. 774, ? after 'there' for comma (,).</p> <p>l. 775, comma (,) for colon (:).</p> <p>l. 776, period for comma.</p> <p>l. 794, period for comma.</p> <p>l. 851, comma after 't'eat.'</p> <p>l. 862, period after 'nature' for comma.</p> <p>l. 863, 'life-giuing'—Dr. Morris's excellent correction of 'like-giuing' of the original, 1611, etc.</p> <p>l. 866, colon (:) for comma.</p> <p>l. 919, comma inserted after 'be.'</p> <p>l. 925, comma for colon (:), and l. 926, colon for comma.</p> <p>l. 953. period for comma.</p> |
|--|---|

G.

COLIN CLOVTS

Come home againe.

By Ed. Spencer.



L O N D O N

Printed for *VWilliam Ponsonbie.*

1595.



TO THE RIGHT worthy and noble Knight

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

(··)

S*IR*, that you may see that I am not alwaies ydle
as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor
altogether vndutifull, though not precisely officious, I make 10
you present of this simple pastorall, unworthie of your
higher conceit for the meanesse of the stile, but agrceing
with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which
I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the
infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden
vnto you, for your singular fauours and sundrie good
turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, and
with your good countenance protect against the malice of

cuill monthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning.

20

*I | pray continually for your happincsse. From my house
of Kilcolman, the 27. of December.*

1591.

Yours euer humbly.

Ed. Sp.



COLIN CLOVTS

come home againe.



He shepheards boy (best known by
that name)

That after *Tityrus* first fung his lay,
Laies of sweet loue, without rebuke
or blame,

Sate (as his custome was) vpon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,

The shepheard swaines, that did about him play :

Who all the while with greedie listfull eares,

Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,

10

Like hartlesse deare, dismayed with thunders found.

At last when as he piped had his fill,

He rested him : and sitting then around,

One of those groomes (a iolly groome was he,

As euer piped on an oaten reed,

And lou'd this shepheard dearest in degree,

Hight *Hobbinol*) gan thus to him areed.

Colin my lief, my life, how great a losse

Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke?

And I poore swaine of many greatest croffe :

20

That sith thy *Muse* first since thy turning backe

Was heard to found as she was wont on hye,
 Haft made vs all so blessed and so blythe.
 Whilest / thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie :
 The woods were heard to waile full many a fythe,
 And all their birds with silence to complaine :
 The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
 And all their flocks from feeding to refraine :
 The running waters wept for thy returne,
 And all their fish with languour did lament : 30
 But now both woods and fields, and floods reuiue,
 Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
 That vs late dead, haft made againe aliuie :
 But were it not too painfull to repeat
 The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
 In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
 Now at thy leifure them to vs to tell.

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus,
Hobbin thou temptest me to that I couet :
 For of good passed newly to discus, 40
 By dubble vfurie doth twife renew it.
 And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,
 Her worlds bright sun, her heauens fairest light,
 My mind full of my thoughts satietie,
 Doth feed on sweet contentment of that fight :
 Since that same day in nought I take delight,
 Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleasure,
 But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
 My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.
 Wake then my pipe, my sleepeie *Muse* awake, 50
 Till I haue told her praises lasting long :
Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake,
 Harke then ye iolly shepheards to my song.

With / that they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungrie cares to heare his harmonie :
The whiles their flocks deuoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.

One day (quoth he) I fat, (as was my trade)
Vnder the foote of *Mole* that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongft the cooly shade, 60
Of the greene alders by the *Mullaes* shore :
There a straunge shepheard chaunft to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleafing found yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right :
VVhom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himfelfe he did yleepe,
The shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And faid he came far from the main-sea deepe.
He fitting me beside in that same shade, 70
Prouoked me to plaie some pleafant fit,
And when he heard the muficke which I made,
He found himfelfe full greatly pleafd at it:
Yet æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe before that æmuled of many,
And plaid theron ; (for well that skill he cond)
Himfelfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I fung ; and when he fung, I piped,
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery,
Neither enuying other, nor enuied, 80
So piped we, vntill we both were weary,
There interrupting him, a bonie fwaine,
That *Cuddy* hight, him thus atweene befpace :
And / should it not thy readie courfe refraine,
I would request thee *Colin*, for my fake,

To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie.
 For well I weene it worth recounting was,
 VVhether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
 Or carol made to praise thy loued lassie.

Nor of my loue, nor of my losse (quoth he) 90
 I then did sing, as then occasion fell :
 For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
 That made me in that desart chose to dwell.
 But of my riuier *Bregogs* loue I soong,
 VVhich to the shiny *Mulla* he did beare,
 And yet doth beare, and euer will, so long
 As water doth within his bancks appeare.

Of fellowship (saied then that bony Boy)
 Record to vs that louely lay againe :
 The staie whereof, shall nought these cares annoy, 100
 VVho all that *Colin* makes, do couet faine.

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

Old father *Mole*, (*Mole* hight that mountain gray
 That walls the Northside of *Armulla* dale)
 He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
 VVhich gaue that name vnto that pleasant vale ;
Mulla the daughter of old *Mole*, so hight 110
 The Nimph, which of that water course has charge,
 That springing out of *Mole*, doth run downe right
 To *Buttquant*, where spreading forth at large,
 It / giueth name vnto that auncient Cittie,
 VVhich *Kilnemullah* cleped is of old :
 VVhose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie,
 To traauilers, which it from far behold.

Full faine she lou'd, and was belou'd full faine,
Of her owne brother riuer, *Bregog* hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine, 120
VVhich he with *Mulla* wrought to win delight.
But her old fire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
VVhich *Allo* hight, Broad water called farre :
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that riuer for his daughter wonne :
The dowre agreed, the day asigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be doone.
Nath lesse the Nymph her former liking held ; 130
For loue will not be drawne, but must be ledde,
And *Bregog* did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got her first to wedde.
But for her father fitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far obseru'd with ieaious eie,
VVhich way his course the wanton *Bregog* bent,
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,
The wily louer did deuise this flight :
First into many parts his streame he shar'd, 140
That whilest the one was watcht, the other might
Passe vnespide to meete her by the way ;
And then besides, those little streames so broken
He / vnder ground so closely did conuay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the *Mullaes* water slide.
So secretly did he his loue enioy :
Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepheards boy.

Who wondrous wroth for that so foule despight, 150
 In great auenge did roll downe from his hill
 Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might
 His passage, and his water-courfes spill.
 So of a Riuer, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scattred all to nought,
 And lost among those rocks into him rold,
 Did lose his name : so deare his loue he bought.

Which hauing said, him *Thestylis* bespake,
 Now by my life this was a mery lay :
 Worthie of *Colin* selfe, that did it make. 160
 But read now eke of friendship I thee pray,
 What dittie did that other shepheard sing ?
 For I do couet most the same to heare,
 As men vse most to couet forreine thing
 That shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare.
 His song was all a lamentable lay,
 Of great vnkindnesse, and of vsage hard,
 Of *Cynthia* the Ladie of the sea,
 Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
 And euer and anon with singults rife, 170
 He cryed out, to make his vnderfong
 Ah my loues queene, and goddesse of my life,
 Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong ?

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

When thus our pipes we both had wearied well, 180
 (Quoth he) and each an end of singing made,

He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
 And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot :
 That banisht had my felse, like wight forlore,
 Into that wafte, where I was quite forgot.
 The which to leaue, thenceforth he counfeld mee,
 Vnmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
 And wend with him, his *Cynthia* to see :
 Whose grace was great, & bounty most rewardfull.
 Besides her peerlesse skill in making well 190
 And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
 Such as all womankynd did far excell :
 Such as the world admyr'd and praised it :
 So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
 He me perswaded forth with him to fare.
 Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill :
 Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
 So to the sea we came ; the sea ? that is
 A world of waters heaped vp on hie,
 Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderneffe, 200
 Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.

And is the sea (quoth *Coridon*) so fearfull ?

Fearful much more (quoth he) thē hart can fear :
 Thousand/wyld beafts with deep mouthes gaping direfull
 Therein stil wait poore passengers to teare.
 Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
 Before he die, alreadie dead with feare :
 And yet would liue with heart halfe stonie cold,
 Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
 And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes, 210
 Bold men presuming life for gaine to fell,
 Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes
 Seek waies vnknowne, waies leading down to hell.

For as we stood there waiting on the strand,
 Behold an huge great vessell to vs came,
 Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,
 As if it scornd the daunger of the same ;
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
 Glewed together with some subtile matter,
 Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile, 220
 And life to moue it selfe vpon the water.
 Strange thing, how bold & swift the monster was,
 That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
 Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe
 So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
 The same aboard vs gently did receaue,
 And without harme vs farre away did beare,
 So farre that land our mother vs did leaue,
 And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.
 Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare, 230
 That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
 Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
 In which I saw no liuing people dwell.
 Who / me recomforting all that he might,
 Told me that that same was the Regiment
 Of a great shepheardesse, that *Cynthia* hight,
 His liege his Ladie, and his lifes Regient.
 If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
 Where be the flockes and heards, which she doth keep ?
 And where may I the hills and pastures see, 240
 On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe ?
 These be the hills (quoth he) the farges hie,
 On which faire *Cynthia* her heards doth feed :
 Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
 Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.

Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
 Is *Triton* blowing loud his wreathed horne :
 At sound whereof, they all for their relief *partem*
 Wend too and fro at eueing and at morne.
 And *Proteus* eke with him does driue his heard 250
 Of stinking Seales and *Porcpifces* together,
 With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
 Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
 And I among the rest of many least,
 Haue in the Ocean charge to me asigned :
 Where I will liue or die at her behest,
 And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.
 Besides an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
 And of immortall race, doo still attend
 To wash faire *Cynthias* sheep whē they be shorne, 260
 And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.
 Those be the shepheards which my *Cynthia* serue,
 At sea, beside a thousand moe at land :
 For / land and sea my *Cynthia* doth deserue
 To haue in her commandement at hand.
 Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more
 And more, at length we land far off descryde :
 Which sight much gladed me ; for much afore
 I feard, least land we neuer should haue eyde :
 Thereto our ship her course directly bent, 270
 As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
 We *Lunday* passe ; by that same name is ment
 An Island, which the first to west was showne.
 From thence another world of land we kend,
 Floting amid the sea in ieopardie,
 And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
 Against the seas encroching crueltie.

Those fame the shepheard told me, were the fields
 In which dame *Cynthia* her landheards fed :
 Faire goodly fields, then which *Armulla* yields 280
 None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
 The first to which we nigh approched, was
 An high headland thrust far into the sea,
 Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
 Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea :
 There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,
 Which did a stately heape of stones vpreare,
 That seemd amid the farges for to fleet,
 Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare :
 There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnlade, 290
 And put vs all ashore on *Cynthias* land.

What land is that thou meanst (then *Cuddy* sayd)
 And is there other, then whereon we stand ?

Ah / *Cuddy* (then quoth *Colin*) thous a fon,
 That hast not seene least part of natures worke :
 Much more there is vnkend, then thou doest kon,
 And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.
 For that fame land much larger is then this,
 And other men and beasts and birds doth feed :
 There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is 300
 And all things else that liuing creatures need.
 Besides most goodly riuers there appeare,
 No whit inferiour to thy *Funchins* praise,
 Or vnto *Allo* or to *Mulla* cleare :
 Nought hast thou foolish boy seene in thy daies,
 But if that land be there (quoth he) as here,
 And is theyr heauen likewise there all one ?
 And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,
 Like as in this fame world where we do wone ?

Both heauen and heauenly graces do much more 310
 (Quoth he) abound in that fame land, then this.
 For there all happie peace and plenteous flore
 Conspire in one to make contented blisse :
 No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
 No bloodie issues nor no leproſies,
 No griesly famine, nor no raging ſweard,
 No nightly bo[r]drags, nor no hue and cries ;
 The ſhepheards there abroad may ſafely lie,
 On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger :
 No rauinous wolues the good mans hope deſtroy, 320
 Nor outlawes fell affray the foreſt raunger.
 There learned arts do florish in great honor,
 And Poets wits are had in peerleſſe price :
 Religion / hath lay powre to reſt vpon her,
 Aduancing vertue and ſuppreſſing vice.
 For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
 Had people grace it gratefully to uſe :
 For God his gifts there plenteouſly beſtowes,
 But graceleſſe men them greatly do abuſe.

But ſay on further, then ſaid *Corylas*, 330
 The reſt of thine aduentures, that betyded.

Foorth on our voyage we by land did paſſe,
 (Quoth he) as that ſame ſhepheard ſtill vs guyded,
 Vntill that we to *Cynthiaes* preſence came:
 Whoſe glorie greater then my ſimple thought,
 I found much greater then the former fame ;
 Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
 But if I her like ought on earth might read,
 I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
 Vpon a virgin brydes adorned head, 340
 With Roſes dight and Goolds and Daffadillies ;

Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
 In which all colours of the rainbow bee ;
 Or like faire *Phœbes* garland shining new,
 In which all pure perfection one may see.
 But vaine it is to thinke by paragone
 Of earthly things, to iudge of things diuine :
 Her power, her mercy, and her wisedome, none
 Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
 Why then do I base shepheard bold and blind, 350
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane ?
 More fit it is t'adore with humble mind,
 The image of the heauens in shape humane.

With / that *Alexis* broke his tale asunder,
 Saying, By wondring at thy *Cynthiaes* praise :
Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st vs more to wonder
 And her vpraising, doest thy selfe vpraise.
 But let vs heare what grace she shewed thee,
 And how that shepheard strange, thy cause aduanced ?

The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he) 360
 Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
 That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
 And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
 For not by measure of her owne great mynd,
 And wondrous worth she mott my simple song,
 But ioyd that country shepheard ought could fynd
 Worth harkening to, emongst the learned throng.

Why ? (said *Alexis* then) what needeth shee 370
 That is so great a shepherdesse her selfe,
 And hath so many shepherds in her see,
 To heare thee sing, a simple filly Elfe ?

Or be the shepheards which do serue her laefie,
 That they list not their mery pipes applie?
 Or be their pipes vntunable and craefie,
 That they cannot her honour worthylic?

Ah nay (saide *Colin*) neither so, nor so :
 For better shepheards be not vnder skie,
 Nor better hable, when they list to blow, 380
 Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.

There is good *Harpalus* now woxen aged,
 In faithfull seruice of faire *Cynthia* :
 And / there is *Corydon*, though meanly waged,
 Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
 And there is fad *Alcyon* bent to mourne,
 Though fit to frame an euerlasting dittie,
 Whose gentle spright for *Daphnes* death doth tourn
 Sweet layes of loue to endlesse plaints of pittie.

Ah pensiue boy pursue that braue conceipt, 390
 In thy sweet Eglantine of *Meriflure*,
 Lift vp thy notes vnto their wonted height,
 That may thy *Muse* and mates to mirth allure.

There eke is *Palin* worthie of great praise,
 Albe he enuie at my rustick quill :

And there is pleasing *Alcon*, could he raise
 His tunes from laies to matter of more skill.

And there is old *Palemon* free from spight,
 Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew :
 Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right, 400
 That sung so long vntill quite hoarse he grew.

And there is *Alabaster* throughly taught,
 In all this skill, though knowen yet to few,
 Yet were he knowne to *Cynthia* as he ought,
 His Elise's would be redde anew.

Who liues that can match that heroick song,
 Which he hath of that mightie Princeffe made?
 O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
 To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade :
 But call it forth, O call him forth to thee, 410
 To end thy glorie which he hath begun :
 That when he finisht hath as it should be,
 No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.
 Nor *Po* nor *Tyburs* swans so much renowned,
 Nor all the brood of *Greece* so highly praised,
 Can / match that *Muse* whē it with bayes is crowned,
 And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
 And there is a new shepheard late vp sprong,
 The which doth all afore him far surpasse :
 Appearing well in that well tuned song, 420
 Which late he sung vnto a scornfull lasse.
 Yet doth his trembling *Muse* but lowly flie,
 As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
 And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
 In loues soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
 Then rouze thy feathers quickly *Daniell*,
 And to what course thou please thy selfe aduance :
 But most me seemes, thy accent will excell,
 In Tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
 And there that shepheard of the Ocean is, 430
 That spends his wit in loues consuming smart :
 Full sweetly tempred is that *Muse* of his
 That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
 There also is (ah no, he is not now).
 But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
 Hauing his *Amaryllis* left to mone.

Helpe, O ye shepheards helpe ye all in this,
 Helpe *Amaryllis* this her losse to mourne :
 Her losse is yours, your losse *Amyntas* is, 440
Amyntas floure of shepheards pride forlorne :
 He whilest he liued was the noblest swaine,
 That euer piped in an oaten quill :
 Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
 And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
 And there though last not least is *Action*,
 A gentler shepheard may no where be found :
 Whose / *Muse* full of high thoughts inuention,
 Doth like himselfe Heroically found.
 All these, and many others mo remaine, 450
 Now after *Astrophell* is dead and gone :
 But while as *Astrophell* did liue and raine,
 Amongst all these was none his Paragone.
 All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
 And do their *Cynthia* immortall make :
 Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
 Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.

Then spake a louely lasse, hight *Lucida*,
 Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
 Which fauour thee, and honour *Cynthia* : 460
 But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold
 In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd ;
 That seems, with none of thē thou fauor foundest
 Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
 That none of all their due deserts resoundest.

Ah far be it (quoth *Colin Clout*) fro me,
 That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserue :
 For that my selfe I do professe to be
 Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serue ;

The beame of beautie sparkled from aboue, 470
 The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
 The bloffome of sweet ioy and perfect loue,
 The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie :
 To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
 To her my heart I nightly martyrize :
 To her my loue I lowly do prostrate,
 To her my life I wholly sacrifice :
 My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is shee,
 And / I hers euer onely, euer one :
 One euer I all vowed hers to bee, 480
 One euer I, and others neuer none.

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

They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,
 That all I praise, but in the highest place,
Vrania, sister vnto *Astrofell*,
 In whose braue mynd as in a golden cofer, 490
 All heauenly gifts and riches locked are,
 More rich then pearles of *Ynde*, or gold of *Opher*,
 And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.
 Ne lesse praise worthie I *Theana* read,
 Whose goodly beames though they be ouer dight
 With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
 Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright ;
 She is the well of bountie and braue mynd,
 Excelling most in glorie and great light :
 She is the ornament of womankind, 500
 And Courts chief garlond with all vertues dight.

Therefore great *Cynthia* her in chiefeſt grace
Doth hold, and next vnto her ſelfe aduance,
Well worthie of ſo honourable place,
For her great worth and noble gouernance.
Ne leſſe praiſe worthie is her ſiſter deare,
Faire *Marian*, the *Muſes* onely darling :
Whoſe beautie ſhyneth as the morning cleare,
With / ſiluer dew vpon the roſes pearling.
Ne leſſe praiſe worthie is *Manſilia*, 510
Beſt knowne by bearing vp great *Cynthiaes* traine :
That fame is ſhe to whom *Daphnaida*
Vpon her neeces death I did complaine.
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie :
Worthie next after *Cynthia* to tread,
As ſhe is next her in nobilitie.
Ne leſſe praiſe worthie *Galathea* ſeemes,
Then beſt of all that honourable crew,
Faire *Galathea* with bright ſhining beames, 520
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited vpon *Cynthia*,
Yet there is not her won, but here with vs
About the borders of our rich *Coſhma*,
Now made of *Maa* the Nymph delitious.
Ne leſſe praiſeworthy faire *Neæra* is,
Neæra ours, not theirs, though there ſhe be,
For of the famous Shure, the Nymph ſhe is,
For high deſert, aduaunſt to that degree.
She is the bloſome of grace and curteſie, 530
Adorned with all honourable parts :
She is the braunch of true nobilitie,
Belou'd of high and low with faithfull harts.

Ne leſſe praiſworthie *Stella* do I read,
 Though nought my praifes of her needed arre,
 Whom verſe of nobleſt ſhepheard lately dead
 Hath praiſ'd and raiſ'd aboue each other ſtarre.
 Ne leſſe praiſworthie are the ſiſters three,
 The / honor of the noble familie :
 Of which I meaneſt boalt my ſelfe to be, 540
 And moſt that vnto them I am ſo nie.
Phyllis, *Charillis*, and ſweet *Amaryllis* :
Phyllis the faire, is eldeſt of the three :
 The next to her, is bountifull *Charillis* :
 But th' youngeſt is the higheſt in degree.
Phyllis the floure of rare perfection,
 Faire ſpredding forth her leaues with freſh delight,
 That with their beauties amorous reflexion,
 Bereaue of fence each raſh beholders fight.
 But ſweet *Charillis* is the Paragone 550
 Of peerleſſe price, and ornament of praiſe,
 Admyr'd of all, yet enuied of none,
 Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
 Thriſe happie do I hold thee noble ſwaine,
 The which art of ſo rich a ſpoile poſſeſt,
 And it embracing deare without diſdaine,
 Haſt ſole poſſeſſion in ſo chaſte a breaſt :
 Of all the ſhepheards daughters which there bee,
 And yet there be the faireſt vnder ſkie,
 Or that elſewhere I euer yet did ſee. 560
 A fairer Nymph yet neuer ſaw mine eie :
 She is the pride and primroſe of the reſt,
 Made by the maker ſelfe to be admired :
 And like a goodly beacon high addreſt,
 That is with ſparkes of heauenle beautie fired

But *Amaryllis*, whether fortunate,
 Or else vnfortunate may I aread,
 That freed is from *Cupids* yoke by fate,
 Since / which she doth new bands aduenture dread.
 Sheheard what euer thou hast heard to be 570
 In this or that prayfd diuerfly apart,
 In her thou maist them all assembled see,
 And seald vp in the threasure of her hart.
 Ne thee lesse worthie gentle *Flauia*,
 For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme :
 Ne thee lesse worthie curteous *Candida*,
 For thy true loue and loyaltie I deeme.
 Besides yet many mo that *Cynthia* serue,
 Right noble Nymphs, and high to be commended:
 But if I all should praise as they deserue, 580
 This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
 Therefore in clofure of a thankfull mynd,
 I deeme it best to hold eternally,
 Their bounteous deeds and noble fauours shrynd,
 Then by discourfe them to indignifie.

So hauing faid, *Aglaura* him bespake :
Colin, well worthie were those goodly fauours
 Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
 And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
 But of great *Cynthiaes* goodnesse and high grace, 590
 Finish the storie which thou hast begunne.

More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case
 How to begin, then know how to haue donne.
 For euerie gift and euerie goodly meed.
 Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day ;
 And euerie day, in which she did a deed,
 Demaunds a yeare it duly to display.

Her words were like a streame of honnyfleeting,
 The / which doth softly trickle from the hiue :
 Hable to melt the hearers heart vnweeting, 600
 And eke to make the dead againe aliue.

Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
 Which load the b[ra]unches of the fruitfull vine :
 Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely wine.
 Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sun,
 Forth looking through the windowes of the East :
 When first the fleecie cattell haue begun
 Vpon the perled grasse to make their feast.
 Her thoughts are like the fume of Franckincence, 610
 Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise :
 And throwing forth sweet odours moūts fro thēce
 In rolling globes vp to the vaulted skies.
 There she beholds with high aspiring thought,
 The cradle of her owne creation :
 Emongst the seats of Angels heauenly wrought,
 Much like an Angell in all forme and fashon.

Colin (said *Cuddy* then) thou hast forgot
 Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie :
 Such loftie flight, base shepheard seemeth not, 620
 From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.

True (answered he) but her great excellence,
 Lifts me aboue the measure of my might :
 That being fild with furious insolence,
 I feele my selfe like one yrap in spright.
 For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
 Then want I words to speake it fitly forth :
 And when I speake of her what I haue thought,
 I / cannot thinke according to her worth.

Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake, 630
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
 And when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
 Her name recorded I will leaue for euer.

Her name in euery tree I will endosse,
 That as the trees do grow, her name may grow.
 And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
 And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
 The speaking woods and murmuring waters fall,
 Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame :
 And eke my lambs when for their dams they call, 640
 Ile teach to call for *Cynthia* by name.

And long while after I am dead and rotten :
 Amōgst the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
 My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
 And ye, who so ye be, that shall furuiue :
 When as ye heare her memory renewed,
 Be witnesse of her bountie here aliue,
 Which she to *Colin* her poore shepheard shewed.

Much was the whole affembly of those heards, 650
 Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake :
 And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
 Till *Thestylis* at last their silence brake,
 Saying, Why *Colin*, since thou foundst such grace
 With *Cynthia* and all her noble crew :
 Why didst thou euer leaue that happie place,
 In which such wealth might vnto thee accrew ?
 And back returnedst to this barrein foyle,
 Where / cold and care and penury do dwell :
 Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle, 660
 Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.

Happie indeed (saide *Colin*) I him hold,
 That may that blessed presence still enioy,
 Of fortune and of enuy vncomptrold,
 Which still are wont most happie states t'annoy :
 But I by that which little while I prooued :
 Some part of those enormities did see,
 The which in Court continually hooued,
 And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
 Therefore I silly man, whose former dayes 670
 Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
 Durst not aduenture such vnknown wayes,
 Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,
 But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
 Whose vtmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
 Then hauing learnd repentance late, to mourne
 Emongst those wretches which I there descryde.

Shepheard (saide *Thestylis*) it seemes of spight
 Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
 Which thou enuieest, rather then of right 680
 That ought in them blameworthyie thou doest spie.

Cause haue I none (quoth he) of cancred will
 To quite them ill, that me demeand so well :
 But selfe-regard of priuate good or ill,
 Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell
 And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
 Which through report of that liues painted blisse,
 Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
 And / leaue their lambes to losse misse amisse.
 For sooth to say, it is no fort of life, 690
 For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,
 To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,

Himselfe to raise : and he doth sooneſt riſe
That beſt can handle his deceitfull wit,
In ſubtil ſhifts, and fineſt ſleights deuife,
Either by ſlaundring his well deemed name,
Through leaſings lewd, and fained forgerie :
Or elſe by breeding him ſome blot of blame,
By creeping cloſe into his ſecrecie ; 700
To which him needs, a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire diſſembling curteſie,
A filed tounge furniſht with tearmes of art,
No art of ſchoole, but Courtiers ſchoolery.
For arts of ſchoole haue there ſmall countenance,
Counted but toyes to buſie ydle braines,
And there profeſſours find ſmall maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaires.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Vnleſſe to pleaſe, it ſelfe it can applie : 710
But ſhouldred is, or out of doore quite ſhit,
As baſe, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is meaſured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or aſſes by their eares :
Yet aſſes been not all whoſe eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts, that hornes the higheſt beares.
For higheſt lookes haue not the higheſt mynd,
Nor haughtie words moſt full of higheſt thoughts :
But / are like bladders blowen vp with wynd,
That being prickt do vaniſh into noughts. 720
Euen ſuch is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought elſe but ſmoke, that ſumeth ſoone away,
Such is their glorie that in ſimple eie
Seeme greateſt, when their garments are moſt gay.

So they themfelues for praife of fooles do fell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall ;
 With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,
 And purchace higheft rowmes in bowre and hall :
 Whiles fingle Truth and fimple honeftie
 Do wander vp and downe defpyf'd of all ;
 Their plaine attire fuch glorious gallantry
 Difdaines fo much, that none them in doth call.

730

Ah *Colin* (then faid *Hobbinol*) the blame
 Which thou imputeft, is too generall,
 As if not any gentle wit of name,
 Nor honeft mynd might there be found at all.
 For well I wot, fith I my felfe was there,
 To wait on *Lobbin* (*Lobbin* well thou kneweft)
 Full many worrhie ones then waiting were,
 As euer elfe in Princes Court thou veweft.
 Of which, among you many yet remaine,
 Whofe names I cannot readily now gheffe :
 Thofe that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
 And thofe that skill of medicine profefse.
 And thofe that do to *Cynthia* expound,
 The ledden of ftraunge languages in charge :
 For *Cynthia* doth in fciences abound,
 And giues to their profefors ftipends large.
 Therefore / vniuftly thou doeft wyte them all,
 For that which thou miflikedft in a few.

740

750

Blame is (quoth he) more blamelefse generall,
 Then that which priuate errours doth purfue :
 For well I wot, that there amongft them bee
 Full many perfons of right worthie parts,
 Both for report of fpotleffe honeftie,
 And for profefion of all learned arts,

Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
 Though blame do light on those that faultie bee,
 For all the rest do most-what far[e] amis,
 And yet their owne misfaring will not see : 760
 For either they be puffed vp with pride,
 Or fraught with enuie that their galls do swell,
 Or they their dayes to ydleneffe diuide,
 Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,
 In which like Moldwarps nouling still they lurke,
 Vnmyndfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse,
 And do themselues for want of other worke,
 Vaine votaries of laesie loue professe,
 Whose seruice high so basely they ensue,
 That *Cupid* selfe of them ashamed is, 770
 And mustring all his men in *Venus* vew,
 Denies them quite for seruitors of his.

And is loue then (saide *Corylas*) once knowne
 In Court, and his sweet lore professed there ?
 I weened fure he was our God alone,
 And only woond in fields and forests here.
 Not so (quoth he) loue most aboundeth there.

For all the walls and windows there are writ,
 All / full of loue, and loue, and loue my deare,
 And all their talke and studie is of it. 780
 Ne any there doth braue or valiant seeme,
 Vnlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he beares :
 Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
 Vnlesse he swim in loue vp to the eares.
 But they of loue and of his sacred lere,
 (As it should be) all otherwise deuise,
 Then we poore shepheards are accustomed here,
 And him do sue and serue all otherwise.

For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophane, 790
And vse his ydle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not serue as they professe,
But make him serue to them for fordid vses.
Ah my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts possesse,
Auenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
But we poore shepheards whether rightly so,
Or through our rudenesse into errour led :
Do make religion how we rashly go,
To serue that God, that is so greatly dred ; 800
For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without Syre or couples of one kynd,
For *Venus* selfe doth foly couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixture ioynd.
So pure and spotlesse *Cupid* forth she brought,
And in the gardens of *Adonis* nurst :
Where growing he, his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
Then / got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew, 810
That *Ioue* himselfe his powre began to dread,
And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.
From thence he shootes his arrowes euery where
Into the world, at randon as he will,
On vs fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himselfe vs pleaseth, faue or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to heauen vplifted hie,
That to true loues he may vs euermore
Preferre, and of their grace vs dignifie : 820

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

Shepheard it ſeemes that ſome ceſtiall rage
 Of loue (quoth *Cuddy*) is breath'd into thy breaſt,
 That powreth forth theſe oracles ſo ſage,
 Of that high powre, wherewith thou art poſſeſt.
 But neuer wiſt I till this preſent day
 Albe of loue I alwayes humbly deemed, 830
 That he was ſuch an one, as thou doeſt ſay,
 And ſo religiouſly to be eſteemed.
 Well may it ſeeme by this thy deep inſight,
 That of that God the Prieſt thou ſhouldeſt bee :
 So well thou wot'ſt the myſterie of his might,
 As if his godhead thou didſt preſent ſee.

Of loues perfection perfectly to ſpeake,
 Or of his nature rightly to define,
 Indeed / (ſaid *Colin*) paſſeth reaſons reach,
 And needs his prieſt t' expreſſe his powre diuine. 840
 For long before the world he was y' bore
 And bred about in *Venus* boſome deare :
 For by his powre the world was made of yore,
 And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
 For how ſhould elſe things ſo far from attone
 And ſo great enemies as of them bee,
 Be euer drawne together into one,
 And taught in ſuch accordance to agree.
 Through him the cold began to couet heat,
 And water fire ; the light to mount on hie, 850
 And th' heauie downe to peize ; the hungry t' eat,
 And voydneſſe to ſeeke full ſatiety,

So being former foes, they wexed friends,
 And gan by litle learne to loue each other :
 So being knit, they brought forth other kynds
 Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
 Then first gan heauen out of darknesse dread
 For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day :
 Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
 Out of deep waters which her drownd alway. 860
 And shortly after euerie liuing wight,
 Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature.
 Soone as on them the Suns life-giuing light,
 Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
 Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,
 And like himfelfe desire for to beget :
 The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Doue
 Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet,
 But / man that had the sparke of reasons might,
 More then the rest to rule his pafsion : 870
 Chose for his loue the fairest in his fight,
 Like as himfelfe was fairest by creation.
 For beautie is the bayt which with delight
 Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kynd,
 Beautie the burning lamp of heauens light,
 Darting her beames into each feeble mynd :
 Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd,
 Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound,
 But being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
 Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd. 880
 Then do they cry and call to loue apace,
 With praiers lowd importuning the skie,
 Whence he them heares, & whē he list shew grace,
 Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.

So loue is Lord of all the world by right,
 And rules their creatures by his powrfull faw :
 All being made the vassalls of his might,
 Through secreet fence which therto doth thē draw.
 Thus ought all louers of their lord to deeme :
 And with chaste heart to honor him alway : 890
 But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
 Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay.
 For their desire is base, and doth not merit,
 The name of loue, but of disloyall lust :
 Ne mongst true louers they shall place inherit,
 But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.

So hauing said, *Melissa* spake at will,
Colin, thou now full deeply hast diuyn'd :
 Of / loue and beautie and with wondrous skill,
 Hast *Cupid* selfe depainted in his kynd. 900
 To thee are all true louers greatly bound,
 That doest their cause so mightily defend :
 But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,
 That doest their bountie still so much commend.

That ill (said *Hobbinol*) they him requite,
 For hauing loued euer one most deare :
 He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
 That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.

Indeed (said *Lucid*) I haue often heard
 Faire *Rosalind* of diuers fowly blamed : 910
 For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
 That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
 But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
 To vse him so that vsed her so well :
 Or who with blame can iustly her vpbrayd,
 For louing not ? for who can loue compell.

And footh to fay, it is foolhardie thing,
 Rashly to wyten creatures so diuine,
 For demigods they be, and first did spring
 From heauen, though graft in frailnesse feminine. 920
 And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
 How one that fairest *Helene* did reuile :
 Through iudgement of the Gods to been ywroken
 Loft both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
 Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
 And made amends to her with treble praise :
 Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
 How rashly blame of *Rosalind* ye raise.

Ah shepheards (then said *Colin*) ye ne weet
 How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw : 930
 To make so bold a doome with words vnmeet,
 Of thing celestially which ye neuer saw.
 For she is not like as the other crew
 Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
 But of diuine regard and heauenly hew,
 Excelling all that euer ye did see.
 Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
 But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie :
 So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
 And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie. 940
 Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
 To simple swaine, fith her I may not loue :
 Yet that I may her honour paravant,
 And praise her worth, though far my wit aboue
 Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieve,
 And long affliction which I haue endured :
 Such grace sometimes shall giue me some reliefe,
 And ease of paine which cannot be recured.

And ye my fellow shepheards which do see
And heare the languours of my too long dying, 950
Vnto the world for euer witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophe of her great conquest.

So hauing ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him vprose eke all the rest :
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies,
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest. 957

FINIS. /



v.

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION.

1595.

NOTE.

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

SONNET

- x., l. 7, for 'captives' of original
Dr. Morris reads 'captue'
—accepted.
- xxi., l. 6, for 'loues' of original
Dr. Morris reads 'loue'—
accepted.
- xlvi., catchword misprinted
'Thruft.'
- liii., l. 6, for 'femblant,' 1611
characteristically prints
'femblance.'
- lviii., heading—'By her'—Dr.
Morris explains 'By =
concerning.' But on this
see Essays, as before.

SONNET

- Some would read 'To
her : ' l. 8, 'glories'—1611
again prints characteristi-
cally, 'glorious.'
- lxxi., l. 9, 'aboue'—obvious cor-
rection of the original's
misprint of 'about.' Dr.
Morris asks—Did Spenser
write : 'But as your worke
is all about ywoue'? I
for one answer—certainly
never.
- lxxxix., l. 3, 'vow'—obvious cor-
rection of the original's
'vew.'

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

SONNET

- xv., l. 1, catchword 'In' by
error.
- xxiii., l. 4, period for comma.
- xxxi., l. 1, catchword 'See' by
error.
- xxxiii., l. 3, period in original by
error ; and l. 9, comma
inserted ; and l. 12, period
for comma.
- xlvi., l. 11, comma inserted.

SONNET

- xlvi., l. 6, commas inserted.
- lvii., l. 10, period for comma.
- lix., l. 7, comma inserted.
- lxiii., l. 6, period for comma.
- lxxi., l. 13, period after 'fee' re-
moved.
- lxxx., l. 3, comma after 'me' in-
serted.
- lxxxix., l. 8, period inserted after
'done.'

G.

AMORETTI

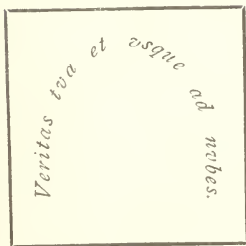
AND

Epithalamion.

Written not long since

by Edmund

Spenser.



Printed for William

Ponsonby. 1595.

18° 68 leaves, A—H 8].





To the Right Worship-

full

SIR ROBERT NEED-

HAM KNIGHT.

S*IR, to gratulate your safe return frō Ireland,
I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing
so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets,
the deede of that wel descriving gentleman, maister
Edmond Spenfer: whose name sufficiently war|rant-
ing the worthinesse of the work: I do more confidently
presume to publish it in his absence, vnder your name to
whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof, doth in
some respectes properly appertaine. For, besides your iudge-
ment and delighte in learned poesie: This gentle Muse
for her former perfection long wished for in Englande,
nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy com-
panye, (though to your selfe unknowne) seemeth to make*

*choyse of you, as meeetst to giue | her deserued countenaunce,
after her retourne : entertaine her, then, (Right worship-
full) in sorte best be seeming your gentle minde, and her
merite, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke
no more, but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull
affection.*

W. P. |





G. W. senior, to the Author.

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





To the Author.



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

G. W. I. /





SONNET. I.

HAPPY ye leaues when as those lilly hands,
which hold my life in their dead doing
might

shall handle you and hold in loues soft bands,
lyke captiues trembling at the victors fight.

And happy lines, on which with starry light,
those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to
look

and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
written with teares in harts close bleeding
book.

And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
of *Helicon* whence she deriued is,
when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
my soules long lacked foode, my heauens blis.

Leaues, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please
alone,

whom if ye please, I care for other none. /

SONNET. II.

VNQUIET / thought, whom at the first I bred,
 Of th' inward bale of my loue pined hart :
 and fithens haue with fighes and forrowes fed,
 till greater then my wombe thou woxen art.
 Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
 in which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood :
 and seeke some succour both to ease my smart
 and also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
 But if in prefence of that fayrest proud
 thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet :
 and with meeke humbleffe and afflicted mood,
 pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
 Which if she graunt, then liue and my loue cherish,
 if not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET. III.

THE / fouerayne beauty which I doo admyre,
 witnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed :
 the light wherof hath kindled heauenly fyre,
 in my fraile spirit by her from basenesse rayfed.
 That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,
 base thing I can no more endure to view :
 but looking still on her I stand amazed,
 at wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.
 So when my tounge would speake her praises dew,
 it stopped is with thoughts astonishment :
 and when my pen would write her titles true,
 it rauisht is with fancies wonderment :
 Yet in my hart I then both speake and write,
 the wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET. IIII.

NEW / yeare forth looking out of *Ianus* gate,
 Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight :
 and bidding th' old Adieu, his passed date
 bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright.
 And calling forth out of sad Winters night,
 fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower :
 wils him awake, and soone about him dight
 his wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
 For lusty spring now in his timely howre,
 is ready to come forth him to receiue :
 and warnes the Earth with diuers colord flowre,
 to decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
 Then you faire flowre, in whō fresh youth doth raine,
 prepare your selfe new loue to entertaine.

SONNET. V.

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

SONNET. VI.

BE / nought dismayd that her vnmoued mind,
 doth still persist in her rebellious pride :
 such loue not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
 the harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
 The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
 is long ere it conceiue the kindling fyre :
 but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide
 great heat, and makes his flames to heauen aspire.
 So hard it is to kindle new desire,
 in gentle brest that shall endure for euer :
 deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
 with chaste affects, that naught but death can seuer.
 Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
 to knit the knot, that euer shall remaine.

SONNET. VII.

FAYRE / eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,
 what wondrous vertue is contaynd in you
 the which both lyfe and death forth frō you dart
 into the obiect of your mighty view ?
 For, when ye mildly looke with louely hew,
 then is my soule with life and loue inspired :
 but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew
 then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.
 But since that lyfe is more then death defyred,
 looke euer louely, as becomes you best,
 that your bright beams of my weak eies admyred,
 may kindle liuing fire within my brest.
 Such life should be the honor of your light,
 such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET. VIII.

MORE / then most faire, full of the liuing fire
 Kindled aboue vnto the maker neere :
 no eies but ioyes, in which al powers conspire,
 that to the world naught else be counted deare.
 Thruh your bright beams doth not y^e blinded guesst,
 shoot out his darts to base affections wound ;
 but Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
 in chast desires on heauenly beauty bound.
 You frame my thoughts and fashion me within,
 you stop my tounge, and teach my hart to speake,
 you calme the storme that passion did begin,
 strögh through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
 Dark is the world, where your light shined neuer :
 well is he borne that may behold you euer.

SONNET. IX.

LONG-/WHILE I sought to what I might compare
 those powrefull eies, which lightẽ my dark
 yet find I nought on earth to which I dare [spright,
 resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
 Not to the Sun : for they doo shine by night ;
 nor to the Moone : for they are changed neuer ;
 nor to the Starres : for they haue purer sight ;
 nor to the fire : for they consume not euer ;
 Nor to the lightning : for they still perseuer ;
 nor to the Diamond : for they are more tender ;
 nor vnto Christall : for nought may them seuer ;
 nor vnto glasse : such basenessse mought offend her ;
 Then to the Maker felse they likest be,
 whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET. X.

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

SONNET. XI.

DAYLY / when I do seeke and sew for peace,
 And hostages doe offer for my truth :
 she cruell warriour doth her selfe addresse,
 to battell, and the weary war renew'th.
 Ne wilbe moou'd with reasons or with rewth,
 to graunt small respite to my restlesse toile :
 but greedily her fell intent pourseweth,
 of my poore life to make vnpiteid spoile.
 Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to asfoyle,
 I would her yield, her wrath to pacify :
 but then she seekes with torment and turmoyle,
 to force me liue and will not let me dy.
 All paine hath end and euery war hath peace,
 but mine no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET. XII.

ONE / day I fought with her hart-thrilling eies,
 to make a truce and termes to entertaine :
 all fearlesse then of so false enimies,
 which fought me to entrap in treasons traine.
 So, as I then difarmed did remaine,
 a wicked ambush which lay hidden long
 in the close couert of her guilefull eyen,
 thence breaking forth did thicke about me throng.
 Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
 was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands :
 who me captiuing streight with rigorous wrong,
 haue euer since kept me in cruell bands.
 So Ladie now to you I doo complaine,
 against your eies that iustice I may gaine.

SONNET. XIII.

IN / that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
 whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie :
 and to the ground her eie-lids low embaseth,
 most goodly temperature ye may descry,
 Myld humblesse mixt with awfull maiesty,
 for looking on the earth whence she was borne :
 her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
 what so is fayrest shall to earth returne.
 But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorne
 base thing, & thinke how she to heauen may clime :
 treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
 that hinders heauenly thoughts with droffy slime.
 Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
 such lowlineffe shall make you lofty be.

SONNET. XIII.

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

SONNET. XV.

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

SONNET. XVI.

ONE / day as I vnwarily did gaze
 on those fayre eyes my loues immortall light :
 the whiles my stonifht hart stood in amaze,
 through sweet illufion of her lookes delight.
 I mote perceiue how in her glauncing fight,
 legions of loues with little wings did fly :
 darting their deadly arrowes fyry bright,
 at euery rash beholder paffing by.
 One of those archers clofely I did spy,
 ayming his arrow at my very hart :
 when fuddenly with twinkle of her eye,
 the Damzell broke his mifintended dart.
 Had fhe not fo doon, fure I had bene flayne,
 yet as it was, I hardly fcap't with paine.

SONNET. XVII.

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

SONNET. XVIII.

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

SONNET. XIX.

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

SONNET. XX.

IN / vaine I seeke and few to her for grace,
 and doe myne humbled hart before her poure :
 the whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
 and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
 And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
 and reigneth ouer euery beaſt in field :
 in his moſt pride diſdeigneth to deuoure
 the filly lambe that to his might doth yield.
 But ſhe more cruell and more ſaluage wylde,
 than either Lyon or the Lyoneſſe :
 ſhames not to be with guiltleſſe bloud deſylde,
 but taketh glory in her cruelneſſe.
 Fayrer then fayreſt let none euer ſay,
 that ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

SONNET. XXI.

WAS / it the worke of nature or of Art ?
 which tempred ſo the feature of her face :
 that pride and meekneſſe mixt by equall part,
 doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace.
 For with mild pleaſance, which doth pride diſplace,
 ſhe to her loue doth lookers eyes allure :
 & with ſterne countenance back again doth chace
 their looſer looks that ſtir vp luſtes impure,
 With ſuch ſtrange termes her eyes ſhe doth inure,
 that with one looke ſhe doth my life diſmay :
 & with another doth it ſtreight recure,
 her ſmile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.
 Thus doth ſhe traine and teach me with her looks,
 ſuch art of eyes I neuer read in bookes.

SONNET. XXII.

THIS / holy season fit to fast and pray,
 Men to deuotion ought to be inclynd :
 therefore, I lykewise on so holy day,
 for my sweet Saynt some seruice fit will find,
 Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
 in which her glorious ymage placed is,
 on which my thoughts doo day and night attend
 lyke sacred priests that neuer thinke amisse.
 There I to her as th' author of my blisse,
 will builde an altar to appease her yre :
 and on the same my hart will sacrifice,
 burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre :
 The which vouchsafe O goddesse to accept,
 amongst thy deereft relicks to be kept.

SONNET. XXIII.

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

SONNET. XXIIII.

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

SONNET. XXV.

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

SONNET. XXVI.

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

SONNET. XXVII.

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

SONNET. XXVIII.

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

SONNET. XXIX.

SEE ! / how the ftubborne damzell doth deprauē
 my fimple meaning with difdaynfull fcorne :
 and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
 accoumpts my felfe her captiue quite forlorne.
 The bay (quoth ſhe) is of the victours borne,
 yielded them by the vanquiſht as theyr meeds,
 and they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,
 to ſing the glory of their famous deedes.
 But ſith ſhe will the conqueſt challeng needs,
 let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
 that her great triumph which my ſkill exceeds,
 I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.
 Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
 and fill the world with her victorious prayfe.

SONNET. XXX.

MY / loue is lyke to yfe, and I to fyre ;
 how comes it then that this her cold so great
 is not diffolu'd through my so hot defyre,
 but harder growes the more I her intreat ?
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 is nor delayd by her hart frofen cold :
 but that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
 and feele my flames augmented manifold ?
 What more miraculous thing may be told
 that fire which all thing melts, should harden yfe :
 and yce which is congeald with fenceleffe cold,
 should kindle fyre by wonderful deuyfe.
 Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
 that it can alter all the course of kynd.

SONNET. XXXI.

AH / why hath nature to so hard a hart,
 giuen so goodly giftes of beauties grace ?
 whose pryde depraves each other better part,
 and all those pretious ornaments deface.
 Sith to all other beastes of bloody race,
 a dreadfull countenance she giuen hath :
 that with theyr terrour al the rest may chace,
 and warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
 But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
 through sweet allurement of her louely hew :
 that she the better may in bloody bath,
 of such poore thralls her cruell hands embrew.
 But did she know how ill these two accord,
 such cruelty she would haue soone abhord.

SONNET. XXXII.

THE / paynefull smith with force of feruent heat,
 the hardest yron soone doth mollify :
 that with his heauy sledge he can it beat,
 and fashion to what he it list apply.
 Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry,
 her hart more harde then yron soft awhit :
 ne all the playnts and prayers with which I
 doe beat on th' anduyle of her stubberne wit :
 But still the more she feruent sees my fit :
 the more she friefeth in her wilfull pryde :
 and harder growes the harder she is smit,
 with all the playnts which to her be applyde.
 What then remains but I to ashes burne,
 and she to stones at length all frozen turne ?

SONNET. XXXIII.

GREAT / wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 to that most sacred Empreffe my dear dred,
 not finishing her Queene of faëry,
 that mote enlarge her liuing prayfes dead :
 But lodwick, this of grace to me aread :
 doe ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it,
 sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
 all were it as the rest, but rudely writ.
 How then should I without another wit :
 thinck euer to endure so tedious toyle,
 fins that this one is tost with troublous fit,
 of a proud loue, that doth my spirite spoyle.
 Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest,
 or lend you me another liuing breft.

SONNET. XXXIIII.

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

SONNET. XXXV.

MY / hungry eyes through greedy couetize,
 still to behold the obiect of their paine :
 with no contentment can themselues suffize,
 but hauing pine and hauing not complaine.
 For lacking it they cannot lyfe sustayne,
 and hauing it they gaze on it the more :
 in their amazement lyke *Narcissus* vaine
 whose eyes him staru'd : so plenty makes me poore.
 Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
 of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
 but lothe the things which they did like before,
 and can no more endure on them to looke.
 All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
 and all their showes but shadowes fauing she.

SONNET. XXXVI.

TELL / me when shall these wearie woes haue end,
 Or shall their ruthlesse torment neuer cease :
 but al my dayes in pining languor spend,
 without hope of asswagement or release.
 Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
 or make agreement with her thrilling eyes :
 but that their cruelty doth still increace.
 and dayly more augment my miseries.
 But when ye haue shewed all extremities,
 then thinke how litle glory ye haue gayned :
 by slaying him, whose lyfe though ye despyse,
 mote haue your lyfe in honour long maintayned.
 But by his death which some perhaps will mone,
 ye shall condemned be of many a onc.

SONNET. XXXVII.

WHAT / guyle is this, that those her golden tresses,
 She doth attyre vnder a net of gold :
 and with fly skill so cunningly them dresse,
 that which is gold or heare, may scarce be told ?
 Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
 she may entangle in that golden snare :
 and being caught may craftily enfold,
 theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware ?
 Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
 henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
 in which if euer ye entrapped are,
 out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
 Fondnesse it were for any being free,
 to couet fetters, though they golden bee.

SONNET. XXXVIII.

*A*RION, / when through tempests cruel wracke,
 He forth was thrown into the greedy seas :
 through the sweet musick, which his harp did make
 allur'd a Dolphin him from death to ease.
 But my rude musick, which was wont to please
 some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
 the dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
 nor moue the Dolphin from her stubborne will,
 But in her pride she dooth perseuer still,
 all carelesse how my life for her decayse :
 yet with one word she can it saue or spill.
 to spill were pittie, but to saue were prayse.
 Chuse rather to be prayd for doing good,
 then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

SONNET. XXXIX.

*S*WEET / smile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
 Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art :
 with which she wons to temper angry *Ioue*,
 when all the gods he threats with thundring dart.
 Sweet is thy vertue as thy selfe sweet art,
 for when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse :
 a melting pleasance ran through euery part,
 and me reuiued with hart robbing gladnesse.
 Whyleft rapt with ioy resembling heauenly madnes,
 my soule was rauisht quite as in a traunce :
 and feeling thence no more her sorowes sadnesse,
 fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce,
 More sweet than Nectar or Ambrosiall meat,
 seemd euery bit, which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET. XL.

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

SONNET. XLI.

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

SONNET. XLII.

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

SONNET. XLIII.

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

SONNET. XLIIII.

WHEN / those renoumed noble Peres of Greece,
 through stubborn pride among thêselues did iar
 forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
 then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
 But this continuall cruell ciuill warre,
 the which my felfe against my felfe doe make :
 whilest my weak powres of passions warreid arre,
 no skill can stint nor reason can aslake.
 But when in hand my tunclesse harp I take,
 then doe I more augment my foes despight :
 and grieve renew, and passions doe awake,
 to battaile fresh against my felfe to fight.
 Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
 the more I fynd their malice to increace.

SONNET. XLV.

LEAUE / lady in your glasse of christall clene,
 Your goodly felfe for euermore to vew :
 and in my felfe, my inward felfe, I meane,
 most liuely lyke behold your femblant trew.
 Within my hart, though hardly it can shew,
 thing so diuine to vew of earthly eye :
 the fayre Idea of your celestial hew,
 and euery part remains immortally :
 And were it not that, through your cruelty,
 with sorrow dimmed and deformd it were :
 the goodly ymage of your visnomy,
 clearer than christall would therein appere.
 But if your felfe in me ye playne will see,
 remoue the cause by which your fayre beames dark-
 ned be. /

SONNET. XLVI.

WHEN my abodes prefixed time is spent,
 My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way :
 but then frō heauen most hideous stormes are sent
 as willing me against her will to stay.
 Whom then shall I or heauen or her obey,
 the heauens know best what is the best for me :
 but as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
 my lower heauen, so it perforce must bee.
 But ye high heuens, that all this sorowe see,
 sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe :
 aswage your stormes, or else both you, and she,
 will both together me too forely wrack.
 Enough it is for one man to sustaine,
 the stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

SONNET. XLVII.

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

SONNET. XLVIII.

I NNO/CENT paper whom too cruell hand,
 Did make the matter to auenge her yre :
 and ere she could thy cause wel vnderstand,
 did sacrifice vnto the greedy fyre.
 Well worthy thou to haue found better hyre,
 then so bad end for hereticks ordayned :
 yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
 but plead thy maisters cause vniustly payned.
 Whom she all carelesse of his grieve constrained
 to vtter forth th' anguish of his hart :
 and would not heare, when he to her complayned,
 the piteous passion of his dying smart.
 Yet liue for ever, though against her will,
 and speake her good, though she requite it ill.

SONNET. XLIX.

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

SONNET. L.

LONG / languishing in double malady,
 of my harts wound and of my bodies greife :
 there came to me a leach that would apply
 fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.
 Wayne man (quod I) that hast but little priefe :
 in deep discouery of the mynds diseafe,
 is not the hart of all the body chiefe ?
 and rules the members as it selfe doth please.
 Then with some cordialls seeke first to appease,
 the inward languour of my wounded hart,
 and then my body shall haue shortly ease ;
 but such sweet cordialls passe Physitions art.
 Then my lyfes Leach doe you your skill reueale,
 and with one salue both hart and body heale.

SONNET. LI.

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

SONNET. LII.

SO / oft as homeward I from her depart,
 I go lyke one that hauing lost the field :
 is prifoner led away with heauy hart,
 despoyle of warlike armes and knownen shield.
 So doe I now my selfe a prifoner yeeld,
 to sorrow and to solitary paine :
 from presence of my dearest deare exylde,
 longwhile alone in languor to remaine.
 There let no thought of ioy or pleasure vaine,
 dare to approach, that may my solace breed :
 but sudden dumps and drery sad disdayne,
 of all worlds gladnesse more my torment feed.
 So I her absens will my penaunce make,
 that of her presens I my meed may take.

SONNET. LIIL.

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

SONNET. LIIII.

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

SONNET. LV.

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

SONNET. LVI.

FAYRE / ye be sure, but cruell and vnkind,
 as is a Tygre that with greedinesse
 hunts after bloud, when he by chance doth find
 a feeble beaſt, doth felly him oppreſſe.
 Fayre be ye ſure but proud and pitileſſe,
 as is a ſtorme, that all things doth proſtrate :
 finding a tree alone all comfortleſſe,
 beats on it ſtrongly it to ruinate.
 Fayre be ye ſure, but hard and obſtinate,
 as is a rocke amidſt the raging floods :
 gaynſt which a ſhip of ſuccour deſolate,
 doth ſuffer wreck both of her ſelfe and goods.
 That ſhip, that tree, and that ſame beaſt am I,
 whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and deſtroy.

SONNET. LVII.

SWEET / warriour when ſhall I haue peace with you?
 High time it is, this warre now ended were :
 which I no lenger can endure to ſue,
 ne your inceſſant battry more to beare :
 So weake my powres, ſo ſore my wounds appeare,
 that wonder is how I ſhould liue a iot,
 feeling my hart through launched euery where
 with thouſand arrowes, which your eies haue ſhot :
 Yet ſhoot ye ſharpely ſtill, and ſpare me not,
 but glory thinke to make theſe cruel ſtoures.
 ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
 in ſlaying him that would liue gladly yours ?
 Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace :
 that al my wounds wil heale in little ſpace.

SONNET. LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

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

SONNET. LIX.

THRISE / happie she, that is so well assured
 Vnto her selfe and setled so in hart :
 that nether will for better be allured,
 ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start,
 But like a steddy ship doth strongly part
 the raging waues, and keepes her course aright :
 ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
 ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
 Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight,
 of grudging foes, ne fauour seek of friends :
 but in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
 nether to one her selfe nor other bends.
 Most happy she that most assured doth rest,
 but he most happy who such one loues best.

SONNET. LX.

THEY, / that in courſe of heauenly ſpheares are ſkild,
 To euery planet point his fundry yeare :
 in which her circles voyage is fulfilled,
 as Mars in three ſcore yeares doth run his ſpheare
 So ſince the winged God his planet cleare,
 began in me to moue, one yeare is ſpent :
 the which doth longer vnto me appeare,
 then al thoſe forty which my life outwent.
 Then by that count, which louers books inuent,
 the ſpheare of Cupid forty yeares containes :
 which I haue waſted in long languiſhment,
 that ſeemd the longer for my greater paines.
 But let my loues fayre Planet ſhort her wayes
 this yeare enſuing, or elſe ſhort my dayes.

SONNET. LXI.

THE / glorious image of the makers beautie,
 My fouerayne ſaynt, the Idoll of my thought,
 dare not henceforth aboue the bounds of dewtie
 t' accuſe of pride, or raſhly blame for ought.
 For being as ſhe is diuinely wrought,
 and of the brood of Angels heuenly borne :
 and with the crew of bleſſed Saynts vpbrought,
 each of which did her with their guiſts adorne ;
 The bud of ioy, the bloſſome of the morne,
 the beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre :
 what reaſon is it then but ſhe ſhould ſcorne,
 baſe things, that to her loue too bold aſpire ?
 Such heauenly formes ought rather worſhipt be,
 then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET. LXII.

THE / weary yeare his race now hauing run,
 The new begins his compast course anew :
 with shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
 betokening peace and plenty to ensue,
 So let vs, which this chaunge of weather vew,
 chaunge ecke our mynds and former liues amend
 the old yeares finnes forepast let vs eschew,
 and fly the faults with which we did offend.
 Then shall the new yeares ioy forth freshly send,
 into the glooming world his gladfome ray :
 and all these stormes which now his beauty blend,
 shall turne to caulmes and tymely cleare away.
 So likewise loue cheare you your heauy spright,
 and chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

SONNET. LXIII.

AFTER / long stormes and tempests fad affay,
 Which hardly I endured heretofore :
 in dread of death and daungerous difmay,
 with which my filly barke was tossed fore.
 I doe at length descry the happy shore,
 in which I hope ere long for to arryue.
 fayre foyle it seemes from far & fraught with store
 of all that deare and daynty is alyue.
 Most happy he that can at last atchyue
 the ioyous safety of so sweet a rest :
 whose least delight sufficeth to depriue
 remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
 All paines are nothing in respect of this,
 all sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

SONNET. LXIIII.

COM/MING to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found)
 Me seemd I smelt a garden of sweet flowres :
 that dainty odours from them threw around
 for damzels fit to decke their louers bowres.
 Her lips did smell lyke vnto Gillyflowers,
 her ruddy cheekes, lyke vnto Roses red :
 her snowy browes lyke budded Bellamoures,
 her louely eyes lyke Pincks but newly spred,
 Her goodly bosome lyke a Strawberry bed,
 her neck lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes :
 her brest lyke lillyes, ere theyr leaues be shed,
 her nipples lyke yong blossomd Ieffemynes,
 Such fragrant flowres doe giue most odorous smell,
 but her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET. LXV.

THE/doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre loue, is vaine
 That fondly feare to loose your liberty,
 when loosing one, two liberties ye gayne,
 and make him bond that bondage earst dyd fly.
 Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tye,
 without constraynt or dread of any ill :
 the gentle birde feesles no captiuitie
 within her cage, but finges and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approch, nor discord spill
 the league twixt them, that loyal loue hath bound :
 but simple truth and mutuall good will,
 seekes with sweet peace to salue each others wou'd
 There sayth doth fearlesse dwell in brasen towre,
 And spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET. LXVI.

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

SONNET. LXVII.

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

SONNET. LXVIII.

MOST / glorious Lord of lyfe that on this day,
 Didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin :
 and hauing harrowd hell didst bring away,
 captiuitie thence captiue vs to win.

This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
 and grant that we for whom thou diddest dye
 being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
 may liue for euer in felicity.

And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
 may likewise loue thee for the same againe :
 and for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,
 with loue may one another entertayne.

So let vs loue, deare loue, lyke as we ought,
 loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught.

SONNET. LXIX.

THE / famous warriors of the anticke world,
 vsed Trophees to erect in stately wize :
 in which they would the records haue enrolld,
 of theyr great deeds and valarotis emprise.

What trophée then shall I most fit deuize,
 in which I may record the memory
 of my lous conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
 adorn'd with honour, loue, and chastity.

Euen this verse vowd to eternity,
 shall be thereof immortall moniment :
 and tell her prayse to all posterity,
 that may admire such worlds rare wonderment.

The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
 gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

SONNET. LXX.

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

SONNET. LXXI.

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

SONNET. LXXII.

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

SONNET. LXXIII.

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

SONNET. LXXIV.

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

SONNET. LXXV.

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

SONNET. LXXVI.

FAYRE/bosome fraught with vertues richest trefure,
 The neast of loue, the lodging of delight :
 the bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,
 the sacred harbour of that heuently spright.
 How was I rauisht with your louely sight,
 and my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray?
 whiles diuing deepe through amorous insight,
 on the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray.
 And twixt her paps like early fruit in May,
 whose haruest seemd to hasten now apace :
 they loosely did theyr wanton winges display,
 and there to rest themselues did boldly place.
 Sweet thoughts I enuy your so happy rest,
 which oft I wisht, yet neuer was so blest.

SONNET. LXXVII.

WAS / it a dreame, or did I see it playne,
 a goodly table of pure yvory :
 all spred with iuncats, fit to entertayne,
 the greatest Prince with pompous roialty.
 Mongst which there in a siluer dish did ly,
 twoe golden apples of vnualed price :
 far passing those which Hercules came by,
 or those which Atalanta did entice.
 Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of finfull vice,
 That many sought yet none could euer taste,
 sweet fruit of pleasure brought from paradise :
 By loue himselfe and in his garden plaste.
 Her brest that table was so richly spredd,
 my thoughts the guests, which would thereon haue fedd.

SONNET. LXXVIII.

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

SONNET. LXXIX.

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

SONNET. LXXX.

AFTER / so long a race as I haue run
Through Faery land, which those six books cōpile
giue leaue to rest me, being halfe fordonne,
and gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then as a steed refreshed after toyle,
out of my prison I will breake anew :
and stoutly will that second worke affoyle,
with strong endeuour and attention dew.
Till then giue leaue to me in pleasant mew,
to sport my muse and sing my loues sweet praise :
the contemplation of whose heauenly hew,
my spirit to an higher pitch will raise.
But let her prayfes yet be low and meane,
fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET. LXXXI.

FAYRE / is my loue, when her fayre golden heares,
with the loose wynd ye wauiing chance to marke :
fayre when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fyre of loue does sparke.
Fayre when her brest lyke a rich laden barke,
with pretious merchandize she forth doth lay :
fayre whē that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
her goodly light with smiles she driues away.
But fayrest she, when so she doth display
the gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight :
through which her words so wise do make their way
to beare the message of her gentle spright,
The rest be works of natures wonderment,
but this the worke of harts astonishment.

SONNET. LXXXII.

I OY / of my life, full oft for louing you
 I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed :
 but then the more your owne mishap I rew,
 that are so much by so meane loue embased.
 For had the equall heuens so much you graced
 in this as in the rest, ye mote inuent
 fom heuently wit, whose verse could haue enchased
 your glorious name in golden monument.
 But since ye deignd so goodly to relent
 to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
 that little that I am, shall all be spent,
 in setting your immortal prayfes forth.
 Whose lofty argument vplifting me,
 shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET. LXXXIII.

M Y / hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
 still to behold the obiect of theyr payne :
 with no contentment can themselues suffize,
 but hauing pine, and hauing not complayne,
 For lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne,
 and seeing it, they gaze on it the more :
 in theyr amazement like Narcissus vayne
 whose eyes him staru'd : so plenty makes me pore.
 Yet are myne eyes so filled with the store
 of that fayre fight, that nothing else they brooke :
 but loath the things which they did like before,
 and can no more endure on them to looke.
 All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
 and all theyr showes but shadowes sauing she.

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

SONNET. LXXXIII.

LET / not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
 breake out, that may her sacred peace molest :
 ne one light glance of sensuall defyre :
 Attempt to work her gentle mindes vnrest.
 But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
 & modest thoughts breathd fro well tepred sprites
 goe visit her in her chaste bowre of rest,
 accompanyde with angelick delights.
 There fill your selfe with those most ioyous fights,
 the which my selfe could neuer yet attayne :
 but speake no word to her of these sad plights,
 which her too constant stiffnesse doth constrain.
 Onely behold her rare perfection,
 and blesse your fortunes fayre election.

SONNET. LXXXV.

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

SONNET. LXXXVI.

VENE / MOUS tounge tipt with vile adders sting,
 Of that felse kynd with which the Furies fell
 theyr snaky heads doe combe, from which a spring
 of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well.
 Let all the plagues and horrid paines, of hell,
 vpon thee fall for thyne accursed hyre :
 that with false forged lyes, which thou didst tel,
 in my true loue did stirre vp coles of yre,
 The sparkes whercof let kindle thine own fyre,
 and, catching hold on thine own wicked hed
 consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
 in my sweet peace such breaches to haue bred.
 Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward.
 dew to thy felse, that it for me prepard.

SONNET. LXXXVII.

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

SONNET. LXXXVIII.

SINCE / I haue lackt the comfort of that light,
 The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray :
 I wander as in darknesse of the night,
 affrayd of euery dangers leaft difmay.
 Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
 when others gaze vpon theyr shadowes vayne :
 but th' onely image of that heauenly ray,
 whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
 Of which beholding th' Idæa playne,
 through contemplation of my purest part :
 with light thereof I doe my selfe fustayne
 and thereon feed my loue-affamisht hart.
 But with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
 I starue my body and mine eyes doe blynd.

SONNET. LXXXIX.

LYKE / as the Culuer on the bared bough
 Sits mourning for the absence of her mate ;
 and in her songs sends many a wishfull vow,
 for his returne that seemes to linger late.
 So I alone now left disconsolate,
 mourne to my selfe the absence of my loue :
 and wandring here and there all desolate,
 seek with my playnts to match that mournful doue.
 Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,
 can comfort me, but her owne ioyous fight :
 whose sweet aspect both God and man can moue,
 in her vnspotted pleasauns to delight.
 Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
 and dead my life that wants such liuely blis.



I N / youth before I waxed old,
The blynd boy Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyue to grope for honny.
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

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

I / SAW in secret to my Dame,
How little Cupid humbly came :
and sayd to her All hayle, my mother.
But when he saw me laugh, for shame :
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
not knowing Venus from the other.
Then neuer blush Cupid (quoth I),
For many haue err'd in this beauty.

V PON / a day as loue lay sweetly flumbring,
all in his mothers lap :

A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
about him flew by hap.

Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
and saw the beaſt ſo ſmall :

Whats this (quoth he) that giues ſo great a voyce,
that wakens men withall.

In angry wize he flies about,

And threatens all with corage ſtout.

10

To / whom his mother cloſely ſmiling fayd,
twixt earneſt and twixt game :

See thou thy ſelfe likewise art lyttle made,
if thou regard the fame.

And yet thou ſuffreſt neyther gods in ſky,
nor men in earth to reſt :

But when thou art diſpoſed cruelly,
theyr ſleepe thou dooſt moleſt.

Then eyther change thy cruelty,
or giue lyke leaue vnto the fly.

20

Nath / leſſe, the cruell boy not ſo content,
would needs the fly purſue :

And in his hand with heedleſſe hardiment,
him caught for to ſubdue.

But when on it he hasty hand did lay,
the Bee him stung therefore :
Now out alasse (he cryde) and welaway,
I wounded am full fore:
The fly that I so much did scorne,
hath hurt me with his little horne.

30

Vnto / his mother straight he weeping came,
and of his grieve complayned ;
Who could not chose but laugh at his fond game,
though sad to see him pained.
Think now (quoth she) my sonne how great the smart
of those whom thou dost wound :
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
that pitty neuer found :
Therefore henceforth some pitty take,
when thou doest spoyle of louers make.

40

She / tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
and wrapt him in her smock :
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting,
that he the fly did mock.
She drest his wound and it embaulmed wel
with salve of soueraigne might :
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well
the well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
to be so bath'd in Venus blis.

50

The / wanton boy was shortly wel recured,
of that his malady:
But he soone after fresh againe enured,
his former cruelty.
And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
with his sharpe dart of loue ;
And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe,
his mothers heast to proue.
So now I languish, till he please,
my pining anguish to appease. 60

FINIS.



EPITHALAMION.



E learned sisters which haue oftentimes
beene to me ayding, others to adorne:
Whom ye thought worthy of your
gracefull rymes,
That euen the greatest did not greatly
scorne
To heare their names sung in your
simple layes,

But ioyed in their prayse.

And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment.

10

Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And hauing all your heads with girland[s] crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loues prayses to refound,
Ne let the same of any be enuide,
So Orpheus did for his owne bride,
So I vnto my selfe alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer and my Eccho ring.

EARLY / before the worlds light giuing lampe,
 His golden beame vpon the hils doth spred, 20
 Hauing disperst the nights vnchearefull dampe,
 Doe ye awake and with fresh lusty hed,
 Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
 My truest turtle doue
 Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
 And long since ready forth his maske to moue,
 With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,
 In theyr fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore and soone her dight, 30
 For lo! the wished day is come at last,
 That shall for al the paynes and sorrowes past,
 Pay to her vfury of long delight,
 And whylest she doth her dight,
 Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

BRING / with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
 both of the riuers and the forrests greene :
 and of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
 Al with gay girlands goodly wel besene. 40
 And let them also with them bring in hand,
 Another gay girland
 For my fayre loue of lillyes and of roses,
 Bound trueloue wize with a blew filke riband.
 And let them make great store of bridale poses,
 And let them eeke bring store of other flowers
 To deck the bridale bowers.
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,

Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along, 50
 And diaped lyke the discolored mead.
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
 For she will waken strait,
 The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer and your Eccho ring.

Ye / Nymphes of Mulla which with carefull heed,
 The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,
 and greedy pikes which vse therein to feed,
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell)
 And ye likewise which keepe the rushy lake, 60
 Where none doo fishes take.

Bynd vp the locks the which hang scatterd light,
 And in his waters which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the christall bright,
 That when you come whereas my loue doth lie,
 No blemish she may spie.
 And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the deere,
 That on the hoary mountayne vse to towre,
 And the wylde wolues which seeke them to deuoure,
 With your steele darts doo chace frõ comming neer 70
 Be also present heere,
 To helpe to decke her and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

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

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

The merry Larke hir mattins fings aloft, 80
 The thrush replyes, the Mauis descant playes,
 The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,
 So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
 To this dayes meriment.
 Ah my deere loue why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T'awayt the comming of your ioyous make,
 And hearken to the birds louelearned song,
 The deawy leaues among.
 For they of ioy and pleafance to you fing. 90
 That all the woods them answer & theyr eccho ring.

My / loue is now awake out of her dreame[s],
 and her fayre eyes like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
 More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
 Come now ye damzels, daughters of delight,
 Helpe quickly her to dight,
 But first come ye fayre houres which were begot
 In Ioues sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
 Which doe the seasons of the year allot, 100
 And al that euer in this world is fayre
 Do make and still repayre.
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
 The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,
 Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride
 And as ye her array, still throw betweene
 Some graces to be seene,
 And, as ye vse to Venus, to her fing,
 The whiles the woods shal answer & your eccho ring.

Now / is my loue all ready forth to come, 110
 Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
 And ye fresh boyes that tend vpon her groome
 Prepare your felues ; for he is comming strayt.
 Set all your things in seemely good aray
 Fit for fo ioyfull day,
 The ioyfulst day that euer sunne did see.
 Faire Sun, shew forth thy fauourable ray,
 And let thy lifull heat not feruent be
 For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace. 120
 O fayrest Phœbus, father of the Muse,
 If euer I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
 Doe not thy seruants fimple boone refuse,
 But let this day let this one day be myne,
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy fouerayne prayfes loud wil sing,
 That all the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

HARKE / how the Minstrels gin to shrill aloud,
 Their merry Musick that refounds from far, 130
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But most of all the Damzels doe delite,
 When they their tymbrels fmyte,
 And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
 That all the fences they doe rauish quite,
 The whyles the boyes run vp and downe the street,

Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
 As if it were one voyce.
 Hymen io Hymen, Hymen they do shout, 140
 That euen to the heauens theyr shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill,
 To which the people standing all about,
 As in approuance doe thereto applaud
 And loud aduaunce her laud,
 And euermore they Hymen Hymen sing,
 that al the woods them answer and theyr eccho ring.

LOE / where she comes along with portly pace,
 Lyke Phœbe from her chamber of the East,
 Aryfing forth to run her mighty race, 150
 Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
 So well it her befeemes that ye would weene
 Some angell she had beene.
 Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
 Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres a tweene,
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
 And being crowned with a girland greene,
 Seem lyke some mayden Queene.
 Her modest eyes abashed to behold
 So many gazers, as on her do stare, 160
 Vpon the lowly ground affixed are.
 Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
 But blush to heare her prayfes sung so loud,
 So farre from being proud.
 Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayfes sing,
 That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

l. 158, comma for period in original.

TELL / me ye merchants daughters did ye see
 So fayre a creature in your towne before,
 So fweet, so louely, and so mild as she,
 Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store, 170
 Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead yuory white,
 Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
 Her breft like to a bowle of creame vncruded,
 Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
 Her fnowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
 And all her body like a pallace fayre,
 Ascending vppe with many a stately stayre,
 To honors feat and chastities sweet bowre. 180
 Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
 Vpon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to fing,
 To which the woods did answer and your eccho ring?

BUT / if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her liuely spright,
 Garnisht with heauenly guifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that fight,
 And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
 Medusaes mazefull hed. 190
 There dwels sweet loue and constant chastity,
 Vnspotted fayth and comely womanhood,
 Regard of honour and mild modesty,
 There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
 And giueth lawes alone.

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

The which the base affections doe obay,
 And yeeld theyr seruices vnto her will,
 Ne thought of things vncomely euer may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures, 200
 And vnreuealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder and her prayfes sing,
 That al the woods should answer and your echo ring.

OPEN / the temple gates vnto my loue,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the posies adorne as doth behoue,
 And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
 For to recyue this Saynt with honour dew,
 That commeth in to you.
 With trembling steps and humble reuerence, 210
 She commeth in, before th' almighties vew,
 Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces,
 Bring her vp to th' high altar that she may,
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endlesse matrimony make ;
 And let the roring Organs loudly play
 The praifes of the Lord in liuely notes,
 The whiles with hollow throates, 220
 The Choristers the ioyous Antheme sing,
 That all the woods may answere, and their eccho ring.

l. 209, comma for period in original.

l. 219, original has period in error.

BEHOLD / whiles she before the altar stands
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes
 And blessed her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush vp in her cheekes,
 And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
 Like crimfin dyde in grayne,
 That euen th' Angels which continually,
 About the sacred Altare doe remaine, 230
 Forget their seruice and about her fly,
 Ofte peeping in her face that seemes more fayre,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes still fastened on the ground,
 Are gouerned with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
 Which may let in a little thought vnsownd.
 Why blush ye loue to giue to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band?
 Sing ye sweet Angels Alleluya sing, 240
 That all the woods may answere and your eccho ring.

Now / al is done ; bring home the bride againe,
 bring home the triumph of our victōry,
 Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
 With ioyance bring her and with iollity.
 Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
 Whom heauen would heape with blis.
 Make feast therefore now all this liue long day,
 This day for euer to me holy is,
 Poure out the wine without restraint or stay, 250

l. 237, period (.) for comma (,) of original.

l. 239, for comma of original I add ? .

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

RING / ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne, 261
 And leaue your wonted labors for this day :
 This day is holy ; doe ye write it downe,
 that ye for euer it remember may.
 This day the funne is in his chiefeft hight,
 With Barnaby the bright,
 From whence declining daily by degrees,
 He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
 When once the Crab behind his back he fees.
 But for this time it ill ordained was, 270
 To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
 And shortest night, when longest fitter weare :
 Yet neuer day so long, but late would passe.
 Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
 And bonefiers make all day,
 And daunce about them, and about them sing :
 that all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

AH / when will this long weary day haue end,
 And lende me leaue to come vnto my loue ?

How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend? 280
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers moue?
 Haft thee O fayrest Planet to thy home
 Within the Westerne fome:
 Thy tyred steedes long since haue need of rest.
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
 And the bright euening star with golden creast
 Appeare out of the East.
 Fayre childe of beauty, glorious lampe of loue
 That all the host of heauen in rankes dost lead,
 And guydest louers through the nights sad dread, 290
 How chearefully thou lookest from aboue,
 And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light
 As ioying in the fight
 Of these glad many which for ioy doe sing,
 That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

Now / ceasse ye damfels your delights forepast;
 Enough is it, that all the day was youre:
 Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast:
 Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
 The night is come, now soone her difaray, 300
 And in her bed her lay;
 Lay her in lillies and in violets,
 And filken courteins ouer her display,
 And odour sheets, and Arras couerlets,
 Behold how goodly my faire loue does ly
 In proud humility;

l. 290, 'nights sad dread' accepted from 1611 for 'nights dread' of original.

l. 304, period (.) for comma (,) of original.

Like unto Maia, when as Ioue her tooke,
 In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
 Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
 With bathing in the Acidalian brooke. 310
 Now it is night, ye damfels may be gon,
 And leaue my loue alone,
 And leaue likewise your former lay to sing :
 The woods no more shal answere, nor your echo ring.

Now / welcome night, thou night so long expected,
 that long daies labour doest at last defray,
 And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
 Haft sumd in one, and cancelled for aye :
 Spread thy broad wing ouer my loue and me,
 that no man may vs see, 320
 And in thy fable mantle vs enwrap,
 From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
 Let no false treason seeke vs to entrap,
 Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
 The safety of our ioy :
 But let the night be calme and quietfome,
 Without tempestuous storms or sad afray :
 Lyke as when Ioue with fayre Alcmena lay,
 When he begot the great Tirynthian groome :
 Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie, 330
 And begot Maiefty.
 And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing :
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor they eccho ring.

l. 310, period added for nothing of original.

LET / no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
 Be heard all night within nor yet without :
 Ne let false whifpers breeding hidden feares,
 Breake gentle sleepe with misconceiued dout.
 Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful fights,
 Make fudden sad affrights ;
 Ne let houfefyres, nor lightnings helplefs harmes, 340
 Ne let the Pouke, nor other euill fprights,
 Ne let mifchieuous witches with theyr charmes,
 Ne let hob Goblins, names whose fenfe we fee not,
 Fray vs with things that be not.
 Let not the fhriech Oule, nor the Storke be heard :
 Nor the night Rauen that ftill deadly yels,
 Nor damned ghofts cald vp with mighty fpels,
 Nor griefly vultures make vs once affeard :
 Ne let th' vnpleafant Quyre of Frogs ftill croking
 Make vs to wifh theyr choking.
 Let none of thefe theyr drery accents fmg ; 350
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

BUT / let ftill Silence trew night watches keepe,
 That facred peace may in affurance rayne,
 And tymely fleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
 May poure his limbs forth on your pleafant playne,
 The whiles an hundred little winged loues,
 Like diuers fethered doues,
 Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
 And in the fecret darke, that none reproues 360
 Their prety stealthes fhall worke, & fnares fhall fpread

l. 341, 'Pouke' = Pucke, is misprinted 'Ponke' in the original. So in
 l. 356 'poure' is misprinted 'ponre' (n for u).

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
 Conceald through couert night.
 Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will,
 For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
 Thinks more vpon her paradise of ioyes,
 Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
 All night therefore attend your merry play,
 For it will soone be day :
 Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing, 370
 Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring.

WHO / is the same, which at my window peepes ?
 Or whose is that faire face, that shines so bright,
 Is it not Cinthia, she that neuer sleepes,
 But walkes about high heauen al the night ?
 O, fayrest goddesse, do thou not enuy
 My loue with me to spy :
 For thou likewise didst loue, though now vnthought,
 And for a fleece of woll, which priuily
 The Latmian shephard once vnto thee brought, 380
 His pleasures with thee wrought.
 Therefore to vs be fauorable now ;
 And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
 And generation goodly dost enlarge,
 Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
 And the chaste wombe informe with timely seed,
 That may our comfort breed :
 Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
 Ne let the woods vs answere, nor our Eccho ring.

l. 385, 'thy'—an obvious correction of 'they' of the original.

AND / thou great Iuno, which with awful might 390
the lawes of wedlock still doth patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize :
And ceke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this louely band,
And all thy bleffings vnto us impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whose gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or stain, 400
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loues delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send vs the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou fayre Hebe, and thou Hymen free,
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing,
Ne any woods shal answer, nor your Eccho ring.

And / ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright 410
Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods :
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light ;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More than we men can fayne,
Poure out your blessing on vs plentifully,
And happy influence vpon vs raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,

Vp to your haughty pallaces may mount, 420
 And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit
 May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,
 Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
 So let vs rest, sweet loue, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing,
 The woods no more vs answer, nor our eccho ring.

SONG / made in lieu of many ornaments,
 With which my loue should duly haue been dect,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your dew time to expect, 430
 But promist both to recompens,
 Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endlesse moniment.

FINIS.

Imprinted by P. S. for Wil-
liam Ponsonby.





VI.

FOWRE HYMNS.

1596.

NOTE.

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

1. *Hymne in Honour of Love*—

l. 69, 'make' is changed in 1611 to 'made'—better not.

l. 83, a contemporary MS. correction reads 'hated' for 'hate'—accepted.

l. 122, Warton would read 'from' for 'with.'

2. *Hymne in Honour of Beautie*—

l. 158, 'will'—Dr. Morris queries 'evill,' but surely impossible. Cf. l. 155.

l. 171, 'affection'—Dr. Morris queries for 'affections' of the original 'affection'?—accepted.

l. 222, 'to'—Dr. Morris queries 'of'?—bad.

3. *Hymne of Heavenly Love*—

l. 195, 'Euen hee himselfe' from 1611 for 'Euen himselfe' of original.

4. *Hymne of Heavenly Beautie*—

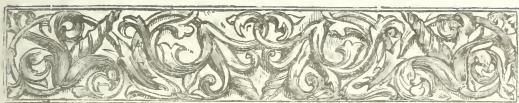
l. 121, 'Suns bright beames'—changed badly in 1611 to 'Sun bright beames,' oblivious of His title of the 'Sun of Righteousness.'

l. 165, 'And dampish'—in the original 'The dark and dampish' by inadvertent repetition from previous line.

l. 170, 'Thoufand' inserted as being dropped out in error in the original. Dr. Morris here inserts 'more bright'—very inept with 'cleare' succeeding.

l. 270, 'to paine'—1611 badly alters to 'a paine.'

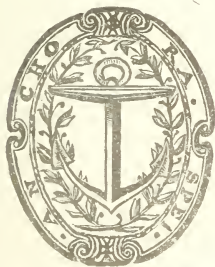
l. 294, 'on'—misprinted by reversal of letter, 'no' in the original. G.



Fovvre Hymnes,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.



LONDON,

Printed for VVilliam Ponsonby.

1596.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VER-

tuous Ladies, the Ladie Margaret Countesse
of Cumberland, and the Ladie Marie
Countesse of Warwicke.

*H*Auing in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of Loue and beantie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age & dispositiō, which being too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out ¹⁰ poyson to their strong passion, then hony to their honest delight, I was moued by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being vnable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolued at least to amend, and by way of retraction to reforme them, making in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall loue and beantie, two others of heauenly and celestiall. The which I doe dedicate ioyntly vnto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true loue and beantie, ²⁰ both in the one | and the other kinde, humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble seruice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable fauours which ye dayly shew vnto me, untill

such time as I may by better meanes yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull deuotion.

And euen so I pray for your happinesse.

Greenwich this first of September.

1596.

*Your Honors most bounden euer
in all humble seruice.*

Ed. Sp. /



AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

L Oue, that long ^since hast to thy mighty powre,
Perforce subdude my poore captiued hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doeſt tyrannize in euerie weaker part ;
Faine would I ſeeke to eaſe my bitter ſmart,
By any ſeruice I might do to thee,
Or ought that elſe might to thee pleaſing bee. 10

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

Onely I feare my wits enfeeble late,
Through the ſharpe ſorrowes, which thou haſt me bred,
Should faint, and words ſhould faile me, to relate 20
The wondrous triumphs of thy great godhed.
But if thou wouldſt vouchſafe to ouerſpred /
Me with the ſhadow of thy gentle wing,
I ſhould enabled be thy actes to ſing

Come then, o come, thou mightie God of loue,
 Out of thy filuer bowres and secret blisse,
 Where thou doest sit in *Venus* lap aboue,
 Bathing thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse,
 That sweeter farre then any Nectar is ;
 Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
 With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire. 30

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

And ye faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
 Which in the conquests of your beautie boist, 40
 Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
 But sterue their harts, that needeth nourture most,
 Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,
 And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
 Made in the honor of your Soueraigne king.

Great / god of might, that reignest in the mynd,
 And all the bodie to thy heft doest frame,
 Victōr of gods, subduer of mankynd,
 That doest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,
 Making their cruell rage thy scornefull game, 50
 And in their roring taking great delight ;
 Who can expresse the glorie of thy might ?

Or who aliue can perfectly declare,
 The wondrous cradle of thine infancie ?
 When thy great mother *Venus* first thee bare,
 Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,
 Though elder then thine owne natiuitie ;
 And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares;
 And yet the eldest of the heauenly Peares.

For ere this worlds still mouing mightie masse, 60
 Out of great *Chaos* vgly prifon crept,
 In which his goodly face long hidden was
 From heauens view, and in deepe darknesse kept,
 Loue, that had now long time securely slept
 In *Venus* lap, vnarmed then and naked,
 Gan reare his head, by *Clotho* being waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne heate,
 Kindled at first from heauens life-giuing fyre,
 He gan to moue out of his idle seate,
 VWeakely at first, but after with defyre 70
 Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hyre,
 And like fresh Eagle, make his hardie flight
 Through all that great wide waft, yet wating light. /

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
 His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
 Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray :
 Then through the world his way he gan to take,
 The world that was not till he did it make ;
 Whose fundrie parts he frō them selues did feuer,
 The which before had lyen confused euer, 80

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
Then gan to raunge them selues in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspyre
Each againt other, by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay :
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
Till Loue relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well
Their contrary dislikes with loued meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell 90
To keepe them selues within their fundrie raines,
Together linkt with Adamantine chaines ;
Yet so, as that in euery liuing wight
They mixe themselues, & shew their kindly might.

So euer since they firmly haue remained,
And duly well obserued his behest ;
Through which now all these things that are cõtained
Within this goodly cope, both most and least
Their being haue, and dayly are increast,
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre, 100
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

Thereby / they all do liue, and moued are
To multiply the likeneffe of their kynd,
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame, which they in burning fynd :
But man, that breathes a more immortall mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie.

For hauing yet in his deducted spright,
 Some sparks remaining of that heauenly fyre, 110
 He is enlumind with that goodly light,
 Vnto like goodly semblant to aspyre :
 Therefore in choice of loue, he doth defyre
 That seemes on earth most heauenly, to embrace,
 That same is Beautie, borne of heauenly race.

For fure of all, that in this mortall frame
 Contained is, nought more diuine doth seeme,
 Or that refembleth more th' immortall flame
 Of heauenly light, then Beauties glorious beame.
 What wonder then, if with such rage extreme 120
 Fraile men, whose eyes seek heauenly things to see,
 At sight thereof so much enrauisht bee ?

Which well perceiuing that imperious boy,
 Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisned darts ;
 Which glancing through the eyes with countenance coy,
 Rest not, till they haue pierst the trembling harts,
 And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
 Which suckes the blood, and drinketh vp the lyfe
 Of carefull wretches with consuming grieve. /

Thenceforth they playne, & make ful piteous mone 130
 Vnto the author of their balefull bane ;
 The daies they waste, the nights they grieue and grone,
 Their liues they loath, and heauens light disdaine ;
 No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
 Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
 They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whylft thou tyrant Loue doeft laugh & fcorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play;
Whyleft they lye languifhing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doeft triumph in their decay, 140
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doeft emmarble the proud hart of her,
Whofe loue before their life they doe prefer.

So haft thou often done (ay me the more)
To me thy vaffall, whose yet bleeding hart,
With thoufand wounds thou mangled haft fo fore
That whole remaines fcarfe any little part,
Yet to augment the anguifh of my fmart,
Thou haft enfrofen her difdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth reft. 150

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

But / if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the moft kind preferuer
Of liuing wights, the foueraine Lord of all, 160
How falles it then, that with thy furious feruour,
Thou doeft afflikt as well the not deferuer,
As him that doeth thy louely heasts defpize,
And on thy fubiefts moft doeft tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
 By so hard handling those which best thee serue,
 That ere thou doest them vnto grace restore,
 Thou mayest well trie if they will euer fwerue,
 And mayest them make it better to deserue,
 And hauing got it, may it more esteeme, 170
 For things hard gotten, men more dearely deeme.

So hard those heauenly beauties be enfyred,
 As things diuine, least passions doe impresse,
 The more of stedfast myndes to be admyred,
 The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse :
 But baseborne myndes such lamps regard the lesse,
 Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre,
 Such fancies feele no loue, but loose desyre.

For loue is Lord of truth and loialtie,
 Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust, 180
 On golden plumes vp to the purest skie,
 Aboue the reach of loathly finfull lust,
 Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
 Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen fly,
 But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly. /

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselues enure
 To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
 Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
 The flaming light of that celestiall fyre,
 Which kindleth loue in generous desyre, 190
 And makes him mount aboue the natiue might
 Of heaueie earth, vp to the heauens sight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all fordid baseness doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashon
Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell ;
Which he beholding still with constant fight,
Admires the mirrour of so heauenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit, 200
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasie,
Still full, yet neuer satisfide with it,
Like *Tantale*, that in store doth sterued ly :
So doth he pine in most satiety,
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceiued fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attaine ;
His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe, 210
In fight whereof, all other blisse seemes vaine.
Thrice happie man, might he the same possesse ;
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse.

And / though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he him selfe doth weene,
That heauens such happie grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heauenly, to haue seene,
His harts enshrined faint, his heauens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye. 220

Then forth he casts in his vnquiet thought,
 What he may do, her fauour to obtaine;
 What braue exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
 What puissant conquest, what aduenturous paine,
 M[a]y please her best, and grace vnto him gaine:
 He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
 His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
 Thou being blind, letst him not see his feares,
 But cariest him to that which he hath eyde, 230
 Through seas, through flames, through thousand swords
 and speares:
 Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
 With which thou armeest his resistlesse hand.

Witnesse *Leander*, in the Euxine waues,
 And stout *AEneas* in the Troiane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaiues,
 And *Orpheus* daring to prouoke the yre
 Of damned fiends, to get his loue retyre:
 For both through heauen & hell thou makest way, 240
 To win them worship which to thee obey. /

And if by all these perils and these paines,
 He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
 What heauens of ioy, then to himselfe he faynes,
 Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory,
 What euer ill before he did aby,
 Had it bene death, yet would he die againe,
 To liue thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest, 250
But forceth further on, and strueth still
T' approach more neare, till in her inmost brest,
He may embosomd bee, and loued best;
And yet not best, but to be lou'd alone,
For loue can not endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, ô how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine!
And to his fayning fanfie represent
Sights neuer seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine; 260
Thou that hast neuer lou'd canst not beleue,
Least part of th' euils which poore louers greeue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull shoves,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,
The fayned friends, the vnassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a louers life a wretches hell.

Yet / is there one more cursed then they all, 270
That cancker worme, that monster Gelosie,
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to miserie,
Through feare of loosing his felicitie.
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monster placed
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

By these, ô Loue, thou doest thy entrance make,
 Vnto thy heauen, and doest the more endeere,
 Thy pleasures vnto those which them partake,
 As after stormes when clouds begin to cleare, 280
 The Sunne more bright & glorious doth appeare;
 So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
 Dost beare vnto thy blisse, and heauens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradize
 Of all delight, and ioyous happie rest,
 Where they doe feede on Nectar heauenly wize,
 With *Hercules* and *Hebe*, and the rest
 Of *Venus* dearlings, through her bountie blest,
 And lie like Gods in yuorie beds arayd,
 With rose and lillies ouer them displayd. 290

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

Ay me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,
 For all the paines and woes that I endure,
 To come at length vnto the wished scope 300
 Of my desire, or might my selfe assure,
 That happie port for euer to recure.
 Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
 And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise
An heavenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Boue all the gods, thee onely honoring,
My guide, my God, my victor, and my king ;
Till then, dread Lord, vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

310

FINIS. /



AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAVTIE.

AH whither, Loue, wilt thou now carrie mee ?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee ?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,
And vp aloft aboue my strength doest rayse
The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse. 10

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

Therto do thou great Goddesse, queene of Beauty,
Mother of loue, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose fouerayne grace and kindly dewty, 20
Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly fight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy loue-kindling light,
T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne. /

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
 And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame,
 Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
 That now it waisted is with woes extreame,
 It may so please that she at length will streame
 Some dew of grace, into my withered hart, 30
 After long sorrow and consuming smart.

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

That wondrous Paterne wherefoere it bee,
 Whether in earth layd vp in secret store, 40
 Or else in heauen, that no man may it see
 With finfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
 Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore,
 Whose face and feature doth so much excell
 All mortall fence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as euery earthly thing partakes,
 Or more or lesse by influence diuine,
 So it more faire accordingly it makes,
 And the grosse matter of this earthly myne,
 Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refyne, 50
 Doing away the drosse which dims the light
 Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For / through infusion of celestiall powre,
 The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
 And life-full spirits priuily doth powre
 Through all the parts, that to the lookers fight
 They seeme to please. That is thy foueraine might,
 O *Cyprian* Queene, which flowing from the beame
 Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giueth pleasant grace 60
 To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fyre,
 Light of thy lampe, which shyning in the face,
 Thence to the foule darts amorous defyre,
 And robs the harts of those which it admyre :
 Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poyfined arrow,
 That wounds the life, & wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe ydle wits inuent,
 That beautie is nought else, but mixture made
 Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
 Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade 70
 And passe away, like to a sommers shade,
 Or that it is but comely composition
 Of parts well meafurd, with meet disposition.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
 That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,
 And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
 As nought but death can stint his dolours smart ?
 Or can proportion of the outward part,
 Moue such affection in the inward mynd,
 That it can rob both sense and reason blynd ? / 80

Why doe not then the bloffomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the fenſe moſt daintie odours yield,
Worke like impreſſion in the lookers vew?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre ſhew,
In which oftimes, we Nature ſee of Art
Exceland, in perfect limming euery part.

But ah, belecue me, there is more then ſo
That workes ſuch wonders in the minds of men.
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know ; 90
And who ſo liſt the like aſſayes to ken,
Shall find by tryall, and confeſſe it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men miſdeeme,
An outward ſhew of things, that onely ſeeme.

For that ſame goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are ſprinckled, ſhal decay,
And thoſe ſweete roſy leaues ſo fairely ſpred
Vpon the lips, ſhall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wyre, thoſe ſparckling ſtars ſo bright 100
Shall turne to duſt, and looſe their goodly light.

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

For when the foule, the which deriued was
 At first, out of that great immortall Spright, 110
 By whom all liue to loue, whilome did pas
 Downe from the top of purest heauens hight,
 To be embodied here, it then tooke light
 And liuely spirits from that fayrest starre,
 Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
 When she in fleshly feede is eft enraced,
 Through euery part she doth the same impresse,
 According as the heauens haue her graced,
 And frames her house, in which she will be placed, 120
 Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
 Of th' heauenly riches, which she robd crewhyle.

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

So euery spirit, as it is most pure, 130
 And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
 So it the fairer bodie doth procure
 To habit in, and it more fairely dight
 With chearefull grace and amiable fight.
 For of the foule the bodie forme doth take :
 For foule is forme, and doth the bodie make. /

Therefore where euer that thou doest behold
A comely corpe, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed, 140
Fit to receiue the feede of vertue strewed.
For all that faire is, is by nature good ;
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
Or through vnaptnesse in the substance fownd,
Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection. 150

And oft it falles (ay me the more to rew)
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
Is foule abusd, and that celestially hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of finne, and finners scorne ;
Whilest euery one doth seeke and sew to haue it,
But euery one doth seeke, but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that do abuse it vnto ill :
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame 160
May be corrupt, and wrested vnto will.
Nathelasse the foule is faire and beauteous still,
How euer fleshes fault is filthy make :
For things immortall no corruption take.

But / ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,
 And liuely images of heauens light,
 Let not your beames with such disparagements
 Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight,
 But mindfull still of your first countries fight,
 Doe still preferue your first informed grace, 170
 Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

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

But gentle Loue, that loiall is and trew,
 Will more illumine your resplendent ray, 180
 And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
 From light of his pure fire, which by like way
 Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display,
 Like as two mirrours by opposd reflexion,
 Doe both expresse the faces first impressiō.

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,
 It you behoues to loue, and forth to lay
 That heauenly riches, which in you ye beare,
 That men the more admyre their fountaine may,
 For else what booteth that celestiall ray, 190
 If it in darknesse be enshrined euer,
 That it of louing eyes be vewed neuer ? /

But in your choice of Loues, this well aduize,
 That likest to your selues ye them seleſt,
 The which your forms firſt ſourſe may ſympathize,
 And with like beauties parts be inly deckt :
 For if you looſely loue without reſpect,
 It is no loue, but a diſcordant warre,
 Whoſe vnlike parts amongſt themſelues do iarre.

For Loue is a celeftiall harmonie, 200
 Of likely harts compoſd of ſtarres concent,
 Which ioyne together in ſweete ſympathie,
 To worke ech others ioy and true content,
 Which they haue harbourd ſince their firſt deſcẽt
 Out of their heauenly bowres, where they did ſee
 And know ech other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
 Should in loues gentle band combyned bee,
 But thoſe whom heauen did at firſt ordaine,
 And made out of one mould the more t' agree : 210
 For all that like the beautie which they ſee,
 Streight do not loue : for loue is not ſo light,
 As ſtreight to burne at firſt beholders fight.

But they which loue indeede, looke otherwiſe,
 With pure regard and ſpotleſſe true intent,
 Drawing out of the obieſt of their eyes,
 A more refyned forme, which they preſent
 Vnto their mind, voide of all blemiſhment ;
 Which it reducing to her firſt perfection,
 Beholdeth free from fleſhes frayle infection. 220

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

Which feeling now so inly faire to be,
 As outward it appeareth to the eye,
 And with his spirits proportion to agree, 230
 He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
 And fully setteth his felicitie,
 Counting it fairer, then it is indeede,
 And yet indeede her fairenesse doth excede.

For louers eyes more sharply fighted bee
 Then other mens, and in deare loues delight
 See more then any other eyes can see,
 Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
 Which carrie priuie message to the spright,
 And to their eyes that inmost faire display, 240
 As plaine as light discouers dawning day.

Therein they see through amorous eye-glaunces,
 Armies of loues still flying too and fro,
 Which dart at them their litle fierie launces,
 Whom hauing wounded, backe againe they go,
 Carrying compassion to their louely foe ;
 Who feeling her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
 Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect. /

In which how many wonders doe they reede
 To their conceipt, that others neuer see, 250
 Now of her smiles, with which their foules they feede,
 Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
 Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee ;
 But when her words embassade forth she sends,
 Lord how sweete musicke that vnto them lends.

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold
 A thousand Graces masking in delight,
 Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold
 Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their fight
 Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night : 260
 But on her lips like rosy buds in May,
 So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

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

Then *Iö triumph*, ô great beauties Queene, 270
 Aduance the banner of thy conquest hie,
 That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
 May draw to thee, and with dew scaltie,
 Adore the powre of thy great Maiestie,
 Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
 Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In / lieu whereof graunt, ô great Soueraine,
That she whose conquering beautie doth captiue
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me giue, 280
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire *Venus* dearling, my deare dread,
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life,
Whê your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning grieffe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death. 290

FINIS. /



AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY

LOVE. *is service for beauty*

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

10

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

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warme your selues at my wide sparckling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame, 20
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame :
For who my passed follies now purfewe,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEfore / this worlds great frame, in which al things
Are now containd, found any being place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Spheres, & parts their houres by space,
That high eternall powre, which now doth moue 30
In all these things, mou'd in it selfe by loue.

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

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might, 40
Together with that third from them deriued,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright,
Whose kingdomes throne no thought of earthly wight
Can cõprehnd, much lesse my trẽbling verse
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet ô most blessed Spirit, pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisedome trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright,
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew, 50
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercie wrought. /

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
 And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get
 Things like himfelfe, and to enlarge his race,
 His fecond brood though not in powre fo great,
 Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
 An infinite increafe of Angels bright,
 All gliftring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens illimitable hight, 60
 Not this round heauē, which we frō hence behold,
 Adorn'd with thoufand lamps of burning light,
 And with ten thoufand gemmes of fhyning gold,
 He gaue as their inheritance to hold,
 That they might ferue him in eternall blis,
 And be partakers of thofe ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
 About him wait, and on his will depend,
 Either with nimble wings to cut the fkies,
 When he them on his meffages doth fend, 70
 Or on his owne dread prefence to attend,
 Where they behold the glorie of his light,
 And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night.

Both day and night is vnto them all one,
 For he his beames doth ftill to them extend,
 That darkneffe there appeareth neuer none,
 Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliffe an end,
 But there their termeleffe time in pleafure fpend,
 Ne euer fhould their happineffe decay,
 Had not they dar'd their Lord to difobay. 80

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

Th' Almighty seeing their so bold assay,
 Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
 And with his onely breath them blew away 90
 From heauens hight, to which they did aspyre,
 To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre ;
 Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
 Hating the happie light from which they fell

So that next off-spring of the Makers loue,
 Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
 Degendering to hate fell from aboue
 Through pride ; (for pride and loue may ill agree)
 And now of finne to all ensample bee :
 How then can finfull flesh in selfe assure, 100
 Sith purest Angels fell to be impure ?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,
 Still flowing forth his goodnesse vnto all,
 Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
 In his wyde Pallace, through those Angels fall,
 Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
 A new vnknown Colony therein,
 Whose root from earths base groundworke shold begin. /

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might : 110
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which he had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathed a living spright
Into his face most beautifull and faire,
Endewd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could ;
Him to be Lord of every living wight,
He made by love out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe behold : 120
For love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man forgetfull of his makers grace,
No lesse then Angels, whom he did ensue,
Fell from the hope of promise heavenly place,
Into the mouth of death to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thralldome threw :
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine,
Of neuer dead, yet ever dying paine,

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first 130
Made of mere love, and after liked well
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst,
In that deepe horror of despayred hell,
Him wretch in dole would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreme,

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
 In which he reigned with his glorious fyre,
 He downe descended, like a most demisse
 And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre, 140
 That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
 And him restore vnto that happie state,
 In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde :
 Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpas,
 Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
 But onely man himselfe, who selfe did flyde.
 So taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
 For mans deare sake he did a man become. 150

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

O huge and most vnspeakeable impressiō
 Of lous deepe wound, that pierst the piteous hart
 Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection, 160
 And sharply launching euery inner part,
 Dolours of death into his soule did dart ;
 Doing him die, that neuer it deserued,
 To free his foes, that from his heast had swerued. /

What hart can feele leaft touch of fo fore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of fo deare wound ?
Whofe bleeding fource their ftreames yet neuer ftaunch,
But ftill do flow, & frefhly ftill redound,
To heale the fores of finfull foules vnfound,
And clenfe the guilt of that infected cryme, 170
Which was enrooted in all flefhly flyme.

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

Yet nought thou ask'ft in lieu of all this loue,
But loue of vs for guerdon of thy paine. 180
Ay me ; what can vs leffe then that behoue ?
Had he required life of vs againe,
Had it beene wrong to afke his owne with gaine ?
He gaue vs life, he it reftored loft ;
Then life were leaft, that vs fo litle coft.

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,
Free that was thrall, and bleffed that was band ;
Ne ought demaunds, but that we louing bee,
As he himfelfe hath lou'd vs afore hand,
And bound therto with an eternall band, 190
Him firft to loue, that vs fo dearely bought,
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

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

Then next to loue our brethren, that were made 200
 Of that selfe mould, and that selfe makers hand,
 That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
 Where they shall haue like heritage of land,
 How euer here on higher steps we stand ;
 Which also were with selfe same price redeemed
 That we, how euer of vs light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that louing Lord
 Commaunded vs to loue them for his sake,
 Euen for his sake, and for his sacred word,
 Which in his last bequest he to vs spake, 210
 We should them loue, & with their needs partake ;
 Knowing that whatsoere to them we giue,
 We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his most holy reede
 Vnto vs taught, and to approue it trew,
 Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,
 Shewing vs mercie miserable crew,
 That we the like should to the wretches shew,
 And loue our brethren ; thereby to approue,
 How much himselfe that loued vs, we loue. / 220

Then rouze thy felfe, ô earth, out of thy foyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy fwyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,
Vnmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne ;
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
That thou his foueraine bountie mayst behold,
And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was
In fimple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylefull Oxe and humble Ass, 230
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,
When him the silly Shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest Princes fought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his vnfaultry wayes,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his pouertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all, 240
Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last how of most wretched wights,
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,
How with most scornfull taunts, & fell despights
He was reuyld, disgraft, and foule abused,
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how brused ;
And lastly how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet & fyde.

Then / let thy flinty hart that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorfe, 250
And let thy bowels bleede in euery vaine,
At fight of his moſt ſacred heauenly corſe,
So torne and mangled with malicious forſe,
And let thy ſoule, whoſe fins his ſorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With fence whereof whileſt ſo thy ſoftened ſpirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endleſſe merit,
Liſt vp thy mind to th' author of thy weale,
And to his ſoueraine mercie doe appeale; 260
Learne him to loue, that loued thee ſo deare,
And in thy breſt his bleſſed image beare.

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

Then ſhalt thou feele thy ſpirit ſo poſſeſt, 270
And rauisht with deuouring great deſire
Of his deare ſelfe, that ſhall thy feeble breſt
Inflame with loue, and ſet thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou ſhalt deligh,
But in his ſweet and amiable fight. /

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and droffe in thy pure sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze, 280
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes and luming the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee
With heauely thoughts, farre aboue humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' Idee of his pure glorie present still,
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enragement of celestiall loue,
Kindled through sight of those faire things aboue. 290

FINIS.



AN / HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAVTIE.

RApt with the rage of mine own rauisht thought,
Through cõtemplation of those goodly fights,
And glorious images in heauen wrought,
Whose wõdrous beauty breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle loue in high conceived sprights :
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold. 10

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

That with the glorie of so goodly fight,
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight, 20
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselues vp hyer,
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewty
Th' eternall fountaine of that heauenly beauty. /

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
 Of this base world, subiect to fleshly eye,
 From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
 To contemplation of th' immortall sky,
 Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly,
 That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath, 30
 Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke who list, thy gazefull eyes to feed
 With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
 Of this wyde *uniuerse*, and therein reed
 The endlesse kinds of creatures, which by name
 Thou câst not couët, much lesse their natures aime :
 All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
 And all with admirable beautie deckt.

Firſt th' Earth, on adamantine pillars founded,
 Amid the Sea engirt with braſen bands ; 40
 Then th' Aire ſtill flitting, but yet firmly bounded
 On euerie ſide, with pyles of flaming brands,
 Neuer conſum'd nor quencht with mortall hands ;
 And laſt, that mightie ſhining chriſtall wall,
 Wherewith he had encompaſſed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,
 That ſtill as euery thing doth vpward tend,
 And further is from earth, ſo ſtill more cleare
 And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
 Of pureſt beautie, it at laſt aſcend : 50
 Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
 And heauen then fire appeares more pure & fayre.

Looke / thou no further, but affixe thine eye,
 On that bright shynie round still mouing Masse,
 The house of blessed Gods, which men call *Skye*,
 All fowd with gliftring stars more thicke thē grasse,
 Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe ;
 But those two most, which ruling night and day,
 As King and Queene, the heauens Empire sway.

And tell me then, what hast thou euer seene, 60
 That to their beautie may compared bee,
 Or can the fight that is most sharpe and keene,
 Endure their Captains flaming head to see ?
 How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
 And so much fairer, and much more then these,
 As these are fairer then the land and seas ?

For farre aboue these heauens which here we see,
 Be others farre exceeding these in light,
 Not bounded, not corrupt, as these fame bee,
 But infinite in largenesse and in hight, 70
 Vnmouing, vncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
 That need no Sunne t' illuminate their sphares,
 But their owne natieue light farre passing theirs.

And as these heauens still by degrees arize,
 Vntill they come to their first Mouers bound,
 That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
 And carrie all the rest with him around,
 So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
 And rise more faire, till they at last ariue
 To the most faire, whereto they all do striue. / 80

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

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raine
 The foucraine *Powres* and mightie *Potentates*,
 Which in their high protections doe containe 90
 All mortall Princes, and imperiall States ;
 And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
 And heauenly *Dominations* are set,
 From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright *Cherubins*,
 Which all with golden wings are ouerdight,
 And those eternall burning *Seraphins*,
 Which from their faces dart out fierie light ;
 Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
 Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend 100
 On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
 As to the Highest they approach more neare,
 Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
 Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
 Though all their beauties ioynd together were :
 How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse,
 The image of such endlesse perfectnesse ?

Cease / then my tongue, and lend vnto my mynd
Leaue to bethinke how great that beautie is, 110
Whose vtmost parts so beautifull I fynd,
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wisedome, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himselfe a fight.

Those vnto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking glasse, through which he may
Be seene, of all his creatures vile and base,
That are vnable else to see his face, 120
His glorious face which glistereth else so bright,
That th' Angels felues can not endure his fight.

But we fraile wights, whose fight cannot sustaine
The Suns bright beames, whē he on vs doth shyne,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Maiestie diuine,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his least resplendent sparke ?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent, 130
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To reade enregistred in euery nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare,
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire. /

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
 To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
 Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
 From this darke world, whose dampes the foule do blynd,
 And like the natiue brood of Eagles kynd, 141
 On that bright Sunne of glorie fixe thine eyes,
 Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities,

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,
 Before the footestoole of his Maiestie,
 Throw thy selfe downe with trembling innocence,
 Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,
 On the dred face of that great *Deity*,
 For feare, lest if he chaunce to looke on thee,
 Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be. 150

But lowly fall before his mercie feate,
 Close couered with the Lambes integrity,
 From the iust wrath of his auengefull threate,
 That fits vpon the righteous throne on hy :
 His throne is built vpon Eternity,
 More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
 Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His sceptor is the rod of Righteoufnesse,
 With which he brufeth all his foes to dust,
 And the great Dragon strongly doth repressse, 160
 Vnder the rigour of his iudgement iust ;
 His feate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust ;
 Frō whence proceed her beames so pure & bright,
 That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light / farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke,
 Which darted is from *Titans* flaming head,
 That with his beames enlumineth the darke
 And dampish aire, wherby al things are red :
 Whose nature yet so much is maruelled
 Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze 170
 The greatest wifards, which thereon do gaze.

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

With the great glorie of that wondrous light,
 His throne is all encompassed around, 180
 And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
 Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnfound :
 And vnderneath his feet are to be found,
 Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
 The instruments of his auenging yre.

There in his bosome *Sapience* doth fit, *Hyperborean Beauty*
 The soueraine dearling of the *Deity*, *Hymeneus*
 Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
 For so great powre and peerelesse maiesty.
 And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously 190
 Adorn'd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
 And make her natiue brightnes seem more cleare. /

*Celestial beauty is aspect of soul to
 divine presence*

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
 Is set, in signe of highest soueraignty,
 And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
 With which she rules the house of God on hy,
 And menageth the euer-mouing sky,
 And in the same these lower creatures all,
 Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will, 200
 And all the creatures which they both containe :
 For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill,
 They all partake, and do in state remaine,
 As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
 Through obseruation of her high behest,
 By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell,
 For she the daughters of all wemens race,
 And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
 Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face, 210
 And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
 That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
 Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
 Which pictured *Venus* with so curious quill,
 That all posteritie admyred it,
 Haue purtrayd this, for all his maistring skill ;
 Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
 And were as faire, as fabling wits do fayne,
 Could once come neare this beauty souerayne. 220

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

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,
 Prefume to picture so diuine a wight,
 Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part, 230
 Whose beautie filles the heauens with her light,
 And darkes the earth with shadow of her fight ?
 Ah gentle Muse thou art too weake and faint,
 The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels which her goodly face behold
 And see at will, her soueraigne praises sing,
 And those most sacred mysteries vnfold,
 Of that faire loue of mightie heauens king.
 Enough is me t' admyre so heauenly thing.
 And being thus with her huge loue possesst, 240
 In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But who so may, thrise happie man him hold,
 Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
 And lets his owne Beloued to behold :
 For in the view of her celestially face,
 All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse haue place,
 Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,
 Who of her selfe can win the wishfull fight. /

For she out of her secret threasury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre, 250
Euen heauenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chafest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her prefence to receaue,
And letteth them her louely face to see,
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceaue, 260
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereaue
Their soule of sence, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

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

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sence, 270
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine,
But all that earst seemd sweet, seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst, now seemes to paine,
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see,
All other fights but fayned shadowes bee.

And / that faire lampe, which vfeth to enflame
 The hearts of men with felfe confuming fyre,
 Thenceforth seemes fowle, & full of finfull blame ;
 And all that pompe, to which proud minds aspyre 280
 By name of honor, and fo much defyre,
 Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
 And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
 And senses fraught with such satietie,
 That in nought else on earth they can delight,
 But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
 Which they haue written in their inward ey ;
 On which they feed, and in their fastened mynd
 All happie ioy and full contentment fynd. 290

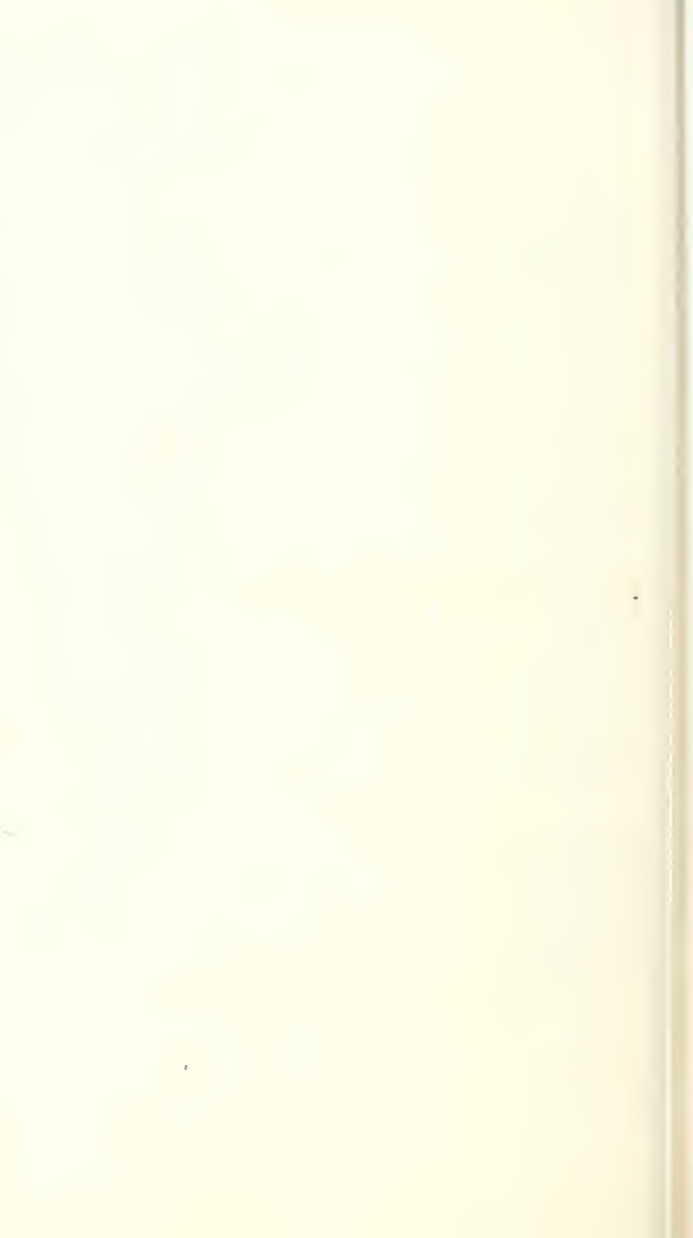
Ah then my hungry foule, which long hast fed
 On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
 And with false beauties flattring bait misled,
 Hast after vaine deceiptfull shadowes fought,
 Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,
 But late repentance through thy follies prief ;
 Ah cease to gaze on matter of thy grief.

And looke at last vp to that foueraine light,
 From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs,
 That kindleth loue in euery godly spright, 300
 Euen the loue of God, which loathing brings
 Of this vile world, and these gay seeming things ;
 With whose sweete pleasures being so posselt,
 Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest. /

IV.

13

*Final verse of soul to God
 Sap. - one of the 13th stanzas
 I know the beauty of soul
 Intell. attempt to show how beauty is lost
 W. H. L.*



VII.

PROTHALAMION.

1596.

NOTE.

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

Prothalamion

Or

A Spoufall Verfe made by

Edm. Spenser.

IN HONOVVR OF THE DOV-

ble mariage of the two Honorable & vertuous

Ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth and the Ladie Katherine

Somerfet, Daughters to the Right Honourable the

Earle of *Worcester* and espoused to the two worthie

Gentlemen M. *Henry Gilford*, and

M. *William Peter Esquyers*.



AT LONDON.

Printed for *William Ponsonby*.

1596.



I

Prothalamion.



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

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



*Prothalamion.*

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





3

Prothalamion.

With / that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe,
 Come softly swimming downe along the Lee ;
 Two fairer Birds I yet did neuer see :
 The snow which doth the top of *Pindus* strew,
 Did neuer whiter shew,
 Nor *Joue* himselfe when he a Swan would be
 For loue of *Leda*, whiter did appeare :
 Yet *Leda* was they say as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare ;
 So purely white they were,
 That euen the gentle streame, the which them bare,
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
 To wet their filken feathers, least they might
 Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
 And marre their beauties bright,
 That shone as heauens light,
 Against their Brydale day, which was not long :
 Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.



*Prothalamion.*

Eftfoones / the *Nymphes*, which now had Flowers their fill,
Ran all in hafte, to fee that filuer brood,
As they came floating on the Chrifal Flood :
Whom when they fawe, they ftood amazed fill,
Their wondring eyes to fill :
Them feem'd they neuer faw a fight fo fayre,
Of Fowles fo louely, that they fure did deeme
Them heauenly borne, or to be that fame payre
Which through the Skie draw *Venus* filuer Teeme :
For fure they did not feeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels or of Angels breede:
Yet were they bred of *Somers-heat* they fay,
In fweeteft Seafon, when each Flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray :
So fresh they feem'd as day,
Euen as their Brydale day, which was not long :
Sweete *Themmes* runne foftly till I end my Song.



*Prothalamion.*

Then / forth they all out of their baskets drew,
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
All which vpon those goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waues did strew,
That like old *Peneus* Waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant *Tempes* shore
Scattered with Flowres, through *Theffaly* they streeme,
That they appeare through Lillies plenteous store,
Like a Brydes Chamber flore :
Two of those *Nymphes*, meane while, two Garlands bound,
Of freshest Flowres which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whi'ft one did sing this Lay.
Prepar'd against that Day,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long :
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly till I end my Song.



*Prothalamion.*

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



*Prothalamion.*

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



*Prothalamion.*

At / length they all to mery *London* came,
To mery *London*, my most kyndly Nurse,
That to me gaue, this Lifes first natiue fourse :
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.
There when they came, wheras those bricky towres,
The which on *Themmes* brode aged backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious Lawyers haue their bowers
That whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride :
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well, now feeles my freendles case :
But Ah here fits not well
Olde woes, but ioyes to tell
Against the bridale daye which is not long :
 Sweete *Themmes* runne softly till I end my Song.



*Prothalamion.*

Yet / therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
Great *Englands* glory and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name, late through all *Spaine* did thunder.
And *Hercules* two pillors standing neere,
Did make to quake and feare :
Faire branch of Honor, flower of Cheualrie,
That fillest *England* with thy triumphes fame,
Ioy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happineffe of thine owne name
That promiseth the fame :
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes,
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes :
And great *Elifaes* glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide Alarmes,
Which some braue muse may sing
To ages following,
Vpon the Brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweete *Themmes* runne softly till I end my Song.



*Prothalamion.*

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

FINIS. /

VIII.

ASTROPHEL, ETC.

1596.

NOTE.

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

'Colin Clovts come home again.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

In 'The Mourning Muse of Thes-

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

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

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

G.



ASTROPHEL.

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

Dedicated

*To the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Countesse
of Effex.*







Astrophel.

*S*hepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loues concealed smart :
And with your piteous layes haue learnd to breed
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart.
Hearken ye gentle shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your complaints emong.

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

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

A Gentle Shepheard borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore :
About / the grassie bancks of *Hæmony*,
Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store.

Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields, and *Astrophel* he hight.

Young *Astrophel* the pride of shepheards praise,
Young *Astrophel* the rusticke lasses loue :
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shephard might behoue. 10
In one thing onely sayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

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

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle vface and demeanure myld : 20
That all mens hearts with secret rauishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld.
Ne spight it selfe that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall :
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There / was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When *Astrophel* so euer was away. 30

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll fweet,
 Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast :
 As Somers larke that with her song doth greet,
 The dawning day forth comming from the East.
 And layes of loue he also could compose,
 Thrife happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
 Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
 Or make for them as he was wont to doo,
 For her that did his heart with loue inflame. 40
 For which they promised to dight for him,
 Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

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

But he for none of them did care a whit,
 Yet wood Gods for them oft[en] fighed fore : 50
 Ne for their gifts vnworthie of his wit,
 Yet not vnworthie of the countries store.
 For one alone he cared, for one he fight,
 His lifes desire, and his deare loues delight.

Stella / the faire, the fairest star in skie,
 As faire as *Venus* or the fairest faire :
 A fairer star saw neuer liuing eie,
 Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.

Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his fongs were all vpō her. 60

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

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine (yet verses are not vaine)
But with braue deeds to her sole seruice vowed,
And bold achievements her did entertaine. 70
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas).

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

Befides, in hunting such felicitie,
Or rather infelicitie he found : 80
That / euery field and forest far away,
He fought, where saluage beasts do most abound.
No beast so saluage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with such courage as he had,
 Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise :
 To seek abroad, of daunger nought y'drad,
 His mistresse name, and his owne fame to raise.
 What need[eth] perill to be fought abroad,
 Since round about vs, it doth make abroad ? 90

It fortun'd as he, that perilous game
 In forreine soyle pursued far away :
 Into a forest wide, and waste he came
 Where store he heard to be of saluage pray.
 So wide a forest and so waste as this,
 Nor famous *Ardeyn*, nor fowle *Arlo* is.

There his welwouen toyles and subtil traines,
 He laid the brutish nation to enwrap :
 So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
 That he of them great troupes did soone entrap. 100
 Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
 So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
 Full greedily into the heard he thrust :
 To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
 Least that his toyle should of their troupes be brust.
 Wide / wounds emongst them many one he made,
 Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
 That none might scape (so partiall vnto none) 110
 Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
 As to become vnmyndfull of his owne.

But pardon that vnto the cruell skies,
That from himfelfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongft that beaftly rout,
A cruell beaft of moft accursed brood :
Vpon him turnd (despeyre makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with fo mischieuous might,
That it both bone and muscles ryued quight. 120

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And fo huge streames of blood thereout did flow :
That he endured not the direfull ffound,
But on the cold deare earth himfelfe did throw.
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,
And hauing none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom aliue was nought fo deare as hee :
And ye faire Mayds the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee ? 130
Ah where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed ?

Ah / wretched boy the shape of dreryhead,
And sad enfample of mans fuddein end :
Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Vnpitied, vnplaynd, of foe or frend.
Whileft none is nigh, thine eylids vp to close,
And kiffe thy lips like faded leaues of rose.
A sort of shepheards sewing of the chace,
As they the forest raunged on a day : 140

By fate or fortune came vnto the place,
Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay.
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thether led.

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

150

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

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As Sunny beames in fairest somers day :
She / fierly tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away.
And her faire brest the threasury of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

160

His palled face impietured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft :
And with sweet kisses suckt the waisting breath,
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
 And piteous mone the which she for him made : 170
 No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
 But he whose heart like sorrow did inuade.
 At last when paine his vitall powres had spent,
 His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
 But after him did make vntimely haste:
 Forth with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
 And followed her make like Turtle chaste.
 To proue that death their hearts cannot diuide,
 Which liuing were in loue so firmly tide. 180

The Gods which all things see, this same beheld,
 And pittying this paire of louers trew :
 Transformed them there lying on the field,
 Into one flowre that is both red and blew.
 It / first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
 Like *Astrophel*, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
 As fairly formd as any star in fkyes :
 Resembling *Stella* in her freshest yeares,
 Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes, 190
 And all the day it standeth full of deow,
 Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.
 That hearbe of some, Starlight is cald by name,
 Of others *Penthia*, though not so well :
 But thou where euer thou doest finde the same,
 From this day forth do call it *Astrophel*.

And when so euer thou it vp doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards fake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loued him full deare : 200
And sure full deare of all he loued was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And euery one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great grieve opprest :
And euery one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his forrow best.
That from that houre since first on grassie greene,
Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning seen. 210

But / first his sifter that *Clorinda* hight,
The gentlest shepheardeesse that liues this day :
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
In fort as she it sung, I will rehearse. /





AY me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient grieve?
Or where shall I vnfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?
Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it shew?
Or vnto earthly men that dwell below?

To heauens? ah they alas the authors were,
And workers of my vnremedied wo:
For they foresee what to vs happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be fo. 10
From them comes good, from them comes also il,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

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

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none aliue like sorrowfull remains: 20
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their vfury with doubled paines.
The woods, the hills, the riuers shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.





VVoods, / hills and riuers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace :
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
The fairest flowre in field that euer grew,
VVas *Astrophel* ; that was, we all may rew. 30

VVhat cruell hand of curfed foe vnknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre ?
Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in vntimely howre.
Great losse to all that euer [did] him see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee.

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adorn'd, is gon :
The flowre, which them adorn'd, is gone to ashes,
Neuer againe let lasse put gyrlond on. 40
In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres nowe,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne euer fing the loue-layes which he made :
VVho euer made such layes of loue as hee ?
Ne euer read the riddles, which he sayd
Vnto your selues, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alasse is dead.





Death / the deuourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you and reft fro me my ioy : 50
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left fad annoy.
Ioy of the world, and fhepheards pride was hee,
Shepheards hope neuer like againe to fee.

Oh death that haft vs of fuch riches reft,
Tell vs at leaft, what haft thou with it done ?
VVhat is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the fhadow of his likenefse gone.
Scarfe like the fhadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a fhade did pas. 60

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

Ah no : it is not dead, ne can it die,
But liues for aie, in bliffull Paradife :
VVhere like a new-borne babe it foft doth lie.
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wife. 70
And compaft all about with rofes sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet.





There / thousand birds all of celestiall brood,
To him do sweetly caroll day and night :
And with straunge notes, of him well vnderstood,
Lull him a sleep in Angelick delight ;

Whileft in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But ne them fees and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their diuine aspects, appearing plaine, 80
And kindling loue in him aboue all measure,
Sweet loue still ioyous, neuer feeling paine.

For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enjoy from iealous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlasting blis,
Sweet spirit neuer fearing more to die :
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing saluage beafts more crueltie.
Whilest we here wretches waile his priuate lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back. 90

But liue thou there still happie, happie spirit,
And giue vs leaue thee here thus to lament :
Not thee that doest thy heauens ioy inherit,
But our owne felues that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.



Which / when she ended had, another swaine
 Of gentle wit and daintie sweet deuce :
 Whom *Astrophel* full deare did entertaine,
 Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price, 100
 Hight *Thestylis*, began his mournfull tourne,
 And made the *Muses* in his song to mourne.

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

The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

|| C Ome forth ye Nymphes come forth, forsake you[r]
 watry bowres,
 Forsake your mossy caues, and help me to lament :
 Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
 Of *Liffies* tumbling streames : Come let salt teares of ours,
 Mix with his waters fresh. O come let one consent
 Ioyne vs to mournewith wailfull plaints the deadly wound
 Which fatall clap hath made; decreed by higher powres.
 The dreery day in which they have from vs yrent
 The noblest plant that might from East to West be found.
 Mourne, mourn, great *Philips* fall, mourn we his wofull end, 10
 Whom spitefull death hath pluckt vntimely from the tree,
 Whiles yet his yeares in flowre, did promise worthie frute.
 Ahdreadful *Mars* why didst thou not thy knight defend?
 What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours hath moued thee
 Of such a shining light to leaue vs destitute?

Tho with benigne aspect sometime didst vs behold,
 Thou / haft in Britons valour tane delight of old,
 And with thy prefence oft vouchsaf't to attribute
 Fame and renowme to vs for glorious martiall deeds.
 But now thy ireful bemes haue chill'd our harts with cold, 20
 Thou haft estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our land :
 Farre off to others now, thy fauour honour breeds,
 And high disdain'doth cause thee shun our clime (I feare)
 For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at hand,
 Thou wouldst haue heard the cry that woful Englād made,
 Eke *Zelands* piteous plaints, and *Hollands* toren heare
 Would haply haue appeaf'd thy diuine angry mynd :
 Thou shouldst haue seen the trees refuse to yeeld their shade
 And wailing to let fall the honour of their head,
 And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their kinde: 30
 Vp from his tombe the mightie *Corineus* rose,
 Who curfing oft the fates that this mishap had bred,
 His hoary locks he tare, calling the heauens vnkinde.
 The *Thames* was heard to roare, the *Reyne* and eke the *Mose*,
 The *Schald*, the *Danow* felse this great mischance did rue,
 With torment and with grief; their fountains pure & cleere
 Were troubled, & with swelling flouds declar'd their woes.
 The *Muses* comfortles, the Nymphs with paled hue,
 The *Siluan* Gods likewise came running farre and neere,
 And all with teares bedeawd, and eyes cast vp on hie, 40
 O help, O help ye Gods, they ghastly gan to crie.
 O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,
 And graunt that natures course may measure out his age.
 The beasts their foode forfooke, and trembling fearfully,
 Each sought his caue or den, this cry did them so fright.
 Out from amid the waues, by storme then stirr'd to rage
 This crie did cause to rise th' old father *Ocean* hoare,

Who graue with eld, and full of maiestie in fight,
 Spake in this wise. Refrain (quoth he) your teares & plaints,
 Cease these your idle words, make vaine requests no more. 50
 No humble speech nor mone, may moue the fixed stint
 Of destinie or death: Such is his will that paints
 The earth with colours fresh; the darkest skies with store
 Of starry lights: And though your teares a hart of flint
 Might tender make, yet nought herein they will preuaile.

Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to feele
 His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell dint
 Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
 With eyes lift vp to heav'n, and courage franke as steele,
 With cheerfull face, where valour liuely was exprest, 60
 But humble mynd he said. O Lord if ought this fraile
 And earthly carcassee haue thy seruice fought t' aduaunce,
 If my desire haue bene still to relieue th' opprest:
 If Iustice to maintaine that valour I haue spent
 Which thou me gau'st; or if henceforth I might aduaunce
 Thyname, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou think best,
 Forbeare these vnripe yeares. But if thy will be bent,
 If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set,
 Through pure and seruent faith, I hope now to be plapt,
 In th' euerlasting blis, which with thy precious blood 70
 Thou purchase didst for vs. With that a sigh he fet,
 And straight a cloudie mist his fences ouercast,
 His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud
 Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,
 VVhich languisheth being shred by culter as it past.
 A trembling chilly cold ran throgth their veines, which were
 VVith eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre,
 VVhose blustering fighes at first their forrow did declare,
 Next, murmuring ensude; at last they not forbear

Plaine outcries, all againſt the heau'[n]s that enuiouſly 80
 Depriu'd / vs of a ſpright ſo perfect and ſo rare.
 The Sun his lightſom beames did ſhrowd, and hide his face
 For grieſe, whereby the earth feard night eternally :
 The mountaines eachwhere ſhooke, the riuers turn'd their
 ſtreames,

And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apace :
 And griſly ghoſts by night were ſeene, and fierie gleames,
 Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did ſeeme
 To rent the ſkies, and made both man and beaſt aſeard:
 The birds of ill preſage this luckleſſe chance foretold,
 By dernfull noiſe, and dogs with howling made man deeme 90
 Some miſchief was at hand : for ſuch they do eſteeme
 As tokens of miſhap, and ſo haue done of old.

Ah that thou hadſt but heard his louely *Stella* plaine
 Her greeuous loſſe, or ſeene her heauie mourning cheere,
 While ſhe with woe oppreſt, her ſorrowes did vnfold.
 Her haire hung loſe neglect, about her ſhoulders twaine,
 And from thoſe two bright ſtarres, to him ſometimes ſodeere
 Her heart ſent drops of pearle, which fell in foyſon downe
 Twixt lilly and therofe. She wroong her hands with paine,
 And piteouſly gan ſay, My true and faithfull pheere, 100
 Alas and woe is me, why ſhould my fortune frowne
 On me thus frowardly to rob me of my ioy ?
 What cruell enuious hand hath taken thee away,
 And with thee my content, my comfort and my ſtay ?
 Thou onelie waſt the caſe of trouble and annoy,
 When they did me aſſaile, in thee my hopes did reſt.
 Alas what now is left but grief, that night and day
 Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage
 Torments ten thouſand waies my miſerable breſt ?
 O greedie enuious heau'n what needed thee to haue 110

Enricht with such a Iewell this vnhappie age,
 To take it back againe so foone? Alas when shall (graue
 Mine / eies see ought that may content them, since thy
 My onely treasure hides the ioyes of my poore hart?
 As here with thee on earth I liv'd, euen so equall
 Me thinkes it were with thee in heau'n I did abide:
 And as our troubles all we on earth did part,
 So reason would that there of thy most happie state
 I had my share. Alas if thou my trustie guide
 Were wont to be, how canst thou leaue me thus alone 120
 In darknesse and astray; weake, wearie, desolate,
 Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
 Me with thee, to the place of rest where thou art gone.
 This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her toong;
 And instead of more words, seemd that her eies a lake
 Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously therefro:
 And with her fobsand fighs, th'aire round about her roong.

If *Venus* when she waild her deare *Adonis* slaine,
 Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
 His noble sisters plaints, her fighes and teares emong, 130
 Would sure haue made thee milde, and inly rue her paine:
Aurora halfe so faire, her selfe did neuer show,
 When from old *Tithons* bed, shee weeping did arise.
 The blinded archer-boy, like larke in showre of raine
 Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
 Vnder those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eies,
 And at their brightest beames him proynd in louely wife.
 Yet forie for her grief, which he could not amend,
 The getle boy gā wipe her eies, & clear those lights,
 Those lights through which, his glory and his conquests
 shine.

The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of gold,

Along her yuorie brest the treasure of delights.
 All things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline,
 The trees, the hills, the dales, the caues, the stones so cold.
 The/airedid help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine and
 Forbearing many a day to cleare it felfe againe, (mist,
 Which made them eftsoones feare the daies of *Pirrhæ* shold,
 Of creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds vntwist.
 For *Phæbus* glad some raies were wished for in vaine,
 And with her quiuering light *Latonas* daughter faire, 150
 And *Charles-waine* eke refus'd to be the shipmans guide.
 On *Neptune* warre was made by *Aeolus* and his traine,
 Who letting loose the winds, toft and tormented th' aire,
 So that on eu'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
 Or else were swallowed vp in open sea with waues,
 And such as came to shoare, were beaten with despaire.
 The Medwaies siluer streames, that wont so still to slide,
 Were troubled now & wrothe : whose hiddē hollow caues
 Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans eye,
 Ay *Phillip* did resownd, aie *Phillip* they did crie. 160
 His Nymphs were seen no more (thogh custom still it craues)
 With haire spred to the wynd themselues to bath or sport,
 Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly
 The pleasant daintie fish to entangle or deceiue.
 The shepheards left their wonted places of resort,
 Their bagpipes now were still ; their louing mery layes
 Were quite forgot ; and now their flocks, mē might perceiue
 To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect.
 And in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and dayes
 Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints & mone. 170
 But thou (O blessed soule) dost haply not respect,
 These teares we shed, though full of louing pure affect,
 Hauing affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,

Where full of maiestie the high creator reignes.
 In whose bright shining face thy ioyes are all complete,
 Whoselouekindles thy spright; where happie alwaies one,
 Thou / liu'ft in blis that earthly passion neuer stains;
 Where from the purest spring the sacred *Nectar* sweete
 Is thy continuall drinke: where thou doest gather now
 Of well employed life, th' inestimable gaines. 180
 There *Venus* on thee smiles, *Apollo* giues thee place,
 And *Mars* in reuerent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
 And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
 In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
 A chaire of golde he setts to thee, and there doth tell
 Thy noble acts arew, whereby euen they that boast
 Themselues of auncient fame, as *Pirrhus*, *Hanniball*,
Scipio and *Cæsar*, with the rest that did excell
 In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do admire.

All haile therefore. O worthie *Phillip* immortall, 190
 The flowre of *Sydneys* race, the honour of thy name,
 Whose worthie praise to sing, my *Muses* not aspire,
 But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall,
 Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide thy fame
 Extend, that enuies rage, nor time might end the fame.

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

Lycon. Colin.

C *Olin*, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
 This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
 This great mishap, this greeuous losse of owres.
 Hear'ft thou the *Orown*? how with hollow fownd
 He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
 And seemes to say vnto the fading flowres,

Along his banks, vnto the bared trees ;
Phyllifides is dead. Vp iolly fwaine,
 Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
 Help/him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freefe, 10
 Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
 Sure would I beare, though rude : But as I may,
 With sobs and fighes I second will thy song,
 And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

Colin. Ah *Lycon*, *Lycon*, what need skill, to teach
 A griued mynd powre forth his plaints ? how long
 Hath the pore Turtle gon to school (weenest thou)
 To learne to mourne her lost make ? No, no, each
 Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
 Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now ? 20
 Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
 In doleful sound. Like him, not one doth faile
 With hanging head to shew a heauie cheare.
 What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes
 Himselfe of late ? did any cheerfull note
 Come to thine eares, or gladfome sight appeare
 Vnto thine eies, since that same fatall howre ?
 Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
 And testfied his grief with flowing teares ?
 Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre 30
 Doth vs inuite to make a sad confort ;
 Come let vs ioyne our mournfull song with theirs.
 Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce
 Thy voice, and *Eccho* will our words report.

Lyc. Though my rude rymes, ill with thy verses frame,
 That others farre excell ; yet will I force
 My selfe to answere thee the best I can,
 And honor my base words with his high name.

But if my plaints annoy thee where thou fit
 In secret shade or cave ; vouchsafe (O *Pan*) 40
 To pardon me, and here this hard constraint
 With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
 And / eke ye rurall *Muses*, that do dwell
 In these wilde woods ; If euer piteous plaint
 We did endite, or taught a wofull minde
 VVith words of pure affect, his grieve to tell,
 Instruct me now. Now *Colin* then goe on,
 And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.
Colin. *Phillisides* is dead. O harmfull death,
 O deadly harme. Vnhappie *Albion* 50
 VVhen shalt thou see emong thy shepheards all,
 Any so sage, so perfect ? VVhom vneath
 Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill ;
 Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
 Behold the sacred *Pales*, where with haire
 Vntrust she fitts, in shade of yonder hill.
 And her faire face bent sadly downe, doth send
 A flood of teares to bathe the earth ; and there
 Doth call the heau'ns despightfull, enuious,
 Cruell his fate, that made so short an end 60
 Of that same life, well worthie to haue bene
 Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.
 The Nymphs and *Oreades* her round about
 Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene ;
 And with shrill cries, beating their whitest brests,
 Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
 To giue the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
 That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
 The pleasant shade of stately groues they shun ; 69
 They leaue their cristall springs, where they wont frame

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

Lyc. *Phillisides* is dead. O dolefull ryme.
 Why should my toong expresse thee? who is left
 Now to vphold thy hopes, when they do faint, 80
Lycon vnfortunate? What spitefull fate,
 What lucklesse destinie hath thee bereft
 Of thy chief comfort; of thy onely stay?
 Where is become thy wonted happie state,
 (Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,
 Through pleasant woods, and many an vnknowne way,
 Along the banks of many filuer streames,
 Thou with him yodest; and with him didst scale
 The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and *Appenine*?
 Still with the *Muses* sporting, while those beames 90
 Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
 Which after did so glorioufly forth shine?
 But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
 All suddeinly, and death hath them opprest.
 Loe father *Neptune*, with sad countenance,
 How he fitts mourning on the strond now bare,
 Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waues
 The white feete washeth (wailing this mischance)
 Of *Doucr* cliffes. His sacred skirt about
 The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caues 100
 All for his comfort gathered there they be.
 The *Thamis* rich, the *Humber* rough and stout,

The fruitfull *Seuerne*, with the rest are come
 To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see
 The doleful fight, and sad pomp funerall
 Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
 And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd
 With woful shrikes salute him great and small.
 Eke / wailfull *Eccho*, forgetting her deare
Narcissus, their last accents, doth refownd. 110

Col. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age ;
 O widow world ; O brookes and fountains cleere ;
 O hills, O dales, O woods that oft have rong
 With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
 The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare.
 Ye Siluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
 These thickets oft haue daunst after his pipe,
 Ye Nymphs and *Nayades* with golden heare,
 That oft haue left your purest cristall springs
 To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe 120
 Away all grieve and sorrow from your harts.
 Alas who now is left that like him sings ?
 When shall you heare againe like harmonie ?
 So sweet a fownd, who to you now imparts ?
 Loe where engraue'd by his hand yet liues
 The name of *Stella*, in yonder bay tree.
 Happie name, happie tree ; faire may you grow,
 And spred your sacred branch, which honor giues,
 To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
 Vnhappie flock that wander scattred now, 130
 What maruell if through grief ye woxen leane,
 Forfake your food, and hang your heads adowne ?
 For such a shepheard neuer shall you guide,
 whose parting, hath of weale bereft you cleane.

Lyc. *Phillifides* is dead. O happie sprite,
 That now in heau'n with blessed foules doest bide :
 Looke down a while from where thou fittest aboue,
 And see how busie shepheards be to endite
 Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
 And gratefull memory of their kynd loue. 140
 Behold my selfe with *Colin*, gentle swaine
 (Whose / lerned *Muse* thou cherisht most whyleare)
 Where we thy name recording, seeke to ease
 The inward torment and tormenting paine,
 That thy departure to vs both hath bred ;
 Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
 Behold the fountains now left desolate,
 And withred grasse with cypres boughes be spred,
 Behold these floures which on thy graue we strew ;
 Which faded, shew the giuers faded state, 150
 (Though eke they shew their seruēt zeale & pure)
 VVhose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
 Whose praiers importune shall the heau'[n]s for ay,
 That to thy ashes, rest they may assure :
 That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name
 With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
 Thy tomb may deck with fresh & sweetest flowres ;
 And that for euer may endure thy fame.

Colin. The Sun (lo) hastned hath his face to sleep
 In western waues : and th' aire with stormy showres
 Warnes vs to driue homewards our silly sheep,
Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep. 162

Virtute summa: cætera fortuna.

L. B.



An Elegie, or friends passion,
for his *Astrophill*.

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

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

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

10

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,





VVith / Loue iuice staine the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the Poets braine,
And *Phillis* philbert there away,
Comparde with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie, 20
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull Ebonie,
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an Ampitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The airie winged people fat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here *Philomell*, that knowes full well,
What force and wit in loue doth dwell. 30

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

And that which was of woonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet *Arabie* :





And / on a Cædar in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the fame,
Preparde to take her dying flame. 40

In midft and center of this plot,
I faw one groueling on the graffe :
A man or ftone, I knew not that,
No ftone, of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of ftone.

At length I might perceiue him reare
His bodie on his elbow end :
Earthly and pale with gaffly cheare,
Vpon his knees he vpward tend,
Seeming like one in vncouth ftound,
To be afcending out the ground. 50

A grieuous figh forthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vitall strings,
Then down his cheeks the teares fo flows,
As doth the ftream of many fprings.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a paffage for the raine. 60

Incontinent with trembling found,
He wofully gan to complaine,





Such / were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine,
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heauily he gan to say.

O funne (said he) seeing the funne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine,
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my cine, 70
Shine vpon those possesse delight,
And let me liue in endlesse night.

O grieve that liest vpon my foule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Confort me quickly with the dead,
Halfe of this hart, this sprite and will,
Di'de in the brest of *Astrophill*.

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts and shadie trees, 80
I am assurde ye long to kno,
VVhat be the sorrowes me agreeu's,
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.





You / knew, who knew not *Astrophill*,
(That I should liue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession still)
Things knowne permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare too much.

90

VWithin these woods of *Arcadie*,
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine *Parthenie*,
Vpon the chryftall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him eu'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most diuine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Vpon his louely cheerfull cine,
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

100

A sweet attractiue kinde of grace,
A full assurance giuen by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.





Was / [n]euer eie, did see that face,
Was neuer care, did heare that tong. 110
Was neuer minde, did minde his grace,
That euer thought the trauell long,
But eies, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare defarts did raigne,
Defired thus, must leaue vs than,
And we to wifh for him in vaine,
O could the stars that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed fit. 120

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to loue,
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will moue,
As *Bacchus* opes dissembled harts,
So loue sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heauenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this, 130
Tis likely they acquainted soone,
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.





Our / *Astrophill* did *Stella* loue,
O *Stella* vaunt of *Astrophrill*,
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
Where wilt thou finde an *Astrophill*,
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of eu'ry eie, 140
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath loue and iudgement too,
Sees more than any other doo.

Then *Astrophill* hath honord thee,
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke,
For by his verses he doth giue,
To short liude beautie aye to liue. 150

Aboue all others this is hee,
Which erst approoued in his song.
That loue and honor might agree,
And that pure loue will do no wrong,
Sweet faints it is no sinne nor blame,
To loue a man of vertuous name.





Did / neuer loue so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did neuer Muse inspire beneath,
A Poets braine with finer store : 160
 He wrote of loue with high conceit,
 And beautie reard aboue her height.

Then *Pallas* afterward attyrde,
Our *Astrophill* with her deuice,
VVhom in his armor heauen admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies,
 He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
 As he were dight with fierie starrs.

The blaze whereof when *Mars* beheld,
(An enuious eie doth see afar) 170
Such maiestie (quoth he) is feeld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar,
 Perhaps this may a futer be,
 To fet *Mars* by his deitie.

In this furmize he made with speede,
An iron cane wherein he put,
The thunder that in cloudes do breede,
The flame and bolt together shut.
 VVith priuie force burst out againe,
 And so our *Astrophill* was flaine. 180





His / word (was flaine) straightway did moue,
And natures inward life strings twitch,
The skie immediately aboue,
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastring winds from out the ground,
Fild all the aire with ratling found.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call, 190
And *Philomell* for *Astrophill*,
Vnto her notes annex a phill.

The Turtle doue with tunes of ruthe,
Shewd feeling passion of his death,
Me thought she said I tell thee truthe,
Was neuer he that drew in breath,
Vnto his loue more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The swan that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing, 200
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing.
This mortall life as death is tride,
And death giues life, and so he di'de.





The / generall sorrow that was made,
Among the creatures of [each] kinde,
Fired the Phoenix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phoenix nere should bee. 210

Haply the cinders driuen about,
May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
It cannot sinke into my minde,
That vnder branches ere can bee,
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing fight,
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to *Ioue* the case, 220
What sorrow nature doth sustaine,
For *Astrophill* by enuie flaine.

And while I followed with mine eie,
The flight the Egle vpward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke,
The trees, beasts, birds, and groue was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone.





This / spectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my spright, 230
My molting hart issude me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright,
And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discollors so mine inke.

*An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable sir Phillip
Sidney knight: Lord gouernor of Flushing.*

TO praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, diuine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And loue that enuie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought, 10
As one that feeld the rising sun hath fought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that nature gaue,





The / common mother that all creatures haue,)
 Doth vertue shew, and princely lineage shine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly minde,
 That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere
 For this base world, and hath resumed it neere,
 To fit in skies, and fort with powres diuine. 20

Kent thy birth daies, and *Oxford* held thy youth,
 The heauens made hast, & staid nor yeers, nor time,
 The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
 Thy will, thy words ; thy words the scales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee thence,
 To treat frō kings, with those more great thā kings,
 Such hope men had to lay the highest things,
 On thy wise youth, to be transported hence.

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
 Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends : 30
 Of worthy men, the marks, the liues and ends,
 And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish flame and tedious age,
 Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might :
 Thy rising day, saw neuer wofull night,
 But past with praise, from of this worldly stage.





Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame ;
Teares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians flame ;
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught. 40

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon,
Yoong yeeres, for endles yeeres, and hope vnfore,
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that still shall dure,
Oh happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want ; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay vp thy loue,
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come, 50
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe,
Thy soule and spright enrich the heauens aboue.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Yoong fighs, sweet fighes, fage fighes, bewaile thy fall,
Enuie her sting, and spite hath left her gall,
Malice her selfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their *Hanniball* died, our *Scipio* fell,
Scipio, *Cicero*, and *Petrarch* of our time,
Whose vertues wounded by my worthlesse rime,
Let Angels speake, and heauen thy praises tell. 60





Another of the same.

Silence augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd, & lost, the wonder
of our age,
Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with froster now,
Enrag'de I write, I know not what: dead, quick, I know not
how.

Hard harted mindes relent, and rigors teares abound,
And enuie strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she found,
Knowledge her light hath lost, valor hath slaine her knight,
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds delight.

Place penfiue wailes his fall, whose presence was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come: his life was my spring tide, 10
Fame mournes in that she lost, the ground of her reports,
Ech liuing wight laments his lacke, and all in fundry forts.

He was (wo worth that word) to ech well thinking minde,
A spotlesse friend, a matchless man, whose vertue euer
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ, (shinde,
Higheft conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of
wit.

He onely like himselfe, was second vnto none, (mone,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, & wrong, & al in vain do
Their losse, not him waile they, that fill the world with cries,
Death sluenot him, but he made death his ladder to the skies, 20

Now finke of sorrow I, who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thred is al too
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no reliefe, (lõg,
Must spend my euer dying daies, in neuer ending grieffe.

Harts ease and onely I, like parables run on, (one,
 Whose equall length, keep equall bredth, and neuer meet in
 Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrowes cell,
 Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking him so
 well.

Farewell to you my hopes, my wonted waking dreames,
 Farewell sometimes enjoyed, ioy, eclipsed are thy beames, 30
 Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes brings
 forth, (woorth.
 And farewell friendships sacred league, vniting minds of

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
 And all sports, which for liues restore, varietie assigns,
 Let all that sweete is voyd; in me no mirth may dwell,
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my liues content farewell.

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skill, (to kill,
 And endless griefe, which deads my life, yet knowes not how
 Go seekes that haples tombe, which if ye hap to finde,
 Salute the stones, that keep the lims, that held so good a 40
 minde.

FINIS.

LONDON

Printed by T. C. for William Ponsonbie.

1595.



SONNETS BY SPENSER

FROM

VARIOUS SOURCES.

- I. *From "Foure Lettters, and Certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties by him abused, etc. London: Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe, 1592 (4°)."*

To the right worshopfull my singlar good frend,
M. Gabriell Haruey, Doctor of the Lawes.

H Aruey, the happy aboue happiest men
I read : that, fitting like a Looker-on
Of this worldes Stage, doest note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition :
And, as one carelesse of fuspition,
Ne fawnest for the fauour of the great ;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat.
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great Lord of peerelesse liberty ;
Lifting the Good vp to high Honours feat,
And the Euill damning euermore to dy.
For Life, and Death, is in thy doomefull writing :
So thy renowme liues euer by endighting.
Dublin this xviij. of Iuly, 1586,
Your deuoted frend, during life,
Edmund Spencer.





- II. *From "Nennio, Or a Treatise of Nobility, etc.
Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy
Knight, Sir Iohn Baptista Nenna of Barri. Done
into English by William Iones, Gent, 1595 (4°)."*

W Ho so will seeke by right deserts t' attaine,
Vnto the type of true Nobility,
And not by painted shewes & titles vaine,
Deriued farre from famous Ancestrie :
Behold them both in their right visnomy
Here truly pourtrayt, as they ought to be,
And struing both for termes of dignitie,
To be aduanced highest in degree.
And when thou doost with equall insight see
the ods twixt both, of both thē deem aright,
And chuse the better of them both to thee :
But thanks to him that it deserues, behight ;
To *Nenna* first, that first this worke created,
And next to *Jones*, that truely it translated.
Ed. Spenfer.






- III. *From "Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie: containing his famous actes, etc. Newly translated out of French into English by Z. I., Gentleman. Imprinted for W. Ponsonby, 1596 (folio)."*

W Herefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
And old Heroes, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes, and fild their childrens cares?
Who rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their Colossoes great,
Their rich triumphall Arcks which they did raise,
Their huge Pyramids, which do heauen threat.
Lo one, whom later age hath brought to light,
Matchable to the greatest of those great:
Great both by name, and great in power and might,
And meriting a meere triumphant seate.
The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
Thy acts, ô Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

Ed. Spenfer.




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- IV. From "*The Commonwealth and Government of Venice. Written by the Cardinall Gasper Contarino, and translated out of Italian into English by Lewis Lewkenor, Esquire. London: Imprinted by Iohn Windet for Edmund Mattes, etc., 1599 (4°).*"

THE antique *Babel*, Empresse of the East,
Vpreard her buildinges to the threatned skie :
And Second *Babell*, tyrant of the West,
Her ayry Towers vpraisted much more high.
But, with the weight of their own furquedry,
They both are fallen, that all the earth did feare,
And buried now in their own ashes ly ;
Yet shewing by their heapes, how great they were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds delight ;
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceeds in policie of right.

Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
As *Lewkenors* stile that hath her beautie told.

Edm. Spencer.



END OF VOL. IV.