

APPENDIX



NOTE 1.

Scandal Letter

"According to what I promised you and you have since desired I declare to you now with regret that such things should be brought into question but very sincerely and without any anger which I call my God to witness that the Countess of Shrewsbury said to me about you what follows as nearly as possible in these terms to the greater part of which I protest I answered rebuking the said lady for believing or speaking so licentiously of you as a thing which I did not at all believe and do not now believe knowing the disposition of the Countess and by what spirit she was then urged on against you: Firstly that one to whom she said you had made a promise of marriage before a lady of your chamber had lain many times with you with all the licence and familiarity which husband and wife can use to one another. But that undoubtedly you were not as other women and for this reason all those who desired your marriage with the duke of anjou, considering that it could not be consummated were foolish and that you would never wish to lose the liberty of making love and gratifying yourself with master haton and another of this Kingdom but on account of the honour of the country that which vexed her the most was that you had not only compromised your honour with a foreigner named Simier going to find him at night in the chamber of a lady whom the said Countess greatly blamed in this affair, where you kissed him and indulged in divers unseemly familiarities with him. But also you revealed to him the secrets of the Kingdom betraying your own Counsellors to him. That you had disported yourself with the same disoluteness with the Duke his master who had been to find you one night at the door of your chamber where you had met him with only your nightdress and dressing gown on and that afterwards you had let him enter and that he had remained with you nearly three hours. As for the said haton that you ran him hard showing so publicly the love that you bore him that he himself was constrained to withdraw from it and that you gave a box on the ear to killigrew for not having brought back the said haton to you after he had been sent to recall him having departed in anger from you for some insulting words you had said to him because of certain gold buttons which he had on his coat. That she had worked to bring about a marriage between the said haton and the late countess of lennox her daughter but that for fear of you he dared not consent that even the count of Oxford dared not reconcile himself [some translators say "cohabit"] with his wife for fear of losing the favour which he hoped to receive by becoming your lover. That you were lavish towards all such people and those who lent themselves to such practices As to one of your chamber George to whom you had given three hundred pounds a year for having brought you the news of the return of haton that to all others

you were very ungrateful and niggardly and that there were only three or four in your kingdom to whom you had ever been generous advising Me while laughing unrestrainedly to place my son in the ranks of your lovers as a thing that would be of very great advantage to me and would put Monsieur the duke out of the running in which he would be very disadvantageous to me if he continued And answering to her that that would be taken for unfigned mockery she replied to me that you were as vain and thought as highly of your beauty as if you were a goddess of heaven that she would become responsible for making you believe it readily and for receiving my son in that humour. That you took such great pleasure in flatteries beyond all reason that you were told for example that at times one dared not look full at you because your face shone like the sun that she and all the other ladies of the court were constrained to use such flatteries and that in her last visit to you she and the late Countess of lennox while speaking to you dared not look at one another for fear of bursting out laughing at the tricks she was playing on you begging me on her return to rebuke her daughter whom she had never been able to do the same and as for her daughter talbot she was sure that she would never fail to laugh in your face the said lady talbot when you went to make her courtesy to you and to take her oath as one of your attendants immediately on her return relating it to me as a thing done in mockery begged me to allow a similar ceremony as she has more feeling and fealty for me which I for a long time refused but in the end influenced by her tears I let her have her way saying that she would not for anything in the world be in your service near your person that she would be afraid that when you were angry you would do to her as you did to her cousin Sheldmur whose finger you had broken making those of the court believe it was a candlestick which had fallen on it and that to another who was serving you at table you had given a violent blow on the hand with a knife and in a word as to these last points and common gossip you were played and imitated by them as in a comedy amongst my women themselves perceiving which I swear to you I forbade my women to take part any more. Further the said countess warned me formally that you wished to order Rolson to make love to me and try to dishonour me either in reality or by evil report about which he had instructions from your own mouth that Ruxby came here about eight years ago to attempt my life after having spoken to you who had told him that he should do what Walsingham would command and direct him: When the said Countess was promoting the marriage of her son Charles with one of the nieces of Lord Paget and you on the other hand wished to keep him by complete and absolute authority for one of the Knoles because he was related to you she complained bitterly against you and said that it was nothing but tyranny your wishing at your caprice to carry off all the heiresses in the country and that you had treated the said paget disgracefully with insulting words but that finally the nobility of this kingdom would not permit it to be repeated to the same degree if you addressed yourself to certain others whom she knew well: About four or five years ago when you and she were ill about the same time she told me that your malady came from the closing of a fistula that you had in one leg, and that no doubt losing your monthly period you would very soon die rejoicing in a vain fancy which she has long had through the predictions of a certain Jon Lenton; and of an old book which predicted your death by violence and the succession of another Queen whom she interpreted to be me regretting only that by the said book it was predicted that the Queen who would succeed you would reign only three years and would die like you by violence which was represented in a painting in the said book in

which there was a last leaf the contents of which she never would tell me. She herself knows that I have always held this as pure folly but she laid all her plans well to be the first of those about me and even that my son should marry my niece arbela to end with I swear to you once more on my faith and honour that what is above is quite true and that as to what concerns your honour it has never come into my mind to wrong you by revealing it and that it will never be known through me holding it as quite false If I can have that good fortune of speaking with you I will tell you more particularly the names times places and other circumstances to let you know the truth both about this and about other things which I reserve when I am quite assured of your friendship which as I desire more than ever also if I can this time obtain it you never had relative friend or even subject more faithful and loving than I shall be to you For God be certain of her who wishes to serve you and can do so from my bed compelling my arm and my sufferings to satisfy and obey you.

MARIE R."

Translated by Frederick Chamberlin from the original text. MS. at Hatfield House. From *The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth*, pp. 166-9.

NOTE 2.

Dyer's Letter to Hatton

"Sir, After my departure from you, thinking upon your case as my dear friend, I thought good to lay before you mine opinion in writing somewhat more at large than at my last conference I did speak. . . . First of all, you must consider with whom you have to deal, and, what we be towards her; who though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman, yet we may not forget her place, and the nature of it as our Sovereign. Now if a man, of secret cause known to himself, might in common reason challenge it, yet if the Queen mislike thereof, the world followeth the sway of her inclination; and never fall they in consideration of reason, as between private persons they do. And if it be after that rate for the most part in causes that may be justified, then much more will it be so in causes not to be avouched. A thing to be had in regard; for it is not good for any man straitly to weigh a general disallowance of her doings.

"That the Queen will mislike of such a course, this is my reason: she will imagine that you go about to imprison her fancy, and to warp her grace within your disposition; and that will breed dislike and hatred in her towards you: and so you may be cast forth to the malice of every envious person, flatterer, and enemy of yours; out of which you shall never recover yourself clearly, neither your friends, so long as they show themselves your friends. "But if you will make proof (*par veritatem*, as Spanish phrase is) to see how the Queen will yield to it, and it prosper, go through withal; if not, to change your course suddenly into another more agreeable to her Majesty, I can like indifferently of that. But then you must observe this, that it be upon a by-occasion, for else it were not convenient for divers reasons that you cannot but think upon.

"But the best and soundest way in mine opinion is, to put on another mind; to use your suits towards her Majesty in words, behaviour, and deeds; to acknowledge your duty, declaring the reverence which in heart you bear, and never seem deeply to condemn her frailties, but rather joyfully to commend such things as should be in her, as though they were in her indeed; hating my Lord Cam in the Queen's understanding for affection's sake, and blaming him openly for seeking the Queen's favour. For though in the be-

gining when her Majesty sought you (after her good manner), she did bear with rugged dealing of yours, until she had what she fancied, yet now, after satiety and fulness, it will rather hurt than help you; whereas, behaving yourself as I said before, your place shall keep you in worship, your presence in favour, your followers will stand to you, at least you shall have no bold enemies, and you shall dwell in the ways to take all advantage wisely, and honestly to serve your turn at times. Marry thus much I would advise you to remember, that you use no words of disgrace or reproach towards him to any; that he, being the less provoked, may sleep, thinking all safe, while you do awake and attend your advantages.

"Otherwise you shall, as it were, warden him and keep him in order; and he will make the Queen think that he beareth all for her sake, which will be as a merit in her sight; and the pursuing of his revenge shall be just in all men's opinions, by what means soever he and his friends shall ever be able.

"You may perchance be advised and encouraged to the other way by some kind of friends that will be glad to see whether the Queen will make an apple or a crab of you, which, as they find, will deal accordingly with you; following if fortune be good; if not, leave, and go to your enemy: for such kind of friends have no commodity by hanging in suspense, but set you a fire to do off or on—all is one to them; rather liking to have you in any extremity than in any good mean.

"But beware not too late of such friends, and of such as make themselves glewe between them and you, whether it be of ignorance or practice. Well, not to trouble you any further, it is very necessary for you to impart the effect of this with your best and most accounted friends, and most worthy to be so; for then you shall have their assistance every way; who, being made privy of your council, will and ought in honour to be partners of your fortune, which God grant to be of the best. The 9th of October 1572. Your assured poor friend to command.

EDW. DYER."

Harleian MSS., 787, fol. 88, Brit. Mus.; quot. by F. Chamberlin: op. cit. pp. 181-2.

NOTE 3.

"Relation made to Sir Francis Englefield by an Englishman named Arthur Dudley, claiming to be the son of Queen Elizabeth.

"Imprimis, he said that a man named Robert Southern, a servant of Catharine Ashley (who had been governess to the Queen in her youth, and was for ever afterwards one of her most beloved and intimate ladies), which Southern was married and lived twenty leagues from London, was summoned to Hampton Court. When he arrived, another lady of the Queen's court, named Harrington, asked him to obtain a nurse for a new-born child of a lady who had been so careless of her honour that, if it became known, it would bring great shame upon all the company, and would highly displease the Queen if she knew of it. The next morning, in a corridor leading to the Queen's private chamber, the child was given to the man, who was told that its name was Arthur. The man took the child, and gave it for some days to the wife of a miller of Molesey to suckle. He afterwards took it to a village near where he lived, 20 leagues from London, where the child remained until it was weaned. He then took it to his own house, and brought it up with his own children, in place of one of his which had died of similitar age.

"Some years afterwards the man Robert, who lived very humbly at home, left his own family and took this Arthur on horseback to London, where he had him brought up with great care and delicacy, whilst his own wife and children were left in his village.

"When the child was about eight years old, John Ashley, the husband of Catharine Ashley, who was one of the Queen's gentlemen of the chamber, gave to Robert the post of lieutenant of his office as keeper of one of the Queen's houses called Enfield, three leagues from London; and during the summer, or when there was any plague or sickness in London, Arthur was taught and kept in this house, the winters being passed in London. He was taught Latin, Italian, and French, music, arms, and dancing. When he was about 14 or 15, being desirous of seeing strange lands, and having had some disagreement, he stole from a purse of this Robert as many silver pieces as he could grasp in his hand, about 70 reals, and fled to a port in Wales called Milford Haven, with the intention of embarking for Spain, which country he had always wished to see. Whilst he was there awaiting his passage in the house of a gentleman named George Devereux, a brother of the late Earl of Essex, a horse messenger came in search of him with a letter, signed by seven members of the Council, ordering him to be brought to London. The tenour of this letter showed him to be a person of more importance than the son of Robert Southern. This letter still remains in the castle of Llanfear, in the hands of George Devereux, and was seen and read by Richard Jones and John Ap Morgan, then magistrates of the town of Pembroke, who agreed that the respect thus shown to the lad by the Council proved him to be a different sort of person from what he had commonly been regarded.

"Then he was conveyed to London, to a palace called Pickering Place, and he found there Wotton, of Kent, Thomas Henegge, and John Ashley, who reproved him for running away in that manner, and gave him to understand that it was John Ashley who had paid for his education, and not Robert Southern. He thinks that the letter of the Council also said this.

"Some time afterwards, being in London, and still expressing a desire to see foreign lands, John Ashley, finding that all persuasions to the contrary were unavailing, obtained letters of recommendation to M. de la Noue, a French colonel then in service in the States. He was entrusted for his passage to a servant of the Earl of Leicester, who pretended to be going to Flanders on his own affairs, and he landed at Ostend in the summer of 1580, proceeding afterwards to Bruges, where he remained until La Noue was taken prisoner.¹ This deranged his plans, and taking leave of the Earl of Leicester's gentleman, he went to France, where he remained until his money was spent; after which he returned to England for a fresh supply. He again returned to France, whence he was recalled at the end of 1583 by letters from Robert Southern, saying that his return to England would be greatly to his advantage.

"When he returned to England, he found Robert very ill of paralysis at Evesham, where he was keeping an inn, his master having sold the office of keeper of Enfield. Robert, with many tears, told him he was not his father, nor had he paid for his bringing up, as might easily be seen by the different way in which his own children had been reared. Arthur begged him to tell him who his parents were, but Robert excused himself, saying that both their lives depended upon it, besides the danger of ruining other friends who did not deserve such a return.

¹ La Noue was taken prisoner on 15th May, 1580.

"Arthur took leave of Robert in anger, as he could not obtain the information he desired, and Robert sent a lad after him to call him back. Arthur refused to return unless he promised to tell him whose son he was. Robert also sent the schoolmaster Smyth, a Catholic, after him, who gravely reproved him for what he was doing, and at last brought him back to Robert. The latter then told him secretly that he was the son of the earl of Leicester and the Queen, with many other things unnecessary to be set down here. He added that he had no authority to tell him this; but did so for the discharge of his own conscience, as he was ill and near death. Arthur begged him to give him the confession in writing, but he could not write, as his hand was paralysed, and Arthur sent to London to seek medicines for him. He got some from Dr. Hector (Nuñez), but they did no good; so, without bidding farewell to Robert, he took his horse and returned to London, where, finding John Ashley, and a gentleman named Drury, he related to them what Robert had told him. They exhibited great alarm at learning the thing had been discovered, and prayed him not to repeat it, recommending him to keep near the court; and promising him if he followed their advice, he might count upon their best services whilst they lived. They told him that they had no means of communicating with the Earl, except through his brother the Earl of Warwick.

"The great fear displayed by John Ashley and the others, when they knew that the affair was discovered, alarmed Arthur to such an extent that he fled to France. On his arrival at Eu in Normandy he went to the Jesuit College there in search of advice. After he had somewhat obscurely stated his case, the Rector, seeing that the matter was a great one and foreign to his profession, dismissed him at once and told him he had better go to the Duke of Guise, which he promised to do, although he had no intention of doing it, thinking that it would be impolitic for him to divulge his condition to Frenchmen. When he was in Paris he went to the Jesuit College there, with the intention of divulging his secret to an English father named Father Thomas; but when he arrived in his presence he was so overcome with terror that he could not say a word. The Commissioners of the States of Flanders being in Paris at the time, to offer their allegiance to the King of France, and there being also a talk about a league being arranged by the Duke of Guise, Arthur feared that some plans might be hatching against England, and repented coming to France at all. He thereupon wrote several letters to John Ashley, but could get no reply. He also wrote to Edward Stafford, the English Ambassador in France, without saying his name, and when the Ambassador desired to know who he was, he replied that he had been reared by Robert Southern, whom the Queen knew, and whose memory she had reason to have graven on her heart.

"He remained in France until he had cause to believe that the Queen of England would take the States of Flanders under her protection, and that a war might ensue. He then returned to England in the ship belonging to one Nicholson of Ratcliff. The said master threatened him when they arrived at Gravesend that he would hand him over to the justices for his own safety. Arthur begged him rather to take him to the earl of Leicester first, and wrote a letter to the Earl, which Nicholson delivered. The Earl received the letter, and thanked the bearer for his service, of which Nicholson frequently boasted. The next morning, as the ship was passing Greenwich on its way to London, two of the Earl's gentlemen came on board to visit him, one of them named Blount, the Earl's equerry. When they arrived at Ratcliff, Flud, the Earl's secretary, came to take Arthur to Greenwich. The Earl was in the garden with

the Earl of Derby and Shrewsbury, and on Arthur's arrival the Earl of Leicester left the others, and went to his apartment, where by his tears, words, and other demonstrations he showed so much affection for Arthur that the latter believed he understood the Earl's deep intentions towards him. The secretary remained in Arthur's company all night, and the next morning, on the Earl learning that the masters and the crews of the other ships that had sailed in their company had seen and known Arthur, and had gone to Secretary Walsingham to give an account of their passengers, he said to Arthur, 'You are like a ship under full sail at sea, pretty to look upon, but dangerous to deal with.' The Earl then sent his secretary with Arthur to Secretary Walsingham, to tell him that he (Arthur) was a friend of the Earl's, and Flud was also to say that he knew him. Walsingham replied that if that were the case he could go on his way. Flud asked for a certificate and licence to enable Arthur to avoid future molestation, and Walsingham thereupon told Arthur to come to him again, and he would speak to him. On that day Arthur went with the Earl to his house at Wanstead, and returned with Flud in the evening to Greenwich. The Earl again sent to Walsingham for the licence; but as Walsingham examined him very curiously, and deferred giving him the paper, Arthur was afraid to return to his presence. He therefore went to London and asked M. de la Mauvisière to give him a passport for France, which after much difficulty, he obtained in the guise of a servant of the ambassador. He supped that night with the ambassador, and was with him until midnight, but, on arriving at Gravesend the next morning, he found that the passport would carry him no further without being presented to Lord Cobham. As he found there an English hulk, loaded with English soldiers for Flanders, he entered into their company and landed at Bergen-op-Zoom. He was selected to accompany one Gawen, a lieutenant of Captain Willson, and a sergeant of Colonel Norris, to beg the States for some aid in money for the English troops, who were in great need."

The paper then relates at length Arthur's plot with one Seymour to deliver the town of Tole to the Spaniards, which plot was discovered. His adventures at Cologne and elsewhere are also recounted. He opened up communications with the Elector of Cologne and the Pope, and indirectly the Duke of Parma learnt his story, and sent Count Paul Strozzi to interview him. After many wanderings about Germany, he received a message from the Earl of Leicester at Sighen, but to what effect he does not say. He then undertook a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Montserrat, and, on learning in Spain of the condemnation of Mary Stuart, he started for France, but was shipwrecked on the Biscay coast, and captured by the Spaniards as a suspicious person, and was brought to Madrid, where he made his statement to Englefield. (The latter portion of the statement is not given at length here, as it has no bearing upon Arthur Dudley's alleged parentage.)

The above statement was accompanied by a private letter from Arthur Dudley to Sir Francis Englefield as follows:

"As time allowed I have written all this, although as you see, my paper has run short. If God grants that His Majesty should take me under his protection, I think it will be necessary to spread a rumour that I have escaped, as everybody knows now that I am here, and my residence in future can be kept secret. I could then write simply and sincerely to the earl of Leicester all that has happened to me, in order to keep in his good graces; and I could also publish a book to any effect that might be considered desirable in which I should show myself to be everybody's friend and nobody's foe. With regard to the king of Scotland, in whose favour you quote the law, I also have read

NOTE 4.

A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres.²

(1)

*The absent lover (in ciphers) deciphering
his name, doth crave some spetie
relief as followeth.*

Ed	→ <i>L'Escu d'amour</i> , the shield of perfect love,	E
w	↪ The shield of love, the force of steadfast faith,	
a	↪ The force of fayth which never will remove,	
rd	↪ But standeth fast, to byde the broonts of death,	
	↪ That trustie targe, hath long borne of the blowes,	
	↪ And broke the thrusts, which absence at me throws.	
	↪ In dolefull dayes I lead an absent life,	
	↪ And wound my will with many a weary thought:	
	↪ I plead for peace, yet sterve in stormes of strife,	
	↪ I find debate, where quiet rest was sought.	
	↪ These panges with mo, unto my paine I prove,	
	↪ Yet beare I all upon my shield of love.	
D	↪ In colder cares are my conceits consumed,	E
	↪ Than <i>Dido</i> felt when false <i>Enaeas</i> fled:	
	↪ In farre more heat, than trusty <i>Troilus</i> fund,	
	↪ When craftie <i>Cressyde</i> dwellt with <i>Diomed</i> .	
	↪ My hope such frost, my hot desire such flame,	
	↪ That I both fryse, and smoulder in the same.	
eV	↪ So that I live, and dye in one degree,	
	↪ Healed by hope, and hurt againe with dread:	
	↪ Fast bound by fayth when fausic would be free,	
	↪ Vnyed by trust, though thoughts enthrall my head.	
	↪ Reviv'd by joyes, when hope doth most abound,	
	↪ And yet with grief, in depth of dollors drownd.	
	↪ In these assaults I feeble my feebled force	
	↪ Begins to faint, thus wearied still in woes:	
	↪ And scarcely can my thus consumed corse,	
	↪ Hold up this Buckler to beare of these blowes.	
	↪ So that I crave, or presence for relief,	
	↪ Or some supplie, to ease mine absent grief.	
e	↪ <i>Lemoie.</i>	
r	↪ To you (deare Dame) this dolefull plaint I make,	
	↪ Whose onely sight may some redresse my smart:	
	↪ Then shew your selfe, and for your servantes sake,	
	↪ Make hast post hast, to helpe a faythfull harte.	
	↪ Mine owne poore shield hath me defended long,	
	↪ Now lend me yours, for elles you do me wrong.	
c	↪ <i>Meritum petere, gratia.</i>	

² Edited by Capt. B. M. Ward from the original version, which was published in 1573 during Gascoigne's absence in the Low Countries, was reissued twice in 1576, the second time augmented by additional verses, as *The Posies of George Gascoigne*, and was re-published with further additions ten years after Gascoigne's death, as *The Whole Works of George Gascoigne*, in 1587. Hazlitt wrote, in 1869: "The great curiosity and literary value of the so-called *spurious* edition of Gascoigne, seem to have been entirely overlooked." It is this edition which Capt. Ward has established

our English books, but you must not forget that when the din of arms is heard the laws are not audible; and if it is licit to break the law for any reason, it is licit to do so to obtain dominion. Besides which, if this reason was a sufficiently strong one to bring about the death of the mother, the life of the son might run a similar risk. Those who have power have right on their side. As for the earl of Huntingdon, and Beauchamp, son of the earl of Hertford, both of them are descendants of Adam, and perhaps there is some one else who is their elder brother."

Attached to this document there is another memorandum from Englefield as follows:

"I recollect that this Arthur Dudley amongst other things repeated several times that for many years past the earl of Leicester has been the mortal enemy of the Queen of Scots, and that the condemnation and execution of Throgmorton, Parry, and many others had been principally brought about in order to give an excuse for what was afterwards done with the Queen of Scots. . . ."—*Cal. S. P. Simancas*, vol. iv-101, June 17, 1587.

"Sir Francis Englefield to the King

"Although the statement sent to me by Arthur Dudley omits many things that he told me verbally, which things must be inquired into more particularly, yet it appears evident from what he writes that he makes as light of the claims of Huntingdon, and of the sons of the earl of Hertford, as he does of the life of the king of Scotland; and it is also manifest that he has had much conference with the earl of Leicester, upon whom he mainly depends for the fulfillment of his hopes. This and other things convince me that the Queen of England is not ignorant of his pretensions; although, perhaps, she would be unwilling that they should be thus published to the world, for which reason she may wish to keep him (Dudley) in his low and obscure condition, as a matter of policy, and also in order that her personal immorality might not be known (the bastards of princes not usually being acknowledged in the lifetime of their parents), and she has always considered that it would be dangerous to her for her heir to be nominated in her lifetime, although he alleges that she has provided for the earl of Leicester and his faction to be able to elevate him (Dudley) to the throne when she dies, and perhaps marry him to Arabella (Stuart). For this and other reasons I am of opinion that he should not be allowed to get away, but should be kept very secure to prevent his escape. It is true that his claim at present amounts to nothing, but, with the example of Don Antonio before us, it cannot be doubted that France and the English heretics, or some other party, might turn it to their own advantage, or at least make it a pretext for obstructing the reformation of religion in England (for I look upon him as a very feigned Catholic) and the inheritance of the crown by its legitimate master; especially as during the Queen's time they have passed an Act in England excluding from the succession all but the heirs of the Queen's body.—Madrid, 22nd July, 1587."

F. Chamberlin: op. cit.

The acrostic figure is as follows:

(L)E(scu)		(L)E(scu)
d		r
w		E(naeas)
a		V(nited)
r		e
d		d(ollors)
e		d
D(ido)		r
V(nited)		a
e		w
r		d
e(lles)		e(lles)

When *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres* was re-published in 1576 as the work of George Gascoigne, the name *Eneas* in this poem was spelled *Aleneas*, thus destroying the cipher. Not only that, but all mention of the enciphered name was deleted.

This cipher has been recognized by Grosart and others as an excellent one.

(2)—a.

An absent Dame thus complayneth.

Much like the seely Byrd, which close in cage is pent,
So sing I now, not notes of joye, but layes of deepe lament.
And as the hooded Hauke, which heares the Parritch spring,
Who though she feele hir self fast tyed, yet beates hir bating wing:
So strive I now to shewe, my feeble froward will,
Although I know my labour lost, to hop against the Hill.
The droppes of dark disdayne did never dranch my hart,
For well I know I am below'd, if that might ease my smart.
Ne yet the privy coales of glowing felloste,
Could ever kindle needlesse feare, within my fantasie.
The rigor of repulse, doth not renew my playnt,
Nor choyce of change doth move my mone, nor force me thus to faynt.
Onely that pang of payne, which passeth all the rest,
And canker like doth fret the hart, within the glitlesse brst.

So fares it now by me, who know my selfe below'd
Of one the best, in eche respect, that ever yet was prov'd.
But since my lucklesse lot, forbids me now to taste,
The dulcet frutes of my delight, therefore in woos I wast.
And Swallow like I sing, as one enforced so,

as having been published by the Earl of Oxford in 1573, with his posy, *Mertium petere, grare*, on the title-page. He designates it "the first of the many anthologies published in Queen Elizabeth's reign"; and so it is, of Elizabethan poetry, *The Court of Venus*, published in 1559, having contained earlier work. But we maintain that Oxford himself was the author, using several posies, of all the verses not written and signed by Gascoigne, who "cared not to be anonymous."

³ The literary manner of this poem, written before 1573, testifies to the true derivation of Euphuism. Lyly, like the others, learned from the master. Note the expression "quiet rest," st. 2, l. 4, which occurs in a similar connection in Oxford's first signed sonnet, *Love Thy Choice*.

Since others reape the gaineful crop, which I with pain did sow,⁴
Yet you that make my song, excuse my Swallows voyce,
And beare with hir unpleasant tunes which cannot well rejoyce.
Had I or lucke in love, or lease of libertie,
Then should you heare some sweeter notes, so cleere my throte would be.
But take it thus in gree, and make my playnsong well,
No hart feelles, so much hurt as that: which doth in absence dwell.⁵

Spreta tamen vivunt

(2)—b.

*A Lady being both wronged by false suspect,
and also wounded by the durance
of hir husband, doth thus
bewray hir griefe.*

Give me my Lute in bed now as I lye,
And lock the doores of mine unluckie bower:
So shall my voyce in mournfull verse descrie,
The secrete smart which causeth me to lower.
Resound you walles an Echo to my mone,
And thou cold bed wherein I lye alone:
Beare winnesse yet what rest thy lady takes,
When other sleepe which may enjoy their makes.

In prime of youth when *Cupid* kindled fire,
And warmed my wil with flames of fervent love:
To further forth the fruite of my desire,
My freends devised this meane for my behove.
They made a match according to my mind,
And cast a snare my fansie for to bind:
Short tale to make the deed was almost doon,
Before I knew which way the worke begoon.

And with this lot I did myself content,
I lent a liking to my parents choyse:
With hand and hart I gave my free consent,
And hung in hope for ever to rejoyce,
I liv'd and lov'd long time in greater joy,
Then she which held kyng *Priamus* some of Troy:
But those lewd lots have chang'd my heaven to hell,
And those be these, give care & mark them well.

First slaunder he, which always beareth hate,
To happy harts in heavenly state that byde:
Can play his part to stirre up some debate,
Whereby suspect into my choyse might glyde.
And by his meanes the slime of false suspect,
Did (as I feare) my dearest friend infect.
Thus by these twayn long was I plunged in pain,
Yet in good hope my hart did still remaine.

⁴ See poem appended to Oxford's letter to Beddingfield (Chap. Six) for this same imagery and effect. And note "labour lost," l. 6.

⁵ Oxford's early poems are marked by the *caesura*, or pause in the middle of every line, which is found in Chaucer's *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*.

⁶ This is all we are ever told about an early suspicion against Anne Cecil. It is, of course, the Queen who keeps her husband in durance.

But now (aye me) the greatest grief of all,
 (Sound loud my Lute, and tell it out my tongue)
 The hardest hap that ever might befall,
 The onely cause wherefore this song is song,
 Is this alas: my love, my Lord, my Roy,
 My chosen pheare, my gemme, and all my joye,
 Is kept perforce out of my dayly sight,
 Whereby I lacke the stay of my delight.

In lofty walles, in strong and stately towers,
 (With troubled mind in solitary sorte,
 My lovely Lord doth spend his dayes and howers,
 A weary life devoyde of all disport.
 And I poore soule must lie here all alone,
 To tyre my truth, and wound my will with mone:
 Such is my hap to shake my blooming time,
 With wynters blastes before it passe the prime.

Now have you heard the summe of all my grief,
 Whereof to tell my hart (oh) rends in twayne:
 Good Ladies yet lend you me some relief,
 And beare a parte to ease me of my payne.
 My sortes are such, that waying well my truth,
 They might provoke the craggy rocks to ruth,
 And move these walles with teares for to lament,
 The lothsome life wherein my youth is spent.

But thou my Lute, be still now take thy rest,
 Repose thy bones upon this bed of downe:
 Thou hast dischargd some burden from my brest,
 Wherefore take thou my place, here lie thee downe.
 And let me walke to tyre my restlesse minde,
 Untill I may entreate some courteous wynd:
 To blow these wordes unto my noble make,
 That he may see I sorrowe for his sake.

Mertium petere, græue.

It seems likely that Anne herself may have had a hand in the composition of the above poem. The words in *stanza* 5, "my love, my Lord, my Roy," remind one of her Epitaphs on her little son (Chap. Forty-six); so do those in the ensuing line, and a few others here and there. But her husband certainly put it into final shape. "They might provoke the craggy rocks to ruth," *stanza* 7, foreshadows his *Echo* poem, as well as *Venus and Adonis*. *Stanza* 6 describes the Court, where Elizabeth keeps him in what Anne calls "solitary sorte." Incidentally, we are told that the marriage was arranged, as we shall be told again in *All's Well*. Her appeal to "Good Ladies" in the penultimate stanza suggests *Ophelia*.

(3)

Excerpts from poems relative to Queen Elizabeth which show correspondence with the plays, etc.

a.

I am now set full light, who erst was cleary lov'd;
 Some newfound choyce is more esteend, than y' which wel was
 prov'd
 Some *Dionede* is crept into Dame *Cressydes* hart;
 And truste *Troylus* now is taught in vayne to playne his part.

1260

b.

The deadly drops of dark disdayne,
 Which dayly fall on my desarte,
 The lingring suite long spent in vayne,
 Whereof I feel no fruit but smart;
 Enforce me now thes words to write:
 Not all for love, but more for spyte.

The which to thee I must reheare,
 Whom I did honor, serve and trust,
 And though the musick of my verse
 Be plainsong tune both true and just:
 Content thee yit to heare my song,
 For else thou doest me dooble wrong.

I must alledge, and thou canst tell
 How faithfully I vowed to serve,
 And how thou seemdst to like me well:
 And how thou saydst I did deserve
 To be thy Lord, thy Knight, thy King,
 And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now (thou cruel one)
 Condempe desert to deepe dispayre?
 Is all thy promise past and gone?
 Is faith so fled into the ayre?
 If that be so, what rests for mee?
 But thus in song to say to thee.

If *Cressides* name were not so knownen,
 And written wyde on every wall:
 If brute of pryde were not so blownen
 Upon *Angelica* withall:
 For hault disdain thou mightst be she,
 Or *Cressyde* for inconstancie.

And in reward of thy desert,
 I hope at last to see thee payed:
 With deep repentance for thy part,
 Which thou hast now so lewdly playd.
Medoro he must be thy make,
 Since thou *Orlando* doest forsake.

Such is the fruit that groweth always
 Uppon the root of rype disdain:
 Such kindly wages *Cupide* payes,
 Where constant harts cannot remayne.
 I hope to see thee in such bands,
 When I may laugh and clappe my hands.

But yet for thee I must protest,
 That sure the fault is none of thine,
 Thou art as true as is the best,

1261

That ever came of *Cressides* lyne:
For constant yet was never none
But in inconstance alone.⁷

c.

If what you want you (wanton) had at will,
A stedfast mind, a faythfull loving hart:
If what you speake you would perfourme it still,
If from your word your deede could not reuert.

Your doubled fansie would not thus recule,
For peevish pride which now I must bewayle.
For *Cressyde* fayre did *Troilus* never love,
More deare than I esteemd your framed cheate:
Whose wavering wayes (since now I do them prove)
By true report this winnesse with me beare:
That if your friendship be not too deare bought,
The price is great, that nothing gives for nought.

d.

Lo now at last am Iane againe and taught,
To tast such sorowes, as I never sought.

I love, I love, alas I love in deede,
I crie alas, but no man pitties me:

The cause is this, my lot did light too late,
The Byrdes were flowen, before I found the nest:
The steede was stollen, before I shut the gate,
The cates consumed, before I smelt the feast.
And I fond foole, with emptie hand must call,
The gorged Hauke, which likes no lure at all.

The above are all signed with Oxford's acknowledged posy, *Meritum petere, grave*.

e.

The following are from *Dan Bartholmew of Bath*, in *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres*:

Thy brother *Troilus* eke, that gemme of gentle deedes,
To think how he abused was, alas my heart it bledes:
He bet about the bush, whiles others caught the birds,⁸
Whome craftie *Cresside* mockt to mucle, yet fed him still with words.

f.

Well let them passe, and think upon the joye,
The mutuall love, the confidence, the trust,

⁷ He draws here upon Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* for the incident of Angelica's betrayal of Orlando for Medoro, as he will do again for certain features of *As You Like It*. He, of course, uses the story of Cressida's faithlessness in *Troilus and Cressida*.

⁸ Cf. final couplet of poem appended to Oxford's prefatory letter to *Cardanus' Comfort* (Chap. Six). The two poems were written at about the same time.

Whereby we both abandoned annoy,
And fed our mindes with fruites of lovely lust.
Thinke on the Tythe, of kisses got by stealth,
Of sweet embracings shortened by feare,
Remember that which did maintene our health,
Alas, alas, why should I name it here,
And in the myst of all those happie dayes,
Do not forget the chaunges of my chance,
When in the depth of many wayward wayes,
I onely sought what might thy state advance.

Myne absent thoughts did beat on thee alone,
When thou hadst found a fond and newfound choyce:
For lacke of thee I sunke in endlesse mone,
When thou in chaunge didst tumble and rejoyce.

But did I then give bridle to thy fall,
Thou headstrong thou, accuse me if thou can?
Did I not hazard love yea life and all,
To ward thy will, from that unworthy man?
And when by toyfe I travailed to fynde,
The secret causes of thy madding moode,
I found naught else but tricks of *Cressides* kynde,
Which plainly provde, that thou wert of hir bloud.
I found that absent *Troilus* was forgot,
When *Dyomede* had got both brooch and belt,
Both glove and hand, yea hart and all god wot,
When absent *Troilus* did in sorowes swelt.

These signed *Fato non fortuna*.

g.

If men may credite give, to true reported fames,
Who doubts but stately Roome had store of lusty loving Dames?

And yet in all that choyce a worthy Romaine Knight,
Antonius who conquered proud Egypt by his might,
Not all to please his eye, but most to ease his minde,
Chose *Cleopatra* for his love, & left the rest behinde.

A wondrous thing to read, in all his victory,
He snapt but hir for his owne share, to please his fantastic.
She was not faire, God wot, y^e country breeds none bright,
Well may we judge hir skinn the soyle, bycause hir teeth were white.
Percase hir lovely looks, some prayxes did deserve,
But brown I dare be bold she was, for so y^e solle did serve.
And could *Antonius* forsake the fayre in Roome?
To love this muthrowne Lady best, was this an equall doome?

I leave not *Lucretie* out, believe in hir who list.
I think she would have lik'd his lure, & stooped to his list.
What mov'd the chieftain then, to lincke his liking thus?
I would some Romaine dame were here, the question to discusse.
But I that read hir life, do find therein by fame,
How cleare her curtsie did shine, in honour of hir name.

And she to quite his love, in spite of deathfull death,
Embrac'd with snakes within his tombe, did yield hir parting breath.

Allegoria.

If fortune favored him,⁹ then may that man rejoyce,
 And think himself a happy man by hap of happy choice,
 Who loves and is belov'd¹⁰ of one as good, as true,
 As kind as Cleopatra was, and yet more of bright hewe.
 Hir eyes as grey as glasse, hir teeth as white as mylke,
 A ruddy lippe, a dimpled chyn, a skinne as smoth as silke.
 A wight what could you more y^t may content mans mynd,
 And hath supplies for ev'ry want that any man can find,¹¹
 And may himself assure, when hence his life shall passe,
 She wilbe strong to death with snakes, as *Cleopatra* was.
Signed Si fortunatus infelix.

b.

*The lover leaning onely to his Ladies promises, and finding
 them to fayle, doth thus lament.*

The straightest tree that growes upon one only roote:
 If that roote fayle, will quickly fade, no props can do it boote.
 I am that fading plant, which on thy grace did growe:
 Thy grace is gone wherefore I mone, and wither all in woe.
 The tallest ship that sayles, if shee to Ancors trust:
 When ancors slip and cables breake, hir help lies in the dust.
 I am the ship my selfe, myne Ancor was thy faith:
 Which now is fled, thy promise broke, and I am driven to death.¹²
 Me thought I was aloft, and yit my seate full sure:
 Thy hart did seem to me a rock which ever might endure.
 And see, it was but sand, whom seas of subtiltie:
 Have soked so with wanton waves, that fath was forst to flye.
 Thus in theis tempests tost, my restless life doth stand:
 Because I builded on thy words, as I was borne in hand.
 Thou wert that onely stake, whereby I went to stay:
 Alas, alas, thou stoodst so weake, the hedge is borne away.

Signed Ferenda Natura.

(4)

*A loving Lady being wounded in the spring time, and
 now galled eftsones with the remembrance of
 the spring, doth therefore thus bewayle.*

This tenth of March when Aries receyv'd,
 Dame¹³ *Phoebus* rayes, into his horned head:
 And I my selfe, by learned lore perceyv'd,
 That *Ver* approacht, and frostie wynter fled.
 I crosst the *Thames*, to take the cherefull ayre,
 In open feedles, the weather was so fayre.

⁹ Cf. first line of *Verses Ascribed to Q. Eliz.*, signed, *E. of O.*:

When I was fair and young then favour graced me.

¹⁰ Cf. Sonnet 25, line 13: "... I love and am belov'd.

¹¹ He will soon be writing of Cleopatra-Elizabeth's "infinite variety."

¹² On the death of the Queen, Lord Oxford wrote Robert Cecil: "... she hath left (me) to try my fortune ... either without sail whereby to take advantage of any prosperous gale, or without anchor to ride till the storm be overpast." He himself died the following year.

¹³ Evidently a misprint for Dan.

And as I rowed, fast by the further shore,
 I heard a voyce, which seemed to lament:
 Whereat I stay'd, and by a stately dore,
 I left my Boate, and up on land I went.
 Till at the last by lasting payne I found,
 The wofull wight, which made this dolefull sound.

In pleasant garden (placed all alone)
 I sawe a Dame, who sat in weary wise,
 With scalding sighes, she uttered all hir mone,
 The ruefull teares, down rayned from hir eyes:
 Hir lowering head, full lowe on hand she layed,
 On knee hir arms: and thus this Lady sayed.

Alas (quod she) behold eche pleasant greene,
 Will now renew, his sommers livery
 The fragrant flowers, which have not long bene scene,
 Will flourish now, (ere long) in bravery:
 The tender buddes, whom colde hath long kept in,
 Will spring and sproute, as they do now begin.

But I (alas) within whose mourning mynde,
 The graffes of grief, are onely given to growe
 Cannot enjoy the spring which others finde,
 But still my will, must wyther all in woe:
 The cold of care, so nipps my joyes at roote,
 No sunne doth shine, that well can do them boote.

The lustie *Ver*, which whillome might exchange
 My grief to joy, and then my joyes encrease,
 Springs now elsewhere, and shoves to me but strange,
 My winters woe, therefore can never cease:
 In other coasts his sunne full clew doth shyne,
 And comfort lends to ev'ry mould but myne.

What plant can spring that feelles no force of *Ver*?
 What flower can flourish, where no sunne doth shyne?
 These Baies (quod she) within my breast I beare,
 To breake my barks, and make my pyth to pyne:
 Needes must I fall, I fade both roote and rynde,
 My branches bowe, at blast of ev'ry wynde.

This sayed: she cast a glance and spied my face,
 By sight whereof, Lord, how she chaunged hew?
 So that for shame, I turned back a pace
 And to my home, my selfe in hast I drew:
 And as I could hir woofull wordes rehearse,
 I set them down in this waymenting verse.

Now Ladies you, that know of whom I sing,
 And feeble the wynter, of such frozen wyls:
 Of curtesie, yet cause this noble spring,
 To send his sunne, above the highest hillies:
 And so to shyne, uppon hir fading sprays,
 Which now in woe, do wyther thus awayes.

Signed Specta lamen vinunt. But it is tacitly signed *Ver*. The humorous intent is inescapable. There are many similarities to the *Echo* poem. (Orig. Ital.)

(5)
Editor's—i.e., Oxford's—Introduction to *De Profundis*:

The occasion of the wrighting hereof (as I have heard Master Gascoigne say) was this, riding alone betwene Chelmsforde and London, his minde mused upon dayes past, and therewithall he gan accuse his owne conscience of much time misspent, when a great shoure of rayne did overtake him, and he being unprepared for the same, as in a Jerken without a cloake, the wetter being very faire and unlikely to have changed so: he began to accuse himselfe of his carelesnesse, and therupon in his good disposition compiled firste this sonet, and afterwards, the translated Psalmes of *De Profundis* as here followeth.

This was undoubtedly the journey upon which Gascoigne had accompanied the young Edward de Vere to London, in 1562, in a procession of seven score horse. He himself elsewhere sets the date as of that time. Gascoigne was alone, because evidently separated some distance from the youthful Earl in the long procession. In later years Oxford used this incident symbolically in Sonnet 34, addressed to the Queen. Note "without my cloak" in line 2, as in line 6 here.

NOTE 5.

(1)

Five years after the initial publication of *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres*, in 1578, there appeared an "anthology" called *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*. A careful perusal convinces the reader that many, if not indeed all, of the verses in this collection are by the young Earl of Oxford. It may well be that here again, as in the *Flowres*, the names of the supposed sponsors of the volume are blinks for the Earl himself, especially since these persons are not otherwise identifiable. We quote one poem which is not only apparently an early version of Ophelia's *Willow* song, but of which the theme is the habitual one of the true lover and his faithless mistress. Oxford wrote literally scores of poems upon this subject. In the following verses, composed to be sung to the lute, he reveals the nature of his relationship with the Queen which circumstantial evidence abundantly bears out.

*A Lover, Approving His Lady Unkinde,
Is Forced Unwilling to Utter His Minde.*

Willow, willow, willow, singe all of greene willow,
Singe all of greene willow shall bee my Garland.

My Love, what misjyking in mee do you finde,
Singe all of greene willow:

That on such a soddayn you alter your minde?
Singe willow, willow, willow.

What cause doth compell you so fickle to bee,
Willow, willow, willow, willow:

In hart which you plighted most loyall to mee?
Willow, willow, willow, willow.

I faythfully fixed my fayth to remayne,
Singe all of greene willow:

In hope I as constant should fine you agayne,
Singe willow, willow, willow:

But perierde as Jason, you faythlesse I finde,
Which makes me unwilling to utter my minde:

Willow, willow, willow, singe all of greene willow,
Singe all of greene willow shall bee my Garland.

Your beauty brave decked with shewes gallant gay,
Singe all of greene willow;
Assured my fancy, I could not say nay.
Singe willow, willow, willow.
Your phrases fine philed did forse me agree,
Willow, willow, willow, willow.
In hope as you promis'd you loyall would bee,
Willow, willow, willow, willow.

But now you bee frisking, you list not abide,
Singe all of greene willow:
Your vow most unconstant and faythlesse is tride,
Singe willow, willow, willow.

Your wordes are uncertayne, not trusty you stand,
Which makes mee to weare the willow Garland.
Willow, willow, willow, singe all of greene willow,
Singe all of greene willow shall bee my Garland.

Hath light of love held you so softe in her lap?
Singe all of greene willow:
Hath fancy provokt you? did love you intrap?
Singe willow, willow, willow.

That now you be flurring, and will not abide,
Willow, willow, willow, willow:
To mee which, most trusty, in time should have tride,
Willow, willow, willow, willow.

Is modest demeanure thus turnd to untrust?
Singe all of greene willow:
And fayth and troth, fixed, approved unist?
Singe willow, willow, willow:

Are you shee which constant for ever would stand?
And yet will you give me the willow Garland.
Willow, willow, willow, singe all of greene willow,
Singe all of greene willow shall be my Garland.

What motion hath movee you to maske in delight?
Singe all of greene willow:
What toy have you taken, why seeme you to spight?
Singe willow, willow, willow.

Your love which was ready for aye to indure,
Willow, willow, willow:
According to promise, most constant and sure,
Willow, willow, willow, willow.

What gallant you conquered, what youth moovde your minde?
Singe all of greene willow:
To leave your old Lover, and bee so unkinde,
Singe willow, willow, willow:

To him which you plighted both fayth, troth, and hand,
For ever, yet give mee the willow Garland.
Willow, willow, willow, singe all of greene willow,
Singe all of greene willow shall be my Garland.

Hath wealth you allured, the which I doo want?
Singe all of greene willow:
Have pleasant devices compeld you recant?
Singe willow, willow, willow.
Hath feature forste you your words to deny?
Willow, willow, willow, willow:

Or is it your fashion to cog and to lye?
Willow, willow, willow, willow.

What are your sweete smiles quite turned into lowres?

Sing all of greene willow:

Or is it your order to change them by howres?

Sing willow, willow, willow.

What have you sufficient, think you, in your hande,

To pay for the making of my willow Garland?

Willow, willow, willow, singe all of greene willow,

Sing all of greene willow shall bee my Garland.

Farewell then, most fickle, untrue and unist,

Sing all of greene willow:

Thy deedes are yll dealings, in thee is no trust;

Willow, willow, willow, willow.

Thy vowes are uncertayne, thy wordes are but winde,

Willow, willow, willow, willow:

God grant thy new lover most trusty thee finde;

Willow, willow, willow, willow.

Be warned then, gallants, by prooffe I unfolde,

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Mayds love is uncertayne, soon hot and soon colde,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

They tune as the reed, not trusty they stand,

Which makes mee to weare the willow Garland.

Willow, willow, willow, singe all of greene willow,

Sing all of greene willow shall be my Garland.

Fins.

(2)

In *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, by Clement Robinson and divers others (1584), a collection of verses to be sung to popular tunes, there are also a number unsigned which bear the stamp of Oxford's youthful Muse. Again, as is customary with him, most of these pertain to Queen Elizabeth. The ballad quoted below once more indicates the nature of their early bond. We italicize certain characteristic and significant phrases.

An Excellent Song of an Outcast Lover.

To—"All in a Garden Green."

My fancie did I fire,

in faithful forme and frame;

In hope there should no blustering blast

have power to move the same:

And as the gods do know,

and world can witness beare;

I never served another saint,

or idoll *other where*,

But one, and that was she,

whom I in heart did shrine;

And made account that precious pearle,

and iewel rich was mine.

No toile, nor labour great,

could wearie me herein:

For still I had a jasons heart,

the golden fleece to win.

And sure my suite was heard,

I spent no time in vaine!

1268

A grant of friendship at her hand
I got, to quit my paine.

With solemne vowe and othe

was knit the true-love knot;

And friendly did we treat of love,

as place and time we got.

Now would we send our signes

as far as they might go;

Now would we worke with open signes,

to blaze our inward wo.

Now rings, and tokens too,

rennde our friendship still;

And each device that could be wrought,

expressed our plaine good will.

True meaning went with all,

it cannot be denide;

Performance of the promise past

was hopte for on ech side;

And lookt for out of hand:

Such vowes did we two make,

As God himself had present been,

record thereof to take:

And, for my part, I sweare

by all the gods above!

I never thought of other friend,

nor sought for other love.

The same consent in her,

I saw ful ofte appeare,

If eyes could see, or head could iudge,

or eare had power to heare;

Yet loe, wordes are but winde:—

an other new come guest

Hath won her favour, as I feare

as fancies rise in brest.

Her friend, that wel deserves

is out of countenance¹⁴ quiet;

She makes the game to see me shoot,

while others hit the white.

He may wel beat the bush,

as manie thousands doo,

And misse the birds;¹⁵ and haply loose

his part of feathers too.

He hops without the ring,

yet damnceth on the trace,

When some come after, soft and faire,

A heavie hobling pace.

In these inconstant daies,

such troth these women have;

As *wattring*¹⁶ is as the aspen leaf,

¹⁴ The expression, *out of countenance*, occurs in two early plays: *L.L.L.*: V.2.273, and 601; and *A. and C.*: 11.2.182.

¹⁵ Cf. *For he that beats the bush, the bird not gets*: poem appended to Oxford's Preface to *Cardanus' Comfort*. (Chap. Six.) And cf. Appendix, Note 4-(9)-c.

¹⁶ He uses this word several times in *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres* for Elizabeth's fickle ways (and elsewhere too):

A wandering guest, to please thy *wattring* wit. . . . (Chap. Sixty-one); and

Whose *wattring* wayes (since now I do them prove). . . . (App. Note 4-(9)-c)

they are; so God me save!
 For no deserts of men
 are weid, what ere they be:
 For in a mood their minds are led
 with new delights we see.
 The guilelese goeth to wrack,
 the gorgeous *peacocks* gay
 They do esteem upon no cause,
 and turne their friends away.
 I blame not all for one;
 some *flowers* grow by the *weeds*,
 Some are as sure as lock and key,
 and iust of words and deeds:
 And yet of one I waile,
 of one I crie and plaine;
 And, for her sake, shall never none
 so nip my heart againe.
 If, for offence or fault,
 I had been floong at heele,
 The lesse had been my *bitter smart*,
 and *gnawing greefe* I feele:
 But being once reteind,
 a friend by her consent;
 And after that to be *disdaind*,
 when *best good will I ment*;
 I take it nothing well:
 for if my power could show,
 With larum bell and open crie
 the world should thoroughly know.¹⁷

NOTE 6.

Drummond reports that, in one of his conversations with Ben Jonson, the latter said that "...ane Englishmen who had maintained democritus opinion of atomes, being old wrot a book to his son (who was not then six years of age) in which he left him arguments to maintain and answer objections, for all that was in his book, only if they objected obscuritie against his book he bid him answer that his father above all names in the world hated most the name of Lucifer; and all open writers were Luciferi."—*Conversations with Drummond*; p. 19.

Lord Oxford was, by Elizabethan standards, an old man when his son, Henry de Vere, afterwards the Eighteenth Earl, was six years of age. And his feeling about Lucifer is made clear in the plays.

¹⁷ The plays and poems offer ample testimony that this was his intention.