

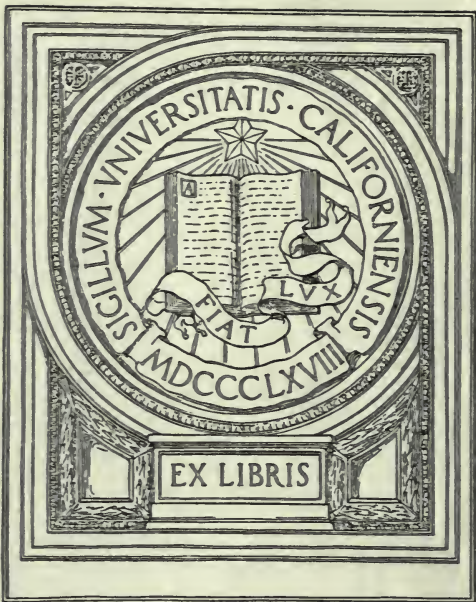
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DIANA: THE SONNETS AND OTHER
POEMS OF HENRY
CONSTABLE.



“ Sweet Constable doth take the wond’ring ear
And lays it up in willing prisonment.”

The Return from Parnassus, 1606.

DIANA: THE SONNETS AND OTHER
POEMS OF HENRY CONSTABLE, B.A.
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;
NOW FIRST COLLECTED, AND EDITED, WITH
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR, BY
WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT, OF
THE INNER TEMPLE
ESQUIRE.



TO WHICH ARE ADDED, A FEW NOTES AND
ILLUSTRATIONS, BY THE LATE
THOMAS PARK.



LONDON:
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING,
196, PICCADILLY.
1859.

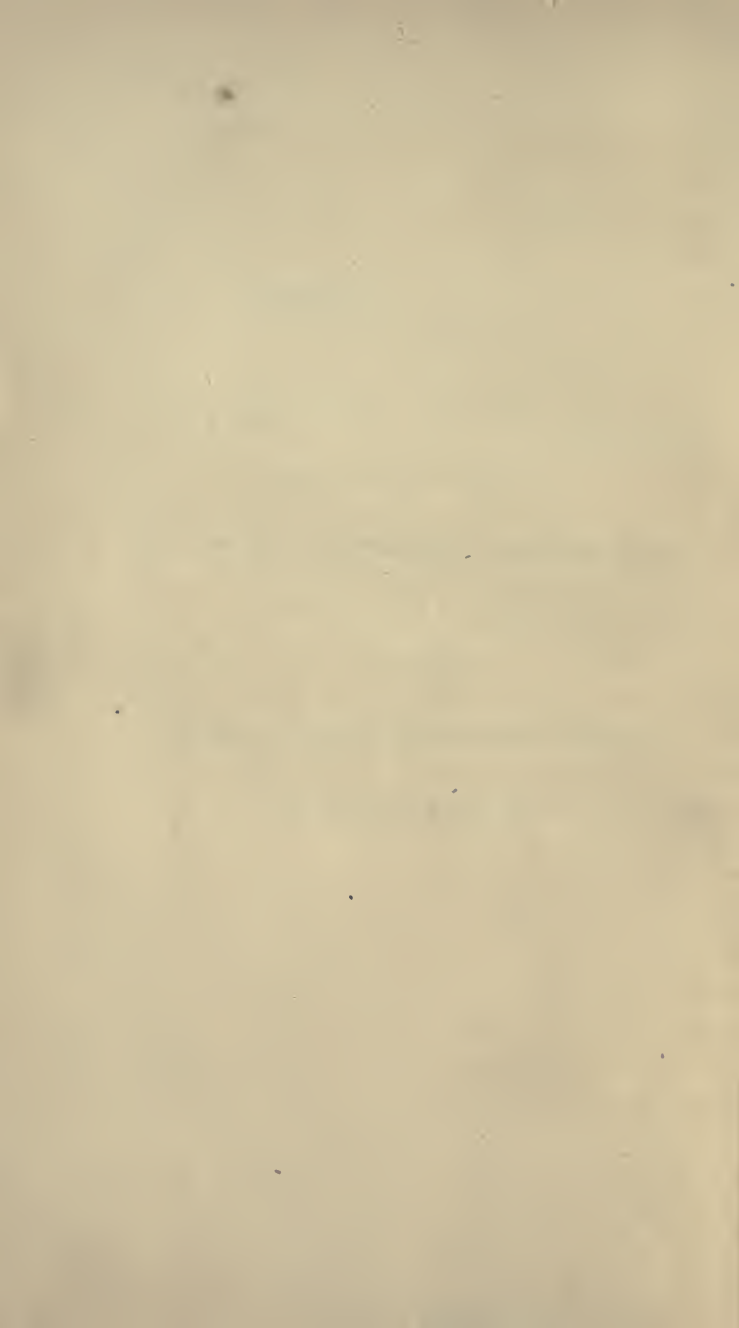


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GENERAL

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THIS VOLUME BEING THE WORKS IN THEIR FIRST
COLLECTIVE FORM, OF ONE
OF THE LITERARY ORNAMENTS OF THE AGE OF
ELIZABETH, IS APPROPRIATELY
INSCRIBED TO
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, Esq. M.P.
BY THE EDITOR.





PREFACE.

NO apology seems to be requisite for introducing to the public notice the complete poetical remains of Henry Constable, one of the leading Sonneteers of the age of Elizabeth. Though not altogether free from the quaintness which marks the writers of his time, the *Diana* and his other productions possess a naturalness of sentiment, and a grace of expression, which will go far to redeem any blemish of the kind to which we refer. The numbers of Constable are generally harmonious and pleasing; and it might be difficult to select any of his pieces which did not exhibit, in a greater or less degree, traces of a mind rich in fancy and invention. The efforts of his Muse, to which the Poet himself attached, or affected to attach, principal importance, were his *Spiritual Son-*

nets; of the rest he was accustomed to speak in after-life as the "vain poems" of his youth. It is to be suspected that posterity will judge otherwise; for, while these sacred effusions rarely rise above mediocrity, a more beautiful specimen of early English lyric poetry than *The Sheepbeard's Song of Venus and Adonis* could hardly be found in the whole circle of Elizabethan literature.

The present collection embraces no fewer than sixty-three pieces by Constable not found in the printed copy of the *Diana*, 1594,* viz. from Todd's MS. thirty-eight; from the Harl. MS. sixteen; from *Sidney's Apology for Poetry*, four; from *England's Helicon*, four; from the 4°. of 1592, one. On the other hand, we have rejected, without hesitation, the "divers quatorzains of honorable and learned personages," with which Constable had no concern,

* This edition has undergone two reprints (1815, 4°, and 1818, 12°.) which are equally worthless. It seems likely that Constable, when he christened his little book, had in his mind the title of a similar volume published by John Southerne, eight years before: *Pandora, the Musique of the Beautie of his Mistrresse Diana*, 1584, 4°. Who, in either case, the lady may have been, in whose praise the poet is so lavish, it is now idle to conjecture.

and which Richard Smith, the publisher, appears to have foisted into the 12°, with no other object than that of making up the volume.

Between 1592 and 1604, the *Diana* passed through as many as four editions. Of the first, which was published in the former year in 4°, a copy formerly belonged to Mr. J. P. Collier; it contains twenty-three sonnets only. The next, 1594, 12°, is, or was, in Malone's collection at Oxford; the number of sonnets, there subscribed H. C. amounts to twenty-seven; but the one addressed *To his Absent Diana*, which in the 4°. immediately follows the title-page, is omitted. The two impressions which it remains to notice, appeared in 1597 and 1604 respectively: of the latter, it is stated, in the *Bibliographers' Manual*, that a copy wanting several leaves was sold among Mr. Bindley's books.

The four contributions of Constable to *England's Helicon* have been reprinted from the Editor's copy of the first edition of that unrivalled miscellany, published in 1600, 4°.

For a transcript of the Sonnet described above as being found only in the quarto, the editor is indebted to the kindness of its former possessor, Mr. Collier.

Sir Egerton Brydges considers it probable that Constable's *Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, printed (from some earlier publication, perhaps) in *England's Helicon*, preceded by some years the more celebrated poem on the same subject; and he is of opinion that, in point of taste and natural touches, the former is superior to the latter. At any rate, there is a certain air of probability that in this, as in so many other instances, the great bard was more or less indebted to one of his contemporaries; and *if* Constable's production was really anterior in point of time, it might even become a question how far Shakespeare had improved upon his original.*

* Malone thought that Shakespeare was indebted either to Constable, whose poem he has reprinted entire in his edition, or to Spenser's description of the hangings in the *Lady of Delight's Castle*. We conceive the latter to be the sounder hypothesis of the two.



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

This is an opinion generally received among poetical antiquaries, that Henry Constable, the Author of *Diana* and other pieces now first collected, belonged to an ancient Roman Catholic family of that name in Yorkshire. The place and date of his birth are alike uncertain; but we shall not perhaps be far from the truth in assigning the latter to the year 1555 or 1556. Constable finished his education at St. John's College, Cambridge; and in 1579, according to Mr. Malone, he was admitted to the degree of B. A. During the greater part of Elizabeth's reign, the Poet appears to have passed his time between England and Scotland; but it is probable that he chiefly resided at his mother university. The talents of Constable, aided by the respectability of his connections, gradually introduced him to the acquaintance of several distinguished persons both at Cambridge and about the Court; among others, the Earl of Essex, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, and Mr. Anthony Bacon:* and his inter-

* The elder brother of the Chancellor. It seems very probable, that between the families of Bacon and Constable a

course with them, in many cases, ripened into intimacy. His religious opinions, however, which were, of course, opposed to the Established Church, eventually involved him in serious trouble. He was suspected of being a party to certain disloyal proceedings against the government of the Queen by opening a treasonable correspondence with France;* and he was obliged to avoid the consequences of ulterior proceedings against him by leaving the country.† He sought refuge in France, where he appears to have had friends; this happened in 1595. On the sixth of October of that year, we find him writing from Paris to Anthony Bacon: "It was my fortune once," he says, complainingly, "to be beloved of the most part of the virtuous gentlemen of my country: neither think I that I have deserved their evil liking since. I

close connection subsisted at this time. In 1612, Francis Bacon, on republishing his *Essays*, dedicated them to *my loving Brother Sir John Constable, Knight*. "My last *Essaies*," says the author, "I dedicated to my deare Brother, Master Anthony Bacon, who is with God Missing my Brother, I found you next; in respect of bond both of near alliance, and of straight friendship and societie, and particularly of communication in studies." What, however, was the precise nature of the family tie, cannot now be ascertained.

* He complains that his letters were intercepted and opened.

† There is some reason to conclude that Constable spent no inconsiderable portion of his time in Scotland during his earlier life, and it is surmised that he obtained some employment about the person of the Queen; after whose death he continued to enjoy the esteem of her son, to whom some of his Sonnets are addressed.

trust I have given my Lord of Essex sufficiently to understand the dutiful affection I bear to my country ; and all my Catholic countrymen, that know me, are witnesses how far I am against violent proceedings." On the seventh of December following, he addressed a communication to Lord Essex from the same place, in which he writes : " I beseech your Lordship to let me know by some means, which in your wisdom you may think good, how I stand in your gracious opinion, and what I may do (my duty to God and my religion reserved) to wish or encrease it." Soon afterwards the exile removed to Rouen, where he certainly remained till October, 1596. Shortly after his arrival, he had written to his friend Bacon in the following terms :—

To Mr. Anthony Bacon.

SIR,

BEING assured by Mr. Yates, that you will be ready to read whatever I shall send unto you, I determined to present you with a copy of a little encounter between the ministers of the French gospel, and the which, for sundry causes, rather than fear of answer, (which, I am sure they cannot give to purpose,) I have not published as yet. I have a marvellous opinion of your virtues and judgment, and therefore, though in particularities of religion we may be differing, yet I hope that in the general belief of Christ (which is a great matter in this incredulous age), and desire of the union of his Church,

you agree with me, as in the love of my country, I protest I consent with you; and therefore referring the decision of other matters, till time shall give me occasion to proceed further, I beseech you (for God's love,) to nourish in your own mind, and in those, with whom you have credit, this general desire of the Church's good; and if, either here or at Rome, whither (if possible I can recover means to make the journey) I mind to go, I may do you or my country any service, which a Catholic and an honest man may do, I will not fail to employ myself therein. If it please you to vouchsafe me any answer, I beseech you to deliver it to Mr. Edmonds, who can inform you of my honest purpose. And therefore, if you think me worthy of your favour, you may bind me by your good report to those, who may pleasure me to be, as I am and will be ever,

Your most affectionate
and humble servant,

HEN. CONSTABLE.

Rouen, this 8th January, 1596.

The mind of Constable, though agreeably distracted by a tour round the continent, in the course of which he informs us that he visited Poland, Italy, and the Low Countries, was by no means easy in his banishment; and he was unceasing in his endeavours to procure leave to return home. For this purpose he addressed several letters to Lord and Lady Shrewsbury,* praying

* See Appendix.

them to exert their influence in his favour. But, all his applications having proved unsuccessful, he adopted, about 1601 or 1602, the desperate resolution of coming in a clandestine manner to England. The result was, that he was soon discovered, and committed to the Tower, from which, after repeated petitions to the Privy Council, he obtained his release only toward the close of 1604. Mr. Park appears to have thought, that he was liberated in the preceding year; but that such was not the case the following letter, addressed to Lord Shrewsbury, furnishes satisfactory evidence:—

To the Earl of Shrewsbury.

MY HONOURABLE L.

IF I had not thought it importunity to write twice to the Lords of the Council, I should not have presumed to have troubled your L. in particular; whose good opinion I did so much despair of, in a time that my loyalty toward his majesty was called in question, as your favours to me heretofore did more engage me to deserve it. But seeing my actions, as I hope, are not reputed criminal in that quality, and that I desire to add some things which I omitted in my general letters to the former Lords, I must beseech your L. to favour me so much as to signify two things more to them. The one, that I was somewhat long in declaring my meaning in those things which concerned my duty to his Majesty to them, I am afraid

they will not take it for so full a submission as I did mean it; for so I be cleared in their opinion that I writ nothing to the prejudice of his Majesty or any of them, I willingly and with all humility acknowledge all other faults in the circumstances of my letter, which they shall dislike. The other, that, if they think it not convenient to grant me a general leave for my friends to visit me, I shall think myself exceedingly bound to them, if they will permit only my couzin, Sir William Constable, and my uncle, to come to me, because the special end of this my request is, to take order with them for my private affairs, that I may make a full conclusion with the world; for whether I remain in prison or go out, I have learned to live alone with God; and so I may make up my accounts with the world, in such sort as neither his Majesty (may) take me for an undutiful subject, nor your L. and my other honourable friends, that heretofore have favoured me, (may) remain discontented with me, nor any one else have damage by me, I shall repute myself happy in all other miseries. And thus, in all dutiful manner, I take my leave. From the Tower, this 1st May, 1604.

Your L. most humble and most
obedient servant,

HEN: CONSTABLE.

To the right honourable His especial good
L. The Earl of Shrewsbury.*

* The letter written by Constable *from Kingston, in January*

Subsequently to 1604, no information of a tangible kind can be discovered respecting the subject of the present notice. In 1606, however, the author of the *Returne from Parnassus; or the Scourge of Simony*, a play, speaks of him as follows:—

*Sweet Constable doth take the wond'ring ear,
And lays it up in willing prisonment.*

And ten years later, Edmund Bolton observes, in his *Hypercritica*: “Noble Henry Constable was a great master of the English tongue: nor had any gentleman of our time, a more pure, quick, or higher delivery of conceit.” With less felicity, he continues: “Witness, among all other, that Sonnet of his before His Majesty’s *Lepanto*.” From these two passages, Sir Harris Nicolas* draws an allowable inference, that Constable survived the publication of the *Return from Parnassus*, and that when Bolton wrote his *Hypercritica*, about 1616, he was no more.

Constable has experienced a fate not uncommon to authors, whose writings are very little known. By some he has been unduly extolled as “the first Sonneteer” of his time, and so forth, while from others he has received a degree of censure, which is

1604, to D. Bagshaw, appears to show that he had been temporarily released on *parole*, or on some substantial security, for the sake of his health, which would have necessarily suffered from a long confinement.

* Davison’s Poetical Rhapsody, ed. 1826.

more than equally unwarrantable. Webb and Meres make not the least mention of him; Winstanley treats him with almost equal brevity; and by Edward Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, he is dismissed as a writer “who has been thought by some not unworthy to be remembered and quoted.” On the other hand, Bolton, in the work already cited, is disposed to commend him as “a rare gentleman,” and “a great master of the English tongue;” but the latter, with strange want of taste, selected, as a sample of the rest, the Poet’s commendatory Sonnet prefixed to the *Poetical Exercises of James I*, which is assuredly not one of his most meritorious effusions.* Perhaps he, in this case, too blindly followed Sir John Harington who, many years before, had printed the same piece in the notes to his *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, taking that occasion to speak of its author as “his very good friend.” Again, Ben Jonson, in his *Underwoods*,† pays the following compliment to the author of *Diana* :—

*Hath our great Sydney Stella set,
Where never star shone brighter yet?
Or Constable’s ambrosiac muse
Made Diana not his notes refuse.*

Another graceful tribute to the muse of Constable

* The reader of the present volume will, it is hoped, extend to the Poet praise more considerate than that of Bolton, and less equivocal than that of Phillips.

† Works by Gifford, VIII. 390.

was offered to the Poet by one of his contemporaries in the two Sonnets which, in spite of their mediocrity, we have been induced by the scantiness of other biographical *data* to print in this place. The author's name has not transpired; but they occur in Todd's MS.

To H. C. upon occasion of his two former
Sonnets to the King of Scots.

*Sweet Muses' son! Apollo's chief delight!
Whilst that thy pen the angells quill doth prayse,
Thou mak'st thy Muse keeping with angells flight,
And angells wing the wing of Tyme doth rayse.
That he which chang'd blind Love for love of light,
And left Tyme's wings behind, and Love's below,
Amazed stands to see so strange a sight,
That angells wings nor tyme nor love outgoe.
The danger is least when the heate of sun
The angells and the other wings shall trye:
A highest pitch both Tyme and Love be done,
And only she find passage through the skie.
Then rest thy Muse upon the angells winge,
Which both thy Muse and thee to heaven may bring.*

To H. C. upon occasion of leaving hiscountrye,
and sweetnesse of his verse.

*England's sweete nightingale! what frights thee so,
As over sea to make thee take thy flight?
And there to live with native countryes foe,
And there him with thy heavenly songs delight?*

*What! did thy sifter swallowe thee incite
 With her, for winter's dread, to flye away?
 Whoe is it then hath wrought this other spite,
 That when as she returneth, thou shouldst stay?
 As soone as spring begins she cometh ay:
 Returne with her, and thou like tidings bring:—
 When once men see thee come, what will they say?
 Loe, now of English poesie comes the spring!
 Come, feare thou not the cage, but loyall be,
 And ten to one thy Sovereaigne pardons thee.*

In his translation of Varchi's *Blazon of Jealousie*, 1615, 4^o, the celebrated Robert Tofte has made some extracts from the writings of Constable, whom he commemorates as his "old acquaintance." Constable's sixty-three Sonnets occur among Francis Davison's memoranda of "MSS. to get;" this number nearly corresponds with that of his pieces in Mr. Todd's MS.

Drayton also, in an edition of his poems published in 1603, 8^o, cursorily alludes to our Poet in illustrating the variety of taste, which prevailed in respect to poetical literature at the time of his writing. The passage is short, and may be here fitly quoted:—

*Many there be excelling in this kind
 Whose well-tricked rhymes with all invention swell;
 Let each commend as best shall like his mind:
 Some Sydney, Constable, some Daniel.**

* There is a passing mention of our Poet in Sam. Holland's *Romancio-Mastix*, 1660, 12^o; but it is too unimportant to call for particular notice.

Independently of the character of Constable as a poet, some estimate may be formed from his letters, several of which have been fortunately preserved, and which refer almost exclusively to matters of personal history, of his character as a man. Our Poet appears to have been gifted with a patriotic spirit and a liberal mind, to have possessed more than a common share of shrewdness and good sense, and to have entertained wide and enlarged views on religious and political questions. Constable's talents introduced him to the friendship of many persons of rank and power; but they also procured for him the unenviable, and perhaps unjust, distinction of being a man dangerous to the safety and peace of the State. So much does this seem to have been the case that, while the Poet was at Rouen, in Oct. 1596, Lord Shrewsbury took occasion, in a letter which he addressed to Sir R. Cecil, to apprise him of the movements of the exile, and to assure Mr. Secretary of his earnest desire to avoid all communication with him.

Among the State Papers relating to Scotland, preserved in the Public Record Department, occur a few other letters, principally addressed to Sir R. Cecil by his Scottish correspondents, in which Constable is mentioned by name, and from a perusal of which it becomes clear that his movements were watched with singular interest by that minister's agents at Edinburgh and elsewhere. The letters in question are in most cases, it is true, merely corroborative of points which have been already treated

at sufficient length: yet, at the same time, there are one or two instances in which they throw some additional light on the Poet's proceedings as a diplomatist, as well as on other features of his personal history. For instance, from a comparison of several letters written to Cecil by George Nicholson between March, 1599, and September, 1600, it is to be collected that, in the former year, Constable, having quitted France, went to Scotland, accompanied by the Laird of Boniton, "a great papist," as Nicholson terms him, with the twofold design of offering his services to King James, and of effecting some negotiation on behalf of the Pope, an interview with whom had probably formed a leading object in Constable's recent visit to Italy. The Poet was not at all successful. The King, naturally reluctant to incur Elizabeth's displeasure, at this particular juncture, by lending open encouragement to a person who had so lately been banished by the English government, not only refused him the audience, which it appears by a letter from Roger Aston to Cecil (March 6, 1599) he had solicited, but caused him to be cited before the Lords of Session to answer for his conduct. The simple consequence was, that Constable was obliged to return in the same year to France. Again, from *Advices from Scotland*, preserved in the repository already indicated, we learn that in April, 1600, he had found his way into Spain, and had written to the King from Arragon. Lastly, on the twenty-second of September following, Nicholson wrote Cecil word that His Majesty

had just then received "a book written by Henry Constable." This *book* was perhaps no other than a copy of his Sonnets, an edition of which was published in 1597. The circumstance of the present itself, however, taken in connection with the invariable tone of warm good-will manifested by Constable in his writings toward the King, may afford some ground for a suspicion that the coldness and severity of the latter, on the occasion which we have noticed, were merely assumed to save appearances, and did not much interfere with the good understanding which had then subsisted for some time between the author of *Diana*, and the Royal Prentice in the *Divine Art of Poetry*.

The annexed specimen of Constable's handwriting is taken from his letter to Anthony Bacon, sixth of October, 1596, preserved among the Lambeth MSS.

Hen. Constable

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DIANA: THE PRAISES OF HIS MISTRES
IN CERTAINE SWEETE
SONNETS.





DIANA :

OR, THE PRAISES OF HIS MISTRES IN
CERTAINE SWEETE SONNETS.

I.

[*Of the byrth and beginning of his love.*]*

RESOLV'D to love, unworthy to obtaine,
I doe no favoure crave ; but humble wife
To thee my fighes in verfe I facrifice,
Only some pittie and no helpe to gaine.
Heare then—and as my heart fhall aye remaine
A patient object to thy lightning eyes,
A patient eare bring thou to thundring cries ;
Feare not the cracke, when I the blow sustaine.
So as thine eye bred my ambitious thought,
So fhall thine eare make proud my voice for joy :
Lo, deare, what wonders great by thee are wrought,
When I but little favoure doe enjoy :—

* This and following prefixes between brackets are added from Todd's MS., where, in many instances, improved readings and orthography have been adopted.—T. P.

The voyce is made the eare for to rejoyce,
And thine eare giveth pleasure to my voyce.

2.

[*An excuse to his mistrisse, for resolving to love so
worthy a creature.*]

BLAME not my heart, for flying up so high,
Sith thou art cause that it this flight begun :
For earthly vapours drawne up by the sun
Comets become, and night-suns in the skie.
My humble hearte so with thy heavenly eye
Drawne up aloft, all low desires doth shun :
Raife thou me up, as thou my heart hast done,
So, during night, in heaven remaine may I.
Blame not, I say againe, my high desire ;
Sith of us both the cause thereof depends :
In thee doth shine, in me doth burne a fire ;
Fire drawes up other, and it selfe ascends.
Thine eye a fire, and so drawes up my love :
My love a fire, and so ascends above.

3.

[*Of the byrth of his love.*]

FL Y low, deare love, thy sun dost thou not see ?
Take heed,—doe not so neare his rayes
aspire,
Least for thy pride, inflam'd with kindled ire,
It burn thy wings, as it hath burned me.

Thou, haply, sayst—thy wings immortall be,
 And so cannot consumed be with fire :
 The one is Hope, the other is Desire,
 And that the heavens bestow'd them both on thee.
 A muse's words caus'd thee with Hope to flye,
 An angel's face Desire hath begot,
 Thy selfe engendred of a goddesse' eye ;
 Yet for all this, immortall thou art not :—
 Of heavenly eye though thou begotten art,
 Yet thou art borne but of a mortall heart.

4.

[*Of his Mistresse : upon occasion of a friend of his
 which dissuaded him from loving.*]



FRIEND of mine, moaning my helpeffe
 love,

Hoping, by killing hope, my love to slay ;

“ Let not,” (quoth he,) “ thy hope thy heart betray,
 Impossible it is her heart to move.”

But, sith resolved love cannot remove

As long as thy divine perfections stay,

Thy godhead then he sought to take away :—

Deare ! seeke revenge, and him a lyar prove.

Gods only doe impossibilities :

“ Impossible,” (saith he,) “ thy grace to gaine ! ”

Show then the power of thy divinities,

By graunting me thy favour to obtaine :

So shall thy foe give to himselfe the lye,

A goddesse thou shalt prove, and happy I.

5.

[Of the conspiracie of his ladie's eyes, and his owne,
to engender love.]



THINE eye, the glasse where I behold my
heart,

Mine eye, the window through the which
thine eye

May see my heart, and there thy selfe espy
In bloody colours how thou painted art.

Thine eye the pike is of a murdering dart,

Mine eye the sight thou tak'st thy levell by

To hit my heart, and never shoot'st awry :

Mine eye thus helps thine eye to worke my smart,

Thine eye a fire is both in heate and light :

Mine eye of teares a river doth become.

Oh, that the water of mine eye had might

To quench the flames that from thine eye doth
come ;

Or that the fire that's kindled by thine eye

The flowing streames of mine eyes would make drye.

6.

[Love's seven deadly sins.]



MINE eye with all the deadly finnes is fraught.

First proud—sith it presum'd to looke so hye,

A watchman being made, stood gazing by,

And idle—took no heed till I was caught :

And envious—beares envie that my thought

Should in his absence be to her so nye.

To kill my heart, mine eye let in her eye,
 And so consent gave to a murther wrought :
 And covetous—it never would remove
 From her faire haire, gold so doth please his sight :
 A glutton eye—with teares drunke every night :
 Unchaste—a baude between my heart and love.
 These fins procured have a goddesse' ire,
 Wherefore my heart is damn'd in love's sweet fire.

7.

[Of the slander envye gives him, for so highlye
 praying his Mistrisse.]

FALSELY doth envie of your praises blame
 My tongue, my pen, my heart, of flattery ;
 Because I said, there was no funne but thee !

It call'd my tongue the partiall trumpe of fame,
 And said—my pen had flattered thy name,
 Because my pen did to my tongue agree ;
 And that my heart must needs a flatterer be,
 Which taught both tongue and pen to say the
 fame.—

No, no, I flatter not, when thee I call
 The sun : sith sun in world was never such :
 But when the sun I thee compar'd with-all
 Doubtlesse the sun I flattered too much.
 Witnesse mine eyes, I say the truth in this—
 They have thee seene, and know that so it is.

8.

MUCH sorrow in it selfe my love doth move :
 More my dispaire—to love a hopelesse
 blisse ;

My folly most—to love where sure to misse.
 O, helpe me but this last grieffe to remove ;
 All paine, if you command it, joy doth prove ;
 And wisdome to seeke joy :—then say but this—
 Because my pleasure in thy torment is,
 I doe command thee without hope to love.
 So when this thought my sorrowes shall augment,
 That mine owne folly did procure my paine ;
 Then shall I say, to give my selfe content,
 Obedience only made me love in vaine :
 It was your will, and not my want of wit ;
 I have the paine—beare you the blame of it.

9.

[*Of his mistrisse : upon occasion of her walking in
 a Garden.*]

MY ladie's presence makes the roses red, ✓
 Because to see her lips they blush for
 shame :

The lilies leaves, for envy, pale became,
 And her white hands in them this envy bred.
 The marigold abroad the leaves doth spread,
 Because the sun's and her power is the same ;
 The violet of purple colour came,
 Dy'd with the blood she made my heart to shed.

In briefe—all flowers from her their virtue take :
 From her sweet breath their sweet smells do proceed,
 The living heate which her eye-beames do make
 Warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seede.
 The raine wherewith she watereth these flowers
 Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers.

10.

[*To the Ladie Rich.*]

HERALDS at armes doe three perfections
 quote ;
 To wit—most faire, most rich, most glitter-
 ing :

So when these three concurre within one thing,
 Needs must that thing of honour be, of note.

Lately did I behold a rich faire coate

Which wished fortune to mine eyes did bring :

A lordly coate—but worthy of a king :

Wherein all these perfections one might note—

A field of lilies, roses proper bare,

To stars in chiefe, the crest was waves of gold :

How glittering was the coate the starrs declare,

The lilies made it faire for to behold ;

And *rich* it was, as by the gold appears,

So happy he which in his armes it beares.

11.

1



F true love might true love's reward obtaine,
 Dumbe wonder only could speake of my joy;
 But too much worth hath made thee too
 much coy,

And told me long agoe—I lov'd in vaine.

Not then vaine hope of undeserved gaine

Hath made me paint in verses mine annoy,

But for thy pleasure; that thou might'st enjoy

Thy beauties fight, in glasses of my paine.

See then thy selfe, though me thou wilt not heare,

By looking on my verse: for paine in verse

Love doth in paine, beautie in love appeare.

So, if thou wouldst my verses' meaning see,

Expound them thus:—when I my love rehearse,

None loves like him;—that is, none faire like mee.

12.

*[How he encouraged himselfe to proceede in love, and to
 hope for favoure in the ende at Love's hands.]*



T may be, Love doth not my death pretend,
 Although he shoots at me; but thinks it fit
 Thus to bewitch thee for my benefit;

Causing thy will to my wish condescend.

For witches, which some murder doe intend,

Doe make a picture, and doe shoote at it:

And in that place where they the picture hit,

The party's selfe doth languish to his end.

So Love, too weake by force thy heart to taint,
 Within my heart thy heavenly shape doth paint,
 Suffering therein his arrowes to abide ;
 Only to th' end, he might by witches' arte
 Within my hearte pierce through thy picture's side,
 And through thy picture's side might wound thy
 heart.


13.

[Of the thoughtes he nourished by night, when she
 was retired to bed.]




HE sun, his journey ending in the west,
 Taking his lodging up in Thetis' bed,
 Though from our eyes his beames be
 banished,
 Yet with his light th' antipodes he blest.
 Now when the same time brings my sun to rest,
 Which me too oft of rest hath hindered ;
 And whiter skin with white sheete covered,
 And softer cheeke doth on soft pillow rest ;
 Then I—oh sun of suns, and light of lights !
 Wish me with those antipodes to be,
 Which see and feele thy beames and heate by nights,
 Well though the night both cold and darksome is ;
 Yet halfe the daye's delight the night grants me,
 I feele my sun's heate, though the light I misse.

14.

 ADIE! in beautie and in favour rare,
 Of favour, not of due, I favour crave:
 Nature to thee beauty and favour gave,
 Faire then thou art, and favour thou mayst spare.
 And when on me bestow'd your favours are,
 Lesse favour in your face you shall not have:
 If favour then a wounded soule may save;
 Of murder's guilt, dear Ladie, then beware.
 My losse of life a million fold were lesse
 Than the least losse should unto you befall:
 Yet grant this guift; which guift when I possesse,
 Both I have life, and you no losse at all.
 For by your favour only I doe live;
 And favour you may well both keepe and give.

15.

 Y reason, absent, did mine eyes require
 To watch and ward, and such foes to descric
 As they should, neare my heart approach-
 ing, spy:
 But traitor-eyes my heart's death did conspire,
 Corrupted with Hope's gyfts, let in Desire
 To burne my heart, and sought no remedy,
 Though store of water were in eyther eye,
 Which well employ'd, might well have quencht the
 fire.
 Reason returned, Love and Fortune made
 Judges, to judge mine eyes to punishment:

Fortune, sith they by fight my heart betray'd,
 From wish'd fight adjudg'd them banishment :
 Love, sith by fire murdred my heart was found,
 Adjudged them in teares for to be drown'd.

16.

WONDER it is, and pittie 'tis, that she
 In whom all beautie's treasure we may
 finde,

That may enrich the body or the mind,
 Towards the poore should use no charitie.

My love is gone a begging unto thee :

And if that Beauty had not been more kind,

Then Pity long ere this he had been pin'd ;

But Beauty is content his food to be.

Oh, pitie have, when such poore orphans beg ;

Love, naked boy, hath nothing on his backe,

And though he wanteth neither arme nor leg,

Yet maim'd he is—for he his sight doth lacke :

And yet, though blind, he beautie can behold,

And yet, though nak'd, he feels more heate than cold.

17.


PITTY refusing my poore love to feede,
 A beggar starv'd for want of helpe he lies,
 And at your mouth, the door of beauty,
 cries—

That thence some almes of sweet grants may proceed.
 But as he waiteth for some almes-deed

A cherrie-tree before the doore he spies—
 “ Oh dear,” (quoth he,) “ two cherries may
 suffice,
 Two only life may save in this my neede.”
 But beggars can they nought but cherries eate.
 Pardon my Love, he is a goddesse’ son,
 And never feedeth but on daintie meate
 Else need he not to pine as he hath done :
 For only the sweet fruit of this sweet tree
 Can give food to my Love, and life to me.

18.

[*Of his Ladie’s vaile, wherewith she covered her.*]

 HE fouler hides, as closely as he may,
 The net where caught the fillie bird should
 be ;

Least that the threatning prision it should see,
 And so for feare be forc’d to flye away.
 My Ladie so, the while she doth assay
 In curled knots fast to entangle me,
 Puts on her vaile ; to th’ end I should not see
 The golden net wherein I am a pray.
 Alas, most sweet ! what need is of a net
 To catch a bird that is already tame ?
 Sith with your hand alone you may it get,
 For it desires to fly into the same :
 What needs such arte, my thoughts then to entrap,
 When of them selves they flye into your lap.

19.

[*To his Ladie's hand: upon occasion of her glove,
which in her absence he kissed.*]

SWEET hand! the sweet yet cruell bowe
 thou art
 From whence at me five ivorye arrowes flie;
 So with five wounds at once I wounded lie,
 Bearing in breast the print of every dart.
 Saint Francis had the like—yet felt no smart,
 Where I in living torments never die;
 His wounds were in his hands and feete, where I
 All these same helpelesse wounds feele in my heart.
 Now as Saint Francis (if a faint) am I:
 The bowe that shot these shafts a relique is,
 I meane the hand—which is the reason why
 So many for devotion thee would kisse:
 And I thy glove kisse as a thing divine—
 Thy arrowes quiver, and thy reliques shrine.

20.

[*Of his ladie's goeing over earlye to bed: so depriving
him too soone of her sight.*]

BAIRE fun! if you would have me praise your
 light,
 When night approacheth wherefore do you
 flie?
 Time is so short, beauties so many be,
 That I had need to see them day and night,

That by continuall view my verses might
 Tell all the beames of your divinitie,
 Which praise to you, and joy should be to me :
 You living by my verse, I by your sight.
 I by your sight, but not you by my verse :
 Need mortall skill immortall praise rehearse ?
 No, no ;—though eyes were blinde, and verse were
 dumb,
 Your beautie should be seene, and your fame known ;
 For by the wind, which from my sighes doe come,
 Your praises round about the world be blowne.

21.

[*Complaynt of his Ladie's sicknesse.*]

UNCIVILL sicknesse ! hast thou no regard,
 But dost presume my dearest to molest ?
 And, without leave, dar'st enter in that
 breast

Whereto sweet Love approach yet never dar'd ?
 Spare thou her health, which my life hath not spar'd ;
 Too bitter such revenge of my unrest,
 Although with wrongs my thought she hath opprest,
 My thoughts seeke not revenge, but crave rewarde.
 Cease sicknesse,—cease in her then to remaine,
 And come and welcome harbour thou in me,
 Whom Love long since hath taught to suffer paine ;
 So she which hath so oft my paines increast,
 (Oh God, that I might so revenged be !)
 By my more paine might have her paine releast.

22.

NEEDS must I leave, and yet needs must I
 love,
 In vaine my wit doth paint in verse my woe :
 Disdaine in thee dispaire in me doth shoue
 How by my wit I doe my folly prove.
 All this my heart from love can never move ;
 Love is not in my heart—no, Lady, no :
 My heart is love it selfe ; till I forgoe
 My heart, I never can my love remove.
 How shall I then leave love ?—I doe intend
 Not to crave grace, but yet to wish it still ;
 Not to prayse thee, but beauty to commend,
 And so by beauties prayse, prayse thee I will.
 For as my heart is love, love not in me,
 So beauty thou—beauty is not in thee.

23.

[*Of the prowesse of his Ladie.*]

SWEET soveraigne ! sith so many minds
 remaine
 Obedient subjects at thy beauties call,
 So many thoughts bound in thy haire as thrall,
 So many hearts die with one lookes disdaine ;
 Goe seeke that glorie which doth thee pertaine,
 That the first monarchie may the befall :
 Thou hast such meanes to conquer men withall,
 As all the world must yeeld, or else be slaine.

To fight, thou need'st no weapons but thine eyes :
 Thy haire hath gold enough to pay thy men ;
 And for their food thy beauty will suffice.
 For men and armour, Lady, care have none :
 For one will sooneſt yeeld unto thee then,
 When he ſhall meet thee naked and alone.

24.

[*Of the discouragement he had to proceed in love, through
 the multitude of his Ladie's perfections, and
 his owne lowneſſe.*]

WHEN your perfections to my thoughts ap-
 peare,
 They ſay among themſelves, “ O happy he,
 Which ever ſhall ſo rare an object ſee ! ”
 But happie heart, if thoughts leſs happy were.
 For their delights have coſt my heart full deare,
 In whom of love a thouſand cauſes be,
 And each cauſe breeds a thouſand loves in me,
 And each love more then thouſand hearts can bear.
 And can my heart ſo many loves then hold ?
 Which yet by heapes increaſe from day to day.
 But like a ſhip, that's overcharg'd with gold,
 Muſt either ſinke or hurle the gold away.
 But hurle out love thou canſt not, feeble heart !
 In thine owne blood thou therefore drowned art.

25.

EACH day new proofes of newe despaire I finde,
 That is—new death : no marvell then if I
 Make exile my last helpe, to th' end mine
 eye

Should not behold the death to me assign'd.
 Not that from death absence could save my minde,
 But that I might take death more patiently ;
 Like him, which by the judge condemn'd to die,
 To suffer with lesse feare, his eyes doth blind.
 Your lips, in scarlet clad, my judges be,
 Pronouncing sentence of eternall “ No : ”
 Dispaire, the hangman that tormenteth me.
 The death I suffer, is the life I have :
 For only life doth make me die in woe,
 And only death I for my pardon crave.

26.

[*Conclusion of the whole.*]

SOMETIMES in verse I prais'd, sometimes I
 sigh'd,
 No more shall pen with love and beauty
 mell,

But to my heart alone my heart shall tell
 How unseene flames doe burne it day and night.
 Least flames give light, light brings my love to fight,
 Love prove my follies to much to excell.
 Wherefore my love burns like the flame of hell,
 Wherein is fire, and yet there is no light.

c

For if none ever lov'd like mee, then why
 Still blameth he the things he doth not knowe ?
 And he that so hath lov'd shall favoure showe,
 For he hath beene a foole as well as I,
 So shall henceforth more paine lesse folly have,
 And folly past may justly pardon crave.

27.

A calculation upon the birth of an honourable ladies
 daughter, borne in the yeere 1588,
 and on a Friday.*

BAYRE by inheritance, whom born we see
 Both in the wondrous yeere, and on the
 day

Wherein the fairest planet beareth sway :
 The heavens to thee this fortune doe decree—†
 Thou of a world of hearts in time shalt be
 A monarch great, and with one beauties ray
 So many hosts of hearts thy face shall slay,
 As all the rest, for love, shall yeeld to thee.
 But even as Alexander—when he knewe
 His father's conquests—wept, least he should leave
 No kingdome unto him for to subdue ;
 So shall thy mother thee of praise bereave : ‡
 So many hearts already shee hath slaine,
 As few behind to conquer do remaine.


* Lady Rich. MS.

† The wonders loe of beautyes destinye. MS.

‡ Thy mother so shall thee of prayse bereave. MS.

28.

To his absent Diana.


 EVERD from sweete Content, my lifes sole
 light,
 Banisht by over-weening wit from my desire,
 This poore acceptance onely I require,
 That though my fault have forc'd me from thy
 sight,
 Yet that thou wouldst (my sorrowes to requite)
 Review these Sonnets, pictures of thy praise ;
 Wherein each woe thy wondrous worth doth raise,
 Though first thy worth bereft me of delight.
 See them forsaken ; for I them forsooke,
 Forsaken first of thee, next of my sence ;
 And when thou deignst on their blacke teares to
 looke,
 Shed not one teare my teares to recompence :
 But joy in this (though Fates 'gainst me repine)
 My verse still lives to witnes thee divine.





SONNETS FROM TODD'S
MANUSCRIPT.





SONNETS.

I.

To his Mistrisse.



GRACE full of grace though in these
verses heere

My Love complaynes of others then of
thee,

Yet thee alone I lov'd, and they by mee
(Thou yet unknowne) only mistaken were.

Like him which feeles a heate now heere now there,

Blames now this cause now that, untill he see

The fire indeed from whence they caused bee :

Which fire I now doe knowe is you, my Deare.

Thus diverse loves dispersed in my verse

In thee alone for ever I unite,

But follie unto thee more to rehearse ;

To him I flye for grace, that rules above ;

That by my grace I may live in delight,

Or by his grace I never more may love.

2.

*Of the suddayne surprizing of his hearte, and how
unawares he was caught.*



DELIGHT in youre bright eyes my death did
breede,
As light and glittering weapons babes allure
To play with fire and sworde, and so procure
Them to be burnt and hurt, ere they take heed,
Thy beautie so hath made me burne and bleed ;
Yet shall my ashes and my bloud assure
Thy beauties fame for ever to endure ;
For thy fame's life from my death doth proceed ;
Because my hearte, to ashes burned, giveth
Life to thy fame :—thou right a phœnix art ;
And like a pellican thy beautie liveth
By sucking blood oute of my breast and hearte.
Loe ! why with wonder we may thee compare
Unto the pelican and phœnix rare.

3.

*An exhortation to the reader to come and see his
Mistrisse' beautie.*



YES curiouse to behold, what nature can create,
Come see, come see, and write what wonder
you do see.
Causing by true reporte oure next posteritye
Curse fortune, for that they were borne too late.

Come then and come ye all,—come soone, least
that

The tyme should be too shorte, and men too few
should be :

For all be few to write her least part's historie,
Though they should ever write, and never write
but that.

Millions looke on her eyes, millions thinke on her
witte,

Millions speake of her, millions write of her hand,
The whole eye or the lip I doe not understand,
Millions too few to prayse but some one parte of it.

As eyther of her eye, or lip, or hand to write,
The light or blacke, the tast or red, the soft or white.

4.

Of the excellencye of his Ladies voyce.

LADIE of ladies, the delight alone

For which to heaven earth doth no envie
beare ;

Seeing and hearing thee, we see and heare
Such voice, such light, as never sunge nor shone.

The want of heaven I grant yet we may moane,
Not for the pleasure of the angells there,
As though in face or voyce they like thee were,
But that they many bee, and thou but one.

The basest notes which from thy voice proceed
The treble of the angells doe exceed.

So that I feare theyre quire to beautifie,
 Least thou to some in heaven shall singe and shine :
 Loe! when I heare thee singe, the reason why
 Sighes of my breast keepe tyme with notes of thine.

5.

Of her excellencye both in singing and instruments.

NOT that thy hand is softe, is sweete, is white,
 Thy lipps sweete roses, breast sweet lilye is,
 That love esteemes these three the chiefest
 blisse

Which nature ever made for lipp's delight ;
 But when these three to shew theyre heavenly might
 Such wonders doe, devotion then for this
 Commandeth us with humble zeale to kisse
 Such things as worke miracles in oure sight.
 A lute of senselesse wood, by nature dumbe,
 Tought by thy hand doth speake divinely well ;
 And from thy lips and breast sweet tunes doe come
 To my dead hearte, the which new life doe give.
 Of greater wonders heard we never tell—
 Then for the dumbe to speake, the dead to live.

6.

*Of the envie others beare to his Ladie for the
 former perfections.*

WHEN beautie to the world vouchsafes this
 blisse,
 To shew the one whose other there is not,

The whitest skinned red blushing flame doth blot,
And in the reddest cheekes pale envie is.

The fayre and foule come thus alike by this :

For when the sun hath oure horizon gott,
Venus her selfe doth shine no more (God wot)

Then the least starre that take the light from his.

The poore in beautie thus content remayne

To see theyre jealousie cause reveng'd in thee :

And theyre fayre foes afflicted with like payne,

Loe, the cleare prooffe of thy divinitye.

For unto God is only dew this prayse—

The highest to pluck downe, the low to rayse.

7.

*To his Mistrisse, upon occasion of a Petrarch he gave
her, shewing her the reason why the Italian com-
menters dissent so much in the exposition thereof.*

M

IRACLE of the world ! I never will denye

That former poets prayse the beautie of
theyre dayes ;

But all those beauties were but figures of thy prayse,

And all those poets did of thee but prophecye.

Thy coming to the world hath taught us to descrie

What Petrarch's Laura meant—for truth the lips
bewrayes—

Loe ! why th' Italians, yet which never saw thy
rayes,

To find oute Petrarch's fence such forged glosses
trye.

The beauties which he in a vayle enclos'd beheld,
 But revelations were within his surest* heart
 By which in parables thy coming he foretold ;
 His songes were hymnes of thee, which only now
 before

Thy image should be funge ; for thou that goddesse
 art

Which onlye we withoute idolatry adore.

8.

Complaynt of misfortune in love onlye.

NOW now I love indeed, and suffer more
 In one day now then I did in a yeare :
 Great flames they be which but small
 sparkles were,

And wounded now, I was but prickt before.

No mervayle then, though more then heretofore
 I weepe and sigh : how can great wounds be there
 Where moysture runs not oute ; and ever, where
 The fire is great, of smoke there must be store.

My heart was hitherto but like green wood,
 Which must be dry'd before it will burne bright :
 My former love serv'd but my heart to drye ;
 Now Cupid for his fire doth find it good :
 For now it burneth cleare, and shall give light
 For all the world youre beautie to espie.

* *i. e.* most knowing or prescient.

9.

Complaint of his Ladies melancholyes.

F that one care had oure two hearts possesse,
 Or you once [felt] what I long suffered,
 Then should thy heart accuse in my heart's
 stead

The rigor of it selfe for myne unrest :

Then should thyne arme upon my shoulder rest,
 And weight of griefe sway downe thy troubled head :
 Then should thy teares upon my sheet be shed,
 And then thy heart should pant upon my breast.

But when that other cares thy heart doe seaze,
 Alas ! what succoure gayne I then by this,
 But double griefe for thine and myne unease ?

Yet when thou see'st thy hurts to wound my heart,
 And so art taught by me what pitye is :
 Perhaps thy heart will learne to feele my smart.

10.

DEARE ! though from me youre gratiouse
 lookes depart,
 And of that comfort doe my selfe bereave,
 Which both I did deserve and did receive ;
 Triumph not over much in this my smarte.
 Nay, rather they which now enjoy thy heart
 For feare just cause of mourning should conceive,
 Least thou inconstant shouldst theyre trust deceave
 Which like unto the weather changing art.

For in foule weather byrds sing often will
 In hope of fayre, and in fayre tyme will cease,
 For feare fayre tyme should not continue still:
 So they may mourne which have thy heart posselt
 For feare of change, and hope of change may ease
 Theyre hearts whome grieve of change doth now
 molest.

II.

F ever any justlye might complayne
 Of unrequited service, it is I:
 Change is the thanks I have for loyaltye,
 And onlye her reward is her disdayne.
 So as just spight did almost me constrayne,
 Through torment, her due prayses to denye.
 For he which vexed is with injurye
 By speaking ill doth ease his heart of payne.
 But what, shall tortor* make me wrong her name?
 No, no, a pris'ner constant thinkes it shame,
 Though he [were] rackt, his first truth to gaynsay.
 Her true given prayse my first confession is:
 Though her disdayne doe rack me night and day,
 This I confest, and will denye in this.

* Torture.

SONETS TO OURE QUEENE, AND THE
KING OF SCOTS.

I.

To the Queene : after his returne oute of Italye.

NOT longe agoe in Poland travailing,
 Changing my tongue, my nation, and my
 weede,*

Mayne† wordes I heard from forreyne mouth pro-
 ceed,

Theyre wonder and thy glorie witnessing—
 How from thy wisdome did those conquests spring
 Which ruin'd them thy ruin which decreed.

But such as envyed thee in this agreed—
 Thy Ilands seate did thee most succoure bring.
 So if the sea by miracle were drye,

Easie thy foes thy kingdome might invade :
 Fooles which knowe not the power of thyne eye
 Thine eye hath made a thousand eyes to weepe,
 And every eye a thousand seas hath made,
 And each sea shall thyne Ile in safetie keepe.

* Fashion of drefs.

† Strange.

2.

*To the Queene : touching the cruell effects of her
perfections.*

MOST sacred Prince ! why should I thee thus
prayse
Which both of sin and sorrow cause hast
beene,
Proud hast thou made thy land of such a Queene.
Thy neighbours enviouse of thy happie dayes.
Who never saw the sunshine of thy rayes,
An everlasting night his life doth ween ;
And he whose eyes thy eyes but once have seen
A thousand signes of burning thoughts bewrayes.
Thus sin thou caus'd, (envye, I meane, and pride),
Thus fire and darknesse doe proceed from thee.
The very paynes which men in hell abide :
Oh no ; not hell but purgatorie this,
Whose soules some say by angells punish'd be,
For thou art shee from whom this torment is.

3.

*To the Queene : upon occasion of a Booke he wrote in
Answer to certayne objections against her proceedings
in the Low Countryes.*

THE love, wherewith your vertues chayne my
sprite,
Envyes the hate I beare unto youre foe ;
Since hatefull pen had meanes his hate to showe,

And love like meanes had not of love to wryte :
I meane—write that youre vertues doe indite.

From which spring all my [love] conceyts doe flow,
And of my pen my sword doth enviouse growe,
That pen before my sword youre foes should smite.

And to my inke my bloud doth envie beare,
That in youre cause more inke than bloud I shed
Which envie though it be a vice, yet heere

'Tis vertue, fith youre vertues have it bred.
Thus powerful youre sacred vertues be,
Which vice it selfe a vertue makes in me.

4.

To the King of Scots, whome as yet he had not seene.

BLOOME of the rose! I hope those hands to
kisse

Which yonge, a scepter; which olde wis-
dome bore;

And offer up joy-sacrifice before
Thy altar-throne for that received blisse.

Yet, prince of hope! suppose not for all this
That I thy place and not thy gifts adore:

Thy scepter, no thy pen, I honoure more;
More deare to me then crowne thy garland is:
That laurell garland which, if hope say true,

To thee for deeds of prowesse shall belong,
And now allreadie unto thee is due,

As to a David for a kinglie throne.
The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly finge
Made of a quill pluck't from an angell's winge.

5.

*To the King of Scots, touching the subject of his poems
dedicated wholie to heavenly matters.*

WHEN others hooded with blind love doe flye,
Lowe on the ground with buzzard Cupid's
wings

A heavenly love from love of love thee brings,
And makes thy Muse to mount above the skie :
Yonge muses be not wonte to flye so hye,
Age school'd by Tyme such sober dittie sings ;
But thy Love flyes from love of youthfull things,
And so the winge of Tyme doth overflye.
Thus thou disdain'st allworldlye things as flow :
Because thy Muse with angells wings doth leave
Tyme's wings behinde, and Cupid's wings below ;
But take thou heed least Fame's wings thee deceive.
With all thy speed from Fame thou can'st not flye,
But more thou flyest, the more it followes thee.

6.

*To the King of Scots, upon occasion of a Sonnet the
King wrote in complaint of a contrarie (wind) which
hindred the arrivall of the Queene out of Denmark.*

[1590.]

IF I durst sigh still as I had begun,
Or durst shed teares in such abundant store,
You should have need to blame the sea no
more,

Nor call upon the wind as you have done :

For from myne eyes an ocean sea should run
 Which the desired ships should carrie o're,
 And my fighes blowe such winde from northern
 shore

As soone you should behold youre wished sun.
 But with those fighes my deare displeas'd is,
 Which should both haft youre joy and flake my
 payne :

Yet for my good will, O kinge ! grant me this ;
 When to the winds you sacrifice again,
 Sith I desir'd my fighes should blow for thee,
 Desire thou the winds to figh for me.

7.

*To the King of Scots, upon occasion of his longe stay in
 Denmark, by reason of the coldnesse of the winter,
 and freezing of the sea.*

F I durst love as heertofore I have,
 Or that my heart durst flame as it doth
 burne,


The ice should not so longe stay youre returne,
 My heart should easily thaw the frozen wave :
 But when my payne makes me for pittie crave,
 The blindest see with what just cause I mourne :
 So least my torment to his blame should turne,
 My heart is forc'd to hide the fire she gave.
 But what doth need the sea my heart at all ?
 Thou and thy spouse be suns : in beautye shee

In wisdom thou ; the sun we Phœbus call,
 And Phœbus for thy wisdom we call thee :
 Now if the sun can thaw the sea alone,
 Cannot two suns supplie the want of one ?

SONETS TO PARTICULAR LADIES WHOME
 HE MOST HONOURED.

I.

To the Princes of Orange.

 F Nature of her workes proud ever were,
 It was for this that she created you :
 Youre sacred head, which wisdom doth
 indue,
 Is only fitte a diademe to weare.
 Your lillie hand, which fayrer doth appeare
 Then ever eye beheld in shape and hue,
 Unto no other use by right is due
 Except it be a scepter for to beare.
 Your cherrie lips by nature framed be
 Hearts to command : youre eye is only fitte
 With his wise lookes kingdomes to oversea :
 O happie land, whose soveraigne thou hadst beene !
 But God on earth full blisse will not permitte,
 And this is only 'cause you are no Queene.

2.

To the Countesse of Shrewsburye.

PLAYNLIE I write because I will write true :
 If ever Marie but the Virgin were
 Meete in the realme of heaven a crowne
 to beare,

I, as my creed, believe that it is you !
 And for the world this Ile and age shall rue
 The bloud and fire was shed and kindled heere,
 When woemen of youre name the crowne did beare,
 And youre high worth not crown'd with honoure due.
 But God, which meant for rebell fayth and sin
 His foes to punish, and his owne to trye,
 Would not your sacred name imploy therein :
 For good and bad he would should you adore,
 Which never any burnt but with youre eye,
 And maketh them you punish, love you more.

3.

*To the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwicke,
 sisters.**

YOU sister muses, doe not ye repine
 That I two sisters doe with nyne compare :
 For eyther of these sacred two, more rare,
 In vertue is, then all the heavenly nyne.

* Margaret and Anne Russell, the daughters of Francis, Earl of Bedford. The latter died in 1604, the former in 1616 : and had her pious memory gratefully recorded on a pillar in Westmorland by Anne, Countess of Pembroke. This Sonnet appeared in Davison's Poetical Rhapsodie, ed. 1611.—T. PARK.

But if ye aske which one is more devine ?

I say—like to theyre owne twin eyes they are,
Where eyther is as cleare as clearest star,
Yet neyther doth more cleare then other's shine.

Sisters of spotlesse fame ! of whome alone

Malitiouse tongues take pleasure to speake well ;
How should I you commend, when eyther one

All things in heaven and earth so far excell ?
The highest prayse that I can give, is this—
That one of you like to the other is.

4.

To my Ladye Arbella.



HAT worthie marquesse, pride of Italie !
Whoe for all worth, and for her wit and
phrase,

Both best deserv'd, and best desert could prayse,
Immortall Ladie ! is reviv'd in thee.

But thinke not strange, that thy divinitie

I by some goddesse' title doe not blaze,

But through a woeman's name thy glorie rayse ;
For things unlike of unlike prayses be.

When we prayse men, we call them gods : but when
We speake of gods, we liken them to men :

Not them to prayse, but only them to knowe.
Nor able thee to prayse, my drift was this—

Some earthlye shadowe of thy worth to showe
Whose heavenly selfe above world's reason is.

5.

To the Ladye Arbella.

NLY hope of oure age ! that vertues dead
By youre sweet breath should be reviv'd
again :

Learning, discourag'd longe by rude disdain,
By youre white hands is only cherished.

Thus others' worth by you is honoured :

But whoe shall honoure youes ? poore wits, in
vaine

We seeke to pay the debts which you pertayne,
Till from youre selfe some wealth be borrowed.

Lend some youre tongues, that every nation may

In his owne heare youre vertuouse prayses blaze ;

Lend them youre wit, youre judgment, memorye,

Least they themselves should not knowe what to
fay :

And, that thou mayst be lov'd as much as prays'd,

My heart thou mayst lend them, which I gave thee.

6.

*To my Ladye Rich.**

THAT my songe like to a ship might be,
To beare aboute the world my Ladie's
fame ;

That, charged with the riches of her name,
The Indians might oure countrye's treasure see.

* Another sonnet to "Lady Rich," which follows this in the MS. will be found at page 7.

No treasure, they would say, is rich but she ;
 Of all theyre golden parts they would have shame,
 And haplye, that they might but see the same,
 To give theyre gold for nought they would agree.
 This wished voyage, though it I begin,
 Withoute youre beauties helpe cannot prevayle :
 For as a ship doth beare the men therein,
 And yet the men doe make the ship to sayle,
 Youre beauties so, which in my verse apeare,
 Doe make my verse and it youre beauties beare.

TO SEVERALL PERSONS UPON SUNDRYE
 OCCASIONS.

I.

*To the princeesse of Orange, upon occasion of the
 murther of her Father and Husband.**



WHEN murdring hands, to quench the thirst
 of tyrannie,
 The world's most worthy, in thy spouse
 and father slew,
 Wounding thy heart through theyres, a double
 well they drew,
 A well of bloud from them, a well of teares from thee.

* Camden and Rapin mention the Prince of Orange as assassinated by the hand of Balthazar Serach, a Burgundian, in 1584, but say nothing of his father-in-law. A report of the Prince's death, and of the cruelties inflicted on his murderer at the time of execution, may be seen in the Somers' Tracts published by Mr. W. Scott, vol. i. p. 407.—T. PARK.

So in thyne eyes at once we fire and water see ;
 Fire doth of beautie spring, water of grieſe enſue :
 Whoe fire and water yet together ever knew,
 And neyther water dry'd, nor fire quencht to be.
 But wonder it is not, thy water and thy fire
 Unlike to others be ; thy water fire hath bred,
 And thy fire water makes, for thyne eyes fire hath
 ſhed
 Teares from a thouſand hearts melted with love's
 deſire ;
 And grieſe to ſee ſuch eyes bathed in teares of woes,
 A fire of revenge inflames againſt thy foes.

2.

*To the Counteſſe of Shrewsburye, upon occaſion of his dear
 Miſtriſſe* whoe liv'd under her government.*

TRUE, worthie dame ! if I thee chieftayne call
 Of Venus' hoſt, let others think no ill :
 I grant that they be fayre, but what prince
 will
 Choofe onlie by the force † a generall ?
 Beauties be but the forces wherewithall
 Ladies the hearts of private perſons kill :
 But theſe fayre forces to conduct with ſkill
 Venus choſe you the chiefeſt of them all.

* Mary Queen of Scots, who in 1568-9 was conſigned to the cuſtody of the Earl and Counteſs of Shrewsbury, till the irkſome charge was reſigned in 1584.—T. P.

† Power or ſtrength.

To you then, you, the fayrest of the wise,
 And wisest of the fayre I doe appeale.
 A warrioure of youre campe by force of eyes
 Mee pris'ner tooke, and will with rigor deale,
 Except you pity in youre heart will place ;
 At whose white hands I only seeke for grace.

3.

*To the Countesse of Pembroke.**

LADIE ! whome by reporte I only knowe,
 Yet knowe so well, as I must thee adore :
 To honour thee what need I seeke for
 more ?

Thou art his sifter whome I honoured so.
 Yet million tongues reporte doth further shoue
 Of thy perfections, both such worth and store,
 As wante of seeing thee paynes me sore,
 As sight of others hath procur'd my woe.
 All parts of beautie, meeting in one place,
 Doe dazle eye, feed love, and ravish witte ;
 Thy perfect shape envies thy princely grace,
 Thy mind all say—like to thy Brother is.
 What neede I then say more to honour it ?
 For I have prayfed thyne by praying his.

* Sifter of Sir P. Sydney.

4.

To the Countesse of Essex, upon occasion of the death
of her first husband, Sir Philip Sydney.*

SWEETEST of ladies ! if thy pleasure be
To murder hearts, stay not in England
still :

Revenge on Spain thy husband's death, and kill
His foes,—not them that love both him and thee.

O sound revenge, that I desire to see ;

If they be fooles which wish with theyre owne will
Hurt to theyre foes ? then what be they that will,
With theyre owne hurt, wish good to enemye ?

And thus doe I : and thus ambitioufe Spaine
Unsatisfied the new-found world to gayne,
Two better worlds should have ;—I meane thyne
eyes.

And we oure world, oure world his sun should
misse,

Oure sun his heaven, thyne eye oure want supplies,

Oure world, oure sun, oure heaven, oure all it is.

* This lady was Frances, the eldest and only surviving daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and was celebrated not only for beauty but for loveliness of character. She married, in 1590, Robert, Earl of Essex, the much esteemed friend of her first gallant husband.—T. P.

5.

To the Ladie Clinton.

SINCE only I, sweet Ladie, ye beheld,
 Yet then such love I in youre looke did
 finde

And such sweet gesses of youre gratiouse mynd
 As never a shorte tyme more happie held
 Forewarning vifion which even then foretold

Th' eternall cheynes, which since my heart did
 binde,

Even there where first youre beames into me
 shin'd

The fatall prifon where my heart I held,
 And how came this?—It was thy lovely looke

Which doth perfume each place it fees with love,
 As though from you, my deare, this sweetnesse tooke,
 Because where I saw her, I you had seen,

Yet every where if any fight me move
 I knowe it is some place where you have been.

6.

*To Mr. Hilliard: upon occasion of a picture he made
 of my Ladie Rich.*

IF Michaell the archpainter now did live,
 Because that Michaell he, an angell hight,
 As partiall for his fellow angells, might
 To Raphaelle's skill much prayse and honoure give.

But if in secreat I his judgment thrive,
 It would confesse that no man knew aright
 To give to stons and pearles true die and light,
 Till first youre art with orient nature thrive.
 But thinke not yet you did that arte devise ;
 Nay, thanke my Ladie that such skill you have :
 For often sprinckling her black sparckling eyes
 Her lips and breast taught you the []
 To diamonds, rubies, pearles, the worth of which
 Doth make the jewell which you paynt seeme rich.

7.

*Of the death of my Ladie Riche's daughter : shewing
 the reason of her untimelye death hindred her effectu-
 ing those things which by the former calculation of her
 nativitye he foretold.*

HE that by skill of stars doth fates fortell,
 If reason give the verdict of his side,
 Though by mischance things otherwise
 betyde
 Then he foretold,—yet doth he calcule well.
 A phœnix if she live must needs excell,
 And this by reason's lawes should not have dy'd :
 But thus it chanc't nature cannot abyde
 More then one phœnix in the world to dwell.
 Now as the mother-phœnix death should slay,
 Her beautie's light did dazle so his eye,
 As, while he blindfold let his arrowe flye,
 He slew the yonge one which stood in the way.

Thus did the mother 'scape—and thus did I,
By good illhap, fayle of my prophecie.

8.

*To the divine protection of the Ladie Arbella, the
Author commendeth both his graces' honoure and his
muses' æternitye.*

MY Mistrisse' worth gave wings unto my muse,
And my muse wings did give unto her
name :

So, like twin byrds, my muse bred with her fame,
Together now doe learne theyre wings to use.
And in this booke, which here you may peruse,
Abroad they flye, resolv'd to try the same
Adventure in theyre flight ; and thee, sweet dame !
Both she and I for oure protectour chuse :
I by my vow, and she by farther right,
Under youre phœnix [wing] presume to flye ;
That from all carrion beakes in fastie might
By one same wing be shrouded—she and I.
O happie, if I might but flitter there,
Where you and shee and I should be so neare !



SPIRITUALL SONNETES TO THE
HONOR OF GOD, AND
HIS SAYNTS.





SPIRITUALL SONNETTES TO THE HONOUR
OF GOD AND HYS SAYNTES.

(FROM HARL. MS. 7553.)

I.

To God the Father.



REATE God! within whose sypmple
effence wee
Nothyng but that which ys thy self can
fynde :

When on thy self thou dyddst reflect thy mynde,
Thy thought was God, which tooke the forme of
Thee ; •

And when this God, thus borne, thou lov'ft, and Hee
Lov'd thee agayne with passion of lyke kynde,
(As lovers syghes which meete, become one
mynde,)

Both breath'd one spryght of æquall Deitye.
Æternall Father ! whence theis twoe doe come
And wil'ft the tyle of my father have,*

* See St. John xx. 17.

A heavenly knowledge in my mynde engrave,
 That yt thy Sonne's true image may become, ;
 And sente my hart with fyghes of holy love,
 That yt the temple of the Spryght may prove.

2.

To God the Sonne.

CREATE Prynce of heaven ! begotten of
 that Kyng
 Who rules the kyngdome, that himself dyd
 make ;
 And of that Vyrbyn-Queene mannes shape did
 take,
 Which from Kynge Davyd's royal stock dyd
 sprynge ;
 No mervayle, though thy byrth mayd angells synge.
 And angells' dyttyes shepheydes pypes awake ;
 And kynges, lyke shepheyds, humbled for thy
 sake,
 Kneele at thy feete, and guyftes of homage brynge :
 For heaven and earth, the hyghe and lowe estate,
 As partners of thy byrth make æquall clayme ;
 Angells, because in heaven God Thee begatt,
 Shepheydes and kynges, because thy mother came
 From pryncely race ; and yet by povertye
 Mayd glory shyne in her humillitye.

3.

To God the Holy Ghost.

ETERNALL Spryght! which art in heaven
the love,
With which God and his Sonne ech other
kyffe;

And who, to shewe who Godde's Beloved ys,
The shape and wynges took't of a loving Dove.
When Chryste, ascendyng, sent Thee from above,
In fyery tongues,* thou cam't downe unto hys,
That skyll in utteryng heavenly mysteryes,
By heate of zeale both faith and love myght move.
True God of Love! from whom all true love
sprynges,

Bestowe upon my love thy wynges and fyre,
My fowle and spyrytt ys, and with thy wynges
May lyke an aungell fly from earth's desyre,
And with thy fyre and hart inflam'd may beare,
And in thy syght a seraphim appeare.

4.

To the blessed sacrament.

WHEN Thee, O holy sacrificed Lambe!
In severed sygnes† I whyte and liquide see,
As on thy body slayne; I thynke on thee,
Which pale by shedyng of thy bloode became.

* Acts ii. 3.

† i. e. in the Eucharist. T. P.

And when agayne I doe behold the same,
 Vayled in whyte to be receav'd of mee,
 Thou seemest in thy syndon* wrap't to bee,
 Lyke to a corse, whose monument I am.
 Buryed in me, unto my fowle appeare,
 Pryson'd in earth, and bannish't from thy fyght ;
 Lyke our forefathers, who in lymbo were.
 Cleere thou my thoughtes, as thou did'st gyve them
 light ;
 And, as thou others freed from purgyng fyre,
 Quenche in my hart the flames of badd desyre.

5.

To our blessed Lady.

IN that, O Queene of queenes ! thy byrth
 was free
 From guylt, which others do of grace
 bereave,
 When in theyr mothers wombe they lyfe receive,
 God, as his sole-borne daughter loved thee ; •
 To matche thee lyke thy byrth's nobillitye,
 He thee hys Spyryt for thy spouse dyd leave,
 Of whome thou dydd'st his onely Sonne conceave,
 And so was lynk'd to all the Trinitye.

* *Syndon* seems to be here put for *winding-sheet*. It is otherwise a chirurgical term for a round piece of fine linen used in dressing the wound after the operation of trepanning. T. P.

Cease then, O queenes ! who earthly crownes do
 weare,
 To glory in the pompe of worldly thynges :
 If men such hyghe respect unto you beare,
 Which daughters, wyves, and mothers ar of kynges ;
 What honour should unto that Queene be donne
 Who had your God for father, spowse, and sonne ? .

6.

To St. Mychaell, the Archangel.


WHEN as the prynce of angells, puffed with
 pryde,
 Styrr'd his seditious spyrittes to rebell,
 God chose for cheife his champion Michaell,
 And gave hym charge the hoste of heaven to guyde.
 And when the angells of the rebels syde,
 Vanquish't in battayle, from their glory fell,
 The pryde of heaven became the drake* of hell,
 And in the dungeon of dyspayre was tyed.
 Thys dragon, synce lett loose, Goddes Church assail'd,
 And shee, by helpe of Mychaell's sward, pre-
 vail'd.—

Who ever try'd adventures lyke thys knyght,
 Which, generall of heaven, hell o'erthrewe ?
 For such a lady as Godde's spouse dyd fyght,
 And such a monster as the dyvell subdue ?

* Draco, or Dragon. T. P.


7.

To St. Ihon the Baptist.


S Anne, longe barren, mother dyd become
 Of hym, who last was judge in Israell :
 Thou, last of prophetts borne, like Samuell,
 Dydd'ft from a wombe past hope of issue come.
 Hys mother sylent spake :—thy father dombe,
 Recoveryng speache, Godde's wonder dyd foretell :
 He after death a prophett was in hell,
 And thou unborne within thy mother's wombe.
 He dyd annoynte the kynge whom God dyd take
 From charge of sheepe, to rule his chosen land ;
 But that highe Kynge, who heaven and earth did
 make,
 Receav'd a holyer lyquour from thy hand,
 When God his flocke in humayne shape did feede,
 As Israell's kynge kept his in shepherdes weede.

8.

To St. Peter and St. Paul.


HE that for feare hys mayster dyd denye,
 And at a mayden's voyce amazed stoode,
 The myghtyest monarche of the earth
 withstoode,
 And on his mayster's crosse rejoyc'd to dye.
 He whose blynde zeale dyd rage with crueltye,
 And helpt to shedd the fyrst of martyr's bloode,
 By lyght from heaven hys blyndenesse understoode,
 And with the cheife apostle slayne doth lye.

O three tymes happy twoe ! O golden payre !
 Who with your bloode dyd lay the churches
 grounde
 Within the fatall towne,* which twynnes dyd
 founde,
 And fetled there the Hebrew fisher's chayre,
 Where fyrst the Latyn sheepehyrd rais'd his throne,
 And synce the world and church were rul'd by one.

9.

To St. Mary Magdalen.

FOR fewe nyghtes solace in delitious bedd,
 Where heate of luste dyd kyndle flames
 of hell,
 Thou nak'd on naked rocke in desert cell
 Lay thirty yeares, and teares of grieve dyd shedd.
 But for that tyme thy hart there sorrowed,
 Thou now in heaven æternally dost dwell :
 And for ech teare which from thyne eyes then fell,
 A sea of pleasure now is rendered.
 If short delyghtes entyce my hart to straye,
 Lett me by thy longe pennance learne to knowe,
 How deare I should for trifyng pleasures paye ;
 And if I vertue's roughe beginnyng shunne,
 Lett thy æternall joyes unto me showe,
 What hyghe rewarde by lyttle paynes ys wonne.

* Rome.

10.

To St. Katharyne.

BECAUSE thou wast the daughter of a kyng,
Whose beautye dyd all nature's workes
exceede ;

And wyfedome wonder to the world dyd breede,
A muse myght rowse yt self on Cupid's wyng.
But, syth the graces which from nature sprynge,
Were grac'd by those which from grace dyd pro-
ceede,

And glory have deserv'd,* my Muse doth neede
An angell's feathers, when thy prayse I synge ;
For all in thee became angelycall :

An angell's face had angells puritye,
And thou an angells tongue didst speake withall.
Loe ! why thy fowle, sett free by martyrdome,
Was croun'd by God in angells company,
And angells handes thy body dyd intombe.

11.

To St. Margarett.

BAYRE Amazon of heaven ! who took't in
hand
St. Mychaell and St. George to imitate :

* A slight deviation from the MS. has here been hazarded.
The latter reads :—

But syth, they'r graced which from nature sprynge,
We're grac'd by those which from grace dyd procede,
And glory hath deserved ;—
which is perfectly unintelligible.

And for a tyrantes love transformd to hate,
Waft for thy lylly faith retayn'd in bande.
Alone on foote and with thy naked hande
Thou dydd'ft lyke Mychaell and his hofte ; and
that
For which on horfe arm'd George we celebrate,
Whylft thou lyke them a dragon dydd'ft with-
ftande.
Behold my fowle, fhutt in my bodyes jayle,
The which the drake of hell gapes to devoure :
Teache me, O vyrgyn ! how thou dydd'ft pre-
vayle ?—
Virginity, thou faieft, was all thy ayde.
Gyve me then purity in fteade of power,
And let my foule, mayd chafte, paffe for a mayde.

12.

To our Blessed Lady.

SOVEREIGNE of queenes ! if vayne ambi-
tion move
My hart to feeke an earthly prynce's grace,
Shewe me thy Sonne in his imperiall place,
Whofe fervants reigne our kynges and queenes
above ;
And if alluryng paffions I doe prove
By pleafyng fighes,—shewe me thy lovely face,
Whofe beames the angells beauty do deface,
And even inflame the feraphims with love.

So by ambition I shall humble bee ;
 When in the presence of the highest kynges,
 I serve all his, that he may honour mee,
 And Love my hart to chaste desyres shall brynge ;
 When fayrest queene lookes on me from her
 throne,
 And jealous byddes me love but her alone.

13.

To our blessed Lady.

WHY should I any love, O queene ! but thee
 If favour past a thankfull love should breed ?
 Thy wombe did beare, thy brest my
 Saviour feede,
 And thou dydest never cease to succour me.
 If love doe followe worth and dignitye,
 Thou all in [thy] perfections doest exceede ;
 If Love be ledd by hope of future meedes,*
 What pleasure more then thee in heaven to see ?
 An earthly fyght doth onely please the eye,
 And breedes desyre, but doth not satisfye :
 Thy fight gyves us possession of all joye,
 And with such full delyghtes ech sense shall fyll,
 As harte shall wyshe but for to see thee styll,
 And ever seeyng, ever shall injoye.

* i. e. rewards.

14.

To our blessed Lady.

SWEETE queene ! although thy beuty rayse
 upp mee

From fyght of baser beutyys here belowe ;
 Yett lett me not rest there, but higher goe
 To Hym, who tooke hys shape from God and thee.
 And if thy forme in hym more fayre I see,
 What pleasure from his deity shall flowe,
 By whose fayre beames his beutyie shineth so,
 When I shall yt beholde æternally !
 Then shall my love of pleasure have its fyll,
 When beutys' self, in whom all pleasure ys,
 Shall my enamored fowle embrace and kyffe,
 And shall newe loves and newe delyghtes distyll,
 Which from my fowle shall gushe into my hart,
 And through my body flowe to every part.

15.

To St. Mary Magdalen.

BLESSED Offendour ! who thy self haist
 try'd,

How farr a synner differs from a faynt,
 Joyne thy wett eyes with teares of my complaint,
 While I sighe for that grave for which thou cry'd.
 No longer let my synfull fowle abyde
 In feaver of thy fyrst desires faynte ;
 But lett that love, which last thy hart did taynt,
 With panges of thy repentance pierce my syde.

So shall my fowle no foolyſh vyrgyn bee
 With empty lampe : but, lyke a Magdalen, beare
 For oyntment boxe* a breaft with oyle of grace :
 And ſo the zeale, which then ſhall burne in mee,
 May make my hart lyke to a lampe appere,
 And in my ſpouſe's pallace gyve me place.

16.

To St. Mary Magdalen.

SUCH as retyr'd from ſight of men, lyke thee,
 By pennance ſuche the joyes of heaven to
 wyne,
 In deſartes make theyr paradice begynne,
 And even amongſt wylde beaſtes do angells ſee ;
 In ſuch a place my fowle doth ſeeme to bee,
 When in my body ſhe laments her ſynne,
 And none but brutall paſſions fyndes therin,
 Except they be ſent downe from heaven to me.
 Yett, if thoſe graces God to me impart,
 Which He inſpyr'd thy bleſſed breſt withall,
 I may fynde heaven in my retyred hart ;
 And if thou change the object of my love,
 The wyng'd affection, which men Cupid call,
 May gett his ſyght, and lyke an angell prove.

* See St. Matth. xxvi. 7.

17.

[*To St. Mary Magdalen.*]

SWEETE Saynt, thow better cans't declare
to me,

What pleasure ys obtaynt by heavenly love,
Than they whych other loves dyd never prove :
Or which in sexe were differyng from thee :
For, lyke a woman spowse my fowle shall bee,
Whom synfull passions once to lust did move,
And synce betrothed to Goddes sonne above,
Should be enamoured with his dietye.
My body ys the garment of my spryghte,
Whyle as the day-tyme of my lyfe doth last :
When death shall brynge the nyght of my delyghte,
My fowle unclothed shall rest from labors past :
And clasped in the armes of God injoye
By sweete conjunction everlastyng joye.

Amen ! Amen ! Amen !



SONNETS PREFIXED TO SIDNEY'S APOLOGY
FOR POETRY, 1595.

I.

[*To Sir Philip Sidneyes soule.*]

GIVE pardon, blessed soule ! to my bold cries,
If they, importune, interrupt thy songe,
Which now with joyfull notes thou sing'st
among

The angel-quiristers of th' heavenly skyes.

Give pardon eke, sweet soule ! to my slow cries,

That since I saw thee now it is so long ;

And yet the teares that unto thee belong,

To thee as yet they did not sacrifice ;

I did not know that thou wert dead before,

I did not feele the grieffe I did susteine ;

The greater stroke astonisheth the more,

Astonishment takes from us sense of paine :

I stood amaz'd when others' teares begun,

And now begin to weepe when they have done.

2.

[*To the Marquesse of Piscat's soule endued in her life-
tyme with infinite perfections, as her divine poems
doe testifie.*]



WEET soule ! which now with heavenly
songs dost tell
Thy deare Redeemer's glory and his prayse,
No mervaile though thy skilfull Muse assayes
The songes of other soules there to excell :
For thou didst learn to sing divinely well,
Long time before thy fayre and glittering rayes
Encreas'd the light of heav'n : for even thy layes
Most heavenly were, when thou on earth didst dwell.
When thou didst on the earth sing poet-wise,
Angels in heav'n pray'd for thy company ;
And now thou sing'st with angels in the skies,
Shall not all poets praise thy memory ?
And to thy name shall not their works give fame,
When-as their works be sweetned by thy name ?

3.

[To Sir Philip Sydneys soule.]

EVEN as when great mens heires cannot agree,
 So ev'ry vertue now for [part of] * thee doth
 sue :

Courage proves by thy death thy heart to be his due,
 Eloquence claimes thy tongue, and so doth courtesy ;
 Invention knowledge sues, judgment sues memory.

Each faith thy head is his ; and what end shall ensue
 Of this strife know I not : but this I know for true,
 That whosoever gains the suite, the losse have we :
 We—I meane all the world—the losse to all pertaineth :

Yea, they which gaine do lose, and only thy soule
 gaineth,

For losing of one life, two lives are gained then :

Honour thy courage mov'd, courage thy death did
 give :

Death, courage, honour, make thy soule to live,
 Thy soule to live in heaven, thy name in tongues of
 men.

* Not in MS.

Ulrich ^{4.} Krug-Smadus'
[To Sir Philip-Sidneyes soule.]

GREAT Alexander then did well declare,
 How great was his united kingdome's might,
 When ev'ry captaine of his army might
 After his death with mighty kings compare.
 So now we see after thy death, how far
 Thou dost in worth surpasse each other knight,
 When we admire him as no mortall wight,
 In whom the least of all thy vertues are.
 One did of Macedon the king become,
 Another fate in the Egiptian throne ;
 But only Alexander's selfe had all.
 So courteous some, and some be liberall,
 Some witty, wise, valiaunt, and learned some,
 But king of all the vertues thou alone !



CONTRIBUTIONS TO ENGLAND'S
HELICON.





CONTRIBUTIONS TO ENGLAND'S HELICON.

1.

Damelus Song to his Diaphenia.

DIAPHENIA like the Daffadown-dillie,
White as the funne, faire as the lillie,
Heigh hoe, how I doo love thee?

I doo love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their Dams,
How blest were I if thou would'st proove me?

Diaphenia like the spreading Roses,
That in thy sweetes all sweetes incloses
Faire sweete, how I doo love thee?

I doo love thee as each flower
Loves the funne's life-giving power ;
For dead, thy breath to life might moove me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Deare Joy, how I doo love thee?

As the Birds doo love the spring,
Or the Bees their carefull King ;
Then in requite, sweet Virgin, love me.

2.

To his Flocke.

BE EDE on, my Flocks, securely,
 Your Sheeheard watcheth surely.
 Runne about, my little Lambs,
 Skip and wanton with your Dammes,
 Your loving Heard with care will tend ye :
 Sport on, faire flocks, at pleasure,
 Nip *Vestae's* flow'ring treasure ;
 I myself will duely harke,
 When my watchfull dogge dooth barke,
 From Woolfe and Foxe I will defend ye.

3.

A Pastoral Song betweene Phillis and Amarillis, two Nymphes, each aunswering other line for line.

PHILLIS.

BIE on the sleights that men devise
 Heigh hoe fillie sleights :
 When simple Maydes they would entice,
 Maydes are yong men's chiefe delights.

AMARILLIS.

Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
 Eyes like beames of burning funne :
 And men once caught, they soone despise ;
 So are Sheeheard's oft undone.

PHILLIS.

If any young man win a mayde,
 Happy man is he :
 By trusting him she is betraide ;
 Fie upon such treacherie.

AMARILLIS.

If Maides win young men with their guiles
 Heigh hoe guilefull greefe :
 They deale like weeping Crocodiles,
 That murther men without releefe.

PHILLIS.

I know a simple country Hinde
 Heigh hoe fillie fwaine :
 To whom faire *Daphne* proved kinde,
 Was he not kinde to her againe ?
 He vowed by *Pan* with many an oath,
 Heigh hoe Sheepheards God is he :
 Yet since hath changed, and broke his troath,
 Troth-plight broke will plagued be.

AMARILLIS.

She had deceived many a swain
 Fie on false deceite :
 And plighted troth to them in vaine,
 There can be no greefe more great.
 Her measure was with measure paid,
 Heigh-hoe, heigh-hoe equall meede :
 She was beguil'd that had betraide,
 So shall all deceavers speede.

PHILLIS.

If every Maide were like to me,
 Heigh-hoe hard of hart :

Both love and lovers scorn'd should be,
Scorners shall be sure of smart.

AMARILLIS.

If every Maide were of my minde
Heigh-hoe, heigh-hoe lovely sweete :
They to their lovers should proove kinde,
Kindnes is for maydens meete.

PHILLIS.

Methinks, love is an idle toy,
Heigh-hoe bufie paine :
Both wit and fence it dooth annoy,
Both fence and wit thereby we gaine.

AMARILLIS.

Tush ! *Phillis*, cease, be not so coy,
Heigh-hoe, heigh-hoe, coy disdain :
I know you love a Sheepheard's boy,
Fie ! that Maydens so should faine !

PHILLIS.

Well, *Amarillis*, now I yeeld,
Sheepheards, pipe aloude :
Love conquers both in towne and field,
Like a tirant, fierce and proude.
The evening starre is up, ye see ;
Vespers shines ; we must away ;
Would every Lover might agree,
So we end our Roundelay.

4.

The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis.

VENUS faire did ride
 Silver doves they drew her,
 By the pleasant lawnds,
 Eer the sunne did rise:
Vestæ's beautie rich
 Opened wide to view her,
 Philomel records
 Pleasing harmonies.
 Every bird of spring
 Cheerefully did sing
 Paphos' goddesse they salute ;
 Now Love's Queene so faire
 Had of mirth no care :
 For her sonne had made her mute.
 In her breast so tender,
 He a shaft did enter,
 When her eyes beheld a boy :
 Adonis was he named,
 By his mother shamed : *
 Yet he now is Venus' joy.

Him alone she met
 Ready bound for hunting ;

* No reader is unacquainted with the story of Myrrha in Ovid.

Him she kindly greetes,
 And his journey stayes ;
 Him she seekes to kisse,
 No devises wanting ;
 Him her eyes still wooe ;
 Him her tongue still prayes.
 He with blushing red
 Hangeth downe the head,
 Not a kisse can he afford ;
 His face is turned away,
 Silence sayd her nay,
 Still she woo'd him for a word.
 " Speake," she said, " thou fairest ;
 Beautie thou impairest,
 See mee, I am pale and wan :
 Lovers all adore mee,
 I for love implore thee ;"
 —Christall teares with that downe ran.

Him heerewith shee forced
 To come sit downe by her,
 She his neck embrac'de,
 Gazing in his face :
 Hee, like one transformed,
 Stir'd no looke to eye her ;
 Every hearbe did wooe him,
 Growing in that place,
 Each bird with a dittie
 Prayed him for pity
 In behalfe of Beautie's Queene :

Water's gentle murmour
Craved him to love her :
Yet no liking could be seene ;
“ Boy,” shee sayd, “ looke on mee,
Still I gaze upon thee,
Speake, I pray thee, my delight :”
Coldly he replyed,
And in breefe denyed
To bestow on her a sight.

“ I am now too young
To be wunne by beauty,
Tender are my yeeres
I am yet a bud :
Fayre thou art, shee said,
Then it is thy dutie,
Wert thou but a blossome,
To effect my good.
Every beauteous flower
Boasteth in my power,
Byrds and beasts my lawes effect :
Myrrha thy faire mother,
Most of any other,
Did my lovely hefts respect.
Be with me delighted,
Thou shalt be requited,
Every Nimph on thee shall tend :
All the Gods shall love thee,
Man shall not reprove thee :
Love himself shall be thy freend.

Wend thee from mee, *Venus*,
 I am not disposed ;
 Thou wringst mee too hard,
 Pre-thee let me goe ;
 Fie ! what a paine it is
 Thus to be enclosed,
 If love begin in labour,
 It will end in woe.
 Kisse mee, I will leave,
 Heere a kisse receive,
 A shorte kisse I doe it find :
 Wilt thou leave me so ?
 Yet thou shalt not goe ;
 Breathe once more thy balmie wind.
 It smelleth of the mirh-tree,
 That to the world did bring thee,
 Never was perfume so sweet :
 When she had thus spoken,
 She gave him a token,
 And theyr naked bosoms meet.

Now, hee sayd, let's goe,
 Harke, the hounds are crying,
 Grieffie Boare is up,
 Huntsmen follow fast :
 At the name of Boare,
Venus seemed dying,
 Deadly coloured pale,
 Roses overcast.
 Speake, sayd shee, no more,

Of following the Boare,
 Thou unfit for such a chafe :
 Courfe the fearefull Hare,
 Venfon do not spare,
 If thou wilt yeeld *Venus* grace.
 Shun the Boare, I pray thee,
 Elfe I ftill will ftay thee.
 Herein he vowed to please her minde ;
 Then her armes enlarged,
 Loth fhee him difcharged ;
 Forth he went as fwift as winde.

Thetis Phœbus fteedes
 In the Weft retained,
 Hunting fport was paff ;
 Love her love did feeke :
 Sight of him too foone,
 Gentle Queene fhee gained,
 On the ground he lay,
 Blood had left his cheeke.
 For an orped* fwine
 Smit him in the groyne,
 Deadly wound his death did bring :
 Which when *Venus* found,
 Shee fell in a fwound,
 And awakte, her hands did wring,
 Nymphs and Satires fkipping,

* i. e. briftly. The word originally applied to armour briftling with gold, and hence to the reddifh briftles of a hog.

Came together tripping,
Eccho every cry expres't :
Venus by her power
Turn'd him to a flower,
Which she weareth in her creast.





APPENDIX.

Two Letters from Henry Constable to the Countess of Shrewsbury, undated, but supposed to have been written in 1596, (preserved among the Talbot Papers.)*

I.

MADAME,

DO hold myself beholden to your Ladyship for the advice you gave me, for that I find it more convenient to write unto your Ladyship, than to come unto you, or to make any other visits either by day or night, till I have a further liberty granted me; and though I cannot so well communicate to your Ladyship my desire, by letters as by speech, yet in general I will tell your Ladyship, that I hear the Council hath a purpose to banish me, which if it be so, I would desire, by my Lord's means, and my other good friends, to obtain two requests; the one, that I be not absolutely

* One of Constable's letters is preserved among the MSS. Cotton; but it has been injured by fire to such an extent as to render it wholly impossible, in parts, to decipher, and it is almost illegible throughout.

banished, but so as upon my good deserts I may return; the other that I may, with the King's good liking, and some of my friend's recommendation, go with the Constable of Castile into Spain; for that the King of France (which sent my letters into England, for which I am troubled, and heareth that his dealing with me is a blot to his reputation among those of my profession) will be my enemy. But, seeing the Lords* direct other circumstances in this business that do import me besides, wherein I desire your Ladyship's advice, and that they be too tedious to write, I will only beseech your Ladyship to excuse my importunity, and to account me as you did, for him that doth honour your Ladyship more than any woman living: and, with this protestation, I most humbly kiss your Ladyship's hand, and remain,

Your Ladyship's most humble and most obedient Servant,

HENRY CONSTABLE.

To the right honourable and his best Lady
the Countess of Shrewsbury.

II.

GOD is my witness that the miseries of France be not such as should make me once wish to return for any great benefit, if it were not only for your cause and yours, and therefore, Madam,

* i. e. Lords of the Privy Council.

for the honour I bear to your perfections, forget all those imperfections, which I observe in myself as well as your Ladyship doth, and know that I have taken every way notable profit by this journey; for, (finding my disposition more acceptable to this nation than my own) if by your favour I return, I will go about to ingraft an English humour into me; and if I do not, then may I freely follow my own natural disposition, and live contented with how little soever I shall have, serving no other Mistress than God Almighty, who I know will love me if I love him, and in whose company I can be when I will.

I dare not importune your Ladyship with any weighty news, besides such common actions, as I reserve for my Lord's letter; and to say truly, the King's army being not yet joined, I have no further means of learning anything than from the mouths of our commanders, of whom I have the honour to be little cared for, as I deserve.

I most humbly kiss your Ladyship's fair hands, and remain for ever and ever,

Your Ladyship's most affectionate Servant,

HENRY CONSTABLE.

To the right honourable his singular good Lady
the Countess of Shrewsbury.



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