DIANA: THE SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS OF HENRY CONSTABLE.
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"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.
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 Sheepheard’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 Mistresse 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 foifted 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 fold 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 founder hypothesis of the two.
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

T 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 Essays,” says the author, “I dedicated to my dearé 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.
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

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 cousin, 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 Pernassus; or the Scourge of Simony*, a play, speaks of him as follows:

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Sweet Constable doth take the wound'ring ear,
And lays it up in willing prisonment.
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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 *Returne 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 Sonnetteer" 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 temporally 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 Sonets to the King of Scots.

Sweet Muses’ son! Apollo’s chief delight!
While 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?
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

What! did thy sifter swallowe thee incite
With her, for winter's dread, to flye awaye?
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 Soveraigne pardons thee.

In his translation of Varchi's Blazon of Jealousie, 1615, 4°, 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°, cursoryl alludes to our Poet in illustrat- ing 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-Mafiix, 1660, 12°; 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.
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 wise
To thee my sighes in verse I sacrifie,
Only some pitty and no helpe to gaine.

Heare then—and as my heart shall aye remaine
A patient object to thy lightning eyes,
A patient eare bring thou to thundring cryes;
Feare not the cracke, when I the blow sustaine.

So as thine eye bred my ambitious thought,
So shall 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 infances, 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 mistresse, for resolving to love so worthy a creature.]

LAME 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 heart so with thy heavenly eye
Drawne up aloft, all low desires doth shun:
Raise thou me up, as thou my heart haft 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.]

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

Thou, haply, say'st—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 helpleffe 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, fith 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," (faith 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.
SONNETS.

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 espie
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 helpes 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 streams of mine eyes would make drye.

6.

[Love's seven deadly sins.]

Thine eye with all the deadly sinnes is fraught.
First proud—fith it presum'd to looke so hie,
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.
SONNETS.

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 sins procured have a goddeffe' ire,
Wherefore my heart is damn'd in love's sweet fire.

7.

[Of the flander envye gives him, for so highlye
praying his MistriFFE.]
8.

Much sorrow in itselfe my love doth move:
More my despair—to love a hopeless bliss;
My folly most—to love where sure to misse.
O, help me but this last griefe to remove;
All paine, if you command it, joy doth prove;
And wisdom to seek 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—bear you the blame of it.

9.

[Of his mistresse: 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.
SONNETS.

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 flowers.

10.

[To the Ladie Rich.]

HERALDS at armes doe three perfections quote;
To wit—most faire, most rich, most glittering:
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 creft was waves of gold:
How glittering was the coate the stars 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.
SONNETS.

II.

If 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'ft 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 be 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.
SONNETS.

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!
With 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 misfe.
SONNETS.

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 mayft spare.
And when on me beftow'd your favours are,
Less fav'r in your face you fhall not have:
If favour then a wounded foule may fave;
Of murder's guilt, dear Ladie, then beware.
My losfe of life a million fold were lesfe
Than the leaft losfe fhould unto you befall:
Yet grant this guift; which guift when I poiffe,
Both I have life, and you no losfe at all.
For by your favour only I doe live;
And favour you may well both keepe and give.

15.

Y reafon, abfent, did mine eyes require
To watch and ward, and fuch foes to defcrie
As they fhould, neare my heart approach-
ing, fpy:
But traitor-eyes my heart's death did confpire,
Corrupted with Hope's gyfts, let in Defire
'To burne my heart, and fought no remedy,
Though ftore of water were in eyther eye,
Which well employ'd, might well have quencht the fire.
Reafon returned, Love and Fortune made
Judges, to judge mine eyes to punishment:
Fortune, so they by sight my heart betray’d,
   From wished sight adjudg’d them banishment:
Love, so by fire murdred my heart was found,
   Adjudged them in tears 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.

ITTY 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
SONNETS.

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 wayle, wherewith she covered her.]

HE fouler hides, as closely as he may,
The net where caught the fillie bird should be;
Least that the threatening prifon it should see,
And so for feare be forc'd to flye away.
My Ladie so, the while she doth aslay
In curled knots ftaft to entangle me,
Puts on her vaile; to th' end I shou'd 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 fame:
What needs such arte, my thoughts then to entrap,
When of them selves they flye into your lap.
SONNETS.

19.

[To his Lady's hand: upon occasion of her glove, which in her absence be kissed.]

WEET hand! the sweet yet cruel 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 feet, where I
All these same helplesse wounds feel in my heart.

Now as Saint Francis (if a saint) 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 kiss:

And I thy glove kiss as a thing divine—
Thy arrowes quiver, and thy reliques shrine.

20.

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

AIRE sun! 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,
SONNETS.

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 skil 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 sickness.]

UCIVILL sickness! haft thou no regard,
But doft presume my dearest to molest?
And, without leave, dar'ft 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 sickness,—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 releaft.
SONNETS.

22.

NEEDS must I leave, and yet needs must I love,
In vain my wit doth paint in verse my woe:
Disdaine in thee dispaire in me doth shewe
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.]

WEET 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 haft 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 hair 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 yield 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 lossness.]

When your perfections to my thoughts appeare,
They say among themselves, "O happy he,
Which ever shall so rare an object see!"
But happy 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 than 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 sink or hurl the gold away.
But hurl out love thou canst not, feeble heart!
In thine owne blood thou therefore drowned art.
SONNETS.

25.

ACH 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 lefle seare, 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 onlye life doth make me die in woe,
   And onlye death I for my pardon crave.

26.

[Conclusion of the whole.]

SOMETIMES in verfe I prais'd, sometimes I figh'd,
   No more fhall pen with love and beauty mell,
But to my heart alone my heart fhall tell
How unfeene flames doe burne it day and night.
Leaft 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.
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.

AYRE 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 hostts 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, leaft he should leave
No kingdome unto him for to subdue;
So shall thy mother thee of praise bereave: ‡
So many hearts already thee 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 praise bereave. MS.
SONNETS.

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 forfaken; for I them forsooke,
Forsaken first of thee, next of my fence;
And when thou deign'st 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 Mistrie.

Grace full of grace though in these verses heere
My Love complaines 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 caufed 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 suddeyne 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 fo 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 affure
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 phoenix art;
And like a pellican thy beautie liveth
By fucking blood oute of my breast and hearte.
Loe! why with wonder we may thee compare
Unto the pelican and phoenix rare.

3.

An exhortation to the reader to come and see his Mijrisse' 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.
SONNETS.

Come then and come ye all,—come soone, leaft 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 taft or red, the soft or white.

4.

Of the excellencye of his Ladies voyce.

ADIE 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 baseft notes which from thy voice proceed
The treble of the angells doe exceed.
SONNETS.

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

5.
Of her excellencye both in singing and instruments.

OT that thy hand is fofte, is fweete, is white,
Thy lipps fweete roses, breast fweet lilye is,
That love esteemes these three the chiefeft bliffe
Which nature ever made for lipp's delight;
But when these three to fhew theyre heavenly might
Such wonders doe, devotion then for this
Commandeth us with humble zeale to kiffe
Such thinges as worke miracles in oure figh.
A lute of feneleffe wood, by nature dumbe,
Toucht by thy hand doth speake divinely well;
And from thy lips and breast fweet 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 bliffe,
To fhew the one whose other there is not,
SONNETS.

The whitest skinnes red blushing shame 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 leaft starre that take the light from his.
The poore in beautie thus content remayne
To see theyre jealouse cause reveng’d in thee:
And theyre fayre foes afflicted with like payne,
Loe, the cleare proofe of thy divinitye.
For unto God is only dew this prayse—
The higheft to pluck downe, the low to rayse.

7.

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

MIRACLE 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 prophecy.
Thy coming to the world hath taught us to decrire
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.
SONNETS.

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 fonges 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.
SONNETS.

9.
Complaint of his Ladies melancholynes.
That one care had oure two hearts possett,
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 swaye 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 feaze,
Alas! what succoure gayne I then by this,
But double griefe for thine and myne uneafe?
Yet when thou seest thy hurts to wound my heart,
And so art taught by me what pitty is:
Perhaps thy heart will learne to feele my smart.

10.
DEARE! though from me youre gratioufe lookes depart,
And of that comfort doe my selfe bereave,
Which both I did deserve and did receave;
Triumph not over much in this my smarte.
Nay, rather they which now enjoy thy heart
For feare just cause of mourning should concave,
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 ceafe,
   For feare fayre tyme fhould not continue still:
So they may mourn which have thy heart poiffeft
For feare of change, and hope of change may ease
Theyre hearts whome griefe of change doth now molest.

II.

F ever any juftlye might complayne
   Of unrequited service, it is I:
     Change is the thanks I have for loyaltye,
And onlye her reward is her disfayne.
So as juft spight did almost me conftrayne,
   Through torment, her due prayses to denye.
     For he which vexed is with injurye
By speaking ill doth eafe 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 firft truth to gaynsfay.
Her true given prayse my firft confession is:
Though her disfayne doe rack me night and day,
This I confeft, and will denye in this.

* Torture.
To the Queen: after his returne oute of Italye.

OT longe agoe in Poland travelling,
Changing my tongue, my nation, and my weede,*
Maynef wordes I heard from forreyne mouth pro-
ceed,
Theyre wonder and thy glorie witneffing—
How from thy wisdome did those conquests spring
Which ruin’d them thy ruin which decreed.
But fuch as envyed thee in this agreed—
Thy Ilands seate did thee moft 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 shal thyne Ile in safetie keepe.

* Fashion of dres.        † Strange.
2.

To the Queen: touching the cruel 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 Queen:
Thy neighbours envious of thy happy 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 angels punish'd be,
For thou art shee from whom this torment is.

3.

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

HE 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 means 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 thanbloud I shed
Which envie though it be a vice, yet heere
   'Tis vertue, ifth youre vertues have it bred.
Thus powerfull 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.

LOOME 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 receaved bliffe.
Yet, prince of hope! suppose not for all this
   That I thy place and not thy guifts 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.

D
To the King of Scots, touching the subject of his poems dedicated whole 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 allworldl ye things as flow:
Because thy Muse with angells wings doth leave
Tyme’s wings behinde, and Cupid’s wings below;
But take thou heed leaft Fame’s wings thee deceave.
With all thy speed from Fame thou can’st not flye,
But more thou flyest, the more it followes thee.

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 durft sigh still as I had begun, Or durft shed teares in such abundant store,
You shoulde 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 defired ships should carrie o’re,
And my sighes blowe such winde from northern shore
As soone you should behold youre wished sun.
But with those sighes my deare displeased is,
Which shold both haft youre joy and slake my payne:
Yet for my good will, O kinge! grant me this;
When to the winds you sacrifice again,
Sith I desir’d my sighes shold blow for thee,
Desire thou the winds to sigh for me.

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 shold not so longe stay youre returne,
My heart shold easily thaw the frozen wave:
But when my payne makes me for pittie crave,
The blindest see with what just cause I mourn:
So leaft 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
SONNETS.

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

SONETS TO PARTICULAR LADIES WHOME HE MOST HONOURED.

1.

To the Princes of Orange.

Nature of her workes proud ever were,
  It was for this that she created you:
  Youre sacred head, which wisdome doth indue,
Is only fitte a diademe to weare.
Your lilie 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 oversee:
  O happie land, whose soveraigne thou hadst beene!
But God on earth full blisse will not permitte,
  And this is only 'caus[e] you are no Queene.
SONNETS.

2.

To the Countesse of Shrewsburye.

LAYNLIE I write because I will write true:
If ever Marie but the Virgin were
Mete 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 your e name the crowne did beare,
And your e 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 your e eye,
And maketh them you punish, love you more.

3.

To the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwicke,
sisters.*

OU 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 Ruffell, 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.
SONNETS.

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
Malitiose tongues take pleasure to speake well;
How shoule I you commend, when eyther one
All things in heaven and earth so far excell?
The higheft prayse that I can give, is this—
That one of you like to the other is.

4.

To my Ladye Arbella.

HAT worthie marquess, 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.
SONNETS.

5.
To the Ladye Arbella.

ONLY hope of oure age! that vertues dead
By youre sweet breath should be reviv’d againe:
Learning, discourag’d longe by rude disdaine,
By youre white hands is only cherifhed.
Thus others’ worth by you is honoured:
But whoe shall honoure youre? 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 vertuoufe prayfes blaze;
Lend them youre wit, youre judgment, memorye,
Leaft they themselves shoule not knowe what to say:
And, that thou mayft be lov’d as much as prays’d,
My heart thou mayft 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 our countrye’s treasure see.

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

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

TO SEVERALL PERSONS UPON SUNDRYE OCCASIONS.

1.

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

HEN murdring hands, to quench the thirst
of tyrannie,
The world's moft worthye, in thy spouse
and father Flew,
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 pub-
lished by Mr. W. Scott, vol. i. p. 407.—T. Park.
SONNETS.

So in thyne eyes at once we fire and water see;
   Fire doth of beautie spring, water of griefe 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 grieue to see such eyes bathed in teares of woes,
   A fire of revenge inflames against thy foes.

2.

To the Countesse of Shrewburye, upon occasion of his dear
Mistresse* whoe liv’d under her government.

RUE, worthie dame! if I thee chiefstayne call
   Of Venus’ hoft, let others think no ill:
   I grant that they be fayre, but what prince will
Choose 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 chiefeft of them all.

* Mary Queen of Scots, who in 1568-9 was consigned to the custody of the Earl and Countefs of Shrewbury, till the irksome charge was resigned in 1584.—T. P.
† Power or strength.
To you then, you, the fairest of the wife,
And wisest of the fake I do 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.*

ADIE! whome by reporte I only knowe,
Yet knowe so well, as I muft thee adore:
To honoure thee what need I seeke for more?
Thou art his sifter whome I honoured so.
Yet million tongues reporte doth further shewe
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 honoure it?
For I have prayfed thyne by praying his.

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

WEE TEST of ladies! if thy pleasure be
to murther 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, with good to enemye?
And thus doe I: and thus ambitioufe Spaine
Unsatisfied the new-found world to gayne,
Two better worlds shoud have;—I meane thyne eyes.
And we oure world, oure world his sun shoud
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 eldeft and only surviving daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and was celebrated not only for beauty but for lovelines 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.

INCE onlye I, sweet Ladie, ye beheld,
Yet then such love I in youre looke did finde
And such sweet gesses of youre gratioufe 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 sees 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 sight me move
I-knowe it is some place where you have been.

6.

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

F 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.
SONNETS.

But if in secreat I his judgment thrive,
It would confesse that no man knew aright
  To give to stones and pearles true die and light,
Till first youre art with orient nature strive.
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 breaste 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 effect-
  ing those things which by the former calculation of her
  nativitye he foretold.

E that by skill of stars doth fates fortell,
  If reason give the verdit of his side,
Though by mischance things otherwise betye
    Then he foretold,—yet doth he calcule well.
A phoenix 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 shou'd slay,
  Her beautie's light did dazle so his eye,
As, while he blindfold let his arrowe flye,
  He flew the yonge one which stood in the way.
SONNETS.

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 Mistrisle' 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 foroure proteçtour 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 fo neare!
SPIRITUALL SONNETES TO THE
HONUR OF GOD, AND
HIS SAYNTS.
SPIRITUALL SONNETTES TO THE HONOUR
OF GOD AND HYS SAYNTES.

(FROM HARL. MS. 7553.)

I.

To God the Father.

CREATE God! within whose symple
esseence 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 fyghes which meete, become one
mynde,)
Both breath'd one spryght of æquall Deitye.
Æternall Father! whence theis twoe doe come
And wil'ft the tytle of my father have,*

* See St. John xx. 17.

E
A heavenly knowledge in my mynde engrave,
That yt thy Sonne's true image may become,
And fente 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 Vyrgyn-Queene mannes fhape did
take,
Which from Kynge Davyd's royal stock dyd
spryngne;
No mervayle, though thy byrth mayd angells fynge.
And angells' dyttyes fhephyrdes pypes awake;
And kynge, lyke fhepehyrds, humbled for thy
fake,
Kneele at thy feete, and guystes 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,
Sheepehyrdes and kynge, because thy mother came
From pryncely race; and yet by povertye
Mayd glory fhyne in her humillitye.
3.
To God the Holy Ghost.

TERNALL Spryght! which art in heaven
the love,
With which God and his Sonne ech other
kysse;
And who, to shewe who Godde's Beloved ys,
The shape and wynges took'ft of a loving Dove.
When Chryste, ascendyng, sent Thee from above,
In syery tongues,* thou cam'ft 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,
Beftowe 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 fyght a seraphim appeare.

4.
To the blessed sacrament.

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

* Acts ii. 3. † i.e. in the Eucharist. T. P.
And when agayne I doe behold the fame,
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 sowle appeare,
Pryson'd in earth, and bannish't from thy syght;
Lyke our forefathers, who in lymbo were.

Cleere thou my thoughtes, as thou did'ft gyve them light;
And, as thou others freed from purgyng fyre,
Quenche in my hart the flames of badd defyre.

5.

To our blessed Lady.

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

* Syndon seems to be here put for winding-sheet. It is other-
wise a chirurgical term for a round piece of fine linen used in
dressing the wound after the operation of trepanning. T. P.
Ceafe 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 shoule unto that Queene be donne
Who had your God for father, spowfe, and sonne?

6.

To St. Mychaell, the Archangel.

HEN as the prynce of angells, puft’d 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 rebells syde,
Vanquish’t in battayle, from theyr 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 affail’d,
And shee, by helpe of Mychaell’s suoarde, prevail’d.—
Who ever try’d adventures lyke thys knyght,
Which, generall of heaven, hell o’erthrew?
For such a lady as Godde’s spouse dyd fyght,
And such a monster as the dyvell subdue?

* Draco, or Dragon.  T. P.
SONNETS.

7.
To St. Ihon the Baptist.

Anne, longe barren, mother dyd become
Of hym, who laft was judge in Israel:
Thou, laft 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 Israel’s kynge kept his in shepeherdes weede.

8.
To St. Peter and St. Paul.

That for feare hys mayster dyd denye,
And at a mayden’s voyce amazed stoode,
The myghtyeest monarche of the earth
And on his mayster’s croffe rejoyc’d to dye.
He whose blynde zeale dyd rage with crueltie,
And helpt to shedd the fyrst of martyr’s bloode,
By lyght from heaven hys blyndeness underneath,
And with the cheife apostle slayne doth lye.
SONNETS.

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 setled there the Hebrew fisher's chayre,
Where fyrfth the Latyn sheepheyrd rais'd his throne,
And synce the world and church were rul'd by one.

9.

To St. Mary Magdalen.

OR fewe nyghtes solace in delitious bedd,
Where heate of lufte dyd kyndle flames of hell,
Thou nak'd on naked rocke in desert cell
Lay thirty yeares, and teares of griefe dyd shedd.
But for that tyme thy hart there sorrowed,
Thou now in heaven æternally doft dwell:
And for ech teare which from thyne eyes then fell,
A sea of pleasure now is rendered.
If short deelyghtes entyce my hart to straye,
Lett me by thy longe penance learne to knowe,
How deare I shoulde for trifling 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.
To St. Katharyne.

Because thou waft 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 wynge.
But, fyth the graces which from nature sprynge,
Were grac'd by those which from grace dyd proceede,
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, fett free by martyrdome,
Was croun'd by God in angells company,
And angells handes thy body dyd intombe.

To St. Margarett.

AYRE Amazon of heaven! who took'ft in hand
St. Mychaell and St. George to imitate:

* A flight deviation from the MS. has here been hazarded.
The latter reads:—
But fyth, they'r graced which from nature sprynge,
We're grac'd by those which from grace dyd proceede,
And glory hath deserved;—
which is perfectly unintelligible.
SONNETS.

And for a tyrantes love transformd to hate,  
Waft for thy llyly 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 horse arm'd George we celebrate,  
Whylft thou lyke them a dragon dydd'ft with-
stande.  
Behold my fowl, fshutt in my bodyes jayle,  
The which the drake of hell gapes to devour :  
Teache me, O vyrgyn! how thou dydd'ft pre-
vayle ?—  
Virginity, thou saieft, was all thy ayde.  
Gyve me then purity in steade of power,  
And let my soule, mayd chast, passe for a mayde.  

12.  
To our Blessed Lady.  

OVEREIGNE of queenes! if vayne ambi-
tion move  
My hart to seeke an earthly prynce's grace,  
Shewe me thy Sonne in his imperiall place,  
Whose servants reigne our kynges and queenes above;  
And if allurynge passions I doe prove  
By pleasyng fshiges,—shewe me thy lovely face,  
Whose beames the angells beuty do deface,  
And even inflame the seraphims with love.
So by ambition I shall humble bee;
When in the presence of the highest kynge,
I serve all his, that he may honour mee,
And Love my hart to chasté desyres shall brynge;
When fairest queene lookes on me from her throne,
And jealous byddes me love but her alone.

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 breste my Saviour feede,
And thou dyddest 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 fight doth onely please the eye,
And breedes desyre, but doth not satisfye:
Thy fight gyves us possession of all joye,
And with such full deligheites ech sense shall fyll,
As harte shall wyshe but for to see the fyll,
And ever seeyng, ever shall injoye.

* i.e. rewards.
SONNETS.

14.
To our blessed Lady.

WEETE queene! although thy beuty rayfe upp mee
From fght of baser beutyes here belowe;
Yett lett me not reft there, but higher goe
To Hym, who tooke his shape from God and thee.
And if thy forme in hym more fayre I fee,
What pleafure from his deity fhall flowe,
By whose fayre beames his beutye shineth fo,
When I fhall yt beholde æternally!
Then fhall my love of pleafure have its fyll,
When beutys' felf, in whom all pleafure ys,
Shall my enamored fowle embrace and kysfe,
And fhall newe loves and newe deleyghtes diftyll,
Which from my fowle fhall gushe into my hart,
And through my body flowe to every part.

15.
To St. Mary Magdalen.

BLESSED Offendour! who thy felf haift try'd,
How farr a synner differs from a faynt,
Joyne thy wette eyes with teares of my complaint,
While I fighfe for that grave for which thou cry'd.
No longer let my synfull fowle abyde
In feaver of thy fyrft defires faynte;
But lett that love, which laft thy hart did taynt,
With panges of thy repentance pierce my fyde.
So shall my fowle no foolifh vyrgyn bee
With empty lampe: but, lyke a Magdalen, beare
For oyntment boxe* a breast 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 spoufe's pallace gyve me place.

16.

To St. Mary Magdalen.

UCH as retyr'd from fight of men, lyke thee,
By pennance suche the joyes of heaven to wynne,
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 bleffed brest withall,
I may fynde heaven in my retyr'd hart;
And if thou change the object of my love,
The wyng'd affection, which men Cupid call,
May gett his fyght, and lyke an angell prove.

* See St. Matth. xxvi. 7.
SONNETS.

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 differung from thee:
For, lyke a woman spowse my fowle shal bee,
Whom synfull passions once to lust did move,
And synec betrothed to Goddes sone above,
Should be enamoured with his dietye.
My body ys the garment of my spryghte,
Whyle as the day-tyme of my lyfe doth laft:
When death shal brynge the nyght of my delyghte,
My fowle unclothed shal rest from labors past:
And clasped in the armes of God injoye
By sweete conjunction everlaftyng joye.

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

I.

[To Sir Philip Sidneyes foule.]

FIVE pardon, blessed soule! to my bold cries,
If they, importune, interrupt thy song,
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 seele the griefe I did sustaine;
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 weep when they have done.
[To the Marquess of Piscat's soule endued in her lifetyme with infinite perfections, as her divine poems doe testifye.]

WEET soule! which now with heavenly songs doft tell
Thy deare Redeemer's glory and his prayse,
No mervaile though thy skilfull Muse aßayes
The fonges of other foules there to excell:
For thou didft learn to fing 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 didft dwell.
When thou didft on the earth fing poet-wife,
Angels in heav'n pray'd for thy company;
And now thou fing'ft with angels in the skies,
Shall not all poets praife thy memory?
And to thy name shall not their works give fame,
When-as their works be sweetned by thy name?
VEN 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 courtesie;
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 gaines 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.
SONNETS.

4.

[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 surpaole 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 Egyptian throne;
But only Alexander’s selfe had all.
So courteous some, and some be liberall,
Some witty, wise, valiant, and learned some,
But king of all the vertues thou alone!
CONTRIBUTIONS TO ENGLAND’S HELICON.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO ENGLAND'S HELICON.

I.

Damelus Song to his Diaphenia.

DIAPHENIA like the Daffadowndillie,  
White as the sunne, 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 prove 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 sunne's life-giving power;  
For dead, thy breath to life might moove me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,  
When all thy praiies 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.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO

2.

To his Flocke.

EEDE on, my Flocks, securely,
Your Sheepheard 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.

IE on the fleights that men devise
Heigh hoe sille fleights:
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 sunne:
And men once caught, they soone despise;
So are Sheepheards oft undone.
PHILLIS.
If any young man win a mayde,
   Happy man is he:
By truffing 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 swaine:
To whom faire Daphne prooved 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 deceaved 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 prove kind,
Kindness is for maidens meet.

PHILLIS.

Methinks, love is an idle toy,
Heigh-hoe busie 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 Maidens so should faine!

PHILLIS.

Well, Amarillis, now I yeeld,
Sheepheards, pipe aloud:
Love conquers both in town and field,
Like a tyrant, fierce and proud.
The evening starre is up, ye see;
Vespers shines; we must away;
Would every Lover might agree,
So we end our Roundelay.
The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis.

VENUS faire did ride
Silver doves they drew her,
By the plesant lawnds,
Eer the sunne did rise:
Vestae's beautie rich
Opened wide to view her,
Philomel records
Pleasing harmonies.
Every bird of spring
Cheerfully 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.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO

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

Him heerewith shee forced
    To come fit 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 murmur
Craved him to love her:
Yet no liking could be seen;
"Boy," she said, "look on mee,
Still I gaze upon thee,
Speak, I pray thee, my delight:"
Coldly he reply'd,
And in brief denied
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, she said,
Then it is thy duty,
Wert thou but a blossom,
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 Nymph 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 wring'st 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 chase: 
Courfe the fearefull Hare, 
Venfon do not spare, 
If thou wilt yeeld Venus grace. 
Shun the Boare, I pray thee, 
Elfe I still will stay thee. 
Herein he vowed to please her minde; 
Then her armes enlarged, 
Loth shee him discharged; 
Forth he went as swift as winde.

Thetis Phæbus steedes 
    In the West retained, 
Hunting sport was past; 
    Love her love did seek: 
Sight of him too soone, 
Gentle Queene shee gained, 
On the ground he lay, 
Blood had left his cheeke. 
For an orped* swine 
Smit him in the groyne, 
Deadly wound his death did bring: 
Which when Venus found, 
Shee fell in a swound, 
And awakte, her hands did wring, 
Nymphs and Satires skipping,

* i.e. briskly. The word originally applied to armour bristling with gold, and hence to the reddish bristles of a hog.
ENGLAND'S HELICON.

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,

I 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.
APPENDIX.

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 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.