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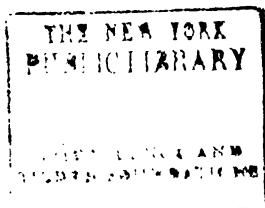
THE
ANNOTATED EDITION
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

EDITED BY
ROBERT BELL,
AUTHOR OF
'THE HISTORY OF RUSSIA,' 'LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS,'
ETC.



LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

1854.



'I hold that no man can have any just conception of the History of England who has not often read, and meditated, and learnt to love the great Poets of England. The greatest of them, such as Chaucer, Shakspeare, Massinger, George Herbert, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, Pope, and Burns, often throw more rich and brilliant colours, and sometimes even more clear and steady lights, on the times and the doings of our forefathers, than are to be gathered out of all the chroniclers together, from the Venerable Bede to the Philosophical Hume. They are at least the greatest and the best commentators on those chroniclers.'—*Sir James Stephen on Desultory and Systematic Reading.*

ANNOTATED EDITION
OF
THE ENGLISH POETS.

THE necessity for a revised and carefully Annotated Edition of the English Poets may be found in the fact, that no such publication exists. The only Collections we possess consist of naked and frequently imperfect Texts, put forth without sufficient literary supervision. Independently of other defects, these voluminous Collections are incomplete as a whole, from their omissions of many Poets whose works are of the highest interest, while the total absence of critical and illustrative Notes renders them comparatively worthless to the Student of our National Literature.

A few of our Poets have been edited separately by men well qualified for the undertaking, and selected Specimens have appeared, accompanied by notices, which, as far as they go, answer the purpose for which they were intended. But these do not supply the want which is felt of a Complete Body of English Poetry, edited throughout with judgment and integrity, and combining those features of research, typographical elegance, and economy of price, which the present age demands.

The Edition now proposed will be distinguished from all preceding Editions in many important respects. It will include the works of several Poets entirely omitted from previous Collections, especially those stores of Lyrical and Ballad Poetry in which our Literature is richer than that of any other Country, and which, independently of their poetical claims, are peculiarly interesting as illustrations of Historical Events and National customs.

By the exercise of a strict principle of selection, this Edition will be rendered intrinsically more valuable than any of its predecessors. The Text will in all instances be scrupulously collated, and accompanied by Biographical, Critical, and Historical Notes.

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POETICAL WORKS

OF

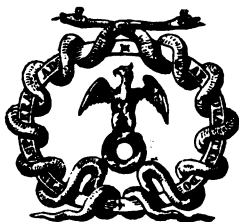
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

MINOR CONTEMPORANEOUS POETS

AND

THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST

EDITED BY ROBERT BELL



LONDON

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HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

1517—1547.

FEW names amongst our Early Poets are so familiar to all classes of readers as that of the gallant and accomplished Surrey. The affecting incidents supposed to lie at the springs of his poetry, his brilliant reputation as a representative of English chivalry in the age of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and the tragical close of his career in the prime of his life and powers, have invested his memory with a romantic interest. Much of the romance has been dissipated by investigation; but the attraction of his name still survives in the refinement and beauty of his verse, and in his just claim to be considered as a writer to whose genius English poetry owes large obligations.

The family of the Howards is of high blood and antiquity. Traced by some authorities to a period antecedent to the Conquest, it subsequently descended from Sir William Howard, who was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reigns of the first two Edwards, and became, by inter-marriages, twice connected with royalty before it acquired its greatest distinction in the person of the poet.

The first of these royal alliances was that of Sir Robert Howard with Margaret Mowbray, daughter of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, (Earl Marshal) and great-grand-daughter, on her mother's side, of Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, a younger son of Edward the First. Her son, Sir John Howard, when the line of the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk, lapsed in 1480, became eldest co-heir of the house in right of his mother, and was raised to the Dukedom by Richard the

Third, his eldest son, Thomas, being at the same time created Earl of Surrey. The Duke (Shakspeare's 'Jockey of Norfolk') fell at the disastrous battle of Bosworth Field, and his son was taken prisoner, attainted, and committed to the Tower. The attainder, however, being afterwards reversed, the Earl of Surrey was restored to his title in 1489, and created Duke of Norfolk in 1514, in consideration of his services at the battle of Flodden Field.¹

The second royal alliance of the Howards was contracted by Thomas, the eldest son of this nobleman, with the Lady Anne, youngest daughter of Edward IV., to whom he had been affianced at an early period, during the reign of Richard III. There were several children by this marriage, but they all died young. In 1513, shortly after the death of Lady Anne, Thomas, Earl of Surrey, married again. His second wife was the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, by whom he had three children; Henry, the poet, who became Earl of Surrey on the accession of his father to the Dukedom in 1524; Thomas, afterwards created Viscount Bindon by Queen Elizabeth; and Mary, who married Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, natural son of Henry VIII.

Neither the date nor place of the poet's birth has been ascertained. The traditions that have come down to us on the subject are scanty and uncertain. It appears probable, however, that he was born in, or about, the year 1517; but whether the event took place at Framlingham, in Suffolk, as most of his biographers assert, Kenninghall, in Norfolk, which place was generally associated with his title, or Tendring Hall, in Suffolk, where his father usually lived, cannot be determined.

His youth is involved in similar obscurity. A passage in

¹ Walpole, Warton, and Ellis, have committed the strange historical error of assigning to this battle the date of 1542, and transferring to the poet the laurels of his grandfather, and the honours of a victory that was won before he was born. 'The mistakes of such writers,' says Campbell, 'should teach charity to criticism.'

one of his poems, which speaks of his having spent his 'childish' years with a 'kinges son' at Windsor,¹ furnished the supposition long current in the biographies of Surrey, that he was educated at Windsor with the Duke of Richmond, who was afterwards married to his sister; but an examination of the poem (independently of the light thrown on that particular passage by the true explanation of the word 'childish,' which refers not to a state of infancy or boyhood, but to a more advanced period), will show that at the time referred to, Surrey was old enough to have wielded a lance in the courtly tournaments, and to have indulged in all the luxuries of incipient passion. There is no doubt, however, that he was cupbearer to the king in 1526; that he and the Duke of Richmond were early and close friends; that they attended Henry VIII. on his visit to Boulogne in 1532, assisting at the ceremonials which took place on the interview between the English and the French sovereigns; that when the pageant was over, the Duke of Richmond went to Paris to complete his studies, whither, according to some accounts, which must be regarded as apocryphal, he was accompanied by Surrey; that early in 1533, at the coronation of Anne Boleyn (to whom the Howard family were related) Surrey was appointed to carry the fourth sword, with the scabbard, upright before the king; that in the November of the same year, the Duke of Richmond returning to England with the Duke of Norfolk, who had been employed in Paris on an embassy, was contracted in marriage to the Lady Mary Howard, the sister of Surrey, a dispensation having been obtained for that purpose, as he was considered to be related to the lady within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity; that the marriage was not celebrated at that time, in consequence of the extreme youth of the parties; and that in the interval the Lady Mary remained with her friends, and the Duke of Richmond was placed at Windsor, when the companionship alluded to in the poem took place between him

¹ See Poems, p. 54.

and Surrey, who either resided at Windsor, or was a frequent guest there, at that period—a circumstance easily accounted for by the connexion of his family with Anne Boleyn, and his own intimate relations with the ‘kinges son.’

These are the only facts in the life of Surrey, up to this point, that can be considered as resting upon authentic data. Having been placed at court, about the person of the sovereign, at the early age of fifteen, it may be presumed that his education, so far as he could have had an opportunity of profiting by any regular course of tuition, must have been completed before that time. Wood says, that after he had passed through the rudiments of learning at home, he was sent to Cardinal College, now Christ Church, Oxford. Wood’s authority, open to grave suspicion on other grounds in all matters relating to Surrey, is shown by Dr. Nott, the most industrious of Surrey’s biographers, to be erroneous in this, no record whatever being extant in the archives of Surrey’s admission. The presumption is in favour of his having gone to Cambridge, where the Duke of Richmond is supposed to have studied; if, indeed, Surrey was ever entered at either university, which is doubtful. This presumption, unsupported by any direct evidence, obtains some probability from the circumstance that he was afterwards elected high steward of the university of Cambridge. The immediate associations by which he was surrounded contributed perhaps more essentially to the formation of his mind and tastes than scholastic discipline at home or at college. His father is said to have been a patron of men of letters; his mother was the friend and protector of Skelton, who celebrates her bounty in the *Crown of Laurel*; and amongst the close circle in whose society his boyhood was passed, were such men as Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, Vere, Earl of Oxford, Lord Stafford, Lord Morley, and others equally distinguished by their literary attainments. His early intercourse with persons so eminent for learning and intellectual power no doubt gave the first direction to his talents; and may possibly, also, by the premature development of his faculties, be held in some

degree responsible for the self-will and rashness of his youth. Surrey seems to have asserted the independence of manhood at an age usually devoted to training and preparation.

Sometime—for it is impossible to fix the exact date with even a distant approach to accuracy—during Surrey's visits to the court, he fell in love, or is supposed to have fallen in love, with the beautiful Geraldine, whose name is indissolubly united with his in many a legend in prose and verse. We have his own record of the circumstance, real or ideal, in that famous sonnet upon which nearly all the subsequent speculations concerning the lady and his passion for her have been founded.¹ In this sonnet he tells us that her name was Geraldine; that her race came from Tuscany; that Florence was at one period their residence; that she was born in Ireland, and was fostered with Irish milk; that her father was an earl, and her mother had royal blood in her veins; that from an early age she resided with royalty in England; that he first saw her at Hunsdon; that he fell in love with her at Hampton; and that he was separated from her by his residence at Windsor. These circumstantial details exhibit the substance of the sonnet reduced to a plain statement. In order to render its allusions clear, it is necessary to observe that Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire, had formerly been one of the seats of Surrey's grandfather, the Duke of Norfolk, and that it appears, from a curious household book referred to by Dr. Nott, whose indefatigable researches have exhausted every source of information likely to illustrate the subject, that Surrey in his childhood was always sent there during the winter months.² Hunsdon afterwards, about 1536, became the residence of the Princess Mary, with whom the fair Geraldine was then living. Here Surrey saw her, probably while accompanying the Duke of Richmond on a visit to his sister. It is reasonably assumed that the occasion at Hampton Court, when Surrey was first inspired by the

¹ See Poems, p. 48.

² *The Works of Surrey and Wyatt*, i.; *Memoir*, xi.

beauty of his mistress, was one of those costly entertainments with which Henry VIII. delighted to regale his court, and at which the princess was present, with the youthful Geraldine in her train.

Some light is thrown upon the series of poems in which Surrey depicted his passion, by the fact that at this time Italian literature, especially the verse of Petrarch, was beginning to exercise considerable influence in England. An age of court chivalry had set in. The meeting between Henry and Francis in the Field of the Cloth of Gold had diffused a taste for knightly prowess; and the union of the knightly and poetical characters supplied the ideal perfection of the period. A new sentiment had sprung up in high places. Love, always a paramount theme, was now associated with the splendour and gallantries of jousts and tournaments. It became in some sort indispensable to the reputation of a man of blood and breeding that he should offer up homage to some particular beauty, and, as Surrey describes it, wear her sleeves on his helmet. If he was not touched with a real passion, it was easy to feign one.

The love verses, or 'passions' as they were called shortly afterwards in the reign of Elizabeth, took a tone of intensity, sadness, and metaphysical speculation from the sonnets of the Italian poet. Even his constancy became an object of imitation, for, in spite of the revolting lusts and impious perfidies of the king, the spirit of chivalry was in the ascendant, and exercised a certain restraining and refining power over the literature of the court. Much of this imitation was necessarily false, and delivered its fabricated emotions in an artificial language; but it did not the less faithfully represent the change that was passing over our poetry. If there was no actual Laura to inspire the fluctuating agonies and delights of love, her place was supplied by a supposititious mistress, to whom imaginary throes were dedicated. The main design was, to paint the restless state of the Lover, and to compare his unhappy condition with all other created things, each of which had its special consolations, while he alone was

agitated by doubts and terrors ; to extol the beauty of his lady, and challenge mankind to submit to its supremacy ; and to chronicle a multitude of trivial incidents through which she maintained her empire over his susceptible feelings, her looks, words, and gestures, her disdain and her kindness, the ice that froze, and the sunshine that warmed him. The theme was capable of indefinite amplification in detail, but of little variation in substance, and, consequently, the same topics, the same images, and sometimes even the same turns of expression, were constantly reproduced. Of the poets who transplanted this Italian fiction of love into our soil, Wyatt and Surrey were the first, and the most distinguished by their accomplishments ; and, without entering into the question of their relative claims here, it may be observed that, in Wyatt art is more conspicuous than passion, while in Surrey, with a finer and higher art, we have more of the real sufferings of passion, or at least clearer indications of the passionate temperament. The imitation with him is chiefly that of poetical modes, and not an affectation of the sentiment of his prototype, whom in some respects he excelled. Surrey was formed out of the best elements of the age, and combined more happily, and with a purer lustre than any of his contemporaries, all the attributes of that compound, and to us almost fabulous character, in which the noblest qualities of chivalry were blended with the graces of learning and a cultivated taste. His nature was as fine and gentle as it was strong and energetic. It might be said of him, that he united in his own person the characteristics of Bayard and Petrarch—courage and tenderness, the heroic spirit, and a woman's sweetness of heart.

To what extent we may refer his love poems to an absorbing devotion for Geraldine, or to other influences, is matter for speculation. But it is unnecessary to pursue such an inquiry. The internal evidence is sufficiently conclusive of the presence of an actual feeling, to justify whatever pleasure may be derived from a conviction of the earnestness of the writer. This is the chief point in which the reader is interested ; and upon

this point the poems are decisive. They furnish irresistible proofs that the poet was not worshipping an ideal beauty, and leave as little doubt of his passion for Geraldine as other facts permit us to entertain of the existence of the lady herself. It may have been nothing more than a poetical rapture, and circumstances tend rather strongly to support that inference; but its reality is not the less certain.

Horace Walpole first identified this celebrated woman, and the lineage he traced for her has been confirmed by subsequent investigation. She was the daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth earl of Kildare, whose second wife was Margaret, daughter of Thomas Gray, marquis of Dorset, by whom he had three daughters, Margaret (born deaf and dumb), Elizabeth, and Cicely. The Lady Elizabeth was the Geraldine of Surrey. The Tuscan origin referred to in the sonnet is founded on a tradition, that the Fitzgeralds sprang from the Gheraldi of Florence, and came into England from Italy in the reign of King Alfred. This tradition is not sustained by any historical testimony; but Surrey, who, amongst his general accomplishments, appears to have cultivated the study of heraldry (which helped, indeed, to bring him to the block), may have investigated with greater success than his critics the annals of the family. It is not improbable that he had access to documents on the subject at Windsor, where one of the ancestors of the Fitzgeralds, Gerald Fitzwalter Fitz-Otho, had been castellan, in the reign of William the Conqueror. This, however, is mere conjecture. The 'prince's blood' of Lady Elizabeth's mother, flowed from a nearer source, through her father, who was brother, by half blood, to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., mother of Henry VIII., and a descendant of the house of Luxembourg.

The circumstances that for a time broke up the power of the Fitzgeralds, in Ireland, is immediately connected with the personal history of Lady Elizabeth. Gerald Fitzgerald, the eighth earl, was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1496, and, dying in 1513, was succeeded by his son, Gerald, the father of Geraldine. This nobleman, with his five uncles, revolted against

the crown, and was seized and imprisoned in the Tower, where he died in 1534, having been previously attainted of high treason by an act passed in the parliament of Ireland. His eldest son, Thomas, died without issue; and his second son, Gerald, having escaped from the power of Henry VIII., wandered about the continent, where he completed his education, in Italy, under the protection of Cardinal Pole, who was related to his mother. He was partially restored to his titles and estates by Edward VI., and fully reinstated in the following reign.

The misfortunes of the family are supposed to have moved the pity of Henry VIII. on behalf of Lady Elizabeth, who was nearly related to him. As the worst men are capable sometimes of acts of inexplicable generosity, so it may be possible that the protection extended to her originated with the king; but however that may be, it is certain that, at a very early age, she was removed to England, and brought up at Hunsdon, under the care of her second cousin, the Princess Mary. The intimate connexion of the families is further shown by the appointment of her uncle, the Lord Leonard Gray, as the Duke of Richmond's deputy in Ireland. These circumstances clearly explain all the subsequent allusions in the sonnet.

Such is the sum of all that is known of Surrey's Geraldine. Passing now from the only matters of fact established by the investigation of the poet's biographers, it is desirable in this place to touch upon the singular romance which was constructed out of these scanty particulars, and which passed current as a veritable narrative, until the researches of Dr. Nott detected and exposed the imposition.

In 1536 Surrey sustained a heavy calamity, by the death of his friend and brother-in-law, the Duke of Richmond. The date of this event is important, for, at this date, the fictitious incidents that follow take their rise. Soon afterwards, as the story runs, Surrey made a tour in Italy, partly to dissipate his grief, but chiefly at the command of his mistress, for the purpose of asserting her charms against all

comers, according to the fashion of the chivalry of old. This tour closely resembled the enterprise of a knight errant in quest of adventures. Wherever he went, he proclaimed the peerless beauty of Geraldine, and challenged the world in its defence. It might have been almost supposed (although the inventor of the romance was ignorant that there existed so plausible a source of inspiration) that Surrey was animated by a sense of the traditions of Round-table lineage in the blood of the Fitzgeralds, whose great ancestor, Fitz-Otho, was married to Nesta, daughter of Rys ap Tudor Mawr, Prince of South Wales. On his way to Florence, whither he was bound, according to the same authority, as the birth-place of his mistress, he visited the court of the Emperor, where he became acquainted with the famous magician Cornelius Agrippa, who, being solicited by him, showed him his mistress languishing on a couch, reading one of his sonnets in a passion of grief for his absence. This pathetic revelation, instead of calling him back to England, only inflamed his imagination, and hastened his journey to Florence. On the way his knight-errantry was tarnished by a degrading intrigue at Venice, for which he was thrown into prison, where he was kept for several months, until his liberation was procured by the interposition of the English Ambassador. It is proper to observe, that the subsequent retailers of the original romance omitted this staining episode, preserving only those passages which exhibited Surrey's gallantry and poetical sensibility in the most favourable light, so that they must have been fully conscious of the suspicious character of the narrative they passed into circulation as an authentic history. Credulity and caution have rarely worked so inconsistently together in accepting the absurd, and rejecting the probable. Arrived at Florence, Surrey visited the house, and the very chamber where Geraldine was born, giving way to a burst of ecstasies, which were faithfully chronicled in a sonnet forged for the occasion. He then published a challenge in honour of his mistress's beauty, in defiance of all persons who should dare to call her supremacy

into question, whether Christian, Jew, Turk, Saracen, or Cannibal. The lady being a Florentine, the pride of the Florentines was, of course, highly flattered by his intrepidity; and the Duke, having duly ascertained his rank and pretensions, threw open the lists to the combatants of all countries. Then followed a series of magnificent tilts, in which Surrey, who wore a shield presented to him by the Duke before the tournament began,¹ came off victorious, and Geraldine was in due form declared the fairest of women. The Duke was so enchanted with his valour and accomplishments that he offered him the highest preferments if he would remain at his court; but the gallant knight being resolved to celebrate his lady in similar jousts throughout the principal cities of Italy, declined these tempting proposals, and was preparing to prosecute his journey, when letters arrived from the King of England commanding his immediate return. This unexpected summons cut short his adventures, and brought the romance to an abrupt conclusion.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this circumstantial detail is a pure and unmixed invention from beginning to end. It is even doubtful whether Surrey ever was in Italy; and it is quite certain that during the period when these adventures are stated to have happened he was at home in England, occupied in pursuits widely different from those of a wandering knight contending in the lists for the beauty of his mistress. The facts which establish the falsehood of the narrative may be briefly stated.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen, that is to say early in 1532, Surrey was contracted in marriage to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford. The marriage did

¹ Walpole gives a minute description of this shield, which is still preserved in the archives of the Norfolk family. Dr. Nott gives another description of it, supplied by Mr. Dallaway, differing in some particulars from the former. The name of Stradanus, who painted the subjects on this curious relique, destroys the authenticity of the tradition connected with it, as Stradanus (says Dr. Nott) was not born till the year in which the shield is said to have been presented to Surrey by the Duke of Tuscany.

not actually take place till some time in 1535, and on the 10th of March, 1536, the year in which he is supposed to have gone into Italy, his eldest son, Thomas, was born. In the following May the unfortunate Anne Boleyn was brought to trial, upon which occasion the Duke of Norfolk presided as Lord High Steward, and Surrey acted under him as his representative as Earl Marshal. In the July of the same year, the Duke of Richmond died; and in the following October we find Surrey receiving the honour of knighthood from the king, at St. James's. The circumstances of his family, and his public position, may be presumed to have given him ample occupation during the whole of this period. His uncle, Lord Thomas Howard, was attainted of high treason and committed to the tower in the same year, for having married the Lady Margaret Douglas without the King's permission; an incident which harrowed his feelings so deeply, as appears from a poem written many years afterwards,¹ that, had he not even been restrained by other considerations, it was impossible he could have selected such a time for publishing to the world his devotion to Geraldine. In the following October, he again appears publicly assisting as one of the chief mourners at the funeral of Lady Jane Seymour; and on New Year's Day, 1538, we find him in attendance at Court, according to the custom of the nobility (a custom carried to its final extravagance in the reign of Queen Elizabeth), to present gifts to the king.²

That Surrey was married, and his first son born, when he was said to have been tilting at Florence in honour of Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, is in itself a sufficient refutation of the entire story; but the conclusive evidence against it is the fact, that Geraldine, at whose command his adventurous journey was undertaken, who was represented to him by Cornelius Agrippa in an agony of sorrow at his absence, and whose beauty he maintained in all places through which he

¹ See Poems, p. 81.

² Consisting of three gilt bowls.

passed, was at that period little more than seven years old. She was born in 1528, and the championship of her charms is assigned to the year 1536.

The origin and reception of this absurd story, which was universally admitted as a piece of veracious biography until the publication of Dr. Nott's elaborate memoir of Surrey, about forty years ago, furnish one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of literary frauds. It first appeared in a book called *The Unfortunate Traveller, or Life of Jack Wilton*, written by the notorious Thomas Nash, and published in 1594. The hero of the imaginary adventures related in this impudent book, describes himself as a tapster who, early in the reign of Henry VIII., went with the English army to Tournay and Terouenne, afterwards serving under the French at Marignan and Milan, and finally going into Germany, where he was present at the siege of Munster.

On his way homewards, after these various experiences, he meets the renowned Earl of Surrey, who confides to him the object of his travels, his passion for Geraldine, and his determination to visit her birth-place, for which purpose he had obtained especial leave of absence from her for a year or two, the lady at the same time putting her gracious command upon him to defend her beauty at Florence by open challenge against all comers. Having concluded this confidential revelation, the noble poet entreats Jack Wilton, or, as he familiarly calls him, 'dear Wilton,' to accompany him on his expedition. The details of the subsequent journey, interspersed with stanzas stated to have been written on different occasions by Surrey, are as extravagant as the marvels of a mediæval legend; and it is perfectly incomprehensible how any person of ordinary sagacity could have been imposed upon by so palpable an invention. That the hand of vulgar imitation was not discerned at once in the verses ascribed to Surrey, is surprising enough; but it is still more astonishing that the obvious anachronisms of the narrative, which clearly prove its circumstantial particulars to be not merely improbable,

but absolutely impossible, should have entirely escaped detection.¹

Drayton appears to have been the first person who credited the statements of Nash, upon which he founded his references to the history of Surrey and Geraldine in the *Heroical Epistles* published in 1598. He was followed by Winstanley, whose brief notices of the poets, otherwise valueless, possessed some weight at the time, from the paucity of such materials. But Anthony Wood was the first author who reproduced the actual details in a formal shape. He did not hesitate to transfer the leading features of Jack Wilton's romance into his account of Surrey, sometimes without even altering the words, carefully suppressing, however, the disreputable source of his information, and quoting Drayton as his authority. The fable, thus authenticated, found its way into the collection of biographies that passes under the name of Cibber, and was next taken up and adorned by Walpole, whose embellished narrative was finally adopted, almost *verbatim*, by Warton.

The ascertained incidents of Surrey's life seem rather to indicate his course and character than to satisfy curiosity respecting either. They are scanty and isolated, and, for the greater part, slight. The few particulars that can be considered important possess more historical than personal interest; and none of them throw a solitary ray of light on his poetical career, or his attachment for Geraldine.

We have seen him attending court on New-year's day 1538, and from that time till the spring of the following year, when his second son, Henry, afterwards Earl of Northampton, was born, his biography is a blank. After this date we hear nothing more of him till May-day in 1540, when we find him making a brilliant figure at the jousts held in honour of

¹ Amongst the real persons introduced into Jack Wilton's travels was Erasmus, who died at Basle in the same year in which Jack says he met him at Rotterdam; and Cornelius Agrippa and Sir Thomas More, both of whom had been dead upwards of a year before Jack had set out upon his travels.

the king's marriage with Anne of Cleves. On this occasion Surrey headed the defendants in the lists, and acquitted himself with great honour. Towards the close of this year, he took part in public affairs for the first time, having been commissioned with Lord Russell and the Earl of Southampton to visit the English Pale at Guisnes, for the purpose of seeing that it was put in a proper state of defence, under the apprehension of a rupture with France. This affair occupied him only a short time, and he returned to England before Christmas.

In 1541, a circumstance occurred illustrative of that generosity of temper which was as conspicuous in Surrey as the violence of his will and the rashness of his courage. His faithful friend and attendant, Thomas Clere, to whom he afterwards inscribed a touching memorial of his regard,¹ was struck, in the precincts of the palace, by Sir Edward Knevett, a person powerfully connected at court, and nearly related to the Howards. Notwithstanding the great influence of the aggressor, Surrey, espousing the cause of his follower, succeeded in bringing Knevett to trial; but when the offence was established, and the delinquent was sentenced to lose his right hand, Surrey interposed on his behalf, and obtained a remission of the punishment.² In the September of the same year, Surrey was appointed, jointly with his father, steward of the University of Cambridge.

Early in 1542, Queen Catherine Howard, the niece of the Duke of Norfolk, whom the king had espoused within a fortnight after his divorce from Anne of Cleves, was executed in the Tower. It is evident, however, that the members of the unfortunate queen's family had not fallen under the king's displeasure, as in little more than two months afterwards, on

¹ See Poems, p. 91.

² This is Dr. Nott's account of the transaction, which he gives without citing any authority. Hollingshed, whom he quotes in a note, says that Knevett obtained the King's grace himself, by begging that his left hand might be taken, and his right spared to render future service to his majesty.

St. George's day, his majesty conferred upon Surrey one of the highest distinctions he had it in his power to bestow, by making him a Knight of the Garter.

The first instance we hear of Surrey's impetuous disposition took place in the following July, when, getting into a quarrel with John à Leigh, a turbulent person of good family in Middlesex, he challenged him to fight. The cause of the quarrel is unknown;¹ but that Surrey was in the wrong may be inferred from his having been sent to the Fleet, where he was allowed two servants to wait upon him, but not permitted to entertain any of his friends at table. He made several applications for his release, in one of which, addressed to the Lords of the Privy Council, he ascribes his error to 'the fury of reckless youth,' declares that his fault will act as a warning in future to 'bridle his heady will,' pleads in mitigation of punishment the inoffensiveness of his past life, and begs that, if he may not be liberated, he may at least be removed to a place of confinement in better air. These applications were unattended to till the 1st of August, when he was removed to Windsor. On the 5th he was released, entering into his recognizance of 10,000 marks not to molest John à Leigh, or any of his friends, in future.

The war with Scotland breaking out soon afterwards, he accompanied his father, who had the command of the English forces, across the border, was present at the burning of Kelsal, as appears from his epitaph on Clere, and bore an active part in that short but destructive campaign.

Not long after his return from this expedition, which was brought to a termination in November, 1542, Surrey com-

¹ Dr. Nott supposes that it had some reference to Geraldine, and that John à Leigh was a rival of Surrey. There is no rational ground for such a conjecture. From a passage in Surrey's appeal to the Lords of the Privy Council, it might appear that the quarrel arose out of some disrespectful language spoken by John à Leigh against the King: 'I should judge me happy if it should please the King's majesty to think, that this simple body, *rashly adventured in the revenge of his own quarrel*, shall be, without respect, always ready to be employed in his service.'

mitted an act of intemperance which showed that the punishment he recently underwent had not produced much effect upon his wild and ungovernable nature. In April, 1543, he was summoned before the Privy Council, at the instance of the city authorities, for two distinct offences; the first for having eaten flesh in Lent, and the second, for having, with two companions, young Wyatt¹ and Pickering, gone about the streets at midnight, in 'a lewd and unseemly manner,' like licentious players, breaking sundry windows with stone-bows. Surrey pleaded guilty to both charges, alleging a licence in the first, and submitting to sentence on the second, for which he was again sent to the Fleet. His satire upon the citizens,² in which he pretends, under a mask of grave irony, that he broke their windows to awaken them to a sense of their iniquities, is supposed to have been written during his imprisonment. Whatever discredit attaches to Surrey for a wanton frolic, committed, probably, under the excitement of wine, is to some extent mitigated by his manly candour in admitting the offence, which contrasts favourably with the conduct of his companions, who condescended to the meanness of an untruth in the hope of escaping punishment. This early cowardice betrays the germ of that baseness which one of them afterwards displayed in a more critical situation, if it be true that, to propitiate mercy for himself, he falsely criminated others.

Surrey appears to have been anxious to avail himself of the first opportunity to relieve his reputation from the opprobrium of his youthful indiscretion; and, obtaining letters in the following October from his father, he joined the army which the king had sent under Sir John Wallop to assist the Emperor, and which was then encamped before Landrecy, near Boulogne. Surrey went out as a volunteer, attended by his faithful followers Clere and Blage. His object, as expressed in his father's letter to the commander, was to

¹ The son of the poet, afterwards executed for his protestantism in the reign of Queen Mary.

² See Poems, p. 96.

learn the science of war; and on the day after his arrival, in his eagerness to examine a trench, he had a narrow escape of being shot by a piece of ordnance which was pointed at him. He was treated with great distinction on this occasion, and the zeal with which he entered into the details of the siege, and devoted himself to the acquisition of military knowledge, was reported by Sir John Wallop in terms of the highest panegyric. The siege was raised early in November, and, the army having gone into winter quarters, Surrey returned to England. It is supposed that he occupied his ensuing leisure in building his magnificent seat of Mount Surrey, at St. Leonard's, near Norwich, and that it was about this period he received into his family the celebrated Hadrian Junius, in the capacity of physician, assigning him the liberal annuity of fifty angels. Churchyard, the poet, at that time not more than ten years of age, was also taken into his service, and educated at his cost.¹

In July, 1544, the war was resumed. The army was divided into three parts, and the vanguard placed under the command of the Duke of Norfolk, while Surrey was appointed marshal, a situation of the highest responsibility. The English having formed a junction with the emperor's forces, laid siege to Montreuil, for the purpose of masking their ultimate design, which was the conquest of Boulogne. The ruse succeeded; and the attention of the French was no sooner diverted from the real point of attack, than Henry invested Boulogne in person. It soon became evident, that all the supplies which could be obtained for the service were exclusively devoted to the royal camp, while the troops before Montreuil were left without common necessities. Their money and ammunition were exhausted, sickness set in amongst them, and discontent followed. In vain Norfolk applied for help. Treachery was at work to undermine his

¹ Churchyard drew Surrey's character in glowing colours in his *Chips*, acknowledging with gratitude the obligations for which he was indebted to his early patronage.

influence with the sovereign; and it is even suspected that the requisite assistance was withheld to ensure his failure, as a ground of future accusation. The Earl of Hertford, jealous of his power, was intriguing against him; and Norfolk, aware of his enmity, had expressed himself strongly on the subject early in the expedition. His language was repeated to the king, and operated materially to his disadvantage afterwards.

As it was impossible, in the condition of his troops, to carry Montreuil by force, Norfolk attempted to reduce the place by famine. Surrey distinguished himself throughout the siege by many acts of bravery; and, on one occasion, being severely wounded, owed his life to his faithful attendant, Clere, who, in conveying him from the field, received a hurt that ultimately caused his death. In the meanwhile, Boulogne capitulated, and Surrey is stated to have gone over from Montreuil to attend the king, when he went to receive the keys. But nothing further was done. Reinforcements were sent to Norfolk when it was too late. The French army was already approaching, the siege of Montreuil was raised, and all that remained was to conduct the retreat of the English in good order. This trust devolved upon Surrey, as marshal of the camp, and he discharged it with consummate ability. Henry had already returned to England; and was followed, about the middle of December, by the Duke of Norfolk, and his son.

On Christmas day, Surrey attended a chapter of the Garter at Hampton Court, and was present, in the following April, on a similar occasion, at Greenwich. During this period, he was actively employed in raising and equipping men for a new expedition for the defence of Boulogne, and having been appointed to the command of the vanguard of five thousand men, he crossed over to Calais in August. He was shortly afterwards placed in the command of Guisnes, from whence he was removed, at his own solicitation, to Boulogne. This was the post of honour and danger, and his appointment to

it evinces the confidence reposed in his capacity. He applied himself with energy to the task of putting the place into a proper state of defence, and was incessantly occupied in skirmishes and sorties. By one of those sudden movements which characterized his operations, he compelled the French to relinquish an important position at Outreau, and at another time dispersed their fleet, the English admiral taking seven sail of their line, laden with wine and provisions. But a reverse awaited him that cast a shadow over these brilliant successes. In an attempt to intercept the enemy with inferior numbers, near St. Etienne, in January, 1545-6, a portion of his force was seized with panic, and fled in disorder; and, although the loss on the side of the French was greater than that of the English, the issue could not be otherwise regarded than as a disastrous defeat. It has been supposed that this misfortune led to his recal; yet it is certain that he remained three months longer in his command, and that he had so little reason to imagine that he had fallen under the king's censure, that he forwarded a request to his majesty, that his countess might be permitted to join him at Boulogne, which was not acceded to, on account of the apprehensions that were entertained of an approaching siege. The first intimation he received of having incurred the royal displeasure, was the appointment of Lord Hertford as the king's lieutenant-general within the English Pale in France; and Paget, the king's private secretary, who communicated the news, strongly advised him, as a means of avoiding worse consequences, to solicit some command under Hertford, rather than remain superseded and inactive. Surrey's pride revolted from this suggestion; and, early in April, 1547, Lord Gray was placed in the local command at Boulogne, and Surrey summoned to England, ostensibly for the purpose of affording information on the subject of the fortifications. Disguised by a little official courtesy, this summons was, in effect, a recal.

The Howards had long been aware of Hertford's hostility,

and the Duke of Norfolk had hoped to neutralize it, by proposing a union between his daughter, the Duchess of Richmond (whose former marriage had never been consummated), and Sir Thomas Seymour, Hertford's brother. The project failed; and the recollection of this humiliation, added to recent circumstances, inflamed Surrey's pride, which broke out, on his return to England, in bitter charges against Hertford. He believed that he had inflicted a wrong upon him; and, with his usual imprudence, he did not hesitate to proclaim it. For this rash conduct, which in some measure impugned the royal favour shown to his rival, he was arrested, and imprisoned in Windsor Castle. But he must have been soon afterwards liberated; for in the following August we find him in attendance on the king, when the French ambassador was received at Hampton Court. The lull of false security, however, was of short duration. On the 12th of December he was again arrested; and, following the dismal track over which so many victims had already passed to the scaffold, he was committed to the Tower. On the same day, ignorant of each other's fate, the Duke of Norfolk was consigned to the same place,—the one being sent by land, and the other by water.

Various causes have been assigned for this violent measure; that which has obtained most credence was, that Surrey had designs upon the throne, and that he aspired to the hand of the Princess Mary, whose attachment for him was subsequently supposed to have induced her, when she became queen, to remove the attainder from his father. This circumstantial calumny is disposed of by the simple fact, that Surrey's wife was living at the time of his death, and survived him nearly twenty years.

The most probable source of these proceedings was the jealousy of Hertford, who, says Dr. Nott, 'anxious to secure to himself the protectorship during his nephew's minority, wished to remove both the duke and his son, they being the only rivals from whom he had anything to fear.' Plausible

pretexts were not wanting for attainting them of treason, and unfortunately the victims were surrounded by persons who were as eager as Hertford to accomplish their destruction.

The Duke's marriage had been an unhappy one from the commencement. Previously attached and engaged to Lord Westmoreland, the Duchess never showed much affection for her husband, and at an early period their domestic life became embittered by dissensions, which ended in a separation about the year 1533, the children remaining with their father, and, as it appears, espousing his side throughout. The Duchess was a woman of a passionate and revengeful nature, and made frequent appeals for redress to Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, alleging personal ill-usage against her husband, and denouncing him for irregularity in the payment of an inadequate allowance for her support, while he lavished his wealth upon a Mrs. Holland, formerly a menial in his service, with whom he had formed a connexion. These appeals produced no effect. The complaints of the Duchess were disregarded, and, stung by jealousy and neglect, she seized upon the moment of the Duke's arrest to wreak her vengeance in full. She at once presented herself as his accuser, charging him not only with cruelty and infidelity to herself, but with treasonable designs against the king. The Duchess of Richmond and Mrs. Holland, alarmed probably, on their own account, lest they might be implicated in the impending charges, immediately offered to reveal everything they knew likely to criminate the accused; and with this unnatural evidence Hertford had little difficulty in making out his case.

If the issue had depended upon the proofs of guilt supplied by the allegations of these witnesses, it must have resulted in an honourable acquittal. But the trial was a mere mockery of justice. Mrs. Holland had nothing to say against Surrey, except that the Duke had loosely reproached him for want of skill in quartering his arms. The Duchess of Richmond testified that he had spoken against the new

nobility, especially against Hertford; that he had dissuaded her from reading too far in the Scriptures; and insinuated that he had surmounted his arms with what, instead of being a ducal coronet, seemed to her much like a close crown, with a cypher, which she took to be the king's, H. R. This last point touched the chief accusation against Surrey, and decided his fate. Surrey had quartered on his escutcheon the arms of Edward the Confessor, which he was entitled to do, and which his father had previously done, although latterly his grace, who had neither the courage nor integrity of his son, dropped them out, leaving a blank quarter. Richard the Second had granted to two or three noblemen the right to bear the Confessor's arms per pale with their paternal coats. One of these was Sir Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham and Duke of Norfolk, whose arms and quarterings Surrey indisputably inherited. If any doubt could have existed affecting his right to the coat of the Confessor, it was as to whether the original grant was limited to the life of Mowbray, or extended to his heirs;¹ but this point, upon which the legal validity of the charge really turned, was never raised at the trial. That the accusation was entirely preposterous in itself, and that it was used merely as a pretext for bringing about Surrey's ruin, is manifest from the fact, that his ancestors had constantly worn the Confessor's arms in the presence of Henry's predecessors, and that he had himself worn them in Henry's own presence, unquestioned; that his claim to quarter the royal arms by direct descent from Edward the First was not disputed; and that several noblemen, at the very time this monstrous inquisition was going forward, bore the royal arms as their acknowledged birth-right.²

When Surrey was summoned before the Privy Council in the first instance, he denied the charges brought against him, and demanded a public trial; and if that were refused him,

¹ Aldine ed. *Memoir*, p. lxiii.

² *Ib.*, p. lxv.

he asked permission to decide the cause by single combat, offering to forego his armour and fight his accuser in his shirt. On the trial he defended himself with great boldness and ability. One witness detailed a pretended conversation, in which he boasted of an insolent answer he had made to Surrey. The only notice Surrey took of this statement was to turn to the jury, observing, 'I leave it to yourselves, gentlemen, to judge whether it were probable that this man should speak thus to the Earl of Surrey, and he not strike him.' His courage in these desperate circumstances was as unavailing as his innocence. The jury, composed of Norfolk men, amongst whom it is painful to find the names of two near relations of the devoted Clere, found him guilty. At that moment Henry VIII., to use Hollingshed's expression, which faintly depicts the last agonies of that bloated mass of corruption, was lying in the extremities of death. It is matter of history that for some time he had been incapable of affixing his signature to the instruments of state, and that the stamp which represented his autograph had, at least in one instance, been surreptitiously employed. How far Hertford may be responsible for hastening the execution of Surrey's sentence, by the aid of the facility thus afforded him, or whether the warrant was expedited to gratify the last sanguinary lust of the English Nero, must be left to conjecture. The execution took place within eight days after the sentence. Surrey was condemned to death on the 13th of January, 1547, in the thirtieth year of his age, and beheaded on the 21st, on Tower Hill. The king expired within a week, and the Duke of Norfolk, whom the world could better have spared, was saved.

All the circumstances connected with the last hours of Surrey were carefully suppressed, and the execution was conducted with as much secrecy as possible; but there can be no doubt that he met his death with fortitude. His remains were buried in the church of All Hallows-Barking, Tower-street, and were afterwards removed to Framlingham, in

Suffolk, by his second son, the Earl of Northampton, who erected a monument, with an inscription to his memory. He left two sons, the eldest of whom became Duke of Norfolk, and three daughters, afterwards married to Lords Westmoreland, Berkeley, and Scrope of Bolton. His widow married again in the reign of Edward VI.

Surrey was slight, and small in stature, remarkably active, and capable of much endurance. His face, long and strongly marked, wore an expression of gravity almost amounting to sadness. His eyes were full of beauty, dark, calm, and lustrous. It is said that he was sumptuous and magnificent in his mode of living. The pride of blood, which made him so lavish in his expenditure, was no less apparent in his bearing; but it was modified by noble qualities. He was courageous to a fault, generous, and confiding, an ardent lover of truth, and a steadfast friend. The impetuosity of his temper committed him to some rash and foolish excesses; but he who did not live long enough for his character to ripen into maturity, should not be reproached with the errors of his youth.

The influence Surrey exercised over English poetry cannot be estimated by the extent of his contributions, or by their reception in our time. He founded a new era in versification, purified and strengthened our poetical diction, and, carefully shunning the vices of his predecessors, set the example of a style in which, for the first time, verbal pedantry and fantastical devices were wholly ignored. He was also the first writer of English blank verse, and the first English poet who understood and exemplified the art of translation. It is strictly true, as Mr. Hallam observes, that 'the taste of this accomplished man is more striking than his genius;' but it should be remembered that it is to this very circumstance we are indebted to him for the services he rendered to our poetical literature.

There is no instance of a writer who in his own age acquired so extraordinary a popularity, and who was after-

wards so suddenly and utterly forgotten. None of his poems were printed during his life, but were extensively circulated in manuscript. They were published for the first time, together with Wyatt's poems, and numerous fugitive pieces by other authors, (from which a selection will be found towards the end of this volume,) in June, 1557, in a work called Tottel's *Miscellany*, the earliest collection of the kind in our language.¹ Within two months they were reprinted four times; and were republished in 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574 (twice), 1585, and 1587, besides being constantly multiplied in manuscript, and printed almost daily, says Dr. Nott, in single sheets, and small collections called Garlands. The greatest authorities concurred in heaping panegyrics upon him. Camden says of him that he was the first of our nobility that graced high birth with learning and travel—a man of various language, wit and poetical fancy. 'A man,' says Raleigh, 'no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hopes.'² Yet it is a remarkable evidence of how soon he fell into oblivion, or, rather, was displaced by other poets, that in the notes Drummond preserved of his conversations with Ben Jonson in 1619, in the course of which almost every writer of the least note was touched upon, the name of Surrey was not once alluded to; and that Drummond himself, in giving his own opinions of particular authors, slightly refers to Wyatt and Surrey, whom, he says, 'I will not match with our better time [enumerating Sidney, Daniel, Drayton and

¹ The great success of this *Miscellany* led to the subsequent publication of several similar collections. The next in order of time was *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (from which a couple of extracts are given in the present volume amongst the poems of Lord Vaux), published in 1578. It ran through eight editions within a few years, yet it had become so scarce that not more than five or six copies were known to be in existence early in the present century. Sir Egerton Brydges reprinted it entire in his *British Bibliographer*. It was followed before the close of the sixteenth century by the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578; *A Handful of Pleasant Delites*, 1584; *The Phoenix Nest*, 1593; and *England's Helicon*, 1600.

² Preface to History.

Spenser] because of their antiquity.' Surrey had already become antiquated. Phillips, writing in 1675, after speaking of the fame enjoyed by Surrey in his own time, goes on to say, that his poems 'nevertheless, are now utterly forgotten, as though they had never been extant; so antiquated at present, and as it were out of fashion, is the style and poetry of that age.'¹ After having been praised, without effect, by Waller, Pope again brought him into notice by a passage in the *Windsor Forest*, which occasioned his poems to be immediately reprinted twice, but, says Warton, without attracting many readers. In 1815 Dr. Nott issued his elaborate edition of Wyatt and Surrey in two quarto volumes, and, by the magnitude of his toils, once more drew attention to these neglected poets; but the costliness of the publication restricted its circulation to public depositories and the libraries of the wealthy. The next and last edition of Surrey appeared in the Aldine Collection, in 1831, the editor judiciously avoiding the speculative emendations of his predecessor, and adopting generally the text of Tottel.

It is impossible to speak honestly of Dr. Nott's labours without regret and hesitation. His industry and learning, the minuteness and extent of his researches, the zeal, patience, and conscientiousness with which he followed up his inquiries through every channel likely to yield any available results, cannot be too highly applauded. On the other hand, the process of experiments to which he subjected the poems, and the mass of conjectural criticism under which he buried them, cannot be too severely censured. We are indebted to him for nearly all the authentic information we possess concerning the personal history of Surrey. But it is a most noticeable circumstance in Dr. Nott's edition, that, after successfully dissipating the previously accredited romance of Surrey's life, he is at considerable pains to substitute another of his own invention, infinitely less interesting, and much more damaging to Surrey's reputation. He first proves that the whole story of Geraldine

¹ *Thea. Poetarum.*

as it had come down to us, is false; and then revives it circumstantially in another form. Having set up an imaginary theory, he takes unwarrantable liberties with the poems to establish its probability, transposing the pieces from their original order to suit a course of supposititious incidents, and displacing Surrey's headings for new titles to accommodate the general scheme. Thus he extracts a fictitious biography out of fugitive and disconnected materials, creates a fabulous Geraldine, whom he pursues through all the phases of coldness, disdain, and coquetry, making her in the end publicly insult her lover, who, awakened to her true character at last, resolves to break his chains, and seek relief from his disappointment by joining the English army at Boulogne. Dr. Nott's authority has given a currency to this singular tissue of fancies, which it could not otherwise have procured, and has imposed upon me the necessity of alluding more frequently to his name than I should have desired. It would have better contented me to have dismissed the subject with a single reference to Dr. Nott's work; but as his expensive volumes are in few hands, while his speculations are extensively diffused, a more special notice on some points of detail affecting the integrity of the poems became unavoidable.

That learned critic was led into this train of obvious errors by the supposition that all Surrey's love poems were addressed to Geraldine. The absence of personal allusions in them favoured the notion to some extent. The love poets of a later day indulged in a variety of mistresses, real or ideal, whom they called by their actual or poetical names, leaving little or nothing to speculation; and we wander in their verses from the Amorets to the Amaryllas with an easy faith in their emotions, not caring to inquire any further. But it is a remarkable peculiarity in Surrey, that there are no names to be found in his poems, and that throughout the whole series the name of Geraldine occurs but once in the headings, and but once in the body of the verses. We have, therefore, no means of ascertaining to whom they

were addressed, whether they represent a constant passion or a succession of passing impressions, or whether they were not for the most part studies of love, or exercises of a poetical gallantry. The internal evidence supports this latter view; and if the poems are read without any bondage of a personal kind, each by the light of its own beauty alone, I suspect we shall arrive at the true enjoyment of them after all. To suppose that they were all dedicated to Geraldine, is out of the question. Some of them have clearly a different application, and one or two of them, at least, are distinct in their reference to his wife.¹ When Surrey is said to have fallen in love with Geraldine, she was only thirteen years old; when he died, she was hardly nineteen. There is reason to believe that his conduct as a husband was irreproachable; and, perhaps, the most probable inference that can be gathered from the story of his passion, as revealed to us in his poems, is, that Geraldine was one of those mistresses who reach the heart through the imagination, and supply poets with an inspiration, without very seriously endangering their affections. The character of Surrey's poetry appears to justify this conclusion. There is very little impulse in it. What he did, he did with premeditation, although with less formality, because he was of a more ardent nature, than his friend Wyatt. There are many careless passages which seem to have waited for that correction which he could never find leisure in his short and flurried life to bestow upon them; but the general character is that of deliberation and finish. This is evident in his exact choice of words, and in the regularity of his versification. His language is often happy, and never superfluous. There is a studious air in his lines which takes off something from the fresh flavour of the thought, presenting it rather in its prepared than in its natural form. Hence we have much sweetness, and even tenderness; but no spontaneous bursts of passion forcing their way through the restraints of art. He is amongst the earliest of our love

¹ See *Poems*, p. 58, 64.

poets, and will always be read with interest for the sake of his purity and refinement; but he is inferior in earnestness and depth of emotion to some who succeeded him, especially the poets of the age of Elizabeth.

The text of this edition has been carefully revised and collated with preceding editions; the variances between them and the manuscripts referred to by Dr. Nott have been compared, that which seemed to be the best reading being in all cases adopted; and the original order and headings of the poems, as they were first published, have been restored.

P O E M S

OF

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Songs and Sonnets.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOVER,

WITH SUIT TO HIS LADY, TO RUE ON HIS DYING HEART.¹

THE sun hath twice brought forth his tender green,
Twice clad the earth in lively lustiness;
Once have the winds the trees despoiled clean,
And once again begins their cruelty;
Since I have hid under my breast the harm
That never shall recover healthfulness.

¹ This is the first piece in all the editions, and the only one Dr. Nott has retained in its original place. Its priority in the collection affords slender support to Dr. Nott's assertion, that it was Surrey's first poem on Geraldine; unless we are to suppose that these pieces were arranged chronologically, which internal evidence shows to be improbable, and which Dr. Nott himself did not believe, or he would not have ventured to disturb the order in which he found them. The conjecture that it was written in 1541, some nine years after Surrey was contracted to Lady Frances Vere, and at least six years after his marriage was publicly solemnized, is irreconcilable with the supposition that it was his first poem on Geraldine, or that it was one of his earliest compositions. He certainly began to write before that time, and as he tells us in the opening lines that he had been suffering for nearly two years from the passion he here describes, we may reasonably assume that this could not have been the first occasion on which he gave utterance to his feelings. Whether the passion was real or feigned is nothing to the purpose. A man who was contracted in marriage at sixteen, and who was only twenty years of age when his eldest son was born, must have discovered his poetical sensibility before he was four or five and twenty. According to Dr. Nott's theory, however, all Surrey's love poems were

The winter's hurt recovers with the warm;¹
 The parched green restored is with shade;
 What warmth, alas! may serve for to disarm
 The frozen heart, that mine in flame² hath made?
 What cold again is able to restore
 My fresh green years, that wither thus and fade?
 Alas! I see nothing hath hurt so sore
 But Time, in time,³ reduceth a return:
 In time my hurt increaseth more and more,⁴
 And seems to, have my cure always in scorn.
 Strange kinds of death in life that I do try!
 At hand, to melt; far off in flame to burn.
 And like as time list to my cure apply,
 So doth each place my comfort clean refuse.
 All thing alive, that seeth the heavens with eye,
 With cloak of night may cover, and excuse
 Itself from travail of the day's unrest,
 Save I, alas! against all others use,
 That then stir up the torments of my breast;
 And curse each star as causer of my fate.

written between that age and the year 1545, when he sought the command at Bologna to escape from the fascination of his vain and cruel mistress—a speculation discredited alike by the circumstances of his life and the very nature of the poems themselves. In Dr. Nott's edition, this piece is printed with indented couplets, after the manner of the Italian *Terza Rima*, a form seldom adopted in English poetry. It is here restored to the shape in which it originally appeared.

¹ The indiscriminate use of substantives and adjectives was common amongst the poets antecedent to Surrey; and instances of it may be found much later.

² Dr. Nott writes this in one word 'in flame' as an abbreviated participle. He takes this reading from Mr. Hill's MS. and the octavo editions. The quartos read 'in flame,' which agrees better with the structure of the line.

³ Thus in all the editions, except Dr. Nott's, where the line runs—'But Time some time reduceth,' &c., adopted from Mr. Hill's MS. The original expression is simpler. Dr. Nott rejects it as a play upon words.

⁴ Dr. Nott has 'Yet Time my hurt encreaseth,' &c. There is no authority for 'yet,' although it certainly helps the sense. 'Hurt' is found in only two editions, and is here adopted because it carries on the subject of the preceding lines. In all the other editions it is 'harm,' which is also justifiable as recalling the opening passage.

And when the sun hath eke the dark¹ oppress,
 And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
 The travails of mine endless smart and pain.
 For then, as one that hath the light in hate,²
 I wish for night, more covertly to plain;
 And me withdraw from every haunted place,
 Lest by my chere³ my chance appear too plain.
 And in my mind I measure pace by pace,
 To seek the place where I myself had lost,
 That day that I was tangled in the lace,⁴
 In seeming slack, that knitteth ever most.
 But never yet the travail of my thought,
 Of better state, could catch a cause to boast.
 For if I found, some time that I have sought,
 Those stars by whom I trusted of the port,
 My sails do fall, and I advance right nought;
 As anchored fast my spirits do all resort
 To stand agazed, and sink in more and more⁵
 The deadly harm which she doth take in sport.
 Lo! if I seek, how do I find my sore!
 And if I flee, I carry with me still
 The venom'd shaft, which doth his force restore
 By haste of flight; and I may plain my fill
 Unto myself, unless this careful song
 Print in your heart some parcel⁶ of my tene.

¹ Another instance of the adjective substituted for the substantive—*dark* for *darkness*.

² Dr. Nott traces this expression to Petrarch:—

‘Se non se aliquanti c’hanno in odio il Sole.’

³ Countenance—behaviour. The word became obsolete soon after Surrey's time.

⁴ Sometimes *las* (from the Norman)—a snare: in its ordinary sense—lace; from whence the verb to lace, to beat, striping the flesh with lashes—to lace the jacket. The phrase is still a provincialism.

⁵ ‘To stand at gaze and suck in,’ &c., is Dr. Nott's reading from the Harrington and Hill MSS.

⁶ Part or portion.

⁷ Used in a variety of senses by the old writers—grief, anger, loss, &c. Here it means grief. Dr. Nott reads ‘will’ from the MSS. He thinks *tene*, a corruption, and that ‘will’ is required by the *Terza Rima* to rhyme with ‘till.’ All the other editions read *tene*.

For I, alas! in silence all too long,
 Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green.
 Rue on my life; or else your cruel wrong
 Shall well appear, and by my death be seen.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHEREIN EVERYTHING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

THE soote¹ season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
 The turtle to her mate² hath told her tale.
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he slings;
 The fishes flete³ with new repaired scale;
 The adder all her slough away she slings;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;⁴
 The busy bee her honey now she mings;⁵
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.⁶
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

¹ Sweet—hence the word *sootering*, courting, in the Devonshire dialect. From the Saxon, *swote*.

² Mate or companion—generally husband or wife, and sometimes applied to one person matched or pitted against another. So employed in the old miracle plays. 'Make' is frequently used for mate by the Elizabethan writers.

³ Float; spelt by the old writers, Gower and Lydgate, and the early dramatists, *flete*, by Shakspeare and Spenser *fleet*. Dr. Nott says there is this difference between *flete* and the modern word *float*, that the latter limits the sense to swimming on the water, and not through it, while the former embraces both meanings; but the passages he cites in illustration bear exactly the contrary interpretation. *Fleet*, in the sense of float, was the modernization of the 17th century of the *flete* of the earlier writers.

⁴ Small—evidently pronounced as spelt from numerous instances in which it is so employed in the rhyme by Chaucer and others.

⁵ Mingles. *Ming* also meant to mind or watch.

⁶ Evil, destruction, sorrow. Hence a pair of dice were called a *bale*.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF
A LOVER.

WHEN youth had led me half the race
That Cupid's scourge had made me run;
I looked back to mete¹ the place
From whence my weary course begun.

And then I saw how my desire
By guiding ill had lett² the way:
Mine eye, too greedy of their hire,
Had made me lose a better prey.

For when in sighs I spent the day,
And could not cloak my grief with game;³
The boiling smoke did still bewray⁴
The present⁵ heat of secret flame.

And when salt tears do bain⁶ my breast,
Where Love his pleasant trains hath sown;
Her beauty hath the fruits opprest,
Ere that the buds were sprung and blown.⁷

¹ To dream—from *metelles*, dreams, Anglo-Saxon: also to measure. Drayton has *meterer*, a poet—which may be taken in either sense, a dreamer, or measurer of lines.

² Hindered. In some modern editions of Surrey, the word 'led' has been substituted. But the context vindicates the old reading. By suffering himself to be guided by his desires, he had been hindered from securing his better prey.

³ Pastimes, pleasure.

⁴ To discover unconsciously, and in this sense to betray. Sometimes used for betray in its direct sense.

⁵ Dr. Nott reads *persant*, which he defends by a reference to Chaucer, who flourished some two hundred years before Surrey.

⁶ Bathe.

⁷ The stanza reads thus in the early editions. Dr. Nott throws it into the past tense, and changes the concluding lines—

The bruit thereof, the fruit opprest,

Or that the buds were sprung and blown.

that is, the bruit, or report, of his tears destroyed the fruit ere the buds could expand. The meaning is not rendered clearer by the change. The whole poem is crude and obscure.

And when mine eyen did still pursue
 The flying chase of their request,
 Their greedy looks did oft renew
 The hidden wound within my breast.

When every look these cheeks might stain,
 From deadly pale to glowing red;
 By outward signs appeared plain,
 To her for help my heart was fled.¹

But all too late Love learneth me
 To paint all kind of colours new,
 To blind their eyes that else should see,
 My speckled cheeks² with Cupid's hue.

And now the covert breast I claim,
 That worshipped Cupid secretly;
 And nourished his sacred flame,
 From whence no blazing sparks do fly.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FICKLE AFFECTIONS, PANGS, AND SLIGHTS OF LOVE.

SUCH wayward ways hath Love, that most part in
 discord

Our wills do stand, whereby our hearts but seldom do
 accord.

Deceit is his delight, and to beguile and mock
 The simple hearts, which he doth strike with froward,
 diverse stroke.

He causeth the one to rage with golden burning dart;
 And doth allay with leaden cold again the other's heart.

¹ 'The woe wherewith my heart was fed.' MSS.

² The Harrington MS. reads 'sparkled cheeks.' In most cases where the choice lies between the MSS. and the printed editions, Dr. Nott prefers the former, a decision from which I have generally found occasion to dissent. Having shown a few of these variances, I will not further interrupt the text by referring to them.

Hot gleams of burning fire, and easy sparks of flame,
In balance of unequal weight he pondereth by aim.
From easy ford, where I might wade and pass full well,
He me withdraws, and doth me drive into a deep dark
hell;

And me withholds where I am called and offered place,
And wills me that my mortal foe I do beseech of grace;
He lets me to pursue a conquest well near won,
To follow where my pains were lost, ere that my suit
begun.

So by these means I know how soon a heart may turn
From war to peace, from truce to strife, and so again
return.

I know how to content myself in others' lust;
Of little stuff unto myself to weave a web of trust;
And how to hide my harms with soft dissembling chere,
When in my face the painted thoughts would outwardly
appear.

I know how that the blood forsakes the face for dread;
And how by shame it stains again the cheeks with
flaming red.

I know under the green, the serpent how he lurks;
The hammer of the restless forge I wot eke how it
works.

I know, and can by rote the tale that I would tell;
But oft the words came forth awry of him that loveth
well.

I know in heat and cold the lover how he shakes;¹
In singing how he doth complain; in sleeping how he
wakes.

¹ Surrey, and all the poets of this period, abound in inversions of this kind. Dryden, who was the first to insist upon using the natural sequence of words in poetry, condemns severely the practice of inverting the order of words and closing the line with verbs, a description which applies exactly in the present instance. He refers especially to blank verse, but the practice was common to all forms of verse. 'I know some,' he observes, 'who, if they were to write in blank verse, Sir, *I ask your pardon*, would think it sounded more heroically to write, Sir, *I your pardon ask*.'

To languish without ach, sickless for to consume,
 A thousand things for to devise, resolving all in fume.
 And though he list to see his lady's grace full sore ;
 Such pleasures as delight his eye, do not his health
 restore.

I know to seek the track of my desired foe,
 And fear to find that I do seek. But chiefly this I know,
 That lovers must transform into the thing beloved,
 And live, (alas! who could believe?) with sprite from
 life removed.

I know in hearty sighs, and laughters of the spleen,¹
 At once to change my state, my will, and eke my colour
 clean.

I know how to deceive myself with others' help ;
 And how the lion chastised is, by beating of the whelp.²
 In standing near the fire, I know how that I freeze ;
 Far off I burn ;³ in both I waste, and so my life I lese.
 I know how love doth rage upon a yielding mind ;
 How small a net may take, and mesh a heart of gentle
 kind :

Or else with seldom sweet to season heaps of gall ;
 Revived with a glimpse of grace, old sorrows to let fall.
 The hidden trains I know, and secret snare of love ;
 How soon a look will print a thought, that never may
 remove.

The slipper state I know, the sudden turns from wealth ;
 The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure despair of
 health.

¹ 'The *splene* meant formerly the *heart*, the seat of joy.' Dr. NORR. This is clearly not the sense intended by Surrey, who uses the expression as an antithesis to 'hearty sighs.'

² Surrey, having his armorial bearings probably in his thoughts, frequently introduces the lion into his poems. Upon this passage Dr. Nott remarks, that it is said by heraldic writers that although the lion cannot be made to couch by beating or compulsion, he is so gentle-hearted that if he see a whelp beaten, he will immediately become *couchant*, as if interceding for a remission of the punishment.

³ This piece exhibits frequent imitations of Petrarch, of which we have here perhaps the closest:

—Arder da lunge, ed agghiacciar da presso.—Sonn. 188.

The same thought occurs before.—See p. 38.

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER THAT DEFIED LOVE,

AND WAS BY LOVE AFTER THE MORE TORMENTED.

WHEN Summer took in hand the winter to assail,
 With force of might, and virtue great, his stormy
 blasts to quail:

And when he clothed fair the earth about with green,
 And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was
 to seen:

Mine heart 'gan new revive, and changed blood did stir,
 Me to withdraw my winter woes, that kept within my
 dore.

'Abroad,' quoth my desire, 'assay to set thy foot;
 Where thou shalt find the savour sweet; for sprung is
 every root.

And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
 Nothing more good than in the spring the air to feel
 a space. [ywrought,

There shalt thou hear and see all kinds of birds
 Well tune their voice with warble small, as nature
 hath them taught.'

Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leave,
 And for my health I thought it best such counsel to
 receive.

So on a morrow forth, unwist of any wight,
 I went to prove how well it would my heavy burden
 light.

And when I felt the air so pleasant round about,
 Lord! to myself how glad I was that I had gotten out.
 There might I see how Ver¹ had every blossom hent,²
 And eke the new betrothed birds, y-coupled how they
 went;

¹ Spring. This involves a contradiction with the word summer in the first line, obviously intended for spring.

² Seized, held, taken.

And in their songs, methought, they thanked Nature
much, [such,
That by her licence all that year to love, their hap was
Right as they could devise to choose them feres¹
throughout: [about.

With much rejoicing to their Lord, thus flew they all
Which when I 'gan resolve,² and in my head conceive,
What pleasant life, what heaps of joy, these little birds
receive;

And saw in what estate I, weary man, was wrought,
By want of that they had at will, and I reject at
nought;

Lord! how I gan in wrath unwisely me demean!
I cursed Love, and him defied; I thought to turn the
stream.

But when I well beheld, he had me under awe,
I asked mercy for my fault, that so transgress his law:
'Thou blinded God,' quoth I, 'forgive me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about, to malice thy pretence.'³
Wherewith he gave a beck, and thus methought he
swore: [more.]

'Thy sorrow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it were
The virtue of which sound mine heart did so revive,
That I, methought, was made as whole as any man alive.
But here I may perceive mine error, all and some,
For that I thought that so it was; yet was it still
undone;⁴

And all that was no more but mine expressed mind,
That fain would have some good relief, of Cupid well
assigned.

¹ Mates.

² Dr. Nott is of opinion that this ought to read *revolve*.

³ 'Pretence must here mean power.'—Dr. Nott. It was more frequently used to imply intention or design, and generally in that sense by Shakspeare.

⁴ By what sophistry of the ear the old writers reconciled themselves to such rhymes as this, it is difficult now to determine, for the pronunciation could not have differed in such cases very materially from our own.

I turned home forthwith, and might perceive it well,
 That he aggrieved was right sore with me for my rebel.
 My harms have ever since increased more and more,
 And I remain, without his help, undone for evermore.
 A mirror let me be unto ye lovers all;
 Strive not with Love; for if ye do, it will ye thus
 befall.

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER REBUKED.¹

LOVE, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
 That built its seat within my captive breast;
 Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
 Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
 She, that me taught to love, and suffer pain;
 My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire
 With shamefaced cloak to shadow and restrain,
 Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
 And coward Love then to the heart apace
 Taketh his flight; whereas he lurks, and plains
 His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
 For my Lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.
 Yet from my Lord shall not my foot remove:
 Sweet is his death, that takes his end by love.

COMPLAINT OF THE LOVER DISDAINED.

IN Cyprus springs, whereas dame Venus dwelt,
 A well so hot, that whoso tastes the same,
 Were he of stone, as thawed ice should melt,
 And kindled find his breast with fixed flame;

¹ Translated from the 109th Sonnet of Petrarch, also translated by Wyatt.

Whose moist poison dissolved hath my hate.
 This creeping fire my cold limbs so opprest,
 That in the heart that harboured freedom, late:
 Endless despair long thralldom hath imprest.
 Another so cold in frozen ice is found,
 Whose chilling venom of repugnant kind,
 The fervent heat doth quench of Cupid's wound,
 And with the spot of change infects the mind;
 Whereof my dear hath tasted to my pain:
 My service thus is grown into disdain.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE GERALDINE.¹

FROM Tuscan came my lady's worthy race;
 Fair Florence was sometime their² ancient seat.
 The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
 Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast:
 Her sire an earl; her dame of prince's blood.
 From tender years, in Britain doth she rest,
 With kinges child; where she tasteth costly food.³

¹ This is the biographical sonnet on which Nash and Drayton founded the Florentine origin of Geraldine, and which, partly by misinterpretation, and partly by speculation, suggested much of the romance adopted as matter of fact by Walpole and Warton.

² In all the editions this word is printed *her*, the old Saxon possessive pronoun. By substituting the pronoun *their* the real meaning is made clear. The supposition that *her* referred personally to Geraldine, instead of to her race, led to the commonly received notion, so audaciously amplified into circumstantial details by Nash, that Geraldine was born in Florence.

³ There is a curious variance in the editions respecting this expression. Some of them read 'ghostly food,' which Dr. Nott prefers 'as descriptive of education; especially if religious education were intended.' His reason for the preference will probably be considered as odd as the phrase he prefers.

Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen:
 Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
 And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kind;¹ her virtues from above;
 Happy is he that can obtain her love!²

THE FRAILTY AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTY.³

BRITTLE beauty, that Nature made so frail,
 Whereof the gift is small, and short the season;⁴
 Flowering to-day, to-morrow apt to fail;
 Tickle⁵ treasure, abhorred of reason:

¹ Nature—the nature of a species.

² Impudent as the romance was which Nash built out of this sonnet, it was certainly not more imaginative than the circumstantial details of Dr. Nott. For the whole of the following statement, excepting the allusions to the Princess Mary, there is no authority whatever but this much persecuted sonnet, to which Dr. Nott actually refers as the source of his information. I have ventured to distinguish by *italics* those passages for which we are exclusively indebted to the fancy of the biographer. 'He tells us that he first saw Geraldine at Hunsdon, where she was living then as a child, under the eye of the Princess Mary. *Of course he beheld her there with no other sentiment than that of pity for her early misfortunes. But having frequent opportunities of seeing her, and of observing in her promise of future loveliness, he allowed himself the dangerous indulgence of contemplating her charms as they gradually unfolded, until he was surprised by feelings of a more tender nature than simple admiration.* Meanwhile, the lovely Geraldine grew to be of an age to attend upon her Royal Mistress's person. She then, as one of the ladies of her chamber, accompanied her constantly to court, whither the princess generally went when Henry gave those splendid entertainments in which he seems to have delighted. *On one of those occasions Surrey saw the fair Geraldine at Hampton Court. That meeting decided his fate. He was hurried away by the impulse of his feelings, and was surprised perhaps to learn their nature and their extent.*' —*Life*, cxxii.-iv.

³ Ascribed to Lord Vaux in the Harrington MS. The occurrence of double rhymes in this sonnet is noted by Dr. Nott as a ground for doubting it to have been written by Surrey. 'If this poem be Surrey's,' he observes, 'it is the only piece of his in which double rhymes occur.' This is an oversight. See *Poems*, pp. 80, 85, 92, 104, 107.

⁴ — and shorter is the season,' in some editions.

⁵ Unsteady, uncertain, tottering; equivalent to the provincialism *ticklish*, as, 'it is a *ticklish* point.'

Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail;
 Costly in keeping, past not worth two peason;¹
 Slipper in sliding, as is an eel's tail;
 Hard to obtain, once gotten, not geason:²
 Jewel of jeopardy, that peril doth assail;
 False and untrue, enticed oft to treason;
 Enemy to youth, that most may I bewail;
 Ah! bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,
 Thou farëst as fruit that with the frost is taken;
 To-day ready ripe, to-morrow all to shaken.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER
 NOT BELOVED.³

ALAS! so all things now do hold their peace!
 Heaven and earth disturbed in no thing;
 The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease;⁴
 The nightës car the stars about doth bring.
 Calm is the sea; the waves work less and less:
 So am not I, whom love, alas! doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great increase
 Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
 In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease.
 For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring;
 But by and by, the cause of my disease
 Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
 When that I think what grief it is again,
 To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

¹ The early form of the plural *peas*, sometimes spelt *pesen*.

² Rare, scarce; sometimes *geson*. Frequently used by the Elizabethan writers.

³ Dr. Nott traces this sonnet to Petrarch, Son. 131. It was closely imitated by Sackville in the *Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*.

⁴ There is an apparent corruption in these lines, which cannot be satisfactorily removed by any change of punctuation.

HOW EACH THING, SAVE THE LOVER, IN
SPRING, REVIVETH TO PLEASURE.

WHEN Windsor walls sustained my wearied arm ;
My hand my chin, to ease my restless head ;
The pleasant plot revested green with warm ;
The blossomed boughs, with lusty Ver y-spread ;
The flowered meads, the wedded birds so late
Mine eyes discover ; and to my mind resort
The jolly woes, the hateless, short debate,
The rakehell¹ life, that 'longs to love's disport.
Wherewith, alas ! the heavy charge of care
Heaped in my breast breaks forth, against my will
In smoky sighs, that overcast the air.
My vapoured eyes such dreary tears distil,
The tender spring which quicken where they fall ;
And I half bend to throw me down withal.

A VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY, HOWSOEVER
HE BE REWARDED.²

SET me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice ;

¹ More properly *rakel*, rash, careless, reckless. Rakehell was used to designate a dissolute profligate fellow.

² Translated from Petrarch. Puttenham (*Art of English Poesie*, p. 186, Ed. 1589,) says that this translation was made by Sir Thomas Wyatt. His criticism upon it is quaint enough. He instances it as an example of what he calls 'the figure of distribution,' by which, instead of stating a thing in a single proposition, it is amplified piecemeal; as, 'he that might say, a house was outrageously plucked down, will not be satisfied so to say, but rather will speake it in this sort; they first undermined the groundills, they beate down the walls, they unfloored the lofts, they untiled it, and pulled down the rooffe.' Applying this principle to the sonnet, he adds, that the whole of it might have been expressed in these two lines:—

Set me wheresoe'er ye will,
I am, and will be, yours still!

' In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
 In presence prest of people, mad, or wise;¹
 Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
 In longest night, or in the shortest day;²
 In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
 In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray:
 Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
 In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
 Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
 Sick, or in health, in evil fame or good,
 Hers will I be; and only with this thought
 Content myself, although my chance be nought.

COMPLAINT

THAT HIS LADY, AFTER SHE KNEW HIS LOVE, KEPT HER FACE
 ALWAYS HIDDEN FROM HIM.

I NEVER saw my lady lay apart
 Her cornet³ black, in cold nor yet in heat,
 Sith first she knew my grief was grown so great;
 Which other fancies driveth from my heart,
 That to myself I do the thought reserve,
 The which unwares did wound my woful breast;
 But on her face mine eyes might never rest.
 Yet since she knew I did her love and serve,

¹ The line is obscure. *Prest* is generally employed in the sense of ready, or prepared to do a thing. Here it may possibly mean pressure—the pressure of a number of people.

² As different seasons, or climates, are here obviously meant, and the longest day and shortest night describe the same season, Selden proposed, with reason, to read—

The longest night, or in the longest day.

An alteration which clears up the sense, but does not improve the turn of expression.

³ A head-dress, so called from the horns or points which branched from it, with a veil or wimple attached. Petrarch has a sonnet, in which he expostulates with Laura for wearing a veil. Surrey imitates him throughout.

Her golden tresses clad alway with black,
 Her smiling looks that hid thus evermore,
 And that restrains which I desire so sore.
 So doth this cornet govern me alack!
 In summer, sun, in winter's breath, a frost;
 Whereby the light of her fair looks I lost.

REQUEST TO HIS LOVE TO JOIN BOUNTY
 WITH BEAUTY.

THE golden gift that Nature did thee give,
 To fasten friends, and feed them at thy will,
 With form and favour, taught me to believe,
 How thou art made to show her greatest skill,
 Whose hidden virtues are not so unknown,
 But lively dooms¹ might gather at the first
 Where beauty so her perfect seed hath sown,
 Of other graces follow needs there must.
 Now certes, Garret,² since all this is true,
 That from above thy gifts are thus elect,
 Do not deface them then with fancies new;
 Nor change of minds, let not the mind infect:
 But mercy³ him thy friend that doth thee serve;
 Who seeks alway thine honour to preserve.

¹ Judgments—alluding to persons of quick observation.

² The name identifies the person to whom the sonnet was addressed. It appears that Garret was the appellation by which Geraldine was always called when she was attending on the princess. The Fitzgeralds usually wrote their name Garret; and Geraldine designates her sister, Lady Margaret Fitzgerald, as Lady Margaret Garret in her will. In most of the editions the line reads, 'Now certes, Lady.'

³ It was not unusual to convert substantives into verbs. In this instance the expression appears to be an ellipsis.

PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS
PLEASURE THERE PASSED.¹

SO cruel prison how could betide, alas,
As proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy,
With a Kinges son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.²
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,³
With eyes cast up into the maiden's tower,⁴
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.⁵

¹ The date of this beautiful poem cannot be determined. It is generally supposed to refer to the imprisonment Surrey underwent in 1543, when he was condemned by the privy-council for having eaten meat in Lent. Dr. Nott conjectures that it was written in 1546, when he was committed to prison at Windsor for threatening Lord Hertford. All the circumstances sustain this conjecture.

² These lines furnish the authority for the commonly received opinion that Surrey and the Duke of Richmond were educated together at Windsor. Dr. Nott, drawing his inferences from the jousts alluded to in the remainder of the poem, and interpreting the word 'childish' in the sense of 'childe,' as used to designate young persons of noble birth who had embraced the profession of arms, thinks that their intercourse at Windsor took place at a later period of their lives—a conjecture which the recollections called up in the poem fully justify. The longing eyes cast up to the Maiden's Tower, the easy sighs, and the favours tied on the helm in the tournament, are not amongst the memories of 'childish years,' in the modern acceptation of the word.

³ To linger, or hover, or draw near. The term is commonly applied to ships. There was an old dance called the *hove*-dance.

⁴ Not the donjon, as Dr. Nott observes, but that part of the castle where the ladies had their apartments. Surrey's expression makes the distinction sufficiently plain. Maiden's tower is not to be confounded with maiden-tower. Warton (*Hist. of Poetry*, iii. 13) has fallen into an error about the latter, which, he says, means the principal tower, of the greatest strength and defence, tracing it to the old French *magne* or *mayne*, great. The term maiden is applied to a tower or fortress that has never been taken, and is still used in that sense in military language. See Nares' *Glossary*. The mere fact of being the principal tower, or a tower of great strength, does not necessarily constitute a maiden tower.

⁵ This happy line is traced by Dr. Nott to Chaucer:

'Not such sorrowful sighs as men make
For woe, or elles when that folk be sike,
But easy sighs, such as been to like.'—*Troil. and Cres.*

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
 The dances short, long tales of great delight ;
 With words and looks, that tigers could but rue :¹
 Where each of us did plead the other's right.
 The palme-play,² where, despoiled for the game,³
 With dazed⁴ eyes oft we by gleams of love
 Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
 To bait her eyes,⁵ which kept the leads above.⁶
 The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,⁷
 On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts ;
 With chere, as though one should another whelm,
 Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
 With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
 In active games of nimbleness and strength,
 Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
 Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.
 The secret groves, which oft we made resound
 Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise ;
 Recording oft what grace each one had found,
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
 The wild forest, the clothed holts with green ;
 With reins availed, and swift y-breathed horse,
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
 Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.⁸

¹ Pity.² Ball, or tennis.³ Stripped for the game. Italian, *spogliato*.—Norr.⁴ Dazzled.⁵ To allure, attract.⁶ The ladies, says Warton, were ranged on the leads or battlements of the castle, to see the play.⁷ The area for the tilting, we here learn, was strewn with gravel. The sleeves on the helm were the favours of the knight's mistress.⁸ The term here employed distinguishes the chase where the game was run down (although the previous particulars rendered it scarcely necessary) from the sport in which the game was shot. The former was called *chasse à forcer*. Drayton has availed himself of this description of the woods, and the mutual confidences of the young knights, to represent Surrey wandering amongst romantic groves and hanging rocks, carving the name of Geraldine on the trees. Dr. Nott seems to mistake the signification of the word 'holts' in this passage, which means woods, not hills. 'Reins *availed*,' implies reins slackened or lowered. It is used indifferently by the early English poets, as *vale* or *availe*;—hence the phrase to *vale the bonnet*.

The void walls¹ eke, that harboured us each night :
 Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast
 The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
 The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
 The wanton talk,² the divers change of play;
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we past the winter night away.
 And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
 The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
 The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
 Up-supped have, thus I my plaint renew:
 'O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
 Give me account, where is my noble fere?
 Whom in thy walls thou dost³ each night enclose;
 To other lief;⁴ but unto me most dear.'
 Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
 Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison pine, with bondage and restraint:

¹ Thus in the Harrington MS. The printed editions read 'wide vales;' but, as the passage evidently refers to the chambers where Surrey and his companions used to sleep, the MS. version may be safely preferred. Dr. Nott thinks that the word 'void' alludes to the custom of taking down the tapestry and hangings of rooms when their occupants were gone; and that Surrey, by the expression 'void walls' meant to describe walls stript of their covering. An easier and more probable explanation is suggested by the direct meaning of the words—empty walls, that is to say, empty rooms.

² 'Wanton' was not originally used in the sense in which it is now employed. The substantive meant a pet, an idler, a playfellow; the adjective simply playful, idle.

³ Warton thinks this should be *didst*. It is susceptible of both readings. If it allude to some person who was formerly Surrey's companion in these scenes, but was there no longer, Warton's suggestion would apply; but it may have been intended to allude to some person who was a prisoner in Windsor when the poem was written, which would bear out the text as it stands.

⁴ Dear. Dr. Nott supposes the person alluded to was Surrey's sister, Lady Mary, married 'about this time' to the Duke of Richmond. But he had previously supposed the poem to have been written in 1546, and Richmond was married in 1533.

And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.¹

THE LOVER COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH
THE WORTHINESS OF HIS LOVE.

WHEN raging love with extreme pain
Most cruelly distrains my heart;
When that my tears, as floods of rain,
Bear witness of my woful smart;
When sighs have wasted so my breath
That I lie at the point of death:

I call to mind the navy great
That the Greeks brought to Troy town:
And how the boisterous winds did beat
Their ships, and rent their sails adown;
Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood
Appeased the gods that them withstood.

And how that in those ten years' war
Full many a bloody deed was done;
And many a lord that came full far,
There caught his bane, alas! too soon;
And many a good knight overrun,
Before the Greeks had Helen won.

Then think I thus: 'Sith such repair,
So long time war of valiant men,
Was all to win a lady fair,
Shall I not learn to suffer then?
And think my life well spent to be
Serving a worthier wight than she?

¹ "He closes his complaint," says Warton, "with an affecting and pathetic sentiment, much in the style of Petrarch. 'To banish the miseries of my present distress, I am forced on the wretched expedient of remembering a greater!' This is the consolation of a warm fancy, It is the philosophy of poetry."

Therefore I never will repent,
 But pains contented still endure;
 For like as when, rough winter spent,
 The pleasant spring straight draweth in ure;¹
 So after raging storms of care,
 Joyful at length may be my fare.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER,
 BEING UPON THE SEA.²

O HAPPY dames that may embrace
 The fruit of your delight;
 Help to bewail the woful case,
 And eke the heavy plight,
 Of me, that wanted to rejoice
 The fortune of my pleasant choice:
 Good ladies! help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship freight with remembrance
 Of thoughts and pleasures past,
 He sails that hath in governance
 My life while it will last;

¹ This word has been very variously used. It is supposed to come from the French *heure*, anciently spelt *ure*. Its general acceptation is fortune, destiny; it also frequently meant use, action, effect. Thus, in Sackville's *Gordubuc*, quoted in Nares' *Glossary*—

'And wisdom willed me without protract,
 In speedie wise to put the same in ure.'

² The subject of this poem is obvious. At a time when wars and foreign negotiations called away the flower of English chivalry to distant scenes, there were many ladies left at home, whose feelings of temporary bereavement are touchingly expressed in these lines. They represent a situation in which numbers sympathized, although they were, probably, designed to have a special application—perhaps to the case of Lady Surrey. Dr. Nott's perversion of the title, by which he announces that in this poem, supposing the case of a lady looking for the return of her lord, 'Surrey describes the state of his own mind, when separated from the fair Geraldine,' utterly spoils the charm of the verses.

With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,
Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.¹

Alas! how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes that were my food;
Which sometime so delighted me,
That yet they do me good:
Wherewith I wake with his return,
Whose absent flame did make me burn:
But when I find the lack, Lord! how I mourn.

When other lovers in arms across,
Rejoice their chief delight;
Drowned in tears, to mourn my loss,
I stand the bitter night
In my window, where I may see
Before the winds how the clouds flee:
Lo! what mariner love hath made of me!

And in green waves when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of wind;
A thousand fancies in that mood
Assail my restless mind.
Alas! now drencheth² my sweet foe,
That with the spoil of my heart did go,
And left me; but, alas! why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again,
To chase from me annoy,
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain:
So dread cuts off my joy.
Thus is my wealth³ mingled with woe:
And of each thought a doubt doth grow;
Now he comes! will he come? alas! no, no!

¹ The harbour where he drops sail.

³ Happiness.

² Drowneth.

COMPLAINT OF A DYING LOVER

REFUSED UPON HIS LADY'S UNJUST MISTAKING OF HIS WRITING.

IN winter's just return, when Boreas 'gan his reign,
And every tree unclothed fast, as nature taught
them plain:¹

In misty morning dark, as sheep are then in hold,
I hied me fast, it sat me on, my sheep for to unfold.
And as it is a thing that lovers have by fits,
Under a palm I heard one cry as he had lost his wits.
Whose voice did ring so shrill in uttering of his plaint,
That I amazed was to hear how love could him attain.
'Ah! wretched man,' quoth he; 'come, death, and rid
this woe;

A just reward, a happy end, if it may chance thee so.
Thy pleasures past have wrought thy woe without
redress;

If thou hadst never felt no joy, thy smart had been
the less.'

And reckless of his life, he 'gan both sigh and groan:
A rueful thing me thought it was, to hear him make
such moan.

¹ Dr. Nott extracts from Puttenham's preposterous commentary on these lines (*Art of Eng. Poesy*, p. 162), an argument in favour of the conjecture that they 'mark precisely the season of the year when Surrey's passion began.' Whether Surrey fell in love in the month of October is, no doubt, unimportant; but the fact is certainly not established by this couplet. The month of October is indicated plainly enough in the second line; but it escaped the penetration of the learned editor that the season of the fall of the leaf was selected by the poet as having a peculiar appropriateness to the dismal incident he was about to relate, of the death of an unhappy lover. The inconvenience of Dr. Nott's theory of endeavouring to establish applications, in all these pieces, to Surrey's own case, is specially pressed upon us in this instance, where the wretched lover, whose mistress is 'reversed clean,' puts an end to himself in despair. Nor is it only on this point the parallel fails; for it appears that the lady had for 'many years' returned her lover's passion, which, on Dr. Nott's showing, the fair Geraldine never did.

'Thou cursed pen,' said he, 'woe-worth the bird thee bare;

The man, the knife, and all that made thee, woe be to their share:

Woe-worth the time and place where I so could indite;
And woe be it yet once again, the pen that so can write.

Unhappy hand! it had been happy time for me,
If when to write thou learned first, unjointed hadst thou be.'¹

Thus cursed he himself, and every other wight,
Save her alone whom love him bound to serve both day and night.

Which when I heard, and saw how he himself for-did;²
Against the ground with bloody strokes, himself e'en there to rid;

Had been my heart of flint, it must have melted tho';
For in my life I never saw a man so full of woe.

With tears for his redress I rashly to him ran,
And in my arms I caught him fast, and thus I spake him than:

'What woful wight art thou, that in such heavy case
Torments thyself with such despite, here in this desert place?

Wherewith as all aghast, fulfilled with ire and dread,
He cast on me a staring look, with colour pale and dead:

'Nay, what art thou,' quoth he, 'that in this heavy plight

Dost find me here, most woful wretch, that life hath in despite?'

¹ Dr. Nott follows up the circumstantial reference of this poor lover's history to the case of Surrey, by telling us that the writing here alluded to, which had given the fair Geraldine so much offence, may be supposed to have been the poem which begins—'Each beast can chuse his fere;' and *perhaps* the two other pieces—'Too dearly had I bought,' and 'Wrapt in my careless cloak,' which, he adds, 'may be considered as the cause of the final rupture between the fair Geraldine and Surrey!'

² Destroyed.

'I am,' quoth I, 'but poor, and simple in degree;
A shepherd's charge I have in hand, unworthy though
I be.'

With that he gave a sigh, as though the sky should fall,
And loud, alas! he shrieked oft, and, 'Shepherd,' 'gan
he call,

'Come, hie thee fast at once, and print it in thy heart,
So thou shalt know, and I shall tell thee, guiltless how
I smart.'

His back against the tree sore feebled all with faint,
With weary sprite he stretcht him up, and thus he
told his plaint:

'Once in my heart,' quoth he, 'it chanced me to love
Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her cunning
for to prove.

And sure I cannot say, but many years were spent,
With such good will so recompensed, as both we were
content.

Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
The sun should run his course awry, ere we this faith
forego.

Who joyed then but I? who had this world's bliss?
Who might compare a life to mine, that never thought
on this?

But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest joy,
Is me befallen a greater loss than Priam had of Troy.
She is reversed clean, and beareth me in hand,
That my deserts have given cause to break this faithful
band:

And for my just excuse availeth no defence.
Now knowest thou all; I can no more; but, Shepherd,
hie thee hence,

And give him leave to die, that may no longer live:
Whose record, lo! I claim to have, my death I do
forgive.

And eke when I am gone, be bold to speak it plain,
Thou hast seen die the truest man that ever love did
pain.'

Wherewith he turned him round, and gasping oft for
breath,

Into his arms a tree he raught, and said, 'Welcome
my death!

Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer unto me
Than should, without her love to live, an emperor to be.'
Thus in this woful state he yielded up the ghost;
And little knoweth his lady, what a lover she hath lost.
Whose death when I beheld, no marvel was it, right
For pity though my heart did bleed, to see so piteous
sight.

My blood from heat to cold oft changed wonders sore;
A thousand troubles there I found I never knew before;
'Tween dread and dolour so my sprites were brought
in fear,

That long it was ere I could call to mind what I did
there.

But as each thing hath end, so had these pains of mine:
The furies past, and I my wits restored by length of
time.

Then as I could devise, to seek I thought it best
Where I might find some worthy place for such a corse
to rest.

And in my mind it came, from thence not far away,
Where Cressid's love, king Priam's son, the worthy
Troilus lay.

By him I made his tomb, in token he was true,
And as to him belonged well, I covered it with blue.¹
Whose soul by angel's power departed not so soon,
But to the heavens, lo! it fled, for to receive his doom.

¹ Colours, like flowers, were understood to have particular significations, and in that sense may be said to have had a language of their own: as, yellow, jealousy, sometimes indicated by green; and blue, constancy, as in the above instance. Colours were also worn to convey a special meaning, and different classes of persons were distinguished by a predominant colour in their dress. Thus blue, the distinctive emblem of fidelity, was likewise the habit of servants; from which usage, perhaps, the lover may have originally adopted it as the type of his servitude. Red hair and a red beard were associated with

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER,
BEING UPON THE SEA.

GOOD ladies! ye that have your pleasure in exile,
Step in your foot, come, take a place, and mourn
with me awhile:

And such as by their lords do set but little price,
Let them sit still, it skills them not¹ what chance come
on the dice.

But ye whom love hath bound, by order of desire,
To love your lords, whose good deserts none other
would require;

Come ye yet once again, and set your foot by mine,
Whose woful plight, and sorrows great, no tongue may
well define.

My love and lord, alas! in whom consists my wealth,
Hath fortune sent to pass the seas, in hazard of his
health.

Whom I was wont t'embrace with well contented mind,
Is now amid the foaming floods at pleasure of the wind,
Where God well him preserve, and soon him home me
send; [end,

Without which hope my life, alas! were shortly at an
Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me
plain, [pain.

With short return he comes anon, yet ceaseth not my

treachery and a vicious disposition; it being the current opinion that Judas Iscariot's hair and beard were of that colour. Yellow hair was regarded with aversion, under the impression that it was the colour of Cain's hair. Hence the phrases Cain-colour and Judas-colour came to be applied to yellow and red beards. To the same source may be referred the orange-tawny doublets and bonnets assigned to Jews and extortioners in the old plays.

¹ A common expression in the early writers, usually connected with a negative. 'It skills them not,' simply means it is indifferent to them, it does not signify to them. Nares quotes an example from Byron in which it is used—

'It skills not, boots not, step by step to trace
His youth.'—*Lara*.

The fearful dreams I have oft times do grieve me so,
That when I wake, I lie in doubt, where¹ they be true
or no.

Sometime the roaring seas, me seems, do grow so high,
That my dear lord, ay me! alas! methinks I see him die.
And other time the same, doth tell me he is come,
And playing, where I shall him find, with his fair
little son.²

So forth I go apace to see that liefsome³ sight,
And with a kiss, methinks I say, 'Welcome, my lord,
my knight;

Welcome, my sweet; alas! the stay of my welfare;
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce betwixt me and
my care.'

Then lively doth he look, and saluteth me again,
And saith, 'My dear, how is it now that you have all
this pain?' [breast,

Wherewith the heavy cares, that heaped are in my
Break forth and me dischargen clean, of all my huge
unrest.

But when I me awake, and find it but a dream,
The anguish of my former woe beginneth more extreme;
And me tormenteth so that unneath⁴ may I find
Some hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing of
my mind.

¹ Whether.

² A different version of this line is given in the Harrington MS.—

'And playing, where I shall find him, with T. his little son.'

As a matter of taste, the printed version has the advantage. The Harrington variation seems to identify Lady Surrey with the poem, if T. may be supposed to refer to her eldest son Thomas, who, when the attainder was reversed, became Earl of Surrey, and afterwards Duke of Norfolk. Dr. Nott accepts the Harrington line as the true reading; yet in the face of this obvious interpretation of its meaning, insists on applying the poem, not to Lady Surrey mourning for her absent lord, but to Surrey himself describing "his own anxious state of mind, when absent from her who was the sovereign mistress of his faithful heart!" Under this construction, what conclusion are we to draw about the 'fair little son'?

³ Welcome, pleasing.

⁴ Beneath; sometimes, *unnethe*, scarcely.

Thus every way you see, with absence how I burn;
And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good
return:

Save when I think, by sour how sweet is felt the more,
It doth abate some of my pains, that I abode before,
And then unto myself I say: 'When we shall meet,
But little while shall seem this pain; the joy shall be
so sweet.'

Ye winds, I you conjure, in chiefest of your rage,
That ye my lord me safely send, my sorrows to assuage.
And that I may not long abide in this excess,
Do your good will to cure a wight, that liveth in distress.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE,

WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES
WITH HIS.¹

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were:
And virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show.

¹ Warton quotes this poem with special commendation for the correctness of its versification, the polish of its language, and its musical modulation. It has, he observes, almost the ease and gallantry of Waller. He says that the leading thought, which has been much used, is in the spirit of an Italian fiction; and Dr. Nott finds resemblances to it in Ariosto, and in Juan de Thena, a Spanish poet. A still closer similitude occurs in a contemporaneous poem referred to in the next note.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
 The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
 When she had lost the perfect mould,
 The like to whom she could not paint:
 With wringing hands, how she did cry,
 And what she said, I know it, aye.¹

I know she swore with raging mind,
 Her kingdom only set apart,
 There was no loss by law of kind
 That could have gone so near her heart;
 And this was chiefly all her pain;
 'She could not make the like again.'

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
 To be the chiefest work she wrought;
 In faith, methink! some better ways
 On your behalf might well be sought,
 Than to compare, as ye have done,
 To match the candle with the sun.

TO HIS MISTRESS.²

IF he that erst the form so lively drew
 Of Venus' face, triumphed in painter's art;
 Thy Father then what glory did ensue,
 By whose pencil a Goddess made thou art.

¹ Amongst the songs and sonnets of Tottel's uncertain authors (printed in the same collection with Surrey and Wyatt), there is a passage, in the first poem, entitled *A Praise of his Lady* (see p. 237), expressing the same thought in almost the same words—

'I think Nature hath lost the mould,
 Where she her shape did take;
 Or else I doubt if Nature could
 So fair a creature make.'

The image has been frequently repeated by other writers, and once by Surrey himself, in his Epitaph on Wyatt.

² From the Hill MS., first published by Dr. Nott.

Touched with flame that figure made some rue,
 And with her love surprised many a heart.
 There lacked yet that should cure their hot desire :
 Thou canst inflame and quench the kindled fire.

TO THE LADY THAT SCORNEH HER LOVER.

ALTHOUGH I had a check,
 To give the mate is hard ;
 For I have found a neck.¹
 To keep my men in guard.
 And you that hardy are,
 To give so great assay
 Unto a man of war,
 To drive his men away ;

I rede² you take good heed,
 And mark this foolish verse ;
 For I will so provide,
 That I will have your ferse.³
 And when your ferse is had,
 And all your war is done ;
 Then shall yourself be glad .
 To end that you begun.

For if by chance I win
 Your person in the field ;
 Too late then come you in
 Yourself to me to yield.

¹ The meaning is not clear. Dr. Nott says that *neck* is 'a licentious way of writing and pronouncing the word *nook*, to make it rhyme with *check*.' The explanation is as obscure as the text. The whole poem has fallen under the censure of Dr. Nott, who pronounces it 'vulgar and trivial,' for which harsh sentence I would venture to substitute gay and playful, a mood in which Surrey seldom indulged. There was an old phrase, to *come in at the neck*, which meant to follow immediately. Perhaps the word here is intended in the sense of having his men ready to bear upon the check.

² Advise, counsel.

³ The Persian name for the piece called the *Queen*.

For I will use my power,
 As captain full of might;
 And such I will devour,
 As use to show me spite.

And for because you gave
 Me check in such degree;
 This vantage, lo! I have,
 Now check, and guard to thee.
 Defend it if thou may;
 Stand stiff in thine estate:
 For sure I will assay,
 If I can give thee mate.

A WARNING TO THE LOVER, HOW HE IS
 ABUSED BY HIS LOVE.

TOO dearly had I bought my green and youthful
 years, [appears.
 If in mine age I could not find when craft for love
 And seldom though I come in court among the rest,
 Yet can I judge in colours dim, as deep as can the best.
 Where grief torments the man that suff'reth secret
 smart, [heart.
 To break it forth unto some friend, it easeth well the
 So stands it now with me, for, my beloved friend,
 This case is thine, for whom I feel such torment of my
 mind.
 And for thy sake I burn so in my secret breast,
 That till thou know my whole disease, my heart can
 have no rest.
 I see how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wits,
 That all it yields to thy desire, and follows thee by fits.
 Where thou hast loved so long, with heart, and all thy
 power,
 I see thee fed with feigned words, thy freedom to devour:

I know (though she say nay, and would it well withstand)
When in her grace thou held thee most, she bare thee
but in hand.¹

I see her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suit;
When thou art gone, I see him come that gathers up
the fruit.

And eke in thy respect, I see the base degree
Of him to whom she gave the heart, that promised
was to thee.

I see (what would you more) stood never man so sure
On woman's word, but wisdom would mistrust it to
endure.

THE FORSAKEN LOVER DESCRIBETH AND FORSAKETH LOVE.

O LOATHSOME place! where I
Have seen, and heard my dear;
When in my heart her eye
Hath made her thought appear,
By glimpsing² with such grace,—
As fortune it ne would
That lasten any space,
Between us longer should.

As fortune did advance
To further my desire;
Even so hath fortune's chance
Thrown all amidst the mire.
And that I have deserved,
With true and faithful heart,
Is to his hands reserved,
That never felt the smart.

¹ An expression used in a variety of ways—as to keep a person in play, to pretend for a sinister purpose, to deceive.

² Shining or flashing upon the sight.

But happy is that man
 That scaped hath the grief,
 That love well teach him can,
 By wanting his relief.
 A scourge to quiet minds
 It is, who taketh heed;
 A common plague that binds;
 A travail without need.

This gift it hath also:
 Whoso enjoys it most,
 A thousand troubles grow,
 To vex his wearied ghost.
 And last it may not long;
 The truest thing of all:
 And sure the greatest wrong,
 That is within this thrall.

But since thou, desert place,
 Canst give me no account
 Of my desired grace,
 That I to have was wont;
 Farewell! thou hast me taught,
 To think me not the first
 That love hath set aloft,
 And casten in the dust.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESS STATE.¹

AS oft as I behold, and see
 The sovereign beauty that me bound;
 The nigher my comfort is to me,
 Alas! the fresher is my wound.

¹ Three additional stanzas, the third, sixth, and eighth, are supplied by Dr. Nott from the *Nugæ Antiquæ*. There is a poem, *Of Love*, by Wyatt in which the images in this piece are reproduced, sometimes in the same words.

As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
 And running streams consume by rain;
 So doth the sight that I desire
 Appease my grief, and deadly pain.

Like as the fly that seeth the flame,
 And thinks to play her in the fire;
 That found her woe, and sought her game
 Where grief did grow by her desire.

First when I saw those crystal streams,¹
 Whose beauty made my mortal wound;
 I little thought within their beams
 So sweet a venom to have found.

But wilful will did prick me forth,
 Blind Cupid did me whip and guide;
 Force made me take my grief in worth;²
 My fruitless hope my harm did hide;

Wherein is hid the cruel bit,
 Whose sharp repulse none can resist;
 And eke the spur that strains each wit
 To run the race against his list.

As cruel waves full oft be found
 Against the rocks to roar and cry;
 So doth my heart full oft rebound
 Against my breast full bitterly.

And as the spider draws her line,
 With labour lost I frame my suit;
 The fault is hers, the loss is mine:
 Of ill sown seed, such is the fruit.

¹ 'There is no expression,' says Dr. Nott, 'more common among our early poets than streams for eyes.' The same remark applies to the frequent use of the expression 'crystal eyes.' An instance occurs amongst the poems of 'Uncertain Authors':

'In each of her two crystal eyes,
 Smileth a naked boy.'—p. 237.

² That is, to bear, or endure it. The old word *worthe* meant to be, to go—hence to suffer and submit.

I fall, and see mine own decay;
 As he that bears flame in his breast,
 Forgets for pain to cast away
 The thing that breedeth his unrest.

THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIMSELF OF SUSPECTED
 CHANGE.

THOUGH I regarded not
 The promise made by me;
 Or passed not to spot
 My faith and honesty:
 Yet were my fancy strange,
 And wilful will to wite,¹
 If I sought now to change
 A falcon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise
 My wit and enterprise,
 If I esteemed a pese²
 Above a pearl in price:
 Or judged the owl in sight
 The sparhawk to excel;
 Which flieth but in the night,
 As all men know right well.

Or if I sought to sail
 Into the brittle port,
 Where anchor hold doth fail
 To such as do resort;
 And leave the haven sure,
 Where blows no blustering wind;
 Nor fickleness in ure,
 So far-forth as I find.

The word occurs in Chaucer in the sense of blame or censure; it also means to know.

² This familiar comparison was in general use amongst the poets of the 16th century. Not 'worth a pese' was a common phrase, and occurs in Spenser's *Pastorals*.

No! think me not so light,
 Nor of so churlish kind,
 Though it lay in my might
 My bondage to unbind,
 That I would leave the hind
 To hunt the gander's foe.
 No! no! I have no mind
 To make exchanges so.

Nor yet to change at all;
 For think, it may not be
 That I should seek to fall
 From my felicity.
 Desirous for to win,
 And loth for to forego;
 Or new change to begin;
 How may all this be so?

The fire it cannot freeze,
 For it is not his kind;
 Nor true love cannot lese
 The constance of the mind.
 Yet as soon shall the fire
 Want heat to blaze and burn;
 As I, in such desire,
 Have once a thought to turn.

A CARELESS MAN

SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUBTLE USAGE OF WOMEN
 TOWARD THEIR LOVERS.¹

WRAPT in my careless cloak, as I walk to and fro,
 I see how love can shew what force there reigneth
 in his bow:
 And how he shooteth eke a hardy heart to wound;
 And where he glanceth by again, that little hurt is found.

¹ In no instance is Dr. Nott's system of perversion more conspicuous than in the title he has given to this poem; the purpose of which is declared by the opening line, which describes a looker-on, himself

For seldom is it seen he woundeth hearts alike;
The one may rage, when t'other's love is often far to
seek.

All this I see, with more; and wonder thinketh me
How he can strike the one so sore, and leave the other
free.

I see that wounded wight that suffereth all this wrong,
How he is fed with yeas and nays, and liveth all too
long.

In silence though I keep such secrets to myself,
Yet do I see how she sometime doth yield a look by
stealth,

As though it seemed; 'I wis, I will not lose thee so.'
When in her heart so sweet a thought did never truly
grow.

Then say I thus: 'Alas! that man is far from bliss,
That doth receive for his relief none other gain but this.'
And she that feeds him so, I feel and find it plain,
Is but to glory in her power, that over such can reign.
Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinks that he,
A wearied man, is fully bent such fancies to let flee.
Then to retain him still, she wrasteth¹ new her grace,
And smileth, lo! as though she would forthwith the
man embrace.

But when the proof is made, to try such looks withal,
He findeth then the place all void, and freighted full of
gall.

untouched by love, observing the conduct of women to their lovers. The piece is evidently of general, and not of individual, application, and the character assumed by the poet is absolutely indispensable to the design. Dr. Nott, however, resolved to make it bear upon his imaginary romance, dismisses the original title, and substitutes the following:—"He describes the duplicity and disingenuous conduct of his mistress, and laments that at her tender years she should have given such mournful proofs of insincerity!" And not satisfied with giving this direction to the poem at the outset, he adds in a note that we learn from the concluding lines, that Geraldine, though still very young, "had made more than a common proficiency in those arts of dissimulation, by which the female character is sometimes degraded, and the fairest hopes of man's happiness are, alas! too frequently destroyed!"

¹ Wrested to another form or purpose.

Lord! what abuse is this; who can such women praise,
 That for their glory do devise to use such crafty ways?
 I, that among the rest do sit and mark the row,
 Find that in her is greater craft, than is in twenty mo',
 Whose tender years, alas! with wiles so well are sped:
 What will she do when hoary hairs are powdered in her
 head?

AN ANSWER IN THE BEHALF OF A WOMAN.¹

GIRT in my guiltless gown, as I sit here and sow,
 I see that things are not in deed, as to the outward
 show.
 And who so list to look and note things somewhat near,
 Shall find where plainness seems to haunt, nothing but
 craft appear.
 For with indifferent eyes, myself can well discern
 How some to guide a ship in storms stick not to take
 the stern;
 Whose skill and courage tried in calm to steer a barge,
 They would soon shew, you should foresee, it were too
 great a charge.
 And some I see again sit still and say but small,
 That can do ten times more than they that say they can
 do all.

¹ This poem was not written by Surrey. The evidence, external and internal, is conclusive on that point. In Tottel's *Miscellany*, where it was originally published, (wanting the last eighteen lines, supplied by Dr. Nott from the Harrington MS.) it appeared amongst the pieces by 'uncertain' authors, under the title of a 'Dissembling Lover;' and was afterwards transplanted into its present place, amongst Surrey's poems, as an answer to the preceding lines, against the allegations of which it sets up a detailed defence. Whoever it was written by, Dr. Nott regards it as a 'bitter insult' to Surrey, and although he says in his notes, that there is no 'reason to suppose that it was written by the fair Geraldine herself,' he directly ascribes it to her, notwithstanding, in the new title he has invented for it. 'The fair Geraldine retorts on Surrey the charge of artifice, and commends the person whom he considered to be his rival, as superior to him in courage and ability.'

Whose goodly gifts are such, the more they understand,
The more they seek to learn and know, and take less
charge in hand.

And to declare more plain, the time flits not so fast,
But I can bear right well in mind the song now sung,
and past ;

The author whereof came, wrapt in a crafty cloak,
In will to force a flaming fire where he could raise no
smoke.

If power and will had met, as it appeareth plain,
The truth nor right had ta'en no place ; their virtues
had been vain.

So that you may perceive, and I may safely see,
The innocent that guiltless is, condemned should have be.
Much like untruth to this the story doth declare,
Where the Elders laid to Susan's charge meet matter to
compare.

They did her both accuse, and eke condemn her too,
And yet no reason, right, nor truth, did lead them so to do!
And she thus judged to die, toward her death went forth,
Fraughted with faith, a patient pace, taking her wrong
in worth.

But He that doth defend all those that in him trust,
Did raise a child for her defence to shield her from the
unjust.

And Daniel chosen was then of this wrong to weet,
How, in what place, and eke with whom she did this
crime commit.

[sight,
He caused the Elders part the one from the other's
And did examine one by one, and charged them both
say right.

' Under a mulberry tree it was ; ' first said the one.
The next named a pomegranate tree, whereby the
truth was known.

Then Susan was discharged, and they condemned to die,
As right required, and they deserved, that framed so
foul a lie.

And He that her preserved, and lett them of their lust,
Hath me defended hitherto, and will do still I trust.

THE CONSTANT LOVER LAMENTETH.

SINCE fortune's wrath envieth the wealth
 Wherein I reigned, by the sight
 Of that, that fed mine eyes by stealth
 With sour, sweet, dread, and delight;
 Let not my grief move you to moan,
 For I will weep and wail alone.

Spite drave me into Boreas' reign,
 Where hoary frosts the fruits do bite,
 When hills were spread, and every plain
 With stormy winter's mantle white;
 And yet, my dear, such was my heat,
 When others froze, then did I sweat.

And now, though on the sun I drive,
 Whose fervent flame all things decays;
 His beams in brightness may not strive
 With light of your sweet golden rays;
 Nor from my breast his heat remove
 The frozen thoughts, graven by Love.

Ne may the waves of the salt flood
 Quench that your beauty set on fire;
 For though mine eyes forbear the food,
 That did relieve the hot desire;
 Such as I was, such will I be;
 Your own; what would ye more of me?

A SONG WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF SURREY,
 OF A LADY THAT REFUSED TO DANCE WITH HIM.¹

EACH beast can choose his fere according to his mind,
 And eke can show a friendly chere, like to their
 beastly kind.

¹ Dr. Nott, displacing the original title of this piece, substitutes the following:—'Surrey renounces all affection for the fair Geraldine;' and observes in a note, that the poem is 'valuable from the circum-

A lion¹ saw I late, as white as any snow,
Which seemed well to lead the race, his port the same
did show.

Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleased me,
For still me thought he seemed well of noble blood to be.
And as he pranced before,² still seeking for a make,
As who would say, 'There is none here, I trow, will
me forsake.'

stance of its preserving an account of a quarrel between Surrey and the fair Geraldine, which, as we hear nothing of any reconciliation afterwards, was the occasion probably of his renouncing his ill-fated passion.' The whole of this is not only an assumption, unwarranted by evidence or authority of any kind, but an assumption irreconcilable with itself. In the title, Surrey absolutely renounces Geraldine, and in the note the 'quarrel' is assigned as the *probable* cause; but it must have been the *actual* cause, if the inference drawn from the poem is to have any force at all. Dr. Nott, indeed, clears up all doubts on the subject in his Memoir of Surrey, where he undertakes to trace the whole course of this passion out of the hints he extorts from the poems. 'Geraldine's cruelty,' he tells us, 'became at last so excessive, that Surrey was compelled to resent it. She affronted him publicly at a ball, given, it might seem, by himself, in compliment to her. A quarrel ensued, and Surrey expressed his determination to break his chains.' It is superfluous to say that this circumstantial statement is entirely gratuitous. There is no ground whatever for supposing that Geraldine was the lady who refused to dance with Surrey; on the contrary, there is much reason for believing that she was not. Had Geraldine treated him in this way, the poem would assuredly have furnished clearer indications of an avowed devotion so rudely and strangely reprov'd. But it contains no such expression of a lover's resentment; the feelings to which it gives vent are those of wounded pride taking a haughty and somewhat angry revenge on a disdainful beauty.

When Dr. Nott observes, that 'we hear nothing of any reconciliation afterwards,' it should not be forgotten that he has himself led up to this conclusion, by transposing the original order of the poems to support it. The poem that follows next in all other editions describes the pains and joys, and comforting hope of the 'faithful lover;' and as a declaration of fidelity would have an awkward effect coming immediately after a piece, in the title of which Surrey is made to renounce his mistress, Dr. Nott has removed it from its proper situation, and placed it amongst the early poems supposed to have been addressed to Geraldine.

¹ Surrey designates himself by the lion, one of the badges of his house.

² The word *pranced* may possibly refer to the position of the armorial lion 'rampant;' a more probable interpretation than that it was intended as an allusion to the action of a gentleman asking a lady to dance.

I might perceive a wolf¹ as white as whalesbone;
 A fairer beast of fresher hue, beheld I never none;
 Save that her looks were coy, and forward eke her
 grace: [apace.

Unto the which this gentle beast 'gan him advance
 And with a beck² full low he bowed at her feet,
 In humble wise, as who would say, 'I am too far
 unmeet.'

But such a scornful chere, wherewith she him rewarded!
 Was never seen, I trow, the like, to such as well
 deserved.

With that she start aside well near a foot or twain,
 And unto him thus 'gan she say, with spite and great
 disdain:

'Lion,' she said, 'if thou hadst known my mind before,
 Thou hadst not spent thy travail thus, nor all thy pain
 for-lore.'³

Do way!⁴ I let thee weet,⁵ thou shalt not play with
 Go range about, where thou mayst find some meter fere
 for thee.'

With that he beat his tail, his eyes began to flame;
 I might perceive his noble heart much moved by the
 same.

Yet saw I him refrain, and eke his wrath assuage,
 And unto her thus 'gan he say, when he was past
 his rage:

¹ Drayton was of opinion that the lady represented by the wolf was the Lady Stanhope, afterwards married to the Protector Somerset. The wolf is still retained in the arms of the Stanhope family. There is no evidence that the Fitzgeralds ever bore a wolf as any part of their cognizance, except a MS. in the Harleian Collection, cited by Dr. Nott, in which a wolf is given as the crest of the Earl of Kildare in the time of Henry VIII. Even without that authority, however, Dr. Nott thinks there would have been sufficient ground for assuming Geraldine to have been the person designated, from the fact that the term wolf was frequently applied to Ireland and the Irish. But, as it was seldom so applied except in derision or contempt, it would scarcely have been selected by Surrey on this occasion.

² A beck was a bend of the knee as well as a bow of the head.—*HALLIWELL'S Dictionary of Archaic Words.*

³ Lost, or thrown away.

⁴ Equivalent to *cease*.

⁵ Sometimes *wete*, to know. 'I let thee know.'

'Cruel! you do me wrong, to set me thus so light;
Without desert for my good will to show me such
despite.

How can ye thus intreat a lion of the race,
That with his paws a crowned king devoured in the
place.¹

Whose nature is to prey upon no simple food,
As long as he may suck the flesh, and drink of noble
blood.

If you be fair and fresh, am I not of your hue?²
And for my vaunt I dare well say, my blood is not
untrue.

For you yourself have heard, it is not long ago,
Sith that for love one of the race did end his life
in woe,

In tower both strong and high, for his assured truth,
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas! the more
the ruth.

This gentle beast so died, whom nothing could remove,
But willingly to lose his life for loss of his true love.³
Other there be whose lives do linger still in pain,
Against their wills preserved are, that would have died
right fain.

But now I do perceive that nought it moveth you,
My good intent, my gentle heart, nor yet my kind so true.
But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
As other some full many years trace by the craft ye
made.

And thus behold my kinds, how that we differ far;
I seek my foes; and you your friends do threaten still
with war.

¹ Alluding to the battle of Flodden field, at which Surrey's grandfather commanded the English forces against James of Scotland, who was slain in the fight.

² Am I not your equal?

³ The allusion here is to Thomas Howard, second son of the second Duke of Norfolk, and half uncle to Surrey, who was attainted of high treason, and cast into prison, where he died, after a confinement of two years, for having affianced himself to the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter to Margaret, queen of Scotland, and sister to Henry VIII.

I fawn where I am fled; you slay, that seeks to you
I can devour no yielding prey; you kill where y
subdue.

My kind is to desire the honour of the field;
And you with blood to slake your thirst on such as
you yield.

Wherefore I would you wist, that for your coyed look
I am no man that will be trapped, nor tangled wi
such hooks. [they might]

And though some lust to love, where blame full we
And to such beasts of current sought, that should ha
travail bright;

I will observe the law that Nature gave to me,
To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go free
And as a falcon free, that soareth in the air,
Which never fed on hand nor lure; nor for no stake
doth care;

While that I live and breathe, such shall my custom be
In wildness of the woods to seek my prey, where
pleaseth me;

Where many one shall rue, that never made offence:
Thus your refuse against my power shall boot them in
defence.

And for revenge thereof I vow and swear thereto,
A thousand spoils I shall commit I never thought to do
And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,
I shall be glad to feed on that, that would have fed
on me.

And thus farewell, Unkind, to whom I bent and bow;
I would you wist, the ship is safe that bare his sails
so low.

Sith that a Lion's heart is for a Wolf no prey,
With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple
sheep, I say,

¹ The piece of meat by which falcons were lured back.

² Dr. Nott gives a different version of this line, which supplies the rhyme by a repetition of the same word:

'And thus farewell, unkind, to whom I bent too low.'

With more despite and ire than I can now express;
Which to my pain, though I refrain, the cause you may
well guess.

As for because myself was author of the game,
It boots me not that for my wrath I should disturb
the same.'

THE FAITHFUL LOVER

DECLARETH HIS PAINS AND HIS UNCERTAIN JOYS, AND WITH ONLY
HOPE RECOMFORTETH SOMEWHAT HIS WOEFUL HEART.

IF care do cause men cry, why do not I complain?
If each man do bewail his woe, why show not I my
pain?

Since that amongst them all, I dare well say is none
So far from weal, so full of woe, or hath more cause to
moan.

For all things having life, sometime hath quiet rest;
The bearing ass, the drawing ox, and every other beast;
The peasant, and the post, that serves at all assays;
The ship-boy, and the galley-slave, have time to take
their ease;

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

No thing under the sun, that I can hear or see,
But moveth me for to bewail my cruel destiny.
For where men do rejoice, since that I cannot so,
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.
And when I hear the sound of song or instrument,
Methink each tune there doleful is, and helps me to
lament.

And if I see some have their most desired sight,
Alas! think I, 'each man hath weal save I, most
woful wight.'

Then as the stricken deer withdraws himself alone,
So do I seek some secret place, where I may make my
moan.

There do my flowing eyes show forth my melting heart ;
So that the streams of those two wells right well declare
my smart.

And in those cares so cold, I force myself a heat
(As sick men in their shaking fits procure themselves
to sweat) [pain :

With thoughts, that for the time do much appease my
But yet they cause a farther fear, and breed my woe
again.

Methink within my thought I see right plain appear
My heart's delight, my sorrow's leech, mine earthly
goddess here,

With every sundry grace, that I have seen her have :
Thus I within my woful breast her picture paint and
grave.

And in my thought I roll her beauties to and fro ;
Her laughing chere, her lively look, my heart that
pierced so ;

Her strangeness when I sued her servant for to be ;¹
And what she said, and how she smiled, when that she
pitied me.

¹ Dr. Nott explains this expression of suing the lady to be her servant, in the sense in which it was understood in the age of chivalry, when 'a person who had approved himself worthy of being received as her lover openly, was recognised formally as such, under the name of her servant, her servant d'amour.' He therefore concludes that Surrey sued the fair Geraldine to be her servant—that is, her open lover ; and that the 'strangeness' with which she received his suit was merely the 'modest reluctance and timidity of a well-regulated female mind.' These forced constructions go a great way towards disenchanting us of the suggestive obscurity of the passion depicted under so many various forms by the gallant poet. It was not usual in the days of chivalry for married knights to sue for the permission of ladies to become their servants, or open lovers,—a privilege very properly reserved for those who had the power of placing their lives, unfettered by other ties and obligations, at the feet of their mistresses ; and if Surrey really did in his own person make such a suit to the fair Geraldine, the 'strangeness' with which she received it was highly creditable to her, but not exactly as an evidence of reluctance and timidity.

Then comes a sudden fear that reaveth¹ all my rest,
Lest absence cause forgetfulness to sink within her
breast.

For when I think how far this earth doth us divide,
Alas! me-seems love throws me down; I feel how that
I slide.

But then I think again, 'Why should I thus mistrust
So sweet a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true
and just?

For loath she was to love, and wavering is she not;
The farther off the more desired.' Thus lovers tie
their knot.

So in despair and hope plunged am I both up and down,
As is the ship with wind and wave, when Neptune
list to frown:

But as the watery showers delay the raging wind,
So doth Good-hope clean put away despair out of my
mind;

And bids me for to serve, and suffer patiently:
For what wot I the after weal that fortune wills to me?
For those that care do know, and tasted have of trouble,
When passed is their woful pain, each joy shall seem
them double.

And bitter sends she now, to make me taste the better
The pleasant sweet, when that it comes, to make it
seem the sweeter.

And so determine I to serve until my breath;²
Yea, rather die a thousand times, than once to false
my faith.

And if my feeble corpse, through weight of woful smart
Do fail, or faint, my will it is that still she keep my
heart.

And when this carcass here to earth shall be refared,
I do bequeath my wearied ghost to serve her afterward.

¹ To *reave*, literally meant to unroof a house.

² 'Until my latest breath,' would probably be the correct reading.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.¹

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
 The happy life, be these, I find :
 The riches left, not got with pain ;
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind :
 The equal friend, no grudge, no strife ;
 No charge of rule, nor governance ;
 Without disease, the healthful life ;
 The household of continuance :
 The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
 True wisdom joined with simpleness ;
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress :
 The faithful wife, without debate ;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night.
 Contented with thine own estate ;
 Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might

PRAISE OF MEAN AND CONSTANT ESTATE.²

OF thy life, Thomas, this compass well mark :
 Not aye with full sails the high seas to beat ;
 Ne by coward dread, in shunning storms dark,
 On shallow shores thy keel in peril freat.³

Whoso gladly halseth⁴ the golden mean,
 Void of dangers advisedly hath his home ;

¹ Translated from Martial,—one of the earliest specimens in our language.

² Addressed to Sir Thomas Wyatt, and partly adopted from Horace, Book ii. Ode 10.

³ To injure or damage, to fret or wear away. Ascham, says Mr. Halliwell, applies the term to a weak place in a bow or arrow, which is likely to give way.

⁴ Or *enhalseth*—embraceth. From *halse*, neck ; hence the verb *halse*, or *halse*, to embrace, or hang on the neck.

Not with loathsome muck as a den unclean,
Nor palace like, whereat disdain may glome.¹

The lofty pine the great wind often rives;²
With violenter sway fallen turrets steep;
Lightnings assault the high mountains and clives.³
A heart well stayed, in overthwartes⁴ deep,

Hopeth amends; in sweet, doth fear the sour.
God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp.
Now ill, not aye thus: once Phœbus to lower,
With bow unbent, shall cease; and frame to harp

His voice; in strait estate appear thou stout;
And so wisely, when lucky gale of wind
All thy puft sails shall fill, look well about;
Take in a reef: haste is waste, proof doth find.

PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMS OF DAVID.

TRANSLATED BY SIR THOMAS [WYATT] THE ELDER.

THE great Macedon, that out of Persia chased
Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rung;
In the rich ark⁵ Dan⁶ Homer's rhymes he placed,
Who feigned gests⁷ of heathen princes sung.

¹ Spelt *glombe* in Chaucer, and most of the old writers. To lower, or look gloomily.

² Splits, or tears asunder. The word was also used in several other and totally different senses.

³ Cliffs.

⁴ Crosses, contradictions, contrarieties. Nares observes, as rather extraordinary, that this word, which appears to have been in great favour with many of his contemporaries, was never once used by Shakespeare. It occurs in *Hudibras*.

⁵ Chest or coffer.

⁶ A corruption of *Don* for *Dominus*.—NARES. Applied in the first instance to Monks (as the *Dom* of the Benedictines), it came afterwards to be applied to persons of rank or influence, in the sense of lord, or sir; and finally, partly in jest, but with the old reverence still lingering in it, to the ancients, and to persons in the mythology. Thus we have Dan Homer, Dan Phœbus, Dan Cupid, &c.

⁷ From *gesture*: actions, adventures; derived, according to Warton, from the popular stories called *Gesta Romanorum*. Romances, especially

What holy grave, what worthy sepulture¹
 To Wyatt's Psalms should Christians then purchase?
 Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure,
 The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace,
 Of just David, by perfect penitence;
 Where rulers may see in a mirror clear,
 The bitter fruit of false concupiscence;
 How Jewry bought Urias' death full dear.
 In Princes' hearts God's scourge imprinted deep,
 Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.²

OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

DIVERS thy death do diversely bemoan:
 Some, that in presence of thy livelihood³
 Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swoln,
 Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head.
 Some, that watched with the murderer's knife,
 With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,
 Whose practice brake by happy end of life,
 With envious tears to hear thy fame so good.⁴

of a lively cast, were called *gests*—hence, possibly, the word *jest*. It was also used in other senses—sometimes to designate the stages, or resting places, on a journey, and sometimes it was applied to guests.

¹ Puttenham, quoting this line, substitutes the word *sepulcher*, which Dr. Nott judiciously rejects, Surrey obviously intending to refer not to the rite, but the place of burial. Warton explains *sepulture* in this instance to mean repository.

² There can be no doubt that these closing lines are intended to convey what Warton calls 'an oblique allusion' to Henry VIII. The supposition is strengthened by Surrey's relationship to Anna Boleyn, whose execution took place in 1536, while this careful and highly finished Sonnet may be confidently assigned to a later period.

³ To be distinguished from *livelihood*, which was used to express liveliness, activity, &c. *Livelihood* simply meant the state of life, of being alive, the affix *hed*, modernised into *hood*, as in girlhood, boyhood, signifying the state of being expressed in the word to which it was attached.

⁴ An allusion to Bonner and the Roman Catholic clergy, who persecuted Wyatt on account of his attachment to the principles of the Reformation.

But I, that knew what harboured in that head;
 What virtues rare were tempered in that breast;
 Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
 And kiss the ground whereas¹ the corpse doth rest;
 With vapoured eyes: from whence such streams
 availe,²
 As Pyramus did on Thisbe's breast bewail.

OF THE SAME.³

WYATT resteth here, that quick could never rest:
 Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain;
 And virtue sank the deeper in his breast:
 Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame;
 Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain,
 As on a stithe,⁴ where that some work of fame
 Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern, and mild; where both did grow
 Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice:
 Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,
 To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.

¹ Where.² Taking this word in the sense explained in a previous note, a feeling of solemnity is intended to be conveyed in the use of it here:—tears falling with reverence.³ The character drawn in this most affecting elegy is one of the noblest and purest human nature can either attain or conceive. It combines the highest moral virtues with great intellectual vigour, taste, and learning; knowledge of mankind with consummate skill in the practical affairs of life; and all the graces and accomplishments of the time, with a person equally distinguished by strength and beauty. If we cannot quite agree with Dr. Nott, that Surrey could not have fixed upon Wyatt's virtues as a theme of panegyric, unless he had reflected them in his own character, we recognise in his selection of topics and the earnestness with which he dwells upon them, those fine qualities of the judgment and the heart which united the poets in a bond of sympathy and affection.⁴ A blacksmith's anvil. The shed or shop containing the anvil was called *stithy*, now *smithy*.

A hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme ;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit.
A mark, the which (unperfected for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue that served in foreign realms his king;
Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame
Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth by travail unto fame.

An eye, whose judgment none affect¹ could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile ;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposed² void of guile.

A heart, where dread was never so imprest
To hide the thought that might the truth advance !
In neither fortune loft,³ nor yet repress,
To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corpse,⁴ where force and beauty met :
Happy, alas ! too happy, but for foes,
Lived, and ran the race that nature set ;
Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
Witness of faith, that never shall be dead ;
Sent for our health, but not received so.

Thus for our guilt this jewel have we lost ;
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

¹ Sometimes printed *effect*—affection, passion.

² In the sense of calmly fixed, resolved.

³ Lofty, prosperous.

⁴ Body.

OF THE SAME.

IN the rude age, when knowledge was not rife,
 If Jove in Crete, and other were that taught
 Arts, to convert to profit of our life,
 Wend¹ after death to have their temples sought
 If, Virtue yet no void unthankful time
 Failed of some to blast² her endless fame;
 (A goodly mean both to deter from crime,
 And to her steps our sequel to inflame)
 In days of truth if Wyatt's friends then wail
 (The only debt that dead of quick may claim)
 That rare wit spent, employed to our avail,
 Where Christ is taught, we led to Virtue's train.
 His lively³ face their breasts how did it freat,
 Whose cinders⁴ yet with envy they do eat.

 AN EPITAPH ON CLERE, SURREY'S FAITHFUL
 FRIEND AND FOLLOWER.⁵

NORFOLK sprung-thee, Lambeth holds thee dead;
 Clere, of the Count of Cleremont, thou hight
 Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,
 And saw'st thy cousin crowned in thy sight.

¹ The past participle of the verb *wene*, or *ween*, to think, suppose, imagine.

² To proclaim as with the sound of a trumpet.—NORR.

³ Living.

⁴ Ashes.

⁵ Thomas Clere, whose family, of Clere-mont in Normandy, came into England with the Conqueror, was the youngest son of Sir Robert Clere, of Ormesby, in Norfolk, and Alice, daughter of Sir William Boleyn, by Margaret, daughter and co-heir of the Earl of Ormond. Hence the allusions in the Epitaph to his being sprung from Norfolk, having been born at Ormesby, to the Counts of Cleremont from whom he derived his name, and to his cousin, Anne Boleyn, at whose coronation he is here stated to have been present. The Shelton, whom he is said to have chosen for love, was one of the daughters of Sir John Shelton, of Shelton in Norfolk; but there is no evidence of his having been married

Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase;¹
 (Aye, me! whilst life did last that league was tender)
 Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze,
 Landrecy burnt, and battered Boulogne render.²
 At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,
 Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will;
 Which cause did thee this pining death procure,
 Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfill.³
 Ah! Clere! if love had booted, care, or cost.
 Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.

OF SARDANAPALUS'S DISHONOURABLE LIFE AND MISERABLE DEATH.⁴

THE Assyrian king, in peace, with foul desire
 And filthy lusts that stained his regal heart;
 In war, that should set princely hearts on fire,
 Did yield vanquisht for want of martial art.

to her. He was a follower and friend of Surrey, and attended him as his page. Surrey was greatly attached to him, and amongst other proofs of his friendship, made over to him all his rights in the manor of Wyndham, which he had received by grant from the king. Clere died on the 14th of April, 1545, and was buried at Lambeth, in a chapel belonging to the Howard family, where these verses were engraved on a tablet, placed on the wall near the tomb.

¹ Chasedst—didst choose.

² These lines allude to the expeditions to Kelsal in Scotland, Landrecy in the Netherlands, and Boulogne in France, at which Clere was present, in his attendance on Surrey.

³ These lines explain their own story. Clere, in a moment of peril, when he was protecting his wounded friend at one of the gates of Montreuil, received a wound, from the consequences of which he lingered several months, and ultimately died.

⁴ Dr. Nott accepts this piece as a veritable exercise of poetical skill in depicting an historical character; but it does not require much discernment to detect under the portrait of the Assyrian king, whose royal heart was stained with filthy lusts, the hideous features of Henry VIII. The sonnet is perfect in its kind. The transitions from kisses to the dint of swords, from the tender form of his mistress to the hard shield, from glutton feasts to the rude fare of the camp, and from the garlands of the banquet to the oppressive helmet, bring out with condensed force the picture of the feeble and diseased monarch towards

The dint of swords from kisses seemed strange;
 And harder than his lady's side, his targe:¹
 From glutton feasts to soldier's fare, a change;
 His helmet, far above a garland's charge:
 Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,
 Drenched in sloth and womanish delight.
 Feeble of spirit, impatient of pain,
 When he had lost his honour, and his right,
 (Proud time of wealth, in storms appalled with dread,)
 Murdered himself, to shew some manful deed.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT

WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE
 HAPPIEST IF THEY HAD SKILL TO UNDERSTAND IT.

LAID in my quiet bed, in study as I were, [appear.
 I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts
 And every thought did shew so lively in mine eyes,
 That now I sighed, and then I smiled, as cause of
 thought did rise.

I saw the little boy in thought how oft that he [be.
 Did wish of God to scape the rod, a tall young man to
 The young man eke that feels his bones with pains
 oppress,

How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest.
 The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
 How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more.
 Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,
 From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and
 change degree.

And musing thus I think, the case is very strange,
 That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever seek
 to change.

the close of his life (when the poem was probably written) 'drenched in sloth,' and incapable of exertion. The particulars identify the original, and none more distinctly than that impatience of pain which Henry exhibited under the agonies he suffered from his swollen hands and legs.

¹ Target, or shield.

Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my withered skin,
How it doth show my dented chews,¹ the flesh was
worn so thin.

And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me
say:

'Thy white and hoarish² hairs, the messengers of age,
That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth
assuage;

Bid thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy chin;
The which do write two ages past, the third now
coming in.

Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time:
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life
define.'

Whereat I sighed, and said: 'Farewell! my wonted joy;
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me to every little
boy;

And tell them thus from me; their time most happy is,
If, to their time, they reason had, to know the truth
of this.'

BONUM EST MIHI QUOD HUMILIASTI ME.³

THE storms are past; the clouds are overblown;
And humble chere great rigour hath repress.
For the default is set a pain foreknown;
And patience graft in a determined breast.

¹ I have not met this word, so spelt, anywhere else. The Harrington MS. reads *jaws*. The old word for jaw was *choule*. There was also the verb *chow*, to chew; hence, sometimes, *chowle*.

² Generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of mouldy, mouldiness giving a blanched appearance.

³ 'There is a curious passage in the Earl of Northampton's Dedicatory Epistle to the Queen, of his *Dutiful Defence of the Royal Regimen of Women* (Bodleian MSS., 2958, Arch. A. 170) in which he informs us that this verse was the last his father wrote; and he mentions the circumstance of his near approaching end as giving him that quiet and dispassionate view of things for which the poem is remarkable.'—NOTT. The

And in the heart, where heaps of griefs were grown,
The sweet revenge hath planted mirth and rest.
No company so pleasant as mine own.

* * * * *

Thralldom at large hath made this prison free.
Danger well past, remembered, works delight.
Of lingering doubts such hope is sprung, pardie!¹
That nought I find displeasing in my sight,
But when my glass presenteth unto me
The cureless wound that bleedeth day and night.
To think, alas! such hap should granted be
Unto a wretch, that hath no heart to fight,
To spill that blood, that hath so oft been shed,
For Britain's sake, alas! and now is dead!

EXHORTATION TO LEARN BY OTHERS' TROUBLE.

MY Ratclif, when thy reckless² youth offends,
Receive thy scourge by others' chastisement;
For such calling, when it works none amends,
Then plagues are sent without advertisement.
Yet Solomon said, the wronged shall recure:
But Wyatt said true; 'The scar doth aye endure.'³

allusions in the poem are not very intelligible, nor can we clearly gather from it any illustration of the circumstances under which it is here said to have been written. Dr. Nott appears to doubt the accuracy of the statement, and supposes the piece to have been written during Surrey's confinement in Windsor Castle, after his return from Boulogne. His reasons for this speculation are not satisfactory, and the conjecture leaves the lines in as much obscurity as the authentic account given of them by Lord Northampton.

¹A very common corruption of *par-Dieu*.—NARES. It occurs often in the early plays, and not unfrequently amongst the Elizabethan dramatists. The earliest orthography was *pardy*, or *per dy*.

² This word is found in other forms, such as *retchless* and *wreaklesse*.

³ 'Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again;

But yet, alas! the scar shall aye remain.'—*Wyatt's Sonnets*.

THE FANCY OF A WEARIER LOVER.¹

THE fancy,² which that I have served long;
 That hath alway been enemy to mine ease;
 Seemed of late to rue upon my wrong,
 And bade me fly the cause of my misease.
 And I forthwith did press out of the throng,
 That thought by flight my painful heart to please
 Some other way, till I saw faith more strong;
 And to myself I said, 'Alas! those days
 In vain were spent, to run the race so long.'
 And with that thought I met my guide, that plain,
 Out of the way wherein I wandered wrong,
 Brought me amidst the hills in base Bullayne:
 Where I am now, as restless to remain
 Against my will, full pleased with my pain.

A SATIRE AGAINST THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.³

LONDON! hast thou accused me
 Of breach of laws? the root of strife!
 Within whose breast did boil to see,
 So fervent hot, thy dissolute life;

¹ Warton says this was Surrey's last sonnet; but he appears to have meant, not that it was the last sonnet he wrote, as Dr. Nott supposes, but the last in the collected edition of his poems. There is no reason for supposing that it was the last he wrote, unless we are to assume that his poems were arranged for publication in chronological order. At the close Surrey tells us that he was in 'Base Bullayne' when he wrote it. He was governor of that place in 1545.

² Phantasie, or love.

³ This piece is not in the original edition of Surrey's poems. It was first published by Mr. Park, from a manuscript in his possession. The version published by Dr. Nott was collated from Mr. Park's copy and Dr. Harrington's MS.; Dr. Nott transposing some lines to accommodate the form of the *Terza Rima*, which he considered indispensable, and adding others to render the sense complete. As these changes do not appear to be desirable or necessary, the poem is here given in its integrity. The subject is explained by the title. It refers to the

That even the hate of sins that grow
Within thy wicked walls so rife,

charge brought against Surrey of going about the streets at night in an unseemly manner, and breaking the windows of the citizens. The whole case is set forth in the following entry in the Privy Council book:— 'At St. James's, the first day of April, 1543, the Earl of Surrey being sent for to appear before the Council, was charged by the said presence as well the eating flesh, as of a lewd and unseemly manner of walking in the night about the streets, and breaking with stone-bows of certain windows. And touching the eating of flesh, he alleged a licence; albeit he had not so secretly used the same as appertained; and touching the stone-bows, he could not deny but he had very evil doings therein, submitting himself therefore to such punishment as should to them be thought good; whereupon he was committed to the Fleet.' His companions in this rather discreditable freak were young Wyatt, and Pickering, who denied the window-breaking, and were remanded severally to the Counter and the Porter's Lodge; but being called before the Council the next day, after some further resistance, they at last confessed their offence, and were committed to the Tower, where they were confined for a month, and liberated upon entering into recognizances of £200 each for their good behaviour. Assuming this satire as Surrey's defence of his midnight escapade, Dr. Nott has paraphrased its contents into a speech before the Council, in which the offender is made to say that his motive was 'a religious one, though open to misconstruction, and that it grieved him to see the licentious manners of the citizens,' which resembled 'the manners of Papal Rome in her corrupted state, and not those of a Christian communion,' and that, 'therefore,' he 'went at midnight through the streets, and shot from his cross-bow at their windows,' &c. It is proper to observe, that there is no authority for this speech. If Surrey was foolish enough, probably under the excitement of wine, to commit an indiscretion so unworthy of his rank and breeding, and for which his youth suggests the only palliation, he had the good sense to let judgment go by default. It was more creditable to him thus frankly to acknowledge his offence, and submit silently to punishment, than to have offered a defence of any kind, especially so absurd a defence as that which Dr. Nott has made for him. The learned editor was led into the error of ascribing this language to Surrey, by supposing, in the simplicity of good faith, that the satire was meant as a serious excuse for a youthful frolic; and that, in flinging stones at the windows of the citizens while they were fast asleep in their beds, Surrey was actuated by a pious desire to awaken them to a sense of their sins, and thereby to convert them from Romanism! 'Wild and extravagant,' he adds, 'as this attempt at reformation may be justly deemed, thus much is certain; it was the result of sincerity on the part of Surrey; it grew out of that romantic turn of thought and enthusiastic mode of contemplating common objects, which was peculiar to him.' It must, undoubtedly, be admitted, that his mode of contemplating common objects was remarkably peculiar, if it induced him to hit upon this method of reforming the Londoners. The obvious construction of the

For to break forth did convert¹ so,
 That terror could it not repress.
 The which, by words, since preachers know
 What hope is left for to redress,
 By unknown means it liked me
 My hidden burthen to express.
 Whereby it might appear to thee
 That secret sin hath secret spite;
 From justice' rod no fault is free,
 But that all such as work unright
 In most quiet, are next ill rest.
 In secret silence of the night
 This made me, with a reckless breast,
 To wake thy sluggards with my bow:
 A figure of the Lord's behest,
 Whose scourge for sin the Scriptures shew.
 That as the fearful thunder's clap
 By sudden flame at hand we know;
 Of pebble stones the soundless rap,
 The dreadful plague might make thee see
 Of God's wrath that doth thee enwrap.
 That pride might know, from conscience free,
 How lofty works may her defend;
 And envy find, as he hath sought,
 How other seek him to offend:
 And wrath taste of each cruel thought,
 The just shape higher in the end:
 And idle sloth, that never wrought,

satire is that it was meant as a retaliation upon the citizens for the imprisonment he was suffering at their instance, the special charge against him, upon which he was sentenced, having been laid before the council by the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and Aldermen. He intends to expose the disproportion of the punishment for what he probably regarded as a very trivial offence, when he tells them that he broke their windows to chastise their iniquities. This vein of ridicule runs through the whole piece. It is quite impossible to mistake the comparison of pebbles to thunder claps, and the topping extravagance of the closing anathema.

¹ Dr. Nott reads 'covet;' but 'convert' is more in consonance with the strain of satirical reprehension that pervades the lines.

To heaven his spirit lift may begin :
And greedy lucre live in dread,
To see what hate ill got goods win.
The letchers, ye that lusts do feed,
Perceive what secrecy is in sin :
And gluttons' hearts for sorrow bleed,
Awaked, when their fault they find :
In loathsome vice each drunken wight,
To stir to God this was my mind.
Thy windows had done me no spight ;
But proud people that dread no fall,
Clothed with falsehood, and unright
Bred in the closures of thy wall,
Wrested to wrath my fervent zeal
Thou hast ; to strife, my secret call.
Indured hearts no warning feel.
O ! shameless whore ! is dread then gone ?
Be such thy foes, as meant thy weal ?
O ! member of false Babylon !
The shop of craft ! the den of ire !
Thy dreadful doom draws fast upon.
Thy martyrs' blood by sword and fire,
In heaven and earth for justice call.
The Lord shall hear their just desire !
The flame of wrath shall on thee fall !
With famine and pest lamentably
Stricken shall be thy lechers all.
Thy proud towers, and turrets high
Enemies to God, beat stone from stone :
Thine idols burnt that wrought iniquity :
When, none thy ruin shall bemoan ;
But render unto the righteous Lord,
That so hath judged Babylon,
Immortal praise with one accord.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF THE LOVER

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.¹

THE Sun, when he hath spread his rays,
 And shewed his face ten thousand ways;
 Ten thousand things do then begin,
 To shew the life that they are in.
 The heaven shews lively art and hue,
 Of sundry shapes and colours new,
 And laughs upon the earth; anon,
 The earth, as cold as any stone,
 Wet in the tears of her own kind,
 'Gins then to take a joyful mind.
 For well she feels that out and out
 The sun doth warm her round about,
 And dries her children tenderly;
 And shews them forth full orderly.
 The mountains high, and how they stand
 The valleys, and the great main land!
 The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
 The castles, and the rivers long!
 And even for joy thus of this heat
 She sheweth forth her pleasures great,
 And sleeps no more; but sendeth forth
 Her clergions,² her own dear worth,

¹ Printed by Tottel amongst the poems of Uncertain Authors. Dr. Nott ascribes it to Surrey on the authority of the following lines, in a poem of Turberville, who was about seventeen years of age when Surrey was executed, and, therefore, nearly contemporaneous with him:

‘ Though noble Surrey said, ‘ that absence wonders frame,’
 And make things out of sight forgot, and therefore takes his name.’

A line in this poem seems to identify the reference, and, as far as Turberville's authority goes, to establish the authorship:—

‘ Absence, my friend, works wonders oft.’

Surrey's right to the poem is strongly sustained by internal evidence.

² Literally a young clerk, generally applied to children employed in choirs.

To mount and fly up to the air;
 Where then they sing in order fair,
 And tell in song full merrily,
 How they have slept full quietly
 That night, about their mother's sides.
 And when they have sung more besides,
 Then fall they to their mother's breast,
 Whereas¹ they feed, or take their rest.
 The hunter then sounds out his horn,
 And rangeth straight through wood and corn.
 On hills then shew the ewe and lamb,
 And every young one with his dam.
 Then lovers walk and tell their tale,
 Both of their bliss, and of their bale;²
 And how they serve, and how they do,
 And how their lady loves them too.
 Then tune the birds their harmony;
 Then flock the fowl in company;
 Then everything doth pleasure find
 In that, that comforts all their kind.
 No dreams do drench them of the night
 Of foes, that would them slay, or bite,
 As hounds, to hunt them at the tail;
 Or men force them through hill and dale.
 The sheep then dreams not of the wolf:
 The shipman forces not the gulf;
 The lamb thinks not the butcher's knife
 Should then bereave him of his life.
 For when the sun doth once run in,
 Then all their gladness doth begin;

¹ In the original edition, 'whereelse,' changed by Dr. Nott to 'whereas,' which may be accepted as the correct reading. *Whereas*, as explained at p. 89, signified *where*.

² The well-known passage in *l'Allegro*, upon which some ingenious criticism has been idly expended, is recalled by these lines:

'And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.'

'That is to say,' observes Dr. Nott, 'the shepherd tells the story of his passion, not counts his sheep, as Mr. Headley has suggested.'

And then their skips, and then their play :
So falls their sadness then away.

And thus all things have comforting
In that, that doth them comfort bring ;
Save I, alas!¹ whom neither sun,
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done
May comfort aught ; as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.
For being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,
My comfort, and my pleasure too,
How can I joy? how should I do?
May sick men laugh, that roar for pain?
Joy they in song, that do complain?
Are martyrs in their torments glad?
Do pleasures please them that are sad?²
Then how may I in comfort be,
That lack the thing should comfort me
The blind man oft, that lacks his sight,
Complains not most the lack of light ;
But those that knew their perfectness,
And then do miss their blissfulness,
In martyr's tunes they sing, and wail
The want of that, which doth them fail.

And hereof comes that in my brains
So many fancies work my pains.
For when I weigh your worthiness,
Your wisdom, and your gentleness,
Your virtues and your sundry grace,
And mind the countenance of your face ;
And how that you are she alone,
To whom I must both plain and moan ;
Whom I do love, and must do still ;
Whom I embrace,³ and aye so will,

¹ This expression, and the idea connected with it, the common property of all desponding lovers, is several times repeated by Surrey.

² In the original edition 'mad.' The alteration, which appears judicious, is adopted from Dr. Nott.

³ Altered by Dr. Nott to 'profess.' The passage is correct as it

To serve and please eke as I can,
 As may a woful faithful man;
 And find myself so far you fro,
 God knows, what torment and what woe,
 My rueful heart doth then embrace;
 The blood then changeth in my face;
 My sinews dull, in dumps¹ I stand,
 No life I feel in foot nor hand,
 As pale as any clout,² and dead.
 Lo! suddenly the blood o'erspread,
 And gone again, it nill³ so bide;
 And thus from life to death I slide,
 As cold sometimes as any stone;
 And then again as hot anon.

Thus come and go my sundry fits,
 To give me sundry sorts of wits;
 Till that a sigh becomes my friend,
 And then too all this woe doth end.
 And sure, I think, that sigh doth run
 From me to you, whereas you won.
 For well I find it easeth me;
 And certès much it pleaseth me,
 To think that it doth come to you,
 As, would to God, it could so do.
 For then I know you would soon find,
 By scent and savour of the wind,
 That even a martyr's sigh it is,
 Whose joy you are, and all his bliss;
 His comfort and his pleasure eke,
 And even the same that he doth seek;

stands—'whom I embrace to serve'—whose service I embrace, whom of my own free will I serve.

¹ A term applied to melancholy strains of music, afterwards employed to express sorrow, or gloomy meditation.

² I apprehend that Dr. Nott mistakes the sense in which this word was used, in supposing that it meant 'fine white linen.' It was the term applied to the white mark fixed in the centre of the butts at which archers shot.

³ Will not. *Will he nill he*, whether he will or not.

The same that he doth wish and crave;
The same that he doth trust to have;
To tender you in all he may,
And all your likings to obey,
As far as in his power shall lie;
Till death shall dart him, for to die.

But, well-away! mine own most best,
My joy, my comfort, and my rest;
The causer of my woe and smart,
And yet the pleaser of my heart;
And she that on the earth above
Is even the worthiest for to love,
Hear now my plaint! hear now my woe!
Hear now his pain that loves you so!
And if your heart do pity bear,
Pity the cause that you shall hear.

A doleful foe in all this doubt,
Who leaves me not, but seeks me out,
Of wretched form and loathsome face,
While I stand in this woful case,
Comes forth, and takes me by the hand,
And says, 'Friend, hark! and understand;
I see well by thy port and chere,
And by thy looks and thy manere,
And by thy sadness as thou goest,
And by the sighs that thou out-throwest,
That thou art stuffed full of woe.
The cause, I think, I do well know.
A fantaser¹ thou art of some,
By whom thy wits are overcome.
But hast thou read old pamphlets aught?
Or hast thou known how books have taught
That love doth use to such as thou?
When they do think them safe enow,
And certain of their ladies' grace,
Hast thou not seen oftentimes the case,

¹ Lover.

That suddenly their hap hath turned,
As things in flame consumed and burned?
Some by deceit forsaken right;
Some likewise changed of fancy light;
And some by absence soon forgot.
The lots in love, why knowest thou not?
And though that she be now thine own,
And knows thee well, as may be known;
And thinks thee to be such a one
As she likes best to be her own;
Think'st thou that others have not grace,
To shew and plain their woful case?
And choose her for their lady now;
And swear her truth as well as thou?
And what if she do alter mind,
Where is the love that thou wouldst find?
Absence, my friend, works wonders oft;
Now brings full low that lay full loft;
Now turns the mind, now to, now fro,¹
And where art thou, if it were so?
'If absence,' quoth I, 'be marvellous,
I find her not so dangerous;
For she may not remove me fro.
The poor good will that I do owe
To her, whom erst² I love, and shall;
And chosen have above them all,
To serve and be her own as far
As any man may offer her;
And will her serve, and will her love,
And lowly, as it shall behove;
And die her own, if fate be so:
Thus shall my heart nay part her fro'.
And witness shall my good will be,
That absence takes her not from me;

¹ In the old editions 'now to and low.' The change was proposed by Selden.

² First, formerly. In the old editions, *uneath*.

But that my love doth still increase
To mind her still, and never cease :
And what I feel to be in me,
The same good will, I think, hath she
As firm and fast to bidden aye,
Till death depart us both away.'

And as I have my tale thus told,
Steps unto me, with countenance bold,
A steadfast friend, a counsellor,
And named is, Hope, my comforter ;
And stoutly then he speaks and says,
'Thou hast said truth withouten nays ;
For I assure thee, even by oath,
And thereon take my hand and troth,
That she is one the worthiest,
The truest, and the faithfulest ;
The gentlest and the meekest of mind,
That here on earth a man may find :
And if that love and truth were gone,
In her it might be found alone.
For in her mind no thought there is,
But how she may be true, I wis ;¹
And tenders thee, and all thy heal ;²
And wisheth both thy health and weal ;
And loves thee even as far-forth than
As any woman may a man ;
And is thine own, and so she says ;
And cares for thee ten thousand ways.
On thee she speaks, on thee she thinks ;
With thee she eats, with thee she drinks ;
With thee she talks, with thee she moans ;
With thee she sighs, with thee she groans ;
With thee she says, ' Farewell, mine own !'
When thou, God knows, full far art gone.
And even, to tell thee all aright,
To thee she says full oft, ' Good night !'

¹ Suppose, think, know.

² Usually spelt *helo*—health, prosperity.

And names thee oft her own most dear,
Her comfort, weal, and all her cheer;
And tells her pillow all the tale
How thou hast done her woe and bale;
And how she longs, and plains for thee,
And says, 'Why art thou so from me?
Am I not she that loves thee best?
Do I not wish thine ease and rest?
Seek I not how I may thee please?
Why art thou then so from thine ease?
If I be she for whom thou carest,
For whom in torments so thou farest,
Alas! thou knowest to find me here,
Where I remain thine own most dear;
Thine own most true, thine own most just;
Thine own that loves thee still, and must;
Thine own that cares alone for thee,
As thou, I think, dost care [for] me;
And even the woman, she alone
That is full bent to be thine own.'
'What wilt thou more? what canst thou crave?
Since she is as thou wouldst her have.
Then set this drivel out of door,
That in thy brains such tales doth pour,
Of absence, and of changes strange;
Send him to those that use to change:
For she is none I thee avow,
And well thou mayst believe me now.'

When Hope hath thus his reason said,
Lord! how I feel me well a-paid!
A new blood then o'erspreads my bones,
That all in joy I stand at ones.
My hands I throw to heaven above,
And humbly thank the god of love,
That of his grace I should bestow
My love so well as I it owe.
And all the planets as they stand,
I thank them too with heart and hand;

That their aspects so friendly were,
That I should so my good will bear;
To you, that are the worthiest,
The fairest, and the gentleest;
And best can say, and best can do
That 'longs, methinks, a woman to;
And therefore are most worthy far,
To be beloved as you are.
And so says Hope in all his tale,
Whereby he easeth all my bale.
For I believe, and think it true
That he doth speak or say of you.
And thus contented, lo! I stand
With that, that hope bears me in hand,
That you are mine, and shall so be.
Which hope I keep full sure in me,
As he, that all my comfort is.
On you alone, which are my bliss,
My pleasure chief, which most I find,
And e'en the whole joy of my mind.
And shall so be, until the death
Shall make me yield up life and breath.
Thus, good mine own, lo! here my trust;
Lo! here my truth, and service just;
Lo! in what case for you I stand!
Lo! how you have me in your hand;
And if you can requite a man,
Requite me, as you find me than.

ECCLESIASTES.¹

CHAPTER I.

I SOLOMON, David's son, King of Jerusalem,
 I, Chosen by God to teach the Jews, and in his laws
 to lead them,²

Confess, under the Sun that every thing is vain;
 The world is false; man he is frail, and all his pleasures
 pain.

Alas! what stable fruit may Adam's children find
 In that they seek by sweat of brows and travail of their
 mind!

We, that live on the earth, draw toward our decay;
 Our children fill our place a while, and then they vade
 away.

Such changes make the earth, and doth remove for none;
 But serves us for a place to play our tragedies upon.

When that the restless sun westward his course hath run,
 Towards the east he hastes as fast to rise where he begun.

When hoary Boreas hath blown his frozen blast,
 Then Zephyrus, with his gentle breath, dissolves the ice
 as fast.

Floods that drink up small brooks, and swell by rage of
 rain,

Discharge in seas; which them repulse, and swallow
 straight again.

¹ This paraphrase of the first five chapters of the Book of Ecclesiastes was first published by Mr. Park, and his printed copy was afterwards collated by Dr. Nott with a MS. in Dr. Harrington's possession. From the frequent references, however, made by former writers to this work, there can be no doubt that in Surrey's time, or shortly afterwards, it was either privately printed, or circulated extensively in MS. It cannot be included amongst Surrey's happiest efforts, although the versification deserves praise, and the subject is successfully sustained.

² Dr. Nott reads—'And in his laws lead them,' dropping out the word 'to' as injurious to the metre.

These worldly pleasures, Lord! so swift they run their race,

That scarce our eyes may them discern; they bide so little space.

What hath been but is now; the like hereafter shall:
What new device grounded so sure, that dreadeth not the fall!

What may be called new, but such things in times past
As Time buried, and doth revive; and Time again shall waste.

Things past right worthy fame, have now no bruit at all;
Even so shall die such things as now the simple wonders call.

I, that in David's seat sit crowned, and rejoice,
That with my sceptre rule the Jews, and teach them with my voice,

Have searched long to know all things under the sun;
To see how in this mortal life a surety might be won.
This kindled will to know; strange things for to desire,

God hath graft in our greedy breasts a torment for our hire.

The end of each travail forthwith I sought to know;
I found them vain, mixed with gall, and burthened with much woe.

Defaults of Nature's work no man's hand may restore,
Which be in number like the sands upon the salt flood's shore.

Then vaunting in my wit, I 'gan call to my mind
What rules of wisdom I had taught, that elders could not find.

And, as by contraries to try most things we use,
Men's follies, and their errors eke I gan them all peruse;

Thereby with more delight to knowledge for to climb:
But this I found an endless work of pain, and loss of time.

For he to wisdom's school that doth apply his mind,
The further that he wades therein, the greater doubts
shall find.

And such as enterprise to put new things in ure,
Of some that shall scorn their device, may well them-
selves assure.

CHAPTER II.

FROM pensive fancies then I 'gan my heart revoke ;
And gave me to such sporting plays as laughter might
provoke :

But even such vain delights, when they most blinded me,
Always, methought, with smiling grace a king did ill
agree.

Then sought I how to please my belly with much wine,
To feed me fat with costly feasts of rare delights, and fine ;
And other pleasures eke to purchase me, with rest :
In so great choice to find the thing that might content
me best.

But, Lord ! what care of mind, what sudden storms of ire,
What broken sleeps endured I, to compass my desire.
To build me houses fair then set I all my cure :
By princely acts thus strove I still to make my fame
endure.

Delicious gardens eke I made to please my sight ;
And graft therein all kinds of fruits that might my
mouth delight.

Conduits, by lively springs from their old course I drew,
For to refresh the fruitful trees that in my gardens grew.
Of cattle great increase I bred in little space ;
Bondmen I bought ; I gave them wives, and served me
with their race.

Great heaps of shining gold by sparing 'gan I save ;
With things of price so furnished as fits a prince to have.
To hear fair women sing sometime I did rejoice ;
Ravished with their pleasant tunes, and sweetness of
their voice.

Lemans¹ I had, so fair and of so lively hue, [rue.
 That whoso gazed in their face might well their beauty
 Never erst sat there king so rich in David's seat;
 Yet still, methought, for so small gain the travail was
 too great.

From my desirous eyes I hid no pleasant sight,
 Nor from my heart no kind of mirth that might give
 them delight;

Which was the only fruit I reaped of all my pain,
 To feed my eyes, and to rejoice my heart with all my gain.
 But when I made my count, with how great care of mind
 And heart's unrest, that I had sought so wasteful fruit
 to find;

Then was I stricken straight with that abused fire,
 To glory in that goodly wit that compassed my desire.
 But fresh before mine eyes grace did my faults renew:
 What gentle callings I had fled my ruin to pursue;
 What raging pleasures past, peril and hard escape;
 What fancies in my head had wrought the liquor of the
 grape.

The error then I saw that their frail hearts doth move,
 Which strive in vain for to compare with Him that sits
 above:

In whose most perfect works such craft appeareth plain,
 That to the least of them, there may no mortal hand
 attain.

And like as lightsome day doth shine above the night,
 So dark to me did folly seem, and wisdom's beams as
 bright,

Whose eyes did seem so clear notes to discern and find:
 But Will had closed Folly's eyes, which groped like
 the blind.²

¹ Several derivations have been suggested for this word—the most probable, *lamianto*.

² Dr. Nott observes that there is a seeming impropriety in the use of the pronoun in this line, which, he says, ought to have been—

'But Will had closed Folly's eyes, *who* groped like the blind.'

The emendation is open to a doubt, which might have been avoided

Yet death and time consume all wit and worldly fame;
And look! what end that folly hath, and wisdom hath
the same.

Then said I thus: 'O Lord! may not thy wisdom cure
The wailful wrongs and hard conflicts that folly doth
endure?'

To sharp my wit so fine then why took I this pain?
Now find I well this noble search may eke be called
vain.

As slander's loathsome bruit sounds folly's just reward,
Is put to silence all betime, and brought in small regard:
Even so doth time devour the noble blast of fame,
Which should resound their glories great that do
deserve the same.

Thus present changes chase away the wonders past,
Ne is the wise man's fatal thread yet longer spun to last.
Then in this wretched vale, our life I loathed plain,
When I beheld our fruitless pains to compass pleasures
vain.

My travail this avail hath me produced, lo! [sow.
An heir unknown shall reap the fruit that I in seed did
But whereunto the Lord his nature shall incline
Who can foreknow, into whose hands I must my goods
resign. [life,

But, Lord, how pleasant sweet then seemed the idle
That never charged was with care, nor burthened with
strife.

by the substitution of the pronoun *that*. Grammatical carelessnesses of this kind were current amongst the best writers in the reign of Henry VIII.; whose language, notwithstanding, was remarkably pure and idiomatic. Even so early as this reign, when our literature was passing through a state of transition, the phraseology of Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, was already antiquated, and, with the exception of occasional words that still lingered from the old vocabulary, the language of such writers as Surrey, by merely modernizing the orthography, will be found to differ very little from our own. It is in style and structure, in their inversions, ellipses, and grammatical loosenesses, that the main points of contrast arise. In the use of words, with regard to the integrity of their meaning and application, they observed a strictness which cannot be maintained in an age when letters are more widely diffused, and authorship has become almost universal.

And vile the greedy trade of them that toil so sore,
To leave to such their travails' fruit that never sweat
therefore.

What is that pleasant gain? what is that sweet relief,
That should delay the bitter taste that we feel of our
grief?

The gladsome days we pass to search a simple gain;
The quiet nights, with broken sleeps, to feed a restless
brain.

What hope is left us then? What comfort doth remain?
Our quiet hearts for to rejoice with the fruit of our
pain.

If that be true, who may himself so happy call
As I whose free and sumptuous spence¹ doth shine
beyond them all?

Surely it is a gift and favour of the Lord,
Liberally to spend our goods, the ground of all discord.
And wretched hearts have they that let their treasures
mould,

And carry the rod that scourgeth them that glory in
their gold.

But I do know, by proof, whose riches bear such bruit,
What stable wealth may stand in waste, or heaping of
such fruit.

CHAPTER III.

LIKE to the steerless boat that swerves with every wind,
The slipper² top of worldly wealth, by cruel proof I
find.

Scarce hath the seed, whereof that nature formeth man,
Received life, when death him yields to earth where he
began!

The grafted plants with pain, whereof we hoped fruit,
To root them up, with blossoms spread, then is our
chief pursuit.

¹ Expense, expenditure. The term was also applied to a place for keeping provisions,—a pantry, cupboard, safe.

² Slippery. So used to the end of the 16th century.

That erst we reared up, we undermine again ;
 And shred the sprays whose growth sometime we
 laboured with pain. [plain ;
 Each froward threatening chere of fortune makes us
 And every pleasant show revives our woful hearts
 Ancient walls to rase is our unstable guise : [again.
 And of their weather-beaten stones, to build some new
 device.

New fancies daily spring, which vade,¹ returning mo' ;
 And now we practise to obtain that straight we must
 forego.

Some time we seek to spare that afterward we waste ;
 And that we travailed sore to knit, for to unloose as fast.
 In sober silence now our quiet lips we close ; [disclose.
 And with unbridled tongues forthwith our secret hearts
 Such as in folded arms we did embrace, we hate ;
 Whom straight we reconcile again, and banish all
 debate.

My seed with labour sown, such fruit produceth me,
 To waste my life in contraries that never shall agree.
 From God these heavy cares are sent for our unrests ;
 And with such burdens for our wealth he fraughteth
 full our breasts.

All that the Lord hath wrought, hath beauty and
 good grace ; [place.
 And to each thing assigned is the proper time and
 And granted eke to man of all the world's estate,
 And of each thing wrought in the same, to argue and
 debate. [most,

Which art, though it approach the heavenly knowledge
 To search the natural ground of things,—yet all is
 labour lost. [sought,

But then the wandering eyes that long for surety
 Found that by pain no certain wealth might in this
 world be bought.

¹ To go, or pass away ; from *vado*. Constantly used for 'fade,' as in the *Mirror of Magistrates* :

'Upon her head a chaplet stood of never *vading* greene.'

Who liveth in delight and seeks no greedy thrift,
But freely spends his goods, may think it is a secret gift.
Fulfilled shall it be what so the Lord intend;

Which no device of man's wit may advance, nor yet
defend; [might]

Who made all things of nought, that Adam's children
Learn how to dread the Lord, that wrought such
wonders in their sight.

The grisly wonders past, which time wears out of mind,
To be renewed in our days the Lord hath so assigned.
Lo! thus his careful scourge doth steal on us unware;
Which, when the flesh hath clean forgot, he doth again
repair.

When I in this vain search had wandered sore my wit,
I saw a royal throne eke whereas Justice should
have sit;¹

Instead of whom I saw, with fierce and cruel mood,
Where wrong was set, that bloody beast that drank
the guiltless blood: [doom,

Then thought I thus: 'One day the Lord shall sit in
To view his flock, and choose the pure; the spotted
have no room.'

Yet be such scourges sent, that each aggrieved mind,
Like the brute beasts that swell in rage and fury by
their kind,

His error may confess when he hath wrestled long;
And then with patience may him arm: the sure
defence of wrong.

For death, that of the beast the carrion doth devour,
Unto the noble kind of man presents the fatal hour.
The perfect form that God hath given to either man,
Or other beast, dissolve it shall to earth, where it
began.

¹ Dr. Nott, considering some alteration necessary here, alters the text into—

'I saw a royal throne where *from* Justice should have sit.'

But the expression in the original is perfectly correct, 'whereas' always signifying 'where,' as explained in a previous note.

And who can tell if that the soul of man ascend;
Or with the body if it die, and to the ground descend.
Wherefore each greedy heart that riches seeks to gain,
Gather may he that savoury fruit that springeth of his
pain.

A mean convenient wealth I mean to take in worth;¹
And with a hand of largess eke in measure pour it forth.
For treasure spent in life the body doth sustain;
The heir shall waste the hoarded gold, amassed with
much pain.

Nor may foresight of man such order give in life,
For to foreknow who shall enjoy their gotten good
with strife.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I bethought me well, under the restless Sun
By folk of power what cruel works unchastised were
done;

I saw where stood a herd by power of such opprest,
Out of whose eyes ran floods of tears, that bayned all
their breast;

Devoid of comfort clean, in terrors and distress;
In whose defence none would arise such rigour to
repress.

Then thought I thus; 'O Lord! the dead whose fatal
Is clean run out more happy are; whom that the
worms devour:

And happiest is the seed that never did conceive;
That never felt the wailful wrongs that mortal folk
receive.'

And then I saw that wealth, and every honest gain
By travail won, and sweat of brows, 'gan grow into
disdain, [feed;
Through sloth of careless folk, whom ease so fat doth
Whose idle hands do nought but waste the fruit of
other's seed.

¹ To be satisfied with.

Which to themselves persuade—that little got with ease
More thankful is, than kingdoms won by travail and
 misease.¹

Another sort I saw without both friend or kin,
Whose greedy ways yet never sought a faithful friend
 to win.

Whose wretched corpse no toil yet ever weary could;
Nor glutted ever were their eyes with heaps of shining
 gold.

But, if it might appear to their abused eyen,
To whose avail² they travail so, and for whose sake
 they pine;

Then should they see what cause they have for to repent
The fruitless pains and eke the time that they in vain
 have spent.

Then 'gan I thus resolve—' More pleasant is the life
Of faithful friends that spend their goods in common,
 without strife.'

For as the tender friend appeaseth every grief,
So, if he fall that lives alone, who shall be his relief?
The friendly feeres lie warm in arms embraced fast;
Who sleeps alone, at every turn doth feel the winter
 blast:

What can he do but yield, that must resist alone?
If there be twain, one may defend the t'other over-
 thrown.

The single twined cords may no such stress endure
As cables braided threefold may, together wreathed sure.

¹ Dr. Nott supposes this word to be printed in error, and changes it into 'disease.' The alteration is hardly justifiable, and certainly does not assist the sense, as it is difficult to understand what is meant by kingdoms being won by 'disease.' The meaning of the original word is sufficiently obvious—uneasiness, trouble, anxiety. The form was an ordinary expression of the evil or opposite aspect of the word to which it was prefixed, as in *misfortune*, *misconstrue*, and was formerly much more commonly employed than it is now,—of which numerous examples might be cited, such as *misfare*, for *misfortune*, *miegied*, for *gone wrong*, *misworought*, for any thing done amiss. The prefix *un* was also extensively used. Chaucer has *unease*.

² Profit, advantage.

In better far estate stand children, poor and wise,
Than aged kings, wedded to will, that work without
advice.

In prison have I seen, or this, a woful wight
That never knew what freedom meant, nor tasted of
delight;

With such unhoped hap in most despair hath met,
Within the hands that erst wore gyves¹ to have a
sceptre set.

And by conjures² the seed of kings is thrust from state,
Whereon a grieved people work oftentimes their hidden
hate.

Other, without respect, I saw a friend or foe
With feet worn bare in tracing such, whereas³ the
honours grew.

And at death of a prince great routs revived strange,
Which fain their old yoke to discharge, rejoiced in the
change.

But when I thought, to these as heavy even or more
Shall be the burden of his reign, as his that went before;
And that a train like great⁴ upon the dead attend,
I 'gan conclude, each greedy gain hath its uncertain end.
In humble spirit is set the temple of the Lord;
Where if thou enter, look thy mouth and conscience
may accord!

Whose Church is built of love, and deckt with hot desire,
And simple faith; the yolden⁵ ghost his mercy doth
require.

Where perfectly for aye he in his word doth rest;
With gentle ear to hear thy suit, and grant thee thy
request.

¹ Fetters.

² Although the words 'conjure' and 'cónjure' are essentially different, they were frequently used indiscriminately, and cannot be distinguished by the test of accent. The sense here is clear—the binding together by oath, conspiring.

³ 'Where,' as before, which removes the difficulty Dr. Nott is at some pains to explain in a note on this passage.

⁴ As great.

⁵ Sometimes *yolde* and *yelden*—yielded.

In boast of outward works he taketh no delight,
Nor waste of words; such sacrifice unsavourereth in his
sight.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN that repentant tears hath cleansed clear from ill
The charged breast; and grace hath wrought therein
amending will;

With bold demands then may his mercy well assail
The speech man saith, without the which request may
none prevail.

More shall thy penitent sighs his endless mercy please,
Than their importune suits, which dream that words
God's wrath appease.

For heart, contrite of fault, is gladsome recompense;
And prayer, fruit of Faith, whereby God doth with sin
dispense.

As fearful broken sleeps spring from a restless head,
By chattering of unholy lips is fruitless prayer bred.
In waste of wind, I rede, vow nought unto the Lord,
Whereto thy heart to bind thy will, freely doth not
accord;

For humble vows fulfilled, by grace right sweetly smoke:
But bold behests, broken by lusts, the wrath of God
provoke.

Yet bet¹ with humble heart thy frailty to confess,
Than to boast of such perfectness, whose works such
fraud express.

With feigned words and oaths contract with God no
guile;

Such craft returns to thine own harm, and doth thyself
defile.

¹ Better. Mr. Halliwell, in his excellent *Dictionary of Archaic Words*, refers to several examples, and quotes the following:—

‘ Upon the morowe the day was set,
The kyng hym purveyde welle the bet.’

MS. Cantab. Ff. ii. 38, f. 247.

And though the mist of sin persuade such error light,
Thereby yet are thy outward works all dampned¹ in
his sight.

As sundry broken dreams us diversly abuse,
So are his errors manifold that many words doth use.
With humble secret plaint, few words of hot effect,
Honour thy Lord; allowance vain of void desert neglect.
Though wrong at times the right, and wealth eke need
oppress,

Think not the hand of justice slow to follow the redress.
For such unrighteous folk as rule withouten dread,
By some abuse or secret lust he suffereth to be led.
The chief bliss that in earth to living man is lent,
Is moderate wealth to nourish life, if he can be content.
He that hath but one field, and greedily seeketh
nought,
To fence the tiller's hand from need, is king within his
thought.

But such as of their gold their only idol make,
No treasure may the raven of their hungry hands aslake.
For he that gapes for gold, and hoardeth all his gain,
Travails in vain to hide the sweet that should relieve
his pain.

Where is great wealth, there should be many a needy
wight
To spend the same; and that should be the rich man's
chief delight.

The sweet and quiet sleeps that wearied limbs oppress,
Beguile the night in diet thin, not feasts of great
excess:

But waker² lie the rich; whose lively heat with rest
Their charged bulks³ with change of meats cannot so
soon digest.

Another righteous doom I saw of greedy gain;
With busy cares such treasures oft preserved to their
bane:

¹ Participle of the verb *dampne*, to condemn.

² Wakeful.

³ Bodies. Commonly so used by the early dramatic writers.

The plenteous houses sackt; the owners end with shame
 Their sparkled¹ goods; their needy heirs, that should
 enjoy the same,

From wealth despoiled bare, from whence they came
 they went;

Clad in the clothes of poverty, as Nature first them sent.
 Naked as from the womb we came, if we depart,
 With toil to seek that we must leave, what boot to vex
 the heart?

What life lead testy men then, that consume their days
 In inward frets, untempered hates, at strife with some
 always.

Then 'gan I praise all those, in such a world of strife,
 As take the profit of their goods, that may be had in
 life.

For sure the liberal hand that hath no heart to spare²
 This fading wealth, but pours it forth, it is a virtue rare :
 That makes wealth slave to need, and gold become his
 thrall,

Clings³ not his guts with niggish⁴ fare, to heap his chest
 withal;

But feeds the lusts of kind with costly meats and wine ;
 And slacks the hunger and the thirst of needy folk that
 pine.

No glutton's feast I mean in waste of spence to strive;
 But temperate meals the dulled spirits with joy thus to
 revive.

No care may pierce where mirth hath tempered such a
 breast :

The bitter gall, seasoned with sweet, such wisdom may
 digest.

¹ Scattered. Still current in this sense in the North of England.—
 HALLIWELL.

² To reserve, to hoard.

³ Shrinks up.

⁴ Niggard.

A PARAPHRASE OF SOME OF THE PSALMS
OF DAVID.

PROEM.¹

WHERE reckless youth in an unquiet breast,
Set on by wrath, revenge and cruelty,
After long war patience had oppressed ;
And justice, wrought by princely equity ;
My Denny² then, mine error deep imprest,
Began to work despair of liberty ;
Had not David, the perfect warrior taught,
That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

O LORD! upon whose will dependeth my welfare,
To call upon thy holy name, since day nor night I spare,
Grant that the just request of this repentant mind
So pierce thine ears, that in thy sight some favour it
may find.
My soul is fraughted full with grief of follies past ;
My restless body doth consume, and death approacheth
fast ;
Like them whose fatal thread, thy hand hath cut in
twain ; [graves remain.
Of whom there is no further bruit, which in their
Oh Lord! thou hast me cast headlong, to please my foe,
Into a pit all bottomless, whereas I plain my woe.

¹ It appears from this introductory stanza that these paraphrases were undertaken in a spirit of repentance for the errors of a wild and violent youth. The Psalms selected may, therefore, be received as throwing some light upon the passionate and wilful character of Surrey, and the extremities of temper and follies of blood to which he committed himself in the early part of his life.

² Dr. Nott thinks it probable that the person here indicated was Sir Walter Denny, an intimate friend of the Howard family, and afterwards one of the executors of Henry VIII. There is no name in the early edition, where the line is printed—

And conscience then, mine error deep imprest.'

The burden of thy wrath it doth me sore oppress :
And sundry storms thou hast me sent of terror and
distress.

The faithful friends are fled and banished from my sight :
And such as I have held full dear, have set my friend-
ship light.

My durance doth persuade of freedom such despair,
That by the tears that bain my breast, mine eyesight
doth appair.¹

Yet do I never cease thine aid for to desire,
With humble heart and stretched hands, for to appease
thine ire.

Wherefore dost thou forbear in the defence of thine,
To show such tokens of thy power in sight of Adam's
line;

Whereby each feeble heart with faith might so be fed,
That in the mouth of thy elect thy mercies might be
spread.

The flesh that feedeth worms cannot thy love declare!
Nor such set forth thy praise as dwell in the land of
despair.

In blind indured hearts light of thy lively name
Cannot appear, nor cannot judge the brightness of the
same.

Nor blazed may thy name be by the mouths of those
Whom death hath shut in silence, so as they may not
disclose.

The lively voice of them that in thy word delight,
Must be the trump that must resound the glory of thy
might.

Wherefore I shall not cease, in chief of my distress
To call on Thee, till that the sleep my wearied limbs
oppress.

And in the morning eke when that the sleep is fled,
With floods of salt repentant tears to wash my rest-
less bed.

¹ Impair.

Within this careful mind, burdened with care and grief,
Why dost thou not appear, O Lord! that shouldst be
his relief.

My wretched state behold, whom death shall straight
assail; [wail.

Of one, from youth afflicted still, that never did but
The dread, lo! of thine ire hath trod me under feet :
The scourges of thine angry hand hath made death
seem full sweet.

Like as the roaring waves the sunken ship surround,
Great heaps of care did swallow me, and I no succour
found :

For they whom no mischance could from my love
divide, [to hide.

Are forced, for my greater grief, from me their face

PROEM.

THE sudden storms that heave me to and fro,
Had well near pierced Faith, my guiding sail ;
For I that on the noble voyage go
To succour truth, and falsehood to assail,
Constrained am to bear my sails full low ;
And never could attain some pleasant gale.
For unto such the prosperous winds do blow
As run from port to port to seek avail.
This bred despair ; whereof such doubts did grow
That I gan faint, and all my courage fail.
But now, my Blage,¹ mine error well I see ;
Such goodly light king David giveth me.

PSALM LXXIII.

THOUGH, Lord, to Israel thy graces plenteous be ;
I mean to such, with pure intent as fix their trust in Thee,
Yet whiles the Faith did faint that should have been
my guide, [to slide ;
Like them that walk in slipper paths, my feet began

¹ In the early edition 'blame.' The person alluded to was George Blage, who accompanied Surrey in his expedition to Landrecy.

Whiles I did grudge at those that glory in their gold,
Whose loathsome pride enjoyeth wealth, in quiet as
they would.

To see by course of years what nature doth appair,
The palaces of princely form succeed from heir to heir.
From all such travails free, as 'long as Adam's seed,
Neither withdrawn from wicked works by danger, nor
by dread.

Whereof their scornful pride, and gloried with their
eyes; [clad in vice.

As garments clothe the naked man, thus are they
Thus, as they wish, succeeds the mischief that they
mean; [eyes be seen.¹

Whose glutton cheeks sloth feeds so fat, as scant their
Unto whose cruel power most men for dread are fain
To bend or bow; with lofty looks, whiles they vaunt
in their reign;

And in their bloody hands, whose cruelty that frame
The wailful works that scourge the poor, without
regard of blame.

To tempt the living God they think it no offence;
And pierce the simple with their tongues that can
make no defence.

Such proofs before the just, to cause the hearts to
waver, [savour.

Be set like cups mingled with gall, of bitter taste and
Then say thy foes in scorn, that taste no other food,
But suck the flesh of thy Elect, and bathe them in
their blood;

'Should we believe the Lord doth know, and suffer this?
Fooled be he with fables vain that so abused is.'

In terror of the just, that reigns iniquity, [cruelty.
Armed with power, laden with gold, and dread for
Then vain the war might seem, that I by faith maintain
Against the flesh, whose false effects my pure heart
would disdain.

¹ The similarity of this line to a passage in the sonnet on Sardana-palus, and its fidelity as a portrait of the bloated face of Henry VIII., leave no doubt of its intended application.

For I am scourged still, that no offence have done,¹
By wrathèd children; and from my birth my chastising
begun.

When I beheld their pride, and slackness of thy hand,
I gan bewail the woful state wherein thy chosen
stand.

And when I sought whereof thy sufferance, Lord,
should grow,

I found no wit could pierce so far, thy holy dooms to
know :

And that no mysteries, nor doubt could be distrust,
Till I come to the holy place, the mansion of the just ;
Where I shall see what end thy justice shall prepare,
For such as build on worldly wealth, and dye their
colours fair. [vain!

Oh! how their ground is false! and all their building
And they shall fall; their power shall fail that did
their pride maintain. [turn,

As charged hearts with care, that dream some pleasant
After their sleep find their abuse, and to their plaint
return;

So shall their glory fade ; thy sword of vengeance shall
Unto their drunken eyes in blood disclose their errors
all.

And when their golden fleece is from their back y-shorn;
The spots that underneath were hid, thy chosen sheep
shall scorn :

And till that happy day, my heart shall swell in care,
My eyes yield tears, my years consume between hope
and despair. [dark,

Lo! how my spirits are dull, and all thy judgments
No mortal head may scale so high, but wonder at thy
work.

Alas! how oft my foes have framed my decay ;
But when I stood in dread to drench, thy hands still
did me stay.

And in each voyage that I took to conquer sin,
Thou wert my guide, and gave me grace, to comfort
me therein.

And when my withered skin unto my bones did cleave,
And flesh did waste, thy grace did then my simple
spirits relieve.

In other succour then, O Lord! why should I trust;
But only thine, whom I have found in thy behight¹
so just.

And such for dread, or gain as shall thy name refuse,
Shall perish with their golden gods that did their
hearts seduce.

While I, that in thy word have set my trust and joy,
The high reward that 'longs thereto shall quietly enjoy.
And my unworthy lips, inspired with thy grace,
Shall thus forespeak thy secret works, in sight of
Adam's race.

PSALM LV.²

GIVE ear to my suit, Lord! fromward³ hide not thy
face:

Behold! hearken, in grief, lamenting how I pray:
My foes that bray so loud, and eke threpe⁴ on so fast,
Buckled to do me scath,⁵ so is their malice bent.
Care pierceth my entrails, and travaileth my spirit;
The grisly fear of death environeth my breast:
A trembling cold of dread overwhelmeth my heart.
'Oh!' think I, 'had I wings like to the simple dove,
This peril might I fly; and seek some place of rest
In wilder woods, where I might dwell far from these
cares.'

What speedy way of wing my plaints should they lay on,
To 'scape the stormy blast that threatened is to me?
Rein those unbridled tongues! break that conjured
league!

¹ Promise.

² The measure of twelve syllables without rhyme adopted in this Psalm is more curious than agreeable. There are not many examples of it in our language. Dr. Nott thinks it not improbable that Surrey originally made his translation of the *Æneid* in this measure—a speculation which requires some support in the way of evidence.

³ Away from. ⁴ To shout, or call out aloud. ⁵ Harm, injury.

For I deciphered have amid our town the strife.
Guile and wrong keep the walls; they ward both day
night: [stead:¹

And mischief joined with care doth keep the market-
Whilst wickedness with crafts in heaps swarm through
the street.

Ne my declared foe wrought me all this reproach.
By harm so looked for, it weigheth half the less.
For though mine enemies hap had been for to prevail,
I could have hid my face from venom of his eye.
It was a friendly foe, by shadow of good will; [me;
Mine old fere, and dear friend, my guide that trapped
Where I was wont to fetch the cure of all my care,
And in his bosom hide my secret zeal to God.
With such sudden surprise, quick may him hell devour;
Whilst I invoke the Lord, whose power shall me
defend,

My prayer shall not cease, from that the sun descends,
Till he his alture² win, and hide them in the sea.
With words of hot effect, that moveth from heart
contrite,

Such humble suit, O Lord, doth pierce thy patient ear.
It was the Lord that brake the bloody compacts of
those

That pricked on with ire, to slaughter me and mine.
The everlasting God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Whom by no tale to dread he could divert from sin,
The conscience unquiet he strikes with heavy hand,
And proves their force in faith, whom he sware to
defend.

Butter falls not so soft as doth his patience long,
And overpasseth fine oil running not half so smooth.
But when his sufferance finds that bridled wrath pro-
vokes,

His threatened wrath he whets more sharp than tool
can file.

¹ Commonly *market-stede*—market-place.

² Altitude.

Friar! whose harm and tongue presents the wicked
 sort, [hide;
 Of those false wolves, with coats which do their ravin
 That swear to me by heaven, the footstool of the Lord,
 Though force had hurt my fame, they did not touch my
 life. [lies;
 Such patching care I loath, as feeds the wealth with
 But in the other Psalm of David find I ease.
Jacta curam tuam super Dominum, et ipse te enutriet.

PSALM VIII.¹

THY name, O Lord, how great, is found before our
 sight! [of thy might!
 It fills the earth, and spreads the air: the great works
 For even unto the heavens thy power hath given a place,
 And closed it above their heads; a mighty, large, compass.
 Thy praise what cloud can hide, but it will shine again:
 Since young and tender sucking babes have power to
 shew it plain.
 Which in despite of those that would thy glory hide,
 [Thou] hast put into such infants' mouths for to con-
 found their pride.
 Wherefore I shall behold thy figured heaven so high,
 Which shews such prints of divers forms within the
 cloudy sky:
 As hills, and shapes of men; eke beasts of sundry kind,
 Monstrous to our outward sight, and fancies of our
 mind.
 And eke the wanish moon, which sheens by night also;
 And each one of the wandering stars, which after her
 do go.
 And how these keep their course; and which are those
 that stands; [thy hands.
 Because they be thy wondrous works, and labours of

¹ This Psalm was printed for the first time by Dr. Nott, from the Harrington MS.

But yet among all these I ask, 'What thing is man?'
Whose turn to serve in his poor need this work Thou
first began.

Or what is Adam's son that bears his father's mark?
For whose delight and comfort eke Thou hast wrought
all this work.

I see thou mind'st him much, that dost reward him so :
Being but earth, to rule the earth, whereon himself
doth go. [small ;

From angel's substance eke Thou madest him differ
Save one doth change his life awhile ; the other not
at all.

The sun and moon also Thou madest to give him light ;
And each one of the wandering stars to twinkle sparkles
bright.

The air to give him breath ; the water for his health ;
The earth to bring forth grain and fruit, for to increase
his wealth.

And many metals too, for pleasure of the eye ; [lie.
Which in the hollow sounded ground in privy veins do
The sheep to give his wool, to wrap his body in ;
And for such other needful things, the ox to spare his
skin.

The horse even at his will to bear him to and fro ;
And as him list each other beast to serve his turn also.
The fishes of the sea likewise to feed him oft ;
And eke the birds, whose feathers serve to make his
sides lie soft.

On whose head thou hast set a crown of glory too,
To whom also thou didst appoint, that honour should
be do.¹

And thus thou mad'st him lord of all this work of thine ;
Of man that goes, of beast that creeps, whose looks
doth down decline ;

Of fish that swim below, of fowls that fly on high,
Of sea that finds the air his rain, and of the land so dry.

¹ A contraction of 'done.'

And underneath his feet, Thou hast set all this same ;
To make him know, and plain confess, that marvellous
is thy name. [found

And, Lord, which art our Lord, how marvellous it is
The heavens do shew, the earth doth tell, and eke the
world so round.

Glory, therefore, be given to Thee first, which art Three;
And yet but One Almighty God, in substance and
degree:

As first it was when Thou the dark confused heap,
Clotted in one, didst part in four; which elements we
clepe:¹

And as the same is now, even here within our time,
So ever shall hereafter be, when we be filth and slime.

1 Call.

[THE following little pieces were first published by Dr. Nott, who derived them from a MS. of the time of Henry VIII., in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The presumptive evidence supplied by the MS. justifies the inference that the first was written by Wyatt, and the second, which is an answer to it, by Surrey. It appears that the greater number of the poems of which the Devonshire MS. consists have the names or initials of their respective authors subscribed to them; and although, in the instance of the ensuing pieces, the signatures have been much effaced, enough remains to identify the writers. "The first," says Dr. Nott, "is subscribed 'Finis q^d. W t; the second, 'Finis q^d. S e.' Respecting the first of these names I apprehend no doubt can be entertained, especially as a large number of the poems in the MS. bear Wyatt's signature. That the latter name was designed for Surrey, I think extremely probable; for his name was then generally spelt 'Surreye;' and the letter preceding the final 'e,' though erased in part, seems to have been 'y.'" The internal evidence is in favour of the imputed authorship in both cases; especially in the second, which abounds in terms and phrases frequently employed by Surrey. Wyatt's manner is not so distinctly marked, nor so easily detected; but his more formal style is sufficiently apparent in the first of these poems.]

PRIMUS.

MY fearful hope from me is fled,
Which of long time hath been my guide.
New faithful trust is in his stead,
And bids me set all fear aside.

O! truth it is, I not deny,
All Lovers may not live at ease.
Yet some by hap doth hit truly;
So like may I, if that she please.

Why! so it is a gift, ye wot,
 By nature one to love another.
 And since that Love doth fall by lot;
 Then why not I, as well as other.

It may so be the cause is why,
 She knoweth no part to my poor mind:
 But yet as one assuredly
 I speak nothing but as I find.

If Nature will, it shall so be:
 No reason ruleth Fantasy.
 Yet in this case, as seemeth me,
 I take all thing indifferently.

Yet uncertain I will rejoice,
 And think to have, though yet thou hast.
 I put my chance unto her choice
 With patience, for power is past.

No! no! I know the like is fair
 Without disdain or cruelty:
 And so to end, from all despair;
 Until I find the contrary.

SECUNDUS.

YOUR fearful hope cannot prevail;
 Nor yet faithful trust also.
 Some thinks to hit, oftentimes do fail;
 Whereby they change their wealth to woe.

What though! in that yet put no trust:
 But always after as ye see.
 For say your will, and do your lust;
 There is no place for you to be.

No such within; ye are far out.
 Your labour lost ye hope to save.
 But once I put ye out of doubt;
 The thing is had that ye would have.

Though to remain without remorse,
And pitiless to be opprest;
Yet is the course of Love, by force
To take all things unto the best.

Well! yet beware, if thou be wise:
And leave thy hope thy heat to cool:
For fear lest she thy love despise,
Reputing thee but as a fool.

Since this to follow of force thou must,
And by no reason can refrain;
Thy chance shall change thy least mistrust;
As thou shalt prove unto thy pain.

When with such pain thou shalt be paid,
The which shall pass all remedy;
Then think on this that I have said;
And blame thy foolish Fantasy.

THE SECOND AND FOURTH BOOKS OF
VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*.

[THIS translation from Virgil possesses a special interest, which I hope all readers will think sufficient to justify its introduction into a collection from which translations, generally, are excluded. It is the first specimen of Blank Verse in our language; and marks an important era in our poetical literature.

How far Surrey was indebted to continental examples for the suggestion of what Warton describes as 'a noble attempt to break the bondage of rhyme,' cannot be accurately determined. Warton says that blank verse was growing fashionable in Italy in Surrey's time, and refers to the *Italia Liberata di Goti*, of Trissino, as an illustration. This is a mistake, arising evidently from a misquotation of the date of that poem, which was not published till after Surrey's death. If Surrey had seen Trissino's work, it would probably have deterred him from such an enterprise, rather than have inspired him to undertake it; for the poem, designed to subvert the favourite *Terza Rima*, fell still-born from the press. 'It is, of all the long poems that are remembered at all,' says Mr. Hallam, 'the most unfortunate in its reputation;'¹ of which we have a proof in the fact, that two hundred years elapsed before it was reprinted. Mr. Hallam speaks of Trissino as 'the father of blank verse;' but it is certain that Surrey was before him, and that blank verse was used still earlier in the Italian tragedies, and, as Dr. Nott states, by Boscan, and other Spanish writers.

Surrey's merit is that of having discerned its capabilities and introduced it into England, while it was yet passing through the first stage of innovation elsewhere. If he cannot be said to have originated it, he is entitled to scarcely a lesser degree of credit for having appropriated it under the most

¹ *Literature of Europe*, i. 409.

discouraging circumstances. If he borrowed it from the Italian or the Spanish, he transplanted it from countries where it was unpopular, and literatures with which it had failed to assimilate; and he may be fairly supposed to have been led to its adoption by a conviction that it was suited to the genius of our language. He did not live to test the effect of the experiment. A long interval passed away before it took root in our literature; for, although the novelty of melodious numbers divested of the accustomed jingle attracted considerable attention, blank verse did not become an established form of English poetry till nearly a century later, except in the theatre, where it was naturalized at once.

The first person who followed Surrey's example was Nicholas Grimoald, a lecturer at Oxford, who produced two short specimens which will be found amongst the miscellaneous poems in the present volume.¹ It is highly probable that these pieces were not intended for publication, but merely as exercises in the new mode of poetry for the instruction of Grimoald's pupils, a conjecture to some extent warranted by the scholastic care bestowed on their composition. The next was a little poem called the *Steel Glass*, published by Gascoigne, in 1576, nearly twenty years after the appearance of the two books of the *Æneid*. Gascoigne's lines are deficient in spirit and force, but are creditable as an attempt to dispense with rhyme in the treatment of familiar topics. This was followed, in 1589, by Abraham Fleming's translation of the *Bucolics and Georgics* into blank verse Alexandrines, in imitation of Surrey's *Paraphrase of the 54th Psalm*. The heavy Alexandrine, stripped of rhyme, to which the French phrase, *prose mesuré*, applies with more justice than to the heroic verse, had already broken down in the hands of Surrey; and Fleming's employment of it on a subject to which it was still less adapted, may have contributed something towards checking the cultivation of blank verse generally. The only

¹ These pieces were published by Tottel in 1557, in the same Miscellany with Surrey's poems.

remaining poem of the sixteenth century that can be referred to as an instance, is *The Tale of the Two Swans*, by Vallens, in 1590, a sort of allegorical history of the river Lea, or, as the title-page describes it,—‘Of the original and encrease of the river Lee.’ The dulness of his materials was peculiarly inauspicious for the vehicle Vallens had chosen, yet, in spite of the difficulties of an unmanageable theme, his versification deserves praise for smoothness and fluency. From this time, blank verse seems to have been abandoned, until the appearance of *Paradise Lost*; but it had already become a topic of critical discussion, and, so early as the year 1602, Campion undertook its defence in a treatise on the Art of Poetry. The indifference with which Milton’s great poem was received on its first publication, shows that, even in the days of Charles II., blank verse had made very little way with the public; and we have a curious evidence of the ignorance that prevailed concerning its origin and history, in a remarkable mistake committed by Dryden, who, in one of his essays, attributes its ‘invention’ to Shakspeare.

While it was thus slowly obtaining an audience in print, it was securing a permanent place in our literature in the play-houses. Its availability for dramatic purposes, its elastic capacity of expression, and its power of reconciling the highest development of tragic emotion with the language of nature, was soon perceived and turned to advantage. Before Surrey’s time, plays were occasionally written in prose, but more generally in rhyme, in a great variety of measures; and the first specimen of a drama in blank verse in our language was the *Ferrex and Porrex* of Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, better known under its subsequent title of *Gordubuc*, produced about four or five years after the publication of Surrey’s translations.¹

¹ The first three acts of *Gordubuc* are ascribed to Thomas Norton, in the title page of the edition of 1565. Warton doubts Norton’s share of the authorship, from the uniformity of diction and versification that prevails throughout the play, and the characteristic marks it bears of Sackville’s perspicuity of style, and command of numbers. Mr. Hallam inclines to the same judgment, ‘grounded upon the identity of the style, and the superiority of the whole tragedy to anything we can certainly ascribe to Norton.’ C. Lamb, who seems to have held a similar opinion, says, ‘I am willing to believe that Lord Buckhurst supplied

Gordubuc was performed by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, as a Christmas entertainment, in 1561-2, and in the following January was presented at Whitehall before Queen Elizabeth. It was succeeded in 1566 by the *Jocesta* of Gascoigne and Kindlemarsh, played at Gray's-Inn, a capricious version of the *Phænissæ* of Euripides, in no respect entitled to notice except as the second dramatic example of English blank verse. Feeble and monotonous in versification, it did not even carry out with integrity the principle on which it was constructed, rhymed couplets being occasionally brought into the dialogue, apparently to relieve its dreariness, and replenish the sinking resources of the writers.¹

The next dramatic production in blank verse appears to have been *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, by Thomas Hughes, played before the Queen at Greenwich, in 1587. About the same period, or probably a year earlier, the new form was introduced for the first time on the public stage,—the pieces previously enumerated having been played only at Court, or the Inns; and Mr. Collier, who has carefully investigated the subject,² is disposed to think that the earliest play in which the change was adopted was *The Tamburlaine the Great* of Marlowe; a supposition which the following passage in the prologue to that tragedy to some extent confirms:

'From jiggling veins of *rhyming* mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine,
Threatening the world with *high astounding terms*,' &c.

the more vital parts.' In spite of all title-pages to the contrary, he could not prevail upon himself to credit the supposition that the associate of Hopkins and Sternhold 'in the Singing Psalms' could have contributed to the better parts of this fine stiff old tragedy. Campbell, in his *Essay on English Poetry*, speaks of Sackville alone as the author of *Gordubuc*. It is only right to add, that Mr. Collier defends Norton's claim—*Annals of the Stage*, ii. 485; but as his argument rests mainly on the authority of the title-page, it does not affect the question of internal evidence.

¹ Gascoigne acquires some distinction in our literary history as the author of the *Supposes*, our first prose comedy, which, however, is only a translation of the *Suppositi* of Ariosto.

² *Annals of the Stage*, iii. 107.

The revolution, however, was not yet completed, for Marlowe and his immediate contemporaries, apprehensive perhaps that their audiences would still expect an occasional return to the old fashion, introduced rhymed couplets here and there, at particular parts of the dialogue, either to heighten some striking image, or to close a speech with effect. In some instances, indeed, especially in the plays of Kyd, rhyme prevailed almost as extensively as blank verse. Greene and Peele were amongst the earliest writers who followed the example of Marlow, and who may be said to have divided with him the honour of introducing a form of poetry which reached its perfection in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson and Shakspeare. Not very long afterwards, rhymed plays, or, as they were called, heroic plays, were restored by Lord Orrery, Howard, and Dryden, and kept possession of the stage for several years, till Dryden renounced the heresy, and extirpated a vice which he had himself mainly contributed to establish.

Surrey's translation will probably disappoint the expectations of those who have formed their theory of blank verse on later and more highly finished models. They will miss the sustaining power, the pomp of diction, elaborate artifices, and rich melody of Milton; nor will they find in it the sweetness or nervous ease of Thomson or Cowper. But the time in which Surrey wrote, and the strangeness of the enterprise, should be kept in view in judging of him. Allowances should be made for the state of the language in the middle of the sixteenth century, for the licences it was then considered legitimate to extend to poetry, and, above all, for the embarrassments that attended a first attempt. Yet, upon a careful examination of the structure of his lines, we shall find little occasion, after all, for exercising much forbearance in applying the severest tests to them.

One merit is obvious—fidelity to the original, without any very palpable sacrifice of that air of originality which is essential to the perfect transfusion of an author from one language into another. The translation is unequal; some-

times, though rarely, diffuse; and sometimes crude and obscure. It is not always true to the meaning, or happy in the reflection of verbal graces; but there are passages here and there of absolute excellence, combining almost textual closeness with remarkable energy and freedom in the expression. That Surrey thoroughly understood the responsibilities of his task, and aimed at the conscientious discharge of them, is evident throughout. It is not the first translation in our language, but it is incomparably the best that had then appeared.

The versification unquestionably exhibits an important advance upon preceding and contemporary poets. It possesses the charm of variety; and even if Dr. Nott's view of Surrey's system of versification (supposing him to have had a system) be correct, and Surrey really intended to have been strictly metrical, the dexterity with which he manages his metre prevents it from falling with monotony on the ear, and enables him to impart an unexpected melody to the lines that is always agreeable. He mixes the iambic and trochaic feet so skilfully, that his constancy to the measure escapes observation in the pleasure derived from the music with which he fills it. This is either excellent art or felicitous accident; perhaps a combination of both. The versification must of course be estimated comparatively. It is more flexible than that of Surrey's immediate predecessors, infinitely less so than that of subsequent writers. Even Grimoald, who followed close upon him, broke the measure into more varied pauses, although in other respects he did not reach the melody of Surrey. Crudenesses of sundry kinds are by no means infrequent; a strange Alexandrian occasionally intrudes; and the ear is sometimes wounded by such lines as these—

By the divine science of Minerva—

Into his band young, and near of his blood—

Each palace, and sacred porch of the gods—

And the rich arms of his shield did he on.

But examples of successful modulation abound in the translation, and amply compensate for incidental blemishes. Specimens of this description cannot be justly exhibited without extracting the whole passages in which they are set; the skill, however, with which the feet are distributed in the following line, is obvious by itself:

‘ When Lybian Tyber with his gentle stream,
Mildly doth flow along the fruitful fields;’

and amongst many passages of high excellence, the picture of Dido mourning for *Æneas* may be referred to as a brief illustration of sweetness and pathos:—

‘ *Æneas* now about the walls she leads,
The town prepared, and Carthage wealth to shew,
Offering to speak, amid her voice, she whists:
And when the day gins fall new feasts she makes;
The Troies travails to hear anew she lists,
Enraged all; and stareth in his face
That tells the tale. And when they were all gone,
And the dim moon doth oft withhold the light,
And sliding stars provoked unto sleep;
Alone she mourns within her palace void,
And sets her down on her forsaken bed,
And, absent, him she hears.’

Another merit is conspicuous in this translation—the conciseness of the expression. There are few or no superfluous words, and the sense is almost invariably restrained within the shortest limits. The arrangement of the words is clear and simple, notwithstanding the involutions and inversions which, in common with all the poets of his time, Surrey continued to employ; the diction is select, if not always distinguished by force and colour; while the absence of the favourite forms of tautology and alliteration may be noted as one of the silent reforms for which we are principally indebted to Surrey’s example.

Gawin Douglas, a Scotch bishop, was the first translator of the *Æneid*. He commenced his translation in January, 1512, and finished it in July, 1513, accomplishing the whole labour in the almost incredible period of eighteen months. The work was not printed till 1553; but there can be no

doubt that it was seen in MS. by Surrey, who, in many places, as shown by Dr. Nott, imitated and even copied him. As a matter of curiosity, rather than because they possess any interest in the way of criticism,—for no two translations can be otherwise more dissimilar,—I have thrown a few of these parallel passages into the foot notes. There are two peculiarities in Douglas's version which distinguish it from all others—it is composed generally in rhymed Alexandrines, and in the Scottish dialect. Of the latter distinctive mark he seems to have been rather proud, expressing regret in his preface that the necessity of occasionally using southern and other words, in consequence of the poverty of his vernacular, prevented him from rendering it exclusively Scotch :

‘ And yet, forsooth, I set my busy pain
(As that I couth) to make it brade and plain;
Keep and no soudron, but our own language,
And speak as I learned when I was ane page.’

And so he goes on excusing himself for sometimes having recourse to bastard Latin, French, or English, when Scotch was scant, and he had ‘ nane other choice.’ Some notion of the quaint Alexandrine of Bishop Douglas may be formed from the samples I have selected ; which will also enable the reader to estimate the value of Dr. Nott's supposition, alluded to elsewhere, that Surrey originally translated these books of the *Æneid* into that measure. The accomplished editor was, indeed, so entirely satisfied of the truth of his conjecture, that on one occasion, when he adds a word which he considers requisite to fill up the sense, and finds that it extends the line to twelve syllables (which happens more than once), he believes that he is restoring the verse to its integrity, and desires the reader to observe, ‘ that this necessary addition *brings back* the line to the Alexandrine form.’ All that need be said of this ingenious speculation is, that if Surrey really did execute his translation in Alexandrines, he has shown considerable art in reducing it to the heroic measure.]

THE SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THEY whisted¹ all, with fixed face attent,
 When prince Æneas from the royal seat
 Thus gan to speak. O Queen! it is thy will
 I should renew a woe cannot be told:
 How that the Greeks did spoil, and overthrow
 The Phrygian wealth, and wailful realm of Troy:
 Those ruthful things that I myself beheld;
 And whereof no small part fell to my share.
 Which to express, who could refrain from tears?
 What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?
 What stern Ulysses' waged² soldier?
 And lo! moist night now from the welkin falls;
 And stars declining counsel us to rest.
 But since so great is thy delight to hear
 Of our mishaps, and Troyè's³ last decay;

¹ Became silent. The verb *whist* is generally used in the passive sense, to be silent; but it is also frequently used to imply the sudden cessation of conversation, or to command silence. Thus in Milton, 'the winds with wonder *whist*;' and in the *Honest Whore*, 'Whist, whist, my master!' The last use of it, as an interjection, like *hush*! was probably the earliest. It is from this word the well-known game at cards derives its name.

² Dr. Nott conjectures that *waged* means 'long accustomed to wage war.' The meaning of the word is to hire, or pay wages to, which is perfectly reconcilable with the text, the interpretation being that even the hired soldier could not refrain from tears. *Wage*, as a substantive, also means pledge; hence *wager* applied to stakes in a bet; hence, also, *wager* of law, and to *wage* war, the verb taking the meaning of to be a pledge for.

³ We have here an instance of the licence so freely used by the elder poets of changing the pronunciation of words at will to suit their measure. A few lines farther back *Troy* is a monosyllable, here it becomes a dissyllable. As the same licence was constantly extended to words in common use, it is necessary to bear it in recollection as a means of rectifying apparent defects in the metre. Many lines that would otherwise be short may be restored to their proper quantity by having recourse to the dissyllable. Wherever Surrey converts *Troy* into a dissyllable in this translation, he spells it as in the text. Dr. Nott changes the orthography into *Troia*, but as his reasons for the alteration do not seem to me satisfactory, I have resumed the orthography of the original.

Though to record the same my mind abhors,
And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.

The Greeks' chieftains all irked¹ with the war
Wherein they wasted had so many years,
And oft repulsed by fatal destiny,
A huge horse made, high raised like a hill,²
By the divine science of Minerva:
Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs;
For their return a feigned sacrifice:
The fame whereof so wandered it at point.
In the dark bulk they closed bodies of men
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff³ by stealth
The hollow womb with armed soldiers.

There stands in sight an isle, hight Tenedon,
Rich, and of fame, while Priam's kingdom stood;
Now but a bay, and road, unsure for ship.
Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,
Shrouding themselves under the desert shore.
And, weening⁴ we they had been fled and gone,
And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,
Troy discharged her long continued dole.
The gates cast up, we issued out to play,
The Greekish camp desirous to behold,
The places void, and the forsaken coasts.
Here Pyrrhus' band; there fierce Achilles pight;⁵

¹ The verb to *irk* was generally used impersonally—it *irks* me. The substantive *irk*, tedious, weary, equivalent to *irksome*, was employed both actively and passively.

² 'The Grekes chiftanis irkit of the were,
Bipast or than sa mony langsome yere,
And oft rebukit by fatal destany,
Ane huge horse like ane grete hill in hy,' &c.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

³ I have not met this word anywhere else. The prefix, which adds nothing to the sense, seems to have been suggested by metrical necessity. It was often employed to give increased force to the expression, as in *enseled*, sealed up, kept secret; *enkindle*, to kindle. See a collection of these words in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*.

⁴ Thinking, supposing.

⁵ Literally, pith or strength; also, placed or pitched; and might here mean either 'there fierce Achilles' strength,' or 'there fierce Achilles pitched;' the latter the more accurate.

Here rode their ships; there did their battles join.
 Astonnied¹ some the scatheful gift beheld,
 Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve;
 All wondering at the hugeness of the horse.

The first of all Timœtes gan advise
 Within the walls to lead and draw the same;
 And place it eke amid the palace court:
 Whether of guile, or Troye's fate it would.
 Capys, with some of judgment more discreet,
 Willed it to drown;² or underset with flame
 The suspect present of the Greeks' deceit;
 Or bore and gage the hollow caves uncouth.³
 So diverse ran the giddy people's mind.

Lo! foremost of a rout that followed him,
 Kindled Laocoon hasted from the tower,
 Crying far off: 'O wretched citizens!
 What so great kind of frenzy fretteth⁴ you?
 Deem ye the Greeks our enemies to be gone?
 Or any Greekish gifts can you suppose
 Devoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?
 Either the Greeks are in this timber hid;
 Or this an engine is to annoy our walls,
 To view our towers, and overwhelm our town.
 Here lurks some craft. Good Trojans! give no trust
 Unto this horse; for what so ever it be,
 I dread the Greeks; yea! when they offer gifts.'
 And with that word, with all his force a dart
 He lanced⁵ then into that crooked womb;
 Which trembling stuck, and shook within the side:
 Wherewith the caves gan hollowly resound.
 And, but for Fates, and for our blind forecast,
 The Greeks' device and guile had he descried;
 Troy yet had stood, and Priam's towers so high.

¹ Generally *astoned*, stunned, astonished.

² To be cast into the sea.

³ Unknown.

⁴ Used in many senses—as to embroider with intersecting lines, to tear up, to ferment. It is here used as a participle of the verb *frete*, to devour or eat away.

⁵ Launched, in Dr. Nott's edition.

Therewith behold, whereas the Phrygian herds
Brought to the king with clamour, all unknown
A young man, bound his hands behind his back ;
Who willingly had yielded prisoner,
To frame this guile, and open Troy's gates
Unto the Greeks ; with courage fully bent,
And mind determed either of the twain ;
To work his feat, or willing yield to death.
Near him, to gaze, the Trojan youth gan flock,
And strove who most might at the captive scorn.
The Greeks' deceit behold, and by one proof
Imagine all the rest.

For in the press as he unarmed stood
With troubled chere, and Phrygian routs beset ;
' Alas ! ' quod he, ' what earth now, or what seas
May me receive ? caitiff, what rests me now ?
For whom in Greece doth no abode remain.
The Trojans eke offended seek to wreak
Their heinous wrath, with shedding of my blood.'

With this regret our hearts from rancour moved.
The bruit appeased, we asked him of his birth,
What news he brought ; what hope made him to yield.

Then he, all dread removed, thus began :
' O King ! I shall, what ever me betide,
Say but the truth : ne first will me deny
A Grecian born ; for though Fortune hath made
Sinon a wretch, she cannot make him false.
If ever came unto your ears the name,
Nobled by fame, of the sage Palamede,
Whom traitorously the Greeks condemned to die ;
Guiltless, by wrongful doom, for that he did
Dissuade the wars ; whose death they now lament ;
Underneath him my father, bare of wealth,
Into his band young, and near of his blood,
In my prime years unto the war me sent.
While that by fate his state in stay did stand,
And when his realm did flourish by advice,
Of glory, then, we bare some fame and bruit.

But since his death by false Ulysses' sleight,
 (I speak of things to all men well beknown)
 A dreary life in doleful plaint I led,
 Repining at my guiltless friend's mischance.
 Ne could I, fool! refrain my tongue from threats,
 That if my chance were ever to return
 Victor to Arge, to follow my revenge.
 With such sharp words procured I great hate.
 Here sprang my harm. Ulysses ever sith¹
 With new found crimes began me to affray.
 In common ears false rumours gan he sow:
 Weapons of wreak² his guilty mind gan seek.
 Ne rested aye till he by Calchas mean ———
 But whereunto these thankless tales in vain
 Do I rehearse, and linger forth the time,
 In like estate if all the Greeks ye price?
 It is enough ye here rid me at once.
 Ulysses, Lord! how he would this rejoice!
 Yea, and either Atride would buy it dear.'

This kindled us more eager to inquire,
 And to demand the cause; without suspect
 Of so great mischief thereby to ensue,
 Or of Greeks' craft. He then with forged words
 And quivering limbs, thus took his tale again.

'The Greeks oft-times intended their return
 From Troyè town, with long wars all ytired,
 And to dislodge; which, would God! they had done.
 But oft the winter storms of raging seas,
 And oft the boisterous winds did them to stay;
 And chiefly, when of clinched ribs of fir
 This horse was made, the storms roared in the air.
 Then we in doubt to Phœbus' temple sent
 Euripilus, to weet³ the prophesy.
 From whence he brought these woful news again.
 With blood, O Greeks! and slaughter of a maid,

¹ Since.

² Revenge.

³ To learn, to ascertain, to know.

Ye peased¹ the winds,² when first ye came to Troy.
With blood likewise ye must seek your return:
A Greekish soul must offered be therefore.

‘But when this sound had pierced the people’s ears,
With sudden fear astonied were their minds;
The chilling cold did overrun their bones,
To whom that fate was shaped, whom Phœbus would.
Ulysses then amid the press brings in
Calchas with noise, and willed him to discuss
The god’s intent. Then some gan deem to me
The cruel wreak of him that framed the craft;
Foreseeing secretly what would ensue.
In silence then, yshrouding him from sight,
But days twice five he whisted; and refused
To death, by speech, to further any wight.
At last, as forced by false Ulysses’ cry,
Of purpose he brake forth, assigning me
To the altar; whereto they granted all:
And that, that erst each one dread to himself,
Returned all unto my wretched death.
And now at hand drew near the woful day.
All things prepared wherewith to offer me;
Salt, corn, fillets, my temples for to bind.
I scaped the death, I grant! and brake the bands,
And lurked in a marish all the night
Among the ooze, while they did set their sails;
If it so be that they indeed so did.
Now rests no hope my native land to see,
My children dear, nor long desired sire;
On whom, perchance, they shall wreak my escape:
Those harmless wights shall for my fault be slain.

‘Then, by the gods, to whom all truth is known;
By faith unfild,³ if any anywhere

¹ Appeased.

² ‘With blude, and by the slaughter of ane maid,
Grekis ye mesit the wyndis.’—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

³ Undefiled.

With mortal folk remains; I thee beseech,
O King, thereby rue on my travail great:
Pity a wretch that guiltless suffereth wrong.'

Life to these tears with pardon eke, we grant.
And Priam first himself commands to loose
His gyves, his bands; and friendly to him said:
'Whoso thou art, learn to forget the Greeks:
Henceforth be ours; and answer me with truth:
Whereto was wrought the mass of this huge horse?
Whose the devise? and whereto should it tend?
What holy vow? or engine for the wars?'

Then he, instruct with wiles and Greekish craft,
His loosed hands lift upward to the stars:
'Ye everlasting lamps! I testify,
Whose power divine may not be violate;
The altar, and sword,' quoth he, 'that I have scaped,
Ye sacred bands! I wore as yelden host;¹
Lawful be it for me to break mine oath
To Greeks; lawful to hate their nation;
Lawful be it to sparkle² in the air
Their secrets all, whatso they keep in close:
For free am I from Greece and from their laws.
So be it, Troy, and saved by me from scathe,
Keep faith with me, and stand to thy behest;
If I speak truth, and opening things of weight,
For grant of life requite thee large amends.

'The Greeks' whole hope of undertaken war
In Pallas' help consisted evermore.
But sith the time that wicked Diomed,
Ulysses eke, that forger of all guile,
Adventured from the holy sacred fane
For to bereave Dame Pallas' fatal form,
And slew the watches of the chiefest tower.
And then away the holy statue stole;
(That were so bold with hands embrued in blood,
The virgin goddess veils for to defile)

Sacrifice.² To scatter, disperse.

Sith then their hope gan fail, their hope to fall,
Their power appair,¹ their goddess' grace withdraw;
Which with no doubtful signs she did declare.
Scarce was the statue to our tents ybrought,
But she gan stare with sparkled eyes of flame;
Along her limbs the salt sweat trickled down:
Yea thrice herself, a hideous thing to tell!
In glances bright she glittered from the ground,
Holding in hand her targe and quivering spear.
Calchas by sea then bade us haste our flight:
Whose engines might not break the walls of Troy,
Unless at Greece they would renew their lots,
Restore the god that they by sea had brought
In warped keels. To Arge sith they be come,
They 'pease their gods, and war afresh prepare.
And cross the seas unlooked for eftsoons²
They will return. This order Calchas set.

'This figure made they for the aggrieved god,
In Pallas' stead; to cleanse their heinous fault.
Which mass he willed to be reared high
Toward the skies, and ribbed all with oak,
So that your gates ne wall might it receive;
Ne yet your people might defended be
By the good zeal of old devotion.
For if your hands did Pallas' gift defile,
To Priam's realm great mischief should befall:
Which fate the gods first on himself return.
But had your own hands brought it in your town,
Asia should pass, and carry offered war
In Greece, e'en to the walls of Pelop's town;
And we and ours that destiny endure.'

By such like wiles of Sinon, the forsworn,
His tale with us did purchase credit; some,
Trapt by deceit; some, forced by his tears;
Whom neither Diomed, nor great Achille,
Nor ten years' war, ne a thousand sail could daunt.

¹ To fall.

² Soon, immediately.

Us caitiffs then a far more dreadful chance
Befel, that troubled our unarmed breasts.
Whiles Laocoon, that chosen was by lot
Neptunus' priest, did sacrifice a bull
Before the holy altar; suddenly
From Tenedon, behold! in circles great
By the calm seas come fleeting adders twain,
Which plied towards the shore (I loathe to tell)
With reared breast lift up above the seas:
Whose bloody crests aloft the waves were seen;
The hinder part swam hidden in the flood.
Their grisly backs were linked manifold.
With sound of broken waves they gat the strand,
With glowing eyen, tainted with blood and fire;
Whose waltring¹ tongues did lick their hissing
mouths.

We fled away; our face the blood forsook:
But they with gait² direct to Lacon ran.
And first of all each serpent doth enwrap
The bodies small of his two tender sons;
Whose wretched limbs they bit, and fed thereon.
Then raught³ they him, who had his weapon caught
To rescue them; twice winding him about,
With folded knots and circled tails, his waist:
Their scaled backs did compass twice his neck,
With reared heads aloft and stretched throats.
He with his hands strave to unloose the knots,
(Whose sacred fillets all be-sprinkled were
With filth of gory blood, and venom rank)
And to the stars such dreadful shouts he sent,
Like to the sound the roaring bull forth lows.
Which from the altar wounded doth astart,
The swerving axe when he shakes from his neck.
The serpents twain, with hasted trail they glide
To Pallas' temple, and her towers of height:

¹ Tumbling, wallowing, rolling about.

² Path, or way. Gang your gait—still used in the north—go your way.

³ Reached. The old preterite of the verb.

Under the feet of the which goddess stern,
 Hidden behind her target's boss they crept.
 New gripes of dread then pierce our trembling breasts.
 They said; Lacon's deserts had dearly bought
 His heinous deed; that pierced had with steel
 The sacred bulk, and thrown the wicked lance.
 The people cried with sundry greening shouts
 To bring the horse to Pallas' temple blive;¹
 In hope thereby the goddess' wrath to appease.
 We cleft the walls and closures of the town;
 Whereto all help: and underset the feet
 With sliding rolls, and bound his neck with ropes.
 This fatal gin² thus overclamb our walls,
 Stuft with armed men; about the which there ran
 Children and maids, that holy carols sang;³
 And well were they whose hands might touch the cords.
 With threatening cheer thus slid through our town
 The subtle tree, to Pallas' temple-ward.
 O native land! Ilion! and of the gods
 The mansion place! O warlike walls of Troy!
 Four times it stopt in the entry of our gate;
 Four times the harness clattered in the womb.
 But we go on, unsound of memory,
 And blinded eke by rage persever still:
 This fatal monster in the fane we place.

Cassandra then, inspired with Phœbus sprite,
 Her prophet's lips, yet never of us 'lieved,
 Disclosed eft;⁴ forespeaking things to come.
 We wretches, lo! that last day of our life
 With boughs of feast the town and temples deck.

With this the sky gan whirl about the sphere:
 The cloudy night gan thicken from the sea,

¹ Quickly.

² Engine.

³ 'That is, boys and girls, *pueri innuptæque puellæ*. Anciently *child* (or *children*) was restrained to the young of the male sex. Thus, we have 'the *child* Iulus,' in the original *puer* Ascanius. [See p. 182.] So the *Children* of the Chapel signifies the *Boys* of the King's Chapel.—
 WATSON.

⁴ Again.

With mantles spread; that cloaked earth and skies,
 And eke the treason of the Greekish guile.
 The watchmen lay dispersed to take their rest;
 Whose wearied limbs sound sleep had then oppressed :¹
 When, well in order comes the Grecian fleet
 From Tenedon, toward the coasts well known,
 By friendly silence of the quiet moon.²
 When the king's ship put forth his mark of fire,
 Sinon, preserved by froward destiny,
 Let forth the Greeks enclosed in the womb :
 The closures eke of pine by stealth unpinned,
 Whereby the Greeks restored were to air.
 With joy down hasting from the hollow tree,
 With cords let down did slide unto the ground
 The great captains; Sthenel, and Thessander,
 And fierce Ulysses, Athamas, and Thoas;
 Machaon first, and then king Menelae;
 Epeus³ eke that did the engine forge.
 And straight invade the town yburied then
 With wine and sleep. And first the watch is slain :
 Then gates unfold to let their fellows in,
 They join themselves with the conjured bands.
 It was the time when granted from the gods
 The first sleep creeps most sweet in weary folk.
 Lo! in my dream before mine eyes, methought,
 With rueful chere I saw where Hector stood,
 (Out of whose eyes there gushed streams of tears)
 Drawn at a car⁴ as he of late had been,
 Distained with bloody dust, whose feet were bowln⁵
 With the strait cords wherewith they haled him.

¹ Here we have a rhyme, followed by another within the next three lines; no doubt accidental.

² 'Still under freyndlie silence of the mone.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

³ In some editions, Opeas.

In the original, *cart*, then used for car or chariot. Chaucer speaks of the 'rosy cart of day.' The word *waggon* was similarly employed.

⁴ Swollen. Tyrwhitt, in his Edition of Chaucer, says it is the participle of the Saxon verb to *bolge*, which gives the derivation of *bulge*.

Ay me, what one? that Hector how unlike,
Which erst returned clad with Achilles' spoils;
Or when he threw into the Greekish ships
The Trojan flame! so was his beard defiled,
His crisped locks all clustered with his blood,
With all such wounds, as many he received
About the walls of that his native town.
Whom frankly thus methought I spake unto,
With bitter tears and doleful deadly voice:
'O Trojan light! O only hope of thine!
What lets so long thee staid? or from what coasts,
Our most desired Hector, dost thou come?
Whom, after slaughter of thy many friends,
And travail of the people, and thy town,
All-wearied lord! how gladly we behold.
What sorry chance hath stained thy lively face?
Or why see I these wounds, alas! so wide?'
He answered nought, nor in my vain demands
Abode;¹ but from the bottom of his breast
Sighing he said: 'Flee, flee, O goddess' son!
And save thee from the fury of this flame.
Our enemies now are masters of the walls;
And Troyè town now falleth from the top.
Sufficeth that is done for Priam's reign.
If force might serve to succour Troyè town,
This right hand well might have been her defence.
But Troyè now commendeth to thy charge
Her holy reliques, and her privy gods.
Them join to thee, as fellows of thy fate.
Large walls rear thou for them: for so thou shalt,
After time spent in the overwandered flood.'
This said, he brought forth Vesta in his hands;
Her fillets eke, and everlasting flame.

In this mean while with diverse plaint, the town
Throughout was spread; and louder more and more
The din resounded: with rattling of arms,

¹ Delayed, waited for.

Although mine old Father Anchises' house
Removed stood, with shadow hid of trees,
I waked: therewith to the house-top I clamb,
And hearkening stood I: like as when the flame
Lights in the corn, by drift of boisterous wind;
Or the swift stream that driveth from the hill,
Roots up the fields, and presseth the ripe corn,
And ploughed ground, and overwhelms the grove:
The silly herdman all astonnied stands,
From the high rock while he doth hear the sound.

Then the Greeks' faith, then their deceit appeared.
Of Deiphobus the palace large and great
Fell to the ground, all overspread with flash.
His next neighbour Ucalegon afire:
The Sygean seas did glister all with flame.
Up sprang the cry of men, and trumpets' blast.¹
Then, as distraught, I did my armour on;
Ne could I tell yet whereto arms availed.
But with our feres to throng out from the press
Toward the tower, our hearts brent with desire.
Wrath pricked us forth; and unto us it seemed
A seemly thing to die, armed in the field.

Wherewith Panthus 'scaped from the Greekish darts,
Otreus' son, Phœbus' priest, brought in hand
The sacred reliques, and the vanquished gods:
And in his hand his little nephew led;
And thus, as phrenetic, to our gates he ran.
'Panthus,' quod I, 'in what estate stand we?
Or for refuge what fortress shall we take?'
Scarce spake I this, when wailing thus he said:
'The latter day, and fate of Troy is come;
The which no plaint, or prayer may avail.
Troyans we were; and Troyè was sometime,
And of great fame the Teucrian glory erst:
Fierce Jove to Greece hath now transposed all.

¹ 'Up sprang the cry of men, and trumpitis blist.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

The Greeks are lords over this fired town.
Yonder huge horse that stands amid our walls
Sheds armed men: and Sinon, victor now,
With scorn of us doth set all things on flame.
And, rushed in at our unfolded gates,
Are thousands mo' than ever came from Greece.
And some with weapons watch the narrow streets;
With bright swords drawn, to slaughter ready bent.
And scarce the watches of the gate began
Them to defend, and with blind fight resist.¹

Through Panthus' words, and lightning of the gods,
Amid the flame and arms ran I in press,
As fury guided me, and whereas I had heard¹
The cry greatest that made the air resound.
Into our band then fell old Iphytus,
And Rhipheus, that met us by moonlight;
Dymas and Hypanis joining to our side,
With young Chorebus, Mygdonius'² son;
Which in those days at Troy did arrive,
(Burning with rage of dame Cassandra's love)
In Priam's aid, and rescue of his town.
Unhappy he! that would no credit give
Unto his spouse's words of prophecy.

Whom when I saw, assembled in such wise,
So desperately the battle to desire;
Then furthermore thus said I unto them:
'O! ye young men, of courage stout in vain!
For nought ye strive to save the burning town.
What cruel fortune hath betid, ye see!
The gods out of the temples all are fled,
Through whose might long this empire was maintained:
Their altars eke are left both waste and void.
But if your will be bent with me to prove

¹ This line, a very bad Alexandrine, is one of the evidences on which Dr. Nott relies for the justification of his conjecture, that the whole translation was originally made in that measure.

² The name appears to have been stretched from Mygdon into Mygdonius to supply the requisite number of syllables.

That uttermost, that now may us befall;
 Then let us die, and run amid our foes.
 To vanquished folk, despair is only hope.'

With this the young men's courage did increase;
 And through the dark, like to the ravening wolves
 Whom raging fury of their empty maws
 Drives from their den, leaving with hungry throat
 Their whelps behind; among our foes we ran,
 Upon their swords, unto apparent death;
 Holding alway the chief street of the town,
 Covered with the close shadows of the night.

Who can express the slaughter of that night?
 Or tell the number of the corpses slain?
 Or can in tears bewail them worthily?
 The ancient famous city falleth down,
 That many years did hold such seignory.¹
 With senseless bodies every street is spread,
 Each palace, and sacred porch of the gods.
 Nor yet alone the Trojan blood was shed.
 Manhood oftentimes into the vanquished breast
 Returns, whereby some victors Greeks are slain.
 Cruel complaints, and terror every where,
 And plenty of grisly pictures of death.

And first with us Androgeus there met,
 Fellowed with a swarming rout of Greeks,
 Deeming us, unware, of that fellowship,
 With friendly words whom thus he called unto:
 'Haste ye, my friends! what sloth hath tarried you?
 Your feres now sack and spoil the burning Troy:
 From the tall ships were ye but newly come?'

When he had said, and heard no answer made
 To him again, whereto he might give trust;
 Finding himself chanced amid his foes,
 'Mazed he withdrew his foot back with his word:
 Like him that wandering in the bushes thick,

¹ 'The anciant wourthy ciete doune is fall
 That many yeris held hie seneory.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

Treads on the adder with his reckless foot,
Reared for wrath, swelling her speckled neck,
Dismayed, gives back all suddenly for fear:
Androgeus so, feared of that sight, stept back,
And we 'gan rush amid the thickest rout;
When, here and there we did them overthrow,
Stricken with dread, unskilful of the place.
Our first labour thus lucked well with us.¹

Chorebus then, encouraged by this chance,
Rejoicing said: 'Hold forth the way of health,
My feres, that hap and manhood hath us taught.
Change we our shields; the Greeks' arms do we on.
Craft or manhood with foes what recks it which:
The slain to us their armour they shall yield.'
And with that word Androgeus' crested helm
And the rich arms of his shield did he on;
A Greekish sword he girded by his side:
Like gladly Dimas and Rhipeus did:
The whole youth 'gan them clad in the new spoils.
Mingled with Greeks, for no good luck to us,
We went, and gave many onsets that night,
And many a Greek we sent to Pluto's court.
Other there fled and hasted to their ships,
And to their coasts of safeguard ran again.
And some there were for shameful cowardry,
Clamb up again unto the hugy horse,
And did them hide in his well knownen womb.

Ay me! bootless it is for any wight
To hope on aught against will of the gods.
Lo! where Cassandra, Priam's daughter dear,
From Pallas' church² was drawn with sparkled tress,
Lifting in vain her flaming eyen to heaven;

¹ 'The first labour thus luck kit well with us.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

² 'This substitution of the particular word 'church' for the general word temple, or shrine, produces a bad effect. All that can be said in defence of Surrey is, that the word was so used by our early English writers.'—NOTT.

Her eyen, for fast her tender wrists were bound.
Which sight Chorebus raging could not bear,
Reckless of death, but thrust amid the throng;
And after we through thickest of the swords.

Here were we first y-battered with the darts
Of our own feres, from the high temples' top;
Whereby of us great slaughter did ensue,
Mistaken by our Greekish arms and crests.
Then flocked the Greeks moved with wrath and ire,
Of the virgin from them so rescued.
The fell Ajax; and either Atrides,
And the great band cleped the Dolopes.
As wrestling winds, out of dispersed whirl
Befight themselves, the west with southern blast,
And gladsome east proud of Aurora's horse;
The woods do whiz; and foamy Nereus
Raging in fury, with three forked mace
From bottom's depth doth welter up the seas;
So came the Greeks. And such, as by deceit
We sparkled erst in shadow of the night,
And drave about our town, appeared first:
Our feigned shields and weapons then they found,
And, by sound, our discording voice they new.
We went to wreck with number overlaid.
And by the hand of Peneleus first
Chorebus fell before the altar dead
Of armèd Pallas; and Rhipeus eke,
The justest man among the Troians all,
And he that best observed equity.
But otherwise it pleased now the gods.
There Hypanis, and Dymas, both were slain;
Through pierced with the weapons of their feres.
Nor thee, Panthus, when thou wast overthrown,
Pity, nor zeal of good devotion,
Nor habit yet of Phœbus hid from scath.¹

¹ ' Nor habbit of Apollo hid from skaith.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

Ye Trojan ashes! and last flames of mine!
I call in witness, that at your last fall
I fled no stroke of any Greekish sword.
And if the fates would I had fallen in fight,
That with my hand I did deserve it well.

With this from thence I was recoiled back
With Iphytus and Pelias alone.
Iphytus weak, and feeble all for age;
Pelias lamed by Ulysses' hand.
To Priam's palace cry did call us then.
Here was the fight right hideous to behold;
As though there had no battle been but there,
Or slaughter made elsewhere throughout the town.
A fight of rage and fury there we saw.
The Greeks toward the palace rushed fast,
And covered with engines the gates beset,
And reared up ladders against the walls;
Under the windows scaling by their steps,
Fenced with shields in their left hands, whereon
They did receive the darts; while their right hands
Griped for hold the embattle of the wall.
The Troyans on the other part rend down
The turrets high, and eke the palace roof;
With such weapons they shope¹ them to defend,
Seeing all lost, now at the point of death.
The gilt spars, and the beams then threw they down;
Of old fathers the proud and royal works.²
And with drawn swords some did beset the gates,
Which they did watch, and keep in routs full thick.
Our sprites restored to rescue the king's house,
To help them, and to give the vanquished strength.

A postern with a blind wicket there was,
A common trade to pass through Priam's house;
On the back side whereof waste houses stood:

¹ Created, shaped.

² 'The poud and rial werkes of faderies auld.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

Which way eft-sithes,¹ while that our kingdom dured,
 The infortunate Andromache alone
 Resorted to the parents of her make;
 With young Astyanax, his grandsire to see.
 Here passed I up to the highest tower,
 From whence the wretched Troyans did throw down
 Darts, spent in waste. Unto a turret then
 We stept, the which stood in a place aloft,
 The top whereof did reach well near the stars;
 Where we were wont all Troyè to behold,
 The Greekish navy, and their tents also.
 With instruments of iron 'gan we pick,²
 To seek where we might find the joining shrunk
 From that high seat; which we razed, and threw down:
 Which falling, gave forthwith a rushing sound,
 And large in breadth on Greekish routs it light.
 But soon another sort stept in their stead;³
 No stone unthrown, nor yet no dart uncast.

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus in the porch
 Rejoicing in his darts, with glittering arms.
 Like to the adder with venomous herbès fed,
 Whom cold winter all bolne, hid under ground;
 And shining bright, when she her slough had slung,
 Her slipper back doth roll, with forked tongue
 And raised breast, lift up against the sun.
 With that together came great Periphas;
 Automedon eke, that guided had some time
 Achilles' horse, now Pyrrhus' armour bare;
 And eke with him the warlike Scyrian youth
 Assailed the house; and threw flame to the top.
 And he an axe before the foremost raught,
 Wherewith he 'gan the strong gates hew, and break;

¹ Ofttimes.

² 'With instruments of iron we pyke and seik.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

³ 'And large on brede over Grekis routis did fal
 But sone ane uther sort stert in thare stedie.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

From whence he beat the staples out of brass,
He brake the bars, and through the timber pierced
So large a hole, whereby they might discern
The house, the court, the secret chambers eke
Of Priamus, and ancient kings of Troy;¹
And armed foes in the entry of the gate.

But the palace within confounded was,
With wailing, and with rueful shrieks and cries;
The hollow halls did howl of women's plaint:
The clamour strake up to the golden stars.
The 'frayed mothers, wandering through the wide house,
Embracing pillars, did them hold and kiss.
Pyrrhus assaileth with his father's might;
Whom the closures ne keepers might hold out.
With often pushed ram the gate did shake;
The posts beat down, removed from their hooks:
By force they made the way, and the entry brake.
And now the Greeks let in, the foremost slew:
And the large palace with soldiers gan to fill.
Not so fiercely doth overflow the fields
The foaming flood, that breaks out of his banks;
Whose rage of waters bears away what heaps
Stand in his way, the cotes, and eke the herds;
As in the entry of slaughter furious
I saw Pyrrhus, and either Atrides.

There Hecuba I saw, with a hundred mo'
Of her sons' wives, and Priam at the altar,
Sprinkling with blood his flame of sacrifice.
Fifty bed-chambers of his children's wives,
With loss of so great hope of his offspring,
The pillars eke proudly beset with gold,
And with the spoils of other nations,
Fell to the ground: and what so that with flame
Untouched was, the Greeks did all possess.

¹ 'Of Priamus and antient kings of Troy.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

Percase¹ you would ask what was Priam's fate?
 When of his taken town he saw the chance,
 And the gates of his palace beaten down,
 His foes amid his secret chambers eke:
 The old man in vain did on his shoulders then,
 Trembling for age, his cuirass long disused:
 His bootless sword he girded him about;
 And ran amid his foes ready to die.²

Amid the court, under the heaven, all bare,
 A great altar there stood, by which there grew
 An old laurel tree, bowing thereunto,
 Which with his³ shadow did embrace the gods.
 Here Hecuba, with her young daughters all
 About the altar swarmed were in vain;
 Like doves, that flock together in the storm,
 The statues of the gods embracing fast.
 But when she saw Priam had taken there
 His armour, like as though he had been young:
 'What furious thought, my wretched spouse,' quod she,
 'Did move thee now such weapons for to wield?
 Why hastest thou? This time doth not require
 Such succour, ne yet such defenders now:
 No, though Hector my son were here again.
 Come hither; this altar shall save us all:
 Or we shall die together.' Thus she said.
 Wherewith she drew him back to her, and set
 The aged man down in the holy seat.

¹ Perchance.

² The whole of this passage is closely imitated from the Scotch translation:—

'Quhen he the ciete saw takin and doun bet,
 And of his palice broken every yet,
 Amyd the secrete closettis elk his fais,
 His hawbrek, quhilk was lang out of usage,
 Set on his schulderis, trembling then for age,
 The auld gray all for nocht to him fais,
 Ane swerde bot help about him beltis hie,
 And ran towart his fais reddy to dee.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

³ Its.

But lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons,¹
 Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,
 Comes fleeing through the weapons of his foes,
 Searching, all wounded, the long galleries
 And the void courts; whom Pyrrhus all in rage
 Followed fast to reach a mortal wound;
 And now in hand, well near strikes with his spear.
 Who fleeing forth till he came now in sight
 Of his parents, before their face fell down
 Yielding the ghost with flowing streams of blood.
 Priamus then, although he were half dead,
 Might not keep in his wrath, nor yet his words;
 But crieth out: 'For this thy wicked work,
 And boldness eke such thing to enterprise,
 If in the heavens any justice be,
 That of such things takes any care or keep,
 According thanks the gods may yield to thee;
 And send thee eke thy just deserved hire,'²
 That made me see the slaughter of my child,
 And with his blood defile the father's face.'³
 But he, by whom thou feignest thyself begot,
 Achilles, was to Priam not so stern.
 For, lo! he tendering my most humble suit,
 The right, and faith, my Hector's bloodless corpse
 Rendered, for to be laid in sepulture;
 And sent me to my kingdom home again.'

Thus said the aged man, and therewithal,
 Forceless he cast his weak unwieldy dart.
 Which repulsed from the brass where it gave dint,
 Without sound, hung vainly in the shield's boss.
 Quod Pyrrhus: 'Then thou shalt this thing report:
 On message to Pelide my father go:
 Shew unto him my cruel deeds, and how

¹ 'But lo! Polites one of Priamus sonnys.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

² Desert in the sense of punishment.

³ 'And wyth hys blude filit the faderis face.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

Neoptolem is swerved out of kind.¹
 Now shalt thou die,' quod he. And with that word
 At the altar him trembling 'gan he draw
 Wallowing through the bloodshed of his son :
 And his left hand all clasped in his hair,
 With his right arm drew forth his shining sword,
 Which in his side he thrust up to the hilt.
 Of Priamus this was the fatal fine,²
 The woful end that was allotted him,
 When he had seen his palace all on flame,
 With ruin of his Trojan turrets eke.
 That royal prince of Asia, which of late
 Reigned over so many peoples and realms,
 Like a great stock now lieth on the shore ;
 His head and shoulders parted been in twain :
 A body now without renown and fame.

Then first in me entered the grisly fear :
 Dismayed I was. Wherewith came to my mind
 The image eke of my dear father, when
 I thus beheld the king of equal age,
 Yield up the spirit with wounds so cruelly.
 Then thought I of Creusa left alone ;
 And of my house in danger of the spoil,
 And the estate of young Iulus eke.
 I looked back to seek what number then
 I might discern about me of my feres :
 But wearied they had left me all alone.
 Some to the ground were lopen³ from above,
 Some in the flame their irked bodies cast.

There was no mo' but I left of them all,
 When that I saw in Vesta's temple sit,
 Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place ;

¹ Become degenerate.

² End, finish. Thus in fine, in conclusion. Shakspeare uses *fineless* for endless. The line is taken, with a slight alteration, from Gawin Douglas :—

' Of Priamus this was the finale fate.'

³ Leapt, from the verb *lope*, to leap.

Such light the flame did give as I went by
While here and there I cast mine eyen about:
For she in dread lest that the Troians should
Revenge on her the ruin of their walls;
And of the Greeks the cruel wrecks also;
The fury eke of her forsaken make,
The common bane of Troy, and eke of Greece!
Hateful she sat beside the altars hid.
Then boiled my breast with flame, and burning wrath,
To revenge my town, unto such ruin brought;
With worthy pains on her to work my will.
Thought I: 'Shall she pass to the land of Sparte
All safe, and see Mycene her native land,
And like a queen return with victory
Home to her spouse, her parents, and children,
Followed with a train of Trojan maids,
And served with a band of Phrygian slaves;
And Priam eke with iron murdered thus,
And Troyè town consumed all with flame,
Whose shore hath been so oft for-bathed¹ in blood?
No! no! for though on women the revenge
Unseemly is; such conquest hath no fame:
To give an end unto such mischief yet
My just revenge shall merit worthy praise;
And quiet eke my mind, for to be wroke
On her which was the causer of this flame,
And satisfy the cinders of my feres.'

With furious mind while I did argue thus,
My blessed mother then appeared to me,
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had never seen,
And with pure light she glistred in the night,
Disclosing her in form a goddess like,
As she doth seem to such as dwell in heaven.
My right hand then she took, and held it fast,
And with her rosy lips thus did she say:

¹ This formation was common, as *for-bought* for ransomed, *for-broken* broken in pieces.

'Son! what fury hath thus provoked thee
To such untamed wrath? what ragest thou?
Or where is now become the care of us?
Wilt thou not first go see where thou hast left
Anchises, thy father fordone with age?
Doth Creusa live, and Ascanius thy son?
Whom now the Greekish bands have round beset:
And were they not defenced by my cure,¹
Flame had them raught, and enemies' sword ere this.
Not Helen's beauty hateful unto thee,
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the gods' wrath
Reft you this wealth, and overthrew your town.
Behold! and I shall now the cloud remove,
Which overcast thy mortal sight doth dim;
Whose moisture doth obscure all things about:
And fear not thou to do thy mother's will,
Nor her advice refuse thou to perform.
Here, where thou seest the turrets overthrown,
Stone beat from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,
Neptunus there shakes with his mace the walls,
And eke the loose foundations of the same,
And overwhelms the whole town from his seat:
And cruel Juno with the foremost here
Doth keep the gate that Scea cleped is,
Near woode² for wrath, whereas she stands, and calls
In harness bright the Greeks out of their ships:
And in the turrets high behold where stands
Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike weed,
And with her shield, where Gorgon's head appears:
And Jupiter, my father, distributes
Availing strength, and courage to the Greeks;
Yet evermore, against the Trojan power
He doth provoke the rest of all the gods.
Flee then, my son, and give this travail end;
Ne shall I thee forsake, in safeguard till
I have thee brought unto thy father's gate.'

¹ Care.² Sometimes *woode*—mad, furious.

This did she say: and therewith gan she hide
Herself, in shadow of the close night.

Then dreadful figures gan appear to me,
And great gods eke aggrieved with our town.
I saw Troyè fall down in burning gledes;¹
Neptunus town, clean razed from the soil.
Like as the elm forgrown in mountains high,
Round hewen with axe, that husbandmen
With thick assaults strive to tear up, doth threat;
And hacked beneath trembling doth bend his top,
Till yold with strokes, giving the latter crack,
Rent from the height, with ruin it doth fall.

With this I went, and guided by a god
I passed through my foes, and eke the flame:
Their weapons and the fire eke gave me place.
And when that I was come before the gates,
And ancient building of my father's house;
My father, whom I hoped to convey
To the next hills, and did him thereto 'treat,²
Refused either to prolong his life,
Or bide exile after the fall of Troy.

All ye,' quod he, 'in whom young blood is fresh,
Whose strength remains entire and in full power,
Take ye your flight.

For if the gods my life would have prorogued,
They had reserved for me this wonning place,³
It was enough, alas! and eke too much,
To see the town of Troy thus razed once;
To have lived after the city taken.
When ye have said, this corpse laid out forsake;
My hand shall seek my death, and pity shall
Mine enemies move, or else hope of my spoil.
As for my grave, I weigh the loss but light:
For I my years, disdainful to the gods,
Have lingered forth, unable to all needs,

¹ Sparks of fire, burning coals; variously spelt *glede*, *gleade*, and *gleed*.
Contraction for *entreat*.
Dwelling-place, from *woning* a dwelling.

Since that the sire of gods and king of men
Strake me with thunder, and with levening blast.¹
Such things he gan rehearse, thus firmly bent:
But we besprent with tears, my tender son,
And eke my sweet Creusa, with the rest
Of the household, my father 'gan beseech,
Not so with him to perish all at once,
Nor so to yield unto the cruel fate:
Which he refused, and stack to his intent.

Driven I was to harness then again,
Miserably my death for to desire.
For what advice, or other hope was left?
'Father! thought'st thou that I may once remove,'
Quod I, 'a foot, and leave thee here behind?
May such a wrong pass from a father's mouth?
If gods' will be, that nothing here be saved
Of this great town, and thy mind bent to join
Both thee and thine to ruin of this town:
The way is plain this death for to attain.
Pyrrhus shall come besprent with Priam's blood,
That gored the son before the father's face,
And slew the father at the altar eke.
O sacred mother! was it then for this
That you me led through flame, and weapons sharp,
That I might in my secret chamber see
Mine enemies; and Ascanius my son,
My father, with Creusa my sweet wife,
Murdered, alas! the one in the other's blood?
Why, servants! then, bring me my arms again.
The latter day us vanquished doth call.
Render me now to the Greeks' sight again:
And let me see the fight begun of new:
We shall not all unwroken² die this day.'

About me then I girt my sword again,
And eke my shield on my left shoulder cast,
And bent me so to rush out of the house.

¹ *Levene*—lightning.

² *Unrevenged*.

Lo! in my gate my spouse, clasping my feet,
For against his father young Iulus set.
'If thou wilt go,' quod she, 'and spill thyself,
Take us with thee in all that may betide.
But as expert if thou in arms have set
Yet any hope, then first this house defend,
Whereas thy son, and eke thy father dear,
And I, sometime thine own dear wife, are left.'
Her shrill loud voice with plaint thus filled the house;
When that a sudden monstrous marvel fell:
For in their sight, and woful parents' arms,
Behold a light out of the button sprang
That in tip of Iulus' cap did stand;
With gentle touch whose harmless flame did shine
Upon his hair, about his temples spread.
And we afraid, trembling for dreadful fear,
Bet out the fire from his blazing tress,
And with water 'gan quench the sacred flame.

Anchises glad his eyen lift to the stars;
With hands his voice to heaven thus he bent.
'If by prayer, almighty Jupiter,
Inclined thou mayst be, behold us then
Of ruth at least, if we so much deserve.
Grant eke thine aid, Father! confirm this thing.'

Scarce had the old man said, when that the heavens
With sudden noise thundered on the left hand:
Out of the sky, by the dark night there fell
A blazing star, dragging a brand or flame,
Which with much light gliding on the house top,
In the forest of Ida hid her beams;
The which full bright cendleing¹ a furrow, shone,
By a long tract appointing us the way:
And round about of brimstone rose a fume.

My father vanquished then, beheld the skies,
Spake to the gods, and the holy star adored:
'Now, now,' quod he, 'no longer I abide:

¹ Kindling.

Follow I shall where ye me guide at hand.
 O native gods! your family defend;
 Preserve your line, this warning comes of you,
 And Troyè stands in your protection now.
 Now give I place, and whereso that thou go,
 Refuse I not, my son, to be thy fere.'

This did he say; and by that time more clear
 The cracking flame was heard throughout the walls.
 And more and more the burning heat drew near.
 'Why then! have done, my father dear,' quod I,
 'Bestride my neck forthwith, and sit thereon,
 And I shall with my shoulders thee sustain,
 Ne shall this labour do me any dere.'¹
 What so betide, come peril, come welfare,
 Like to us both and common there shall be.
 Young Iulus shall bear me company;
 And my wife shall follow far off my steps.
 Now ye, my servants, mark well what I say:
 Without the town ye shall find, on a hill,
 An old temple there stands, whereas some time
 Worship was done to Ceres the goddess;
 Beside which grows an aged cypress tree,
 Preserved long by our forefathers' zeal:
 Behind which place let us together meet.
 And thou, Father, receive into thy hands
 The reliques all, and the gods of the land:
 The which it were not lawful I should touch,
 That come but late from slaughter and bloodshed,
 Till I be washed in the running flood.'

When I had said these words, my shoulders broad,
 And laied neck² with garments 'gan I spread,
 And thereon cast a yellow lion's skin;
 And thereupon my burden I receive.
 Young Iulus clasped in my right hand,
 Followeth me fast with unegal³ pace;

¹ Hurt or injury.

² *Colla subjecta*.

³ The employment of this coinage is noticeable, the English equivalent being in common use.

And at my back my wife. Thus did we pass
By places shadowed most with the night.
And me, whom late the dart which enemies threw,
Nor press of Argive routs could make amazed,
Each whispering wind hath power now to fray,
And every sound to move my doubtful mind:
So much I dread my burden, and my fere.

And now we 'gan draw near unto the gate,
Right well escaped the danger, as me thought,
When that at hand a sound of feet we heard.
My father then, gazing throughout the dark,
Cried on me, 'Flee, son! they are at hand.'
With that bright shields, and shene¹ armours I saw.
But then, I know not what unfriendly god
My troubled wit from me bereft for fear:
For while I ran by the most secret streets,
Eschewing still the common haunted track,
From me caitiff, alas! bereaved was
Creusa then, my spouse, I wot² not how;
Whether by fate, or missing of the way,
Or that she was by weariness retained:
But never sith these eyes might her behold;
Nor did I yet perceive that she was lost,
Ne never backward turned I my mind,
Till we came to the hill, whereas there stood
The old temple dedicate to Ceres.

And when that we were there assembled all,
She was only away, deceiving us
Her spouse, her son, and all her company.
What god or man did I not then accuse,
Near woode for ire? or what more cruel chance
Did hap to me, in all Troy's overthrow?
Ascanius to my feres I then betook,³

¹ Bright.

² Knew—from the Saxon verb *wote*, to know.

³ Dr. Nott says this word is here used in an unusual sense. The orthography probably misled him. It is the Saxon *betoke*, gave, recommended.

With Anchises, and eke the Trojan gods.
 And left them hid within a valley deep.
 And to the town I 'gan me hie again,
 Clad in bright arms, and bent for to renew
 Aventures past, to search throughout the town,
 And yield my head to perils once again.

And first the walls and dark entry I sought
 Of the same gate whereat I issued out;
 Holding backward the steps where we had come
 In the dark night, looking all round about:
 In every place the uglysome¹ sights I saw;
 The silence self of night aghast my sprite.
 From hence again I passed unto our house,
 If she by chance had been returned home.
 The Greeks were there, and had it all beset:
 The wasting fire, blown up by drift of wind,
 Above the roof in blazing flame sprang up;
 The sound whereof with fury pierced the skies.
 To Priam's palace, and the castle then
 I made; and there at Juno's sanctuair,
 In the void porches, Phenix, Ulysses eke
 Stern guardians stood, watching of the spoil.
 The riches here were set, reft from the brent²
 Temples of Troy: the tables of the gods,
 The vessels eke that were of massy gold,
 And vestures spoiled, were gathered all in heap:
 The children orderly, and mothers pale for fright,³
 Long ranged on a row stood round about.

So bold was I to show my voice that night
 With clepes and cries to fill the streets throughout,
 With Creuse' name in sorrow, with vain tears;
 And often-sithes the same for to repeat.

¹ Sometimes *uglysome*—horrible, frightful.

² Burnt.

³ 'This is one of the lines,' observes Dr. Nott, 'which was left as originally written in the Alexandrine form.' The fact of finding an Alexandrine here and there affords slender support to Dr. Nott's speculation. It was a common expedient amongst the early poets, to lengthen a line for the accommodation of the sense. Dryden, a stricter versifier than Surrey, frequently avails himself of the practice.

The town restless with fury as I sought,
The unlucky figure of Creusa's ghost,
Of stature more than wont, stood 'fore mine eyen.
Abashed then I woxe:¹ therewith my hair
'Gan start right up: my voice stack in my throat:
When with such words she 'gan my heart remove:
'What helps, to yield unto such furious rage,
Sweet spouse?' quod she, 'Without will of the gods
This chanced not: ne lawful was for thee
To lead away Creusa hence with thee:
The King of the high heaven suffereth it not.
A long exile thou art assigned to bear,
Long to furrow large space of stormy seas:
So shalt thou reach at last Hesperian land,
Where Lybian Tiber with his gentle stream
Mildly doth flow along the fruitful fields.
There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is for thee;
There a king's child prepared to be thy make.
For thy beloved Creusa stint thy tears:
For now shall I not see the proud abodes
Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes:
Ne I, a Trojan lady, and the wife
Unto the son of Venus, the goddess,
Shall go a slave to serve the Greekish dames.
Me here the god's great mother holds ——
And now farewell: and keep in father's breast
The tender love of thy young son and mine.'

This having said, she left me all in tears,
And minding much to speak; but she was gone,
And subtly fled into the weightless air.
Thrice raught² I with mine arms to accoll³ her neck:
Thrice did my hands vain hold the image escape,
Like nimble winds, and like the flying dream.
So night spent out, return I to my feres;
And there wondering I find together swarmed

¹ Waxed.

² Reached, or stretched out.

³ To embrace. *Coll* and *accoll* were used indifferently.

A new number of mates, mothers, and men
 A rout exiled, a wretched multitude,
 From each-where flock together, prest to pass
 With heart and goods, to whatsoever land
 By sliding seas, me listed them to lead.
 And now rose Lucifer above the ridge
 Of lusty Ide, and brought the dawning light.
 The Greeks held the entries of the gates beset:
 Of help there was no hope. Then gave I place,
 Took up my sire, and hasted to the hill.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BUT now the wounded Queen, with heavy care,
 Throughout the veins she nourished the plaie,¹
 Surprised with blind flame; and to her mind
 'Gan eke resort the prowess of the man,
 And honour of his race: while in her breast
 Imprinted stak his words, and pictures form.
 Ne to her limbs care granteth quiet rest.

The next morrow, with Phœbus' lamp the earth
 Alighted clear; and eke the dawning day
 The shadows dark 'gan from the pole remove:
 When all unsound, her sister of like mind
 Thus spake she to: 'O! sister Anne, what dreams
 Be these, that me tormented thus affray?
 What new guest this, that to our realm is come?
 What one of cheer? how stout of heart in arms?
 Truly I think (ne vain is my belief)
 Of goddish race some offspring should he be:
 Cowardry notes hearts swerved out of kind.
 He driven, lord! with how hard destiny!
 What battles eke achieved did he recount!
 But that my mind is fixt unmovably,

¹ Wound.

Never with wight in wedlock aye to join,
 Sith my first love me left by death dissevered;
 If genial brands and bed me loathed not,
 To this one guilt perchance yet might I yield.
 Anne, for I grant, since wretched Sychee's death,
 My spouse and house with brother's slaughter stained,
 This only man hath made my senses bend,
 And pricked forth the mind that 'gan to slide:
 Now feelingly I taste the steps of mine old flame.
 But first I wish the earth me swallow down,
 Or with thunder the mighty Lord me send
 To the pale ghosts of hell, and darkness deep;
 Ere I thee stain, shamefastness,¹ or thy laws.
 He that with me first coupled, took away
 My love with him; enjoy it in his grave.'

Thus did she say, and with surprised² tears
 Bained her breast. Whereto Anne thus replied:

'O sister, dearer beloved than the light:
 Thy youth alone in plaint still wilt thou spill?
 Ne children sweet, ne Venus' gifts wilt know?
 Cinders, thinkest thou, mind this? or graved³ ghosts?
 Time of thy doole,⁴ thy spouse new dead, I grant,
 None might thee move: no, not the Lybian king,
 Nor yet of Tyre; Iarbas set to light,
 And other princes mo'; whom the rich soil
 Of Afric breeds, in honours triumphant.
 Wilt thou also gainstand⁵ thy liked love?
 Comes not to mind upon whose land thou dwellest?

¹ Modesty.

² Dr. Nott changes this word into 'surprised,' and the alteration has been adopted in the Aldine edition of Surrey's poems. 'We might suppose this (*surprised*) to be an error for 'suppressed,' he observes, 'did it not militate against the sense of the passage. I have substituted 'surprised tears,' by which may be understood 'sudden tears;—tears into which Dido was surprised.' But 'surprised tears,' means tears surprised,—not Dido surprised. The reading as it stands is correct. *Surprised* means, not 'suppressed,' but oppressed, or oppressive.

³ The preterite of the verb *grave*, to bury.

⁴ Mourning.

⁵ Withstand.

On this side, lo! the Getule town behold,
 A people bold, unvanquished in war;
 Eke the undaunted Numides compass thee;
 Also the Sirtes unfriendly harbrough.¹
 On the other hand, a desert realm for-thrust,
 The Barceans, whose fury stretcheth wide.
 What shall I touch the wars that move from Tyre?
 Or yet thy brother's threats?——
 By God's purveyance² it blew, and Juno's help,
 The Troiaynes' ships, I think, to run this course.
 Sister, what town shalt thou see this become?
 Through such ally how shall our kingdom rise?
 And by the aid of Trojan arms how great?
 How many ways shall Carthage's glory grow?
 Thou only now beseech the gods of grace
 By sacrifice: which ended, to thy house
 Receive him, and forge causes of abode:
 Whiles winter frets the seas, and watery Orion,
 The ships shaken, unfriendly the season.'

Such words inflamed the kindled mind with love,
 Loosed all shame, and gave the doubtful hope.
 And to the temples first they haste, and seek
 By sacrifice for grace, with hogrels³ of two years,
 Chosen, as ought, to Ceres that gave laws,
 To Phœbus, Bacchus, and to Juno chief,
 Which hath in care the bands of marriage.
 Fair Dido held in her right hand the cup,
 Which 'twixt the horns of a white cow she shed
 In presence of the gods, passing before
 The altars fat; which she renewed oft
 With gifts that day, and beasts deboweled;
 Gazing for counsel on the entrails warm.
 Ay me! unskilful minds of prophesy!
 Temples or vows, what boot they in her rage?
 A gentle flame the marrow doth devour,
 Whiles in the breast the silent wound keeps life.

 Harbour, lodging.

² Providence.

³ Young sheep.

Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage
Throughout the town she wandereth up and down.
Like the stricken hind with shaft, in Crete
Throughout the woods which chasing with his dart
Aloof, the shepherd smiteth at unwares,
And leaves unwist in her the thirling¹ head:
That through the groves, and lands glides in her flight;
Amid whose side the mortal arrow sticks.

Æneas now about the walls she leads,
The town prepared, and Carthage' wealth to shew,
Offering to speak, amid her voice, she whists.
And when the day gins fail new feasts she makes;
The Troies travails to hear a-new she lists,
Enraged all; and stareth in his face
That tells the tale. And when they were all gone,
And the dim moon doth eft withhold the light,
And sliding stars provoked unto sleep;
Alone she mourns within her palace void,
And sets her down on her forsaken bed.
And, absent, him she hears, when he is gone,
And seeth eke. Oft in her lap she holds
Ascanius, trapped by his father's form:
So to beguile the love, cannot be told.

The turrets now arise not, erst begun;
Neither the youth wields arms, nor they advance
The ports, nor other meet defence for war:
Broken there hang the works and mighty frames
Of walls high raised, threatening the sky.
Whom as soon as Jove's dear wife saw infect
With such a plague, ne fame resist the rage;
Saturnè's daughter thus burdes² Venus then:
'Great praise,' quod she, 'and worthy spoils you win,
You and your son; great gods of memory!
By both your wiles one woman to devour.

¹ Thrilling, piercing.

² Beards. The word is frequently used by the Elizabethan dramatists, signifying to oppose face to face, to threaten to the beard, and hence to imply an open menace.

Yet am not I deceived, that foreknew
Ye dread our walls, and buildings 'gan suspect
Of high Carthage. But what shall be the end?
Or whereunto now serveth such debate?
But rather peace, and bridal bands knit we,
Sith thou hast sped of that thy heart desired;
Dido doth burn with love: rage frets her bones,
This people now as common to us both,
With equal favour let us govern then;
Lawful be it to serve a Trojan spouse;
And Tyrians yield to thy right hand in dower.'

To whom Venus replied thus, that knew
Her words proceeded from a feigned mind,
To Lybian coasts to turn the empire from Rome.
'What wight so fond such offer to refuse?
Or yet with thee had liever¹ strive in war?
So be it fortune thy tale bring to effect:
But destinies I doubt; lest Jove nill grant,
That folk of Tyre, and such as came from Troy,
Should hold one town; or grant these nations
Mingled to be, or joined aye in league.
Thou art his wife: lawful it is for thee
For to attempt his fancy by request:
Pass on before; and follow thee I shall.'

Queen Juno then thus took her tale again:
'This travail be it mine. But by what mean
(Marke), in few words I shall thee learn eftsoons,
This work in hand may now be compassed.
Æneas now, and wretched Dido eke,
To the forest a hunting mind to wend
To-morn, as soon as Titan shall ascend,
And with his beams hath overspread the world:
And whiles the wings of youth do swarm about,
And whiles they range to overset the groves,
A cloudy shower mingled with hail I shall
Pour down, and then with thunder shake the skies.

¹ Rather.

The assembly scattered the mist shall cloke.
Dido a cave, the Trojan prince the same
Shall enter too; and I will be at hand:
And if thy will stick unto mine, I shall
In wedlock sure knit, and make her his own:
Thus shall the marriage be.' To whose request
Without debate Venus did seem to yield,
And smiled soft, as she that found the wile.

Then from the seas the dawning 'gan arise:
The sun once up, the chosen youth 'gan throng
Out at the gates: the hayes¹ so rarely knit,
The hunting staves with their broad heads of steel;
And of Masile the horsemen forth they brake;
Of scenting hounds a kennel huge likewise.
And at the threshold of her chamber door
The Carthage lords did on the queen attend.
The trampling steed with gold and purple trapped,
Chewing the foaming bit, there fiercely stood.
Then issued she, awaited with great train,
Clad in a cloak of Tyre embroidered rich.
Her quiver hung behind her back, her tress
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
Buttoned with gold. The Troyans of her train
Before her go, with gladsome Iulus.
Æneas eke, the goodliest of the rout,
Makes one of them, and joineth close the throngs:
Like when Apollo leaveth Lycia,
His wintering place, and Xanthus' floods likewise,
To visit Delos, his mother's mansion,
Repairing eft and furnishing her choir:
The Candians, and folks of Driopes,
With painted Agathysies shout, and cry,
Environing the altars round about;
When that he walks upon mount Cynthus' top:
His sparkled tress repressed with garlands soft
Of tender leaves, and trussed up in gold;

¹ Nets.

His quivering darts clattering behind his back.
 So fresh and lusty did *Æneas* seem ;
 Such lordly port in present countenance.

But to the hills and wild holts¹ when they came ;
 From the rock's top the driven savage rose.
 Lo from the hill above on the other side,
 Through the wide lawns they 'gan to take their course.
 The harts likewise in troops taking their flight,
 Raising the dust, the mountain fast forsake.
 The child Iulus, blithe of his swift steed,
 Amid the plain now pricks by them, now these ;
 And to encounter wisheth oft in mind
 The foaming boar instead of fearful beasts ;
 Or Lion brown might from the hill descend.

In the mean while the skies 'gan rumble sore ;
 In tail thereof, a mingled shower with hail.
 The Tyrian folk, and eke the Trojans youth,
 And Venus' nephew, the cottages, for fear,
 Sought round about; the floods fell from the hills.
 Dido a den, the Trojan prince the same,
 Chanced upon. Our mother then, the Earth,
 And Juno that hath charge of marriage,
 First tokens gave with burning gleads² of flame ;
 And, privy to the wedlock, lightning skies ;
 And the Nymphs yelled from the mountain's top.

Ay me! this was the first day of their mirth,
 And of their harms the first occasion eke.
 Respect of fame no longer her withholds :
 Nor museth now to frame her love by stealth.
 Wedlock she calls it: under the pretence
 Of which fair name she cloaketh now her fault.

Forthwith Fame flieth through the great Lybian
 towns :
 A mischief Fame, there is none else so swift ;
 That moving grows, and flitting gathers force.
 First small for dread, soon after climbs the skies ;

¹ Groves, or forests.

² Sparks.

Stayeth on earth, and hides her head in clouds.
Whom our mother the earth, tempted by wrath
Of gods, begat; the last sister (they write)
To Cæus, and to Euceladus eke:
Speedy of foot, of wing likewise as swift,
A monster huge, and dreadful to describe.¹
In every plume that on her body sticks
(A thing indeed much marvelous to hear)
As many waker eyes lurk underneath,
So many mouths to speak, and listening ears.
By night she flies amid the cloudy sky,
Shrieking, by the dark shadow of the earth,
Ne doth decline to the sweet sleep her eyes.
By day she sits to mark on the house top,
Or turrets high; and the great towns affrays;
As mindful of ill and lies, as blasing truth.

This monster blithe with many a tale gan sow
This rumour then into the common ears:
As well things done, as that was never wrought:
As, that their comen is to Tyrian's court
Æneas, one outsprung of Trojan blood,
To whom fair Dido would herself be wed:
And that, the while, the winter long they pass
In foul delight, forgetting charge of reign;
Led against honour with dishonest lust.

This in each mouth the filthy goddess spreads;
And takes her course to king Hiarbas straight,
Kindling his mind; with tales she feeds his wrath;
Gotten was he by Ammon Jupiter
Upon the ravished nymph of Garamant.
A hundred hugy, great temples he built
In his far stretching realms to Jupiter;
Altars as many kept with waking flame,
A watch always upon the gods to tend;
The floors embrued with yielded blood of beasts,
And threshold spread with garlands of strange hue.

¹ Describe.

He woode of mind, kindled by bitter bruit
 Tofores¹ the altars, in presence of the gods,
 With reared hands gan humbly Jove intreat:
 'Almighty God! whom the Moores' nation
 Fed at rich tables presenteth with wine,
 Seest thou these things? or fear we thee in vain,
 When thou lettest fly thy thunder from the clouds?
 Or do those flames with vain noise us affray?
 A woman, that wandering in our coasts hath bought
 A plot for price, where she a city set;
 To whom we gave the strond for to manure,
 And laws to rule her town, our wedlock loathed,
 Hath chose *Æneas* to command her realm.
 That Paris now, with his unmanly sort,
 With mitred hats, with ointed bush and beard,
 His rape enjoyeth: whiles to thy temples we
 Our offerings bring, and follow rumours vain.'

Whom praying in such sort, and griping eke
 The altars fast, the mighty father heard;
 And writhed his look toward the royal walls,
 And lovers eke, forgetting their good name.
 To Mercury then gave he thus in charge:
 'Hence, son, in haste! and call to thee the winds;
 Slide with thy plumes, and tell the Trojan prince
 That now in Carthage loitereth, rechless
 Of the towns granted him by destiny.
 Swift through the skies see thou these words convey:
 His fair mother behight him not to us
 Such one to be; ne therefore twice him saved
 From Greekish arms: but such a one
 As meet might seem great Italy to rule,
 Dreadful in arms, charged with seigniory,
 Shewing in proof his worthy Teucrian race;
 And under laws the whole world to subdue.
 If glory of such things nought him enflame,
 Ne that he lists seek honour by some pain;

¹ Before: in the earlier writers *tofoerne*.

The towers yet of Rome, being his sire,
Doth he envy to young Ascanius?
What mindeth he to frame? or on what hope
In enemies' land doth he make his abode?
Ne his offspring in Italy regards?
Ne yet the land of Lavine doth behold?
Bid him make sail: have here the sum and end;
Our message thus report.' When Jove had said,
Then Mercury 'gan bend him to obey
His mighty father's will: and to his heels
His golden wings he knits, which him transport,
With a light wind above the earth and seas.
And then with him his wand he took, whereby
He calls from hell pale ghosts; and other some
Thither also he sendeth comfortless:
Whereby he forceth sleeps, and them bereaves;
And mortal eyes he closeth up in death.
By power whereof he drives the winds away,
And passeth eke amid the troubled clouds,
Till in his flight he 'gan descry the top
And the steep flanks of rocky Atlas' hill,
That with his crown sustains the welkin up:
Whose head forgrown with pine, circled alway
With misty clouds, is beaten with wind and storm;
His shoulders spread with snow; and from his chin
The springs descend; his beard frozen with ice.
Here Mercury with equal shining wings
First touched; and with body headlong bet,¹
To the water then took he his descent:
Like to the fowl that endlong coasts and stronds
Swarming with fish, flies sweeping by the sea;
Cutting betwixt the winds and Lybian lands,
From his grandfather by the mother's side,
Cyllène's child so came, and then alight
Upon the houses with his winged feet;
Tofore the towers where he *Æneas* saw

¹ Headlong bent.

Foundations cast, arearing lodges new;
 Girt with a sword of jasper, starry bright;
 A shining 'parel, flamed with stately eye
 Of Tyrian purple, hung his shoulders down,
 The gift and work of wealthy Dido's hand,
 Striped throughout with a thin thread of gold.

Thus he encounters him: 'Oh careless wight
 Both of thy realm, and of thine own affairs;
 A wife-bound man now dost thou rear the walls
 Of high Carthage, to build a goodly town!
 From the bright skies the ruler of the gods
 Sent me to thee, that with his beck commands
 Both heaven and earth: in haste he gave me charge
 Through the light air this message thee to say.
 What framest thou? or on what hope thy time
 In idleness dost waste in Afric land?
 Of so great things if nought the fame thee stir,
 Ne list by travail honour to pursue;
 Ascanius yet, that waxeth fast, behold;
 And the hope of Iulus' seed, thine heir;
 To whom the realm of Italy belongs,
 And soil of Rome.' When Mercury had said,
 Amid his tale far off from mortal eyes
 Into light air he vanished out of sight.

Æneas with that vision stricken down,
 Well near bestraught,¹ upstart his hair for dread,
 Amid his throatal his voice likewise 'gan stick.
 For to depart by night he longeth now,
 And the sweet land to leave, astoined² sore
 With this advise and message of the gods.
 What may he do, alas! or by what words
 Dare he persuade the raging queen in love?
 Or in what sort may he his tale begin?
 Now here, now there his rechless mind 'gan run,

¹ A common form of distraught.

² I am not aware of any other example of this orthography, although the word was spelt variously, as *astonnied*, *astoned*, *astonied*. Spenser has *astowned*; Drayton, *astun'd*.

And diversely him draws, discoursing all.
After long doubts this sentence seemed best :
Mnestheus first, and strong Cloanthus eke
He calls to him, with Sergest ; unto whom
He gave in charge his navy secretly
For to prepare, and drive to the sea coast
His people ; and their armour to address ;
And for the cause of change to feign excuse :
And that he, when good Dido least foreknew,
Or did suspect so great a love could break,
Would wait his time to speak thereof most meet ;
The nearest way to hasten his intent,
Gladly his will and biddings they obey.

Full soon the queen this crafty sleight 'gan smell,
(Who can deceive a lover in forecast ?)
And first foresaw the motions for to come ;
Things most assured fearing. Unto whom
That wicked Fame reported, how to flight
Was armed the fleet, all ready to avale.
Then ill bested of counsel, rageth she ;
And whisketh through the town : like Bacchus' nun,¹
As Thyas stirs, the sacred rites begun,
And when the wonted third year's sacrifice
Doth prick her forth, hearing Bacchus' name hallowed,
And that the feastful night of Citheron
Doth call her forth, with noise of dancing.

At length herself bordeth *Æneas* thus :
' Unfaithful wight ! to cover such a fault
Couldst thou hope ? unwist to leave my land ?

¹ Thus Shakspeare in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* applies to a priestess of Diana the description of a nun. The passage occurs in the address of the Duke to Hermia :

' Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's device,
You can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.'

Not thee our love, nor yet right hand betrothed,
Ne cruel death of Dido may withhold?
But that thou wilt in winter ships prepare,
And try the seas in broil of whirling winds?
What if the land thou seekest were not strange,
If not unknown? or ancient Troye yet stood?
In rough seas yet should Troye town be sought?
Shunnest thou me? By these tears, and right hand,
(For nought else have I, wretched, left myself)
By our spousals and marriage begun,
If I of thee deserved ever well,
Or thing of mine were ever to thee lief;
Rue on this realm, whose ruin is at hand.
If ought be left that prayer may avail,
I thee beseech to do away this mind.
The Lybians, and tyrants of Nomadane,
For thee me hate: my Tyrians eke for thee
Are wroth; by thee my shamefastness eke stained,
And good renown, whereby up to the stars
Peerless I clamb. To whom wilt thou me leave,
Ready to die, my sweet guest? sith this name
Is all, as now, that of a spouse remains.
But whereto now should I prolong my death?
What! until my brother Pigmalion
Beat down my walls? or the Getulian king
Hiarbas, yet captive lead me away?
Before thy flight a child had I once borne,
Or seen a young *Æneas* in my court
Play up and down, that might present thy face,
All utterly I could not seem forsaken.'

Thus said the queen. He to the god's advice,
Unmoved held his eyes, and in his breast
Represt his care, and strove against his will:
And these few words at last then forth he cast.
'Never shall I deny, queen, thy desert;
Greater than thou in words may well express.
To think on thee ne irk me aye it shall,
Whiles of myself I shall have memory;

And whiles the spirit these limbs of mine shall rule.
For present purpose somewhat shall I say.
Never meant I to cloak the same by stealth,
Slander me not, ne to escape by flight:
Nor I to thee pretended marriage;
Ne hither came to join me in such league.
If destiny at mine own liberty,
To lead my life would have permitted me,
After my will, my sorrow to redoub,¹
Troy and the remainder of our folk
Restore I should: and with these scaped hands,
The walls again unto these vanquished,
And palace high of Priam eke repair.
But now Apollo, called Grineus,
And prophecies of Lycia me advise
To seize upon the realm of Italy:
That is my love, my country, and my land.
If Carthage turrets thee, Phœnician born,
And of a Lybian town the sight detain;
To us Troyans why doest thou then envy
In Italy to make our resting seat?
Lawful is eke for us strange realms to seek.
As oft as night doth cloak with shadows dark
The earth, as oft as flaming stars appear,
The troubled ghost of my father Anchises
So oft in sleep doth fray me, and advise:
The wronged head by me of my dear son,
Whom I defraud of the Hesperian crown,
And lands allotted him by destiny.
The messenger eke of the gods but late
Sent down from Jove (I swear by either head)
Passing the air, did this to me report.
In bright day light the god myself I saw
Enter these walls, and with these ears him heard.
Leave then with plaint to vex both thee and me:
Against my will to Italy I go.'

Whiles in this sort he did his tale pronounce,

¹ Properly *redubbe*, to remedy, redress.

With wayward look she 'gan him aye behold,
And rolling eyes, that moved to and fro;
With silent look discoursing over all:
And forth in rage at last thus 'gan she upbraid:
 'Faithless! forsworn! ne goddess was thy dam!
Nor Dardanus beginner of thy race!
But of hard rocks mount Caucase monstrous
Bred thee, and teats of tyger gave thee suck.
But what should I dissemble now my cheer?
Or me reserve to hope of greater things?
Minds he our tears? or ever moved his eyen?
Wept he for ruth? or pitied he our love?
What shall I set before? or where begin?
Juno, nor Jove with just eyes this beholds.
Faith is no where in surety to be found.
Did I not him, thrown up upon my shore
In need receive, and fonded eke¹ invest
Of half my realm? his navy lost, repair?
From death's danger his fellows eke defend?
Ay me! with rage and furies, lo! I drive.
Apollo now, now Lycian prophecies,
Another while, the messenger of gods,
He says, sent down from mighty Jove himself.
The dreadful charge amid the skies hath brought.
As though that were the travail of the gods,
Or such a care their quietness might move!
I hold thee not, nor yet gainsay thy words:
To Italy pass on by help of winds;
And through the floods go search thy kingdom new.
If ruthless gods have any power, I trust
Amid the rocks thy guerdon thou shalt find;
When thou shalt clepe full oft on Dido's name.
With burial brandes I, absent, shall thee chase:
And when cold death from life these limbs divides,

¹ *Fond* was commonly used in the sense of foolish; *fonde*, the verb to fondle, or doat upon. The meaning here is, that she received him in his need upon her shore, and also (eke) foolishly, in her love for him, invested him with half her realm.

My ghost each where shall still on thee await.
Thou shalt abide:¹ and I shall hear thereof,
Among the souls below the bruit shall come.'

With such like words she cut off half her tale,
With pensive heart abandoning the light.
And from his sight herself gan far remove;
Forsaking him, that many things in fear
Imagined, and did prepare to say.
Her swooning limbs her damsels 'gan relieve,
And to her chamber bare of marble stone;
And laid her on her bed with tapets² spread.

But just Æneas, though he did desire
With comfort sweet her sorrows to appease,
And with his words to banish all her care;
Wailing her much, with great love overcome:
The gods' will yet he worketh, and resorts
Unto his navy. Where the Trojans fast
Fell to their work, from the shore to unstock
High rigged ships: now fletes the tallowed keel;
Their oars with leaves yet green from wood they bring;
And masts unshave for haste, to take their flight.
You might have seen them throng out of the town
Like ants, when they do spoil the bing of corn,
For winter's dread, which they bear to their den:
When the black swarm creeps over all the fields,
And thwar: the grass by strait paths drags their prey:
The great grains then some on their shoulders truss,
Some drive the troop, some chastise eke the slow:
That with their travail chafed is each path.

Beholding this, what thought might Dido have?
What sighs gave she? when from her towers high
The large coasts she saw haunted with Trojan's works,
And in her sight the seas with din confounded?
O, witless Love! what thing is that to do
A mortal mind thou canst not force thereto?

¹ 'Abide it dear,' is a common phrase. To pay dearly for, to expiate.

² Carpets or tapestries.

Forced she is to tears ay to return,
 With new requests to yield her heart to love :
 And lest she should before her causeless death
 Leave anything untried : ' O sister Anne !'
 Quoth she, ' behold the whole coast round about,
 How they prepare, assembled every where ;
 The streaming sails abiding but for wind :
 The shipmen crown their ships with boughs for joy.
 O sister ! if so great a sorrow I
 Mistrusted had, it were more light to bear.
 Yet natheless¹ this for me wretched wight,
 Anne, shalt thou do : for faithless, thee alone
 He revered, thee eke his secrets told ;
 The meetest time thou knowest to borde the man :
 To my proud foe thus, sister, humbly say ;
 I with the Greeks within the port Aulide
 Conjured not, the Troyans to destroy ;
 Nor to the walls of Troy yet sent my fleet :
 Nor cinders of his father Anchises
 Disturbed have, out of his sepulture.
 Why lets he not my words sink in his ears
 So hard to overtreat ? Whither whirls he ?
 This last boon yet grant he to wretched love,
 Prosperous winds for to depart with ease
 Let him abide ; the foresaid marriage now,
 That he betrayed, I do not him require ;
 Nor that he should fair Italy forego :
 Neither I would, he should his kingdom leave.
 Quiet I ask, and a time of delay,
 And respite eke my fury to assuage,
 Till my mishap teach me, all comfortless,
 How for to wail my grief. This latter grace,
 Sister, I crave : have thou remorse of me ;
 Which, if thou shalt vouchsafe, with heaps I shall
 Leave by my death redoubled unto thee.'

Moisted with tears thus wretched 'gan she plain :

¹ Nevertheless.

Which Anne reports, and answer brings again.
Nought tears him move, ne yet to any words
He can be framed with gentle mind to yield.
The Werdes¹ withstand, a god stops his meek ears.
Like to the aged boisteous bodied oak,
The which among the Alps the northern winds
Blowing now from this quarter, now from that,
Betwixt them strive to overwhelm with blasts:
The whistling air among the branches roars,
Which all at once bow to the earth her crops,
The stock once smit: whiles in the rocks the tree
Sticks fast; and look, how high to the heaven her top
Rears up, so deep her root spreads down to hell.
So was this Lord now here now there beset
With words; in whose stout breast wrought many cares.
But still his mind in one remains; in vain
The tears were shed. Then Dido, frayed of Fates,
Wisheth for death, irked to see the skies.
And that she might the rather work her will,
And leave the light, (a grisly thing to tell)
Upon the altars burning full of 'cense
When she set gifts of sacrifice, she saw
The holy water stocks wax black within;²
The wine eke shed, change into filthy gore:
This she to none, not to her sister told.
A marble temple in her palace eke,
In memory of her old spouse, there stood,
In great honour and worship, which she held,
With snow white clothes decked, and with boughs of
feast:
Whereout was heard her husband's voice, and speech

¹ Weird sisters.

² The incongruous mixture of Pagan and Christian images which occurs so frequently in this translation, was a common vice of the early poets. Shakspeare (from whom an example is given in a preceding note) and Milton indulged largely in it, and Dryden carried it to the last excess, in his controversial poems. Surrey, however, had less excuse in these instances, because they involve a voluntary departure from his original.

Cleping for her, when dark night hid the earth :
And oft the owl with rueful song complained
From the housetop, drawing long doleful tunes.
And many things forespoke by prophets past
With dreadful warning 'gan her now affray :
And stern *Æneas* seemed in her sleep
To chase her still about, distraught in rage :
And still her thought, that she was left alone
Uncompained, great voyages to wend,
In desert land, her Tyrian folk to seek.
Like *Pentheus*, that in his madness saw
Swarming in flocks the furies all of hell ;
Two suns remove, and *Thebès* town shew twain.
Or like *Orestes* *Agamemnon's* son,
In tragedies who represented aye
Is driven about, that from his mother fled
Armed with brands, and eke with serpent's black ;
That sitting found within the temple's porch
The ugly Furies his slaughter to revenge.

Yelden to woe, when phrensy had her caught,
Within herself then 'gan she well debate,
Full bent to die, the time and eke the mean ;
And to her woful sister thus she said,
In outward cheer dissembling her intent,
Presenting hope under a semblant glad :

'Sister, rejoice! for I have found the way
Him to return, or loose me from his love.
Toward the end of the great ocean flood,
Whereas the wandering sun descendeth hence,
In the extremes of *Ethiope*, is a place
Where huge *Atlas* doth on his shoulders turn
The sphere so round with flaming stars beset.
Born of *Massyle*, I hear should be a Nun ;
That of the *Hesperian* sisters' temple old,
And of their goodly garden keeper was ;
That gives unto the *Dragon* eke his food,
That on the tree preserves the holy fruit ;
That honey moist, and sleeping poppy casts.

This woman doth avaunt, by force of charm,
What heart she list to set at liberty;
And other some¹ to pierce with heavy cares:
In running flood to stop the waters' course;
And eke the stars their movings to reverse;
To assemble eke the ghosts that walk by night:
Under thy feet the earth thou shalt behold
Tremble and roar; the oaks come from the hill.
The gods and thee, dear sister, now I call
In witness, and thy head to me so sweet,
To magic arts against my will I bend.
Right secretly within our inner court,
In open air rear up a stack of wood;
And hang thereon the weapon of this man,
The which he left within my chamber, stick:
His weeds dispoiled all, and bridal bed,
Wherein, alas! sister, I found my bane,
Charge thereupon; for so the Nun commands,
To do away what did to him belong,
Of that false wight that might remembrance bring.'

Then whisted she; the pale her face 'gan stain.
Ne could yet Anne believe, her sister meant
To cloke her death by this new sacrifice;
Nor in her breast such fury did conceive:
Neither doth she now dread more grievous thing
Than followed Sychée's death; wherefore
She put her will in ure.² But then the queen,
When that the stack of wood was reared up
Under the air within the inward court
With cloven oak, and billets made of fir,
With garlands she doth all beset the place,
And with green boughs eke crown the funeral,
And thereupon his weeds and sword yleft,

¹ This phrase is scarcely amenable to the censure of a critic who considers it a pleonasm. The phrases *other-some*, *other-where*, *other-while*, *other-gates*, were in common use, and literally meant *some other, some other place, other times, or sometimes, and otherways, or otherwise*.

² To put it into effect.

And on a bed his picture she bestows,
As she that well foreknew what was to come.
The altars stand about, and eke the Nun
With sparkled tress; the which three hundred gods
With a loud voice doth thunder out at once,
Erebus the grisly, and Chaos huge,
And eke the threefold goddess Hecate,
And three faces of Diana the virgin:
And sprinkles eke the water counterfeit
Like unto black Avernus' lake in hell:
And springing herbs reaped up with brazen scythes
Were sought, after the right course of the Moon;
The venom black intermingled with milk;
The lump of flesh 'tween the new-born foals eyen
To reave, that winneth from the dam her love.
She, with the mole all in her hands devout,
Stood near the altar, bare of the one foot,
With vesture loose, the bands unlaced all;
Bent for to die, calls the gods to record,
And guilty stars eke of her destiny:
And if there were any god that had care
Of lovers' hearts not moved with love alike,
Him she requires of justice to remember.

It was then night; the sound and quiet sleep
Had through the earth the wearied bodies caught;
The woods, the raging seas were fallen to rest;
When that the stars had half their course declined;
The fields whist, beasts, and fowls of divers hue,
And what so that in the broad lakes remained,
Or yet among the bushy thicks of brier,
Laid down to sleep by silence of the night
'Gan swage their cares, mindless of travails past.
Not so the spirit of this Phenician;
Unhappy she that on no sleep could chance,
Nor yet night's rest enter in eye or breast:
Her cares redouble; love doth rise and rage again,
And overflows with swelling storms of wrath.
Thus thinks she then, this rolls she in her mind:

'What shall I do? shall I now bear the scorn,
For to assay mine old wooers again?
And humbly yet a Numid spouse require,
Whose marriage I have so oft disdained?
The Trojan navy, and Teucrian vile commands
Follow shall I? as though it should avail,
That whilom by my help they were relieved;
Or for because with kind and mindful folk
Right well doth sit the passed thankful deed?
Who would me suffer (admit this were my will)?
Or me scorned to their proud ships receive?
Oh, woe-begone! full little knowest thou yet
The broken oaths of Laomedon's kind.
What then? alone on merry mariners
Shall I wait? or board them with my power
Of Tyrians assembled me about?
And such as I with travail brought from Tyre
Drive to the seas, and force them sail again?
But rather die, even as thou hast deserved;
And to this woe with iron give thou end.
And thou, sister, first vanquished with my tears,
Thou in my rage with all these mischiefs first
Didst burden me, and yield me to my foe.
Was it not granted me from spousals free,
Like to wild beasts, to live without offence,
Without taste of such cares? is there no faith
Reserved to the cinders of Sychee?'

Such great complaints brake forth out of her breast:
While *Æneas* full minded to depart,
All things prepared, slept in the poop on high.
To whom in sleep the wonted godhead's form
'Gan aye appear, returning in like shape
As seemed him; and 'gan him thus advise:
Like unto Mercury in voice and hue,
With yellow bush, and comely limbs of youth.
'O goddess son, in such case canst thou sleep?
Ne yet, bestraught, the dangers dost foresee,

That compass thee? nor hear'st the fair winds blow
Dido in mind rolls vengeance and deceit;
Determin'd to die, swells with unstable ire.
Wilt thou not flee whiles thou hast time of flight?
Straight shalt thou see the seas covered with sails,
The blazing brands the shore all spread with flame,
And if¹ the morrow steal upon thee here.
Come off, have done, set all delay aside;
For full of change these women be alway.
This said, in the dark night he 'gan him hide.

Æneas, of this sudden vision
Adread, starts up out of his sleep in haste;
Calls up his feres: 'Awake, get up, my men,
Aboard your ships, and hoise up sail with speed;
A god me wills, sent from above again,
To haste my flight, and wreathen cables cut.
O holy god, what so thou art, we shall
Follow thee, and all blithe obey thy will;
Be at our hand, and friendly us assist;
Address the stars with prosperous influence.'
And with that word his glistening sword unsheaths;
With which drawn he the cables cut in twain.
The like desire the rest embraced all.
All thing in haste they cast, and forth they whirl;
The shores they leave; with ships the seas are spread;
Cutting the foam by the blue seas they sweep.

Aurora now from Titan's purple bed
With new daylight had overspread the earth;
When by her windows the queen the peeping day
Espied, and navy with 'splayed sails depart
The shore, and eke the port of vessels void.
Her comely breast thrice or four times she smote
With her own hand, and tore her golden tress.
'Oh Jove,' quoth she, 'shall he then thus depart,
A stranger thus, and scorn our kingdom so?
Shall not my men do on their armour prest,

¹ The correct reading is probably *an if*.

And eke pursue them throughout all the town?
Out of the road soon shall the vessel warp.
Haste on, cast flame, set sail, and wield your oars.
What said I? but where am I? what phrensy
Alters thy mind? Unhappy Dido, now
Hath thee beset a froward destiny.
Then it behoved, when thou didst give to him
His sceptre. Lo! his faith and his right hand!
That leads with him, they say, his country gods,
That on his back his aged father bore!
His body might I not have caught and rent?
And in the seas drenched him and his feres?
And from Ascanius his life with iron reft,
And set him on his father's board for meat?
Of such debate perchance the fortune might
Have been doubtful: would God it were essayed!
Whom should I fear, sith I myself must die?
Might I have throwen into that navy brands,
And filled eke their decks with flaming fire,
The father, son, and all their nation
Destroyed, and fallen myself dead over all!
Sun with thy beams, that mortal works descriest;
And thou, Juno, that well these travails knowest;
Proserpine, thou, upon whom folk do use
To howl, and call in forked ways by night;
Infernal Furies eke, ye wreakers of wrong;
And Dido's gods, who stands at point of death,
Receive these words, and eke your heavy power
Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserve:
And our request accept we you beseech:
If so that yonder wicked head must needs
Recover port, and sail to land of force;
And if Jove's will have so resolved it,
And such end set as no wight can foredo;
Yet at the least assailed might he be
With arms and wars of hardy nations;
From the bounds of his kingdom far exiled;

Iulus eke rashed¹ out of his arms ;
Driven to call for help, that may he see
The guiltless corpses of his folk lie dead :
And after hard conditions of peace,
His realm, nor life desired may he brook ;
But fall before his time, ungraved amid the sands.
This I require ; these words with blood I shed.
And, Tyrians, ye his stock and all his race
Pursue with hate ; reward our cinders so.
No love nor league betwixt our peoples be ;
And of our bones some wrecker may there spring,
With sword and flame that Troyans may pursue :
And from henceforth, when that our power may stretch,
Our coasts to them contrary be for aye,
I crave of God ; and our streams to their floods ;
Arms unto arms ; and offspring of each race •
With mortal war each other may fordo.'

This said, her mind she writhed on all sides,
Seeking with speed to end her irksome life.
To Sychee's nurse, Barcen, then thus she said,
(For hers at home in ashes did remain):
'Call unto me, dear nurse, my sister Anne :
Bid her in haste in water of the flood
She sprinkle the body, and bring the beasts,
And purging sacrifice I did her shew ;
So let her come : and thou thy temples bind
With sacred garlands : for the sacrifice
That I to Pluto have begun, my mind
Is to perform, and give end to these cares ;
And Trojan statue throw into the flame.'

When she had said, redouble 'gan her nurse
Her steps, forth on an aged woman's trot.

But trembling Dido eagerly now bent
Upon her stern determination ;
Her bloodshot eyes rolling within her head ;

¹ Seized, torn, rent with violence, from the old verb *rash*, to seize, &c.
Dr. Nott reads 'ravished.'

Her quivering cheeks flecked¹ with deadly stain,
 Both pale and wan to think on death to come;
 Into the inward wards of her palace
 She rusheth in, and clamb up, as distraught,
 The burial stack, and drew the Trojan sword,
 Her gift sometime, but meant to no such use.
 Where when she saw his weed, and wellknown bed,
 Weeping awhile in study 'gan she stay,
 Fell on the bed, and these last words she said:

'Sweet spoils, whiles God and destinies it would,
 Receive this sprite, and rid me of these cares:
 I lived and ran the course fortune did grant;²
 And under earth my great ghost now shall wend:
 A goodly town I built, and saw my walls;³
 Happy, alas, too happy, if these coasts
 The Trojan ships had never touched aye.'

This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed.
 'Why then,' quoth she, 'unwroken shall we die?
 But let us die: for this! and in this sort
 It liketh us to seek the shadows dark!
 And from the seas the eruel Trojan's eyes
 Shall well discern this flame; and take with him
 Eke these unlucky tokens of my death!'

As she had said, her damsels might perceive
 Her with these words fall pierced on a sword;
 The blade embrued, and hands besprent with gore.
 The clamour rang unto the palace top;
 The bruit ran throughout all the astonied town:
 With wailing great, and women's shrill yelling

¹ Marked, streaked. The word is still current in the Lincolnshire dialect.—HALLIWELL.

² Surrey frequently repeated the same expressions, sometimes whole lines. In the *Elegy on Sir Thomas Wyatt*, there is a line (referred to by Dr. Nott) almost identical with this:

'Lived and ran the race that nature set.'

³ 'Surrey has omitted a line:

'*Ultā virum, pœnas inimicō à fratre recepi.*'

But it should be remarked, that this line is wanting in several of the early editions of Virgil.—NOTT.

The roofs 'gan roar; the air resound with plaint:
As though Carthage, or the ancient town of Tyre
With press of entered enemies swarmed full:
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take
The temples' tops, and mansions eke of men.

Her sister Anne, spriteless for dread to hear
This fearful stir, with nails 'gan tear her face;
She smote her breast, and rushed through the rout:
And her dying she cleps thus by her name:

'Sister, for this with craft did you me bound?'
The stack, the flame, the altars, bred they this?
What shall I first complain, forsaken wight?
Loathest thou in death thy sister's fellowship?
Thou shouldst have called me to like destiny;
One woe, one sword, one hour, might end us both.
This funeral stack built I with these hands,
And with this voice cleped our native gods?
And, cruel, so absentest me from thy death?
Destroyed thou hast, sister, both thee and me,
Thy people eke, and princes born of Tyre.
Give here; I shall with water wash her wounds;
And suck with mouth her breath, if ought be left.'

This said, unto the high degrees¹ she mounted,
Embracing fast her sister now half dead,
With wailful plaint: whom in her lap she laid,
The black swart gore wiping dry with her clothes.
But Dido striveth to lift up again
Her heavy eyen, and hath no power thereto:
Deep in her breast that fixed wound doth gape.
Thrice leaning on her elbow 'gan she raise
Herself upward; and thrice she overthrew
Upon the bed: ranging with wandering eyes
The skies for light, and wept when she it found.

Almighty Juno having ruth by this
Of her long pains, and eke her lingering death,

¹ *Bourde*, to jest. Here it implies practising a deceit.

² Steps.

From heaven she sent the goddess Iris down,
The throwing sprite, and jointed limbs to loose.
For that neither by lot of destiny,
Nor yet by kindly death she perished,
But wretchedly before her fatal day,
And kindled with a sudden rage of flame,
Proserpine had not from her head bereft
The golden hair, nor judged her to hell.
The dewy Iris thus with golden wings,
A thousand hues shewing against the Sun,
Amid the skies then did she fly adown
On Dido's head: where as she 'gan alight,
'This hair,' quod she, 'to Pluto consecrate,
Commanded I reave; and thy spirit unloose
From this body.' And when she thus had said,
With her right hand she cut the hair in twain:
And therewithal the kindly heat 'gan quench,
And into wind the life forthwith resolve.

MINOR POETS

CONTEMPORANEOUS WITH

THE EARL OF SURREY.

NICHOLAS GRIMOALD.

THERE is very little known of the personal history of this writer. He was born in Huntingdonshire, and commenced his academical course at Christ's College, Cambridge, from whence he removed, in 1542, to Oxford, where he was elected a fellow of Merton College. In 1547, he was transplanted to Christ Church, where he opened a rhetorical lecture, and appears to have laboured with zeal and judgment for the advancement of the study of criticism and philology. The system of rhetoric he propounded to his scholars is spoken of by Bale. His lectures extended over a wide range of classical literature, including a Latin prose paraphrase of the *Georgics*, commentaries on the *Andria* of Terence, the *Epistles* of Horace, and some pieces of Cicero; and English versions of the *Cyropædia*, and other selections from the purest Greek classics. None of these versions have survived, and it is doubtful whether they were ever printed. In 1547, he wrote a Latin play on the subject of St. John the Baptist; and published, in 1553, an English translation of Tully's *Offices*. He is said also to have turned Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida* into a dramatic form; to have written a comedy called *Fame*; and to have contemplated a new edition of Josephus Iscanus's poem on the Trojan war, which he did not live to execute. Wood tells us that he wrote divers Latin and English verses in commendation of other men's works, printed with them, according to the custom, and usually subscribed with his initials. One of these was prefixed to Turner's *Preservative, a Triade against the poyson of Pelagius*, published in 1551.

Warton thinks there is no doubt that Grimoald was the same person mentioned by Strype as *one Grimbold*, chaplain

to Bishop Ridley, who was employed by that prelate while in prison, to translate certain Latin pieces against the Papists. Grimoald suffered for his Protestantism in the reign of Queen Mary, was imprisoned for heresy, and recanted to save his life. Beyond this ignoble incident, nothing further is related of him. Ritson, in his *Bibliographia*, says that he died about 1563.

Grimoald is not entitled to much consideration as an original writer. The few metrical pieces of his that have been preserved are chiefly translations. The specimens here selected are all taken from Tottel's *Miscellany*, where they are identified by his initials, although included amongst the 'uncertaine auctors' whose verses are assembled in that collection. His principal claim to a place amongst English poets rests upon the distinction to which he is fairly entitled as the second writer who attempted blank verse in our language. The two pieces of this kind he has given us are, *The Death of Zoroas*, and *Marcus Tullius Cicero's Death*, which Warton seems to treat as original compositions, but which are really translations,—the former from the *Alexandreid* of Philip Gaultier, and the latter from Beza. The versification, however, is his own; and certainly contrasts favourably with that of Surrey, upon which it presents a marked improvement in art and power. He is seldom so sweet as Surrey; but his modulations are more varied and skilful, and in vigour and elevation he far surpasses him. The structure of the lines in these pieces is so dexterous, and the diction so effective, that it is not easy to believe they were written in the very infancy of this form of verse.

Grimoald's remains are here preserved in the order in which they are printed in Tottel's *Miscellany*. The original poems exhibit the same energetic qualities we discover in the translations, and are distinguished by an ease and freedom rare amongst the poets of that period. A genial and competent critic has pronounced a high panegyric on these pieces, which he commends for 'a masterly choice of chaste expression, and the concise elegancies of didactic versification.' This praise

may be allowed without much exception; but the reader will scarcely go the full extent of admitting, with the same writer, that there are some couplets in the poem on *Measure Keeping*, which 'would have done honour to Pope's ethical epistles.' There is nothing in common between Grimoald and Pope.

SONGS WRITTEN BY N. G. OF THE NINE MUSES.

[THIS is the general title, in Tottel's *Miscellany*, of all the pieces that follow, to which the first, without a special title, may be considered as a Proem.]

IMPS of King Jove, and Queen Remembrance lo!
 The Sisters Nine, the poets pleasant feres.
 Caliope doth stately style bestow,
 And worthy praises paints of princely peers;
 Clion in solemn songs renews the day,
 With present years conjoining age by-past;
 Delightful talk loves comical Thaley,
 In fresh green youth, who doth like laurel last;
 With voices tragical, sounds Melpomen,
 And, as with chains, the allured care she binds;
 Her strings, when Terpsecor doth touch, even then
 She toucheth hearts, and reigneth in men's minds;
 Fine Erato, whose look a lively chere
 Presents in dancing, keeps a comely grace;
 With seemly gesture doth Polomyne steer,
 Whose words whole routs of ranks do rule in place;
 Urany her globes to view all bent,
 The ninefold heaven observes with fixed face;
 The blasts Euterpe tunes of instrument,
 With solace sweet, hence heavy dumps to chase:
 Lord Phœbus in the midst (whose heavenly sprite
 These ladies doth inspire) embraceth all.
 The Graces in the Muses weed delight,
 To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

MUSONIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER'S SAYING.

IN working well, if travail you sustain,
 Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain ;
 But of the deed the glory shall remain,
 And cause your name with worthy wights to reign.
 In working wrong, if pleasure you attain,
 The pleasure soon shall fade, and void as vain ;
 But of the deed throughout the life the shame
 Endures, defacing you with foul defame,
 And still torments the mind both night and day ;
 Scant length of time the spot can wash away.
 Flee then ill-suading¹ Pleasure's baits untrue,
 And noble Virtue's fair renown pursue.

DESCRIPTION OF VIRTUE.

WHAT one art thou, thus in torn weedy clad?
 Virtue, in price whom ancient sages had.
 Why poorly rayed? For fading goods past care.
 Why double faced? I mark each fortune's fare.
 This bridle what? Mind's rages to restrain.
 Fools why bear you? I love to take great pain.
 Why wings? I teach above the stars to fly.
 Why tread you death? I only cannot die.

PRAISE OF MEASURE KEEPING.

THE ancient time commended not for nought
 The mean ; what better thing[can] there be sought?
 In mean is virtue placed : on either side,
 Both right and left, amiss a man may slide.

¹ Persuading. Similar abbreviations occur elsewhere, such as *rayed* for arrayed in the next piece.

Icar, with fire hadst thou the midway flown,
 Icarian beck¹ by name had no man known.
 If middle path had kept proud Phaeton,
 Ne burning brand this earth had fallen upon.
 Ne cruel power, ne none so soft, can reign;
 That keeps a mean the same shall still remain.
 Thee, Julie, once did too much mercy spill;
 Thee, Nero stern, rigour extreme did kill.
 How could August so many years well pass?
 Nor over meek nor over fierce he was.
 Worship not Jove with curious fancies vain,
 Nor him despise; hold right atwene² these twain.
 No wasteful wight, no greedy groom is praised:
 Stands largess³ just in egall⁴ balance pazed.⁵
 So Cato's meal surmounts Antonius' cheer,
 And better fame his sober fare hath here.
 Too slender building, bad; as bad too gross;
 One an eye-sore, the tother falls to loss.
 As medicines help in measure, so (God wot)
 By overmuch the sick their bane have got.
 Unmeet me-seems to utter this mo ways;
 Measure forbids unmeasurable praise.

MAN'S LIFE, AFTER POSSIDONIUS OR CRATES.

WHAT path list you to tread? what trade will you
 essay?
 The courts of plea, by brawl and bait, drive gecie⁶ peace
 away;
 In house for wife and child there is but cark and care;
 With travail and with toil enough in fields we used to
 fare;

¹ Small stream, strait.

² Between, to be distinguished from *atwee* and *atwin*, which meant in two, or asunder.

³ Bounty.

⁴ Equal.

⁵ Poised.

⁶ Apparently a misprint, probably for *geason* or *geson*, scarce, rare.

Upon the seas lieth dread; the rich, in foreign land,
Do fear the loss, and there the poor like misers poorly
stand.

Strife with a wife, without, your thrift ful hard to see;
Young brats a trouble, none at all a mayme it seems
to be;

Youth fond, age hath no heart, and pincheth all to nye;¹
Choose then the leifer of these two, ay life, or soon to die.

METRODORIUS'S MIND TO THE CONTRARY.

WHAT race of life run you? what trade will you
essay?

In courts is glory got, and wit encreased day by day;
At home we take our ease, and beake² ourselves in rest;
The fields our nature do refresh with pleasures of the
best;

On seas is gain to get; the stranger he shall be
Esteemed, having much; if not, none knoweth his lack
but he;

A wife will trim my house, no while then art thou free;
Brood is a lovely thing, without thy life is loose to thee;
Young bloods be strong; old sires in double honour
dwell; [well.

Doway³ that choice, no life, or soon to die, for all is

OF FRIENDSHIP.

OF all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail
a friend? [vain;

Our health is soon decayed; goods, casual, light, and
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honour
suffer stain.

¹ Annoyance, trouble.

² Bask.

³ Cease, relinquish.

In body's lust man doth resemble but base brute;
True virtue gets and keeps a friend, good guide of our
pursuit,

Whose hearty zeal with ours accords in every case;
No term of time, no space of place, no storm can it
deface.

When fickle fortune fails, this knot endureth still;
Thy kin out of their kind may swerve,¹ when friends
owe thee good will.

Whatsweeter solace shall befall, than [such a] one to find,
Upon whose breast thou mayst repose the secrets of
thy mind?

He waileth at thy woe, his tears with thine be shed;
With thee doth he divide his joys, so lefe² a life is led.
Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see,
One soul a wonder shall it seem in bodies twain to be;
In absence present, rich in want, in sickness sound,
Yea after death alive, mayst thou by thy sure friend
be found.

Each house, each town, each realm, by steadfast love
doth stand; [land.

While foul debate breeds bitter bale in each divided
Oh! Friendship, flower of flowers! oh! lively sprite of life!
Oh! sacred bond of blissful peace, the stalworth staunch
of strife!

Scipio with Lælius didst thou conjoin in care;
At home, in wars, for weal and woe, with equal faith
to fare;

Gisippus eke with Tyte, Damon with Pythias;
And with Menethus' son Achill by thee combined was:
Eurialus and Nisus gave Virgil cause to sing;
Of Pylades do many rhymes, and of Orestes, ring;
Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith his friend to find;
Oh! that the wives in these our days were to their mates
so kind!

¹ This phrase occurs several times in Surrey.

² Agreeable, dear.

Cicero, the friendly man, to Atticus, his friend,
Of friendship wrote; such couples, lo! doth lot but
seldom lend.

Recount thy race now run, how few there shalt thou see,
Of whom to say, 'This same is he that never failed me.'
So rare a jewel then must needs be holden dear,
And as thou wilt esteem thyself, so take thy chosen fere;
The tyrant in despair no lack of gold bewails,
But 'Out, I am undone,' saith he, 'for all my friend-
ship fails.'

Wherefore, since nothing is more kindly for our kind,
Next wisdom thus that teacheth us, love we the
friendly mind.

THE DEATH OF ZOROAS,

AN EGYPTIAN ASTRONOMER, IN THE FIRST FIGHT THAT ALEXANDER
HAD WITH THE PERSIANS.

NOW clattering arms, now raging broils of war,
'Gan pass the noise of dreadful trumpets clang;
Shrouded with shafts the heavens; with clouds of darts
Covered the air; against full fatted bulls,
As forceth kindled ire the lions keen,
Whose greedy guts the knawing hunger pricks,
So Macedons against the Persians fair.
Now corpses hide the purpurde¹ soil with blood;
Large slaughter on each side, but Perses more;
Moist fields he bled, their hearts and numbers bate,
Fainted while they gave back, and fall to flight:
The lightning Macedon, by swords, by gleaves,
By bands and troops of footmen with his guard
Speedes to Darie; but him his merest kin,
Oxate, preserves with horsemen on a plumpe²
Before his car, that none his charge should give:
Here grunts, here groans, each where strong youth is
spent.

Shaking her bloody hands, Bellone among

¹ Purpled.

² In a crowd.

The Perses soweth all kind of cruel death :
With throat ycut he roars, he lieth along,
His entrails with a lance through gyrded quite,
Him smites the club, him wounds far striking bow,
And him the sling, and him the shining sword ;
He dieth, he is all dead, he pants, he rests.
Right over stood, in snow-white armour brave,
The Memphite Zoroas, a cunning clerk,
To whom the heavens lay open, as his book ;
And in celestial bodies he would tell
The moving, meeting, light, aspect, eclipse,
And influence, and constellations all ;
What earthly chances would betide, what year
Of plenty stored, what sign of forewarned dearth ;
How winter gendereth snow ; what temperature
In the prime-tide doth season well the soil ;
Why summer burns ; why autumn hath ripe grapes ;
Whether the circle quadrate may become ;
Whether our tunes heaven's harmony can yield ;
Of four begyns¹ among themselves how great
Proportion is ; what sway the erring lights
Doth send in course 'gainst the first moving heaven ;
What grees² one from another distant be ;
What star doth let the hurtful fire to rage,
Or him more mild what opposition makes ;
What fire doth qualify Mavorse's fire ;
What house each one doth seek ; what planet reigns
Within this heavenly sphere ; or that small things,
I speak, whole heaven he closeth in his breast.
This sage then in the stars hath spied the fates
Threaten him death, without delay ; and, sith
He saw he could not fatal order change,
Forward he pressed in battle, that he might
Meet with the ruler of the Macedons,
Of his right hand desirous to be slain,
The boldest borne,³ and worthiest in the field.

¹ Biggins.² Degrees.³ Constantly used for born.

And as a wight now weary of his life,
And seeking death, in first front of his rage
Comes desperately to Alexander's face;
At him, with darts, one after other, throws,
With reckless words and clamour him provokes;
And saith, 'Necktanal's bastard, shameful stain
Of mothers bed! why lovest thou thy strokes,
Cowards among? turn thou to me, in case
Manhood there be so much left in thine heart;
Come, fight with me, that on my helmet wear
Apollo's laurel, both for learning's laud,
And eke for martial praise; that in my shield
The seven-fold sophie of Minerve contain;
A match more meet, sir king! than any here.'
The noble prince amoved, takes ruth upon
The wilful wight, and with soft words again,
'O monstrous man,' quoth he, 'what so thou art,
I pray thee live! ne do not with thy death
This lodge of lore, the Muse's mansion mar!
That treasure-house this hand shall never spoil;
My sword shall never bruise that skilful brain,
Long gathered heaps of science some to spill;
O how fair fruits may you to mortal men
From wisdom's garden give! How many may
By you the wiser and the better prove!
What error, what mad mood, what frenzy, thee
Persuades to be down sent to keep Averno,
Where no arts flourish, nor no knowledge 'vails?
For all these saws, when thus the sovereign said,
Alighted Zoroas; with sword unsheathed,
The careless king there smote above the greve,¹
At the opening of his quishes² wounded him,
So that the blood down trailed on the ground.
The Macedon, perceiving hurt, 'gan gnash;
But yet his mind he bent, in any wise,

¹ Armour of the legs.

² Or *cushes*, cushions for the armour of the thighs.

Him to forbear, set spurs unto his steed,
 And turned away, lest anger of his smart
 Should cause revenger hand deal baleful blows.
 But of the Macedonian chieftain's knights,
 One, Meleager, could not bear this sight,
 But ran upon the same Egyptian reuk,¹
 And cut him in both knees:—He fell to ground;
 Wherewith a whole rout came of soldiers stern,
 And all in pieces hewed the sely² seg.³
 But happily the soul fled to the stars,
 Where, under him, he hath full sight of all,
 Whereat he gazed here with reaching look.
 The Persians wailed such sapience to forego,
 The very fane,⁴ the Macedonians, wished
 He would have lived:—King Alexander' self
 Deemed him a man unmeet to die at all;
 Who won like praise for conquest of his ire,
 As for stout men that day in field subdued;
 Who princes taught how to discern a man,
 That in his head so rare a jewel bears.
 But over all, those same Camenes, those same
 Divine Camenes, whose honour be procured,
 As tender parent doth his daughter's weal,
 Lamented; and for thanks, all that they can,
 Do cherish him deceased, and set him free
 From dark oblivion of devouring death.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO'S DEATH.

THEREFORE when restless rage of wind and wave
 He saw, 'By fates, alas! called for,' quoth he,
 'Is hapless Cicero. Sail on, shape course
 To the next shore, and bring me to my death.'

¹ In Ellis's *Specimens*, where fragments of this poem are given, a note of interrogation is attached to this word. I believe there is no such word; and I presume it to be a misprint for *renk* (Sax. *rink*), a man or person. ² Wretched. ³ Knight. ⁴ The foes.

Perdy,¹ these thanks, rescued from evil sword,
Wilt thou, my country, pay? I see mine end:
To powers divine, so bid the gods above,
In city saved that consul Marcus shend.²
Speaking no more, but drawing from deep heart
Great groans, even at the name of Rome rehearst,
His eyes and cheeks with showers of tears he washed;
And (though a rout in daily dangers worn)
With forced face the shipmen held their tears,
And, striving long the seas rough flood to pass,
In angry winds and stormy showers, made way.
And, at the last, safe anchored in the road,
Came heavy Cicero, a-land. With pain
His fainted limbs the aged sire doth draw;
And round about their master stood his band;
Nor greatly with their own hard hap dismayed,
Nor plighted faith prove in sharp time to break.
Some swords prepare, some their dear lord assist;
In litter laid, they lead him uncouth ways;
If so deceive Antonius' cruel gleaves
They might, and threats of following routs escape.
Thus, lo! that Tully went! that Tullius,
Of royal robe and sacred senate prince!
When he afar the men approach espieth,
And of his fone the ensign doth aknow,
And with drawn sword Popilius threatening death,
Whose life and whole estate in hazard once
He had preserved, when Rome, as yet to free,
Heard him, and at his thundering voice amazed:
Herennius eke, more tiger than the rest,
Present inflamed with fury, him pursues.
What might he do? should he use in defence
Disarmed hands? or pardon ask for Mede?
Should he with words attempt to turn the wrath
Of the armed knight, whose safeguard he had wrought?

¹ *Par Dieu*—truly, verily.

² Usually to destroy; sometimes used in the sense of to defend.

No, age forbids, and fixed within deep breast
His country's love, and falling Rome's image.
'The chariot¹ turn,' saith he, 'let loose the reins!
Run to the undeserved death! me, lo,
Hath Phoebus' fowl, as messenger, forewarned,
And Jove desires a new heaven's-man to make.
Brutus' and Cassius' souls, live you in bliss?
In case yet all the Fates gain-strive us not,
Neither shall we, perchance, die unavenged.
Now have I lived, O Rome! enough for me;
My passed life nought suffereth me to doubt
Noisome oblivion of the loathsome death.
Slay me! yet all the offspring to come shall know,
And this decease shall bring eternal life;
Yea, and (unless I fall, and all in vain;
Rome, I sometime thy augur chosen was,)
Not evermore shall friendly Fortune thee
Favour, Antonius! Once the day shall come,
When her dear wights, by cruel spite thus slain,
Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require;
Me-likes, therewhile, go see the hoped heaven.'
Speech had he left, and therewith he, good man,
His throat prepared, and held his head unmoved.
His hasting to those Fates, the very knights
Be loth to see, and, rage rebated, when
They his bare neck beheld, and his hoar hairs,
Scant would they hold the tears that forth 'gan burst,
And almost fell from bloody hands the swords.
Only the stern Herennius, with grim look,
'Dastards, why stand you still?' he saith, and straight
Swaps off the head with his presumptuous iron.
Ne with that slaughter yet he is not filled.
Foul shame on shame to heap, is his delight;
Wherefore the hands also he doth off smite,
Which durst Antonius' life so lifely paint.
Him yielding, strained ghost, from welkin high,

¹ *Charret*.—TOTTEL's ed.

With lothy chere Lord Phœbus 'gan behold,
And in black cloud, they say, long hid his head.
The Latin Muses, and the Graces wept,
And for his fall eternally shall weep.
And lo! here piercing Pitho, (strange to tell)
Who had to him sufficed both sense and words,
When so he spake, and durst with nectar food
That flowing tongue, when his wind-pipe disclosed,
Fled with her fleeting friend, and, out alas!
Hath left the earth, ne will no more return.
Popilius flieth therewhile, and leaving there
The senseless stock, a grizly sight doth bear
Unto Antonius' board, with mischief fed.

OF M. T. CICERO.

FOR Tully late a tomb I 'gan prepare,
When Cynthie, thus, bade me my labour spare:
'Such manner things become the dead,' quoth he,
'But Tully lives, and still alive shall be.'

LORD VAUX.

AMONGST the pieces collected by Tottel, under the head of 'uncertain authors,' are two which, upon satisfactory evidence, have been traced to Lord Vaux. Puttenham ascribes the first of the following pieces to Sir Nicholas, afterwards Lord Vaux, 'a noble gentleman who much delighted in vulgar making,¹ and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvellous facility.'² This Nicholas, Lord Vaux, flourished in the reign of Henry VII., and died in 1523. The authorship of the second piece is determined by a MS. in the British Museum,³ with this title, or direction, prefixed:—'A dyttye or sonet made by the lord Vaus, in the time of the noble quene Marye, representing the image of Death.' As it was clear that a nobleman who died in 1523 could not have composed verses in the time of the noble Queen Mary, Warton concluded that Puttenham had fallen into a mistake in the Christian name of the poet, and that he had confounded Nicholas, Lord Vaux, with his son and successor, Thomas, who lived at the period when both poems were written. Several testimonies confirm this inference. Wherever the name of Lord Vaux is mentioned as a poet (with the single exception of Wood, who appears to have copied Puttenham), he is placed after Surrey and Wyatt in chronological order. Gascoigne, in 1575, enumerating the poets, brings in Vaux after Surrey; Webbe, in his book on Poetry, 1586, follows the same arrangement; and Puttenham, three years later, although in the course of his Essay he frequently repeats the wrong

¹ English.

² *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589. p. 200.

³ Harl. MSS., No. 1703. § 25.

Christian name, distinctly states that Lord Vaux, the poet, lived 'in the same time, or not long after' Surrey and Wyatt. If any further evidence were required, we have it in some pieces by the same writer in the collection called *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, published in 1578, where he is described as Lord Vaux the elder, to distinguish him from his son, Lord William, who was then living. Ritson says that Lord William wrote several poems in this collection,¹ but he does not indicate them, or furnish any authority for the assertion. The two poems from Tottel's *Miscellany* are given in Percy's *Reliques*, the editor anticipating the suspicion of the reader at finding such a rapid advance in poetry in the time of Henry VII., supposing the author to be Nicholas, Lord Vaux. In a subsequent edition, a note, founded on Warton, corrects the mistake.

Thomas, Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in 1531, and must have lived till late in the reign of Queen Mary, as his son, William, was not summoned to parliament till 1558. The only poems known to be his are the two pieces here extracted from Tottel, and those ascribed to him in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, unless we are to include the poem, *Brittle Beauty*, published as Surrey's, but said in the Harrington MS. referred to by Dr. Nott, to be written by Lord Vaux. Warton is disposed, from 'palpable coincidences of style, subject, and other circumstances,' to refer some of the unclaimed pieces in the *Miscellany* to Lord Vaux; but the similarity of manner that runs through them all renders it difficult to determine the evidence of an individual style. Poetry at this time was undergoing a marked transition, in language, taste, and versification; and the writers who immediately followed Surrey and Wyatt, or who were contemporaneous with them, are to be distinguished rather as a class, modelling their forms upon the new style, than as having any special or original style of their own.

¹ *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 379.

to blow retreat,
 or to retire,
 THE ASSAULT OF CUPID

UPON THE FORT WHERE THE LOVER'S HEART LAY WOUNDED, AND
 HOW HE WAS TAKEN.

[PUTTENHAM quotes this piece as an example of what he calls the figure of Pragmatographia, or Counterfeit Action, which means nothing more than that which in our plain modern language we should call the description of an action of any kind. But this was the quality, in addition to the facility of his metre, in which Puttenham considered Lord Vaux's chief excellence to lie. Perhaps the principal merit of the following 'dyttye' consists in the perseverance with which he has maintained the military spirit throughout, never suffering himself to be betrayed out of the technical terms of the siege, by any passing emotion which the subject might be supposed to have awakened. The artificial predominates over art in this elaboration of details. Beauty walking up and down 'with bow in hand, and arrows whet,' Desire scaling the walls, and Fancy making the final breach, present a collection of images in the martial ardour of which the passion intended to be typified is utterly overwhelmed.]

WHEN Cupid scaled first the fort,
 Wherein my heart lay wounded sore,
 The battery was of such a sort,
 That I must yield, or die therefore.

There saw I Love upon the wall,
 How he his banner did display;
 'Alarm! alarm!' he 'gan to call,
 And bade his soldiers keep array.

The arms the which that Cupid bare,
 Were pierced hearts with tears besprent,
 In silver and sable, to declare
 The steadfast love he always meant.

Christian name, distinctly states th^{and} all drest
lived 'in the same time, or not long and black ;

If ~~With powder and with~~^{With} pellets, prest¹
To bring the fort to spoil and sack.

Good-will, the master of the shot,
Stood in the rampyre² brave and proud ;
For spence of powder he spared not,
' Assault ! assault ! ' to cry aloud.

There might you hear the cannon's roar ;
Each piece discharged a lover's look ;
Which had the power to rend, and tore
In any place whereas they took.

And even with the trumpet's sowne³
The scaling ladders were up set ;
And Beauty walked up and down,
With bow in hand, and arrows whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
And shrouded him under his targe,
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushed soldiers with their pikes,
And holbardiers, with handy strokes ;
The hargabushe⁴ in flesh⁵ it lights,
And dims the air with misty smokes.

And as it is the soldier's use,
When shot and powder 'gins to want,
I hanged up my flag of truce,
And pleaded for my livè grant.

When Fancy thus had made her breach,
And Beauty entered with her band,
With bag and baggage, sely⁶ wretch,
I yielded into Beauty's hand.

¹ Ready.² Rampart.³ Sound.⁴ Arquebusade.⁵ Flash.⁶ Miserable. In Ellis's *Specimens* the word is incorrectly rendered *silly*.

Then Beauty had to blow retreat,
 And every soldier to retire,
 And Mercy willed with speed to fet¹
 Me captive bound as prisoner.

‘Madame,’² quoth I, ‘sith that this day
 Hath served you at all assays,
 I yield to you, without delay,
 Here of the fortress all the keys.

And sith that I have been the mark,
 At whom you shot at with your eye,
 Needs must you with your handywork,
 Or salve my sore, or let me die.’

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

[GASCOIGNE in his *Epistle to Young Gentlemen*, says that Lord Vaux was thought by some to have made this poem upon his death-bed, expressing, however, his own distrust in the tradition. The most memorable circumstance connected with the piece is, that it contains the Grave-digger’s song in *Hamlet*, either greatly corrupted by the ballad-singers in Shakspeare’s time, or designedly altered by the poet, as suggested in a note in Percy’s *Reliques*, the better to suit the character of an illiterate clown. For the purpose of comparison, I subjoin the stanzas as they are given by the grave-digger:—

‘For Age with his stealing steps
 Hath clawed me in his clutch,
 And hath shipped me intil the land,
 As if I had never been such.

¹ Fetch. In some of the editions it is printed ‘set.’

² This familiar way of addressing the Divinities, and bringing them down to the ordinary social conventions, is not without abundant examples amongst more distinguished poets than Lord Vaux. Racine introduces the etiquette of Versailles into plays, otherwise strictly constructed on the models of antiquity.

' A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—— and a shrowding sheet ;
O ! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet. ']

I LOATHE that I did love,
In youth that I thought sweet,
As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And track of time begins to weave
Grey hairs upon my head.

For Age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me with his crutch,
And lusty Life away she leaps
As there had been none such.

My Muse doth not delight
Me as she did before ;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For Reason me denies
This youthly idle rhyme ;
And day by day to me she cries,
' Leave off these toys in time. '

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say, limping Age will lodge him now,
Where Youth must give him place.

The harbinger of Death,
To me I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide

A pickaxe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,¹
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clerk,
That knolls the careful knell,
And bids me leave my woeful work,
Ere Nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot
That Youth did laugh to scorn,
Of me that clean shall be forgot,
As I had not been born.

Thus must I Youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup,
That better may it bear.

Lo, here the bared skull,²
By whose bald sign I know,
That stooping Age away shall pull,
Which youthful years did sow.

For Beauty with her band
These crooked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust;
As ye of clay were cast by kind,
So shall ye waste to dust.

¹ The Harl. MS. reads 'winding sheet.'

² 'Bare-hedde skull' in the MS. and Ed. 1567.

OF A CONTENTED MIND.

[From the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*. 1576.]

WHEN all is done and said,
 In the end thus shall you find,
 He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
 That hath a quiet mind :
 And, clear from worldly cares,
 To deem can be content
 The sweetest time in all his life
 In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
 To fickle Fortune's power,
 And to a million of mishaps
 Is casual every hour :
 And Death in time doth change
 It to a clod of clay ;
 When as the mind, which is divine,
 Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
 Unto the mind alone ;
 For many have been harmed by speech,
 Through thinking, few, or none.
 Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
 But makes not thought to cease ;
 And he speaks best, that hath the skill
 When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death ;
 Our kinsmen at the grave ;
 But virtues of the mind unto
 The heavens with us we have.
 Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
 I can be well content,
 The sweetest time of all my life
 To deem in thinking spent.

BEING ASKED THE OCCASION OF HIS WHITE
HEAD, HE ANSWERETH THUS.

[FROM the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*. In two of the editions this piece is ascribed to W. Hunnis, but there is no good reason for departing from the authority of the first edition.]

WHERE seething sighs, and sower¹ sobs
Hath slain the slips that Nature set;
And scalding showers, and stony throbs,
The kindly sap from them hath fet;²
What wonder then that you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be?

Where Thought hath thrilled and thrown his spears,
To hurt the heart that harmed him not;
And groaning Grief hath grond forth tears,
Mine eyes to stain, my face to spot;
What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be?

Where pinching Pain himself hath placed,
There Peace and Pleasure were possessed;
And walls of wealth are fallen to waste,
And Poverty in them is prest;
What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be?

Where wretched Woe doth weave her web,
Where Care the clue can catch and cast;
And floods of joy are fallen to ebb,
So low, that life may not long last;
What wonder then though you do see
Upon my head white hairs to be?

¹ 'Sorrow.' Ed. 1580. The true reading is—

'Seething sighs and sorrowing sobs.'

² Fetched.

These hairs of Age are messengers,
Which bid me fast repent and pray :
They be of Death the harbingers,
Which do prepare and dress the way.
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How far my race was for to run :
They say my youth is fled, with strength,
And how old age is well begun ;
The which I feel, and you may see
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the strings, of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical :
Their tunes declare—a time from ground
I came—and how thereto I shall !
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such strings to be.

God grant to those who white hairs have,
No worse them take than I have meant :
That after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy, their lives well-spent :
God grant likewise that you may see
Upon your¹ head such hairs to be.

¹ The word in the original is 'my.' The alteration is adopted in Ellis's *Specimens*.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

ONE of the 'uncertain authors' in Tottel's *Miscellany* is distinctly pointed out by Drayton in his Epistle to Reynolds, where, after speaking of Surrey and Wyatt, he adds,

'Bryan had a share
With the two former, which accounted are
That time's best makers, and the authors were
Of those small poems which the title bear
Of Songs and Sonnetts, wherein oft they hit
On many dainty passages of wit.'

This was the Sir Francis Bryan, nephew to Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, an intimate friend of Wyatt and Surrey, to whom the former addressed the satire beginning,

'A spending hand that alway poureth out.'

He was knighted for his bravery by Thomas, Earl of Surrey, under whom he served as a commander in an expedition into Brittany. A wit and a poet, he is described by Warton as one of the brilliant ornaments of the court of Henry VIII., who made him a gentleman of the Privy Chamber. He showed his attachment and gratitude to that monarch for favours bestowed, and still greater favours in expectancy, by writing epistles on his divorce, which, fortunately for the credit of the author, were never published. He appears to have expended his accomplishments upon the chamber service of the king, leaving few memorials behind him of his literary tastes. The principal work he executed was a translation from the French of Antonio de Guevara's Spanish *Dissertation on the Life of a Courtier*. He died in 1548, at Waterford, in Ireland, where he held the important office of chief justiciary under Edward VI.

Another of the authors whose pieces in the *Miscellany* cannot be identified, was George Boleyn, Viscount Rochfort, son of Sir Thomas Boleyn (afterwards Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond) and brother of the unfortunate queen, with whom he was suspected of having held a criminal intercourse, for which he was beheaded in 1536. The whole story is dark and tragical. The principal ground upon which the horrible accusation is said to have rested was that he was seen to whisper with the queen one morning while she was in bed. After he was committed to the Tower, his sister being sent there too, asked the lieutenant, 'Oh! where is my sweet brother?' This expression confirmed the charge, and probably determined his fate. A. Wood says that 'at the royal court he was much adored, especially by the female sex, for his admirable discourse and symmetry of body.' Bale speaks of his *Rythmi Elegantissimi*, which Wood calls 'Songs and Sonnets, with other things of a like nature;' but they are all lost, unless, as has been conjectured, some of them are to be found in Tottel's Collection, where, however, they cannot be distinguished. *

The family of Boleyne, or Bullen, was of an ancient date in Norfolk. Sir Geoffrey, a mercer and lord mayor of London in 1458, married the daughter of Lord Hoo and Hastings. This appears to have been the spring of their fortunes. His son, Sir William, who married the youngest daughter of the seventh Earl of Ormond, died in 1505, and was succeeded by Sir Thomas, who enjoyed high place and power under Henry VIII., was made governor of Norwich Castle jointly with Sir Henry Wyatt, master of the king's jewel-room, and finally sole constable of the castle. He went as ambassador to the Emperor Maximilian, and afterwards to France, when he arranged the preliminaries of the meeting with Francis I. After an embassy to Spain, he was raised to the peerage in 1525, as Viscount Rochfort, and in 1527 was sent to France to invest the king with the Order of the Garter. He subscribed the articles against Wolsey in 1529, and was advanced to the Earldom of Wiltshire and Ormond.

In the next year he was made Privy Seal, and again accredited to France. His connexion with the Howards arose from his marriage with Elizabeth the daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, so that he became ultimately twice allied to royalty. When his daughter, through whose encreasing influence at court he ascended these heights of prosperity, was about to be married to Henry VIII., her brother George was deputed to announce the approaching event to the king of France; and with him greatness grew as rapidly as with his father, so long as his sister was able to preserve her power over the king. He was, in succession, made Constable of Dover Castle, and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Fortune, in this brief interval, seemed never weary of smiling upon him; and the next high office in which he was employed was at the Court of Versailles, where he was appointed ambassador to arrange a project of marriage between the Princess Elizabeth and one of the sons of the King of France. This appears to have been the last public employment in which he was engaged. He was committed to the Tower on the 2nd of May, and beheaded on the 17th. The Boleyns were of a strange blood, and, although the mind recoils from the charge upon which Lord Rochfort was sacrificed to the fury of the king, there can be no doubt that there were evils of other kinds in the family that check our pity for their sufferings. George Boleyn was married to a daughter of Sir Henry Parker, eldest son of Lord Morley, an infamous woman, says the *Extinct Peerage*, who continued a lady of the bedchamber to three succeeding queens, but eventually shared the fate of Catherine Howard.

The only remaining poet whose name can be added to the scanty list of contributors to the *Miscellany* is Thomas Churchyard, who was brought up by Surrey, and became an imitator of him in his writings, of which a heavy catalogue is given by Ritson in the *Bibliographia Poetica*.

A PRAISE OF HIS LADY.

[THIS piece is an imitation of a poem by Surrey, ante, p. 66. The subject and measure are the same; and the only difference in form is, that the writer of the following verses has limited himself to the quatrain, and dropped the couplet with which Surrey closes his stanza. In the opening lines, the author desires all rival beauties to give place to his lady, while Surrey, with more gallantry, addresses himself to their lovers. The first stanza of the latter will at once show the closeness of the resemblance :

‘ Give place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;
My lady’s beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candlelight,
Or brightest day the darkest night.’

I have ventured to call this little piece an imitation, on the assumption, generally applied to all the anonymous contributions to Tottel’s *Miscellany*, that it is referable to a later date than Surrey’s poems. The question of imitation turns on that fact, which there is no evidence to determine. The point is not altogether unimportant. Surrey’s claims as a reformer of our versification, depend exclusively on his priority; although, even admitting that some of these occasional versifiers had been in advance of him, he would still, from the extent and variety of his compositions, be fairly entitled to the credit of having established those improvements which, under any circumstances, he must have been one of the earliest, if not the first, to introduce. If the doubt be worth examination, it is necessary to observe that Surrey’s poems, at whatever date they may have been written, were published for the first time in Tottel’s Collection, together with these fugitive pieces, the authorship of which Tottel himself could not ascertain. We are thrown, therefore, upon a comparison of the probable ages of the different contributors, for the only data from which it is possible to extract a reasonable conjecture as

to the chronological order of the poems. From this estimate Churchyard, undoubtedly one of the 'uncertain authors,'¹ must be excluded. He was a boy in Surrey's service, and survived him about fifty-seven years.

Thomas, Lord Vaux, succeeded his father, Nicholas, 1523, and died about, or before 1558. Surrey could not have been more than six or seven years old when Lord Vaux succeeded his father, and not more than fourteen or fifteen when his lordship was called to parliament. Were we to accept Dr. Nott's supposition, that Surrey did not begin to write poetry till he was four or five and twenty years old—that is, somewhere about 1541—there could be no hesitation in assigning the priority to Lord Vaux. It is more likely, however, that some of Surrey's pieces were of a much earlier date. Assuming, then, simply as matter of speculation, that Surrey began to write at the age of eighteen or nineteen, Lord Vaux, who had been at that period serving some four or five years in parliament, must have been several years his senior, and consequently his verses may have been antecedent to those of his youthful contemporary. It is proper to qualify this opinion, as some of the poems ascribed to Lord Vaux appear, from the nature of their subjects, to have been written at an advanced age. We can form our judgment, of course, only on the specimens with which we are acquainted; but it may be presumed that the author of pieces that bear such marks of skill and practice, must have begun to write about love before he renounced it in verse.

George Boleyn's right to be considered as having written before Surrey, is more clear and conclusive. He was beheaded in 1536, eleven years before the execution of Surrey, and five years before the date assigned by Dr. Nott as the probable date of the earliest of Surrey's compositions. In 1536, Surrey was only nineteen, or, at the utmost, twenty years of age. It

¹ We have his own authority for the fact.—'Many things in the book of songs and sonnets printed then [1557] were of my making.'—CHURCHYARD'S *Challenge*. 1593.

is certain, therefore, that Boleyn preceded him. Having ascertained this fact, the difficulty remains, as to what use can be made of it, in the absence of the requisite testimony to identify Boleyn's poems. That his poems exhibited grace and sweetness, may be inferred from the character given of them by Wood, Bale, and others. This sort of evidence, however, is vague; and it is something more to the purpose, that the charming lyric, called *The Lover Complaineth of the Unkindness of his Love*, beginning—

‘ My lute awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shalt waste,’

included amongst the poems of Wyatt, and perhaps one of the most graceful of them all, is attributed to Boleyn in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*; and that Ritson, who cites no authority, ascribes to him the affecting little piece—

‘ O Death rock me on sleep,’

described by Campbell as ‘one of the most beautiful and plaintive strains of our elder poetry.’¹

As far as any estimate of the distinctive qualities of Boleyn's poetry can be drawn from these circumstances, there is some justification for hazarding the conjecture, that the following poem may have been written by George Boleyn. In that case, it cannot be regarded as an imitation; and, if there be imitation anywhere, the charge must be transferred to Surrey's production, which seems to me infinitely inferior in felicity of thought and expression. Contrast with the comparison between the candle-light and the sun, and the brightest day and the darkest night, the exquisite line—

‘ Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night!’²

The same superiority is obvious throughout the whole poem, not only in the choice and affluence of the images, but in the portraiture of the character.

¹ *Specimens of the British Poets*, i. 115.

² It is curious that in Ellis's *Specimens* this verse is selected for omission.

The coincidence which occurs in the use of the same poetical thought in both pieces, has been already pointed out in a note upon Surrey's verses.]

GIVE place you ladies and be gone,
Boast not yourselves at all,
For here at hand approacheth one,
Whose face will stain¹ you all.

The virtue of her lively looks,
Excels the precious stone ;
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes,
Smileth a naked boy ;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think nature hath lost the mould,
Where she her shape did take ;
Or else I doubt if nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
Unto the Phoenix kind,
Whose like was never seen or heard,
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste ;
In truth Penelope ;
In word and eke in deed steadfast ;
What will you more we say ?

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight ?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

¹ Excel. The word was commonly used in this sense : see the piece in this collection called *A Praise of Mistress R.*, where it is again employed in the same signification.

Her roseate colour comes and goes,
 With such a comely grace,
 More ruddier too than doth the rose,
 Within her lovely face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
 Ne at no wanton play,
 Nor gazing in an open street,
 Nor gadding as astray.

The modest mirth that she doth use,
 Is mixed with shamefastness;
 All vice she wholly doth refuse,
 And hateth idleness.

Oh! Lord, it is a world to see,
 How virtue can repair,
 And deck her in such modesty,
 Whom nature made so fair.

Truly she doth as star excel
 Our women now-a-days,
 As doth the gilly-flower a weed,
 And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff,
 Of this unspotted tree?
 For all the rest are plain but chaff
 Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give :
 When death doth what he can,
 Her honest fame shall ever live
 Within the mouth of man.

THEY OF THE MEAN ESTATE ARE HAPPIEST.

IF right he ract and overrun,
 And power take part with open wrong,
 If fear by force do yield too sone,
 The lack is like to last too long.

If God for goods shall be unplaced,
If right for riches lose his shape,
If world for wisdom be embraced,
The guess is great much hurt may hap.

Among good things I prove and find,
The quiet life doth most abound,
And sure to the contented mind
There is no riches may be found.

For riches hates to be content,
Rule is enemy to quietness,
Power is most part impatient,
And seldom likes to live in peace.

I heard a herdsman once compare
That quiet nights he had mo slept
And had mo merry days to spare,
Than he who owned the beasts he kept.

I would not have it thought hereby,
The dolphin swim I mean to teach,
Nor yet to learn the falcon fly,
I row not so far past my reach.

But as my part above the rest,
Is well to wish and well to will,
So till my breath do fail my breast,
I will not cease to wish you still.

UPON CONSIDERATION OF THE STATE OF THIS
LIFE HE WISHED DEATH.

[THESE quaint stanzas exemplify one of the many forms of poetical ingenuity common amongst ballad-makers and poetasters about Surrey's time. Tusser, who was a few years younger than Surrey, abounds in similar trials of skill, mixing riddles and acrostics with agricultural apothegms and pastoral descriptions. Experiments in the way of torturing

measures into new and strange forms, and disposing of words in unaccustomed arrangements, were so fashionable in the sixteenth century that Puttenham devotes a chapter to what he calls 'Proportion in figure;' by which he means to indicate a class of metrical devices that 'yield an ocular representation, your metres being, by good symmetry, reduced into certain geometrical figures.' The account he gives of these figures, in a serious treatise upon Poetry, embracing such absurdities as the Lozenge shape, the Fuzie, or spindle, the Spire, or taper, the egg figure, the taper reversed, &c., is strikingly suggestive of the state of Art and Criticism in those days. The lines that follow do not come within any of Puttenham's forms. They merely exhibit a sort of figure of verbal iterations applied to a process of deductions.]

THE longer life the more offence;
 The more offence the greater pain;
 The greater pain the less defence;
 The less defence the lesser gain:
 The loss of gain long ill doth try,
 Wherefore come death and let me die.

The shorter life less count I find;
 The less account the sooner made;
 The account soon made, the merrier mind;
 The merrier mind doth thought evade:
 Short life in truth this thing doth try,
 Wherefore come death and let me die.

Come gentle death, the ebb of care;
 The ebb of care the flood of life;
 The flood of life the joyful fare;
 The joyful fare the end of strife;
 The end of strife, that thing wish I,
 Wherefore come death and let me die.

THE LOVER THAT ONCE DISDAINED LOVE,

IS NOW BECOME SUBJECT, BEING CAUGHT IN HIS SNARE.

[We have an interesting proof of the popularity of Tottel's Collection, in an anecdote related of Mary Queen of Scots, in connexion with this poem. The closing lines of the first stanza—

‘ And from the top of all my trust,
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust,’

are said to have been written by that unhappy princess with a diamond, on a window in Fotheringay Castle, when she was imprisoned there. They were supposed to have been her own composition. She had evidently been a reader of Tottel, and remembering these lines in some moment of loneliness she applied them to her own situation. The poem in which they occur commended itself to her recollection by its grace and delicacy.]

TO this my song give ear who list,
And mine intent judge as ye will;
The time is come that I have mist
The thing whereon I hoped still,
And from the top of all my trust,
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.

The time hath been, and that of late,
My heart and I might leap at large;
And was not shut within the gate
Of love's desire, nor took no charge
Of anything that did pertain,
As touching love in any pain.

My thought was free, my heart was light,
I marked not who lost, who sought;
I played by day, I slept by night,
I forcèd not, who wept, who laught;
My thought from all such things was free,
And I myself at liberty.

I took no heed to tauntes or toys,
As lief to see them frown as smile;
Where fortune laught I scorned their joys,
I found their frauds, and every wile;
And to myself oftentimes I smiled,
To see how love had them beguiled.

Thus in the net of my conceit,
I maskèd still among the sort
Of such as fed upon the bait
That Cupid laid for their disport;
And, ever as I saw them caught,
I them beheld and thereat laught.

Till at the length, when Cupid spied
My scornful will and spiteful use,
And how I past not who was tied,
So that myself might still live loose,
He set himself to lie in wait,
And in my way he threw a bait.

Such one as nature never made
I dare well say save she alone,
Such one she was as would invade
A heart more hard than marble stone,
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her nature made to shew her might.

Then as a man [lost] in a maze,
When use of reason is away,
So I began to stare and gaze,
And suddenly, without delay,
Or ever I had the wit to look,
I swallowed up both bait and hook.

Which daily grieves me more and more,
By sundry sorts of careful woe,
And none alive may salve the sore
But only she that hurt me so,

In whom my life doth now consist,
To save or slay me as she list.

But seeing now that I am caught,
And bound so fast I cannot flee,
Be ye by mine ensample taught,
That in your fancies feel you free;
Despise not them that lovers are
Lest you be caught within the snare.

HARPALUS'S COMPLAINT

OF PHILLIDA'S LOVE BESTOWED ON CORIN, WHO LOVED HER NOT,
AND DENIED HIM THAT LOVED HER.

[WARTON speaks in high commendation of this poem. 'It is perhaps,' he observes, 'the first example in our language now remaining, of the pure and unmixed pastoral; and in the erotic species, for ease of numbers, elegance of rural allusion, and simplicity of imagery, excels everything of the kind in Spenser, who is erroneously ranked as our earliest English bucolic.'—*Hist. Eng. Poet.* iii. 51. There is another special merit in this piece: it is thoroughly English—the *couleur locale* is strictly preserved throughout. This distinctive characteristic is the more remarkable as the earliest pastorals in modern languages are almost invariably imitated from the ancients, and have little, or nothing, in common with the nature they profess to describe. The 'rural allusions' are not so much distinguished by the 'elegance' ascribed to them by Warton, as by truthfulness—a higher and more delightful quality. It is much to be regretted that speculation is baffled as to the authorship of this pastoral. There is no known poet of the time to whom it can be referred with confidence. But there is no difficulty in determining to whom it cannot be referred. It certainly was not written by Surrey or Wyatt, Churchyard, or Lord Vaux. Of the remaining

contributors, with whose names we are acquainted, the choice lies between Bryan and George Boleyn. The claim of the latter is, possibly, to be preferred.]

PHILLIDA was a fair maid
 As fresh as any flower,
 Whom Harpalus the herdsman prayed
 To be his paramour.

Harpalus and eke Corin
 Were herdsmen both yfere;¹
 And Phillida would twist and spin,
 And thereto sing full clear.

But Phillida was all too coy
 For Harpalus to win,
 For Corin was her only joy
 Who forst her not a pin.²

How often would she flowers twine,
 How often garlands make
 Of cowslips and of columbine,
 And all for Corin's sake.

But Corin he had hawks to lure
 And forcèd more the field,
 Of lovers' law he took no cure,
 For once he was beguiled.³

Harpalus prevailed nought,
 His labour all was lost;
 For he was farthest from her thought,
 And yet he loved her most.

¹ Companions: *y* is used as an expletive to fill up the measure.

² Literally, who did not care a pin for her. *Forst* is here used in the sense of liking, and is not the participle of the verb *forse*, to neglect or despise. It occurs several times in these poems (see the next stanza but one of this piece, and the second stanza of *The Lover in Despair*), where it is employed with a different orthography in the same sense.

³ He had been once deceived in love.

Therefore waxed he both pale and lean,
And dry as clod of clay,
His flesh it was consumed clean,
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long been shave,
His hair hung all unkempt,¹
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spiteful Love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all forewatched,²
His face besprent with tears;
It seemed unhap³ had him long hatched,⁴
In midst of his despairs.

His clothes were black and also bare,
As one forlorn was he;
Upon his head he always ware
A wreath of willow tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
And he sat in the dale;
And thus with sighs and sorrows shrill,
He 'gan to tell his tale.

'O Harpalus!' thus would he say,
'Unhappiest under sun!
The cause of thine unhappy day
By love was first begun.

For thou wenest first by suit to seek
A tiger to make tame,
That sets not by thy love a leek,
But makes thy grief her game.

As easy 'twere for to convert
The frost into a flame,
As for to turn a froward heart,
Whom thou so feign wouldst frame.

¹ Uncombed.

² Sleepless.

³ Unhappiness.

⁴ Marked, stained,—that is, his face bore the evidence of his sorrow.

Corin he liveth careless,
He leaps among the leaves,
He eats the fruits of thy redress,
Thou reap'st, he takes the sheaves.

My beasts awhile your food refrain,
And hark your herdman's sound ;
Whom spiteful Love, alas ! hath slain,
Through girt with many a wound.

O happy be ye, beasties wild,
That here your pastures takes ;
I see that ye are not beguiled,
Of these your faithful makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hind,
The buck hard by the doe ;
The turtle-dove is not unkind
To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ram,
The young cow hath the bull ;
The calf with many a lusty lamb,
Do feed their hunger full.

But, welaway ! that Nature wrought
Thee, Phillida, so fair ;
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all too dear !

What reason is that cruelty
With beauty should have part ?
Or else that such great tyranny
Should dwell in woman's heart ?

I see, therefore, to shape my death
She cruelly is prest,
To the end that I may want my breath,
My days been at the best.

Oh! Cupid, grant this my request,
 And do not stop thine ears!
 That she may feel within her breast,
 The pain of my despairs.

Of Corin that is careless
 That she may crave her fee,
 As I have done in great distress
 That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shall die her slave,
 Her slave and eke her thrall,
 Write you, my friends, upon my grave,
 This chance that is befall:

Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
 By cruel love now slain;
 Whom Phillida unjustly thus
 Hath murdered with disdain.'

OF THE DEATH OF PHILIPS.¹

BEWAIL with me all ye that have possest
 Of music the art, by touch of cord or wind;
 Lay down your lutes, and let your gitterns rest,
 Philips is dead, whose like you cannot find,

¹ Philips was a musician, who acquired great celebrity on the lute. There was another Philips famous amongst English musicians mentioned in Mere's *Wit's Treasure*, 1598. 'One Robert Phillips, or Philipp,' says Warton, 'occurs among the gentlemen of the Royal Chapel under Edward VI. and Queen Mary. He was also one of the singing-men of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor; and Fox says he was so notable a singing-man, wherein he gloried, that wheresoever he came the longest song with most *counterverses* in it should be set up against him. Fox adds that while he was singing on one side of the choir of Windsor Chapel, *O Redemptrix et Salvatrix*, he was answered by one Testwood, a singer on the other side, *Non Redemptrix nec Salvatrix*. For this irreverence, and a few other slight heresies, Testwood was burnt at Windsor.'—*Hist. Eng. Poet.*, iii. 46.

Of music much excelling all the rest;
Muses therefore of force now must ye wrest
Your pleasant notes into another sound;
The string is broke, the lute is disposed,
The hand is cold, the body in the ground,
The lowering lute lamenteth now, therefore,
Philips her friend, that can touch her no more.

THAT ALL THINGS SOMETIMES FIND EASE OF
THEIR PAIN, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

[THESE lines are, probably, by the author of the *Complaint of Harpalus*. They are pervaded by the same beauty, sweetness, and pathos. The fifth and sixth stanzas have been selected by Warton as illustrations of simplicity and 'native force of expression.']

I SEE there is no sort
Of things that live in grief,
Which at sometime may not resort
Whereas they have relief.

The stricken deer by kind,
Of death that stands in awe,
For his recure an herb can find,
The arrow to withdraw.

The chased deer hath soil
To cool him in his heat;
The ass, after his weary toil,
In stable is upset.

The coney hath his cave,
The little bird his nest,
From heat and cold themselves to save,
At all times as they list.

The owl with feeble sight,
Lies lurking in the leaves;
The sparrow in the frosty night
May shroud her in the eaves.

But woe to me, alas!
In sun nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting place,
My burden to unlade.

But day by day still bears
The burden on my back,
With weeping eyes and watery tears,
To hold my hope aback.

All things I see have place,
Wherein they bow or bend,
Save this, alas! my woeful case,
Which no where findeth end.

OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT,
THE ELDER.

LO, dead! he lives, that whilome livèd here;
Among the dead, that quick goes on the ground;
Though he be dead, yet quick he doth appear
By lively name, that death cannot confound.
His life for aye of fame the trump shall sound.
Though he be dead, yet lives he here alive,
Thus can no death of Wyatt life deprive.¹

¹ The same thought occurs in Grimoald's lines on Cicero.

OF A NEW MARRIED STUDENT THAT PLAYED FAST AND LOOSE.

[WARTON thinks it probable that Sir Thomas More, 'one of the best jokers of that age,' may have written these lines, which he considers the first pointed epigram in our language.]

A STUDENT, at his book so placed
That wealth he might have won,
From book to wife did flit in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.
Now, who hath played a feater cast,
Since juggling first begun?
In *knitting* of himself so *fast*,
Himself he hath *undone*.

THE LOVER, IN DESPAIR, LAMENTETH HIS CASE.

['THESE reflections,' observes Warton, 'resulting from a retrospect of the vigorous and active part of life, destined for noble pursuits, and unworthily wasted in the tedious and fruitless anxieties of unsuccessful love, are highly natural, and painted from the heart.' The sincerity of the writer may be allowed, but it is not so easy to agree with the critic's opinion, that 'there is more pathos and feeling in this ode than in any other piece of the whole collection.' The pathos is hurt by a certain consciousness of effort in the structure of the verse, which seems to labour through a lamentation, affecting by its earnestness nevertheless. There is a slight blemish almost of vulgarity (from which the rest of the poem is entirely free) in the following lines:

'As easy it is the stony rock
From place *for* to remove,
As by thy plaint *for* to provoke
A frozen heart from hate to love.']

A DIEU, desert, how art thou shent?¹
 Ah! dropping tears, how do ye waste?
 Ah! scalding sighs, how be ye spent,
 To prick them forth that will not haste?
 Ah! pained heart, thou gap'st for grace,
 Even there where pity hath no place.

As easy it is the stony rock
 From place to place for to remove,
 As by thy plaint for to provoke
 A frozen heart from hate to love;
 What should I say? Such is thy lot,
 To fawn on them that force thee not.

Thus mayst thou safely say and swear,
 That rigour reigneth and ruth doth fail;
 In thankless thoughts my thoughts do wear;
 Thy truth, thy faith may nought avail;
 For thy good will, why shouldst thou so
 Still graft where grace it will not grow?

Alas! poor heart, thus hast thou spent
 Thy flowering time, thy pleasant years!
 With sighing voice, weep and lament,
 For of thy hope no fruit appears:
 Thy true meaning is paid with scorn,
 That ever soweth, and reapeth no corn.

And where thou seekest a quiet port,
 Thou dost but weigh against the wind;
 For where thou gladdest wouldst resort,
 There is no place for thee assigned:
 Thy destiny hath set it so,
 That thy true heart should cause thy woe.

¹ Confounded.

OF HIS MISTRESS, M. B.

[THE play upon the name of the lady who inspired these verses is sustained with considerable art, and the poem is full of sprightliness, touched here and there with a true love melancholy. Madame Bayes had good cause to be proud of a suitor, whose generosity supplied her with so many excellent reasons for not changing her name. Had he ever afterwards ventured to ask her to adopt his, she might have referred him to this little poem, as a satisfactory justification for keeping her own. 'So much good poetry,' says Warton, 'could hardly be expected from a pun.' This is a little hard on the unknown poet, who had quite as good an excuse for his bays as Petrarch for his laurel.]

IN Bays I boast, whose branch I bear,
 Such joy therein I find,
 That to the death I shall it wear,
 To ease my careless mind.

In heat, in cold, both night and day,
 Her virtue may be seen,
 When other fruits and flowers decay,
 The Bay yet grows full green.

Her berries feed the birds full oft;
 Her leaves sweet water make;
 Her boughs be set in every loft
 For their sweet savour's sake.

The birds do shroud them from the cold,
 In her we daily see;
 And men make arbours as they would,
 Under the pleasant tree.

It doth me good when I repair
 There, as these Bays do grow,
 Where oft I walk to take the air,
 It doth delight me so.

But low I stand, as I were dumb,
Her beauty for to blaze,
Wherewith my spirits be overcome,
So long thereon I gaze.

At last I turn unto my walk,
In passing to and fro,
And to myself I smile and talk,
And then away I go.

‘Why smilest thou?’ say lookers-on,
‘What pleasure hast thou found?’
With that I am as cold as stone,
And ready for to sounde.¹

‘Fie, fie for shame!’ saith Fancy then,
‘Pluck up thy fainted heart,
And speak thou boldly like a man,
Shrink not for little smart.’

Whereat I blush, and change my chere,
My senses are so weak;
Oh God! think I, what make I here,
That never a word may speak?

I dare not sigh, lest I be heard,
My looks I slily cast,
And still I stand, as out were scared,
Until my storms be past.

Then happy hap doth me revive,
The blood comes to my face:
A merrier man is not alive,
Than I am in that case.

Thus after sorrow seek I rest,
When fled is fancy’s fit;
And though I be a homely guest,
Before the Bays I sit;

¹ Swoon.

Where I do watch till leaves do fall,
 When wind the tree doth shake,
 Then, though my branch be very small,
 My leaf away I take.

And then I go and clap my hands,
 My heart doth leap for joy.
 These Bays do ease me from my bands,
 That did me long annoy.

For when I do behold the same,
 Which makes so fair a show,
 I find therein my mistress' name,
 And see her virtues grow.

A PRAISE OF MISTRESS R.

I HEARD when Fame, with thundering voice, did
 summon to appear [placed here,
 The chief of Nature's children all, that kind hath
 To view what bruit by virtue got their lives could
 justly crave; [were to have.
 And bade them show what praise by truth they worthy
 Wherewith I saw how Venus came, and put herself in
 place, [their case;
 And gave her ladies leave at large to stand and plead
 Each one was called by name, a row in that assembly
 there, [where.
 That hence are gone, or here remains, in court or other
 A solemn silence was proclaimed, the judges sat and
 heard
 What truth could tell, or craft could feign, and who
 should be preferred;
 Then Beauty stept before the bar, whose breast and
 neck was bare, [she ware.
 With hair trussed up, and on her head a caul of gold

Thus Cupid's thralls began the flock, whose hungry
eyes did say, [that day.
That she had stained all the dames, that present were
For ere she spake with whispering words, the praise
was filled throughout,
And Fancy forced common voice, thereat to give a shout.

Which cried to Fame, 'Take forth thy trump, and
sound her praise on high,
That glads the heart of every wight, that her beholds
with eye.'
'What stir and rule,' quoth Order then, 'do these
rude people make? [sake.'
We hold her best that shall deserve a praise for virtue's

This sentence was no sooner said, but Beauty therewith
blusht,
The noise did cease, the hall was still, and everything
was husht.
Then Fineness thought by training talk to win what
Beauty lost, [no cost.
And whet her tongue with jolly words, and sparèd for

Yet Wantonness could not abide, but broke her tale in
haste,
And peevish Pride for peacocks' plumes, would needs
be highest placed.
And therewithal came Enviousness, and carpèd out of
frame, [the same.
The audience laught to hear the strife, as they beheld

Yet Reason soon appeased the bruit, her reverence
made, and done,
She purchased favour for to speak, and thus her tale
began :
'Since Beauty shall the garland wear, and crowned be
by fame, [same.
Oh, happy judges, call for her, for she deserves the

Where temperance governs Beauty's flowers, and glory
 is not sought,
 And shame-faced meekness mastereth pride, and virtue
 dwells in thought:
 Bid her come forth, and show her face, or else absent
 each one,
 That true report shall grave her name in gold, or
 marble stone,

For all the world to read at will what worthiness doth
 rest, [possest.]
 In perfect, pure, unspotted life, which she hath here
 Then Skill rose up, and sought the praise, to find that
 if he might, [of right.]
 A person of such honest name, that men should praise

This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrink herself aside,
 Whose sober looks did show the gifts her wifely grace
 did hide.
 'Lo! here,' quoth Skill, 'good people all, is lucre left
 alive, [strive.]
 And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did

No longer Fame could hold her peace, but blew a blast
 so high, [the sky;
 That made an echo in the air, and sounding through
 The voice was loud, and thus it said: 'Come R. with
 happy days,
 Thy honest life hath won the fame, and crownèd thee
 with praise!'

And when I heard my mistress named, I thrust amidst
 the throng,
 And clapt my hands, and wisht of God that she might
 prosper long!

THOMAS SACKVILLE,
LORD BUCKHURST.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST.

1536—1608.

THE few particulars that have been preserved concerning Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, are the property of the historian rather than the biographer. He occupied a conspicuous position as a public man; and at a time when the people were too much oppressed by persecution to take much interest in literature, he was almost the only poet who redeemed that gloomy period from utter intellectual darkness. Called at an early age from the pursuit of letters, which he loved, to high offices in the state, which he dignified by his talents and integrity, his career must be chiefly traced in the political annals of the country. That portion of it which is connected with the few poetical pieces he produced, belongs to his youth and the reign of Queen Mary; the rest was passed in the service of her successor. Of his private life little is known; nor is it likely that the scanty memorabilia will ever be augmented. In 1797, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall examined the Dorset Papers at Knole, but could not discover any trace of the poet. A recent examination of the family muniments by Earl Amherst, resulted in a similar disappointment. Whatever records formerly existed respecting him, are supposed to have been destroyed by a succession of calamities that visited the mansions of his descendants.¹ It can scarcely be hoped,

¹ A considerable portion of Knole was destroyed by fire in the reign of Charles I., and that noble pile incurred further injuries at a later period by the ravages of the Parliamentary Commissioners. Dorset House, in Fleet-street, was consumed in the fire of London; and Dorset House, at Southover, near Lewes, built by Lord Buckhurst, was also destroyed by fire towards the close of the seventeenth century. For these facts I am indebted to Mr. W. D. Cooper's account of Sackville, prefixed to his edition of *Gordubuc*, printed for the Shakspeare Society.

therefore, that future research will add anything to the slender information we already possess.

Thomas Sackville was the son of Sir Richard Sackville, of Buckhurst, in the parish of Withyam, Sussex, where the poet was born in 1536.¹ His grandmother was sister to Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and consequently aunt to George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, and to Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth. His mother was a daughter of Sir John Bruges, lord mayor of London. She afterwards married the Marquis of Winchester. His father, descended from old families in Sussex and Kent, was a privy councillor, and is said to have acquired the *soubriquet* of Fill-sack from the economical habits by which he was enabled to accumulate large possessions. In this instance, as in many others, the heir was as prodigal in expenditure as the founder of the rich patrimony was close and penurious.

After completing the usual course of domestic tuition, Sackville was sent to Hart Hall, Oxford, but soon afterwards removed to Cambridge, where the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him. Here, it is said, he first discovered his inclination for poetry, acquiring some distinction at the university for Latin and English verse. Not a fragment of these productions has come down to us. Wood speaks of them as having obtained much celebrity; but even in his time they were either lost, or had passed into oblivion.

Upon leaving Cambridge, he entered himself as a student in the Inner Temple, and was afterwards called to the bar, but does not appear at any time to have followed it as a profession. The fact of his admission to the Temple is stated by all his biographers; yet although the books of the Inn are still preserved, from the commencement of the reign of Edward VI., no entry of his name can be traced in them. It was during this period that he became acquainted with Thomas Norton,

¹ Generally stated to have been 1527. Warton corrects the mistake by the evidence of the funeral sermon, which shows Sackville to have been 72 when he died in 1608.

the associate of Hopkins and Sternhold in the *Psalms*, and his own fellow-labourer in the tragedy of *Gordubuc*.

Before this time, having scarcely attained the age of twenty, Sackville married his kinswoman, Cecily, daughter of Sir John Baker, of Sessinghurst, Kent. At one-and-twenty he entered Parliament for the County of Westmoreland, relinquishing East Grinstead, for which place he had been returned at the same time. He served afterwards for Sussex and Aylesbury, under the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and the journals of the House bear evidence of his activity and usefulness.

The project of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the work upon which his reputation as a poet principally relies, was formed, probably, about the year 1557. The sole merit of the plan has been referred to him; but it is certain, nevertheless, that Baldwin and Ferrers were the authors of the first edition, which appeared in 1559, and which contained no contribution from Sackville, and that his *Induction* and *Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*, were added afterwards in the second edition, published in 1563. It is of little moment, however, to contest the claim of priority amongst the writers, whose numbers were subsequently increased by the accession of Phayer, Higgins, Churchyard and others, to whom Sackville is said to have transferred the undertaking, when he had no longer the requisite leisure to prosecute it himself. The original conception did not really belong to any of them, the plan being obviously an imitation of Boccaccio's *Fall of Princes*, of which there was an English version extant in the translation of *Lydgate*. It was intended, in the *Mirror*, to bring together a series of legends, in which the chief actors, to be selected from amongst the most illustrious persons in English history who had fallen under reverses of fortune, were to relate their own lives; the whole to be linked together by connecting descriptions. As the work advanced in the hands of the writers who succeeded Sackville, this restriction, which, at least, would have had the effect of impressing upon the collection something of the character of a national chronicle, was gradually abandoned, and the lamentations of such persons

as Brennus and Caracalla were interspersed amongst the sorrows of the British worthies, to the manifest injury of the interest and unity of the design. This circumstance, in addition to the monotony of the subjects and the dreariness of the treatment, may partly account for the oblivion into which the work has fallen. Of the whole, nothing has survived but Sackville's *Induction* and *Complaint of Buckingham*; and of these, the *Induction*, which exhibits the most characteristic evidences of his genius, presents the principal attraction to modern readers.

It has been conjectured, in consequence of an allusion to some sonnets of Sackville's by Jasper Heywood in 1560, that he published a volume of poems previously to that time. But no such publication has been discovered. There can be no doubt that he wrote pieces of that description; and one of them, alluded to by Ritson, prefixed to Sir Thomas Hoby's translation of Castilio's *Courtier*, has been preserved.¹ Mr. Collier has also recovered some elegiac verses by Sackville on Sir Philip and Sir Thomas Hoby;² but with these exceptions, the only poetical remains of Sackville known to be extant are the two pieces in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and the tragedy of *Gordubuc*.

The authorship of *Gordubuc* has been already spoken of as the joint work of Sackville and Norton.³ It was played at the Inner Temple during the Christmas festivities of 1561. In 1563, the second edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates* appeared, containing the *Induction* and *Complaint*. From that time Sackville renounced literature, and devoted himself to public affairs.

His relationship to Queen Elizabeth brought him into constant intercourse with the court, and may probably have influenced that taste for splendour and prodigality, which he displayed at this period, to the serious detriment of his fortune. So early as 1560, he was involved in difficulties of so urgent

¹ Mr. Cooper has printed it in his Introduction to *Gordubuc*.

² Printed in the *Shakspeare Society Papers*, vol. iv.

³ See ante, p. 138.

a nature, arising from the extravagance of his expenditure, that he was obliged to surrender by deed of release the manor of Aldwicke, in Sussex, which he was no longer able to maintain, and had fallen into such discredit as to incur the displeasure of the queen, who declared that 'she would not know him till he knew himself.' The circumstances that produced this severe reproof may be presumed to have reflected some disgrace on Sackville, as he had always been a great personal favourite with the queen, of whose partiality to him he has left a remarkable record in his will, telling us that 'in his younger years he was selected by her particular choice and liking to a continual private attendance upon her own person.' From these circumstances, whatever they were, Sackville resolved to redeem himself by a fixed resolution to change his life. According to some authorities, he was led to this determination by the persuasion or censure of the queen; according to others, by his sense of the indignity he suffered from being kept waiting by an alderman, to whom he had gone for a loan of money. He is said never to have swerved from his resolution, and to have become a 'thrifty improver of his estate.' The subsequent increase of his fortune, when he came to his great inheritance, enabled him to indulge in his passion for magnificence without injury or risk; and his sumptuous style of living was inferior only to that of royalty. At Buckhurst and Oxford he entertained Elizabeth; and for several days James, with his queen and prince, was also his guest. 'Indeed,' observes Mr. Cooper, in the memoir to which I have already referred, 'his whole life seems to have been an exemplification of his motto, *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice.*'

His first step in retrenchment was a journey on the continent, in the course of which he visited France and Italy. At Rome, he was arrested for some cause which has not been explained, and confined in prison for fourteen days. During his detention his father died, on the 10th April, 1566, and having procured his liberation, he returned to England to take possession of his patrimony.

He was now completely restored to the favour of the queen ; and her majesty conferred a signal mark of her favour upon him, by causing him to be knighted in her presence, on the 8th June, 1567, by the Duke of Norfolk, presenting him at the same time to the peerage by the title of Baron Buckhurst. The few incidents that remain embrace little more than a catalogue of the high trusts he held under Elizabeth and James.

In 1570-1, he was appointed ambassador to Charles IX. of France, to congratulate him on his marriage, and also concerning a secret treaty of marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Henry, the fourth son of Henry the 2nd, of France. The splendour of his retinue on this occasion is specially recorded by Stowe. In 1571-2 he sat on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk. For the ensuing fifteen years we hear no more of him ; and the next employment on which he was engaged was in 1586, to convey to the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, the painful intelligence that her sentence was confirmed, and to see it put into execution. He had been one of the commissioners appointed to preside at her trial ; but it appears that he was not present at Fotheringay Castle. The occasion was one that casts a dark shadow on the annals of poetry. Sackville delivered to the condemned the sentence of death, and saw it carried into effect ; Fletcher's father made a cruel and bigoted speech to the sufferer ; and Spenser turned her into the 'foul well-favoured witch,' Duessa!

Shortly afterwards, Sackville was employed as ambassador to the States-General. The independence with which he fulfilled his mission, without consulting the personal views of the favourite Leicester, produced so much hostility against him at court, that he was recalled, and, through the influence of Burleigh and Leicester, confined to his house for nine months by the Queen's command. The death of Leicester restored him again to favour ; and in 1588 he was made a knight companion of the Garter, and created a privy councillor. In the same year he sat upon the trial of the Earl of Arundel ; and in 1591, on the death of Sir Christopher Hatton, he was

nominated one of the commissioners appointed to hold the great seal, and elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in opposition to Essex, the Queen determining the event by a letter in his favour. On the death of Burleigh he became Lord Treasurer; he afterwards assisted in promoting the peace with Denmark; and upon the occasion of the trial of Essex, was appointed Lord High Steward. He held the office of Lord High Treasurer till the death of Elizabeth, and in 1603 was confirmed in it for life by a patent from King James, who created him Earl of Dorset; but did not live to enjoy his new honours long. He was taken ill in July 1607, and struggled against age and disease till the 19th of April following, when he expired suddenly at the council table at Whitehall. On the 20th of May he was buried in Westminster Abbey; when Abbot, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached his funeral sermon.

His character as a statesman was distinguished for integrity. Few ministers maintained through so many important employments so unblemished a reputation. His style in speaking, as in writing, was remarkable for purity, vigour, and affluence of resources; and it is said of him, that even in that gloomy tribunal which was seldom cheered by melodious utterances he was called 'the Star Chamber Bell.' As a poet, his chief claim to a high place in the history of English literature arises from his share—by common assent, supposed to be the principal share—in the tragedy of *Gordubuc*, the first specimen of dramatic blank verse in our language: but it is by the *Induction* he is known to most readers; since, whatever may be the merits of *Gordubuc* in other respects, its poetical attractions are not of a kind to render it popular. Written subsequently to Surrey, it is more antique in manner—as, indeed, Sackville is at all times; while the extreme length of the speeches, and the heaviness of the incidents, accumulate obstacles in the way of enjoyment which few have sufficient courage or patience to encounter.

The machinery prepared in the *Induction* for the general plan of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, exhibits in its boldness and

variety, a faithful reflection of the strength and prodigality of Sackville's genius. His plan differs materially from that of the other contributors. 'He lays the scene,' says Campbell, drawing a comparison between him and his associates, 'like Dante, in hell, and makes his characters relate their history at the gates of Elysium, under the guidance of Sorrow, while the authors of the other legends are generally contented with simply dreaming of the unfortunate personages, and by going to sleep, offer a powerful inducement to follow their example.'¹ The *Induction*, however, labours under this disadvantage, that the extensive design for which it was originally intended as a prelude, having been abandoned, Sackville was obliged to adapt it to the single legend of *Buckingham*, which brings it to an abrupt and unsatisfactory termination. It is like a noble portico, with stately columns, to a very small house.

The rank and qualities of Sackville as a poet have been so accurately and comprehensively described by Hallam, that nothing can be added by others. 'The *Induction*,' he observes, 'displays best his poetical genius; it is, like much earlier poetry, a representation of allegorical personages, but with a fertility of imagination, vividness of description, and strength of language, which not only leave his predecessors far behind, but may fairly be compared with some of the most poetical passages in Spenser. Sackville's *Induction* forms a link which unites the school of Chaucer and Lydgate to the *Faery Queen*. It would certainly be vain to look in Chaucer, wherever Chaucer is original, for the grand creations of Sackville's fancy, yet we should never find any one who would rate Sackville above Chaucer. The strength of an eagle is not to be measured by the height of his place, but by the time that he continues on the wing. Sackville's *Induction* consists of a few hundred lines; and even in these, there is a monotony of gloom and sorrow, which prevents us from wishing it to be longer.'

¹ *Specimens of the British Poets*, ii. 135.

In this just and discriminating criticism will be found the reason for introducing the *Induction* into this volume, and for not following Sackville farther into that dismal landscape, upon which, as Campbell truly says, 'the sun never shines.' Connecting two distinct ages, and reflecting some of the attributes of both, Sackville cannot be omitted from a Collection of English Poets; but when we have traversed the *Induction*, the interest ceases. The *Complaint* only expands the monotony into a sort of miserable languor, which wearies the reader and disappoints his expectations.

The text has been adopted from Mr. Haslewood's accurate edition of 1815.

THE INDUCTION.

I

THE wrathfull winter proching on apace,
 With blustering blasts had all ybarde the treene,
 And olde Saturnus with his frosty face
 With chilling cold had pearst the tender greene:
 The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene
 The gladsom groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
 The tapets¹ torne, and euery blome downe blowne.

2

The soyle, that erst so seemly was to seene,
 Was all despoyled of her beauties hewe:
 And soote-fresh flowers (wherewith the sommer's queene
 Had clad the earth) now Boreas' blasts downe blewe:
 And small foules, flocking, in theyr song did rewe
 The winter's wrath, wherewith ech thing defaste,
 In woefull wise bewayld the sommer past.

3

Hawthorne had lost his motley liuery,
 The naked twiges were shiuering all for cold:
 And, dropping downe the teares abundantly,

¹ Tapestries, as explained in a former note; here applied imagerially to the foliage of the trees.

Ech thing, mee thought, with weeping eye mee tolde
 The cruell season, bidding mee withholde
 My selfe within, for I was gotten out
 Into the fieldes, wheras I walkt about.

4

When loe the night with misty mantels spred
 Gan darke the day, and dim the azure skies,
 And Venus in her message Hermes sped
 To bloudy Mars, to will him not to rise,
 While shee her selfe approacht in speedy wise :
 And Virgo hyding her disdaynefull brest,
 With Thetis now had layde her downe to rest.

5

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
 Whose howe prest bent in fight, the string had slipt,
 Down slide into the Ocean flud aparte,
 The Beare, that in the Irish seas had dipt
 His griesly feete, with speede from thence hee whipt :
 For Thetis, hasting from the virgin's bed,
 Pursude the Beare, that, ere she came, was fled.

6

And Phaeton now, neare reaching to his race
 With glistring beames, gold-streaming where they bent,
 Was prest to enter in his resting place :
 Erythius, that in the cart fyrst went,
 Had euen now attaynd his iorney's stent :¹
 And, fast declining, hid away his head,
 While Titan coucht him in his purple bed.

7

And pale Cinthea, with her borrowed light,
 Beginning to supply her brother's place,
 Was past the noonesteede sixe degrees in sight,
 When sparkling stars amid the heauen's face,
 With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
 That, while they brought about the nighte's chare,
 The darke had dimd the day, ere I was ware.

¹ End or termination, from *stente*, to desist.

8

And sorrowing I to see the sommer flowers,
 The liuely greene, the lusty lease, forlorne,
 The sturdy trees so shattred with the showers,
 The fieldes so fade, that florisht so beforne :
 It taught mee well, all earthly things be borne
 To dye the death: for nought long time may last :
 The sommer's beauty yeeldes to winter's blast.

9

Then looking vpward to the heauen's leames,
 With nighte's starres thicke powdred euery where,
 Which erst so glistned with the golden streames
 That chearfull Phœbus spred downe from his sphere,
 Beholding darke, oppressing day, so neare :
 The sodayne sight reduced to my mynde,
 The sundry chaunges that in earth wee finde.

10

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
 Which coms, and goes, more faster than wee see
 The flickring flame that with the fyre is wrought,
 My busie mynde presented vnto mee
 Such fall of peeres as in the realme had bee :
 That oft I wisht some would their woes descryue,
 To warne the rest whome fortune left a liue.

11

And strait forth stalking with redoubled pace,
 For that I sawe the night drew on so fast,
 In blacke all clad there fell before my face
 A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewast,
 Forth on her eyes the cristall tears out brast,
 And sighing sore her hands shee wrong and folde,
 Tare all her hayre, that ruth was to beholde.

12

Her body smale, forwithred, and forspent,
 As is the stalke that sommer's drought opprest,
 Her wealked face with woefull teares bee sprent,
 Her colour pale, and, as it seemed her best,
 In woe and plaint reposed was her rest :

And, as the stone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her chekes with fall of teares.

13

Her eyes swollen with flowing streams aflote,
Where, with her lookes throwne vp full piteously,
Her forcelesse hands together oft shee smote,
With dolefull shrikes, that eckoed in the skye:
Whose plaint such sighes did strait accompany,
That, in my doome, was neuer man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begone as shee.

14

I stode agast, beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour, so distreinde in hart,
That, while my hayres vpstarted with the sight,
The teares out streamde for sorow of her smart:
But, when I sawe no end that could appart
The deadly dewle which shee soe sore did make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake:

15

‘Unwrap thy woes, what euer wight thou bee,
And stint in tyme to spill thy self with playnt,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attaynt:
And, with that word of sorrow, all forfaynt
Shee looked vp, and, prostrate, as shee lay,
With piteous sound, lo, thus shee gan to say:

16

‘Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distraynde
With wasting woes, that neuer shall aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endlesse torments paynde
Among the furies in th’ infernall lake,
Where Pluto god of hell so griesly blacke
Doth holde his throne, and Lætheus’ deadly tast
Doth rieuë remembraunce of ech thing forepast.

17

‘Whence come I am, the drery desteny,
And lucklesse lot for to bemone of those
Whome fortune, in this maze of misery,

Of wretched chaunce, most wofull mirours chose,
 That, when thou seest how lightly they did lose
 Their pompe, their power, and that they thought
 most sure,
 Thou mayst soone deeme no earthly ioy may dure.'

18

Whose rufull voice no sooner had out brayed
 Those wofull words, wherewith shee sorrowed so,
 But out, alas, shee shrigh^t,¹ and neuer stayed,
 Fell downe, and al to dasht her selfe for wo:
 The cold pale dread my limmes gan ouergo,
 And I so sorrowed at her sorrowes eft,
 That, what with grieve and feare, my wits were reft.

19

I stretcht my selfe, and strayt my hart reuiues,
 That dread and dolour erst did so appale,
 Like him that with the feruent feuer striues,
 When sicknesse seekes his castell health to skale:
 With gathred sprites so forst I feare to auale:
 And, rearing her, with anguish all foredone,
 My sprits returnd, and then I thus begon:

20

'O Sorrow, alas, sith Sorrow is thy name,
 And that to thee this drere doth well pertayne,
 In vayne it were to seeke to cease the same:
 But, as a man himselfe with sorrow slayne,
 So I, alas, doe comfort thee in payne,
 That here in sorrow art forsunke so deepe,
 That at thy sigh I can but sigh and weepe.'

21

I had no sooner spoken of a syke,
 But that the storme so rumbled in her brest,
 As Eölus could neuer roare the like,
 And showers downe raynde from her eyes so fast,
 That all bedreint the place, till, at the last,
 Well eased they the dolour of her minde,
 As rage of rayne doth swage the stormy winde:

¹ Shrieked.

22

For forth shee paced in her fearefull tale:
 'Come, come,' quod shee, 'and see what I shall showe,
 Come, heare the playning and the bitter bale
 Of worthy men, by fortune's ouerthrowe:
 Come thou, and see them rewing all in rowe,
 They were but shades, that erst in minde thou rolde:
 Come, come with mee, thine eyes shall them beholde.'

23

What coulde these wordes but make mee more agast,
 To heare her tell whereon I musde while ere?
 So was I mazde therewith, till, at the last,
 Musing vpon her words, and what they were,
 All sodaynly well lessoned was my feare:
 For to my minde retourned, how shee told
 Both what shee was, and where her wun shee helde.

24

Whereby I knewe that she a goddesse was,
 And, therewithall, resorted to my minde
 My thought, that late presented mee the glas
 Of brittle state, of cares that here wee finde,
 Of thousand woes to seely men assynde:
 And how shee now bid mee come and beholde,
 To see with eye that earst in thought I rolde.

25

Flat downe I fell, and with all reuerence
 Adored her, perceiuing now, that shee,
 A goddesse, sent by godly prouidence,
 In earthly shape thus shewd her selfe to mee,
 To wayle and rue this world's vncertainty:
 And, while I honoured thus her godhead's might,
 With plainning voyce these words to mee she shrighit.

26

'I shall thee guyde first to the griesly lake,
 And thence vnto the blissfull place of rest,
 Where thou shalt see, and heare, the playnt they make

That whilome here bare swinge among the best:
 This shalt thou see: but greate is the vnrest
 That thou must byde, before thou canst attayne
 Unto the dreadfull place where these remayne.'

27

And, with these words, as I vpraysed stood,
 And gan to followe her that straight forth paste,
 Ere I was ware, into a desert woode
 Wee now were come: where, hand in hand imbraste,
 Shee led the way, and through the thicke so traste,
 As, but I had bene guided by her might,
 It was no way for any mortall wight.

28

But, loe, while thus amid the desert darke
 Wee passed on, with steps and pace vnmeete,
 A rumbling roare, confusde with howle and barke
 Of dogs, shoke all the ground vnder out feete,
 And stroke the din within our eares so deepe,
 As, halfe distraught, vnto the ground I fell,
 Besought retourne, and not to visite hell.

29

But shee, forthwith, vplifting mee a pace,
 Remoude my dread, and, with a stedfast minde,
 Bad mee come on, for here was now the place,
 The place where wee our trauail's end should finde:
 Wherewith I rose, and to the place assignde
 Astoinde I stalkt, when strayght wee approached nere
 The dreadfull place, that you will dread to here.

30

An hideous hole, all vaste, withouten shape,
 Of endles depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,
 With ougly mouth, and griesly iawes doth gape,
 And to our sight confounds it selfe in one:
 Here entred wee, and, yeeding forth, anone
 An horrible lothly lake wee might discerne,
 As blacke as pitch that cleped is *Auerne*.

31

A deadly gulfe: where nought but rubbish grows,
 With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumps that lies,
 Which vp in th' ayre such stinking vapors throws
 That ouer there, may flie no fowle, but dyes
 Choakt with the pestilent sauours that arise:

Hither wee come, whence forth wee still did pace,
 In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place:

32

And, first, within the porch and iawes of hell
 Sate deepe Remorse of Conscience, all bee sprent
 With teares: and to her selfe oft would shee tell
 Her wretchednes, and, cursing, neuer stent
 To sob and sighe: but euer thus lament,
 With thoughtfull care, as shee that, all in vaine,
 Would weare, and waste continually in payne.

33

Her eyes vnstedfast, rolling here and there,
 Whurld on each place, as place that vengeaunce brought,
 So was her minde continually in feare,
 Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought
 Of those detested crymes which shee had wrought:
 With dreadfull cheare, and lookes throwne to the skie,
 Wishing for death, and yet shee could not die.

34

Next, sawe wee Dread, all trembling how hee shooke,
 With foote, vncertayne, profered here and there:
 Benomd of speach, and, with a ghastly looke,
 Searcht euery place, all pale and dead for feare,
 His cap borne vp with staring of his heare,
 Stoynde and amazde at his owne shade for dreede,
 And fearing greater daungers then was neede.

35

And, next, within the entry of this lake,
 Sate fell Reuenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,
 Deuising meanes how shee may vengeaunce take,

Neuer in rest, till shee haue her desire :
 But frets within so farforth with the fire
 Of wreaking flames, that now determines shee
 To dy by death, or vengde by death to bee.

36

When fell reuenge, with bloudy foule pretence
 Had showde her selfe, as next in order set,
 With trembling lims wee softly parted thence,
 Till in our eyes another sight wee met :
 When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
 Rewing, alas, vpon the woefull plight
 Of Misery, that next appeard in sight.

37

His face was leane, and somedeale pynde away
 And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
 But what his body was, I cannot say,
 For on his carkas rayment had hee none,
 Saue clouts and patches pieced one by one,
 With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,
 His chiefe defence agaynst the winter's blast.

38

His foode, for most, was wilde fruites of the tree,
 Unlesse sometime some crums fell to his share,
 Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept hee,
 As one the which full daintely would fare :
 His drinke, the running streame, his cup, the bare
 Of his palme cloasde, his bed, the hard cold ground :
 To this poore life was Misery ybound.

39

Whose wretched state when wee had well beheld,
 With tender ruth on him, and on his feres,
 In thoughtfull cares forth then our pace wee held :
 And, by and by, another shape apperes
 Of greedy Care, still brushing vp the breres,
 His knuckles knobde, his flesh deepe dented in,
 With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

40

The morrowe gray no sooner hath begon
To spreade his light, euen peping in our eyes,
When hee is vp, and to his worke yrun:
But let the night's blacke misty mantles rise,
And with foule darke neuer so mutch disguise
The fayre bright day, yet ceaseth hee no while,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

41

By him lay heauy Sleepe, the cosin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, saue yelding forth a breath:
Smale kepe tooke hee, whome fortune frowned on,
Or whom shee lifted vp into the throne
Of high renoune, but, as a liuing death,
So, dead aliue, of life hee drew the breath.

42

The bodie's rest, the quiet of the hart
The trauailes ease, the still night's feere was hee:
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of sight, and yet in whom wee see
Things oft that tyde, and oft that neuer bee:
Without respect, esteming equally
King Cræsus' pompe, and Irus' pouertie.

43

And next, in order sad, Old Age wee found,
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drouping chere still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assinde
To rest, when that the sisters had vntwynde
His vitall thred, and ended with their knyfe
The fleting course of fast declyning lyfe.

44

There heard wee him with broke and hollow plaint
Rewe with him selfe his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment,

With sweete remembraunce of his pleasures past,
 And fresh delytes of lusty youth forewast:
 Recounting which, how would hee sob and shrike!
 And to bee yong agayne of Ioue beseke.

45

But, and the cruell fates so fixed bee,
 That tyme forepast cannot retourne agayne,
 This one request of Ioue yet prayed hee:
 That, in such withred plight, and wretched paine,
 As eld, accompanied with his lothsome trayne,
 Had brought on him, all were it woe and grieve,
 Hee might a while yet linger forth his lief.

46

And not so soone discend into the pit:
 Where Death, when hee the mortall corps hath slayne,
 With retchlesse hand in graue doth couer it,
 Therafter neuer to enioy agayne
 The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylayne,
 In depth of darknesse wast and weare to nought,
 As hee had nere into the world bene brought.

47

But who had seene him, sobbing, how hee stode,
 Unto himselfe, and how hee would bemone
 His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
 To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
 Hee would haue musde, and meruaylde much, whereon
 This wretched Age should life desire so fayne,
 And knowes full well lyfe doth but length his payne.

48

Crookebackt hee was, toothshaken, and blere eyde,
 Went on three feete, and, somtyme, crept on fowre,
 With olde lame boanes, that ratled by his syde,
 His scalpe all pild, and hee with eld forlore:
 His withred fist still knocking at Death's dore,
 Fumbling, and driueling, as hee drawes his breath,
 For brieft, the shape and messenger of Death.

49

And fast by him pale Malady was plaste,
Sore sicke in bed, her coulour all foregone,
Bereft of stomacke, sauour, and of taste,
Ne could shee brooke no meate, but broths alone :
Her breath corrupt, her keepers euery one
Abhorring her, her sicknes past recure,
Detesting phisicke, and all phisicke's cure.

50

But, oh, the dolefull sight that then wee see,
Wee tournd our looke, and, on the other side,
A griesly shape of Famine mought wee see,
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth, that cryed
And roarde for meate, as shee should there haue dyed,
Her body thin, and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

51

And that, alas, was gnawne on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrayne
From tears, to see how shee her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vayne :
When, all for nought, shee fayne would so sustayne
Her staruen corps, that rather seemde a shade,
Then any substaunce of a creature made.

52

Great was her force, whome stone wall could not stay,
Her tearing nayles snatching at all shee sawe :
With gaping iawes, that by no meanes ymay
Be satisfide from hunger of her mawe,
But eates herselfe as shee that hath no lawe :
Gnawing, alas, her carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count ech sinew, bone, and veyne.

53

On her while wee thus firmly fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a drery sight,
Loe, sodaynly shee shrikt in so huge wise,

As made hell gates to shiuer with the might :
 Wherewith, a dart wee sawe, how it did light
 Right on her brest, and, therewithall, pale Death
 Enthrilling it, to reue her of her breath.

54

And, by and by, a dum dead corps wee sawe,
 Heauy, and colde, the shape of death aright :
 That daunts all earthly creatures to his lawe :
 Against whose force in vaine it is to fight :
 Ne peeres, ne princes, nor no mortall wyght,
 No townes, ne realmes, cittyes, ne strongest tower,
 But all, perforce, must yeelde vnto his power.

55

His dart, anon, out of the corps hee tooke,
 And in his hand (a dreadfull sight to see)
 With great tryumph eftsones the same hee shooke,
 That most of all my feares affrayed mee :
 His body dight with nought but bones, perdye,
 The naked shape of man there saw I plaine,
 All saue the flesh, the sinow, and the vaine.

56

Lastly, stode Warre, in glittering armes yclad,
 With visage grym, sterne lookes, and blackly hewed
 In his right hand a naked sworde hee had,
 That to the hilts was all with bloud embrued :
 And in his left (that king and kingdomes rewed)
 Famine and fyre he held, and therewithall
 He razed townes, and threw downe towres and all.

57

Cities hee sakt, and realmes (that whilome flowred
 In honour, glory, and rule, aboue the best)
 Hee ouerwhelmde, and all their fame deuoured,
 Consumde, destroyde, wasted and neuer ceast,
 Tyll hee their wealth, their name, and all opprest :
 His face forehewde with wounds, and by his side
 There hung his targ, with gashes deepe and wide.

58

In mids of which, depainted there, wee founde
Deadly Debate, all full of snaky heare,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybound,
Out breathing nought but discord euery where:
And round about were portrayde, here and there,
The hugy hostes, Darius and his power,
His kings, princes, his peeres, and all his flower.

59

Whom great Macedo vanquisht there in sight,
With deepe slaughter, despoyling all his pryde,
Pearst through his realmes, and daunted all his might:
Duke Hanniball beheld I there besyde,
In Canna's field, victor how hee did ryde,
And woefull Romaines that in vayne withstoode,
And consull Paulus couered all in blood.

60

Yet sawe I more the sight at Trasimene,
And Treby field, and eke when Hanniball
And worthy Scipio last in armes were sene
Before Carthago gate, to try for all
The world's empyre, to whom it should befall:
There saw I Pompey, and Cæsar clad in arms,
Their hoasts allied and all their ciuill harms:

61

With conquerers hands, forbadde in their owne bloud,
And Cæsar weeping ouer Pompey's head:
Yet saw I Scilla and Marius where they stood,
Their greate crueltie, and the deepe bloudshed
Of frends: Cyrus I saw and his host dead,
And howe the queene with greate despite hath flong
His head in bloud of them shee ouercome.

62

Xerxes, the Percian king, yet sawe I there,
With his huge host, that dranke the riuers drye,
Dismounted hills, and made the vales vprere,

His hoste and all yet sawe I slayne, perdye:
 Thebes I sawe, all razde how it did lye
 In heapes of stones, and Tyrus put to spoyle,
 With walls and towers flat euened with the soyle.

63

But Troy, alas, mee thought, aboue them all,
 It made myne eyes in very teares consume:
 When I behelde the woefull werd befall,
 That by the wrathfull will of gods was come:
 And Ioue's vnmoued sentence and foredoome
 On Priam king, and on his towne so bent,
 I could not lin, but I must there lament.

64

And that the more sith desteny was so sterne
 As, force perforce, there might no force auayle,
 But shee must fall: and, by her fall, wee learne,
 That cities, towers, welth, world, and all shall quaile:
 No manhood, might, nor nothing mought preuayle,
 All were there prest full many a prince, and peere,
 And many a knight that solde his death full deere.

65

Not worthy Hector, worthyest of them all,
 Her hope, her ioy, his force is now for nought:
 O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
 The hugie horse within thy walls is brought:
 Thy turrets fall, thy knights, that whilome fought
 In armes amid the field, are slayne in bed,
 Thy gods defylde, and all thy honour dead.

66

The flames vpspring, and cruelly they creepe
 From wall to rooffe, till all to cinders waste,
 Some fyre the houses where the wretches sleepe,
 Some rush in here, some run in there as fast:
 In euery where or sword, or fyre, they tast:
 The walls are torne, the towers whourld to the ground,
 There is no mischiefe, but may there bee found.

67

Cassandra yet there sawe I how they haled
From Pallas house, with spercled tresse vndone,
Her wrists fast bound, and with Greekes rout empaled:
And Priam eke, in vayne how hee did ronne
To arms, whom Pyrrhus with dispite hath donne
To cruell death, and bathde him in the bayne
Of his sonne's bloud, before the altare slayne.

68

But how can I descriue the dolefull sight,
That in the shield so liuely fayre did shine?
Sith in this world, I thinke was neuer wight
Could haue set forth the halfe, not halfe so fyne:
I can no more, but tell how there is seene
Fayre Ilium fall in burning red gledes downe,
And, from the soile, great Troy, Neptunus' towne.

69

Here from when scarce I could mine eyes withdrawe
That fylde with teares as doth the springing well,
We passed on so far forth till we sawe
Rude Acheron, a lothsome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs vp swelth as blacke as hell,
Where griesly Charon, at theyr fixed tyde,
Still ferries ghostes vnto the farder side.

70

The aged god no sooner Sorrow spyed,
But, hasting straight vnto the bancke apace,
With hollowe call vnto the rout hee cryed,
To swarue apart, and gieue the goddesse place:
Strayt it was done, when to the shoare wee pace,
Where, hand in hand as wee thus linked fast,
Within the boate wee are together plaste.

71

And forth wee launch full fraughted to the brinke,
Whan, with th' vnwonted waight, the rusty keele
Began to cracke as if the same should sinke,

Wee hoyse vp maste and sayle, that in a while
 Wee fet the shoare, where scarsely wee had while
 For to ariue, but that wee heard anone
 A three sound barke confounded all in one.

72

Wee had not long forth past, but that wee sawe
 Blacke Cerberus, the hydeous hound of hell,
 With bristles reard, and with a three mouth'd jawe,
 Foredinning th' ayre with his horrible yell:
 Out of the deepe darke caue where hee did dwell,
 The goddesse straight hee knewe, and, by and by,
 Hee peast, and couched, while that wee past by.

73

Thence come wee to the horreur and the hell,
 The large great kingdoms, and the dreadfull raigne
 Of Pluto in his throne where hee did dwell,
 The wide waste places, and the hugie playne:
 The waylings, shrikes, and sondry sorts of payne,
 The sighes, the sobs, the deepe and deadly groane,
 Earth, ayre, and all, resounding playnt and moane.

74

Heare pewled the babes, and here the maydes vnwed,
 With folded hands theyr sory chaunce bewayld:
 Here wept the guiltles slayne, and louers dead,
 That slew them selues when nothing els auayld:
 A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that waylde
 With sighs, and teares, sobs, shrikes, and all yfeare,
 That, oh, alas, it was a hell to heare.

75

Wee staide vs strait, and with a ruffull feare,
 Beheld this heauy sight, while from myne eyes,
 The vaped tears downe stilled here and there,
 And Sorrowe eke in far more wofull wise,
 Tooke on with plaint, vp heauing to the skies
 Her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
 Gan all in heapes to swarme vs round about.

76

'Loe here,' quoth Sorrow, 'princes of renoune,
That whilom sate on top of fortune's wheele,
Now layde full low, like wretches whurled downe,
Euen with one frowne, that slayde but with a smyle,
And now beholde the thing that thou, erewhile,
Saw onely in thought, and, what thou nowshalt heere,
Recompt the same to kesar, king, and peere.'

77

Then first came Henry duke of Buckingham,
His cloake of blacke all pilde, and quite forworne,
Wringing his hands, and fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him now her skorne:
With gastly lookes, as one in maner lorne,
Oft spred his armes, stretcht hands hee ioynes as fast,
With rufull cheare, and vapored eyes vpcast.

78

His cloake hee rent, his manly brest hee beat,
His hayre all torne, about the place it lay,
My heart so molt to see his grieve so great,
As felingly me thought, it dropt away:
His eyes they whurld about withouten stay,
With stormy sighes the place did so complayne,
As if his heart at ech had burst in twayne.

79

Thrise hee began to tell his dolefull tale,
And thrise the sighes did swallow vp his voyce,
At ech of which hee shrieked so withall,
As though the heauens riued with the noyse:
Tyll at the last, recouering his voyce,
Supping the teares that all his brest beraynde,
On cruell fortune, weeping, thus hee playnde.

THE END.

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