Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance
An anthology

EDITED BY
SUKANTA CHAUDHURI
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance
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Sukanta Chaudhuri
Jadavpur University
March 2016
Practices and conventions

*Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance* contains the text of the poems with brief headnotes giving date, source and other basic information, and footnotes with full annotation. It includes a brief introduction, an index of authors and an index of titles and first lines. *The Companion to Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance* (MUP 2016) contains a full introduction to English Renaissance pastoral, textual notes, and all other apparatus.

**Choice of texts and editorial policy**

Virtually all texts have been freshly edited from original manuscripts and early printed editions, accessed in the original or in electronic or photographic copies. In two cases (nos. 248 and 254), later printed editions have been followed as I could not consult the manuscripts.

As a rule, the earliest printed edition has been taken as control text. A different printed edition has sometimes been preferred: most often with poems published earlier and reprinted in *England’s Helicon*, as the latter is most likely to be attuned to the pastoral conventions of the time. In all other cases, the choice is explained in the textual notes in the Companion. The same applies where a manuscript text has been used in preference to an early printed version.

The chief exceptions to this practice are the poems by Sidney and Spenser. These major poets have been intensively edited by specialist scholars: a new fragmentary exercise seemed both rash and superfluous. Here the first printed version has been taken as the control text, and checked against standard modern editions.

Where the only version is in manuscript, it has of course been taken as control text. If there is more than one manuscript, the one with the clearest or fullest text has been followed: sometimes, where the choice seemed indifferent, the most readily accessed. Any special factor is explained in the textual notes.

Ballads pose a special problem, as items known to be in circulation in the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century only survive in versions from the late seventeenth century. In such cases, the earliest version (insofar as it can be determined) has been followed; variants in other versions have not been recorded except for some special point of interest.

For the orally circulated song ‘Oh shepherd, oh shepherd’ (no. 29), with no early manuscript or print version, a modern-spelling twentieth-century transcript has been followed.
Practices and conventions

Record of variants

Except in the case of ballads (see above), all substantive variants have been recorded in the textual notes contained in the Companion. Spelling and punctuation variants have been ignored except for a few cases of special interest. Where a variant reading materially affects the interpretation, it has also been noted in the commentary in this volume.

The collation usually takes into account alternative printed versions of proximate date. The span of dates varies with the work: usually not later than the mid-seventeenth century, but in a few special cases until the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century.

It was sometimes not feasible to collate all manuscript versions, especially of popular pieces like ‘In the merry month of May’ or ‘Cloris, since thou art fled away’. The following policy has been followed:

- Where the best or only witness is a manuscript, it has been consulted irrespective of location.
- In other cases, all manuscript versions in the British Library and Bodleian Library have been collated for substantive variants. Manuscripts at other locations have been collated in cases of special interest.

Even minor variants in substantive readings (e.g., of articles, conjunctions and prepositions) have been noted: less for their interpretative value (often nil) than for the trajectories of text circulation that they chart, offering fascinating insights on unconscious changes in widely circulated texts.

The order of the poems

The poems have been placed in rough chronological order, with the following provisos:

- All poems by the same author are grouped together at the date of publication of the earliest item.
- When (as so often) exact dates are not available, approximate dates, or a median date of the author’s active life, are used.
- Anonymous manuscript poems are placed by date of manuscript (often very approximate).
- Translations are placed by the date of the original, subject to the above principles. With classical authors, such dates are usually very broad or conjectural.
- In a few cases, the chronological order has been modified to keep related poems together. Thus Tasso’s and Guarini’s Golden Age choruses, of 1573 and 1590 respectively, are placed together, as are all poems about the shepherd Amyntas. Webbe’s quantitative version of Spenser’s ‘April’ follows that poem, before other eclogues from The Shepheardes Calender. Ralegh’s ‘Nymph’s Reply’ (with another ‘reply’ from England’s Hylcon, 1600) follows Marlowe’s ‘The Passionate Shepherd to His Love’, separately from Ralegh’s other poems. Henry Chettle has been placed a little later than warranted so that his poem on the succession of James I does not precede poems on Elizabeth as a living monarch.
- Poems relating to Queen Elizabeth and Philip Sidney from A Poetical Rhapsody (1602) are placed at that date, though they were probably written much earlier. The poems on the death of Charles I range too widely in date to be grouped together: one was written well after the Restoration, by a man born three years after Charles’s execution.
• The special problem with ballads is noted above. With a few exceptions determined by subject or by known date of composition, they have been placed at a point roughly between the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

**Spelling and punctuation**

Other than no. 29 in modern spelling (see above), all poems are in the original spelling of the control text except, of course, for emendations. Old-spelling titles have been used in the headnotes and textual notes, but capitalization and use of lower-case u and v have been standardized. Modern spelling has been used in the titles and first lines of poems when printed as headings.

In reproducing headings and other paratext from early editions, font and capitalization have been standardized, as they are usually quite arbitrary in the original, dictated by space and visual effect rather than intrinsic meaning.

The original punctuation has been retained as much as possible, with a few silent changes to avoid misleading the modern reader. However, some poems needed a higher degree of intervention. Some manuscript texts have virtually no punctuation, which needed to be inserted. All cases of major re-punctuation are indicated in the headnotes.
Abbreviations

16c  (etc., for centuries)

Fr.  French
Gk.  Greek
It.  Italian
Lat.  Latin
Sp.  Spanish

Aen.  Aeneid
Ecl.  Eclogue
Epig.  Epigram
FQ   The Faerie Queene
Georg.  Georgic(s)
Helicon  England’s Helicon (1600)
Met.  (Ovid’s) Metamorphoses
SC   The Shepheardes Calender

Addl.  Additional
BL  British Library
Bod.  Bodleian Library, Oxford
Rawl.  Rawlinson

bk  book
edn  edition
esp.  especially
foll.  following
ms(s)  manuscript(s)
prob.  probably
ref.  reference
trans.  translated, translation

OED 1st cit. the first citation of the word in this sense (usually at a later date than here)
OED last cit. the last citation of the word in this sense (usually at an earlier date than here)
OED only cit. the only example of the word in this sense located by OED.
Books cited in abbreviated form


Pastoral is one of the few literary modes whose genesis can be clearly traced. While poems reworking pristine rustic experience might have existed earlier, the pastoral mode as now recognized originated with the Greek poet Theocritus in the third century BCE. More correctly put, Theocritus provided a model that others followed to create the mode.

There were few ‘others’ in Hellenistic Greece. A handful of poems, only one or two authentically pastoral, have been ascribed (often doubtfully) to two poets, Bion and Moschus. Of Theocritus’ own thirty idylls (‘little pictures’ or ‘sketches’, often of doubtful authorship), only twelve are pastoral. What set the seal on the mode was its adoption by Virgil in the first century BCE, in ten poems sometimes closely imitating Theocritus. These selections (eclogae) from his early work have lent the name ‘eclogue’ to the typical pastoral poem of moderate length and varied subject-matter, often incorporating an inset song or song-contest.

Virgil too had few followers in classical times – only two minor poets, Calpurnius and Nemesianus. But his immense stature as the pre-eminent Latin poet, continuing through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, set before every aspiring poet the career-pattern of the ‘Virgilian cycle’, moving from pastoral to didactic poems on farming (the Georgics) and finally to martial and courtly epic in the Aeneid. This was also held to reflect the course of human civilization. From the late Middle Ages, the Virgilian eclogue became a dominant poetic genre.

There was another reason for this. Theocritus’ idylls had presented, if in somewhat idealized and sometimes mythicized form, the life of actual shepherds in Cos and Sicily. Only once, in Idyll 7, is there any suggestion that the shepherds may stand for people from another world, maybe the poet’s own. Virgil, however, seems to have introduced a measure of allusion in his Eclogues, beginning with the first, where the shepherd Tityrus, secure while his fellows are dislodged from the land, is held to represent Virgil himself, thanking the Emperor Augustus for his patronage.

The extent and nature of the allusion is often uncertain; but scholiasts have confirmed what any reader might suspect, that it is there. When Virgilian pastoral was revived in the late Middle Ages by Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio (chiefly the latter two), they insisted that allusion was intrinsic to pastoral. Through the ensuing Renaissance and beyond, ‘pretty tales of wolves and sheep’ (in Sidney’s phrase) were conventionally held to conceal deep hidden meanings – biographical, political, didactic,

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religious. Most critical theory of the pastoral in that age (or indeed later) has stressed this allegorical function.

But the Middle Ages also opened fresh springs of rustic poetry, harking back to folk tradition and restoring the setting of actual rural and shepherd life. Embodied in new lines of lyric and song, such poetry became increasingly sophisticated, often through classical elements drawn not only from Virgil but from the nature-settings of Horace’s Odes and the mythic world of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*. Various lines of poetry began to develop, addressing the pastoral concerns of nature and myth but striking out in other directions as well. It seems pointless to quibble about how much of this is strictly pastoral: it is all part of a wider pastoral universe, whose provinces merge and shift.

Formal pastoral acquires new life in the Renaissance by drawing on a great range of themes and settings. The translations in this book reflect much of that range, besides the seminal classical models, Virgil above all. But interestingly, some crucial medieval and Renaissance voices are absent – Petrarch’s Latin eclogues (*Bucolicum Carmen*) and Sannazaro’s Italian romance *Arcadia* above all. They were not translated into English until the twentieth century: their influence in Renaissance England derived from the original texts or, in Sannazaro’s case, French or Spanish translations.

To map the extent and variety of Renaissance pastoral, we might use a term now out of fashion, ‘art-pastoral’, with its obverse, allusive pastoral. Pure art-pastoral – presenting imaginary shepherds in a fictive pastoral setting, removed from real-life concerns and untouched by allusion – is relatively rare and often rather thin. It is hard to analyse, and often not worth analysing. Scholars from classical scholiasts to modern academics have engaged much more with allusive pastoral, often theorizing the latter to define the rationale of the mode.

It is worth stressing that, whatever its later transformations, pastoral began as the poetry of a distinct aesthetic universe, implicitly set against the more complex life of court or city to which its exponents belong. This world of the imagination throws contrasting light on the poet’s own world. The otherness of pastoral is the starting premise of the mode. Its allusive accommodation of the real world always redefines the latter’s terms: if it does not, the exercise is pointless.

Yet what justifies the exercise is the metaphoric infusion of imaginary pastoral life with the concerns and activities of real and more complex communities. The shepherd rules over his sheep like a king, and cares for them like a priest. He is versed in nature lore, a ‘wise shepherd’ comparable to academic scholars. In pastoral convention, he spends much of his time in poetry and song, just like the poet writing about him; and offers love to shepherdesses in terms assimilable to the Petrarchan convention, where such poets often found their theme.

These metaphoric latencies make the pastoral of allusion something more than a set of coded references. Casting other and more complex matters in pastoral form is to place them within an implicit frame of comment. The pastoral of the European Renaissance exploited this potential unevenly, but at its best in subtle and innovative ways. Allusive content might also enter the wider body of rural and nature-poetry noted above. Conversely, the allusive eclogue might take in the simple celebration of nature and rural life, in realistic or idealized vein.

This collection comprises Early Modern British pastoral poetry, including translations. The earliest piece in the book is ‘Robene and Makyne’ by the Scottish poet Robert Henryson, who flourished in the late fifteenth century. This striking poem is
not backed up by any general pastoralism in the Scottish poetry of that age. The varied
and notable pastoral productions of William Drummond in the seventeenth century
draw on new resources of classical and continental poetry. In England, the pastoral
output of the early Tudor period is limited. Besides a general body of ‘plowman litera-
ture’ (exemplified in Of Gentylnes and Nobilitye), the only notable instances are the
ecgoues of Alexander Barclay, which blend some direct allusion with a great deal
of moralizing, social satire and rustic realism. There is also the singular ‘Harpelus’
Complaint’ in Tottel’s Miscellany (Songs and Sonnets) of 1557, strikingly anticipating
the lyric fictions of later Elizabethan art-pastoral. Ignoring the indifferent eclogues of
Barnabe Googe and the sporadic rural poetry of Churchyard or Turberville, English
pastoral comes into its own with Spenser’s The Shepheardes Calender, published anon-
ymously in 1579.

The Calender has its due share of allusion and moralizing in many veins. It is
possible to write a consistent commentary on the twelve eclogues (‘proportionable
to the twelve monethes’) in these terms. But what is exceptional is the quantum of
non-allusive material, the creation of an entire shepherd community that, while it
might reflect Spenser’s circle and his times, acquires the status of an autonomous
fiction. The Calender presents a world radically distinct from the real and contem-
porary, even while notably overlapping with it. Just so, later, would the land of Faerie
in Spenser’s magnus opus absorb the reality of Elizabethan times within a notably
different chivalric and supernautural universe.

It is also a pastoral universe. The Faerie Queene has two cantos of open pastoralism
in Book VI; but the whole work is suffused with the mythicized nature-settings, and
alternative social orders and value-systems located there, that characterize pastoralism
in the widest sense. This pervasive pastoralism also marks the Spenserian poets of
the early seventeenth century, most notably their doyen Michael Drayton. Even more
clearly than in Spenser himself, pastoral is one of the major modes addressed by Drayton
through his life, from the very Spenserian beginnings in Idea The Shepheards Garland
to the transmogrified pastoral of The Muses Elizium, a fragile mythicized setting
conveying a marked political message. The same compound appears more openly in
Drayton’s younger followers: their early flagship volume The Shepheards Pipe leads on to
the sustained pastoralism of William Browne’s overtly Spenserian Britannias Pastorals,
no less than to the varied social and moral critique of the prolific George Wither.

Needless to say, Spenser’s influence is not confined to the Spenserians. We need to
retrace our steps to the late sixteenth century, starting with the other major influence
on English Renaissance pastoral: the work of Sir Philip Sidney. The undoubted ‘Sidney
cult’ (however we assess it) during his brief life acquired new and greater force when
his works began to be posthumously published in the 1590s through the efforts of his
sister Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, and his associate Fulke Greville. Chief
among these works were the old and new (and soon amalgamated) versions of Sidney’s
chivalric-pastoral romance, The Countesse of Pembroke Arcadia. This contained four
substantial groups of ‘eclogues’ – of much more varied nature than the term usually
covers – as well as a great deal of other verse embedded in the narrative. Taken in
its entirety, Sidney’s Arcadia offered a rich store of pastoral poetry, comprising most
major themes and conventions of European Renaissance pastoral. And while a great
deal of personal and political allegory has been extracted from the Arcadia, its fictional
setting means that most individual poems are autonomous aesthetic entities.
Sidney’s romance led the field in England but not in Europe. Its title reflects the Italian Jacopo Sannazaro’s *Arcadia* (published 1504, written much earlier), a set of eclogues linked by incremental prose narrative. The *Arcadia* established a model of pastoral romance virtually for the first time in Europe, barring the single though notable instance of Longus’ Greek romance *Daphnis and Chloe* (2nd century CE). Next to Sannazaro’s own, the most influential romance was Jorge de Montemayor’s Spanish *Diana* (1559), with sequels by Alonso Perez and Gaspar Gil Polo. This work was translated into English by Bartholomew Yong. Other than Sidney’s *magnum opus*, the earlier English examples are slight in comparison but add up to a sizeable corpus: Greene and Lodge’s romances in the forefront, supplemented by more loosely structured works like John Dickenson’s *The Shepheardes Complaint*. These in turn shade off into collections of disjunct pieces with a common background narrative, like Richard Barnfield’s *The Affectionate Shepherd*, Nicholas Breton’s *The Passionate Shepherd* and Barnabe Barnes’s *Parthenophil* and *Parthenophe*. The seventeenth century adds to all these categories, most substantially in major romances like *The Countesse of Montgomerys Urania* by Sidney’s niece, Lady Mary Wroth.

Sixteenth-century Europe saw a parallel development in pastoral drama, from brief opera-like entertainments to full-fledged plays. There is a substantial Italian line of the latter from the mid-sixteenth century, taking in Tasso’s *Aminta* (1573) and Giovanni Battista Guarini’s *Il pastor fido* (*The Faithful Shepherd*, 1590). Again, the influence spread to other languages. If Shakespeare’s *As You Like It* is the most celebrated instance in English, and *The Winter’s Tale* provides the best-known pastoral interlude, a line of plays typified by John Fletcher’s *The Faithful Shepherdess* (and continuing into Charles I’s reign) are closer to the Italian model.

Pastoral romance and drama typically present a circular plot in which courtly characters leave their accustomed haunts, spend time in the country so as to effect a change in their state, and finally return to a revitalized court. The chief characters are usually royal or noble, and the plot-structure reflects the actual hegemony of court and city controlling the pastoral imagination. But paradoxically, the clear separation of the court can allow the country to be more clearly and distinctly defined within its structurally limited sphere: the shepherds can be shepherds because they no longer have to double as courtiers or city-dwellers. Though the shepherdess heroine often proves a royal foundling, her companions assert their own identity and ethos to the end.

This is the design that Spenser takes to singular philosophic heights in Book VI of *The Faerie Queene*: there is little or nothing to match it anywhere in European pastoral. But more generally, pastoral romance and drama (especially the former), though derived from courtly genres of wider scope, offer a range of pastoral structures of unprecedented depth and detail. The eclogue was simply not capacious enough for the purpose: moreover, it had to condense the multiple, often contrary metaphoric content of the pastoral trope within a single narrow fiction. More simply and directly, pastoral romance and drama provided a storehouse of songs and lyrics, and the romance some formal eclogues as well, embedded in the narrative. This collection includes many such pieces, though it eschews dramatic scenes and extracts. In a few cases, a modicum of dramatic dialogue has been retained to make sense of a song embedded in it. There are also some extracts from verse romances, verse chronicles, and short epics or epyllia, sometimes telling a complete story, sometimes enshrining a single narrative moment.

Poems extracted from romance and drama are matched by a wide range of
independently composed lyrics, matching the body of formal eclogues. In fact, barring Thomas Watson's Latin *Amyntas* (translated into English by Abraham Fraunce) and Drayton's *Idea The Shepheardes Garland*, there are relatively few formal eclogues of note in the sixteenth century, always excepting Spenser and Sidney's work. (The seventeenth adds substantially to the tally.) Song-exchanges and debates in the romances shade off into briefer, more purely song-like interjections. Like similar stand-alone items in miscellanies and single-author volumes, these poems blend the indigenous pastoral lyric drawn from medieval tradition with the more finished products of Italianate Renaissance song-lyric. Often individually slight, even inconsequential, all this adds up to a formidable corpus, strongly and innovatively contributing to the total pastoral presence in English Renaissance poetry. They can also constitute a substantial individual output, as strikingly seen in the work of Nicholas Breton. Continental models may also be found for pastoral redactions of popular forms like the sonnet. The art-pastoral basic to this entire body of poems makes for an unusual orientation of the mode in imaginative and ideological terms.

Though song-like in effect, these poems were usually not set to music in the first instance. But there is an assumed musical element in their structure that might be brought out and defined by a later composer. Such poems shade off into pieces composed formally as songs, akin in material to Italian or other continental song-books and often modelled on them. But all in all, the volume of non-musical pastoral lyric appears to be notably greater in English than in other European languages. The seal was set on this very distinct development by the remarkable anthology *England's Helicon* (1600). Its editorship has been variously attributed to John Bodenham, Nicholas Ling, one ‘A.B.’ and the publisher John Flasket.

*Helicon* taps every conceivable source of material: volumes of verse, romances, dramas, entertainments. Some pieces appear there for the first time, which may also be the last. Only a fraction of the contents are formal eclogues. Every now and then the editor tweaks the language of a non-pastoral piece to make it fit the bill; but this testifies to an accepted notion of the mode, even to specific models of form and diction. *Helicon* may be the product of one man’s focused fancy: barring *The Phoenix Nest* reflecting the Sidney cult, there is no other printed miscellany of the period devoted to a single theme, genre or mode. But equally, *Helicon* testifies to a marked pastoral presence in the literary sensibility of the age, almost amounting to a pastoral culture.

Most strikingly even at a brief glance, *Helicon* illustrates the variety of Elizabethan pastoral – to be extended still further in the next century. Between the late sixteenth and the mid-seventeenth century, there is a greatly diverse body of pastoral across a field loosely demarcated by the eclogue, the ode, the country poem and the private poetic address, though these genres lose their identity in the traffic of themes and forms. We find courtly and personal compliment, political and philosophical allegory, intricate though often obscure personal allusion, and simpler private exchanges between friends or lovers. These blend into independent pastoral fictions – sometimes grafted on the more extended fiction of a romance or play – buttressing the status of pastoral as an organic vein of the Renaissance English imagination. The pastoral idiom can be the chosen vehicle of major lines of social and intellectual practice. Readers can choose examples of any vein they please from the wide selection gathered in this book.

A pastoral culture is crystallized in court compliment and entertainment, even in the serious business of politics. The cult of Queen Elizabeth had a famously pastoral
aspect, shading into the mythic. It was exploited for courtly entertainment, especially (and appropriately) on the Queen’s progresses through the countryside, lodging at the country seats of favoured courtiers. In James I’s day, and Charles I’s even more, an elaborate and removed pastoral artifice became a staple vein of entertainment at the royal court itself, in masques and the exclusive world of private theatres. On a very different plane, pastoral had always been an option for devisers of city pageants and public entertainments. All in all, pastoral made its way into performative fictions through all kinds of channels for all kinds of purposes, with a corresponding range of formal guises.

But even as the Jacobean court was practising one vein of pastoral, others gained strength in opposition to court culture, or at least to the royal image and policies. The deceptively remote pastoral of the late Drayton, and its more robust foil in the younger Spenserians, marks one line of growth. Another was the nuanced progression of an intrinsically conservative genre, the country-house poem. While necessarily celebrating a quasi-feudal order, it could play off the rural version of that ethos, enshrined in a nobleman’s country seat, against its court-centred avatar. Pastoral provides a means for this establishmentarian genre to deconstruct itself while stopping well short of true subversion.

But there is also a more demotic line of pastoral, challenging the political and economic order in more fundamental ways. Here the shepherd stands for the common man, even the dispossessed. Such pastoral rarely approaches the raw realism and protest voiced by Barclay a century earlier: everything else apart, the diction of pastoral (as of virtually all poetry) has grown more refined in the interim. More often now, the common shepherd-spokesman may be allied to the Puritan middle class; but even when the voice belongs to the relatively privileged (or greatly so, as with Margaret Cavendish), the ideological fracture at the heart of pastoral can be used to good purpose.

Cavendish belongs to an eminent line of Royalists. With the Puritan–Royalist divide, as with so many others, opposite sides employ the same pastoral tropes and metaphoric strategies to their contrary ends. This is most piquantly shown in the persistent use of the pastoral to mourn the death of Charles I. One such instance masquerades in ballad form as ‘Jack the Plough-lad’s Lamentation’. Another is composed long after the Restoration by Anthony Spinedge, born three years after Charles’s execution. Earlier, Royalist pastoral had been largely confined to a species of privileged artifice, even where it carried direct political allusion. Clearly, the Royalist camp is now better apprised of the varied uses of the mode. But it is the Puritan Milton, perhaps not yet fully set in the doctrinal mould, who provides in ‘Lycidas’ the most elaborate and striking elegiac construct of the age, mourning the death of a less prominent figure.

‘Jack the Plough-lad’ illustrates the focused political use of a line of popular pastoral, as developed in the broadside ballad. The broadside incorporates a surprising amount of pastoral. Its commonest purpose is to present shepherds to political advantage, alongside other rustics and subalterns. But it also runs to simple love-poetry crossing Petrarchan convention with the more naive indigenous love-lyric. Yet other ballads are directly allusive, presenting contemporary events in pastoral garb. All in all, the broadside illustrates an unexplored encounter of the genuinely popular with the mock-popular of the standard pastoral mode.

In another, overtly non-political line of development, the pastoral generates a landscape-poetry that can point in the direction of either nature or art. Topographical
poetry achieves a heroic scale in Drayton’s *Poly-olbion*, always within touching distance of the pastoral and sometimes homing in directly upon it. Another branch explores the new visual aesthetics of the ‘landskip’, as in Strode or (more strikingly) Eldred Revett. At much the same time, Margaret Cavendish opens up speculative angles on the encounter of ‘real’ nature and the pastoral. And a pan-European line, strikingly instanced in the French Antoine Saint-Amant’s ‘The Solitude’, infuses the landscape with a dramatic, almost Gothic vein of sentimental melancholy.

The ultimate encounter of opposite planes might be said to occur in some instances of religious pastoral. The Bible yields its own pastoral material, most famously in Psalm 23 but with more metaphoric potential in the allied but distinct topos of Christ the Good Shepherd. This topos enters into piquant interaction with the trope of ‘pastoral care’ in the clergy, and its extension in ecclesiastical allegory. The shepherds of the Nativity are simpler in metaphoric function. There are also innovations like the pastoral setting for gospel narrative in Giles Fletcher (matching his brother Phineas’ secular exercise in *The Purple Island*), and the idiosyncratic allegorical fancy of Thomas Benlowes. A more sustained vein, seen in many languages across Europe, is the age’s new spiritual interest in the ‘book of nature’: in its central line of practice, Christianizing the structure of Horace’s Second Epode in a model made popular by the Polish neo-Latin poet and cleric Casimir Sarbiewski.

This account may explain why I have referred to pastoral all through not as a genre or convention but as a mode. It operates in the Renaissance as an infinitely versatile trope, a frame of reference in which to cast any sector of human experience so as to throw new light upon it, as one might hold up an object to the light at a particular angle. It is a way of thought – at times, by only a moderate hyperbole, a way of life.

Paradoxically, pastoral’s vast reach and popularity might also explain why there are so few masterpieces in the mode. It was practised by countless people of varying ability for a range of themes and purposes. In deference to the Virgilian model, poetasters began writing pastorals but went no further. Other, more skilled and persistent practitioners turned to the mode in the intervals of weightier exercises higher up in the scale of genres. (Pastoral, like satire, was conventionally placed at the bottom of a hierarchy whose top rungs were occupied by epic and tragedy.)

Renaissance pastoral is best considered as a total phenomenon, in which individual works blend organically to acquire a greater significance than they might command as stand-alone items. This also produces fascinating patterns of dissemination and circulation, both of individual texts and, more significantly, of specific tropes and conventions. The detailed introduction in the *Companion* will discuss these features of the mode. Meanwhile, here is the poetry.

**Further reading**

(*arranged by date of publication*)


Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

1 Theocritus Idyll VIII
Translated anonymously from the Greek

From Sixe Idillia ... chosen out of ... Theocritus (1588). This idyll is part of the core Theocritus canon, though scholars have doubted his authorship; some have suggested that the poem amalgamates what were originally separate pieces.

The VIII. Idillion.
Argument

Menalca. a Shephearde, and Daphnis a Nethearde, two Sicilian lads, contending who should sing best, pawne their whistles, and choose a Gotehearde, to be their Juge. Who giueth sentence on Daphnis his side. The thing is imagined to be don in the Ille of Sicily by the Sea shore of whose singing, this Idillion is called Bvcoliastae, that is, Singers of a Netheards song.

BVCOLIASTÆ.


With louely Nethearde Daphnis on the hills, they saie,
Shepehearde Menalca metti, vpon a summers daie.
Both youthfull striplings, both had yeallow heads of heare,
In whistling both, and both in singing skilfull weare.
Menalca. first, behoulding Daphnis, thus bespoke.

Menalca. Wilt thou in singing, Nethearde Daphnis, vndertake
To striu with me? for I affirme, that at my will
I can thee passe.

Daphnis. Whistler Menalca, thou shalt neuer me excell
In singing, though to death with singing thou shouldest swell.
Menalca. Then wilt thou see, and something for the victor wage?
Daphnis. I will both see, and something for the victor gage.
Menalca. What therefore shal we pawne, that for vs maie beget?
Daphnis. Ile pawne a calfe, a wennent lambe laie thou to it.
Menalca. Ile pawne no lambe, for both my Syre and Mother fell
cruel, harsh
Are verie hard, and all my sheepe at eveyne they tell.
Daphnis. What then? What shall he gaine that winste the victore?
Menalca. A gallant Whistell which I made with notes thrisse three,
Joinde with white xawe, both evne belowe and evne aboue,
This will I laie, my Fathers thinges I will not moue.
Daphnis. And I a Whistle haue with notes thrisse thrie arowe,
Joinde with white xawe, both evne aboue, and evne belowe.
I latelie framde it, for this finger yet doth ake
With pricking, which a splinter of a reede did make.
But who shall be our ludge, and give vs audience?
Menalca. What if we call this Goteheard heere, not far from hence,
Whose dog doth barke haue the kids?

Daphnis. Yee Groues, and Brookes deuine, if on his reede
Menalca. first by lot vnto his whistle braue
Did call him, and the Gotehearde came to heare their toies.
The lustie boies did sing, the Gotehearde judgement gaue.
Menalca. first by lot vnto his whistle braue
Did sing a Netheards song, and Nethearde Daphnis than
Did sing by course, but first Menalca thus began.
Menalca. Yee Groues, and Brookes deuine, if on his reede
Menalca euer sung a pleasant laie,

18 thrisse three] A panpipe could have four to twelve, though usually seven, reeds. 20 moue] stir, shift, hence ?disturb, meddle with. 31 a Netheards song] But the song clearly suits Menalca the shepherd.
Fat me these Lambes; if Daphnis here wil feede
His califes, let him haue pasture toe I praie.

Daphnis. Yee pleasant Springs, and Plants, would Daphnis had
As sweete a voice as haue the Nightingales;
Feede me this heard, and if the sheepeheards lad

Menalcas cums, let him haue al the dales.

Menalcas. Tis euer spring, their meades are euer gai, Where Daphne cums; go she awaie,
There strowt the bags, their sheepe are fatly fed
Then both the sheepheard there, and grasse is ded.

Daphnis. There both the Ewes and Gotes bring forth their twins,
Their Bees doe fil their hiues, there Okes are hie
Where Milo treades; when he awaie begins
To goe, both Netheard, and the Nete waxe drie.

Menalcas. O husband of the Gotes! O wood so hie!
O kids, come to this brooke, for he is there;
Thou with the broken hornes, tel Milo shie,
That Proteus kept Sea-califes, though God he were.

Daphnis. Nor Pelops kingdome may I craue, nor gould,
Nor to outrunne the windes vpon a lea;
But in this caue Ile sing, with thee in hould,
Both looking on my sheepe, and on the sea.

Menalcas. A tempest marreth trees, and drought a spring,
Snares unto foules, to beasts, netts are a smarte;
Loue spoiles a man. O Ioue, alone his sting
I haue not felt, for thou a lover art.

Thus sung these boies by course, with voices strong,
Menalcas then began a latter song.

Menalcas. Wolfe, spare my kids, and spare my fruitful sheepe,
And hurt me not, though but a lad these flockes I gide;
Lampur my dog, art thou indeede so sound asleep?

Thou shouldst not sleepe, while thou art by thy Masters side.
My sheepe, fear not to eate the tender grasse at will,
Nor when it springeth vp againe, see that you faile;
Goe to, and feed apace, and al your bellies fill,
That part your Lambes may haue, and part my milking paile.

Then Daphnis in his turne sweetly began to sing.

Daphnis. And me not long agoe faire Daphne wistle eide
As I droue by, and said I was a paragone;
Nor then indeede to her I churlishlie replide,
But looking on the ground, my way still held I one.
Sweete is a cowcalifes voice, and sweete her breath doth smell,
A bulcalfe, and a cow doe lowe ful pleasantlie;
Tis sweete in summer by a spring abrode to dwell,
Acornes become the Oke, apples the Appletree,

And califes the kine, and kine, the Netheard much set out.
Thus sung these Yuthes; the Gotehearde thus did ende the dout.

Goatherd. O Daphnis, what a dulcet mouth, and voice thou hast?
Tis sweeter thee to heare, than honie-combes to tast.
Take thee these pipes, for thou in singing dost excell.
If me a Gotehearde thou wilt teach to sing so well,
This broken horned Goate, on thee bestowe I will,
Which to the verie brimm, the paile doth euer fill.
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So then was Daphnis glad, and leapt, and clapt his handes,
And danst, as doth a fawne, when by the damm he standes.
Menalcaes greeued, the thing his mind did much dismaie,
And sad as Bride he was, vpon the marrige daie.
Since then, among the Shepeheards, Daphnis chiefe was had,
And tooke a Nimpe to wife, when he was but a lad.

DAPHNIS his Embleme.
Me tamen vrit amor.  

MENALCAS his Embleme.
At haec Daphne forsan probes.

GOTEHEARDES Embleme.
Est minor nemo nisi comparatus.

2 Theocritus  Idyll xi
Translated anonymously from the Greek

From Sixe Idillia . . . out of . . . Theocritus (1588). Polyphemus, a Cyclops or one-eyed giant, features in Homer’s Odyssey; but his love for Galatea, a Nereid or sea-nymph, is first treated by Theocritus and later by Ovid (Met. XIII.786).

The XI. Idillion.
Argument.

Theocritus wrote this Idillion to Nicias a learned Physition, wherein he sheweth by the example of Polyphemus, a Gyant in Sicilie, of the race of the Cyclopes, who loused the water Nymph Galatea, that ther is no medecine so soueraine against loue, as is Poetry. Of whose loue-song, as this Idillion is termed Cyclops, so he was called Cyclops, because he had but one eie, that stood like a circle in the middest of his forehead. **Cyclopes** literally ‘circle-eyed’

Cyclops.

O Nicias, there is no other remedie for loue,
With ointing, or with sprinkling on, that euer I could proue, smearing with medicine
Beside the Muses nine. This pleasant medsun of the minde
Growes among men, and seems but lite, yet verie hard to finde. medicine; doctor
As well I wote you knowe, who are in Phisicke such a Leeche,
And of the Muses so below’d, the cause of this my speeche, wealthy
A Cyclops is, who liued here with vs right wellthe,
That anchent Polyphem, when first he loued Galate;
When with a bristled beard, his chin and cheekes first clothed were.
He lov’d her not, with roses, apples, or with curled heare, But with the Furies rage, al other things he little pride.
For often to their fould, from pastures green, without a guide
His sheepe returned home, when all the while he singing laie
In honor of his loue, and on the shore consumde awaie
From morning vntil night, sicke of the wound, fast by the hart, Which mighty Venus gaue, and in his liuer stucketh the dart.
For which, this remedie he found, that sitting oftentimes
Vpon a rocke, and looking on the Sea, he sung these rimes.
O Galatea faire, why dost thou shun thy lover true?
More tender than a Lamb, more white than cheese when it is new, [skittish]

91 sad as Bride] at the prospect of leaving her home and family.  94, 95 No emblems in the original: introduced here following Spenser’s SC.  94 Me tamen vrit amor] Love still burns me up. At haec Daphne forsan probes] But Daphne, perhaps you [too] will experience this.  95 Est minor . . . comparatus] No man is inferior except by comparison.  96 Nicias] a physician and friend of Theocritus, mentioned in several poems.  97 the Muses nine] i.e., poetry.  98 liued here] locks of hair as love-tokens.  99 Furies rage] mad rage, ?with suggestion of the Furies or avenging goddesses: violently, destructively.  100 plide] worked at, applied himself to.  101 liuer] supposed seat of the passions, dart] arrow of love.
More wanton than a calf, more sharpe than grapes vnripe I finde.
You vse to come, when pleasant sleepe my senses all doe binde.
But you are gone againe, when pleasant sleepe dooth leaue mine eie,
And as a sheep you run, that on the plaine a Woolfe doth spie.
I then began to loue thee, Galate, when first of all
You with my mother came, to gather leaues of Crowtoe small
Vpon our hil, when I as vsher, squirdre you all the waie.
Nor when I saw thee first, nor afterward, nor at this daie,
Since then could I refraine; but you, by loue, nought set thereby.
30 But well I knowe, fair Nimphe, the verie cause why you thus flye.
Because vpon my front, one onliie brow, with bristles strong
From one eare to the other eare, is stretched al along.
Nethe which, one eie, and on my lips a hugie nose there standes.
Yet I, this such a one, a thousand sheep feed on these lands.
And pleasant milke I drinke, which from the strouting bags is prest.
Nor want I cheese in summer, nor in Autumne of the best,
Nor yet in winter time. My cheese-rackes euer laden are,
And better can I pipe, than anie Cyclops maie compare.

O, Apple sweet, of thee, and of my selie, I vse to sing,
And that at midnight oft. For thee. acleawe faunes vp I bring,
All great with young, and foure beares whelpes, I nourish vp for thee.
But when they cometh hither first, and thou shalt haue them all of me.
And let the blewish colorde Sea beat on the shore so nie,
The nighte with me in cause, thou shalt consume more pleasantlie.
There are the shadie Baies, and there tall Cypres-trees doe sprout,
And there is Iuie blacke, and fertill Vines are al about.
Coole water there I haue, distilled of the whitest snowe,
A drinke deuine, which out of woodyd Ætna mount doth flowe.
In these respects, who in the Sea and waues would rather be?

But if I seeme as yet, too rough and sage vnto thee,
Great store of Oken woode I haue, and neuer quenched fire;
And I can well indure my soule to burne with thy desire,
With this my onely eie, then which I nothing thinke more trimme.
Now woe is me, my mother borie me not with finns to swimme,
That I might due to thee, that I thy dainty hand might kiss,
If lips thou wouldst not let; then would I Lillies bring Iwis,
And tender Poppie toe, that beares a top like rattles red.
And these in summer time, but other are in winter bred,
So that I cannot bring them all at once. Now certailie,
Ile learne to swimme of some or other stranger passing bie,
That I maie knowe what pleasure tis in waters deeppe to dwell.
Come forth, faire Galate, and once got out, forget thee well
(As I doe sitting on this rocke) home to returne againe.
But feede my sheepe with me, and for to milke them take the paine,
And cheesse to presse, and in the milke, the rennet sharpe to straine.
My mother only wroghte me, and her I blame, for shee
Spake neuer yet to thee, one good or louelie worde of me,
And that, although shee daily sees, how I awaiue doe pince.
But I will saie my head and feete doe ake, that shee maie whine
And sorrow at the hart, because my hart with grieue is swolene.
O Cyclops, Cyclops, witer is thy wyt and reason floune?
If thou wouldst baskets make, and cut downe browing from the tree,
And bring it to thy Lambeis, a great deal wiser thou shouldst be.

21 sharpe| tart, acid. 26 my mother| the sea-nymph Thoosa, with whom Galatea, herself a sea-nymph, might naturally resort. Crowtoe| among other plants, the wild hyacinth, named in the original. 27 vsher| 'A male attendant on a lady' (OED 2b 1st cit. 1621). 31 onliie brow| i.e., a single continuous stretch of brow. 33 hugie nose| The original refers to broad nostrils. 41 All great with young| obviously impossible for fawns. The translator has followed a common textual corruption of the Gk. The correct word means collared, or with collar-like markings on the neck. 48 Ætna mount| Polyphemus' cave was near Mount Etna. The volcanic area around Naples and Sicily was credited with underground caverns where the Cyclops tended the forges of Vulcan the divine artisan. 49 In these respects| By comparison with this, as against this. 52-5 (In that fire) I will burn both my soul and my only eie. Literal fire merged with the metaphorical fire of love. 72 browing| shoots and leaves to feed animals.
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Goe coie some present Nimphe, why dost thou follow flying wind?
Perhaps an other Galate, and fairer thou shalt find.
For manie maidens in the euening tide with mee will plaie,
And all doe sweetlie laugh, when I stand harkning what they saie,
And I some bodie seeme, and in the earth doe beare a swaie.
Thus Polyphemus singing, fed his raging loue of ould,
Wherein he sweeter did, than had he sent her summes of gould.

Polyphem’s Embleme.
Vbi Dictatum inueniam?

3. Theocritus(?) The Pastoral Wooing
Translated from the Greek by Edward Sherburne

Theocrit’s Idyll 27 in the standard numbering of Stephanus’ 1566 edition. This translation first published in Sherburne’s Poems and Translations (1651). The extant Greek text is incomplete, lacking the opening, and is almost certainly not by Theocritus. The translation omits two lines of general conclusion, not part of the core poem.


Daphnis. Paris the Swain, away coy Helen bare:
And I, a Swain, am kiss’d by one more fair.
Shepheardess. Brag not rude Hind; Kisses are empty things.
Daphnis. From empty Kisses yet sweet pleasure springs.
Shepheardess. I’l wash my mouth, wipe off thy Kisses stain.
Daphnis. Wip’st thou thy Lips? then let us kiss again.
Shepheardess. Go kiss your Cows; you fit to kiss a Maid!
Daphnis. Be not so proud: your youth will quickly fade.
Shepheardess. Grapes though they’re dry, yet still are Grapes we see,
And Roses although wither’d, Roses be.
Daphnis. Let’s sit and talk beneath this Myrtles shade.
Shepheardess. No; your smooth Tongue me once before betraid.
Daphnis. Beneath these Elms then sit and hear me play.
Shepheardess. Play to your self; I not your Musick weigh.
Daphnis. Take heed lest thou the Wrath of Venus find!
Shepheardess. Venus her worst; but be Diana kind.
Let Venus do her worst value
Daphnis. Oh say not so: lest her excited Rage
Thee in unextricabile Snares ingage.
Shepheardess. Do what she can, find we Diana’s Grace.
Hold off your hands, or else I scratch your Face.
Daphnis. Love, which no Maid e’er did, thou must not fly.
Shepheardess. By Par I will: why dost thou press so nigh?
Daphnis. I fear he’l make thee stoop to thy first Love.
Shepheardess. Though woo’d by many, none I did approve.
Daphnis. Amongst those many, here, behold! I sue.
Shepheardess. Why, my kind Friend, what would st thou have me do?
The married Life with troubles is repleat.
Daphnis. No Cares, Joys only Marriage doth beget.
Shepheardess. They say, Wives of their Husbands live in fear.
Shepheardess. But thought of Child-bed Pains makes me afraid.
Daphnis. Diana, whom thou serv’st, will be thy Aid.

74 coie | court, flirt with. present | ready, available. 80 sweeter | more successfully, though his love had no such outcome. 81 Vbi Dictam[n]um inueniam? | ‘Where shall I find dittany?’ Dictamnum or dittany is a medicinal plant, used to cure Aeneas’ wound in Virgil, Aeneid 12.412: here a cure for love. Here too, the Emblem, lacking in the original, is introduced on Spenser’s model in SC. 1 Paris the Swain | Paris kept sheep on Mount Ida. 1-2 In the standard modern reading, the girl tries to brush off her lover’s advances in 1; but he replies in 2, implying that she, like Helen, is willing to be won. 9-10 Somewhat differently structured from the standard modern text. 15 the wrath of Venus | for having scorned love: a familiar topos. The Shepheardess retorts that she wishes to please Diana, goddess of chastity. 19 Do ... find we | Let her do what she can, provided we find. 30 Of whom do women live in fear? Rather, they domineer (over men). 32 Diana in another aspect is Lucina, goddess of childbirth.
Shepheardess. But bearing Children will my Beauty wrong.
Daphnis. In Children thou wilt see thy self still young.
Shepheardess. What Dowry wilt thou give if I consent?
Daphnis. My Flocks, my Groves, my Fields, be thou content.
Shepheardess. Swear, that, when married, thou wilt ne’r forsake me.
Daphnis. By Pan I will not, so thou please to take me.
Shepheardess. Thou’lt give me Beds, and House, and Sheep to breed?
Daphnis. Both House, and Beds, and the fair Flocks I feed.
Shepheardess. What shall I to my aged Father say?
Daphnis. He, when he hears my Name, will soon give way.
Shepheardess. How art thou call’d? for Names do often please.
Daphnis. Daphnis my name, my Father’s Lycidas,
   My Mother’s Nomea.

Shepheardess. Of an honest Line
   Thou com’st, nor we of no more mean than thine.
Daphnis. Yet not so great to make your Pride aspire,
   For as I tak’t, Menalcas is your sire.
Shepheardess. Shew me your Stalls, and Groves.
Daphnis. Come let thine Eyes
   Witness how high my Cypress Trees do rise.
Shepheardess. Feed Goats whilst I survey the Shepheard’s Bounds.
Daphnis. Graze bullocks whilst I shew the Nymph my Grounds.
Shepheardess. What do’st? Why thrust’st thy hand into my Brest?
Daphnis. Thus thy soft, swelling Bosome should be prest.
Shepheardess. Help Pan! I faint; Swain, take thy hand away.
Daphnis. Fear not sweet Nymph; nor tremble with dismay.
Shepheardess. ’Twill spoyle my Coat should I ’th’dart be thrown.
Daphnis. No; see! on this soft hide I’ll lay thee down.
Shepheardess. Ah Me! Why hast thou loosed my virgin Zone?

Daphnis. To Venus this be an Oblation.
Shepheardess. Hear! see! somebody comes; I hear a Noise.
Daphnis. The Cypress Trees are whispering of our Joyes.
Shepheardess. Th’ hast torn my Cloaths, and me quite naked layd.
Daphnis. I’lgivethee better.
Shepheardess. Words no deeds e’r paid.
Daphnis. Would I could send my soul into thee now!
Shepheardess. Oh Phæbe, pardon! I have broke my Vow.
Shepheardess. A Maid I came, a Woman shall return.
Daphnis. And be a Mother-Nurse to pretty Boyes.

Thus intertalk’d they ‘mid’st the active Joyes
   Of close Embraces; when at length they rose,
   And being up, to feed her Flock she goes
   With blushing Face, but with a lightsome Heart,
   Whilst to his Heards he no less pleas’d doth part.

4. Theocritus and Virgil: Fragments
Translated from Greek and Latin by ‘T.B.’

From A Ritch Storehouse or Treasurie for Nobilitye and Gentlemen (1570), a translation of Johann Sturm’s Nobilitas Literata.

46 nor we ... thine] Nor are we of meaner lineage than you. nor ... no] double negative. 51–2 Goats ... bullocks] Following (or starting?) the pastoral hierarchy of neatherds, shepherds and goatherds (in that order). 51 Bounds] limits (of his land or fields). 70–74 Thus intertalk’d they etc.:] 1651 text attributes to the Shepheardess, but clearly a comment by the narrator. Standard modern Gk. text has two more lines omitted by Sherburne.
[From Theocritus, Idyll I.4-6]

If he shall choose the horned Scire,
The female Goate shall be thine hire.
But if he doe the female take,
Thou with a Kidde shalt make.
Kiddes flesh is good and sweete perdee,
Vntill at Paile they milked bee.

[From Virgil, Eclogue I.1-8]

Melibee. O happie art thou Tityrus,
that vnder Beechen tree,
Thy song in Pipe of slender Ote,
doste sounde with voyce so free.
But we alas our Countrie costes,
and pleasant fieldes forsake:
We flie our natuie soyle, but thou
in shade thy ease dost take,
And makste the woodes for to resounde
alowde faire Amaryll.

Tityrus. O Melibey our God to vs
this quiet state did will,
For he, for aye shall be my God,
ypon his Altar stone
Oft shall the tender Lambe bee slaine,
from sheepfolds of our owne.

5. Moschus(?) Epitaph on Bion
Translated from the Greek by Thomas Stanley.

Greek text attributed to Moschus (fl. c.350 BCE – earlier than Bion, so that this poem cannot be his).
This translation first published in the second part of Stanley’s Poems (1651), with separate title-page entitled ‘Anacreon. Bion. Moschvs. [etc.]’.

Epitaph on Bion the Pastoral Poet.

Mourn, and your grief ye Groves in soft sighs breath,
Ye Rivers drop in tears, for Bions death:
His losse ye Plants lament, ye Woods bewaile,
Ye Flowers your odours with your griefs exhale;
In purple mourn, Anemony and Rose;
Breathe Hyacinth that sigh, and more, which grows
Upon thy cheek; the sweet voic’d Singers gone:
Begin Sicilian Muse, begin your mone.

Ye Nightingales that mourn on thickest boughs,
Tell gentle Arethusa’s stream which flows
Through Sicily, Bion the Shepherds dead,
And with him Poetry and Musick fleg.
Begin Sicilian, &c.

Strimonian Swans vent from your mournfull throats

3 Ote] pipe or stalk of the oat plant. 16 of our owne] A conventional premise of pastoral: its idealized shepherds owned their flocks, unlike the wretched shepherds of the present day. Title, Bion] Greek lyric poet (fl. 100 BCE). None of his surviving work is markedly pastoral, though there is a celebrated quasi-pastoral ‘Lament for Adonis’. 5 Anemomy] a flower generated by Venus from the dead Adonis’ blood, hence associated with mourning. But in Bion’s ‘Lament for Adonis’ (hence here) Venus’ tears generate the anemone and Adonis’ blood the rose. 6 Hyacinth] Hyacinthus was a youth beloved of Apollo but accidentally killed by him. From his blood sprang the hyacinth flower, whose marks resemble the grieving Gk exclamation ΑΙ ̄ ΑΙ ̄. There is a poem about Hyacinthus ascribed to Bion. 10 Arethusa] the fountain Arethusa, sacred to poetry: on the island of Ortygia near Syracuse in Sicily, traditional home of pastoral poetry, hence specially associated with pastoral. 14 Strimonian Swans] Strymon is a river in Orpheus’ homeland Thrace. Swans are supposed to sing before they die.
(Gliding upon the waves) such dying notes
As heretofore in you the Poet sung;
Tell the Oeagrian, tell the Thracian young
Virgins, the Dorick Orpheus hence is gone;
Begin Sicilian Muse, begin your mone.

He never more shall pipe to his lov’d flock,
Laid underneath some solitary Oak,
But songs of Lethe now, by Pluto taught;
The Hills are dumb; the Heifers that late sought
The Bull lament, and let their meat alone.

Begin Sicilian Muse, begin your mone.

Apollo wept thy death, thy silenc’d reeds
Satyrs, Priapusses in mourning weeds
And Fawns bewail: ’amongst woods the Nymphs that dwell
In fountains weep, whose tears to fountains swell;

Nor words (now thine are stopt) will follow more;
Flowers fade; abortive fruit falls from the trees;
The Ews no Milk, no Honey give the Bees,
But wither’d combs; the sweetness being gone
Of thy lov’d voice, Honey itself hath none.

Begin Sicilian Muse begin your mone.

So Dolphin never wail’d upon the strand;
So never Nightingale on cragg’y land;
So never Swallow on the mountains mourn’d;

Nor Halyons sorrows Ceyx so return’d.

Begin Sicilian, &c.

So Cerylus on blew waves never sung;
In Eastern vales, the bird from Memnon sprung
Aurora’s son so mourn’d not, hovering o’re
His Sepulcher, as Bion they deplore.

Begin Sicilian, &c.

Who now can use thy Pipe, or dare betray
Such boldness to thy Reeds his lips to lay?
They yet are by thy lips and breath inspir’d,
And Eccho thence hath harmony acquir’d;
Pan keeps thy Pipe, but will its use decline,
Fearing to prove his own skill short of thine.

Begin Sicilian, &c.

Thee Galathea wails, whom heretofore
Thy songs delighted sitting on the shore:
The Cyclops sung not so; She through the Sea

17-18 Oeagrian ... Virgins] Oeager was king of Thrace and (by the muse Calliope) father of Orpheus. Hence Oeagrides = Orpheus’ sisters (Virgins), by extension the Muses. Thracian young Virgins] translating ‘Bistonian nymphs’ in original, Bistonia being a place in Thrace. 18 Dorick] pastoral: Theocritus wrote in the Dorian dialect. Bion is being called the Orpheus of pastoral. 22 Lethe] A river (of forgetfulness) in the underworld or Pluto’s kingdom. 27 Priapusses] Priapus, conspicuously phallic god of fertility associated with the conventionally lustful fawns and satyrs. The plural is used generically of this whole class of wood-gods – like Pans (‘Pans’) in the Gk, rendered by Stanley as Fawns (28). 37 Dolphin] So certain mss. Standard Gk text refers to Sirens. 40 Halyon, Ceyx] In one version of the legend, Ceyx dies in a shipwreck, his beloved Alcyone throws herself into the sea for grief; and both are turned into birds (perhaps kingfishers). 42 Cerylus] a fabulous sea-bird. 43 Memnon] son of Tithonus and Aurora (Dawn). His ashes generated a flock of birds visiting his tomb every year. This entire section (37-45) obscure in the original. All allusions are to humans metamorphosed into birds; the point seems to be that they mourn more deeply for Bion than for their original griefs. 50 Doves] not in original. 55 Eccho] The nymph Echo was punished by Juno by having no independent utterance or control over her tongue; but the echo of Bion’s songs lingering in his pipe is harmonious. Cf. 30-31. 56 Pan keeps thy pipe] Gk has: ‘Shall I take your pipe to Pan?’ 59 Galathea] a nymph beloved of the Cyclops Polyphemus. His love recounted in Theocritus XI (see no.2), and mentioned in two poems by Bion.
(Though him she fled) darted kind looks at Thee; And now in desert sands she sits, the deep Forsaking quite, and doth thy Oxen keep.

_Begin Sicilian, &c._

With thee (lov’d Swain) dy all the Muses joyes, The kisses of young Maids and amorous Boyes; The Cupids weep about thy Sepulcher; Thee Venus did beyond the kisse prefer Which from Adonis dying she receiv’d. Thou hast new cause, great River, to be griev’d, New sorrow, _Melus. Homer_ first by death Was seiz’d (Calliopes harmonious breath); Then thy fair Son thy troubled waves deplor’d, And over all the Sea their current roar d; Thou now must languish for another Son: Both Fountains lov’d: the _Pegasean_ One, The other courted _Arethusa_’s spring; One did of _Tyndarus_ fair Daughter sing, _Thetis_ great Son, and _Menelaus_ wrong; Nor wars nor tears, _Pan_ was the others song, And Shepherds: As he sung he us’d to feed His flock, milk Cows, or carve an oaten reed, Taught the Youth courtship, in his bosom love He nurs’d, and _Venus_ only did approve.

_Begin Sicilian, &c._

Thy death each City, every Town resents; Above her _Hesiod_ _Ascra_ thee laments; _Lesse Pindar_ by _Boetian_ woods is lov’d; Less with _Alcaeus_ fate was _Lesbus_ mov’d; Their Poets losse lesse griev’d the _Ceian_ town; _Parus_ lesse love t’ _Archilochus_ hath shown; Thy verse ’bove _Sapphos Mytilene_ admires; All whom th’indulgence of the Muses fires With pastoral heat, bewail thy sad decease; The _Saman_ glory mourns _Sicelides_; Amongst _Cyonians_ (whose late mirth their pride) _Licidas_ weeps; his grief by _Hales_ tide _Philetas_ ’mongst _Triopians_; doth diffuse, _Theocritus_ ’mongst those of _Syracuse_; And with _Ausonius_ grief my verse is fraught;

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68 _The Cupids[1]_ Erotes, infant figures accompanying the infant Cupid. 69 _Adonis_ a hunter beloved of Venus; killed by a boar, to Venus’ distracted grief. Bion’s ‘Lament for Adonis’ describes her kissing his dead body. 72 _Melus_ Meles, a river in Smyrna, birthplace of Bion and, reputedly, of Homer. 73 _Calliope_ Muse of epic poetry and thus of Homer. 77 _Pegasean_ Hippocrene under Mount Helicon, sprung from the hoof-beat of the winged horse Pegasus: sacred to all the Muses, but here specially associated with Homer and the epic. 78 _Arethusa_ contrastingly associated with Bion and the pastoral; see ion. 79 _Tyndar_ fair Daughter_ Helen of Troy. Tyndar[el]us was married to Helen’s mother Leda, though Helen was begotten by Zeus. 80 _Thetis great Son_ Achilles. _Menelaus wrong_ when Paris abducted his wife Helen. These allusions to the _Iliad_ contrast with Bion’s pastoral theme. 85 _approve_ ‘try, put to test (OED 8). Gk has ‘who aroused the passion of Venus herself.’ 88 _Ascra_ a town in Boeotia, on Mount Helicon; abode of Hesiod. 89 _Pindar_ born in Thebes, the principal city of Boeotia. 90 _Alcaeus_ was born and dwelt in Mytilene on the island of Lesbos. 91 _the Ceian town_ Simonides was born on the island of Ceos. Standard Gk text cites Teos, the home of Anacreon. 92 _Archilochus_ belonged to Paros. 93 _Sappho_ belonged to Lesbos and probably, like Alcaeus, to Mytilene. 96 _Saman_ of the island of Samos. The poet cannot be identified; perhaps Pythagoras, a musician as well as philosopher and mathematician. _Sicelides_ Sicilians, perhaps the Sicilian or pastoral muses (as in Virgil IV.). 96-9 _The Samian glory ... doth diffuse_ A late interpolation, rejected by modern editors but accepted in the Renaissance. Impairing chronology, ‘Li-cidas’, _Philetas_. _Theocritus_ and the poet himself are all presented as Bion’s disciples (Scholares, 102) mourning his death. 97-8 _Cyonians_ Cretans. _Licidas_ probably Epimenides. 97 _whose ... pride_ Their now deceased cause of joy (i.e., ‘Licidas’) was their pride. 98-9 _Hales ... Philetas ... Triopi-ans_ Conflating two rivers called Hales, in Asia Minor and in Cos. Tripius was in Asia Minor, while the poet Philetas belonged to Cos. 100 _Theocritus_ Theocritus hailed from Syracuse. Standard Gk text implies ‘You are a Theocritus [i.e., as good as, or better than, Theocritus] even to Syracuse’. 101 _Ausonian_ Italian. The unknown poet, like Moschus, seems to hail from Southern Italy.
Such thy own Scholers by thy self were taught,
Who as thy heirs claim Dorik poesie;
Thy wealth to others, verse thou left’st to me.

Begin Sicilian, &c.
Alas though time the garden Mallows kill,
The verdant Smallage and the flowry Dill,
Yet these revive, and new the next year rise;
But Man, though ne’re so great, so strong, so wise,
Once dead, inclos’d in hollow earth must keep
A long, obscure, inexitable sleep.
And thou art thus laid silent in the ground;
For thy sweet voice we onely hear the sound
Of the hoarse Frogs unintermitted grone.

Begin Sicilian Muse, begin your mone.
Cam’st thou by Poyson Bion to thy death?
Scapt that the Antidote of thy sweet breath?
What cruel Man to thee could poysen bear?
Against thy musick sure he stopt his ear.

Begin Sicilian, &c.
But a just vengeance is reserv’d for all;
Meantime, with others, I bewail thy fall.
Might I like Orpheus view the states below,
And like Alcides, or Ulisses go
To Pluto’s court, I would enquire if there
To him thou singst, and what thou singst would hear;
Court Her with some Sicilian past’ral strain,
Who sporting on Sicilian Aetna’s plain
Sung Dorik laies; thinie may successful be,
And as once Orpheus brought Euridice
Thee back perhaps they to these hills may bring:
Had I such skill, to Pluto I would sing.

6. *Virgil* Eclogue I
Translated from the Latin by William Webbe.

First published in Webb’s *A Discourse of English Poesie*, 1586, to illustrate the principles of quantitative verse in English. Punctuation modified.

The Argument of the first Aeglogue.
Vnder the personne of Tityrus Vyrgill beeing figured himselfe, declareth to Melibæus an nother Neateheard, the great benefittes that he receyued at Augustu shand, who in the spoyle of Mantua gaue him hys goods and substauence againe.

*Melibæus. Tityrus.*

[Melibæus.] Tityrus, happlilie thou lyste tumbling vnder a beech tree,
All in a fine oate pipe these sweete songs lustilie chaunting
We, poore soules goe to wracke, and from these coastes be remoued,
And fro our pastures sweete: thou Tityr, at ease in a shade plott
Makst thicke groutes to resound with songs of braue *Amarillis."

*Tityrus.* O *Melibæus*, he was no man but a God who releueud me:
Euer he shalbe my God: from this same Sheepcot his alters

**Smallage:** types of parsley or celery
Neuer a tender Lambe shall want, with blood to bedew them.
This good gift did he give, to my steeres thus freelie to wander,
And to my selfe (thou seest) on pipe to resound what I listed.

Melibæus. Grutch thee sure I doo not, but this thing makes me to wonder,
Whence comes all this ado: with grievous paine not a little
Can I remoue my Goates: here, Tityre, skant get I forward
Poore olde crone, two tynys at a clappe ith boysterous hassiles
Left she behind, best hope i’ my flock laid hard on a bare stone.
Had not a lucklesse lotte possesse our mindes, I remember
Warnings off fro the blast burnt oake we saw to be sent vs.
Oft did a left hand crow foretell these things in her hull tree.
But this God let vs heare what he was, good Tityre tell me.

Tityrus. That same Cittie so braue which Rome was wont to be called,
Foole did I thinke, to be like this of ours, where we to the pastures
Wonted were to remoue from dammes our young prettie Cattell.
Thus did I thinke young whelpes and Kids to be like to the mothers,
Thus did I wont compare manie great things with manie little.
But this above all townes as lofty mounteth her high head,
As by the lowe base shrubbes tall Cypressse shooteth above them.
Melibæus. And what did thee mooue that needs thou must goe to see Rome?
Tityrus. Freedome: which though late, yet once lookt backe to my pore state,
After time when haires from my beard did glime to be whitish:
Yet lookt back at last and found me out after a long time,
When Amarill was once obtainde, Galatea departed:
For (for I will confess) whilst as Galatea did hold mee,
Hope did I not for freedome, and care had I none to my cattell.
Though many faire young beastes our folde for the aulters aforde
And manie cheeses good fro my presse were sent to the Cittie,
Seldome times did I bring anie store of pence fro the markett.

Melibæus. O Amarill, wherefore to thy Gods (very much did I meruaile)
Heaulie thou didst praise? Ripe fruites vngathered all still:
Tityrus is not at home: these Pyne trees Tityre mist thee.
Fountaines longd for thee: these hedgrows wisht thy return home.

Tityrus. What was then to be done? from bondage could not I wind out:
Neither could haue found such gentle Gods anywhere els.
There did I see (Melibæe) that youth whose hestes I by course still
Fortnights whole to obserue on the Alters sure will I not faile.
Thus did he gentlie graunt to my sute when first I demaunded:

Melibæus. Happy old man, then thou shalt haue thy farme to remaine still,
Large, and large to thy selfe, others nought but stonie grauell
And foule slieamy rush wherewith their lees be besprinkled.
Heere no unwoonted foode shall griewe young theaues who be laded,
Nor the infections foule of neighbours flocke shall annoie them.
Happie old man. In shaddowy bankes and coole prettie places,
By the quainted floodes and springs most holie remaining,
Here, these quicksets fresh which lands seuer out fro thy neighbours

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13 Tityre: So here and later, apparently as Lat. vocative (3 syllables); but Tityr (4) presumably for the metre. skant get I forward: I can scarcely make it go. 14 Ewes normally have one lamb at a time: to give birth to two is specially laborious. corn: old ewe. at a clappe: at once. 18 In the. Boisterous: ‘Strong- or coarsely-growing, rank’ (OED 6). 19 Corresponding line in Lat. usually omitted as mistaken import from Virgil IX.15. left hand crow: In Roman augury, a raven (Lat. cornix) croaking on the augur’s left was an ill omen, but a crow a good one. holly: (OED hull n3, citing this line): ? hollow (cf. hull, shell or outer covering; OED hull n2: no adjectival use recorded). 21-2 where we ... prettie Cattell: The original means ‘where we used to drive our new-weaned lambs’; cattell: chattels, property. Lat. peculi, of [my] property or wealth, though pecudium too originally meant (property in the form of) cattle. 34 i.e. He sacrificed many beasts to placate the gods. Another inept rendering of the sense ‘Now I understand what I wondered at: why you, Amarillus, prayed so diligently to the gods.’ 38 vngathered: not from neglect, but for Tityrus to enjoy. 43 hesets: vows, pledges (of sacrifice to Augustus). 44 Fortnights whole: Lat. has ‘twice six days a year’. 46 let ... still: let bulls couple with their mates. 48 Large: (a) free, in freehold (b) sufficiently: big: a play only possible in English. 9 others ... besprinkled: Lat. implies that Tityrus’ own fields are also damaged, but still good enough. 53 quainted floodes: acquainted (familiar) streams. 54 quicksets: live slips of plants used as hedges.
And greene willow rowes which Hiblæ bees doo reioice in, 
Oft fine whistring noise shall bring sweete sleepe to thy sences.
Vnder a Rock side here will prynyer chaunt merrie ditties. 
Neither on highe Elme trees, thy beloude Doues loftilie sitting,
Nor prettie Turtles trim, will cease to crooke with a good cheere. 
Pruner, vine-dresser
Tityrus. First, therefore swift buckes shall flie for foode to the skies ward,
And from fish withdrawn, broade seas themselues shal auoid hence: 
First, (both borders broke) Araris shal run to the Parthanes, 
And likewise Tygris shall againe runne backe to the Germanes:
Ere his countnaunce sweete shall slippe once out from my hart roote.
Mebius. We poor soules, must some to the land cald Africa packe hence, 
Some to the farre Scythia, and some must to the swift flood Oaxis, 
Some to Britannia coastes quite parted farre fro the whole world. 
Oh these pastures pure, shall I nere more chance to behold yee? 
And our cottage poore with warm turues couerd about trim. 

Oh these trim tilde landes, shall a recklesse souldier haue them? 
And shall a Barbarian haue this crope? see what a mischiefe 
Discord vile hath araisde! for whom was our labour all tooke? 
Now Melibæus, ingra/ph pearie stocks, sette vines in an order. 
Now goe (my brau/lockeonceth that were) Onow goe my kidlings. 
Nor pretty Turtlestrim, will ceasetocrookewithagoodcheere.
turtle-doves; coo
Tityrus. First, therefore swi/bucks shall/lie for foodeto the skiesward, 
And fromis withdrawn, broadeseastthemselveshaualoenhence: 
become
First,(bothbordersbroke) Araris shal run to the Parthanes, 
And likewise Tygris shall againe runne backe to the Germanes: 
Ere his countnaunce sweete shall slippe once out from my hart roote.
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Mebius. We poor soules, must some to the land cald Africa packe hence, 
Some to the farre Scythia, and some must to the swift flood Oaxis, 
Some to Britannia coastes quite parted farre fro the whole world. 
Oh these pastures pure, shall I nere more chance to behold yee? 
And our cottage poore with warm turues couerd about trim. 

7 Virgil. Eclogue II
Translated from the Latin by Abraham Fraunce
First published in Fraunce’s The Lawiers Logike (1588), Book II. Composed, in Fraunce’s words, ‘in English hexameters, verse for verse’ – i.e., each line of the English precisely matching a line in the Latin. Fraunce achieves this objective in most lines, despite the difference in syntax and word-order between the two languages.

Seely shepheard Corydon lou’d hartily faire lad Alexis,
His maisters dearing, but saw no matter of hoping.

Only amid the forest thick set with broad-shadoe beachtrees 
Daily resort did he make: thus alone to the woods, to the mountains 
With broken speeches, fond thoughts most vainly reuealing.
O hardharted Alexis: I see my verse to be scorned,
My selfe not pitied, my death by thee lastly procured.
Now do the beasts euen seene for cooling shade to refresh them, 
Grene lizards now too in bushes thorny be lurking;
And for faint reapers by the suns rage, Thestyris hastning, 
Strong-smelling wilde thime and garlyke beates in a mortar. 
And whilst I trace thee, with sun beames all to beschorched,

55 Hibla] Hybla, a town in Sicily renowned for its honey. The form Hibla may reflect Lat. genitive.
61 The seas will recede and leave their fish dry on the ground. Another inept rendering. 62 Araris] a river in France. Parthanes] Parthians, from central Asia near the Caspian Sea. 63-6 Tygris] The river Tigris in modern Iraq, while the Germanic tribes largely inhabited the region of modern Germany. 66 Scythia] an indeterminate region of east and north-east Europe and adjoining parts of Asia. Oaxis] a river in Crete. 69 turues] blocks of turf used to roof cottages. 70 recklesse] reckless, heedless (of the spirit and associations of the land). The Latin has impius, ‘godless’. 73 ingraft pearie stocks] graff your pear trees: an ironic evocation of pursuits no longer possible. 77 lyges] jigs, a kind of song as well as dance. iunkets] a kind of cream cheese; broadly, any pastoral repast. 5 fond] (a) foolish, futile (b) affectionate. 11 To make soup for the men’s mid-day meal.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Groues by the hoarschirping grasshoppers yeeld a resounding echo. Wast not far better t’haue borne with surly Menalcaus, And sore displeased, disdainfull, proud Amaryllis, Although thou white were, although but swarty Menalcaus? O thou faire white boy, trust not too much to thy whitenes: Faire white flowers fall downe, black fruits are only reserued. Thou carest not for mee, my state thou knowst not, Alexis: What flocks of white sheepe I do keepe, of milke what abundance. On Sicil high mountains my lambs feed, more then a thousand: New mylke in summer, new mylke in winter I want not. My song’s like Thebano Amphion song, when he called His wandring bullocks, on Greekish mount Aracynthus. Nether am I so fowle: I saw my selfe by the seashore, When seas al calme were: I doubt not, but by thy censure, Daphnis I shall surpass, vni your face do deceaue mee. O, let this be thy will, to frequent my rustic harbors And simple cotages, and sticke in forkes to vphold them, And driue on forward our flocke of kids to the mallowes: Wee wil amid the forest contend Pans song to resemble: Pans was first that quils with waxe ty’de ioyntly together. Pans is good to the sheepe, and Pans is good to the sheepsman. Neither think it a shame to thy self t’haue plaid on a cornpipe: For, that he might do the same with skil, what did not Amyntas? Damaetas long since did giue me a pipe for a token, Compact of seuen reeds, all placed in order, vnaquall: And thus sayd, when he dy’d: One vse it onely beeefore thee. Thus sayd Damaetas, this greeued foolish Amyntas. Also two pretty kids doe I keepe, late found in a valley Dangerous; and their skins with mylke white spots be bedecked, Of dams milke not a drop they leaue; and for thee I keepe them. Thestylys of long time hath these kids of me desired; And they shalbe her own, for that thou skornst what I giue thee. Come neare, ò faire boy, see the nymphs bring here to the lillies With full stuf baskets: faire Nais now to thy comfort White violetes gathering, and poppies daintyly topping, Daffadil ads to the same, and leaues late pluckt fro the sweet Dill. Then mingling Casia with diuers saury sweet flowers, With yellowish Marygold, she the tender Crowtoe bedecketh. Ile plucke hoare quinces, with soft downe all to besmeared, And Chessnuts which were lovd of my sweet Amaryllis. Add wil I wheateplumbs too: for this fruit will be regarded, And you laurell leaues wil I plucke, and thee, pretty myrtle Next to the laurell leaues: for so plast, yeeld ye the sweet sent. Th’art but a foole Corydon, for first gifts mooue not Alexis, Then, though thou giue much, yet much more giue wil Iolas. But what alas did I mean, poore fool? I do let go the southwind Into the flowers, and boares send forward into the cleare springs. Whom flyest thou mad man? Many gods haue also resorted, And Paris of olde Troy, to the woods. Let towres by Minerva Built, by Minerva be kept; and woods of vs onely regarded.

20 From this point, many echoes of Theocritus XI, where the Cyclops Polyphemus wos Galathea. 23 Amphion] Said to have raised a wall round Thebes by his music. He and his twin brother Zethus, sons of Zeus, were brought up as shepherds. He belonged to Boeotia, where Virgil places Mt Aracynthus (actually in Aetolia). 29 cotages] makeshift huts or shelters (OED 2), like those of shepherds on remote pastures. forkes to vphold them] forked staves to prop them up. 31 contend] (a) endeavour, attempt (b) compete (as in a singing-match). 32 quils] reeds, used to make a pan-pipe. 36 Damoetaes] This passage has created the figure of a master-shepherd of song: cf. Milton, ‘Lycidas’ (no. 230) 36–38. 38 Òne] Damoetas himself. 40–44 The clearest of many echoes of Theocritus III, where a shepherd pines for Amaryllis. 51 hoare] Unripe quinces have greyish-white down. 53 wheatplumbs] ‘wheat-plums’, misrendering cerea pruna, ‘waxen plums’. 56 first gifts] ‘gifts given in advance of Iolas’, allowing the latter to outvie them. 58-9 I do let ... springs] I am destroying my own prosperity and happiness. 61 Paris] He kept sheep on Mount Ida. 61-2 towers by Minerva Built] Athens, of which Athena (Minerva) was the tutelary goddess. This identifies the setting (as in most of Virgil’s eclogues) as Greece.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Grimg Lioness runneth to the wolfe, and wolfe to the yong gote,  
And wanton yong gote to the flouring tetrifol hastheth,  
And Corydon to Alexis: a selfe joye draweth on each man.  
But see the plow cometh home, hangd fast by the yoke to the bullocks,  
And shadde by Phaebus declining double appeareth;  
Yet do I burne with loute: for what meane can be to louing?  
Ah Corydon, Corydon, what mad rage hath thee bewitched?  

Thy vin's scarce halfe cut, pestred with leaues of her elme tree:  
Leave this churlish boy, and bend thy selfe to thy busnes,  
With twigs and bulrush some needefull thing be a making:  
Thou shalt find others though th'art disdain of Alexis.

8 Virgil. Eclogue IV
Translated from the Latin by Abraham Fleming.

First published in Fleming's The Bucolicks of Publius Virgilius Maro ...together with his Georgiks or Ruralls (1589). These unrhymed translations are entirely different from Fleming's rhymed versions of 1575. The text below omits random brackets around certain words in the 1589 text. Salient marginal notes by Fleming incorporated below with the marker 'Fleming'. The eclogue appears to celebrate the birth of a son to the poet's patron, the statesman Gaius Asinius Pollio. But so extravagant is the fantasy, postulating a return of the Golden Age, that the poem was later taken as a conscious or unconscious prophecy of the birth of Christ. In the Christian Middle Ages, Virgil thereby came to be venerated as a proto-Christian seer.

The fourth Eclogue of Virgill intituled Pollio, or the birth day of Soloninus.

The Argument

Asinius Pollio, an excellent orator and captaine of the Germane host vnder Augustus, after his taking of the citie Salone in Dalmatia, hauing triumphed, he was aduanced to the office of a consull. Not long after this, he begat a sonne, whom he named Solonius, in memorie of the citie Salone, which he had conquered and taken. For this yong babes sake newly borne, as also (and that principallie) to please the father, who was in great favoure, and might doo much with Augustus, Virgill (whom Pollio greatly esteemed, releued and maintained) in this ecлог describeth the birth day of the said Solonius. Wherein this is to bee marked, that such thinges as the prophetesse Sybilla of Cuma foretold of the comming and birth of Christ (as Lactantius, Eusebius, and Augustine doo testifie), the poet, vtterly ignorant of that diuiniate, applieth to the happinesse of Augustus his gouernment, and also to the child Salone. And because this eclogue, as likewise two more, are of somewhat a loftier stile than beseemeth the argument of a pastorall deuise, the poet beginneth very modestly with an honest confession or preface, as followeth.

In this eclogue the poet speaketh alone.

O Muses of Sicilia ile let's greater matters sing,  
Shrubs groues and bushes lowe delight and please not euery man,  
If we doo sing of woods, the woods be worthy of a consull.

64 tetrifoli] error for ‘tree-trefoil’ or ‘tree-clover’. Lat. cytisus. (See OED tetrifolius.)  
65 a selfe joy] the same pleasure or desire. Corydon’s analogies for his love are of a predatory or devouring nature.  
70 her elme tree] i.e., that up which the vine is trailed.  
0.1 Soloninus] Pollio’s newborn son: ‘Salonius’ in the Argument. See headnote.  
0.2 Germane host] the Germanian army of the Roman Empire.  
Ancient Germany extended eastward to Dalmatia (modern Croatia).  
0.7 releued] assisted, saved from difficulties.  
0.8 prophetesse Sibylla of Cuma] The Cumaean Sibyl, most celebrated of the Sibyllae or wise women of antiquity. Supposed author or propagator of the Sibylline books of prophecy, whose Book III largely concerns prophecies of a future Golden Age. These were discussed and imitated by Jewish and Christian writers, including the Christian fathers cited here: Lactantius, Divinarum institutionum libri VII.24 (Patr. Lat. VI.143-4); Eusebius, Oration of Constantine to the Assembly of the Saints, chs.19-21; Augustine, The City of God X.27 and XVIII.23, citing Lactantius. All three texts cite Virgil IV extensively alongside presumed sources in the Sybiline books.  
0.9-10 vterly ignorant] Often thought that though the Sibylline books consciously prophesied the birth of Christ, Virgil used the material without realizing its significance.  
0.11 two more] VI and X, according to the early commentator Donatus.  
beseeemeth] befits.  
0.12 deuise] composition. honest] frank.  
confession] declaration, acknowledgement.  
0.14 alone] in his own voice, not in dialogue form.  
1. Muses of Sicilia] pastoral muses, Sicily being Theocritus’ supposed birthplace.  
2 bushes lowe] Lat. myrica.  
3 'Let our pastorall be such as may beseeme a consull to read.' [Fleming] Pollio became consul in 40 BCE.
Now is the last age come whereof Sibyllas verse foretold, 4-5 Fleming omits a line of the original: 'The great cycle of the centuries begins anew'. History was commonly seen as repeating, over and over, the cycle of the Four Ages. Some take this to be a prophesy of Christ, but how unproperly let the learned judge. [Fleming].

And now the virgin come againe, and saturnes kingdome come, 5 'Some take this to be a prophesy of Christ, but how unproperly let the learned judge.' [Fleming].

Now is a sonne, an offspring new sent downe from heaun high.  
O chaste Lucina fauour thou the boy that's now in birth,  
By whom the yron nation first shall cease and have an end,  
And ouer all the world this golden age shall rise and spring.  
O Pollio, truly of this age the beauties and the hew Shall then begin when thou art consult, and the moneths great Shall then begin forward to go, and orderly proceed.  
I, any marke or notes of our offense doo yet remaine,  
The same made void, deliver shall the earth from endless feare.  
Thou being guide and governor, he (Cæsar I doo meane) Shall take his life of gods aboue and also he shall see  
Most noble states with heauenly gods mingled in companie,  
And he likewise himselfe shalbe of them beheld and seene,  
And shall with fathers vertues rule the world in quiet set:  
O child the ground shall yeld to thee hir first fruits, little gifts,  
No dressing thereupon bestowd, in places evry where,  
Even yuie spreading of itselfe with gentle lady flowe,  
And beans of Ægypt mingled with that pleasant bearefoot herbe.  
The little gothes themselfes shall beare home to their maisters house  
Their frue full of milk, the herds of cattell shall not feare  
The lions great and terrible, the very cradle too  
Wherein the infant lies shall yeeld faire louelie floure to thee.  
The serpent perish shall and dy, the herbe of poison too,  
Which is deceptfull, it shall die and withering fall away,  
And deintie grapes of Syria shall very common grow.  
But herewithall when as thou shalt the fame and praises read  
Of noble men, and therewithall thy father's acts and deeds,  
And shall perceiue and understand what heauenlie vertue is,  
Then shall the feeld wax yellowish by little and by little,  
With soft and tender eares of corne, and ruddie grapes shall hang  
On thorne untrimd and wilde, hard okes shall sweat honny like dewal:  
But yet of old deceit and guile a few marks shall remaine,  
Which may command you to try the sea with ships, and compasse townes

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virgin  [Fleming] Astraea, goddess of justice, who left the earth after the Golden Age: Virgil, Georg. II.473-4. Saturn’s rule over Latium, as king rather than god, is associated with the Golden Age.  

golden age  Lat. talks of a golden race or nation (gens aurea), followed by some words left untranslated: ‘Your own Apollo is now king. ’ Your’ refers to Lucina, identified with Diana and hence Apollo’s sister.  

11 moneths great  Fleming interprets wrongly as ‘Julie and August’. Actually one of the twelve ages or parts (each under a zodiacal constellation) of the ‘Great’ or Platonic Year, an astronomical cycle of nearly 26,000 years also marking a major epoch of human history.  

moneth  bisyllabic form current till 17-c, here required by the metre.  

13 [I] Aye.  offense  [Fleming] sceleris, evil deeds; for Christian readers, could suggest original sin, just as the Golden Age could be assimilated to Paradise before the Fall.  

15 he (Cæsar I doo meane)  The Lat. clearly ‘means’ the newborn child.  

19 in quiet set  ‘Brought into quietnesse and peace.’ [Fleming].  

21 No dressing ... bestowd  without cultivation, spontaneously.  

22 lady flowre  [Fleming] Buell. fuell. lib[er]3 Strabo[0] lib[er]y. [Fleming] Fuell, misprint for (Leonhart) Fuchs: the ‘arum or baccar’ is described in his De Historia Stirpium (1555), ch.3. Strabo’s Geography 12.1.15 actually describes the Egyptian bean (see 231). Perhaps Fleming had the ‘lady’s foxglove’ in mind. (OED Lady C3c). Baccar, the plant in Vigil’s Lat., has not been identified but is often rendered as ‘foxglove’.  


bearefoot herb  [Fleming] Bearfoot or bear’s foot, the acanthus, the plant mentioned in the Lat. (also in Georg. IV.123, as Fleming points out).  

30 deceptfull  ttreacherous, harmful in a way belied by its appearance.  

36 deaw  ‘Or made of the deawe of heauen.’ [Fleming] Dew was thought to descend from heaven: sometimes identified with manna.  

38-9 compasse townes With walles  to guard against sieges, i.e. anticipating war.  

ships  There was no navigation in the Golden Age – i.e., neither military invasion nor commerce.
With wallers, and cut in furrows deepe into the ground with plow.

Another Typhis then shall liue, another Argus too,
Which may conuey and carry chosen men of noble race.
Then also other warres shalbe, and once againe to Troy
Achilles great and valiant shalbe set out and sent.
Then hereupyn soone after that thy yeares and settled age
Hath made thee be a man, the merchant he shall leave the sea,
The ship of pine tree shall not change hir merchandize and wares.
All kind of ground all kind of things shall carrie yeeld and beare,
The earth shall bide no rake, the vine no hedgebill shall abide,
The plowman now shall loose the yokes from strong and sturdy buls.

The wooll shall learne to counterfeit colours of diuer kinds,
But in the medowes shall the ram his woollen fleeses change
Now into purple sweetly red, now yellow saffron hew:
A colour bright and flaming red shall of its owne accord
Cloth and adore the lambs a-feeding in the pasture field.
The fatall ladies all agreeing in the stedfast law
And mightie power of destinee, said to their spindels thus:
Run on such seasons, golden times and happie ages still!
O deere offspring and child of gods, O great increase of love,
Great honours vndertake: the time ordaind will shortly be.
Behold the world now staggering with burthen crooked bent,
The land, the coasts of sea, the heauen profound and passing high,
Behold how all things joy at this same golden time to come.
O that the last part of my life might last so long to me,
My breath also, as might suffice to tell thine acts and deeds,
Not Orpheus of Thrace should pass me then in sweet melodious songs,
Or Linus neither, though the mother of the one were by,
And th’others father present too: Calliope the muse
Is Orpheus’ mother, and of Line Apollo father faire.
Though Pan should striue with me in song, Arcadia being judge,
Even Pan would say hee’s overcame, Arcadia being judge.

O little boie begin to know thy mother by thy laughing:
Ten months brought vnfo mother thine both long and tedious toile.
O little boie begin to know thy mother by thy laughing,
At whom thy parents laughed not when thou wast but a babe
Ne god thought worthie of his boord, ne goddesse of hir bed.

At whom his parents have not smiled is not honoured at the table of any god or the bed of any goddess.

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39 furrowes ... plow] In the Golden Age, there was no need to farm the land, which spontaneously yielded crops (47-9).
40 Typhis pilot of the Argo (Argus), the ship of Jason and his band, the Argonauts.
43 set out] equipped and despatched, as for war (OED to set out II.6a).
46 ship] ‘Mast.’ [Fleming] Masts of ships were made from pine trunks. pine tree’ See after in the Georgics.
[Fleming] – Georg. L.254-6, where the pine tree is mentioned alongside, but not linked to, a reference to navigation. In such a situation, trade will become unnecessary.
48 hedgebill] an implement for cutting hedges, creepers etc.
49 buils] ‘Or oxen.’ [Fleming].
50 The Lat. uses opposite wording to the same end: wool will not ‘counterfeit’ colours with dyes but grow on the sheep’s backs in various colours.
53 colour bright] Lat. Sandix, vermillion, but here usually translated as ‘scarlet’.
55 fatall ladies] the three Moirae, Parcae or Fates.
56 spindels] on which the Fates spun the thread of a person’s life.
58 great increase of love] ‘By whom Jupiters honor is increased’. [Fleming] Lat. magnum incrementum Iovis: mightiest foster-child of Jupiter; ?mighty progeny of a Jupiter (i.e., mighty king); ?mightiest ancestor of such a Jupiter-like king.
64 breath] Lat. spiritus, (a) breath (b) inspiration.
66 Linus] harvest god associated with song and music.
67 mother ... father] Orpheus was the son of the Muse Calliope, and Linus of Apollo (as well as Calliope by one tradition).
71 laughing] ‘Make thy mother merrie with laughing.’ [Fleming] The Lat. is more like ‘know (or greet) your mother with a smile’.
75 Whom none of the gods thought good enough to eat and drink with them, nor any of the goddesse[s] would take to husband: and this is meant of Vulcan.’ [Fleming] Wrong translation: Lat. has ‘He on whom his parents have not smiled is not honoured at the table of any god or the bed of any goddess.’
**Virgil. Eclogue X**

Translated from the Latin by Abraham Fleming.

First published in Fleming’s *The Bucolikes of Publius Virgilius Maro* (1575), completely different from Fleming’s later unrhymed renderings (1589). The poem presents Virgil’s friend, the poet and administrator Gaius Cornelius Gallus, as dying of love. The traditional conjectures are indicated in the Argument. The poem follows Theocritus I in broad outline, but with a new inwardness of sentiment in Gallus’ dying utterance. This is also Virgil’s most elaborate presentation of the imaginary pastoral landscape of Arcadia. Salient marginal notes by Fleming incorporated below with the marker ‘[Fleming].’

The Argument or contents of the tenth and last Eclogue. *Gallus.*

Cornelius Gallus an excellent and passing Poet, and chiefe governour of Ægipte, who when he loued Cytheris th’arlot out of measure, *Volumnius* his freewoman, whome the Poet heere calleth Lycoris, and she recompensed him not with lyke loue againe: But despisyng him, hunted after Anthonic into Fraunce, Cornelius was thought to haue taken this refusall marveilous heuleue. *Virgil* therefore in this Eclogue comforteth him, but in such sort, that he slideth not from shepheardes personages, nor crountry comparisons: And all for the most part which is contained in this Eclogue is drowne out of *Theocritus* his *Thirsis*, where he largelie writhe of the lyke love of *Daphnis*.

passing: surpassing, notable; *Volumnius* his: *Volumnius*; sideth: slips, devideslargelie: in detail, at length

*The Eclogue. Poeta alone.*

O *Arethusa*, graunt this labour be my last in deede,  
A fewe songes vnto Gallo, but them let Lycoris reede,  
Needes must I sing, to Gallo mine what man would songs deny?  
So when thou ronnest under Sicane seas, where froth doth fry,  
Let not that byter Doris of the salt streame mingle make:  
Beginne, the carefull loues of Gall’ to sing let’s vndertake.  
Whiles that the flatt nos’d goe doore crop the tender sprigs and shouts,  
We sing not vnto deafe men we, the woods sound all abouts.  
What woods, what hils, what groues did keepe and hold you in perfoure,  
Ye Naiad’ Nimphes, when Gall’ in loue consumed as a corse?  
For nether dyd Parnassus mounte, nor Doris tottering hyll,  
Nor yet Aonia, Aganipp’ make hinderaunce of your wyll.  
The Bay trees dyd lament his case, the shrubs did him bemone,  
And Menal’ mount where pine trees grow, cold *Lices* rocks of stone  
Both wept and wailde him, as he laye vnder a hyll alone.  
The sheepe about him stand, of them we dooe vs not repent  
Nor of thy cattell thee stand, O Poet excellent:  
*Adonis* fayre by waterside doth sheepe and Oxen feede.

0.2*Volumnius his freewoman*] a woman released from slavery by her original master Volumnius.  
0.7 *Theocritus his Thirsis*] Idyll I.  
1 *Arethusa*] A fountain in Sicily: see 4-5n. This eclogue has classically associated Arethusa with pastoral.  
2 *Gallo*] Lat. dative and ablative of *Gallus*, fitting the syntax here and in 3.  
3 *Lycoris*] ‘Lycoris a verie faire and a wise woman, but a harlot, called by a counterfaite [poetic, fictional] name of cytheris whom Cornelius Gallus ardentlie loued.’ [Fleming] In fact, she is called Lycoris here; Cytheris might have been her actual name. (See ‘Argument.’)  
4 *Sicane*] The adjectival of Sicanus, of Sicani, people of spaine as some dooe suppose, so called because of the floud Sicoris, which runneth by them.’ [Fleming] Actually, *Sicanius* means Sicilian, from the Sicani who settled there in ancient times.  
5 *Doris*] ‘The daughter of Oceanus and Tethis, heere by the figure metomonia [sic], it is taken for the sea which is salt and bitter.’ [Fleming].  
7 *shouts*] shoots.  
10 *Naiad*] ‘The Nimphes or muses of springes, fountaines and floudes.’ [Fleming].  
12 *Aonia, Aganipp[e]*] ‘A hill in Thessalia.’ [Fleming].  
13 *bays*] laurels.  
14 *Menal*’ *mount*] Maenales: see 55n.  
15 *Lice*] ‘A promontorie or stepe hill in Arcadia, dedicate or consecrate to Pan.’ [Fleming]  
16 *Adonis*] ‘The sonne of Cyniras and Mirrrha, who was interly loued of Ladie Venus, the same was a beutifull and well favoured shepheard.’ [Fleming] He was both hunter and shepherd.
The shepherds came, the heardmen came, alack they made no speede,
And from the woods, and winter oakes, came Menalc’ fatt in deede.

All dooe demaunde, this loue whence y’st? Apollo came to thee
And sayde What Gallus art thou mad? Lycoris, all thy glee
Through frost, and snow, and Castles rough, another haunteth shee.

Siluanus came, about his hed a countrey garelant was, [runs after
The flourishing fenell shaking, and the lylleys white which passe.

Pan of Arcadia God he came, and vnto vs appeard [fennel-stalk
With wallwoort berries red as blood, and vermelon besmeard.

And wyll there be no meane? sayth he, loue cares not for such things,
Deepe launceing loue with trickling teares, nor felds with wartry springs cutting, piercing

Nor bees with Tetryfoll, nor gotes with greene leaues fylled be, sated, satisfied
But he full sadde, yet shall you sing, Arcadious you, sayde he,
These things vpon your yllis: in songs Th’arcadions skil know we.
If that your pype would whistle vp my loue, which boyles in brest,
My brused bones beleeue mee, O, how sweetelye should they rest.

The keeper of your flocke I would me appointed had,

Or orderer of your vines and grapes, in purple colour clad.
Sure whether Phillis, or Amintas, raging loue me racke, rend, shake, torment
Or whatso other wise, What if Amynatas blacke? madness

(Blacke Violets bee, and Floures deluce that colour dooe not lacke.)
Among the Willowes and the Vines, in shade should lye with me, [or pasture
Phillis should gather garlandes, and Amynatas sing should he.

Lycoris, heere be fountains freshe, and heere be medowes softe, small field
Heere plaentaunt woods, my life I could spend with thee in this crofte.

Now frantique loue in armes of Mars, who strikes a bloody blow, mad
Among sharpe weapons keepe thyme, and many a furious foe,
Thou from thy countrey straying farre, I would it were not soe.

The snowye Alpes and frozen Rhine without me all alone
(Al flinty peece) behold it, oh, least the cold hurtles fleshe and bone,
And least thy lytle tender feete the sharp yse cutte and pearse.

Ile goe, and songs which I haue made in Chalcide comly varyear
In Sicily sheperds oaten pype alofte I wyll rehearse.

’Tys certaine that in woods, where wilde beasts lurck in den and Cauce,
I wyll abyde the rather, I, and all my loues ingraue

In tender trees: they shall spring vp, and you my loues shall grove,
Then wyll I view mount Menalus, where Nimphes walk to and froe,
Then wyll I hunt the bristled Bore, no colde wyll I refuse avoid, not go out in
Parthenian Woods to raunge about with Dogs with cryes and hues.
Now, as it seemes, through rocks I goe & woods which Echco sound,
I lyft in Parthian bow of horne, Cydonian arrowes rounde
To shoothe, as though this practise were a plaster for my wound.
Nowe let that God in mens yll happes to waxe more gentle learne.

We looke one Thamadriades, and on our sonnets stearne,
As much displeas’d de; ye Woods geue back, geue place to passe againe:
We cannot chaunge him we one whitte, for all our toyle and paine.
Not if we should in chilling colde vp Hebrus ryuers swyll
Or beare in watery Winter time the snowe one Scithon hyll,
Nor yet if Aethiopia sheepe in Cancers smothering heate
We graze, when barks both drie and dye one eime trees tall and greate.
Loue ouercommeth every thing, to loue lets leaue a seate.

That thus your Poet chaunted hath, O Muses, ’tys inoughge,
Whiles syting styll he baskets makes of rushe and bending bouge.

Pierides, you for Gallo’ shall these sonnets larger make,
For Gall’, whose loue each hour in me as much increse doth take
As dooth the alder greene shooote vp when spring time dooth awake.
Let’s ryse, the shade is wont to bring to singers lylte joye,
The Juniper shade vnpleasaunnt is, shades dooe all fruiteis anoye,
Trudge home ye gothes, the euening coms, trudge, ’tys no time to toy.

10 VIRGIL GEORGIC II.458-542
Translated from the Latin by Abraham Cowley.

Oh happy, (if his Happiness he knows)
The Country Swain, on whom kind Heav’n bestows
At home all Riches that wise Nature needs;
Whom the just Earth with ease plenty feeds.
’Tis true, no morning Tide of Clients comes,
Adoring the rich Figures, as they pass,
In Tap’sry wrought, or cut in living Brass;
Nor is his Wool superfliously dy’d
With the dear Poysen of Assyrian pride:
Nor do Arabian Perfumes vainly spoil
The Native Use, and Sweetness of his Oyl.
In stead of these, his calm and harmless life
Free from th’ alarms of fear, and storms of Strife,
Does with substant’al blessedness abound,
And the soft wings of Peace cover him round:

59 Parthian] ’Of the Parthians we have spoken before, in the arte of shootheing they excelled, and in that practise preuailed much against the Romans in battayle, as the Romane histories declare.’ [Fleming].
of horne] common mistranslation of Latin cornu, actually meaning ‘made of cornel wood’. See 61.3n.
Cydonian] ’The adjectiuie of Cydonia, a citie in Crete. ... and in this citie there growe reedes verie fytte for arrows to bee made of.’ [Fleming] The Cydonians were famous archers. 61 that god] Love. 62-3 Even the beautiful hamadryads (wood nymphs), and even songs, now displease me. 62 stearne] sad, gloomy (as they treat of unhappy love: cf. OED 6b), hence moving, emotive. 65 Hebrus] A floud in Thracia wherein the people called Cicones, bordering vpone the same floud cast Orpheus hed after they had slaine him.’ [Fleming]. 66 Scithon] ’A hyll in Thracia full of snowe.’ [Fleming] Actually a peninsula (Sithonia), in Macedonia rather than Thrace proper. 67 Aethiopia] ’A countrey in Africa, lying betwixt Arcadia and Agipt, so called after the name of Ethiopi, the sone of Vulcanus, the sunne in that countrey hath a vehement and scortcheing heate.’ [Fleming]. 68 Cancer] The ruling constellation at the height of summer. 72 Pierides] the Muses. you ... make] ’You will make the most of them to Gallus, present them to Gallus as strongly as possible’. 77 euening] The Lat. has Hesperus, the evening star. 4 The Lat. adds proculus discordibus armis, ’far from the clash of arms’. 6 Chanes] river-beds or courses, continuing the metaphor in ‘Tide’ (5). 10 Poysen of Assyrian pride] purple dye supplied by merchantsof Tyre in Syria (wrongly identified with Assyria). 14 fear ... and Strife] The original also talks of fraud. 16 No equivalent in the Lat. The following lines are a free, somewhat expanded rendering.
Through artless Grots the murm’ring waters glide;
Thick Trees both against Heat and Cold provide,
From whence the Birds salute him; and his ground
With lowing Herds, and bleating Sheep does sound;
And all the Rivers, and the Forests nigh,
Both Food, and Game, and Exercise supply.
Here a well hard ned active youth we see,
Taught the great Art of cheerfull Poverty.
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine
Some streaks of Love both humane and Divine;
From hence Astraea took her flight, and here
Still her last Foot-steps upon Earth appear.
’Tis true, the first desire which does controul
All the inferior wheels that move my Soul,
Is that the Muse me her high-Priest would make;
Into her holiest Scenes of Myst’ry take;
And open there to my minds purged eye
Those wonders which to Sense the Gods deny;
How in the Moon such change of shapes is found:
The Moon, the changing worlds eternal bound.
What shakes the solid Earth, what strong disease
Dares trouble the firm Centre’s antient ease;
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:

Varieties too regular for chance.

What drives the Chariot on of Winters light,
And stops the lazy Waggon of the night.
But if my dull and frozen Blood deny
To send forth the Sp’rits that raise a Soul so high,
In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, though unglorious destiny.
In Life’s cool vale let my low Scene be laid;
Cover me, Gods, with Tempe’s thickest shade.
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he
Who can through gross effects their causes see:
Whose courage from the deeps of knowledg springs,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
But does his walk of virtue calmly go,
Through all th’ allarms of Death and Hell below.
Happy! but next such Conqu’rors, happy they,
Whose humble Life lies not in fortunes way,
They, unconcern’d from their safe distant seat,
Behold the Rods and Scepters of the great.
The quarrels of the mighty without fear,
And the descent of foreign Troops they hear.
Nor can ev’n Rome their steddy course misguide,
With all the lustre of her per’shing Pride.
Them never yet did strife or av’rice draw,
Into the noisy Markets of the Law,
The Camps of Gowned War, nor do they live
By rules or forms that many mad men give.

17 artless Grots] natural caves, as opposed to artificial landscaped ones in vogue since mid-16c. The original only has speluncae, caves. 26 humane] combining the senses of modern ‘human’ and ‘humane’. 27 Astraea] goddess of justice. Left the world on its decline at the end of the Golden Age. 29-30 first desire … inferior wheels] Image of the primum mobile (first mover), the outermost sphere in the Ptolemaic scheme of the universe, which imparts motion to all the other spheres. The image, and the note of religious mystery in 32-4, added by the translator. 36 changing … bound] The moon is the outer limit of the sublunary world, subject to change; beyond it is the eternal celestial world. 40 Varieties … chance] i.e., guided by providence. Not in original. 41-2 What drives … the night] i.e. Why days are short in winter and long in summer. Referring to the constellations of the Chariot and the Wagon (Wain), part of the Great Bear. 48 Tempe] a beautiful valley in Thessaly. This reference replaces a long string of allusions in the original. 51 courage] purpose, spirit (OED 2, 3). 55 next] The original presents the two as equal, such Conqu’rors] the above philosophers, who have conquered fate. 56 lies not in fortunes way] is not affected by changes of fortune. 57-80 depart considerably from the original.
Duty for Nature's Bounty they repay,
And her sole Laws religiously obey.
Some with bold labor plough the faithless main,
Some rougher storms in Princes Courts sustain.
Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a Name.
Some their vain wealth to earth again commit;
With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit.
Country and Friends are by some Wretches sold,
To lie on Tyrian Beds, and drink in Gold;
Not price too high for profit can be shown;
Around the World in search of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their Antipodes their home;
Mean while, the prudent Husbandman is found,
In mutual duties striving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertile month does some new gifts present,
And with new work his industry content.
This, the young Lamb, that, the soft Fleece doth yield,
This, loads with Hay, and that, with Corn, the Field:
All sorts of Fruit crown the rich Autumn's Pride:
And on a swelling Hill's warm stony side,
The pow'rful Princely Purple of the Vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does shine.
In th'Evening to a fair ensuing day,
With joy he sees his Flocks and Kids to play;
And loaded Kyne about his Cottage stand,
Inviting with known sound the Milkers hand;
He meets at dore the softest humane blisses,
His chast Wives welcom, and dear Childrens kisses.
When any Rural Holy days invite
His Genius forth to innocent delight,
On Earths fair bed beneath some sacred shade,
Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,
He sings thee Bacchus Patron of the Vine,
The Beechen Bowl fomes with a loud of Wine,
Not to the loss of reason or of strength:
To active games and manly sport at length,
Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see,
Who can the best at better tryals be.
Such was the Life the prudent Sabins chose,
From such the old Etrurian virtue rose.
Such, Remus and the God his Brother led,
From such firm footing Rome grew the World's head.
Such was the Life that ev'n till now does raise

73 to earth again commit] (a) reduce a rich city to dust (so 505 in Lat.) (b) bury wealth in the soil (so 507 in Lat.).
76 Tyrian] (a) dyed in Tyrian purple (see 101); (b) in the luxurious style associated with Tyre, in Gold out of gold vessels.
80 their Antipodes their home] The original talks of exiles.
82 mutual duties] i.e. Soil and husbandman supplement each other's efforts.
93 to a fair ensuing day] preceding another fair day.
96 known sound] the call of cattle needing to be milked.
98 With wishes ... for home] i.e., He wishes to be home, and his family also wants him to return. home] adversatively: at home.
100 The original refers only to children.
101 Holy days] The spelling implies the double sense: 102 Genius] temperament, bent of mind (OED 3).
104 equal] of the same age; equal in rank - i.e. the community is not divided by rank or class.
111 Sabines] Sabines, an ancient race of central Italy, renowned for their hardy, frugal life and piety.
112-4 The Etrurian and Roman civilizations were both highly urbanized. Virgil might mean that rural virtues lie behind their civic and imperial rise. 112 Etrurian] Etrurian: of an ancient race based in central Italy.
113 the God his Brother] Romulus, legendary founder of Rome. Romulus and Remus were brought up by shepherds. 'The God' is Cowley's addition. Romulus was worshipped as guardian deity of Rome under the name Quirinus.
The honor of poor Saturn's golden dayes:
Before Men born of Earth and buried there,
Let in the Sea their mortal fate to share.
Before new ways of perishing were sought,
Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought.
Before those Beasts which humane life sustain,
By Men, unless to the Gods use, were slain.

Translated from the Latin by Richard Robinson.

First published in Robinson's A Proceeding in the Harmonie of King Davids Harpe (1591), a partial English translation of Victorinus Strigelius’ Lat. commentary on the Psalms (1563, though Robinson cites the 1576 edition on his title-page). Strigelius cites some parts of Virgil’s Georgic III, on the care of livestock, in the context of Psalm 23. The Lat. version used by Robinson differs substantially from the standard modern text, especially in the last two sections, which are virtually abridgements.

He suffers in warme Cottages,
his sheepe to take their meat:
Till summer season fresh and greene,
returned be with heat.
And store of straw and ferne he layes,
by handfuls on harde ground
Least tender beast by cold or scurffe,
or gowte doe get deaths wounde.
In pleasant Summer but when as
the East winds blow indeed:
He sends his flocke toth' thickets, and
fatte pastures there to feede.
Whilst morning springs, and whilst the gras
doth flourish and rejoyce:
The dewe on tender herbe distils
to beasts most happyest choyse.
Before the fourth howre of the day,
when drought they find and heate:
And that the Grashoppers doe burst
through shrubbes with clamors great:
He bids his flocke goe to the ponds,
or pools that offer first,
Or running water of the brookes,
by drinke to quench theyr thyrst.
But in the hottest time of day,
some shadowe vale seeks he:
Or Oke of auncient strength,
which called is loues tree,
Whose boughes spread farre, or place he findes,
where sacred shadow staiies:
Within darke wood, of willowes full,
for all the liuelong daies.
And then againe he watereth them,
and them to feede he plyes:
Till Sunne be set, and euening cold
the aye to temper hyes.
And till the lightsome moystning Moone

116 poor] frugal. Saturn’s golden dayes] Saturn’s rule (as king rather than god) over Latium was identified with the Golden Age. Cowley compresses the original at this point. 118 Let in the Sea] i.e., began to sail the ocean. There was no navigation in the Golden Age. Cowley takes this detail from Virgil IV.38-9. 120 Death on Anvils wrought] referring to the forging of sword-blades. 121-2 unless ... slain] except for sacrifice. Not in original. 9ff. In the original, the poet speaks in the first person, directly instructing the reader. 19-20 burst through shrubbes] In the original, it is clearly the sound, not the insects themselves, that rend the shrubs. 31 willowes] Lat. ilicibus, holm-oaks. 37 moystning] causing dew by its cooling effect.
doe shine through darksome wood:
And till the Halcyon byrds by shore
and Goldfinch sing a good.

The Sheepheard brings vp Spartane whelpes
swift, and the Mastiffe fell:
That by these Keepers he from folds,
the night theefe may expell,
And eke restraine th‘assaults of Wolues.
The Sheepheard thus discrete,
The causes of Sheepe sicknesses
and signes dooth marke and seeke,
By helping hand to cure the wound
of each diseased beast:
And last of all beares in his armes,
the Ewes with young encreast.
Or else he succours sillie Lambes,
And beares each beast about
The pleasant springs, to quench theyr thyrst,
And feede deuoide of doubt.

Happy is He, that free from Mental Toil
(like the old Mortals) ploughs his Native soil
With his own Oxen; out of debt; Nor leads
A Soldiers life, still in Alarms; nor dreeds
Th‘enraged Sea; and flies at any Rate
From Law-Suites, and the proud Porcho of the Great.
What does he then? He, loftie Poplars joys'nt
Unto adult and marriagible Vines;
And the Wild branches with his Sickle lopt,
Doth better children in their rooms adopt:
Or in a hollow Valley, from above,
Beholds his lowing herds securely rove:
Or, his best Honey (which he means to keep)
Puts in clean pots: or sheares his tender sheep.
Or, when plump Autumn shews his bending head
With mellow Apples beautifully red,
With what a Gust his grated Pears he pulls;
And Grapes, the poor mans Purple! Whence he culs
The fairest, for thee Priap; and for thee
Sylvanus, Guardian of his Husbandrie.

Under an aged Oake he loves to pass

12 Horace Epode II
Translated from the Latin by Sir Richard Fanshawe.
First published in Fanshawe’s Selected Parts of Horace, Prince of Lyricks (1652). Follows the original fairly closely (even to the satirical close). The idiosyncratic italicizing of words in the original has been retained below.

He comprehends in this Ode divers Praises of a Countrie life: Commending it chiefly from the Tranquility and Frugality thereof.

39 Halcyon] a legendary bird, supposed to nest on the sea waves in calm weather – though (unlike here) at the winter solstice. 41-5 Compresses the original. 49-52 Greatly condenses the original. 53-6 Does not correspond to anything in the original. 53 sillie] weak, frail (OED 2). 61 comprehends] includes (OED 8). 76 Mortals] people of the Golden Age. Lat. priscagens, the earlist race of men. 40 Alarms] attacks, assaults (OED 9). 45 dreads Th‘enraged sea] 'there was no navigation in the Golden Age. 7-8 Trails vines on poplar trees, 9-10 A reference to the grafting of vines. 14 tender] (a) gentle, mild (b) delicate. 15 bending] weighed down with fruit. In the Lat., Autumn raises his head. 18 poor man’s Purple] In ancient Rome, only patricians could wear clothes dyed purple. 19 Priap] Priapus, god of gardens, vineyards and trees; son of Dionysus the wine-god. 20 Sylvanus] a rural god of woods and groves. Guardian of his Husbandrie] protector of his estate. Sylvanus is also guardian of boundaries. 21 Oake] Lat. ilice, holm-oak.
The Heates; or lolling on the matted grass.
Between deep Bankes a River rows the while;
The Birds, they prattle, to the Trees that smile;
A purling Brook runs chiding all the way:
Which gentle slumbers to His eyes convey.
But when rough Winter thundring coms, to throw
The treasures open of the Rain and Snow:
Eyther with dogs behind him and before
He drives into his toiles the tasked Boare:
Or spreads his thinner Nets beside some Bush,
An Ambuscado for the greedy Thrush:
And (dear delights) inveigles in his snare
The Travailer-Woodcock, and the Coward-Hare.
Who, at these sports, evades not all those darts,
With which loos love assaults our vacant hearts?
But if a vertuous Wife, that bears sweet fruit
Yearly, to one, and guides the house to boot:
(Such as the Sabine, or the Sun-burnt Froe
Of him, that was chose Consul from the Plough)
Build of old Logs, 'gainst her goodman comes home
Weary, a Fire as high as half the room;
And shutting in knight hurdles the glad Beasts,
With her own hand unlake their swagging Breasts;
And drawing this years Wine, from the sweet But,
Dainties unbought upon the Table put:
Your Lucrine Oysters cannot please me more,
Nor a fresh Sturgeon frightened to Our shore,
Nor any rarer Fish. No Pheasant Hen,
Or Quayle, go down my Throat more sav'ry; Then
An Olive, gather’d from the fattest Bough;
Coole Endive; wholsome Mallowes; or allow
A Lamb upon some mighty Festival;
Or Kid, from the Wolfe’s jawes; That’s worth them all.
Amidst these Feasts, how sweet ’tis, to behold
The well-fed Sheep run wadling to their Fold!
To see the wearied Oxe come trayling back
Th’inverted Plough upon his drooping neck!
And the Plough-Boyes (the swarm that makes us thrive)
Surround the shining Hearth, content and blythe!
All this the Us’rer Alpheus having sed,
Resolv’d (what else) a Country Life to lead;
At Michaelmas calls all his Moneys in:
But at Our Lady puts them out azen.

22 Heates] summer (OED 3b).
31 thinner] wide-meshed.
32 greedy] i.e., attracted by the bait.
34 Travailer] traveller, migratory. The Lat. names the crane. The birds reside in Mediterranean countries in the winter. Coward-Hare] (a) Coward (Cuwert), ‘an old appellation of the hare’ (OED 2a) (b) fearful, timid (Lat. pavidus).
38 to one] begotten by a single man, her husband.
40 him … Plough] Cinnatus, called from the plough (on his own farm: he was a patrician and former consul) to serve as dictator of Rome when the city was threatened by invasion. The Lat. mentions Apulian wives in a general way: Apulia in S-E Italy was a thriving agricultural and pastoral region.
46 unbuyt] i.e. produced on the farm.
47 The Lucrine Lake in Campania was famous for oysters.
48 frightened] (a) frightened, i.e., driven (b) frightened, carried.
49-50 The Lat. mentions the parrot-fish, turbot, guinea-fowl and pheasant.
52 Festivall] The Lat. specifies the feast of Terminus, god of boundaries.
59 swarm … thrive] The labour force on which our prosperity depends. The original, referring to slaves, is less appreciative.
63 Michaelmas] 29 September, a ‘quarter day’ when payments fall due.
64 Our Lady] Our Lady’s Day; 25 March, another quarter day.
13 **On the Rustic Life**
Translated from the Latin by John Ashmore.

First published in Ashmore's *Certain Selected Odes of Horace… whereunto are added …Sundry New Epigrammes. Anagramms. Epitaphes* (1621). The original was wrongly attributed to Martial and included (Bk IV 90) in the definitive edition of Martial by Hadrianus Junius (1568).

Asks thou, ith’Country how I spend the Day?
Early, each morning, to the gods I pray.
My Servants then, and Fields to see I goe,
And every one appoint what worke to doe.
This done, I read, and Vows to Phoebus make
To ease me, and my drooping Muse I awake.
My Body then I rub and ore-anoynt,
And easily stretch-out each Lim and Ioynt,
Reioycing in my mind, secure and free
From debt, and the black books of Vsurie.
I dine, I drink, I sing, I wash, I play,
I sup; then, from my Rest not long do stay;
Yet, till my Lampe a little Oyledoes spend,
Som time I nightly to the Muses lend.

14 **Boethius  The Consolation of Philosophy Book II Poem 5**
Translated from the Latin by Queen Elizabeth I.

From the Queen’s autograph manuscript in the Public Record Office at Kew. The translation appears to date from c.1591. As Leicester Bradner points out, the Renaissance text of Boethius, used by Elizabeth, often differs from standard modern editions. This accounts for some apparent mistranslations noted by an earlier editor, Caroline Pemberton.

Happy to muche the formar Age
With faithful fild Content
Not Lost by slugguy Lust,
that wonzt the Long fasts
to Louse by son got Acorne,
that knew not baccus giftz
With molten hony mixed
Nor Serike shining fisle
With tirius venom die.
Sound slipses Gave the grasse,
Thir drink the running streme,
Shades gave the hiest pine.
The depth of Sea they faomidou not,
Nor Wares Chosen from far
Made stranger find new shores.
Than wer Navies Stil
Nor bloudshed by Cruel hate
had fearful weapons staned.
What first fury to foes shuld
any armes rayse,
Whan Cruel woundz he shuld
and no Reward for bloude?

---

5 **Vows to Phoebus make**  I.e. read poetry, evidently to inspire his own (6). Phoebus or Apollo is god of poetry. 10 **black books**  [revenue records of the exchequer; hence any books of accounts, but with an obvious connotation of evil. The poet is neither a borrower nor a lender, hence enjoys peace of mind. 11 **wash**  swin, bath (OED 6c). 2 **faithful fild Content**  secure and total content. Bradner reads *fild* as 'field', i.e., 'Content with his faithful (trust, reliable) field'. 6 **still**  i.e. Honey was not adulterated with wine. 8 **Serike shining fisle**  silk. Serica, identifiable with China, was conceived by Europeans as the source of silk. 9 **tirius venom die**  purple dye vended by the merchants of Tyre. Cf. Virgil. Georg. Il.465. 11 **the grasse**  i.e. to lie on. 14-15 Nor did people visit foreign shores to obtain exotic wares. 16 **still**  quiet, idle. There was no navigation in the Golden Age (Virgil IV.38-9; Ovid, Met. I.94-6.) Implying Lat. *classes*, navy, for the now usual *classica*, (battle-)trumpet. 18 **weapons**  Implying Lat. *arma* for the now usual *arva*, fields. 19-22 Who will fight from rage against the enemies, when he sees the cruel wounds and the lack of reward for injuries suffered? 21 **he**  presumably a soldier.
Wold God agane Our formar time 
to wonted maners fel,
But Gridy getting Loue burnes ’greedy getting love’, greedy love of gain
Sorar than Etna with her flames.
O who the first man was
of hiden Gold the waught
Or Gemmes that willing lurkt
The deare danger digd?

15 MANTUAN ECLOGUE IV.1-75
Translated from the Latin by George Turberville.
First published in The Eglogs of the Poet B. Mantuan Carmelitan, Turned into English Verse ... by George Turbervile Gent. (1567). The story below prefaces the poem’s chief content, a tirade against women. The translation follows the original quite closely, but in a wordy and expansive way, eliminating the quick epigrammatic quality of some of the dialogue.

The. iii. Egloge entituled ALPHVS.

Alphus. Ianus.

Alphus. More leane (Oh Janus) seemes thy Goate
than ere he was of yore:
For lusty he his hornes erethis
into the Welkin bore.
But grouelyng now on ground he lies
with lyther lolling eares,
He smelles to grasse, to touch the herbs
at length of lips he feares.

Ianus. He droupes, and of his drouping doth
a pleasant est arise:
Which loke how oft I mind, doth make
me laugh with smyling eyes.
And yet it is not spread abroade,
but when the brute is blowne,
And that through evry countrey is
this pleasant story knowne:
Then all the world wil laugh therat.

Alphus. (O Ianus) thou erethis
Werte wont to tell a mery est
in merriest wise ywis,
And with a sweete delighting voyce:
Wherfore I pray thee now
Declare me why the Goat doth droupe,
and tell how fell it how?

Ianus. God is my judge twas neuer faynde
of me, but done in dede,
And lately too: But shall I tell
the tale withouten meede?
And chatte for nought and wast my wind?
Nay, what wilt glue to mee?
What shall I haue for telling of
this iest beglarde with glee?

Alphus. O friende, when so the Nightingale
(that Philomela hight)
Hath built hir nest, and sitts a broode
I will thy trauaile quight.

Ianus. Who so doth make such rash behests

23-4 Would God that the earlier age again became our accustomed way of life! 27-30 Oh, who was the man who first dug for the costly danger of a mass of hidden gold or for gems that wished to remain concealed (i.e., better left underground). 7-8 He smells the grass but is afraid to taste it. 10 to] ?error for the. 25-6 twas neuer ... in dede] I have not made this up: it really happened. 32 beglarde] beglar’d, painted, bright (cf. OED glair v). 33-6 i.e. He will rob the nest and present the fledglings to Janus.
by dayly proufe we see
Performes not pacted promise, but
his touch is wont to flee.

Alphus. Nay, who so lends such light belief
distrust doth beare in breast.
But for you shall be sure that I
will not play the guilefull guest,
Take here a pledge of promise made
and bargaine earst by mee:
Take here (I say) from out my case
two Flights that farre will flee.

Ianus. I will begyn: O sacred Nimphs

Parnasides I pray
Do moue your iawes, and guide my tong
that I may well display
My welbeloued Goates mishap
And misadventure fell:
And graunt that Alphus Nightingale
may hatche hir yonglings well
That I may haue that he behight
for this good tale I tell.

Narratio
With pennie I a Lad did hire
my little flocke to keepe:
I gaue him charge and ouersight
of all my flezie sheepe.
He kepte both Kids and females eke,
and Ramme goates too with care:
And ouerlook’d my flocke that I
the Stripling could not spare.
Till time at last by Fortune he
a prettie Mayden sawe,
(That hither came of purpose bent
at water place to drawe
Such water as suffisde hir tourne)
and liked hir so well
As he (good Boy) by feature of
hir face to fansie fell.
And from that time and dolefull day
so dumpish he became,
As lesse regarde he had of sheepe,
(thes greater was his shame).
Lesse forced he since that the foldes
and quight beretf of witte
He seemde: So depee within his brest
the Virgins shape did sitte.
When hee on bed to quiet nap
his weary limmes did lay:
Where sleeping he or waking were
was very hard to say,
For when he was wide waking he
such frantike coyle would keepe,
As though (his reason quite beretf)
his wittes were gone to sleepe.
So dreaming was this Boy to sight,
so lumpshe wore the Lad:

40 touch] trial, proof (of his promise): OED 7. 41-2 He who values a promise so lightly is (a) of a naturally suspicious character (b) himself not trustworthy. 49-54 Either deliberate mock-heroic, or simply inept phrasing. 50 Parnasides] dwellers on Parnassus, the Muses. 51 your] error for my. 65-6 I ... spare] He became indispensable to me. 71 Such water ... tourne] As much water as she needed. May imply that her real 'turn' was to ensnare the shepherd boy. 79 He sheared his sheep less often. (force, to shear: OED force v°; folds, sheep (OED fold n°1c).
In sort, that gazers on surmise
d that he no senses had.
This Boy bent to refresh (I say)
his ouertyred mynde
With sportyng play, about the hornes
with twig this Goate did bynde
Among the thickest of the briers
and busy Laundes belowe:
100 And so to pase away the time
away the Boy dyd goe.
(And now foure days are past and gone)
thus hee the Goate did tie:
The strongnesse of the Wyth and hard-
nesse of the Hornes to trie.
Meanwhile the woods he went about
and raungde the bushes rounde,
To see where that within the place
mought any birds be founde.
110 The Mayde resorted to his thought
and vndercrept his heart:
The comely countenance of the Trull
could neuer thence depart,
Nor beautie of hir bouly breast
his musyng mynde forgoe,
The parts not to be namde he rolde
within his bulke belowe.
Meanwhile the Sunne had lodgde his light,
that sielly sotted Mome
Unmyndfull of his hamperde beast
afelde, came late to home.
120 Amid the night he calld to minde
that foolishe fact of his:
And thinking to go loose the Goate
in all the hast he rise.
And whilst with fearfull foot he pac’de
d through Dampes as darke as Hell,
Where lay much chaffe and rotten straw,
into a Dyke he fell:
A place of purpose made to take
the savage Beasts by night,
A hollow vault and dungeon deepe
to steepe for any wight
Once beyng in to clamber vp.
Thus was the Goate by him
Fast bound with twigs, the Page in pit
ycaught and dungeon dim.
No Shepheard kept the beasts as then,
twas well neere three a clocke:
140 I musde, and went my selfe about
and numbred all the flocke.
I miss’d the Goate, and maruelde much
what of the beast became,
I sought about the fields: at last
I calde the Boy by name.
(I tell but truth) I stoode in feare
least he by Magike meane
And Sorcerie had ben raise to Skies,
150 and Goate dispatchd cleane.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

For Hags and Witches by report
are caught amids the night
Much like, and far to Banquets borne
quite out of cry and sight.

This dreading, I to Pasture grounde
did bring my sheepe at last
To feede their fills, and whilst that I
did wander all agast
In irkesome shades and ugglie nookes,
(\(a\) frightened (of the forest at night) (b) worried
loathly, inhospitable
and entred in the Groue:
I hearde a farre the braying of
my Goate, and how he stroue
With punching hornses and pushyng pate
against the Wyth a good
I plainly sawe, and how he bette
the Bushe gainst which he stoode.
This gastfull thing affrighted me,
and monstrous sight to viewe
Vnlooked for. But when at length
My siely Beast I knew
And bolder wore, I went me in
among the brakes in hast:
With hooke I hewed the brembles downe
and bushy briers at last.
As late in euening home I hide,
all rounde about the fielde
A girnyng route of grinning folkes
by fortune I behelde.
Approching neerer to the preasse
me eche began to greete
As soone's they knew what man I was,
and friendly did entreate.
Lo heere (quod they) O Ianus is
a little Lad of thine
Tane vp a Woulfe his denne of late
taken up, landed in; wolf's
a deepe and daungerous Myne.
He wandring late about the Dounes
did happen (to his payne)
Upon this caue, but now both Goate
taken up, landed in; wolf's
and he be founde agayne.
The Goate that had this cruell hap
as yet vnlustye is:
But yet the foolish Boy of both
more crazed; I know, I think: a space-filler
most franckite is ywis.
The Virgin hearyng that the Lad
of the two
did loue hir passyng well:
Eftsoone as proude as Pecocke wore
soon after, quickly; grew
and disdayne did swell.
And makyng wise shee had not wist
pretending, acting as though; known
the cares he did indure,
sorrows

Pretended honest lyfe the more
afected modesty
the striplyng to allure.
And to increase hir beautie more
affected modesty
shee decks both face and breast
pretending, acting as though; known
In finest wise, and in hir gate
gait
hir lookes to ground shee keast.
Thus Foxelike shee with simple shewe
cast
and seemyng to the eyes,
a show of simplicity
In double breast and subtill heart
seemly, attractive
hir craftie meaning phyes.

153 Banquets] ‘Witches’ Banquets’ or gatherings, passing into the full-scale satanic ‘Witches’ Sabbath’.
182 entreat[?] talk, address: see OED 4. 5. 185 Woulfe his denne] Earlier said to be a man-made animal trap.
192 vnlustye] weak.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

These are the tricks that women use,
this is the sleightfull ginne:
These are the cruel weapons that
the myndes of men do winne.
Thus hoping he his Gallant girle
to conquer at the last,
His wages scornde, and plide his loue,
and follows hir in hast.

Wherefore now leaving Cart and plough
And Oxen all alone,
To Shepheardes toyle I will retouerne.
Frayle youth (the more the mone)
Is vassall to this furie fell
and to this folly thrall:
It wanders rounde about this coast,
and ouerturneth all.

16 Mantuan Eclogue vi.54-105
Translated from the Latin by Alexander Barclay.
Part of Barclay's Eclogue V (237-396). Spoken by the shepherd Amintas in dialogue with Faustus. Barclay departs considerably from Mantuan's original at many points: see notes. First published c.1518-21, then as the fifth and last of Certayne Egloges appended to Barclay's trans. of Sebastian Brandt's The Ship of Fools (1570). The latter text is followed here. In some cases, the median or final e seems functional, adding a necessary extra syllable in scansion. Punctuation modified in places, especially by replacing commas with full stops.

This great difference and first diversitie
Betwene rurall men and them of the citie,
Began in this wise as Cornix to me tolde,
Whiche well coulde common of many matters olde.
First when the worlde was founded and create,
And Adam and Eue were set in their estate,
Our Lorde conioyned them both as man and wife,
To liue in concorde the season of their life,
And them commaunded mankinde to multiply,

By generation to get them progeny,
They both obeyed this swete commandement
With faithfull heartes and labour diligent,
But would to lesu they had bene wise and ware
From that fattall fruit which kindled all their care.
But to my purpose: first Eue had children two,
A sonne and a daughter, our Lorde disposed so,
And so yere by yere two twins she brought,
When man assisteth God worketh not for nought.
By suche manner these two did them apply,
By the worlde to fulfill, encrease and multiply.
At the laste our Lord at ende of fiftene yere
To Eue our mother did on a time appeare,
And in what maner nowe heare me Faustus:
Adam on the fielde foorth with his wethers was,
His flocke then he fed without all dread and feare,
Then were no wowers him nor his wife to deare,

215 his Gallant girle] Named at this point in the original as Galatea.
217 His wages scornde] laid aside his living, stopped working.
222 Frayle youth] Prob. referring to young people in general.
223 is subject to this dreadful madness, i.e. love.
3 Cornix] In Mantuan the narrator is Fulica and the listener Cornix. The shepherd who told Fulica this tale was Amynatas, the narrator in Barclay.
4 common] commune, talk (OED 6).
6-10 Adam and Eue] Lat. has muliere marem...iungens; man and wife, later identified with Adam and Eve, and specifically says God taught them how to produce children.
8 season] Fadulthood, time of sexual maturity (OED 6).
18 When man co-operates, God's work is not in vain. The 1518 text is more orthodox: 'When God assisteth, man worketh not for nought'.
35-34 i.e. Adam could go out with his flocks without fear, as there were no other men to cuckold him in his absence.
Then was no body to do that villany,
No horned kiddes were liuing at that time,
Long after this began this cursed crime.
Then was no cucko betwene the east and west
To lay wrong egges within a straunge nest,
Then none suspected the liuing of his wife,
Wedlocke was quiet and pleauenta without strife.
But after when people began to multiply
Then fyrst was kindled the flame of ielousy,
For that man committeth sore dредeth he againe,
Fraude feareth falsehode, suspектing oft in layn.
A thefe suspecteth all men of felony,
Breakers of wedlocke be full of ielousy,
And theryfore all suche as with the sworde do strike
Fear to be serued with the scaberd like.
Thus while that Adam was pitching of his folde
Eve was at home and sat on the thresholde,
With all hir babes and children hir about;
Eyther on her lappe within or els without.
Nowe had she pleasaour them colling and bassing,
And eft was she busy them louising and kembing,
And busy with butter for to annoynit their necke,
Sometime she mused them pleauentauntly to decke:
In the meane time while she was occupied,
Our Lorde drawing nere she sodenly espied.
Anone she blushed, resoluuing in her minde
That if our Lorde there should all those babes finde
So soone engendred, suppose he nedes must
That it was token of to great carnall lust;
And all ashamed as fast as euer she might
She hasted and hid some of them out of sight;
Some vnder hay, some vnder strawe and chaffe;
Some in the chimney, some in a tubbe of draffe;
But suche as were fayre and of their stature right
As wise and subtilly reserued she in sight.
Anone came our Lorde vnto the woman nere,
And hir saluted with swete and smiling chere,
And saide: O woman let me thy children see;
I come to promote eche ater his degree.
First was the woman amased nere for drede;
At laste she commandaed the eldest to procede,
And gaue them comfort to hauue audacitie,
Though they were bolder and doubted lesse than she.
God on them smiled, and them comforted so
As we with whelpes and birds vse to do,
And then at the laste to the moste olde of all
He saide: haue thou scepter of rowme imperialis,
Thou art the eldest, thou shalt haue most honour;
Justice requireth that thou be Emperour.
Then to the seconde he saide: it is seming
That thou be haunced to the honour of a king.
And vnto the thirde he gaue suche dignitie,
To gide an army and noble duke to be,
And saide: haue thou here harde yron and armour,
Be thou in battayle a head and governour.
And so forth to other as they were in degree,

29 horned kiddes] Horns were the traditional attribute of cuckoldry. kiddes] suggests even young and virile men might be cuckolded. (Lat. hirci, he-goats.)
31 betwene the east and west] anywhere on earth. 37 A man fears others may do him the same wrong he has himself committed – i.e., adulterous men are most jealous (cf. 40). 42 scaberd] i.e. the wrong end of their own misdoings. Obvious phallic implication. 51-100 A much more lively and detailed account than in the original. 83 other] Plural form without s then common.
Eche he promoted to worthy dignitie.
Some made he Earles, some lorde, some barons,
Some squires, some knightes, some hardy champions,
And then brought he forth the cepter and the crowne,
The sworde, the pollax, the helme and haberiowne,
The streamer, standard, the ghettow and the mace,
The spear and the shielde, nowe Eu e had great solace.

He gaue them armour, and taught them policy
All thing to gouerne concerning chivalry.
Then made he judges, maiores and gouernours,
Merchauntes, shiriffes and other protectours,
Aldermen, burgesses, and other in degree,
After the custome of court and of citie.
Thus all the children then being in presence,
He set in honour and rowme of excellence,
Oft time reuelouing and turning in his minde
The cadue honours belonging to mankinde.
In the meanes season Eu e very joyfull was
That all these matters were brought so well to passe,
Then flewe in haste in for to haue pleasour more,
And them presented whom she had hid before,
And unrequired presenting them saiide she,
O Lorde these also my very children be,
These be the fruite also of my wome,
Hid for shamefastnesse within my house at home.

O Lorde moste mightie, hye father, creatour,
Withsaue to graunt them some office of honour.
Their heere was rugged, poudred all with chaffe,
Some full of strawes, some other full of draffe,
Some with cobwebbes and dust were so arayde
That one beholding on them mighte be afraide,
Blacke was their colour and bad was their figure,
Uncomely to sight, mishapen of stature.
Our Lorde not smiled on them to shewe pleasaunce,
But saiide to them thus with troubled countenaunce:
Ye smell al smoky, of stubble and of chaffe,
Ye smell all the grounde, of wedes and of draffe,
And after your sent and tedious saouer
Shall be your rowmes and all your behaouer.
None can a pitcher turne to a siluer pec,
Nor make gooldly silke of a gotes flece,
And herde is also to make withouten fayle
A bright two hande sworde of a cowes tayle.
No more will I make, howbeit that I can,
Of a vile villayne a noble gentleman,
Ye shall be plowmen and fillers of the grounde,
To payne and labour shall ye alway be bounde,
Some shall kepe oxen, and some shall hoggges kepe,
Some shall be threshers, some other shall kepe shepe,
To digge and to delue, to hedge and to dike,
Take this for your lot and other labour like,
To drude and to driuell in workes vile and rude,
This wise shall ye live in endless seruitude,
Reaping and mowing of fodder, grasse and corne,
Yet shall towne dwellers oft laugh you vnto scorne.
Yet some shall we graunt to dwell in the citie,
For to make puddinges and butchers for to be,
Coblers or tinkers or els costarde piggers,

— John Lyly, “Endymion” (1593)
Hostelers or daubers, or droupy water laggers,
And suche other sorte whose dayly businesse
Passeth in workes and labour of vilenesse,
To stoupe and to sweate, and subject to become,
And neuer to be ridde from bondage and thraldome.
Then brought our Lorde to them the carte and harowe,
The spade, the shouell, the forke and the plough,
And all suche tooles, then bad he them be tough,
And never to grutche at labour nor at payne,
For if they so did it should be thing in vayne.
Thus saide the father and Lorde omnipotent,
And then he ascended vp to the firmament.
Thus began honour and thus began bondage,
And diuersitie of citie and village,
And seruile labour first in the worlde began.
Demaunde of Cornix, declare the truth he can.
This tolde me Cornix which wonned in the fen,
I trust his saying before a thousande men.

**EGLOGUE VII.**

Treating of the Conversion of young men to Religion, when the Author began to take Religious Orders.

Intituled POLLUX.

The Argument.

*Here Galbula the Shepherds praise Mounts to the stars; relateth how Pollux by sight of sacred raies Converts, and doth Religion vow.*

Alphus. What think’st O Galbula, that where of yore
Pollux the best of pipers, and before
The rest preferr’d, now suddainly retir’d,
And, as’t by some power divine inspird,
His Pipes, Coat, Flocks and fellows he forsook,
And to religious vows himself betook,
His head doth wear an hood, his back a gown,
Like a field Larke he looks with tufted Crown:
Four daies before he did himself confine
To the religious Cloyster, a divine.
A sacred apparition, as alone
He fed his Cattle in the pastures, shone
Most clear about him, which (they say) he saw;
And ever since from us he did withdraw.
The rest I now remember not ywis;
But what O Galbula, what think’st of this?

Galbula. As our forefathers did affirme long since
(For I will utter things of consequence,

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142 Hostelers] innkeepers. daubers] plasterers. droupy] stooping (under their burden). water laggers] water-carriers. 152 it should ... vayne] (a) it would avail them nothing (b) it would be wrong of them to do so. 160 (a) I would trust his words more than that of a thousand other men. (b) I would swear my trust in him before a thousand men.
Which learned Vmber did of yore relate)  
In the beginning, when mans first estate  
God did dispose and order, he did will  
Some should be shepherds, some the ground should till.  
He that the ground first till’d, was rude, sharp, rough,  
Like the stiff stony ground that checks the plough:  
But the first shepherd was a gentle childe,  
More like the sheep, the sheep (a creature milde)  
Which floweth milk, which are from choler clear:  
He (gentle) to no shepherd was severe,  
Oft from his flock he brought a sacrifice  
Unto the sacred Altar: There he fries  
A fatted Calf sometimes, sometimes a sheep,  
But oftentimes a lamb: He thus did keep  
A constant course of worship, that thereby  
He brought great honour to the Deity,  
He so prevail’d with God, so well appare’sd  
The Godhead, that the Deity was pleas’d  
From the beginning to this time to fence  
All Cattel with his careful Providence.  
God then some shepherds of Assyria chose,  
(The names I now remember not of those,  
Cares so distract my minde) made kings of them,  
And crown’d them with a Regal Diadem.  
Those (after) cloth’d in Purple and with Gold  
I saw, they conquer’d Nations proud and bold.  
When Paris saw three Goddesses (with joy)  
In Ida’s Mountain near to famous Troy,  
Or Paris, or some one, that would (alas)  
Have sacrific’d his son, a shepherd was.  
When Moses, frighted with Celestial fire,  
Went bare foot on the ground to see, t’admire  
The wonder, Moses was a shepherd then,  
Moses, extracted from the wat’ry Fen.  
Apollo from his Throne depos’d, exil’d  
In Greece, and wand’ring up and down the wild  
Thessalian fields, a shepherd did abide,  
Laying the greatness of his state aside.  
When Christ was in the stable born, a Quire  
Of Heavens Angels, glorious in attire,  
Did to the shepherds in the sheep cotes sing  
The birth of Earths Redeemer, Heavens King.  
The shepherds having then that wonder heard  
Of Chris’t diviner birth, did not retard,  
But ran with speed, the ground they lightly trod,  
And were the first that saw the Son of God.  
That little Infant, whom on high doth reign

19 Vmber] As Mantuan explains in a 1500 letter to Thomas Wolf, Umber is Gregorio Tifernate (c.1414–c.1464), an early humanist Greek scholar and Mantuan’s teacher.  
20–34 Alluding to Cain and Abel (Genesis 4.1–8).  
27 from choler clear] free from anger. An excess of choler or yellow bile, one of the four humours, was thought to make a man irascible and aggressive.  
28 gentle] (a) noble, high-minded (b) tender, soft in nature.  
39 shepherds of Assyria] Abraham, Lot, Jacob and other biblical patriarchs, whom Mantuan calls Assyrios. Assyria was used loosely for much of the Middle East.  
45–6 Paris, prince of Troy, was brought up by a shepherd on Mount Ida. Later, as himself a shepherd there, he judged a contest of beauty between Hera (Juno), Athene (Minerva) and Aphrodite (Venus).  
47–8 Some o’er] Abraham, prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac (Genesis 22.1–14); but hard to relate him to Paris.  
49–52 Moses saw a bush that burnt without consuming (Celestial fire) while grazing his father-in-law Jethro’s flocks (Exodus 3.1–5).  
53–5 Apollo tended the flocks of Admetus, king of Thessaly, when condemned to serve a mortal for a year for having slain the Cyclops. He also kept sheep in Elis, when Hermes stole his flocks. (Ovid, Met. II.688).  
59 sheep cotes] Actually, the Nativity shepherds were ‘abiding in the field’ (Luke 2.8).  
64, 66 The translator uses Christian terms for God. Here as elsewhere, Mantuan uses pagan terms for Zeus or Jupiter like tonantem, the thunderer, and regnator Olympi, ruler of Olympus. See 86–7n.
Sole King of kings, did to those shepherds deign
Himself, his Cradle to behold, before
The Wise-men or the Kings did him adore.
And God himself, himself a Shepherd styles,
Styles those his Sheep, those men who free from wiles
Are of milde nature, of a lowly minde,
Of upright heart, to no deceit inclin’d.
And lest these words of mine thou should’st conceive
As a vain dream, insolind, wanting weight,
I’l tell thee more. As from the Town I came
Into the Countrey, I beheld the same
But very lately; I these wonders all
Saw lively painted on a Churches wall.
There Sheep were painted, painted were the Lambs,
As if down lying by their bleating Dams:
A num’rous Troop of gallant horsemen there,
Dismounting from a Mountain painted were,
Whose Coronets did shine with burnish’d gold,
A noble gallant sight; which to behold,
Detain’d all passengers with wond’ring eyes.
No marvel then if of the Deities
Our Pollux one might see: for those above
Love Villages, they sheep and sheep-cotes love.
God present is with simple, single breasts,
But (with deceit displeas’d) deceit detests.

18 Robert Henryson  Robene and Makyne

From the Bannatyne MS (1568), National Library of Scotland. Line-initial capitals and proper names regularized, and virtually all punctuation inserted. Speech-headings inserted in brackets to help track the exchanges.

Robene sat on gud grene hill
Kepand a flok of fe;
Mirry Makyne said him till,
Robene, thow rew on me.
I haif the lovit lowd and still
Thir yeiris two or thre;
My dule in dern bot gif thow dill
Dowtless but dreid I de.

Robene answuerit, Be ye rude
by the rood (cross)
Na thing of lufe I knaw,
Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wid;
Lo quhair thay raik on raw.
Quhat hes marrit the in thy mude,
Makyne, to me thou schaw,
Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude?
Fane wald I leir that law.
[ Makyne speaks ]
At luvis lair gifh thou will leir,
Tak thair ane a b c:
Be heynd, courtass and fair of feir, hende: pleasant, courteous; look, demeanour
Wyse, hardy and fre,  
So yat no denger do the deir,  
Quhat dule in dern thow dre;  
Preys the with pane at all poweir,  
Be patient and previe.  

Robene ansuerit hir agane,  
I wait nocht quhat is luve,  
Bot I haif mervell in certane  
Quhat makis the this wanrufe,  
The weddir is fair and I am fane,  
My scheip gois haill aboif;  
And we wald play us in this plane,  
Thay wald us bayth reproif.

[Makyne speaks]  
Robene, tak tent vnto my taill  
And wirk all as I reid,  
And thow sall haif my hairt all haill,  
Eik and my madinheid.  
Sen God sendis bufe for baill  
And for murning remeid,  
In dern with the bot gif I daill,  
Dowtles I am bot deid.

[Robyne speaks]  
Makyne, to morne this ilk a tyde  
And ye will meit me heir,  
Perauenture my scheip ma gang besyd  
Quhill we haif liggit full neir.  
Bot mawgre haif I and I byd,  
Fra thay begin to steir;  
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd,  
Makyn, than mak gud cheir.

[Makyne speaks]  
Robene, thouevis me roif and rest,  
I luve bot the allone.  

[Robyne speaks]  
Makyne adew, ye sone gois west,  
The day is neir hand gone.  

[Makyne speaks]  
Robene, in dule I am so drest  
That lufe wilbe my bone.  

[Robyne speaks]  
Ga lufe Makyne quhair evir thow list  
For lemmen I bid none.

[Makyne speaks]  
Robene, I stand in sic a styll;  
I sicht, and yat full sair.  

[Robyne speaks]  
Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhyle;  
At hame God gif I wair.

[Makyne speaks]  
My huey Robene, talk ane quhyle,  
Gif thow will do na mair.

[Robyne speaks]  

20  21  22  23  24  25  26  27  28  29  30  31  32  33  34  35  36  37  38  39  40  41  42  43

21 denger] ‘love-daunger’: coyness, affected disdain or aloofness in love.  
22 deir] harm, injure.  
23 Press forward with all your might.  
25 wanrufe] disquiet, unrest (OED only this passage).  
30 My sheep climb safely up above.  
31 plane] plain – where they would make love, neglecting the heights where the sheep are.  
32 Listened to what I say, and do exactly as I advise.  
33-4 since God sends remedy for sorrow.  
34 unless I deal with you in secret (i.e. make love to you).  
43 gang besyd] ?go astray; ?stay close by.
Makyne, sum uthir man begyle,
For hamewart I will fare.

Robene on his wayis went
Als licht as leif of tre;
Mawkin murnit in hir intent
And trowd him nevir to se.
Robene brayd attour ye bent,
Than Maukyne cryit on hie,
Now ma thow sing, for I am schent;
Quhat alis lufe at me?

Mawkyne went hame withouttwin faill,
Full verry efir cowth weip.
Than Robene in a ful fair daill
Assemblit all his scheip;
Be yat, sum parte of Mawkynis aill
Outthrow his haift cowd creip.
He fallowit hir fast thair till assaill,
And till hir tuke gude keip:

[Robyne speaks]
Abyd abyd thow fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing!
For all my luve it salbe thyne,
Withouyttin departing.
All hail thy harte for till haif myne
Is all my cuvating,
My scheip to morn quhull houris nyne
Will neid of no keping.

[Makyne speaks]
Robene, thow hes hard soung and say
In gestis and storeis auld,
The man yat will nocht quhen he may
Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.
I pray to lesu every day,
Mot eik yair cairis cauld
Yat first preissis with the to play
Be firth, forrest, or fawld.

[Robyne speaks]
Makyne, ye nicht is soft and dry,
The wedder is warme and fair,
An the grene woid rycht neir vs by
To walk attour all quhair.
Thair ma na ianglour vs espy,
That is to lufe contrair.
Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I
Vnsene we ma repair.

[Makyne speaks]
Robene, yat wold is all away
And quyt brocht till ane end,
And nevir agane yairto perfay
Sall it be as thow wend,
For of my pane thow maid it play
And all in vane I spend.
As thow hes done, sae sall I say,
Myvyrne on, I think to mend.

What does love have against me?  72
and wept sorrowfully. cowth] began to, hence ‘did’ (OED can v<sup>2</sup>). 80 till ... keep] ‘kept a close Eye upon her’ (Ramsay), took good note of her. 85 to have your ‘hail’ heart as my own. hail[] (a) whole, entire (b) happy, contented. 94-5 May their cold sorrows increase who first offer love to you. 110 spend] pass my time; waste away. 112 Grieve on: I intend to change.
[Robyne speaks]
Maukyne, the howp of all my heill, 
My hairt on the is sett, 
And evirmair to the be leill 
Quhill I may leif but lett; 
Nevir to faill as vthiris feill, 
Quhat grace yat evir I gett.

[Malkeyn speaks]
Robene, with the I will nocht deill. 
Adew, for thus we mett.

Malkeyn went hame blyth annewche 
Attour ye holttis hair; 
Robene mvrnit and Malkeyn lewche, 
Scho sang, he sichtit sair. 
And so let him bayth wo and wewche 
In dolour and in cair 
Kepand his hird vnder a huche, 
Amangis the holtis hair.

19 From Of Gentleness and Nobility

Extracted from Of Gentylnes and Nobyltye. A Dyaloge betwen the Marchaunt the Knight and the Plowman (1525-35), variously ascribed to John Rastell and John Heywood. This dialogue on the relationship between rank or wealth and true nobility illustrates the Plowman literature associated with pastoral. Virtually all punctuation supplied and line initials regularized.

Plowman. Is not that the noblyst thyng in dede 
That of all other thyngis hath least nede, 
As god which reynith etern in blysse 
Is not he the noblest thyng that is?

Knight. Yes, mary, no man in reason can that deny. 

Plowman. Well than there is no reason therof why 
But because he is the thyng omnipotent 
And is in him self so suffycyent 
And nedyth the helpe of no nothyr thyng 
To the helpe of hys glorious beyng, 
But euer other thyng hath nede of his ayde. 

Knight. Mary that is very trough and well sayde.

Plowman. And lykwyse that thyngge that hath most nede 
Is the thyng that is most wreched. 
So suffycencye is euer noblenes 
And necesstye is euer wrechynes. 
And he that hath more nede of that thyng 
For the preseruacyon of hys lyuyng 
Then his fellow hath, his fellow must nedes be 
By thys same reason more noble than he.

Knight. What than?

Plowman. By the same reason it prouith lo 
Ye be but caytyffes and wrecchis both two 
And by the same reason proue I shall 
That I am the noblyst man of vs all 
For I haue nede of no manner thyng 
That ye can do to help of my lyffyng: 
For euer thyng whereby ye do lyf 
I noryssh it and to you both do gyf. 
I plow I tyll and I ster the ground 
Whereby I make the corn to habounde 
Whereof ther is made both drynk and bred 
Wyth the which dayly ye must nedis be fed.
I noryssh the catell and fowlys also,
Fyssh and herbis and other thyngis mo;
Fell, herr and woll whych the bestis do bere
I noryssh and preserue which ye do were
Which yf ye had not, no dowt ye shuld
Statute for lak of clothis because of colde,
So both you shulde die or lyue in necessitie
If ye had not comfort and help of me.
And as for your fyne cloth and costly aray
I cannot see whi ye ought or mai
Call your self noble because ye were it
Which was made bi other menis labour and wit.
And also your delicate drinkis and viand
Bi other menis labours be made so pleasand.
Therefore mayster marchaunt now to you I sei
I can not see but I am able and mai
Lyf wythout you or your pury noeunce
For of fode and cloth I haue suffisauence
Of my self for lyffing necessary.
And now sir knyght to you I sey playnly
I see not that ye can any thynge do
For the commyn well or ought longyng ther to
But ech man beynge in auctoryte,
Hauyng wit, may do it as well as ye.
Therefore to speke now of necessyte
There is nother of you both but ye be
In more neade than I: therfore I sey playn
I am more noble than other of you twayn.

Plowman. Nay be god I haue some what ells to do.
I must go by me a halporth of gresse
The spokis of my cart therwith to dresse.
Trow ye that I wyll leue my byssynes
For your babelyng pomp and folysshnes?
Nay by sent mary I wyll not do so
For I can now to the merket goo
An for an halpeny as much gresse by
As shall cost me in our town a peny
And I tell the playnly without any bost
A halpeny is as well sauid as lost.

Merchant. Straw for an halpeny, therin is no wast.
Tary with vs a while perhaps thou mast:
By our acquayntaunce now here get more
Than thou gatist with thy cart this monyth before.

Plowman. Straw for thi councell, torde a fart.
Trowist I wyll gyf up my plow or cart
And folow thy folish appityte and mynde?
Nay I am not yet so mad nor so blynd.
For when I am at my cart or plow
I am more meryer than other of you.
I wold not chaunge my lfy nor my lyyfing
For to be made a grete lorde or a kyng.
There is no ioy nor pleasure in this world here
But hylly bely fyll and make good chere.
Be it prynece, lorde, gentilman or knaue,
Hit is all the ioy that here he can haue.
But these couetous and ambicius wretches
They set there myndys in honoure and ryches
So much that they be neuer content:
So they lfy euer in payn and torment.
But a man that can this meanys fynd  
To haue fode and cloth and a mery mynde  
And to desire no more than is nedefull,  
That is in this worlde the lyf most ioyfull,  
Which lyfe in this worlde no man shall acquire  
Till he subdew his insaciat desire.

...............................

Knight. If gentyl condycyons be the cause lo  
Then wyll I compare with both you two.  
For I haue vsyd euer gentylyll maner  
And so haue myn auncestours that before were.  
For furst of all when thys worlde began  
Long after ther were but few people than.  
Men had suffycyent of every thyng  
Wythoute grete labour for fode and clothyngh.  
All thyng was in commyn among them doultles  
But afterwarde when people dyd increse  
Ich man to increse hys pleasure and volupte  
Of goodes and landes desyrwyd properte  
Wereof grete stryf and debate dyd arysye.  
Then such as mine auncestours were that were wyse  
Did studi to make laws how the people myght be  
Lyffyng to gedyr in pease and vnyte  
And agayns enmiys alwey defendyvd  
The people that tyllyd the ground and laboryd.  
The people perseyuyng than theyr goodnes,  
Their gret wyt, dyscressyon and gentylnes,  
Were content to gyfe them part of the profyet  
Comyng of theyr landes whych they dyd get  
As corn, catell and such thynges as they wan.  
But after when that coyn of money began  
They chaungid those reuenuse and were content  
To gyfe them in money an anyrell rent.  
So for theyr good and verteous condycyons  
They cam furst to landes and possessyons.  
So possessyons began and were furst found  
Uppon a good and resonable ground.  
Plowman. By goggis swete body thou lyest falsely.  
All possessyons began furst of tyranny.  
For when people began furst to encres  
Some gafe them self all to Idylnes  
And wold not labour but take by vyolence  
That other men gat by labour and dylygence.  
Than they that labouryd were fayne to gyfe  
Them part of theyr gettinges in peas to lyfe  
Or elles for theyr landis money and porcyon.  
So possessyons began by extorcyon  
And when such extorcyoners had oppresseyd  
The labouryng people, than they oderneyd  
And made laws meruelous straye and hard  
That theyr heyres myght inioy it afterward.  
So the law of inherytaunce was furst begun  
Whych is a thynge agayns all good reason  
That any inherytaunce in the world shuld be.
\textbf{20 Marcantonio Flaminio To His Little Field}

Translated from the Latin by John Ashmore.


Ex \textit{M. Antonio Flaminio, ad Agellum suum. Sic incipit: Vmbræ frigidula, etc.}

Cool Shadess, Air-fanning Groves,
With your soft Whisperings,
Where Pleasure smiling roves
Through deawie Caves and Springs,
And bathes her purple Wings:
With Flowers inameled Ground
(Nature’s fair Tapestry)
Where chattering Birds abound,
Flickring from Tree to Tree,
With Change of Melody:

Sweet Liberty and Leasures,
Where still the Muses keep,
O! if to those true Treasures,
That from your Bosoms peep,
I might securely creep:
If I might spend my Daies
(Remote from publike Brawls)
Now tuning lovely Laies,
Now light-foot Madrigals,
Ne’r checkt with sudden Calls:

Now follow Sleep that goes
Rustling ith’ green-wood Shade;
Now milk my Goat, that knowes
(With her yong fearfull Cade)
The Pail ith’ cooly Glade,

And with Boawls fild to th’Brims
Of milky Moisture new,
To water my dry’d Limbs,
And t’all the wrangling Crew
Of Cares to bid Adew;

What Life then should I lead!
How like then would it bee
Vnto the Gods, that tread
Ith’ starry Gallery
Of true Felicity!

But you, O Virgins sweet,
In \textit{Helicon} that dwell,
That oft the Fountains greet,
When you the Pleasures tell
Ith’ Country that excell:

If I my Life, though dear,
For your far dearer sake,
To yeeld would nothing fear;
From Citie’s Tumults take-mee,
And free ith’ Country make-mee.

\textit{From Marco Antonio Flaminio, ‘To his little field’. It begins thus: ‘Cool shades, etc.’}  \textbf{6 Flowers inamelled} Probably a compound, ‘flowers-enamelled’, enamelled (painted) with flowers.  \textbf{17 Brawls} (a) clamours, disturbances (OED 2) (b) quarrels.  \textbf{21-2} i.e. The breeze under the shady trees is soporific.  \textbf{36 Virgins} the Muses.  \textbf{37 Helicon} mountain sacred to Apollo and the Muses.
21 BASILIO ZANCHI (PETREIUS ZANCHUS) Kalas Complaint
Translated from the Latin by William Drummond of Hawthornden.

First published in Drummond’s Poems (1604 ?1614) among ‘Madrigalls and Epigrams’. The original may be found in Delitiæ CC. Italorum Poetarum, vol. 2 (1608), p.1481.

Kalas Complaint.

Kala old Mopsus wife,
Kala with fairest Face,
For whom the Neighbour Swaines oft were at strife,
As she to milke her snowie Flocke did tend,
Sigh’d with a heauie Grace,
And said: What wretch like me doth leade her life?
I see not how my Taske shall haue an end:
All Day I draw these streaming Dugs in Fold,
All Night mine empty Husbands soft and cold.

22 JORGE DE MONTEMAYOR ‘O eyes, that see not him’
Translated from the Spanish by Bartholomew Yong.

From Yong’s translation (completed May 1583, published 1598) of Jorge de Montemayor’s romance Diana, Book I (1559). Closely follows the original, even retaining the rhyme-scheme with a minor variation. Diana mourns the absence of Syrenus, whose love she once pretended to scorn but later returned. During his absence, she has married another shepherd. The song is overheard by her neglected lover Sylvanus and reported to Syrenus on his return. Curiously, it makes no reference to their former love, but makes it appear as though Syrenus has left owing to Diana’s apparent scorn.

O eies, that see not him, who look’d on yow
When that they were the mirrours of his sight,
What can you now behold to your content?
Greene flowrie meade where often I did vew,
And staid for my sweete friend with great delight,
The ill, which I doe feele with me lament.
Heer did he tell me how his thoughts were bent,
And (wretch) I lent an eare;
But angry more then whelplesse Beare
Presumptuous him I call’d, and vndiscreeete:
And he layde at my feete,
Where yet (poore man) me thinkes I see him lye:
And now I wish that I
Might see him so, as then I did: O happy time were this,
Sweete shadowed riuier bankest tell me where my Syrenus is.

Yon is the riuier banke, this is the meade,
From thence the hedge appeares and shadowed lay,
Wherein my flockes did feede the sauourie grasse:
Behold the sweete noys’d spring, where I did leade
My sheepe to drinke in heate of all the day,
When heere my sweetest friend the time did passe:
Vnder that hedge of liuely greene he was;
And there behold the place,
Where first I saw his sweetest face
And where he sawe me: happy was that day,
Had not my ill haps way
To end such happy times. O spring,
O hedge, and euerie thing
Is heere, but he, for whom I paine continually, and misse,
Sweete shadowed riuier bankest tell me where my Syrenus is.

2 When his gaze was reflected in them – i.e. when he was constantly looking into Diana’s eyes.
3 whelplesse Beare] angry serpent in the original.
9 liuely fresh, vivid (OED 5a).
14 If I could see him now as I did then, this would be a happy time.
15 If my misfortune did not have the means.
29 paine] Combines pine and pain in the obsolete intransitive sense ‘suffer pain’ (OED 2).
Heere haue I yet his picture that decaues me,
Since that I see my Shepherd when I view it,
(Though it were better from my soule absented)
When I desire to see the man that leaues me
(Which fond deceipt time showes, and makes me rue it).
To yonder spring I goe, where I consented
To hang it on yon Sallow, then contented
I sit by it, and after
(Fond loue) I looke into the water,
And see vs both, then am I so content heere,
As when his life he spent heere:
This bare deuise a while my life sustaineth;
But when no more it faineth,
My hart surcharg’d with anguish, and cries out, but yet amisse,
Sweete shadowed riuere bankes tell me where my Syrenus is.

Speaking to it no wordes it is replying,
And then (me thinkes) reuenge of me it taketh,
Because sometime an answere I despired.
But (wofull soule) I say vnto it crying,
Syrenus speake, since now thy presence maketh
Aboade, where neuer once my thoughts surmized:
Say, in my soule art thou not onely prized?
But not a word it saieth,
And as before me there it staith,
To speake, my soule doth pray it (in conclusion).
O what a braue delusion,
To aske a simple picture toong or sences?
O time, in what offences
Of vaineest hope is my poore soule so subject vnto his?
Sweete shadowed riuere bankes tell me where my Syrenus is.

I neuer can go homeward with my sheepe,
When to the west the sunne begins to gyre,
Nor to the foldes returne from our towne,
But every where I see, and seeing weepe,
The sheepe cote of my joy and sweete desire
Broken, decaied, and throwen vnto the ground:
Carelesse of lambes and sheepe, there sit I downe
A little while, untill
The herdesmen feeding on the hill
Cry out to me, saying, O Shepherdesse
What doe thy thoughts possesse,
And let thy sheepe gege feeding in the graine?
Our eies doe see it plaine:
For them the tender grasse in pleasant vales doth grow ywisse,
Sweete shadowed riuere bankes tell me where my Syrenus is.

Yet in thine owne opinion greater reason
(Syrenus) it had bene, thus to have started
With more constraint and force then I did see yet,
But whom doe I accuse of guiltlesse treason?
For what could make him stay and not haue parted,
If fate and fortune thereto did agree yet?
No fault of thine it was, nor could it be yet
In my beleefe, haue ended
Thou wouldst in ought, or haue offended
Our loue so plaine and simple, as to leaue it
Nor will I once conceaue it,
Though many shewes and signes thereof there were yet:
O no, the fates did sweare it,
With cloudes of sorrow to obscure my heauen of ioy and blisse,

Sweete shadowed riuere bankes tell me where my Syrenus is.

My song take heedeth thou goest where I betake thee,
Yet shalt thou not forsake me:
For it may be that fortune will with such a humour place thee,
That may terme thee importunate and by that meanes disgrace thee.

23 JORGE DE MONTEMAYOR ‘PASSED CONTENTS’
Translated from the Spanish by Bartholomew Yong.

From Yong’s translation (completed May 1583, published 1598) of Jorge de Montemayor’s romance Di-
ana, Book I (1559). Like no.22, closely follows the original, even retaining the rhyme-scheme with a
minor variation. Syrenus, once beloved of Diana, suddenly comes across her flock: the animals recognize
and greet him. This reminds him of a love he would forget.

Passed contents,
O what meane ye?
Forsake me now, and doe not wareie me.
Wilt thou heare me, O memorie?
My pleasant daies, and nights againe,
I have appaid with seuenfold paine:
Thou hast no more to ask me why,
For when I went, they all did die:
As thou dost see,
O leaue me then, and doe not wareie me.

Greene field, and shadowed valley, wheare
Sometime my chiefest pleasure was,
Behold what I did after passe:
Then let me rest, and if I beare
Not with good cause continuall feare,
Now doe you see.
O leaue me then, and doe not trouble me.

I sawe a hart changed of late,
And wearied to assure mine:
Then I was forced to recure mine
By good occasion, time and fate.
My thoughts, that now such passions hate,
O what meane ye?
Forsake me now and doe not wareie me.

You lamberes and sheepe that in these layes,
Did sometimes follow me so glad:
The merry howres, and the sad
Are passed now with all those daies:

82-7 It was no fault of yours: I will not believe that you would have ended our love by any means,
or offended against it by departing. I will never think so, whatever apparent signs might indicate it.
90-93 Song, make sure that you reach the person for whom I intend you. Yet it may be better that you
stay with me, for the recipient may be disposed to scorn you as being too importunate. 14-16 Now
you see that I was justified in being in continual fear. 18-21 I saw a heart that had lately changed, and
that now thought it wearisome to secure my love. This made me rethink my own love as the situation
required. 20 recure] recover, cure, protect (from love: see OED 3a, 4b, 6).
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Make not such mirth, and wonted plaies,
As once did ye:
For now no more you haue deceiued me.

If that to trouble me you come,
Or come to comfort me indeede:
I haue no ill for comforts neede.
But if to kill me, Then (in summe)
Full well may ye
Kill me, and you shall make an end of me.

24 Alonso Perez ‘I PRAY THEE KEEP MY KINE’
Translated from the Spanish by Bartholomew Yong.

From Yong’s translation of Diana (completed May 1583, published 1598). Reprinted in Helicon. The original is from Book 6 of The Second Part of Diana (1564), Alonso Perez’s sequel to Montemayor’s Diana. This song by the shepherd Carizo or Carisus adapts a ‘common Castillian countrey dance’ song or villancico by Count Alarcos, published c.1520. The shepherdess Cardenia, wishing to meet Faustus whom she loves, asks Carisus, who loves her unavailingy, to guard her cattle in her absence. The first two lines are Cardenia’s address to Carisus, the rest his reply. The first four lines, in Spanish, occur both in Yong’s 1598 text and in Helicon. The translation follows the original fairly closely, apart from expanding the sixth stanza of the original into two (45-60). An adaptation, beginning ‘I Prethee keep my sheep for me’, is found in Henry Playford’s Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues (1653). See Rollins (ed.), Helicon, 2.136–7.

Gvarda mi las vaccas
Carillo, por tu fe,
Besa mi primero,
Yo te las guardare.

I pray thee keepe my kine for mee
Carillo, wilt thou? Tell.
First let me haue a kisse of thee,
And I will keepe them well.

If to my charge or them to keepe
Thou dost commend thy kine, or sheepe,
For this I doe suffice:
Because in this I have beene bred:
But for so much as I haue fed,
By viewing thee, mine eies,
Command not me to keepe thy beast,
Because my selfe I can keepe lest.

How can I keepe, I pray thee tell,
Thy kye, my selfe that cannot well
Defend, nor please thy kinde,
As long as I haue serued thee?
But if thou wilt giue vnto mee
A kisse to please my minde,
I aske no more for all my paine,
And I will keepe them very faine.

For thee, the gift is not so great
That I doe aske, to keepe thy neate,
But vnto me it is
A guerdon, that shall make me liue:
Disdaine not then to lend, or giue
So small a gift as this.
But if to it thou canst not frame,
Then giue me leve to take the same.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

But if thou dost (my sweete) denie
To recompence me by and by,
Thy promise shall relent me,
Heereafter some warde to finde:
Behold how I doe please my minde,
And fauours doe content me,
That though thou speake st it but in jest,
I meane to take it at the best.

Behold how much loue workes in mee,
And how ill recompenc’ of thee,
That with the shadow of
Thy happy fauours (though delaide)
I thinke my selfe right well appaide,
Although they proue a scoffe.
Then pitie me, that haue forgot
My selfe for thee, that carest not.

O in extreme thou art most faire,
And in extreme vniust despaire
Thy crueltie maintaines:
O that thou wert so pitifull
Vnto these tormentes that doe pull
As thou shew’st in that face of thine,
Where pitie and milde grace should shine.

If that thy faire and sweetest face
Assureth me both peace and grace,
Thy hard and cruell hart,
Which in that white brest thou dost beare,
Doth make me tremble yet for feare
In contraries of such a kinde,
Tell me what succour shall I finde?

If then yoong Shepherdesse, thou craue
A herdsman for thy beast to haue,
With grace thou maist restore
Thy Shepherd from his barren loue:
For neuer other shalt thou proue,
That seekes to please thee more,
And who, to serue thy turne, will never shunne
The nipping frost, and beams of parching sunne.

25 ALEXANDER BARCLAY Prologue to the Eclogues

First published by P. Treveris with Eclogues i-3 (c.1530), then in other editions; finally included with all five Eclogues in John Cawood’s edition of Barclay’s translation of Sebastian Brandt’s The Ship of Fools (1570). This is the text followed here.

¶ The Prologue.

The famous Poetes with the Muses nine
With wit inspired, fresh, pregnant and diuine,
Say, boldly indite in stile substanciall:
Some in Poemes hye and heroicall,
Some them delite in heauy Tragedies,
And some in wanton or merry Comedies.
Some in Satyres against vices dare carpe,
(a) talk (b) criticize, find fault

29-32 Even if you cannot immediately grant me a kiss, your promise will make me hope you will do so later on. 30 by and by] immediately (OED by and by 3). 31 relent] (make you) pity me. 35-6 So even your jesting promise will content me. 39-40 shadow ... fauours] i.e., the mere promise of a kiss.
Some in sweete songes accordant with the harpe.  
And ech of these all had laude and excellence  
After their reasone and stile of eloquence.  
Who in faire speche could briefly comprehende  
Moste fruitfull matter, men did him moste commende.  
And who were fruitlesse, and in speche superfue,  
Men by their writing scantily set a qu.  
Therefore wise Poetes to sharpe and proue their wit,  
In homely iestes wrote many a mery fit  
Before they durst be of audacitie  
Tuenture thinges of weygth and grauitie.  
In this saide maner the famous Theocrite  
First in Siracuse attempted for to write  
Certayne Egaloges or speeches pastorall,  
Inducing Shepherdes, men homely and rurall,  
Which in playne language, according to their name,  
Had sundry talking, sometime of mirth and game,  
Sometime of thinges more like to grauitie,  
And not exceeding their small capacitie.  
Most noble Virgill after him longe while  
Wrote also Egaloges after like manner stile,  
His wittes prouing in matters pastorall,  
Or he durst venture to stile heroicall.  
And in like maner nowe lately in our dayes  
Hath other Poetes attempted the same waies:  
As the moste famous Baptist Mantuan,  
The best of that sort since Poetes first began.  
And Frauncis Petrarke also in Italy  
In like maner stile wrote playne and merly.  
What shall I speake of the father auncient,  
Which in briefe language both playne and eloquent,  
Betwene Alathea, Sewstis stoute and bolde  
Hath made rehearshall of all the storyes olde,  
By true histories vs teaching to object  
Against vayne fables of olde Gentiles sect.  
Beside all these yet finde I many mo  
Which haue employed their diligence also,  
Betwene Shepherdes, as it were but a fable,  
To write of matters both true and profitable.  
But all their names I purpose not to write,  
Which in this maner made bookes infinite.  
Nowe to my purpose: their workes worthy fame  
Did in my yonge age my heart greatly inflame,  
Dull slouth eschewing, myselfe to exercise  
In such small matters, or I durst enterprise  
To hyer matter, like as these children do,  
Which first vse to creepe, and afterwarde to go.  
The birde vnused first flying from her nest  
Dare not aduenture, and is not bolde nor prest  
With winges abroade to flye as doth the olde,  
For vse and custome causeth all thing be bolde:  
And little cunning by craft and exercise  
To perfect science causeth a man to rise.  
But or the Paynter can sure his craft attayne,  
Much froward fashion transfourmeth he in vayne.  
But rasing superfue, and adding that doth want,  
...
Rude picture is made both perfect and pleasant.
So where I in youth a certayne worke began,
And not concluded, as oft doth many a man:
Yet thought I after to make the same perfite,
But long I missed that which I first did write.
But here a wonder, I fortie yere saue twayne
Proceeded in age, founde my first youth agayne.
To find youth in age is a probleme diffuse,
But nowe heare the truth, and then no longer muse.
As I late turned olde bookes to and fro,
One little treatise I founde among the mo:
Because that in youth I did compile the same,
Egloges of youth I did call it by name.
And seeing some men haue in the same delite,
At their great instance I made the same perfite,
Adding and bating where I perceyued neede,
All them desiring which shall this treatise rede,
Not to be grieued with any playne sentence
Rudely conuayed for lacke of eloquence.
It were not fitt to haue set downe man rurall
To speake in termes gay and rhetorical.
So teacheth Horace in arte of poetry,
That writers namely their reason should apply
Mete speche appropring to euery personage;
After his estate, behauour, wit and age.
But if that any would nowe to me object
That this my labour shall be of small effect,
And to the Reader not greatly profitable,
And by that maner as vayne and reprouable,
Because it maketh onely relation
Of Shepherdes maner and disputation,
If any suche reade my treatise to the ende
He shall well percyue, if he thereto intende,
That it conteyneth both laudes of vertue,
And man infourmeth misliuing to eschue,
With diuers bourdes and sentences morall,
Closed in shadowe of speeches pastorall,
As many Poetes (as I haue sayde before)
Haue vsed longe time before that I was borne.
But of their writing though I ensue the rate,
No name I chalenge of Poet laureate.
That name vnto them is mete and doth agree
Which writeth matters with curiositee.
Mine habite blacke accordeth not with grene,
Blacke betokeneth death, as it is dayly sene,
The grene is pleasour, freshe lust and jolite,
These two in nature hath great diuersitie.
Then who would ascribe, except he were a foole,
The pleasaut lauret vnto the mourning cowle.
Another rewarde abideth my labour,
The glorious sight of God my sauiour,
Which is chiefe shepheard and head of other all,
To him for succour in this my worke I call,
And not on Clio nor olde Melpomene.

76 Egloges] reviving the original meaning, ‘selections’. 80 Desiring or requiring of all who may read this work. 85 Horace] See Ars poética 73-118. 94 disputation] discourse, conversation (OED 4, only from Shakespeare). 104 Poet laureate] Not formally instituted in Barclay’s day, though John Skelton assumed the title. Barclay seems to use the term in a general way. 106 curiositee] (a) care, skill (b) elegance, elaborate workmanship. 107 Mine habite blacke] as a Benedictine monk. Helps to date the poem, as Barclay later joined the Franciscans, who wore brown. 112 the pleasing or cheerful laurel crown upon the melancholy cowl (monk’s hood). 117 Clio, Melpomene] the Muses of history and tragedy respectively. Pastoral is valued above these grander genres owing to its association with Christ.
My hope is fixed of him ayded to be
For to accomplishe my purpose and entent
To laude and pleasour of God omnipotent,
And to the profite, the pleasure and the mede
Of all them which shall this treatise hear and rede.
But to the Reader nowe to returne agayne,
First of this thing I will thou be certayne,
That fuy Egloges this whole treatise doth holde,
To imitation of other Poetes olde.
In which Egloges shepheardes thou mayst see
In homely language not passing their degree,
Sometime disputing of courtly misery,
Sometime of Venus discerfull tirany,
Sometime commending loue honest and laudable,
Sometime despising loue false and deceuyable,
Sometime despising and blaming auarise,
Sometime exciting vertue to exercise,
Sometime of warre abhorring the outrage,
And of the same time the manifolde damage,
And other matters, as after shall appeare
To their great pleasure which shal them rede or heare.

26 Alexander Barclay  Eclogue I.175-304

The opening (after Prologue and ‘Argument’) of Barclay’s Eclogue I. Ecl. I-III are based on Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini’s non-pastoral work De curialium miseris (On the Miseries of Courtiers), but this passage is Barclay’s own pastoral addition. Ecl. I was first printed c.1521 in an edition surviving only in fragments. After three more editions of Ecl. I-III, all five Eclogues appeared in John Cawood’s edition of Barclay’s translation of The Ship of Fools (1570). Cawood’s text followed here, with punctuation modified.

The first Egloge of the miseries and maners of the Court and Courtiers.

Coridon first speaketh.

Forsooth frende Cornix nought can my heart make light
When I remember the stormes of yester night.
The thunder and lightning, the tempest and the hayle
Hath playnely wasted our profite and auayle.
The fearefull thunder with greeuous clape and sounde
Our Corne hath beaten downe flat into the grounde,
With tempest after and violence of rayne
That it as I doubt shall neuer rise agayne.
The hayle hath beaten our shepe within the folde,
That all be febled as well the yong as olde,
Our milke is turned and woxen pale and soure,
The storme and tempest vpon our couches poure,
Our flocke and fieldes is all our whole riches,
Which still is subiect to suche vnhappyne:
For after that we have done both cost and payne,
One sodeyn tempest destroyeth all agayne.
Then farewell welfare, worse chance we nede not feare
Saue onely to sucke our clawes with the Beare.

The Citizens haue great treasour sikerly
In cofers closed auoyde of jeopardie,
Their coynes couched faste vnder locke and key,
From place to place they may the same conuay
When they of the theues perceiue the din and sounde:
But still must our corne remayne vpon the grounde,
Abiding stormes, hayle, thunder and tempest,
Till that it be for sikele ripe and prest.

129 courtly misery] The subject of the first three eclogues, based on the treatise De miseris curialium by Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini (Pope Pius II).
130 nought ... light] I cannot rest easy.
18 sucke our clawes] As the bear proverbially did when it had nothing to eat.
As for their riches no thunder, frost nor hayle,
No storme nor tempest can hurt or dissaueyle.
Suche carefull chaunces and such auedersitie
Us alway kepeth in wretched pouertie.

Cornix answereth.
O Coridon my mate I sweares so haue I blis,
Thou playnly speakest like as the matter is,
But as for my parte my minde and wit is blinde
To knowe who gideth all wether, storme and winde,
But this thing I knowe, but yet not parfitely,
Yet bolde dare I be to speake to thee playnly,
For if that I spake it in some audience
Some men would maligne and take it for offence.
If God (as men say) doth heauen and earth sustayne,

Then why doth not he regarde our dayly payne?
Our greeuous labour he justly might deuide,
And for vs wretches some better life prouide.
Some nought doth labour and liueth pleaasuntly,
Though all his reason to vices he apply:
But see with what sweat, what busines and payne
Our simple liuing we labour to obtayne:
Beholde what illes the shepheardes must endure
For flocke and housholde bare liuing to procure,
In feruent heate we muste intende our folde,
And in the winter almost we frese for colde:

Upon the harde ground or on the flinte browne
We slepe, when other lye on a bed of downe.
A thousand illes of daunger and sicknesse,
With diuers sores our beasts doth oppresse:
A thousande perils and mo if they were told
Dayly and nightly inuadeth our poore folde.
Sometime the wolfe our beasts doth deour,
And sometime the thefe awayteth for his hour:
Or els the souldiour much worse then wolfe or thefe

Agaynst all our flocke inrageth with mischefe.
See howe my handes are with many a gall,
And stiffe as a borde by worke continuall,
My face all scruy, my colour pale and wan,
My head all parched and blacke as any pan,
My beard like bristles, so that a pliant leake
With a little helpe may thrust me throw the cheeke,
And as a stockfishe wrinkled is my skinne,
Such is the profite that I by labour winne,
But this my labour should greuem me much the lesse
If rest or pleasure came of my businesse:
But one sodayne storme of thunders, hayle or rayne,
Agayne all wasteth wherfore I toke this payne.
This is the rewarde, the dede and worke diuine,
Unto whose aulters poore shepheardes incline:
To offer tapers and candles we are fayne,
And for our offering, lo, this we haue agayne.
I can not declare what pitie and mercy
Wrappeth vs wretches in this harde misery,
But this wot I well, it is both right and mede,

There moste to succour where doth appeare most nede.
Coridon. Ho there frende Cornix, thou wasteth nowe to farre,
Thy selfe forgetting thou leapest ouer the barre:
Smaile is my knowledge, thou many a thing hast sene,
Yet out of the way forsooth I see thee clene

31 so haue I blis] as I may have happiness (in heaven) – i.e. be saved.
32 haue I blis] as I may have happiness (in heaven) – i.e. be saved.
33 some audience] among many people; among certain people.
49 pliant leekte] presumably the stalk of the leek.
50 stockfishe] fish split open and dried without salt, hence wrinkled.
The king of heauen is mercifull and iust,
And them all helpeth which put in him their trust:
When we deserue he striketh not alway,
This in the pulpit I heart syr Peter say,
Yet ofte he striketh when man is obstinate,
And by no meanes will his misliuing hate:
So all these plages and inconuenience
Fales on vs wretches onely for our offence.

Cornix. For what offences? thou art mad so to say.
Were we of that sorte which did our Lorde betray,
Or that consented our Lorde to crucifie?
We neuer were suche, thy selfe can testifie.

Coridon. Nowe trust me truly though thou be neuer so wroth,
I nought shall abashe to thee to say the troth:
Though we shepheardes be out of company,
Without occasion we liue vnhappely;
Seke well among vs and playnly thou shalt see
Theft, brauling, malice, discorde, iniquitie,
Wrath, lechery, leasing, enuy and couetise,
And briefly to speake, truely we want no vice.

Cornix. What, nay man pardie all we do not offence,
Yet all haue sorowe without all difference.
Say nought man but truth, do God nothing deserue
Without difference, yet be all like to sterue.

Coridon. What, ceasse man for shame, thou art of reason scant;
The wise nowe must learne wit of the ignoraunt:
I haue no knowledge saue onely of my tarre,
Yet this I perceaua, man should not seke to farre
In Gods workes, he all doth for the best.
If thou findest here no easement, wealth ne rest,
What then, seke farther, for playnely so shall I,
In some place fortune beholdeth merily.

I bide no longer by saint Thomas of Kent
In suche bare places where every day is Lent,
The freres haue store everyday of the weke,
But everyday our meat is for to seke.

I nought haue to bye, begge can I not for shame
Except that I were blinde, impotent or lame;
If suche a gauffling as I should begge or craue
Of me suche mercy and pitie would men haue,
That they for almes (I swears by Gods sockes)
In euerie towne would make me scoure the stockes:
That can one Drome by many assayes tell,
With that ill science I purpose not to mell.

Here nothing I haue wherefore I nede to care,
Nowe Cornix adue, streight forwarde will I fare.

Cornix. Streight forwarde man, hei Benedicite,
All other people haue as great care as we,
Onely bare ned is all our payne and wo,
But these Towne dwellers haue many paynes mo.
Our payne is pleasour nere in comparision
Of their great illes and sore vexation.
Of all suche things haue I experience,

88 syr Peter] the local priest. Priests were commonly referred to as 'Syr'. 90 his misliuing hate[ repent his sins. 97 though ... wroth] however angry it makes you. 99 out of company] not given to companionship: discontented, alienated. 107-8 Even if you are completely virtuous, you will suffer and be destroyed like the rest. 110 Facetiously alluding to himself as ignorant and Cornix as wise. 111 tarre] tar, used to dress sheep’s wounds. 117 Thomas] Thomas Becket, of Canterbury in Kent. 118 Lent] when people eat sparsely to commemorate Christ’s passion and death. 126 the stockes] penal instrument where petty offenders, including able-bodied vagabonds, were confined by their legs for public exposure and ridicule. 127 Drome] ?drone, idler, sluggard; ?slave or lowly person, from Dromo, a slave in Terence’s The Self-Tormentor. 128 ill science] evil knowledge (of fraudulent begging). mell] meddle.
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Then mayst thou surely geue to me credence:
Whither wilt thou go to live more quietly?

140
Man all the world is full of misery.

Coridon. What man, the court is freshe and full of ease,
I can drawe a bowe, I shall some lorde there please;
Thy selfe can report howe I can birdes kill,
Mine arowe toucheth of them nothing but the bill;
I hurte no fleshe, nor bruse no parte at all,
Where not my shoting our luing were but small:
Lo here a sparowe, lo here be threshes four,
All these I killed this day within an hour.
I can daunce the raye, I can both pipe and sing,

150
If I were mery I can both hurle and sling,
I runne, I wrastle, I can well throwe the barre,
No shepheard throweth the axeltrie so farre,
If I were mery I could well leap and spring,
I were a man mete to serue a prince or king,
Wherefore to the Court nowe will I get me playne;
Due swete Cornix, farewell yet once agayne,
Prouide for thyselfe, so shall I do for me.

Cornix. Do way Coridon, for Gods loue let be,
Nought els is the Court but euen the deuils mouth,

160
And place most carefull of East, west, north and south:
For thy longe seruice there nede shall be thy hyre,
Out of the water thou leapest into the fyre.
We lye in sorowe I will it not deny,
But in the Court is the well of misery.

Coridon. What man, thou seest, and in likewise see I,
That lusty curtiers go always iodily,
They haue no labour yet are they wel besene,
Barded and garded in pleasauant white and grene,
They do nought els but reuell, slepe and drinke,

170
But on his foldes the poore shepheard muste thinke.
They rest, we labour, they gayly decked be
While we go ragged in nede and pouertie,
Their colour lustie, they bide no storme nor shours,
They haue the pleasoure, but all the paynes are ours,
They haue all things, but we wretches haue nought,
They sing, they daunce, while we sore sigh for thought.
But what bringeth them to this prosperitie,
Strength, courage, frendes, cra[n]e and audacitie.
If I had frendes I haue all thing beside,

180
Which might in court a rowme for me prouide.
But sith curtiers haue this life continually,
They haue all pleasoure and nought of misery.

Cornix. Not so Coridon, oft vnder yelowe lockes
Be hid foule scabbes and fearefull French pockes,
Their reuilde shirtes of cloth white, soft and thin
Ofte time cloketh a foule and scouruy skin.
And where we labour in worke profitable,
They labour soror in worke abominable.
They may haue shame to let so vp and downe

190
When they be debtours for dublet, hose and gowne,

146 My family could not survive if I did not shoot birds for food. 149 raye] ‘a kind of round dance’ (OED ray n 3). 151 throwe the barre] a country sport. 152 axeltrie] axle-tree: axle or wheel-shaft of a cart, thrown as a country sport. 156 nede ... hyre] Want or poverty will be your wages. 161 French pockes] pox, caused by venereal disease. 185 reuilde] rivelled, ‘pleated or gathered in small folds’ (OED). 190 debtours] Courtiers notoriously incurred debts for their finery.
And in the tauerne remayne they last for lag,  
are the last to leave 
When neuer a crosse is in their courtly bag. 
They crake, they boste, and vaunt as they were wood,  
mad 
And moste when they sit in midst of others good.  
Nought haue they fooles but care and misery,  
Who hath it proued all courting shall defy. 

_Coridon._ Mary _syr_ by this I see by experience 
That thou in the Court hast kept some residence.

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27 _Alexander Barclay_  _Eclogue_ III.455-524

Published with Eclogues I-II by John Treveris (c.1530) and others; then included with the other four Eclogues in John Cawood’s _edition of Barclay’s translation of Brandt’s The Ship of Fools_ (1570). Cawood’s text followed here, with punctuation modified.

_Coridon._ Because thou recountest of thy fidelitie, 
Of masters and men which loueth honestie, 
Nowe I remember the shepheard of the fen, 
And what care for him demeaned all his men.  
exhibited 
And shepheard Morton when he durst not appeare,  
Howe his olde servauntes were carefull of his chere. 
In payne and pleasour they kept fidelitie, 
Till grace agayne gaue him authoritie. 
Then his olde fauour did them agayne restore 
To greater pleasour then they had payne before.  
suffered, endured; storm 
Though for a season this shepheard bode a blast, 
The greatest winde yet slaketh at the last,  
And at conclusion he and his flocke certayne 
Eche true to other did quietely remayne. 
My harte sore mourneth when I must specify 
Of the gentle Cocke whiche sange so mirily,  
noble, high-minded 
He and his flocke were like an vnion, 
Conjoyned in one without discontention. 
All the fayre Cockes which in his dayes crewe 
When death him touched did his departing rewe.  
20 
The pretie palace by him made in the fen, 
The maides, widowes, the wiues and the men, 
With deadly doloure were pearshed to the heart 
When death constrayned this shepheard to departe. 
Corne, grasse and fieldes mourned for wo and payne,  
For oght his prayer for them obtained rayne. 
The pleasaint floures for wo faded echone, 
When they perceyued this shepheard dead and gone, 
The okes, elmes and euerie sorte of dere  
in like manner 
Shronke vnder shadowes, abating all their chere.  
each one 
The mightie walles of Ely monastery, 
The stones, rockes, and towres semblably, 
The marble pillers and images echone, 
Swet all for sorowe when this good cocke was gone. 
Though he of stature were humble, weake and leane, 
His minde was hwe, his liuing pure and cleane. 
Where other feedeth by beastly appetite,
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On heavenly foode was all his whole delite.
And shortly after this Cockeye was dead and gone

40 The shepheard Roger could not bide long alone,
But shortly after false death stole him away,
His worthy reporte yet liueth till this day.
When shepe wer scabbed this good shepherd wasayne
With easie salues their sores to cure agayne.
He nought pretended nor shewed of rigour,
Nor was no Wolfe poore lambes to deuoure.
When bushe or brambles pilled the shepes skin,
Then had he pitie and kept them close within,
Or in newe fleces did tenderly them lap,

And with his skirtes did oftentyme them hap.
When he departed his flocke for wo was faynt,
The foules sounded with dolour and complaynt,
So that their clamour and crye bespred the yle,
His death was mourned from Ely forty mile.
These worthy hearde and many other moo
Were with their wethers in loue coniownyd so,
That more they cured by witt and pacience,
Then dreadful drome can do with violence.
Therefore all hearde vnto the wolde I trowe

Should laude their names if vertue reigned nowe,
But sith that cunning and vertue were be gone,
Nowe be they laude forsooth of fewe or none.
I let thy purpose: to make conclusion,
Vice liueth, vertue hath oblution.

But speake on Cornix, yet is it long to night,
My mind to disclose causeth my heart be light.
Cornix. To laude these pastours wherfore haste thou delite?
Coridon. All other shepheardes to vertue to excite.

28 Alexander Barclay Eclogue IV,37-66, 93-232

First published by Pynson as The Boke of Codrus and Mynalcas (1521), then included with the other four Eclogues in John Cawood’s edition of Barclay’s translation of Brandt’s The Ship of Fools (1570). Cawood’s text followed, with punctuation modified. This eclogue incorporates an expanded translation of Mantuan’s Eclogue V, where the shepherds are named Sylvanus and Candidus. In the extract below, lines 4-10, 83-122, 141-70 follow Mantuan.

Codrus first speakeoth.

Al hayle Minalcas, nowe by my fayth well met.
Lorde Jesu mercy, what troubles did thee let,
That this long season none could thee here espy?
With vs was thou wont to sing full merily,
And to lye piping ofetyme among the flourdes,
What time thy beastes were feeding among ours.
In these olde valleys were two wont to bourse,
And in these shadowes talke many a mery worde,
And oft were we wont to wrastle for a fall,
But nowe thou droopepest and hast forgotten all.
Here wast thou wont sweete balades to sing,
Of song and ditte as it were for a king,
And of gay matters to sing and to endite,
But nowe thy courage is gone and thy delite.


45 pretended] (a) deceived (b) plotted, conspired (OED 13).

53 isle] The Isle of Ely, then literally an island among the fens.


63 I let thy purpose] interrupt your discourse. Coridon’s speech, added by Barclay, interrupts Cornix’s discourse on the evils of court life, rendered from Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini (see headnote to no.26).

64 hath light oblivion] is easily forgotten.
Trust me Minalcas nowe playnly I espy
That thou art wery of shepheardes company,
And that all pleasour thou semest to despise,
Lothing our pasture and fieldes in likewise.
Thou fleest solace and every mery fitte,
Leasing thy time and sore hurting thy witte,
In sloth thou slombrest as buried were thy song,
Thy pipe is broken or somwhat els is wrong.

Minalcas. What time the Cuckowes fethers mout and fall,
From sight she lurketh, hir song is gone withall.
When backe is bare and purse of coyne is light,
The wit is dulled and reason hath no might:
Adewe enditing when gone is libertie,
Enemie to Muses is wretched pouertie.
What time a knight is subiect to a knawe
To just or tourney small pleasour shall he haue.

Seest thou not Codrus the fieldes rounde about
Compassed with floudes that none may in or out.
The muddy waters were choke me with the stinke,
At euery tempest they be as blacke as inke:
Pouertie to me should be no discomforthe.
If other shepheardes were all of the same sorte.
But Codrus I clawe oft where it doth not itche,
To see ten beggers and halfe a dozen riche.
Truely me thinketh this wrong petition,
And namely sith all ought be after one.
When I first behelde these fieldes from a farre,
Me thought them pleasant and voyde of strife or warre,
But with my poore flocke approching nere and nere
Alway my pleasures did lesse and lesse appeare,
And truely Codrus since I came on this grounde
Oft vnder floures vile snakes haue I founde.
Adders and todes and many fell serpent
Infecte olde shepe with venim violent,
And ofte be the yonge infected of the olde,
That vnsto thesefewe nowe brought is all my folde.

Codrus. In some place is neyther venim nor serpent,
And as for my selfe I fele no greuous sent.

Minalcas. It were great maruell where so great grounde is sene,
If no small medowe were pleasant, swete and clene.
As for thee Codrus I may beleue right weele,
That thou no sauour nor stinke of mud dost feele,
For if a shepheard hath still remayned longe
In a foule prison or in a stinking gonge,
His pores with ill ayre be stopped so echeone
That of the ayre he feleth small sent or none.
And yet the dwellers be badder than the place,
The rich and sturdie doth threaten and manace
The poore and simple and suche as came but late,
And who moste knoweth, him moste of all they hate,
And all the burthen is on the Asses backe,
But the stronge Caball standeth at the racke.
And suche be assigned sometime the flocke to kepe
Which scant haue so muche of reason as the shepe,
And every shepheard at other hath enuy,
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70 Scant be a couple which loueth perfittely,  
Ill will so reyneth that brauling, be thou sure,  
Constrayned me nere to seke a newe pasture,  
Saue onely after I hope of better rest:  
For small occasion a birde not changeth nest.

Codrus. Welere thou granted that in a large grounde  
Some plot of pleasing and quiet may be founde,  
So where of heardes assembled is great sorte,  
There some must be good, then to the best sorte.  
But leawe we all this, turne to our poynct agayne,

80 Of thy olde balades some would I heare full fayne,  
For often haue I had great pleasing and delite  
To heare recounted suche as thou did endite.  

Minalcas. Yea, other shepheardes which haue inough at home,  
When ye be mery and stuffed is your wombe,  
Which haue great store of butter, chese and woll,  
Your cowes others of milke replete and full,  
Payles of sweate milke as full as they be able,  
When your fat dishes smoke hote vpon your table,  
Then laude ye songes and balades magnifie,

90 If they be mery or written craftily:  
Ye clappe your handes and to the making harke,  
And one say to other, lo heere a proper warke.  
But when ye haue saide, nought geue ye for our payne,  
Saue onely laudes and pleaunte wordesayne,  
All if these laudes may well be counted good,  
Yet the poore shepheard must haue some other food.

Codrus. Mayst thou not sometime thy folde and shepe apply,  
And after at leasure to liue more quietly,  
Dispose thy wittes to make or to endite,  
Renouncing cures for time while thou dost write.

Minalcas. Nedes must a Shepheard bestowe his whole labour  
In tending his flockes, scant may he spare one houre:  
In going, comming, and often them to tende,  
Full lightly the day is brought vnto an ende.  
Sometime the wolues with dogges must he chace,  
Sometime his foldes must he newe compace:  
And ofte time them chaunge, and if he storms doubte,  
Of his shepcoete dawbe the wallis round about:

100 When they be broken, oft times them renue,  
And hurtfull pastures note well, and them eschue.  
Bye strawe and litter, and hay for winter colde,  
Off grease the scabbes aswelle of yonge as olde,  
For dreade of thieues oft watche vp all the night.  
Beside this labour with all his minde and might,  
For his poore householde for to prouide vitaye,  
If by aduenture his wooll or lambes fayle.

110 In doing all these no respite doth remayne,  
But well to indite requireth all the brayne.  
I tell thee Codrus, a stile of excellence  
Must haue all laboure and all the diligence.

Both these two worke be great, nere importable  

73 rest] peace, reposerelief; outcome, conclusion (the ‘rest’ or remainder).  
77 sorte] a variety (b) band, company (OED sort n217)  
97-100 i.e., Could you not divide your time between poetry and sheekeeping?  
100 for time while] during the time that.  
106 compace] compass, fence round.  
108 dawbe] plaster with clay or mud (OED dawb, citing this passage).  
110 hurtfull] harmful (because of poisoned or contaminated grass).  
111 litter] straw lining the floor of the shed where animals are kept in winter.  
115-16 Do other work to support his family if he cannot sell wool or meat.
To my small power, my strength is muche vnable.
The one to intende scant may I bide the payne,
Then is it harder for me to do both twayne.
What time my wittes be clere for to indite,
My dayly charges will gранnt me no respite:
But if I folowe, inditing at my will,
Eche one disdayneth my charges to fulfill.
Though in these fieldes eche other ought sustayne,
Cleane lost is that lawe, one may require in vayne:
If coyne commandue, then men count them as bounde,
Els flee they labour, then is my charge on grounde.

Codrus. Cornix oft counted that man should flee no payne,
His frendes burthen to supporte and sustayne:
Feede they thy flocke, while thou doest write and sing.
Each horse agreeth not well for every thing.
Some for the charet, some for the cart or plough,
And some for hakneyes, if they be light and tough.
Each fieldes agreeth not well for every seede,
Who hath moste labour is worthy of best mede.

Minalcas. After inditing then gladly would I drinke,
To reache me the cup no man doth care ne thinke:
And oft some looles voyde of discretion
Me and my matters haue in derision.
And meruayle is none, for who would sowe that fieldes
With costly seedes, which shall no fruities yelde.
Some wanton body oft laugheth me to scorne,
And saith: Minalcas, see howe thy pilche is torne,
Thy hose and cokers be broken at the knee,
Thou canst not stumble, for both thy shone may see.
Thy beard like bristels, or like a porposse skin,
Thy cloathing sheweth, thy winning is but thin:
Such mocking tauntes renueth of my care,
And nowe be woods of fruit and leaves bare,
And frostie winter hath made the fieldes white,
For wrath and anger my lip and tonge I bite:
For dolour I droue, sore vexed with disdayne,
My wombe all wasteth, wherfore I bide this payne:
My woolle and wethers may scarsly feede my wombe,
And other housholde which I retayne at home.
Leane be my lambs, that no man will them bye,
And yet their dammes they dayly sucke so dry,
That from the others no licoure can we wring,
Then without repast who can indite or sing.
It me repenteth, if I haue any wit,
As for my science, I wery am of it.
And of my poore life I weary am, Codrus;
Sith my harde fortune for me disposeth thus,
That of the starres and planettes eche one
To poore Minalcas well fortunate is none.

127-8 If I take time off to write poetry, no-one else will do my work for me. 131 People feel obliged to perform a task only if they are paid for it. 136 i.e. Everyone cannot do everything equally well. 150 A standard joke about holes or ‘eyes’ in the shoes. 157 disdayne] probably directed at rather than felt by him. 159-60 my wombe … at home] my own stomach, let alone those of my family.
29 ‘Oh! shepherd, oh! shepherd’

One of the few authentic surviving 16th-century folk-songs.* The text follows the modern-spelling version in the Journal of the Folk-Song Society 3, 1907, as ‘Sung by Mrs Davis, at Dorchester, Dec., 1906’. There is a very different Scottish version.† The tune is a version of the celebrated ‘Greensleeves’.

‘Oh! shepherd, oh! shepherd, will you come home,
Will you come home, will you come home?  
Oh! shepherd, oh! shepherd, will you come home 
To your breakfast this morning? Oh! morning.’

‘What have you got for my breakfast,  
For my breakfast, for my breakfast?
What have you got for my breakfast,  
If I do come home this morning?’

‘Bacon and eggs, a belly-full,  
A belly-full, a belly-full,  
Bacon and eggs, a belly-full,  
If you do come home this morning.’

‘My sheep they’re all in the wilderness,  
The wilderness, the wilderness,  
My sheep they’re all in the wilderness,  
So I cannot come home this morning.’

‘Oh! shepherd, oh! shepherd, will you come home,  
Will you come home, will you come home?  
Oh! shepherd, oh! shepherd, will you come home 
To your dinner this morning?’

‘What have you got for my dinner,  
For my dinner, for my dinner?
What have you got for my dinner,  
If I do come home this morning?’

‘Pudding and beef, a belly-full,  
A belly-full, a belly-full,  
Pudding and beef, a belly-full,  
If you do come home this morning.’

‘My sheep they’re all in the wilderness,  
The wilderness, the wilderness,  
My sheep they’re all in the wilderness,  
So I cannot come home this morning.’

‘Oh! shepherd, oh! shepherd, will you come home,  
Will you come home, will you come home?  
Oh! shepherd, oh! shepherd, will you come home 
To your supper to-night?’

‘What have you got for my supper,  
For my supper, for my supper?
What have you got for my supper,  
If I do come home to-night?’

‘Bread and cheese, a belly-full,  
A belly-full, a belly-full,  
Bread and cheese, a belly-full,  
If you do come home to-night.’

‘My sheep they’re all in the wilderness,

*See C. R. Baskerville, Modern Philology 14, 1916, p.247 n.1.  †Beginning ‘The shepherd’s wife cries o’er the lee’: see David Herd, Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, etc. (Edinburgh: John Wotherspoon for James Dickson and Charles Elliot, 1776), II.182-3. This was ‘condensed and purified · · · so as to fit it for modern society’ in Robert Chambers, The Songs of Scotland Prior to Burns (Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers, 1862), pp.402-3.  41, 43 Bread and cheese] ‘Basin of broth’ given as an alternative in both lines.
The wilderness, the wilderness,
My sheep they’re all in the wilderness,
So I cannot come home to-night.’

‘Oh! shepherd, oh! shepherd, will you come home,
Will you come home, will you come home?
Oh! shepherd, oh! shepherd will you come home
To your lodging to-night?’

‘What have you got for my lodging,
For my lodging, for my lodging?
What have you got for my lodging,
If I do come home to-night?’

‘Oh! your house is clean swept, and your true love’s there,
Your true love’s there, your true love’s there,
Oh! your house is clean swept, and your true love’s here,
If you do come home tonight.’

‘Oh! I’ll drive my sheep out of the wilderness,
The wilderness, the wilderness,
I’ll drive my sheep out of the wilderness,
And I will come home tonight.’

30 ‘Hey, troly loly lo, maid, whither go you?’

From BL MS. Addl.31922, where each stanza is repeated with variations, often more than once. In the text below, each stanza is given only once, in the fullest form. Variant refrains noted. Punctuation and line initials regularized. A typical pastourelle, of the subgroup where the woman escapes the man’s clutches. Elsewhere, she may succumb; or (as in ‘Where are you going to, my pretty maid’, now a nursery rhyme) dismiss the unwelcome wooer more aggressively.

Hey, troly loly lo maybe whether go you?
I go to the medow to mylke my Cowe.
Then at the medow I wyll you mete
to gather the flourys both fayr and sweete.
Nay god for bede that may not be.
I wysse my mother then shall vs se.

Now in this medow fayer and grene
we may vs sportt and nott be sene
and yf ye wyll I shall consent.
How sey you mayde be you content?
Nay in goode feyth I wyll not melle with you.
I pray you sir lett me go mylk mye cow.

Why wyll ye not geve me no conforte
that in the feldes we may vs sportt?
Nay god for bede that may not be.
I wysse my mothyr then shall vs se.

Ye be so nyce and so mete of age
that ye gretly move my corage.
Syth I loue you love me agayne,
let vs make one though we be twayne.
I pray you sir lett me go mylk mye cowe.

[Also repeated with a different refrain:]
‘Nay in goode feyth I wyll not mell with you vt supra’

Ye haue my hert sey what ye wyll
Wherefore ye muste my mynde fullye
and graunte me here your maydynhed
or elles I shall for you be ded.

1 Hey, troly loly lo!] As Chambers and Sidgwick point out (Early English Lyrics, p.339), this is ‘properly a refrain, although not here so used’. 31 melle] meddle, engage with. 17 nyce] delightful, attractive (OED 14c) 23 vt supra] ut supra, as above.
I pray you sir let me vt supra.

[Also repeated with a different refrain:
  ‘Nay in goode feyth I wyll not mell with you vt supra’]

Then for this onse I shall you spare.

but the nexte tyme ye muste be ware
how in the medow ye mylke your Cow.
A dew fare well and kysse me now.
I pray you sir let me vt supra.

[Also repeated with a different refrain:
  ‘Nay in goode feyth I wyll not mell with you vt supra’]

31 Harpelus’ Complaint

First published in Songs and Sonnets (Tottel’s Miscellany), 1557. Reprinted in all subsequent editions, and in Helicon, where it is attributed without warrant to ‘L. T. [sic] Howard, Earl of Surrey’. The text below is from Tottel’s first issue.

Harpelus complaynt of Phillidaes loue bestowed on Corin, who loued her not and denied him, that loued her.

Phylidawasafayermayde,
And fresh as any flowre:
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayed
To be his paramour.
   Harpalus and eke Corin
Were herdmen both ybere:
And Phillida could twist and spin
And theerto sing full clere.
   But Phylidia was all to coy

For Harpelus to winne
For Corin was her onely ioye.
   forced: cared for, regarded
Who forst her not a pynne.
   How often would she flowers twine
How often garlandes make:
Of Couslippes and of Colombine,
And all for Corins sake.
   But Corin he had haues to lure
And forced more the field:
   preferred the (hunting) field
Of loueres lawe he toke no cure

For once he was begilde.
   care, heed
   His labour all was lost:
For he was fardest from her thought
And yet he loued her most.
   Therefore waxt he both pale and leane
And drye as clot of clay:
His fleshe it was consumed cleane,
His colour gone away.
   been
   His beard it had not long be shaue,

His heare hong vnkempt:
   exhausted, destroyed
A man most fitte euen for the graue
Whom spitefull loue had spent.
   sprinkled, bedewed
   misfortune
   His eyes were red and all forewatched,
His face besprent with teares:
It semde vnhap had him long hatched,
In middes of his dispayres.
   His clothes were blacke and also bare,
As one forlorn he was:

17 lure] call or train a hawk with a ‘lure’, a device of feathers attached to a long cord or thong. 20 because he had once been deceived in love. 33 forewatched] sleepless (from keeping watch at night); not in OED. 36 hatched] lined his face (OED hatch, v², citing this passage).
Upon his head alwaies he ware
A wreath of willow tree.
   His beasts he kept vpon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale:
   And thus with sighes and sorowes shryll,
He gan to tell his tale.

   O Harpelus, thus would he say,
Unhappest vnder sunne:
The cause of thine vnhappy day
By loue was first begone.

   For thou wentsst first by sute to seeke
A Tygre to make tame:
   That sets not by thy loue a leke
But makes thy grele her game.

   As easie it were, for to convert
The frost into the flame:
As for to turne a froward hert
Whom thou so fain wouldst frame.

   Corin he liueth carelesse,
He leapes among the leaues:
He eates the frutes of thy redresse:
Thou reapes, he takes the sheaues.

   My beasts, a while your fode refrayne
And herken your herdmans sounde:
Whom spitefull loue alas hath slaine
Malevolent struck through, pierced
Througheart with many a wounde.

   O happy be ye beasts wilde
That here your pasture takes:
I se that ye be not begyld
Cheated, deceived
Of these your faithfull makes.
The Hart he fedeth by the Hynde,
The Bucke hard by the Doo,
The Turtle Doue is not vnkinde
To him that loues her so.

   The Ewe she hath by her the Ramme,
The yong Cow hath the Bulle:
The calf with many a lusty lamme
Do feede their honger full.

   But wellaway that nature wrought
Thee Phillida so faire:
For I may say that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

   What reason is it that cruelty
With beauty should haue part,
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart?
   I see therfore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest:
To thend that I may want my breathe
My dayes been at the best.

   O Cupide graunt this my request
And do not stoppe thine eares:
That she may fele within her brest
That she may craue her fee:

   Of Corin that is carelesse
unmindful, heedless (of her love)
   She may craue her fee: ask for reward (i.e., returned love)

   My prime of life has onely led to my
deathe; the best outcome of my life has been to die.

  41-2 conventional sign of a neglectful shepherd. Cf. 18.30-32.  
  49 by sute] of your own seeking; through pleading or supplication (suit).  
  62 herken] Later edd. of Tottel, as well as Helicon, have hark(e), which scans more smoothly.  
  65 beasts] The metre calls for the second e to be pronounced, though Helicon regularizes to beasts.  
  68 makes] mates, companions.  
  81 is it] Tottel 1585 has is that, and Helicon is’t, which make for smoother scansion.  
  87-8 ?My prime of life has only led to my death; ?The best outcome of my life has been to die.  
  92 ?the punishment for (having caused) my suffering (paynes, punishment, OED pain n’i); ?the pain I have suffered.
As I haue done in great distresse
That loued her faithfullly,
    But sins that I shall die her slaue,
Her slaue and eke her thrall:
Write you my frendes, vpon my graue
This chance that is befell.
Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus
Whom cruell loue hath slayne:
By Phillida vnjustly thus
Murdred with false disdaine.

32 Barnabe Googe  Eclogue II: Dametas


Egloga secunda.
Dametas.

My beasts, go fede vpon the plaine,
    and let your herdman lye,
Thou seest her mind, and fearst thou nowe,
    Dametas for to dye?
Why stayest thou thus? why doste thou stay?
    thy life to longe doth laste:
Accounte this fluid thy forward graue,
    syth time of hope is past.
What meanst thou thus to linger on?
    thy life wolde fayne departe,
Alas: the wunde doth fester styll,
    of cursed Cupids darte.
No salue but this, can helpe thy sore,
    no thynge can moue her minde.
She hath decreed that thou shalt dye,
    no helpe there is to finde,
Nowe syth there is no other helpe,
    nor ought but this to trye,
Thou seest her mind: why fearest thou than
    Dametas for to dye?
Long hast thou serued, and serued true,
    but all alas, inayne,
For she thy seruycye nought estemes,
    but deales the greife for gayne.
For thy good wyll, (a gay rewarde)
    Disdayne, for Loue she gyues,
Thou louest her while thy life doth last,
    she hates the, wile she liues.
Thou flamste, when as thou seest her face
    with Heate of hye desyre,
She flames agayne, but how? (alas)
    with depe disdaynfull Ire.
The greatest pleasure is to the,
    to se her voyde of Payne,
The greatest gryefe to her agayne,
    to se thy Health remayne.
Thou couetst euer her to fynde,
    she sekes from the to fyle,
Thou seest her mynd, why fearest thou than
    Dametas for to dye?
Doste thou accounte it best to kepe
    thy lyfe in sorowes styll?

104 false] Obviously 'treacherous', not 'pretended': Phillida's disdain for Harpelus seems entirely genuine.
33 Torquato Tasso  GOLDEN AGE CHORUS
Translated from the Italian by Samuel Daniel.

A chorus from Act I of Tasso’s pastoral play Aminta (1573). Trans. first published in Daniel’s Works ... Newly augmented (1601), after the sonnet sequence Delia. A fairly close rendering, going by general sense rather than detail.

A Pastorall.

O Happie golden Age,
Not for that riuers ranne
With streames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees,
Not that the earth did gage
Vnto the husband-man
Her voluntary frutes, free without fees:
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Thieternall flowing Spring
Wherein liued euery thing,
And whereon th’heauens perpetuall did smile,
Not for no ship had brought
From forraigne shores, or warres or wares ill sought.

But onely for that name,
That Idle name of winde:
That Idoll of deceit, that emptie sound
Call’d HONOR, which became

devote, apply

animal (no pejorative sense)
to test my faith

either … or

2-13 An extended example of the figure paraleipsis, or saying something while formally declining to do so.  6 Daniel omits Tasso’s next detail, that snakes were then without venom. voluntary] brought forth spontaneously, without cultivation: a classic feature of the Golden Age (Virgil IV.28; Ovid, Met. I.101-2). Linked to man’s state before the Fall, when he did not have to ‘eat bread by the sweat of [his] face’ (Genesis 3.19).  12-13 Another feature of the Golden Age: absence of navigation for either trade or conquest. (Virgil IV 38-9; Ovid, Met. I.94-6).  15 name of winde] a mere word, a breath. A classic premis of Renaissance language theory. (See Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV 5.1.133-5.)
The tyrant of the minde:
And so torments our Nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet sad griefes imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyfull amorous wights.
Nor was his hard lawes knowne to free-borne harts.
But golden lawes like these
Which Nature wrote. That's lawfull which doth please.

Then amongst floweres and springs
Making delightfull sport,
Sat Louers without conflict, without flame,
And Nymphs and shepheardes sings
Mixing in wanton sort
Whispers with Songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came:
The naked virgin then
Her Roses fresh reueales,
Which now her yvale conceales,
The tender Apples in her bosome scene.
And oft in Riuers cleere
The Louers with their Loues consorting were.

Honor, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight:
Denying water to the amorous thirst
Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose
The glorie of their light.
Restrain'd from men, and on then selves reuerst.
Thou in a lawne didst first
Those golden haires incase,
Late spred vnto the winde;
Thou mad'st loose grace vnkinde,
Gau'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O Honor it is thou
That mak'st that stealth, which loue doth free allow.
It is thy worke that brings
Our griefes and torments thus:
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The qualifier of Kings,
What doest thou here with vs
That are below thy power, shut from aboue?
Goe and from vs remoue,
Depart, move away

Trouble the mighties sleepe,
Let vs neglected, base,
Liue still without thy grace,
And th'vse of th'ancient happie ages keepe,
Let's loue, this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue: the sun doth set and rise againe,
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.

18 tyrant: common (and etymologically authentic) variant. 21 imparts that which is imparted or bestowed by grief. 26 That's lawfull which doth please The basic principle of libertinism, a later term for an old and widely current idea. Christian orthodoxy, of course, would view it as sinful. In Dante's Divine Comedy V.56: Semiramis is in hell for making libitum (lust, but more generally will or pleasure) licito (legal). 27-9 Another detail from Tasso omitted here: infant Cupid-figures (amoretti) in the foliage, without the traditional bow and torch, signifying the harmless and innocent nature of this love. 30 sings Singular verb with plural subject, then common. 31 wanton sportive, merry; even amorous, but not pejoratively (OED 2.3). 33 affection i.e. true love. 46 lawne a fine fabric: from examples in OED, often used to cover the head. Ital. alludes to a net or snood. 49 You made frank, friendly behaviour unnatual (‘shy and withdrawn’ in Ital). 50 You made women desist from frank speech and instead convey artful messages through their gait and bearing. 52 You make it theft to take that which love allows freely. 58 That are ... power Ital. has ‘that cannot apprehend your greatness’. 66-8 Translated from Catullus’ famous poem ‘Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus’ (‘Let us live and love, my Lesbia’).

Fair golden Age! when milk was th’ onely food,  
And cradle of the infant-world the wood  
(Rock’d by the windes); and th’ untoucht flocks did bear  
Their deer young for themselves! None yet did fear  
The sword or poysen: no black thoughts begun  
’T’ eclipse the light of the eternall Sun;  
Nor wanding Pines unto a foreign shore  
Or War, or Riches, (a worse mischief) bore.  
That pompous sound, Idol of vanity,  
Made up of Title, Pride, and Flattery,  
Which they call Honour whom Ambition blindes,  
Was not as yet the Tyrant of our mindes.  
But to buy reall goods with honest toil  
Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,  
Was honour to those sober souls that knew  
No happinesse but what from vertue grew.  
Then sports and carols amongst Brooks and Plains  
Kindled a lawfull flame in Nymphs and Swains.  
Their hearts and Tongues concurr’d, the kisses and joy  
Which were most sweet, and yet which least did cloy  
Hymen bestow’d on them. To one alone  
The lively Roses of delight were blown;  
The theevish Lover found them shut on triall,  
And fenc’d with prickles of a sharp denyall.  
Were it in Cave or Wood, or purling Spring,  
Husband and Lover signifi’d one thing.  
Base present age, which dost with thy impure  
Delights the beauty of the soul obscure:  
Teaching to nurse a Dropsie in the veins:  
Bridling the look, but giv’st desire the reins.  
Thus, like a net that spread and cover’d lies  
With leaves and tempting flowers, thou dost disguise  
With coy and holy arts a wanton heart;  
"Mak’st life a Stage-play, vertue but a part:  "Nor think’st it any fault Love’s sweets to steal,  "So from the world thou canst the theft conceal.  
But thou that art the King of Kings, create  
In us true honour: Vertue’s all the state  
Great souls should keep. Vnlo these cels return

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3-4 i.e. Men did not slaughter animals for meat. Rock’d by the windes] added by Fanshawe. 4-6 None ... Sun] There was no sinful thought to defy God (the eternal sun), implying the state of man before the Fall, conventionally assimilated to the Golden Age. 7 wandering Pines] ships made of pine wood (*nautica pinus*, Virgil IV.37). There was no navigation in the Golden Age, for either war or trade. 8 the original has two more lines about the sky of reason being clouded over by the senses. 9 Idol of vanity] (a) illusory image (b) object worshipped by vanity. vanity] (a) pride (b) levity. 10 real goods] truly necessary or beneficial things. goods] (a) things, property (b) good things, benefits. 11-12 Contrast the Golden Age chorus in Tasso’s *Aminta* (no.33.14-39). There too, ‘honour’ is deposed as a false idol; but Tasso suggests freer mingling of the sexes, Guarini monogamy. Fanshawe does not translate Guarini’s crucial reversal of a line in Tasso, changing *S’ei piace, et lice* (If it is permissible, it is permissible) to *Piaccia, se lice* (If it is permissible, it please). 13 Their hearts ... concurr’d] They felt the love they declared. 14 Mantuan IV.68-71 says adultery was unknown in Adam’s day. Given Mantuan’s popularity as a school text, prob. influenced Guarini. 15 Hymen] god of marriage. 16-17 The words recall Tasso’s chorus (33.40-52), however differ the idea. 18 Dropsie in the veins] (affected) lack of sexuality, as though one’s blood were water. 19 Looking modest but indulging one’s desires. 20 In the 1647 texts, these lines and 44-6 are flagged by quotation marks as memorable ‘maxims’ or sentiments. 21 Stage-play] play-acting. part] an actor’s part. The Ital. means ‘Makes goodness a matter of seeming, and life an artifice’. 22 King of Kings] The original addresses true honour itself (verace Onor) as the king of kings (regnator de regis).
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Which were thy Court, but now thy absence mourn:
From their dead sleep with thy sharp goad awake
Them who, to follow their base wils, forsake
Thee, and the glory of the ancient world.
"Let's hope: our ills have truce till we are hurled
From that: Let's hope; the sun that's set may rise,
And with new light salute our longing eyes.

35 Jean Chassanion  ‘Along the verdant fields’
Translated from the French by Thomas Beard.

From Beard’s The Theatre of Gods Judgements (1597), a translation of Jean Chassanion’s Histoires memorables des grans et merveilleux jugement et punitions de Dieu (1586): a formidable discourse on ‘the admirable judgements of God vpon the transgressours of his commandements’ (as phrased on Beard’s title-page), especially upon persecutors of the Christian Church or its members. This poem is from Beard’s ch.16 (ch.15 in the French), the second of two ‘Of those that in our age have persecuted the Gospell in the person of the faithfull’. The translation closely follows the tenor of the original, while often differing in detail.

Along the verdant fields all richly did
With natures paintments, and with Floraes pride:
Whose goodly bounds are liuely chrystall streames
Bygirt with bowres to keepe backe Phoebus beames:
Euen when the quenchlesse torch, the worlds great eye,
Aduanc’t his rayes othwaertly from the skye,
And by his power of heauenly influence,
Reuiu’de the seeds of springs decaied essence:
Then manie flockes vnite in peace and loue,
Not seeking ought but naturall behoue,
Past quietly vncharg’d with other care,
Saue of their feed within that pasture faire.

Those flockes a shepheard had (of power and skill)
To fould and feed and saue them from all ill:
By whose aduice they liu’d: whose wholesome voyce
They heard, and fear’d with loue, and did reioyce
Therin, with mellodie of songe and praise,
And dance, to magnifie his name allwayes.

He is their guide, they are his flocke and folde,
Nor will they be by anie else controlde;
Well knowing that whome hee takes care to feed,
Hee will preserue and saue in tyme of need.

Thus liu’d this holy flocke at harts content,
Till cruell beasts all set on rauiishment,
Broke of their peace, and ran vpon with rage
Themselves, their yong, and all their heritage:
Slititing their thraotes, deuouring lambes and all,
And dissipating them that scapt their thrall.

Then did this iolly feast to fast transorme,
(So askt the furie of that radgefull storme)
Their joyfull song was turn’d to mournfull cries,
And all their gladnesse chang’d to welladayes.

Whetar heauen greeuing, clad it selfe in blacke:
But the earth in vprore, triumpht at their wracke.

What profits then the sheepehooke of their guide?
Or he that liues vpon a beacons syde
With watchfull eye to circumscribe their traine,

40 The original has ‘which cannot be blessed (beati) without you’. 44-6 See 34-6n. 45 that] i.e., our present degenerate state. 9 vnite] united. The verb is past (passed, 11). 10 behoue] behoof, benefit – i.e. they want only what is naturally and rightfully their due. 15 aduice] judgment, prudence (OED 1, 2). wholesome] benefical, salutary. 26 heritage] ?lineage, posterity (OED 5, only from Gower); but in view of 75, OED 3b is relevant: ‘The people chosen by God as his peculiar possession; the ancient Israelites; the Church of God’. 36-8 Suggesting the ineffectuality of a shepherd who sits on a hillside watching his flock, but does not stir to protect them. 36 beacon] hill commanding a prospect.
And hath no more regard vnto their paine?
To saue them from such dangers Imminent
(Say some) as are so often incident.
   Tis not for that his arme wants strength to breake
All proude attempts that men of might do make,
Or that he will abandon vnto death
His owne, deare bought with exchange of his breath:
Nor must wee thinke that though they dye, they perish:
Death dyes inthem, and they in death reflorish:
And this liues losse, a better life renewes,
Which after death eternally ensues.
   Though then their passions neuer seeme so great:
Yet neuer comfort wants to swage their heat:
   assuage; ‘passions’, sufferings
Though strength of torment bee extreame in durance,
Yet are they quencht, by hopes and faithes assurance.
   befalls
   madness
For thankfull hope, if God be grounded in it,
Assures the hart and pacifies the spirit.
To them that loue and reuerence his name,
Prosperitie betydes and want of shame.
   Therefore
   cures little
   destroyed
Thys can no tyrant pull them from the hands
Of mightie God, that for their safetie stands,
Who euer sees, and euer can defend:
    them who, hem hee loues, he loues vnto the end.
So that the more their furie overfloweth,
The more ech one his owne destruction soweth.
And as they striue with God in policie,
So are they sooner brought to miserie.
   like
   like
   like
   like
   like
   like
   like
   like
Like as the sauadge bore dislog’d from den,
And hotely chassed by pursue of men,
Runnes furiouslie on them that com him neare,
And lightly careth for the hunters speare.
   The gentle puisant lambe, their Champion bold,
So helps to conquer all that hurts his fold,
That quickly they and all their progenie,
Confounded is and brought to miserie.
   The lion, symbol of the tribe of Judah (Genesis 49.9), was identified with Christ (Revelation 5.5).
This is of Iuda the courageous Lyon
The conquering captaine, and the rocke of Syon,
Whose fauour is as great to Jacobs lyne:
As is his fearfull frowne to Phillistine.

36 Jean Passerat  Song
Translated from the French by William Drummond of Hawthornden.
From Drummond’s Hawthornden MS, vol.X in the National Library of Scotland. First printed in a substantially different, standard English version in Drummond’s 1711 Works. The original begins ‘Pastoureau, m’aimes-tu bien?’

Song of Passerat
amintas daphne

Daphne. Shephard loueth thow me vell?
Amintas. So vel that I cannot tell.
Daphne. Like to what good shephard say?
Amintas. Like to the faire cruel May.
Daphne. Ah how strange thy vords I find
   thee; maid
   But yet satisfye my mind.

The spelling specially evokes Fr. chasse, hunt.  69 gentle] (a) noble: Christ is presented as a knight, a
puissant (powerful) champion (b) mild, tender-hearted: an oxymoron with puisant.  73 of Iuda the ...
Lyon] The lion, symbol of the tribe of Judah (Genesis 49.9), was identified with Christ (Revelation 5.5).
74 rocke of Syon] Mountain near Jerusalem, site of a fortress conquered by David: hence applied to
Solomon’s temple in Jerusalem, the city itself, and the promised heaven or new Jerusalem. (See 1 Peter
2.6, Romans 9.33, 11.26).  75 Jacobs lyne] i.e. the Israelites. See 26n.
Shephard, without flatterie,
Beares thow any loue to me,
Like to what good shephard say?

Amintas. Like to the faire cruel May.

Daphne. Better anser had it beene
To say, I loue thee as mine eiene.  

Amintas. Voe is me I loue them not,
For be them loue entress got,
At the time they did beheld
Thy sweet face and hairie of gold.

Daphne. Like to what good shephard say?

Amintas. Like to the faire cruel May.

Daphne. But deare shephard speake mor plaine,

And I sal not aske againe;
For to end this gentle stryff
Doth thou loue me as thy lyff?

Amintas. No, for it doth eb and flow
Vith contrare teeds of grief and voue
And I now thruch loues strange force
A man am not, but a dead corse.

Daphne. Like to what good shephard say?

Amintas. Like to thee, faire, cruel May.

Daphne. This like to thee O leaue I pray
And as my selfe, good shephard, say.

Amintas. Alas! I do not loue my self
For I me split on beauties shelf.

Daphne. Like to what good shephard say?

Amintas. Like to the faire cruel May.

37 ANTONIO BEFFA ‘There where the pleasant Eske’
Translated from the Italian by William Drummond of Hawthornden.

One of two poems in Drummond’s Hawthornden Manuscripts vol.X, in the National Library of Scotland, under the heading ‘Pastorells from Maria Bonardo frattegiano’. This is either an error or a rough reference to a volume of Giovanni Maria Bonardo’s poems, probably the revised edition of his Madrigali (Venice: Agostin Zoppini and nephews, 1598), where Bonardo’s poems are interspersed with replies by his friend Antonio Beffa or Beffanegrini. The sequence of titles on fol.29r-30v of the collection makes it clear that this poem is by Beffa, in response to one by Bonardo and alluding to the latter’s love-affair. The two poets belonged to a ‘Compagnia’ or ‘Accademie de’ Pastori Frateggiani’ (Academy of Shepherds of Fratta Polesine, Bonardo’s birthplace). The translation closely follows the Italian, except for changes introducing an autobiographical note. (See in, 4n.)

Pastorells from Maria Bonardo frattegiano

There where the pleasant Eske
Glydes full of siluer with her happy vawes,
And cleds with Emeralds both the Banks,
The sheepearth Damon
His Temples girt about with verdant Bayes
Like to a stranger swaine
At the sunes rising with golden browes,
All glad sent forth these words:
Let the nobell crew of sheepearthes know,

14-16 Fr. is more elaborate: ‘Because they opened the door to the pangs I suffered since the time I saw you, when my liberty was taken from me by your eyes that overpowered me’.

23-6 Fr. is different and more elaborate: ‘No, because it is enslaved by a hundred and a hundred thousand afflictions, for which reason I cannot love it, being nothing more than a body without a soul by loving a lady too much.’
The 1711 English text is marginally closer to this. 29-30 Leave off speaking in similes and speak directly about me.

32 split on beauties shelf [a ship splits if it strikes the rocky coast: a metaphor absent in the French.]

1 Eske] The original Mintio (Mincius) changed to the Eske, a river in Drummond’s native part of Scotland.

3 Emeralds] i.e. greenery, vegetation.

4 Damon] Drummond’s pastoral name, replacing the original Filisto; hence Drummond omits the epithets ran (great), almo, è divino (noble and divine) applied to Filisto.

6 i.e., His demeanour makes him seem unfamiliar and out of place even in his native haunts. But the original has Cigno peregrino, ‘a wandering swan’, so swaine may be=swan.
That while these streames shall runne vnto the sea,
I while these Meads shall show aprile,
That of my shepheardesse the beautyes rare,
The speeches wise and humble,
Shall byde into my hart morning and even.
Here paus’d hee and at the suowand of the amorous accents
Era the winds, Era thee Aire did sound.

38 Edmund Spenser  The Shepherd’s Calendar, ‘April’

The Shepheardses Calendar (published anonymously, 1579) marks the virtual start of formal pastoral poetry in Elizabethan England. It consists of twelve eclogues named after the twelve months, resembling in title more than content The Calendar of Shepherds, an almanac-like periodical publication based on a French manual. SC presents a loosely-defined community of shepherds in their various concerns and activities, from love to celebration to mourning, and lament at the neglect of poets and poetry. A gloss to ‘September’ explicitly identifies Colin with Spenser (a persona he retained in all his works), and other shepherds with ‘persons of diuers other his familiar freendes and best acquayntaunce’. Many political and religious concerns are introduced: in particular, three eclogues on the religious politics of the time, reflecting Spenser’s support of the growing Puritan cause. But the most important running motif is the career of Colin Clout and his frustrated love for Rosalind. ‘April’ is a celebration of Queen Elizabeth, in a song purportedly written by Colin though here sung by Hobbinoll.

Each Eclogue in the Calendar is followed by notes by ‘E.K.’, variously identified (sometimes with Spenser himself). Salient extracts from these notes are given below, marked ‘(E.K.)’. Each eclogue also has one or more concluding ‘Embleme’ (motto or maxim), usually drawn from earlier literature or proverbial lore. Colin’s song (37-153), mistakenly ascribed to Hobbinoll, is included in Helicon.

April. Ægloga Quarta.

ARGUMENT.
This Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaing him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawn not onely from him, who moste loued him, but also from all for-mer delightes and studies, aswell in pleasant pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetríe, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysaa.

Thenot. Hobbinoll.
[Thenot.] Tell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
Or is thy Bagyppe broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
Like April shoure, so sternes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstye Payne.

Hobbinoll. Nor thyss, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourn,
But for the ladde, whome long I lov’d so deare,
Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

11 while … aprile] As long as spring returns to these fields. 12-13 In the ms., these two lines enclosed in parentheses, perhaps to indicate they are in draft, awaiting revision. They do not read like a parenthesis. Rather, beauties and speeches seem to be the joint subject of shall byde (14). 14 byde into] combining the senses of ‘pass into’ and ‘abide in’. 16 Era] The real or poetical name of Bonardo’s beloved, occurring in several poems by him and his associates. 0.2 Hobbinoll] A pastoral name not known before SC, but appearing in four eclogues there. In ‘January’ 55-60, he is an inept seeker after Colin’s love; but E. K. calls him the poet’s ‘very specill and most familiar freend’, even to ‘some saouer of disorderly loue [or] pederasticke’, though justified in terms of Platonic love. A glosses on ‘September’ 176 identifies Hobbinoll explicitly with the Cambridge scholar Gabriel Harvey. 0.2 Thenott] also appears in ‘Februarie’ and ‘November’. 0.6 conning] skilful, learned. 0.8 abruptly] by truncating her name. 9-11 The lad is Colin Clout, the lass Rosalind: see ‘Januarie’, esp. 55-60.
Shepheard's delights he dooth them all forswear,
Hys pleaunst Pipe, whych made vs meriment,
He wyfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot. What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
Ys loue such pinching payne to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bryde loue?

Hobbinoll. Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
Forcing with gyfte to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
And woos the Widowess daughter of the glenne:
So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
So now his friend is chaunged for a frene.

Thenot. But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we closely shrowded in thy shade alone.

Hobbinoll. Contented I: then will I singe his laye
Of fayre Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it vsnto the Waters fall.

Ye dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
dothe your brest,
For sake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:

And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,
Help me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre Elisa be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may thee flourish long,
in princely plight.

For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Which Pan the shepheardes God of her begot:
So sprong the grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

21 Southerne] Spenser was born in London, but E.K. reports Colin as having moved from north to south. ('June' 18n.) The dialect of the Calendar locates its community in northern England or the north Midlands. 'Southerne shepheard' has also been taken as John Young, Bishop of Rochester, in Kent, who employed Spenser (hence his 'boy') for a time. 24 Forcing] striving (OED force 1i b, citing this passage). 26 glenne] 'a country Hamlet or borough' (E. K.), an otherwise unknown sense. Elsewhere in Spenser, means the usual 'valley'. 41 Virgins] the Muses. 42 Helicon] 'both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountain in Bæotia' (E. K.): the first identification wrong, though found in Chaucer (House of Fame 521). 50 Syrinx daughter] Syrinx, turned into a reed to escape Pan's pursuit, had no daughter. (Ovid likens her to the virgin goddess Diana: Met. I.694-8). E.K. says Pan and Syrinx are named simply to indicate 'her graces progenie [ancestry] to be duine and immortall'. without spotte] implies both virginity and, conceivably, immaculate birth (free of original sin) like the Virgin Mary's. Eliza's birth from such a mother implicitly endows her with a Christ-like divinity, though Spenser does not press the point. 51 Pan] 'the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorey K. Henry the euyght' (E. K.) E.K. observes that in pastoral, 'Pan' is sometimes a noted king or potentate, sometimes Christ himself (and here, we may add, perhaps God the Father?). This bears out the Christian implications of Eliza's divine 'progenie' (see 50n). 51-4 grace Of heavenly race] Further continues the Christ-motif by implying divine grace and freedom from original sin (mortall blemishe). mortall] (a) deadly, hence damning (b) human.
See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,  
(O seemely sight)  
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,  
And Ermines white.  
Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,  
With Damaske roses and Daffadilies set:  
Bayleaues betweene,  
And Primroses greene  
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face,  
like Phœbe fare?  
Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace  
can you well compare?  
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,  
In either cheeke depeincten liuely chere.  
Her modest eye,  
Her Maiestie,  
Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hedde,  
upon her to gaze;  
But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,  
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,  
Ne durst againe his fyrre face out showe:  
Let him, if he dare,  
His brightnesse compare  
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe Cynthia with thy siluer rayes,  
and be not abasht:  
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,  
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,  
Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede.  
Now she is a stone,  
And makes dayly mone,  
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot  
such a Bellibone,  
And Syrinx reioyse, that euer was her lot  
to beare such an one.  
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,  
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:  
Shée is my goddesse plaine,  
And I her shepherds swayne,  
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

Pan and Syrinx may be proud, that euer they begot  
such a Bellibone,  
And Syrinx may rejoyse, that euer was her lot  
to beare such an one.  
Soone as my younglings cryen for their dam,  
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:  
Shee is my goddesse plaine,  
And I her shepherds swayne,  
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.
I see Calliope speedeth to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,
with their Violines.
Bene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deftly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.
Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen:
She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
aung in a Rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefe Nymph of al,
Of Oliue braunches beares a Coronall:
Oliues bene for peace,
When wars doe suercase:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheardes daughters, that dwell on the greene,
bye you there apace:
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudeness doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
with Gelliflowers:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The pretie Pawne,
And the Cheuisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

Now ryse vp Elisa, decked as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart

Calliope the Muse of epic, hence sometimes considered pre-eminent among the Muses. Epic is the fit vein to celebrate royalty. Violines perhaps stringed instruments generally, an attribute of several Muses. the graces the Charites, three goddesses of grace and beauty. The role of a fourth grace to match or exceed them is here bestowed on Elizabeth, and in FQ VI.x to Colin Clout’s beloved shepherdess. Ladies of the lake? water-nymphs. lake perhaps the seas surrounding Britain, ensuring her peaceful isolation from war-torn Europe (cf. 124n). A ‘Lady of the Lake’ with two nymphs featured in an entertainment for Queen Elizabeth on her visit to Kenilworth Castle, 1575. Chloris usually Flora, goddess of flowers, but perhaps here more loosely as a nymph’s name. peace England had enjoyed internal and external peace after a long time during Elizabeth’s reign. principlall befiting a prince or ruler (OED 3). Sops in wine ‘a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitie’ (E.K.). flowre Delice used of flowers of the iris family besides the (chiefly heraldic) lily.
echeone her way, 
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe: 
Let dame Eliza thanke you for her song. 
And if you come hether, 
When Damsines I gether, I will part them all you among.

Thenot. And was thilk same song of Colin's owne making? 
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent: 
Great pittie is, he be in such taking, 
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent. 

Hobbinnoll. Sicker I hold him for a greater fon, 
That loues the thing he cannot purchase. 
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on, 
And twincling starres the daylight hence chase. 

Thenots Embleme. 
O quam te memorem virgo? 
Hobbinnols Embleme. 
O dea certe.

39 WILLIAM WEBBE ‘O YE NYMPHS MOST FINE’

From William Webbe’s A Discourse of English Poetrie (1586): a version in the quantitative Sapphic metre of Colin’s song, reported by Hobbinoll, in praise of ‘Eliza’ (Queen Elizabeth) in the April Eclogue of Spenser’s Sc. Sc was published anonymously, and Webbe refers to the piece he has ‘translated’ as ‘the new Poetss sweete song of Eliza’. The pattern of Sapphic verse, as laid out by Webbe himself, is

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
\text{-} & \text{-} & \text{-} & \text{-} \\
\text{-} & \text{-} & \text{-} & \text{-} \\
\text{-} & \text{-} & \text{-} & \text{-} \\
\text{-} & \text{-} & \text{-} & \text{-} \\
\end{array}
\]

where - represents a long (in English, stressed) and ` a short (in English, unstressed) syllable. The poem omits the last stanza of Hobbinoll’s song, ‘by reason of some let’ (hindrance, interruption), says Webbe (sig.I4r). He hopes to complete it later, but does not appear to have done so.

O ye Nymphes most fine who resort to this brooke, 
For to bathe there your pretty breasts at all times: 
Leaue the watrish bowres, hyther and to me come at my request nowe.

And ye Virgins trymme who resort to Parnass, 
Whence the learned well Helicon beginneth: 
Helpe to blase her worthy deserts, that all els mountheth aboue farre.

Nowe the siluer songs of Eliza sing yee, 
Princely wight whose peere not among the virgins Can be found: that long she may remayne among vs, now let vs all pray.

For Syrinx daughter she is, of her begotten 
Of the great God Pan, thus of heauen arysteth 
All her extent race: any mortall harde happe cannot aproche her.

\[162\text{ O quam ... virgo?] \text{ ‘What should I call you, O virgin?’} \text{ 163 O dea certe?] \text{ ‘O [you, who are] surely a goddess’. Both lines addressed by Aeneas to his mother Venus, mistaking her for Diana (Virgil, Aen. L327-8). They match the dual celebration of Elizabeth as virgin queen and object of reverent love, the apotheosis of the Petrarchan mistress.} \text{ 5 trymme] beautiful, comely (OED 1, 2).} \text{ 5 Parnass] Parnassus, mountain sacred to Apollo and the Muses.} \text{ 6 Helicon] Not a well (spring) but another such mountain. The error stems from E.K.’s note in SC: see 38.42n.} \text{ 7-8 that all ... farre] that is far higher than everything else.} \text{ 9 siluer] melodious (OED 6a).} \text{ 13-14 Syrinx, Pan] See 38.50-51n.} \text{ 15 mortall] (a) human, subject to death (b) death-dealing.} \]
See, she sittes most seemely in a grassy greene plott,  
Clothed in weedes meete for a princely mayden,  
Boste with Ermines white, in a goodly scarlett  
brauely beseeming.

Decked is that crowne that vpon her head standes  
With the red Rose and many Daffadillies,  
Bayes, the Primrose and violetts, be sette by: how  
joyfull a sight ist.  
Say, behold did ye euer her Angelike face,  
Like to Phæbe fayre? or her heauenly haour,  
And the princelike grace that in her remaineth?  
haue yee the like seeke?

Medled ist red rose with a white together  
Which in either cheeke do depeinct a trymme cheere,  
Her majestie and eye to behold so comely, her  
like who remembreth?

Phæbus once peepth forth with a Goodly guilt hewe,  
For to gaze: but when he saw the bright beames  
Spread abroade fro’her face with a glorious grace,  
it did amaze him.  
When another sunne he behelde belowe heere,  
Blusht he red for shame, nor againe he durst looke:  
Would he durst bright beames of his owne with hers match,  
for to be vanquisht.

Shew thy selfe now Cynthia with thy cleere rayes,  
And behold her: neuer abasht be thou so:  
When she spreades those beames of her heauenly beauty, how  
thou art in a dump dasht?

But I will take heede that I match not her grace,  
With the Laton seede, Niobe that once did,  
Nowe she doth therefore in a stone reptent: to all  
other a warning.

Pan he may well boaste that he did begit her  
Such a noble wight, to Syrinx is it ioy,  
That she found such lott with a bellibone trym  
for to be loaden.

When my younglings first to the dammes doo bleat out,  
Shall a milke white Lambe to my Lady be offred:  
For my Goddesse shee is, yea I my selfe her Heardgrome  
though but a rude Clowne.

Vnto that place Caliope dooth hie her,  
When her Goddesse shines: to the same the Muses  
After with sweete Violines about them  
cheerfully tracing.

Is not it Bay brauncheth that aloft in handes they haue,

17 seemely] ’of a pleasing or goodly appareance, fair’ (OED i).  
19 scarlett] a rich cloth (not always red) for ceremonial costumes.  
20 brauely beseeming] might be a general term of approbation: cf. seemely (17).  
26 Phæbe] Diana or Cynthia, the virgin goddess with whom Elizabeth was commonly identified.  
28 her ... remembreth] Who can recall seeing anyone like her?  
32-4 Phœbe] Diana or Cynthia, the virgin goddess with whom Elizabeth was commonly identified.  
39-40 If he dared to challenge her brightness with his own, he would be vanquished.  
41 Cynthia] Here the actual moon and its goddess.  
42 neuer ...) Never have you been (or May you never be) so shamed (by the contrast).  
44 dump] fit of melancholy or depression.  
45 match] vie, compete with (OED 8a).  
46 Laton seed] Latona’s offspring. See 38.86n.  
49 found such lott] had such good luck.  
51 Caliope] Calliope, the epic muse.
Eune to give them sure to my Lady Eliza:
O so sweete they play and to the same doo sing too
heauuly to heare ist.
See, the Graces trym to the stroake doo fooe it,
Defly dauncing, and meriment doo make them,
Sing to the instruments to reioyce the more, but
wants not a fourth grace?
Then the daunce wyll be eune, to my Lady therefore
Shalbe geune that place, for a grace she shall be
For to fill that place that among them in heaune, she
may be receiued.
Thys beuy of bright Nymphes, whether ist goo they now?
Raunged all thus fine in a Rowe togethre?
They be Ladies all i’the Lake behight soe?
they thether all goe.
One that is there chiefe that among the rest goes,
Called is Chores; of Olyues she beares a
Goodly Crownett, meeete for a Prince that in peace
erer abideth.
All ye Sheepheardes maides that about the greene dwell,
Speede ye there to her grace, but among ye take heede
All be Virgins pure that aproche to deck her,
duetie requireth.
When ye shall present ye before her in place,
See ye not your selues doo demene too rudely:
Bynd the fillets: and to be fine the waste gyrt
fast with a tawdryne.
Bring the Pinckes therewith many Gelliflowres sweete,
And the Cullambynes: let vs haue the Wynesops,
With the Coronation that among the loue laddes
wontes to be wonre much.
Daffadowndillies all a long the ground strowe,
And the Cowslyppe with a pretty paunce let here lye,
Kynge cuppe and Lilliess so beloude of all men,
And the deluce flowre.

40 EDMUND SPENSER  THE SHEPHERD’S CALENDAR, ‘JUNE’

This elegoe underpins the running theme of SC: Colin’s frustrated love of Rosalind, affecting his career as a poet. (The other cause for frustration, neglect and lack of reward, is developed in ‘October’ by another poet, Cuddie: even there, Colin’s decline is chiefly ascribed to love.) On the name Hobbinol, see notes to ‘April.’ The shepherds stand for Spenser and Gabriel Harvey. The contrast in their states recalls Virgil I and, more specifically, Petrarch I.

June. Ægloga sexta.

ARGUMENT.
This Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe in his loue. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a Country lasse Rosalind, and hauing (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his steede Menalcas, another shepheard receiued disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

63 stroake] tune (OED 8).
66 a fourth grace] See 38.109n.
73 Spenser’s original is clearer: ‘They bene all Ladies of the lake behight’ [called] – i.e. they are nymphs of the lake. The question mark after ‘soe’ may be in error for a full stop or a comma.
76 Chores] Probably in mistake for Spenser’s ‘Chloris’.
86 tawdryne] Webbe’s special adaptation (OED) of tawdry, cheap silk ‘lace’ or neckwear.
88 Wynesops] ‘Sops in wine’: see 38.138n.
89 Coronation] carnation or clove-pink: perhaps from coronation, from its presence in a chaplet (Lat. corona).
complayning] lamenting.
aforesaid] in ‘Januarye’.
Hobbinoll] spelt indifferently with one or two l’s.
Menalcas] ‘the name of a shepherde in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnknowne and secrete, agaynst whom he often bitterly inuayeth.’ (E. K.).
HOBBINOL. COLIN Cloute.

**Hobbinol.** Lo **Collin**, here the place, whose pleasautie syte
From other shadys hath weand my wandring mynde.
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke deleyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:
The grassye ground with daintye Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of eryy kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attenmer right.

**Collin.** O happy **Hobbinoll**, I blessye thy state,

10 That Paradise hast found, whych **Adam** lost.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene ytost:
Thy lovely layes here mayst thou freely boste.
But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd, to shroude my lucklesse pate.

**Hobbinol.** Then if by me thou list advised be,
Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,

20 Nor holybush, nor brere, nor winding witche:
And to the dales resort, where shipheards ritch,
And fruitfull flocks bene eryu where to see.
Here no night Rauene lodge more black then pitche,
Nor eluish ghosts, nor gasyly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfote Nymphes can chaunce the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
Doe make them musick, for their more delight:

30 And **Pan** himselfe to kisse their chriustall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when **Phæbe** shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

**Collin.** And I, whylest youth, and course of carelesse yeeres
Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peere:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reprowe,
My fancye eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps, for time in passing weare
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth newe delights with hoary heares.

40 Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnyrpe,
To glue my Rosalind, and in Sommer shade
Dight gauy Girlonds, in my conmen trade,

Paradise] Pastoral life is commonly equated with the state of innocence before the Fall: ‘that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; wherein Adam in his first creation was placed’ (E.K.).

14-16 A notable model for this wandering, almost Cain-like figure is Petrarch’s self-depiction as the shepherd Silvius (Petrarch I).

18 **Forsake the soyle** Though Spenser was born in London, E.K. says this is ‘unynamdly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for special occasion of priuate affayres ... and for his more preferment [greater advancement] remouing out of the Northparts into the South’. 19 **those hilles** of the ‘North countrye’ (E. K.). See 21n. 21 the **dales** the ‘Southpartes, where he [Colin] nowe abydeth’ (E.K.), as being generally lower than the north country. Around this time, Spenser was employed by John Young, Bishop of Rochester in Kent. 23 **night Rauene** An indeterminate or imaginary bird, supposedly of ill omen: ‘tokens of all misfortunes’ (E.K.). 25 **frendly Faeries** Not all fairies were friendly in rustic superstition.

28 systers **nyne** the Muses. 31 **Phæbe** Diana as moon-goddess. 40 derives new pleasures in or from old age.

33 Queen** apples** ‘an early variety of apple’ (OED queen C2). Imitates Virgil II.

43 **Rosalind**, and in Sommer shade

Dight gauy Girlonds, in my conmen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

Hobbinol. Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I more delight, than lark in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy sone that chereful cheriping,
Or hold thy peace, for shame of thy sweate layes.
I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yuory Luys and Tamburins forgoye:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

Collin. Of Muses Hobbinol, I conne no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest Ioue,
And holde scorne of homely shepheardes quill.
For sith I heard, that Pan with Phaebus stroue,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droye:
I neuer lyst presume to Parnasse hyll,
But pyping love in shade of lowly groue,
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.
Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne striue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheard fittes not, followe flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudey drest:
The fytter they, my carefull case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheardes Tityrus is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
Of shepheardes all, that bene with loue ytake:
Well couth he wayle his Woes, and lightly slake
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredd,
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.
Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(0 why should death on hym such outrage showe?)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.

53 spring] 'not of water, but of young trees springing' (E. K.). Cf. 150.17. 57 Calliope] the epic Muse. See 38.100n. 59 Tamburins] A traditional attribute of the Muses, specifically Thalia the Muse of comedy. E. K. explains curiously as 'an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion'. 60 fountaine] no doubt Hippocrene or Aganippe, springs sacred to the Muses at the foot of Mount Helicon. Their mother was Mnemosyne, goddess of memory. 66 foure] Zeus or Jupiter. 67 quill] (a) pipe (b) pen. 68 Pan with Phæbus stroure] in song. The mountain-god Tmolus judged Apollo the winner, but Pan's devotee Midas demurred, to be gifted by Apollo with ass's ears (Ovid, Met. XI.146-93). The poet is afraid of the same fate if he, a humble shepherd, aspires to a loftier vein of poetry. Ovid does not speak of any direct 'rebuke and Daunger' to Pan. 81 God of shepheardes] i.e. model or ideal poet, so called 'for his excellencie', as Cicero calls Lentulus the god of his life (E. K.). Tityrus] Chaucer: so E. K., who identifies his 'mery tales' (87) with The Canterbury Tales. The background allusion is to the shepherd Tityrus in Virgil I, identified with Virgil himself. 90 O why] 'a pretie Epanorthosis or correction' (E. K.).
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

But if on me some little drops would flowe,  
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,  
I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,  
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.  

Then should my plaints, causd of discyrtesee,  
As messengers of all my painfull plight,  
Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee.  

And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:  
As shee deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.  
And thou Menalcaz, that by trecheree  
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to wexe so light,  
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villane.  

But since I am not, as I wish I were,  
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feeede,  
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,  
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deedee:  
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,  
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,  
That lyues on earth, and loued her most dere.  

But if on me some little drops would flowe,  
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,  
I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,  
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.  

Then should my plaints, causd of discyrtesee,  
As messengers of all my painfull plight,  
Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee.  

And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:  
As shee deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.  
And thou Menalcaz, that by trecheree  
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to wexe so light,  
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villane.  

Hobbinol. O carefull Colin, I lament thy case,  
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.  
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and voide of grace,  
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.  
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:  
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,  
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe,  
And wett your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Emblem.
Gia speme spenta.

41 EDMUND SPENSER  THE SHEPHERD’S CALENDAR, ‘JULY’

One of three eclogues in SC (with ‘Maye’ and ‘September’) allegorizing the religious politics of the time along pro-Puritan lines in a debate between good and bad priestly shepherds, identified by their names. Morrell is an anagram for the anti-Puritan John Aylmer, Bishop of London. Thomalin may be Thomas Wilcox or Thomas Cartwright, eminent Puritan leaders, and Algrund Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury. Grindal was sequestered (i.e., suspended from his functions) by Queen Elizabeth for his allegedly Puritan leanings, but later reinstated. Spenser was employed for a time by Grindal’s close associate John Young, Bishop of Rochester. Thomalin had appeared in the March eclogue, though that was a tale of Cupid’s darts; and Palinode in the first religious eclogue, ‘Maye’. As in Mantuan VIII, Spenser is infusing religious allegory into a traditional encounter of upland and lowland shepherds.

Julye. Æglogae septima.

ARGUMENT.
This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepehearde, and to the shame and disprayse of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin. Morrell.

Thomalin. Is not thilke same a gotehheard powrde,  
that sitt on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selve doth shrowde among the bushes rancke?

Morrell. What ho, thou iolly shepheards swayne, come vp the hyll to me:

Better is, then the lowly playne, asl for thy flocke, and thee. Thomalin. Ah God shield, man, that I should clime, and leerne to looke alofte,

This reede is ryfe, that oftentime Great clymbers fall vnsoft. In humble dales is footing fast,

And though one fall through needlesse hast, yet is his misse not mickle. And now the Sonne hath reared vp his fyriefooaded teme,

Making his way betweene the Cuppe, and golden Diademe:

The rampant Lyon hunts he fast, with Dogge of noysome breath, Whose balefull barking brings in hast pyne, pagues, and dreery death. Agaynst his cruell scorching heate where hast thou coueture?

The wastefull hylls vnto his threate is a playne ouerture. But if thou lust, to holden chat with seely shepherds swayne,

Come downe, and leerne the little what, that Thomalin can sayne.

Morrell. Syker, thous but a laesie lord, and rekes much of thy swinck, That with fond termes, and weetlesse words to blere myne eyes doest thinke. In euill houre thou hentest in hond thus holy hylles to blame,

For sacred vnto saints they stond, and of them han theyr name. And of S. Michels mount who does not know, that wardes the Westerne coste?

And of S. Brigets bowre I trow, all Kent can rightly boaste:

And they that con of Muses skill, sayne most what, that they dwell (As gotheards wont) vpon a hill, beside a learned well.

And wonned not the great God Pan, vpon mount Oliuet:  

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3 straying] ‘which wander out of the waye of truth’ (E. K.).  
6–7 hyll ... playne] Moral contrast between hill (pride) and plain or valley (humility) traditional in pastoral.  
18 fyriefooaded teme] horses of the sun-charriot.  
19–20 Cuppe, Diademe] ‘two signes in the Firmament, through which the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly’ (E. K.).  
21 Lyon] the zodiacal sign of Leo, which the sun enters in late July.  
22 Dogge] Sirius or the dog-star, which rises with the sun in July and early August.  
24 pyne ... death] associated with the hot ‘dog days’.  
33 loord] here a term of opprobrium, from the hatred aroused by the ‘lurdanes’ or ‘lord Danes’ when they ruled England (so E. K.).  
34 rekes ... swinck] ‘counts muchof thy paynes’ (E. K.) – i.e. values your labour too highly.  
41 S Michels mount] off the coast of Cornwall, site of an old monastery linked to the Order of S Michel founded in France.  
43 S Brigets bowre] No such place in Kent. J. W. Bennett suggests a hill in Greenwich. (J. W. Bennett, ‘St Bridget, Queen Elizabeth, and Amadis of Gaul’, ELH 43.1, 1943, 26–34.) But in view of Morrell’s later errors (50, 51) he may ignorantly be referring to a non-existent hill.  
47–8 hill ... well] Mount Helicon and either of the springs Aganippe and Hippocrene at its foot.  
49 great God Pan] obviously Christ.  
50 Oliuet] where Christ preached and underwent his agony, but did not dwell.
Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan, which dyd himselfe beget? 

\[\text{Thomaline.} \quad \text{O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great, which bought his flocke so deare,}\]

And them did saue with bloudy sweat from Wolues, that would them teare. 

\[\text{Morell.} \quad \text{Besyde, as holy fathers sayne, there is a hylye place,}\]

Upon whose toppes the starres bene stayed, and all the skie doth leane, 

\[\text{Where Titan} \quad \text{ryseth from the mayne, to renne hys dalye race.}\]

There is the caye, where Phebe layed the shepheard long to dreame. 

\[\text{Whilome there vzs shepheardes all to feede theyr flocks at will,}\]

Till by his foly one did fall, that all the rest did spil. 

And sithens shepheardes bene foresaid from places of delight: 

\[\text{For thy I weene thou be affrayd, to clime this hilles height.}\]

\[\text{Of Synah can I tell thee more,}\]

\[\text{And of our Ladies bowre:}\]

\[\text{But little needes to strow my store, suffice this hill of our.}\]

\[\text{Here han the holy Faunes resource, and Syluanes haunten rathe.}\]

\[\text{Here has the salt Medway his sourse, wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.}\]

\[\text{The salt Medway, that trickling stremis adowne the dales of Kent:}\]

\[\text{Till with his elder brother Themis his brackish waues be meynt.}\]

\[\text{Here growes Melampode euery where, and Teribinth good for Gotes:}\]

\[\text{The one, my madding kiddles to smere, the next, to heale theyr throtes.}\]

\[\text{Hereto, the hills bene higher heuen, and thence the passage ethe.}\]

\[\text{As well can proue the piercing leuin, the seedome falls bynethe.}\]

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51 flocke of Dan] Morrell’s worst error. Christ belonged to the tribe (flocke) of Judah; the Antichrist was thought to come from the tribe of Dan. E. K. offers a different explanation: ‘One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synedochen: i.e. the ‘flocke of Dan’ is humankind, from which the incarnate Christ was born. 57-68 Loosely based on Mantuan VIII.45-9. E. K. cites the account of the mountain range of Ida in Diodorus Siculus 17.7 (not a ‘holy father’); an optical illusion from the hilltop appears to show the sun before it appears, its fire dispersed over a huge distance. 61 stayed] (a) supported, upheld (b) fastened, anchored. 63-4 Phebe] Diana or Cynthia the moon-goddess. She put her beloved shepherd Endymion to continual sleep on Mount Latmos, not Ida. 67-8 Obvious reference to the Fall, so that the ‘hylye place’ (58) is assimilated to Paradise. E. K. calls it an ‘error of shepheardes understanding’ to say all shepheardes fed their flocks there. 69 foresaid] forsaid, ‘exclude(d) by command’ (OED: only in Spenser). 73 Synah] Sinai. ‘Ah hill in Arabia, where God appeared’ (E. K.) to Moses and granted him the Ten Commandments. 74 our Ladies bowre] ‘a place of pleasure so called’ (E. K.), scandalously placed by Morell on a par with Mount Sinai. But perhaps Laureta, the Catholic place of pilgrimage, mentioned in Mantuan VIII alongside Sinai. 75 strow] strewe: display (OED strew id, citing this passage only). 77-8 Faunes, Syluanes] wood-gods, often lascivious, holy satirically identifying them with priests. 78 haunten] resort to, frequent (pl. ending in - en rathe) quickly, thence readily, eagerly. 79 Medway] flows through Kent into the Thames (Themis, 81) at Rochester near the latter’s estuary, hence ‘salt’ (81). About this time, Spenser was employed by the Bishop of Rochester. 85-6 Melampode, Teribinth] the black hellebore and turpentine tree respectively: ‘Herbes good to cure diseased Gotes’ (E. K., citing Mantuan VIII.17 for the first and Theocritus, Epigram 1 for the latter). 89-92 E. K. notes Morell’s ‘simplesesse’ in thinking that physical height implies nearness to heaven. Also strange to regard lightning-strikes as a sign of heavenly favour. E. K. quotes Horace, Odes 2.10.
Syker thou speakes lyke a lewe lorrell,
of Heauen to demen so:
Thomalin.

How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.

To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.

And he that striues to touch the starres,
oft stumbles at a strawe.

Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leads in lowly dales,

As Getheerd proud that sitting hye,

My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not Melampode:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and liken theyr abode;

But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soothe myght be corrupted:

Or like not of the frowie fede.
like as not, very likely;'mustye or mossie' (E. K.), damp

The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reverence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the saynts, which han be dead of yore.

And nowe they bene to heauen forewent, theiry good is with them goe:

Theyr sample onely to vs lent, that als we mought doe soe.

Shepheards they weren of the best, and liued in lowly leas:

And sith theyr soules bene now at rest, why done we them disease?

Such one he was, (as I haue heard old Algrind often sayne)

That whilome was the first shepheard, and liued with little gayne:

As meek he was, as meeke mought be, simple, as simple sheepe,

Humble, and like in eche degree the flocke, which he did keepe.

Often he vsed of hys keepe a sacrifice to bring,

Now with a Kidde, now with a sheepe the Altars hallowing.

So lowted he vnto hys Lord, such fauour couthe he fynd,

That sithens neuer was abhord, the simple shepheards kynd.

And such I weene the brethren were, that came from Canaan:

The brethren twelue, that kept yfere the flockes of mighty Pan.

But nothing such thilk shephearde was, whom Ida hyll dyd beare,

That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse, whose loue he bought to deare:

For he was proude, that ill was payd, (no such mought shepheards bee)

---

And with lewde lust was ouerlayd: pressed, overcome

tway things doen ill agree:
But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde, well eyed, as Argus was,
With fleshly follyes vndefyled, and stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd Algrin) Moses was,
That sawe hys makers face,

His face more cleare, then Christall glasse, in his presence, face to face
and spake to him in place.

This had a brother, (his name I knewe) the first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true, as he that earst I hote.
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief, and lousel their flockes to feede,
They never strouen to be chiefe, and simple was thyr weede.

But now (thanked be God therefore) the world is well amend,
Their weede ben not so nighly wore, as such simplesse mought them shend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall, so hath thyr god them blist,
They reigne and rulen ouer all, in simple parsimonious fashion
and lord it, as they list:

Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold, might; shame
(mought they good sheepeheards bene) rich cloth, especially purple
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold, blest
I saye as some have seene.

For Palinode (if thou him ken) the nobleman of Pilgrimage
yode late on Pilgrimage went
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then he sawe thilke misusage.

For sheepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade, as Lordes done other where,
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread: parings of bread crusts; hearty meal
the chippes, and they the chere:

They han the fleec, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheepe the while)

The corne is theyrs, let other thresh, defile
their hands they may not file.
They han great stores, and thrifty stockes, prosperous, abundant
great freendes and feele foes:
What neede hem caren for their flocks?
theyr boyes can looke to those.

These wisards welte in welths waues, 'wallowe' (E. K.)
pampred in pleasures deep,

They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,

\hspace{1em}---

\begin{itemize}
\item \textbf{Argus} the hundred-eyed guard appointed by Hera (Juno) for Io transformed into a cow: exemplifying moral vigilance. 
\item \textbf{steede} stead: house or city. 
\item \textbf{of brasse} with walls of brass.
\item \textbf{his name I knewe} E. K. says Thomalins forgetting Aaron's name is in accord with pastoral decorum, 'lest his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the Person'. This seems rather pointless, seeing as Thomalin can recall Moses' name. 
\item \textbf{yet not so true} Aaron led the people in an idolatrous revolt during Moses' absence (Exodus 32). 
\item \textbf{purple and pall} the dress of kings and rulers: according to E. K., 'Spoken of the Popes and Cardinallers', whose vestements were also called 'palls'. A glance not only at the Catholic church but High Anglicanism. 
\item \textbf{May they be or prove good shepherds.} 
\item \textbf{Theyr Pan} 'that is the Pope' (E. K.): referring to the sale of church offices for money. 
\item \textbf{if such be Rome} if such a place deserves the name of Rome. 
\item \textbf{wisards} 'greate learned heads' (E. K.), obviously ironical. 
\item \textbf{i.e.,} The upper clergy live in luxury, while the lowly priests looking after the common people are impoverished. 
\item \textbf{kerne} a Churle or Farmer (E. K.; OED 2). 
\end{itemize}
...their fasting fockes to keepe.
Sike mister men bene all misgone,
they heappen hyles of wrath:
Sike syrlye shepheards han we none,
they keepe all the path.

Morrell. Here is a great deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling,
Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:
harme may come of medling.
Thou medlest more, then shall haue thanke,
to wyten shepheards welth:
When folk bene fat, and riches rancke,
it is a signe of helth.

But say me, what is Algrin he,
that is so oft bynempt.
Thomalin. He is a shepheard great in gree,
but hath bene long ypent.

One day he sat vpon a hyll,
as now thou wouldest me:
But I am taught by Algrins ill,
to loue the lowe degree.)

For sitting so with bared scalpe,
an Eagle sorely lye,
That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
a shell fish downe let flye:
She weend the shell fishe to haue broake,
but therewith bruud his brayne,
So now astonied with the stroke,
he lyes in linging payne.

Morell. Ah good Algrin, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time.
Now farwell shepheard, sith thys hyll
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Palinodes Embleme.
In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.
In summo felicitas.

42 Edmund Spenser From Colin Clout’s Come Home Again

This long poem (published 1595) presents Spenser (in his usual persona of Colin Clout) among the expatriate English community in Ireland, where Spenser lived from 1580 to 1599 as secretary to the Lord Deputy. The immediate subject is a visit to the court at London with his patron Sir Walter Ralegh in 1590–91, to present the first section of The Faerie Queene to the Queen in hope of preferment. The poem combines two conventional pastoral veins, viewing the court through a shepherd’s eyes as a place of simultaneous distinction and corruption, occasion of both encomium and satire. The excerpts below represent lines 1-79, 178-263, 290-327, 584-687 of the poem.

202 wrath] presumably human as well as divine. 204 They stick to the right path: a concession to the English clergy, perhaps to balance the earlier attack. 209 No-one will thank you for meddling so much. 216 long ypent] Grindal (see headnote) was not imprisoned but sequestered (i.e. prevented from performing most duties) for his supposed (though mild) Puritan sympathies. 217 a hyll] i.e. position of eminence. Grindal was Bishop of London and Archbishop of York before becoming Archbishop of Canterbury. 230 better in time] Grindal was reinstated in 1582. 233 In medio virtus] Virtue lies in the middle path. 234 In summo felicitas] Happiness resides at the top. E. K. has a long note on the opposite ideals of the golden mean and the highest or perfect happiness, as reflected respectively in the humility of Christ and the exalted bliss of God in heaven.
The shepheardes boy (best knowe by that name)  
That after Titurus first sung his lay,  
Laies of sweet loue, without rebuke or blame,  
Sate (as his custome was) ypon a day,  
Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,  
The shepherd swaines that did about him play:  
Who all the while with greedie listfull ears,  
Did stand astonishd at his curious skill,  
Like hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders sound.  

At last when as he piped had his fill,  
He rested him: and sitting then around,  
One of those groomes (a lolly groome was he,  
As euer piped on an oaten reed,  
And lou’d this shepheard dearest in degree,  
Hight Hobbinol) gan thus to him areed.  

Colin my liefe, my life, how great a losse  
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke?  
And I poore swaine of many greatest crosse:  
That sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe  
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,  
Hast made vs all so blessed and so blythe  
Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:  
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,  
And all their birds with silence to complaine:  
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourn,  
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:  
The running waters wept for thy returne,  
And all their fish with languour did lament:  
But now both woods and fields, and floods reviue,  
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,  
That vs late dead, hast made againe aliue:  
But were it not too painfull to repeat  
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell  
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,  
Now at thy leisure them to vs to tell.  

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus,  
Hobbin thou temptest me to that I couet:  
For of good passed newly to discus,  
By dubble vsurie doth twice renew it.  
And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,  
Her worlds bright sun, here heauens fairest light,  
My mind full of my thoughts satietie,  
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:  
Since that same day in nought I take delight  
Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleasure,  
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,  
My lifes sole blisses, my hearts eternall threasure.  
Wake then my pipe, my sleepee Muse awake,  
Till I haue told her praises lasting long:  

Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake,  
Harke then ye lolly shepheards to my song.  
With that they all gan throng about him neare,  
With hungry eares to heare his harmonie:

---

2 after | prob. 'following, imitating' rather than 'next in time'.  
Titurus | Chaucer, as usually in Spenser, transferring the usual pastoral name for Virgil derived from Virgil I.  
5 Charming | 'tempering, tuning, playing' (OED charm' 7: first and chief examples from Spenser).  
12 groomes | men; in 16–17c, especially shepherds (OED 2).  
15 Hobbinol | Identified with Gabriel Harvey in SC ('September' 176) and Colin Clout 735–6, where Hobbinol says he (like Harvey) once served Lobbin (the Earl of Leicester).  
Harvey was never in Ireland, but Spenser transfers him imaginatively to this setting.  
18 of many | greatest crosse | (had) suffered the most of all.  
19-21 We are all happy and blessed now that, for the first time since your return, you are singing as you used to do of old.  
37 You are asking of me what I myself wish to do.  
38-9 To discuss past happiness again doubles the enjoyment derived from it.  
40 that Angel | Elizabeth.  
40–41 standard Petrarchan conceits.  
43 sweet ... sight | the sweet pleasure drawn from that sight.
The whiles their flocks deuoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.

Whilest their locks deuoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.

Oneday (quoth he) I sat, (as was my trade)
Vnder the foote of Mole that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade,
Of the greene alders by the Mullaees shore:

T_herea strange shepheard chauntst to f_iind me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chauce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleeepe,
The shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
He sitting me beside in that same shade,
Prouoked me to plaie some pleasant fit,

And when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleas’d at it:
Yet æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe before that æmuled of many,
And plaid theron; (for well that skil he cond)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip’d, I sung; and when he sung, I piped,
By chauce of turnes, each making other mery,
Neither enuying other, nor enuied,
So piped we, vntill we both were weary.

.......................................

When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
(Quoth he) and each an end of singing made,
He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot:
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leaue, thenceforth he counseld mee,
Vnmeet for man in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see:

Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull.
Besides her peerlesse skil in making well
And all the ornamente of wondrous wit,
Such as all womanyakd did far excell:
Such as the world admyr’d and praised it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forthe with him to fare,
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill:
Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
So to the sea we came; the sea? that is
A world of waters heaped vp on he,
Rolling like mountaine in wide wildernesse,

Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.

And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fearfull?
Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear:
Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping direfull
Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare.

57 Mole] Spenser’s name for the Ballahoura mountains near his Irish home. hore] hoar, white-headed.
Called ‘Old father Mole’ in Colin Clout 104, F.Q VII.6.36.8. 59 Mullaees Spenser’s name for the river Awbeg near his home in Kilcolma: flowing down from the Mole, hence called his daughter (Colin Clout 108, F.Q VII.6.36.8). 66 shepheard of the Ocean] Walter Raleigh, who calls himself the Ocean or ‘Oceanus’ in his own poetry in allusion to his voyages. (See no.142.) One of the biggest landowners in Ireland, and familiar with Spenser. 72 æmuling] emulating: imitating, attempting to rival (OED cites only this passage). 82 cast] bestow. lore] (a) skill (b) tales, compositions. 96 quill] (a) pipe (b) pen.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

And yet would liue with heart halfe stonie cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.

And yet as ghastly dreadfull as it seemes,
Bold men presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes
Seek waies vnknowne, waies leading down to hell.
For as we stood there standing on the strand,
Behold an huge great vessell to vs came,
Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,
As if it scornd the daunger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed togener with some subtle matter,

Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to moue it selle vpon the water.
Strange thing, how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither car’d for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe
So purposely, that she made them roare againe.
The same afoord vs gently did receaue,
And without harme vs farre away did beare,
So farre that land our mother vs did leaue,
And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.

Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no liuing people dwell.
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.
If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she be,
Where be the flocks and heardes, which she doth keep?

And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe?
These be the hills (quoth he) the surges hie,
On which faire Cynthia her heards doth feed:
Her heardes be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton blowing loud his wreathed horne:
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at euening and at morne.

And Proteus eke with him does drue his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porcpisceses together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
And I among the rest of many least,
Haue in the Ocean charge to me assignd:
Where I will liue or die at her he beast,
And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
And of immortall race, doost still attend

To wash faire Cynthiæs sheep, when they be shorne,
And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.
Those be the shepheards which my Cynthia serue,
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land:

Although it seems so ghastly and fearsome.  
out of anger and frustration that the ship had escaped their clutches. 
an object of chivalric adoration and allegiance. 
A celebration of England’s nascent naval power.  
Neptune’s son, who herded and rode on sea-creatures. 
the shell on which Triton is commonly shown as blowing.  
a sea-god capable of great changes of shape, tending flocks of seals.  
porpoises: false etymology, porc + pisces, pig + fish.  
Ralegh was appointed Vice-Admiral of Devon and Cornwall in 1585.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To have in her commandment at hand.

What land is that thou meanest (then Cuddy sayd)
And is there other, then whereon we stand?
Ah Cuddy (then quoth Colin) thou a fool,
That hast not seen least part of natures worke:
Much more there is vnkend, then thou dost kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.
For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corn, faire trees, fresh herbage is
And all things else that living creatures need.
Besides most goodly riveres there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy Punchins praise,
Or vnto Allo or to Mulla clere:
Nought hast thou foolish boy seene in thy daies.
But if that land be there (quoth he) as here,
And is theyr heauen likewise there all one?
And if like heauen, be heavenely graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do done?
Both heavenly and heavenly graces do much more
(Quoth he) abound in that same land, then this.
For there all happie peace and plenteous store
Conspire in one to make contented bliss:
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No grisly famine, nor no raging swaerd,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries;
The shepheardes there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger:
No rauenous wolues the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
There learned arts do flourish in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest vpon her,
Aduancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to use:
For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse.

So hauing said, Aglaura him bespake:
Colin, well worthie were those godly favours
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
But of great Cynthiaes goodness and high grace,
Finish the storie which thou hast begunne.
More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case,
How to begin, then know how to haue donne.
For euerie gift and euerie goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day,
And euerie day, in which she did a deed,
Demaunds a yeare it duly to display;
Her words were like a streame of honny flowing,
The which doth softly trickle from the huie:

177-8 Punchin (Funcheon), Allo, Mulla] rivers in Ireland. Allo ‘the little stream now called the Allo or Allow, flowing into the Blackwater ... though Spenser really intended it for the great Blackwater itself.’ (P. W. Joyce, The Wonders of Ireland, 1911). Mulla] See 59n. 191-2 bodrags] raids (like those of insurgents or marauders in Ireland). 194-5 wolues, outlawes] two major afflictions in Ireland. Cf FQ 76.55: Ireland ‘Doth to this day with Wolues and Thieues abound’. Wolves were extinct in England by Henry VII’s time. 198 The English monarch is the head of the Church of England. 208 Cynthia] Diana the virgin moon-goddess – a common identity for Elizabeth.
Hable to melt the hearers heart vnweeting,  
And eke to make the dead againe alieue.  
220  
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,  
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull vine:  
Oft to fall into each mouth that gapes,  
And fill the same with store of timely wine.  
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sun,  
Forth looking through the windowes of the East:  
When first the fleecie cattell haue begun  
Vpon the perled grasse to make their feast.  
Her thoughts are like the fume of Frankincence,  
Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise:  
230  
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence  
In rolling globes vp to the vaulted skies.  
There she beholds with high aspiring thought,  
The cradle of her owne creation:  
Emongst the seats of Angels heauenly wrought,  
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.  
Colin (said Cuddy then) thou hast forgot  
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:  
Such loftie flight, base shepheard seemeth not,  
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.  
240  
True (answered he) but her great excellence,  
Lifts me aboue the measure of my might:  
That being fild with furious insolence,  
I feele my selfe like one yrat in spright.  
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,  
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:  
And when I speake of her what I haue thought,  
I cannot thinke according to her worth.  
Yet will I thynke of her, yet will I speake,  
So long as life my limbs doth hold together.  
250  
And when as death these vitall bands shall brake,  
Her name recorded I will leave for euer.  
Her name in euerie tree I will endosse,  
That as the trees do grow, her name may grow:  
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,  
And fill with stones, that all men may it know,  
The speaking woods and murmuring waters fall,  
Her name Ile teach in knownen termes to frame:  
And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,  
Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name.  
260  
And long while after I am dead and rotten:  
Amoungst the shepheardes daughters dancing round,  
My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,  
But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.  
And ye, who so ye be, that shall surviue:  
When as ye heare her memory renewed,  
Be witnesse of her bountie here alioe,  
Which she to Colin her poore shepheard shewed.  
270  
And stood awhile astonish at his words,  
Till Thestyris at last their silence brake,  
Saying, Why Colin, since thou foundst such grace  
With Cynthia and all her noble crew:  
Why dist thou euer leaue that happie place,  
In which such wealth might vnto thee accrue?  
And back returnedst to this barrein soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell:  
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle,  
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell,

Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold,
That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
Of fortune and of enuy vncomptrold,
Which still are wont most happie states’ annoys:
But I by that which little while I prooued,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually houed,
And followed those which happie seemd to bee.
Therefore I silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Darest not adventure such vnknownen wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose vmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then hauing learned repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there descryde.

Shepheard (said Thestyliis) it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enuiest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie.

Cause haue Inone (quoth he) of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demeaned so well:
But seelse-regard of priuate good or ill,
Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
Which through report of that liues painted blisse,
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
And leaue their lambes to losse misled amisse.

43 Edmund Spenser  Astrophe

This elegy for Sidney was prob. written long after Sidney’s death in 1586, perhaps at the revival of the Sidney cult in the early 1590s when his works began to be published. It appeared in 1595, heading a supplementary section to Colin Clouts Come Home Againe consisting entirely of laments for Sidney. Modelled on Ronsard’s French poem Adonis, and that in turn on Bion’s Greek lament for Adonis and the story of Venus and Adonis in Ovid, Met. X.519-739. Astrophe (or Astrophil, ‘star-lover’) is the name famously assumed by Sidney as the lover of Stella (‘star’), Penelope Devereux (see 731). Spenser seems to be transferring the name Stella to Sidney’s wife Frances Walsingham, or conflating Penelope and Frances in a single symbolic figure of mourning.

ASTROPHEL.
A Pastorall Elegievpon the death of the most Noble and valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney.

Dedicated

To the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Countesse of Essex.

Shepheard that won on pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loues concealed smart:
And with your pitieous layes haue learned to breed
Compassion in a crountry lasses hart.

Hearken ye gentle shepheardes to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell:

279 is and cannot tell] is so placed, but cannot complain. 284 by that ... prooued] from my brief experience. 300-4 I have no grudge against them, for they treated me well; but concern for my welfare makes me speak against them and warn other young shepherds against the court. 0.3 the Countesse of Essex] Sidney’s widow, Frances Walsingham.
To you whose softened hearts it may empiersse,
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nyce wit
Shall hap to heare, or coute them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity euer place,
Let him be moov’d to pity such a case.

A Gentle Shepheard borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore:
About the grassie bancks of Hæmony,
Did keepe his sheepe, his little stock and store.
Full carefully he kept hem day and night,
In fairest fields, and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel the pride of shepheardes praise,
Young Astrophel the rustieke lasses loue:
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepheard might behoue.
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed:
A splendor swaine excelling far each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed.
He grew vp fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire woX both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle vsage and demeanure myld:
That all mens hearts with secret rauiishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld.
Ne spight it selfe that all good things doth spill,
Found outh in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sovre, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasse nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel so euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheardes in their shearing feast:
As Somers larke that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the East.
And layes of loue he also could compose,
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe amongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo,
For her that did his heart with loue inflame,
For which they promised to dight for him,

Gay chapeteels of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

[15 such ones] mourners, too afflicted by grief to write finely.  
[19 Arcady] perhaps referring specially to Sidney’s Arcadia.  
[21 Hæmony] Haemonia, the ancient name of Thessaly, a traditional pastoral locale.  
[41-2] Even malice, that attacks all good things, could not find any fault in him.  
[43-8] Sidney took prominent part in court spectacles and entertainments, and was valued by Elizabeth for that reason despite her reservations about him. Perhaps also recalls Sidney’s introducing himself (under his other persona of Philisides) in the song-meets or ‘Eclogues’ in Arcadia.
And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill:
Both christall wells and shadie groues forsooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood Gods for them oft sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts vnworthie of his wit,
Yet not vnworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sight,
His lifes desire, and his deare loues delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire:
A fairer star saw neuer liuing eie,
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon her.

To her he vowd the servise of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her of loue he worthie deemed,
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine (yet verses are not vaine)
But with braue deeds to her sole service vowed,
And bold atchievements her did entertaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas).

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheards are emong.
In euery one he vanquished euery one,
He vanquished all, and vanquishd was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie,
Or rather infelicitie he found:
That euery field and forest far away,
He sought, where saluage do most abound.
No beast so saluage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with such courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise:
To seek abroad, of daunger nought y'drad,
His mistress name, and his owne fame to raise.
What need perill to be sought abroad,
Since round about vs, it doth make abroad?

64 charmes, enchanting] to be taken (though metaphorically) in the full magical sense. 69-70
The gifts were no fit tribute to his talents, though the best the countryside could afford. 73 Stella]
Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex, finally married to Lord Rich; the subject of Sidney’s
Astrophil and Stella and other poems. Curiously brought into a poem dedicated to the woman Sidney
later married, though of course Stella was a celebrated presence in his poetry. Spenser might be intend-
ing a transference of the name to Sidney’s wife Frances (as 165ff. implies), though she had remarried
before the publication and prob. composition of Astrophel. 75-6 The fairest star that living eye that
ever saw (punning on Stella, star). 91-6 pastoral parallels to Sidney’s courtly sports and jousts. 97
hunting] a trope for soldiering. 98 infelicitie] alluding to his death in battle.
It fortuned as he, that perilous game
In forreine soyle pursued far away:
Into a forest wide, and waste he came
Where store he heard to be of saluage pray.
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nour famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo is.
There his welwounen toyles and subtil traines,
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
That he of them great troupes did soone entrap.
Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones all heeldlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedly into the heard he thrust:
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be brust.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.
His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partiall vnto none)
Ill mynd so much to mynd another ill,
As to become vnmynfull of his owne.
But pardon that vnto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag’d emongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accrued brood
Vpon him turnd (despeyre makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so misciusious might,
That it both bone and muscles ryued quight.
So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow:
That he endured not the direfull stound,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw.
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,
And hauing none to let, to wood did wend.
Ah where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom alius was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire Mayds the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?
Ah where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?
Ah wretched boy the shape of dreryhead,
And sad ensample of mans suddin end:
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Vnpitied, vnpplaynd, of foe or frend.
Whilst none is nigh, thine eylids vp to close,
And kiss thy lips like faded leaues of rose.
A sort of shepheardes seving of the chace,
As they the forest raunged on a day:

110 forreine soyle] Sidney died at the battle of Zutphen in the Netherlands. 114 Ardeyn] prob. covering both Arden in Warwickshire and Ardennes in France, as later in Shakespeare’s As You Like It. Arlo] Aherlow, a glen once held by English landowners but, by Spenser’s time, taken over by the Irish, hence in Englishmen’s view a fowle despoilte region. 131 But the cruel heavens are responsible for this (so pardon them if you wish). 132 That distracted his attention towards them and away from his own safety. 145 A common pastoral motif going back to Theocritus I.66. 148 Which of you could boast of being his favourite? 157 sort of shepheardes] probably alluding to the Dutch, in whose country Sidney died. He survived 26 days after his injury, hence this passage of time.
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By fate or fortune came vnto the place,
Where as the luckesse boy yet bleeding lay.
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled,
Had not good hap those sheheardes thether led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was)
And in their armes then softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loved lasse,
His dearest loue him dolefullly did beare.
The dolefulst beare that euer man did see,
Was Astrophel, but dearest vnto mee.

She when she saw her loue in such a plught,
With cruddled blood and filthy gore deformed:
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare fauours dearly well adorned
Her face, the fairest face, that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As Sunny beumes in fairest somers day:
She fierly tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away.
And her faire brest the thresury of joy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face impicted with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath,
Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous mone the which she for him made:
No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did inuade.
At last when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
But after him did make vntimely haste:
Forth with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like Turtle chaste.
To proove that death their hearts cannot diuide,
Which liuing were in loue so firmly tide.

The Gods which all things see, this same beheld,
And pittyng this paire of louers trew:
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre that is both red and blew.
It first grows red, and then to blowe doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

172 [lent lustre to the love-tokens that she gave him to wear. 177 fiery] ?fiercely, violently (not in OED).
179-80 Her heart, usually the repository of joy, was now filled with grief. 187 regret] in a very strong sense: lament, grief. 192 His spent life left the lodging (i.e., the body) it had grown weary of. Her] because Lat. vita (life) is feminine. 195 Sidney’s widow Frances Walsingham not only survived him but married Robert, Second Earl of Essex, and bore him five children. She could not be shown openly as mourning her first husband. Penelope Rich, too, made a second marriage following a public affair with Charles Blount, Baron Mountjoy. Spenser creates a fictitious Stella combining Penelope and Frances – perhaps with overtones of Sidney’s sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, though in the continuation of this poem (see 234n) she is Clorinda, presented in her true relationship to the dead (L.229). 196 Turtle-doves mate for life. 202 one flowre] probably imaginary, though the description fits the borage (Spenser Variorum 7.498). The names Starlight and Penthea (211-12) are not used of any known flower in Spenser’s time. ‘Starlight’ obviously alludes to Stella, and ‘Penthea’, in Gk, would be ‘the flower of sorrow’.
And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes:
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes,
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some, Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well:
But thou where euer thou doest finde the same,
Form this day forth do call it Astrophel.
And when so euer thou it vp doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loued him full deare:
And sure full deare of all he loued was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that piteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great grief opprest:
And every one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz’d to shew his sorrow best.
That from this houre since first on grassie greene
Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that liues this day:
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which least I marre the sweetnesse of the verse,
In sort as she it sung, I will rehearse.

44 Edmund Spenser  The Faerie Queene Book VI Canto IX.5-36

In the last of the six completed books of The Faerie Queene, Sir Calidore, the knight exemplifying courtesy, spends some time among shepherds in cantos 9 and 10. In one sense, this marks a truancy from his mission to destroy the Blatant (bleating, braying) Beast, a monster allegorizing rumour. But it is also the spiritual climax of his quest: the vision of the Graces in Canto 10, with deep Neoplatonic implications, is often seen as an effective thematic conclusion to the formally incomplete FQ. Calidore’s pastoral sojourn is also the romantic climax of his story, for he marries Pastorella, the shepherdess who proves to be of noble parentage. The virtue of courtesy comprises not only outward etiquette but, more centrally, an inner humane refinement expressed in one’s total conduct towards all persons. Etymologically and historically, it is identified with the court, yet the Knight of Courtesy finds his most congenial milieu among shepherds in the country, courting a shepherd girl – who proves to be of noble birth. The virtue perfected in pastoral life emanates from the court and returns to it. Calidore is often identified with Philip Sidney, the iconic exemplar of courtesy. In his encounter with Colin Clout (Spenser, as usual), he also suggests Walter Ralegh on his visit to Ireland, as recounted in Colin Clout’s Come Home Again. Colin’s presence suggests Spenser’s own life in rural Ireland, and Melibee’s discourse on the virtues of the country a (perhaps resigned) acceptance of that life: a paradigm previously found in Colin Clout. As might be expected, the language of this pastoral episode often echoes SC.

There on a day as he pursedhe’s chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard grooms,
Playing on byres, and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broumes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had therether brought.

[Beast; driven]

234 as she it sung] Suggests the ‘Dolefull Lay of Clorinda’ that follows is Lady Mary’s composition; but it is closely integrated into the preceding verse, and commonly accepted as Spenser’s own work.
They answer’d him, that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw:
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayed high God them farre from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rustick wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke, to quench his thirstie heat,
And if he hungered, him offred eke to eat.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayed him sit, and gaued him for to feed
Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,
That doth despise the daunties of the tounce.
Tho hauing fed his fill, there beseide
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry floweres, with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dye.

Vpon a little hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Enuiron’d with a girland, goodly graceed,
Of louely lasses, and them all without
The lustle shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in euery lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count’nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lampes did dim:
Who her admiring as some heauenly wight,
Did for her soueraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheardes Swayne
But did her honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheardes to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed.
He was vnwaeres surpris’d in subtle bands
Of the bylnd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruel hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

35 hew] hue, appearance (OED 2).
35-6 Platonic implications, as throughout this episode and FQ generally, reaching a climax in Canto 10 (no.43).
60-61 Unknown to him, he was caught in the bonds of love. 
63 gazing... stands] stands motionless at the sight of a predator.
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So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
   Ne any will had thence to moue away,
   Although his quest were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
   And sate there still, vntill the flying day
   Was farre forth spent, discoursing diuersely
   Of sundry things, as fell to worke delay;
   And euermore his speach he did apply
   To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantasy.

By this the moystie night approaching fast,
   Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheardes to their homes to hast
   Their tender flockes, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
   Then came to them a good old aged syre,
   Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheardes hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
   That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

He was to weet by common voice esteemed
   The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
   And of her selfe in very deede so deemed;
   Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
   Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
   In th'open fields an Infant left alone,
   And taking vp brought home, and noursed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none,
   That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
   And straight vnto her litle flocke did fare:
   Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
   And each his sundrie sheepe with seuerall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
   Why lest euerie one with helping hands did striue
   Amongst themselues, and did their labours share
   To helpe faire Pastorella, home to drie
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did giue.

But Melibœe (so hight that good old man)
   Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
   And night arriued hard at hand, began
   Him to inuite vnto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
   And all things therein meane, yet better so
   To lodge, then in the saluage fields to rome.
   The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wish, and home with him did go.

There he was welcom’d of that honest syre,
   And of his aged Beldame homely well;
   Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
   And rest himselfe, till supper time befell.
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
   After her flocke she in their fold had tyde,
   And supper readie dight, they to it fell
   With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth little craue contented to abyde.

84 And she herself thought so.  95 bare bore, took along (OED bear v.1e).  104 lome loam: clay and sand mixed with straw to plaster walls.  110 homely (a) kindly (so OED for this passage) (b) simply, unpretentiously.  117 which asks for little to be contented.
Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
   And the fare mayd the table ta’ne away,
   The gentle knight, as he that did excell
   In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
   For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
   Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
   And drawing thence his speach another way,
   Gan highly to commend the happie life,
   Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

How much (sayd he) more happie is the state,
   In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,
   Leading a life so free and fortunate,
   From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
   Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease?
   Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
   Doe them afflict, which no man can appease,
   That certes I your happiness enuie,
   And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie.

Surely my sonne (then answer’d he againe)
   If happie, then it is in this intent,
   That hauing small, yet doe I not complaine
   Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
   But doe my selfe, with that I haue, content;
   So taught of nature, which doth little need
   Of forreine helps to lifes due nourishment:
   The fields my food, my flocks my rayment breed;
   No better doe I weare, no better do I feed.

Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
   Nor am enuyde of any one therefore;
   They that hauce much, feare much to loose thereby,
   And store of cares doth follow riches store.
   The little that I haue, growes dayly more
   Without my care, but onely to attend it;
   My lambs doe euery yeare increase their score,
   And my flocks father daily doth amend it.

What haue I, but to praise th’Almighty, that doth send it?

To them that list, the worlds gay showes I leaue,
   And to great ones such follies doe forgieue,
   Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,
   And through ambition downe themselues doe drue.
   To sad decay, that might contented liue,
   Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
   Ne once my minds vnmoued quiet grieue,
   But all the night in siluer sleepe I spend,
   And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
   Vnto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
   Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe,
   Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay;
   Another while I baytes and nets display,
   The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle:
   And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
   My limbes in euery shade, to rest from toyle,
   And drinke of euery brooke, when thirst my throte doth boyle.

Meliboe’s discourse closely imitates that of a shepherd who gives shelter to Erminia in Tasso’s Jerusalem Delivered VII.8-13. if I only wait for it to grow, without troubling myself about it. the stud ram. that might otherwise have lived in content. I never regret my undisturbed peace of mind.
The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain’d amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe, and shepheards base attire:
For further fortune then I would inquiere.
And leaving home, to roiall court I sought;
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:

There I beheld such vainenesse, as I never thought.

With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
From natuie home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.
Tho backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth haue learn’d to loue more deare
This lowly quiet life, which I inherit here.

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong still vpon his melting mouth attend;
Whose sensefull words empirst his hart so neare,
That he was rapt with double raishment,
Both of his speach that wrot him great content,
And also of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus repllyde; Now surely syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowliness ye lead,
Fearlesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which toseth states, and vnder foot doth tread
The mightie ones, affrayd of euery chaunges dread.

That euen I which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great, mongst whom I won,
And now haue prou’d, what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
And wish th’heauens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me lieue in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place, vnto this low degree.

In vaine (said then old Meliboe) doe men
The heauens of their fortunes fault accuse,
Sith they know best, what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly vse.
For not that, which men couet most, is best,
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

178 yearely hire] Reverses the usual situation where the shepherd is a hireling. Meliboe owns flocks in the country but was a paid servant at court. 200 insinuate] attract (OED 4).
It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, askes no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.
For wisedome is most riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes deuize,
Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortunize.

Since then in each mans self (said Calidore)
It is, to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Gieue leaue awhyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine,
That whether quite from them for to retreate
I shall resolue, or back to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meanefood shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Besides for recom pense hereof, I shall
You well reward, and goldenguer dont.
Inseas of troubles and of toylesome paine,
That whether quite from them for to retreate
I shall resolue, or back to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake; Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread.
But if ye alges couet to assay
This simple sort of life, that shepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe aread.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilst him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayment of his owne bane.
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies, he could inuent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

But she that neuer had acquainted bee
With such queint vsage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne euer had such knightly service seene,
But being bred vnder base shepheards wings,
Had euer learn’d to loue the lowly things,
Did little whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colins carolings
Then all that he could doe, or euer deuize:
His layes, his loues, his lookes she did them all despize.

---

233 by vowes deuize] try to obtain by prayers, as though good fortune was a divine gift. 261 aread] ?take it as you will; ?make it your own. 265 bayt ... bane] the attraction that brought him to his own destruction.
Which Calidore perceiuing, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his lofie looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest
In shepheardes weed, and in his hand he tooke,
In stead of steelehead speare, a shepheardes hooke,
That who had seene him then, would haue bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the loue of fayre Oenone sought,
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

10
It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem’d th’earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branchess sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and powre.

20
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud,
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancksd did sit,
In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

30
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleauntly the hill with equal hight,
Did seeme to ouerlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleepe was mount Acidale.

286-8 Paris dwelt as a shepherd on Mount Ida, where he wooed the nymph Oenone. He was prince of Troy, which was often wrongly identified with Phrygia. 286 Plexippus No such brook. Meaning ‘driver of horses’, may refer to Hippocrene, the fountain that sprang from the winged horse Pegasus’ hoof; but one wonders whether a good Greek scholar like Spenser would have made this mistake. 30 all winter as in sommer bud thus equating the setting with Paradise. 35 bowre lodge, shelter (OED bower v2, from this passage only). 18 King of fowles a distinction usually accorded the eagle. 30 they] the nymphs and faeries (24). 31 Alluding to the popular rustic game of prisoners’ base. 36 Acidale] from Acidalia (without care), a name for Venus, after the well Acidalius sacred to the Graces, associated with Venus (see 41). Acidale is where Venus comes to rest and sport, withdrawing from her ‘royall court’ (43) of Cytheron.
They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasance, vsed to resort
Vnto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe, as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it
She vsed most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soueraine Majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought vntit.

Vnto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shril pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th’ hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making a gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

He durst not enter into th’ open greene,
For dread of them vnwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the couert of the wood did bye,
Beholding all, yet of them vnespyde.
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That euen he him selfe his eyes enuyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a grilond did in compass stemme:
And in the midstest of those same three, was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme,
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

Looke how the Crowne, which Ariadne wore
Vpon her yuory forehead that same day,
That Theseus her vnto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
With the fierce Lapithes, which did them dismay;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,
And is vnto the starrs an ornament,
Which round about her moue in order excellent.

36-41 Here and later, Spenser evokes the description of Venus dancing with the Graces and nymphs in Horace, Ode 1.4.5-7. Graces] Charites: goddesses of grace, beauty and refinement, associated with both Venus (92) and the Muses. In Renaissance Neoplatonic thought, they are richly symbolic figures, perhaps most notably in Botticelli’s painting Primavera, where they appear alongside Venus. In FQ, the Graces thus link up with love in one direction, poetry in another, and a Neoplatonic exchange between the natural and ideal worlds in a third. 42 Cytheron] Following Chaucer (Knight’s Tale 1936), Spenser confuses the island of Cythera, sacred to Aphrodite or Venus, with Cythaeron, a mountain sacred to Jupiter and the Muses (with whom the Graces are often associated, so that Acidale also evokes Parnassus). 45 in regard hereof refuse] rejected or considered inferior in comparison to this. 46 Elfin] of the land or race of Faerie, to which the leading knights of FQ belong. Though human in virtually all traits and faculties, the Faerie race possesses a latent supernatural dimension to their being, and very much so in their milieu and actions. 66 Three other Ladies] the Graces; see 411, 91 ff. 68 stemme] encircle (OED cites only this passage). 73-7 Ariadne, daughter of King Minos of Crete, was promised marriage by Theseus, with whom she fled her father’s kingdom, but who abandoned her. She was taken to wife by the god Dionysos, who (not Theseus) gave her the wedding-crown which he later placed among the stars, as the constellation Corona Borealis. Ariadne is often associated or even identified with Aphrodite or Venus. The battle of the Centaurs and Lapiths actually took place at the marriage of Pirithous, king of the Lapiths, and Hippodamia. Theseus is sometimes said to have aided Pirithous.
Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
But she that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem’d all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girland, that right well
Did her beseeme. And euer, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres, that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they vppon her threw;

But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaidens of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Vpon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all, that Venus in her selue doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed parauaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

She was to weete that iolly Shepheardes lasse,
Which piped there vnto that merry rout,
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout (who knowes not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about.
Pypte iolly shepheard, pypte thou now apace
Vnto thy loue, that made thee low to lout;
Thy loue is present there with thee in place,
Thy loue is there aduaunst to be another Grace.

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had neuer seene,
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.
Therefore resoluing, what it was, to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;
All saue the shepheard, who for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that vnhappy turns.
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight,
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake,
Haile iolly shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merry make,
Frequented of these gentl Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes?
Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see:
But why when I them saw, fled they away from me?

103 Colin Clout] as always, Spenser’s own persona. At the climax of his magnum opus, in quasi-epic
vein, he reasserts his basic identity as a pastoral poet. 108 another Grace] the pride of place granted
to Queen Elizabeth in SC, ‘Aprill’. The pastoral maiden now replaces the queen in a philosophically
more exalted context. But the two are implicitly identified: see 19on below.
Not I so happy, answerd then that swaine,
As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,
For being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of them selues list so to grace.
Right sory I, (saide then Sir Calidore,)  
That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues so sore.

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;
Then vore thou shepheard, whatsoeuer thou bee,
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are Venus Damzels, all with in her see,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces, which on her depend,
Besides a thousand more, which ready bee
Her to adornne, when so she forth doth wend:
But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her attend.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling loue,
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant groue,
As he this way comming from feastfull glee,
Of Thetis wedding with Aécidee.
In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry.
Sweete Goddesses all three which me in mirth do cherry.

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adornne the mynde,
To make them louelye or well fauoured show,
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach vs, how to each degree and kynde
We should our selues demeane, to low, to hie;
To friends, to foes, which skill men call Ciuity.

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
And also naked, that without guile
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from couert malice free:
And eke the selues so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still forward seem’d to bee,
But one still towards shew’d her selfe afore;
That good shoule from vs goe, then come in greater store.

146 shepheard] Calidore is now so dressed. 150 all are Graces] Though the Graces usually number three (originally just one), their symbolic identity is sometimes dispersed over a larger number. 154-5 The usual parentage cited for the Graces (see Hesiod, Theogony 907-11). But the account in 157-9 is Spenser’s own invention. 158 Ocean] the god Oceanus. 162 cherry] cheer, delight (OED cherry v, from this passage only). 168 curtesie] the virtue exemplified by Sir Calidore. (See headnote to no. 44.) Though embodying courtly values, the qualities in 166-7 support a more basic humanity that makes the knight ask pardon of a shepherd (222), and that appears at its highest in a shepherdess (204). 171 Ciuity] In its most basic sense, the quality distinguishing a cives or citizen: more socially oriented, taking stock of degree and kynde (rank and innate nature, 169) than the basic humane qualities ascribed to courtesy. But the two are obviously aspects of the same ideal. The highest flowering of humanity, even if best exemplified in shepherd life, relates to the most developed forms of society, the city and the court. 178-80 in greater store] conventionally double. Two Graces face the viewer (suggesting gifts received by him); while the third is nearer to the viewer but facing away, suggesting gifts bestowed by him. The Graces were traditionally associated with generosity and a cycle of giving and receiving; but this particular interpretation is from Servius, the commentator on Virgil. For this and other symbols associated with the Graces, see Edgar Wind, Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance (London: Faber, 1958), chs.2-3.
Such were those Goddesses, which ye did see;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heauenly gifts from heuen first enraced?
But what so sure she was, she worthy was,
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrye lasses,
Yet she all other countrye lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
All other lesser lights in light excell,
So farre doth she in beautifull array,
Aboue all other lasses beare the bell,
Ne lesse in vertue that beseeemes her well,
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race,
For which the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Haue for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

Another Grace she well desires to be,
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine resemblaunce, beauty soueraine rare,
Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare;
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all here peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

Sonne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest Maiesty,
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes,
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And vnderneath thy feete to place her prayse,
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age of her this mention may be made.

When thus that shepherd ended hath his speach,
Sayd Calidore; Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy louses deare sight from thee:
But gentle Shepheard pardou thow my shame,
Who rashly sought that, which I mot not see.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

190 daughter of the day] the sun. The unusual feminine identity suggests an implicit equation with Queen Elizabeth, brought out in 208-10. Colin Clout’s beloved in FQ may or may not be Rosalind of the Calender; but in one of her aspects she is undoubtedly the Queen, conversely celebrated as a shepherd lass in The Shepheardes Calender, ‘April’. At the same time, the two are differentiated in 213-6. Their identities merge and diverge like those of the three Elizabeths – Queen, mother and wife – in Spenser’s Amoretti 74. 202 resemblance] appearance; or, in a deeper Platonic sense, likeness or image of the divine. Spenser repeatedly proposes (most elaborately in ‘Hymne in Honor of Beautie’) that physical beauty is a visible image of ideal or spiritual beauty. 203 that spight ... dare] that neither others’ spite nor any defect in her can challenge. 213 minime] a note of the shortest duration (as opposed to the songs offered ‘all his dayes’ to Elizabeth).
In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight him selfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reason red;
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his sences rauished,
That thence, he had no will away to fare,
But wisht, that with that shepheard he mote dwelling share.

46 Philip Sidney  From The Lady of May

Part of an entertainment presented to Queen Elizabeth at Wanstead House, owned by Sidney’s uncle the Earl of Leicester, in May 1578 or 1579. In the pattern of an amoeban eclogue (the earliest in English, according to Ringler), a shepherd and a forester contend for the hand of the maiden chosen as May Queen, with Elizabeth as judge. The standard text (without a title) is among ‘sundry new additions’ in the 1598 edition of Sidney’s Arcadia. Helicon prints 7–32 of the text below with the title ‘Espilus and Therion, their contention in Song for the May-Ladie’. The Lady of May tells the Queen, ‘in juding me, you judge more then me in it’. Scholars have looked for political implications, like the proposal for Elizabeth’s marriage to the Duke of Anjou, or the general issue of a militarist continental policy; but no such concern can be clearly identified.

There upon Therion challenged Espilus to sing with him, speaking these sixe verses:

Espilus. Tune vp my voice, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceits the song must needs be high,
More high then stars, more firme then flintie field
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue or die:
Sweete soule, to whom I vowed am a slaye,
Let not wild woods so great a treasure haue.

Therion. The highest note comes oft from basest mind,
As shallow brookes do yeeld the greatest sound.
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to find;
Thy stars be fal’n, plowed is thy flintie ground;
Sweete soule let not a wretch that serueth sheepe,
Among his flocke so sweete a treasure keepe.

Espilus. Two thousand sheepe I haue as white as milke,
Though not so white as is thy louely face,
The pasture rich, the wooll as soft as silke,
All this I giue, let me possesse thy grace,
Let but still take heede least thou thy selfe submit
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

14 As shallow ... sound] Proverbial, 1st cit. in Tilley’s Dictionary of Proverbs from 1618. 15-16 addressed to Espilus.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

**47 Philip Sidney  ‘**Come, shepherd’s weeds’  

First published in *The Countesse of Pembroke Arcadia* (1590). From Book I of both the Old and the New *Arcadia*. Sung by Prince Musidorus after he exchanges clothes with the shepherd Menalcas in order to be near his beloved Pamela, who is in pastoral retreat with her family.

Come shepheards weedes, become your masters minde:  
Yeld outward shew, what inward chance he tryes:  
Nor be abasht, since such a guest you finde,  
Whose strongest hope in your weake comfort lyes.

Come shepheards weedes, attend my woefull cries:  
Disuse your selues from sweete *Menalca* voice:  
For other be those tunes which sorrow tyes,  
From those cleere notes which freely may reioyce.

Then power out plaint, and in one word say this:  
Helples his plaint, who spoyles himselfe of blisse.

---

**48 Philip Sidney  ‘My sheep are thoughts’**  

Musidorus, disguised as the shepherd Dorus, sings these verses to his beloved Pamela in Book II of both the *Old* and the *New Arcadia*. In the latter, the song is reported at a later date by Musidorus to his cousin Pyrocles disguised as the Amazon Zelmane. The text below is from the first printed edition (1590).

My sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and serue:  
Their pasture is faire hilles of fruitlesse Loue:  
On barren sweetes they feede, and feeding sterue:  
I waile their lotte, but will not other proue.  
My sheepehooke is wannne hope, which all vpholdes:  
My weedes, Desire, cut out in endless foldes.  
What wooll my sheepe shall beare, whiles thus they liue,  
In you it is, you must the judgement giue.

---

25-6 As Duncan-Jones and Van Dorsten point out, the comparison of the beloved to an elusive deer is common in medieval and Petrarchan love-poetry.  
2 Present the desired outward appearance: i.e. let him look like a shepherd, whatever his inward state.  
3 If a person deprives himself of happiness (i.e. if his sorrow is within him), nothing can ease his complaint.  
4 I lament their state, but will not exchange it for any other.
49 Philip Sidney ‘And are you there old Pas?’

This earthy, comic exchange between two ‘jolly younkers’ is from the Second Eclogues, a sequence of singing and celebrations in both the Old and, by editorial insertion, the 1590 edition of the New Arcadia. The poem recalls the comic pastoralism of Virgil III. Robertson (p.449) notes the same four sections: ‘the preliminary banter, the wager, the singing match, and the judgement’. The names Dorcas (8: nowhere else in the Old Arcadia) and Lalus (14) also occur in The Lady of May (1578-9: no. 46), and are considered a sign of early composition, in advance of the Arcadia as a whole.


Nico. And are you there old Pas? in troth I ever thought,
Among vs all we should find out some thing of nought.

Pas. And I am here the same, so mote I thriue and thee,
Despairde in all this flocke to find a knave, but thee.

Nico. Ah now I see, why thou art in thy selfe so blind:
Thy gray-hood hides the thing, that thou despairst to find.

Pas. My gray-hood is mine owne, all be it be but gray,
Not like the scrippe thou stol’ste, while Dorcas sleeping lay.

Nico. Mine was the scrippe: but thou, that seeming raid with loue,
Didst snatch from Cosmas hand her greeny wroughten gloue.

Pas. Ah fool: so Courtiers do. But who did liuely skippe,
When for a treene-dish stolne, thy father did thee whippe?

Nico. In deed the witch thy dam hath from shoulder sped,
For pilfiring Lulus lambe, with crouche to blesse thy head.

Pas. My voice the lambe did winne, Menalcas was our jude:
Of singing match was made, whence he with shame did drudge.

Nico. Couldst thou make Lulus flie? so nightingales auoide,
When with the kawing crowes their musicke is annoide.

Pas. Nay like to nightingales the other birds gie eare:
My pipe and song made him both pipe and song forswear.

Nico. I think it well: such voice would make one musick hate:
But if I had bene there, th’adst met another mate.

Pas. Another sure as is a gander from a goose:
But still when thou dost sing, me thinkes a colt is loose.

Nico. Well aimed by my hat: for as thou sangst last day,
The neighbours all did crie, alas what asse doth bray?

Pas. But here is Dicus old; let him then speake the woord,
To whether with best cause the Nympthes faire flowers affoord.

Nico. Content: but I will lay a wager hereunto,
That profit may ensue to him that best can do.

I haue (and long shall haue) a white great nimble cat,
A king vpon a mouse, a strong fo to the rat,
Fine eares, long taile he hath, with Lions curbed clawe,
Which oft he lifeth vp, and stays his lifted pawe,
Deepe musing to himselfe, which after-mewing showes,
Till with likt beard, his eye of fire espie his foes.
If thou (alas poore if) do winne, then winne thou this,
And if I better sing, let me thy Cosma kiss.

Pas. Kisse her? now mayst thou kisse. I haue a fitter match;
A prettie curre it is; his name iwis is Catch.
No eare nor taile he hath, least they should him disgrace,
A ruddie hair cote, with fine long speckled face:
He never musing standes, but with himselfe will play
Leaping at euery flie, and angrie with a flea:
He eft would kill a mouse, but he disdaines to fight,
And makes our home good sport with dauncing bolt vpright.

\[1-2 \text{ I euer ... nought} \text{ I knew there would be one bad or worthless person in our company.} \]
\[3 \text{ the same} \text{ in the same position.} \]
\[6 \text{ The person you are seeking in vain is covered by your own hood – i.e. yourself. But gray-hood might also imply grey-headedness or old age.} \]
\[9 \text{ raid} \text{ benarayed: diseased, disfigured (Robertson). Ringler emends to ragt.} \]
\[10 \text{ Cosma} \text{ named Hyppa in early mss.} \]
\[11 \text{ So Courtiers do} \text{ take their lady’s glove as a love-gauge.} \]
\[14 \text{ bless} \text{ pun: (a) give blessing (ironical) (b) hurt, wound (OED bless v²).} \]
\[15-6 \text{ i.e. He won it in a singing-contest.} \]
\[22 \text{ th’adst ... mate} \text{ you would have faced a more formidable opponent.} \]
\[28 \text{ To whom admiring nympths most deservedly bring gift or tribute of flowers.} \]
\[30 \text{ So that he who wins the contest might have some reward.} \]
\[31 \text{ and long shall have} \text{ implying he will retain it by winning the contest.} \]
This is my pawne; the price let Dicus iudgement show: prize; adjudge, indicate
Such oddes I willing lay; for him and you I know.
Dicus. Sing then my lads, but sing with better vnaine then yet.

Or else who singeth worst, my skill will hardly hit. strongly berate or criticize

Nico. Who doubts but Pas fine pipe againe will bring
The aunceil prayse to Arcad shepheardes skill? prize; indicate
Pan is not dead, since Pas begins to sing.
Pas. Who euermore will loue Apollos quill,
Since Nico doth to sing so widely gape?
Nico his place farre better furnish will.

Nico. Was not this he, who did for Syrinx scape 
Raging in woes teach pastors first to plaine?
Do you not heare his voice, and see his shape?

Pas. This is not he that failed her to gaine,
Which made a Bay, made Bay a holy tree:
But this is one that doth his musicke staine. strongly berate or criticize

Nico. O Faunes, O Fairies all, and do you see, believe, hold to be
And suffer such a wrong? a wrong I trowe,
That Nico must with Pas compared be?
Pas. O Nymphes. I tell you newes, for Pas you knowe:
While I was warbling out your woonented praise, strongly berate or criticize
Nico would needes with Pas his bagpipe blowe.

Nico. If neuer I did faile your holy-days, a popular country game
not attend; holidays, festivals
With daunces, carols, or with barlybreake:
songs
Let Pas now know, how Nico makes the layes.

Pas. If each day hath bene holy for your sake
Vnto my pipe, O Nymphes, helpe now my pipe,
For Pas well knowes what layes can Nico make.

Nico. Alas how oft I looke on cherries ripe,
early blooming
Me thinkes I see the lippes my Leuca hath,
And wanting her, my weeping eyes I wipe.

Pas. Alas, when I in spring meete roses rathe,
And thanke from Cosmas sweet red lips I liue, not attend; holidays, festivals
I leau mine eyes vnwipte my cheekes to bathe.

Nico. As I of late, neer bushes vsde my siue,
sieve, net to catch birds
I spied a thrus where she did make her nest,
That will I take, and to my Leuca giue.

Pas. But long haue I a sparrow gaille drest,
As white as milke, and comming to the call,
To put it with my hand in Cosmas brest.

Nico. I oft doo sue, and Leuca saith, I shall,
court, offer my love
But when I did come neere with heate and hope,
She ranne away, and threw at me a ball.

Pas. Cosma once said, she left the wicket ope,
For me to come, and so she did: I came,
In the place found nothing but a rope.

Nico. When Leuca dooth appeare, the Sunne for shame
courts, offer my love
Dooth hide himselfe: for to himselfe he sayes,
If Leuca liue, she darken will my fame.

Pas. When Cosma doth come forth, the Sun displayes
disgrace, show up badly
His vtmost light: for well his witte doth know,
Cosmas faire beames embellish much his raies.

Nico. Leuca to me did yester-morning showe

In perfect light, which could not me deceaue,
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Her naked legge, more white then whitest snowe.

Pas. But yesternight by light I did receaue
From Cosmas eyes, which full in darkenes shine,
I sawe her arme, where purest Lillies cleaue.

Nico. She once starke nak’d did bathe a little tine;
But still (me thought) with beauties from her fell,
She did the waters wash, and make more fine.

Pas. She once, to coole her selfe, stood in a well,
But euer since that well is well besought,
And for Rose-water soul’d of rarest smell.

Nico. To riuers banke, being a walking brought,
She bad me spie her babie in the broooke,
Alas (said I) this babe dooth nurce my thought.

Pas. As in a glasse I held she once did looke,
I said, my hands well paide her for mine eyes,
Since in my hands selfe goodly sight she tooke.

Nico. O if I had a ladder for the skies,
I would clime vp, and bring a prettie starre,
To weare upon her neck, that open lies.

Pas. O if I had Apollos golden carre,
I would come downe, and yell to her my place,
That (shining now) she then might shine more farre.

Nico. Nothing (O Leuca) shall thy fame deface,
While sheheards tunes be heard, or rimes be read,
Or while that sheheards loue a loudly face.

Pas. Thy name (O Cosma) shall with praise be spread,
As farre as any sheheards piping be:
As farre as Loue possesseth any head.

Nico. Thy monument is layd in many a tree,
With name engrau’d: so though thy bodie die,
The after-folkes shall wonder still at thee.

Pas. So oft these woods haue heard me Cosma crie,
That after death, to heau’n in woods resound,
With Echoes help, shall Cosma, Cosma flie.

Nico. Peace, peace good Pas, thou weeriest euene the ground
With slutish song; I pray thee learn to blea,
For good thou mayst yet prove in sheepish sound.

Pas. My father hath at home a prettie lay,
Goe winne of him (for chattering) praise or shame:
For so yet of a conquest speake thou may.

Nico. Tell me (and be my Pan) the monsters name,
That hath foure legs, and with two onely goes,
That hath foure eyes, and onely two can frame.

Pas. Tell me (and Phœbus be) what monster growes
With so strong liues, that bodie cannot rest
In ease, vntill that bodie life forgeos.

Dicus. Enough, enough: so ill hath done the best,
That since the hauing them to neither’s due,
Let cat and dog fight which shall haue both you.
50 Sir Philip Sidney  ‘O sweet woods’

Missing from the first printed edition of *Arcadia* (1590), but included in the next (1593). Sung by Prince Musidorus, disguised as the shepherd Dorus, before his beloved Pamela. The theme, contrasting the dangers and disquiets of court life with the contemplative peace of the countryside, is especially apt for the audience of King Basilius and his family, who have fled to the country to escape the dangers prophesied at court. The last of four exercises in quantitative verse concluding the Second Eclogues of the Old *Arcadia*. The metrical pattern is the Asclepiadic, used by Horace:  - - - - - - - -  - - - -  In *The Arcadian Rhetoric*, Abraham Fraunce cites 15-22 to illustrate the metre.

O sweet woods the delight of solitaries!
O how much I do like your solitaries!
Where mans mind hath a fre德 consideration
Of goodnes to receive loyally direction.
Where senses do behold th’order of heau’nly hoste,
And wise thoughts do behold what the creator is:
Contemplation here holdeth his only seate:
Bowned with no limitts, borne with a wing of hope
Clymes evn vnto the starres, Nature is vnder it.
Nought disturbs thy quiet, all to thy servuice yeelds,
Each sight draws on a thought, thought mother of science,
Sweet birds kindly do grant harmony vnto thee,
Faire trees shade is enough fortification,
Nor danger to thy selfe if be not in thy selve.
O sweet woods the delight of solitaries!
O how much I do like your solitaries!
Here nor treason is hidd, vailed in innocence,
Nor enuies snaky ey finds any harbor here,
Nor flatterers venomous insinuations,
Nor conning humorists puddled opinions,
Nor courteous ruin of proffered vsury,
Nor time pratled away, cradle of ignorance,
Nor causelesse duty, nor comber of arrogance,
Nor trifling title of vanity dazleth vs,
Nor golden manacles stand for a paradise.
Here wrongs name is vnheard: slander a monster is.
Kepe thy sprite from abuse, here no abuse doth haunte.
What man grafts in a tree dissimiliation?

O sweet woods the delight of solitaries!
O how well I do like your solitaries!
Yet deare soile, if a soule closed in a mansion
As sweete as violets, faire as a lilly is,
Straight as Cedar, a voice staines the Cannary birds,
Whose shade safety doth hold, danger auoideth her:
Such wisedome, that in her lives speculation:
Such goodnes that in her simplicitie triumphs:
Where ennies snaky ey winketh or else dyeth,
Slander wants a pretext, flattery gone beyond:
Oh! if such a one haue bent to a lonely life,
Her steppss glad we receaue, glad we receaue her eys.

And thinke not she doth hurt our solitaries,
For such company decks such solitaries.
51 Philip Sidney ‘You goat-herd gods’

First published in the first edn of the Arcadia (1590). Formally, a ‘double sestina’: twelve six-line stanzas repeating the same line-end words in varying order. Strephon and Klaius are two gentlemen turned shepherds because of their common love for Urania, thought to be a shepherdess though actually of ‘tarr greater byrthe’. This common situation is differently presented in the ms and the 1590 and 1593 eds, as indicated by their different locations (First Eclogues in 1590, Second Eclogues in 1593, and Fourth Eclogues in all Old Arcadia mss). Strephon and Klaius do not appear at this point in the printed edn: their song is reported by Lamon in 1590 and by Histor and Damon in 1593.

Strephon. Klaius.

Strephon. You Gote-heard Gods, that loue the grassie mountaines, You Nymphes that haunt the springs in pleasant vallies, Vouchsafe your silent eares to playning musique, Which to my woes giues still an early morning: And draws the dolor on till very euening.

Klaius. O Mercurie, foregoer to the euening, O heauenlie huntresse of the saughe mountaines, O louelie starre, entitled of the morning, While that my voice doth fill these wofull vallies, Vouchsafe your silent eares to plaining musique, Which oft hath Echo tir’d in secrete forestes.

Strephon. I that was once free-burges of the forestes, Where shade from Sunne, and sports I sought at euening, I that was once esteem’d for pleasant musique, Of huge despaire, and foule afflictions vallies, Am growne a shrich-owlet to my selfe each morning.

Klaius. I that was once delighted euery morning, Hunting the Wilde inhabiteres of forestes, I that was once the musique of these vallies, So darkened am, that all my day is euening, Hart-broken so, that molehilles seeme high mountaines, And fill the vales with cries in steed of musique.

Strephon. Long since alas, my deadly Swannish musique Hath made it selfe a crier of the morning, And hath with wailing strength clim’d highest mountaines: Long since my thoughts more desert be then forestes: Long since I see my ioyes come to their euening, And state throughen downe to ouer-troden vallies.

Klaius. Long since the happied dwellers of these vallies Haue praideme leauemy strange exclaiming musique, Which troubles their dayes worke, and ioyes of euening: Long since I hate the night, more hate the morning: Long since my thoughts chase me like beasts in forestes, And make me wish my selfe layd vnder mountaines.

Strephon. Me seemes I see the high and stately mountaines Transforme themselues to lowe detected vallies: Me seemes I heare in these ill-changed forestes, The Nightingales doo learne of Owles their musique: Me seemes I feele the comfort of the morning: Turnde to the mortall serene of an euening.

1 Gote-heard Gods] [a) gods of the goatherds (b) gods who are goatherds, sylvan gods. 6 wery] weary, but ?misprint for very. 7 foregoer] herald, harbinger. The planet Mercury can be seen only in the early evening. 8 heauenlie huntress] Diana. 9 louelie starre] Venus. entitled of] named after – i.e. the morning star. 13 free-burges] not in OED; freeburgher (OED 1st cit. 1624), free citizen. 25 Swannish musique] ‘The swan was thought to sing at the time of its death. 30 I have been cast down from my lofty station into the crowded valleys. 32 exclaiming] ‘that exclaims’ (OED, citing this passage), but perhaps ‘complaining, lamenting’ (cf. OED exclain v 2a, c). 35 like beasts in forestes] as either hunters or hunted. Ringler recalls the myth of Actaeon, transformed to a deer and hunted down by his own dogs. 42 serene] dew, esp. the ‘harmful dew of summer evenings’ (Robertson).
Klaius. Me seemes I see a filthie clowdie euening,
As soon as Sunne begins to clime the mountaines:
Me seemes I feel a noysome sent, the morning
When I doo smell the flowers of these vallies:
Me seemes I heare, whenn I doo heare sweete musique,
The dreadful cries of murdred men in forrests.

Strephon. I wish to fire the trees of all these forrests;
I giue the Sunne a last farewell each euening;
I curse the idling finders out of Musicke:
With enuiue I doo hate the loftie mountaines;
And with despite despise the humble vallies:
I doo detest night, euening, day, and morning.

Klaius. Curseto my selfe my prayer is, the morning:
My fire is more, then can be made with forrests;
My state more base, then are the basest vallies:
I wish no euenings more to see, each euening;
60 Shamed I hate my selfe in sight of mountaines,
And stoppe mine eares, lest I growe mad with Musicke.

Strephon. For she, whose parts maintaine a perfect musique,
Whose beautie shin’d more then the blushing morning,
Who much did passe in state the stately mountaines,
In straights past the Cedars of the forrests,
Hath cast me wretch into eternall euening,
By taking her two Sunnes from these darke vallies.

Klaius. For she, to who compar’d, the Alpes are vallies,
She, whose lest word brings from the sphæres their musique,
At whose approach the Sunne rose in the euening,
70 Who, where she went, bare in her forhead morning,
Is gone, is gone from these our spoyled forrests,
Turning to desarts our best pastur’d de mountaines.

Strephon. Klaius. These mountaines witnesse shall, so shall these vallies,
These forrests eke, made wretched by our musique,
Our morning hymne is this, and song at euening.

52 Philip Sidney ‘Since that to death’

First published in Book III of the first edn of Arcadia (1590) as a lament for the dying prince Am-
phiælius by an unnamed member of the gathered multitude. In most other versions, placed in the Fourth
Eclogues as the shepherd Dicus’ dirge for the supposedly dead King Basilius. Eclogue XI in Sannazaro’s
Italian Arcadia has been cited as a model, but there is only a broad resemblance, most obviously in the
refrain.

Since that to death is gone the shepheard he,
Whom most the silly shepheardes pipe did pryse,
Your dolefull tunes sweete Muses now applie.

And you o trees (if any life there lies
In trees) now through your porous barkes receaue
The straungue resounde of these my causefull cries:

And let my breath vpon your braunches cleaue,
My breath distinguish’d into wordes of wo,
That so I may signes of my sorrowe leaue.

But if among yourselves some one tree grove,
That apest is to figure miserie,
Let it embassage beare your grieues to showe.

61 parts] (a) physical parts, limbs (b) powers, faculties (c) the ‘parts’ or elements of a harmony (perfect
musique), said metaphorically of Urania’s being. 66 two Sunnes] i.e. her two eyes. 68 the
sphæres their musique] In the Ptolemaic astronomical system, the heavenly bodies were thought to
be set in crystalline spheres that made celestial music as they revolved.
The weeping Myrrhe I think will not deny
Her helpe to this, this iustest cause of plaint.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

And thou poore Earth, whom fortune doth attaint
In Natures name to suffer such a harme,
As for to loose thy gemme, our earthly Saint,
Vpon thy face let coaly Ravens swarme:
Let all the Sea thy teares accounted be:
Thy bowels with all killing mettals arme.
Let golde now rust, let Diamonds waste in thee:
Let pearls be wan with woe their damme doth beare:
Thy selfe henceforth the light doo neuer see.

And you, ò flowers, which sometimes Princes were,
Till these strange altrings you did hap to trie,
Of Princes losse your selues for tokens reare.

Lilly in mourning blacke thy whites die:
O Hiacinth let Ai be on thee still.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

O Echo, all these woods with roaring fill,
And doo not onely marke the accents last,
But all, for all reach out my wailefull will:
One Echo to another Echo cast
Sounde of my griefes, and let it neuer ende,
Till that it hath all woods and waters past.

Nay to the heau'ns your iust complaining sende,
And stay the starrs inconstant constant race,
Till that they doo vnto our dolours bende:
And ask the reason of that speciall grace,
That they, which haue no liues, should liue so long,
And vertuous soules so soone should loose their place?

Aske, if in great men good men doo so thronge,
That he for want of elbowe roome must die?
Or if that they be skante, if this be wronge?

Did Wisedome this our wretched time espie
In one true chest to rob all Vertues treasure?
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

And if that any counsell you to measure
Your dolefull tunes, to them still playing say,
To well felte griefe, plainte is the onely pleasure.

O light of Sunne, which is entit'led day,
O well thou dost that thou no longer bidest;
For mourning night her blacke weedes may display.

O Phoebus with good cause thy face thou hidest,
Rather then haue thy all-beholding eye
Fould with this sight, while thou thy chariot guidest.

And well (me thinks) becomes this vaultrye skie
A stately tombe to couer him deceased.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now applie.

13 weeping Myrrhe] The myrrh tree exudes a sap from its trunk. 21 killing] (a) noxious, poisonous (b) used to make weapons (i.e. of iron or bronze). 23 woe ... bear] the pain of the mother-of-pearl at bearing the pearl, compared to labour pains. 24 (addressed to the earth) Henceforth, let the sun never shine upon you. 25 flowers ... were] alluding to tales of rulers metamorphosed into flowers. 29 The marks on the hyacinth were interpreted as the Greek Ai, an expression of lament for the youth Hyacinthus, transformed into the flower. 32 Echo my entire lament, not only the last syllables. 38 inconstant constant] changing, but according to a fixed order. 43 if in ... thronge] Whether among men of high station, there are so many good men (that we can afford to lose one so easily). 46 espie] choose as a fitting time (OED 2). 54 You do well not to be present in the sky any more. (In the Old Arcadia, the song is sung at night. In the 1590 narrative, the time is uncertain.)
O Philomela with thy brest oppressed
   By shame and griefe, helpe, helpe me to lament
   Such cursed harms as cannot be redressed.

Or if thy mourning notes be fully spent,
   Then give a quiet eare vnto my playning:
   For I to teach the world complainte am bent.

You dimmy clowdes, which well employ your stayning
   This cheerfull aire with your obscured cheere,
   Witnessse your woffull teares with daily rayning.

And if, ô Sunne, thou euer didst appeare,
   In shape, which by mans eye might be perceived;
   Virtue is dead, now set thy triumph here.

Now set thy triumph in this world, bereaued
   Of what was good, where now no good doth lie;
   And by thy pompe our losse will be conceaued.

O notes of mine your selues together tie:
   With too much grieue me thinkes you are dissolved.
   Your doefull tunes sweete Muses now applie.

Time, euer old and yonge, is still resolued
   Within it selfe, and neuer tasteth ende:
   But mankind is for aye to nought resolued.

The filthy snake her aged coate can mende,
   And getting youth againe, in youth doth flourish:
   But vnto Man, age euer doth sende.

The very trees with grafting we can cherish,
   So that we can long time produce their time:
   But Man which helpeth them, helplesse must perish.

Thus, thus the mindes, which ouer all doo clime,
   When they by yeares experience get best graces,
   Must finish then by deaths detested crime.

We last short while, and build long lasting places:
   Ah let vs all against foule Nature crie:
   That she her child, I say, her best child killeth?

For how can Nature vnto this reply?
   That she her workes doo helpe, she vs defaces.
   Your doefull tunes sweete Muses now apply.

Alas, me thinkes, my weakned voice but spilleth
   The vehement course of this iust lamentation:
   Me thinkes my sound no place with sorrow fylleth.

I know not I, but once in detestation
   I haue my selfe, and all what life containeth,
   Since Death on Vertues fort hath made inuasion.

One word of woe another after traineth:
   Ne doo I care how rude be my inuention,
   So it be seene what sorrow in me raigneth.

O Elements, by whose (men say) contention,
   Our bodies be in liuing power maintained,
   Was this mans death the fruite of your dissention?

O Phisickes power, which (some say) hath restrained
   Approch of death, alas thou helpest meagerly,
   When once one is for Atropos distrained.

Great be Physitions brags, but aid is beggerly,
   How can Nature vnto his triumphal procession will indicatethe extent of our loss.

Philomela was transformed into a nightingale after being raped by her brother-in-law Tereus. The sun should rejoice at the death of virtue remains mysterious. No previous editor has noted the problem. The grandeur of your triumphal procession will indicate the extent of our loss. Time changes cyclically but never comes to an end. Always destined to destruction. Slough off her skin and acquire a new one: often taken as a sign of eternal life or youth. Extend (OED Ic). Life, span. When they achieve their best qualities through the experience of years. My voice is not loud enough to reach everywhere with my lament. I do not know myself. The four elements were thought to create all things by their conflicting and competing forces. One of the three Furies, who cut the thread of a man’s life spun by Clotho and measured by Lachesis. Seized.
53 Philip Sidney (?) ‘Philisides, the Shepherd Good and True’

Found in the Ottley MS in the National Library of Wales, and BL MS Harley 7392. The Ottley MS consists chiefly, and MS Harley 7392 in good part, of poems by Philip Sidney. This, and the name Philisides, suggest Sidney’s authorship. Ringer dismissed the attribution but was later inclined to accept it, as did Jean Robertson. Woudhuysen considers the poem Sidney’s work, composed for the 1577 Accession Day tilts. * A note, thought to be by Sidney, in the Ottley MS says the poem was to be recited by a reveller dressed as a ploughman ‘after that I had passed the Tilt with my rusticall musick’. It would be followed by a ‘freemans songe’, the next item in the ms. The text below is based on MS Harley 7392. Philisides (‘star-lover’), also Philip Sidney, his beloved Mrrha (Mira, ‘the wonderful one’), and Menalces are characters in both the Old and New versions of Sidney’s Arcadia. Whoever the author, the names may stand for actual courtly characters.

When rooted moisture failes, or growth drie,
They leave off all, and say, death comes too eagerlie.
They are but words therefore that men do buy,
Of any since God Æsculapius ceased.
Your dolefull tunes sweete Muses now applie.

Justice, justice is now (alas) oppressed:
Bountifulnes hath made his last conclusion:
Goodnes for best attire in dust is dressed.
Shepheards bewaile your vtermost confusion;
And see by this picture to you presented,
Death is our home, life is but a delusion.
For see alas, who is from you absent?
Absented? nay I say for euer banished
From such as were to dye for him contented?
Out of our sight in turne of hand is vanished
Shepherd of shepherds, whose well seted order
Private with welth, publike with quiet garnished.
While he did liue, farre, farre was all disorder;
Example more preuailing then direction,
Far was homestrife, and far was fee from border.
His life a law, his looke a full correction:
As in his health we healthfull were preserued,
So in his sicknnesse grew our sure infection.
His death our death. But ah; my Muse hath swarued,
From such deep plaint as should such woes descrie,
Which he of vs for euer hath deserued.
The stile of heauie hart can never flie
So high, as should make such a paine notorious:
Cease Muse therfore: thy dart 0 Death applie;
And farewell Prince, whom goodnesse hath made glorious.
Philisides, the Shepherd good and true,
  Came by Menalchas house the husbandman,
With songs of Love and praise of Mirrahes hue, (complexion, hence) appearance
  Whose faire sweet lokes made him loke pale and wan.
Yt early was. Menalcha forth was bound,
With Horse and man, to sow and till the ground.

‘Menalch softe,’ this Shepehard to him saies,
  ‘Wilt thou with worke, this holy time defile?
This is the chief of Cupids Sabaothe daies,
  The Wake of those that honour Samos Ile.
Where great and small, rich, poore, and eche degree,
  Yeld fayth, Love, Ioy, and prove what in them bee.’
Menalcha who of longe his thought had tild,
  With Fancies plow, that they might plesure beare,
And with his Love the empty Furrowes fild,
  Which alwaies sprangeto him againe in feare,
Was well content the plow and all to yeeld,
Vnto this Sabothe day, and sacred feeld.

And on is past by course amonge the reste,
  Wyth Layes of Ioy, and Lyrickes all of Praise,
His Hart as theirs in service of the beste,
  For other Saintes, he knoweth not their daies.
Yf any juste, his whip must be his Speare,
  And of his teeme the till horse must him beare.
When he runnes well, then well to her betide,
  When yll, then ill. A plain faith is exprest,
Yf neither well nor ill light on his side,
  His course is yet rewarded with the best:
For of all Runners, this the Fortune is,
That who runnes best, is fortunde on to misse.

54 Thomas Churchyard  Of the Quietness That Plain Country Bringeth

This poem, in the once-popular poulter’s measure, is from A pleasaunte Laborinth called Churchyardes Chance (1586).

Of the quietnesse that plaine Countrie bryngeth.

Among the rustie rockes, bothe rough and harde by kinde,
  Where weather beats, and stormes are brim, for eche small blast of winde: fierce, raging
Where spryngs no forrainne frutes, nor deinties are not sought,
  Where common pleasures made for man, are not in Marketts bought.
Where growes no grapes of wine, to glad the gripped breast,
  Nor stand no bowres to banket in, yong wantons for to feast: regale, entertain
Where people are not fine, nor yet no foole I trowe,
  But plaine as in the two pickt staffe, and plainly doe thei goe,
I settled am to liue, and likes my lotte as well,

4 pale and wan through love. 5 Menalcha The usual, correct form is Menal(h)as. In 2, the possessive s was omitted as commonly with names ending in -s; this may have led the scribe to take Menalcha as the actual name. The error indicates that the transcript, if not the poem, was not made or supervised by Sidney. 9 Sabaoth[e] confusing Sabaoth, the heavenly hosts, with Sabbath, hence festival. 10 Wake festival (OED wake n’ 4a). Samos or Samothea, an old name for Britain in the legendary past. 16 in feare ‘in fere’, together: i.e. the seeds of love he sowed sprang in clusters to yield him harvest. 18 feeld [a] farmland, continuing the farming metaphor (b) field for jousting or tournaments. 21 the beste No doubt the Queen. 23-4 Presumably a reference to the ploughman’s costume of the reveller speaking these verses; see headnote. 24 till horse plough-horse. Alternative marginal reading mill horse, i.e., turning a mill-wheel in a circle, hence a committed lover: the impresa of a tilter in Sidney’s New Arcadia (Skretkowicz p.256). Woudhuysen sees this as a link with Sidney and the courtly practice of tilting. 25 runnes] rides at tilt (OED 2b). 25-30 ?The jouster must try his best but cannot be sure of success. 30 Even the best jouster might make a single mistake. 41 rustie] rough, rugged. 46 banket] a light outdoor repast (OED banquet 2). 47 fine] clever, cunning (OED 11); this sense best suits no fooles. 8 two pickt staffe] a two-pronged packstaff, the rod or staff on which a pedlar supports his pack. 9 likes] with ‘I’: singular verb with plural subject (cf. ‘holds’, 35).
As thei that haue a richer home, or with greate Princes dwell:

Now finde I eache thyng sweete, that sowre I thought before,
That in tymes past did please me moste, now me delites no more.
The toune and stony streets, I weary am to tread,
The feeld but asks a Motley cote, as homely folks are clead:

Now Frese and Kendall greene, maie serue in stead of Silke,
And I that fedde on Courtly fare, maie learne to feede on Milke
And take suteche country chere, as easily is maintaine,
No dishe of gift but suteche in deede, as sweat of browes haue gainde.
No platters full of bribes, these mountaines forthe doe bryng,
A quiet morsell there is cald, a bankett for a kyng:

To eate and slepe in rest, to laugh and speake from feare,
To be an honest neighbour namde, is all that men seeke theare:
No hollownesse of hartes, no hauite waies are likte,
Are seen vpon these hilles, nor in the dale likewise,
Where those that dwell in cottage poore, doe princelly halls despise:

A cruse of cold sower whey, the Sugred cupp doeth passe,
In gilted boules doeth poison lurke, that spied is in the glasse.
The poore man tastes hym self, the Prince dare not doe so,
Then better is the surely life, then doubtfull dates I troe

Did not Diogenes, set more store by his tonne,
Then of the worldly kyngdomes all, that Alexander wonne.
Did not that mighty prince, these wordes with tong expres,
If Alexander were I not, make me Diogenes:

Since kyngs would change their states, and holds the meane life best,
Then blame not me where I doe like, I seeke to finde some rest.

55 Thomas Blennerhasset  From A Revelation of the True Minerva

From A Revelation of the True Minerva (1582), a eulogy of Queen Elizabeth set against a council of the gods to locate a ‘true Minerva’ on the degenerate earth. In this passage, continental European (perhaps French) shepherds lament their condition and contrast the happy state of England, from which their interlocutor Epizenes comes. Led by blind ambition, he has travelled across Europe, and now repents having left England. The punctuation has been lightly modified.

Then Pan (when Neptune had Apollo’s place)
that rarull god and clownishe rustikes king,
with shepheardes three attending on his grace,
he plide his pipe, the one of them did sing,
the second sight, the third his hands did wring,
when pastor Pan persaudae their pitious plight,
his pipe laide down he made his men resight
their cause of care.

[Bembus speaks]
From walled towne I Bembus wonted was
a mightie masse of money once a yeere
Full xl. crownes I did returne, alas
nowe xx. grootes I cannot comprosse cleere,
My stocke, my store, my houshold stufte most deere,
I spend, and spoyle, and all to none auayle,
lawhe that this list, Bembus shall weep and wayle.

14 Motley a many-coloured cloth, referring to the flowers (OED A1b) 15 Frese frieze, a coarse cloth. Kendall greene a coarse green cloth. of gift obtained gratis or without labour 24 sheathes covers, exteriors. pilkte plucked: i.e. whose pride goes before a fall. 27 cruse small jar or bottle. cupp a sugared, flavoured drink. 28 A golden bowl may hide poison, but clear glass reveals it. 29 Princes had tasters or sewers who checked their food for poison. 31 tonne the barrel in which the cynic philosopher Diogenes is said to have dwelt. His encounter with Alexander is narrated in 33-4. 35 meane (a) lowly, humble (b) moderate, taking the middle path. 36 where with implicit ‘if’. 1 Neptune ... Apollo Just before this, Apollo is said to have yielded place to Neptune, god of the sea where the island kingdom of the ‘true Minerva’ (Elizabeth) is set. 9 wonted used to (‘returne’, 11). 11 crownes English gold coin worth 5 shillings; also a French coin (escu sol) widely current in England in the 16-c.
On pleasant pipe to play did please me much,
I did delight sweete ditties to indight:
But nowe the woes of wretched warres be such
As nothing els but howe in fielde to fight,
And howe to keepe the flocke from souldiers’ sight:
That rauening woolfe, whose neuer filled mawe
With rage doth make his wicked will a lawe.

[Colon speaks]

Poore Colon I, and careful Comma shee
My weded wife, once happie, nowe forlorn,
Let vs complayne of fortunes crueltie,
The countries grace, and nowe the countries scorne.
X. men, v. flocks, v. plowes, to sowe my corne
I keept, but nowe the greater is my care
My flocks be stolne, my fruitfull fielde be bare.

The people for the prince’s pride are plagde,
It falleth to the faultlesse subiectes lot,
To double drinke in cruel cuppe of care,
When peruerse princes madding minde doth dote:
Bellona then doth sounde a dolefull note,
Then bloodie men of warre the sweete doth eate
Without regard of vs the shepheardes sweate.

My Bembus deare thou knowest this Sommer last,
Whose armie laide all leuell with the grounde
Our corne half ripe, our vines were spoild as fast,
Our townes be burnt, our woods worth many a pound
Be quite destroyde, and where may nowe be founde
One hedge, or ditch, not torne nor troden downe,
This cursed crop we reape from his renowne.

In winter nowe when Boreas bitter blast
Forbiddes in field that armed men shoulde meete,
A greater griefe we countrey men do tast,
Wee cessed are, the souldier eates the sweete
Of all our toile, a thing nor iust nor meete.
Such is my state: yet this my hireling,

when Pan doth pipe, what doth he then but sing.

[Epizenes speaks]

And sing thy seruaunt must good Colon, he
Doth hope to haue (as he before hath had)
A place of rest exempt from miserie.
You both (I thinke) do sinne to be so sadde.
Take my aduise and be you euer glad,
Do followe mee, forsake these fieldes though knowne,
My selfe can giue the like, they be mine owne.

For I Epizenes a pastor am;
Though nowe thy man, yet I my selfe keepe men,
With in my fieldes skipes many a lustie lambe,
I dwell where beepe and bacon meate for men,
where milke and honie froweth like the fenne:
I dwell where want of warre and quiet rest
Doth plainlye proue Brittaine to be the best.

23 Colon] Variant of ‘Colin’, but allows pun with ‘Comma’.
36 sweate] with play on sweete (35).
41-2 The sense requires another not.
43 hie renowne] apparently their region or nation’s, but perhaps of certain persons.
47 cessed] (a) taxed (b) obliged to supply soldiers with provisions (cf. OED cess n2, v4, in an Irish context).
50 what ... sing] i.e. His hired boy can be merry while he is not.
61 meate] ?hit; ?flesh, or simply food (OED i).
62 fenne] fen, marsh. The fens of eastern England had not yet been drained.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

[?Bembus speaks]

Epizenes thou seemst to haue no sence,
Bembus shall proue thee mad or ignorant.
If so it be, why didst thou runne from thence?
wherefore? because all things they be so scant
where thou doest dwell, that naked neede and want
Did druie thee thence, my neighbour Colon can
Report thy state, when first thou wert his man.

70

[?Epizenes speaks]

Bembus, do heare the storie of my state,
Cloyd with the blisse which nowe I doe desire,
I know not what the frowarde force of fate
I being well, did make mee to aspire,
Thus not content in paradise to dwell,
seeking for heauen, I founde out hatefull hell.

56 WILLIAM WARNER  ARGENTILE AND CURAN

From Bk. IV ch. 20 of William Warner’s Albions England (1586). Closely linked to Havelok the Dane’s story in medieval romance, whose earliest version (in Geoffrey Gaimar’s Anglo-Norman History of the English) names the principal lovers as Argentille and Cuharan.

The Brutons thus departed hence, Seauen Kingdomes here begonne:
Where diuersely in diuers broyles the Saxons lost and wonne.
King Edell and King Adelbright in Diria joyntly rayne:
In loyall concorde during life these Kingly friends remayne.
When Adelbright should leaue his life, to Edell thus he saies:
By those same bonds of happie loue, that held vs friends alwaies,
By our by-parted Crowne, of which the Moytetye is myne,
By God, to whom my Soule must passe, and so in tyme may thynye,
I pray thee, may I Coniure thee, to nourish as thyne owne
Thy Neece my Daughter Argentile, till she to age be growne,
And then, as thou receiuest it, resigne to her my Throne.
A promise had for this Bequest, the Testator he dyes:
But all that Edell vndertooke, he afterward denies.
Yet well he fosters for a tyme the Damself that was growne
The farrest Lady ynder heauen: whose beautie being knowne,
A many Princes seke her loue, but none might her obtaine:
For grippell Edell to himselfe her Kindome sought to gaine,
And for that cause, from sight of such he did his Ward restraine.
By chaunce one Curan, sonne vnto a Prince in Danske did see
The Mayde, with whom he fell in loue as much as one might bee.
Unhappie Youth, what should he doe? his Sainct was kept in Mewe,
Nor he, nor any Noble-man admitted to her vewe.
One while in Malancholy fits he pynes himselfe away,
Anon he thought by force of Armes to winne her if he may,
And still against the Kings restraine did secretly inuay,
At length the high Controller Loue, whom none may disobay,
Imbaised him from Lordlynes, vnto a Kitchin Drudge:
That so at least of life or death she might become his Judge.

72 do] a parodic rustic version of to: if you were to hear, if I were to tell you. 73 which ... desire] which (I once had and) now am seeking again. 75 Although I was well, drove me to aspire higher. 1 Brutons] Britons: the spelling a reminder of Brut or Brutus of Troy, legendary founder and first king of Britain. Seauen Kingdomes] The heptarchy of Anglo-Saxon kingdoms after the Romans left Britain. 3 Edell, Adelbright] Edelsie and Adelbrit: In the Havelok story, Edelsie a Dane ruling Norfolk. Adelbrit a Briton ruling Lincoln. Diria] Deira, a subkingdom of Northumbria. 10 Neece] Adelbrit had married Edelsie’s sister Orwain. 11 as thou receiuest it] i.e. Edell will be ruling on Argentille’s behalf till she comes of age. 13 denyes] disallows, refuses to do (OED 4, 5). 17 Kindome] ?position or authority of a king (OED 1) rather than the actual territory, of which Edell is already joint ruler. 23-4 One while ... Anon] At one point ... but then again. 25 restrain] ‘action of restricting or checking’ (OED 2a) – i.e. hiding Argentille from her suitors. inuay] inveigh: condemn, rail against (OED 5).
Accesse so had to see, and speake, he did his loue bewray
And telles his hearth: her aunswer was she husbands would stay.

Meane while the King did beate his braines his bootie to achiue,
Not caring what became of her, so he by her might thriue:
At last his resolution was some Pessant should her wiue.
And (which was working to his wish) he did observer with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a Drudge, scapt many an amorous toye.
The King, perceiuing such hisayne, promotes his Vassall still,
Least that the bacenesse of the man should let perhaps his will.
Assured therefore of his loue, but not suspecting who
The Louer was, the King himselfe in his behalfe did owe.

The Lady, resolute from loue, vnkindly takes that hee
Should barre the Noble, and vnto so base a Match agree:
And therefore, shifting out of dooeres, departed thence by stealth,
Preferring pouertrie before a daungorous life in wealth.

When Curan heard of her escape, the anguish in his harte
Was more then much, and after her from Court he did departe:
Forgetful of himselfe, his hearth, his Countrie, friends, and all,
And onely mynding (whom he mist) the Foundresse of his thrall.
Nor means he after to frequented Court, or stately Townes,
But Woltingly a loue, amongst the Countrie grownes.

A brace of yeres he liued thus, well pleased so to liue,
And Shepheard-like to feede a Flocke, hiselmes did wholly gue.
So wasting loue, by worke, and want, grewe almost to the Waene:
But then began a second Loue, the worser of the twaene.

A Countrie wench, a Neathards Mayd, where Curan kept his Sheepe
Did feede her Droue: and now on her was all the Shepkeeres keepe.
He borrowed, on the working daies, his holly Russets oft:
And of the Bacons fat, to make his Startups blacke and soft:
And least his Tarbox should offend he left it at the Folde:
Sweete Growte, or Whigge, his Bottle had as much as it might holde:

A Sheeue of bread as browne as Nut, and Cheese as white as Snowe,
And Wyldings, or the Seasons fruitie, he did in Skrippe bestowe:
And whilst his py-bald Curre did sleepe, and Sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollowe Quilles of oten Strawe he pyped melodie.
But when he spyed her his Sainct, he wipte his greasie Shooes,
And clear’d the driuell from his beard, and thus the Shepheard owes.
I haue, sweete Wench, a peece of Cheese as good as tooth may chawe:
And bread, and Wyldings, souling well: and therewithall did drawe
His Lardrie: and in eating, see yon Crumpled Ewe (quoth hee)

Did twinne this fall, and twinne shoulde’st thou if I might tupp with thee.

Thou art to eluish, faith thou art to eluish, and to coye.
Am I, I pray thee, beggerlie that such a Flocke enjoye?
Iwis I am not: yet that thou doest hold me in disdaine
Is brimme abroade, and made a gibe to all that keepe this Plaine.
There be as quaint (at least that thinke themeselves as quaint) that craue
The Match, which thou (I wot not why) mayst, but mislik’st to haue.
How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot, thou art a female) I,
I knowe not her that willingly with Mayden-head would dye.
The Plowmans labour hath no end, and he a Churle will proue:

The Craftsman hath more worke in hand, then fittelyr vnto loue:

The Marchant traffaquent abroade, suspeches his wife at home:

35 toyel (a) ‘amorous sport, dallying’ (OED 1) (b) flirtationsong or speech (OED 3).
47 Foundresse of his thrall [source or originator of his captivity (in love).
52 His love began to wane because of his hard labour and want. want] (a) poverty (b) frustration in love.
55 keepe care (OED 1).
56 He began sporting his holiday clothes on working days. Russets [garments of] a kind of coarse cloth.
58 Tarbox] Tar was used to treat sheep’s wounds. Growte] (a) grout, infusion of malt before fermenting (OED grout n.2a) b) ‘a kind of coarse porridge made of whole meal’ (OED 2). Whigge] any of various milk drinks.
59 souling] from sowl, ‘To form or serve as a relish’ (OED sowl v2, citing this line). Lardrie] larder: store of food, prob. in his basket or scrip.

70 eluish] peevish, difficult (cf. OED 2a).
74 quaint] (a) refined, elegant (OED 4a, b) (b) proud, haughty (OED 7) (c) fastidious (OED 6).
A Youth will play the Wanton, and an old-man prowe a Mome:  

Then choose a Shepheard. With the Sunne he doth his Flocke vnfold,  

And all the day on Hill or Plaine he merrie chat can hold:  

And with the Sunne doth folde agayne, then iogging home betyme,  

He turns a Crabb, or tunes a Rounde, or sings some merrie ryme:  

Nor lackes he gleefull tales to tell, whist that the Bole doth trot:  

And sittith singing care-away, till he to bed hath got:  

There sleepes he soundly all the night, forgetting Morrow caeres,  

Nor feares he blasting of his Corne, or vttring of his wheres  

Or stormes by Seas, or stirres on Land, or cracke of credit lost,  

Not spending franklier then his flocke shall still defray the cost.  

Well wot I, sooth they say, that say: more quiet nights and daies  

The Shepheard sleepes and wakes then he whose Cattell he doth graize.  

Beleeue me Lasse, a King is but a man, and so am I:  

Content is worth a Monarchie, and mischiefes hit the hye.  

As late it did a King and his, not dying farre from hence:  

Who left a Daughter, (saue thy selfe) for faier, a matches wench:  

(Here did he pause, as if his tongue had made his harte offence.)  

The Neatresse longing for the rest, did egghe him out to tell  

How faire she was, and who she was. She boore (quoth he) the bell  

For beautie: though I clownish am, I know what beautie is,  

Or did I not, yet seeing thee, I senceles were to mis.

[There follows a long description of the beauties, and briefly the inner graces, of Argentile.]  

A Nymph, no tung, no harte, no Eye, might praise, might wish, might see,  

For Life, for Loue, for Forme, more good, more worth, more fayre, then shee:  

Yea such an one, as none was, saue only she was such:  

Of Argentile to say the most, were to be scylient much.  

I knewe the Lady very well, but worthles of such praes,  

The Neatresse sayd: and muse I doe, a Shepheard thus should blaze  

The Coote of Beautie. Credit me, thy latter speach bewraies  

Thy clownish shape, a conyned shewe. But wherefore doest thou wepe?  

(The Shepheard wept, and she was woe, and both did scyline keepe.)  

In troth, quoth he, I am not such as seeming I professes:  

But then for her, and now for thee, I from my selfe digresse.  

Her loued I, (wretch that I am, a Recreantt to beee)  

I loued her, that hated loue: but now I dye for thee.  

At Kirkland is my Fathers Court, and Curan is my name,  

In Edels Court sometymes in pompe, till Loue contrould the same:  

But now. What now? deare hart how now? what aylest thou to wepe?  

(The Damsell wept, and he was woe, and both did scyline keepe.)  

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much, that you did loue so much:  

But whom your former could not moue, your second loue doth touch.  

Thy twise belowed Argentile, submitteth her to thee:  

And for thy double loue presents her selfe a single fee:  

In passion, not in person chaung’d, and I my Lord am shee.  

They sweerely surfeiting in ioye, and scylient for a space,  

When as the Extasie had end, did tenderly imbrace:  

And for their Wedding, and their wish, got fitting tyme and place.

84 jogging home betyme] coming home early.  

85 turnes] ?parees the rind in a long narrow strip (OED 4c).  

87 care-away] ‘an exclamation of merriment or recklessness’ (OED).  

89 vttring of his whereas] loss or destruction of his flocks.  

91 offence as if he had said something that pained him.  

102 I senceles .. mis] I would be foolish not to recognize it.  

103 There was none to compare with her.  

108-9 blaze the Coote] discourse of, extol: image from heraldry.  

117 contrould] curbed, stopped (OED 4b).
Not England (for of Hengest then was named so this Land)
Then Curan had an hardier Knight, his force could none withstand:
Whose Sheep-hooke lay'd a parte, he then had higher things in hand.
First, making knowne his lawfull claime in Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria: and he wonne Brenitia too in fight:
And so from trecherous Edell tooke at once his life and Crowne, 
And of Northumberland was King: long rainging in renowne.

57 THOMAS WATSON AMYNТАS: THE SECOND LAMENTATION
Translated from the Latin by Abraham Fraunce

Thomas Watson's Latin Amynatas (1586) contained 11 lamentations (querela) of the shepherd Amynatas for his dead love Phillis. These were translated in English hexameters by Abraham Fraunce as The Lamentations of Amynatas for the death of Phillis (1587), and expanded to 12 eclogues in Fraunce's The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch (1591). The translation follows the original quite closely while adding or omitting some details. Contrary to some accounts, the story of Amynatas owes nothing except the lovers' names to Tasso's Italian pastoral play Aminta, though a rendering of the play precedes the Lamentations in Yuychurch. The text here follows 1587, Fraunce, author of The Arcadian Rhetorike (1588), was an admirer and imitator of Sidney. His verse style reflects something of the patterned repetitive structures of Sidney's 'Arcadian' prose.

When by the pleasant streams of Thames poore catif Amintas
Had to the dull waters his grief thus vainly revealeth,
Spending al that day and night in vainly revealing,
As soone as morning her shining heares fro the mountains
Had shewn forth, and dryu'na al star-light quite fro the heauens,
Then that vnhappy shepheard stil plag'd with vnhappily louing,
Left those barren banks and waters no pity taking,
And on a crookt shephowke his limbs all weary reposing,
Climed a loft to the hills, but, alas, very faintily clymed,
Kiddes, and goats, and sheep sheepeing, Goodman, to the mountains,
For sheepe, goats, and kids with pastures better abounding,
Then by the way thus he spake, to the sheepe, to the goats, to the yong kidds. on the way
O poore flock, it seemes you feel these pangs of a lover,
And mourne thus to behold your mournefull maister Amintas.
Your wont was, some part to be bleating, some to be skipping,
Some with bended browes and horned pates to be butting,
Sheepe to be gapping grasse, and goats to the vines to be climing.
But now no such thing, but now no lust to be liuely,
Sheepe and seely shepheard with lucklesse loue bee besotted,
For with what miseries poore mortal men be molest'd?
O with what miseries poore mortal men be molest'd?
Now do I know right wel what makes you thus to be mourning,
Thus to be tyred, thus to be quailed, thus to be drooping:
Phillis while she remaynd, milkt my goates euer at euning,
Goats that brought home duggs stretch't with milk euer at euning.
Phillis brought them flowres, and thhem brought vnto the welsprings,
When dogdayes raigned, when fields were al to be scorched,
Whilst that I lay sleepeing in cooling shade to refresh mee.
Phillis againe was woont with Amintas, sheepe to be washing,
Phillis againe was woont my sheepe thus washt to be shearing,
Then to the sweete pastures my sheepe thus shorne to be driuing,
And from fox and woofle my sheepe thus dryu'n to bee keeping
With watchfull bawling and strength of lustie Lycisca,
And in folds and coats my flocke thus kept, to be closing: sheepotes; shutting in
Least by the Northern winds my sheepe might chance to be pinched
Least by the frost or snow my kids might chance to be grieued.
Phillis lou’d you so, so Phillis lou’d Amintas,
Phillis a guide of yours, and Phillis a friend of Amintas.
But sweete sheepe, sweete goates, spare not to be luellie, for all this,
Looke not vpon my weeping face so sadly, for all this,
Harken not to my plaints and songs all heauie, for all this,
Harken not to my pipe, my pipe vnluckie, for all this.
But sweete sheepe, sweete goates, leauce of your maister Amintas, off
Leape and skip by the flowing fields, and leauce of Amintas,
Climbe to the vines and tender trees, and leauce of Amintas,
Climbe to the vines, but runne for life, for feare of a mistiefe, When th’old Silenus with his Asse comes lasilie troting,
Let me alone, me alone lament and mourne my beloued,
Let me alone celeberate her death by my teares, by my mourning: commemorate

Like to the siluer swan, who seeing death to be comming, resorts, withdraws
Wandreth alone for a while through streams of louelie Caister.
Then to the flowing bankes all faint at length he repaireth,
Singing there, sweet bird his dying song to Caister,
Geuing there, sweet bird, his last farewell to Caister,
Yielding up, sweete bird, his breath and song to Caister.

How can Amintas liue, when Phillis leaueth Amintas?
What for fieldes, for woods, for medowes careth Amintas,
Medowes, woods, and fieldes if my sweete Phillis abandon?
Mightie Pales fro the fieldes, fro the medowes learned Apollo, allow it to happen
Faunus went fro the woods, when Phillis went from Amintas,
No good sight to my eyes, no good sound came to my hearing.
But let Phillis againe come backe, and stay with Amintas,
Then shall woods with leauces, and fields with flowers be abounding,
Medowes with greene grasse to the poore mans daileie reioicing,
Mightie Pales to the fields, to the medowes learned Apollo,
Faunus comes to the woods, if Phillis come to Amintas,
No bad sight to my eyes, no bad sound comes to my hearing.

Come then, good Phillis, come back, if destinie suffer,
Leauce those blessed bowers of soules alreadie departed,
Let those sparkling eyes most like to the fire, to the Christall,
Ouercome those hags and fiends of fearefull Auernus,
Which haue ouercome those stars of chearful Olympus.
And by thy speech more sweet then songs of Thracian Orpheus,
Pacify th’infernall furies, please Pluto the grim god,
Stay that bawling curre, that three throrrible helhound,

For vertue, for voice, th’art like to Sibilla, to Orpheus.
Sweet hart, come, to thy friend, to thy friend comes speedelie sweethart.
Speedelie come, least grief consume forsaken Amintas.
Phillis, I pray thee returne, if prayers may be regarded,
By these teares of mine, from cheekees aie rufelie abounding,
By those armes of thine, which somtimes clasped Amintas,

35 pinched] shrunk or afflicted with cold. 
37 For the second lou’d, Yuychurch has loved, which scans better. 
39-42 The figure epistolope, closing each line with the same phrase. 
47 Silenus] an elderly wood-god, a jovial drunken attendant of Dionysus, riding on an ass. 
50 swan] Held to sing only at the time of its death. 
51 Caister] Caystraus, a river in Lydia (in modern Turkey) known for its swans and other waterfowl. 
50 Pales] a pastoral goddess. fieldes ... medowes] farmland and open land. 
50 Faunus] a wood-god. 
64 poore mans ... reioicing] i.e. Pastoral song vanished from the countryside. 
69-72 differing somewhat from the Lat. 
71 Auernus] a lake considered the entrance to the underworld; hence the underworld itself. 
72 Ouercome ... Olympus] (Her eyes) which have outshone the stars of the sky. 
73 Orpheus] Orpheus won back his dead wife Euridice by pleasing Pluto, god of the underworld, with his song. 
72 helhound] Cerberus, the three-headed dog guarding the entrance to Hades. 
76 vertue ... voice] of ’Sibilla’ and Orpheus respectively. 
77 Sweet hart ... sweethart] Both 1587 and Yuychurch print separately the first time and conjointly the next, suggesting a change of nuance. 
80-85 The figure anaphora, opening each line with the same word.
By lips thine and mine, joined most sweetly together,
By faith, hands, and heart with true sincerity pledged,
By songs, by wedding with great solemnity vowed,
By iests, and good turns, by pleasures all I beseech thee,
Help and succour, alas, thy forlorn lover Amintas.
Or by thy tears intreat those nymphs of destine fatal,
No pity taking nymphs intreat, that I lie not alone thus,
Pind thus away with griefe, suffering unspeakable anguish,

But let death, let death, come speedily give me my passport,
So that I find faire fields, faire seats, faire groues by my dying,
And in fields, in seats, in groves faire Phillis abiding.
There shall Phillis againe, in curtesie striue with Amintas.
There with Phillis againe, in curtesie striue shal Amintas,
There shall Phillis againe make garlands gay for Amintas,
There for Phillis againe, gay garlands make shal Amintas,
There shall Phillis againe be repeating songs with Amintas,
Which songs Phillis afore had made and song with Amintas.

But what, alas, did I mean, to the whistling winds to be mourning?
As though mourning could restore what desteneie taketh.
Then to his house, ful sad, when night approch, he returned.

58 THOMAS WATSON  AMYNTAS: THE LAST LAMENTATION
Translated from the Latin by Abraham Fraunce

Fraunce's English rendering in The Lamentations of Amintas (1587) of the eleventh and last eclogue in Thomas Watson's Amintas (1585), at the end of which Amintas kills himself. 17 lines added in Fraunce's The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch (1591), where it is the twelfth eclogue owing to an addition earlier on. The fuller Yuychurch version is followed here. Except for the extra lines, this follows the Latin fairly closely, with a few changes and omissions.

And now since Phillis dead corps was layd in a coffyn
Twelfth day came at last, when weake, yet wakeful Amintas
Spy'de through tyles of his house fair Phæbus beams to be shynynge:
Which when he saw, then in haste hymself he began to be stirring,
And with trembling knees, with mynde extremely molested,
Passed along to the fields where grave of Phillis appeared,
Meanyng there to the grave, to the ghost, to the scattered ashes
His last lamenting in woefull wise to be making.
But when he saw fresh flowers and new grasse speedily start vp,

And Phillis sweete name ingraun'y by the hande of Amintas,
Then did he stay, and wepe, with an inward horror amased:
And at length his knees on grave there fantoly bowinge,
With dolorous groaning his fatall howre he bewayled.

This day, this same day, most blessed day of a thousand,
Shall be the first of joy, and last of anoy to Amintas,
This shall bring mee myself to myself, and bring mee to Phillis.

Let neyther father nor mother mourne for Amintas,
Let neyther kinsman, nor neighbour wepe for Amintas,
For Venus, only Venus doth lay this death on Amintas,
And Phillis sweete solwe in fayre fyelds stays for Amintas.

Yf you need will shew some signe of loye to Amintas,
Then when life is gone, close vp these eyes of Amintas,
And with Phillis corps lay this dead corps of Amyntas,  
This shal Phillis please, and Phillis louer Amyntas.  
And thou good Thrys, dryue forth those Sheepe of Amyntas,  
Least that Amyntas Sheepe dy with theyr master Amyntas.  
And thou good Daphne, when soe thou gang st to the Mountayns,  
Dryue on Phillis Goates, fayre Phillis Goates to the Mountayns;  
For now, now at length, ile leaue this life for a better,  
And seeke for mending in a most vnnatural ending.  
Must then Amyntas thus but a stripling murder Amyntas?  
O what an imperious princesse is Queene Cytheræa?  
For, stil-watching loue would neuer let me be resting,  
Nor neuer sleeping since Phillis went from Amyntas.  
And noe longer I can susteigne these infynit horrors  
And pangs incessant, which now are freshly renued  
And much augmented; therfore am I fully resolued  
Of linging loues wound to be speedily cur’d by a deaths-wound.  
Thus when he had contruy’d in his hart this desperat outrage,  
And meante fully to dy, with an hellish fury bewitched,  
What doe I stay, quod he, now? tis losse of tyme to be linging:  
Then with a fatall knife in a murdring hand, to the heauens  
Vp did he looke for a while, and groan’d with a deadly resounding,  
With these woords his life and lamentation ending  
Gods and ghosts forgiue, forget this fault of Amyntas,  
Pardon I craue of both, this knife shall bring me to Phillis,  
And end these mysteries, though desteny flally deny it.  
Etu’n as he spake these words, downe fell deepe-wounded Amyntas,  
Fowling hands and ground with streames of blood that abounded.  
And good-natur’d ground pytynge this fall of Amyntas,  
In most louing wise, very gently receaued Amyntas,  
And when he fell, by the fall, in mournefull sort, she resounded.  
Jupiter in meane-tyme, and th’other Gods of Olympos,  
When they saw this case (though greate things were then in handling)  
Yet lamented much, and then decree’d, that Amyntas  
Sowle should goe to the fyelds where blessed Phillis abydeth,  
And bloody corps should take both name and forme of a fayre florwe  
Call’d Amaranthus then, for Amyntas frendly remembrance.  
Whil’st these things by the Gods were thus decree’d in Olympos,  
Senses were all weake, and almost gone from Amyntas,  
Eyes were quyte sightles, deaths-pangs and horror approched.  
Then with his head half vp, most heavlyy groaned Amyntas,  
And as he groan’d, then he felt his feete to the ground to be rooted,  
And seeking for a foote could fynde noe foote to be sought for,  
For both legs and trunck to a stalk were speedily changed,  
And that his ould marrow to a cold iuyce quickly resolued,  
And by the same could iuyce this stalk stylyely apeared.  
Which strange change when he felt, then he lifted his arms to the heauens,  
And, when he lifted his armes, then his armes were made to be branches;  
And now face and hayre of Amyntas lastly remayned;  
O what meane you Gods to prolong this life of Amyntas?  
O what meane you Gods? with an hollow sound he repeated,  
Vntil his hollow sound with a stalk was speedily stopped.

31 ‘Must I kill myself at this tender age?’  
32 Cytheræa] Venus or Aphrodite, early worshipped on the island of Cythera.  
39 outrage] ‘mad or passionate behaviour, fury; tumult of passion, disorder’ (OED 1).  
40 hellish fury] damnable madness: it is a sin to kill oneself.  
41 What] why (OED 19).  
45 ghosts] spirits, presumably holy or blessed souls.  
58 Amaranthus] Prob. the love-lies-ableeding, with a purplish-red spume of flowers, or the related prince’s-feather or Joseph’s-coat, which actually has red foliage (cf. 75), both imported to England from America in 16-c. The amaranthus is also a legendary flower of immortality growing in heaven; significantly, the present flower is so named by Jupiter. Lat. adds, it ‘will grow in the serene fields of famous country-seats’. Fraunce’s patron Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, was interested in chemistry and practical medicine: the plant may have been cultivated on the Pembroke estate at Wilton.  
67 Amyntas’ marrow-juice became the vital sap of the amaranthus plant.  
69 branches] Lat. specifies sharp spikes or points as in the love-lies-ableeding and prince’s-feather – in the latter, pointing upwards as here.
And fayre face and hayre bare forme and shape of a fayre flowre, 
Flowre with fayre red leaues, fayre red blood gaue the begynnyng.

Then with bow and shafts, and paynted quyuer about hym, 
Vprose Lord of loue from pryncelyke seate in Olympus, 
And, when t was too late, laments this losse of a fower,

Speaking thus to the Gods of this new flowre of Amynatas.

Myrtle’s due to Venus, greene laurel’s deare to Apollo, 
Corne to the Lady Ceres, and vines to the yong mery Bacchus, 
But thou fayre Amaranthus, gentlesse flowre of a thousand, 
Shalt be my flowre henceforth, and though thou camst from a bleeding, 
Yet blood shalt thou staunch, this quyrt wil I geue the for euer:

And by the pleasant parke where gentlemynded Amynatas 
Lately bewayld his loute, there thy leaues louly for euer, 
Boyes and gyrls and nymphs, shall take a delite to be plucking,

Take a delute of them theyr garlands gay to be making.

And now in meane tyme whilsth these things were thus a working,

Good louing neighbours for a long tyme myssed Amynatas,

And by the causes of beasts, by the dungeons darck, by the deserts, 
And by the hills and dales, by the wells and watery fountainys, 
Sought for Amynatas long, but neuer met with Amynatas.

[The following lines (without precedent in Watson’s Latin) were added in The Countess of Pembroke’s Yvychurch, 1591]

Downe in a dale at last, where trees of state, by the pleasant

Yuychurches parke, make all to be sole, to be sylient,

Downe in a desert dale, Amarillis found Amarantus,

(Nymph, that Amynatas lou’d, yet was not lou’d of Amynatas) 
Founde Amarantus fayre, seeking for fayrer Amynatas;

And with fayre newe flowre fayre Pembrokiana presented.

Who, by a strayte edict, comauende yearely for euer

Yuychurches nymphs and pastors all to be present, 
All, on that same day, in that same place to be present,

All, Amarantus flowre in garlandes then to be wearing, 
And all, by all meanes Amarantus flowre to be praysing,

And all, by all meanes his Amynatas death to be mournyng.

Yea, for a just monyment of tender-mynded Amynatas, 
With newfond tytles, new day, new daile she adorned, 
Cal’d that, Amynatas Day, for loue of louver Amynatas, 
Cal’d this, Amynatas Dale, for a name and fame to Amynatas.

59 John Trussel(?) An Old-Fashioned Love, Epistle 1

Thomas Watson’s Latin Amintae Gaudia (posthumously published 1592) was a ‘pre-quel’ in epistolary form relating the love and courtship of Amynatas and Phillis before the latter’s death as lamented in Watson’s Amynatas (1585). This is the first of five eclogues from Amintae Gaudia translated by ‘L[ohn?] T?[russel?] gent’ as An Ould Facioned Love (1594). It follows the general lines of the original quite closely. Punctuation and fonts have been regularized.

The First Epistle.
Countries delight, sweet Phillis, Beuties pride:
Vouchsafe to read the lines Amynatas writeth,
And hauing red, within your bososome hide,
What first of loue my tearefull mused inditheth.

75 leaues] perhaps petals (OED 2), but Lat. foliis can only mean leaves. The Joseph’s-coat amaranth has red leaves. 77 Cupid is actually not one of the twelve Olympian gods. 84 blood thou shalt staunch] a property of many amaranths, especially the Joseph’s-coat. 85 parke] 1587 has ‘fields’. The change in Yuychurch surely targets the Pembroke estate at Wilton, or the smaller grounds at Ivy Church, a retreat for the Countess that lent Fraunce’s volume its title. 87 Nymphs] perhaps meaning the Graces, mentioned in Lat. alongside virgins and young men, adding ‘and it shall be called the flower of love’. 99 Pembrokiana] Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, to whom Yuychurch is dedicated. Uncertain whether Amarillis stands for a real person.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

When once my mother set me flocks to keepe,  
Bare fifteene yeres of age, in letter clad,  
A maple hooke, to get and hould my sheepe,  
A waiting dogge, a homely scrip I had.

No skill in beasts, on loue I never thought,  
Yet but a boye, the friendly shepards route  
Admitted me, and countrie secrets taught:  
To heale my flocks, to fouled them round about.

In threatened stormes, to lead them to the lee,  
To sheare in time, to driue the wolfe awaie,  
To know the course of starres that fixed bee:  
To pipe on meadow reeds, each holy-daie.

To sing in ryme, as sometimes shepards vse,  
To daunce our liggs on pasture grac't with flowrs  
What learnt I not, what toil did I refuse,  
To quench loues flames, and passe o're idle houres?

At last; when heauen did women's callends shew,  
And custome would that every swain should profer  
Vnto his choise, as they doe sit arewe,  
Such fauours, as poore shepards vse to offer.

Silke garters Egon first began to tie  
About the calues of her loued best,  
And lifting vp her clothes, she said Naie fie.  
With blushing smils, his hand she downward prest.

Then Titerus a ryband did bestow  
On Driades his loue and whole delight.  
In token of the ioyes they hope to knowe,  
When wedding chamber giues the happie night.

Of marigoldes, with figured loue and name,  
A chaplet Melibeus had devised.  
On Clitias head then pinned he the same,  
And vowed his loue should neuer be demised.

To Glicery ould Mopsus fay rings giueth.  
Menalcas and the rest gaue where they loued;  
But who is he, that alwaies happie liueth?  
What ioyes so firme, as griefe hath not remoued?

Faustulus, and Caridon, wel borne, and wel allied,  
Both rich, both strong, and both for vertues praised  
Lou'd ye alike, and were alike denied.  
Yet for your sake, great strife there had they raised.

A gem the one, a whelp the other bringeth,  
Both faire enough, yet you did both refuse,  
Lest hate which oft from riuall passion springeth,  
This merrie meeting rudelie should abuse.

And yet these lads do striue, with words and deeds.  
Loue gaue them staues, their blows ar strongly plac'd.  
They call their frendes, the best but badly speeds.  
Full pale you rose (I marke how palenes graced).

8 waiting dogge] watchdog; a dog accompanying or ‘waiting upon’ him.  
15 fixed] either the courses or the stars themselves (‘fixed stars’ as opposed to planets).  
21 women’s callends] A fanciful English version of the Matronalia, the Roman festival of Juno on the first (kalends) of March, when women were given gifts by their husbands.  
33 figured] spelling out her name and tracing the shape of a heart in flowers. Marigolds were a common love charm.  
36 demised] (a) transferred to another (the original legal sense) (b) dead.  
41 wel allied] with distinguished or influential relations.  
51 the best ... speeds] Even the ablest of them fares badly in the strife.  
52 I marke ... graced] I saw how your paleness increased your beauty.
And truce with mowing tears you did desire.
But all in vain, for tears, the fight increased:
Whereat (me thought) my heart began to fire,
And pittie longd to see this battell ceased.

Then rushed I, amidst this churlish fray.
And war with war, I conquered at the last:
With force, or threats, the fearcest did I stale.
You gaued me thanks, when all the broile was past.

Oh had not sweetest Phyllis thankful beene,
And yet I wish too much against your kind.
But had not I those gracious gestures seene,
I might haue still enjoyed a quiet mind.

For when your tempting eyes I did behold,
And heard your voice, more sweet then musiks sound,
The passions which I felt, may not be told;
Then, then, it was that first loues force I found.

The one mine eare, the other pleas’d mine eye,
This pleasure breed such storms within my hart
As poore Amintas wretchedlie must die:
Except faire Phyllis shall redresse his smarte.

My doubtfull mind so too and free doth moue,
Unlike himselfe your seruaunt now abideth,
Constant in naught, but onely in your loue:
Feare presseth hope, and shame affection hideth.

Beleue me sweete (newe louers cannot faile)
Awake, asleepe, still Phyllis doe I see,
And from your looks I gather joye or paine,
Euen which it please you, to bestow on me.

If merrilie Amintas you salute,
A merry hope doe make me happie straight,
But if you frowne, then doe I feare my sute:
And on my thoughts, a thousand cares do weight.

Confounded thus, and overcomme with griefe,
To fluds with tears, to ayre with sighes I melte,
In vaine I seeke each waie for my reliefe:
I thinke such tormentes, nouer louer felte.

Yet lest a coward iustly I was thought,
At first to yeeld vnto my first desire,
Fond rage with reason to suppresse I sought:
And with discretion, to quench out the fire.

I chide my selfe, and call into my mind
Such medicines, as our annals have in store,
I proue them all, and yet small ease I find:
For still my loue increaseth more and more.

I sit vp late, I rise before the daie,
I doe repeate each vanitye in loue,
I checke faire beautie, by her quick decaie:
And twenty other helps I fondly proue.

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61-4 i.e. If Phyllis had not been gracious to him, he would not have fallen in love with her.
62 But that is to expect you to go too much against your nature (kind): a touch added by the translator.
81-4 Vivid metaphor in Lat. of her face heralding good weather and harvests like the sun, or rain and thunder like clouds.
84 wait] weigh down, oppress: OED 1st cit. 1858.
98 I keep thinking about the follies and frustrations of love (to dissuade myself from loving).
I think how Sirens catch the listening ear,
And how affection is increas’d by sight,
Sweet Phillis, pardon though the truth you heare:
And though against my will, love kept your right.

For I did strue to free me from affection,
But beautie was too strong for mine endeavor,
Who hath so forst my love to your subjection:
As till you free me, I am bound for ever.

To stop mine ears with wax, mine eyes to blind,
To hide me from your sight amidst the woode,
In all these helps no helpe at all I find:
My love is such, as they will doe no good.

As Pelias spere could hurt and healde againe,
So therefore let me craue but this of thee,
That as love made, so love may ease my paine:
And as you mine, so I your best may bee.

Verses made in manner of argument vpon 11: lamentationes of Amintas:
Sweet Phillis Venus sweetyng was, was none so swete as she:
Amintas Cupids darlynge to: was none so dere as he.
Sweet Phillis keppe sheep one a downe, was neuer downe so freended:
Amintas helpte her tender her sheep, were neuer sheep so tended.
Sweet Phillis lykte Amintas thoe, and would not be remoued:
Amintas loued Phillis so, as none could more be loued.
Sweet Phillis flowring garlonds made and badd Amintas were them:
Amintas tender lambkins had, to Phillis did he bere them.
Sweet Phillis where she keppe her sheep the groaues and groundes she graced:
Amintas in those groaues and groundes sweet Phillis ofte embraced.
Sweet Phillis pyght the fayght and trouth the shepheard shoulede her wedd:
Amintas mynd clogde with despayre, with hope herof was fedd.
Sweet Phillis naythles was beguyld, death had the baynes forbyddden:
Amintas hope quyte dashte, despayre no longer coulde lye hydden:
Sweet Phillis thus in freshest pryme of loue and lyfe bereued,
Amintas lefte disconsolate of loue and lyfe deceived.
Sweet Phillis dayes eleuen was dead, eleuen dayes so remayninge,
Amintas dayes eleuen complaynd, the leuenth day dyde complayne:
Sweet Phillis soul in (a happy soull) th’ Elysean feelds contained:
Amintas corps o haples corps, a floure with blood distayned.

60 John Finet(?) The Argument of Amyntas

From Bodleian MS Rawlinson Poet. 85. Author’s name torn and undecipherable: might be John Finet, principal compiler of the volume, or (as Woudhuysen conjectures) his Cambridge associate Robert Mills. This curious piece testifies to the popularity and influence of Watson’s Amyntas. It also links up with pastoral lyrics like no.115 and 120, and shows the spread of pastoral conventions across genres. Punctuation and capitalization marginally modified and regularized.

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Amintas corps o haples corps, a floure with blood distayned.

61 ABRAHAM FRAUNCE  ‘Arcadian Syrinx’

Sung by the shepherd Menalcas at a shepherds’ assembly in Abraham Fraunce’s The Third Part of the Countess of Pembroke’s Ivychurch (1592), which contains tales of the Graeco-Roman gods. Hexameters.

Arcadian Syrinx was a Nymph most noble, amongst all Naiades and Dryades, that in olde times highly renowned Arcadian fountains and mountains ever afforded.

Fleshly Satyrs, Fauni, Siluani dayly desired lustful
Braue bony Syrinx loue, yet loueleus braue bony Syrinx beautiful, glamorous; bonny
Fleshly Satyrs, Fauni, Siluani dayly deceaued. frustrated, disappointed

Syrinx tooke noe joy in ioyes of Queene Cytherea,
But vowe life and loue, and hart and hand to Diana.
Lyke to Diana she lyu’d, for a virgins lyfe she professed,
Lyke to Diana she went, for in hunting roabes she delighted, appeared, went about
And with bow and shafts stil practysd lyke to Diana;
Onely the diffrence was, that in-hunting-mighty Dianaes small
Bow, was made of gowld, and Syrinx bow of a cornell:
Which noe great diffrence was not so greatly regarded, near, closely
But that Nymphs and Gods eu’n so were dayly deceaued,
And hunting Syrinx for mighty Diana reputed,
So nere by Syrinx was mighty Diana resembled.

Pan, with a garland greene of Pinetree gayly bedecked
Saw this Nymph on a time come back from lofty Lycaeus, once
And his rurall loue in rurall sort he bewraied.
declared, expressed
Scarce had he sayd, Bony sweete; but away went braue bony Syrinx,
Went through hills and dales and woods: and lastly aryued small
Where gentle Ladon with mylde streames sweetely resounded.

Ladon stopt her course, Ladon too depee for a damsell,
Then quod Syrinx, Help, deare sisters; let not a virgin,
Immaculate virgin by a rurall Pan be defyled.
rather let Syrinx be a mourning read by the ryuer,
Soe that Syrinx may be a mayden reade by the ryuer.

By and by Syrinx was turnd to a reade by the ryuer:
By and by came Pan, and snatcht at a reade for a Syrinx,
And there sight and sobd, that he found but a reade for a Syrinx.

Whilst Pan sighs and sobs, new tender reads by the whistling
Wyndes did shake and quake, and yeelded a heavy resounding,
Yeelded a dolefull note and murmur like to a playing.
Which Pan perceauing, and therewith greatly delighted,
Sayd, that he would thenceforth of those reads make him a Syrinx.
Then, when he had with wax, many reedes conioyed in order,
His breath gaue them life: and soe Pan framed a Pastors
Pipe, which of Syrinx is yet still called a Syrinx.

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2 Naiades and Dryades] water-nymphs and wood-nymphs respectively: pronounced in two syllables to suit the metre. 4 Fauni, Siluani] wood-gods. Lat. plurals, presumably to suit the metre. 7 Queene Cytherea] Aphrodite or Venus, after Cythera, her early place of worship. 13 cornell] (wood of) the cornel cherry tree (Lat. cornum): Fraunce’s reading of Lat. corneus in Ovid, Met., I.696–7, more usually taken in the sense ‘made of horn’ (Lat. cornu, horn). 18 Pinetree] Fraunce takes Ovid’s pin(a)s (Met. I.699, XIV.68) in the usual sense of ‘pine tree’ and not, as meant here, a wreath of pine needles. 19 Lycaeus] a mountain in Arcadia, birthplace of Pan. 23 Ladon] a river in Arcadia. 25 sisters] nymphs of the Ladon. Syrinx was herself a nymph. 27-9 by] The meaning shifts subtly from ‘beside’ to ‘by the agency of’, with further play on ‘by and by’. 30-31 for] (a) expecting, aiming at (b) instead of. Also play on Syrinx: nymph, reed and pipe.
62  A Tale of Robin Hood

This curious poem from BL MS Harley 367 is unique in presenting Robin Hood, Little John and Adam Bell, another outlaw of popular legend, as allegorical figures for the Church, the universities and the monastic orders respectively; hence as icons of the establishment. Helen Cooper links this poem to the Martin Marprelate controversy of the 1580s, though she does not rule out the early 17th century.* Concluding part of ms. text missing. Punctuation, line initials, and lineation of paratext modified.

A tale of Robin Hoode Dialogue wise betweene Watt and Ieffry.

The morall is the overthrow of the Abbyes, the like being attempted by the puritane, which is the wolfe: and the politician which is the Fox, agaynst the bishops.

Robin Hoode: bushop  
Adam Bell: Abbot  
Little Ihon: Colleauge or the vniversity.

Ieffry. Watt boy whether now so faste?  
Why man what needs all this haste?  
Frolicke, man, for I have seen  
Both our flocks in yonder green,  
Hadst thou come but heere awaye,  
Thou hadst seen a pretty fraye.

Watt. Who foughte heere, I pray the shewe.

Ieffry. Two fatt rams for one leane ewe  
With such feere each other battred  
That their heads were bothe beemattred;  
So all three were in one plighe,  
Shee with leanesse, they with fight.

Watt. Rest they then if they bee weary  
And make wee a little mery  
Tale – wee, Ieffry, in this shade  
Till the soonn beeginn to glade:  
Thy loves storie of thy Cyss  
Wowld delve delighte mee more than this.

Ieffry. Watt, stay there: for love I care not;  
Leave out love and speake and spare not.  
Talke of Bevis, fighter peerlesse,  
Or of Ascleparte the fearlesse;  
Talke of lyons and of wonders,  
Lyghtning’s flashe or roores of thonders,  
Fyre and hayle, and stormes of blood:  
Or tell a tale of Robin Hoode.

Watt. Pitty twere hee that showld ease thee  
Shoulde relate things cannot please thee.  
Thy loves eager sawce, I feare,  
Wowld wax sharper with this geare,  
Ieffry, and I durste not venter  
Putt thy sorrowes on the tenter:  
Off Robin Hoode I cann thee tell  
With little Ihon and Adam Bell.

Ieffry. Than tell mee of those illy markmen  
Whiles our flocks go feedinge.

Watt.  
Robin Hoode, as thou doste knowe,  
Was the first that drewe the bowe;

  8 fatt rams .. leane ewe rams, Puritans and ‘politicians’ or secular rulers; eue, the episcopal Anglican church, rendered leane after the suppression of the monastic orders. See ‘The morall’, 0-2-5.  
  10 beemattred? trained, with grey matter spilling out.  
  21 Bevis] Bevis of Hampton, celebrated hero of medieval romance.  
  22 Ascleparte] Ascopart, giant who first opposes and then serves Bevis.  
  23 lyons] ‘Things of note, celebrity or curiosity’ (OED lion 4a).  
  29-30? Your love would grow sourer for anything I could tell you.  
  37-40 Marginal note in ms.: ‘Bushops were firste in the primitive churche, in the heate of persecution[,] then succeeded monasteryes in calmer tymes and laste of all colleges: of either which bushops wer principall and firste founders’.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Adam Bell rose vp anonn:

Last of all came little Ihon.
Robin in the greatest heate
Gott his livinge by his sweate;
Hee did encounter monsters fell
In forest wide and did them quell.

Him, ne're Chimaera cowld a frighte,
Nor monster men which giaunts hight;
The flyinge dragon scap'te him not,
So stronge hee drewe, so righte hee shott.

Even that Leviathan remorcesesse,

Shott downe to hell, did feele his forces.

With bowe and arrowes by his side
Hee walkte the woods and forrests wide;
When the worlde for helpe did cry,
And good archers were sett by,
Hee taught Adam to deliver,
Hee, the firste that gave him quiver,
Gave him bowe and arrowes sure,
Gave him goodly furniture;

Hee tooke Adam by the hande,
He lead Adam through the lande,

Hee plas'te Adam in the playne,
By the rivers christall veyne.

When the worlde was calme at laste
And all daunger now was paste,
Little Ihon, who doth not see
What good Robin did for thee?

On two mounteynes hee thee planted,
Full of springs which never scanted,
Whence large rivers rann amayne

Into Adams fruitfull playne.

Two fayre mounteynes thou doste holde
Full of pretious stones and goold
Which the worlde so mucht sets by
As the body doth the eye.

Adam Bell was ware and wise
When hee firste beegann to rise,
Till with fatnes of his fare
Hee grew jolly, past all care

As the bee in sommers prime

Sucks the marigoolde and thyme,
Sucks the rose and daffodill,
Leavinge, takinge what hee will:
And from flowre to flowre doth glyde
Sweetly by the rivers side,

Where christall streams delighted full runnings

Ar ever sweetned with his hummings:

Sucht was Adam in his prime
In the flower of his tyme.
So hee tasted evry sweete

Till with fatt hee fell a sleepe.

As hee slombred on the dale
Spread vpon the gentle vale,

Chaunste a lyon came that way,

41-50 In accord with his role as the true Church, Robin becomes a hero of supernatural power, finally almost a type of Christ. 45 Chimaera] a fire-breathing monster compounded of limbs appropriate to various animals. 49 Leviathan] a sea-monster in the Bible: from Isaiah 27,1, identified with the dragon of the Apocalypse (Rev.12, 13), hence with Satan, cast down from heaven. 58 furniture] outfit, equipage, especially weapons or armour. 62 veyne] vein: 'a streamlet or rivulet; a current' (OED s.6b). 67 two mounteynes] Marginal note in ms.: 'univers: ox[ford]: Cam[bridge]:' 68 loues force] Lat. speaks of Amyntas, a boy, struck by the 'boy's' (infant Cupid's) lethal bow. 69 The one ... the other] Phillis' voice and eyes respectively (see 65-6). 77-8 Marginal insertion in ms., prob. of later date. 93-106 Obvious allegory of the dissolution of the monasteries. 93 lyon] Marginal note in ms.: 'kinge hen[ry]'.
Hongry, seekinge for his pray:
In his graspinge paws hee hente him,
And in pieces all to rente him;
Then his quiver by his side
As a spoile hee did divide,
And his bowe and arrowes sure,
And his goodly furniture.
Yeat his cabin doth remayne
Beaten with the wynde and rayne,
Spoyld of all the passers by,
Whose huge frame doth testifie
Of that wondrous monyment,
All the world’s astonishment.
When the wolves and foxes sawe
Adam in the lyons pawe,
Ours is Robin, streight they cryde,
And sett him round one evry side.
Thus

[Incomplete: the following page(s) missing]

63 ANGEL DAY  FROM DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

This praise of Queen Elizabeth is obviously an original addition by Angel Day to his 1587 translation of the 2-c. Greek romance Daphnis and Chloe. Sung by the old shepherd Titerus (variously spelt) as part of the wedding celebrations of the principal characters.

Since first thy soile 0 countrie Pan I knewe,
Since on the dales my sheepe long time I fed,
Since in my heart the sweete remembrance grewe,
Of all these valleis where the Nymphes do tread,
Since first thy grousse and pleasant shadie topps,
Thy christall springs and scituate hie prospects,
The sacred dewes which from the branches drops,
That fresh Pomonae on thy groundes erects:
Since all these pleasures thousands mo then one
My auntient yeares partaked haue erethis,
The mightie love doth knowe wherein alone,
I haue repozd the somme of all my blis.
To Tytirus not all the yeane lammes,
Nor of his flock a rich encrease to gaine,
Ne sporting hops of young kiddes by their dams,
Are halfe so pleasing or to him so faine
As are (Eliza blisfull maiden Queene)
The sweete recorde of all thy happie daies,
Those thoughtes to me, full oft haue gladsome beene,
And on these iories consist my shepheardis laies.
O happie soile long happie maiest thou stand
So sacred be thy mountaines and thy grousse,
So be the walkes of that thy pleasant land,
Frequentd eft with store of fattede droues,
Let be thy glorie like the shining sonne
That glides as far as doth the whirling sphere,
And as the course from whence the riuers ronne
That through the earth a compasse round do beare.

97-100 Marginal insertion in ms., prob. of later date. 101 cabin] a shepherd’s shack or shelter: as an image of the huge frame of the ruined abbeys, shows the self-contradictory nature of pastoral metaphor. 7 dewes] prob. sap or balm rather than simple dew. 8 Pomona] Pomona, goddess of fruit and orchards. Lat. possessive form for no clear reason. that] presumably the branches. 22 So] ?seeing that they are so sacred, frequented etc.; ?so that they remain sacred, frequented etc. 26 whirling sphere] All heavenly bodies ‘whirl’ or rotate in the Ptolemaic, as indeed the Copernican, system. Here perhaps the outermost sphere in the Ptolemaic system, the primum mobile or first mover, which imparts motion to the rest. 27-8 the course] the sea held to surround the solid earth, from and into which the rivers flow.
First faile the skies, first Phœbus cease to raunge,  
First chrysal dewes back to your springs returne,  
First heate and cold desist your daily chaunge,  
And let the fire leaue of his force to burne,  
And let Phœbe first by night her wandring staine  
And darkened be to vs the starrie pole,  
Let Phaeton lose againe the milkie waie  
And fishes leaue to swimme within the poole,  
Cease birds to flie, cease Philomene thy song  
And yearely spring that yeldes of fruits encrease,  
And ycie drops that dangling vnderfong,  
Thy frozen chin let (Saturne) euercease,  
Ere Brutus soile, thou seate of mightie kings,  
The antient race of haughtie princes peeres,  
Ere from thy lappe the slippe whence honor springs,  
By this default do loose the sway it beares,  
Ere thou the glorie of the present rule,  
And honor tied long since to thy desert,  
Thy stately conquests neere that didst recule  
With cloked guile doost seeke for to insert,  
But waste thy glory with the mightiest powres  
And stay thine honor on the greatest fame,  
And selfe-same time that al things els deoures,  
Renue thy faith, and yeeld thee glorious name,  
As faire thy fate as are thy happie yeares,  
As firme thy seate as euer Princes was,  
Great be thy sway as any strength that reares  
The mightiest force that euer man did pas:  
And fairest thou of al the Nymphs that haunt  
These sacred walkes, in which we shepheardes wonne,  
So loue vouchsafe our springs of thee may vaunt,  
As erst before our fertile fieldes haue done.

64 George Peele  An Eclogue Gratulatory to Robert Earl of Essex

In 1589, an 'English Armada' or 'Counter-Armada' under Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norreys, with some Portuguese support, set sail against Spain. Defying the Queen’s express command, Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, joined the expedition and fought with dramatic bravery. He took his time obeying the Queen’s command to return, but seems easily to have made his peace when he did on 4 July.

Soon after (1 August 1589) Peele published An Eclogue Gratulatiorie. Entitled [dedicated]: To the Right Honorable, and Renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for His Welcome into England from Portugall. It is a pronouncedly Spenserian poem, with archaic-rustic dic- tion drawn in good measure from SC and anticipating FQ.

The Right Honorable Earle of Essex his welcom into England, from Portugall.

Piers. Palinode.

_Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan,  
In Patriam redit magnus Apollo suam._

Palinode. Herdgrome, what gars thy pipe to goe so loud?  
Why bin thy lookes so smicker and so proud?  
Perdie plaine Piers, but this couthe ill agree,  
With thilke bad fortune, that ay thwarteth thee.

34 starrie pole] one (presumably the northern) of the poles of the celestial sphere in Ptolemaic astrony, around which the heavenly bodies appear to revolve. 35 Phaeton] the sun-god Helios’ son, who drove the sun- chariot off its set path. 41 Brutus soile] Brutus, a Trojan leader, was said to have sailed west and founded the kingdom of Britain, named after him. 46 tied ... desert] which you have deservedly obtained for long. 49 ?May your glory be spent only at the (slow) rate of the mightiest powers – i.e. may your fame last. 50 May your honour always remain at its highest repute. 57 And fairest thou] implicit construction, ‘And may you be the fairest...’ 59-60 i.e. May Eliza’s fame spread across the waters to foreign lands as it already has throughout her own kingdom. 1-2 ‘Cry hurra and praise, and again hurra and praise: great Apollo has returned to his homeland.’ Line 1 from Ovid, _Ars Amatoria_ I.1. 4 smicker] smirking, gay: _OED_ 2, citing this line. 6 thilke] the same; virtually ‘this’ or ‘the’, as in Spenser.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Piers. That thwarteth me, good Palinode, is fate, what, that which
Yborne was Piers to be unfortunate.
Yet shall my Bagpipe go so loud and shrill,
That heauen may entertaine my kind good will.

Io io Pæan.

Palinode. Sot I say, Losel, leudest of all swaines,
Singest thou proud Patans on these open plaines? leuest: (a) most foolish (b) most wicked
So ill sitteth this straine, this lofty note,
With thy rude tire, and gray russet cote.

Piers. Gray as my cote is, Greene all are my cares,
My grasse to drosse, my corne is turned to tares:
Yet euén and morrow will I neuer lin,
To make my crowd speake as it did begin.

Io io Pæan.

Palinode. Thou art too crancke, and crowdest all to hie,
Beware a Chip fall not into thine eie:
(Man) if Triumphals heere be in request,
Then let them chaunt them, that can chaunt them best.

Piers. Thou art a sowre swaine Palinode perdie,
My Bagpipe vaunteh not of victorie:
Then give me leaue, sonizance to make,
For chualirie, and louely learnings sake.

Io io Pæan.

Palinode. Thou hardy Herdsman, darest thou of Arms chaunt?
Sike verse I tell thee, ought have a great vaunt:
Then how may thy boldnes scape a fine trumpe,
Warres Laud, is matter for the brasen Trumpe.

Piers. Of Armes to sing, I haue nor lust nor skill,
Enough is me, to blazon my good will:
To welcome home that long hath lacked beeene,
One of the iolliest Shepherds of our Greene.

Io io Pæan.

Palinode. Tell me good Piers, I pray thee tell it me,
What may thilke iollie swaine or shepherd be?
Or whence ycomen? that he thus welcome is,
That thou art all so blithe to see his blisse.

Piers. Palinode, thou makest a double demaund,
Which I will answere, as I understand.
Yet will I not forget, so God me mend,
To pipe lowd Pæans as my Stanzas end.

Io io Pæan.

Thilk Shepheard (Palinode) whom my pipe praiseth,
Whose glory, my reed to the welkin raieth:
He is a great Herdgroome, certes, but no swaine,
Saue hers that is the Flowre of Phoebes plaine.

11 General exclamation of joy and praise. 13 open plaines] as opposed to a court or palace. 15 russet] Not the colour (which is gray) but a coarse material of that name. 21 crowdest] play your fiddle (metaphorically). 22 Beware ... eie] Proverbial expression warning against pride. 23 Triumphals] As Piers says in 26, 97-100, there is no victory to celebrate: the Spanish expedition was a disaster. The ‘gratulation’ is to express loyal admiration for Essex. 27 sonizance] a sounding forth, i.e. song or celebration. OED cites from this passage only, without definition, as ‘perh[aps] an error’. 28 louely learnings sake] crediting Essex with patronage of learning (and poetry?). 33 brasen Trumpe] a brass trumpet, not a rustic fiddle or pipe. 35 Enough is me] It is enough for me. 36 that ... beene] [he] who has long been away. 37 iolliest] most (a) gay, cheerful (b) amorous (c) handsome. 41-2 that he ... blisse] seeing that you welcome him back, happy at his well-being and success. 43 thou ... demaund] You have asked two questions. 50 swaine] (a) servant (b) shepherd, rustic. Shows the implicit contradiction in all courtly pastoral. Diana’s followers.
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Io io Þæan.
He is wel aliad and lound of the best,
Well thewed, faire and francke, and famous by hs Crest:
His Raine Deere racking with proud and stately pace,
Giueth to his flocke a right beautifull grace.

Io io Þæan.
He waits where our great Shepherdesse doth wunne,
He plaith in the shade, and thriueth in the Sunne:

60
He shineth on the plains, his lustie flocke him by,
As when Apollo kept in Arcadie

Io io Þæan.
Fellow in Armes he was, in their flowing deies,
With that great Shepherd good Philisides:
And in sad sable did I see him dight,
Moning the misse of Pallas peerelles Knight.

Io io Þæan.
With him he seru’d, and watcht and waited fate,
To keepe the grim Wolfe from Elizaes gate:

70
And for their Mistresse thoughten these two swains,
They moughten neuer take too mickle paines.

Io io Þæan.
But, ah for griefe, that iolly groome is dead,
For whome the Muses siluerteareshaueshed:
Yet in this louelie swaine, source of our glee,
Mun all his Vertuess sweet reuiuen bee.

Io io Þæan.

Palinode. So moughten they Piers, and happilie thrive,
To keepen this Herdsman after death aluie:

80
But whence I pray thee, tel me, come is hee,
For whome thy Pipe and Þæans make such glee?

Piers. Certes Sir Shepheard, commen he is fro far,
Fro wrath of deepest Seas and storme of War:
Safe is he come, Ô swell my Pipe with ioy,
To the olde buildings of Nue reared Troy.

Io io Þæan.
Fro Sea, fro Shore, where he with swinck and sweat
Felt Poemans rage, and Sommers parching heat:
Safe is he come, laden with Honors spoile,
O sweell my Pipe with ioy, and breake the while.

Io io Þæan.

54 Crest] Not Essex’s ‘crest’ or coat of arms but its ‘supporters’, the animals holding it up: to the left, a ‘reindeer’ (see 56n). 55 Raine Deere] in heraldry, ‘a stag with double attires [antlers], two of them turning down’ (OED reindeer 2). Racking] moving with a particular gait called a rack. 56 flocke] his army. Another instance of pastoral allegory contradicting the pastoral spirit. 59?He succeeds in all circumstances. 61 Apollo served as King Admetus’ shepherd for a year, but in Thessaly, not Arcadia. He is also a pastoral shepherd-god, Apollo Nomios (‘wandering’). 63 flowing] in full flood: youthful, lusty; sometimes emended to flowing. 64 Philisides] Philip Sidney. Sidney and Essex fought together at the Battle of Zutphen where Sidney died. Essex married Sidney’s widow Frances. First recorded reference to Sidney as ‘Philisides’: see Hugh Gazzard, ‘Many a herdsman more dispose to morn’: Peele, Campion, and the Portugal Expedition of 1589’, RES 57, 2006, p.27. 66 Pallas peerelles Knight] referring to Sidney’s learning. Pallas] Minerva, goddess of learning. 68 fate] sometimes emended to late – i.e. he stayed up late, stayed awake. 69 grim Wolfe] prob. the Catholic church. In their different ways, Sidney and Essex both fought against the Catholic powers. Anticipates Milton’s Lycidas 128. 70, 71 thoughten,moughten] Plural verb-ending in –en: conventional rustic archaism. 74 siluer] ?melodious (OED 6a), referring to the poetical laments for Sidney. 82 Sir Shepheard] jocular or ironic use of the honorific ‘Sir’ for a shepherd. 85 Nue reared Troy] London, called ‘Troyouvant’ or the ‘new Troy’, as supposedly founded by the Trojan Brutus. Troyouvant had also featured in Peele’s ‘Farewell’ when the expedition left England (see 124n), to which he added a poem on the Trojan War. 87-8 alluding to Essex’s celebrated, sometimes flamboyant feats during the Spanish campaign.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Palinode. Thou foolish swaine that thus art ouerioied,  
How soone may heere thy courage be accoyed:  
If he be one come new fro Westerne coast,  
Small cause hath he or thou for him to boast.

I see no Palme, I see no Laurell bowes,  
Circle his temples, or adorne his browes,  
I heare no Triumphes for this late returne,  
But many a Herdsman more dispose to morne.

Piers. Pale lookest thou like Spite, proud Palinode,  
Venter doth losse, and warre dothe danger bode:  
But thou art of those Haruesters I see,  
Would at one shocke, spoile all the Philberd-Treec.

For shame I say, giue Vertue honors due.  
Ile please the Shepherd, but by telling true:  
Palme maist thou see, and Baies about his head,  
That all his floccke, right forwardly hath led.

But woe is me lewd lad, fames full of lies,  
Enuie doth ay true honors deeds despise,  
Yet chialurie will mount with glorious wings,  
Spite all and nestle neere the seat of kings.

Base thrall is he, that is foule slaunders slawe,  
To please all, what wight may him behauue:  
Yea, loues great sonne though he were now alieue,  
Mought find no way thilk labour to atchieue.

Palinode. Well plead’st thou (Gentle Lad) for this great peere,  
Then tell me sith but thou and I am here?  
Did not thilk Bagpipe man which thou dost blow  
A farewell on our Souldiers erst bestow?

How yst then, thilke great Shepherd of the field,  
To whome our swaineis, sike humble baiser yeld  
And thou these Laudes and labours seriouslie,  
Was in that worke, not mentioned speciallie.

Piers. Harke Palinode, me dare not speake to lowd,  
Hence was he raught, wrapt in a fierie cloud:  
With Mars his Viceroy, and a golden Drake,  
So that of him, me durst no notice take.

But now retournd, to royallize his fame,  
Whose mightie thoughts, at Honors Tropheis aime:  
Least worthy, I moughten witned bee,  
I welcome him with Shepherds country glee.

\[102\text{—}3\text{ i.e., You are one of those people who want to achieve everything at one go.}\]  
\[116\text{ Who can hope to please everyone?}\]  
\[117\text{ loues great sonne} \text{ Hercules (hence labour, 118).}\]  
\[124\text{ A farewell. Entituled [dedicated] to the famous and fortunate Generalls ... Sir John Norris & Syr Frauncis Drake Knights: a short verse pamphlet written by Peele for the departure of the ‘English Armada’.}\]  
\[124\text{—}31\text{ Essex had to leave secretly for the expedition, as the Queen had forbidden his departure.}\]  
\[126\text{ If you [carried out] your task seriously, why was Essex not mentioned in your earlier poem?}\]  
\[126\text{ Laudes and labours} \text{ additional objects of yeild, 125.}\]  
\[128\text{ dare} \text{ clearly in past tense. OED cites such ‘careless’ use from 18-c and 19-c.}\]  
\[130\text{ Mars his Viceroy} \text{ presumably John Norreys, who led the army as Francis Drake did the navy. They did not locate the Swiftsure on which Essex was sailing, though it was part of the expedition. Drake] pun on drake, a dragon.}\]  
\[133\text{ Lest I should be deservedly accused.}\]
And of his dread adventures here sing I,
Equiualent with the Punic Chiualrie:
That brake his Launce, with terror and renowne,
Against the gates of slaughtered Rhemus Towne.

Io io Pæan.

And was the first of many thousands more,
That at Penecia waded to the shore:
There couthe he lead his landed flocke so far,
Till a was left of men approoued in war.

Io io Pæan.

O Honors fire, that not the brackish Sea
Mought quench, nor Foemans fearefull Larums lay:
So high those golden flakes done mount and clime,
That they exceed the reach of Shepherds rime.

Io io Pæan.

Palinode. What boot thy welcomes, foolish hardie swaine,
Lowder pipes then thine, are going on this plaine:
Faire Elizae Lasses and her great Groomes,
Receiuethis Shepherd with vnナイged welcomes.

Honour is in him that doth it bestowe,
Thy Reed to rough, thy seat is all to lowe:
To written sike praise, hadst thou blithe Homers quil
Thou moughtest haue matter equall with thy skill.

Io io Pæan.

Piers. Twitmewith boldnes, Palin as thou wilt,
My good mind be my glorie and my guilt:
Be my prase lesse or mickle, all is one,
His his deserts deseruen to be knownen.

Io io Pæan.

So cease my pipe, the worthiies to record,
Of thilke great Shepherd, of thilke faire yong Lord:
Leuethimwith lucke, to those well tuned Laies,
That better ken to sound like Shepherds praies.

Io io Pæan.

Now time is neere to pen our Sheepe in folde,
And Euening aire, is rumaricke and colde:
For my late Songs, plead thou my pure good will,
Though Newcome once (Braue Earle) yet welcome still.

Io io Pæan.

65 George Peele From Descensus Astraeae

The Lord’s Mayor’s pageant of 29 October 1591, published the same year. The third and last (but only second extant) of Peele’s devices for mayoral pageants. The sections below celebrate Queen Elizabeth, as so often, as Astraea, virgin goddess of justice. Astraea has been associated with the Golden Age since Virgil, Georg. II.473-4. Peele pastoralizes the topos by making Astraea/Elizabeth a shepherdess, though the pastoral component becomes more and more thin.

139 Punic Chiualrie] Hannibal of Carthage and his forces – who, like the English in Portugal in 1589, never stormed their target. 140-41 When the English besieged Lisbon, Essex dramatically thrust a lance through the city gates. This is compared to Hannibal’s expedition against Rome (Rhemus Towne after Remus, co-founder of Rome, killed by his brother Romulus). Rome was never sacked or conquered by Hannibal, nor Lisbon by the English. his] usual possessive of its till end of 16-c. 144 Penecia] Peniche on the Portuguese coast. Essex was the first man to land here, wade ashore through shoulder-high surf, and fight in the English vanguard. 145 flocce] army (cf. 56n). 146 till he lost all his experienced followers. a] he. [left] bereft, forsaken. approved] (a) proven, experienced (b) commended, adjudged good. 150 done] archaic plural ending of do. 157 i.e. Those honouring Essex are themselves men of honour. 166 worthiies] points of worth, good qualities (OED C2, citing only Love’s Labour’s Lost 2.3.36). 169 ?that are too learned and accomplished to sound like a lowly pastoral; ?that know better how to offer fit praise to a shepherd. 173 Newcome] Suggests a title held by Essex, but none such can be traced. Perhaps simply playing on Palinode’s ‘come new’ (95).
Astræa daughter of the immortall Ioue,
Great Ioue defender of this antient towne,
Descended of the Troian Brutus line:
Offspring of that courageous conquering king,
Whose pure renown hath pierced the worlds large eares,
In golden scrolls rowling about the heauens,
Celestiall sacred Nymph, that tendes her flocke
With watchfull eyes, and keeps this fount in peace:
Garded with Graces, and with gratious traines,
Vertues diuine, and gifts incomparable.

Nor lets blind superstitious ignorance
Corrupt so pure a spring; O happie times
That do beget such calme and quiet daies,
Where sheep and shepheard breath in such content.

..............................................................

Astræa with hir sheephook on the top of the pageant.
Feed on my flocke among the gladsome greene
Where heauenly Nectar flowes aboue the banckes.
Such pastures are not common to be seen,
Pay to immortall Ioue immortall thankes:
And heauens great Architect be praised for all.

Superstition. A Friar sitting by the fountaine.
Stirre Priest, and with thy beades poyson this spring,
I tell thee all is banefull that I bring.

Ignorance. A Priest.
It is in vaine: hir eye keepes me in awe,
Whose heart is purely fixed on the law:
The holy law, and bootlesse we contend,
While this chast nimph, this fountain doth defend.

Euphrosyne.
Whilom when Saturnes golden raignedid cease,
And yron age had kindled cruel warres:
Enuie in wrath, perturbing common peace,
Engendrings cancred hate and cloudy irres:
Lo then Olympus king, the thundring Ioue,
Rauht hence this gracious nymph Astræa faire,
Now once againe he sends hir from aboue,
Descended through the sweete transparent aire:
And heere she sits in beautie fresh and sheene,
Shadowing the person of a peerlesse Queene.

A peerlesse Queene, a Royall princely dame,
Enroled in register of eternall fame.

Thalia.
The Graces through their balme about hir sacred head,
Whose gournement hir realms true happines hath bred.

Charitie.
That happinesse continue in her land,
Great Israels God, spring of all heauenly peace:
And let thine angels in her reskew stand,

3 the Trojan Brutus] Brut or Brutus, a Trojan leader, said to have sailed to Britain with his followers after the fall of Troy and founded the kingdom of Britain, named after him. 9 garded] (a) girded (b) guarded, protected. Graces] attending on Elizabeth in this pageant: see 27-40. Gratious] (a) graceful, elegant (a) courteous, kindly. 11 lets] either misprint for let, or continuing the earlier sentence with Nymph (7) as subject. 20.1 Superstition] clearly the Catholic church. 26.1, 36.1, 38.1 Euphrosyne, Aglaia, Thalia] the three Graces. Their Gk name, Charites, might have suggested the entry of Charity immediately after, preceding Faith and Hope. These three theological virtues supplement the personal or secular graces represented by the Charites, and are followed by Honour with her Champion, associated with rule and power. 27 Saturnes golden raigne] The Golden Age is associated with the reign of Saturn. (Virgil IV.6, Ovid, Met. I.113). 31-2 Ioue ... raught] Astræa is usually thought to leave the earth of her own accord. (Virgil IV.6, Georg. II.473; Ovid, Met. I.150). 35 sheene] (a) beautiful (b) shining, resplendent.
With hir liues wane done Englands ioyes decrease.
O let hir princely daies neuer haue fine,
Whose vertues are immortall and deuine.

Hope.
Such vertues as her throne do beautifie,
And make hir honours mount and skale the skie.

Faith.
Where hope of hir eternall blisse doth rest,
Conceaued in hir sweete and sacred brest.

Honor.
With radiant beames, reflecting on the earth,
Euen from the snowie browes of Albion,
Beyond the vtnost verge of Christendome,
As bright as is the burning lampke of heauen,
Shineth my mistress honour, in whose fame
The heathen carrols sing and all admire,
From Icy Tanais to the seuenfold Nyle,
Her glorie that commands this Western Ile.

Champion.
In whose defence my colours I aduaunce,
And girt me with my sword, and shake my lance:
These British Lions rampant in this field,
That neuer learned in battails rage to yeld:
Breath terror to the proud aspiring feoe,
Ranging the world, commanding where they go.
Therefore in vaine this misproued Malecontent
Threatens hir state whose harms the heauens preuent.
Sit safe sweet Nymph among thy harmlesse sheep,
Thy sacred person angels haue in keep.

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66 FROM THE BISHAM ENTERTAINMENT  APOLLO AND DAPHNE

From the second day’s entertainment for Queen Elizabeth on her 1592 visit to Bisham in Berkshire, estate of Lady Russel. Unusual in presenting the story of Apollo and Daphne with the focus on Daphne’s shepherd lover. This agrees with the general presentation of the locality as a sheeppfarming and wool-producing centre. The first day’s programme had ‘Pan, and two Virgins keeping sheepe’, and a speech of welcome by an oldshepherd. On the third day, a person dressed like a sheep was to welcome the Queen on behalf of the High Constable of Cotswold, followed by a ‘shepherds’ feast’. This plan was spoilt by rain. The text follows the account in Speeches Delivered to Her Majesty This Last Progress, at the Right Honorable the Lady Russels [etc] (1592). Punctuation and capitalization modified. The style is markedly euphuistic with patterned sentences, citing of proverbs, and references to animal lore.

Sunday, Apollo running after Daphne, a Shepheard followed vttering this.

Necis temeraria; nescis,
Quem fugias; idioque fugis.

A short tale, but a sorrowfull; a just complaint, but remedelesse. I loued, (for shephardes haue their Saints) long I loued (for beauty bindeth prentices) a Nymph most faires and as chast as faire, yet not more faire, then I vnhappy. Apollo who calleth himselfe a god (a tithe among men, when they will commit injuries, tearme themselves Gods), pursued my Daphne with bootlesse loue, and me, with endless hate; her he woed, with faire wordes, the flattieres of men; with great gifts, the sorceries of Gods; with cruell threates, the terrefing of weake damosels.

Nec prece nec pretio nec mouet ille minis. Me, he terrified with a monstrous word metamorphosing, saying that he would turne me into a woolefe and of a shepheard make me a sheepe-biter; or into a Cockatrice and cause mine eies which gazed

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52 snowie browes of Albion] Prob. not mountains but the white cliffs of Dover, whence the name Albion (white land). 56 carrols] religious hymns (OED 3).
57 seuenfold] from the seven streams of its delta. (Ovid, Met. V.187). 65 Malecontent] Two ‘Malcontents’ appear immediately after this, but retreat at the sight of the Queen. Nescis temeraria etc.] ‘You do not know, headdless woman, you do not know whom you flee: that is why you flee.’ Apollo’s words to Daphnis, Ovid, Met. I.505, 514-15. shephardes haue their Saints] ?Even the lowly can adore the exalted: apparently a proverb, with play on quasi-Petrarchan use of ‘saint’ for the beloved woman. beauty bindeth prentices] ?Beauty enthralls even the young and callow: another proverb? Nec prece etc.] ‘He could not move [her] by prayers or rewards or threats.’ Ovid, Fasti 2.806. Cockatrice] fabulous creature whose gaze caused death or (as here) blindness.
on her to blind hers, which made mine dazell; or to a molde, that I sholdhe heare his flattering speech, but neuer behold her faire face: Tantæne animis caelestibus ira? Sometimes would he allure her with sweete musicke, but harmony is harsh when it is lusts broaker, often with promise of immortality; but chastetye is of itselfe immortal; euer pursuing her with swiftnes, but vertue tying wings to the thoughts of Virgins, swiftnes becommeth surbated. Thus liued he twixt loue and telousy; I twixt loue and danger; she twixt feare and vertue. At last and alas, this day I feare of all my ioyes the last, I cannot as a Poet (who describing the morning, and before he tell what it is make it night,) stand on the time; loue coyeth no circimloquitions, but by the sunne, a Shepheardes Diall, which goeth as true as our harts. It was four of the clock, when she, flying from his treason, was turned into a tree; which made me stand, as though I had bene turned into a stone, and Apollo so en- chanted as wounded with her losse, or his owne crueltye; the fingers which were wonte to play on the Lute, found no other instrument then his owne face; the pride of his heade, pulde off in lockes and stampt at his feete; his sweete voice turned to howling; and there sitteth he, (long may he sorrowe,) wondring, and weeping, and kissing the lawrell, his late loue, and mine euer. Pleseth your Maiestye to viewe the melancholy of Apollo, my distresse, and Daphne’s mischance; it may be the sight of so rare perfection will make him die for grieue, which I wish; or Daphne returne to her olde shape, which must be your wounder; if neither, it shal content me that I have revealed my grieues, and that you may beholde his.

bootlesse fruitless sheepe-biter a sheepdog that attacks its own charges which i.e., her eyes molde mole tying wings i.e., lending speed as a Poet like a poet stand on the time waste time, take too long wounder wonder, miracle

This Speech ended, her Maiesty sawe Apollo with the tree, hauing on the one side one that sung, on the other one that plaide.

Sing you, plaie you; but sing and play my truth; This tree my Lute, these sighes my notes of ruth: | sorrow
The Lawrell leafe for euer shall bee greene, And chastety shalbe Apollos Queene. If Gods maye dye, here shall my tombe be plaste, And this engrauen, fonde Phœbus, Daphne chaste.

After these verses, the song.

My hart and tongue were twinne, at once conceaued, The eldest was my hart, borne dumbe by destenie, The last my tongue, of all sweete thoughts bereaued, Yet string and tunde to play harts harmonie. Both knit in one, and yet asunder placed, What hart would speake, the tongue doeth still discover; What tongue doth speake, is of the hart embraced, And both are one to make a new founde lover: New founde, and onely founde in Gods and Kings, Whose worde is deedes, but deedes nor words regarded: Chaste thoughts doe mount and flie with swiftest wings, My loue with paine, my paine with losse rewarded: Engrauen upon this tree, Daphnes perfection, That neither men nor gods, can force affection.

The song ended, the tree riued, and Daphne issued out, Apollo ranne after, with these words. Nimpha mane, per me concordant carmina nerusis. Faire Daphne staye, too chaste because too faire, Yet fairer in mine eies, because so chaste; And yet because so chaste, must I despaire?

Tantæne etc.] ‘Is there so much anger in heavenly minds?’ Virgil, Aen. I.11. promise of immortality] as the wooer is a god. euere surbated] The pursuers swiftnes cannot match his victims speed. surbated] footsore, weary. sunne Diall] Shepherds do not have clocks but tell the time by the sun. Diall] clock or watch. iff. This song represents Apollo’s utterance, though sung by the singer standing alongside (one that sang, o.1). 6 fonde] pun: (a) loving (b) foolish. 21 Nimpha mane etc.] ‘Stay, nymph: by me songs respond in harmony to the strings.’ Apollo to Daphne, Ovid, Met. 1.305, 518.
And to despare I yeelded haue at last.
Shepheared possesse thy loue, for me too cruel,
Possesse thy loue, thou knowest not how to measure.
A dunghill cock doeth often find a Jewell,
Enjoying that, he knowes not to be treasure.

When broomy bearde to sweepe thy lips presume,
When on thy necke his rough Hewen armes shall move
And gloate on thee with eies that drizzel reume,
When that his toothlesse mouth shall call thee loue;
Noght will I saie of him, but pittie thee,
That beauty might, but would no wiser bee.

Daphne running to her Maistie vttered this.
I stay, for whether should chastetey flye for succour, but to the Queene of chastety. By thee was
I entered into a tree, that by crafte, way might be made to lust; by your highnes restored,
that by vertue, there might be assurance in honor.

[The entertainment ends in compliment to the Queen.]

67 ARTHUR GORGES AN ECOLOGUE BETWEEN A SHEPHERD AND A HERDMAN

From the definitive BL MS Egerton 3165 of Gorges’s poems. First published in Francis Davison’s A
Poetical Rhapsody (1602). Almost all punctuation added. ‘Daphne’ is the pastoral name for Gorges’s wife
Douglas Howard, mourned by Spenser in Daphnaida.

An Ecloge betwen a Shephearde and a Heardman

S[hephearde] Cumme gentle Heardman sitt with mee
and tune thy Pype by myne
Heare vnderneath this wyllowe tree,
too shylde the hoate sunnshyne,
Wheare I haue framus my sommers bowre
for proove of Phœbus beames
And deckte ytt upp with many a flowre
sweete seattted by thes streames.

For Daphne euare once a daye
these flowring bancks doth walke
And in hir bosome beares awaye
the prye of many a stalte,
Butt leaues the humble harte behynde
that would hir garlonds dyght,
And Shee sweete solwe the more vnkinde
too sett true loue so lyght.
Yett thoughe that others beare the Bell
as in hir favoure bleste,
Hir Shephearde loueth hyr as well
as those whom Shee loues beste.

H[eadman] Alas poore Pastore nowe I fynde
thy love ys lodgd so hye
That of thy flockes thow haste no mynde
butt feadste a wanton Eye.
Yf daynte Daphnes lookes besott
thy doatyngs harts desyre
Bee sure that farr beyonde thy lott
thy lykinge doth aspire.
To loue so sweete a Nympe as shee
and looke for loue agayne
Is fortune fyttinge hygh degree
nott for a shephearde swayne
For shee of lordly ladds ys coye

Enjoy your love, though you cannot value it at its true worth. way ... lust] a solution or protection
might be found against lust. Heardman] not clear what animals he herds, or how he differs from
the shepherd
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

and soughte of greate Estates,
Hir fauoure scornes to be enjoyde
of vs poore lowely mates.
I reade the therefore, nowe be wyse,
go with me to our wake
Wheare loueuly lasses bee nott nyce:
theare lyke and chuse thy make
Wheare are nor Pearles nor golde to veue
nor pryde of sylken syghte,
Butt Pettycoats of scarlett hue
that vayles the skynn snow white.
And though the muske and ambar fyne
so lady lyke they cannot gett
Yet wyll they weepe the sweete woodbyne,
the prymerose and the vyolet.
Theare truest Turtles bynn too gett
for loue and lyttle coaste,
Theare sweete desire ys payde his debte
and laboure seedome loste.

S[hepheard]. No hearde man no, thou raueste too bowde
our trade so vyle to holde.
My weede as hygh a hart doth shrowd
as his thats cladd in golde.
And take for trothe that I the tell,
thys songe fayre Daphne synges
That Cupyde will be searude aswell
of Shepheardes as of kynges,
And dooth for proode olde tales recorder
how Venus Queene of loue
Woulde setty syde his warlyke lorde
and youthfull Pastors proue:
How Parys was as well esteemd,
a sympel Shepheard Boye,
As after when that he was deemde
kynge Pyrams sonne of Troye.
And therefor haue wee better hope
as hadd those ladders of yore:
Our curadage takes as lardge a scope
althouge theyr happ weare more.
And for thou shalt nott deame I jeste
nor beare a mynde more base,
No meaneer hope shall haunte my breste
then dearest Daphnes grace.
My mynde no other thoughts retayne,
myne Eye nought els admeyres,
My harte no other passion straynes
nor other happ desires.
My myse of nothynge els entreats,
my Pype nought els dothe sownde,
My vaynes no other fevar heats:
such faythe in Shepherdes fownde.

H[earde man] Ah shepheard thane I see with greefe
thy care ys past alle care:
No remedye for thy releefe

___

36 mates] fellows, companions. 38 wake] village festival, especially the feast of the patron saint of the local church. 40 make] partner, companion. 43 scarlett] not only the colour but a cheap fabric. 45-8 Marginal insertion in ms, transplanted from Gorges’s translation of a French poem by Desportes. 49 Turtles] turtle-doves. bynn too gett] are available or obtainable bynne] bone, old plural of is. 59-68 Familiar pastoral argument, found in Desportes’s song translated by Gorges (see 45-8n). 63 hir warlyke lorde] presumably Mars, Venus’ lover; her ‘lord’ or husband was Vulcan. 64 youthfull Pastors] like Anchises tending cattle on Mount Ida, by whom Venus bore Aeneas (Homeric Hymn V:35: ‘To Aphrodite’). Adonis, too, is sometimes represented as a shepherd as well as a hunter. (See Theocritus I:109). 65 Parys] brought up by a shepherd on Mount Ida.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Thy wonted lybertye is feld,
fond fancye breeds thy bane,

Thy sence of folly brought a bedd,
thy witt ys in the wane.

I cann butt sorrowe for thy sake
synce loue lulls the asleepe,

And tyll out of this dreame thow wake
God shylde thy strayinge sheepe.

Thy happlesse flocks may rue and curse
this prowde desyre of thyme

Whose wretched pyght from bad too worse
thy careles Eye will pyne.

And euen as they, thy selfe lykewise
with them shalt weare and waste

To see the spryngue before thyne eyes
thow thyristinge canst nott taste.

Content the thearefore with concaye
whilst others gayne the grace,

And thynke thy fortune at the haight
to see butt Daphnes face.

For though thy truthe deserueth well
rewarde aboue the reste,

Thy happs shallbe but marks to tell
how other men are bleste.

So gentle Shepheard farewell nowe,
bee warned by my reade

For I see written in thy browe
thy harte for loue doth bleade.

Yet longer with the woulde I staye
yt oughte myght do the goode,

Butt nothinge cann the heat delaye
where loue enflames the blood.

S[hepheard]. Then Heardman synce it is my lott
and my good lykinge suche,

Stryue not to loose the faythfull knott
that thyncks no paynes to muche.

For what contents my Daphne best
I neuar will dyspise

So Shee but wishe my sowle good reste
when death shall close myne Eyes.

Adyue good heardgrome once agayne
for now the day is felded.

H[eadman] So mought thy cares, poore Shepheardes swayn,
flye from thy carefull headd.

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68 Arthur Gorges  The Country Lass

From Bl. MS Egerton 3165 of Gorges’s poems. The ms text is entirely without punctuation, which has been added below.

Hence forth I will nott sett my loue
on other then the Contrye lasse,
For in the Courte I see and proue
fancye is brittle as the glasse.

The loue bestowed on the greate
ys ever full of toile and cares,
Subject still to frown and freate
with sugred bayts in subtle snares.

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100 will pain your distracted sight.  115 written in thy browe] ?appearing by your face; ?determined by fate.  123-4 Do not attempt to impair my faithful love.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

In good olde tymes ytt was the guyse
to shewe things in their proper kinde:
Loue painted owte in nakede wise
to shewe his playne and single mynde.
But since into the Courte hee came,
infected with a brauer stile,
Hee loste both propertie and name,
attyred all in craft and guile.
Yett in the village stylle hee kepes
and merry makes with lytle coste
But never breaks their quyett slepes
with Jelous thoughts or labour loste.
What thoughghe in Sylvan and in golde
the bony lass be nott so braue,
Yett are her lookes freshe to beholde,
and that is hyt that loue doth craue.
Fayre fale the Pettycote off redde
that yayles the skynne as white as mylke,
And such as woulde nott so bee speedde
lett them goe Coye the gnowes off sylke.
Kepe, ladys, kepe for your owne turns
the spanishe redde to mende your lookes:
For when the Sunn my Daphnæ burnes
shee seekes the water off the Brookes.
And thoughghe the muske and amber fine
so ladyelyke Shee cannott gett.
Yett will shee weare the sweet woodbye,
the Prymerose and the violett.

69 William Byrd  'The Herdman's Happy Life

First published in William Byrd's *Superius. Psalms, Sonets, & songes of sadnes and pietie* (1588), then in *Helicon*. The song-book repeats the last two lines of the first stanza, and by implication the others too, as a chorus or refrain. The text below follows 1588 in spelling and (with modifications) punctuation, but uses the *Helicon* title.

The Heard-mans happie life

What pleasure haue great princes,
more daintie to their choice,
then heardmen wild, who carelesse,
in quiet life reioyce,
and fortunes fate not fearing,
sing sweet, in Sommer morning.

Their dealings plaine and rightfull
are voyd of all disciteit:
they neuer know how spightfull
it is to kneele and waite
on favorite presumptious,
whose pride is vaine and sumptious.

All day their flocks ech tendeth,
at night they take their rest,
more quiet than who sendeth
his ship into the East,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting very daintie.

9 guyse] custom, practice (*OED* 2).
25-6 redde ... white] varying the standard topos of the beloved’s complexion mingling red and white.
3 wild] (a) rude, uncultured (b) free, unconfined (*OED* 6).
9 spightfull] (a) shameful, humiliating (*OED* 1b); (b) distressing, annoying (*OED* 3).
For Lawiers and their pleading
the'steeme it not a straw,
they think that honest meaning
is of it selfe a law.
Where conscience iudgeth plainely,
they spend no mony vainely.

O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which suffiseth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merry it is and quiet.

70 William Byrd  ‘Though Amarillis dance in green’

Song no.12 in Byrd’s collection Superius. Psalms, Sonets & Songs of sadnes and pietie (1588), whose text is followed below, omitting repetitions of the refrain for musical reasons. Also in England’s Helicon (1600).

Though Amarillis daunce in greene,
like Fayrie Queene,
And sing full cleere
Corina can with smiling cheere:
yet since their eyes make heart so sore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

My sheepe are lost for want of foode.
and I so wood:
that all the day,
10 I sit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
who laughs to see me sigh so sore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is such delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and lose my gaine:
for her that thanks me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cause of woes:
your sweete desire,
breeds flames of Ise and freese in fire:
ye skorne to see me weepe so sore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

Loure ye who list I force him not,
sith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the lesse my sighs and teares preuaile:
what shall I doe but say therefore,
30 hey ho chil loue no more.

30 quiet] (a) moderate, temperate; (b) peaceful, relaxed. Possibly a general reference to the shepherd’s life.

4 Corina can] Omitted in Helicon, and their (5) changed to her, so that the entire poem refers to Amarillis.

22 A standard Petrarchan paradox (Petrarch, Rime 134). freese in] Perhaps mistake for freezing, which would make for a more consistent construction.

25 Let whoever wishes to love you, do so; I don’t care. force] care about (OED force v1.4).
Robert Greene  The Shepherd’s Ode

From Greene’s romance *Ciceronis Amor, Tullies Loue* (1589). A shepherd sings this song commemorating a ‘vale of love’, haunt of the shepherd couple Phillis and Coridon.

The Sheepeherds Ode.

Walking in a valley greene,  
Spred with Flora summer queene:  
Where shee heaping all hir graces,  
Niggard seemd in other places.  
Spring it was and here did spring,  
All that nature forth can bring:  
Groues of pleasant trees there grow,  
Which fruit and shadowe could bestow.  
Thick leaued boughes small birds couer,  
Till sweete notes themselues discouer:  
Tunes for number seemed confounded,  
Whilst their mixtures musicke sounded.  
Greeing well, yet not agreed,  
That one the other should exceede.  
A sweete streame here silent glides,  
Whose cleare water no fish hides.  
Slow it runs, which well bewraid,  
The pleasant shore the current staid:  
In this streame a rocke was planted,  
Where nor art nor nature wanted.  
Each thing so did other grace,  
As all places may giue place.  
Onely this the place of pleasure,  
Where is heaped natures treasure.  
Here mine eyes with woonder staide,  
Eies amasd and minde afraid:  
Rauisht with what was beheld,  
From departing were withheld.  
Musing then with sound aduise,  
On this earthly paradise:  
Sitting by the riuer side,  
Louely Phillis was discrude;  
Golde hir haire, bright hir eyen,  
Like to Phœbus in his shine.  
White hir brow, hir face was faire,  
Amber breath perfumde the aire,  
Rose and Lilly both did seeke,  
To shew their glories on hir cheeke.  
Loued did nestle in hir lookes,  
Baiting there his sharpest hooke;  
Such a Phillis nere was seene,  
More beautifull then Loues Queene,  
Doubt it was whose greater grace,  
Phillis beauty or the place.  
Hir coate was of scarlet red,  
All in pleates a mantle spred;  
Fringd with gold, a wreath of bowes  
To check the sunne from hir browes.  
In hir hand a shepheards hooke,  
In hir face Dianas looke:  

2 spred with Flora] spread with flowers.  
10 The foliage hides the birds till they reveal their presence by their song.  
11-14 Because so many songs are heard together, their rhythms seem confused. They harmonize (gree, agree), but will not let one outvie (exceed) the others.  
18 The current lingered, attracted by the beauty of the scene.  
22 All places may yield to this in beauty.  
29 Musing] May refer to the viewer or to Phillis.  
34 Standard Petrarchan conceit for the mistress’s eyes.  
43 It was uncertain which was the more beautiful.  
50 Dianas looke] a chaste or modest expression. Diana was goddess of chastity.
Hir sheepe grased on the plaines,
Shee had stolne from the swaines.
Vnder a coole silent shade,
By the streames shee garlands made.
Thus sate Phillis all alone,
Mist shee was by Coridon
Chiefest swaine of all the rest,
Louely Phillis likt him best.
His face was like Phœbus loue,

His necke white as Venus Doue,
A ruddy cheeke filde with smiles,
Such loue hath when he beguiles.
His lockes browne, his eies were gray,
Like Titan in a sommer day,

A russet lacket, sleevees red,
A blew bonnet on his hed:
A clooe of gray fencst the raine,
Thus tyred was this louely swaine.
A shepheards hooke, his dog tide,
Bag and bottle by his side:
Such was Paris shepheards say,
When with Oenone he did play.
From his flocke straid Coridon,
Spying Phillis all alone:
By the streame he Phillis spide,
Brauer then was Floras pride.
Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Stole behinde his true loues backe:
The sunne shone and shadow made,

Phillis rose and was afraid.
When shee saw hir louver there,
Smile shee did and left hir feare:
Cupid that disdaine doth loth,
With desire strake them both.
The swaine did wooe, shee was nise,
Following fashion nayed him twise:
Much adooe, he kist hir then,
Maidens blush when they kisse men:
So did Phillis at that stowre,

Hir face was like the rose flowre.
Last they greed for loue would so,
Faith and troth they would no mo.
For shepheards euer held it sin,
To false the loue they liued in.
The swaine gau a girdle red,
Shee set garlands on his hed.
Gifts were giuen, they kisse againe,
Both did smile for both were faine.
Thus was loue mongst shepheards folde,

When fancy knew not what was golde:
They woed and vowed, and that they keep,
And goe contented to their sheep.

59 Phœbus love] Phœbus or Apollo had two male loves, Cyparissus and Hyacinthus. 60 Venus Doue] Venus’ chariot was drawn by doves. 65 russet] Referring less to the colour than the cloth, a coarse woollen material worn by country-folk. 69 tide] ?tidy (spelling current 14-15c): buxom, bonny. (OED tidy 2). 71-2 Paris, Oenone] Paris courted the nymph Oenone while living as a shep-herd on Mount Ida. 76 More beautiful than the flowers. 79 i.e. Coridon’s shadow fell across Phillis, alerting her. 86 Rejected his suit twice as a matter of form. 89 stowre] occasion, point (of time or place): misconstruing a Spenserian use (OED stour 3b). 90 like the rose flowre] implying blushes as well as beauty. 92 They could not wish for greater faith and troth. 100 When love was not enticed by wealth.
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72 Robert Greene  Doron’s Jig

From Greene’s romance Menaphon (1589). Doron, a simple shepherd, sings this roundelay to cheer up Melicertus, mourning the death of his love. Reprinted in Helicon, whose text is followed below.

The Sheepheard Doron’s Jigge.

Through the shrubs as I can crack,
for my Lambs little ones,
mongst many pretty ones,
Nymphs I meane, whose haire was black
As the Crow,
Like as the Snow

Her face and browes shin’d I weene,
I saw a little one,
a bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxome, and as sheene
As was shee
On her knee

That lull’d the God, whose arrowes warmes
such merry little ones,
such faire-fac’d pretty ones,
As dally in Loues chiefest harms.
Such was mine,
Whose gray eyne

Made me loue: I gan to wooe
this sweete little one,
this bonny pretty one.
I wooed hard a day or two,
Till she bad,
Be not sad,

Wooe no more, I am thine owne,
thy dearest little one,
thy truest pretty one.
Thus was faith and firme loue showne,
As behouees
Sheepheards Loues.

I think, I believe: a space-filler
beautiful
?excites, rouses, stimulates

73 Robert Greene  Doron’s Eclogue Joined with Carmela’s

From Greene’s romance Menaphon (1589), conventional comic treatment of the humbler order of rustics, esp. (in pastoral drama and romance) vis-à-vis courtiers masquerading as shepherds.

Doron Eclogue ioynd with Carmelas.

Doron. Sit down Carmela here are cubbs for kings,
Slowes blacke as ieat, or like my Christmas shooes,
Sweete Sidar which my leathren bottle brings:
Sit downe Carmela let me kisse thy toes.

Carmela. Ah Doron, ah my heart, thou art as white,
As is my mothers Calfe or brinded Cow,
Thine eyes are like the slow wormes in the night,
Thine haires resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deepe and cleere
Like to the furrowes of my fathers waine,
Thy sweate upon thy face dooth off appeare
Like to my mothers fat and Kitchin gaine.

1 can] gan, began to.  
2-3 litle... pretty] So in Menaphon, reversing the order in Helicon. The Menaphon order links the epithets to their intended subjects (little lambs, pretty nymphs).  
7 Her] Prob. archaic for ‘their’: Doron is still talking of the whole group.  
11-13 shee] Venus, mother of Cupid (the God).  
16 That play with the mischiefs worked by love.  
1 cubbs] cob-nuts, a variety of hazel-nut (OED cob n.5a, citing this passage).  
6 brinded] brindled: streaked or spotted – i.e., not white at all.  
12 Kitchin gaine] kitchen-fee, ’the fat which drips from meat when roasting’, part of the cook’s wages (gain): OED kitchen C3, from this passage alone.
Ah leave my toe and kisse my lippes my loue,  
My lippes are thine, for I haue given it thee:  
Within thy cap tie thou shalt weare my gloue,  
At foote ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

Doron. Carmela deare, euen as the golden ball  
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes,  
When cherries juice is jumbled therewithall,  
mixed (with apple pies, l.20)  
Thy breath is like the steeme of apple pies.

Thy lippes resemble two Cowcumbers faire,  
Thy teeth like to the tuskes of fattest swine,  
Thy speach is like the thunder in the aire:  
Would God thy toes, thy lips and all were mine.

Carmela. Doron what thing dooth moue this wishing grieue.  
painful desire  
Doron. Tis Loue Carmela ah tis cruell Loue,  
That like a slaye, and caitiffe villaine thief,  
Hath cut my throate of ioy for thy behoue.  
destroyed my joy; for your sake

Carmela. Where was he borne?  
In faith I know not where,  
But I haue had much talking of his dart.

Ay me poore man, with manie a trampling teare,  
I feele him wound the fortheasre of my heart.

What, doo I loue? O no, I doo but talke.  
What, shall I die for loue? O no, not so.  
What, am I dead: O no my tongue dooth walke.  
Come kisse Carmela, and confound my woe.  
destroy, end

Carmela. Euen with this kisse, as once my father did,  
I seale the sweete indentures of delight:  
Before I breake my vowe the Gods forbid,  
No not by day, nor yet by darkesome night.

Doron. Euen with this garland made of Holly-hocks  
I crosse thy browes from everie shepheardes kisse.  
Heigh hoe how glad am I to touch thy lockes,  
My frolickke heart euен now a free man is.

Carmela. I thanke you Doron, and will thinke on you,  
I loue you Doron, and will winke on you.  
I seale your charter pattent with my thummes,  
Come kisse and part for feare my mother comes.

---

74 Robert Greene  The Description of the Shepherd and His Wife

From Greene’s romance Greenes Mourning Garment (1590). Greene’s hero Philador meets this shep-herd couple in Thessalia in course of his travels.

The description of the Shepheard and his wife.

It was neere a thickie shade,  
That broade leaues of Beach had made:  
Joyning all their toppes so nie,  
That scarce Phoebus in could prie,  
To see if Louers in the thickie,  
Could dally with a wanton tricke.

16 foote ball] then a very plebeian game, here compared to a knightly tournayment.  
17-18 golden ball] awarded to Venus by Paris’ judgment of the goddesses Juno, Minerva and Venus: not a complimentary comparison for eyes.  
31 trampling] ?crushing, breaking down (the fortress, l.32); ?malapropism for ‘trembling’.  
35 walke] (of the tongue) ‘to move briskly’ (OED s1).  
37 my father] an unexpected comparison from a woman.  
38 surprisingly sophisticated (and elegantly phrased) legal metaphor: cf.I.47.  
46 winke on you] shut my eyes to you, let you do what you will with me.  
47 with my thummes] as illiterate persons would do.  
5 thicke] thickest or deepest part of the wood (OED B1).
Where sate this Swayne and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Coridon commendeth so,
All other liues to ouer-go.
He and she did sit and keepe,
Flockes of kids, and fouldes of sheepe:
He vpon his pipe did play,
She tuned voyce unto his lay.
And for you might her Huswife knowe,
Voyce did sing and fingers sowe:
He was young, his coat was greene,
With weltes of white seamde betweene,
Turned ouer with a flappe,
That breast and bosome in did wrappe,
Skirtes tide and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee.
A whittle with a siluer chape,
Cloke was russet and the cape
Served for a Bonnet oft,
To shrowd him from the wet aloft.
A leather scrip of colur red,
With a button on the head,
A Bottle full of Countrie whigge,
By the Shepheards side did ligge,
And in a little bush hard by,
There the Shepheards dogge did ly,
Who while his Maister gan to sleepe,
Well could watch both kides and sheepe.
The Shepheard was a frolicke swayne,
For though his parrell was but playne,
Yet doone the Authors soothe say,
His cullour was both fresh and gay,
And in their writtes playne discusse,
Fayrer was not Tytirus,
Nor Menalcas whom they call,
The Alderleefest Swayne of all.
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life.
Faire shee was as faire might bee,*
Like the Roses on the tree:
Buxsame bliett, and young I weene,
Beauteous like to Sommers Queene,
For her cheekes were ruddie hued,
As if Lyllies were imbriued
With drops of bloud to make the white
Please the eye with more delight.
Loue did lye within her eyes,
In ambush for some wanton pryse.
A leeter Lasse then this had beeene,
Coridon had neuer seene.
Nor was Phillis that faire may,
Halfe so gawdie or so gay:
She wore a chaplet on her head,
Her cassacke was of Scarlet red,
Long and large as straight as bent,
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Her middle was both small and gent.
A necke as white as Whales bone,
Compast with a lace of stone,
Fine she was and faire she was,
Brighter then the brightest glasse.
Such a Shepheard’s wife as she,
Was not more in Thessalie.

75 ROBERT GREENE  THE SHEPHERD’S WIFE’S SONG

A song sung by the shepherd’s wife described in no.74, to the tune of her husband’s pipe, in Greene’s romance Greene’s Mourning Garment (1590).

The Shepheardes wiues song.
Ah what is loue? is it a pretie thing,
As sweete vnto a Shepheard as a King,
And sweeter too:
For Kings haue cares that waite vpon a Crowne,
And cares can make the sweetest loue to frowne:
Ah then ah then,
If Countrie loues such sweete desires do gaine,
What Lady would not loue a Shepheard swayne.

His flockes once fouled he comes home at night,
As merry as a King in his delight,
And merrier too:
For Kings bethinke them what the state require,
Where shepheardes carelesse Carroll by the fire.
Ah then, ah then,
If countrie loues such sweete desires gaine,
What Ladie would not loue a shepheard swaine.

He kisseth first, then sits as blyth to eate
His creame and curds, as doth the King his meate,
And blyther too:
For Kings haue often feares when they do suppe,
Where Shepheardes dread no payson in their cuppe.
Ah then, ah then,
If countrie loues such sweete desires gaine,
What Ladie would not loue a shepheard swaine.

To bed he goes, as wanton then I weene,
As is a King in dalliance with a Queene,
More wanton too:
For Kings haue many griefes affectes to mooue,
Where Shepheardes haue no greater griefe then loue,
Ah then, ah then,
If countrie loues such sweete desires gaine,
What Ladie would not loue a Shepheard swayne.

Upon his couch of straw he sleepes as sound,
As doth the King vpon his beds of downe,
More sounder too:
For cares cause Kings full off their sleepe to spill,
Where weave Shepheardes lie and snort their fill,
Ah then, ah then,
If country loues such sweete desires gaine,
What Ladie would not loue a Shepheard swayne.

---

62 gent] shapely, slender (OED 3).
18 meate] (a) food generally (b) flesh, as against ‘creame and curds’.
28 griefes affectes to mooue] cares to disturb or upset them.
Thus with his wife he spendes the yeares as blyth,
As doth the King at euerie tyde or syth,
And blythertoo:
For kings haue warres and broyles to take in hand,
When shepheard frauds and loue vpon the land.
Ah then, ah then,
If countrie loues such sweete desires gayne,
What Ladie would not loue a shepheard swayne.

76 ROBERT GREENE  THE SONG OF A COUNTRY SWAIN AT THE RETURN OF PHILADOR

From Greene’s romance Greenes Mourning Garment (1590). The text below follows the 2nd edn (1616), as the only extant copy of the first edition lacks the full text of this song. The romance, thought to fictionalize Greene’s own career, is the prodigal-son story of Philador. This song is sung by one of a company of shepherds celebrating his return home after bitter experience of the dissolute city.

The Song of a country Swaine at the returne of PHILADOR.

The silent shade had shadowed euerie tree,
And Phæbus in the west was shrowded low:
Ech hue had home her busie laboring Bee,
Ech bird the harbour of the night did knowe,
Euen then,
When thus:
All things did from their weary labour linne,
Menalcas sate and thought of his sinne.

His head on hand, his elbowe on his knee,
And teares, like dewe, be-drencht vpon his face,
His face as sad as any Swaines might bee:
His thoughts and dumpes befitting wel the place,
Euen then,
When thus:
Menalcas sate in passions all alone,
He sighed then, and thus he gan to mone.

I that fed flockes vpon Thessalia plaines
And bad my lambs to feede on Daffadill,
That liued on milke and curdes, poore Shepheardes gainses,
And merry sate, and pyp’d vpon a pleasant hill.
Euen then,
When thus:
I sate secure and fear’d not fortunes ire,
Mine eyes eclips, fast blinded by desire.

Then lofty thoughts began to lift my minde,
I grudg’d and thought my fortune was too low;
A Shepheardes life ’twas base and out of kinde,
The tallest Cedars haue the fairest growe.
Euen then,
When thus:
Pride did intende the sequell of my ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

I left the fields, and tooke me to the Towne,
Fould sheepe who list, the hooke was cast away,
Menalcas would not be a country Clowne,
Nor Shepheardes weeds, but garments far more gay.
Euen then,
When thus:
Aspiring thoughts did follow after ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

42 tyde or syth] time, occasion. (OED sithe n.4)  31 Pride was planning the outcome of my degenerate career.  34 Fould ... list] Let he who so wished herd sheep.
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My sutes were silke, my talke was all of State,
I stretcht beyond the compass of my sleeue,
The brauest Courtier was Menalcas mate,
Spend what I would, I neuer thought on griefe.  
Euen then,  
When thus:
I lasht out lauish, then began my ruth,
And then I felt the follies of my youth.

I cast mine eye on every wanton face,
And straight desire did hale me on to loue,
Then Louer-like, I prayd for Venus grace,
That she my mistris deepe affects might moue.  
Euen then,  
When thus:
Louve trapt me in the fatall bands of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

No cost I spar’d to please my mistris eye,
No time ill spent in presence of her sight,
Yet oft we frownd, and then her loue must dye,
But when she smyl’d, oh then a happy wight.

Euen then,  
When thus:
Desire did draw me on to deeme of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

The day in poems often did I passe,
The night in sighs and sorrowes for her grace,
And she as fickle as the brittle glasse,
Held Sun-shines showres within her flattering face.

Euen then,  
When thus:
I spy’d the woes that womens loues ensueth,
I saw, and loath the follies of my youth.

I noted oft that beauty was a blaze,
I saw that loue was but a heape of cares,
That such as stood as Deare do at the gaze,
And sought their welth amongst affectious thares.

Euen such,  
I saw,  
Which hot pursuit did follow after ruth,
And fostered vp the follies of their youth.

Thus clogg’d with loue, with passions and with griefe,
I saw the country life had least molest,
I felt a wound and faine would haue reliefe,
And this resolu’d I thought would fall out best.

Euen then,  
When thus:
I felt my senses almost solde to ruth,
I thought to leau the follies of my youth.

---

42 I reached out farther than I could rightly go. **Sleeve** suggests the courtier’s rich clothes.  
71 **ensueth** follows, results from (singular verb with plural subject).  
73 **blaze** ‘a sudden kindling up of passion’ (OED), only a momentary outburst.  
75 **at the gaze** in heraldry, the full-faced or frontal position of a deer: hence gazing intently (in love).  
76 **welth** i.e. a rich harvest. **affectious** relating to love: ?misprint for ‘affection’s’.
To flockes againe, away the wanton towne,
Fond pride auaunt, give me the Shepheards hooke,
A coate of gray, Ile be a country clowne:
Mine eye shall scorne on beauty for to looke.
No more
A doe:
Both Pride and loue are euer pain’d with ruth,
And therefore farewell the follies of my youth.

77 ROBERT GREENE OF THE VANITY OF WANTON WRITINGS

From Greene’s *Greene’s Vision: Written at the Instant of His Death* (1592): the last of his ‘Repentance’ works, sensational stories of wrongdoing, suffering and repentance purportedly based on his own life. This poem occurs near the start of *Vision*, reflecting the narrator’s contemplation of the follies of his youth.

Greenes Ode, of the vanitie of wanton writings.

Though *Tytirus* the Heards swaine,
*Phillis* loue-mate, felt the paine
That *Cupid* fiers in the eie,
Till they loue or till they die,
Straigned ditties from his pipe,
With pleasant voyce and cunning stripe
Telling in his song how faire
*Phillis* eie-brows and hir haire,
How hir face past all supposes
For white Lillies, for red Roses.
Though he sounded on the hills
Such fond passions as loue wils,
That all the Swaines that foulded by,
Flockt to heare his harmonie,
And vowed by *Pan* that *Tytirus*
Did Poet-like his loues discusse,
That men might learen mickle good,
By the verdict of his mood,
Yet olde *Menalcas* ouer-ag’d,
That many winters there had wag’d,
Sitting by and hearing this:
Said, their wordes were all amisse.
For (quoth he) such wanton laies
Are not worthie to haue praise,
Ligges and ditties of fond loues,
Youth to mickle follie mooues.
And tould this old saide saw to thee,
Which *Coridon* did leare to me,
Tis shame and sin for pregnant wits,
To spend their skill in wanton fits.
*Martiall* was a bonnie boy,
He writ loues griefe and loues ioy.
He tould what wanton lookes passes
Twixt the Swaines and the lasses.
And mickle wonder did he write,
Of Womens loues and their spight,
But for the follies of his pen,
He was hated of most men:
For they could say, t’was sin and shame
For Schollers to endite such game.
Quaint was *Ouid* in his rime,
Chiefest Poet of his time.
What he could in wordes rehearse,
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50

Ended in a pleasing verse.
_Apollo_ with his ay-greene baies,
Crownd his head to shew his praise:
And all the Muses did agree,
He should be theirs, and none but he.
This Poet chaunted all of loue,

55

Of _Capids_ wings and _Venus_ doue:
Of faire _Corima_ and her hew,
Of white and red, and vaines blew.
How they loued and how they greed,
And how in fancy they did speed.
His Elegies were wanton all,
Telling of loues pleasing thrall,
And cause he would the Poet seeme
That best of _Venus_ lawes could deeme,
Strange precepts he did impart,

60

And writ three bookes of loues art.
There he taught how to woe,
What in loue men should doe,
How they might soonest winne
Honest women vnto sinne:
Thus to tellen all the truth,
He infected Romes youth
And with his bookees and verses brought
That men in Rome nought els sought,
But how to tangle maid or wife,

65

With honors breach throught wanton life:
The foolish sort did for his skill,
Praise the deepnesse of his quill:
And like to him said there was none,
Since died old _Anacreon_.
But Romes _Augustus_, worlds wonder,
Brookt not of this foolish blonder:
Nor likt he of this wanton verse,
That loues lawes did rehearse.
For well he saw and did espie,

70

Youth was sore impaird thereby:
And by experience he finds,
Wanton bookees infect the minds,
Which made him straight for reward,
Though the censure seemed hard,
To bannish _Ouid_ quite from Rome,
This was great _Augustus_ doome:
For (_quoth he_) Poets quils
Ought not for to teach men ils.
For learning is a thing of prise,

75

To shew precepts to make men wise,
And neere the Muses sacred places
Dwells the virtuous minded graces.
Tis shame and sinne then for good wits,
To shew their skill in wanton fits.
This _Augustus_ did reply,
And as he said, so thinke I.

51 _Corima_ | a mistake for Corinna, the object of Ovid’s love-elegies.  66 _infected_ | morally corrupted, but no doubt also implying sexually transmitted diseases.
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78 Thomas Lodge  Old Damon’s Pastoral

From Helicon.

Olde Damons Pastorall.

From Fortunes frownes and change remou’d,
wend silly Flocks in blessed feeding:
None of Damon more belou’d,
feede gentle Lambs while I sit reading.

Carelesse worldlings, outrage quelleth
all the pride and pompe of Cittie:
But true peace with Shepheards dwelleth,
(Shepheards who delight in pittie.)
Whether grace of heauen betideth
on our humble minds such pleasure:
Perfect peace with Swaines abideth,
love and faith is Shepheards treasure.
On the lower Plaines the thunder
little thriues, and nought preuaileth:
Yet in Citties breedeth wonder,
and the highest hills asaileth.

Enuie of a forraigne Tyrant
threatneth Kings, not Shepheards humble:
Age makes silly Swaines delirant,
thirst of rule garres great men stumble.
What to other seemeth sorrie,
abiet state and humble biding:
Is our ioy and Country glorie,
highest states haue worse betiding.
Golden cups doo harbour poysen,
and the greatest pompe, dissembling:
Court of seasoned words hath foyson,
treason haunts in most assembling.

Homely breasts doo harbour quiet,
little feare, and mickle solace:
States suspect their bed and diet,
feare and craft doo haunt the Pallace.
Little would I, little want I,
where the mind and store agreeth,
Smallest comfort is not scantie,
least he longs that little see.
Time hath beene that I haue longed,
foolish I, to like of follie:
To conuerse where honour thronged,
to my pleasures linked wholey.

Now I see, and seeing sorrow
that the day consum’d, returnes not:
Who dare trust vpon to morrow,
when nor time, nor life soiournes not?

betideth | bestows, causes to befall; transitive use not in OED.  19-20 Shepherds are crazed only through senility, great men by thirst for power. delirant | crazy, hence senile, lending the further sense ‘stupid’ to silly (simple, rustic, innocent).  27 seasoned | (a) spiced, flattering (b) ripe – hence foyson (a) abundance (b) harvest.  31 States | persons of state, rulers (OED 26).  34 where the mind is reconciled to one’s (lack of) wealth.  35 Even the smallest support is not too little.  36 He who experiences little desires little.  39 conuerse | mix, associate with.
79 Thomas Lodge  Coridon’s Song

From Lodge’s romance *Rosalynde* (1590). Sung by the shepherd Coridon to entertain the company at the multiple wedding closing the work. Reprinted in *Helicon*, whose text is followed below.

*Coridons Song.*

A Blithe and bonny Country-Lasse,  
heigh hoe bonny-Lasse,  
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,  
and weeping sayd: will none come woo me?  
A smicker Boy, a lither Swaine,  
heigh hoe a smicker Swaine:  
That in his loue was wanton faine,  
with smiling lookes straite came vnto her.  
When as the wanton Wench espied,  
heigh hoe when she espied,  
The means to make her selfe a Bride,  
simpred smooth like bonnie-bell:  
The Swaine that sawe her squint-eyed kinde,  
?state, condition, appearance  
His armes about her body twin’d  
and sayd, Faire Lasse, how fare ye, well?  
The Country-Kit sayd, well forsooth,  
heigh hoe well forsooth,  
But that I haue a longing tooth,  
a longing tooth that makes me crie:  
Alas (said he) what garres thy greefe,  
?makes, causes  
A wound (quoth she) without reliefe,  
I feare a mayde that I shall die.  
If that be all, the Sheepheard sayd,  
heigh hoe the Sheepheard sayd,  
Ile make thee wiue it gentle Mayde,  
and so recure thy maladie:  
Hereon they kist with many an oath,  
heigh hoe many an oath,  
And ’fore God *Pan* did plight their troath,  
so to the Church apace they hie.  
And God send euery pretty peate,  
heigh hoe the pretty peate,  
That feares to die of this conceite,  
so kind a friend to helpe at last:  
Then Maydes shall neuer long againe,  
heigh hoe to long againe,  
When they finde ease for such a paine,  
thus my Roundelay is past.

---

5 *smicker* (a) handsome (b) loose, wanton. *lither* wicked, rascally.  
12 *bonnie-bell* a pretty woman (Fr. bonne et belle).  
17 *Country-Kit* ‘light woman’ (*OED* kit n°2).  
19 *longing tooth* sexual desire: *tooth* ‘taste, liking’ (*OED* 2). Presented as a toothache, hence *greefe* (21).  
31 *fore God Pan* A remarkable fusion of Christian and pagan.  
33 *peate* girl (fondly and/or dismissively).  
35 *conceite* ‘A (morbid) affection or seizure of the body or mind’ (*OED* 11).
From Thomas Lodge’s romance Rosalynde (1590): the common pattern of a dialogue between a young shepherd in love and a moralizing old shepherd, as in the February eclogue in Spenser’s SC, which this poem richly echoes. The old shepherd Coridon’s speech is markedly more archaic and rustic than the young Montanus’.

A pleasant Eglog betweene Montanus and Coridon.

Coridon. Say shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore? why leaues thy pipe his pleasure and delight? Yong are thy yeares, thy cheeckes with roses dight: Then sing fo ioy (sweet swaine) and sigh no more.

This milke white Poppie and this climbing Pine Both promise shade; then sit thee downe and sing, And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring, Till Phœbus daine all Westward to decline.

Montanus. Ah (Coridon) vnmeet is melodie To him whom proud contempt hath overborne: Slaine are my ioyes by Phœbes bitter scorne, Farre hence my weale and nere my iepardie.

Loue’s burning brand is couched in my brest, Making a Phœnix of my fullfalt hart: And though his furie doo inforce my smart, Ay blyth am I to honour his behest.

Preparde to woes since so my Phœbe wills, My lookes dismaid since Phœbe will disdaine: I banish blisse and welcome home my paine; So streame my teares as showers from Alpine hills.

In erreurs maske I blindfolde iudgements eye, I fetter reason in the snares of lust, I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust; I liue by that, which makes me liuing die.

Deuoyd of rest, companion of distresse, Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought; How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought? Since I am reft of solace and delight.

Coridon. Ah Lorrell lad, what makes thee Herry loue? A sugred harme, a poyson full of pleasure, A painted shrine ful-fild with rotten treasure, A heauen in shew, a hell to them that proue.

A gaine in seeming, shadowed still with want, A broken staffe which follie doth vpholde, A flower that fades with euerie frostie colde, An orient rose sprong from a wythred plant.

A minutes ioy to gaine a world of greefe, A subtill net to snare the idle minde, A seeing Scorpion, yet in seeming blinde, A poore reioyce, a plague without releefe.
For thy Montanus follow mine arreede,
(Whom age hath taught the traynes that fancie vseth)
Leaue foolish loue; for beautie wit abuseth,
And drownes (by follie) vertues springing seede.

Montanus. So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes;
And bird the snare, because it doth intrap;
And fooles true loue, because of sorrie hap;
And saylers curse the ship that ouerturnes:
But would the childe forbeare to play with flame,
And birds beware to trust the fowlers ginne,
And fooles foresee before they fall and sinne,
And maisters guide their ships in better frame;
The childe would praise the fire, because it warmes;
And birds reioyce, to see the fowler faile;
And fooles preuent, before their plaues preuaile;
And saylers blesse the barke that saues from harmes.

Ah Coridon, though manie be thy yeares,
And crooked elde hath some experience left;
Yet is thy minde of judgement quite bereft
In view of loue, whose power in me appeares.

The ploughman little wots to turne the pen,
Or bookeman skills to guide the ploughmans cart,
Nor can the cobler count the tearmes of Art,
Nor base men judge the thoughts of mightie men;
Nor wythered age (vnmeetefor beauties guide,
Vncapable of loues impression)
Discourse of that, whose choyce possession
May neuer to so base a man be tied.

But I (whom nature makes of tender molde,
And youth most pliant yeelde to fancies fire)
Doo builde my hauen and heauen on sweete desire,
On sweete desire more deere to me than golde.

Thinke I of loue, ó how my lines aspire?
How hast the Muses to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with lawrell bowes,
And fill my braines with chast and holy fire?
Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne;
Amaz’d I read the stile when I haue done,
And Herry Loue that sent that heauenly rage.

Of Phœbe then, of Phœbe then I sing,
Drawing the puritie of all the sphæres,
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,
Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.
In fluent numbers and in pleasant vaines,
I rob both sea and earth of all their state,
To praise her parts: I charmé both time and fate,
To blesse the Nymph that yeeldes me loue sicke paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will
Guides in the restlesse Laborynth of loue,
Feare lends them pasture wheresoeer they moue,
And by their death their life reneweth still,

_55 preuent ... preuaile_] Forestall the dangers before they take effect.
_They are fed or sustained by fear._
_91 Feare lends them pasture_]
My sheepbook is my pen, mine oaten reede
My paper, where my manie woes are written;
Thus silly swaine (with loue and fancie bitten)
I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weede.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepe, my teares,
My dreams, my doubts for Phœbe sweete to me:
Who wayteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,
And glorie shines where danger most appeares.

Then Coridon although I blyth me not,
Blame me not man, since sorrow is my sweete;
So willeth Loue, and Phœbe thinkes it meete,
And kinde Montanus liketh well his lot.

Coridon. Oh staylesse youth, by errour so misguided;
Where will prescribeth lawes to perfect wits,
Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
And follie poyseneth all that time provided.

With wilfull blindnessse beeld, prepare to shame,
Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles:
Alas that Loue (by fond and froward guiles)
Should make thee tract the path to endless blame.

Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charme
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes:
Leaueth off in time to like these vanities;
Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme.

As manie bees as Hibla daily shields,
As manie frie as fleete on Oceans face,
As manie heardes as on the earth doo trace,
As manie flowres as decke the fragrant fields,

As manie starres as glorious heauen contains,
As manie stormes as wayward winter weepes,
As manie plagues as hell inclosed keepes;
So manie griefes in loue, so manie paines.

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, praier,
Mislikes, misdeedes, fond ioyes, and fained peace,
Illusions, dreams, great paines, and small increase,
Vowes, hopes, acceptance, scornes, and deepe despaire,

Truce, warre, and wo doo waite at beauties gate;
Time lost, lament, reports, and pruie grudge,
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall ludge,
Why yeeldes for service shame, for friendship hate.

Montanus. All Adder-like I stop mine eares (fond swaine)
So charme no more; for I will never change.
Call home thy flockes in time that stragling range:
For loe, the Sunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia, induciae, inimicitiae, bellum, pax rursum: incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri nihilo plus agas, quam si des operam, vt cum ratione insaniat.
81 Thomas Lodge: **Phillis Sonnet 4**

From Thomas Lodge’s pastoral sonnet-sequenece *Phillis* (1593).

Long hath my sufferance labored to inforce
One pearle of pittie from hir prettie eyes,
Whilst I with restlesse riuers of remorse,
Haue bathde the bankes where my faire *Phillis* lies.

The moning lines which weeping I haue written,
And writing red vnto my ruthfull sheepe,
And reading sent with teares that neuer fitten,
To my loues Queene, that hath my heart in keepe:

Haue made my Lambkins lay them downe and sigh:

But *Phillis* sittes, and reades, and calst them trifles:

Oh heauens why clime not happie lines so high,
To rent that ruthlesse heart, that all hearts rifie?

None wrightes with truer faith, or greater loue,
Yet out alas I haue no power to moue.

---

82 Thomas Lodge  **Phillis Sonnet 12**

From Thomas Lodge’s pastoral sonnet-sequenece *Phillis* (1593), though this poem has 16 lines, every fourth an alexandrine. Reprinted in *Helicon*. The text below follows *Phillis*.

Ah trees why fall your leaves so fast?
Ah Rocks where are your robes of mossse?
Ah flockes, why stand you all agast?

Trees, rocks, and flockes, what, are you pensiue for my losse?

The birds me thinkes, tune nought but moane,
The windes breath nought but bitter plaint,
The beasts forsake their dennes to groane,

Birdes, windes, and beasts, what, doth my losse your powers attain?

Floodes weepe their springes aboue their boundes,

And *Eccho* wailles to see my wo.

The roabe of ruth doth cloath the groundes:
Floodes, *Eccho*, groundes, why do you al these teares bestow?

*The trees, the rockes, and flockes replie,*
*The birds, the windes, the beastes report,*

Floodes, Eccho, groundes, for sorrow cri, [pity]
We grieue since *Phillis* nill kinde Damons loue consort.

---

83 Thomas Lodge  **To Reverend Colin**

From Lodge’s *A Fig for Momus* (1595). No convincing identifications proposed for the shepherds.

To reuerend Colin.
Ecglogue I.
Ergasto. Damian.

Ergasto. Sing vs that carroll (*Damian*)

*Amintas* soung when he began
To follow *Ringdes* minstralsie,
And made vs merrie melodie.

*Damian*. Yong lad, my strings are broke and spent,
My harpe records no merrimont,
The moderne and newfangled laies
From auncestrie beare hence the praise;
Such strange *Terpanders* now professe,

---

3 remorse] sorrowful recollection (*OED 4*), hence sorrow. 7 fitten] lie; i.e. the tears are genuine. 9 Rivers overflow their banks. 11 Floods (seen as tears) cover the ground. 16 nill] will not. consort] keep company with: i.e. match or return his love. 0.1 reuerend Colin] presumably a dedication to Spenser. 7-8 New songs steal the praise from their predecessors. 9 Terpander] ancient poet and musician of 7-c. BCE.
To moue both mirth, and heauines, (a) sadness (b) seriousness
By every motion of the fingers,
That olde men seeme but sorie singers.

Ergasto. Let yong men boast what art they list,
Mine eares chiefe pleasure doth consist
In hearing what concentfull laies
Our Fathers chaunted in their daies;
For often haue I found this true,
The sence is olde, the words be newe:
What eere the yonger boast and braue,
Their worth, and wit, from eld they haue: (a) olden times b) old people
Olde sence by vprats newlie suted
In words ill warpt, is not reputed
The deede of him that formd the stile,
But his that did the sence compile.

Damian. Since thou canst argue so for age,
My voice with harpe some warre shall wage:
And I will sing thee such a lay
As erst I heard my Ringlye play,
At Galateas wedding feast,
(Where sea to heare his musicke ceast.)

Cantus.
There was a time (or writers haue misung)
Wherein our partill mothers balance hung
With equall poise: and fish, wild beasts, and birds,
Had vse of reason, and of needfull words:
Wherein foure-footed beasts of sauage field,
(Who sought the state of winged fowles to wield)
Conspir’d, (the better to defence their states)
To chuse the fish, to be their mutuall mates:
Who vainly trusting to their fraile defence,
Consented quickly to the sence pretence,
Supposing nature equalie had lent
Like force in earth, as liquid element:
Hereon (ambition egging on the flocks
Of proud foure-footed beasts) the shoares, and rocks
Were fild with fish; and heauen, with shoutes and cries,
And gaste breathings, almost lost his cies:
When all the foules, embattail’d in the aire
(Seeing their fortunes almost in despaire)
Besought the Gods, (who all in justice hate)
To be assistant in this dire debate:
Ione, by a thunderclap a signall gaue
Vpon their prayers, they shal good fortune haue,
And speedily sent out the Southerne wind
To driue the waters from their bounds assind;
A murren on the beasts he thillel downe: hurled
Whilst thus the reverend judge doth threat and frowne,
The fowles they stoupe, and offering vrgent blowes,
Finde hartles beasts, and each where liués foes:
The fish, on waues shore disperset, and left,
Of pride, and life, were all at once bereft:
The fowles preuald, and fed them fat with pray,
And after victors like did flie away;
And beating off the aire with open wings
They tun’d this carroll to the woods and springs,
To beasts, to fish, (reseru’d from brunt of warre)
To all, (that with both factions mortall are)

26 warre shall wage] as his aged voice cannot easily blend with the music. 29 Galatea] presumably
the sea-nymph of that name (see 30). 32 partill] a surprising word, contrary to the context: perhaps
‘fond, loving’. 41-3 Thinking they could survive on land as in the water. 55 murren] murren:
plague, esp. in cattle, hence in other animals.
Beware (ο what soeuer race you bee)
(Too much ambitious in felicitie)
To striue to raise your fortunes through oppression,
Or count your neighbours purchase your possession,
For Gods reuenge each impious attempt
Before the plague or punishment be drempt;
Be sure the square whereby you build your states
Must break and faile, in dangers and debates;
For Nemesis hath every houre reseru’d
A plague for pride, that hath from justice sweru’d:
Oh you, whose calme makes neighbours stormesse me;
Trie you your tides, before you trust your ore;
The surge may rise on sodaine ere you thinke,
And force you, (whilst you swim, secure) to sinke.
Who trusts to choice of proud confedorate,
And failes in choice of faithful friends estate;
Let him disclaim his armes, and clame foresight;
Lest he with beastes, mannage a beastlie fight.

84 Christopher Marlowe  The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

First published in The Passionate Pilgrim (1599). Attributed to Marlowe in Helicon with the above title; and by Izaak Walton in The Compleat Angler (1653), where it is sung by a milkmaid whose mother sings the reply (no.85). There is also a ballad version. The text below follows Helicon. Except for a brief mention of shepherds in 6, the two stanzas added in Helicon (13-16, 21-4) are the only ones of specifically pastoral content.

The passionate Sheepheard to his loue.

Come liue with mee, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That Vallies, groues, hills and fieldes,
Woods, or steepie mountaine yeeldes.
And wee will sit vpon the Rocks,
Seeing the Sheepheards feede their flocks,
By shallow Riuers, to whose falls,
Melodious byrds sings Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbroyled all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Ergasto. In sooth this is a wittie lay
More pleasant then the verrelay
The shepheard sings vnto his sheepe
As soone as day begins to pepe.

Damian. Waighnot the words, but marke the worth,
Great flouds doe often issue forth
From humble waters, and deepe skill
May flow from an impolish quil.
Who waits for words, may get him hence,
For shepherds onely sing for sence.

68 ambitious in felicitie| made ambitious by their happy and secure state. 71-2 The gods punish wrongdoing before the doer even dreams it can light on him. drempt| dreamt (of). 73 square| rule, principle: from the square used by builders. 77-8 Your peaceful state makes you think your troubled neighbours alone are in danger; but consider your situation before you take risks. 7 shallow rivers murmur more loudly than deep ones. 8 sings| Singular verb with plural subject, then accepted practice. 9 beds| Probably of rose petals to lie on, but perhaps flower beds. 10 poesies| posies; but spelling also suggests poesies, verses inscribed on rings.
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Fayre lined slippers for the cold:
With buckles of the purest gold.
A belt of straw and Juie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Sheepeheards Swaineas shall daunce & sing,
For thy delight each May-morning,
If these delights thy minde may moue;
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

85 WALTER RALEGH(?)  THE NYMPH’S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD

First stanza published as ‘Love’s Answer’ after no. 84 in The Passionate Pilgrim (1599). The full poem, ascribed to an unknown poet (Ignoto), first published in Helicon, again after no. 84. Walton’s The Compleat Angler is the sole pointer to Raleigh’s authorship. Also a ballad version (c.1629), accompanying that of no. 84. The text below follows Helicon.

The Nymphs reply to the Sheepherd.
If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every Sheepeheards tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
When Rivers rage, and Rocks grow cold,
And Philomell becommeth dombe,
The rest complaines of cares to come.

The flowers doe fade, and wanton fieldes
To wayward winter reckoning yeeldes,
A honny tongue, a hart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.

Thy gownes, thy shooses, thy beds of Roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poesies,
Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten:
In folie ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Juie buddes,
Thy Corall clasps and Amber studdes,
All these in mee no meanees can moue,
To come to thee, and be thy loue.

But could youth last, and loue still breede,
Had ioyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my minde might moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

86 ANOTHER OF THE SAME NATURE

First published in Helicon, after no.84 and 85.

Another of the same nature, made since.

Come liue with mee, and be my deere,
And we will reuell all the yeere,
In plaines and groaues, on hills and dales:
Where fragrant ayre breeds sweetest gales.

8 The rest ... to come] The other birds’ songs take on a complaining note. wanton] ‘profuse in growth, luxuriant’ (OED 7a) wayward] untoward, adverse (of natural conditions: OED 1b) spring ... fall] (a) rise and fall (b) spring and autumn. poesies] posies; but spelling also suggests poesies, verses inscribed on rings.
There shall you haue the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
And all the woods to be a Skrene:
Least Phæbus kisse my Sommers Queene.

The seate for your disport shall be
Ouer some Riuier in a tree,
Where siluer sands and pebbles sing
Eternall ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satires spend the day,
The fishes gliding on the sands:
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heauenly tuned throates,
Possesse woods Ecchoes with sweet noates,
Which to your sences will impart

A musique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the bare and leafe-lesse Oake,
The Ring-Doues wooings will prouoke
A colder blood then you possesse,
To play with me and doo no lesse.

In bowers of Laurell trimlydight,
We will out-weare the silent night,
While Flora busie is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glow-wormes shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adore and beautifie
Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose
Lillies faire mixture with the Rose,
Whose nice perfections in loues play
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night,
In sportfull pleasures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds,

Shall daunce and sing mellodious sounds.

If these may serue for to entice
Your presence to Loues Paradice,
Then come with me, and be my Deare:
And we will straite begin the yeare.

87 Sir John Davies  Psalm 23

Among Davies’s translations of the Psalms in the Laing MS, Edinburgh University Library. Punctuation added and line initials standardized.

The Lord my Sheaperd is, hee doth mee feed.
His bounty euermore supplies my need.
When I in pastures greene my fill haue tooke
Hee leads mee forth into the siluer Brooke.
Hee turns my Soule when it is gon astray
For His names glory to his righteous way.

10 Ouer] above, looking down on (like the rocks above the rivers in 84.5-7). 12 spring] waterfall, cascade (cf. 84.7). 18 Possesse] ?command, engage; ?enchant, captivate. woods Ecchoes] the echoes in the woods. 27 Flora] goddess of flowers. 34 Lillies ... Rose] conventional for a delicate pink complexion.
Therefore although my Soule detruded were thrust, driven
Euen to hell gates, yet I noe ill should feare.
When thou art with mee, what should mee dismay?
Thy Crooke my comfort is, thy Staffe my stay.
My Table thou hast spread and furnisht soe
As gladys my heart and greiues my envious foe.
Thy Balme pow’rd on my head doth sweetly smell.
Thou makst my cup aboue the brimms to swell.
Thy mercy while I breath shall follow mee
And in thy house my dwellinge place shall bee.

88 Andrew Willett  ON LAZY AND SLEEPING SHEPHERDS

From Andrew Willett’s collection of a hundred ‘sacred emblems’, Sacrorum Emblemum Centuria Una (?1592). Expands the conventional pastoral comparison for the priest’s calling. A marginal note refers to John 10:10(-16), which intensively applies the pastoral metaphor to Christ, the good shepherd that lays down his life for his flock. The English text follows a Latin version with more specific detail (see notes). The title above is translated from the Latin; the English text is headed ‘The same in English’.

The shepheard good doth watch his sheepe,
And from the wolve them safe doth keepe:
The hireling from flocke doth goe,
And is the first that flieth from foe:
The Pastour which the soules doth feede,
And alwayes teache the aeneuliy reede,
And doth not any daunger feare,
Is like the shepheard set forth here.
But he that onely gaine doth minde,
Leaving his flocke and all behinde,
Running away so he safe be,
An idle shepheard sure is he.

89 Edward Dyer(?)  CORIDON TO HIS PHILLIS

First published in The Phoenix Nest (1593), then with this title in Helicon, where it is first attributed to ‘S[ir]. E[ward]. Dyer’. The text follows Helicon.

Coridon to his Phillis.

Alas my hart, mine eye hath wronged thee, earn, win
Presumptuous eye, to gaze on Phillis face:
Whose heauenly eye no mortall man may see, attract
But he must die, or purchase Phillis grace.

Poore Coridon, the Nymph whose eye dooth moue thee
Dooth loue to draw, but is not drawne to loue thee.

Her beautie, Natures pride, and Shepheard’s praise, reputation, report; ?illustrates,
Her eye, the heauenly Planet of my life: proves
Her matchlesse wit and grace her fame displaies,
As if that loue had made her for his wife.

Onely her eyes shoote fierie darts to kill:
Yet is her hart as cold as Caucase hill.

My wings too weake to flye against the Sunne, withstand, endure
Mine eyes vnable to sustaine her light:
My hart dooth yeeld that I am quite vndone, admit by way of surrender

2 Lat. more concrete: ‘drives away the greedy wolf with his stick’. 4 from foe] Lat. ‘the approaching foe’, intensifying the cowardice. 6 Lat. ‘who does not cease to teach them with his words’ – i.e. with sermons. 9-10 Lat. much more detailed: ‘The greedy man who, coveting wealth, leaves behind all charge of both flock and people’. 12 Lat. labours the comparison in a simile: ‘That irresponsible man emulates the lazy herdsman.’ 4 (a) A man must either die or earn her favour (b) or ere: A man will die before he earns her favour. 13-16 Sunne, light] Standard Petrarchan conceits for the mistress’s eyes. her sight] prob. her gaze, the light from her eyes, rather than the sight of her.
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Thus hath faire Phillis slaine me with her sight.
My bud is blasted, withred is my leafe:
And all my corne is rotted in the sheafe.

Phillis, the golden fetter of my minde,  
My fancies Idoll, and my vitall power:
Goddesse of Nymphs, and honour of thy kinde,
This ages Phoenix, beauties richest bower.

Poore Coridon for loue of thee must die:
Thy beauties thrall, and conquest of thine eye.

Leaue Coridon to plough the barren field,
Thy buds of hope are blasted with disgrace:
For Phillis lookes no harty loue doo yeeld,
Nor can she loue, for all her lovely face.

Die Coridon, the spoile of Phillis eye:
She cannot loue, and therefore thou must die.

90 Barnabe Barnes ‘One night I did attend my sheep’

Ode 12 in Barnes’s collection Parthenophil and Parthenophe (1593).

One night I did attend my sheepe
(Which I with watchfull ward did keepe)
For feare of wolues assaulting
For many times they broake my sleepe,
And would into the cottage creepe,
Till I sent them out haulting.

At length me thought about midnight
(What time cleare Cynthia shined bright)
Beneath I heard a rumbling:

At first the noyse did me affright,
But nought appeared in my sight,
Yet still heard somewhat tumbling.

At length good hart I tooke to rise,
And then my selfe crosst three times thrise,
Hence a sharpe shephooke raught:
I feared the wolfe had got a prise,
Yet how he might could not deuide:
I for his entrance sought.

At length by mooneligh could I espye
A little boy did naked lye
Frettish’t, amongst the flocke:
I him aproched somewhat nye,
He gron’d as he were like to dye,
But falsely me did mocke.

For pittie he crye’d wella-day,
God maister helpe me (if you may)
For I am almost starued:
I pittied him when he did pray,
And brought him to my couch of hay,

He bare about him a long dart,
Well guilded with fine painters art,
And had a pyle of steele:

20 fancie] (a) love (b) imagination, the image-making power (OED 4). Idoll] (a) object of worship (b) image created by the fancy (OED 6). 22 Phoenix] There was only one Phoenix at a time. 28 louely] (a) beautiful (b) attracting love. 13 I gathered the courage to get up. 17 I could not deduce how he might have done so.
On it I looked every part,  
Said I, will this pyle wounde an hart:  
Tuch it (quoth he) and feele.

With that I tuch’t the iauelinges point,  
Eft-soones it perced to the ioynt,  
And rageth now so fierce:  
That all the balmes which it anointe,  
Cannot preuaile with it a pointe,  
But it myne hart will perce.

---

91 Barnabe Barnes ‘Sing sing (Parthenophil)’

This celebration of Philip Sidney’s birthday (more a eulogy of the Queen) is Canzon 2 among the ‘Odes’ in Barnes’s *Parthenophil and Parthenope* (1593). Sidney’s birthday was 30 November. From the reference to rebels (69-70), Doyno suggests the year 1591, when the Irish rebel Brian O’Rourke was executed on 3 November.* The device of the echo is used by Sidney himself in the poem ‘Fair rocks, goodly rivers’ in *The Countess of Pembroke’s Arcadia*.

Sing sing (*Parthenophil*) sing, pipe, and play:  
This feast is kept vpon this plaine  
Amongst th’Arcadian shepheards euer where  
For Astrophill’s byrth-day: sweet Astrophil.  
Arcadies honour, mightie Pan’s cheefe pride:  
Where be the Nymphs, the Nymphes all gathred bee  
To sing sweet Astrophil’s sweet prayse.

*Echo*, recorde what feastes be kept to day  
Amongst th’Arcadian shepheards swaine,  
What keepe the whiles they do the *muses* cheare?  
*Echo*, cheare.

He chear’de the *muses* with coelestiall skill,  
All shepheard’s prayse dye’d with him when he dye’d:  
He left no peere, then what deserued he  
At whose pypes sounde the Lambe kinne bayes?  
*Echo*, bayes.

The Bullockes leape, the *fawnes* daunce in aray:  
Kiddes skippe, the *Satyres* friskynesayne,  
Here standes an hearde of swaines, fair Nymphes stand there:  
Swaines daunce, whiles Nymphes with flowers their baskets fill.  
What was he to those Nymphes which garlandes tyed?  
*Echo*, tyed.

What ty’de him? hath he to tell there bound t’ee?  
*Echo*, bountee.

How? to report his martill dayes?  
*Echo*, all dayes.

Thrise happy man that found this happi way.  
His prayse’ all shepheard’s glorie stayne:  
What doth *Parthenope* my purchase deare?  
*Echo*, chase deare.

What saith she to her *Parthenophil*?  
*Echo*, o fill.

Shepheardes, I fill sweet wines repurifed,  
And to his blessed soules this health heaure wee,  
Singing sweet Odes, and roundelayes.

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9 *swaine* a collective plural.  
15 *bayes* ’seek[s] with open mouth, as the young of animals for the dugs’ (*OED* bay v’).  
19 *hearde* group: rare non-pejorative use for human beings.  
23 *hath he ... t’ee*? Has he enjoined you to tell? ‘*ee*’ thee.  
28 *prayse* Doyno suggests the apostrophe indicates the plural, justifying the plural verb *stayne, stayne* (a) obscure, eclipse (b) impart colour to: touch, permeate.  
29 *purchase* prize, precious gain; hence *deare* (a) beloved (b) costly.
Let every man drinke round beside this bay: laurel tree
Where are the Nymphes and fayrie traine?

Stella, three garlandes in her hand doth beare,
And those for his sweet sake she proffer will virelais, a type of lyric or song

Vpto th’Elezian soules: And I haue spied
Parthenophe, with spoile returns to mee:
Of three great hartes, sing virilayes.

Those golden darts yeuer neuer voyde of praye
And Stella sittes (as if some chaine)
Of fancies bound her) by that mottley breere:
Where with sweet Eglantine, and Daffadil
She Capplettes makes, with gold and scarlet dye’d.
Here Colin sittes beneath that oken tree

Stella, three garlandes in her hand doth beare,
And those for his sweet sake she proffer will
Vnto the’Elezian soules:
And I hauespied Parthenophe, with spoile returnes to mee:
Of three great hartes, sing virilayes.

Blест is Arcadiaes Queene, kneele swaines, and say
That she (which here cheefe Nymph doth rayne) reign
May blessed liue, to see th’extreamest yeare.
For sacrifice (then) Lambes and kiddinges kill:
And be by them Eliza glorified,
The flower of loues, and pure virginitie:
This Delian Nymphe doth amaise.
The fairest deares which in the forestes stay,
Those harts (which proudest heards distaine
And raunge the forestes as without compeere)
She them may wounde, or on their swift backes ride.
Lyons, and Beares, with bewtie tameth she:
Shepheards, for her your voyces raise.

Eccho, this fauour if I purchase may feign, invent, compose (songs)
Do not herd-groomes there fayne?
Eccho, the’re fayne.
What want they, speake, now they be blest, if eare.
Eccho, feare.

What be the confines? rebells they be still.
borders, frontiers (of the kingdom)
What is she, that so many swaines doth their guide? there
Eccho, there guide.

None but her selfe, hath that abilitie
To rule so many blessed wayes:
Her thoughts sure grounded on diuinitie,
For this sweet Nymphe, each shepheard prays.

92 Thomas Heywood From Oenone and Paris

Stanzas 55–70 of Heywood’s epyllion Oenone and Paris (1594), comprising the nymph Oenone’s lament at being deserted by Paris at the end of his stay as a shepherd on Mount Ida. Illustrates the setting and ambience of mythological pastoral. Punctuation modified.

And now at length this fitt shee doeth recouer,
And riseth vp as wakened from a slumber,
Cleare shines the sunne when all the storme is ouer.

38 Stella[ Penelope Devereux, Sidney’s beloved. 40 th’Elezian soules] souls of the dead (like Sidney), in heaven or Elizium. 41 spoile[ gifts, riches. 42 three great hartes] presumably Sidney, Stella, and the poet’s beloved Parthenophe. 43 mottley breere] Hawthorn. 44 Delian Nymphe] Artemis or Diana (born in Delos), the virgin goddess to whom Elizabeth was routinely compared. 45 deares] deer: plural in -s then current. But like harts (58), also suggests amorous followers. 46 distaine] ‘cause to ... look dim; outshine’ (OED distain v3). 47 this fit] Oenone had fallen in a fainting fit after Paris renounced his love.
Salt teares, (as earst) doe not her minde accumber.  
Yet sighes, (a preface to ensuing talke.)  
She thus goeth on in his speech to balke. before; load, oppress  
check, stop  

This stately pine, wherein thou hast ingraven  
My name and thine, Lo where it springeth by thee,  
These broad-spread beeches, (harbor for the Rauen)  
Where vnder thou hast vowed neuer to deny me,  
Beare in their barkes thy solemne protestations,  
Which (nowe I finde) were meere dissimulations. shelter  
declarations (of love)  

And loe, one poplar planted in this Arber,  
In whose rough rhyne these verses thou hast carued:  
When Paris thoughtes a second loue doe harber,  
Sythe fayre Oenone hath so well deserued,  
Neuer shall mylchye goate in Ida go,  
Nor siluer swanne swimme in the streames of Po.  

Xanthus swift waues shall runne against the head,  
And clyme the toppes of hye ascending mountaines,  
Runne backewarde Xanthus? I am ill bested,  
Sweete Naiades haunt yee no more these fountaines.  
And snow-white swannes come helpe me with your breath,  
That I with you may sing against my death.  
flow backward  
placed, circumstanced  
springs  
on the occasion of  

Flint-hearted Phrygian, thou hast broke thy vowe,  
Blush, and beholde A Nymph for loue that rages,  
And thou fayre Poplare still increase and growe,  
To be an historie to after-ages. record, memorial  

Ah (Paris) when like to a simple groome,  
Among the gote-heardes thou these groues frequented,  
Seeing the skipping Satyres in the broome,  
With bagpypes shrill and oten quills contented,  
Then didst thou yeeld Oenone pricke and prayes,  
Which now is burried in eternall dayes.  
for ever  

eager, energetic  

Oft hast thou seene me in the meades below,  
Luely to leade the Nymphes about the trees,  
And on these bankes, where Aesacus doth flow,  
Dauncing to teach Dianaes Votaryes.  
When Faunus, father of the rurall gods,  
Sware that I did surpass them all by odds.  

Oft hath thou seene me, with thy selfe vnseene  
Of any Nymph, saue of my selfe alone,  
Whole after-noones to parlyse in this greene,  
But all these pleasures and delightes are gone.  
Oft haue thy lippes ioynd with these lippes of mine,  
Sending out sugred sighes to Paphos shrine.  

Oft hast thou found me by this pleasant Myrtle,  
(Greene myrtle) dedicate to loues fayre Queene,  
Whose leauie branches steadie me for a kirtle,  
stand in for, serve as  

\footnote{\text{11 in their barkes} i.e. in the love-verses he has carved on them.  
\text{14 rhyne} rind, bark.  
\text{17 No goat on Ida will yield milk.  
\text{18 Po} in north Italy, while Ida is in Asia Minor. Prob. introduced for rhyme.  
\text{19 Xanthus} river in Lycia, in Asia Minor.  
\text{22 Naiades} nymphs of fresh water.  
\text{23-4 Swans were said to sing at the moment of death.  
\text{25 Prigian} loosely, Trojan: a section of Phrygians migrated from central Asia Minor to Troy.  
\text{31 groome} shepherd (\text{OED 2}): common in 16-17c. pastoral.  
\text{33 broome} the shrub so named, \text{?hence bushes generally.  
\text{34 quills} pipes, but also suggesting pens, i.e. poetry.  
\text{35 pricke and prayes} \text{\textquote{the praise of excellence or success} (\text{OED prick n 18}).  
\text{39 Aesacus} Not a river but a person (Paris's brother, son of King Priam of Troy). Mistake for Aesepus, a river flowing from Mount Ida.  
\text{40 to teach} well enough to teach.  
\text{Dianaes Votaryes} the band of virgins following the huntress-goddess Diana.  
\text{48 Paphos} chief site of worship of Venus.}
Whose spreading toppe hath oft our shadow beene,  
When thou sat chaunting out thy loue-sick charmes,  
Holding me deftly in thy limber armes.

You plants of Phebus, hunny-smelling bayes,  
Witnessse with me of thy deceite and flatterie,  
Whose compass e kept vs from the sunnes hotte rayes,  
When my poore heart by thee susteind a batterie.  
Ah leave the court, full fraught with fortunes showres,  
And liue in loue among these leavie bowres.

The Dawlian byrd with thousand notes at least,  
Reserves them till the grispin of the euen,  
A prickle is prepared for her breast,  
To celebrate this night, an happie steuen.  
The whistling blackebirds, and the pleasant thrushes,  
With mirthfull Mauis flocke about the bushes.

The Satyres, and goat-footed Aegipines,  
Will with their rural musicke come and meete thee,  
With boxen pypes, and countrey Tamburines,  
Faunus and olde Syluanus, they will greete thee.  
Then leave not them, which seem thus to admire thee,  
And leave not her, that doeth so desire thee.

The faire Napæe, beawtie of these bankes,  
As once they daunced at thy wedding day,  
So will they now, and yeelede thee thousand thankes,  
Footing it finelie to intreat thy stay.  
The fountaine Nymphes, that haunt these pleasant springs,  
One sort will trip it, while another sings.

The nimble Fayries taking hand in hand,  
Will skippe lyke rather lambkins in the downes,  
The tender grasse vnbended still shall stand,  
Coole Zephyrus still flattering vp their goines.  
And every shepheardes swayne will tune his ode,  
And more than these, to welcome thy abode.

Woonder of Troy, Natures exactest cunning,  
Glorie of shepheardes, Idaes chiefe Decorum,  
Directorie of my chusing and my shunning,  
More then a man, saue in that fæx Amorum.  
That trothesse Tindaris thy faith defaceth,  
That lust, thy loue, that fault thy fame disgraceth.

Then soiourne here, where louely Cupid raigneth,  
Within the precinct of this countrie soyle,  
Whose fruitfull fallowes, Mauors neuers staineth,  
With bloodie massacres in any broyle.  
Here Cinthia liues, that loues the painefull farmour,  
Not braue Bellona, glistring in her armour.

53 charmes] songs (OED charm sb2).  55 plants of Phebus] bayes or laurels, sacred to Phoebus or Apollo.  59 showres] ?pangs, throes (OED 5); ?gifts, bestowals.  61 Dawlian byrd] Philomela, turned into a nightingale after being raped by her brother-in-law Tereus, prince of the Thracians in Daulis.  63 prickle] the nightingale is said to wond her breast on a thorn to revive the pain of ravishment that brings forth her song.  66 Mauis] the song-thrush, but here perhaps the mistle-thrush as distinct from thrashes (65).  67 Aegipines] Aegipan (Goat-Pan) was a goat-footed god associated or even identified with Pan. Unusual plural form suggests forest gods generally.  73 Napæe] the Napeae, a class of forest nymphs.  81 i.e. Their tread is too light to flatten the grass.  82 Zephyrus] god of the west wind.  87 Directorie] ?full record; one who directs: arbiter, guide.  88 fæx Amorum] conclusion of your love.  89 Tindaris] Helen, ‘offspring of Tyndareus’ (husband of her mother Leda, though Helen (with Castor and Pollux) was begotten by Zeus in the shape of a swan).  96 Bellona] goddess of war: sometimes ascribed features of a moon-goddess, hence an apt contrast with Cynthia.
From the short pastoral play *Amphrisa the forsaken Shepheardesse* in Heywood’s *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas* (1637). The passages below consist of the Argument preceding the drama, and a song (divided by dialogue) sung by two shepherdesses, Amphrisa and Alope.

(A) The Argument

*The Argument of AMPHIRSA the forsaken Shepheardesse.*

The innocence, truth, and simplicitie Of countrey Damsels: What felicitie They arrive to in their low estate; What freedoms they participate, What joy, what solace, what content To their innocuous life is lent.

The humble shed and cottage held More safe than gorgeous houses, swell’d With pompe and wealth. It likewise proves More simple truth in their chaste loves, Than great Ladies, tympany’d de With much more honour, state, and pride. Here’s of the Willow wreath dispute, How, and why worn, what best doth sute Forsaken Virgins. Reade and finde Their characters who prove vnkinde.

(B) The Song:

*Amphrisa.* We that have knowne no greater state Than this we live in, praise our fate: For Courtly silkes in cares are spent, When Countrie’s russet breeds content. The power of Scepters we admire; But sheep-hookes for our use desire. Simple and low is our condition; For here with us is no ambition. We with the Sunne our flockes unfold, Whose rising makest the fleeces gold. “Our musick from the birds we borrow; “They bidding us, we them, good morrow. 

Our habits are but course and plaine, Yet they defend from wind and raine. As warme too, in an equall eye As those be, stain’d in Scarlet dye. Those that have plenty weare (we see) But one at once; and so doe we.

*Alope.* The Shepheard with his home-spun Lasse As many merry houres doth passe, As Courtiers with their costly Girles, Though richly deckt in gold and pearles: And though but plaine, to purpose woo, Nay oft-times with lesse danger too.

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93 Thomas Heywood  From *Amphrisa the Forsaken Shepherdess*

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(B) The Song:

*Amphrisa.* We that have knowne no greater state Than this we live in, praise our fate: For Courtly silkes in cares are spent, When Countrie’s russet breeds content. The power of Scepters we admire; But sheep-hookes for our use desire. Simple and low is our condition; For here with us is no ambition. We with the Sunne our flockes unfold, Whose rising makest the fleeces gold. “Our musick from the birds we borrow; “They bidding us, we them, good morrow. 

Our habits are but course and plaine, Yet they defend from wind and raine. As warme too, in an equall eye As those be, stain’d in Scarlet dye. Those that have plenty weare (we see) But one at once; and so doe we.

*Alope.* The Shepheard with his home-spun Lasse As many merry houres doth passe, As Courtiers with their costly Girles, Though richly deckt in gold and pearles: And though but plaine, to purpose woo, Nay oft-times with lesse danger too.

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11 tympany’d | swollen, puffed up (OED cites this passage only).
13 Willow wreath | Worn by Amphrisa as a sign of grief after being forsaken by her lover; also, as (metaphorically?) urged by her companion Alope, as a magic ‘balm’ for the resulting pain in her head.
14 russet | a coarse cloth worn by poorer rustics.
15 admire | (a) wonder at, marvel at (b) regard with praise or respect (a very new meaning in Heywood’s time).
10 The beams of the rising sun make the fleeces appear golden.
12 Marginal note in original: ‘These last two lines twice’.
16 Scarlet | The colour of ceremonial robes; originally referring to the richness of the material.
24 danger | ‘daunger’, the aloofness or hauteur affected by the mistress.
94 **THOMAS HEYWOOD**  **MERCURY’S SONG**

Sung by Mercury in the guise of ‘a yong formal Shepheard’ in the play *Jupiter and Io* in Heywood’s *Pleasant Dialogues and Drama’s* (1657). Recounts Pan’s frustrated love of Syrinx and her transformation into a reed as narrated in Ovid, *Met.* I.689-712. In the Table of Contents to Heywood’s book, this play is described as ‘A Drama from Ovid’ (sig.A8v). In Ovid, as here, Mercury tells the story of Syrinx to lull Io’s guard, the hundred-eyed Argus, to sleep. But Heywood abridges Ovid’s narrative.

Mercuries Song.

Sirinx, one of Dian’s traine,  
Hunting with her on the plaine,  
Arm’d alike with shafts and bow;  
Each from other would you know?  
Which from which could not be told,  
Saue ones was horne, the others gold.

Pan he sees, himselfe makes fine,  
In his cap he pricks a Pine:  
Now growes carelesse of his heard,  
Sits by brookes to prune his beard,  
Meets her, and hath minde to wooe,  
Much he speaks, and more would doe.

Still he profes, she denies;  
He pursuues (for Syrinx flies)  
Past her knees her coats vp flew,  
He would faine see something new:  
By the leg and thigh he guest  
(It seems) the vertue of the rest.

This addes wings vnto his pace,  
The goale for which he is in chace.  
She addes feathers to her speed;  
Now it was no more than need.  
Almost caught, Alas she cries,  
Some chaste god my shape discouer.

Ledon heares, and girts her round,  
Spies a reed that makes sweet sound:  
Such is Syrinx. Wondring Pan  
Puts it to his mouth anon:  
Yet Syrinx thou art myne, he said,  
And so of her his first pipe made.

95 **RICHARD BARNFIELD**  **FROM THE AFFECTIONATE SHEPHERD, THE SECOND DAY**

From ‘The second Dayes Lamentation’ in ’The Teares of an affectionate Shepheard sicke for Loue. OR The Complaint of Daphnis for the Loue of Ganymede’, in Richard Barnfield’s *The Affectionate Shepheard* (1594). This long poem is an unusually explicit expression of homoerotic love; also a notable elaborate pastoral invitation typified by Marlowe’s ‘Come live with me’. The overtones of frustration echo Theocritus XI and, more closely, Virgil II.

If thou wilt loue me, thou shalt be my Boy,  
My sweet Delight, the Comfort of my minde,  
My Loue, my Doue, my Sollace, and my Ioy;  
But if I can no grace nor mercie finde,  
Ill goe to Caucasus to ease my smart,  
And let a Vulture gnaw vpon my hart.

Yet if thou wilt but show me one kinde looke,  
(A small reward for my so great affection)  
Ille graue thy name in Beauties golden Booke,

---

1 of Dian’s traine] Ovid simply says she modelled herself on Diana.  
6 Exactly follows Ovid, *Met.* I.697. The bow of horn was Syrinx’s, the golden Diana’s. Ovid’s word *corneus* usually translated as ‘made of horn’, though more likely to mean ‘made of cornel-cherrywood’ (cf.61.131n).  
8 Pine] i.e. wreath of pine needles, as in Ovid.  
25 Ledon] a river in Arcadia.  
5-6 A reference to the suffering of Prometheus.  
9-12 i.e. He will write poems in praise of Ganymede.
And shrowd thee vnnder Hellicons protection;  
   Making the Muses chaunt thy louely prayse:  
      (For they delight in Shepheards lowly layes.)

And when th’art wearie of thy keeping Sheepe  
Vpon a louely Downe, (to please thy minde)  
Ile gie thee fine ruffe-footed Doues to keepe,  
   And pretie Pidgeons of another kinde:
      A Robbin-red-brest shall thy Minstrell bee,  
   Chirping thee sweet and pleasant Melodie.

Or if thou wilt goe shoote at little Birds  
   With bow and boulte, (the Thrustle-cocke and Sparrow)  
Such as our Countrey hedges can afford’s;  
   I haue a fine bowe, and an yuorie arrow:
      And if thou misse, yet meate thou shalt not lacke,  
   Ile hang a bag and bottle at thy backe.

Wilt thou set springes in a frostie Night,  
   To catch the long-bild Woodcocke and the Snype?
   (By the bright glimmering of the Starrie light)
   The Partridge, Phaeasant, or the greedi Grype?
      Ile lend thee lyme-twigs, and fine sparrow calls,  
   Weretherewith the Fowler silly Birds inthralls.

Or in a mystie morning if thou wilt  
   Make pit-falls for the Larke and Pheldifare;  
Thy prop and sweake shall be both ouer-guilt:  
   With Cyparissus selfe thou shalt compare
      For gins and wyles, the Oozels to beguile;
   Whilst thou vnder a bush shalt sit and smile.

Or with Hare-pypes (set in a muset hole)  
   Wilt thou deceuue the deep-earth-deluing Coney?
   Or wilt thou in a yellow Boxen bole
Taste with a woodden splent the sweet lyte honey?
      Clusters of crimson Grapes Ile pull thee downe;
   And with Vine-leaues make thee a louely Crowne

Or wilt thou drinke a cup of new-made Wine  
Froathing at top, mixt with a dish of Creame;  
And Straw-berries, or Bil-berries in their prime,
Bath’d in a melting Sugar-Candie streame:
      Bunnell and Perry I haue for thee (alone)
   When Vynes are dead, and all the Grapes are gone.

I haue a pleasant noted Nightingale,  
   (That sings as sweetly as the siluer Swan)
   Kept in a Cage of bone as white as Whale,
   Which I with singing of Philemon wan:
      Her shalt thou haue, and all I haue beside;
   If thou wilt be my Boy, or els my Bride.

Then will I lay out all my Lardarie  
   (Of Cheeze, of Cracknellis, Curds and Clowted-creame)
Before thy male-content ill-pleasing eye:

---

Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

But why doo I of such great follies dreame?
   Alas, he will not see my simple Coate;
For all my speckled Lambe, nor milk-white Goate.

Against my Birth-day thou shalt be my guest:
Weele haue Greene-cheeses, and fine Silly-bubs;
And thou shalt be the chiefe of all my feast.
And I will giue thee two fine pretie Cubs,
   With two yong Whelps, to make thee sport withall,
   A golden Racket, and a Tennis-ball.

A guilded Nutmeg, and a race of Ginger,
   (a whole) root
A silken Girdle, and a drawn-worke Band,
Cuffs for thy wrists, a gold Ring for thy finger,

And sweet Rose-water for thy Lilly-white hand,
   fine, pretty
A paire of Kniues, a greene Hat and a Feather,
New Gloues to put vpon thy milk-white hand
Ile giue thee, for to keep thee from the weather;
With Phœnix feathers shall thy Face be fand,
   fanned
Cooling those Cheeke, that being cool’d wexe red,
Like Lillyes in a bed of Rosess shed.

Why doo thy Corall Lips disdainet to kisse,
And sucke that Sweete, which manie have desired?
That Baulme my Bane, that meanes would mend my misse:
Oh let me then with thy sweete Lips b’inspired;
   a treble load
When thy Lips touch my Lips, my Lips will turne
To Corall too, and being cold yce will burne.

96 Richard Barnfield From ‘The Shepherd’s Content’

Lines 1-14, 140-237, 273-93 from the long poem ‘The Shepheard’s Content, or The happines of a harmles life’ in Barnfield’s The Affectionate Shepherd (1594). An unusually clear exposition of the metaphors implicit in the shepherd’s life and activities; in particular, a very elaborate one of the shepherd as king.

Of all the kin德es of common Countreylife,
Me thinkes a Shepheards life is most Content;
His State is quiet Peace, deuoyd of strife;
His thoughts are pure from all impure intent,
His Pleasures rate sit at an easie rent:
   intention, motive
He beares no mallice in his harms hart,
   Malicious meaning hath in him no part.

He is not troubled with th’afflicted minde,
His cares are onely ouer silly Sheepe;

He is not vnto lealozie inclinde,
(Thrice happie Man) he knowes not how to wepe;
Whil’st I the Treble in deeppe sorrowes keepe:
   ?a treble load
I cannot keepe the Meane; for why (alas)
Griefes haue no meane, though I for meane doo passe.

---

64 Cubs] young foxes (OED i). 67 guilded Nutmeg] a lavish gift, though the ‘gilding’ was of saffron.
77 being cool’d wexe red] became red even when cooled, presumably from bashfulness. wexe] wax, grow.
78 Inverts Spenser, FQ 2.3.32: ‘Like roses in a bed of lillies shed.’ 81 That balm would heal my suffering, that gain would make good my loss. misse] lack or loss, and regret thereat: OED miss n°1, 2.
84 yce ... burne] Usually physical application of a common Petrarchan paradox (Petrarch, Rime 134). 5 The price he pays for his pleasure or content amounts to a moderate fee. 12-13 I am sunk in intense sorrow, without moderation. Treble] (a) threefold, intense (b) the treble or soprano in music. 13-14 Meane] (a) middle or moderate degree (b) alto in music (OED mean n°8a) (c) lowly or wretched.
He sits all Day lowd-piping on a Hill,
The whilst his flocke about him daunce apace,
His hart with joy, his eares with Musique fill:
Anon a bleating Weather beares the Bace,
A Lambe the Treble; and to his disgrace
    Another answers like a middle Meane:
Thus evry one to bear a Part are faine.

Like a great King he rules a little Land,
Still making Statutes, and ordaining Lawes;
Which if they breake, he beates them with his Wand:
He doth defend them from the greedy lawes
Of rau’ning Woolues, and Lyons bloudy Pawes.
    His Field, his Realme; his Subjectes are his Sheepe;
Which he doth still in due obedience keepe.

First he ordaines by Act of Parlamant,
(Holden by custome in each Country Towne)
That if a sheepe (with any bad intent)
Presume to break the neighbour Hedges downe,
Or haunt strange Pastures that be not his owne;
    He shall be poudned for his lustines,
Vntil his Master finde out some redres.

Also if any proue a Straggler
From his owne fellows in a foraine field,
He shall be taken for a wanderer,
And forcd himselfe immediatly to yeeld,
Or with a wyde-mouth’d Mastiue Curre be kild.
    And if not claimd within a twelue-months space,
by; mastiff
He shall remayne with Land-lord of the place.

Or if one stray to feede far from the rest,
He shall be pincht by his swift pye-bald Curre;
If any by his fellows be opprest,
The wronger (for he doth all wrong abhorre)
Shall be wel bangd so long as he can sturre.
    Because he did anoy his harmes Brother,
he: the shepherd
That meant not harme to him nor any other.

And last of all, if any wanton Weather,
With briers and brambles teare his fleece in twaine,
He shall be forc’d t’ abide cold frosty weather,
And powring shoures of ratling stormes of raine,
Till his new fleece begins to grow againe:
    And for his rashnes he is doom’d to goe
through
without a new Coate all the Winter throw.

Thus doth he keepe them still in awfull feare,
And yet allowes them liberty inough;
So deare to him their welfare doth appeare,
That when their fleeces gin to waxen rough,
He combs and trims them with a Rampicke bough,
    Washing them in the streames of siluer Ladon,
To cleanse their skinnes from all corruption.

19 to his disgrace] to the former’s shame, by outperforming him. 20 middle Meane] i.e., neither bass nor treble: ‘the middle voice in a musical composition’ (Klawitter). Cf. 12-33n. 21 Part] a single line or element in the harmonized part-song. faione] willing, eager (OED 3). 29-42 Unusually specific use of the legal metaphor. 44 his] Either the shepherd or the sheep, as the dog belonging to the latter’s flock. 50 wanton] Skittish, refractory’ (of animals: OED 1b). 61 Rampicke] rampike, ‘upright stump of a tree’ (OED). 62 Ladon] river in Greece, rising in Arcadia. 63 corruption] Then pronounced in four syllables, rough matching 62 in rhyme and metre.
Another while he wooes his Country Wench
(With Chaplets crownd, and gaudy girlonds dight)
Whose burning Lust her modest eye doth queinch,
Standing amazed at her heavendy sight,
(Beauty doth rauish Sense with sweet Delight)

Clearing Arcadia with a smoothed Browe
When Sun-bright smiles melts flakes of driuen snowe.

Thus doth he frolickie it each day by day,
And when Night comes draws homeward to his Coate,
Singing a ligge or merry Roundelay;
(For who sings commonly so merry a Noate,
As he that cannot chop or change a groate.)
And in the winter Nights (his chief desire)
He turns a Crabbe or Cracknell in the fire.

He leads his Wench a Country Horne-pipe Round,
About a May-pole on a Holly-day;
Kissing his louely Lasse (with Garlands Crownd)
With whoopping heigh-ho singing Care away;
Thus doth he passe the merry month of May:
And all th'yer after in delight and joy,
(Scorning a King) he cares for no annoy.

What though with simple cheere he homely fares?
He liues content, a King can doo no more;
Nay not so much, for Kings haue manie cares:
But he hath none; except it be that sore
Which yong and old, which vexeth ritch and poore,
The pangs of Loue. O! who can vanquish Loue,
That conquers Kingdomes, and the Gods aboue?

Deepe-wounding Arrow, hart-consuming Fire;
Ruler of Reason, slave to tyrant Beautie;
Monarch of harts, Fuell of fond desire,
Prentice to Folly, foe to fained Duettie,
Pledge of true Zeale, Affections moitie;
If thou kilst where thou wilt, and whom it list thee,
(Alas) how can a silly Soule resist thee?

By thee great Collin lost his libertie,
By thee sweet Astrophil forwent his ioy.
By thee Amyntas wept incessantly,
By thee good Rowland liu'd in great annoy;
O cruell, peeuish, vylde, blind-seeing Boy:
How canst thou hit their harts, and yet not see?
(If thou be blinde, as thou art fained to bee).

A Shepheard loues no ill, but onely thee;
He hath no care, but onely by thy causing:
Why doost thou shoot thy cruell shafts at mee?
Give me some respite, some short time of pausing:

Still my sweet Loue with bitter lucke th'art sawcing;
Oh, if thou hast a minde to shew thy might,
Kill mightie Kings, and not a wretched wight.
Thus haue I shewed in my Countrey vaine
The sweet Content that Shepheards still inioy;
The mickle pleasure, and the little paine
That euere doth awayte the Shepheards Boy:
His hart is neuer troubled with annoy,
   He is a King, for he commaunds his Sheepe;
   He knowes no woe, for he doth seldome weepe.

He is a Courtier, for he courts his Loue;
He is a Scholler, for he sings sweet Ditties;
He is a Souldier, for he woundes doth proue;
He is the fame of Townes, the shame of Citties:
He scornes false Fortune, but true Vertue pitties.
   He is a Gentleman, because his nature
   Is kinde and affable to euerie Creature.

97 Richard Barnfield  Cynthia Sonnet xv


A fairest Ganymede, disdaine me not,
   Though silly Sheepeheard I presume to loue thee,
   Though my harsh songs and Sonnets cannot moue thee,
Yet to thy beauty is my loue no blot.
Apollo, loue, and many Gods beside,
   S'daind not the name of cuntry shepheards swains,
   Nor want we pleasure, though we take some pains,
We lue contentedly: a thing call'd pride,
Which so corrupts the Court and euery place,
   (Each place I meane where learning is neglected,
   And yet of late, euuen learnings selfe's infected)
I know not what it meanes, in any case:
   Wee onely (when Molochus gins to peepe)
   Learne for to folde, and to vnfold our sheepe.

98 Richard Barnfield  Cynthia Sonnet xviii

From Barnfield's sonnet-sequence Cynthia (1598).

Not Megabates, nor Cleonymus,
   (Of whom great Plutarck makes such mention,
   Praying their faire with rare inuention)
As Ganymede were halfe so beauteous.
They onely pleas'd the eies of two great Kings,
   But all the worlde at my loue stands amazed,
   Nor one that on his Angels face hath gazed,
But (rauisht with delight) him Presents brings.
Some weaning Lambs, and some a suckling Kyd,
Some Nuts, and fil-beards, others Peares & Plums,
Another with a milk-white Heyfar comes;
As lately Ægones man (Damœtas) did:
But neither he, nor all the Nymphs beside,
Can win my Ganymede; with them t’abide.

Part of a long love-address by the shepherd Hymon to his beloved Mersa in Parry’s romance Moderatus (1595). A good example of the many imitations of Polyphemus’ invitation to Galatea in Theocritus XI and Corydon's invitation to Alexis in Virgil II.

O Mersa stay, flye not so fast from me,
Faire Mersa stay, no Lestrigonian brute
Doth make pursuit to feed his lust on thee:
But one, if thou him knew, whose honest suit
Is worthy of the same he doth desire,
And burns for thee with chast and holy fire.

O Mersa stay, flye not so fast from me,
Faire Mersa stay, no Lestrigonian brute
Doth make pursuit to feed his lust on thee:
But one, if thou him knew, whose honest suit
Is worthy of the same he doth desire,
And burns for thee with chast and holy fire.

And though my corps doth sausage seeme with haire,
And beard vnkempt an ugly thing to see:
Yet am not I deform’d, for beard is faire,
Permissible, fitting
And hayres decent for such as valiant be.
When strong men fight nyce meaccocks they do feare,
And Schools to daunce, and not to fence they reare.

If ought for wealth thou listest, a she pard’s flocke
I haue, and few doth more then I possesse:
For heards I keepe, and eake full many a flocke,
A thousand kine do feed on finest grasser,
Of swine greate store, and cattell fat withall,
And goates in rockes their bleating kiddes to call.

Store of throme milke in season still I haue,
My chest is full of cheeses new and olde,
Take what thou wilt, thou need’st not ought to craue,
For all I haue is thine, whereof be bolde.
My selfe also (though thou the same refuse)
Is at thy becke, thereof to take the vse.

If thou would’st daine to walke sometimes with me,
Gather I would the Apples mellowe fine,
And clustring grapes with full ripe figges for thee,
And Filberd kernes eake if thou were mine:
With these I would thee cramme my prettie peate,
For whome greate store of bloody droppes I sweate.

Howe oft would I thy tender corpses then clippe,
And eke the same in folded armes combine,
With thousand kisses would I presse thy lippe:
Doubt not of these: to pittie eke incline,
And come with me (least that my paine increase)
To cure my care, and thraldome to release.

By pleasant springs our ease then we will take,
Embracing there, sweete sleepe will vs deprine
Of wanton sport: when semblance we do make,

10 Damœtas] A shepherd in Virgil III. He offers a heifer (colour unspecified) as stake in a singing-contest (III.29-31), not a gift to his love.  
10 Lestrigonian] monstrous like the cannibal race of that name in Odyssey X.  
10 decent] fitting, appropriate: root Lat. sense.  
11-12 When strong men fight, cowards are afraid, and set up dancing—rather than fencing-schools (i.e. practise the effeminate arts of peace).  
19 throme] curdled, clotted: from Gk thrombos, a clot or lump – artificial rusticity from a learned source.  
39 semblance ... make] provide a model or example.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Not howe with gaine and lucre for to thrive,
(In silent shades) but of meane mirth and ioye,
When greatest minde we haue to wanton toye.

The hanging boughes and murmuring streame will striue,
Who best may please and worke our sweete content,
While raging force of Summers heate doeth driue.

Howe deare to me would be thy sweet consent:
Alas thou nought doest weigh my giftes, nor loue,
Whose heart faire speach, nor weeping teares may mooue.

Part of Eclogue III in Francis Sabie’s Pan’s Pipe (1595). Coridon’s rejoinder to Damon in a singing contest. Quantitative metre. Punctuation modified.

Damons dittie.

When loue first broken had the Chaos ancient,
And things at variance had set at vnity:
When first each element, fire, aire, and water,
And earth vnmooueable were placed as you see:
A plow-man then he made, he made a sheep-feeder,
The plow-man he made of stonie progenie,
Rebelling to the plough, like to the flinty field,
Hard-hearted, full of hate: The noble sheepfeeder
He made of a milde and lowlie progenie,
Gentle and very meeke, like a sheep innocent,
Oft times he to the Gods sacrifice offered,
One while he gaue a Lambe, one while a tidy calfe,
Since that time sillie swaines and noble sheepfeeders
Haue bene much visited and loued of the gods.

Go to my merie Muse, sound out vpon a pipe
Shepheards antiquities, and noble progenie.
A shepherd was Abram, Lot was a sheep-keeper,
Great Angels, from aboue came many times to these,
Yea loue omnipresente leaving his heauenly seat
Talkt with them, men affirme, as they sate by their heards.
Of them sprung valiant and noble nations.

Go to my merie muse, sound out vpon a pipe,
Heardsmens antiquitie, and noble progenie.
Paris sate with his flocke, in Ida redolent,
When he was made a Judge to Venus and Iuno,
And Pallas beautiful, three mighty goddesses.

Go to my merie muse, sound out vpon a pipe
Heardsmens antiquitie and noble progenie.
Daudi sate with his heard, when as a Lyon huge
And eke a Beare he slew, this little pretie swaine
Kild a victorious and mightie champion,
Whose words did make a king and al his host to feare
And he ful many yeares raigned d’ouer Israel.

Go to my merie Muse, sound out vpon a pipe
Heardsmens antiquitie, and noble progenie.
Moses fed sillie sheep, when like a fiery flame
Iehouah called him out from a bramble bush,

41 (In silent shades) referring to what follows, not what precedes. meane] (a) lowly, humble (b) moderate, temperate. 42 When our greatest desire is for playful dalliance. 5 Cain and Abel. 17 Abram] Genesis 12.16. Lot] Genesis 13.5. 18 Great Angels ... came] See e.g. Genesis 18, 19. 19-20 God talks and appears to Abraham in Genesis 12.7, 17, 18. 19 omnipresente] ruling over all things (not in OED). 24 Paris ... in Ida] Paris, prince of Troy, was brought up by shepherds on Mount Ida, where he judged the contest in beauty between Juno, Venus and Pallas or Minerva. 29 David ‘keepeth the sheep’ in 1 Samuel 16.11, 16.19, 17.15. Lyon ... Beare] 1 Samuel 17:34-6. 31-2 mightie champion] Goliath. For his striking terror in King Saul and his men, see 1 Samuel 17:1-11. 36 Moses kept his father-in-law Jethro’s sheep: Exodus 3.1. sillie] a customary epithet for sheep, combining meanings like ‘innocent’, ‘harmless’, ‘helpless’. 37 Iehouah called him] Exodus 3.2-4.17.
O what great monuments and mightie miracles
In Egypt did he shew, and to king Pharaoh.

Iordans waues backe he droue, Iordan obeyed him.

Go to my merie muse, sound out vpon a pipe,
Heardsmens antiquitie, and noble progenie.

Angels brought (men afirm) to busie sheepfeeders,
In fields of Bethlehem newes of a Sauiour,

Before Magicians and noble Empourers,
Th infant laid in a crib, louses mightie progenie,

Mankinds joy, life, and health cuntrie swains viewed:
salvation

Cease now my mery Muse to tune vpon a pipe
Heardsmens antiquity and noble progenie.

101 Robert Sidney  ‘Shepherd, if faith now say’

‘Pastoral 2’ in an autograph notebook of Robert Sidney’s poems, originally at Warwick Castle and now in BL MS Addl 58435. Punctuation largely added in this edition.

Pastoral 2. Shepheard, Nymph.

Nymph. Shepheard, if faith now say how wel
thow doest loue me.
Shepheard. Wonder and ioye kan onely tel
how I loue thee.
Nymph. Tel me how much?
Shepheard. O neuer such
heavenly faire maybe owr feelds did bless
nor euer wil,
O to me vnkind Shepheardess

but O dear stil.

Nymph. These are but words, I must proue thee –

Now doe not mocke –
Whether doest thoue better mee
or thy good flocke.

Shepheard. My sheep alas

My loue once was.
Now my best wool growes on thy care,
thow art my stocke.

thy rosy cheeke, my ritch feelds are:

thine eyes, my flocke.

Nymph. Ye retchless felloes often doe
their goods despyse,
But mee doest thoue beare more loue to
or to thine eyes?

Shepheard. Mine eyes to mee
no pleasure bee
Since that they cannot thee stil see,
wealth of my sight,
or that they kan, astridea from thee,

see other light.

Nymph. Thine eyes perhaps thoue doest reproue
for their bad choice.
but in thy lyfe more or thy loue
doest thow reioice?

40 It was Joshua who made the Jordan recede (Joshua 3–4). Moses parted the Red Sea (Exodus 14.21–2). See also Psalms 114.3–5. 45 Magicians] Taking magus/magi in the usual sense of ‘magician’. 6–7 heavenly faire mayde] Either describing or addressing the shepheardess. 17 my best wool] my greatest wealth or profit. thy care] my thoughts about you, which I tend like sheep.
25–30 I feel sorry that my eyes cannot see you all the time, but that they see other things instead.
Shepheard. My lyfe is that
I least ioye at,
Since all the time I lou’d not thee
as lost I holde:
and what remains, few howers wil bee
thee to beholde.

Nymph. What’s past thow hast forgot, nor now
Knowst what wil bee.
but at this time more louest thow
thyself or me?
Shepheard. Myself I neere
shall loue, I feare.
Thy cares are mine, thow art my wil:
I loue with thee.
myself I shall not loue vntil
thow louest mee.

Nymph. Tush, these fine words do no whit please.
make known thy loue,
for if thow car’st for none of these,
what kanst thou loue?
Shepheard. My cares are one,
for thee alone.
Nymph. Like what then doest thou loue, tel this.
thow weariest thee.
Shepheard. Like thyself: like nothing els is
my loue to thee.

Nymph. Like me? how’s that? Shepheard. fayre as Sunbeames,
louely as day,
sweet as fresh flowers, fine as cleer streames,
joyful as May.
lips of cherries,
hands of lillies,
Eyes stars of fyre, brest fram’d in snow,
hart (ah) heauen hy:
Blessed Nymph, shepheard thus thee know
and thus loue I.

102 Robert Sidney  ‘Day which so bright didst shine’

‘Pastoral. 9’ in an autograph notebook of Robert Sidney’s poems, originally at Warwick Castle and now in BL MS Addl 58435. Punctuation modified and line initials standardized. The specifically pastoral features are confined to the fifth stanza, which appears to have been added later.

Pastoral. 9

Day which so bright didst shyne, how darck art thou?
Ayre even now sweet, how doe mists in thee growe?
Sea late so calme, how high wrogght are yow now?
Brooke once so cleer, how doth sand in thee flowe?
Trees so full blowen, how bare now is each bow?
Feelds how doe weeds, your Ritch corn ouergrowe?!
Day, ayre, sea, brooke, trees, feelds: say, vain’s all trust.
The fayrest proues vntrew, the best vniust.

Frosts how yow print the earth with witherd face!
Storms, how with lightning yow heauens mantle lyne!
Fluds, how all to dewr, yow hast yowr pace!
Fyre, how in beames of ruin yow doe shyne!
Plague, how with killing arms, yow all embrace!

[53 these] His closest concerns like his flocks, eyes, life, self, as above.  [55] I have only one care.
Dearth, how what death hath spared, in yow doth pine!
Frosts, storms, floods, fyre, plague, death, answer with mee
Our goods are ghests, owr losses homemates bee.

Thus whyle the worlds fayre frame such chang approues
Shee will as fals as it bee, as as fayre.
Thus from one mischeef, whyle another moues,
I feel the ils, which worst cannot impayre.
Whyle shee her faythe a prize sets to new loues,
In me faith raines on wrongs, loue on despayre.

Hencefowrth then may Fyre guie light to the Day:
And clerest Ayre, a nurse to Plagues bee fownd.
Hencefowrth may Frosts shutt vp the Seas large way
And Storms all usefull Trees teare from the grownd.

Hencefowrth no frutes of Feelds Dearth banish may,
Since beauty growes the bed where treason lyes
And faith is made the stayre to miseryes.

This sayd, the Shepheard, as now with new eyes
Lookd vp and saw his flock which had not strayde,
His owne, which hee for unkwon did despise
Whyle it stil kept his steps, his voice obeyde.

Then in his sowl the images did rysye
Of due and vniust loues: and greeuing sayde

Ah Flock so louing, so regarded not;
How my faults are your praise, your wrongs my blott.

So hee whose senses foystd, no ease could breed,
In her faults, safety to his ruine fownd.

Those the good Dolfin were, the sauing threed
Which stayde the seas deep awes, the maze vnwound.

He sees, how sweet did Innosens poisons feed,
How strongly folleys easy fetters bownd.

How my faults are your praise, your wrongs my blott.

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16 ghest] guests, i.e. temporary visitors (cf. homemates, 15).
18] She will be both as fair and as false as the world itself.
20 which ... impayre] which the worst cannot make any worse.
21-2 While she offers her faith as a reward to new lovers, my own faith results in ill-treatment and my love leads to despair.
24 merites] (ironically) deserts, requital.
25 People will have to light fires by day in the absence of the sun.
27 Ice block the open seas.
29-30 May no harvest henceforth banish death, and let the smallest brooks flood everything.
31 bed] breeding-ground, with a play on the usual sense.
33 as now ... eyes] as though seeing for the first time.
35-6 He had neglected his familiar flock for an unknown love, yet it remained faithful to him.
40 my faults ... blott] My faults (i.e. my neglect of you) show your virtue (in remaining faithful to me); the wrongs you have suffered are my shame.
41-2 The harm he suffered could not be made good, but his mistress’s unjust neglect (her faults) saved him from further ruin.
43 Dolfin] Said to lead sailors to safety in a storm. Perhaps alluding to the musician Arion, saved from drowning by a dolphin.
44-5 thread guiding Theseus through the labyrinth (maze).
45-6 He sees how pleasingly innocence leads to vices, and how strongly and easily one is enchained by folly.
47-8 He is now grateful for the wrongs he has suffered, declaring that if he had not been ‘lost’ (disappointed) in love, he would have been ‘lost’ (destroyed) through shame and sin.
From William Smith’s sonnet-sequence *Chloris, or the Complaint of the Passionate Despised Shepheard* (1596).

Feede silly sheepe although your keeper pineth,
Yet like to *Tantalus* doth see his food.
Skip you and leape, now bright *Apollo* shineth,
Whilst I bewaile my sorrowes in yon wood.
Where wofull *Philomela* doth record,
And sings with notes of sad and dire lament,
The tragedie wrought by hir sisters Lord,
Ile bear a part in hir blanke discontent.
That pipe which erst was woont to make you glee,
Vpon these downes whereon you carelesse graze,
Shall to hir mournfull musicke tuned be.
Let not my plaints poore lambkins you amaze
There vnderneath that darke and duskie bowre,
Whose showres of teares to *Chloris* I will powere.

You Fawnes and Siluans, when my *Chloris* brings
Hir flocks to water in your pleasant plaines,
Sollicite hir to pitie *Corins* stings,
The smart whereof for hir he still sustaines.
For she is ruthlesse of my wofull song.
My oaten reede she not delights to heare.
O *Chloris, Chloris, Corine* thou dost wrong,
Who loues thee better than his owne hart deere.
The flames of *Aetna* are not halfe so hot,
As is the fire which thy disdaine hath bred.
Ah cruell fates, why do you then besot
Poore *Corins* soule with loue when loue is fled.
Either cause cruell *Chloris* to relent,
Or let me die vpon the wound she sent.

John Dickenson’s *The Shepheardes Complaint* (1596) links a number of poems by a thin romance narrative. The poem below, inset in the prose near the start of the work, describes Arcadia, where the narrator is transported in a dream.

Fields were ouer-spred with floures,
Fairest choyce of *Floraes* treasure:
The shepheards there had shadie bowers,
Where they oft repos’d with pleasure:
Meadowes flourisht fresh and gay,
Where the wanton heards did play.
Springs more cleare than chrystall streames,
Seated were the Groues among,
Thus nor *Titans* scorchting beames,
Nor earthes drouth could shepheards wrong,
Faire Pomonaes fruitful pride,
Did the budding branches hide.

Flockes of sheepe fed on the plaines,
Harmelesse sheepe that rom’d at large;
Here and there sate pensiue Swaines,
Waiting on their wandring charge:
Pensiue while their Lasses smil’d,
Lasses which had them beguil’d.

Hils with Trees were richly dight,
Valleis stor’d with Vestæas wealth:
Both did harbour sweet delight,
Nought was there to hinder health.
Thus did heauen grace the soile,
Not deform’d with workemens toile.

Purest plot of earthlie mould,
Might that land be justly named.
Art by Nature was controul’d,
Well-being, happiness
Art which no such pleasures framed:
Fairest place was never seene,

Fittest place for beauties Queene.

106 John Dickenson  From The Shepherd’s Complaint
Lament of an unnamed ’mournful shepherd’ in Dickenson’s The Shepheardes Complaint (1596). Quantitative metre. The unhappy lover’s obtaining consolation from nature is a common Petrarchan theme.

If plaints could penetrate the sun-bright top of Olympus,
Whose light’s sweet comfort these eies, eies moist with abundance
Of down-streaming teares since wrong’d by Fancy, beheld not:
Or th’earth yeld passage to my voice, voice hoarse with a thousand,
More then a thousand mones, sending them downe to the deepe vaults,
Where Pluto Lord of Acheron enioyeth his Empire,
Or some blustering blasts conuey by force of a whirle-wind,
These my sad laments to the wide world there to be talk’d of:
Gods that dwell on high, and Fiends that lurke in Auernus:

Men that liue on earth, or saile through watery Tethys.
Gods, whose diuine shapes loues force hath oft metamorphos’d,
Fiends, whose hellish hearts no remorse, no regard euer entred,
Men whom loues deepe wounds haue prostrate laid at his altars,
All these would pitte me, but vaine wish can little helpe me:
Yet though wish be vaine, my sad complaints I will vtere:
Though to my selfe I repeat as oft ere now I repeated,
Mones mix’d with salt teares for th’ease of harts heauy burthen,
Heart presst with sorrow, heart with care heauily loaden.
When Fortunes doome was equall, and loues fury forcelesse,
Arcadian pastures tending my flocke I frequented

Chiefe mongst the shepheards for wit, for beauty, for all things.
Oft did I win both prize and palme, when our ioly meetings
And yearly feastings solemnisid were to the great God Pan, the God of shepheards soueraigne defender of all flockes,
And Laurell garland hath crown’d me conqueror often.

11 Pomona] goddess of fruits and orchards. 11-12 The branches were hidden by the abundant fruit. 15 pensiue] gloomy, melancholy, in contrast to the smiling shepherdesses. 20 Vestæas] goddess of the hearth, thus of the prosperity of both the home and the state or commonwealth. Arcadia is presented as a prosperous land, unlike its reality. 24 As in the Golden Age and in Paradise, the soil spontaneously brings forth crops, so that there is no need to till the land (Virgil IV.39-41). 27-8 The common Renaissance theme of art in accord with nature, as against art that defies or destroys nature. 28 i.e. Art alone could not create such delights. 6 Acheron] a river of the underworld, Pluto’s realm. 9 Auernus] a lake near Naples, supposedly the entrance to the underworld. 10 Tethys] wife of the god Oceanus, hence the ocean. 25 conqueror] in singing contests.
Dametas pend sweet ditties, with comely Palæmon:
And with him Lycidas, and amongst Neat-heards many gallants:
But none of these durst, though each of these had a mistresse,
Strive in praise of them with me, fearing to be vanquish’d:
Yet Lycidas had a choyce, a faire choyce, louelie Felisa.
Nymphes would sit in a round comming fro the chase to refresh them
Listening vnto my songs, and vnto the tunes that I gaue them.
With the Satyres lightly skipping, where Flora reuested,
And with sommers pride, earthes faire greene mantle adorned,
And th hornfeet halfe-gods, with all the progeny rurall:
The wind-wing’d Naiads spring-haunting Naiades, all these
Did me require, whose pen with praise they gently rewarded.
Each faire shepheardesse was with my company gladded:
Me Galathea fauourd, yet was Galathea reiectd:
Me faire Phillis lik’d, but Phillis could not I fancy.
Thystyils and Daphne, both faire, both woo’d me with offers:
Thystyils and Daphne, both faire, were fondly repulsed:
Kind girles, fit epithete for girles so kind, but vnhappy.
The snow-white Hyalus worlds wonder, faire as Adonis,
Scord Nymphes allurements, and Hearmdens gifts he refused:
But me the boy did loue, and in coole shade I remember,
With me reposeing off, Philemles cleare notes he resembling,
With voyce Angelicall, my dittiess sweetly recorded.
But nor he, nor they could my fond affection alter,
Whose care-cras’d hart, and loue-pierc’d thought fair
Amaryllis
Held in pleasing thrall: for then it seem’d so: but aie me,
Now I repent too late, too late I repent that I thought so.
Her did I greet, and fairly salute each morne with a present:
But proud girle, coy girle, though presents some she received,
Yet she refus’d the most, and better not be received,
Then be received so: with feigned smiles she rewarded,
My not feind good-will: and when by chance I beheld her,
Walking on the plaines, if I did draw neere to salute her:
Then wing’d with desdain, more swift in pace she returned,
Then light-foot Daphne shunning the sight of Apollo,
Flying his pursue and bootlesse chase, with a stubborne
And peruerse conceit: like her was coy Amaryllis.
For me she loath’d, although her I lou’d, and in many ditties,
(Few such ditties were) her beauties praise I recounted.
Fames shrill eternall trumpet through Arcadie sounded
Her matchlesse vertues, and gentle fame the reuenger
Of my causeless wrongs, her coynes hath so recorded.
(Fame which from my penne large matter fully receiued)
That sea-bred Dolphins, and misform’d waterie Monsters,
Shall in the welkin sport them with loftie Laualtos,
And saile-bearer pine glide through thin aire with a Syren
Swimming neere the sterne, and fowes bird lodg’d in Olympus,
The royall Eagle, chiefe Lord and lordly regarder
Of the featherd brood with his wing’d army repairing
Downe to the late-left boure of Nereus and Thetis and all,
That lodge in watrie cabinets, shall sooner abide there,
And for euer dwell there then fames sound, which memorised
Her desdainefull pride, be cleane forgot by the shepheards,
Or mongst th’Arcadians my sorrowes not be remembred.
Yet vaine was my labour, small comfort thence I receiued;

33 Flora] goddess of flowers.
35 hornfeet] with feet like horned beasts, hooved: the wood-gods.
48 recorded] sang, especially like a bird (OED 3b).
60 Daphne] who fled Apollo’s pursuit and was transformed into a laurel.
64 Few ... were] Few songs were so fine.
71 saile-bearing pine] masts made of pine trunks, hence ships.
75 Nereus] an ocean god.
77 memorised] recorded, preserved the memory of.
For she lou’d an other though farre vnfit to be riuall
With me which did surpass him that nor very witty,
Nor verie comely was: all Arcadie knowes that I feine not,
Nor fond boasting vse, yet was he receiu’d, I reiected.
Pardon faire, fairer then any fairest Amaryllis,
Pardon sweet, more sweet then any most sweet Amaryllis,
Though thou absent be, yet craue I pardon O pardon,
Those my wrathfull lookes ore-cast with frownes neuer vsed,
Till thy misdeeming censure did wrong so the shepheard,
not habitual, [uncharacteristic]

Whose match for loyall seruice wide world neuer harbourd:
Except loues martyr, loues wonder gentle Amintas.
O prard those impatient thoughts which I did vter
In blasphemous words, blaspheming thee Amaryllis,
Cursing those graces wherewith nature did adorne thee,
And on thy pride exclaiming: fond passion vrg’d me,
Then when I saw my riual speed, my selfe so reiected,
Then did it vrg me so, that mou’d with more than a wonted
Griefe of mind, I vowd to renounce the state of a shepheard,
State too good for me: which vow too well I remembred.

For leaving all the pleasures which Arcadie yelded,
Cleare springs, faire fountaines, greene meadows, and shady valleis
Where, while flocke did graze, sometimes I sweetly reposing,
Did meditate on loue, when loue was friendt to my fancy,
Leaving these, loathing my selfe, looking for a speedy
End of care, I remaind alone, all companie shunning.

Thus I resolu’d to seeke a place, fitte place for an abiet,
Found this darksome groue, since when still heere I remained,
Heer to the woods I waild: woods seemd to grone when I wailed,
Heer to the trees I mon’d, trees seemd to bend when I mon’d me,
Heer to the winds I mournd, winds sent calme blasts to releiu me.
Thus to the woods, to the winds, to the trees, to the foulds, to the fountains
And to the thinnest aire, to the valleis and to the mountains,
Framing sad lamentes, more comfort haue I received
From these, then from the coye lookes of proud Amaryllis.
Khine Eccho was mou’d, her like mishap she remembred,

And the chirping birds attentiue vnto my sorrowes,
Chang’d their pleasant notes for mournfull tunes to bewaile me.

But why talke I thus? all these could smally releue me,
Slow death when com’st thou? slow death can wholy release me.
'small-ly', little

107 ‘IN A FIELD FULL FAIR OF FLOWERS’

From BL MS Harley 6910, where it is attributed to 'P. S.'. Punctuation largely supplied in this edn.

In a field full fayer of flowers
Where the Muses made their bowers
And more sweeter hony grew
Then the sence of Nature knew,
Preerie sweete with heartsease springing
'prairie', meadow

While sweet Philomel was singing,
Coridon and Phillis fayer
Went abroad to take the ayer,
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Each in absence long diseasese
But in presence either pleased.  
Where begun their pritle pratte:
Ther was pretty title tate.
Coridon quth shee a trial
Must in truth haue no denyall.
True quth he and then he, proved,
well I hope shalbe beloued.
Yea Quoth shee but where is true loue?
Where quth hee both you and I loue.
Yea quth shee but truly tell me
And in these fewe letters spell me.

C O R I D O N
Where was I when these were gon?
Sweet quth hee how to devise the
and by letters to suffice the?
P H I L L I S
All my joye both was and is,
In my hart thou art inclosed
Where thy loue cannot be losed.
Trust me Phillis, in good sadnes,
Is it not a very madnes
To refuse a good thing offered
when it was of good will proffered?
And what better thing to prooue
Then how good a thing is loue?
Many a wench, and if shee knew it,
What it were and how to vse it,
In her hart full soone woud rue it
When shee thought shee did refuse it.
It is a humor that doth tickle
And like Thistle downe doth prickle
Veines and sinnewes, witts and senses
With the sweete of such defences
Which dame Nature gaue to me
Onely to bestowe on thee.
Take it dulyeuen and morrowe,
It will driue out care and sorrowe.
Vse it kindly, sweetly trie it,
Then vnto thine hart applye it.

The unknowne Sheepeheardes complaint.

My Flocks feede not, my Ewes breede not,
My Rammes speede not, all is amisse:
Loue is denying, Faith is defying,
Harts renying, causer of this.
All my merry Iiggs are quite forgot,
renaying: denying, renouncing

10 But each pleased by the other's presence.  13-16 She tells Coridon that if he puts his love to trial, he must abide by the outcome. Coridon agrees, hoping that, if he proves his love, he will be loved by Phillis in turn.  

108 The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint

First published in Thomas Weelkes's Madrigals to Three, Four, Five, and Six Voices (1597), then in the section 'Sonnets to sundry notes of Musicke' in The Passionate Pilgrim (1599), and in Helicon. No author named in any source. Helicon text followed below. Its title suggests a narrative source, but none has been found.

The vnknowne Sheepeheardes complaint.

My Flocks feede not, my Ewes breede not,
My Rammes speede not, all is amisse:
Loue is denying, Faith is defying,
Harts renying, causer of this.
All my merry Iiggs are quite forgot,

10 But each pleased by the other’s presence.  13-16 She tells Coridon that if he puts his love to trial, he must abide by the outcome. Coridon agrees, hoping that, if he proves his love, he will be loved by Phillis in turn.  

20 spell (a) tell (OED spell v′) (b) spell out by letters.

22 when these were gon i.e. while Coridon was absent. these the letters spelling his name.  

33-4 i.e. The fact that love is 'of good will proffered' indicates what a good thing it is.  

39 humour fluid, juice: perhaps a 'simple' extracted from a plant, hence medicine to be 'taken duly' (45), but obvious sexual innuendo.  
42 sweete (a) pleasure, delight (b) ?sweat, exertion (c) ?literally sweat, exudation, with sexual innuendo. defences weapon(s).  

speede (a) thrive, prosper (b) run swiftly.  
liggs songs as well as dances; also jests or sports. Weelkes has ggs (fun, merriment: OED 6b).
All my Ladies loue is lost God wot,
Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,
There a nay is plac’d without remoue.
One silly crosse, wrought all my losse,
O frowning Fortune, cursed fickle Dame:
For now I see, inconstancie
More in women then in men remaine.

In black mourne I, all feares scorne I,
Loue hath forlorn me, liuing in thrall:
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
My Sheepheards pipe can sound no deale,
My Weathers bell rings dolefull knell.
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaide,

Playes not at all, but seemes afraid:
With sighs so depe, procures to weepe,
In howling-wise, to see my dolefull plight:
How sighs resound, through hartlesse ground,
Like a thousand vanquish’d men in bloody fight.

Cleare Wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their die:
Heards stand weeping, Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping fearefully.
All our pleasure knowne to vs poore Swaines,
All our merry meeting on the Plaines,
All our evenings sports from vs are fled,
All our loue is lost, for Loue is dead.
Farewells sweete Loue, thy like nere was
For sweete content, the cause of all my moane:
Poore Coridon must liue alone,
Other helpe for him, I see that there is none.

109 Thomas Bastard  To Thomas Strangways

Sonnet no.23 in the seventh book of Bastard’s Chrestoleros. Seuen bookes of Epigrames (1598).

Strangwaies leuе London and her sweet contents,
Or bring them downe to me to make me glad,
And giue one month to country meriments,
Giueme a fewe daies for the yeeres I had.
The Poets songs and sports we will reade ouer,
And spil our readings one vpon another,
Nulam shall lend vs night in midst of day,
When to the euen valley we repaire,
When we delight our selues with talke or play,
Sweete with the infant grasse and virgine ayre.
These in the heate, but in the euen later,
Weele walke the meads, and read trowts in the water.

Sonnet no. 23 was written by Thomas Bastard, a member of the Bastard family, who was active in literature during the late 16th century. The sonnet is dedicated to Thomas Strangways, a fellow poet. It describes the speaker’s longing for the beauty and simplicity of the past, as personified by the lost love of a past lady. The speaker reflects on the futility of his own efforts to recapture this lost love, and the speakers’ current state of misery and despair.

In the context, an (unidentified) forest in a valley, perhaps in Dorset where Bastard held a living.
110 Henry Lok  Sonnet from Sundry Christian Passions

Henry Lok’s series of religious sonnets, Sundry Christian Passions (1593), was reprinted as an appendix to Ecclesiastes, Otherwise Called the Preacher (1597), a paraphrase of the Book of Ecclesiastes. The text below follows the latter. The poem inverts the imagery of Psalms 23, making it explicitly allegorical with reference to New Testament theology of sacraments and grace.

Among thy sheepe ô Lord I seemd to feed,
By Sacraments receiu’d into thy flocke,
By preached word I watred was indeed,
And works with fleese did seeme inrith my stocke:

But at my doore true faith did neuer knocke,
(Which should be shepheard of my soules defence)
But (thiefelike) fond affections reason mocke,
And by the window of my wilfull sence
Do enter to my heart, and steale from thence
Each motion of amendement which doth rise,
And shepheardlesse of grace, transported hence
By Sathan (rau’ning wolfe) in farefull wise,
I call to thee (sweet Sauiour) shepheard true,
Teach me to know thy voice and thee insue.

111 Nicholas Breton  ‘The Lord he is my shepherd’

A free rendering of Psalm 23 from Breton’s The Soules Heavenly Exercise (1601).

The lord he is my sheepeheard, that doth feede
My soule full sweetely by the ruer side,
And will not let mee nibble on a weede,
Where hee doth knowe there may my hurt abide.

He will not let the Wolfe come neere the folde,
Where he hath laide His louing flocke to rest,
Nor will hee let them bide the bitter colde,
But sweetly warmes them from his sunny breast.

Along the pastures faire, and fresh, and greene,
He leades them forth, for their best liues behoue,
Nor euer yet was there confusion seene
Of any flocke, that hee doth fairely loue.

Hee doth not robbe them of a locke of wooll,
But kindely calles them to their fairest folde,
Nor doth he vse the cunning how to cull
The fat from leane, nor young ones from the old.

But all alike hee loues whom he doth keepe,
And if that any stray out of the plaine,
Vpon his shoulders hee brings home that sheep,
And sings for ioie to haue his lambe againe.

The winters worme, nor yet the summers flie
Can once anoy the smallest lambe of his:
But they shall still encrease, and neuer die,
But euer liue in everlasting blisse.

He giues them water from the liuing rocke,
Where neuer yet did harmefull thought arriue:

2 Sacraments] no doubt chiefly baptism, whereby the Christian is received into the Church (flock).
7 affections] emotions: the familiar conflict between reason and passion.
8 by the window] making surreptitious entry, whereas true faith enters by the door (5). Cf. John 10.1-2. sense] Window (10) specifically suggests the eye. 4 which he know may harme me. 15-16 i.e. He does not destroy or eliminate anyone. 21 winters worme] ?a parasite that afflicts sheep shut indoors in winter. 25-6 Breton’s rendering clearly suggests baptismal water, which makes the Christian a member of the Church or body of Christ, and thus saves him from original sin (harmefull thought).
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Yea hee so dearly lou’d his little flocke,
That hee did die, to saue his sheepe alius.

But shall (oh Lord) this sinfull soule of mine,
So many waies with miseries opprest,
Become a lambe of that faire flocke of thine,
And feede with them when they are fairely blest?

Then, when I heare my louing sheepeheard call
My faithfull soule vnto her fairest folde,
I will forsake these worldly pleasures all,
And only ioy my Iesus to beholde.

112 NICHOLAS BRETON ‘Upon a dainty hill’

From BL MS Addl. 34064. Punctuation and line-initials regularized.

Vpon a deintie hill sumtime  pretty, pleasant
did feede a flocke of sheepe
Wher Coridon woulde learne to clyme
his little lambs to keepe.  tend
Wher Roses with the violetttes sweete
did growe amonge the bryres,
Where muses and the nymphes did meete
to talke of loues desires.

There Choridon when corne was ripe
for his sweete Phillis sake
Wolde playe vpon his countrey pipe
and all his musicke make.

Now when he had but sounded owte
the begger and the kinge,
The birds wold all be flockt aboute
to helpe the Shepperde singe.
And euerie one began to frame
set about, prepare
to sett in tune her throate

Till daintie Philomela came
who kild them with a note.
For she, sweete mowse, had suche a vaine
within a Hawthorne bushe
As made the sellie Shepperde swayne
silly: simple, humble, rustic
himselfe to be at hushe,

But as thus Philomela satt
recordinge of a grownde,
And all the rest did murmure att
the sweetnes of her sownde
Came Phillis sweete owte of the wood
and in her hand a lute

Who when she playde but Robin Hoode
strooke Philomela mute.
And when she but began to singe
Of shepperdes and their sheepe
She made the little woodes so ringe
They wakte me from my sleepe.

14 the begger and the kinge] prob. ballad of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid.  20 kild them with a note] silenced them with her singing.  mowse] a term of endearment.  26 recording] (of a songbird) singing softly (OED s).  grownde] plain-song, melody (OED 6c).  31 Robin Hoode] any of numerous songs and ballads on the subject.  but] only, no more than.  Suggests a specially simple or commonplace piece.
113 Nicholas Breton  ‘In time of yore’

From BL MS Addl 34064. Punctuation added and regularized.

In time of yor when shepperds dwelt
vpon the mountaine rockes
and simple people neuer felte
the paine of louers mockes,
But little birdes would cary tales
twixte Susan and her Sweetinge
And all the dainty Nightingals
pleasing, delightful (general term of approbation)
dyd singe at louers meetinge,
Then might yow see what lookes did pas
wher sexes dyd assemble
And wher the lif of true loue was
when hartes could not dissemble.
Then yea and nay was thought an oath
that was not to be dowted,
and when it came to faith and troathe
we were not to be flowted.
Then did they talke of Curds and creames,
of butter, cheese and milke,
There was no speach of sonny beame
nor of the golden silke.
Then for a guifte a rowe of pinnes,
a purse, a paire of knyves
Was all the waie that love begins,
and so the Shepperd wyves.
But now we haue so muche a doe
and are so sore agreued,
that when we goe aboute to woe
we cannot be beleued.
Such choise of Ieuells, rings and chaines
that maie but fauor move,
And suche Intollerable paines
ere one can hitt on love,
That if I still shall bide this life
twixt loue and deadly hate,
I wyll goe learne the countrey life
or leave the louers state.

114 Nicholas Breton  ‘Fair in a morn’

First published in Helicon. All other ms and print versions run every two lines into one. Though ‘Astrophell’ in the Helicon title suggests a connexion with Sidney, no convincing link has been found.

Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon.

Faire in a morne, (ô fairest morne)
was neuer morne so faire:
There shone a Sunne, though not the Sunne
that shineth in the ayre.
For of the earth, and from the earth,
(was neuer such a creature:)
Did come this face, (was neuer face,
that carried such a feature).
Vpon a hill, (ô blessed hill,
was neuer hill so blessed)
There stoode a man, (was neuer man
for woman so distressed.)

19-20 sonny beame, golden silke] Petrarchan conventions for the beloved’s gaze and blonde hair. 24 wyves] woos or wins his wife. 34 loue and deadly hate] the first his own, the second the beloved’s.
This man beheld a heauenly view,
    which did such vertue giue
As cleares the blind, and helps the lame,
    and makes the dead man liue.
This man had hap, (ô happy man)
    more happy none then hee;)
For he had hap to see the hap,
    that none had hap to see.
This silly Swaine, (and silly Swaines
    are men of meanest grace:)  
Had yet the grace, (ô gracious guest)
    vto hap on such a face.
He pitty cryed, and pitty came,
    and pittied so his paine:
As dying, would not let him die,
    but gaue him life againe.
For ioy whereof he made such mirth,
    as all the woods did ring: *
And Pan with all his Swaines came foorth,
    to heare the Sheepeheard sing.
But such a Song sung neuer was,
    nor shall be sung againe:
Of Phillida the Sheepeheards Queene,
    And Coridon the Swaine.

Faire Phillis is the Sheepeheards Queene,
    (was neuer such a Queene as she,)
And Coridon her onely Swaine,
    (was neuer such a Swaine as he.)
Faire Phillis hath the fairest face,
    that euer eye did yet behold:
And Coridon the constant faith,
    that euer yet kept flocke in fold.
Sweete Phillis is the sweetest sweete,
    that euer yet the earth did yeeld:
And Coridon the kindest Swaine,
    that euer yet kept Lambs in field.
Sweete Philomell is Phillis bird,
    though Coridon be he that caught her:
And Coridon dooth heare her sing,
    though Phillida be she that taught her.
Poor Coridon dooth kepe the fields,
    though Phillida be she that owes them:
And Phillida dooth walke the Meades,
    though Coridon be he that mowes them.
The little Lambs are Phillis loue,
    though Coridon is he that feedes them:

115 Nicholas Breton  ‘Fair Phillis Is the Shepherds’ Queen’

First published in *Helicon*. Also found in three mss. In every case, directly follows no.114, and *Helicon* prints them as a single item. But there is a gap between them in the mss, and they are metrically quite different. The last line of no.114 reads like a conclusion, and the first line of no.115 like a new opening. They also occur separately elsewhere. (See Textual Notes, in the Companion volume.) Hence they are printed separately here, though they may be linked as in Bod. MS Rawl. Poet. 85, where no.114 concludes ‘Finis. / The songe followeth.’ and no.115 is headed ‘The songe’. Every two lines of the *Helicon* text run together as a single line in the mss.

| cleares | gives sight to (not in OED, but cf. OED 3). |
| 17-20  | Pun on hap: (a) happen(ing) (b) good fortune. |
| 23  | guest (a) recipient (of gift or benefit) (b) ?gest, action, event; (c) ?misprint for grace (the reading in one ms), given the repetition of words throughout the poem. |
| 27  | dying | Prob. in sexual sense: she granted him her favour. |
| 31  | Swaines | (a) shepherds (a) followers, retinue (OED 2), i.e. the wood-gods. |
The Gardens faire are Phillis ground,
     though Coridon be he that weedes them.
Since then that Phillis onely is
     the onely Sheepeheards onely Queene:
And Coridon the onely Swaine,
     that onely hath her Sheepeheard bee ne,
Though Phillis keepe her bower of state,
     shall Coridon consume away?
No Sheepeheard no, worke out the weeke,
     and Sunday shall be holy-day.

116 Nicholas Breton  A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon

First published in Brittons Bowre of Delights (1591), then elsewhere including Helicon, whose text is followed below. An additional stanza in Bl. MS. Addl. 34064 is placed at the end, and a ballad version given in an Appendix.

A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon

On a hill there growes a flower,
     faire befall the dainty sweete:  
By that flower there is a Bower,
     where the heauenly Muses meete.
In that Bower there is a chaire,
     frindged all about with gold:
Where dooth sit the fairest faire,
     that euer eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis faire and bright,
     shee that is the Sheepeheards ioy:
Shee that Venus did despight,
     and did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
     that the world desires to see:
This is ipsa qua, the which
     there is none but onely shee.

Who would not this face admire?
     who would not this Saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
     though he thought to see no more?

Oh faire eyes, yet let me see,
     one good looke, and I am gone:
Looke on me, for I am hee,
     thy poore silly Coridon.

Thou that art the Sheepeheards Queene,
     looke upon thy silly Swaine:
By thy comfort haue bee ne seene
     dead men brought to life againe.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

[Additional stanza in MS 34064 ]

Make him liue that dying longe
neuer durst for comfort seeke,
Thow shalte heare so sweete a songe
neuer shepperde sounge the like.

The Ballad Version
From a broadside printed by Thomas Symcocke c.1620.

The Shepheards Delight.
To the Tune of Frog Galliard.

On yonder Hill there springs a flower,
faire befell those daintie sweets,
And by that flower there stands a bower,
where all the heauenly Muses meetes,
And in that Bower there stands a Chayre,
fringed all about with gold,
And therein sits the fairest faire,
that ever did mine eies behold.

It was Phillida faire and bright,
and the Shepheards onely ioy,
She whome Venus most did spight,
and the blinded little Boy.
It was she the wisest rich,
whome all the world did ioy to see.
It was Ipsa quae, the which,
there was none but onely she.

Thou art the Shepheards Queene,
pittie me thy wofull Swaine,
For by thy vertue haue been seene,
dead men restord to life againe:
Looke on me now with thy faire eyes,
one smiling looke and I am gone.
Looke on me for I am he,
thy poore afflicted Coridon,

Dead am I to all delights,
except thy mercy quicken me,
Grant oh Queene, or else I die,
a salute for this my malady:
The while we sing with cheerful noyse,
wood Nymphes and Satyres all may play,
With siluer sounding Musicks voice,
reioycing at this happy day.

29 dying longe] in a state of lingering death. Frog Galliard] composed by John Dowland: the only composition by a well-known musician to be used as a ballad tune. (See Chappell, Popular Music, I.127.) 25-32 Notably different from the printed version, and only faintly mirrored in the ms. Given the woodcut of Queen Elizabeth accompanying the ballad, suggests the poem was adapted, if not written in the first place, as a compliment to the Queen, perhaps by a disgraced courtier. Note the complimentary ‘vertue’ (19) instead of ‘comfort’, and the tone of 25-8. 29-32 suggest an outdoor entertainment for the Queen.
117 Nicholas Breton ‘In the merry month of May’

Sung by ‘three excellent Musicians ... disguised in auncient countrey attire’ to greet the Queen outside her window at the start of the Third Day’s entertainment (22 September 1591) during her visit to Elvetham, the Earl of Hertford’s estate. Titled ‘The Plowman’s Song’ in the original printing of the Entertainment (1591), changed in the 3rd edn (also 1591) to ‘The Three Mens Song’. Reprinted in Helicon, whose text is followed below. Also in several mss (sometimes with music) and printed song-books. BL Royal Music 24.d.2 presents as a song for three voices, divided into two parts at 12.

*Phillida* and *Coridon.*

In the merry moneth of May,
In a morne by breake of day,
Foorth I walked by the Wood side,
When as May was in his pride:
There I spied all alone,
*Phillida* and *Coridon.*

Much a-doo there was God wot,
He would loue, and she would not.
She sayd neuer man was true,
He sayd, none was false to you.

He sayd, he had lou’d her long,
She sayd, Loue should haue no wrong.
*Coridon* would kiss her then,
She said, Maides must kisse no men,
Till they did for good and all.
Then she made the Sheepheard call
All the heauens to winnesse truth:
Neuer lou’d a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly Sheepheards vse,
When they will not Loue abuse;
Loue, which had beene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded.
And *Phillida* with garlands gay:
Was made the Lady of the May.

118 Nicholas Breton ‘The fields are green’

From BL MS Addl. 34064.

The fieldes are grene, the springe growes on a pace
and natures arte begins to take the ayre.

Each herb her sent, ech flowre doth shewe her grace
and beawtie braggeth of her bravest fayre.

The Lambes and Rabbottes sweetely runne at base,
the fowles do plume, and fishes fall to playe,
The muses all haue chose a settinge place
to singe and play the shepperdes rudeley.

Poore *Choridon* the onlie sillye swaine
that only liues and doth but onlie liue
Ys now become, to finde the hevrnelye vaine
where happie hope dothe highest comfort gyve.

The little wren that neuer songe a note
is peeping nowe to proue how she can singe, cheeping, squeaking (OED peep v°)

---

2 After this line, BL MS Addl. 34064 has these additional lines (as does like Bod MS Rawl. Poet 85, with variants): With a troope of damsells playinge forthe the wood for southe amaying When anon by the wood side where that may was in his pride suffer harm: equivocal, depending on whether applied to Phillida or to Coridon. 18 Some mss. read (with variants) ‘ne’r was lov’d a fairer youth’, giving Phillida a more active role in the relationship. 19 pretty Bod. MS Mus.d.8 reads ‘petty’ (mild, harmless). 23 deluded frustrated, eluded *(OED 4)*; deceived (by false promises, by earlier lovers). 5 runne at base run about like players in the game of prisoners’ base. plume trim their feathers, preen themselves. 10 who is barely alive (owing to his suffering in love). 9-11 i.e. Choridon has become the only swain to find, etc.
The Nightingale hath sett in tune her throte
   and all the woods with little Robins ringe.
Loue is abroade as naked as my nayle
   and little byrdes doe flycker from their nestes.  
Diana sweete hath sett aside her vaile
   and Phillis shewes the beawtie of her brestes.

20

Oh blessed brestes, the beawtie of the springe,
oh blessed springe that suche a beawtie showes.
Of highest trees the hollye is the kinge
   and of all flowres faire fall the Quene the Rose.  

119 Nicholas Breton(?)  A Shepherd’s Dream

First published in Brittons Bowre of Delights (1591), and then with the same title in Helicon. The text below follows Helicon.

A Sheepeheards dreame.

A Silly Sheepeheard lately sate
   among a flocke of Sheepe:
Where musing long on this and that,
   at last he fell a sleepe.
And in the slumber as he lay,
   he gaue a pitteous groane:
He thought his sheepe were runne away,
   and he was left alone.
He whoopt, he whistled, and he call’d,
   but not a sheepe came neere him:
Which made the Sheepeheard sore appall’d,
   to see that none would heare him.
But as the Swaine amazed stood,
   in this most solemnne vaine:
Came Phillida forth of the wood,
   and stoode before the Swaine.
Whom when the Sheepeheard did behold,
   he strait began to wepe:
And at the hart he grew a cold,
   to thinke vpon his sheepe.
For well he knew, where came the Queene,
   the Sheepeheard durst not stay:
And where that he durst not be scene,
   the sheepe must needes away.
To aske her if she saw his flock,
   might happen pacience moue:
And haue an aunswere with a mock,
   that such demaunders prooue.
Yet for because he saw her come
   alone out of the wood:
He thought he would not stand as dombe,
   when speach might doo him good.
And therefore falling on his knees,
   to aske but for his sheepe:
He did awake, and so did lese
   the honour of his sleepe.
120 Nicholas Breton  Coridon’s Supplication To Phillis

First published in Britton’s Bowre of Delights (1591), then in Helicon. The text below follows Helicon.

Coridon’s supplication to Phillis.

Sweete Phillis, if a silly Swaine
may sue to thee for grace:
See not thy lousing Sheepheard slaine,
with looking on thy face.
But thinke what power thou hast got,
vpone my Flock and mee:
Thou seest they now regard me not,
but all doo follow thee.
And if I haue so farre presum’d,
with prying in thine eyes:
Yet let not comfort be consum’d,
thou in thy pitty lyes.
But as thou art that Phillis faire,
that Fortune fauour giues:
So let not Loue dye in despaire,
that in thy fauour liues.
The Deere doo brouse ypon the bryer,
the birds doo pick the cherries:
And will not Beauty graunt Desire
one handfull of her berries?
If it be so that thou hast sworne,
thou shall not looke on thee:
Yet let me know thou doost not scorne
to cast a looke on mee.
But if thy beauty make thee proude,
thou thinke then what is ordain’d:
The heauens haue neuer yet alow’d
that Loue should be disdain’d.
Then least the Fates, that fauour Loue,
should curse thee for vnkind:
Let me report for thy behooue
the honour of thy mind.
Let Coridon with full consent
set downe what he hath seene:
That Phillida, with Loues content,
is sworne the Sheepheards Queene.

121 Nicholas Breton  The Second Shepherd’s Song

The song of the Second Shepherd (Past[or] 2’) from Breton’s The Passionate Shepherd (1604). The book seems to reflect a personal love: it is dedicated, in an obvious anagram of the poet’s name, by ‘Bonerto the faithfull Shepheard, to Aglaia his faire Shepheardesse’. Aglaia (Gk. ‘beauty’ or ‘joy’) is also the name of one of the Graces.

Siluan Muses can yee sing
Of the beautie of the spring?
Haue yee seene on earth that Sunne,
i.e., his beloved
That a heauenly course hath runne?
Haue yee liu’d to see those eyes
Where the pride of beautie lies?
Haue yee heard that heauenly voice,
That may make loues heart reioyce?
Haue yee seene Aglaia, shee
Whome the world may ioy to see?
If yee haue not seene all these

14 fauour giues] (a) endows with beauty (b) grants favours.  32 the honour of thy mind] i.e. That you are not neglectful of love.
Then yee doe but labour leese,
While yee tune your pipes to play
But an idle Roundelay.
And in sad discomforts denne
Euerie one goe bite her penne
That she cannot reach the skill,
How to clime that blessed hill
Where Aglaiaes prayses dwell

Whose exceedings doe excell,
And in simple truth confesse,
Shee is that faire Sheheardesse,
To whome fairest flockes afeilde
Doe their seruice duely yeelede:
On whome neuer Muse hath gazed,
But in musing is amazed,
Where the honour is to much
For their highest thoughtes to touch.
This confesse, and get yee gone,

To your places every one,
And in silence onely speake
When yee find your speech to weake,
Blessed be Aglaia yet,
Though the Muses die for it.

Come abroad you blessed Muses,
Yee that Pallas chieflie choses,
When shee would commend a creature,
In the honour of loues nature.
For the sweet Aglaia faire,

All to sweeten all the ayre,
Is abroad this blessed day,
Haste yee therefore, come away:
And to kill Loues Maladies,
Meete her with your Melodies.

Flora hath bin all about,
And hath brought her wardrobe out,
With her fairest sweetest flowers,
All to trimme vp all your Bowers.
Bid the Shepheards and their Swaynes

See the beautie of their plaines,
And commaund them with their flockes
To doe reverence on the rockes,
Where they may so happie be
As her shadowe but to see.
Bidde the Birdes in euerie bush,
Not a bird to be at hush:
But to sit, chirip, and sing,
To the beautie of the spring,
Call the siluan Nimphes together,

Bid them bring their musickes hither,
Trees, their barky silence breake,
Cracke yet though they cannot speake.
Bid the purest whitest Swanne,
Of her feathers make her fanne:
Let the Hound the Hare goe chase,
Lambes and Rabbets runne at bace.
Flies bedauncing in the Sunne:
While the Silke-wormes webbes are spunne.

Hange a fish on euerie hooke,

---

18 blessed hill presumably Parnassus or Helicon, both sacred to the Muses. 20 Whose virtues or qualities exceed all others. 26 musing (a) thinking, contemplating (b) invoking the Muses, writing poetry. 34 Though they cannot write poetry, being too overwhelmed. 61 as though their speech were confined by their bark. 64 her ... her] the swan and Aglaia respectively. 66 runne at bace] play the game of prisoners’ base – i.e., run about. 69 A common conceit: fish (and other edible animals) willingly sacrifice themselves for the person being praised.
As shee goes along the brooke:
So with all your sweetest powers,
Entertaine her in your bowers.
Where her eare may ioy to heare,
How yee make your sweetest quire:
And in all your sweetest vaine,
Still Aglaia strike the straine.
But when shee her walke doth turne,
Then begin as fast to mourne:
All your flowers and Garlands wither,
Put vp all your pipes together,
Neuer strike a pleasing straine
Till shee come abrode againe.

122 Nicholas Breton  A Farewell to the World

‘Sonet i’ from Nicholas Breton’s collection of linked pastorals, The Passionate Shepheard (1604). The poems seem to reflect a personal love: they are dedicated, in an anagram of the poet’s name, by ‘Bonerto the faithfull Shepheard, to Aglaia his faire Shepheardesse’. Punctuated modified and obvious misprints silently corrected.

A farewell to the world and the pleasures thereof. Sonet. 1.

Now for the last farewell I meant to make
To all the troubles of my tired thought;
This leaue at last, and this last leaue I take,
Of some and all that haue my sorrowe sought.

First, youth, farewell, the fore Runner of wit:
A time more staide hath taught me better stages,
Then where repentance doth with sorrow sit,
To shew the ruines of unbridled Ages.

Next farewell Beautie, thou bewitching glasse,
That blind st the eye of all vnseasond seeing:
Mine eyen now sees wherein my blindnesse was,
I could not see my blindnesse in thy being.

Friendship farewell, where faith doth finde no trust,
For men are Monsters, and then what are women?
Experience now prooues Judgement was vniust,
Where wit was folly, that made slaues of free-men.

And loue farewell, the Laborinthe of time,
Which killes the spirits with continuall care,
I now haue found the Snaile out by his slime,
And will not come, where such sly creepers are.

And power farewell, the perill of conceite,
Where pride is hellish in impatience:
Strong is my weakenes, that now bids me waite,
But on the blessing of obedience.

And hope farewell, the weakest holde of wit,
That euer help’t the heart to happinesse:
For wisdomes care, that well hath sounded it,
Findes it a flatterer but of idlenes.

And farewell fortune, the moste idle fiction
The euer fancy laide her labour on:
Truth, against whome there is no contradiction,
Showes one of force, but fortune there is none.

5 fore Runner] i.e. coming before wit (wisdom), not accompanying it.  6 stages] resting-places on a journey: i.e. he now wishes to live more circumspectly.  10 ?Does not let the eye register anything that does not please it.  31-2 Truth, being consistent, is necessarily (of force) single (one), but fortune changes continually.
And arte farewell, the onely woe of wit, 
That beats the Anuile of a busy braine; 
With simple skill I now had rather sit
Then worke for grace, and other get the gaine.  

(literally) gratis, without reward

And farewell time, that neuer giuest rest 
Vnto the body or the spirits paine:
Eternall blisse hath so my spirite blest,
I will not harken vnto time againe.

And farewell all that may be bid farewell, 
Within this world of wretchednes and woe:
My spirit seekes but only there to dwell, 
Where purer truth doth no corruption knowe.

A Gowne of Veluet and a chaine of pearle
Shall not bewitche mine eyes with folly gazes 
When vnderneath, an idle headed girle
May feede the minde but with dishonest mazes.

The seate of power too neere the Sin of pride
Shall with Ambition not infect my minde:
A joyfull peace within my soule hath tride,
The sweetest life is in the meane to finde.

The filed tongue of fayning eloquence
Shall now no more abuse my simple trust:
In yea and nay, I finde that excellence,
Where perfect judgements cannot prooue vniust.

The sound of warre shal not inchaunt mine ear
With honours musicke, to abuse my heart:
The blessed peace, that patient spirits beare,
In heauenly consorts haue no blyoudy parte.

The long delaying studdie of the lawe
Shall beate no hammers in my weare braine,
Nor loose my Corne in striuing for a strawe,
But keepe my right, and hate a wrongfull gaine.

The greedie labours of the grumbling Chuffe
I will not followe, for a rustye wealth: 
But in discretion thinke that worke enough,
That cloathes the flesh, and keepest the soule in health.

And I will leaue Court, Cittie, towne and fielde,
Warres, Lawe and traffique, pollycie and paine:
And see what life the country loue will yeelde,
Where Shepheards keepe the flockes vpon the plaine.

There will I sit and in the sacred sence
Of heavenly vertues high instructions
Learne in Aglaia natures excellence,
Of Loues conceites to make the best constructions.

Where God alone shal in my soule be loued,
And faithes affection in true fancy prouded.

Which done, my heart shall lie vpon my brest,
That truth shall shewe the secret of my thought;
Where patience prooues the spirit onely blest,
That lookes at heauen and sets the world at nought.

51 tride] proved true, experienced (that "The sweetest life", etc.).  
65 grumbling] (a) complaining, discontented (hence greedy for more) (b) rootling and muttering.  
69 towne] village (OED 3).  
78 The fervour of holy faith will be expressed in true love (of Aglaia).
Thus will I sit, and set my pipe in tune,
And plaie as merry as the day is long:
And as in April, so againe in Iune,
Fit both my spring and haruest with a song.

My Pipe shall bee but of a dainty reede,
That growes within the Riuuer of delight:
Where euerie stop shall stand my heart in steed,
To guide the spirrit of my musicke right.

And for my ditties, they shall be diuine
When time shall onely on Aglaia rest,
While fancy so shall euerie note refine,
That euerie passion shall be well exprest.

And when the Musicke of my pipe is done,
Then what is needefull to my flocke goe see:
And from the plant that prosperes in the Sunne,
Cut of the succors least they spoyle the tree.

And then goe looke vnto the worme and flie,
That may annoy my Lambkins, or their Dambes,
And to each grieue such presente helpe apply,
As may preserue the smallest of my Lambes.

And if I see the Wolfe, the Brocke, the Foxe,
Or any varmin stealing downe a furrowe
To make a praye among my prettie flockes,
Send out my Dog, and beate him to his borough.

And when I heare the Nightingale recorde
The Musicke, wherein Nature pleaseth Arte:
To trie how loue can with her tune accord,
To sound the passions of a panting heart:

And when that shee her warbling Tunnes doth ease,
And shades her selfe from parching sommers heate,
Then learne of her, how I may holde my peace,
While lesser Birdes the idle ayre doe beate:

And when I sit ypon that sweetest mountaine,
Where growes the grasse that feedes my fairest flockes,
And there beholde that Christall cleerest fountaine,
That sendes her streames distilling through the Rockes,

And seeing there the heartes-ease growing by it,
The onely flower of fancies best affection,
And thinke how Nature in her pride doth die it,
To put downe painting in her Artes perfection.

Then lift mine eye vnto that hande on high,
That worketh all thinges by his holy will:
And giue all glory to this Maiestie:
Whose onely wisdome shewes all wonder skill.

Then on the earth fall humbly on my face,
And pray to him that made both day and night:
First to inspire me with his holy grace,
And then to blesse me in Aglaia's light.

And when I see the Trees beginne to Bud,
And euerie grasse put forth his fairest greene,
And euerie kidde begin to chew the Cudde,
And Flora haunt it like a Medowe Queene,

92 Because Aglaia's beauty is eternal, like the divine. But time also the beat or rhythm of the songs.
126 Whose onely wisdome] (a) his singular wisdom (b) the wisdom he alone has.
And all the Muses dresse vp all their bowers,
And set their Consorts in so high a Key:
As if they met in Musickes sweetest powers,
To play and sing some Princely Roundelay,

Then still againe vnto my God on high
Glue all due prayse, who in his grace hath prooued
Aglia blessed in his gratious eye,
That so doth liue of Creatures all beloued.

---

123 ‘Peace, shepherd’

From BL MS Addl.15232, associated with the Sidney family. Virtually all punctuation added, and indentation of alternate lines regularized. Parts of 1, 121-2 missing as the ms is damaged.

Peace sheppheard [...] now heare Amintas mone,
With withered fearne whoe wypes
his cheekes soe ouerflowne:
When sythes will lett hime speake
and sobbes not stoppe his voyce,
with breathe both sadde and weake
heewill bewayle his choyse.

Amintas loude a mayde
10        As good, as fayre of hewe,
Her manye monethes hee prayde
vnto hime to bee trewe.
As younge, and frayle her yares
soe did hee feare her fayth:
Orion starre apareas,
then stormes, the seaman sayth.
Soe shee did fyrste retyre
before shee fledde a waye,
denyinge his desyre

by sayinge bashfull naye,
12        Wherby hee did perceave
shee woulde not longe abyde,
But shortlye sure deceave
And lay her love asyde.

As tyme that gave bereaves
and doth uncloth the tree
Of blossomes, frute, and leaves,
soe hath shee done to mee.

Why shoulde I then bewayle,
seeth nature willes it so?
Shee did not more me fayle
then kynde compelde her to.

But O kinde most vnkinde,
to geive to take awaye:
A little sweete to finde
is worse then sower allway.

Wee feele the winter worse
when sommer hath beene hotte,
And cuningemost wee curse

when neare we misse the plotte.
40        But will you have the truthe?
when shee hadd toucht to trye,

13-14 He feared her faith would be as frail as her youth. 15 Orion starre] Orion’s appearance in the autumn sky is a signal for storms. (Hesiod, Works and Days 618-21). 17 fyrste retyre] Made an initial pretence of withdrawing before actually doing so. 39-40 We most curse our skill when we narrowly miss the mark. 42 toucht to trye] Put the matter to test, like gold to a touchstone.
Shee founde a waveringe ythe
vnworthye for her eye:
One whiche did beare a shewe
some good for to deserve,
Yett hee forgotte to knowe
his bevell could but swearwe.
Hee drewe to weake a draughte
soe highe a marke to hitt:
A heavye leaden shaft

can never mounte a whitt.
Amintas was to base,
his flockes weare over fewe
For Amarilles grace
soe lowe a stoope to shewe.
Yett was shee once contente
to looke and saye shee likte:
From looke and like shee wente,
and former choyce dislikte.
Excusinge by constraynte,
shee could not will nor choose,
But lett her love to faynt
...as other weomen vse.
Not satisfised with this
vnkinde and faythlesse parte,
shee says I coulde but misse.
shee loved not from her harte,
Whoe did desemble nowe,
although shee doubted mee,
sayinge I woulde not bowe
in meeknes minde and knee.
But I, poore soule, still fell
all flatte before her feete,
And humbly did refell
that error soe vnmeeete.
Soe farre was I from pryde
as ofte I kiste the grounde
Where her stepps I discryde,
and pipte when I them founde.
My pipes did alwayse playe
fayre Amarillis prayse,
And all what I could saye
was her alofte to rayse.
A garlaunde did I ware
of akers and of leaues
Wheare willowe nowe I beare,
sadd signes shee me deceaves.
The fatteste of my fould
I offered to her feaste,
And thoughte it better soulede
then ever I soulede beaste.
On her my chieffe contente,
my greatest good I layed:
Shee leaste when most I mente,
truth with deceypye she payed.
My loue I did assure
by sheddinge bloode and teares,

43 wavering] Precisely what Amintas is not. May convey Amarillis’ impression, not the reality, or imply ‘weak, insecure’ in a general way. 48-56 Sustained metaphor of the flight of arrows. 48 bevell] slanting line or path (of an arrow). 49 draughte] bow-shot, range of a bow (OED 10). 56 stoope] descending path or flight (OED stoop n°4), here of an arrow. 61-2 She excused her betrayal by saying it was beyond her control. 65 satisfied] recognized variant in 16-c. 67 I coulde but misse] continuing the metaphor of an arrow’s flight. 68-72 Although she had deceived me herself, she now called my faith in question, saying I could not sufficiently humble myself before her.
Her pittye to procure,
    to putt away my feares.
And pittye once I founde,
    for shee did me assure
Her loue soe faste to grounde
    as it to death shoulde dure.
I did beleue shee sayed
    and spake but as shee me mente,
And woulde my life haue layed
    her loue was firmely bente.
But nowe I finde to trewe
    this proverbe of them all,
They like all what is newe,
    and loue in generall.
Whoe trusts vnto theire loun
    and restes vppon theire reason,
Deceaved ofte muste proue
    and seldom have in season.
Butt you my mates I make
    cheiffe judges of my caule:
Imparciall I you take,
    respectinge moste the lawes.

[...] me
[...] or loun
Your verditt juste to frame
    and rightfull judges proue.
If I have souenge or sayed
    of weomen oughte amisse,
As I before you prayed,
    judge whare the fault most is.
Nowe if you please, pype on
    and playe some prettye toye,
For hee hath made his mone
    whoe kepte you from your Joye.

12.4 Nicholas Breton(?) ‘When I was a little swain’

From Cambridge University Library MS. Dd.5.75. The ms editor Steven W. May tentatively links this poem with Breton’s known work. Each two lines in the text below form a single line in the ms. Capitals and punctuation almost wholly editorial.

When I was a little swain
    keping shepe vppon a plain,
playing on an oaten pipe
    in the tyme that nuttes were ripe,
by chaunce I saw a bonny lasse
    lightly tripping on the grasse,
weghing scarce a daisy down,
    in a short vnlaced gown,
wearing on a tawdry lace,
    a kind of silk necktie worn by women
platted hear in carelesse grace.
She was fair and louely brown,
    she had no peere in all the town.
Down she stowpt to gather flowres,
    she stowping down surprisd my powres.
Every stalke her sweete hand brake
    coldnes to my hart yt strake.
When her handes had flowres plentie
    in her lap she did them emptie.
Then I wisht I were a flowre,
to haue place in such a bowre.
But alas she was so wight,
she sylent shrunk out of my sight.
Since that tyme I never slept,
I never laught but ever wept.
But and my maister misyse,
my service then she shall refuse
for I had rather be in her bowers
then be lord of many towres.
But yt please her me to call,
farewell shepehooke, lambes and all.

125 A Pastoral Riddle

This curious piece is from Cambridge University Library MS Dd.5.75. In the ms, every two lines are written as one, obscuring the sonnet form. Virtually all other punctuation added in this edition, and line initials uniformly capitalized.

Nere to a sheapheard did a damsell sit
As leane as withered sticke by scorching flame,
Her body as full of eyes as mighte be, in yt
A tongue she had, but could not moue the same.
Her wynd she drew aboue and eke beneathe,
But from on part she never yet did change.
A woeful sheapheard came to kisse her breathe,
Then made she plaintes most sorrowfull and strange.
The more the sheapheard put his mouthe vnto
Her mouthe, in stopping yt she cried amain,
Opening her eyes and shutting them again.
See now what this dumbe sheapherdess could doe:
That when her mouthe he did but touche or kisse,
He waxeth dumb, but she still speaking is.

[Answer, in the right margin of the manuscript:] a bagpipe or flute

126 John Lilliat  Upon a Kiss Given

From Bod. MS Rawl. Poet. 148. See headnote to no.127 for likely authorship.

Vpon a kisse giuen.
The shepperd

Sweet shepperdisse,
Thy kindely Kisse,
Bestowd vpon a silly swayne;
I can no whit,
Tell how to quit,
requite, reciprocate
But for thy kisse, giue kisse agayne.
If I be falce, of faith reproue me:
Doe thou but like, and I will loue thee.

Thy milke white flockes,
rangeinge the rockes,
That feed their fill all vncontrowld;
Thy little lambs,
amonge their dams,
which skipp and skice abowt the fowlde:
doeh shew (by this their pleasant vayne:)
Ech one to other, loue agayne.

25-6 She will not spurn my love unless my master falsely speaks ill of me to her. 25 and] 'an', if, unless. misvse] deride, vilify (OED s).
In seemely sight,                  pleasing spectacle (of frisking lambs)
    thow takst delight,
with oten pipe to make them skipp:

    Thy tyme thus spent,
shewes sweet content,
In bottle, and poore shepperds scripp.
    And I, if I vntrue approue:
Leaue thou to like, and I to loue.

    Amidst the bushes,
vpon greene rushes,
I know to knit true louers knot:
    which I will make,
for thy sweet sake,

And teach it thee, elc trust me not.
    Only allowe me (Sweet) to loue thee:
To whom if falc, of faith reproue me.

    A hatt of straw,
a whood of Haw,
Becomes the comely shepperdes Queene;
    And garters fine,
of greene wodebine,
A garland all of Mirtle greene;
    Thy swayne will deale for thy behoue:
do what will benefit or please you
    Then lend me likinge, for my loue.

For, likinge growes,
as goodwill flowes,
from fowntayne of my Synthea fayre:
    which thinge if thow
vouchsafe t'allow,
Then to my Cabbyn (Sweet) repayre.
    wheer loue for loue, il'e giue agayne:
for likinge soe a shepperd swayne.

If I of Loue
vnloyall proue,
In torture all to rack my fayth:
    If my faith is tested on the rack
Then be thou true,
    As I to you,
And builde vpon what sheppard sayth.
Of price in me This, estimat:
    As faithfull, as affectionat.

127 John Liliat  The Shepherdess Her Reply

A sequel to no.127 in Bod. MS Rawl. Poet. 148. At the end, there are Greek letters corresponding to the initials 'Io. L.' Suggests both poems may be by John Liliat, owner and compiler of the manuscript-book.

The Seperdisse her Replie.

    In seemely sorte I like to love
The poorest Shepperd of the greene:
    But otherwise I hate to proue,
In lawelesse love for to be scene.
    Of Chastetye, I will be Queene.
    Yet did my Mother teach me this:
    Not to refuse a friendly kisse.

49-54 ?Even if I prove disloyal when tortured on the rack, believe what I say and be true to me as I will be to you.  56 Reads like a motto or emblem like those in Spenser’s SC, though here worked into the text.
And if of Shepperds thow wert kinge,  
And I the poorest Neaters Mayde:  
Yet lawelesse love of any thinge  
To harbour I should be a frayde,  
And therefore kinges in this denayde.  

Yet did my Mother singe this songe:  
For kisse, doe Shepperd never wronge.  

doiffer.  

To this her sweet perswasion,  
She ads this clause conditionall:  
And says, In kindenes kisse but one,  
And him to kisse for good and all,  
For afterclapps that may befal.  

To HEBE, kissinge ys assignde:  
Truely then saysd, Vykist, Vynkinde.  

But kisses teach an other thinge,  
(If Cupids method doe not misse)  
And Venus, other sport doth bringe,  
Then may beseeme chaste Shepperdisse.  
Yet louely Swayne, be sure of this,  
For kisses only, I haue store:  
Kisse then (sweet Shepperd) and no more.  

An Excellent Pastorall Ditty  
Mated with greefe a faithfull shepehearde sate,  
in shadye grove (fitt place for sorrowes guest)  
And thus him playned still earlye and late,  
with pipe in hande payntinge out his vnrest.  
When havinge sob’d and sigh’d and mourn’d his fill:  
He tunes this Dittye to his Oaten Quille.  

O all yee Shepeheardes swaines which on these downes,  
soe many thousande milke-white heardes doe feede:  
If ever you haue bene in these sad stoundes,  
leth pittye moue to lende some teares att neede.  
For loue forsaken cannoth chuse but weepe:  
When woe, with woe doth thus vppon him creepe.  

O dreadfull god of loue which nowe doest lye,  
carelessly smilinge att my sore miscanchon:  
Doth it befit soe greate a Dyetye,  
thus in a wretches miserye to Daunce.  
Thy fire it was (before the hurte I spide)  

128 John Ramsey(?) An Excellent Pastoral Ditty

From Bod. MS Douce 280, the commonplace-book of John Ramsey (1578-?), minor statesman, voyager and poet. This is one of the poems ascribed to ‘Sheepheard Montanus’, apparently Ramsey himself. Though some of these are patently by other hands, this is a relatively original piece. It is loosely based on ‘Shepherd Tonie’ or Anthony Munday’s poem in Helicon, ‘A carefull Nimph, with carelesse Greene opprest’, but closely echoes only a few lines from that poem in lines 4, 17-18, 22, 27-30 below. Line initials regularized.

An Excellent Pastorall Ditty  
Matched with greefe a faithfull sheephearde sate,  
matched, twinned; overcome, paralysed  
in shadye grove (fit place for sorrowes guest)  
And thus him playned still earlye and late,  
with pipe in hande payntinge out his vnrest.  
When havinge sob’d and sigh’d and mourn’d his fill:  
He tunes this Dittye to his Oaten Quille.  

O all yee Sheepheardes swaines which on these downes,  
pains, afflictions  
soe many thousande milke-white heardes doe feede:  
If ever you haue bene in these sad stoundes,  
leth pittye moue to lende some teares att neede.  
For loue forsaken cannoth chuse but weepe:  
When woe, with woe doth thus vppon him creepe.  

O dreadfull god of loue which nowe doest lye,  
carelessly smilinge att my sore miscanchon:  
Doth it befit soe greate a Dyetye,  
thus in a wretches miserye to Daunce.  
Thy fire it was (before the hurte I spide)  

(a) Do not ill-treat a shepherd simply for kissing you. (b) Do not wrong a shepherd to extract a kiss from him.  

19 afterclapps] unexpected consequences, here pregnancy.  

20 HEBE] Marginal note in ms: ‘HEBE, es. Daughter to Juno and Jupiter before he fell in love with Ganimedes. She ys of Poets, called the goddessse of Youth. Also cup-bearer to the gods till her marriage to Heracles. Kissing may be “assigne” to her as goddess of youth, or as a kind of celestial barmaid.  

20 store] For (rather than of) suggests the meaning “place or means of storage” (OED to, 11) – i.e. I can accommodate kisses but nothing more.  


15 Dyetye] Marginal note in ms: ‘Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis / Tuque puerque tuus: etc.’ (‘Truly splendid is the praise and abundant the spoils you have won, you and your boy [Cupid]’: Juno’s words to Venus, Virgil, Aeneid IV.93-4).
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Which through mine eyes into my breast did glide.
And there o there such life and spirite it bredd,
such ioye of harte, such stirringe of my blood:
As eveye thought with pleasure still it fedd,
to reape the fruite of my desiered good.
But shee whose memorye my very soule doth vexe,
Basely forsooke me vilefinge her sex.

Thus in my Mournefull songe I playne of loue,
for loue hath broke me of my wonted sleepe:
And sleepe is hindred by the paines I proue,
and paine doth force me piteouslye to weepe.
Then farewell loue, sleepe, paine, and every sore:
And farewell weepinge, I can waiie no more.

129 On the Reported Death of the Earl of Essex

This anonymous poem from BL MS Harley 6910 follows a longer piece where an unnamed speaker (Menalcas in the ensuing dialogue) sits by the roadside lamenting the reported death of the Earl of Essex. A ‘Viator’ (wayfarer) assures him that the report is untrue. Essex returned ignominiously in September from his term as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was confined to York House, fell seriously ill there, and was freed only in August 1600. This poem was probably written during his imprisonment.

Viator. God speede my freend, why sittst thou heere so sadd?
Thy lookes bewraye a discontented mynd.
Menalcas. Indeed my freend, more cause I neuer had.
I seeke for that whiche in no place I fynd.
Viator. Why what? if I so much may freely craue.
Menalcas. Nay nought but which I alreadie haue.

Viator. Why seekest thou that of which thou art possest,
And yet to fynd thou makest so much ado?
Menalcas. I seeke it farre though heere I sitt and rest:
I haue it not and yet I haue it to.
Viator. And hauinge it why doest thou seeke it more?
Menalcas. For more I want it then I did before.

Viator. How canst thou want the thing that now thou hast?
Thou hast it not, and yet thou hast it to?
Menalcas. I haue it now but cannot hould it fast.
I hauing haue it not and want it so.
Viator. Thou hast, hast not. I pray thee tell me plaine.
Menalcas. I haue not now, and now I haue againe.

Viator. I pray thee man deale plainly with thy freend.
Why sitt thou heere, why doest thou weepe so sore?
Menalcas. Still must I weepe, my teares must have no end.
Here must I sitt and I must rise no more.
Viator. No more. – alas, what art thou let mee know.
Menalcas. Attend a while, that I shall quickly shew.

Whilome I was, till fortune cross’d my fate
A shepheard happye for my fruitfull flocke.
And on those playnes pipinge I dayly saue,
I fed my sheepe and they increasde my stocke.
Here had I tym e to tune my oaten reeds,
Whilst my povere flocke did round about me feede.

I knowe there dwells no shepheard on this coast

25-8 loue ... sleepe ... paines] the figure concatenatio, joining clauses or phrases by repeated words like links in a chain. *See Katherine K. Gottschalk, ’Discoveries concerning British Library MS Harley 6910’, Modern Philology 54, 1979, p.122.
Whose flocke did yeyld him more encrease then myne.
There was no one that had more cause to boast
Till fortune turnde her wheele and ganne dechyne.
My Ewes came every day twise to the payle
But now scarce once, I know not what they ayle.

Unless they sigh, because I nought but weepe
And will not feede because I cannot eate,
Alas poore soules, alas poore sillye sheepe;
Why do you for my sake forsake your meate.
Feede on my lambes, feede on my tender kidds:
Spare not to eate, spare not, your master bidds.

Let not the cause that keepes myne eyes from sleepe
Cause you refraine your foodse thus every day.
Let not the cause that makes my hart to weepe
Cause you alas thus causles pyne away.
Then cease to sighge poore sheepe: ye de me wrong.
Myne onely is the greife, to me it doth belong.

Oh how I lou’d my flocke, what care I tooke –
I love it still yet once I lou’d it more.
Both loue and hope made mee more nearly looke.
I loue it still though not as earst before.
I lou’d my flock although it was but smale,
Yet one poore one I loued best of all.

The leader of my heard for him I weepe.
My selfe haue lost my hope, my flocke their guide.
My hope is gone, the stay of all my sheepe:
So hee had liued, would all the rest had dyed.
Hee kept the rauenous wolfe and fox away;
And whilst he liued my flock did nere decay.

Now hee is gon the wolfe is waxen bold.
The Fox doth dare molest my tender lambes,
And fetch my kiddes out of the very fould,
And steale my simple sheepe out of my hands.
(a) slow of wit (b) helpless, vulnerable
The wolfe and fox (thee dead) now dare do more:
They dare doe that they durst not doe before.

Poore shepheard I, how my poore sheepe do stray:
And wander vp and downe they know not whither.
Alas they know not in what place to stay,
Nor where to shrowd themselves from winters weather.
The wind, the rayne, snow, hayle and every showre
To kill my Kiddes, and tender Lambes haue powre.

Alas my hope, my deare, my onely ioye:
O ESSEX, ESSEX, whither art thou gon.
And what about shall I my witts employ?
To wayle thy death, thy absencse to bemone
Heare must I sitt and still bewayle thy death,
Whilst poore Menalcaes liues and drawes his breath.

Viator. What doest thou mumble thus? speake, speake it plaine!
Reueale thy greife, and so thou mayst fynd ease:
To keepe it in doth more augment thy payne.
To make it knowne doth it in part apease.
Reueale thy greife, impart me halfe thy care.
Bee rulde by me and let me beare my share.

55 the leader of my heard] the bell-wether, i.e. Essex. Shows the inherent contradictions of pastoral allegory: Essex, the speaker’s leader and patron (putative ‘shepherd’), becomes a sheep in his charge, and a ‘poore one’ at that. 58 so ... dyed] Would that he had lived, even if all the rest were to die. 59 wolfe and fox] Perhaps Essex’s political adversaries (e.g., Robert Cecil and Ralegh) or, respectively, the Catholic Church (cf. 64.69, 230.128), and the Puritans.
To men may with more ease a burthen beare:
Two riuers do receue more store of rayne:
Two oxen with more ease the ground do reare:
Two Barnes do receiue more store of graine:
Then let two beare which is to much for one.

And let vs greue alike, or both, or none.

*Menalcas.* Why should I doubt my seacrets to reveale?
Why should I hyd them from so true a freend?
Why should I to my selfe my greifes conceale?
Why should I not bewray what I intend?
My paynes are ripe, my teares not farre bebynde:
Yet still more cause of griefe and teares I fynde.

Longe haue I wept, longe haue my watry eyes
Streamd forth there sea salt teares adowne my face.
Longe I mourn’d, the woodes haue heard my cryes.
The trees haue seene my teares that flowd apace.
The woodes and trees shall with me witnes beare.
They heard mee weepe when all refused to heare.

They sawe mee weepe, they saw mee bownde to dye,
See in these barkes, see where my plaints are carued.
They heard mee nought but ESSEX ESSEX crye,
And weepe for him that best my teares deservd:
I wept for him, for him my teares I spend.
For him still must I weepe, my teares must haue no end.

*Viator.* What meanst thou man, why doest thou ESSEX name?
Or why is ESSEX wholy in thy mouth?

*Menalcas.* Because hee was a man of mickle fame,
Whose like hath neuer liued in all the south.

*Viator.* Because hee was: why doest thou say because?
As though he is not now, as ere before he was.

What though hee liues a prisoner for a tyme!
What though his body they in prison pend!
The name of prisoner nought augmentes his cryme.
The bones obey, the mynd will neuer bend.
Nor doth this dimme at all, or eclipse his fame,

But soone shall add more honoure to his name.

Looke how the sonne, when first hee shewes his face
Out of a misty cloude doth shine most cleare:
So likewise after this supposd disgrace
The name of ESSEX greater shall apeare.
A flaming fyre is farthest seene by night.
In clowdy tymes shall vertue shine most bright.

Because hee was? thou doest him double wronge
As though his worthy fame were ought decayd.
He yet surviues, and shall I hope liue Longe

To helpe his freendes, and make his foes afraid.
He yet surviues, he liues, his name doth liue,
Whose life doth life to many thousands giue.

*Menalcas.* What doth Melancas heare! Alas hee dreames,
His eares but flatter him, hee is deceaued.
His eyes are dimmed, gazing on *Titans* beames.
Each obiect hath eche sence of sence bereaued.
And can he liue? Oh no it cannot bee:
And could hee dye? Dead, dead, alas is hee.

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117 Being imprisoned does not make him a criminal. 136 Everything has conspired to deprive my faculties of their power.
Viator. What sayest thou man! whome doest thou meane is dead?
Know this that ESSEX liues, how could hee dye?
Each member dyes when they haue lost their head,
Had hee bin dead, I should not now bin I.
He liues, I liue, his life is life to mee.
Had hee bin dead, dead should I also bee.

Menalcas. Alas let not vaine hope my hart beguile,
Thou flatterest mee, how shall I trust myne eyes?
Let not vayne hope reuieue me for a while,
But let me end my wretched dayes with teares.
If ESSEX liue, tell true, Oh then liue I.
If he be dead: Oh then alas I dye.

Viator. Why should I iest? Hee liues, by hauen I sweare,
Nor do I flatter thee but tell thee troth.
Then blest art thou, thou needst no longer feare,
And blest am I, so are wee happy boath.
Then sith suche happie newes Menalcas heares,
Cease now to weepe, at lengh abstayne from teares.

Menalcas. O Heauens, O Earth, O all ye powers diuine:
Great JOVE, what sacrifice shall please thy mynde?
What shall I offer at thy holy shryne?
A Kydd, a Lambe, or ells a tender hinde.
Great JOVE, and hast thou heard my wofull prayer?
And doth my deare enjoy the common Ayer.
Now is the tyme that I could wish to dye
Sith that my deare doth yet alioe remayne.
I neede not weepe, I need no longer crye,
Why haue I wepte, giue mee my teares agayne.
Could teares doe this, I haue moe teares in store.
Then keepe them still, I will not haue them more.

130 John Mansell(?) Votum Primum

Printed here for the first time from Bodleian MS. Don.d.152, among a group of poems transcribed c.1599-1601 by John Mansell, later President of Queens' College, Cambridge, and perhaps written by him. The 'shepherdess' is surely Queen Elizabeth.

Votum Primum

Fair shepherdess that feedest thy fair flocks,
All on the fairest Lawns of faire England
Enclosed with the bulwarks of fair rocks,
Gainst which French, Spanish, Scot, nor Kern can stand.
O leau eu not untill our shepherd come
Our greatest sheaperd, long it will not be.
O see us safely driuen to our home.
Glue us to him, that gauve us unto thee.

167 If my lament has restored him to life, I will lament again if need be. Votum Primum This poem is followed by a second prayer for the long life of an unnamed ruler. 4 Kern] a type of Irish foot-soldier, here no doubt the Irish generally. 6 greatest sheaperd] presumably God.
131 The Page’s Pleasant Rustick

From the anonymous romance *The Heroicall Adventyres of the Knight of the Sea... Occander* (1600). Sung by the page boy Curio to cheer his master Olbiocles, son of the Emperor of Constantinople, pining for his abducted wife Almidiana.

The Pages pleasant Rusticke.

Vppon the hilles of Arcadie,
Where olde God Pan melodiously
His pipe of reede full sweetely strainde,
Whilst on fell Fortune hee complainde,
Which did his beauteous Sirinx change
Into the whistling reede (so strange
An accident was never seene,
Vnto Gods, Paramours to beene)
At what time Flora in her prime,

Obseruing it was summer time,
With fragrant flowers of each dye,
Had diaped most gorgeously
The face of mother Tellus faire;
So as thereby she did declare
Th’approaching sacred festiual
Of God Siluanus nuptiall,
Vnto faire goddess Clarida:
Wherefore this Sheepehaers holiday
Was clep’d of each country swaine,

That to Siluanus did pertaine.

Thilke day of mirth and mery cheere
Each sheepehearde knew approaching neere:
Wherefore they gathered euer one,
Together to king Caucus stone:
About the which they place the flockes
Of Sheepe and Goats, about the rockes
Which skip and leape wilde thyme to brouse,
Which growes thereon most plenteouse.

Then with Pastoraes hand in hand,
Each Rusticke doth in roundell stand;
Which is intrenched in the ground,
With seates of turues yplaced round;
On which poore Sheepeheards louingly
Declared their true constancy,
Vnto their loues: who them inuested
With coronets of greene bowes wrested.

In lieu whereof, to Sheepeheardesses,
In couerteis wise each swaine addresses
His hand, his heart, his cappe, his coyne,
And all the good hee can conioyne
Vnto his true loues courtesie;
Who giues againe most louingly,
All kinde of token shee did take,
And then as to her louing make
Shee yields herselfe obedient
In all that is expedient:

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0.1 Rusticke] ?country song or poem: not in OED. 4 Fortune] Links up with the general theme: love is one of the few ways in which Fortune afflicts shepherds and shepherd-gods. Cf. 87-8. 5 Sirinx] Escaped Pan’s pursuit by being turned into a reed, from which Pan made his pipe. 8 Paramours to beene] when gods turned lovers. 9 Flora] goddess of flowers and the spring. 13 Tellus] or Gaea, the earth-goddess. 16-17 Siluanus] one of the principal wood-gods. Clarida] appears to be the poet’s invention. 24 king Caucus stone] apparently another piece of pastoral mythology supplied by the poet. 29 Pastoraes] shepherdesses. Curiously combines Lat. and English plurals. 39 cappe] An unexpected item, perhaps alliterating with coyne to mean ‘belongings and money’. 42-3 She gives him matching tokens of love.
When if he likes her, he doth gin
To vowe to her, and shee to him,
For euermore continually,
To liue with him obediently,
Thus they conclude, and thus agree,
Both louing man and wife to bee;
So Clocden did to Coladine,
So Ferin to faire Eglantine,
So Chloris did to Coridon:
And so dealt sheepeheards every one;
Solemnizing their nuptials,
Vpon such holy festiuals.

Thus in disport, while they them held,
They sodainely mongst them beheld
A Nymph in strange attier drest,
Which putting in among the rest,
Had kept their day of frolicking,
With a strange kinde of wondering:
Sometime her face they might perceiue,
Readie to smile, and then deceiue
Their louing expectation,
With other kinde of fashion.

For sometime laugh, and sometime cry,
Now right, now houlding necke awry,
With leering kinde of scowyning eye,
She chang’d her face so diuersly,
As soone each seely sheepeheard boy
Gan feare she meant them some annoy,
In that she came in such disguise,
Vnto their sheepeheards sacrifice.
Wherefore they gan for to suspect her,
And cast about them to detect her:
Of her they did inquiry make:
But no man of her knowledge spake:
But every one did murmur much,
To see her change and gesture such:
Wherefore they did determine straight,
Her to intrappe, for to lay waite.

Therefore on her their hands they lay;
But there they did their selues betray;
For some lost sheepe, and some their good,
Others for want of loue were wood:
Yet doe what euer she could do,
She was at length oppressed so,
By such a rustick multitudie,
As being brought to seruitude,
Her selfe false Fortune shee confest;
Which knowen, the Swaines her so detest,
As presently with all their might,
They proffer her most felde despight;
And stripping her from her attyre,
To whippe her they done all conspire:
Which they did so performe indeed,
As soone they made her body bleede:
And for she wroght their miseries,
They reaued her of both her eyes:

53-5 The names (most obviously Chloris and Coridon) are typically pastoral, seemingly not drawn from legend or history. 72 chang’d her face reflecting Fortune’s volatile change of favours. 80 No one claimed to know her. 102-4 eyes, wheel] Fortune is traditionally presented as blind, being undiscriminating in her favours. She turns (or is seated on) a wheel representing the turns of fortune.
Then setting her vpon a wheele,
Which forward could (not backward) reele,
They sent her from their rurall store;
To which she vowed to come no more:
Which is the cause that euer sence
She doth to sheepeheardes none offence;
But bendes her power against kinge and princes,
Whom to her thraldome shee conuinces.

132 Edmund Bolton (?) Theorello. A Shepherd’s Idyllion

From Helicon, ascribed to an ‘E.B.’ usually identified with Edmund Bolton, scholar and historian.
Clear Neoplatonic allegory. Cosma is the feminine of kosmos, the entire ordered universe. Her beauty incorporates the shapes of all created things. The description broadly conforms to the celebrated account in Alain de Lille’s 12-c. work De Planctu Naturae (The Complaint of Nature). Her lover Theorello (literally ‘viewer’: theoria, viewing, hence contemplation) is a philosopher. His pure pastoral love suggests the ideal love enjoined by Nature in Alain’s poem.

Theorello. A Sheepheards Edillion.

You Sheepheards which on hillocks sit,
like Princes in their throanes:
And guide your flocks, which else would fit,
your flocks of little ones:
Good Kings haue not disdained it,
but Sheepheards haue beene named:
A sheepe-hooke is a Scepter fit,
for people well reclaimed.

This Sheepheard’s life so honour’d is and praised:

The Sommer Sunne hath guilded faire,
with morning rayes the mountaines:
The birds doo caroll in the ayre,
and naked Nymphs in Fountaines.
The Siluanes in their shagged haire,
with Hamadriaides trace:
The shadie Satires make a Quiere,
which rocks with Ecchoes grace.

All breathe delight, all solace in the season:

Not now to sing, were enemie to reason.

Cosma my Loue, and more then so,
the life of mine affections:
Nor life alone, but Lady too,
and Queene of their directions.
Cosma my Loue is faire you know,
and which you Sheepheards know not:
Is (Sophi said) thence called so,
but names her beauty showe not.
Yet hath the world no better name then she:

And then the world, no fairer thing can be.

The Sunne vpon her fore-head stands,
(or iewell Sunne-like glorious,)
Her fore-head wrought with Ioues owne hands,
for heavenly white notorious.

104 not backward] A person’s lot or fortune cannot be reversed. 105 store] company, community (OED 3, ‘a body of persons’, last cit. 1563). 8 reclaimed] reformed, virtuous; perhaps ‘redeemed’ in the Christian theological sense: in a state of moral innocence, free of original sin. 27 Sophi] Sophia, divine wisdom. hence called so] i.e. so named for her beauty. Gk. kosmos, literally ‘order’, commonly means the ordered system of the created universe, but also adornment, decoration, hence ‘beauty. In any case, the Neoplatonic notion of beauty is rooted in its reflection of the divine order. 29 the world] the basic meaning of kosmos.
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Her golden lockes like **Hermus** sands,
(or then bright **Hermus** brighter:)
A spangled Cauill binds in with bands,
then siluer morning lighter.
And if the Planets are the chiefe in skies:
No other starres then Planets are her eyes.

Hermus, (or then bright Hermus brighter:)
Hermus sands,
(orthenbright Hermus brighter:)

Her cheeke, her lip; fresh cheeke, more fresh,
then selfe-blowne buds of Roses:
Rare lip, more red then those of flesh,
which thousand sweetes encloses:
Sweet breath, which all things dooth refresh,
and words than breath farre sweeter:
Cheeke firme, lip firme, not fraile nor nesh,
as substance which is fleeter

In praise doo not surmount, although in placing,
Her christall necke, round breast, and armes embracing.

The thorough-shining ayre I weene,
is not so perfect cleare:
As is the skie of her faire skinne,
whereon no spots appeare.
The parts which ought not to be seene,
for soueraigne woorth excell:
Her thighs with Azure braunched beene,
and all in her are well.

Long Iuorie hands, legges straighter then the Pine:
Well shapen feete, but vertue most diuine.

Nor cloathed like a Shepheardesse,
but rather like a Queene:
Her mantle dooth the formes expresse,
of all which may be seene.
Roabe fitter for an Empresse,
then for a Shepheard’s loue:
Roabe fit alone for such a Lasse,
as Emperours doth moue.

Roabe which heauens Queene, the bride of her owne brother,
Would grace herselfe with, or with such another.

Who euer (and who else but Ioue)
embroidered the same:
Hee knew the world, and what did moue,
in all the mightie frame.
So well (belike his skill to proue)
the counterfeits he wrouht:
Of wood-Gods, and of euerie groaue,
and all which else was ought.

Is there a beast, a bird, a fish worth noate?
Then that he drew, and picturde in her coate.

A vaile of Lawne like vapour thin
vnto her ankcle trailes:
Through which the shapes discerned bin,
as too and fro it sailes.
Shapes both of men, who neuer lin
to search her wonders out:

35 **Hermus**] the river Gediz in ancient Lydia (in modern Turkey), among whose tributaries was the gold-bearing stream of Paktolos. 40 The Petrarchan mistress’s eyes are commonly compared to stars, but Cosma’s eyes actually are heavenly bodies. 42 **self-blowne**] blooming naturally, not through cosmetics. 49 **although in placing**] i.e. They are placed higher than the neck, breast and arms (50), but are not superior in beauty. 57 **with Azure braunched**] with delicate blue veins. 65 **Empresse**] The metre demands three syllables: perhaps should be written Empereese. 69 This line has an extra syllable. Perhaps the initial **Roabe**, wrongly following 65 and 67, should be omitted. **bride of her owne brother**] Hera or Juno, **heauens Queene**, was sister as well as wife to Zeus.
Of monsters and of Gods a kin, which her empale about.

A little world her flowing garment seemes:

And who but as a wonder thereof deemes?

For heere and there appeare forth towers, among the chalkie downes: Citties among the Country bowers, which smiling Sun-shine crownes.

Her mettall buskins deckt with flowers, as th’earth when frosts are gone, Besprinckled are with Orient showers of hayle and pebble stone.

Her feature peerelasse, peerelasse her attire, I can but loue her loue, with zeale entire.

O who can sing her beauties best, or that remains vn Jung? Doe thou Apollo tune the rest, vnworthy is my tongue. To gaze on her, is to be blest, so wondrous fayre her face is; Her fairenes cannot be exprest, in Goddesses nor Graces. I loue my loue, the goodly worke of Nature:

Admire her face, but more admire her stature.

On thee (ô Cosma) will I gaze, and reade thy beauties euer: Delighting in the blessed maze, which can be ended neuer. For in the luster of thy rayes, appeares thy parents brightnes: Who, himselfe infinite, displaies in thee his proper greatnes. My song must end, but neuer my desire:

For Cosma’s face is Theorello’s fire.

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133 Edmund Bolton (?) The Shepherds’ Song for Christmas

First published in Helicon as by ‘E.B.’, generally taken as Edmund Bolton. Spoken by one of the shepherds of the Nativity (Luke 2.8-20): he has seen the angels announce the birth of Christ, and is reporting the event to his ‘peeres’.

The Sheepheards Song: a Caroll or Himne for Christmas.

Sweete Musique, sweeter farre
Then any Song is sweete:
Sweete Musique heavenly rare,
Mine eares (ô peeres) dooth greete.
You gentle flocks, whose fleeces pearl’d with dewe,
Resemble heauen, whom golden drops make bright:
Listen, ô listen, now, ô not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night,

89 little world] The human entity was seen as a microcosm, exactly reproducing the structure and components of the macrocosm or ‘great world’. As a human form, Cosma is a microcosm; as the created universe, the macrocosm. 95 mettall] shining like metal, especially gold. 97-8 Orient ... pebble stone] combines the images of a hailstorm in spring and scattered or studded jewels. Pebble] a colourless quartz (OED b) or various semi-precious stones (OED xc). 101-2 sing ... vn Jung] best praise her visible beauties as well as (a) her hidden charms (b) what has not yet been said. 108 Goddesses nor Graces] Perhaps so phrased for the alliteration: the Graces (Charites) are goddesses. 116 thy parents] God’s. The Neoplatonic kosmos is an emanation of the ideal and inexpressible One. The concept is placed within a Christian framework here as commonly in the Renaissance. 7 not] goes with pipes (9): ‘not our pipes, but most divine voices make harmony’.
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But voyces most diuine,
Make blisfull Harmonie:
Voyces that seeme to shine,
For what else clears the skie?

Tunes can we heare, but not the Singers see:
The tunes diuine, and so the Singers be.

Loe how the firmament,
Within an azure fold
The flock of starres hath pent,
That we might them behold.

Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their Christalls such reflection giue:
What then dooth make the Element so bright?
The heauens are come downe vpon earth to liue.

But harken to the Song,
Glorie to glories King:
And peace all men among,
These Queristers goo sing.

Angels they are, as also (Sheepheards) hee,
Whom in our feare wee doo admire to see.

Let not amazement blinde
Your soules (said he) annoy:
To you and all mankinde,
My message bringeth ioy.

For loe the worlds great Sheepheard now is borne
A blessed Babe, an Infant full of power:
After long night, vp-risen is the morne,
Renowning Bethlehem in the Saviour.

Sprung is the perfect day,
By Prophets seene a farre;
Sprung is the mirthfull May,
Which Winter cannot marre.

In Dauids Cittie dooth this Sunne appeare:
Clouded in flesh, yet Sheepheards sit we heere.

---

134 Phillida's Love-Call to Her Coridon, and His Replying

First published in Helicon. Also found with draft-like variations and emendations (and musical setting) in Bodleian MS Rawl. Poet.148, c.1598-9 – i.e. earlier than Helicon – suggesting that the author may be John Lilliatt, the progenitor of the manuscript. Helicon text followed below.

Phillidae Loue-call to her Coridon, and his replying

**Phillida.** Coridon, arise my Coridon,
**Coridon.** Titan shineth cleare:
Who is it that calleth Coridon,
Who is it that I heare?

**Phillida.** Phillida thy true-Loue calleth thee,
arise then, arise then;
arise and keepe thy flocks with me:

**Coridon.** Phillida my true-Loue, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and kepe my flock with thee.

---

20 Christalls] i.e. stars. Cf. OED crystal 3a: ‘(poet.) matter that has the clarity or transparency of crystal’.
27 hee] apparently the leader or spokesman of the angels. 35 morn] i.e. the sun, with play on Son (of God). 39 May] spring, with play on Sprung. 41 Dauids Cittie] Jerusalem. 2 Titan] the sun: referring to Helios, the sun-god among the old gods or Titans.
Phillida. Heere are cherries ripe my Coridon,  
eate them for my sake:
Coridon. Heere’s my Oaten pipe my louely one,  
sport for thee to make.
Phillida. Heere are threeds my true-Loue, fine as silke,  
to knit thee, to knit thee  
a pair of stockings white as milke.
Coridon. Heere are Reedes my true-Loue, fine and neate,  
to make thee, to make thee  
a Bonnet to with-stand the heate.

Phillida. I will gather flowers my Coridon,  
to set in thy cap:
Coridon. I will gather Peares my louely one,  
to put in thy lap.
Phillida. I will buy my true-Loue Garters gay,  
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,  
to weare about his legs so tall:
Coridon. I will buy my true-Loue yellow Say,  
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,  
to weare about her middle small.

Phillida. When my Coridon sits on a hill,  
making melodie:  
Coridon. When my louely one goes to her wheele  
singing cherilie.
Phillida. Sure me thinks my true-Loue dooth excell  
for sweetnes, for sweetnes,  
our Pan that old Arcadian Knight:
Coridon. And me thinks my true-Loue beareth the bell  
for clearenes, for clearenes,  
beyond the Nymphs that be so bright.

Phillida. Had my Coridon, my Coridon,  
beene (alack) my Swaine:
Coridon. Had my louely one, my louely one,  
beene in Ida plaine.
Phillida. Cinthia Endimion had refus’d,  
preferring, preferring  
my Coridon to play with-all:
Coridon. The Queene of Loue had beene excus’d,  
bequeathing, bequeathing,  
my Phillida the golden ball.

Phillida. Yonder comes my Mother, Coridon,  
whether shall I flie?  
Coridon. Vnder yonder Beech my louely one,  
while she passeth by.
Say to her thy true-Loue was not heere,  
remember, remember,  
to morrow is another day:
Phillida. Doubt me not, my true-Loue, doo not feare,  
farewell then, farewell then,  
heauen keepe our loues alway.

---

28 Say] 'a cloth of fine texture' (OED say n'1a).
38 beares the bell] takes first place, like the bell--
wether or leading sheep in a flock.
41-8 41-2, 45-7 go together, as do 43-4, 48-50.
42 Had Coridon my swain been there.
44 Ida plaine] actually a mountain. Paris dwelt there as a shepherd when called
to judge the contest for beauty between three goddesses, awarding Venus the prize.
48 excus’d] dismissed, dispensed with (not in OED: nearest sense OED v8).
From *Helicon*. The title suggests a narrative or dramatic source, not identified so far.

*Damætas* ligge in praise of his Loue.

Iolly Sheepeheard, Sheepeheard on a hill
  on a hill so merrily,
  on a hill so cherily,
Feare not Sheepeheard there to pipe thy fill,
Fill euery Dale, fill euery Plaine:
  both sing and say; Loue feeles no paine.

Iolly Sheepeheard, Sheepeheard on a greene
  on a greene so merrily,
  on a greene so cherily,
Be thy voyce shrill, be thy mirth seene,
Heard to each Swaine, seene to each Trull:
  both sing and say; Loues ioy is full.

Iolly Sheepeheard, Sheepeheard in the Sunne,
  in the Sunne so merrily,
  in the Sunne so cherily,
Sing forth thy songs, and let thy rimes runne
Downe to the Dales, to the hills aboue:
  both sing and say; No life to loue.

Iolly Sheepeheard, Sheepeheard in the shade,
  in the shade so merrily,
  in the shade so cherily,
Joy in thy life, life of Sheepeheards trade;
Joy in thy loue, loue full of glee:
  both sing and say; Sweet Loue for me.

Iolly Sheepeheard, Sheepeheard heere or there,
  heere or there so merrily,
  heere or there so cherily,
Or in thy chat, eyther at thy cheere,
In euery ligge, in euery Lay:
  both sing and say; Loue lasts for aye.

Iolly Sheepeheard, Sheepeheard *Daphnis* Loue,
*Daphnis* loue so merrily,
*Daphnis* loue so cherily,
Let thy fancie neuer more remoue,
Fancie be fixt, fixt not to flete,
  love; shift, change
  still sing and say; Loues yoake is sweete.
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136 ‘W.H.’  **Wodenfrides Song in Praise of Amargana**

First published in *Helicon*. Ascribed to an unidentified ‘W.H.’, perhaps William Hunnis, in both *Helicon* and Francis Davison’s ms list of authors of *Helicon* poems. The unusual title, the refrain, and the reference to ‘This feast and meeting’ (26) suggest a narrative context, perhaps in some outdoor pageant or entertainment for Queen Elizabeth; but if so, that has not been identified either. There is a general resemblance to a passage in *England’s Parnassus* (1600), p.366 ascribed to ‘D. Lodge’, but this too is otherwise untraced.

*Wodenfrides Song in praise of Amargana.*

The Sunne the season in each thing  
seasoning or enlivening element
Reuiues new pleasures, the sweet Spring  
piercing, bitingly cold
Hath put to flight the Winter keene:  
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The pathes where *Amargana* treads,  
With flowrie tapstries *Flora* spreads.
And Nature cloathes the ground in greene:  
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Groaues put on their rich aray,  
With Hawthorne bloomes imbroydered gay,
And sweet perfum’d with Eglantine:  
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The silent Riuers stayes his course,  
ceases to flow
Whilst playing on the christall sourse,
The siluer scaled fish are seene,
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Woods at her faire sight rejoices,  
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The fleecie Flocks doo scud and skip,  
run, dart
The wood-Nymphs, Fawnes, and Satires trip,
And daunce the Mirtle trees betweene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

Great *Pan* (our God) for her deere sake,  
beautiful
This feast and meeting bids vs make,
Of Sheepheards, Lads, and Lasses sheene:
To glad our louely Sheepheards Queene.

And every Swaine his chauncle dooth proue,  
try out, test
To winne faire *Amarganaes* loue,
In sporting strifes quite voide of spleene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

All happines let Heauen her lend,
And all the Graces her attend.
Thus bid me pray the Muses nine,
Long liue our louely Sommer Queene.

---

14 While flowing at its clear source: playing, dancing, rippling (*OED*playv.7b).
28 Sheepheards] perhaps misprint (suggested by Sheepheards in 1.27) for the usual Sommer, to which the 1614 edn of *Helicon* reverts.
137 Robert Chester  A Poor Shepherd’s Introduction

Part of a Christmas entertainment at the home of the Salusbury family in North Wales, from a family ms now in Christ Church College, Oxford. Chester was an employee and protégé of John Salusbury (1566/7-1612). All punctuation inserted in this edition, and line initials uniformly capitalized.

A poore Sheapheards introduction made in A merem[en]t of christmas at the house of the Right Worshipfull John Salusbury of Lleweny Esq'

Sheapheards be sylent, and our musick cease:
Heare duells our frolique freind of Arcady
Whose dogges defend our sheep from greedy wolues,
Whose sheep doth cloth our silly sheapheard swaines,
Whose oxen tills the ground that yelds vs corne,
Whose corne doth relieue the fatherles,
And fatherles still pray for his relieve.
We of Arcadia, sometime frolique swaines,
Swaines that delight in homely pleaasunt mirth,
In due obedience and regard of loue
Shold heare present as newe yeares homely gifte
Peares Apples fildbierds or the hazell nutt
Or other fruite that this faire clymatt yelds;
But nipping winter and a forward spring
Blasted our trees and all our sommer budds
whose blossomes shold haue yelded dainty fare.
Therefore seing all these giftes that shold befreind vs
The balesome weather and cold spring denied,
In signe of honor and obedience
To the whight Lyon of Arcadia
That doth defend our liues from ravenous bears
And feeds vs with the pray that he persues,
A homely cuntry hornepipe we will daunce,
A sheapheards pretty Gigg to make him sport,
And sing A madringall or roundelay
To please our Lordlike sheapheard lord of vs.
Take hands, take hands, our hartes lett vs Advance
And strive to please his humour with A daunce.

138 ‘A.W.’  Eclogue upon the Death of Sir Philip Sidney

First published in Francis Davison’s collection A Poetical Rhapsody (1602). Sidney died in 1586, and Davison says in his preface that some pieces on Sidney in the volume were written ‘almost twentie yeeres since’. This poem is ascrib’d to ‘A. W.’ in the book and (like 67 others there cited as anonymous or by other poets) in a ms list compiled by Davison (BL MS 280 fols.99-100). A. W. has been variously but inconclusively identified as Andrew Willett, Arthur Warren and Davison himself.

EeLOGVE.
Made long since vpon the death of Sir Phillip Sidney.
Thenot. Perin.

Thenot. Perin, arreed what new mischance betide,
Hath rast thee of thy wonted meriment?
Faire feeds thy flock this pleasant spring beside,
Nor Loue, I ween, hath made thee discontent,
Sild Age and Loue, to meet in one, consent.

Perin. Ah Thenot, where the Ioy of hart doth faile,
What maruaile there, if mirth and musick quail?
See how the flowrets of the field do spring,
The Purple Rose, the Lilly white as Snow;
10 With smell and colour for an Haruest King,
May serue to make vs yong againe, I trow.
Yet all this pride is quickly laid full low,
Soon as the root is nipt with northerne cold,
What smell, or beauty, can we then behold?

\textit{Thenot}. As good not heare, as heard, not vnderstand,
My borrell brains through eld beene all too dull,
15 Sike mister meaning nill by mee be scand,
All as my Face, so wrinckled is my skull:
Then say me \textit{Perin}, by thy hope of wull,
And by thine Ewes blown bags and bagpipes sound,
So not one Aneling in thy flock be found.

\textit{Perin}. Ah \textit{Thenot}, by thine alderliefest Lasse,
Or whatsoeuer is more deere to thee;
No Bagpipe name, let song and sollace passe,
Death hath vndon my flock, my pipe, and mee.
20 Dead is the Sheeps delight, and Shepheards glee,
Broke is my Pipe, and I my selfe forlorne,
My Sheep vnfed, their fleeces rent and torne.

\textit{Thenot}. I mickle muz’de such vncounth change to see,
My flockes refuz’de to feed, yet hale they weare:
25 The tender Birds sate drooping on the tree,
The carelesse Lambs went wandring here and there:
My selfe vnknowne a part of grieue did bear,
Ne wist I why, yet heauy was my hart,
Vntimely Death was cause of all this smart.

Vp, \textit{Perin}, vp, aduaunce thy mournfull layes,
Sound loud thy pipe, but sound in dolefull wise.

\textit{Perin}. Who else, but \textit{Thenot}, can the Muses raise,
And teach them sing and dance in mournfull guise?
30 My fingers stiffe, my voice doth hoarsely rise.

\textit{Thenot}. Ah, where is \textit{Collin}, and his passing skill?
For him it sits our sorrow to fulfil.

\textit{Perin}. Twaysore extreames our \textit{Collin} presse so neere,
(Alas that such extreames should presse him so)
The want of wealth, and losse of loue so deere,
Scarse can he breathe from vnder heapes of woe,
35 He that beares heau’n, beares no such weight I trow.

\textit{Thenot}. Hath he such skill in making all aboue,
And hath no skill to get or Wealth, or Loue?

\textit{Perin}. Praise is the greatest prisse that Poets gaine,
A simple gaine that feeds them ne’re a whit.
40 The wanton lasse for whom he bare such paine,
Like running water loues to change and filt.
But if thee list to heare a sorry fit,
Which \textit{Cuddy} could in dolefull verse endite,
Blow thou thy Pipe while I the same recite.

\textit{Thenot}. Ginne when thou list, all-be my skill but small,
45 My forward minde shall make amends for all.

\textit{Perin}. \textit{Collin}’s passing skill surpassing all others.
\textit{Thenot}. \textit{Cuddy} could in dolefull verse endite.
Blow thou thy Pipe while I the same recite.

\textit{Perin}. Praise is the greatest prisse that Poets gaine,
A simple gaine that feeds them ne’re a whit.
Like running water loues to change and filt.
But if thee list to heare a sorry fit,
Which \textit{Cuddy} could in dolefull verse endite,
Blow thou thy Pipe while I the same recite.

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But if thee list to heare a sorry fit,
Which \textit{Cuddy} could in dolefull verse endite,
Blow thou thy Pipe while I the same recite.

\textit{Thenot}. Ginne when thou list, all-be my skill but small,
My forward minde shall make amends for all.
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**Perin.** Yee Nimphs that bathe your bodies in this spring:
Your tender bodies white as driuen Snow:
Yee Virgins chaste which in this Groue doe sing,
Which neither grieve of Loue, nor Death do know:
So may your streames runne cleere for ay,
So may your trees give shade alway.

Depart a space,

And give me place,

To wayle with grieve my restlesse woe alone,
For feare my cries

Constraine your eyes

To shed forth teares, and help lament my mone.

And thou, my Muse, that whilome wont to ease
Thy Maisters minde with layes of sweete delight,
Now change those tunes, no ioy my hart can please,
Gone is the day, come is the darkesome night,
Our Sunne close hid in cloudes doth lie,
We liue indeede, but liuing, die:

No light we see,
Yet wander wee,

We wander farre and neere without a guide:
And all astray,

We loose our way,

For in this world n'is such a Sunne beside.

Ye Shepheards Boyes that leade your flocks a field,
The whilst your sheepe feede safely round about,
Breake me your Pipes that pleasant sound did yeld,
Sing now no more the Songs of Collin Clout:
Lament the end of all our ioy,
Lament the source of all annoy.

Willy is dead,
That wont to leade

Our flockes and vs in mirth and Shepheardes glee:
Wel could he sing,
Wel dance, and spring;
Of all the Shepheardes was none such as hee.

How often hath his skill in pleasant Song
Drawn al the water-nimphs from out their bowers?
How haue they laine the tender grasse along,
And made him Garlands gay of smelling flowers?

Phœbus himselfe that conquer'd Pan,
Struing with Willy, nothing wan.

Me thinkes I see,
The time when hee

Pluckt from his golden lockes the Laurell crowne;
And so to raise

Our Willies praise,

Bedeckt his head, and softly set him downe.

The learned Muses flockt to heare his skill,
And quite forgot their water, wood, and mount;
They thought his Songs were done too quickly stil,
Of none but Willies Pipe they made account.

Hee sung; they seemd in joy to flowe:
He ceast; they seemd to weep for woe;
The Rurall rout,

All round about,

---

61-4 Evokes a paradisal or Parnassian setting. *Virgins* | *Muses.* 99 *Phœbus ... conquer'd Pan* in a song-contest (Ovid *Met.* XI.146–93). 108 *water, wood, and mount* the Castalian spring on Mount Parnassus, or the springs Aganippe and Hippocrene beneath Mount Helicon. Both 'mounts' were wooded, with a grove sacred to the Muses beside the Hippocrene.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Like Bees came swarming thicke, to heare him sing:
   Ne could they thinke
On meate or drinke,
While Willies musicke in their eares did ring.

But now (alas) such pleasant mirth is past,
   Apollo weepes, the Muses rend their haire.
No ioy on earth that any time can last,
See where his breathlesse corps lies on the beare.
   That selle same hand that reft his life,
   Hath turned Shepheards peace to strife.
   turmoil , distress
Our ioy is fled,
Our life is dead,
Our hope, our help, our glory all is gone:
   Our Poets praise,
   Our happy dayes,
   And nothing left but grieue, to thinke thereon.

What Thames, what Seuern, or what westerne Seas,
Shall give me floods of trickling teares to shed?
What comfort can my restlesse grieue appease?
O that mine eies were Fountaines in my head!
   Ah Collin! I lament thy case,
   For thee remaines no hope of grace.
   The best reliefe
   Of Poets grieue
Is dead, and wrapt full colde in filthy clay,
   And nought remaines
To ease our paines,
But hope of death, to riddle vs hence away.
   remove, release

Phillis, thine is the greatest grieue aboue the rest:
Where beene thy sweetest Posies feately dight,
Thy Girlonds with a true-loues Knot addrest,
And all that erst thou Willy didst behight?
   Thy labour all is lost in vaine,
   The grieue whereof shall ay remaine.
   The Sunne so bright,
   That falles to night,
To morrow from the East againe shall rise:
   But we decay,
   And waste away,
Without returne, alas, thy Willy dies.

See how the drooping Flockes refuse to feede,
The Riuers streame with teares aboue the bankes,
The Trees do shed their leaues, to waile agreeede,
The beasts vnfed, go mourning all in rankes.
   The Sunne denies the Earth his light,
   The Spring is kill’d with winters might:
   The flowers spill,
The birds are still:
No voyce of ioy is heard in any place.
The Meddows greene
   A change haue seen,
   And Flora hides her pale disfigur’d face.

135-9 Referring to Sidney’s patronage of Spenser.  143 Phillis] Sidney’s wife Frances, daughter of Francis Walsingham; or Penelope Devereux (Rich), the ‘Stella’ of his poems; or perhaps Sidney’s sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke.  149-54 Closely echoes some famous lines in Catullus (usually numbered poem 5): ‘Suns may set and rise again; but when our brief light is once quenched, there remains only an endless night to sleep in’. 
Watch now, ye shepheardes boyes, with waking eie,
And loose your time of sleepe, to learne to sing.
Vnhappy skill, what good is got thereby,
But painted praise that can no profite bring?
   If Skill could moue the Sisters three,
   Our Willy still alie should be.
   The woolfe so wood,
   Amazed stood
At sound of Willies pipe, and left his pray:
   Both Pipe and Skill
   The Sisters spill,
So, worse then any wicked Wolfe are they.

O flatt’ring hope of mortal mens delight,
So faire in outward shew, so foule within!
The deepest streames do flow full calme to sight,
The rau ning Woolues do jet in Weathers skin;
   Wee deem’d our Willy ay should liue,
   So sweete a sound his Pipe could giue:
   But cruel death
   Hath stopt his breath:
Dumbe lies his Pipe that won so sweete to sound:
   Our flockes lament
   His life is spent,
And careless wander all the woods around.

Come now, ye shepheardes daughters, come no more
To heare the Songs that Cuddy wont to sing:
Hoarse is my Muse, my throate with crying, sore;
These woods with Eccho of my grieue doe ring.
   Your Willies life was Cuddies ioy,
   Your Willies death hath kill’d the Boy:
   Broke lies my Pipe,
   Till Reedes be ripe
To make a new one, but a worse, I feare:
   Saue yeere by yeere,
   To waile my Deere,
All Pipe and Song I vtterly forsweare.

Thenot. Alacke and welladay may shepheardes cry,
Our Willy dead, our Collin killd with care:
Who shall not loathe to liue, and long to die?
And will not grieue our little Cuddy spare,
But must he too of sorrow haue a share?
   Ay, how his ruefull Verse hath prickt my hart!
   How feelingly hath hee exprest my smart!

Perin. Ah Thenot, hadst thou see his sory looke,
His wringed hands, his eies to heau’n vykest;
His teares, that stream’d like water in the Brooke;
His sighes, that made his Rimes seeme rudeuly drest,
To teares thou wouldst haue melted with the rest.
   But hie we homeward, night approcheth neere,
   And rainie cloudes in southerne skies appeere.

171 Sisters three] the Parcae or Fates.  182 The wolf in sheep’s clothing derives from Matthew 7.15.
139 Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke  A Dialogue between Two Shepherds in Praise of Astraea

First published in Francis Davison’s A Poetical Rhapsody (1602). Hyder Rollins proposes (citing the DNB) that the occasion may have been the Queen’s 1599 visit to the Earl of Pembroke’s seat at Wilton. Nichols (Progresses of Elizabeth, III.529) prefers ’1600, when the Queen meditated a Progress into North Wiltshire... and [the poem] was perhaps recited in 1601 in Aldersgate Street.’ If the projected visit was before Lady Day (23 March) 1600, it could have been recorded as 1599.

A Dialogue between two shepherds, Thenot, and Piers, in praise of Astraea, made by the excellent Lady, the Lady Mary Countesse of Pembrook, at the Queenes Maiesties being at her house at Anno.

Thenot. I sing divine Astraeas praise,
   O Muses! help my wittes to raise,
   And heave my Verses higher.

Piers. Thou needst the truth but plainly tell,
   Which much I doubt thou canst not well,
   Thou art so oft a liar.

Thenot. If in my Song no more I show,
   Than Heau’n, and Earth, and Sea do know,
   Then truly I have spoken.

Piers. Sufficeth not more to name,
   But being no lesse, the like, the same,
   Else lawes of truth be broken.

Thenot. Then say, she is so good, so faire,
   With all the earth she may compare,
   Not Momus selfe denying.

Piers. Compare may thinke where likenesse holds,
   Nought like to her the earth enfoles,
   T looke to finde you lying.

Thenot. Astrea sees with Wisedom’s sight,
   Astrea workes by Vertue’s might,
   And ioyntly both do stay in her.

Piers. Nay take from them, her hand, her minde,
   The one is lame, the other blinde,
   Shall still your lying staine her?

Thenot. Soone as Astrea shewes her face,
   Strait euerie ill auoides the place,
   And euerie good aboundeth.

Piers. Nay long before her face doth shew,
   The last doth come, the first doth goe,
   How lowde this lie resoundeth!

Thenot. Astrea is our chiefest ioy,
   Our chiefest guardie against annoy,
   Our chiefest wealth, our treasure.

Piers. Where chiefest are, there others bee,
   To vs none else but only shee;
   When wilt thou speake in measure?

Thenot. Astrea may be iustly sayd,
   A field in flowry Roabe arrayd,
   In Season freshly springing.

Piers. That Spring indures but shortest time,
   This neuer leaues Astraeas clime,

0.1 Astraea] the virgin goddess of justice, with whom the virgin Queen was often compared. Astraea dwelt on earth in the Golden Age and left thereafter. (Virgil IV.6, Georg. II.473; Ovid, Met. I.150).
0.2-0.3 The venue, and last two digits of the date, are left blank. 10 It is not enough to say so little.
15 Momus] god of satire, hence a carping critic. 16-17 Comparisons are between like things, but there is nothing like her. 34-35 ‘Chiefes’ implies there are others to compare; but she is incomparable.
41 Eternal spring is a common topos in pastoral and the Golden Age myth, linking up with Paradise and hence with man’s state of innocence before the Fall. Astraeas clime] see 0.1n.
Thou liest, instead of singing.

Thenot. As heavenly light that guides the day,
Right so doth shine each lovely Ray,
That from Astrea flyeth.

Piers. Nay, darknes oft that light enclowdes,
Astreas beames no darknes shrowdes;
How lowdly Thenot lyeth!

Thenot. Astrea rightly terme I may,
A manly Palme, a Maiden Bay,

Thenot. Then Piers, of friendship tell me why,
My meaning true, my words should ly,
And striue in vaine to raise her.

Piers. Words from conceit do only rise,
Aboue conceit her honour flies;
But silence, nought can praise her.

Thenot. Words from conceit do only rise,
Aboue conceit her honour flies;
But silence, nought can praise her.

Fiction how Cupid made a Nymph wound herself with His Arrows.

First published in Francis Davison’s collection A Poetical Rhapsody (1602). Also with the title ‘Cupids Pastime’ in an appendix to Le Princed’Amour, ed. Sir Rudyerd Benjamin (1660).

Fiction how Cupid made a Nymph wound her selfe with his Arrows.

It chaunst of late a Shepheardes swaine,
That went to seeke a strayed sheepe,
Within a thicket on the plaine,
Espide a daintie Nymph asleepe.

Her golden Haire ore-spread her face,
Her carelessse Armes abroad were cast,
Her Quiuer had her Pillowes place,
Her breast lay bare to euery blast.

The Shepheard stood and gazde his fill,
Nought durst hee doo, nought durst he say:
When Chance or else perhaps his Will,
Did guide the God of Loue that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,
Whom if shee wakte, he durst not see,
Behinde her closely seekes to creepe;
Before her nap should ended bee.

There come, he steales her Shaftes away,
And puttes his owne into their place,
Ne dares he any longer stay,
But ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was hee gone, when shee awakes,
And spies the Shepheard standing by;
Her bended Bowe in haste shee takes,
And at the simple Swaine let fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierst his hart,
That to the ground hee fell with paine:

50 Palme ... Bay] both evergreen. manly] as standing erect. maiden] as languishing or clinging to a tree like the laurel (bay), hence feminized 14 Because he is afraid of her fierce chastity.
Yet vp againe forthe with hee start,
And to the Nympe hee ran amaine:

Amaz’de to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vaine,
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Loue yeeldeth strength in midst of paine.

Her angry Eyes are great with teares,
She blames her hands, she blames her skill;
The bluntnesse of her Shaftes she feares,
And try them on her selfe she will.

Take heed, sweet Nimph, try not the shaft,
Eache little touch will pricke the harte,
Alas, thou knowest not Cupids craft,
Reuenge is ioy, the End is smart.

Yet try she wil, and pricks some bare,
Her Hands were glou’d, and next to hand
Was that faire Breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepheard senseless stand.

That brest she prickt, and through that brest,
Loue findes an entry to her hart:
At feeling of this new-come Guest,
Lord how the gentle Nymph doth start!

Shee runnes not now, shee shootes no more,
Away she throwes both shaftes and bowe,
She seekes for that she shun’d before,
She thinks the Shephreads haste too slowe.

Though mountaines meet not, Louers may:
So others doo, and so doo they.
The God of Loue sittes on a tree,
And laughs that pleasant sight to see.

141 Francis Davison  ‘A shepheard poor’

First published in A Poetical Rhapsody (1602), edited by Davison himself. Eubulus is the poet’s father, the statesman Sir William Davison, used and then unjustly denounced by Elizabeth for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. The poem shows interesting political application of Petrarchan love-conceits, presenting the disgraced courtier as a scorned lover.

I. Eglogue.

A Shepheard poore, Eubulus call’d he was,
(Poore now alas, but erst had iolly beeene)
One pleasant morne whenhas the Sunne did passe
The fiery hornes of raging Bull betweene,
His little Flocke into a Meade did bring,
As soone as day-light did begin to spring.

Fresh was the Meade, in Aprils liuerie dight,
Deckt with green Trees, bedewd with siluer Brookes,
But ah! all other was the shepheardes plight,
All other were both sheepe and shepheardes lookes.

For both did shew by their dull heavy cheere,
They tooke no pleasure of the pleasant yeere.

---

1 Eubulus] Gk euboulos, prudent, of good counsel; also the name of an actual statesman of ancient Athens. On both counts, an apt name for the elder Davison. 2 Poore] literally true: Elizabeth fined Davison ten thousand marks. 3 Bull] the zodiacal sign of Taurus, through which the sun passes in late spring / early summer (April 21 – May 21), hence ‘fiery … raging’. 

---
He weeping went, ay me that he should weep!
They hung their heads as they to weep would learn.
His heavy Heart did send forth sighings deepe.
They in their bleating voyce did seeme to yearne.
He leane and pale, their fleece was rough and rent;
They pine with paine, and he with dolors spent.

His pleasant Pipe was broke, (alas the while)
And former meriment was banisht quite.
His shepheardes Crooke that him vpheld ere-while,
He erst had throwne away with great desire.
Tho leaning gainst a shrubbe that him sustained,
To th’earth, sun, birds, trees, Eccho thus he plained.

Thou all-forth-bringing earth, though winter chill
With boystrous blasts blow off thy Mantle greene,
And with his Snowe and hoary Frosts doe spill
Thy Flora-pleasing flowers, and kill them cleene:
Yet soone as Spring returns againe
To drue away thy Winters paine,
Thy Frost and Snowe
Away doe goe.

Sweete Zephyres breath cold Boreas doth displace,
And fruitfull showers
Reuieue thy flowers,
And nought but Ioy is seene in every place.

But ah! how long, alas, how long doth last
My endlesse Winter without hope of Spring?
How haue my sighes, my blustrings sighes, defaste
The flowers and buds which erst my youth did bring.
Alas the tops that did asprie,
Lie troden now in filthy mire.
Alas! my head
Is all bespread
With too vntimely snow: and eke my hart
Al sence hath lost,
Through hardned frost
Of colde Despaire, that long hath bred my smart.

What though Soone-rising Torrents ouerflow
With nought-regarding streams thy pleasant green,
And with their furious force do lay full lowe
Thy drowned flowers, how euer sweet they been!
Soone fail those flouds, as soone they rose,
(For fury soone his force doth lose;)
And then full eath
Apolloes breath,
The cold, yet drying North-wind, so doth warme,
That by and by
Thy Meades be dry,
And grow more fruitfull by their former harme.

O would the teares that Torrent-like do flowe
Adowne my hollow cheekes with restlesse force,
Would once (O that they could once) calmer grow!
Would like to thine, once cease their ceasles course!
Thine last not long, mine still endure:
Thine cold, and so thy wealth procure:
Hot mine are still,
And so do kill

21 vpheld supported (i.e. he was too grief-stricken to stand).
28 Flora goddess of flowers.
33 Zephyr southerly spring breeze. Boreas northerly winter wind.
60 harme damage (i.e. the flood, which has improved the soil).
Both flower and roote, with most vnkindely dew.

What Sun or Winde
A way can finde,
The roote once dead, the flowers to renew?

Thou, though the scorching heate of Summer Sun,
(While ill-breath’d Dog the raging Lyon chaceth)
Thy peckled flower do make of colour dun,
And pride of all thy greeny haire defaceth;
And in thy moysture-wanting side
Deepe wounds do make, and gashes wide:
Yet as thy weate,
By Phœbus heate,
To turne to wholsome drynesse is procured,
So Phœbus heate
By south-winds weate,
Is soone asswaged, and all thy wounds recured.

Such heate as Phœbus hath me almost slaine.
As Phœbus heate? ah no, farre worse then his.
It is Astrea burning-hot Disdaine
That parched hath the roote of all my blis:
That hath ( alas) my youth defaced,
That in my face deep wounds hath placed.
Ah that no Heate
Can dry the weate,
The flowing weate of my still-weeping Eies!
Ah that no weate
Can quench the heate,
The burning heate within my Hart that lies!

Thou dost, poor Earth, beare many a bitter stound,
While greedy Swaines forgetting former neede,
With crooked plowes thy tender backe do wound,

With harrowes biting teeth do make thee bleed.
But earth ( so may those greedy Swaines
With pitteous Eye behold thy paines)
Ō Earth, tel mee,
When thou dost see
Thy fruitfull Back with golden Eares beset,
Doth not that ioy
Kil all annoy,
And make thee all thy former wounds forget?

And I, if once my tired Hart might gaine
The Haruest faire that to my faith is due:
If once I might Astrea grace regaine:
If once her hart would on my sorrows rue,
Alas, I could these plaints forgo,
And quite forget my former wo.
But ( O! to speake
My Hart doth breake)
For all my service, faith, and patient minde,
A crop of greefe,
Without reliefe,

A crop of scorne, and of contempt, I finde.

Soone as the Shepheards Star abroad doth wend
(Nights harbinger) to shut in bright-some Day;

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69 dew] tears (OED s.b).
74 Dog, Lyon] The sun is in the sign of Leo or the Lion in midsommer (July 23 to August 22: hence hot or ‘raging’), and Sirius or the Dog Star is close to it. 77-8 i.e., The soil is parched and cracked.
87 Astrea] the virgin goddess of justice, with whom Queen Elizabeth was routinely equated. 91-6 A common Petrarchan conceit: simultaneous heat and moisture, or heat and cold.
98 forgetting ... neede] ?forgetting how little they earlier made do with.
121 Shepheards Star] Hesperus, the evening star (cf. Virgil X.77).
And gloomy Night, on whom black clouds attend,
Doth Tirant-like through skie vsurpe the sway,
Thou art (poore Earth) of Sunne depreiued
Whose beames to thee all Ioy deriuied:
But when Aurore
Doth ope her Dore,
Her purple dore to let in Phœbus waine,
The night giues place
Vnto his race,
And then, with ioy, thy Sun returns againe.
O would my Sunne would once returne againe!
Returne and driue away th’infernall night,
In which I die, since she did first refraine
Her heauenly beames, which were mine only light.
In her alone all my light shinde,
And since she shinde not, I am blinde.
Alas, on all
Her beames doe fall,
Saue wretched me, whome she doth them deny.
And blessed day
She giues alway,
To all, but me, who still in darkenesse lie.
In mournefull darkenesse I alone doe lie,
And wish, but scarcely hope, bright day to see,
For hop’d so long, and wisht so long haue I,
As hopes and wishes both are gone from mee.
My night hath lasted fiftene yeeres,
And yet no glimpse of day appeeres.
O do not let
Him that hath set
His ioy, his light, his life in your sweete Grace!
Be vnrelietu’d,
And quite depriu’d
Of your deere sight, which may this night displace.
Phœbus, although with fiery-hoofed steedes,
Thou daily doe the steepy Welkin beate,
And from this painefull taske art neuer freed,
But daily bound to lend the world thy heate:
Though thou in fiery Chariot ride,
And burning heate thereof abide,
Yet soone as night
Doth dim the light,
And hale her sable Cloake through vaulted skie,
Thy iournie’s ceast,
And thou doost rest,
In cooling waues of Tethis soueraignty.
Thrice happy Sun, whose pains are eas’d by night,
O haplesse I, whose woes last night and day
My paines by day do make me wish for night,
My woes by night do make me cry for day.
By day I turmoyle yp and downe,
By night in Seas of teares I drowne.
O paineful plight!
O wretched night,
Which neuer findes a morne of ioyfull light!

127 Aurore] Aurora, goddess of the dawn.  129 Phœbus waine] the chariot of the sun-god.  136 Her heauenly beames] the light of her eyes compared to the sun: a standard Petrarchan image.  149 fiftene yeeres] from 1587, when William Davison was imprisoned, to 1602, when this poem appeared.  153-4] The sentence continues across the interjection.  168 Tethis] Tethys, wife of Oceanus, hence identified with the ocean.
O sad decay,  
O wretched day,  
That never feel the ease of silent night!

Ye chirping Birds, whose notes might joy my minde,  
(If to my minde one drop of joy could sink,)  
Who erst, through Winters rage were almost pinde,  
And kept through barren frost from meat or drinke,  
Who erst, through Winters rage were almost pinde,  
Wasted away, starved  
A blessed change yee now haue scene,  
That changed hath your woefull teene.  
By day you sing,  
And make to ring  
The neighbour grouses with Eccho of your Song:  
In silent night,  
Full closely dight,  
You soundly sleepe the bushes Greene among.  
But I, who erst (ah woefull worde to say)  
Enjoy’d the pleasant spring of her sweete grace,  
And then could sing and dance, and sporte and play;  
Since her fierce anger did my Spring displace,  
My nightly rest haue turn’d to detriment,  
To plaints haue turn’d my wonted meriment.  
The Songs I sing  
While day doth spring,  
Are bootlesse plaints till I can plaine no more.  
The rest I taste,  
While night doth last,  
Is broken sighes, til they my hart make sore.  
Thou flowret of the field that erst didst fade,  
And nipt with Northerne cold didst hang the head,  
Yee Trees whose bared bowes had lost their shade,  
Whose with’red leaves by western blasts were shed,  
Yee gin to bud and spring againe,  
Hurt, afflict  
Winter is gone that did you straine.  
But I, that late  
With vpright gate  
Bare vp my head, while happy favour lasted;  
Now olde am grown,  
Now ouerthrowne,  
With wo, with griefe, with wailing now am wasted.  
Your springing stalke with kindly juice doth sprout,  
My fainting legs do waste and fall away:  
Your stretched armes are clad with leaues about,  
My griefe-consumed armes do fast decay.  
Yee gin againe your tops lift vp;  
I downe to earth-ward gin to stoope.  
Each bowe and twig  
Doth waxe so big,  
That scarce the rinde is able it to hide;  
I so do faint,  
And pine with plaint,  
That slops and Hose, and Galage wax too wide.  
Hang loose  
Eccho, how wel may she that makes me mone,  
By thy example learne to rue my paine?  
Thou hear’st my plaintes when as I waile alone,  
And wailing accents answerest againe.  
When as my brest through greefe I beate,
That woeful sound thou dost repeat.
When as I sob,
And heartly throb,
inwardly, at the heart
A dolefull sobbing sound againe thou sendest: 
And when I weep,
And sigh full deep,
A weepy sighing Voice againe thou lendest.
But ah! how oft haue my sad plaintsassaide
To pierce her Eares, deafe only unto mee?

Nor I, alas, do wish that her faire Eyes,
Her blessed-making Eies should shed a teare,
Nor that one sigh from her deere Breast should rise,
For all the paines, the woes, the wrongs I beare.
First let this weight oppresse me still,
Ere shee, through mee taste any ill.
Ah if I might
But gaine her sight,
And shew hir, c’er I die, my wretched case!
O then should I
Contended dy;
But ah I dy, and hope not so much grace.

Then gan his Teares so swiftly for to flow,
As forst his Ey-lids for to give them way.
Then blust’ring sighes too boyz’rously gan blow,
As his weake lips could not their fury stay.
And inward griefe withall so hugely sweld,
As tears, sighes, griefe had soon al words expeld.

At last, whenas his teares began to cease,
And weary sighes more calmly for to blew: 
As he began with words his griefe to ease,
And remnant of his broken plaint to show:
He spide the skie o’re-spread with nightly clouds,
So home he went, his flocke and him to shrowde.

Eubulus his Embleme.
Vni Mihi Pergama Restant.

241-4 William Davison addressed many appeals to Elizabeth, including a letter that she refused to accept. 253-6 Through all his trials, William did not betray the Queen’s private injunction to him to arrange for Mary’s assassination rather than official execution. 283 Vni mihi Pergama restant] The words of Hecuba, queen of Troy, in Ovid, Met. XIII.507: ‘For me alone, Pergama [Troy] remains’ – i.e. though Troy is destroyed, I retain the sorrowful memory.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

142 Walter Ralegh From The Ocean to Cynthia

An extract from the only complete book of Ralegh’s poem The Ocean to Cynthia in a ms among the Cecil Papers in Hatfield House. The poem is an allusive lament addressed to Queen Elizabeth for her neglect and persecution of Ralegh. He projects himself as the ‘Ocean’, no doubt on account of his many voyages. The poem as a whole has no specific setting. This passage evokes a country setting in conventional Petrarchan terms. Line initials have been uniformly capitalized.

Lost in the mudd of thos hygh flowinge streames
Which through more fayrer feilds ther courses bend, Slayne with sealf thoughts,amasde in fearfull dreams, Woes without date, discumforts without end,
From frutfull trees I gather withthed leues And glean the broken eares with misers hands,
Who symeyme did inioy the waughtye sheves.
I seke faire floures amidt the brinish sand.
All in the shade yeven in the faire soon dayes
Which through more fayrer feilds singe neather lovely layes Nor phillomen recounts her direfull mone.
That might renew my dollorus consayte
While happy then, while loue and fantasye Confinde my thoughts on that faire flock to waite.
No pleasinge streames fast to the ocean wendinge The messengers symeymes of my great woe,
But all onn yeart as from the coldestormes bendinge
Shrinck from my thoughts in hygh heauen and below.

143 Walter Ralegh Epitaph on Robert Cecil

A rare example of pastoral in a satirical epigram. Found in at least 20 mss in notably varying texts. All ascriptions to Ralegh are posthumous, but his authorship is very probable. Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury (1563-1612) was Principal Secretary and chief spymaster of England under Elizabeth (from 1590) and James I. Active in prosecuting and imprisoning Ralegh for his alleged involvement in the ‘Main Plot’ of 1603 to dethrone James I. If this poem was written soon after Cecil’s death, Ralegh would still have been in prison. The text below follows the very full version in BL MS Harley 1221. Punctuation supplied and line initials regularized.

Heere Hobbinoll lyes, our shepheard whilere
Who once a yeare duly our fleeces did sheere
And made vs so subiect at last to his call
Hoe needed no sheppehooke to fetch vs in all.
But all this he was thus, his fleeces did sheere
Who once a yeare duly our fleeces did sheere
And made vs so subject at last to his call
Hee needed no sheepheooke to fetch vs in all.
His Curr he might fasten at home to a clogge
And properly serve for shepheard and dogge.
For oblation to Pan his custome was thus, offerings, i.e., taxes or revenue paid
Himselfe gaue a tryffe and offered yp vs.
And so by his craft this politick swayne
Kept himselfe on the mountaine and vs on the plaine,
Contented with hornpipes whistled he and his Phillis
Dayly sunge Walsingham and Amarillis.

3 sealf thoughts] thoughts of oneself, introspection.
6 misers hands] small handfuls such as a miser might take; but perhaps miser] wretch, miserable person.
12 phillomen] Philomel, the nightingale.
14 renew ... consayte] revive my sad thoughts.
16 Held my thoughts to linger on that fair flock (a pastoral image of the court or courtly company). bend every thing low.
19 bendinge] the force of the gale, bending everything low.
5 clogge] block of wood to which an animal is tied.
6 serve for] i.e. serve as both. Other mss contain the word ‘both’.
7 Pan] James I.
10 mountaine... plaine] conventional distinction between high and low station, or wealth and poverty; in pastoral, associated with dangerous pride and humble but secure station respectively.
11, 12 Phillis] prob. Queen Elizabeth.
12 Walsingham] a traditional ballad, a later version of which has been ascribed to Ralegh: here playing on the name of Sir Francis Walsingham, Cecil’s predecessor as Elizabeth’s Principal Secretary and spymaster. sunge Walsingham] acted as Walsingham used to do. Amarillis] prob. the popular tune of that name. (See Chappell, Popular Music, though the recorded instances are later in date).
Meane time neyther Wolfe nor Tyger feard wee
For neuer could worse thing come neere vs then hee.
But hee that our God so highly displeases
As to taste of our blood, must take our diseases.
So though he scapt booth the stroke and the stabbe,
In spight of his Tarbox he died of the scabb.

144 Henry Chettle  ‘Feed on my flocks’
First published in Chettle’s Piers Plainnes Seauen Yeres Prentiship (1595). Sung by Piers Plainness, the herdsman employed by the master-shepherd Menalcas. Also in Helicon, whose text is followed here.

Feede on my Flocks securely,
Your Sheepheard watcheth surely, securely, ensuring your safety
Runne about my little Lambs,
Skip and wanton with your Dammes,
Your louing Heard with care will tend ye:\nSport on faire flocks at pleasure,
Nip Vestaes flowering treasure,
I my selfe will duely harke,
When my watchfull dogge dooth barke,
From Woolfe and Foxe I will defend ye.

145 Henry Chettle (?)  A Pastoral Song between Phillis and Amarillis
First published in Helicon; attributed to ‘H. C.’ like no.144, undoubtedly by Henry Chettle. An amoebean eclogue presenting an encounter between two attitudes or viewpoints, Phillis disgracing men and Amarillis women. (Conjectural speech-headings inserted in this edition.) ’Line-by-line’ in the title probably means that in each verse-unit, the lead singer sings a line (i.e. the odd-numbered lines), with the other responding, as in the August roundelay in Spenser’s SC.

A Pastorall Song betweene Phillis and Amarillis, two Nimphes, each a answering other line for line.

[Phillis]
Fie on the sleights that men deuise,
heigh hoe sillie sleights:
When simple Maydes they would entice,
Maides are yong mens chiefe delights.

[Amarillis]
Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
bewitch eyes like beames of burning Sunne:
And men once caught, they soon despise,
so are Sheepheards oft vndone.

[Phillis]
If any young man win a maide,
happy man is he:
By trusting him she is betraide,
 fie vpon such treacherie.

[Amarillis]
If Maides win young men with their guiles,
heigh hoe guilefull greete:
They deale like weeping Crocodiles,
that murther men without releefe.

(a) respite (b) remedy

[Phillis]
I know a simple Country Hinde,
heigh hoe sillie Swaine:

Tarbox... scabb] Tar was used to salve sheep’s wounds, but also to treat venereal disease (the scabb), to which Cecil’s detractors attributed his death. 7 Vesta] Roman goddess of home and hearth, also identified with the earth (Ovid, Fasti VI.267). 5 they] the women. 6 beams of burning Sunne] conventional Petrarchan conceit.
To whom faire Daphne proued kinde,  
as he not kinde to her againe?  
He vowed by Pan with many an oath,  
heigh hoe Sheepheards God is he:  
Yet since hath chang’d, and broke his troth,  
trouth-plught broke, will plagued be.  

[Amarillis]  
She had deceaued many a Swaine,  
fie on false deceite:  
And plighted troath to them in vaine,  
there can be no greefe more great.  
Her measure was with measure paide,  
heigh hoe, heigh hoe equall meede:  
She was beguil’d that had betraide,  
so shall all deceauers speede.  

[Phillis]  
If every Maide were like to me,  
heigh hoe hard of hart:  
Both loue and louers scornd should be,  
scorners shall be sure of smart.  

[Amarillis]  
If every Maide were of my minde,  
heigh hoe, heigh hoe louely sweete:  
They to their Louers should prooue kinde,  
kindnes is for Maydens meete.  

[Phillis]  
Me thinks loue is an idle toy,  
heigh hoe busie paine:  
Both wit and sence it dooth annoy,  
both sence and wit thereby we gaine.  

[Amarillis]  
Tush Phillis cease, be not so coy,  
heigh hoe, heigh hoe coy disdaine:  
I know you loue a Sheepheards boy,  
fie that Maydens so should faine.  

[Phillis]  
Well Amarillis, now I yeeld,  
Sheepheards pipe aloude:  
Loue conquers both in towne and field,  
like a Tirant, fierce and proude.  
The euening starre is vp ye see,  
Vesper shines, we must away:  
Would euery Louer might agree,  
so we end our Roundelay.  

146 Henry Chettle  The Shepherds’ Spring Song
From Henry Chettle’s Englandes Mourning Garment (1603), a lament for Queen Elizabeth’s death followed by this song celebrating the accession of James I. Punctuation considerably modified.

The Shepherds Spring Song, in gratulation of the rovell, happy, and flourishing Entrance, to the Maiestie of England, by the most potente and prudent Soueraigne, James king of England, France and Ireland.

Collin. Thenot and Chloris, red lipt Driope,  
Shepherds, Nymphs, Swaines, al that delight in field,  
Living by harmlesse thrift your fat heards yeelds.
Why slacke yee now your loued company?
   Vp sluggards, learne, the larke doth mounted sing
   His cheerefull Carrolls, to salute our King,
   The Mauis, blacke-bird, and the little Wren,
   The Nightingale vpon the hawthorne brire,
   And all the wingd Musitions in a Quire,
   Do with their notes rebuke dull lazie men.
   Vp sheperds, vp; your sloth breeds al your shames.
   You sleep like beasts, while birds salute King James.
The gray eyde morning with a blustering cheeke,
   Like Englands royall Rose mixt red and white,
   Summons all eies to pleasure and delight,
   Behold the eenings deaws doe vpward reeeke,
   Drawn by the Sun, which now doth gild the skie,
   With his light-giuing and world-cheering eie.
O thats well done; I see your cause of stay
Was to adorn your temples with fresh flowers:
And gather beautie to bedecke your bowers,
That they may seeme the Cabinets of Male:
   Honor this time, sweetest of all sweete Springs,
   That so much good, so many pleasures brings.
   For now alone the liuery of the earth
Gies not life, comfort to your bleating Lambes,
   Nor fills the strowing vdders of their dams,
   It yeeldes another cause of gleesome mirth.
   This ground weares all her best embroidery,
   To entaine her Soueraigne maestie.
   And well she may, for neuer English ground
Bore such a Soueraigne as this royall Lord:
   Looke vpon all Antiquities Record;
   In no Inrollment such a King is found.
   Beginne with Brute (if that of Brute be true,)
   As I le not doubt, but giue old Bards their due.
He was a Prince vnsetled, sought a Shore
To rest his long-tosst Troyan scattered Race:
   And (as tis sed) found here a resting place:
   Grant this: but yeeld, he did false gods adore.
   The Nations were not calld to Christ that time,
   Blacke Pagan clouds darkned this goodly Clime.
So, when dissention brought the Romans in,
   No Caesar till the godly Constantine,
   (Descended truely from the Brittish line)
Purgde this Iles aire from Idoll-hated sinne;
   Yet he in care of Rome left Deputies.
   Our James maintaine(himselfe) his dignities.
   The Saxon, and the Dane, scourgd with sharp steele,
   (So did the Norman Duke) this beauteous Land.
   Inuading Lords raigne with an yron hand:
   A gentler ruling in this Change we feele;
   Our Lion comes as meekely as a Doue,
   Not conq ring vs by hurt, but hartie loue.

13 blustering] blown-out, puffy – i.e. with stormy winds.  22 Cabinets] (a) display cases; (b) ? rooms for displaying objects (OED 1st cit. 1676).  25-8 Now the flowering earth not only gives life [etc.] but also yields another cause for joy. liuery] dress, i.e. spring flowers.  31-4 James was the first Scottish king to rule England.  35 Brut] Brut or Brutus, the Trojan warrior said to have settled on the island of Albion, named Britain after him.  37 vnsetled] After the fall of Troy, Brut voyaged through the Mediterranean world before reaching Britain.  40 Grant ... yeeld] Accept this account, but also admit.  43 dissention] Both Julius Caesar’s campaign and the Roman conquest of 43 CE exploited conflicts between local rulers. The latter was induced by the fugitive British ruler Verica.  44 godly] as being the first Christian Roman emperor.  45 Of course Constantine was not of British stock, but spent much time in Britain both before and after becoming Emperor.  47 Rome ... Deputies] after setting up his chief capital and residence in Constantinople. James, by contrast, rules both England and Scotland in his own person.  51 Inuading Lords] military conquerors, not hereditary successors like James.
Euen as a calme to tempest tossed men,
As bread to the faint soule with famine vext;
As a coole Spring to those with heate perplext,
As the Sunnes light into a fearsome cavern,

So comes our King: even in a time of need.

To saue, to shine, to comforte and to feede.
O Shepheardes, sing his welcome with sweete notes,
Nymphs, strew his way with Roses Red and White,
Prouide all pastimes that may sense delight,
Offer the fleeces of your flocks white cotes:

He that now spares, doth in that sauing, spill;
Where Worth is little, Vertue likes good will.

Now from the Orchades to the Cornish iles,
From thence to Cambria, and the Hyberian shore,
The sound of Ciuill warre is heard no more;

Each Countenance is garnished with smiles,

All in one hymne with sweet contentment sing
The praise and power of James their onely King.

Our onely King, one Ile, one Soueraigne;
O long-desired, and perfected good!
By him the heate of wrath, and boyling blood,
Is mildly quencht; and Enuie counted vaine,
One King, one people, blessed vnitie,
That ties such mightie Nations to agree.
Shepheardes, Ile not be tedious in my Song,

For that I see you bent to actiuue sport;
Though I perswade me all time is too short,
To welcome him, whom we haue wisht for long.

Well done, dance on; looke how our little lambs
Skippe as you spring, about their fleecie dams.

Thus were yee wont to trip about the Greene,
And dance in ringlets, like to Fairie Elues,
Striuing in cunning to exceede your selues,

In honour of your latne falne summer Queene:

But now exceede; this Maie excelles all Springs,

Which King and Queene, and Prince and Princesse brings.

Showt joyfully, ye Nymphs, and rurall Swaines,
Your maister Pan will now protect your foldes,
Your Cottages will be as safe as Holdes,

Feare neither Wolues nor subtit Foxes trains.
A Royall King will of your weale take keepe,
Hee’le be your Shepheard, you shalbe his sheepe.

He comes in pompe; so should a King appeare,
Gods Deputie should set the world at gaze;
Yet his milde lookes driue vs from all amaze,

Sing Io, Io, shepheardes dance and sing,
Expresse all ioy, in welcoming our King.

The aire, the season, and the Earth accord
In Pleasure, Order, both for sight and sense:
All things looke fresh to greet his Excellence,

And Collin humbly thus salutes his Lord:

Drad and beloude, liue Englands happy King,

While seasons last fresh as the liuely spring.

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65 doth ... spill [waste by such saving: i.e. it would be false economy to stint on the celebrations.]
66 Where Worth is little [among humble or unworthy people.]
68 Cambria [Wales. Hyberian? Iberian, i.e. Spanish; but very likely a misprint for Hybernian (Irish).]
78 such mightie Nations [England and Scotland.]
88 summer Queene [Elizabeth, especially as presented in songs and entertainments on her country progresses.]
92 Pan [as so often, the king or ruler.]
98 Gods Deputie [an appellation specially welcome to James, who championed the doctrine of the divine right of kings.]
147 The Good Shepherd’s Sorrow

This elegy for Prince Henry (died 6 November 1612), eldest son of James I, is put on the lips of the King himself and was popularly attributed to him; but it may be by Richard Johnson, in whose collection The Crown Garland of Golden Roses (2nd edn) it appeared in 1631. It reworks an earlier poem, perhaps on the death of the Earl of Arundel in 1595. The first part is found in a transcript by Anne, Countess of Arundel, made around this time. (See Lodge, Illustrations of British History, 1838, III.241; William Chappell, Popular Music I.201.) The text below follows a broadside in the Pepys collection, Magdalene College, Cambridge.

The good Shepheard’s sorrow for the death of his beloved Sonne. To an excellent new tune.

In sad and Ashy weeds,  
I sigh, I pine, I grieue, I mourne:  
My Oates and yellow reeds,  
I now to let and Ebon turne.  
My vrged eyes like winter skies,  
My furrowed cheekes ore-flow,  
All heauen knows why men mourne as I  
and who can blame my woe?

In Sable robes of night,  
My dayes of ioy apparrel bee,  
My sorrow sees no light,  
my light through sorrowes nothing see,  
For now my sonne his date hath runne,  
And from his Sphered doth goe,  
To endlesse bed of foulded lead,  
and who can blame my woe?

My flockes I now forsake,  
That senceles sheep my griefs may know  
And lilies loath to take,  
that since his fall presum’d to growe:  
I enuy ayre because it dare  
Still breath and he not soe,  
Hate earth that doth intombe his youth,  
and who can blame my woe?  
i.e. I hate

Not I poore Lad aloane,  
Aloane, how can such sorrowes bee?  
Not onely men make moane,  
but more then men make mone with me:  
The Gods of greenes, the mountaine Queenes  
The Faries circled Row:  
The Muses nine the Nimphs diuine,  
and all condole my woe.

You awfull Gods of skie,  
If Shepheards may you question thus,  
What Diety to supply,  
tooke you this gentle Starre from vs?  
Is Hermes fled? is Cupid dead?  
Doth Sol his seate forgoe,  
Or loute his ioy he stoole from Troy,  
or who hath fram’d this woe?

Did not mine eyes, Oh heauen  
Adore your light as well before,

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3 Oates and yellow reeds] of which his pipes are made.  
13 sonne] pun on sun, heightened by the reading day(s) for date in some texts.  
15 foulded lead] wrapping his corpse.  
29 mountaine Queenes] presumably the Oreades or mountain nymphs.  
34 If shepherds can make so bold as to ask you.  
35-6 To replace which god did you take this noble star from us?  
38 Sol] the sun or sun-god, Phoebus or Apollo.  
39 his ioy ... Troy] Jove or Jupiter’s favourite Ganymede, son of Tros, after whom Troy takes its name.  
41-4 O heaven, did I not worship you as much earlier as I do now you have added a new planet to the earlier seven (i.e. sun, moon and the five planets then known).
But that amidst your seauen,
you fixed haue one Plannet more:
You well may raise now double dayes,
On this sad earth below,
Your powers haue won from vs a Sonne
and who can blame my woe?

At your great hands I aske,
This Boone, which you may easily graunt
That till my vtmost maske
of death, I still may moane his want,
Since his Divine parts with you shine
Too bright for vs below:
And earths sad brest entombes the rest
Yet mine entombes his woe.

The Second Part of the good Shepheard, or Coridons Comfort. To the same tune.

Peace Shepheard cease to mone,
in vaine is all this greefe and woe,
For him thats from vs gone,
and can (alack) returne no mo:
And yet indeede,
The Oaten Reede,
and mirth thou late didst know:
I blame thee not,
If now forgot,
for who can blame thy woe?

The breath, had once a sound
that had
harmonious, is in sighing spent:
The temples once were bound,
with Chaplets of a pleasing sent,
Now Cypresse weare,
Thy greefe and care
to all the world to show:
The pipe so sweet,
Thy lippes never meet,
and who can blame thy woe?

The murmure of the Brook
hath beene delightful to thine eare,
Much pleasure hast thou tooke,

sweet Philomelaes note to heare,
To see that Quire,
From bush to brier,
leape lightly too and fro:
The Summers Queene,
Attird in greene,
but now tis nothing so.

To see this Queene of flowers,
when hoary Hyemts part is done,
Deck vp those Summer Bowers,
defend vs from the parching Sun,

To see the ground
Embroydered round,
and euery tree to show:
His Virid dye
Hath pleas’d thine eye,
but now tis nothing so.

45 double dayes] as there are now two suns in the sky (see 47). 47 Sonne] again, pun on son and sun. 51 vtmost] final. maske] (a) performance, pageant, like the court masques beloved of James (b) (time to assume, or for someone to mould, his) death-mask. 74-5 Your pipe never touches your lips. 84 Implicit ‘and to see’ at the start of this line. Summer’s Queene] probably the May Queen, but perhaps Flora, the goddess of flowers (see 87). Queen] used for ‘goddess’ earlier too (29). 87 Queene of flowers] see 84n.
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Too well I know thy sheepe,  
at randome graze vpon the plaine:  
Greefe luls thee now asleepe,  
and now thou wakst to grieue againe.

Asleepe, awake  
For his deere sake,  
some signe thy sorrowes show:  
No bed of rest  
Can ease thy brest,  
and who can blame thy wo?  

No man (the man that knew  
for whome our fainting bodies were  
These robes of sadest hue,  
and woes more black imbrested bere)  
Can well forbeare  
To shed a teare,  
griefes tide will ouerflow:  
Pale sorrows course  
Hath still some force:  
then who can blame thy wo?

Thy woes I cannot blame,  
but in thy sorrowes beare a part,  
Yet now to patience frame,  
and see the salue cures all our smart:  
This bud is dead,  
Is gone, is fled,  
but in his place doth grow  
A Flower as faire,  
As fresh as rare,  
and he cures all our woe.

148 The Shepherd’s Lamentation

Broadside ballad (c.1615) in the Pepys Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge. A few words in stanza 5 lost owing to a tear: the gaps, with some conjectural readings, in angular brackets.

The Shepheards Lamentation,  
To the tune of the plaine-dealing Woman.

Come Shepheards, decke your heads  
no more with bayes but willowes;  
Forsake your downy beds,  
and make your ground your pillowes:  
And mourn with me, since crost  
as I, was neuer no man:  
Nor neuer shepheard lo, lo, lo, lost,  
so plaine a dealing woman.

All you forsaken woers,  
that euer were distresed,  
And all you lusty Louers,  
that euer loue molest,  
Your losse I must condole,  
and all together summon,  
To mourne for the poore so, so, soule,  
of my plaine dealing woman:

\[101-3\] Whether you are awake or asleep, you always show some sign of sorrow.  
\[110\] imbrested\] within the heart: perhaps recalling Hamlet i.2.77-86.  
\[0.2\] the plaine-dealing Woman\] Given the refrain of the poem, may be a new tune composed for it.  
\[2 bayes\] laurels, emblem of poetry.  
\[willowes\] associated with mourning.  
\[3 downy\] stuffed with down, hence soft.
Faire Venus made her chast,
    and Ceres beauty gaue her:
Pan wept when she was lost,
    and Satyres stroue to haue her:

But oh she was to them
    so nice, so coy, that no man
Could iudge but he that knew, knew, knew,
    she was plaine dealing woman.

For all her pretty parts,
    I never enough shall wonder.
She ouercame all hearts,
    and all hearts made to wonder.

Her breath it is so sweet,
    so sweet the like felt no man,
Oh, Shepheards never lo, lo, lost,
    so plaine a dealing woman.

Her eyes did shine like glasse,
    to grace her comely feature:
Faire Venus she did farre surpasse,
    she was a comely creature.

But oh she was so coy,
    as never yet was no one:
Cupid that blind bo, bo, boy,
    my plaine dealing Woman.

So beautilfull was she,
    in fauour and in feature:
Her well shapt limbs did shew,
    she was a comely creature:
What grieue was this to me,
    I judge all true hearted yong men:
To haue so great a lo, lo, losse,
    of my plaine dealing woman.

Diana faire and chast,
    on her might well attend,
A Nymph she was at least,
    and to Shepheards a great friend:
And oh she was so kind,
    as never yet was no one,
A man could hardly fi, fi, find,
    so plaine a dealing woman.

So courtesious she was,
    I and so kind to all men:
What better pleasure could you wish,
    then so plaine a dealing woman:
But now alas shees gone
    it makes my heart to pitty:
Oh there was never such an o, o, other wench
    in Country as in Citty.

Alas Shepheards all farewell,
    since death hath me ore taken:
Unto the world may tell,
    that I am quite forsaken,
And so to all adieu,

\[17\] i.e., She was both lovable and chaste. \[18\] **Ceres** goddess of harvests. Her unusual role here as giver of beauty may imply that the beloved’s beauty was entirely the product of nature and country life. \[20-22\] Satyrs were seen as lecherous, but she could resist their advances. \[23\] **nice** strict, scrupulous (OED’s). **coy** reserved, distant. \[51\] **A Nymph ... at least** if not a goddess like Diana.
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...goe forth I pray and summon,
    flaunting: winsome, attractive; band (of shepherds)
The flanting crew to mourn for me,
    and my plaine dealing woman.
Put on your mourning weeds,
    and bring the wreath of willow:
Goe tell the world I am dead,
    and make the ground my pillow.
And ring, ding dong, ding dong,
    ding dong, adew,
Loue you no more so so long,
    but change each day a new.

Come Shepheards leave your sighing
    and wipe away your teares,
And let vs fall to piping,
    to drie away all cares:
For though that she be gone,
    that was so faire a good one,
Yet once more may we find
    as plaine a dealing woman.

    The Second Part of the Plaine dealing woman.

Ye Siluan Nymphes come skip it,
    mistletoe
and crowne your heads with Mistle:
Yee faire Ewes come trip it,
    i.e., field covered with flowers
on earths imbrodered kirtle.
And O you Driades,
    dryads, wood-nymphs
which haunt the coolest Fountaines:
Come leaue your silken shadie groues,
    ?soft, soothing
and sport it in the Mountaines.

    For lo the Gods obtaine it,
    that wonders shall possesse her:
And Nature did decree it,
    when she with life did blesse her.
The Quene of Loue disdaind not
    faire Phillis for her feature,
For all the world containd not
    so rare a comely creature.

    Diana made her chast,
    wise
and Pallas made her witty:
The Goddesse Ceres grac’t
    her heart with loue and pitty.
The Muses did select her,
    to grace their learned number:
And Venus did elect her,
    the onely beautious wonder.

When loue beheld her beauty,
    the demands or requisites of love
his Leda did repent him:
Loue thought that in loues duty,
    she onely did content him.
And Phœbus blusht to know it,
    misled, deceived
that Daphne had abus’d him,
For lo, her worth did show, that
    desertles she refus’d him.

98 She will be endowed with marvellous qualities. 101-2 Phillis’ features attracted or won the favour of Venus herself. 106 Pallas] Minerva or Athena, goddess of wisdom. 107 Ceres] Even vaguer reference to Ceres than in 18. 114 He regretted having courted Leda instead of Phillis. 117 Phœbus] Apollo, who pursued Daphne till she turned into a laurel. 119-20 The plain-dealing woman’s worth shows that by contrast, Daphne did not have enough merit or desert to refuse Apollo’s love. 120 she] Daphne.
Pan was enamoured on her,
his Syrinx could not please him:
And when he lookt vpon her,
her very sight did ease him:  comfort, please

The Satyre mournd to misse her,
whom all the world admired:
Suluanus wisht to kisse her,
whom greatest Gods desired.

Cupid his Psyche left,
to feed his eies vpon her,
Of Godlike power bereft,
that her he more might honour.

His bow and shafts he gave her,
wherewith she wounds all hearts
So well she doth behauie her,
like loue in all his parts.

I list no more to praise her,
whom heauen and earth admire,
A lofter Muse must raise her,
whose verse can mount vp higher:

A golden pen must write it,
dipt in the Muses Fountaine,
And they themselues indite it,
vpvn their sacred Mountaine.

Then O yee Shepheard Swaines,
with garlands deck your bonnets,
And let th’Arcadian plaines
ring forth with Lyrick Sonets:

Come tune your rurall voyces,
to chant her matchlesse merits,
Whose faire exceeds all beauties
the spacious world inherits.

149 FAIR DULCINA COMPLAINETH

From the Shirburn Ballads, BL, a ms collection from James I’s reign apparently transcribed from printed broadsides, though for about half the poems (including this one), the printed versions have not been found. The formal tone, classical allusions and intricate stanza-form distance this poem from the run of broadside ballads. Punctuation lightly modified (including the median comma in the refrain) and line-initials regularized. Cf. refrain with no.159.

An excellent newe dyttye, wherein fayre Dulcina complaineth for the absence of her dearest Coridon, but at length is comforted by his presence.

To the tune of Dulcina.

The golden god Hyperion
by Thetis is saluted
Yet comes as Shepard Coridon
in Brydall cloothinge suited.

Dulcina then did say that men
were chaunging like the silver moone.

122 Syrinx] Syrinx, the nymph transformed into a reed to escape the pursuit of Pan. 127 Suluanus] one of the chief wood-gods. 129 Psyche] secretly loved by Cupid, until she disobeyed his injunction not to look at him when he visited her. 136 She is as effective in handling Cupid’s bows and arrows as Cupid (loue) himself. 142-4 Muses Fountaine ... sacred Mountaine] Aganippe or Hippocrene, springs sacred to the Muses at the foot of Mount Helicon. 6,3 Dulcina] a popular tune, used in at least 4 ballads as well as other songs, the earliest from 1615. Also known as ‘From Oberon in fairyland’ and ‘Robin Goodfellow’; see Chappell, Popular Music I, 142-3, II,771. 1-2 The rising sun is reflected in the sea. 1 Hyperion] father of Helios the sun-god, but often identified with the latter; hence the sun. 2 Thetis] a Nereid or sea-nymph, hence the sea. 6 chaunging like the silver moone] Reverses the usual topos of women being fickle and changeable like the moon. But the refrain invests the woman with changing and contrary moods.
And now I feare, I buy too deare, forge me now, come to me soone.

Wandring by the silver mountaines
seeking my sweet Sheppardes swaine,
I hard the christall humming fountaines
morningly with me complaine.

How I am slayne, By loves disdaine,
and all my musicke out of tune.
Yet will I singe, No other thinge,
forge me now, come to me soone.

Love is in her blooming blasted
deceaved by a golden tongue.
Vaine delightes haue fondly tasted
sweetes that bringe me bytert wrong.

Yet hees a creature, For his feature,
more loynd then the sunnye or moone.
Sweet tumne againe, The flowre of men,
forge me now, come to me soone.

Let Satyres sing the Rundelayes
and fayrues daunce their twilights round,
Whilst we in Venus sugred playes
do se solace on the flowery ground.

The darkest night, For our delight
is still as pleasant as the moone.
Within thy armes When Cupid charmes
Dulcina cannot be to soone.

A sheephooke all of good red gould
my Coridon Ile the provide
To drive my lambes vnto their fold,
soe I may bee thy wedded bride:

And for thy sake, Ile garlands make
Of Rosye buds and Hawthorne bloome.
Make noe delay, But sweetly say
Ile come to my Dulcina soone.

As shee in sorrow thus sat weeping
goulden slumber closd her eyes,
The shepard came and found her sleeping
saying fayre Dulcina rise.

Let love adorn Our bridall mornes,
now bles doe ring a silver tune
And pretty faunes Daunce ore the Lawnds
to thinke what loyes will follow soone.

The second part to the same tune

A hundreth shephards come with him,
attreyd all in cuntry gray:
With oaten reedes they piped trime
in honour of Loves holy day:

Their bonnets fayre Embrodred were
In beauty lyke a winters moone,
Which set on fire The sweet desire
Of wished loyes that followed soone.

Loyalty with loves requited
yf that lovers haue contentinge
And pleasure stolne will be affrighted

---

7 buy too deare] pay too high a price, do something I will regret. 9 silver] presumably with mist. 20 sweetes ... wrong] pleasures that bring me deep suffering. 33 red] a conventional epithet for gold (OED 3). 47 faunes] probably wood-gods rather than young deer. 50 gray] coarse unbleached cloth of that colour (OED 1, 2).
pastoral poetry of the english renaissance

60 soone by jealous head tormentinge.
For styll their yses, In lovers eyes
a fancy changing like the moone
Yet in my brest, A constant rest
of sweet delight that comes full soone.

Our woodnymphs on their sommer greenes
God Cupid kindly to content,
Will foote it like the nymble Queenses
that daunst in Lady Venus tent:
And Hymens hands TYe holy bandes
this bridall day, before yse noone,

70 A fayrer dame, Did never Swain
say, come Dulcina to me soone.
The day is spent with sweet desires,
our wishes welcome gentle night,
And virgins lampes of Hymens fires
doe lead the way to loves delight.
Come nymph and rest Vpon my brest
tyll cockes do crow their morning tune.
Then letes awake, And pastime make
and tast the ioyes we shall haue soone.

Aurora blushing white and redde
now lends vs pleasure in our sleepe,
And bright Appollo from his bed,
betwene the silken Curtaines keepes,
And with his face Gues sweeter grace
then Phœbus doth at cheererfull noone.
Leaue of to say Away away,
and lye be still thy comfort soone.

Thys hand in hand desire did meete,
as men and maydens vs to doe,
If yow attempt a Lady sweete
come learne of Coridon to woe.
The country Swaine Is alwayes plaine
and singes to love the sweetest tune,
Be not to coy But say with ioy
for go me nowe, come to me soone.

150 A PLEASANT COUNTRY MAYING SONG

Broadsie ballad (c.1625) from the Pepys collection, Magdalene College, Cambridge.

A pleasant Country Maying Song. To the tune of the Popes Machina

In this merry Maying time,
Now comes in the Sommer prime.
Countrey Damsels fresh and gay,
Walke abroade to gather May:

In an euening make a match,
In a morning bowes to fetch.
Well is she that first of all,
Can her louver soonest call,

67-8 nymble ... tent an unusual way of referring to the Graces. 75 virgins lampes | torches carried by virgins in a wedding procession, in honour of Hymen the god of marriage. The phrase also recalls the five wise virgins, brides of Christ, in the parable in Matthew 25.1-13. 79 awake | stay awake (OED 4). o.1 Popes Machina | Tune otherwise unknown. 4 gather May | 'go Maying', go to the woods to gather flowers and branches for May-day festivities.
Meeting him without the towne,
Where he gies his Loue a gowne.
   Tib was in a gowne of gray,
   Tom he had her at a bay.

Hand in hand they take their way,
   Catching many a rundelay,
   Greeting her with a smile,
   Kissing her at every stile.

Then he leads her to the Spring,
   Where the Primrose reigneth king.
   Upon a bed of Violets blew,
   Downe he throws his Louer true.

She puts finger in the eye,
   And checkes him for his qualitie.
   She bids him to her mothers house,
   To Cakes and Creame and Country souce.  

He must tell her all his mind,
   But she will sigh and stay behind.
   Such a countrey play as this,
   The maids of our towne cannot mis.

They will in a morning gay,
   Decke themselues and gather May.
   Then they will goe crop the flowers,
   Mongst the leaves and Country bowers.

When our maidens meet together,
   There is praying for faire weather.
   Glad are they to see the Sunne,
   That they may play when work is don.

Some at Dancings make a show,
   If they can get leaue to goe.
   Young men will for maidsens sakes,
   Giue them Sugar, Creame and Cakes to obtain or win a maiden

With a cup of dainty Wine,
   And it must be neate and fine.
   Some of them for their good cheare,
   Payes three quarters of a yeare.

'Thou at the first I liked well,
   Cakes and Creame do make me swell.'
   This pretty maiden waxeth big:
   See what 'tis to play the Rig.

Up she deckes her white and cleene,
   To trace the medowes fresh and green:
   Or to the good towne she will wend
   Where she points to meet her friend.

---

9 towne] village (OED 3).
10 gray] specifically, cloth of that colour, perhaps unbleached cloth (OED gray adj 1.i.d.(a), (b)).
11 at a bay] cornered like a hunted animal; but used more lightly and neutrally of a lover’s close proximity to his beloved (OED bay n43b).
12 Catching ... rundelay] Singing a catch or round, where several persons sing simultaneously but in staggered or deferred fashion, each singing the line the previous one has concluded. 13 Spring] a grove of young trees (OED 7).
14 rundelay] a grove of young trees (OED 7).
15 tosle] a wanton woman; but also as in play the rig, sport or frolick.

---

20 souse: pickles, especially of pigsmeat

---

21-2 pul... qualitie] makes a pretence of weeping in order to test his love. 27 countrey play] rural sport, with suggestion of play, play-acting, drama (see 21-2n).
22 defines a particular term. 28 No maiden in our village can mis such an experience. 41 dainty] choice in taste (OED 3).
42 Payes] Pays the price, after 'three quarters of a yeare' or the period of pregnancy. 43 Rig] a wanton woman; but also as in play the rig, sport or frolick.
Her gowne was tuckt aboue the knee,
Her milkwhite smock that you may see.
   Thus her amorus Loue and she,
Sports from eight a clocke till three:

All the while the Cuckow sings,
Towards the evening home she flings,
   And brings with her an Oaken bow,
   With a Country Cake or two.

Straight she tells a solemn tale,
How she heard the Nightingale,
   And how each medow greenly springs:
But yet not how the Cuckow sings.

In the merry Maying time,
Loue is in her chiefest prime.
   rustics
What for Gentlemen and Clownes,
Our country maids can want no gowns.

Sillibubs and dainty cheare,
   drink of flavoured milk
Yong men lacke not all the yeere.
   young men
All the maidens in the street
   coats, dresses
With the bonny Yonkers meet.

All the while the grasse is greene,
And the Dasies grow betweene,
   Cuckow specially held to announce cuckoldry, but here promiscuity generally.
   Between the gifts of high-ranking and rustic lovers, the maids cannot lack for clothes; perhaps also implying they do not need clothes, i.e. they are undressed by the men. 67 Gentlemen] whose advances to and seductions of rustic women were the stuff of much literature in various keys, including the pastourelle.

Thus the Robin and the Thrush,
Musicke make in every bush.
   pull up violently (OED 6).
While they charmee their pretty notes,
   coats, dresses
Young men hurle vp maidens cotes.

But 'cause I will do them no wrong,
Here I end my Maying song,
   hurle up]
   pull up violently (OED 6).
   0.3 the Mother beguiles the Daughter] a tune used in many ballads, linked to the popular 'Gramercy'; see Chappell, Popular Music 1.356.
   gray] coarse unbleached cloth of that colour (OED gray adj 1.d.(a), (b)).
And with my friends take heed in time,
How they spend their Summer's prime.

151 Martin Parker(?) The Country Lasse

Broadside ballad (c.1628) ascribed to Martin Parker, the celebrated ballad-writer, from the initials 'M.P.' in one copy. A notably different Scottish version appears (in modern spelling) in Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs (1776). Although much later in date, this version is added below to indicate the continuing popularity of the ballad.

The Country Lasse.

To a dainty new note, Which if you cannot hit,
   That's the Mother beguiles the Daughter.
There's another tune which doth as well fit.
   Although I am a Country Lasse,
That's the Mother beguiles the Daughter.

Although I am a Country Lasse,
   a lofty mind I beare a,
   Coarse unbleached cloth of that colour (OED gray adj 1.d.(a), (b)).
yet is my skin so soft a,
As those that with the chiefest wines
do bathe their bodies oft a.

_Downe, downe, derry, derry downe,
hey downe a downe a downe a,
A derry, derry derry, derry, downe,
heigh downe a downe a derry._

What though I keepe my Fathers sheepe,
a thing that must be done a,
A Garland of the fairest Flowers
shall shrowd me from the Sun a,
And when I see they feeding be,
where grasse and flowers spring a,
Close by a chrystall fountaines side,
I sit me downe and sing a,

_Downe, downe etc:_

Dame Nature crownes vs with delight,
surpassing Court or City;
Wee pleasures take from morne to night,
in sport and pastimes pretty:
Your Courtly Dames in Coaches ride
abroad for recreation;
We Countrey Lasses hate their pride,
and keepe the Countrey fashion.

_Downe, downe etc:_

Your City Wiues lead wanton liues,
and if they come i th’ Countrey,
They are so proud, that each one striues
for to out-braue our Gentry:
We Countrey Lasses homely be,
for seate nor wall we striue not;
We are content with our degree,
our debtors we depriuie not:

_Downe, downe, etc:_

I care not for a Fanne nor Maske,
when Tytans heate reflecteth,
A homely Hat is all I aske,
which well my face protecteth,
Yet am I in my Countrey guise
esteemed a Lasse as pretty,
As those that euery day devise
new shapes in Court and City:

_Downe, etc._

In euery season of the yeere,
I vndergoe my labour,
Nor showre nor wind at all I feare,
my limmes I doe not fauour:
If Summers heate my beauty staine,
it makes me nere the sicker,
Sith I can wash it off againe
with a cup of Christmas liquor:

_Downe, downe derry derry downe,
heigh downe a downe a downe a,
A derry derry, derry derry downe,
heigh downe a downe a derry._

---

26 _Coaches_ a new and derided luxury at that time (as opposed to riding on horseback).
36 _seate_ authority: rank, position.
38 _our debtors ... not_ unlike courtiers, who notoriously did not pay their debts, esp. for clothes and other luxuries.
41 _reflecteth_ shines, beats down (OED 4).
The second Part. To the same tune.

At Christmas time in mirth and glee,
I dance with young men neatly
And who i’ th’ City, like to me
shall pleasure tast compleatly?
No sport but pride and luxury
i’ th’ City can be found then,
But bounteous hospitality
i’ th’ Countrey doth abound then.

*Downe, downe, etc.*

I’ th’ Spring my labour yeelds delight,
to walke i’ th’ merry morning,
When Flora is, to please my sight,
the ground with Flowers adorning.
With merry Lads to make the Hay
I goe and do not grumble;
My worke doth seeme to me but play,
when with young men I tumble.

*Downe, etc.*

The Larke and Thrush from bryar to bush
doe leape and skip and sing a,
And all is then to welcome in
the long and lookt-for Spring a:
We feare not Cupids arrowes keene,
Dame Venus we defe a,
Diana is our honoured Queene,
and her wee magnifie a.

*Downe, etc.*

That which your City Damsells scorne,
we hold our chiefest Jewell,
Without, to worke at Hay and corne,
within, to bake and brew well:
To keepe the Dayry decently,
and all things cleane and neatly,
Your city Minions doe defe,
their scorne we weigh not greatly:

*Downe, etc.*

When we together a milking goe,
with payles upon our heads a,
And walking ouer woods and fields,
where grasse and flowers spreds a,
In honest pleasure we delight,
which makes our labour sweet a,
And mirth exceeds on euery side,
when Lads and Lasses meete a:

*Downe, etc.*

Then doe not scorne a countrey Lasse,
though shee be plaine and meanely:
Who takes the countrey Wench to wife,
(that goeth neate and cleanly)
Is better sped, then if hee wed
a fine one from the city,
For there they are so nicely bred,
they must not worke for pitty.

*Downe, etc.*
I speake not this to that intent,
(as some may well conjecture)
As though to wooing I were bent,
  no, I nere learn’d Loues lecture:  
But what I sing is in defence
  of all plaine countrey Lasses,
Whose modest, honest innocence,
  all city Girles surpasses.

Downe, downe, derry derry downe,
  heigh downe a downe a downe a,
A derry derry derry downe,
  heigh downe a downe a derry.

Alternative version, from Herd’s Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs (1776)

Country Lass.

Altho’ I be but a country lass,
  Yet a lofty mind I bear–O,
And think myself as good as those
  That rich apparel wear–O,
Altho’ my gown be hame-spun grey,
  My skin it is as soft–O,
As them that sattin weeds do wear,
  And carry their heads aloft–O.

What tho’ I keep my father’s sheep?
  The thing that must be done–O,
With garlands of the finest flow’rs
  To shade me frae the sun–O,
When they are feeding pleasantly,
  Where grass and flowers do spring–O,
Then on a flow’ry bank at noon,
  I set me down and sing–O.

My Paisley piggy cork’d with sage,
  Contains my drink but thin–O,
No wines do e’er my brain enrage,
  Or tempt my mind to sin–O.
My country curds and wooden spoon
  I think them unco fine–O,
And on a flowery bank at noon
  I set me down and dine–O.

Altho’ my parents cannot raise
  Great bags of shining gold–O,
Like them whose daughters now-a-days
  Like swine are bought and sold–O;
Yet my fair body it shall keep
  An honest heart within–O,
And for twice fifty thousand crowns
  I value not a pin–O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,
  Nor chains about my neck–O,
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
  My fingers straight to deck–O,
But for that lad to me shall fa’,
  And I have grace to wed–O,
I’ll keep a jewel worth them a’,
  I mean my maidenhead–O.
If canny Fortune give to me
    The man I dearly love—O,
Tho’ we want gear I dinna care,
    My hands I can improve—O,
Expecting for a blessing still
    Descending from above—O,
Then we’ll embrace and sweetly kiss,
    Repeating tales of love—O.

152 The Obsequy of Faire Phyllida

Broadside ballad (c. 1530) in the Roxburghe collection, BL. The poem repeats a theme found in many ballads (e.g. ‘The Lover’s Delight’ above), of the chaste shepherdess who follows the virgin goddess Diana and therefore has Venus as her enemy.

The Obsequy of faire Phyllida With the Shepheardes and Nymphs lamentation for her losse.
To a new Court Tune.

The fairest Nymph that vallyes
Or Mountaines euer bred,
The shepheardes joy,
So beautifull and coy,
Faire Phyllida is dead;
On whom they oft haue tended,
And carol’d on the Plaines
And for her sake
Sweet Roundelayes did make,
Admir’d by rurall Swaines:

But cruell Fates the beauties enuying
Of this blooming Rose,
So ready to disclose,
With a frost vnkindly
Nipt the bud vntimely,
So away her glory goes.

The Sheep for woe goe bleating,
That theyr Goddesse misse,
And sable Ewes,
By their mournfull shewes,
Her absence, cause of this;

The Nymphs leaue off their dancing,
Pans Pipe of joy is cleft;
For great’s his grieue,
He shunneth all relieue,
Since she from him is reft.

Come, fatall Sisters, leaue there your spoole
Leaue mourning altogether,
That made this flower to wither:

Let enuy, that foule Vipresse,
Put on a wreath of Cypresse,
Singing sad Dirges altogether.

Diana was chiefe mourner,
At these sad Obsequies,
Who with her traine
Went tripping ore the Plaine,
Singing dolefull Elegies:

Menalchus and Amintas,
And many Shepheardes moe,
With mournefull Verse,
Did all attend her Hearse,
And in sable sadly goe:

*Flora,* the Goddes that vsed to beautify
Faire *Phillis* louely bowers,
With sweet fragrant flowers,
Now her graue adorned,
And with flowers mourned.

Teares thereon in vaine she powres.

Venus alone triumphed,
To see this dismall day,
Who did despaire,
That *Phyllida* the faire
Her lawes would nere obey.

The blinded boy his arrowes
And Darts were vainely spent:
Her heart, alas,
Inpenetrable was,
And to loue would nere assent:

At which affront *Citharea* repined,
‘Cause death with his Dart,
Had pierc’t her tender heart:
But her noble spirit
Doth such joyes inherit,
Which from her shal nere depart.

---

**153 The Shepherd and the King**

Broadside ballad of c.1640 in the BL.

The Shepheard and the King, and of *Gillian* the Shepheards Wife, with her Churlish answers: being full of mirth and merry pastime. To the tune of *Flying Fame*.

An Elder time there was so yore,
when gyves of Churlish glee
Were us’d amongst our Country Carles,
though no such thing now be:
The which King *Alfred* liking well,
forsooke his stately Court:
And in disguise unknowne went forth, to see that loviall sport.

Now *Dick* and *Tom* in clouted shooone,
and coats of russet Gray,
Esteem’d themselves more brave then those
that went in Golden ray.
In Garments fit for such a life,
our good King *Alfred* went,
All rag’d and torne, as from his backe,
the Begger his clothes had rent.

A Sword and Buckler good and strong
to give Jack-sauce a rap:
And on his head in stead of a Crowne,
he wore a *Monmouth* Cap;
Thus coasting thorrow *Somerset* Shire,
neere *Newton* Court he met
A shepherd swaine, of lusty limbs,
that up and downe did jet.

---

59 *Citharea* | Venus, so called from her ancient shrine at Cythara in Laconia.  
60 *death with his Dart* | in contrast to Cupid’s unavailing dart (54–5).  
60 *Flying Fame* | The tune of at least 9 ballads, prob. an older name for ‘Chevy Chase’: see Chappell, *Popular Music* I.198–9.  
10 *russet* | a kind of coarse cloth, not necessarily russet in colour.  
15–16 as from *rent* | like what was left after a beggar had stolen the better items.
He wore a Bonnet of good gray,  
close button’d to his chin:    
And at his backe a leather Scrip,  
with much good meate therein.  
God speed good Shepheard (quod our King)  
I come to be thy Guest,  
To taste of thy good victuall here.  
and drinke that’s of the best.  

Thy scrip I know hath cheare good store,  
What then, (the Shepheard said)  
Thou seem’st to be some sturdy Theefe,  
and mak’st mee sore afraid.  
Yet if thou wilt thy dinner winne,  
thy sword and buckler take:  
And if thou canst, into my Scrip  
therewith an entrance make.  

I tell thee Roister it hath store  
of Beef and Bacon fat,  
With shives of Barley bread to make  
thy chaps to water at:  
Here stands my bottle, here my Bag,  
if thou canst win them, Roister.  
Against the Sword and Buckler here,  
my sheep-hooke is my waster.  

Benedicite now (quoth our King)  
it never shall be said,  
That Alfred of the Shepheard’s hooke,  
will stand a whit afraid.  
So roundly thus they both fell toot,  
where giving bang for bang,  
At every blow the shepheard gave,  
King Alfrede sword cride twang.  

His Buckler prov’d his chiefest fence,  
for still the Shepheard’s hooke  
Was that, the which good Alfred could  
in no good manner brooke.  
At last when they had fought four houres,  
and it grew just mid-day,  
And wearyed both, with right good will,  
desir’d each other stay.  

Kings truce I cry, quoth Alfred then,  
good Shepheard hold thy hand:  
A sturdier fellow then thy selfe,  
lives not within this Land:  
Nor a Lustier Roister then thou art,  
the churlish Shepheard said:  
To tell thee plaine, thy Theevesh lookes  
now make my heart afraid.  

Else sure thou art some Prodigall,  
that hast consum’d thy store:  
And here com’st wandring to this place,  
to rob and steal for more.  
Deeme not of me, then (quoth our King)  
good Shepheard, in such sort:  
A Gentleman well knowne I am,  
in good King Alfred’s Court.

The Devill thou art, the Shepheard said,  
thou goest in ragges all torne:
Thou rather seem st (I thinke) to be  
some Beggar basely borne:
But if thou wilt mend thy estate,  
and here a Shepheard be,
At night to Gillian my old wife,  
thou shalt goe home with mee.

For shee's as good a toothlesse Dame,  
as mumbleth on browne Bread:
Where thou shalt lye in harden sheetes,  
upon a fresh straw bed:
Of Whig and Whay, we have great store,  
and keepe good Peat-straw fires:
And now and then good barly cakes,  
when better day requires.

But for my Master, which is chiefe  
and Lord of Newton Court:
He keepes (I say) us Shepheard Swaines  
in farre more braver sort:
We there have Curds and clouted Cream  
of red Cowes morning milke:
And now and then fine Buttered Cakes,  
as soft as any silke.

Of Beefe, and reeved Bacon store,  
that is most fat and greazie,
Wee have likewise to feed our Chops,  
to make them glib and easie.
Thus if thou wilt my man become,  
this usage thou shalt have.
If not adue, goe hang thy selfe,  
and so farewell sir knave.

King Alfred hearing of this glee  
the churlish Shepheard said,  
Was well content to be his man,  
and so the bargain made:
A penny round the Shepheard gave,  
in earnest of the match:
To keepe his sheepe in Field and Fold,  
as Shepheard use to watch.

His wages should be full ten Groates,  
for service of a yeare:
Yet was it not his use, old Lad,  
to hire a man so deare:
For did the King himselfe (quoth he)  
unto my Cottage come:
He should not for his twelve-months pay,  
receive a greater summe.

Hereat the bonny King grew blythe,  
to heare this Clownish jest:
How silly Sots, as Custome is,  
doe descant on the best.
But not to spoile the following sports  
he was content (good King)
To fit the Shepheard humors right,  
in every kind of thing.
A Sheep-rouleth then, with Patch his Dog,
and Tar-box by his side,
He with his Master cheek by jowle,
unto old Gillian hyed:

Unto whose sight no sooner come,
whom have you here (quoth she?)
A fellow I doubt will cut our throats,
So like a knave looks he.

Not so old dame, quoth Alfred straight,
of mee, you need not feare:
My Master hath hired me for ten Groates,
to serve you one whole yeare,
So good Dame Gillian grant me leave
within your house to stay:

For by Saint Anne doe what you can,
I will not yet away.

Her churlish usage pleas’d him still,
but put him to such profe
That he that night was almost choakt
within that smoakie roof.
But as he sate with smiling cheere,
the event of all to see:

His Dame brought forth a piece of Dowe,
which in the fire throwes she.

Where lying on the Harth to bake,
by chance the Cake did burne:
What canst thou not, thou Lowt, quoth she
take paines the same to turne?
Thou art more quick to rake it out,
and eat it up halfe Dowe,
Then thus to stay till’t be enough,
and so thy manners show.

But serve mee such another tricke,
Ile thwack thee on the snout:
Which made the patient King, good man,
of her to stand in doubt.
But to be briefe, to bed they went,
the good-man and his Wife:
But never such a lodging had
King Alfred in his life.

For he was laid on white Sheepe’s woll,
new pull’d from tanned Fells:
And ore his head hung spiders webs,
as if they had been Bells:

Is this the Country guise, thought he?
then here I will not stay:
But hence be gone as soone as breaks the peeping of next day.

The cackling Geese and Hens kept roost,
and pearcht by his bed side:
Where at the last the wrathfull Cocks
made knowne the morning tide:

Then up got Alfred, with his horne,
and blew so long a blast,

That made Gillian and her Grome
in bed full sore agast.
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Arise, quoth she, we are undone,
    this night we lodged have,
At unawares within our house,
   a false dissembling Knave.
Rise, husband, rise, he’ll cut our throats,
  he calleth for his Mates,
Ide give (old Wil) our good Cade-Lambe
he would depart our Gates.
But still King Alfred blew his horne,
    before them more and more:
Till that a hundred Lords and Knights
    alighted at their doore.
Which cryed all hayle, all hayle good King,
    long have we look’t your Grace:
And here you find (my merry men all)
your Soveraigne in this place.

We shall be surely hang’d up both,
    old Gillian, I much feare,
The Shepheard said, for using thus
    our good King Alfred here:
A pardon my Liege (quoth Gillian then)
    for my Husband and for mee:
By these ten bones, I never thought
    the same that now I see.

And by my hooke, the Shepheard said,
    and Oath both good and true,
Before this time, O Noble King,
    I never your highnesse knew:
Then pardon me, and my old Wife,
    that we may after say:
When first you came into our house,
    it was a happy day.

It shall be done, said Alfred straight,
    and Gillian my old Dame,
For this thy churlish using me,
    deserveth not much blame:
For this thy Countrey guise, I see,
    to be thus bluntish still,
And where the plainest meaning is,
    remains the smallest ill.

And Master, so I tell thee now,
    for thy late manhood showne,
A thousand Weathers Ile bestow
    upon thee for thine owne:
With pasture grounds, as much as will
    suffice to feed them all:
And this thy cottage, I will change
    into a stately Hall.

As for the same (as dutie bindes)
    the Shepheard said, good King,
A milke white Lambe once every Yeere,
    Ile to your Highnesse bring:
And Gillian my old Wife likewise,
    of wooll to make your Coates,
Will give so much at New-yeeres tide,
    as shall be worth ten Groates.

199 Cade-Lambe] a lamb reared by hand as a pet, thus a special object of affection. 215 ten bones] a common oath of uncertain meaning: perhaps the ten fingers. 231-2 Where one’s conduct is most open and simple, there is least offence. 248 ten Groates] the payment he had promised the king (121).
And in your prayse, my Bag-pipe shall
sound sweetly every yeere:
How Alfred our renowned King,
most kindly hath beeene here.
Thanks, Shepheard, thanks, quod he againe,
the next time I come hither,
My Lords with me here in this house,
will all be merry together.

154 The Lover's Delight

Broadside ballad (prob. c.1640) from the Roxburghe Collection, BL. The first three stanzas appeared earlier in Henry Youll's song-book Canzonets to three Voyces (1608). The names 'Strephan' and 'Clayes' derive from Strephon and Claius in Sidney's Arcadia, both in fruitless love with Urania, but warm friends despite their rivalry.

The Lovers delight: OR, A pleasant Pastorall Sonnet To a new Court Tune.

Come love, let's walke into the springe,                        spring, a copse of young trees
where weel will heare the blackbird singe;
The Robin Redbrest, and the Thrush,     the nightingale on thornie bush,
Their musick sweetely Carrowling,    that to my love Content may bring.
In yonder dale there are sweete flowers, with many pleasant shadie bowers;
A pearling brooke with silver streames,  all beautified with Phebus beames:
I stood behind a tree for feare,  to see Dyana bathe her there.

See where the nimph, with all her traine  vigorously, swiftly
comes tripping ore the Parke a maine:
In yonder grove there will they stay
at barlie-breake to sport and playe:
Where wee will sitt us downe and see
faire beautie mixt with Chastitie.

The youthfull shepheard with delight
will tune a pleasant oaten pipe:
Each neartesse fine with heavenly note
will stretch and straine her varied throate;
So loud and cleare their nimphs will sing
that hills and valleys all will ringe.

The shepheard Strephan with his friend
the faithfull Clayes will attend
By playe before the Queene, to prove
who best deserves Vranias love:
A most strange sight there shall you see
rivalls of love and amitie.

Menalcaz and Amintas young,
brave Coridon, and Thersis strong
Your minds would unto pleasure move
to have them plead for Phillis love:
Judge of these triumphs who shall be
but the faire Queene of chastity?

0.1 Sonnet[ song. 5 Their musick] Youll has the Mauis (song-thrush), which gives a richer reading. 11-12 Reflecting the myth of Actaon, who saw the naked Diana bathing and, for this intrusion, was turned to a stag hunted down by his own hounds. 13 the nimph] presumably the Queene (27), a shepherdess presiding over maying or some other festival: named as Cilrana (81). 16 barlie-breake] a country game. 23 their nimphs] unclear. Perhaps a misprint for the nimphs. 30 rivalls ... amitie] i.e. vying in friendly feeling for each other as well as in love for Urania.
Under the shade of yonder pine
you see a Royall throne devine
Prepared for the Judge to sit,
the Queene of beauty and of wit,
Wise Pallas in her Majesty
the pavid Judge is chose to be.

The Queene of love is banisht thence
for fear that Phãbe take offence;
Her wanton Sonne must not come there,
or Cytharea once appeare:
It grieves my heart to thinke that shee
from this aspect exempt must be.

For if the Queene of love should spie
the splendour of thy heavenly eye,
Shee should perswade her winged Sonne
to wound thy heart as hee hath done
My silly breast with dreade and feare,
but O the chance, shee is not here.

See where the wood-Nimphys rankt do stand
with each a garland in her hand,
Compact of mirtle and sweete bayes;
for who deserved the chiepest prayse
In pleading of their passions here,
the Lawrell Crowne away must beare.

Upon this bed of violets blew
a seate most fit for lovers true:
Here may wee sit us downe and see
love triumph in his Majesty:
By the sweete eclogs that are sung,
wee shall perceive, who suffered wrong.

But stay, the Judge is come to sit,
the Queene of chastity and wit:
The Shepheards all are ready here
in comly habit to appeare.
All wrongs here righted wee shall see
by the faire Queene of chastity.

The second part, To the same tune.

Sweet heart come tel me whose soft layes
in your conceit deserves most praise?
Or who did set forth passions best?
how Cupid wounded his brest?
I know you have noted all that’s past,
from the first man unto the last.

Me thought it great content did bring,
to heare the Shepheards carrowling,

To Crowne, Cilrana made her chosse
Menaleas, for his heavenly voyage;
Which glory did small pleasure move,
since Coridon had Phillis love.

---

40 The May Quean gradually merges into a mythic goddess. The scene suggests the judgment of Paris, though the goddesses here are the chaste Pallas (Minerva) and Diana. Also recalls many pastoral and mythological scenes in poetry and court entertainments, presided over by the virgin Queen Elizabeth, identified with both goddesses. 42 pavid] Only recorded sense ‘fearful, timid’, which hardly suits the context. Perhaps ‘awesome, fear-inspiring’. 46 Cytharea] Venus, after her early shrine on the island of Cythera. 49-54 Seeing a fit subject for love, Venus would have instructed Cupid to fire a dart at the beloved, as he has at the lover. But it is the lover’s ill luck that Venus is not there. 58-9 who deserved ... here] i.e. those who fare best in the song contest. 68 Queene of chastity and wit] Either another reference to Minerva (cf. 40), or a shift to Diana.
To wrastle and throw barres of length, 
all men gave place to Thersis strength: 
His stedfast footing none could move, 
yet for all this hee lost his love. 
No strength or harmony of voyce 
could Phillis move to make her choyce.

If it had rested in my power, 
there to have chose a paramour: 
Hee whom I thought deserv’d most grace, 
was young Amintas; whose sweet face, 
And nimble feete could not be matcht. 
The Deities I feare were catcht.

Did you not note how Pallas swore 
the like shee never saw before? 
Had Meliager made such hast, 
Athlanta had the wager lost: 
In token of deserved praise, 
she crowned him with lasting bayes.

Then Phæbe unto Phillis said, 
to make thy choyce be not afaire, 
For if I were the Nimph to choose, 
Amintas I would not refuse: 
But all in vaine they did exhort, 
for Corridon had Phillis heart.

Both Pallas and Diana chast 
did almost straine with breathles hast, 
Who could their prayses farther heape, 
on young Amintas and his sheepe, 
His person, gesture, and his grace 
they did applaud, and his sweete face.

But tell mee love the reason, why 
faire Phillis with the Christall eye, 
Did all the youthfull swaines refuse, 
and Corridon a love did chuse? 
Since they in beauty did excell, 
and for each prayse did beare the bell.

It seemes the beauty of the mind, 
did in this case strike Phillis blind: 
His eloquence of tongue and wit, 
in place whereas the Judge did sit 
Was his chiefe gaine, and their foule losse, 
Vlisses so diid Ajax crosse.

But one thing much doth make mee muse, 
why sweete Vrania did refuse 
Her two beloved Ryvalls there? 
in whom such friendship did appeare, 
That still they wil’d her with one voyce, 
in friendly wise to make her choyce.

How prettily they laid the ground, 
how shee at first their heart did wound, 
When shee by them her Neate did keepe,

99-100 Atalanta had sworn to marry the man who could beat her in a race, which Milanion (in some versions, Meleager) did by distracting her attention with golden apples given him by Venus. Atalanta is more famously associated with Meleager in the slaying of the Calydonian boar.  119 praze[ point of praise or excellence (OED 3).  126 Úlysses ... Ajax] Their contrast appears in, e.g., Iliad Bk.9, where Úlysses plays the leading role in their joint embassy to Achilles, or even in the sports contests in Bk.23. Cf. also Shakespeare’s Troilus and Cressida (e.g. 2.3.154-260).  133 laid the ground] recounted by way of introduction or preparation.
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and leaving the men halfe asleepe,
Her bird out of her pocket ranne,
and unto Strephans hand did come.

The pretty neatresse did awake,
heareing her fluttering bird escape,
And unto Strephans hand did bye,
he did restore imediately
Her bird, and eke his heart she got,
and in her snow white bosome put.

The silly bird but for his love
her passions could in no wayes move,
Neither for himselfe nor his trew friend,
as it appeared in the end,
That neither party should grow wroth,
shee most unkinde refused them both.

And now mee thinkes the sun growes low.
If you be mist, your friends will know
That you and I have beene alone,
which to prevent Ile bring you home,
To part it is a second hell,
oth to depart bids oft farewell.

155 Phillida Flouts Me

Broadside ballad (c.1650) from the Roxburghe collection, BL, but prob. harking back at least to the start of 17-c. (See Chappell, Roxburghe Ballads VII.460.) Cited in Walton’s The Compleat Angler (1653).

Phillida flouts me. OR, THE Country Lovers Complaint.

Who seeks by all means for to win his Love,
But she doth scorn him, and disdainful prove;
Which makes him for to sigh, lament and cry,
He fears for Phillida, that he shall dye.

To a pleasant Tune, Or, Phillida flouts me.

O what a Plague is Love,
how shall I bear it?
She will unconstant prove,
I greatly fear it;
It so torments my mind,
that my strength faileth,
She wavers with the wind,
as the ship saileth,
Please her the best you may,
She looks another way,
Alas and well a day,
Phillida Flouts me.

At the Fair, yesterday,
she did pass by me,
She lookt another way,
and would not spy me.
I woo’d her for to dine,
I could not get her.
Dick had her to the wine:

146 i.e. Strephon could not stir Urania’s passions by restoring the bird. 156 He who is reluctant to leave repeatedly bids farewell (to delay the moment of departure). 0.6 Phillida flouts me] First cited as ‘a new tune’ in The Crown Garland of Golden Roses, 1612: see Chappell, Popular Music, I.182, II.773.
he might intreat her,  
With Daniel she did dance 
On me she would not glance  
O thrice unhappy chance,  
*Phillida Flouts me.*

Fair maid be not so coy,  
do not disdain me.  
I am thy Mothers boy:  
sweet, entertain me.  
Shee’l give me when she dies  
all things thats fitting,  
*Phillida Flouts me.*

Her Poultry and her Bees,  
and her Geese sitting.  
A pair of *Mallerds* beds  
A barrel ful of Shreds  
And yet for all these goods  
*Phillida Flouts me.*

The second part, to the same Tune.  
Thou shalt eat curds and cream  
all the year lasting,  
And drink the Chrystal stream  
pleasant in tasting,  
Wig and whey till thou burst  
and bramble Berries:  
Pye-lid and Pasty crust  
Pears Plums and Cherries.  
Thy Garment shall be thin,  
Made of a Wethers skin,  
All is not worth a Pin.  
*Phillida Flouts me.*

Cupid hath shot his Dart  
and hath me wounded,  
It prick’t my tender heart,  
and ne’r rebounded:  
I was a fool to scorn  
his Bow and Quiver,  
I am like one forlorn,  
sick of a Feaver:  
Now I may weep and mourn  
Whilst with loves flames I burn  
Nothing will serve my turn,  
*Phillida Flouts me.*

I am a lively Lad  
how e’re she take me,  
I am not half so bad,  
as she would make me.  
Whether she smile or frown,  
she may deceive me,  
Ne’r a Girl in the Town,  
but fain would have me.  
Since she doth from me flye,  
Now I may sigh and dye,  
And never cease to cry  
*Phillida Flouts me.*

---

27 thy Mothers boy] the suitor favoured by your mother. But the following lines suggest that ‘thy’ may be a misprint for ‘my’.  
34 shreds] lengths of gold or silver thread or lace (*OED* 4).
In the last moneth of May,
    I made her Posies,
I heard her often say,
    that she lov’d Roses.
Cowslips, and Jilly-flowers,
    and the white Lilly,
I brought to deck the bowers,
    for my sweet Philly.
But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again,
Therefore its flat and plain,
    Phillida Flouts me.

Fair Maiden have a care
    and in time take me,
in good time, before it is too late
I can have those as fair,
    if you forsake me.
For Doll the Dairy Maid
laught at me lately,
And wanton Winifred
    favours me greatly.
One cast milk on my cloaths,
T’other plaid with my nose,
What wanton toys are those:
    Phillida Flouts me.

I cannot work and sleep
    all at a season,
at the due or regular time
Grief wounds my heart so deep
    without all reason,
I fade and pine away
    with grief and sorrow,
I fall quite to decay
    like any shaddow,
I shall be dead I fear
Within a thousand year,
All is for grief and care.
    Phillida Flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine
        wrought with good Coventry,
        handkerchief or kerchief
Which she keeps for a sign
        decorated, embroidered
of my Fidelity.
But in faith if she frown
    she shall not wear it.
I’le give it Doll my maid,
    and she shall tear it.
?maidservant, ?a substitute love
Since t’will no better be
wear it out, treat it roughly
I’le bear it patiently
Yet all the world may see
    Phillida Flouts me.

95 toys] ‘amorous sport, dallying’ (OED i).
110 Coventry] Coventry blue, a kind of thread used for embroidery.
156 Robin Hood and the Shepherd

A very popular broadside ballad, reprinted well into the 18-c. The text below follows a Bodleian copy (c.1655).


The Shepheard fought for twenty pound, and Robin for Bottle and Bag; But the Shepheard stout, gave them the rout, so sore they could not wag. stir, move

The Tune is, Robin and Queen Katherine.

All Gentlemen and Yeomen good, down adown, adown, adown,
I wish you to draw near, for a story of gallant bold Robin Hood
Unto you I will declare, down a, &c
As Robin Hood walikt the Forrest along, down a, &c.
Some pastime for to spie, there was he aware of a jolly Shepheard
That on the ground did lie, down a, &c.
Arise, arise, cried jolly Robin, down a, &c.
And now come let me see what is in thy bag and bottle (I say)
Come tell it unto me, down a, &c.
What's that to thee thou proud fellow, down a, &c.
Tell me as I do stand what thou hast to do with my bag and bottle,
Let me see thy command, down a &c.
My sword which hangeth by my side, down a &c.
Is my command I know, come and let me taste of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thy woe, down a &c.
Tut the Devil a drop thou proud fellow, down a &c.
Of my bottle thou shalt see, until thy valour here be tried Whether thou wilt fight or flee, down a &c.
What shall we fight for, cries bold Robin Hood down a &c.
Come tell it soon to me, here is twenty pounds in good Red Gold
Win it and take it thee, take it for yourself, have it down a &c.
The Shepherd stood all in amaze, down a &c.
And knew not what to say: I have no money thou proud fellow
But bag and bottle Ile lay, down a &c.

0.5 Robin and Queen Katherine] Robin Hood and Queen Katherine', a ballad using the old tune of 'The Three Ravens', dating back at least to 1611 and prob. much earlier. See Chappell, Popular Music I.59, II.390. 40 red] a common epithet for pure gold (hence turning red when heated).
I am content thou Shepherd Swain,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
Fling them down on the ground,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
but it will breed thee mickle pain
\[\text{much}\]
To win my twenty pound,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
Come draw thy sword thou proud fellow,
\[\text{sheep-hook}\]
thou stands too long to prate,
This hook of mine shall let thee know
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
a coward I do hate,

Down a \& c.

The second part, To the same Tune.

So they fell to it full hardy and sore,
\[\text{down adown adown adown,}\]
It was on a Summers day,
\[\text{sheep-hook}\]
From four till ten in the Afternoon,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
The Shepherd held him play,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
Robins Buckler proved his chiefest defence,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
And saved him many a bang,
\[\text{clang, resonate}\]
for every blow the Shepherd gave
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
Made Robins sword cry twang,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
Many a sturdie blow the Shepherd gave,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
And that bold Robin found,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
till the bloud ran trickling from his head,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
And then he fell to the ground,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
Arise, arise thou proud fellow,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
And thou shalt have fair play,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
if thou wilt yield before thou go
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
That I have won the day,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
A boon a boon cried bold Robin,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
If that a man thou be,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
then let me take my beugle horn
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
And blow but blasts three.
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
I will not thee deny,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
for if thou shouldst blow till to morrow morn
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
I scorn one foot to flie,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
And he blew with mickle main,
\[\text{great force}\]
until he espied little John
\[\text{running nimbly}\]
Come tripping over the plain.
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
O who is yonder thou proud fellow,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
That comes down yonder hill;
yonder is little John, bold Robin Hoods man,
Shal fight with thee thy fill.
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
What is the matter saies little John,
\[\text{down a \& c.}\]
Master come tell to me; 
    my case is great cries Robin Hood, state, condition; hence ?plight
for the Shepherd hath beaten me, 
  down a &c.
I am glad of that cries little John, 
  down a &c.
Shepherd turn thou to me; 
  for a bout with thee I mean to have, 
Either come fight or flee. 
  down a &c.
With all my heart thou proud fellow, 
  down a &c.
For it never shall be said, 
  that a Shepherds hook of thy sturdy look, 
Will one jot be dismaied. 
  down a &c.
So they fell to it full hardy and sore, boldly and violently
  down a &c.
Striving for victorie, 
  Ile know, saith John, o'er, over
Whether thou wilt fight or flee, 
  down a &c.
The Shepherd gave John a sturdie blow, 
  down a &c.
With his hook under the chin, 
  beshrew thy heart said Little John, 
Thou baselie dost begin. 
  down a &c.
Nay that's nothing said the Shepherd, 
  down a &c.
Either yield to me the daie, 
  or I will bang thee back and sides
Before thou go'st thy way. 
  down a &c.
What doest thou think thou proud fellow, 
  down a &c.
That thou canst conquer me: 
  nay thou shalt know before thou go,
Ile fight before ile flee. 
  down a &c.
The Shepherd he began: 
  hold, hold, cried Bold Robin Hood, 
I will yield the wager won, 
  down a &c.
With all my heart said Little John, 
  down a &c.
To that will I agree, 
  for he is the flower of Shepheards swains, 
The like I did never see. 
  down a &c.
Thus have you heard of Robin Hood, 
  down a &c.
Also of Little John, 
  how a Shepherd Swain did conquer them,
The like did never none. 
  down, adown, adown, adown.
157 The Arcadian Lovers

Broadside ballad from the Ewing Collection, Glasgow University Library, variously dated 1650-1655 (ESTC) and 1660-65 (EEBO).

The Arcadian Lovers or, Colin and Amarillis. Being a Composure, Richly Illustrated with the indeared expressions of a Shepherd and Shepherdess, for the pleasure and delight of all amorous Fancies.

*To be sung in a Tune of great rarity.*

Vpon the smooth *Arcadian* plain,  
Where the Lambs do frisk amain,  
Faire *Amarillis* and her Swain,  
With hand in hand, were walking;  
The Sweets to prove, of harmless Love,  
They Amorously were talking.

She was cloathed all in green,  
And surpast the *Fairy Queen*,  
Which made poore *Colin* for to seem  
Amazed with her Beauty;  
To prize his Dear, beyond compare  
He took’t to be his duty.

She for joy did neatly trip,  
Whilst their flocks about them skip,  
When *Colin* sat, a while to prate,  
She courteously sat by him;  
And for to finde, if he were kinde,  
Thus prettily she did try him.

*Amarillis* told her *Swain*,  
To compleat their joyes again,  
That he should love her and be plain,  
And think not to deceive her;  
Then he protested by his troath,  
That he would never leave her.

*O Colin* if thou constant prove,  
And that thou wilt not slight my love,  
There’s ne’re a *Swain* upon this plain,  
That ever shall come near thee;  
For Garlands and Embroidered Scrips,  
*O Colin*, I love thee dearly.

But *Colin* if thou change thy Love,  
And seek my fury once to move,  
A Tygress unto thee I’le prove,  
When er’e thou dost come near me;  
*O Amarillis* fear not that,  
For I doe love thee dearly.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

Oh *Colin* if thou provest kind,  
And never more will change thy mind  
I’le deck your bowers, with fragrant flowers,  
Whose pleasure shall invite thee;  
With boughs to shroud thee from the showrs  
Whilst *Colin* I will delight thee.

*O Amarillis* I rejoynce,  
For to hear thy pleasing voice,  
Then never think my onely Dear,

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17 *kinde* loving (OED 6).  
29 *Garlands and Embroidered Scrips* gifts from Colin.
That I will er’de deceive thee;
But cast aside such doubts and fear,
I vow I will never leave thee.

O Colin, how it ioyes my heart,
That our Loves shall never part.

Amintas and his Chloris faire,
Did ne’er enjoy such pleasure;
Nor Coridon and Philis rare.
I prize thee above all treasure.

O Amarillis change a kisse,
In token of a further blisse,
Whilst every Swain, upon this plain,
Doth envy our imbraces;
I’le sound thy praises in high strain,
To keep thee from all disgraces.

My Colin if a kisse be all,
I’le not refuse what ere befall,
I am inclin’d, our Loves to bind,
On such a harmless fashion;
Since ne’er a Swain, could yet ere stain,
My innocent reputation.

O my dearest Love quoth he
Now our hearts do both agree,
No Shepherd on Arcadia’s Ground,
Shall ever prove so loyal;
Now Amarillis thou hast found,
My love will abide the tryal.

Then Colin streight began to Sing,
And made the hills with eccho’s ring,
In Amarillis lofty praise,
He pleasant rimes composes;
Whil’st she makes garlandsof green bays
For Colin bedeckt with Roses.

Thus they past their time in sport,
And still thought it was but short,
Till young and old, their flocks did fold,
To keep them safe from straying;
And so the night did part them quite,
Which merrily had been playing.

158 The Beautiful Shepherdess of Arcadia

Broadside ballad based on an old story, also known as ‘The Knight and the Shepherd’s Daughter’ (Child’s Ballads no.110). Percy says it was ‘popular in the time of Q. Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it;’* but the earliest surviving, imperfect copy (first part only) dates from c.1660. The text below follows a copy (?c.1670) in the Douce Ballads, Bodleian Library.

The Beautiful Shepherdess of Arcadia: A new Pastoral Song of a courteous young Knight, and a supposed Shepheards Daughter. To a galland new Tune, Called: The Shepherds delight.

There was a Shepheards Daughter, stepping lightly or daintily down the road

came triping on the way

And there she met a courteous Knight, made her stop, blocked her path

which caused her to stay:

Sing tranget dil do lee.

---

Good-morrow to you beautious Maid,
these words pronounced he,
O I shall die this day he said,
if I’ve not my will of thee:
trang, &c.
The Lord forbid, the Mayd reply’d,
that such a thing should be,
That ever such a courteous Knight
should dye for love for me:
sing trang, &c.
He took her about the middle so small,
and laid her on the Plain,
And after he had had his will,
he took her up again:
sing trang, &c.
Now you have had your will good sir,
and put my body to shame,
Even as you are a courteous Knight,
tell me what is your name:
sing trang, &c.
Some do call me Jack Sweet-heart,
and some do call me John,
But when I come to the Kings Court,
they call me sweet William:
sing trang, &c.
He set his foot into the stirrop,
and away then he did ride.
She tuckt her kirtle about her middle,
and ran close by his side:
sing trang, &c.
But when she came to the broad water
she took her breast and swam,
And when she was got out again,
she took her heels and ran:
sing trang, &c.
He never was the courteous Knight,
to say fair maid will you ride;
Nor she never was so loving a maid,
to say, sir Knight abide:
sing trang, &c.
But when she came to the King’s fair Court
she knocked at the Ring,
So ready was the King himself,
to let this fair Maid in:
sing trang, &c.
O Christ you save my Gracious Leige,
your body Christ save and see,
You haue a Knight within your Court,
this day hath robbed me:
sing trang, &c.
What hath he rob’d thee off fair maid,
of Purple or of Pall,
Or hath he took thy gay gold ring,
from off thy finger small:
sing trang, &c.

47 ring] ’a circular door knocker’ (OED 3d).
57 pall] a rich cloth. ‘Purple or pall’, standard poetic catch-phrase.
He hath not robbed me my Liege,
of Purple nor of Pall,
But he hath got my maiden-head,
which grieves me worst of all.
sing trang dil do lee.

Now if he be a batchelor
his body I le give to thee,
But if he be a married man
high hanged shall he be:
sing trang dil do lee.

He called down his merry men all
by one, by two and by three:
Sweet William was wont to be the first,
but now the last comes he:
sing trang dil do lee.

He brought her down full forty Pound
ty’d up within a glove;
Fair Maid I give the same to thee,
and seek another Love:
sing trang dil do lee.

O I’le have none of your gold, she said,
nor i’le have none of your fee;
But I must haue your fair body,
the King hath given me.
sing trang dil do lee.

Sweet William ran and fetcht her then
five hundred pound in gold,
Saying fair Maid take this to thee,
thy fault will ne’r be told:
sing trang dil do lee.

'Tis not thy gold that shall me tempt,
these words then answered she;
And I must have your own body,
so the King hath granted me.
sing trang dil do lee.

Would I had drank the fair water,
when I did drink the Wine,
That ever any Shepherds Daughter
sholde be a fair Lady of mine:
sing trang dild do lee.

Would I had drank the puddle Water
when I did drink the Ale,
That ever any Shepherds Daughter
would have told me such a tale:
sing trang dil do lee.

A Shepheards daughter as I was
you might have let me be:
I’d never came to the Kings fair Court
to have crav’d any love of thee.
sing trang dil do lee.

He set her on a milkwhite Steed
and himself upon a gray,
He hung a bugle about his neck,
and so they rode away,
sing trang dil do lee.
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But when they came unto the place
where marriage Rites were done,
She prov’d herself a Dukes Daughter
and he but a Squires Son:
sing trang dild do lee.

Now you have married me sir Knight,
your pleasures will be free;
If you make me Lady of one good town
Ile make you Lord of three.
sing trang dild do lee.

Accursed be the gold, he said,
if thou hadst not been true:
That should have parted thee from me
to haue changd thee for a new.
sing trang dild do lee.

Their hearts being then so linked fast,
and joyned hand in hand:
He had both purse and person too,
and all at his command.
sing trang dild do lee.

159 ‘As at noon Dulcina rested’

From BL MS. Addl.24.665 (Giles Earle’s Song Book, 1615-26). The stanza-form has been standardized below, and punctuation and line initials regularized. Cf. refrain with no. 149. Also printed as a ballad, and mentioned in Walton’s The Compleat Angler.

As at noone Dulcina rested
In a sweete and shadie bower,
Came a sheppard and requested
In her lap to sleepe an houre.
But from her looke, a wound he tooke,
Soe deepe that for a farther boone
The Nimphe hee pray’ed, whereto she say’d,
Forgoe mee nowe, come to mee soone.

But in vaine shee did coniure him
for to leaue her presence soe,
Hauinge a thousand meanes t’alure him,
And but one to lett him goe.
Where lipps delighte and eyes inuite,
And cheeks as fresh as rose in June
Perswade to staie, what bootes to saye,
Forgoe mee nowe, etc.

Words whose hope might haue enioyed
Him to lett Dulcina sleepe
Could a mans loue haue confyned
Or a maid her promise keepe.
Noe, for her waste hee held soe faste,
As she was constant to her tune
Though still shee spake, for Cupids sake,
Forgoe mee nowe etc:

He demaunds what time or leisure
Can there be more fitt then nowe
She saies night giues loue that pleasure,

\[\text{122 You will have all you want. 124-8 Accursed be the gold that, had you not held out, would have made me reject you and take a new love} \text{ – i.e. he now recognizes her worth. 8 Forgoe} \text{ leave (OED 4). 9 coniure} \text{ entreat (OED 4). 17-18 Given her promise of future indulgence, he might have let her alone to sleep for the time being. 23 Though ... for Cupids sake} \text{ There are clear limits to her resistance.}\]
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Which the day cannot alowe.
The suns cleere light shineth more bright,
Quoth hee, more fairer then the moone.
Soo her to praise he loues, shee saies,
Forgoe etc:

But noe promise nor perswation
From his armes could purchase scope,
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope
Or for the sight of lingering night
delaying. tardy
Forgoe the ioyes of present noone?
Though ne’r soe faire, her promise were
Forgoe etc:

Now att last agreed those louers,
She was faire and hee was young.
Tongue can tell what eye discouers,
Ioy in sinne is neuer sunge.
Did he relent, or she consent,
On that night or graunt the noone?
Dulcina praiyes and to him saies,
Forgoe etc:

finis primae partis

Day was spent and night approched,
Venus faire was louers freind,
She entreated bright Apollo
That his steeds their race might end
Hee could not saie this Goddesse nay
But granted loues faire queene her boone.
The shepheard came to his faire dame,
Forgoe etc:

When that bright Aurora blushed
Came the sheppard to his deare
Prettie birds most sweetly warbled

And the night approched neere.
Yet still awai the Nimph did saie,
The shepheard he fell in a swoon
Att length shee sayd, be not afraid,
Forgoe etc:–

With greife of heart this shepheard hasted
Vp the mountaine to his flocks
Then he tooke a reed and piped
Th’echo sounded through the rocks.
Thus did he plaie and wishe the day

Were spent, and night were come ere noone,
For silent night is loues’ delight
He goo to faire Dulcina soone.

Beauties Darling faire Dulcina
Like to Venus for her loue
Spent the day away in passion
Mourninge like the Turtle Doue

31 She says he is only praising her to indulge his own love. purchase] obtain. scope] freedom, release(cf. OED 7, 8). 44-46 It is best not to divulge what ‘joy in sin’ they enjoyed, whether she yielded or not. 48.1 End of the first part. 50 Venus faire] Perhaps the planet Venus as the evening star. 52 his steeds] of the sun-chariot. 57 Aurora] Goddess of the dawn light, hence the dawn. Puzzling in the context of evening.
Melodiouslie, notes lowe and highe
Shee warbled forth this dolefull tune,
Ô come againe sweet sheppard Swaine,
Thou canst not be with mee to soone.

When as Thetis in her pallace
Had receiu’d the prince of light
Came in Coridon the shepheard,
To his loue and hearts delight
Then Pan did plate, the wood Nimphes they
Did skipp and daunce to heare the tune,
Hymen did saie t’waas holidaie
Forgoe etc:

Sweete he say’d as I did promise
I am nowe return’d againe
Longe delaie you knowe breeds daunger
And to lou[e]rs breedeth paine.
The Nimph say’d then, above all men
Still welcome shepheard morne and noone.
The shepheard praiies, Dulcina saies,
Shepheard I doubt y’are come to soone.

Come you nowe to ouerthrowe mee –
Out alas I am betray’d –
Deare, is this the loue you shewe mee
To betraie a silly mayde?
Helpe helpe, ay mee, I dare not speake.
I dare not crie, my heart will breake.
What, all alone? Nay then I finde
Men are to stronge for woemen kinde.

Out vppon the wench that put mee
To this plunge to be alone.
Yet shee was noe foole to shutt mee
Where I might be seene of none.
Harke harke, ay mee, what noyes is that
Ô nowe I see it is my Catt.
Come Pus, I knowe thou wilt not tell.
Yf all be soe, all shalbe well.

Ô sille foole whie doubt I telling
When I doubted not to truste.
Yf my bellie fall a swellinge
There’s noe helpe but out it muste.
Ay mee the greife, Ay mee the shame
When I shall beare the common name,
Yet att the worst of my disgrace
I am not first, nor shalbe laste.

finis zdae partis.

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81 Thetis] daughter of Nereus and mother of Achilles: a sea-goddess, hence the sea, into which the sun (prince of light) sinks. 87 Hymen] god of marriage. 91 daunger] (a) risk (that love will die) (b) ‘love-daunger’, aloofness or reluctance on the woman’s part. 101-4 The change of rhyme-scheme indicates the new development. 105 the wench] ?an otherwise unmentioned friend or go-between; ?Dulcina herself. 106 plunge] trouble, danger (OED s). 112 Yf all be soe] If all do the same, i.e. do not tell. 118 the common name] viz. of a harlot (common woman, harlot: OED common b). 120,* End of the second part.
160 Michael Drayton  Idea the Shepherd’s Garland, Eclogue vii

First published in Drayton’s Idea the Shepheardes Garland (1593). Reprinted with radically new versions of the two songs in Drayton’s Poemes lyrick and pastorall (1606), and then in his Poems (1609). The text below follows 1593, but adds the 1606 songs after the main text.

The Seventh Eglog.

Borrill an aged shepheard dwaine,
with reasons doth reprooue
Batte a foolish wanton boy,
But lately falne in loue.

Batte. Borrill, why sit’st thou musing in thy coate?
like dreaming Merlyn in his drowsie Cell,
What, may it be with learning thou doest doate,
or art inchanteth with some Magick spell?
Or wilt thou an Hermites life professe?
And bid thy beades heare like an Ancoresse?

See how faire Flora decks our fields with flowers,
and clothes our groues in gaudie summers greene,

And wanton Ver distils rose-water showers,
To welcome Ceres, haruests hallowed Queene,
Who layes abroad her lovely sun-shine haires,
Crown’d with great garlands of her golden eares.

Now shepheards layne their blankets all awaie,
and in their jackets minsen on the plaines,
And at the riuers fishen daie by daie,
now none so frolicke as the shepheards swaines.

Why liest thou here then in thy loathsome caue,
As though a man were buried quickie in grue.

Borrill. Batte, my coate from tempest standeth free,
when stately towers been often shakt with wind,

And wilt thou Batte, come and sit with me?
contented life here shalt thou onely finde,
Here mai’st thou caroll Hymnes, and sacred Psalms,
And hery Pan, with orizons and almes.

And scorne the crowde of such as cogg for pence,
and waste their wealth in sinfull brauerie,
Whose gaine is losse, whose thrift is lewed expence,
and liuen still in golden sluery:

Wondring at toyes, as foolish worldlings doone,
Liketo the dogge which barked at the moone.

Here maist thou range the goodly pleasant field,
and search out simples to procure thy heale,
What sundry vertues heards and flowers doe yeeld,
gainst griefe which may thy sheepe or thee asaile.

Here mayst thou hunt the little harmelles Hare,
Or else entrap false Raynard in a snare.

Or if thou wilt in antique Romants reede,
of gentle Lords and ladies that of yore,
In foraine lands attechier’d their noble deede,
and been renownd from East to Westerne shore:

Or leare the shepheards nice astrolobe,
To know the Planets moueing in the skie.

7 Flora] the goddess of flowers. 8 gaudie] bright; also suggesting gaudy-green, a shade of green. 9 Ver] spring. 10 Ceres] the goddess of the harvest. 13-15 layne, minsen, fishen] Old plurals in -en: so all through. 14 minsen] walk, move: no suggestion of a ‘mincing’ gait. 27 thrif] ... expence] Even their attempts at economy are extravagances. 41 astrolobe] astronomy (not in OED).
Batte. Shepheard these things been all too coy for mee,
whose lustie dayes should still be spent in mirth,
These mister artes been better fittit thee,
whose drouping dayes are drawing towards the earth:
What thinkest thou? my jolly peacocks trayne,
Shall be acoyd and brooke so foule a stayne?
These been for such as make them votarie,
and take them to the mantle and the ring,
And spenden day and night in dotarie,
hammering their heads, musing on heauenly thing,
And whisper still of sorrow in their bed,
And done despise all loue and lustie head:
Like to the curre, with anger well neere woode,
who makes his kennel in the Oxes stall,
And snarleth when he seeth him take his foode,
and yet his chaps can chew no hay at all.
Borrill, euen so it fareth now with thee,
And with these wisards of thy mysterie.

Borrill. Sharpe is the thorne, full soone I see by thee,
bitter the blossom, when the fruite is sower,
And early crook’d, that will a Camock bee,
rough is the winde before a sodayne shower:
Pittie thy wit should be so wrong mislead,
And thus be guyded by a giddle head.
Ah foolish elfe, I inly pittie thee,
misgouerned by thy lewd brainsick will:
The hidden baytes, ah fond thou do’st not see,
nor find’st the cause which breedeth all thy ill:
Thou think’st all golde, that hath a golden shew,
And art deceiu’d, for it is nothing soe.

Such one art thou as is the little flie,
who is so crowse and gamesome with the flame,
Till with her busines and her nicetie,
her nimble wings are scorched with the same,
Then fals she downe with pitteous buzzing note,
And in the fier doth sindge her mourning cote.
Batte. Alas good man I see thou ginst to raue,
thy wits done erre, and misse the cushen quite,
Because thy head is gray and wordes been graue,
thou think’st thereby to draw me from delight:
What, I am young, a goodly Batcheler,
And must liue like the lustie limmeter.
Thy legges been crook’d, thy knees done bend for age,
and I am swift and nimble as the Roe,
Thou art ycouped like a bird in cage,
and in the field I wander too and freo,
Thou must doe penance for thy olde misdeedes,
And make amends, with Aues and with creedes.

For al that thou canst say, I will not let,
for why my fancie strayneth me so sore,
That day and night, my minde is wholy set

43 coy] quiet, dull (OED tb, citing this passage). 50 the mantle and the ring] used when taking a vow of chastity (properly by a wife or widow rather than a religious person). 55-8 alluding to the fable of the dog in the manger. 67 elfe] child, with connotations of mischief and/or pitiful foolishness or innocence. 80 misse the cushen (=cushion] miss the mark. 84 limmeter] limiter, a mendicant friar: with lustie, a satiric oxymoron targeting the easy life and good cheer alleged of many friars. ‘Lusty bachelor’ is a favourite phrase of Chaucer, whose raunchy Friar is called a ‘limiter’ (Hebel).
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Only on loue I set my whole delight,
The summers day, and all the winters night.

That pretie Cupid, little god of loue,
whose imped wings with speckled plumes been dight,

Who striketh men below, and Gods above,
rouing at randon with his feathered flight,

When louely Venus sits and gies the aymes,
And smiles to see her little Bantlings game.

Vpon my staffe his statue will I carue,
his bowe and quier on his winged backe,
His forked heads, for such as them desere,
and not of his, an implement shall lacke,

And Venus in her Litter all of loue,
Drawne with a Swanne, a Sparrow, and a Doue.

And vnder him Thesby of Babylon,
and Cleopatra somtime of renowne:

Phillis that died for loue of Demophôn,
Then louely Dido Queen of Carthage towne,
Which euer held god Cupids lawes so deare,
And been canoniz’d in Loues Calendere.

Borrill. Ah wilfull boy, thy follie now I finde,
and hard it is a fooles talke to endure,
Thou art as deafe euens as thy god is blinde,
sike as the Saint, sike is the seruiture:

But wilt thou heare a good olde Minstrels song,
A medicine for such as been with loue ystong.

Borrill. O spightfull wayward wretched loue,
Woe to Venus which did nurse thee,
Heavens and earth thy plagues do prove,

Gods and men haue cause to curse thee.

Thoughts grieue, hearts woe,
Hopes paine, bodies languish,
Enuies rage, sleepejs foe,
Fancies fraud, soules anguish,
Desires dread, mindes manhood,
Secrets bewrayre, nature error,
Sights deceit, sullens sadness,
Speeches expence, Cupids terror,
Malcontents melancholy,

Liuess slaughter, deaths nurse,
Cares flame, dotards folly,
Fortunes bayte, worlds curse,
Lookes theft, eyes blinde,

94 iollie pun: (a) merry (b) pretty, attractive.
98 imped grafted with new feathers, hence stronger.
100 randon more likely randan, rowdy behaviour, spree.
105 forked heads play on (a) arrowheads (b) the horns ascribed to a cuckold.
107-8 Litter ... Doue apparently Venus’ chariot – usually drawn by either swans or doves, rarely both. Sparrows, too, were sacred to her and often accompanied her chariot.
109-12 All these women figure in Chaucer’s The Legend of Good Women.
110 Thesby Thisbe, beloved of Pyramus.
111 Phillis who killed herself owing to mistaken frustration in her love for Demophoon.
112 Dido who died of frustrated love for Aeneas.
113 languish illness, weakness (OED 14, last cit. 1450).
117 sullens sadness the cause why people are sullen.
118 Fortunes bayte that which baits or provokes (ill) fortune.
Selfes will, tongues treason,
Paynes pleasure, wrongs kindnes,
Furies frensie, follies reason:
With cursing thee as I began,
Cursing thee I make an end,
Neither God, neither man,
Neither Fayrie, neither Feend.

Batte. Ah worthy Borrill, here’s a goodly song,
now by my belt I neuer heard a worse:
Olde doting foole, for shame hold thou thy tongue,
I would thy clap were shut vp in my purse.
It is thy life, if thou mayst scolde and braule:
Yet in thy words there is no wit at all.

And for that wrong which thou to loue hast done,
I will aueng me at this present time,
And in such sorte as now thou hast begonne,
I will repeat a carowlet in rime,
Where, Borrill, I vnto thy teeth will proue,
That all my good consisteth in my loue.

Borrill. Come on good Batte, I pray thee let vs heare?
Much will be sayd, and neuer a whit the near.

Batte. Loue is the heauens fayre aspect,
loue is the glorie of the earth,
Loue only doth our liues direct,
loue is our guyder from our birth.

Loue taught my thoughts at first to flie,
loue taught mine eyes the way to loue,
Loue rayesd my conceit so hie,
loue framd my hand his arte to proue.

Loue taught my Muse her perfect skill,
loue gaue me first to Poesie:
Loue is the Soueraigne of my will,
loue bound me first to loyalty.

Loue was the first that fram’d my speech,
loue was the first that gaue me grace:
Loue is my life and fortunes leech,
loue made the vertuous gie me place.

Loue is the end of my desire,
loue is the loadstarre of my loue,
Loue makes my selfe, my selfe admire,
loue seated my delights aboue.

Loue placed honor in my brest,
loue made me learnings fauoret,
Loue made me liked of the best,
loue first my minde on virtue set.

Loue is my life, life is my loue,
loue is my whole felicity,
Loue is my sweete, sweete is my loue,
I am in loue, and loue in me.

Borrill. Is loue in thee? alas poore sillie lad,
thou neuer couldst haue lodg’d a worser guest,
For where he rules no reason can be had,
so is he still sworn enemy to rest:
It pitties me to thinke thy springing yeares,
Should still be spent with woes, with sighes, with teares.

_Batte._ Gramercy Borrill for thine company,
for all thy iestes and all thy merrie Bourds,
I still shall long vntill I be with thee,
because I find some wisdome in thy words,
But I will watch the next time thou dost ward,
And sing thee such a lay of loue as neuer shepheard heard.

_Borrill’s song in 1606_ (replacing ll.127-150 above: punctuation heavily revised and capitalization of line initials regularized)

127A Now fye vpon thee wayward loue,
woe to Venus which did nurse thee.

130A Heauen and earth thy plagues doe proue,
gods and men haue cause to curse thee.

1619 th’extremest

130A What art thou but extreammost madnesse,
natures first and only error,
That consum’t our daies in sadnesse
by the minds Continuall terror:

140A Walking in Cymerian blindnesse
in thy courses voy’d of reason,
Sharp reproofe thy only kindnesse,
in thy trust the highest treason.

140A Both the nymph and ruder swaine
vexing with continuall anguish,
Which dost make the ould complaine
and the young to pyne and languishe.
Who thee keepes his care doth nurse:
that seducst all to folly,
Blessing bitterly doest curse,
tending to destruction wholly.
Thus of thee as I began
so againe I make an end:
Neither god, neither man,
neither faiery, neither feend.

_Batte’s song in 1606_ (replacing ll.165-192 above: punctuation heavily revised and capitalization of line initials regularized)

165A What is Loue but the desire
of the thing that fancy pleaseth?
A holy and resistlesse fier
weake and strong alike that ceaseth,
Which not heauen hath power to let
nor wise nature cannot smother,

170A Whereby Phoebus doth begette
on the vniversall mother.
That the everlasting Chaine
which together al things tied,
And vnmooued them retayne
and by which they shall abide:
That concet we cleerely find
all things doth together drawe,
And so strong in every kinde

180A subiects them to natures law.
Whose hie virtue number teaches

---

143A He who entertains you feeds his sorrow.  
145A Places a curse on a blessing.  
171A-2A Identifying love with the universal force of procreation, whereby Phoebus (the sun-god or sun) impregnates the earth (the vniversall mother).  
173A the everlasting Chaine] From this point, love is identified with universal concord or the harmony of nature, as classically expressed in Boethius’ _Consolation of Philosophy_, II meter 8. This is the province of the higher or heavenly Venus (Venus Urania).  
181A number] the rhythm or mathematics of nature.
in which every thing dooth moue,
From the lowest depth that reaches
to the height of heauen aboue:
Harmony that’s wisely found
when the cunning hand doth strike,
Whereas every amorous sound
sweetly marries with his like.  
The tender cattell scarcely take
from their damm’s the feelds to proue,
But ech seeketh out a make,
nothing liues that doth not loue:
Not soe much as but the plant
as nature every thing doth payre,
By it if the male it want,
dothing dislike and will not beare:
Nothing then is like to loue,
in the which all creatures be.
From it nere let me remoue
nor let it remoue from me.

161 Michael Drayton  
Idea the Shepherd’s Garland, Eclogue viii

First published in Drayton’s Idea the Shepheard Garland (1593). Reprinted as Eclogue IV, with a radically new version of the song, in Drayton’s Poemes lyrick and pastorall (1606), and then in his Poems (1619). 1593 and 1606 versions given separately here to illustrate both the evolution of Drayton’s own pastoral, and the increasing refinement of the mode as a whole. The 1606 version only has additional notes to lines occurring there alone.

(A) The 1593 Version

The Eighth Eglog.

Good Gorbo of the golden world,
and Saturns raigne doth tell,
And afterward doth make reporte,
of bonnie Dowsabell.

Motto. Shepheard why creepe we in this lowly vaine,
as though our muse no store at all afforde,
Whilst others vaunt it with the frolickie swayne,
and strut the stage with reperfumed wordes.

See how these yonkers raue it out in rime,
who make a traffique of their rarest wits,
And in Bellonas buskin tread it fine,
like Bacchus priests raging in franticke fits.

Those mirtle Groues decay’d, done growe againe,
their rootes refresht with Heliconas spring,
Whose pleasant shade inuites the homely swayne,
to sit him downe and heare the Muses sing.

Then if thy Muse hath spent her wonted zeale,
with luie twist thy temples shall be crownd,
Or if she dares houye vp top-gaullant sayle,
amongst the rest, then may she be renownd.

185A-6A wisely ... strike] created by the (musician’s) skilled hand; but wisely and cunning suggest a deeper wisdom. 189A-90A take ... proue] leave their mothers and start grazig on their own. 0.1 golden world] the Golden Age. 0.2 Saturns raigne] The age of the older generation of gods under Saturn (also seen as a legendary king of Latium), identified with the Golden Age (Ovid, Met. I.113). 7 yonkers] young men, especially smart or fashionable ones. 7 Bellonas buskin] tragedies concerning war. Bellona] goddess of war. buskin] a kind of boot worn by tragic actors. Echoes Spenser, SC ‘October’ 112-14. 9, 14 mirtle, luie] associated with immortality, hence fame. 9-12 Evokes the revival of English poetry in the age. 10 Helikon] a mountain sacred to Apollo and the Muses. The fountains Aganippe and Hippocrene, also sacred to the Muses, sprang from it.
Gorbo. My boy, these yonkers reachen after fame, 
and so done presse into the learned troupe, 
With filed quill to glorifie their name, 
which otherwise were pend in shamefull coupe. 
But this hie object hath abjected me, 
and I must pipe amongst the lowly sorte, 
Those little heard-grommes who admir’d to see, 
when I by Moone-shine made the fayries sporte. 
Who dares describe the toyles of Hercules, 
and puts his hand to names eternall penne, 
Must inocate the soule of Hercules, 
attended with the troupes of conquered men. 
Who writes of thrice renowned Theseus, 
a monster-tamers rare description, 
Trophies the lawes of vglie Cerberus, 
and paynts out Styx, and fiery Acheron. 
My Muse may not affect night-charming spels, 
whose force effecteth th’Olympicke vault to quake, 
Nor call those grisly Goblins from their Cels, 
the euer-damned frite of Limbo lake. 
And who erects the braue Pyramides, 
of Monarches or renowned warriours, 
Neede bath his quill for such attempts as these, 
in flowing streams of learned Maros showres. 
For when the great worlds conquerer began 
to proue his helmet and his habergeon, 
The sweet that from the Poets-God Orpheus ran, 
foretold his Prophets had to play vpon. 
When Pens and Launcess sawe the Olympiadi prize, 
those chariot triumphes with the Lawrell crowne, 
Then gan the worthies glorie first to rise, 
and plumes were vayled to the purple gowne. 
The grauest Censor, sagest Senator, 
with wings of Iustice and Religion, 
Mounted the top of Nimrods statelie Tower, 
soring vnto that hie celestiall throne: 
Where blessed Angels in their heauenly queares, 
chaunt Anthemes with shrill Syren harmonie, 
Tun’d to the sound of those aye-crouding sphears, 
which herien their makers eternitie. 
Those who foretell the times of vnborne men, 
and future things in foretime augured, 
Haue slumbred in that spell-gods darkest den, 
which first inspir’d his prophesying head. 

17-18 reachen done old plural verbs ending in -(e)n. 19 filed] (a) polished, smooth (b) sharpened, ready. 29-32 Theseus visited the underworld, but not as ‘monster-tamer’: he was imprisoned there till rescued by Herakles. 31 Cerberus] the three-headed dog guarding hell. 32 Styx, Acheron] rivers of the underworld. 34 Olympicke vault] the heavens, where the Olympian gods dwell. 37 Pyramides] memorials, here in poetry. 39 bath] i.e. dip in ink. 40 Maro] Virgil (Publius Vergilius Maro), here as poet of the Aeneid. 41 conquerer] Alexander the Great (marginal note in 169). When he set out on his expedition, a statue of Orpheus at Leibethra near Olympus began to sweat, foreshadowing the labour poets and historians would have to record Alexander’s exploits. 44 prophet] inspired bard or poet (OED 1c). 45 The ancient Olympic games had competitions for poetry as well as for sports and martial skills. 48 purple gowne] the ruler’s robe. Purple was worn by patricians in ancient Rome. 51 Nimrods statelie Tower] Traditionally (though not biblically) identified with the Tower of Babel, unusually presented here in a positive light as a seat of language and poetry. 54 Syren] alluring, attractive: strangely applied to angels’ songs. 55 aye-crouding] for ever playing music (crowd, a fiddle). 59 spell-gods darkest den] probably Delphi, seat of Apollo.
Sooth-saying Sibels sleepen long agone,
we haue their reede, but few haue cond their Arte,
Welch-wisard Merlyn, cleueth to a stone,
no Oracle more wonders may impart.

The Infant age could deftly caroll loue,
till greedy thirst of that ambitious honor,
Drew Poets pen, from his sweete lasses gloue,
to chaunt of slaughtering broiles and bloody horror.

Then Joves loue-theft was priuily discrï’d,
how he playd false play in Amphilios bed,
And how Apollo in the mount of Ide,
gau Oenon phisick for her maydenhead.

The tender grasse was then the softest bed,
the pleasant’st shades were deem’d the statelyst hals,
No belly-god with Bacchus banqueted,
 nor paynted ragges then couered rotten wals.

Then simple loue with simple vertue wayd,
flowers the fauours which true fayth reayled,
Kindnes with kindnes was againe repay’d,
with sweetest kisses couenants were sealed.

Then beauties selfe with her selfe beautified,
scord payntings pergit, and the borrowed hayre,
Nor monstrous formes deformities did hide,
nor soule was vernisht with compounded fayre.

The purest fleece then couered purest skin,
for pride as then with Lucifer remaynd:
Deformed fashions now were to begin,
nor clothes were yet with paynted stoyand.

But when the bowls of the earth were sought,
and men her golden intrayles did espie,
This miscifie then into the world was brought,
this fram’d the mint which coynd our miserie.

Then lofty Pines were by ambition hewne,
and men, sea-monsters, swamme the brackish flood
In waynscot tubs, to seeke out worlds vnknowne,
for certain ill to leaue assured good.

The starteling steede is manag’d from the field,
and serves a subject to the riders lawes,
He whom the churlish bit did never weeld,
now feels the courb controll his angrie iawes.

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63 Sibels] Sybils, wise women and prophetesses of ancient times. 65 the Infant age] the Golden Age, the first major period of human history. The poem now changes direction: epic is rejected for humbler (and potentially pastoral) love-poems; but at least briefly in 69-72, these too are devalued by association with the sordid amours of the gods. 69 discrï’d] disclosed, revealed (OED descrï v2c); priuily implies the matter was formerly secret. 70 Amphilios] Amphilios, husband of Alcmena, who became by Zeus (Jove) the mother of Herakles. 72 Oenon(e)] a nymph on Mount Ida, espoused by Paris. Her rape by Apollo is a late addition to the myths about her. phisick] medicine, cure (for the ‘illness’ of virginity). 75 There was no greedy drunkenness. 76 paynted rages] the cheap alternative to woven tapestries. 77 wayd] weighed: (a) were balanced or matched (b) carried weight, was valued. 82 pergït] parget, wall colouring and decoration, here facetiously applied to cosmetics. 83 Physical blemishes were not covered with uglier devices. Cf. deformed fashions (87). 84 A sinful soul did not hide under a painted face. compounded fayre] manufactured beauty. 88 paynsed liquor] dye; but suggesting the poisoned shirt of Nessus worn by Herakles. In the Golden Age, sheep naturally yielded wool of various colours (Virgil IV.42-5). 89-90 A reference to gold mining. 92 Giving a metaphorical dimension to the minting of gold coins. 93 Pines] from which ships’ masts were made, hence ships. Sea voyages, for conquest or commerce, were thought to begin after the Golden Age: see Virgil IV.37–9. 94 men, sea-monsters] This punctuation, from 1619, makes the meaning clear: humans turned monsters by sailing on the sea. 97 startling steed] a stock phrase. startling] capering, prancing. 98 subject ... lawes] metaphor of rule.
The hammering **Vulcane** spent his wasting fire, 

till he the vse of tempred mettals found, 

His anuile wrought the steelled cotes attire, 

and forged tooles to carue the foe-mans wound. 

The Citie builder then intrencht his towres, 

and wald his wealth within the fenced towne, 

Which afterward in bloody stormy stours, 

kindled that flame which burnt his Bulwarks downe.

And thus began th' *Exordium* of our woes, 

the fallaft dumbe shewe of our miserie:

Here sprang the tree on which our mischiefe growes, 

the drery subiect of worlds tragedie.

*Motto.* Well, shepheard well, the golden age is gone, 
wishes may not reuoke that which is past:

It were no wit to make two griefes of one, 

our prowrub sayth, Nothing can always last.

Listen to me my louely shepheards joye, 

and thou shalt heare with mirth and mickle gleee, 

A pretie Tale, which when I was a boy, 

my toothles Grandame oft hath tolde to me.

*Gorbo.* Shepheard say on, so may we passe the time, 

There is no doubt it is some worthy ryme.

*Motto.* *Farre in the countrey of Arden,*

*There wond a knight hight Casemen,*

*Fell was he and eger bent,* 

*In battell and in Tournament,* 

*He had as antique stories tell,* 

*A daughter cleaped Dowsabell,* 

*And for she was her fathers heire,* 

*And make the fine Marchpine,* 

*And she couth halpe the priest to say His Mattens on a holyday,* 

*She ware a frock of frolicke greene,* 

*Which seemly was to see,* 

*A hood to that so neat and fine,* 

*Her feature as fresh aboue,* 

*As is the grass that grows by Doue,*

101-2 Vulcan did not make proper use of his fire till he learnt to make alloys. 103-4 Both uses of metal relate to war. 115 two griefes [once by suffering, again by lamenting. 123ff. The exaggerated archaic language of the song recalls and sometimes echoes Spenser’s SC. 125 Arden] suggested by the locale of Lodge’s romance *Rosalynde* (Newdigate). To make the Forest of Arden a *countrey* suits Motto’s naïveté. 128 sir Topas] hero of a popular medieval romance. 128 sir Topas] refering to the burlesque tale of Sir Thopas in Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*, composed in the same metre as Motto’s ‘ryme’. 133 was ... *leyre*] had learnt the lesson (cf. Spenser, SC ‘May’ 262). 134 curtesie] interesting application of this chivalric ideal to feminine refinement, even feminine activities like those in 135-7. 141 frolicke] bright, cheerful (OED b,c, citing this passage). 145 colombine] a pink and purple flower, according to Spenser, SC ‘April’ 136. 148 Doue] a river in the Peak District, and others elsewhere in England. The details that follow range over England.
as lyth as lasse of Kent:
Her skin as soft as Lemster wolle,
As white as snow on peakish hull,
or Swanne that swims in Trent.
This mayden in a mornne betyme,
Went forth when May was in her prime,
to get sweete Cetywall,
The hoyne-suckle, the Harlocke,
The Lilly and the Lady-smoke,
to deck her summer hall.
Thus as she wanded here and there,
Ypicking of the bloomed Breere,
she chanced to espie
A shepheard sitting on a bancke,
Like Chanteclere he crowed cranke,
and pip’d with merrie glee:
He leard his sheepe as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
to feede about him round:
Whilst he full many a caroll sung,
Vntill the fields and medowes rung,
and that the woods did sound:
In fauour this same shepheardes swayne,
was like the bedlam Tamburlayne,
which helde prowed Kings in awe:
But meeke he was as Lamb mought be,
Ylike that gentle Abel he,
whom his lewd brother slaw.
This shepheard ware a sheepe gray cloke,
which was of the finest locke
that could be cut with sheere,
His mittens were of Bauenens skinne,
His cockers were of Cordiwin,
his hood of Meniuerere.
His aule and lingell in a thong,
His tar-box on his broad belt hong,
his breech of Coyntrie blew:
Full crispe and curled were his lockes,
His browses as white as Albion rocks,
so like a lourer true.
And pypping still he spent the day,
So mery as the Popingay:
which liked Dowseball,
That would she ought or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought:
she in loue-longing fell.
At length she tuckt vp her frocke,
White as the Lilly was her smocke,
she drew the shepheard nie,
But then the shepheard pyp’d a good,
a-good, (so) well

149 Kent] Seems dictated solely by the rhyme. 150 Lemster wolle] the wool of the prized Ryeland sheep, traded from Leominster. 151 peakish] of the Peak District (OED, peakish adj); or simply with a peak, high. hull] hill: archaic and dialectal variant. 155 Cetywall] setwall or valerian. Also a ginger-like plant (as in Chaucer, Sir Topas 1951). 156 Harlocke] not identified; perhaps the charlock or field mustard, but it flowers in the winter. 157 Lady-smoke] the cuckoo-flower. 163 Chanteclere] a cock, especially as a character in beast-fables including Chaucer’s Nun’s Priest’s Tale. 172 bedlam] madman, crazed vagrant. Tamburlayene was not such, though of humble shepherd stock. 177 sheepe gray] the natural colour of the fleece. 181 Cordiwin] ‘Cordovan’ or cordwain, a kind of (originally Spanish) leather: an expensive item for a shepherd. 182 Meniuerere] miniver, squirrel fur; another unexpectedly fashionable item. 183 aule]awl: bodkin or needle. lingell] thread; both used for sheep’s surgery. 185 Coyntrie blew] Coventry blue, a blue thread normally used for embroidery, not to make breeches. They may be so embroidered, as another luxury item. 187 Albion rocks] the white rocks of Kent which gave the name ‘Albion’ (Lat. albus, white) to England.
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,  
to heare his melodie.
Thy sheepe quoth she cannot be leane,  
That haue a jolly shepheardes swayne,  
the which can pipe so well.
Yea but (sayth he) their shepheard may,  
If pyping thus he pine away,  
in loue of Dowssabell.
Of loue fond boy take thou no keepe,  
Quoth she, looke well vnto thy sheepe,  
lest they should hap to stray.

Quoth he, so had I done full well,  
Had I not scene fayre Dowssabell,  
come forth to gather Maye.
With that she gan to vaille her head,  
Her cheekes were like the Roses red,  
but not a word she sayd.
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,  
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,  
and on the ground he layd.
Sayth she, I may not stay till night,  
If pyping thus he pine away,
in loue of Dowssabell.
Ofloue fond boytakethounokeepe,  
heed,care
Quothshe,lookewellvntothysheepe,  
lesttheyshoulthaptostray.

Yeabut(saythhe)theirshepheardmay,  
If pypingthushepineaway,  
inloueof Dowssabell.
Oflouefondboytakethounokeepe,  
heed,care
Quothshe,lookewellvntothysheepe,  
lesttheyshoulthaptostray.

And leaue my summer halve vnlight,  
and all for long of thee:  
My Coate sayth he, nor yet my foule,  
Shall neither sheepe nor shepheard hould,  
extcept thou fauour me.
Sayth she yet leuer I were dead,  
Then I should lose my maydenhead,  
and all for loue of men:
Sayth he yet are you too vnkind,  
If in your heart you cannot finde,  
to loue vs now and then:
And I to thee will be as kinde,  
As Colin was to Rosalinde,  
of curtesie the flower:
Then will I be as true quoth she,  
As ever mayden yet might be,  
vnto her Paramour:
With that she bent her snow-white knee,  
Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,  
and him she sweetely kist.

With that the shepheard whoop’d for ioy,  
Quoth he, ther’s neuer shepheardes boy,  
that euer was so blist.

Gorbo. Now by my sheephooke here’s a tale alone,  
Learne me the same and I will giue thee hier,  
This were as good as curds for our lonet,  
i.e., as good as a gift or diversion
When at a night we sitten by the fire.
Motto. Why gentle hodge I will not sticke for that,  
object to
when we two meeten here another day,  
But see whilst we haue set vs downe to chat,  
yon tikes of mine begin to steale away.

And if thou wilt but come vnto our greene,  
on Lammas day when as we haue our feast,  
Thou shalt sit next vnto our summer Queene,  
and thou shalt be the onely welcome guest.

247 hodge] diminutive of Roger, ‘a typical name for the English agricultural labourer or rustic’ (OED).
The fourth Eglog.

**Motto.** Sheapheard, why creepe we in this lowly vaine
As though our store no better vs affoordis?
And in this season when the stirring swain
Makes the wyde fields sound with great thundring words?
Not as twas wont now rurall be our rymes,
Sheapheards of late were waxed wondrous neate.

Though they were richer in the former tymes,
We be irraged with more kindly heate.
The withered Laurell freshly growes agayne
Which simply shadowed the *Pierian* spring
Which oft inuites the solitayr swayne

Theether, to heare those sacred virgins sing:
Then if thy muse haue spent her wonted zeale
With withered twists thy forehead shal be bound,
But if with these she dare abuse her sayle
Amongst the best then may she be renown'd.

Gorbo. Sheapheards, these men at mighty things do aym
And therefore press into the learned troope
With filed phraxe to dignifi their name,
Els with the world shut in this shamefull coope.
But such a subject ill besemeth me,
For I must pipe amongst the lowly sort,
Those silly heurghrooms who haue laught to see
When I by moonshine made the fairies sport.
Who of the toyles of *Hercules* will treat,
And put his hand to an etennall pen,
In these hie labours it behooues him sweat,
To soare beyond the vsual pitch of men.
Such monster-tamers who would take in hand,
As haue tyde vp the triple-headed hound,
Or of those Gyants which gainst heuen durst stand
Whose strength the gods it troubled to confound?
Who listeth with so mighty things to mel,
And dares a taske so great to vndertake,
Should rayse the black inhabitants of Hell,
And stir a tempest on the Stygian Lake.
He that to worlds Pyramides will build
On those great Heroes got by heavenly powers,
Should haue a pen most plentifully fill'd
In the full streams of learned *Maro*’s showers.
Who will foretell mutations, and of men,
Of future things and wisely will enquire,
Before should slumber in that shady den
That often did with prophesie inspyre.
Southsaying Sybells sleepen long agon,
We haue their reed but fewe haue cond their art,
And the welch wisard cleaueth to a stone:
No oracles more wonders shall impart.
When him this round that nearest ouerran,

7-8a Seems to contradict § 6. May imply that the new poetry values inspiration over poetic craft. 10a *Pierian spring* poetic inspiration: Pieria in Macedonia was a seat of the Muses. No such actual spring. 26a *etennall pen* transferred epithet: a pen to write poems of eternal fame. 30a *triple-headed hound* Cerberus, guarding the entrance to hell. 31a *Gyants* the Gigantes, a race of giants who attacked heaven. 38a *Heroes...heavenly powers* The ‘heroes’ of classical mythology had one (usally male) divine parent and one human. 43a *that shady den* Perhaps the cavern in the ground that was the seat of the Delphic oracle. 47a *welch wisard* Merlin: named in 1593, and in a marginal note in 1619. 49a *him... ouerran* He who most nearly conquered the entire world (round, globe).
His labouring mother to the light did bring,
The sweat that then from Orpheus statue ran,
Foretould the prophets had whereon to sing.
When virtue had alotted her a prize,
The Oaken garlands and the laurell Crown,
Fame then resumd her lofty wings to rise,
And plumes wear honored with the purple gown.
Then when religion with a goulden chayne,
Men vnto fayre ciuility did draw,
Who sent from heauen brought justice forth again.

To keep the good, the viler sort to awe,
That simple age as simply sung of loue,
Till thirst of Empire and of earthly swayes
Drew the good shepheard from his lasses loue,
To sing of slaughter and tumultuous frayes.
Then loues loue-theft was pruiuly discr'i,
How he played false play in Amphi'trio's bed,
And yong Apollo in the mount of Ide
Gaue Oenon physick for her maydenhead:
The tender grasse was then the softest bed:
The pleasant shades esteemed stateliest halls,
No belly churle with Bacchus banqueted,
Nor painted rags then couered rotten walls:
Then simple loue by simple virtue waied,
Flowrs the fauours equall faith reuak'd,
Kindnes againe with kindnes was repayd,
And with sweet kisses covenants were sealed.
Then Beauties self by her selfe beautified,
Scorn'd paintings, perg't and the borrowed hayr,
Nor monstrous formes deformities did hide
The foul to varnish with compounded faire.
The purest fleece then couered purest skin,
For pride as then with Lucifer remaynd,
Ill fauoured fashions yet did not begin,
Nor wholesome cloaths with poysioned liquor staynd.
But when the bowels of the earth were sought
Whose golden entrailes mortalls did espy,
Into the world all mischief then was brought:
This fram'd the mint that coynd our misery.
The lofty pines then presently cut downe
And men, sea-monsters, swam the bracky flood
In wainscote tubs to seeke out worlds vnknowne,
For certain ill to leaue assured good.
The steede was tamde and fitted to the field
That serues a subject to the riders lawes,
He that before ran in the pastures wilde
Felt the stiffe curb controwle his angry iawes.
The Cyclops then stood sweating to the fire,
The vse thereof in softning metalls found
That did streight limbs in stubborne steele attyre
Forging sharp tooles the tender flesh to wound.
The Citty-builder then intrencht his towers
And layd his wealth within the walled towne,
Which after ward in rough and stormy stowres
Kindled the fire that burnt his bulwarks downe.
This was the sad beginning of our woe
That was from hell on wretched mortalls hurld,
And from this fount did all those mischiefes flow
Whose inundation drowneth all the world.

Motto. Well shepheard well, the golden age is gon,

57a goulden chayne] precious or attractive bonds or curbs. 74a equall] (a) steady, constant (b) balanced, reciprocal. 97a Cyclops] the one-eyed giants who assisted Vulcan, the god of fire, at his forge.
Wishes no way reuoketh what is past,
Small wit there were to make two griefes of one
And our complaints we vainly should but wast.
Listen to me then louely shepheard lad,
And thou shalt heare, attentiue if thou be,
A pretie tale I of my Grandame had,
One winters night when there wer none but we.
Gorbo. Shepheard say on, so may we passe the time,
There is no doubt it is som worthy rime.

Motto. Far in the country of Arden,

There wond a knight hight Cassamen,
as boud as Isenbras.
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battell and in tournement,
as was the good Sir Topas.
He had as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowsabel,
am mayden faire and free.
And for she was her fathers heyr
Ful well she was ycond the leyr
of mickle curtesie.

The silke well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine Marchpine,
and with the needle werke:
And she couth helpe the priest to say
His Mattens on a holyday
and sing a Psalme in Kirke.
She ware a frock of frolicke green,
Might well becom a Mayden queen,
which seemly was to see.
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the Columbine,
Ywrought full featuously.
Her feature all as fresh aboue,
As is the grasse that growes by Doue.
and lyth as lasse of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,
As white as snow on Peakish hull
or swan that swims in Trent.
This mayden in a morn betime,
Went foorth when May was in the prime,
to get sweet Setywall.
The hony-suckle, the harlock,
The Lyly and the Lady-smock,
to deck her summer hall.
Thus as she wandred here and there
And picked of the bloomy brier,
she chanced to espy,
A shepheard sitting on a banke,
Like Chanteclere he crowed crancke,
and pip’d full merrily.
He leard his sheep as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
to feed about him round.
Whilst he full many a carroll sang,
Vntill the fields and meadowes rang,
and that the woods did sound.
In fauour this same shepheard swayne,
Was like the bedlam Tamberlayne,
which held proude Kings in awe.
But meeke as any Lamb mought be,
And innocent of ill as he,
whom his lewd brother slaw.
This shepheard ware a sheep gray cloke,
Which was of the finest loke
that could be cut with sheere.
His mittens were of Bauzens Skin,
His Cockers were of cordiwin,
his hood of Miniuere.
His aule and lingell in a thong,
His tarbox on his broad belt hong,
his breeche of Cointry blew.
Full crisp and curled were his locks,
His browes as white as Albion rocks,
so like a lover true.
And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the Pipingay,
which liked Dowsabell.
That would she ought or wold she noght,
This lad would never from her thought,
she in loue-longing fell.
At length she tucked vp her frocke,
White as the Lilly was her smock,
she drew the shepheard ny:
But then the shepheard pip’d a good,
That all his sheepe forsooke theyr foode,
to heare his melody.
Thy sheepe quoth shee, can not be leane,
That haue a tolly shepheard swayne,
the which can pipe so well:
Yea but (saith he) their shepheard may,
If piping thus he pine away
in loue of Dowsabell.
Of loue fond boy take thou no keepe
Quoth she, looke wel vnto thy sheepe,
least they should hap to stray:
Quoth he; so had I done full well
Had I not seen faire Dowsabell
come forth to gather May.
With that she gan to vaile her head,
Her cheekees were like the Roses redde,
but not a word she said.
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his pretie pipes adown,
and on the ground him layd.
Saith she I may not stay till night,
And leau my summer hall vndight,
and all for loue of thee:
My coat saith he, nor yet my fould,
Shall neither sheep nor shepheard hould
except thou fauour mee.
Saith she, yet leuer I was dead,
Then I should loose my maidenhead
and all for loue of men:
Saith he, yet are you too vnkind,
If in your hart you cannot find,
to loue vs now and then.
And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Rosalind,
of curtesie the flower:
Then will I be as true quoth she,
As euer maiden yet might be,
vtto her paramour.
With that she bent her snow-white knee,
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Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,  
and him she sweetlie kist.  
With that the shepheard whoop’d for ioy,  
Quoth he ther’s neuer shepheards boy,  
that euer was so blist.

Gorbo. Now by my sheephook, heer’s a tale alone,  
Learn me the same and I wil giue thee hyer.  
This were as good as curds for our Ione,  
When at a night we sitten by the fire.

Motto. Why gentle Gorbo ile not stick for that,  
When we shall meet vpon som mery day.  
But see whilst we haue set vs downe to chat,  
Yon tykes of myne begin to steale away.  
And if thou please to come vnto our green,  
On Lammas day, when as we haue our feast,  
Thou shalt sit next vnto the shepheardes queene,  
And ther shalt be the only welcom guest.

162 Michael Drayton  Eclogue IX, 1606

First published in Drayton’s Poemes Lyrick and pastoral (1606), with the earlier eclogues repeated from 1593; but the first two songs had already appeared in Helicon (1600). Reprinted with the rest in 1619, shortening the second line in each stanza of the last song. The text below follows 1606. Line initial capitals standardized and punctuation regularised. As Tillotson and Newdigate point out, this later addition to Drayton’s eclogues strikes a more realistic vein, reflecting the actual shearing-feast of Cotswold shepherds. The latter is described in Poly-oilbion Bk.XIV, with a lively illustration in the accompanying map – the only full-legged scene of rustic life in the book. This indicates the centrality of the pastoral in Drayton’s concept of England as well as of poetry.

Late t’was in June the fleece when fully grown  
In the full compasse of the passed year,  
The season wel by skilful shepheards known  
That them prouide immediatly to sheare.

Their Lambs late wax’d so lusty and so strong,  
That time did them theyr mothers teats forbid,  
And in the fields the common flocks among,  
Eat of the same grasse that the greater did.

Now not a shepheard any thing that could,  
But greazd his startyps black as Autums sloe,  
And for the better credit of the Would  
In their fresh russets every one doth go.

Who now a posie pins not in his cap:  
And not a garland Baldrick wise dooth weare?  
Some, of such flowers as to his hand dooth hap,  
Others, such as a secret meaning beare:

He from his lasse him Lauander hath sent  
Shewing her Loue, and doth requitall crauae,  
Him Rosemary his sweethart, whose intent  
Is that he her shoulde in remembrance haue.

Roses his youth and strong desire expresse,  
Her Sage doth show his souerainty in all,  
The Iuly-flower declares his gentlenes,  
Tyme trueth, the Pansie Hartsseas maydens call:

In cotes such simples simply in request,  
Wherwith proude courts in greatnes scorn to mel,  
For country toyes become the countrye best,  
And please poor shepheards and becom them wel.

16 secret meaning] in the language of flowers, as instanced in 17-24.
When the new wash’d flock from the riuers side,
Comming as white as Januaryes snow,
The Ram with nosegayes beares his horns in pride,
And no less braue, the Belwether doth go.

After their fayr flocks in a lusty rowte,
Came the Gay swaynes with Baggpipes strongly blown,
And busied though this solemn sport about
Yet had eache one an eye vnto his own.

And by the auncient statutes of the field,
He that his flocks the earliest lamb should bring
(As it fell out now Rowlands charge to yeeld)
Always for that yeare was the shepheards king.

And soon preparing for the shepheards Board,
Vpon a green that curiously was squard,
With Country cates that plentifully stoard:
And gainst their comming hansomly prepard.

New whig, with water from the clerest streame,
Green plums, and wildings, Cheries chief of feast,
Fresh cheese, and dowsets, Curds and clowted cream,
Spice Syllibubs, and Syder of the best:

And to the same downe solemnly they sit,
In the fresh shadow of their summer Bowers,
With sondry sweets which euery way to fit,
The Neighb ring Vale dispoyled of her flowrs.

And whilst together mery thus they make,
The Sunne to West a little gan to leane,
Which the late feruor soon agayn did slake,
When as the nymphs came foorth vpon the plain.

Here might you many a shepherdesse haue seene,
Of which no place as Cotswold such doth yeeld,
Some of it natuie, some for loue I ween.

Thether were come from many a fertill field.

There was the widows daughter of the Glen,
Deare Rosalynd, that scarsely brook’d compare,
The Moreland mayden, so admir’d of men,
Bright Gouldy-locks, and Phillida the fayre.

Lettice and Parnell pretty louely peats,
Cusse of the Fould, the Virgine of the well,
Fayre Anbrie with the alabaster Teats,
And more whose names were heere to long to tell,

Which now came forward following their sheep,
Their Batning flocks on grassy leaes to houlde,
Thereby from skathe and perill them to keepe
Till euening come that it were time to foule.

When now at last as lik’d the shepheards King
(At whose commaund they all obedient were)
Was poyned who the Roundelay shold singe
And who againe the vndersong should beare.

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The first whereof he Batte doth bequeath,
A wittier wag on all the wold’s not found.
Gorbo the man, that him should sing beneath
Which his lowd Bagpipe skilfully should sound.

When amongst all the nimphs that wear in sight
His best beloued Daffadill he mis’d,
Which to enquire of doing all his might
Whome his companyon kindly doth assist.

Batte. GORBO as thou cam’st this waye
by yonder little hill
Or as thou through the fields didst straye
sawst thou my Daffadill?

Shee’s in a frock of Lincolne greene
the colour maides delight
And never hath her beauty seen
but through a vale of white.

Then Roses richer to behold
that trim vp louers bowers,
The Pansy and the Marigould
tho Phœbus Paramours.

Gorbo. Thou well describ’st the Daffadill,
it is not full an hower
Since by the spring neare yonder hill
I saw that louely flower.

Batte. Yet my faire flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her didst bring.
And yet my Daffadill more sweete,
Then that by yonder spring.

Gorbo. I saw a shepheard that doth keepe
in yonder field of Lillies,
Was making (as he fed his sheepe)
a wreathe of Daffadillies.

Batte. Yet Gorbo thou delud’st me stil,
my flower thou didst not see,
For know my pretie Daffadill
Is worne of none but me.

To shew it selfe but neare her seate,
No Lilly is so bould,
Except to shade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the colde:

Gorbo. Through yonder vale as I did passe,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smerking bony lasse,
They call her Daffadill:

Whose presence as she went along.
The pretie flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent,
With homage to her feete.

And all the shepheards that were nie,
From topp of euery hill,
Vnto the vallies lowe did crie,
There goes sweet Daffadill.

83 exercising all his skill to ask after her.  89 Lincolne greene] ‘a bright green stuff made at Lincoln’ (OED).  96 Phœbus Paramours] because they turn to the sun. Phœbus] Apollo as sun-god.
Gorbo. I gentle shepheard, now with ioy
Thou all my flockes dost fill,
That’s she alone, kind shepheard’s boy,
Let vs to Daffadill.

The easie turnes and queyntnes of the song,
And slight occasion whereupon t’was rayzed
Not one this jolly company among,
(As most could well judge) hiely that not prayed.

When Motto next with Perkin pay their debt,
The Moreland maiden Syluia that espied,
From th’other nymphes a little that was set,
a little apart

In a neer vally by a riuers side.

Whose souerain flowers her sweetnes wel expresd
And honored sight a little them not moueed:
To whom their song they reuerently addresd
Both as her louing, both of her beloued.

Motto. Tell me thou skilfull shepheardes swayne,
Who’s yonder in the vally set?
Perkin. O it is she whose sweets do stayne
the Lilly, Rose, or violet.

Motto. Why doth the Sunne against his kind
stay his bright Chariot in the skies?
Perkin. He pawseth almost stroken blind,
with gazing on her heauenly eies:

Motto. Why do thy flocks forbeare their foode,
which somtyme was their chiefe delight,
Perkin. Because they neede no other good,
that liue in presence of her sight:

Motto. How com these flowers to florish still,
not withering with sharpe winters breath?
Perkin. She hath robd nature of her skill,
and comforts all things with her breath.

Motto. Why slide these brooke so slow away,
as swift as the wild Roe that were?
Perkin. O muse not shepheard that they stay,
when they her heauenly voice do heare.

Motto. From whence com all these goodly swayns
and lovely nymphes attir’d in greene?
Perkin. From gathering garlandes on the playnes,
to crowne thy Siluia shepheardes queen.

Motto. The sun that lightes this world below,
Flocks, Brooks and flowers, can witnesse bear,
Perkin. These shepheardes, and these nymphes do know
thy Syluia is as chast, as fayre.

Lastly it came vnto the clownish king,
Who to conclude this shepheardes yearely feast,
Bound as the rest his Roundelay to sing
As all the other him were to assist.

134 slight occasion[ The singer’s ingenuity in exploiting such ‘slight occasion’ is cause for praise.
151-2 i.e. Her eyes are brighter than the sun: a common Petrarchan conceit.  
157-8 The Helicon text implies Silvia’s absence: ‘Why looke these flowers so pale and ill, / That once attir’d this goodly Heath?’ This gives a better rhyme, but 1606 a sharper conceit and a sense of Silvia’s presence.  
159 robd . . . skill[ acquired nature’s life-giving force.  
163-4 i.e. Her voice is sweeter than the murmur of the brooks.
When she (whome then, they little did expect,  
The dearest nimph that euer kept in field)  
*Idea*, did her sober pace direct

Towards them, with ioy that euer one beheld.

And whereas other draue their carefull keepe,  
Hers did her follow, duly at her will.  
For through her patience she had learnt her sheep

Where ere she went to wait vpon her still.

A milkewhite Doue vpon her hand she brough,  
So tame, t’would go, returning at her call,  
About whose neck, as in a choller wrought,

Only like me, my mistris hath no gaule.

To whom her swaine (vnworthy though he were)  
Thus vnto her his Roundelay applies,

To whom the rest the vnder part did beare,  
Casting vpon her their still-longing eyes.

Rowland. *Of her pure eyes (that now is seen)*

Chorus. *Help vs to sing that be her faithful swains.*

Rowland. *Ô she alone the shepheads Queen,*

Chorus. *Her flocke that leadses,*

*the goddess of these medes,*

*these mountaines and these plaines.*

Rowland. *Those eyes of hers that are more cleere,*

Chorus. *Then silly shepheads can in song expresse,*

Rowland. *Then be his beams that rules the yeare,*

Chorus. *Fy on that prayse,*

*in striueng things to rayse*

*that doth but make them lesse.*

Rowland. *That doe the flowery spring prolong,*

Chorus. *So much the earth doth in her presence ioy,*

Rowland. *And keeps the plenteous summer young;*

Chorus. *And doth asswage*

*the wrathfull winters rage,*

*that would our flockes destroy.*

Rowland. *Ioue saw her brest that naked lay,*

Chorus. *A sight alone was fit for Ioue to see:*  
Rowland. *And swore it was the milkie way;*

Chorus. *Of all most pure,*

*the path (we vs assure)*

*vnto Ioues court to be.*

Rowland. *He saw her tresses hanging downe*

Chorus. *That too and fro were mouued with the ayre,*

Rowland. *And sayd that Ariadnes crowne,*

Chorus. *With those compar’d,*

*the gods should not regard*

*nor Berenices hayre.*

Rowland. *When she hath watch’d my flockes by night,*

Chorus. *O happie were the flockes that she did keepe:*

Rowland. *They neuer needed Cynthia’s light,*  
*Diana as moon-goddess*
Chorus. That soone gave place, amazfd with her grace that did attend thy sheepe.

Rowland. Aboue where heauens his glorious are, Chorus. When as she shall be placed in the skies, Rowland. She shall be calld the shepheards starre, Chorus. And evermore, we shepheards will adore her setting and her rise.

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163 Michael Drayton From Poly-Olbion

Poly-olbion is a vast chorographical poem, a geographical and historical survey of England and Wales. The first 18 'Songs' were published in 1612, and reprinted with 12 new ones in 1622. The first three extracts follow the 1612 text, the last 1622. Marginal notes and 'Illustrations' (annotations) in the original are so indicated in parentheses.

(A) Song IX Lines 71-96

[From the account of Merionethshire in Wales. Sung by the Oreades or mountain nymphs to calm the tumult among the mountains on hearing Mervinia's (Merionethshire's) account of her rivers.]

Thrice famous Saxon King, on whom Time nere shall pray, O Edgar! who compeldst our Ludwall hence to pay Three hundred Wolues a yeere for trybyte vnto thee: And for that tribute payd, as famous may'st thou bee, O conquer'd British King, by whom was first destroy'd The multitude of Wolues, that long this Land annoy'd. Regardlesse of their rape, that now our harmlesse Flocks Securely heere may sit vpon the aged Rocks; Or wandring from their walks, and stragglng here and there

Amongst the scattred Cleeues, the Lambe needs neuer feare, But from the threatening storme to saue it selfe may creepe Into that darksome Caue where once his foe did keepe: That now the clambrong Goat all daye which hauing fed, And crymng vp to see the sunne goe downe to bed, Is not at all in doubt her little Kid to lose, Which grazing in the Vale, secure and safe she knowes.

Where, from these lofye hills which spacious heauen doe threat, Yet of as equall height, as thick by nature set, We talke how wee are stor'd, or what wee greatly need, Or how our flocks doe fare, and how our heards doe feed, When else the hanging Rocks, and Vallyes dark and deepe, The Sommers longest daye would vs from meeting keepe.

Yee Cambrian Shepheard then, whom these our Mountaines please, And yee our fellow Nymphs, yee light Oreades, Saint Hellens wondrous way, and Herberts let vs goe, And our diuided Rocks with admiration showe.

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1-3 King Edgar (reigned 959-75) rid Wales of wolves by exacting tribute of 300 wolfskins a year from King Ludwall or Idwall of Wales (Holinhshed, Chronicles, 1577, III.7. In Drayton's quasi-pastoral context, the extermination of wolves threatening the flocks has symbolic meaning. 1 on ... pray] who will never be destroyed by time, i.e. forgotten. 5 British] Welsh. The ancient Welsh called themselves Brythoniaid (Brythons or Britons), descendants of Brut, the legendary Trojan prince who ruled Britain and gave the land its name. The conquered king is Ludwall. 7 Regardlesse of their rape] Not afraid of being carried away or attacked 17-22 i.e. The Oreades converse by calling from one mountain top to another. 17-18 The peaks of Aran Fawddwy (Drayton's 'Raran') and Cadair Idris ('Cadoridric'), almost equal in height. 17 these lofty hills] The wondrous Mountains in Merionethshire (marginal note). 24 Oreades] Nymphs of the Mountains' (marginal note). 25 Saint Hellens wondrous way] By Festenog [Festiniog] the confines of Caernarvan and Merioneth is this high way of note; so call'd by the British [i.e. Welsh], and supposed made by that Helen, mother to [Emperor] Constantine [more likely Helen, consort of the Emperor Maximus]. ['Illustration']. An ancient Roman road in this region was known by this name at least till the 19-c. 'Herbert's way' cannot be identified. 26 diuided Rocks] Aran Fawddwy and Cadair Idris (see 17-18n).
(B) Song XIII.13-236

[From the account of the forest of Arden in Warwickshire, Drayton’s native county. In the ‘Illustrations’, Drayton explains: ‘By reason of this her [Arden’s] greatness ioyn’d with Antiquity; Hee [the Author] also made choise of this place for description of the Chase, the English simples, and Hermit, as you read in him.’ In other words, Drayton uses this account of his native county to illustrate many important ramifications of the pastoral.]

Muse, first of Arden tell, whose foot-steps yet are found
In her rough wood-lands more than any other ground
That mighty Arden held euen in her height of pride;
Her one hand touching Trent, the other, Severns side.

The very sound of these, the Wood-Nymphs doth awake:
When thus of her own selfe the ancient Forrest spake:

My many goodly sites when first I came to showe,
Here opened I the way to myne owne ouer-throwe:
For, when the world found out the fitnesse of my soyle,
The gripple wretch began immediately to spoyle
My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds inclose:
By which, in little time my bounds I came to lose.

When Britaine first her fields with Villages had fild,
Her people wexing still, and wanting where to build,
They oft dislodg’d the Hart, and set their houses, where
He in the Broome and Brakes had long time made his leyre.

Of all the Forrests heere within this mightie Ile,
If those old Britains then me Soueraigne did instile,
I need must be the great’st; for greatnesse tis alone
That gies our kind the place: else were there many a one
For pleasantnes of shade that farre doth mee excell.

But, of our Forrests kind the quality to tell,
We equally partake with Wood-land as with Plaine,
Alike with Hill and Dale; and euery day maintaine
The sundry kinds of beasts vpon our copious wast’s,
That men for profit breed, as well as those of chase.

Here Arden of her selfe ceast any more to showe;
And with her Sylvan ioyes the Muse along doth goe.

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the Winters wause,
No sooner doth the Earth her flowerie bosome braue,
At such time as the Yeere brings on the pleasant Spring,
But Hunts-vp to the Morne the feath’red Sylmans sing:
And in the lower Groue, as on the rising Knole,
Vpon the highest spray of euery mounting pole,
Those Quirristers are peacht with many a speckled breast.
Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glittiring East
Guilds euery lofty top, which late the humorous Night
Bespangled had with pearle, to please the Mornings sight:
On which the mirthfull Quires, with their cleere open throats,
Vnto the ioyfull Morne so straine their warbling notes,
That Hills and Valleys ring, and euen the echoing Ayre
Seemes all compos’d of sounds, about them euery where.
The Throstell, with shrill Sharpes; as purposely he song
T’awaketh the lustlesse Sunne; or chyding, that so long
He was in comming forth, that should the thckets thrill:
The Woosell neere at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As Nature him had markt of purpose, t’let vs see
That from all other Birds his tunes should differnt bee:

foot-steps] ‘Divers Towns expressing her name: as Henly in Arden, Hampton in Arden, etc.’ The forest had shrunken even by Drayton’s day: the map in Poly-albion shows it as ‘The old forest of Arden Now the Woodland of Warwick Shyre’ (marginal note). 11 inclose] for sheep-farming. Drayton celebrates Warwickshire sheep-farming later in Song XIII. 14 Trent ... Severns side] may not be meant literally: ‘That comprehensiue largenes which this Arden once extended ... makes the Author thus limit her with Severine and Trent.’ (Illustrations). 16 meant for sheep-farming. Drayton celebrates Warwickshire sheep-farming later in Song XIII. 29 Phœbus] Apollo the sun-god, hence the sun. 32 Hunts-vp] a song or tune to awake from sleep, especially to call to a hunt, like that described in 75 ff. 43-50 Throstell, Woosell, Merle] Used for various members of the thrush family, like the blackbird, ring oysel, song thrush and mistle thrush.
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For, with their vocal founds, they sing to pleasant May;
Vpon his dulcet pype the Merle doth onely play.
When in the lower Brake, the Nightingale hard-by,
In such lamenting straines the joyfull howres doth ply,
As though the other Birds saw to her tunes would draw.
And, but that Nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each Bird to her owne kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to heare that Charmer of the Night
(The more to vse their eares) their voyces sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in Parts, at first had learn’d of her.

To Philomell the next, the Linet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the Wood-Larke place we then,
The Red-sparrow, the Nope, the Red-breast, and the Wren,
The Yellow-pate: which though shee hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pype then shee.
And of these chaunting Fowles, the Goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The Tydie for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing Hecco, then the counterjetting Jay,
The Softer, (with the Shriull the Sid among the leaues,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaeues)
Thus sing away the Morne, vntill the mounting Sunne,
Through thick exhaled fogs, his golden head hath runne,
And through the twisted tops of our close Couert creeps
To kisse the gentle Shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

And neere to these our Thicks, the wild and frightfull Heards,
Not hearing other noyse but this of chattering Birds,
Feed fairely on the Launds; both sorts of seasoned Deere:
Here walke the stately Red, the freckled Fallowe there;
The Bucks and lusty Stags amongst the Rascalls strew’d,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

Of all the Beasts which we for our veneriall name,
The Hart amongst the rest, the Hunters noblest game:
Of which most Princely Chase sith none did ere report,
Or by description touch, t’expressse that wondrous sport
(Yet might haue well beeseem’d th’ancients nobler Songs)
To our old Arden heere, most fitly it belongs:
Yet shall shee not invoke the Muses to her ayde;
But thee Diana bright, a Goddessse and a mayd:
In many a huge-growne Wood, and many a shady Groue,
Which oft hath borne thy Bowe (great Huntsresse) vs’d to roue
At many a cruell beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The Lyon, Panther, Ounce, the Beare, and Tiger fierce;
And following thy fleet Game, chaste mightie Forrests Queene,
With thy dishueled Nymphs attyr’d in youthfull greene,
About the Launds hast scour’d, and Wastes both farre and neere,
Braue Huntsresse: but no beast shall proue thy Quarrishe heere;
Saue those the best of Chase, the tall and lusty Red,
The Staig for goodly shape, and statelinesse of head,
Is fitt’d to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds

The laboring Hunter tufts the thicke vnbarbed grounds
Where harbor’d is the Hart; there often from his feed

50 different] ‘Of all Birds, only the Blackbird whistleth’ (marginal note). 56-7 If nature did not impel each bird to sing its own tune, they would all have fallen silent to listen to the nightingale. 59 set in Parts] compose ‘part-songs’, where several voices sing separate ‘parts’ simultaneously. 62 Red-sparrow] ‘reed-sparrow’, the sedge warbler (also reed-hunting, which does not sing). 66 A curious idea that many other species are descended from, or varieties of, the goldfinch. 69 Softer ... Shrillsome] soft and shrill singers. 77 seasoned] in the best state for eating or hunting (OED sa). 79 Bucks] male fallow deer. 81 veneriall] ‘Of hunting, or Chase’ (marginal note). 88 Diana] as goddess of hunting. 99 ‘A description of hunting the Hart’ (marginal note). 100 vnbarbed] unmown, uncut (OED unbarbed adj2, citing this passage).
The dogs of him doe find; or thorough skilfull heed,  
The Huntsman by his slot, or breaking earth, perceauses,  
Or entring of the thicke by pressing of the greaues  
densest part of the wood; thicke  
Where he hath gone to lodge. Now when the Hart doth heare  
The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret leyre,  
As though vp by the roots the bushes he would rie.  
He rouzing rusketh out, and through the Brakes doth drieu,  
And through the combourous thicks as fearfully he makes,  
Hee with his branched head, the tender Saplings shakes,  
That sprinkling their moyst pearle doe seeme for him to wepee;  
When after goes the Cry, with yellings lowd and deepe,  
That all the Forrest rings, and euyer neighbouring place:  
And there is not a hound but falleth to the Chase.  
Rechating with his horne, which then the Hunter cheeres,  
Whist still the lustie Stag his high-palm’d head vp-beares,  
His body showing state, with vbient knees vpright,  
Expressing (from all beasts) his courage in his flight.  
But when th’ approaching foes still following he perceiues,  
That hee his speed must trust, his vsuall walke he leaues;  
And or the Champaine flies: which when th’ assembly find,  
Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind.  
But beeing then imbost, the noble stately Deere  
When he hath gotten ground (the kennell cast arere)  
Doth beat the Brooks and Ponds for sweet refreshing soyle:  
That seruing not, then prouues if he his sent can foyle,  
And makes amongst the Heards, and then the Sheepe goe,  
Theym frightening from the guard of those who had their keepe.  
But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,  
Put quite out of his walke, the wayes and fallowes tryes.  
Whom when the Blow-man meets, his teame he letteth stand  
T’assail him with his hooke in hand,  
The Shepheard him pursues, and to his dog doth halow:  
When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and Huntsmen follow;  
Vntill the noble Deere through toyle bereau’d of strength,  
His long and sinewy legs then fayling him at length,  
The Villages attempts, enrag’d, not guing way  
To any thing hee meets now at his sad decay.  
The cruell rauenous hounds and bloody Hunters neer,  
This noblest beast of Chase, that vainly doth but feare,  
Some banke or quick-set finds: to which his hanch oppos’d,  
He turns vpon his foes, that soone haue him inclos’d.  
The churlish throated hounds then holding him at bay,  
And as their cruell fangs on his harsh skin they lay,  
With his sharp-poynted head he dealeth deadly wounds.  
The Hunter, comming in to helpe his weardied hounds,  
He desperately assailes; vntill opprest by force,  
He who the Mourner is to his owne dying Corse,  
Vpon the ruthlesse earth his precious teares lets fall.  
To Forrests that belongs; but yet this is not all:  
With solitude what sorts, that here’s not wondrousrife?  
Whereas the Hermit leads a sweet retyr ed life,  
From Villages replreate with ragg’d and sweating Clownes,  

103 slot] 'The tract of the foote' (marginal note).  
115 Rechating] 'One of the Measures in winding the horne' (marginal note).  
116 high-palm’d] branched. The red deer’s antlers are not actually palmate like the fallow deer’s.  
119 perceuates] dual construction: refers back to foes and forward to That hee....  
123 imbost] driven to extremity, hence foaming at the mouth (OED embossed adj.).  
124 the ... arece] leaving the dogs behind. kennell] pack of hounds.  
125 beat] (of a hunted animal) take to the water, seeking escape (OED 2ob).  
127 his sent can foyle] throw (the dogs) off his scent.  
130 ways] paths through woods and fields.  
141 his hanch oppos’d] staving himself against it by his hauich.  
148-9 'The Hart weepeth at his dying: his teares are held to be precious in medicine.' (marginal note) The 'teares' are a secretion from a gland near the eye.  
151 Everything conforming to a life of solitude is plentiful here.  
153 ‘A description of the afternoone’ (marginal note).
And from the lothsome ayres of smoky cittied Townes.

Suppose twixtno one and night, the Sunne his halfe-way wrought
(Theshadowes to be large, by his descending brought)
Who with a ferenue eye looks through the twyring glades,
And his dispersed rayes commixeth with the shades,
Exhaling the milch dewe, which there had terried long,
And on the ranker grasse till past the noone-sted hong;
When as the Hermet comes out of his homely Cell,
Where from all rude resort he happily doth dwell:
Who in the strength of youth, a man at Armes hath been;
Or one who of this world the vilenesse hauing scene,
Retyres him from it quite; and with a constant mind
Mans beastliness so loathes, that flying humane kind,
The black and darksome nights, the bright and gladsome dayes
Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that staieth.

Each little Village yeelds his short and homely fare:
170 To gather wind-falne sticks, his great st and onely care;
Which every aged tree still yeeldeth to his fire.

This man, that is alone a King in his desire,
By no proud ignorant Lord is basely ouer-aw’d,
Nor his false prayse affects, who grossly beeing claw’d,
Stands like an itchy Moyle; nor of a pin he wayes
What fooles, abused Kings, and humorous Ladies raise.

His free and noble thought nere envies at the grace
That often times is giuen vtnto a Baud most base,
Nor stirs it him to thinke on the Impostour vile,
Who seeming what hee’s not, doth sensually beguile
The sottish purblind world: but absolutely free,
His happy time he spends the works of God to see,
In those so sundry hearbs which there in plenty growe:
Whose sundry strange effects he onely seeks to knowe.
And in a little Maund, beeing made of Oziars small,
Which serueth him to doe full many a thing withall,
He very choicely sorts his Simples got abroad.
180 He Fumitorie gets, and Eye-bright for the eye:

The Yarrow, where-with-all he stops the wound-made gore:
The healing Tutsan then, and Plantan for a sore.
And hard by them againe he holy Vervaine finds,
Which he about his head that hath the Megrim binds.
The wonder-working Dill hee gets not farre from these,
Whose curious women vse in many a nice disease.
For them that are with Newts, or Snakes, or Adders stong,
He seeketh out an hearbe that’s called Adders-tong;
As Nature it ordain’d, its ownelike hurt to cure,
And sportiue did her selfe to niceties invre.

Valerian then he crops, and purposely doth stampe,
T’apply vtnto the place that’s haled with the Crampe.
As Century, to close the wideness of a wound:

154 cittied Townes] villages that have come to resemble cities. 154 Townes] villages (OED 3).
155 his halfe-way wrought] having travelled half his course. 157 twyring] peeping; transferred epithet.
159 milch] ‘resembling milk, milky’ (OED 3d, citing only this passage) 161 ‘Hermits haue oft had
their aboards by waies that lie through Forests.’ [marginal note] The hermit, as in many other works,
is a disillusioned courtier seeking the peace of pastoral life.
173 Moyle] sere (cf. OED mole 2b).
178 sensually] through man’s baser or lower nature. 185 Oziars osiers, a kind of willow used in
basket-making. 186 serueth... withall] serves him for many uses. 187 Simples] extracts from
medicinal plants. 190 Eye-bright] euphry, thought to improve weak eyesight.
196 nice] (a) delicate, feminine (b) private, embarrassing. 197 Newts] then generally regarded as venomous. 199-200 As if Nature had fancifully arranged to extract a cure
from the afflication itself (cure the adder’s bite with a plant looking like its tongue).
The belly hurt by birth, by Mugwort to make sound.
His Chickweed cures the heat that in the face doth rise.
   For Physick, some againe he inwardly applyes.
For comforting the Spleene and Luye, gets for iuice,
Pale Hore-hound, which he holds of most especiall vse.
So Saxifrage is good, and Harts-tongue for the Stone,
   With Agrimony, and that hearbe we call S. John.
To him that hath a flux, of Sheepehards purge he giues,
   and Mous-eare vnto him whom some sharpe rupture grieues.
And for the laboring wretch that’s troubled with a cough,
   or stopping of the breath, by fleagne that’s hard and tough,
Campana heere he crops, approoued wondrous good:
As Comfrey vnto him that’s brused, spettering blood;
And from the Falling-ill, by Fiue-leaf doth restore,
And Melancholy cures by soueraigne Hellebore.
Of these most helpfull hearbs yet tell we but a few,
To those vnnumbred sortes of Simples here that grew:
Which iustly to set downe, euens Dodon short doth fall;
Nor skillfull Gerard, yet, shall euer find them all.
But from our Hermit heere the Muse we must inforce,
   And zealously proceed in our intended course: ...

(C) Song XIV.217-78
[From the account of the Vale of Evesham in Worcestershire, and the Cotswolds. This section is preceded by Evesham’s discourse on the superiority of valleys to hills – a theme integral to pastoral. The account of the shearing-feast is rather brief: perhaps Drayton did not want to repeat the elaborate discourse in Eclogue IX of 1606.]

But, noble Muse, proceed immediatly to tell
How Eushams fertile Vale at first in liking fell
With Cotswold, that great King of Shepheards: whose proude site
When that fair Vale first saw, so nourisheth her delight,
   That him she onely lov’d: for wisely shee beheld
The beauties cleaneth throughout that on his sur-face dweld:
   fine, ‘fair’
Of iust and equall height two banks arising, which
Grew poore (as it should seeme) to make some Valley rich:
Betwixt them thrusting out an Elbowe of such height,
As shoawes the lower soyle; which, shadowed from the light,
Shootes forth a little Groue, that in the Sommers day
Invites the Flocks, for shade that to the Couert stray.
A Hill there holds his head, as though it told a tale,
Or stooped to looke downe, or whisper with a Vale;
Where little purling winds like wantons seeme to dally,
And skip from Bank to Banke, from Valley trip to Valley.
Such sundry shapes of soyle where Nature doth devise,
   whimsical, fanciful
That she may rather seeme fantasticall, then wise.

   ’Whom Sarum’s Plaine giues place: though famous for her Flocks,
Yet hardly doth she tythe our Cotswolds wealthy locks.
   Though Lemster him exceede for finenesse of her ore,
Yet quite he puts her downe for his abundant store.
A match so fit as hee, contenting to her mind,
Few Vales (as I suppose) like Eusham hapto find to:
Nor any other Wold, like Costwold euer sped,
So faire and rich a Vale by fortuning to wed.

Hee hath the goodly Wooll, and shee the wealthy Graine:
Through which they wisely seeme their houshold to maintaine.
He hath pure wholesome Ayre, and daintye crystall Springs.

To those delights of his, shee daily profit brings:
As to his large expense, she multiplies her heapes:
Nor can his Flocks deuour th’aboundanc that shee reaps;
As th’one with what it hath, the other streue to grace.

And, now that every thing may in the proper place
Most aptly be contrui’d, the Sheepe our Wold doth breed
(The simplest though it seeme) shall our description need,
And Shepheard-like, the Muse thus of that kind doth speak;
No browne, nor suffled black the face or legs doth streak,
Like those of Moreland, Cank, or of the Cambrian hills

That lightly laden are: whose browes so woollily be,
As men in her faire Sheepe no emptiness should see.

The Staple deepe and thick, through, to the very graine,
Most strongly keept out the violentest raine:
A body long and large, the buttocks equall broad;
As fit to vnder-goe the full and weightie load.

And of the fleecie face, the flanke doth nothing lack,
But every-where is stor’d, the belly, as the back.
The faire and goodly Flock, the Shepheard onely pride,
As white as Winters snowe, when from the Riuers side
He dries his new-washt Sheepe; or on the Sheering day,
When as the lusty Ram, with those rich spoyles of May
His crooked hornes hath crown’d; the Bell-weather, so braue
As none in all the Flock they like themselues would haue.

But Muse, returne to tell, how there the Sheepheards King,
Whose Flock hath chanc’t that yeere the earliest Lambe to bring,
In his gay Bauldricks sits at his lowe grassie Bord,
With Flawns, Curds, Clowted-creame, and Country dainties stor’d:

And, whilst the Bag-pipe playes, each lustieiocund Swaine
Quaffes Sillibubs in Kans, to all vpon the Plaine,
And to their Country-Girlies, whose Nosegayes they doe weare.

But Cotswold, be this spoke to th’onely praise of thee,
That thou of all the rest, the chosen soyle should’st bee,
Faire Isis to bring-forth (the Mother of great Tames)
With those delicious Brooks, by whose immortal streams
Her greatness is beginsu: so that our Riuers King,
When he his long Descent shall from his Bel-sieres bring,
Must needs (Great Pastures Prince) deriue his stem by thee,
From kingly Cotswolds selfe, sprung of the third degree:

As th’old worlds Heroës wont, that in the times of yore,
On Neptune, Ioue, and Mars, themselues so highly bore.

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31 i.e. The wealth of the valley supports sheep-farming on the hills — presumably by providing enough grain to feed the latter, sheep-farming being profitable enough in itself. 41-2 Her] The wool grows all over the sheep, even the foreheads, unlike the ‘lightly laden’ (40) breeds elsewhere. (Cf. ‘full and weightie load’, 46). Cotswold changes gender at this point for no clear reason. 43 graine] ‘internal substance’ (OED i.e.), core of the fibre. 52 rich spoyles of May] the wreathe with which its horns are decorated on May Day. 54 No other sheep in the flock are so richly adorned. 58 Flawns] ‘a kind of custard or cheese-cake’ (OED). 64 thou] ‘The fountain [source] of Thames, rising in the South of Cotswold.’ (marginal note) The Isis, the upper course of the Thames, rises at Thamês Head near Cirencester. 67 our Riuers King] the Thames. 70 of the third degree] at three removes (from brooks to the Isis to the Thames). 71 Heroës] of Graeco-Roman mythology, offspring of one divine and one mortal parent. 72 On ... bore] prided or vaunted themselves on (OED 19).
(D) Song XIX.13-66

[From the account of Waltham and Hatfield forests in Essex. One of the major ‘ecological’ passages in Poly-oilbion, where Drayton laments the destruction of the countryside, especially the forests, to meet the demand for domestic and industrial fuel.]

But Muse, from her so low, diuert thy high-set song
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with thee along
The Forrests, and the Floods, and most exactly show;
How these in order stand, how those directly flow:
For in that happy soyle, doth pleasure euer wonne,
Through Forrests, where cleere Rills in wild Meanders runne;
Where daintie Summer Bowers, and Arborets are made,
Cut out of Busshy thickes, for coolenesse of the shade.

Fooles gaze at painted Courts, to th’ countrey let me goe,
To climb the easie hill, then walke the valley lowe;
No gold-embossed Roofes, to me are like the woods;
No Bed like to the grasse, nor liquor like the floods:
A Citie’s but a sinke, gay houses gawdy graues,
The Muses haue free leaue, to starue or liue in causse:
But Waltham Forrest still in prosperous estate,
As standing to this day (so strangely fortunate)
Aboue her neighbour Nymphs, and holds her head aloft;
A turfe beyond them all, so sleeke and wondrous soft,
Vpon her setting side, by goodly London grac’d,
Vpon the North by Lea, her South by Thames embrac’d.
Vpon her rising point, shee chaunced to espie
A daintie Forrest-Nymph of her societie.

Faire Hatfield, which in height all other did surmount,
And of the Dryades held in very high account;
Yet in respect of her stood farre out of the way,
Who doubting of her selfe, by others late decay,
Her sisters glory view’d with an astonish’d eye,
Whom Waltham wisely thus reprooueth by and by.

Dear Sister rest content, nor our declining rue,

What thing is in this world (that we can say) is new;
The Ridge and Furrow shewes that once the crooked Plow
Turn’d vp the grassye turfe, where Okes are rooted now:
And at this houre we see, the Share and Coulter teare
The full corne-bearing gleabe, where sometimes forrests were;
And those but Caitifes are, which most doe secke our spoyle,
Who hauing sold our woods, doe lastly sell our soyle;
Tis vertue to glue place to these vngodly times,
When as the fostred ill proceeds from others crimes;
Gainst Lunatiiks, and fooles, what wise folke spend their force;
For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the course:
And when God giues men vp to wayes abhor’d and vile,
Of vnderstanding hee deprives them quite, the while
They into errour runne, confounded in their sinne,
As simple Fowles in lyme, or in the Fowlers gynne.
And for those prettie Birds, that wont in vs to sing,
They shall at last forbeare to welcome in the Spring,
When wanting where to pearch, they sit vpon the ground,
And curse them in their Notes, who first did woods confound.

1 her so low] Canvey Island in the Thames, described in the preceding lines.
2 Lea] the ‘second river’ of London.
3 thickes] thickets — i.e. the bushes are fashioned by nature into bowers.
15 ‘The braue scituation of Waltham Forrest’ (marginal note).
16 ‘Hatfield Forestt lying lower towards the East betweene Stortford and Dunmow’ (marginal note).
25 out of the way] ?inadequate, not to be compared (to Waltham): cf. OED way 3yd.
33 Coulter] a vertical blade fixed in front of the ploughshare.
37-8 ‘It is best to avoid all contact with the times, when one is tainted by others’ misdeeds.
43 confounded ... sinne] destroyed by their own misdeeds.
Deare Sister Hatfield, then hold vp thy drooping head,
We feele no such decay, nor is all succour fled:
For Essex is our dower, which greatly doth abound
With every simple good, that in the Ile is found:
And though we goe to wracke in this so generall waste,
This hope to vs remains, we yet may be the last.

164 Michael Drayton  The Shepherd's Sirena

First published in Drayton’s The Battle of Agincourt volume (1627). Apparently composed in stages, the song in the middle earlier than the sections before and after. From the geographical refs., Hebel has identified Sirena as Mary Curzon, wife of Drayton’s patron Sir Edward Sackville, later Earl of Dorset. Her separated lover Dorilus would then be her husband, self-exiled after a duel in which he killed his opponent, and able to approach her only at extreme risk. But esp. in the last section, Dorilus seems to reflect something of Drayton himself. Olcon is usually taken (as in Ecl. VIII of 1606) as James I, a failed poet and enemy of poetry. The literary politics are a reflection, almost a trope, of broader national politics where the Spenserians favoured the more radically Protestant ‘country’ party opposed to the King and court: cf. the openly political content of William Browne’s Ecl. II in The Shepherd’s Pipe, and Wither’s The Shepherd’s Hunting. This may also explain why Drayton delayed publication till after James’s death and the escalation of anti-court politics. There are problems with this interpretation, esp. in assuming that Drayton could allude to the King and court in the abusive terms of 155-8. Alternatively, Olcon may be the leader of a rival band of poets, perhaps Ben Jonson. The allusions seem irrecoverable in good part, but the poem provides an instance of the striking union of delicate lyric fancy with serious, even aggressive topical concerns in Drayton and in pastoral generally. Punctuation regularized.

THE SHEPHEARDS SIRENA.

Dorilvs in sorrowes deepse,
Autumne waxing olde and chill,
As he sate his Flocks to keepe,
Vnderneath an easie hill:
Chanc’d to cast his eye aside
On those fields, where he had seene
Bright SIRENA, Natures pride,
Sporting on the pleasant greene:
To whose walkes the Shepheards oft
Came her god-like footo to finde,
And in places that were soft,
Kist the print there left behinde;
Where the path which she had troad
Hath thereby more glory gayn’d,
Then in heau’n that milky rode,
Which with Nectar Hebe stayn’d:
But bleake Winters boystrous blasts
Now their fading pleasures chid,
And so fill’d them with his wastes,
That from sight her steps were hid.
Silly Shepheard, sad the while
For his sweet SIRENA gone,
All his pleasures in exile:
Layd on the colde earth alone.
Whilst his gamesome cut-tayld Curre
With his mirthlesse Master playes,
Striuing him with sport to stirre,
As in his more youthfull dayes,
DORILVS his Dogge doth chide,
Layes his well-tun’d Bagpype by,
And his Sheep-hooke casts aside,
There (quoth he) together lye.

51 dower] the portion of an estate left to the owner’s widow — i.e. what remains to Waltham and Hatfield after the country has been spoliated. 15-16 milky rode ... stayn’d] A relatively obscure myth says the milky way was formed from nectar spilt by Hebe the divine cupbearer. 18 pleasures] flowers or other beauties of the field, now chid or rebuked as a frivolous indulgence. 19 wastes] ?ravages; snow or floods (OED 6a, b); land covered with snow (OED 1b).
When a Letter forth he tooke,
Which to him SIRENA wrt,
With a deadly downe-cast looke,
And thus fell to reading it.
                                            
                              Dorilvs my deare (quoth she)
Kinde Companion of my woe,
Though we thus diuided be,
Death cannot diuorce vs so:
Thou whose bosome hath beene still
Th’only Closet of my care,
And in all my good and ill,
Euer had thy equall share:
Might I winne thee from thy Fold,
Thou shouldst come to visite me,
But the Winter is so cold,
That I feare to hazard thee:
The wilde waters are wxt hie,
So they are both deafe and dumbe,
Lou’d they thee so well as I,
They would ebb e when thou shouldst come;
Then my coate with light should shine,
Purer then the Vestall fire:
Nothing here but should be thine,
That thy heart can well desire:
Where at large we will relate:
From what cause our friendship grewe,
And in that the varying Fate,
Since we first each other knewe:
Of my heauie passed plight,
As of many a future feare,
Which except the silent night,
None but onely thou shalt heare;
My sad heart it shall releue,
When my thoughts I shall disclose,
For thou canst not chuse but greeue,
When I shall recount my woes;
There is nothing to that friend,
To whose close vncranied brest
We our secret thoughts may send,
And there safely let it rest:
And thy faithfull counsell may
My distressed case assist,
Sad affliction else may sway
Me a woman as it list:
Hither I would haue thee haste,
Yet would gladly haue thee stay,
When those dangers I forecast
That may meet thee by the way.
Doe as thou shalt thinke it best,
Let thy knowledge be thy guide,
Lieu thou in my constant breast,
Whatsoever shall betide.
                                            
                              He her Letter hauing red,
Puts it in his Scripagaine,
Looking like a man halfe dead,
By her kindenesse strangely slaine;
And as one who inly knew
Her distressed present state,
And to her had still beene true,

54 Vestall fire] the fire at the sanctuary of Vesta, goddess of the hearth, tended by the vestal virgins (hence Purer). The vestal virgins seem to be equated with the virgin priestesses of Aphrodite or Venus, of whom Hero, beloved of Leander, was one. Sirena’s dismissing the idea of Dorilus swimming to reach her recalls the death of Leander on a similar errand.
Thus doth with himselfe deleate.
   I will not thy face admire,
Admirable though it bee,
Nor thine eyes whose subtile fire
So much wonder winne in me:
But my maruell shall be now,
(And of long it hath bene so)
Of all Woman kind that thou
Wert ordain’d to taste of woe;
To a Beauty so duine,
Paradise in little done,
O that Fortune should assigne
Ought but what thou well mightst shun.
But my counsailes such must bee,
(Though as yet I them conceale)
By their deadly wound in me,
They thy hurt must onely heale.
Could I gue what thou do’st craue,
To that passe thy state is grownse,
I thereby thy life may saue,
But am sure to loose mine owne.
To that ioy thou do’st conceiue,
Through my heart the way doth lye,
Which in two for thee must clauce
Least that thou shouldst goe awry.
Thus my death must be a toy,
Which my pensiue breast must couer;
Thy beloued to enjoy,
Must be taught thee by thy Louer.
Hard the Choise I haue to chuse:
To my selfe if friend I be,
I must my SIRENA loose,
If not so, shee looseth me.

Thus whilst he doth cast about
What therein were best to doe,
Nor could yet resolue the doubt,
Whether he should stay or goe:
In those Feilds not farre away,
There was many a frolike Swaine,
In fresh Russets day by day,
That kept Reuell on the Plaine
Nimble T, sirnam’d the Tup,
For his Pipe without a Peere,
And could tickle Trenchmore vp,
As t’would ioy your heart to heare.
RALPH as much renown’d for skill,
That the Taber touch’d so well;
For his Gittern, little GILL,
That all other did excell.
Rock and ROLLO every way,
Who still led the Rusticke Ging,
And could troule a Roundelay,
That would make the Feilds to ring,
COLLIN on his Shalme so cleare
Many a high-pitch Note that had,

95 subtile] (a) delicate, refined (b) secret, insidious – though in 270, the light from her eyes is said to be blazing.  [104 shun] surprising in place of the expected ‘like’. The meaning might be ‘anything (by way of hurt or affliction) that you could not easily avoid’.  [107-8 i.e. I will rescue you by sacrificing myself.  [117-18 I must count my death as a trifle (toy) that my burdened heart must keep concealed.  [119-20 Cryptic. Perhaps ‘Your lover (i.e. Dorilus) must decide how (at risk to his life) he can fulfil your wish by coming to you’.  [133 Tup] ram: apparently a compliment for his pipe ‘without a Peere’, though the English Dialect Dictionary defines tup as a stupid person.  [135 tickle] ‘to touch (a stringed instrument, etc.) lightly’ (OED 6).
And could make the Ecchos nere
Shout as they were wexen mad.
Many a lusty Swaine beside,
That for nought but pleasure car’d,
Hauing DORILVS espy’d,
And with him knew how it far’d,
Thought from him they would remoue
This strong melancholy fitt,
Or so, should it not behoue,
Quite to put him out of’s witt;
Hauing learnt a Song, which he
Sometime to SIRENA sent,
Full of lollity and glee,
When the Nimph liu’d neere to Trent,
They behinde him softly gott,
Lying on the earth along,
And when he suspected not,
Thus the louiall Shepherds song.

Neare to the Siluer Trent,
SIRENA dwelleth:
Shee to whom Nature lent
All that excelleth:
By which the Muses late,
And the neate Graces,
Haue for their greater state
Taken their places:
Twisting an Anadem,
Wherewith to Crowne her,
As it belong’d to them
Most to renowne her.

Chorus: On thy Bancke,
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swanes sing her,
And with their Musick,
along let them bring her.

Tagus and Pactolus
are to thee Debter,
Nor for their gould to vs
are they the better:
Henceforth of all the rest,
be thou the Ruer
Which as the daintiest,
puts them downe euer,
For as my precious one
o’r thee doth trauell,
She to Pearle Parragon
turneth thy grauell.

Chorus: On thy Bancke,
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swanns sing her,
And with their Musick,
along let them bring her.

Our mournefull Philomell,
that rarest Tuner,
Henceforth in Aperill

155-6 Or if that was not possible, to make him totally mad.
169-72 The Muses and Graces have come
to dwell with Sirena for their own greater honour. 169 which
the Trent. 175 As they were best fitted
or entrusted. 182 Tagus and Pactolus
rivers in Portugal and Lydia respectively, carrying gold
in their waters. But the silver (165, 323) and pearl (192) of the Trent is daintiest
(188) or most precious.
196 The earlier Swanes (?swains) changes to Swanns(?swans), and the two words alternate from here
on. 201 Aperill 3-syllable form presumably for rhyme and metre.
shall wake the sooner,
And to her shall complaine
from the thicke Couer,
Redoubling euery straine
ouer and ouer:
For when my Louetoolong
her Chamber keepeth;
As though it suffered wrong,
The Morning weepeoth.

210

Chorus: On thy Bancke,
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swanes sing her,
And with their Musick,
along let them bring her.

Oft haue I seene the Sunne,
to doe her honour,
Fix himselfe at his noone,
to looke vpon her,

220
And hath guilt euery Groue,
euery Hill neare her,
With his flames from aboue,
striuing to cheere her,
And when shee from his sight
hath her selfe turned,
He as it had beene night,
In Cloudes hath mourned:

Chorus: On thy Bancke,
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swanes sing her,
And with their Musick,
along let them bring her.

The Verdant Meades are seene,
when she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant Greene,
straight to renewe them,
And euery little Grasse
broad it selfe spreadeth,

240
Proud that this bonny Lasse
vpon it treadeth:
Nor flower is so sweete
in this large Cincture
But it vpon her feete
Leaueth some Tincture.

Chorus: On thy Bancke,
In a Rancke,
Let thy Swanes sing her,
And with their Musick,
along let them bring her.

250
The Fishes in the Flood,
when she doth Angle,
For the Hooke striuue a good
them to intangle,
And leaping on the Land
from the cleare water,
Their Scales vpon the sand
lauishly scatter;
Therewith to paue the mould
whereon she passes,

260
So her selfe to behold,
as in her glasses.

Chorus:  
On thy Bancke,  
In a Rancke,  
Let thy Swanns sing her,  
And with their Musicke,  
along let them bring her.

When shee lookes out by night,  
the Starres stand gazing,  
Like Commetts to our sight  
Fearefully blazing,  
As wondering at her eyes,  
with their much brightnesse,  
Which so amaze the skies,  
dimming their lightnesse,  
The raging Tempests are Calme  
when she speketh,  
Such most delightsome balme  
from her lips breaketh.

Chorus:  
On thy Bancke,  
In a Rancke, &c.

[Refrain abridged in this stanza alone]

In all our Brittany,  
ther’s not a fayrer,  
Nor can you fitt any  
should you compare her.  
Angels her eye-lids keepe  
all harts surprizing,  
Which looke whilst she doth sleepe  
like the Sunnes rising;  
She alone of her kinde  
knoweth true measure  
And her vnmatched mind  
is Heauens treasure:

Chorus:  
On thy Bancke,  
In a Rancke,  
Let thy Swanes sing her,  
And with their Musick,  
along let them bring her.

Fayre Doue and Darwine cleere  
boast yee your beauties,  
To Trent your Mistres here  
yet pay your duties,  
My Loue was higher borne  
tow’rds the full Fountaines,  
Yet she doth Moorland scorne,  
and the Peake Mountaines;  
Nor would she none should dreame  
where she abideth,  
Humble as is the streame,  
which by her slydeth.

Chorus:  
On thy Bancke,  
In a Rancke,  
Let thy Swanns sing her,  
And with their Musick,  
along let them bring her.

---

268 glasses] mirrors: the fishes’ scales shine as brightly.  
269 Commets] i.e. her eyes, ‘blazing’ brighter than the stars.  
288 Brittany] Britain.  
285-8 Even when her eyes are shut, her eyelids are as bright as the rising sun.  
290 true measure] balance or proportion, of both mind and body.  
303-6 i.e. Sirena’s first home was higher upriver than the Dove and Derwent (Darwine)’s confluences with the Trent, but not near the latter’s source in the moors and Peak country. This fits Croxall on the river Mease, Mary Curzon’s home till her marriage (Hebel).  
307-8 She does not wish her abode to be known — i.e. she is modest and retiring. Nor ... none] a double negative.
Yet my poore Rusticke Muse
noting thing can moue her,
Nor the meane I can vse,
though her true Louer:
Many a long Winters night
haue I wak’d for her,
Yet this my piteous plight
nothing can stirre her.
All thy Sands siluer Trent
downe to the Humber,
The sighes that I haue spent
Neuer can number.

Chorus:  On thy Banke
In a Ranke,
Let thy Swans sing her
And with their Musicke
along let them bring her.

Taken with this suddaine Song,
Least for mirth when he doth look
His sad heart more deeply stong,
Then the former care he tooke.
At their laughter and amaz’d,
For a while he sat aghast
But a little hauing gaz’d,
Thus he them bespake at last.

Is this time for mirth (quoth he)
To a man with griefe opprest?
Sinfull wretches as you be,
May the sorrowes in my breast
Light vpon you one by one,
And as now you mocke my woe,
When your mirth is turn’d to moane,
May your like then serue you so.
When one Swaine among the rest
Thus him merily bespake,

Get thee vp thou arrant beast,
Fits this season loue to make?
Take thy Sheeppoke in thy hand,
Clap thy Curre and set him on,
For our fields ’tis time to stand,
Or they quickly will be gon.
Roughish Swinheards that repine
At our Flocks, like beastly Clownes,
Swear that they will bring their Swine,
And will wroote vp all our Downes:

They their Holly whips haue brac’d,
And tough Hazell goades haue gott;
Soundly they your sides will baste,
If their courage faile them not.
Of their purpose if they speed,
Then your Bagglypes you may burne,
It is neither Droane nor Reed
Shepheard, that will serue your turne:
Angry OLCON sets them on,
And against vs part doth take

Euer since he was out-gone,
Offring Rymes with vs to make.
Yet if so our Sheepe-hookes hold,
Darely shall our Downes be bought,
For it neuer shall be told,

336 And amazed at their laughter.  338 Swine] By the conventional contrast with shepherds, swineherds are at the bottom of the pastoral hierarchy.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

We our Sheep-walkes sold for nought.
And we here haue got vs Dogges,
Best of all the Westerne breed,
Which though Whelps shall lug their Hogges,
Till they make their eares to bleed:
Therefore Shepheard come away,
When as DORILVS arose,
Whistles Cut-tayle from his play,
And along with them he goes.

165 Michael Drayton  The Description of Elizium

A prelude to Drayton’s *The Muses Elizium* (1630). Elizium is an idealized, mythologized landscape, modifying and extending the pastoral mode, but implicitly commenting on the real world and degenerate times. The last is linked to Stuart rule: the spelling ‘Elizium’ contrastingly evokes Elizabeth’s reign. The contrast was a strategy of the oppositional politics of the ‘Country party’, supported by Drayton and actively advanced by some younger Spenserians. The politics behind the fantasy becomes explicit in Nymphal X, as in *The Shepheards Sirena*.

The Description of Elizium.

A Paradise on earth is found,
Though farre from vulgar sight,
Which with those pleasures doth abound
That it *Elizium* hight.

Where, in Delights that never fade,
The Muses lulled be,
And sat at pleasure in the shade
Of many a stately tree,

Which no rough Tempest makes to reele
Nor their straight bodies bowes,
Their lofty tops doe never feele
The weight of winters snowes;

In Groues that euermore are greene,
No falling leafe is there,
But Philomel (of birds the Queene)
In Musick spends the yeare.

The Merle vpon her mertle Perch,
There to the Mavis sings,
Who from the top of some curld Berch
Those notes redoubled rings;

There Daysyes damaske every place
Nor once their beauties lose,
That when proud Phoebus hides his face
Themselves they scorn to close.

The Pansy and the Violet here,
As seeming to descend,
Both from one Root, a very payre,
For sweetnesse yet contend,

And pointing to a Pinkie to tell
Which beares it, it is loath
To judge it; but replyes, for smell
That it excels them both,

---

11-14 perpetual spring, a basic condition of the Earthly Paradise. 19 *curld* with toothed or serrated leaves. 23-4 They continue to bloom even when the sun has set. Phoebus] the sun-god, hence the sun. 26 *descend*] spring from.
Wherewith displeasde they hang their heads
So angry soone they grow
And from their odoriferous beds
Their sweets at it they throw.

The winter here a Summer is,
No waste is made by time,
Nor doth the Autumn euer misse
The blossomes of the Prime.

The flower that Iuly forth doth bring
In April here is seene,
The Primrose that puts on the Spring
In Iuly decks each Greene.

The sweets for soueraignty contend
And so abundant be,
That to the very Earth they lend
And Barke of euery Tree:

Rills rising out of euery Banck,
In wilde Meanders strayne,
And playing many a wanton pranck
Vpon the speckled plaine,

In Gambols and lascivious Gyres
Their time they still bestow
Nor to their Fountaines none retys,
Nor on their course will goe

Those Brooks with Lillies brauely deckt,
So proud and wanton made,
That they their courses quite neglect:

And seeme as though they stayed
Faire Flora in her state to viewe
Which through those Lillies looks,
Or as those Lillies leand to shew
Their beauties to the brooks.

That Phoebus in his lofty race
Oft layes aside his beames
And comes to coole his glowing face
In these delicious streames;

Oft spreading Vines clime vp the Cleeues,
Whose ripned clusters there
Their liquid purple drop, which driues
A Vintage through thee yeere.

Those Cleeues whose craggy sides are clad
With Trees of sundry sutes,
Which make continuall summer glad,
Euen bending with their fruits,

Some ripening, ready some to fall,
Some blossom d, some to bloome,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall

Of some rich princely Roome:
Pomegranates, Lymons, Cytrons, so
Their laded branches bow,
Their leaues in number that outgoe
Nor roomth will them alow.

Even conflicts in Elizium use no harder missiles than the scent of flowers. 49–72 An incipient sexuality in the description, neutralized by the delicacy and innocence of the ambience. 55–6 They neither advance nor retreat, but wind about the same place. 81 Cytrons a lime-like fruit (formerly including the lemon and lime). 83–4 The fruit are more plentiful than the leaves.
There in perpetuall Summers shade,
Apollones Prophets sit
Among the flowres that neuer fade,
But flowrish like their wit;

To whom the Nimphes upon their Lyres
Tune many a curious lay,
And with their most melodious Quires
Make short the longest day.

The thrice three Virgins heavenly Cleere
Their trembling Timbrels sound,
Whilst the three comely Graces there
Dance many a dainty Round.

Decay nor Age there nothing knowes,
There is continuall Youth,
As Time on plant or creatures growes,
So still their strength renewth.

The Poets Paradice this is,
To which but few can come;
The Muses onely bower of blisse
Their Deare Elizium.

Here happy soules, (their blessed bowers
Free from the rude resort
Of beastly people) spend the houres,
In harmelesse mirth and sport.

Then on to the Elizian plaines
Apollo doth invite you
Where he provides with pastorall straines,
In Nimphals to delight you.

166 Michael Drayton  The Muses’ Elizium, Nymphal vi

See headnote to ‘The Description of Elizium’. For the contest between rustic occupations, cf. Sidney’s The Lady of May and Phineas Fletcher’s Piscatory Ecl. VII.

The sixt Nimphall.

SILVVS
HALCIVS.
MELANTHVS.

A Woodman, Fisher, and a Swaine
This Nimphall through with mirth maintaine,
Whose pleadings so the Nimphes doe please,
That presently they give them Bayes.

Cleere had the day bin from the dawne,
All chequerd was the Skye,
Thin Clouds like Scarfs of Cobweb Lawne
Vayld Heauen’s most glorious eye.
The Winde had no more strength then this,
That leasurely it blew,
To make one leafe the next to kisse,
That closly by it grew.
The Rils that on the Pebbles playd,
Might now be heard at will;
This world they onely Musick made,
Else euery thing was still.
The Flowers like braue embraured Gerles,
in this place
dressed in finery

93 heauenly Cleere] shining with a heavenly glow. 112 Nimphals] the sections of Elizium: a term peculiar to Drayton, who uses it elsewhere of gatherings or companies of nymths. 3 cobweb lawne] a specially fine kind of lawn or linen.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Lookt as they much desired
To see whose head with orient Pearles
Most curiously was tyred;
And to it selfe the subtle Ayre
Such souerainty assumes,
That it receiued too large a share

From nature’s rich perfumes.
When the Elizian Youth were met,
That were of most account,
And to disport themselves were set
Vpon an easy Mount:
Neare which, of stately Firre and Pine
There grew abundant store,
The Tree that weepeth Turpentine,
And shady Sicamore;

Amidst this merry youthfull trayne
A Forrester they had,
A Fisher, and a Shepheardes swayne
A liuely Countrey Lad:
Betwixt which three a question grew,
Who should the worthiest be,
Which violently they pursue,
Nor stickled would they be.

That it the Company doth please
This ciuill strife to stay,
Freely to heare what each of these

For his braue selfe could say:
When first this Forrester (of all)
That Silvius had to name,
To whom the Lot being cast doth fall,
Doth thus begin the Game.

Silvius. For my profession then, and for the life I lead
All others to excell, thus for my selfe I plead;
I am the Prince of sports, the Forrest is my Fee,
He’s not vpon the Earth for pleasure liues like me;
The Mornen sooneer puts her Rosye Mantle on,

But from my quyet Lodge I instantly am gone,
When the melodiuous Birds from every Bush and Breyer
Of the wilde spacious Wasts, make a continuall quire;
The motlied Meadowes then, new vernished with the Sunne
Shute vp their spicy sweets vpon the winds that runne,
In easily ambling Gales, and softly seeme to pace,
That it the longer might their lushiounesse imbrace:
I am clad in youthfull Greene, I other colours scorne,
My silken Bauldric bears my Beugle, or my Horne,
Which setting to my Lips, I winde so lowd and shrill,

As makes the Ecchoes showte from every neighbouring Hill:
My Dogbooke at my Belt, to which my Lyam’s tyde,
My Sheafe of Arrows by, my Woodknife at my Syde,
My Crosse-bow in my Hand, my Gaffle or my Rack
To bend it when I please, or it I list to slack,
My Hound then in my Lyam, I by the Woodmans art
Forecast, where I may lodge the goodly Hie-palms Hart;
To vviewe the grazing Heards, so sundry times I vse,
Where by the loftiest Head I know my Deare to chuse,
And to vnheard him then, I gallop o’r the ground

Vpon my wel-breath’d Nag, to cheere my earning Hound.
Sometime I pitch my Toyles the Deare alieue to take,
Sometime I like the Cry, the deepe-mouth’d Kennell make,

56 it] the sun. The meadows shut their perfumes up in the winds and set them adrift to preserve them longer in the heat. 58 Bauldric] a belt worn diagonally across the chest. 63 Gaffle, Rack] devices for bending a cross-bow. 70 wel-breath’d] vigorously exercised. earning] crying, baying.
Then vnderneath my Horse, I staulke my game to strike,
And with a single Dog to hunt him hurt, I like.
The Siluians are to me true subiects, I their King, sylvans, forest-dwellers
The stately Hart, his Hind doth to my presence bring,
The Buck his loued Doe, the Roe his tripping Mate, fleet, light-footed
Before me to my Bower, whereas I sit in State.
The Dryads, Hamadryads, the Satyres and the Fawnes
Oft play at Hyde and Seeke before me on the Lawnes, frolicsome, exuberant
The frisking Fayry oft when horned Cinthia shines
Before me as I walke dance wanton Matachynes.
The numerous feathered flocks that the wild Forrests haunt
Their Siluan songs to me, in cheerefull dittyes chaunte,
The shades like ample Sheelds, defend me from the Sunne,
Through which me to refresh the gentle Riulets runne,
No little bubling Brook from any Spring that falls
But on the Pebbles playes me pretty Madrigals.
I’th’ morn I clime the Hills, where wholesome winds do blow
At Noone-tyde to the Vales, and shayd Groues below;
T’wards Euening I againe the Chrystall Floods frequent,
In pleasure thus my life continually is spent.
As Princes and great Lords have Pallaces, so I
Hauie in the Forrests here, my Hall and Gallery
The tall and stately Woods, which vnderneath are Plaine,
The Groues my Gardens are, the Heath and Downes againe
My wide and spacious walkes; then say all what ye can,
The Forester is still your only gallant man.

He of his speech scarce made an end,
But him they load with prayse,
The Nimphes most highly him commend,
And vow to giue him Bayes: praised
And who but onely he,
The Forrester’s the man alone,
The worthiest of the three.

When some then th’ other farre more stayd, than the rest; sober, sagacious
Wil’d them a while to pause,
For there was more yet to be sayd,
That might deserve applause,
When Halcius his turne next plyes,
And silence hauing wonne,
Roome for the fisher man he cryes,
And thus his Plea begunne.

*Halcius.* No Forrester, it so must not be borne away,
But heare what for himselfe the Fisher first can say,
The Chrystall current Streames continually I keepe,
Where every Pearle-pau’d Foard, and every Blew-eyd deepe
With me familiar are; when in my Boate being set,
My Oare I take in hand, my Angle and my Net
About me; like a Prince my selfe in state I steer,
Now vp, now downe the Streme, now am I here, now ther,
The Pilot and the Fraught my selfe; and at my ease
Can land me when I list, or in what place I please.
The Siluer-scaled Sholes, about me in the Streames,
As thick as ye discerne the Atoms in the Beames,
Neare to the shady Banck where slender Sallowes grow,
And Willows their shag’d tops downe t’wards the waters bow types of willow

74 hunt him hurt| hunt him down once he is wounded. 79 Fawnes| fauns or wood-gods, not young deer. 81 horned Cinthia| A crescent moon, resembling horns, was an attribute of Cynthia or Diana in her aspect as moon-goodess. 82 Matachynes| mafachin, a popular dance allied to the morris. 94 Gallery| of the kind overlooking the great hall of a palace or stately home. 95 which ... Plaine| which stand on flat ground. 123 I am the boat’s pilot as also the load it carries. Fraught| freight, cargo. 126 Atoms in the Beames| motes of dust in sunbeams.
I shove in with my Boat to sheeld me from the heat,
Where chusing from my Bag some prou’d especiall bayt,
The goodly well growne Trout I with my Angle strike,
And with my bearded Wyer I take the rauenous Pike,
Of whom when I haue hould, he seldome breaks away
Though at my Lynes full length, soe long I let him play
Till by my hand I finde he well-ner e wearyd be,
When softly by degrees I drawe him vp to me.
The lustly Samion to, I oft with Angling take,
Which me aboue the rest most Lordly sport doth make,
Who feeling he is caught, such Frisks and bounds doth fetch,
And by his very strength my Line soe farre doth stretch,
As drawes my floating Corcke downe to the very ground,
And wresting of my Rod, doth make my Boat turne round.
I neuer idle am, some tyme I bayt my Weeles,
With which my night I take the dainty siluer Eeles,
And with my Draughtnet then, I sweepe the streaming Flood.
And to my Tramell next, and Cast-net from the Mud,
I beate the Scaly brood, noe hower I idely spend,
But wearied with my worke I bring the day to end:
The Natides and Nephte that in the Riveres keepe,
Which take into their care, the store of euery deepe,
Amongst the Flowery flags, the Bullrushes and Reed,
That of the Spawne haue charge (abundantly to breed)
Well mounted vpon Swans, their naked bodys lend
To my discerning eye, and on my Boate attend,
And dance vpon the Waues, before me (for my sake)
To th’Musick the soft wynd vpon the Reeds doth make.
And for my pleasure more, the roughe Gods of Seas
From Neptunes Court send in the blew Neriades,
Which from his brackye Realme vpon the Billowes ride
And heare the Riveres backe with every streaming Tyde,
Those Billowes gainst my Boate, borne with delightfull Gales
Oft seeming as I rowe to tell me pretty tales,
Whilst Ropes of liquid Pearlie still load my laboring Oares,
As streacht vpon the Strame they stryke me to the Shores:
The silent medowes seeme delighted with my Layes,
As sitting in my Boate I sing my Lasses praise,
Then let them that like, the Forrester vp cry,
Your noble Fisher is your only man say I.

This Speech of Halcius turn’d the Tyde,
And brought it so about,
That all vpon the Fisher cryde,
That he would beare it out;
Him for the speech he made, to clap
Who lent him not a hand,
And said t’would be the Waters hap,
Quite to put downe the Land.
This while Melanthus silent sits,
(For so the Shepheard hight)
And hauing heard these dainty wits,
Each pleading for his right;
To heare them honor’d in this wise,
His patience doth prouoke,
When for a Shepheard roome he cryes,
And for himselfe thus spoke.

Melanthus. Well Fisher you haue done, and Forrester for you

130 tested
140 wicker traps for fish, esp. eels
150 dwell, resort treasures of all the oceans a waterside plant offer
160 his Neptune’s flow back, retreat
170 win

... hand] Interrogative: Who was there that did not applaud him!

bearded Wyer] ‘wire’ or fishing line with ‘beard’ or bait.
Draughtnet] a net trailed along the water.
Tramell] trammel, a combination of several nets with different meshes. Cast-net] a net thrown in and drawn up immediately.
liquid Pearl] i.e. water-drops dripping from the oars.
to clap... hand] Interrogative: Who was there that did not applaud him!
Your Tale is neatly told, s’are both, to give you due,
And now my turne comes next, then heare a Shepherd speak:
My watchfulness and care giues day scarce leauue to break,
But to the Fields I haste, my folded flock to see,
Where when I finde, nor Woolfe, nor Fox, hath iniur’d me,
I to my Bottle straight, and soundly baste my Throat,
Which done, some Country Song or Roundelay I roate
So merrily; that to the musick that I make,
I Force the Larke to sing ere she be well awake;
Then Baulf my cut-tayld Curre and I begin to play,
He o’r my Shepheooke leapes, now th’one, now th’other way,
Then on his hinder feet he doth himselfe aduance,
I tune, and to my note, my liuely Dog doth dance,
Then whistle in my Fist, my fellow-Swaynes to call,
Downe goe our Hooks and Scrips, and we to Nine-holes fall,
At Dust-point, or at Quoyses else are we at it hard,
All false and cheating Games, we Shepheards are debard;
Survaying of my sheepe neither Ewe or Wether looke
As though it were amissee, or with my Curre, or Crooke
I take it, and when once I finde what it doth ayle,
It hardly hath that hurt, but that my skill can heale;
And when my carefull eye I cast upn my sheepe,
I sort them in my Pens, and sorted soe I kepe:
Those that are biggest of Boane, I still reserve for breed,
My Cullings I put off, or for the Chapman feed.
When the Euening doth approach I to my Bagpipe take,
And to my Grazing flockes such Musick then I make,
That they forbear to feed; then me a King you see,
I playing goe before, my Subjectes followe me,
My Bell-weather most braue, before the rest doth stalte,
The Father of the flocke, and after him doth walke
My writheen-headed Ram, with Posyes crowd in pride
Fast to his crooked hornes with Rybands neatly ty’d
And at our Shepheards Board that’s cut out of the ground,
My fellow Swaynes and I together at it round,
With Greencheese, clouted Cream, with Flawns, and Custards stord,
Whig, Sider, and with Whey, I domineer a Lord.
When shering time is come I to the Riuere drive
My goodly well-fleece’d Flocks: (by pleasure thus I thruee)
Which being washt at will; vpon the shering day,
My wooll I foorth in Loaks, fit for the wynder lay,
Which vpon lusty heapes into my Coate I heave,
That in the Handling feelees as soft as any Sleauae,
When every Ewe two Lambes, that yeaneed that yeare,
About her new shorne neck a Chaplet then doth weare;
My Tarboxe, and my Scrip, my Bagpipe, at my back,
My sheepsoever in my hand, what can I say I lacke;
He that a Scepter swayd, a sheepsoever in his hand
Hath not disdain to haue, for Shepheards then I stand;
Then Forester and you my Fisher cease your strike.
I say your Shepheard leads your onely merry life.

They had not cryed the Forester
And Fisher vp before,
So much: but now the Nymphes preferre
The Shephard ten tymes more,
And all the Ging goes on his side,
   Their Minion him they make,
To him themselves they all apply,
   And all his partie take;
Till some in their discretion cast,
   Since first the strife begunne
In all that from them there had past
   None absolutely wonne:
That equall honour they should share:

And their deserts to shewe,
For each a Garland they prepare,
   Which they on them bestowe,
Of all the choisest flowers that weare,
   Which purposly they gather,
With which they Crowne them, parting there,
As they came first together.

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167 Michael Drayton  The Muses' Elizium, Nymphal X

The political concerns implicit throughout Elizium come into the open in this piece. See headnote to ‘The Description of Elizium’.

The tenth Nimphall.

Naïis
Claiæ
Corbilvs
Satyæ.

A Satyre on Elizium lights,
Whose ugly shape the Nimphes affrights,
Yet when they heare his just complaint,
They make him an Elizian Saint.

Corbilus. What, breathles Nimphs? bright Virgins let me know
   What suddaine cause constraines ye to this haste?
What haue ye seene that should affright ye so?
What might it be from which ye flye so fast?
I see your faces full of pallid feare,
As though some perill followed on your flight;
Take breath a while, and quickly let me heare
Into what danger ye haue lately light.

Naïis. Neuer were poore distressed Gerles so glad,
   As when kinde, loued Corbilus we saw,
When our much haste vs so much weakned had,
   That scarcely we our weared breathes could draw.
In this next Groue vnnder an aged Tree,
So fell a monster lying there we found,
   As till this day, our eyes did neuer see,
Nor euer came on the Elizian ground.
Halfe man, halfe Goat, he seem’d to vs in show,
His vpper parts our humane shape doth beare,
But he’s a very perfect Goat below,

His crooked Cambrils arm’d with hoofe and hayre.

Claiæ. Through his leane Chops a chattering he doth make
   Which stirres his staring beastly drueld Beard,
And his sharpe horns he seem’d at vs to shake,
Canst thou then blame vs though we were afeard.

Corbilus. Surely it seemes some Satyre this should be,
   Come and goe back and guide me to the place,
Be not afraid, ye are safe enough with me,
Silly and harmelesse be their Siluan Race.
Clizia. How Corbilus; a Satyre doe you say?
How should he ouer high Parnassus hit?
Since to these Fields ther’s none can finde the Way,
But only those the Muses will permit.

Corbilus. Tis true; but oft, the sacred Sisters grace
The silly Satyre, by whose plainesse, they
Are taught the worlds enormities to trace,
By beastly mens abominable way;
Beside he may be banisht his owne home
By this base time, or he so much distrest,
That he the craggy by-clift Hill hath clome
To finde out these more pleasant Fields of rest.

Naijs. Yonder he sits, and seemes himselfe to bow
At our appoach, what, doth our presence awe him?
Me thinks he seemes not halfe so vgly now,
As at the first, when I and Clizia saw him.

Corbilus. Tis an old Satyre, Nimph, I now discern,
Sadly he sits, as he were sick or lame:
His lookes would say, that we may easely learne
How, and from whence, he to Elizium came.
Satyre, these Fields how cam’st thou first to finde?
What Fate first show’d thethis most happy shore?
When newer any of thy Siluan kinde
Set foot on the Elizian earth before?

Satyre. O neuer aske, how I came to this place,
What cannot strong necessity finde out?
Rather bemoane my miserable case,
Constrain’d to wander the wide world about.
With wild Silvanus and his woody creue,
In Forrests I, at liberty and free,
Liu’d in such pleasure as the world ne’r knew,
Nor any rightly can conceiue but we.
This iocond life we many a day enjoy’d,
Till this last age, those beastly men forth brought,
That all those great and goodly Woods destroy’d,
Whose growth their Grandsyre with such sufferance sought,
That faire Felicia which was but of late
Earth’s Paradise, that neuer had her Peere,
Stands now in that most lamentable state,
That not a Siluan will inhabit there;
Where in the soft and most delicious shade,
In heat of Summer we were wont to play,
When the long day too short for vs we made,
The sluyding houres so slily stole away;
By Cynthia’s light, and on the pleasant Lawne,
The wanton Fayry we were wont to chase,
Which to the nimble clouen-footed Fawne,
Vpon the plaine durst boldly bid the base.
The sportiue Nimphes, with showers and laughter shooke
The Hils and Valleyes in their wanton play,
Waking the Ecchoes, their last words that tooke,
Till at the last, they lowered were then they.
The lofty he Wood, and the lower spring,
Sheltring the Deare, in many a suddaine shower;
Where Quires of Birds, oft wonted were to sing,

39 by-clift Hill] Parnassus, which has a double peak. 47 eas[y] old variant of easily. 57 Silvanus] one of the chief forest gods. 62 this last age] the Iron Age. 63 Woods destroy’d] Drayton shows an ecological awareness beyond his age, expressed several times in Poly-olbion. 65 Felicia] literally ‘happy land’: England, once happy and prosperous under Elizabeth. 75 Fawne] faun, a minor wood-god. 76 bid the base] throw out a challenge in the game of prisoner’s base.
The flaming Furnace wholly doth deuoure;
Once faire Felicia, but now quite defac’d,
Those Braueries gone wherein she did abound,
With dainty Groues when she was highly grac’d,
With goody Oake, Ashe, Elme, and Beeches crow’d:
But that from heauen their judgement blinded is,
In humane Reason it could neuer be,
But that they might haue cleerly seene by this,
Those plagues their next posterity shall see.
The little Infant on the mothers Lap
For want of fire shall be so sore distrest,
That whilst it draws the lanke and empty Pap,
The tender lips shall freee vnto the breast;
The quaking Cattle which their Warmstall want,
And with bleake winters Northerne winde opprest,
Their Browse and Stouer waxing thin and scant,
The hungry Crowes shall with their Cayron feast.
Men wanting Timber wherewith they should build,
And not a Forrest in Felicia found,
Shall be enforc’d vpon the open Field,
To dig them Causes for houses in the ground:
The Land thus rob’d of all her rich Attyre,
Naked and bare her selfe to heauen doth show,
Begging from thence that Love would dart his fire
Vpon those wretches that disrob’d her so;
This beastly Brood by no meanes may abide
The name of their braue Ancestors to heare,
By whom their sordid slauery is descry’d,
Só vnlike them as though not theirs they were.
Nor yet they sense, nor vnderstanding haue,
Of those braue Muses that their Country song,
But with false Lips ignobly doe depraue
The right and honour that to them belong;
This cruell kinde thus Viper-like deuoure
That fruitfull soyle which them too fully fed;
The earth doth curse the Age, and euerie houre
Againe, that it these viprous monsters bred.
I seeing the plagues that shortly are to come
Vpon this people cleerely them forsooke,
And thus am light into Elizium,
To whose strait search I whollie me betooke.

Naijs. Poore silly creature, come along with vs,
Thou shalt be free of the Elizian fields:
Be not dismayd, or inly grieved thus,
This place content in all abundance yeelds.
We to the cheerefull presence will thee bring
Of Ioues deare Daughters, where in shades they sit,
Where thou shalt heare those sacred Sisters sing
Most heauenly Hymnes, the strength and life of wit.

Claiia. Whereo the Delphian God vpon their Lyres
His Priests seeme rauisht in his height of praise:
Whilst he is crowning his harmonious Quiers,
With circling Garlands of immortall Bayes.

84 The flaming Furnace] The greatest cause of deforestation was the use of timber to smelt iron (Poly-olbion XVII.379–408) or, sometimes, to boil salt (Poly-olbion XIV.49–60). Hebel cites William Harrison, Description of England (1577) and John Norden, Surveyors Dialogue (1607) for accounts of this destruction. 86 Were it not that Heaven has blinded their judgement. 97 Warmstall[ worm-stall, a shelter for cattle (usually outdoors in the summer: here, perhaps simply ‘warm stall’). 117 Viper] proverbially treacherous. 133 the Delphian God] Apollo, with a shrine at Delphi. 134 His Priests] poets. But Elizium actually has a temple of Apollo, whose rites are described in Nimphal IX.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Corbilius. Here liue in blisse, till thou shalt see those slaues,  
Who thus set vertue and desert at nought,  
Some sacrific’d vpon their Grandisres graues,  
And some like beasts in markets sold and bought.  
Of fooles and madmen leaueth thou then the care,  
That haue no vnderstanding of their state:  
For whom high heauen doth so iust plagues prepare,  
That they to pitty shall convert thy hate.  
And to Elizium be thou welcome then,  
Vntill those base Felicians thou shalt heare  
By that vile nation captiued againe,  
That many a glorious age their captiues were.

168 William Basse  From Pastoral Elegy III

The opening of the last of Basse’s Three Pastoral Elegies (1602). The elegies (not clear why so called) narrate the love of the courtly Anander (perhaps Basse’s patron Sir Richard Wenman) for Muridella. To further his love, Anander retreats to the country (?Wenman’s estate at Thame Park, Oxfordshire) and uses the shepherd Anetor (prob. Basse) as his confidant. The passage below focuses on Anetor and the shepherd’s life.

The Sunne that had himselfe a Courtier beene,  
And for his beautie lou’d of Ladies faire,  
Spread forth his yellow beames vpon the greene,  
And with attentiue eye, and Courtly care,  
Flourishht his wandring torch, till he had seene  
This troup arriue the place where now they are:  
Which done, he hies him thence, and takes his rest  
Behinde the furthest Mountaines of the West.

Blinde drouzie night, all clad in misty ray,  
Began to ride along the welkins round,  
Hangs out his gazing Lanthornes by the way,  
And makes the outside of the world his bound,  
The Queene of starres in euuy of the daye,  
Throwes the cold shadow of hir eyes to ground,  
And suppule grasse opprest with heavy dew,  
Doth wet the Sheepe, and liche the shepheards shooe.

There as I dwelt there dwelled all my sheepe,  
And home we went together, flockes and I,  
As euen where I rest, and take my sleepe,  
There are my flockes asleepe and resting by,  
And when I rise to go to field and keepe,  
So will my flockes, that can no longer lie:  
Thus in the Sheepe is all the Shepheards care,  
And in the Shepherd is the flockes welfare.

While did the yeare let slip his tender Spring,  
And merry Monoes went merrily away,  
I with this happy flocke alone did sing,  
And pipe the oaten galliard every day,  
As well content as Pan himselfe our King,  
With a new Carroll or a Roundelay,  
For he (as good a Minstrell as he is)  
Couth neuer tune a better Lay then this.

*Corbilius* is a pastoral poem that was written by an author whose name is not known. The poem is about the life of a shepherd named Anetor, who retreats from court life to a rural setting. The shepherd is described as being courtly and having a love for the beauty of nature. The passage below focuses on Anetor and his life as a shepherd.

The poem is part of Basse’s *Three Pastoral Elegies* (1602), which were not clearly called as elegies. The elegies narrate the love of the courtly Anander for Muridella. To further his love, Anander retreats to the country and uses the shepherd Anetor as his confidant. The passage below focuses on Anetor and the shepherd’s life.

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147 *that vile nation*] probably France.  
5 *Flourished*] shot out, radiated (OED 11a, of the sun).  
6 *troup*] A company of courtly ladies, including Muridella, whom Anetor meets at the end of Ecl. II.  
12 *outside of the world*] probably the same as *welkin’s round* (10): the outer circle or perimeter of the universe, the course of the sun.  
25-6 As the months and seasons went by.  
29-31 *Pan ... Minstrell*]  
Tempting to see an allusion to James I, who fancied his poetic powers, were it not that the poem was published in 1602.
When Shepheards sit vpon the hills,  
Nursed in their Swainish wills,  
Young, and in desires vnripe,  
Curious of the flocke and pipe,  
Then is Swaynish life the best,  
And he that cares and loues the lest  
Thinkes he fares aboue the rest.

Then our ioyes beguile our ruthes,  
Shepheards boyes be merry youthes,  
Loues do dwell in Courti’rs beds,  
Peace doth swell in Shepheards heads,  
Lusts are like our flocks ypent,  
Want of age doth barre consent,  
Youth doth flourish with content.

But when elder dayes shall show  
Whether Swaines be men or no,  
Loue shall rule in shepheards braines,  
Grauttie shall guide the swaines.  
Wanton thoughts shall then be checkt,  
Shepheards shall no playes respect,  
Age shall conquer youths defect.  
Sing I then, heigh ho for ioy,  
Cause I yet am but a boy,  
But when shepheards boyes be men,  
Ho my hart, what sing I then?  
Heigh-ho, sorrow, ioyes away,  
Conqu’ring Loue ha’s won the Day,  
This is all my Roundelay.

Whilome when I was Collins loued boy,  
(Ah Collin, for thee Collin, weep I now,)  
For thou art dead, ah, that to me didst ioy,  
As Coridon did to Alexis vow.  
But (as I sed,) when I was Collins boy,  
His deare young boy, and yet of yeares inow,  
To leade his willing heard along the plaine,  
I on his pipe did learne this singing vaine.

And oh (well mote he now take rest therfore,)  
How oft in pray’rs and songs he pray’d and sung,  
That I (as had himselfe full long before,)  
Mought liue a happy shepheard and a young;  
And many vowes, and many wishes more,  
When he his Pipe into my bosome flung:  
And said, though Collin ne’re shall be surpast,  
Be while thou liu’st, as like him as thou maist.

Much was my deare therefore when Collin died,  
When we (alacke) were both agreed in griefe:  
He for his infant swaine that me affide,  
Yet happed not to liue to see my prieffe.

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34 Indulging their shepherd-like tastes and inclinations.  
44 Lust is kept under check like sheep in their pens.  
45 They do not incline to love in their extreme youth.  
52 plays] 'dalliance, sexual indulgence' (OED 6c).  
61 Collin] No doubt Spenser. But though Basse writes in Spenserian mode, he was 17 when Spenser died, and there is no evidence of the intimate connexion suggested here. The tribute to Spenser in the Dedication to Basse’s ms Eclogues is more formal.  
64 Coridon, Alexis] Alluding to Virgil II.  
79 He who engaged me as his young servant or follower.  
80 priefe] proof: outcome, output (chiefly Sc) – i.e. making good his promise.
And I that to his gournance had tide
My bounden youth, in loosing such a chiefe:
Ah how wou’d he haue sung, and with what grace,
Ananders Loue, and Muridellaes Face.

He wou’d haue blazed in eternall note,  

Ananders Loue and worthy Manlines;
And then recorded with a wondrous throte,
His Muridellaes lovely worthines,
And by those witching tunes he had by wrote,
Cur’d his Loues griefe with his desires succes:
And by his loftie pipe, and pleasing ditty,
Molted hir heartsh hardnes with her Loues pitty.

Then mought full well these hils of Shepheards feed
Beene priuy to loues secret discontent,
And all these quarrels might ha beene agreed
And ended, by a Judge so reuerent:
For he was letter’d well, and well couth (a) read (b) rede: counsel, teach
And was a swaine profound and eloquent,
But now is left of him but bare report,
And I in fields, must sing the Loues in Court.

169 William Basse Laurinella, of True and Chaste Love

The first of nine eclogues in a press-read ms copy of The Pastoral and other workes, prepared for publication from Oxford in 1633 but never printed. Six eclogues (except II, V and IX) are linked to days of the week. Their structure is also modelled on Spenser’s SC, down to the concluding Emblems. Basse seems to appear as Colliden, a diminutive of Spenser’s pastoral name Colin. Punctuation modified.

Munday.
Laurinella (Eglogue) of true and chast Loue: Colliden. Wilkin.

The Shepheard Colliden, who ere him know,
(who know him not, that Shepheards liues do fare.)
He that was wont, with siluer sheep-hooke goe,
And by his belt, the silken scrip to weare,
A jolly Shep-heard, to the outward showe,
Till sadly crazed, with loues youthfull care,
Low kept his flock, in humble vale where hye
Upon a hill, kept Laurinella by.

Scarce cou’d he looke so hye, so weake was he
Yet when he could, hee weakely looked hye:
Though she but seldom would looke downe, to see
The wofull plight of him now waxen, by
His loue to her, almost as faire as shee.
This onely diff rence seene to euery eye,
   Her natiue white with rosey ioy was spread,
   His louesick pale had little hopefull red.

His sheephe that bore the brand of his neglect
On their sheare ribbes, resembled his desire,
As if perceiuing where he did affect,
From their owne vale, attempt to clamber higher.
But like their gentle keepers loue soon check’t,
To his and their owne miseries retire;
   While her proud lambs mark’d with her like disdain
Shew careles lookes to the despised playne.

89 by wrote] by rote, by heart (this spelling not in OED).
93 feed] (right to) pasture (OED 2).
96 a judge so reuerent] i.e. Collin.
100 Loues in court] i.e. of Anander and Muridella.
7-8 vale ... hill] Common pastoral contrast symbolizing pride versus humility.
Looke home, (quoth he) you my ungraced heard,
And on your owne soile, chew your harmeles cuds.
Tis for your Shepheads sake, you thus have er’d,
For no such heate boyles in your chiller bloods.
Or if it could, although a sweeter sward
Growes on the hill, the vale has cooler floods.

Water your thirst may quench: but my desire,
Drinking loue dry, yet drinkes it self the dryer.

O Laurinella! Little dost thou wot
How fraile a flower thou dost so highly prize.
Beauty’s the flower, but Loue, the flower-pot
That must preserve it, els it quickly dyes.
As care and sorrow, (thou see’st) mine can blot,
Lonesse and time ’ore thine will tyrannize.

Joyes wast asunder that would thrive together
As double daisyes last, when single wither.

View all my stock of pineing sheep: and see
In their gaunt wombs, the fulnes of my woe.
My carelessnes of them’s my care for thee.
Thy neglect mine, and mine their ouerthrow.
Loyall desire is true-loue’s husbandrie,
Which till it gainses, it lets all other goe.

Admiring thee, what wealth can I affect?
Had I thy Loue, what els could I neglect?

The Shepheard that hath once well understood
What ’tis to keepe so neare the groues, (he may
Winter his cattell under sheltring wood.)
No more will much for naked pasture pray:
So yeild to loue would beauty, if she cou’d
Foresee her louers care, or her decay:

For what, (when ages winter shall take place.)
But Loue, can shelter beauty from disgrace?

I am not faire. If euer so I were,
I lost my beauty after thine to seeke:
Which ’ere I sought (unless our riuers here
Dissemble much,) I had a luely cheeke.

But now my suit, that might make thee more clere,
(If thou didst want it,) makes me wan and meene.

Such force hath loue, beauty to make or marre,
That they are onely faire, that loued are.

O that thou would’st come downe to me, that I
With Pœmenarcha might bring thee acquainted,
To waite on her and learne to beare an eye
Of humblenes, that thou so long has’t wanted.

As in more danger is the Cedar high,
Then Jilly-flower, that under wall is planted:

High mindes to fate are subject most of all.
They surest stand, that can no lower fall.

Or, (if thou would’st) I could thee recommend
To the great Lady of the house of Thame:
And, by those holy ‘stories she hath pen’d,

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25 ungraced] (a) not favourd, neglected (b) ‘graceless’ or bedraggled in appearance. 44 Your neglect is my ruin, and my neglect theirs. 59 our riuers] used as a mirror. 61-2 more cleare... want it] still more beautiful, if that were possible. 66 Pœmenarcha] Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke. No doubt this poem predates the Countess’s death in 1621, lamented in Eclogue VIII. From this point, various high-ranking women are cited to impress Laurinella with a sense of her relatively humble station. 74 great ... Thame] Lady Agnes Wenman, wife of Basse’s patron Sir Richard (later Viscount) Wenman of Thame, Oxfordshire. 75 holy ‘stories] a translation, from Greek through French, of John Zonaras’ Histories and Chronicles of the World. The manuscript is in the Cambridge University Library.
Shew how she hath immortaliz’d her name.
On her I for her vertues doe attend.
More free are such as wait on worthy fame,
    Then such as their owne humors vaine obey,
Although they have no Mistresses but they.

Or I could bring thee, (beauteous Laurinell)
Hard by to old Antaprium, where is found
Another such Penelope to dwell
As was in Ithaca, so much renown’d.
One that in bounty, doth (like her) excell
In workes alike and chastity as sound.
    If thou wert louingly, or humble hearted,
    Then wert thou both, for they cannot be parted.

Come Laurinell, come downe the haughty hill
Into this vale, where thou on beds shalt sit
Of yellow hyacynth and Daffadill
And lillies chast, that therein best befit
My loyall thoughts and thy long-wood will,
And neuer blemish beauty, birth, nor wit,
    For wisedome, birth, and beauty their owne graces
Euer encrease, by graceing humble places.

While to the stately hill thou doest repaire
With thy faire flock and fairer guifts thou hast,
Be thou as Cytherea spruce and faire,
As Pallas wise, and as Diana chast,
Yet shouldst thou here a wonder be more rare:
The highest starres, the lesser light doe cast.
    But, as a chrystall in a marble mine,
    Rare graces doe in lowly places shine.

Come downe, and weare my scrip of azure hue
(Too fine for mee, but onely for thy sake,)
For no requittall but affection true,
And such exchange us both shall richer make.
For all that Lovers haue to both is due,
And tis no losse to give, nor gaine to take.
    When in thy Swayne thou shalt thy selfe possesse,
    And I mine owne in mine owne Shepheardesse.

Wilkin. Now Colliden, good day. I stood behinde
Yon little thorne bush and heard thee say
Such plaint to Laurinella, that I finde
Thou art in loue, (I thinke in honest way).
If it be so, though yet she seeme unkinde,
Shepheard, let that not thee too much dismay.
    Young Maidens that mens suits too eas’ly grant,
    Wit, modesty or both may seeme to want.

As thy affection, the more thou doest sue,
The more doth shew it self both true and strong,
So her delays do promise her more true
When she shall yeild, (though she to yeild be long).
We feare we doe for wares bid more then due,
When Merchant takes first offer of our tongue.
    Holds easily won, haue little prize within,
    The truest heart may hardest be to win.

82 Antaprium] (from Gk aper, boar) Boarstall in Oxfordshire.  83 Penelope] Lady Penelope Dynham, Wenman’s eldest daughter by his first wife. The original Penelope was Odysseus’ wife, dwelling in their kingdom Ithaca.  86 workes alike and chastity] The original Penelope held off her suitors during her husband’s absence in the Trojan War by weaving an endless cloth.  106 Too fine for mee] Colliden’s scrip is of silk (4).  125-6 If a merchant accepts the first price we offer him, we think we have offered too much.
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130  But gentle Swayne, if thou wilt counsell take,
     (None counsell need, so much as Louers doe,
     Though none lesse apt thereof to make.)
     Doe as Amyntas did when he did wooe:
     Frame to thy pipe a Ditty for her sake,
     And sing it in her eares, and praises too.
     His song (if thou canst second) I'll begin.
     Where speeches faile, sometimes examples win.

     Wilkin. As Amyntas young did ad
     His lip unto his luely reed,
     When's in her bower he had
     Of louely Phyllis taken heed,
     Mee thought I thus ore-heard the Lad:
     Come let our fockes together feed.

140  Colliden. Little seeme thy lambes alone,
     And mine, (like mee), of mates have need:
     Let thy sheep amend the mone
     Of mine: and mine amend their breed.
     So both our fockes shalbe thine owne,
     And wee will them together feed.

     Wilkin. What although so black I shew
     With flames that from Sun-shine proceed,
     When as yonder milke-white ewe
     My best and blackest lamb did breed,
     What couler'd locks (I faine would know)
     Had he, that then did with her feed?

     Colliden. Match thou canst none like thee faire
     Or if thou could'st, it would but breed
     Jealous thoughtes: let Nymph be rare
     In face, and swayne in faith exceed.
     So full of loue and free'd of care,
     Both shall their fockes together feed.

     Wilkin. Looke upon this garland gay
     Which here I giue thee for thy meed.
     Marigoldes are match'd with May,
     Pinkes and Panseyes are agreed:
     Why should not wee as well as they
     Agree? and flockes together feed.

     Colliden. In mine armes a fairer light
     Will from thine eyes then now proceed.
     Starres at Noone-tide shew not bright,
     Tis blacknes doth their brightnes breed.
     Come be my starre, I'll be thy night,
     While both our fockes together feed.

     Wilkin. Whether Phyllis had no power
     To deny so kinde a deed,
     Or Amyntas chose an hower
     When fortune would that loue should speed,
     Amyntas liues in Phyllis bower,
     And both their flockes together feed.

     Colliden. How euer in my suite I shall succeed,
     I joy Amyntas loue succeeded so.

132, 140 Amyntas, Phyllis] Both names occur in Watson's Amyntas, but are, of course, generally common in pastoral. 143-8 Conceals an obvious sexual proposition. 153-4 An implicit plea to Laurinella to overlook his homely appearance, like Colliden's own (57). 155 You cannot find any partner to match your beauty. 167-70 If she lets him embrace her, her beauty will show up the brighter by contrast with his appearance. 174 To rebuff such a sincere offer. 176 When fate wished love to succeed.
Wilkin. And so doe I: he merits not to speed
In his owne wish, that wishes others woe.

Colliden. Neuer to envy others shall hee need
That could in Laurinella’s favour grow
Who now (I see) retir’d is to her bower.
So (now tis noone) let us: Dayes brightest hower
To Loue (in Beauties absence) seemes to lower.

Wilkin’s Embleme
Vulnus non herbis, esset medicabile verbis.

Colliden’s Emblem
Falsalibidoprocul: noster honestus amor.

170 Giovan Battista (Giambattista) Marino  Phillis
Translated from the Italian by William Drummond of Hawthornden.

From Drummond’s Hawthornden MS, vol.X, in the National Library of Scotland. A version of Marino’s madrigal beginning ‘Mentre Lidia premea’ [‘While Lidia presses’], where the shepherdess is called Lidia.

Epig.[ram]
In peticot of Greene,
Her haire about her eiene,
Phillis beneath an oake
Sate Milking her faire Flocke:
Mong that sweet strained moysture, rare delight,
Her hand seem’d milke, in milke it was so white.

171 Girolamo Preti  A Shepherd Inviting a Nymph to His Cottage
Translated from the Italian by Edward Sherburne.

From Sherburne’s Poems and Translations (1651). Closely translated from the Italian Marinist poet Girolamo Preti’s sonnet ‘Un Pastore invita la sua Ninfa alla Montagna’ (‘A Shepherd invites his Nymph to the Mountains’).

Deer! on yond’ Mountain stands my humble Cot,
’Gainst Sun and Wind by spreading Oaks secur’d;
And with a Fence of Quickset round immur’d,
That of a Cabban, make’st a shady Grot.
My Garden’s there: o’r which, the Spring hath spread
A flowry Robe; where thou may’st gather Posies
Of Gilliflowers, Pinks, Jelsomines, and Roses,
Sweets for thy Bosome, Garlands for thy Head.

Down from that Rocks side runs a purling Brook
In whose unsullied Face,
(Though thine needs no new Grace,)
Thou mayst, as thou think’st best, compose thy Look.
And there thine own fair Object made,
Try which (judg’d by the River) may be said
The greater Fire:
That which my Brest feels, or thy Eyes inspire.

186-7 Dayes ... lower] In the absence of the beloved’s beauty, the brightest noontide seems cloudy in the eyes of love. 188 (Lat.) A wound can be cured not with herbs but with words. 189 (Lat.) Hence, false lust: our love is chaste. 1 Deer] In Ital., beloved named Cintia. yond’ Mountain] Ital. names the Alps. humble] Ital. has opaca, ambrosa (dark, shady). 3 Quickset] live cuttings of plants, especially of whitethorn etc. used for hedges. 4 That transform a humble cottage into a shady bower. 7 Gilliflowers, Pinks] Ital. names the water arum and the crocus. 8 sweets] fragrant adornments (cf. OED sweet 7). 9 side] Ital. has grembo, lap. 11 No equivalent in Ital.. Grace] beautiful feature, adornment (OED 2). 13 Object] of vision, hence attention (OED 3): Ital. oggetto.
172 **Thomas Ravenscroft** ‘**Jolly shepherd and upon a hill as he sat**’

Song no.3 (one of the ‘Rounds of Catches of three Voices’) in Ravenscroft’s *Pammelia. Musicks Miscellanie* (1609).

Jolly shepheard and ypon a hill as he sate,
so lowd he blew his little horne,
and kept right well his gate:
Earely in a morning, late in an Euening,
and euer blew this little boy, so merily piping:
Tere liter lo. ii
terli terlo, terli ter liter lo, ii.
ter liter lo terli.
Ioly shepheard, *vt supra.*

173 **Thomas Ravenscroft** ‘**Come follow me merrily**’

Song no.75 (one of the ‘Rounds or Catches of five Voyces’) in Ravenscroft’s *Pammelia. Musicks Miscellanie* (1609). Repetitions apparently omitted for musical reasons omitted below.

Come follow me merily my mates,
lets all agree and make no faults.
Take heed of time, tune and eare,
And then without all doubt,
wee need not feare
to sing this catch throughout:

Malkin was a country maid,
tricke and trim as she might be,
she would needes to the Court shee said
to sell milke and firmenty,
hey hoe, haue with you now
to Westminster,
but before you come there,
because the way is farre
some pretie talke lets heare.
Adew you dainty dames,
goeth whether you will for me,
you are the very same
I tooke you for to be.

Come *vt supra.*

174 **George Chapman** ‘**To His Loving Friend Master John Fletcher**’

One of the commendatory poems prefacing John Fletcher’s pastoral play *The Faithful Shepherdess* (?1610). Like most of Chapman’s verse, even this short complimentary piece is involved in thought and phrasing. It equates the pastoral world with the Golden Age in an unusually direct way, and finds serious intellectual content in the simplicities of pastoral.

To his louing friend M[aster]. Io[hn]. Fletcher concerning his Pastorall, being both a Poeme and a Play:

There are no suerties (good friend) will be taken
For workes that vulgar—good-name hath forsaken:
A Poeme and a play too! why tis like
A scholler that’s a Poet: their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the aire,

---

6, 7 ii Indicates the line is to be repeated. 9 *vt supra* as above. Not clear how much of the opening lines is meant to be repeated. 20 *vt supra* as above. Prob.1-6 meant to be repeated. 0.1-2 both a Poeme and a Playe! ?It appeals both to literate, educated readers (as Poeme) and to the common multitude seeing it on stage (as Playe). Chapman does not allude to the other paradox associated with pastoral plays like *The Faithful Shepherdess* and its Italian models, that it controversially combines comedy and tragedy. 2 vulgar general, widespread. 4-5 strike ... aire] When they go out of doors, they strike people inwardly with the plague.
And kill outright: one cannot both fates beare.
But, as a Poet thats no scholler, makes
Vulgarity his whiffler, and so takes
Passage with ease and state, through both sides prease Of Pageant seers: or as schollers please
That are no Poets, more then Poets learnt,
Since their Art solely is by soules discerned;
The others fals within the common sence
And sheds (like common light) her influence:
So, were your play no Poeme, but a thing
That every Cobler to his patch might sing:
A rout of nifles (like the multitude)
With no one limme of any Art indude:
Like would to like, and praise you: but because
Your poeme onely hath by vs applause,
Renews the golden world; and holds through all
The holy lawes of homely pastorall;
Where flowers, and founts, and Nymphs, and semi-Gods,
And all the Graces finde their old abods:
Where forrests flourish but in endlesse verse;
And meddowes, nothing fit for purchasers:
This Iron age that eates it selfe, will neuer
Bite at your golden world, that others euer
Lou’d as it selfe: then like your Booke do you
Liue in ould peace: and that for praise allow.

175 John Fletcher  Hymn to Pan, from The Faithful Shepherdess

From Fletcher’s play The Faithfull Shepherdess (performed c.1608/9, printed ?1610). Sung by the assem-bled shepherds after the priest’s blessing concluding the festival of Pan.

Sing his praises that doth keepe
Our Flockes from harme,
Pan the Father of our sheepe,
And arme in arme
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the musicke with her sound.
Pan, o great God, Pan to thee
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keepest us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honor spoke,
From that place the morne is broke,
To that place Day doth unyoke.

8 **whiffler** one who clears the path for a procession or pageant. 8-10 Such a poet writes plays that find smooth passage through the audience. Such plays are implicitly compared to street pageants, an inferior kind of entertainment that literally 'takes passage' through the viewers. Perhaps also play on **seers**, (a) viewers and (b) (ironically) prophets, wise men. 12 **soules** sarcastically suggesting 'pure souls', the esoteric or abstract-minded (with a pun on 'solely'): unlike the true poet, whose work is widely appreciated. 16 **Cobler ... patch** suggesting (a) an actual cobbler patching shoes (b) a botcher or untidy worker putting together a patchwork composition. The same expression occurs in the epistle to Mathew Royden prefacing Chapman’s long poem Ovid’s Banquet of Sense, even more clearly implying a light and trivial composition. 17 **rout** crowd, band. **nifles** trifles, worthless things or (rarely, as here) persons. 25-8 i.e. As your pastoral setting is purely imaginary, it will not be devoured by the materialistic world. 28 **bite** like fishes at bait. 30 and that ... allow] Being ignored by the corrupt and ignorant world is itself a compliment (cf. 19-20). 13-14 from east to west 14 **unyoke** loose his horses from the chariot of the sun.
176 Honoré D’Urfé  A SONNET
Translated from the French by John Pyper (?)

From Honoré d’Urfé’s French pastoral romance L’Astrée (1607), Part I Bk 9. Sung to Galathée by her lover Palemas after she asks him to conceal his love for her, owing to their unequal status. (He is her brother’s serving-man.) Translated (perhaps by John Pyper, publisher and signatory to the dedicatory letter) in The History of Astraee: The First Part in Twelve Books (1620). The original poem is a sonnet, but the sense of the translation closely follows the original.

A Sonnet.

Wherefore if you loue me,
Feare you the world should know?
Then honest Amity,
What can make fairer shew?

The spirits vertuous,
It each to other ties,
And far from humane hearts
Expelleth vanities.

But if your choice be such,
That you displeased are,
And that you thinke me vile,
Vnworthy such a share:

Disdainfull beauty, that
Liest hid from all mens eyes,
And neuer mad’st appeare
That in thee pitty lies:

Yet Dido did not scorne
A wanderer by sea.
Paris, a shepheard yong,

Wonne loue from Oenone,

Diane found some griefe
For her Endimion.
Loue not regards the state,
Or pomp of any one.

The sheepehooke with the mace
Of Kings he equall makes:
And in the purest Loue,
All his contentment takes.

177 Honoré D’Urfé  ‘CLOSE BY A RIVER CLEAR’
Translated by John Davies (?)

From Honoré d’Urfé’s French pastoral romance L’Astrée, Part I Bk 4. Celadon loves Astrée, but is advised by her to dissemble his love by paying court to other shepherdesses. He addresses this song to the shepherdess Phillis as part of this ploy. It is being reported later by Astrée to Diana. Translated by ‘A Person of Quality’ (perhaps J[ohn] D[avies], signatory to the dedicatory letter) in Astraee. A Romance (1657). The translation tends to expand the original (especially in the second stanza and the start of the last) but follows its general tenor fairly closely.

Close by a River cleare, whose bankes were clad
With Mossie cussions, and a channell had;
Which like a Serpent wreathed, and did glide
A long a lovely plaine with swelling pride;

12 share] portion, lot (OED share n3b).
15 mad’st appeare] allowed to show.
18 wanderer by sea] i.e., Aeneas.
19-20 Paris, prince of Troy, was brought up by shepherds and tended sheep on Mount Ida. But by the usual account, his identity was revealed before he married Oenone, daughter of the river-god Cebron.
21-2 The shepherd Endimion won the love of Diana (Selene or Cynthia, the moon-goddess). The ‘griefe’ is for their unequal status.
21 Diane] Two syllables, for scansion.
28 Finds all his joy.
28 pride] splendour, magnificence (OED 6a).
Did sit a Shepheard, chanting it in verse,
   And with his Pipe did these sad Lines rehearse.
Cease, Fair one, Cease; cease once your cruelty,
   Let me enjoy one day before I die.

The torments I endure for loving you
   Are greater farr, then is for hatred due;
If gods be good, and infinitely kind
   Then Love and Hate a difference will find.
Is't possible a pure and perfect Love
   Should never, never any pitty move?
Are animals insensible as stones,
   Which never moved are with sighes and groanes?

Those amorous glances of your winning eyes,
   Have oft encourag'd up my hopes to rise,
   And since they swell with promises so fair
   If they do violate, they perjured are;
   Oft have they told me, that your stony heart
   Would melt; and from severity depart:
   Each charming part of your fair face did say,
   In their false Language, they would ne're betray.

But how? Does shepheardess eyes outvie
   The glistering Court in all its falsitie?
   Can they who live and only haunt the fields
   Use any art, but what plaine nature yeilds?
   Has rurall beauties found a subtile art
   Though not their faces, yet to paint the heart?
   Are these the Doctrines that your Schoole affords
   Only to flatter, and to give good words?

No no, my Fair one, these are fallacies
   And far unsuitable with your fair eyes;
   Learne to be kind, and banish cruelty;
   This cometh neerest to a Deitie;
   Beauty that brings not sweetnesse with it, might
   Be likned to an eye that wanteth sight.
   To her that has no Love and yet is fair,
   A Corps without a Soul I will compare.

178 Giles Fletcher  From Christ’s Victory and Triumph

This extract from Giles Fletcher’s *Christs Victorie, and Triumph in Heauen, and Earth, over, and after death (1610)* comprises stanzas 1-2, 16, and 46-51 (wrongly numbered 45-50 in the first edition) of the last section, entitled *Christs Triumph after Death*. Foreshortening the narrative, Fletcher passes swiftly from Christ’s resurrection to his ascension to heaven, expanding the account in Acts 1.9-11 with elements from Revelation and apocryphal sources. But his real originality lies in setting this amalgam in a pastoral landscape of his own devising, better integrated with his theme than the pastoral-framed narrative of the human body in his brother Phineas’s *The Purple Island* (referred to here). The last stanza is a line short.

   But now the second Morning, from her bowre,
   Began to glister in her beames, and nowe
   The roses of the day began to flower
   In th’ eastern garden; for heau’n smiling browe
   Halfe insolent for joy begunne to shewe:
   The early Sunne came lively dauncing out,
   And the bragge lambs ranne wantoning about,
   That heau’n, and earth might seeme in tryumph both to shout.

29 Has] Singular verb with plural subject then common. 36 This is (the human quality) closest to the divine.
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Th’engladen Spring, forgetfull now to weep,
Began t’ eblazon fro her leauie bed,
The waking swallowe broke her halfe-yeares sleepe,
And euerie bush lay deepely purpured
With violets, the woods late-wintryn head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their greene attire,
Among whose infant leaues the ioyeous birds conspire.

Hearke how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleyes singing for delight,
And wanton Mountaines daunce about the Lands,
The while the fieldes, struck with the heau’nly light,
Set all their flower’s a smiling at the sight,
The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown’d
The flaming Lambe, breaking through heau’n, hath passage found.

Ah foolish Sheapheards, that wear woont esteem
Your God all rough, and shaggy-hair’d to bee;
And yet farre wiser Sheapheards then ye deeme,
For who so poore (though who so rich) as hee,
When, with vs hermiting in lowe degree,
He wasn’t his flocks in Jordans spotles tide,
And, that his deere remembrance aie might bide,
Did to vs come, and with vs liu’d, and for vs di’d?

But now so liuely colours did embeame
His sparkling forehead, and so shiny rays
Kindled his flaming locks; that downe did streame
In curles, along his necke, whear sweetly playes
(Singing his wounds of loue in sacred layes)
His deerest Spouse, Spouse of the deerest Lover,
Knitting a thousand knots ouer, and ouer,
the Church Triumphant
And dying still for loue, but they her still recover.

Faire Egliset, that at his eyes doth dresse
Her glorious face, those eyes, from whence ar shed
Infinite belamours, whear to expresse
His loue, high God all heav’n as captives leads,
And all the bannes of his grace dispersades,
And in those windowes, doth his armes englaze,
And on those eyes, the Angels all doe gaze,
And from those eies, the lights of heau’n do gleane their blaze.

But let the Kentish lad, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpets siluer sound,
Young Thysrilis, and for his musique brought

9 forgetfull ... weepe] i.e., It did not rain. 10 eblazon] ’shine forth in bright colours’ (OED). 11 halfe-yeares sleepe] The old explanation for the disappearance of swallows in the winter. Here, their awakening figures Christ’s resurrection. 19 Echoes Psalm 314. 24 Lambe] Christ, the Lamb of God (see, e.g., John 1.29, Rev.21.22, 22.1). In Rev. 21.23, the Lamb lights up the City of God. 26 Your God all rough] Pan, whom the shepherds had earlier taken as their God. But Christ seems to be conceived as a new aspect of Pan rather than his replacement: cf. Milton’s Nativiy Ode 89. 30 wasn’t his flocks] See John 4.1-2, though the disciples, not Jesus, carried out these baptisms. 39 Pledging her allegiance in marriage a thousand times over. 41 Egliset] the Church (Fr. eglise). 43 belamours] loving looks (OED 2). 48 the lights ... blaze] the heavenly bodies derive their light. 49 the Kentish lad] The poet’s brother Phineas. The ensuing reference is to his The Purple Island, which ends with the rescue of Eclecta by Christ, and their marriage. Eclecta is ‘Choice’, daughter of Intellect and Will, but also ‘the elect’, generally identified with the Church and its body of the faithful. 50 the trumpet] symbolizing the martial and epic vein, contrasted with the pastoral oaten reed: recalls Virgil IV.1. The Purple Island concludes in an allegorical battle between good and evil forces, with Christ the knight finally defeating the dragon Satan. 51 Thysrilis] or Thysril, Phineas Fletcher’s pastoral name in The Purple Island and elsewhere.
The willing sphers from heav’n, to lead a round
Of dauncing Nymphs, and Heards, that sung, and crown’d
\[shepherds\]
Eclectas hymen with ten thousand flowsr
Of choycest prayse, and hunge her heav’ly bow’rs
\[marriage (see 49n)\]
With saffron garlands, drest for Nuptiall Paramours.
\[adorned; wedded lovers\]

Let his shrill trumpet, with her siluer blast,
Of faire Eclecta, and her Spousall bed,
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth Encomiast:
But my greene Muse, hiding her younger head
\[flanks, sinews\] Vnder old Chamus flaggy banks, that spread
\[covered with flags (the water-plant)\]
Thei willough locks abroad, and all the day
With their owne watry shadowes wanton play,
Dares not those high amours, and loue-sick songs assay.

Impotent words, weake sides, that striue in vaine,
In vaine, alas, to tell so heav’ly sight,
So heav’ly sight, as none can greater feigne,
Feigne what he can, that seemes of greatest might,
Might any yet compare with Infinite?
\[imagine, envisage\]
Infinite sure those ioyes, my words but light,

Light is the pallace whear she dwells, O blessed wight!
\[unmatched, greater than others’\]

179 DAVID MURRAY  THE COMPLAINT OF THE SHEPHERD HARPALUS

First published in Murray’s Cælia. Containing certaine Sonets, accompanying his play The Tragicall Death of Sophonisba (1611).

The complaint of the Shepheard Harpalus.

Poore Harpalus opprest with loue,
Sate by a christall brooke:
Thinking his sorrowes to remoue,
Oft-times therein did looke.

And hearing how on pibble stones,
The murmuring riuier ran,
As if it had bewail’d his grones,
\[unmatched, greater than others’\]
Vntoit thusbegan.

Faire streme (quoth he) that pitties me,
And heares my matchlesse moane,
\[unmatched, greater than others’\]
If thou be going to the sea,
As I do so suppone,
\[suppose\]
Attend my plaints past all releefe,
Which doefully I breath,
Acquaint the sea Nymphes with the greefe,
\[brings about, effects\]
Which stil procuries my death.

Who sitting on the cliffy rockes,
May in their songs expresse,
While as they combe their golden lockes,
Poore Harpalus distresse.
\[bring into distress\]

And so perhaps some passenger,
That passeth by the way,
May stay and listen for to hearre
\[voyage; ship carrying voyagers (OED 2)\]
\[hears\]
\[brings about, effects\]
\[poor passenger\]
\[conduit of praise\]

52 sphers from heav’n] In the Ptolemaic system, the heavenly bodies were set in crystalline spheres that made sweet music as they revolved, inaudibly to the human ear (but now heard).
53 Heards] shepherds. Hence (and given the Christian context) the ‘Nymphs’ prob. shepherdesses rather than goddesses of nature.
59 pipe] conduit (of praise) as well as musical instrument.
61 Chamus] the river Cam, hence Cambridge University, to which the Fletcher brothers and their father, Giles Fletcher the Elder, belonged.
Poore Harpalus a shepheard swaine,
    More rich in youth then store,
Lou’d faire Philena, haplesa man,
    Philena, oh! therefore

Who stil remorseles-hearted maide,
    Took pleasure in his paine:
And his good will (poore soule) repayd
    With vndeseru’d disdayne.

Ne’re shepheard lou’d a shepherdesse
    More faithfully then he:
Ne’re shepheard yet beloued lesse
    Of shepheardesse could be.

How oft with dying lookes did he
    To her his woes impart?
How oft his sighes did testifie
    The dolor of his hart?

How oft from valleis to the hils,
    Did he his griefes rehearse?
How oft re-echo’d they his ills,
    Abacke againe (alas)?

How oft on barkes of stately Pines,
    Of Beech, of Holen greene,
Did he ingraue in mournfull lines,
    The dole he did sustaine?

Yet all his plaints could haue no place
    To change Philena’s mind:
The more his sorrowes did increase,
    The more she prou’d vnkind.

The thought whereof through verie care,
    Poore Harpalus did moue:
That overcomne with high despaire,
    He quatt both life and loue.

180 ‘A jolly shepheard that sat on Sion Hill’

From BL MS.Addl. 15225. Transforms the conventional topos of the ‘jolly shepherd’ into an allegory of the Church. Licensed for publication on 15 August 1586 despite its Catholic implications, clearest in the fifth stanza and in the doctrine of the Eucharist implicit in 29-32. The fifth stanza may have been deleted by the censor (as Hyder Rollins suggests), or not placed before him. The Catholic overtones may explain why no printed copy appears to survive. In the ms, every two lines as printed here are written as one, separated by a colon or comma. Nearly all other punctuation added and line initials regularized.

A Jollie sheppard
    that sate on Sion hill,
That with his rod and shephardes crooke
    his sheepe dereecteth still,
His Church it is the fould,
    in tender grasse they feede,
And to the fountaines faire they goe,
    which is his word indeede.

1 A Jollie sheppard] a conventional phrase. Cf., e.g., the Helicon poem ‘Jolly sheepheard, sheepheard on a hill’ and Thomas Ravenscroft’s song ‘jolly sheephalt and vpon a hill as he sate’ (no.172). Jollie] handsome and lively; conventionally used of shepherds in pastoral. 2 Sion hill] hill in Jerusalem, site of the temple of Solomom. Cf 11n, 49-50n. 5-8 Echoes and allegorizes Psalm 23.
The way vnto the holie church, 
if anie list to knowe, 
By shepardes tabernacle past, 
they must on footestepes goe; 
Where shepardes ould were wonted 
to walke right reverently, 
And there this shepardes spouse soe sweete 
at noone dayes sure doth lye.

This Church is like a Citie faire 
that builded is on hye; 
Like to a candle shinning bright 
to all that passed by; 
Where truth shall never fade away, 
but virtue still abyde, 
And where this shepard dwellinge is, 
both church and sheepe doth guide.

And, for the glorie of his Church, 
this shepard did prouide 
Both Prophets and Appostles eake, 
and marteres trulie tryde, 
With virgins and confessors pure 
and docters manie moe, 
The praises of this holie Church 
throughout the world to shoe.

And more then this he promisst: 
when he should passe away 
The holie ghost, the comforter, 
to send with her to stay, 
Whoe in all truth should her defend 
in virtue euermore, 
Although the waues of wickednesse 
should wash her wales full sore.

This Church did at Jerusalem 
full visiblie appeare 
An afterward confirmed was 
by Christ our sauioyr deere 
When brede and wine he blessed 
and to his Appostles plaine 
Said, 'take and eate, this is my flesh 
which for you shall be slaine.'

---

11 tabernacle] The temple of Solomon in Jerusalem, an Old Testament ‘type’ or prefigurement of the Christian Church. Cf. 49–50. 12 on footestepes] i.e. not on horseback: humbly and reverently. 15 shepardes spouse] The Church, held to be the bride of Christ. 17-20 After Christ’s parables in Matthew 14-16. 25-6 The Church has charge of keeping the holy scriptures in safe protection. 27 bynd and lose] the power vouchsafed by Christ (Matthew 16.19) to Peter, his chosen custodian of the Church. 30 sillie] simple and innocent; conventionally used of shepherds and sheep. 31 blood and bodie] Suggests literal transubstantiation – i.e. actual change of the bread and wine of the Eucharist into Christ’s flesh and blood – as advocated by the Catholic Church, in contrast to various types of symbolic representation advanced by most Protestant churches. 37 confessors] those who declare their faith and suffer for it short of martyrdom. (OED 2). 49-50 Cf. 11n. 54 plaine] plainly. Again suggests literal transubstantiation: see 31n.
For to confirme what he hath said
the cruel Jewes that night,
With clubs and staues, and weapons sharpe,
with toarch and lantern bright,

Came for to take this shepheard sweete,
as he at prayer was,
If that his father’s will it were
that cup from him might pas.

They bound him fast, they beat him sore,
they stroake him on the face,
They spit at him, they railed on him,
with spite and vile disgrace.

By witnes false, they him accused,
for to put downe their lawes,

Although the Judg did answer them,
‘I finde in him noe cause.’

In stid of princlie Cepter
in his hand they put a reede,
And like a foole they him araid
in whiteish cloathes, indeede;
They whipt him soe the blood ran downe,
his blessed bones were seene,
And on his head a crowne they set
of thornes bothe sharpe and keene.

‘Behould the man,’ the Judg did say;
they ‘crucifie’ did crye.
And Barabas they did let goe,
but Jesus iudgd to dye;
Although the Judg did answere them,
‘I finde in him noe ill.
You haue a law, and by that law,
goe kill him if you will.’

Away they led him wickedlie
and on his backe they cast
The cross of our offences all,
that downe he fell at last.
And on a roode betwixt two theeeues
they did him crucifie.
His loue and likinge to his Church,
these thinges did trulie trye.

To witnes cale those rageinge words
the two theeeues they did vse;
To witnes cale the blasphemies
then spoken by the Jewes;
To witnes cale his bloodie woundes
in handes, in feete, and hart;
To witnes cale his mother deere,
that thereof had her part.

\[
\begin{align*}
63-4 & \text{ Christ’s cry during his agony in the garden of Gethsamane before his arrest: Matthew 26.42, Luke 22.42.} \\
71 \text{ the Judg} & \text{ Pontius Pilate: Luke 23.14-16, John 19.6-7.} \\
73-80 & \text{ The details correspond to Matthew 27.26-30 and Mark 15.17-19. But the robe in which he was mockingly clothed is red or purple in all gospel accounts.} \\
83-4 & \text{ The Jews exercised their choice of one prisoner freed at Passover by favouring the murderer and conspirator Barabas over Jesus: Matthew 27.15-26, Mark 15.6-15, Luke 23.18-25, John 18.39-40.} \\
87 \text{ You haue a law} & \text{ Jesus was found innocent by Pilate under Roman law but dubiously condemned under the Jewish.} \\
91 & \text{ By Christian doctrine, Christ died to take the original sin of all mankind upon himself.} \\
92 \text{ downe he fell} & \text{ Deduced from the report of Simon of Cyrene being made to carry Christ’s cross: Matthew 27.32, Mark 15.21, Luke 23.26.} \\
97-8 & \text{ Actually, only one thief railed at Jesus; the other hailed and worshipped him (Luke 23.39-43).} \\
104 \text{ thereof} & \text{ of his wounds. Mary was said to have suffered the pains at Jesus’ death that, miraculously, she was spared at his birth.}
\end{align*}
\]
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

To witnescale the bloodies speare, which at his syde did runne;
To witnescale both heaven and earth before whome it was done;
To witnes call both sunne and moone, whoe then Eclipsed went;
To witnes call the Temple vaile that all in sunder rent.

To witnes calle the darknes great that couered earth and skyes;
To witnes calle the dead men’s bones which from the graues did ryse;
To witnes hale his bitter drinke and Joyfull wordes he saide;
To witnes calle his charitie, when for his foes he praid.

Towitnescalehiscoatvnseamd for which the loates were cast;
To witnes calle his dath and paine which euerie lime did tast;
To witnes calle his goinge downe to hell through his greate might;
To witnes calle his assendinge vp to heauen in glorie bright.

Then sith this sheppard paid soe deare to buy our freedome lost,
His scorones, his bloes, his blood and life was price of that it cost;
And heere doth giue vs all we haue and after Joyes for aye,
And doth requeere our servise true, in humble wise to pray.

‘O come away, come away,’
this shepheard cales and cryes,
‘Take vp your crosse, and follow me, and doe this worlde dispise.’
Like sheepe in humble sort let vs vnto his voice giue eare
And in his lawes still walke vpright while we abyden heere.

‘O come away, come away,’
this shepheard cales and cryes:
‘Take vp your crosse and follow me, and doe this world dispise,
And in his house and truth abyde, what ever shal be falle,
And in its truth both liue and dye.’
Amen, amen, say all!

105 bloodie speare] thrust into the dead Christ’s side by a soldier: John 19.34. 110 Eclipsed went] The sun was darkened at the time of Christ’s death: Matthew 27.45, Mark 15.33, Luke 23.44–45. 111-12 Temple vaile ... rent] So Matthew 27.51, Mark 15.38, Luke 23.45. 113 darknes great] See 110. 115-6 dead men’s ... ryse] So Matthew 27.52. 117 bitter drinke] the vinegar in a sponge offered to Christ on the cross: Matthew 27.48, Mark 15.36, Luke 23.36, John 19.34. 118 Joyfull wordes] Can only be Christ’s words to the penitent thief, Luke 23.43. 120 ‘Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do’: Luke 23.34. 121-2 The soldiers divided Christ’s garments among themselves, but cast lots for a coat without a seam: John 19.23–4. 125-6 goeinge downe to hell] the ‘harrowing of hell’, whereby between entombment and resurrection, Christ is said to have stormed hell, released certain Old Testament figures and taken them up to heaven, and chained Satan to the pit of hell. There is no clear scriptural source but a number of contributory passages. 147-551 The successsion of me, his and its, shifting between Christ’s direct speech and the poet’s report, is not strictly logical, but the meaning is clear.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

181 William Alabaster  ‘Alas, our shepherd’

A poem on Christ’s Passion and crucifixion, the eighth of 64 manuscript sonnets bound in at the start of a printed French Book of Hours in St John’s College Library, Cambridge. Dates in the ms indicate they were written (or at least transcribed) between 16 January 1627 (?1628 new style) and 1628. The poem reflects Matthew 26.31: ‘I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.’ Punctuation almost wholly inserted and fine-initial capitals supplied in this edition.

Alas our sheappear'd now is stroke againe:
See how the sillie flocke away doth bye,
Do bye away themselves to saue thereby
As if they might bee safe, when bee is slaine.
Whether, o whether runn yee soe in vaine?
For whilst yee with your sheappear'd shunne to dye
Into the Jawes of wolues yee doe but fly,
Who of dispersed sheepe doe make there gaine.
Knowe yow not the stroakes which on him light
Are aym'd vs to put vs all to flight?
Whose members shall those bee that want a head,
Whose flockes that from the folds are scattered,
Which dyinge with your sheappear'd should reviue
Butt liuinge from your sheappear'd dye alius?

182 Anthony Munday  The Shepherd’s Speech from Himatia-Poleos

Part of a shepherd’s speech in Munday’s Himatia-Poleos. The Triumphs of olde Draperie, or the rich Cloathing of England (1614), a pageant at the instalment of Sir Thomas Hayes of the Company of Drapers (to which Munday himself belonged) as Lord Mayor on 29 October 1614. As Munday explains, the title means ‘The Cloathing or garments of the Cittie’, i.e. its walls, but is applied by Munday to the actual fabrics or drapery on which London’s wealth and distinction is based. The pageant incorporates ‘a goodly Ramme or Golden Fleece, with a Sheepearde sitting by it’. He speaks on behalf of the Cotswold sheep farmers who provide the wool used by drapers.

From the Ramme
we haue the Lambe
From both our finest
woolles are shorne.
Wooll had thus from
the Ramme and Lambe,
Makes the best Cloath,
that can be worsne.
Thanke then the Draper
that began
To make such Cloathing,
meete for man.

For, if wee haue no Ramme, wee are sure to haue no Lambe: no Lambe, no Wooll: no wooll, no Cloth: no Cloth, no Draper.

Heauen graunt that we may neuer see these noes,
For we shall then feel ele as many woes:
But that of Ram, Lambe, Wooll, Cloth, still we may haue store:
So shall the Drapers then triue more and more.

1 againe The previous sonnet had described Christ’s sufferings during his Passion.
11 members] limbs: implicit concept of the Church as the mystical body of Christ.
12 To what owner will scattered and straying sheep be said to belong?
183 Christopher Brooke To His Much Loved Friend Master W Browne

First published in The Shepheardes Pipe (1614). While Drayton, Brooke and Davies of Hereford formed a trio of older poets holding Browne and Wither in affectionate esteem, the friendship between Browne (Willy) and Brooke (Cuttie) seems specially close. They both belonged to the Inns of Court, wrote companion elegies for Prince Henry, and addressed eclogues to each other in The Shepheards Pipe. They are also associated in Wither’s The Shepherd’s Hunting.

To his much louted friend Master W. Browne of the Inner Temple. D. D.

Cuttie. Willy well met, now whiles thy flockes do feed
So dangerlesse, and free from any feare;
Lay by thy Hooke, and take thy pleasant Reed,
And with thy melody reblesse mine ear,
Which (vpon Lammas last) and on this plaine,
Thou plaidst so sweetly to thy skipping Traine.

Willy. I Cutty, then I plaid vnto my sheepe
Notes apt for them, but farre vnfit for thee;
How should my layes (alias) true measure keepe
With thy choyce eares, or make thee melodie:
For in thy straine thou do’st so farre excede,
Thou canst not relish such my homely Reedee.

Cuttie. Thy niceness shewes thy cunning, nothing more,
Yet since thou seem’st so lowly in thy thought;
(Who in thy Pastorall veine, and learned lore
Art so much prais’d; so farre and neere art sought.)
   Lend me thine eares, and thou shalt heare me sing
In praise of Shepheards, and of thee their King.

My louted WILLY, if there be a Man
That neuer heard of a browne colour’d Swan;
Whose tender Pinions scarcely fledg’d in show
Could make his way with whitest Swans in Poe;
Or if there be among the Spawne of earth,
That thinkes so vilely of a shepheards birth,
That though he tune his Reed in meanest key,
Yet in his braine holds not heauen, earth, and sea:
Then let him know, thou art that yong browne Swan,
   That through the winding streams of Albion
Taking thy course dost seeme to make thy pace
With flockes full plum’d equall in loute and grace;
And thou art he (that thought thy humble straines
Do moue delight to those that loue the plaines:) Yong
Yet to thy selfe (as to thy sort) is giuen
A IACOBS staffe, to take the height of Heauen;
And with a naturall Cosmography,
To comprehend the earths rotunditie:
Besides the working plummet of thy braine,
Can sound the deepes, and secrets of the maine:
For if the Shepheard a true figure be
Of Contemplation (as the learn’d agree)
Which in his seeming rest, doth (restlesse) moue
About the Center, and to Heau’n aboue;
And in his thought is onely bounded there,
   See’s Natures chaine fastned to Ioves high Chaire,

9-10 true measure ... eares[ Match the expectations of your refined ear. 12 such my homely Reedee[ a reed (pipe) as homely as mine. 15 Pastorall veine, and learned lore[ perhaps contrasted, though of course associated too. lore[ punning on ‘law’, the subject of Browne and Cuttie’s studies. Cf. no.184, 210. 20 browne colour’d Swan[ punning on Browne’s name. 22 Poe[ Po, the river in Italy. 25 meanest key[ alluding to the lowly themes and style of pastoral. 30 full plum’d[ fully fledged, mature, in contrast to the ‘yong browne Swan’. flockes[ of swans (cf. ‘flock of wild geese’, Shakespeare, 1 H IV 3.4.136). Pun on plume, pen. 34 IACOBS staffe[ instrument used to measure the height of the sun or the pole star. 44 Natures chaine[ the ‘great chain of being’, the hierarchic order of nature emanating from the divine creative source: usually metaphoric, but could be visualized, after Iliad 8.19-27; See Natalis Comes, Mythologiae, II.4, and Spenser, PQ IV.i.30.
Then thou (that art of PAN the sweetest Swaine
And farre transcending all his lowly traine)
In thy discoursiue thought, do'st range as farre
Nor canst thou erre, led by thine owne faire starre.
Thought hath no prison and the minde is free
Vnder the greatest King and tyranny.

50

Though low thou seem'st, thy Geniit mounts the Hill
Where heauenly Nectar doth from loue distill;
Where Bayes still grows (by thunder not struck down)
The Victors-Garland, and the Poets-Crowne,
And vnderneath the Horse-foote-fount doth flow,
Which giues Wit verdure, and makes learning grow.
To this faire Hill (from stormes and tempests free)
Thou oft repair'st for Truthes discouery,

60

A prospect vpon all times wandring mazes,
Displaying vanity, disclosing graces;
Nay in some cliffe it leads the eye beyond
The times horizon stripping sea and land,
And farther (not obscurely) doth deuine
All future times: Heere do the Muses shine,
Heere dignity with safety do combine,
Pleasure with merite make a lowly twine.

Vitam vitalem they shall euer lead
That mount this hill and Learning’s path do treade:
Heere admiration without enuie’s wonne,
All in the light, but in the heate sit none.

70

And to this Mount thou dost translate thine Essence
Although the plaines containe thy corporal presence,
Where though poore peoples misery thou shewe
That vnder gripping Lords they vndergoe,
And what content they (that do lowest lye)
Receiue from Good-men that do sit on hye.
And in each witty Ditty (that surpasses)
Dost (for thy loue) make strike ’mongst Country lascers,
Yet in thy humble straine, Fame makes thee rise

80

And strikes thy mounting forehead ’gainst the skies.
Renowned friend, what Trophe may I raise
To memorize thy name; would I could praise
(In any meane) thy worth, strike enuy dumbe,
But I dye heere; thou liu’st in time to come.
States haue their Period, statues lost with rust:
Soules to Elizium, Nature yeelds to dust,
All monuments of Armes and Power decay,
But that which liues to an Eternall day,
Letters preserve; Nay, Gods with mortall men

90

Do sympathize by vertue of the penne.
And so shalt thou: sweete Willy then procede
And in eternall merite fame thy Reede.
PAN to thy fleeced numbers giue increase
And Pales to thy loue-thoughts giue true peace.

Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Pan[ here specially as god of pastoral poets. 46 lowly traine] other poets and their run of pastoralors, which Browne is ‘transcending’ in the long, loosely epic-like structure of his Britannia’s Pastoralor (1616, but perhaps partly composed by 1614, when this poem appeared). 47 discoursiue wandering, far-ranging (litteral Lat. sense). 48 faire starre continuing the metaphor of the Jacob’s staff (34). 51 the Hill] Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses (see 55). 55 Horse-foote-fount] Literal meaning of Hippocrene, a spring beneath Mount Helicon where the winged horse Pegasus struck his foot. 56 giues ... verdure] makes green, induces growth. 67 Vitam vitalem] (Lat.) living life: ‘eternal life’ through lasting fame. 71-2 i.e. a state of Platonic ecstasy, where the soul leaves the body. 73-6 Alluding to the satirical and political strand of Browne’s poetry. 94 Pales] goddess of the sheepfold and shepherds.
Let faire Feronia (Goddess of the woods)
Preservue thy yong Plants, multiply thy buds.
And whiles thy Rams do Tup, thy Ewes do twyn
Do thou in peacefull shade (from mens rude dyn) away from; tumult
Adde Pinyons to thy Fame: whose actuie wit
With Hermes winged cap doth suite most fit.

184 John Davies Of Hereford  An Eclogue between Willy and Wernocke

From The Shepheards Pipe (1614). Willy, as usual, is William Browne, and Wernocke, Davies himself. The language is thickly dialectal, with (sometimes false) archaisms and rusticities, often drawn from Spenser’s SC, especially ‘October’. A general feature is the archaic verbal ending -en for both plural and infinitive.

An Eclogue between yong Willy the singer of his natuie Pastoral, and old Wernocke his friend.

Wernocke. Willy, why lig’st thou (man) so wo-be-gon? What? been thy rather Lamkins ill-apaid?
Or, hath some drierie chance thy Pipe misdone?
Or, hast thou any sheep-cure mis-assaid?
Or, is some conteck tvixt thy loue and thee?
Or, else some loue-warke arsie-varsie tane?
Or, fates lesse frolicke than they wont to be?
What gars my Willy’ that he so doth wane?
If it be for thou hast mis-said, or done,
Take keepe of thine owne councell; and, thou art take heed 10
As shoene and cleare fro both-twaine as the Sunne:
For, all Swaines laud thine hauior, and thine Art.
Ma hap thine heart (that vnneath brooke neglect,
And jealous of thy fresh fame) liggs vpon
Thy rurall songs, which rarest Clarkes affect,
Dreading the descent that mot fell thereon.
Droope not for that (man) but vnpleate thy browes,
And blithly, so, fold enuies vp in pleats:
For, fro thy Makings milke and mellie flowes
To feed the Songster-swaines with Arts soothe-meats.

Willy. Now, siker (Wernocke) thou hast split the marke
Albe that I ne wot I han mis song:
But, for I am so yong, I dread my warke
Woll be misualued both of old and yong.

Wernocke. Is thilke the cause that thou been ligges so laid,
Who whilom no encheson could fore-haile;
And cautiue-courage nere made misapaid,
But with chiefe yongsters songsters bar’st thy saile?
As swoot as Swans thy straines make Thames to ring
Fro Cotswould where her sourse her course dothake,
To her wide mouth which vents thy caroling
Beyond the hether and the further lake.
Than vp (sad swaine) pull fro thy vailed cheeke

95 Feronia| goddess of plants and fruits (rather than ‘the woods’). 97 twyn| exceptional bounty; a ewe commonly gives birth to only one lamb. 100 Hermes winged cap| Hermes or Mercury was commonly depicted with wings on his broad-brimmed cap and sandals. 2 rather| early born, hence delicate. 6 Has some pain caused by love upset you? (warke, pain); 9 Has some move or strategy in love turned out badly? (warke, work). 9-10 If ... councell| If it is because you have said or done something wrong, be guided by your own judgement. 11 both-twaine| both (what you have said and done. see 9). 13 vnneath brooke| will scarcely accept or tolerate. 18 fold ... pleats| wrap up (i.e. forget) the envy others feel towards you. 22 Though I am not aware that I have ever sung badly. 25 been ... laid| Have lain so low, been so cast down or withdrawn. 27 And never felt depressed because of your feeble spirits. misapaid| discontented (OED, citing this passage alone). 28 But hold your own with the best young singers. 30 her sourse| The Thames rises at Thames Head near Cirencester in the Cotswolds. 32 the hether ... lake| perhaps the English Channel and the Mediterranean. 33-4 Stop resting your downcast cheek on your palm.
Hur prop, thy palme: and let thy Virilaies
Kill envious cunning swaines (whom all do seeke)
With enuy, at thine earned gaudy praise.
Vp lither lad, thou reck'st much of thy swinke,
When swinke ne swat thou shouldst ne reck for fame;
At Aganip than, lay thee downe to drinke
Wintill thy stomacke swell, to raise thy name.
That thou hadst throughout the life of Cythera
To crowne their scalps that couthmost swootlysing,
Indulgesse, through these duller times missawes
Nature of today’s women recoil’.
Guards hard-won reward, or seek out as companions the chaste nymphs of old, from whose model the beastly nature of today’s women recoil’.

Willie. Ah Wernocke, Wernocke; so my sp’rits been steept
In dulnesse, through these duller times missawes
Of sike-like musick (riming rudely sleep)
That yer I pipe well, must be better cause.
Ah, who (with lauish draughts of Aganip)
Can swell their soule to frollick so their Muse,
Whan Courts and Camps, that erst the muse did clip,
Do now forlore her; nay, her most abuse?
Now, with their witlesse, causelesse surquedry
They been transpos’d fro what of yore they were,
That Swaines, who but to looser luxurie
Can shew the way, are now most cherisht there.
These times been crimefull (ah) and being so,
Bold Swaines (deft Songsters) sing them criminnal;
So, make themselves oft gleeful in their woe:
For thy tho Songsters are miswene’d of all.
Meccenas woont in blonket liueries
Yclad sike chanteres; but these miser times
Vncaze hem quite, that all may hem despise,
As they don all their best embellisht Rimes.
And Haruest-queenes, of yore, would Chaplet make
To crowne their scalps that south most sweetly sing,
And giue hem many a gaude at Ale or Wake,
But now ne recke they of foot carroling.
Enaunter they should be as seeme they would,
Or songen lowdly for so deere desarft,
Or else be peregall to Nymphes of old,
From which their beastlihed now freely start.
Than must they latch the lowes of Fates too fell
With their too feele clowches as they con:
For, none regards or guards hem for their spell,

34 Virilaies| virelays, songs: strictly, with only two interlaced rhymes.
35 envious ... seeke] i.e. His envious rivals are themselves fine and reputed singers.
37-8 thou reck’st ... fame] You think too much of your labour and suffering, when you should not care for such things in your quest for fame.
41 bedowld] one of two springs, sacred to the Muses, at the foot of Mount Helicon (42).
43 Loach] a kind of fish. Willy drank in poetic inspiration from the water in his mother’s womb, as fish drink the water they live in.
49-52 I am so depressed because of these dull times’ abuse and ill-judgement of such music (which they boorishly term nobetter than ‘rhymes’), that I must find some better motive to pipe well.
54 Steep their souls in inspiration so as to lend joy and spirit to their muse.
55 Courts and Camps] seats of power.
63 make ... woe] draw pleasure from their sorry state.
68 As they (the people of these times) despise the poets’ best-composed verses.
69 Haruest-queenes] young women chosen as ‘queen’ of the harvest feast.
71 gaude] trinket given as gift or love-token.
73-6 Very cryptic. Perhaps ‘if they (poets) would be what they wish, they must either exert themselves unduly for hard-won reward, or seek out as companions the chaste nymphs of old, from whose model the beastly nature of today’s women recoil’.
79 guards] adorns, decorates (cf. OED 7).
Tho they, on point-deuice, empt Helicon!  
There nis thilke chiusance they whilome had  
For piping swooote; sith, with an Heydeguiues,  
Pipt by Tom-piper, or a Lorrel-lad,  
(So be he clawes hem they idolatrize.  
And those that should presse proper songs for sale,  
Bene, in their doomes, so dull; in skill, so crude,  
That they had lauer printen lacke a vale,  
Or Clam o’ Clough (alacke), they beene so rude!  
And sith so few feate Songsters in an age  
Bene founden, few do weigh hem as they been,  
For Swaines, that con no skill of holy-rage,  
Bene foe-men to faire skils enlawrel’d Queen.  
Enough is mee, for thy, that I ma vent  
My wits spels to my selfe, or vnto thee  
(Deere Wernock) which dost feel like misconent  
Sith thou, and all vnheeded, singt with mee.  

Wernock. Vartue it’s sed (and is an old said-saw)  
Is, for hur selfe, to be forsought alone:  
Then etsoune from their case thy shrill pipes draw,  
And make the weelkin ringen with their tone.  
Of world ne worly men take thou no keepe,  
What the one doth, or what the other say;  
For should I so, I so should Eyne out-weepe:  
Than, with mee, Willy, ay sing care-away,  
It’s wood to be fore-pinnde with wastefull carke  
In many a noyftoure of willing bale  
For vading toyes: But trim wits poorest wark  
The vpper heau’n han hent fro nether Dale.  
Thilks all our share of all the quelling heape  
Of this worlds good: enough is vs to tell  
How rude the rest bene, caduke, and how cheape;  
But, laude for well-done warks don all excell!  
For thy we shoulden take keepe of our Race  
That here wee rennen, and what here we doon  
That when wee wenden till an other place,  
Our souenance may here, ay-gayly wonne.  
For, time will vnderfong vs; and our voice  
Woll waxen weake; and our deusing lame;  
For, life is breie; and skils beene long, and choise:  
Than, spend we Time, that Time may spare our Fame.  
Look how breme Winter chamfers Earths bleeke face;  
So, corbed Eld accoyes youths surquedry;  
And, in the front, deepe furrowes doon enchase,  
Inuelopeled with falling snow a hy.  
Then nought can be atchieu’d with witty shewes,  
Sith grieue of Elde accloyen nimble wit;  

84 So be ... hem] even if he scrapes crudely at the fiddle.  
85 presse] impress, print (OED s).  
87-8 lacke a vale, Clam o’ Clough] heroes of popular tales, here dismissed as vulgar.  
91 holy-rage] the ‘sacred madness’ of poetic inspiration.  
92 faire skils enlawrel’d Queen] an unspecific muse-like figure.  
103 Were I to do so (take heed of worldly men), I would weep my eyes away.  
104 care-away] ‘an exclamation of merriment or recklessness’ (OED s).  
105-8 It is crazy to destroy oneself by useless worry, willingly sought to win ephemeral trifles, while even the poorest work of an adept intelligence is rescued by heaven from hell and borne upwards. (Almost implies that poetry can redeem humankind from the Fall.)  
105 wood] mad, crazy.  
108 sof] worry, distress.  
109 fore-pinde] totally, drain, exhaust.  
110 fastest] worthless, good for nothing.  
114 care-away] ‘an exclamation of merriment or recklessness’ (OED s).  
115-4 our Race ... rennen] i.e. the course of our lives.  
116 Our memory may dwell bright for ever.  
119 A famous saying of the ancient Gk. physician Hippocrates. Davies preserves the Gk. structure, reversed in Lat. and English (‘Art is long, life is short’), and translates Gk technē correctly as ‘skils’ rather than ‘art’.  
120 spend we Time] devote time to ensure, take care.  
124 falling snow] i.e. white hairs.  

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Than, vs behouen, yer Elde sick accrewes,  
Time to forelay, with spels retarding it.  
I not what bliss is whel’m’d with heau ns coape  
do not know; covered; cope, vault  
130 So bee the pleasance of the Muse be none:  
For, when thilk gleesome ioyes han hallowed scope  
They beene as those that heau’ns-folke warble on.  
if it be that; delight  
I con my good; for, now my scalpe is frost  
delightful; have  
Yeelding to snow; the crow-feete neere mine Eyne  
like  
Beene markes of mickle preefe I haue, that most  
know; head  
Of all glees else alow, han suddaine fine.  
strong proof  
O how it garres old Wernock swynck with glee  
makes; labour  
In that emprise that chiuem fittest fame,  
cheves, gains  
It heats my heart aboue ability  
lasting memory
To leae pardouring souenance of my name.  
ingenuity, skill; raised
And whan mine Engine han heau’d hy my thought,  
cought, obtained  
An that on point-deuce eftsoones y fell,  
best of all  
Of how my heart’s joy-rapt, as I had cought  
before God  
A Princedome to my share, of thilk Newell.  
caught, obtained  
They beene of pleasances the alderbest:  
best of all  
Than, God to forne; I wol no mo but tho:  
before God  
Tho beene the surname of all I louen best:  
thaen; I would not do so  
And for hem loue I life; else nold I so.  
variegated (with flowers)
Driue on thy flocke than, to the motley plaines  
Wood-gods, not the Olympians  
Where by some prill, that ‘mong the Pibbles plods,  
most skilful or elegant  
Thou, with thyne Oaten reede, and queintest straines,  
bonn, favour; rise  
Maist rapt the senior Swaines, and minor Gods:  
own, possess; most beautiful  
That as on Ida that mych-famed Mount,  
?striking the air with your notes  
A Shepheard Swaine; that sung lesse soote than thou,  
beauties; attractive, smart; high-born  
By light loues Goddesse, had the grace to mount  
Driuethylocke than tomotleyplaines  
To owe the sheenest Queene that Earth did owe:  
Driuethylockethan,tothemotleyplaines  
So, thou maist, with thy past’rall Minstralsy  
before God  
Beating the aire, atweene resounding Hils,  
An, Gods:  
Draw to thee Bonibels as smirke, as hy,  
an, vsbehouen,yerEldesickacrewes,  
?striking the air with your notes  
And wrap hem in thy loue begrey their wils:  
beauties; attractive, smart; high-born  
For (ah) had Phœbus Clarkes the meanes of some  
perhaps  
Worse Clarkes (paravnter) so to sing at ease;  
They soone would make high long-wing’d haggards come  
pliant, indulgent  
and vaile vnto their Lures: so, on hem seise.  
penetrating, moving  
For, bright Nymphes buxume Breastes do eas’ly ope  
spellbinding power  
To let in thirling notes of noted laies,  
More, citing this passage):?value, lustre.  
For, deftly song they han a charming scope;  
and vaile vntotheirLures:so,onhemseise.  
So, Nymphs themselues adore Brows grit with Bayes.  
Almostallearthlypleasuresotherthanpoetryhavesudden  
That drouing yearenes, at misses of these times)  
and vaile vnto their Lures: so, on hem seise.  
Laments; vices, defects

127] It behoves us, before we are overtaken by old age. accrewes] gathers.  
128 forelay] (a) frustrate (b) anticipate, guard against. spels] (a) magic spells (b) compositions, poems.  
129-32 I do not know what bliss there might be under heaven if not the joy of poetry: for if those joys (poems) are given blessed scope, they resemble the songs that the angelic choirs sing.  
133-4 frost / yeelding to snow] grizzled, turning to white.  
135-6 most ...fine] Almost all earthly pleasures other than poetry have sudden end.  
136 alow] down below, earthly.  
138 In the enterprise that gains fittest or highest fame.  
142 If it quickly achieves perfection.  
144 Newell] novelty (OED newel n°, citing this passage): ?value, lustre.  
146 I wol ... tho] I wish for nothing but that.  
153-6 Paris, prince of Troy, while living as a shepherd on Mount Ida for love of the nymph Oenone, judged Venus the fairest of three contending goddesses and was granted Helen of Troy as reward.  
160 begrey] (by grace of (OED, citing this passage only, suggests error for malgré, in spite of.)  
161-8 If poets had the wealth that priests have, they would draw proud high-born women as falconers call hawks, for the soft breasts of pretty young women are easily affected by fine songs as by a magic spell, and they adore poets crowned with laurels.  
161-62 Phebus Clarkes] priests of Phoebus or Apollo, god of poetry – i.e. poets, the means of some / Worse Clarkes] the wealth of worse (i.e. actual) priests. The Spenserians inclined to Puritanism and attacked the Anglican establishment.  
163 high] proud. long-wing’d] Long-winged falcons (as opposed to short-winged hawks) were ‘noble’ birds that could only be kept by the aristocracy, to hunt for sport and not for food. haggards] female hawks caught as adults in the wild state, hence the most spirited.  
164 vaile] descend. Lure] a device of a bunch of feathers, used by falconers to recall their birds.
Take thou thy Pipe, and of glee take thy part; (a) joy (b) glee-song, song of many 'parts'
Or cheere thy selfe with cordials of thy Rimes.

Before the worlds sterne face, the world backe-bite
So slyly that her parts ne’it perceive:
Morall thy matter so, that, tho thou smite,
Thou maist with tickling her dull sence deceiue.

Than hy thee, Willy, to the neighbour wasts
Where thou (as in another world alone)
Maoist (while thy flocke do feede) blow bitter blasts
Sympaethy to thy frome, to make its pertly knowne.

For, sith the rude-crude world doon vs misplease
That well desueren, tell wee hur hur owne;
And let her ken our cunning can, with ease,
Aye shend, or lend hur semperne remone.

Willy. Ah Wernocke, so thy sawes mine heart downe, thril
With loue of Muses skill in speciall,
That I ne wot, on mould what feater skill
Can bee yhugg’d in Lordings pectorall.

Ne would I it let-bee for all the store
In th’nchoth scope of both-twain hemispheres;
Ynough is mee, perdy; nor strue for more
But to be rich in hery for my leeres.

Ne would I sharen that soule-gladding gle.
In th’euer gaudy Gardens of the best
Not there to han the Muses companee,
Which, God to-fore, is of the best, the best.

Now, Wernock, shalt thou see (so mote I thee)
That I nill vsen any skill so myutch
(Faire fall my swinck) as this so nice, and free,
In case I may my name to Heauen stitch.

For why, I am by kind so inly pulde
To these delices; that when I betake
My selfe to other lore I more am dul’d;
And therefo, keenely set, I fall to make.

But, well-away, thy nis the way to thruiue;
And my neer kith for that wol sore me shend,
Who little reck how I by kind am gien
But hur wold force to swinck for thrifter end.

Hence forward then I must assay, and con
My leere in leefull lore, to pleasen them
That, sib to mee, would my promotion,
And care for that to prancke our common Stemme:

For, now (as wends the world) no skill to that
(Or rather but that) triues; sith Swaines are now
So full of contecke, that they wot ne what
They would; so, if they could; they all would owe.

So fares it in calme seasons with curtse men;
If freenes forbeare, at home, hem to inuade,
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They wry their peace to noy each other then
By plees, till they decease, or fall, or fade.

So times beene keener now with common Swayne
Than whan as foraigne foe-men with hem fought:
For, now they swyncke, but for sye Law-mens gaines
Or seld they should possessen what they ought.
But, what for this? to mee it little longs
To gab of siklike notes of misery;
Ynough is mee to chaunte swoote my songs,
And blend hem with my rurall mynstrelsy.
But, ô (my Wernock) how am I to thee

230

Obligen, for thy keene reencouragements
To skill so mickle lou’d and sought of mee
As this of making with Arts Elements?
I not how I shall thrue therein; ne how
I shall be dempt of in these nicer times:
But how soere so thou my works low,
I mill bee ill-apaiden with my Rimes.

Wernock. Thou nedst not, Willy; wretch were I to laude
Thee in thy misses: for, I so should bee
To th’ adultries of thy wits-scaipes, but a Baude
Ne, as a friend, in sentence, should bee free.

240

Than, wend thou fairely on, with thyne emprise;
Sing clerely, Will, on mine encouragement,
And other Swaines, more able to deuise;
And, fixe thee for it, in the firmament.
Ynough is mee so may I bee a part
Aye in the Muses Quire with those and thee;
Il’se sing (at ease) aloud, with cheerefull hart,
No base ne meane but Tenor of best glee.
No ... ne neither ... nor; middle; tune, melody
Willy. And I, with thee, woll chaunte each counter-verse
So shirrly that wee’l make thilk Quire to ring
As euer do the Angels; who rehearse
The loudest lauds of heau’n-Lord when they sing.

250

So meane you not to take the一角 tike you may
For thy freedom, that canst so well deuise;
Phæbus now goes to glade; than now goe wee,
Vnto our sheddes to rest vs till he rise.
Wernock. Agree’d, deere Willy, gent and debonaire,
Wее’l hence: for, rhumatice now fares the Aire.

185 GEORGE WITHER  THE SHEPHERD’S HUNTING, ECLOGUE V

First published in the collection The Shepheards Pipe (1614, with eclogues by William Browne, Christopher Brooke and John Davies of Hereford); then as Eclogue V in Wither’s The Shepherds Hunting (1615), whose text is followed below. Roget is (George) Wither; Alexis, William Ferrar, Wither’s contemporary at the Inns of Court. In Wither’s Juvenilia (1622 et seqq.), Roget becomes Philarete (lover of virtue), the name of Wither’s persona in Fair-Virtue. A notable combination of pastoral and satire: apparently poles apart, but sharing the humbler end of the spectrum of literary genres, with a common legacy of rude, rustic diction. The shepherd and the hunter were also sometimes compared though more usually contrasted. Wither associates the two in a sharper paradox than usual.

To Master W. F. of the Middle Temple.
The fitt Eglogue.

224 Otherwise they could seldom retain possession of what they own. 232 making ... Elements] writing poetry with the qualities of, or in accord with the principles of, art. 235 alow] fallow, praise (OED 1); à-low, lower or denigrate. General sense: ‘however you may judge of my work’. 236 I will not be ill-repaid by my verses – i.e. they will be their own reward. 337-40 You need not be afraid of not obtaining reward; for if your songs were really bad, I would be a wretch to praise your defects in this way. In that case, I would be nothing better than a bawd to your prostituted wit, whereas a friend should be frank in his judgement. 244 And turn you into a star (the ultimate mark of fame). 257 gentl] gentle, noble: significantly used of a lowly shepherd. debonaire] gracious, kindly (OED). 0.1.
W.F. William Ferrar
Argument.

Roget here Alexis mouses,
To embrace the Muses loues;
Bids him neuer carefull seeme
Of another's disesteeme:
Since to them it may suffice,
That themselues can lustly prize.

Roget. Alexis.

Roget. Alexis if thy worth doe not disdaine
The humble friendship of a meaneer Swain;
Or some more needful busines of the day
Vrge thee to be too hasty on thy way;
Come (gentle Shepheard) rest thee here by me,
Vnder the shadow of this broad-leau'd tree:
For though I seeme a stranger, yet mine eye
Obserues in thee the markes of curtesie:
And if my judgement erre not, noted too
More then in those that more would seeme to doe;
Such virtues thy rare modesty doth hide
Which by their proper luster I espy'd;
And though long mask'd in silence they have beene
I haue a wisedome through that silence seene:
Yea, I haue learned knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou hast in concealment sung:
Which me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to inuite thee to this homely shade.
And though (it may be) thou couldst neuer spye
Such worth in me I might be knowne thereby,
In thee I doe; for here my neighbouring sheepe
Vpon the border of these downes I keepe:
Hast grac'd our Wakes on Summer Holy-days:
And many a time with thee at this cold spring
Met I to heare your learned shepheardes sing,
Saw them disporting in the shady groues,
And in chaste Sonnets wooetheir chaster loues:
When I, endued with the meanest skill,
Mongst others haue beene vrg'd to tune my quill,
Where (cause but little cunning I had got)
Perhaps thou saw'st me, though thou knew'st me not.

Alexis. Yes Roget, I doe know thee and thy name,
Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame,
Art not thou hee, but that this other yeere,
Scard'st all the Wolves and Foxes in the sheere?
And in a match at Foot-ball lately try'd
(Hauing scarce twenty Satyres on thy side)
Held'st play; and though assaulted, keep'st thy stand
Gainst all the best-try'd Ruffians in the land?
Did'st thou not then in dolefull Sonnets mone,
When the beloued of great Pan was gone;
And at the wedding of faire Thame and Rhine,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I must confess that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:

0.8-9 They that can appreciate their own true worth are sufficiently rewarded. 10 More worth in you than those who apparently promise more. 35-40 Alluding to his earlier satires, chiefly the Twenty (38) in Abuses Strip and Whipt (1613; perhaps an earlier, suppressed edition in 1611), which landed him in prison. Great Pan? God; ?King James. 43 wedding of faire Thame and Rhine] of King James's daughter Elizabeth and Frederick V, Count Palatine, celebrated by Wither in Epithalamia or Nuptiall Poems (1612). 44 to thy Valentine] The wedding took place on Valentine's Day. Wither's Epithalamia includes an address to a supposed valentine.
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For till I markt the aime thy Satyres had,
I thought them ouerbold and Roget mad;
But since I did more neerely on thee looke

50 I soone perceiued that I had all mistooke;
I saw that of a Cynick thou madst show
Where since I finde that thou wert nothing so,
And that of many thou much blame hadst got
When as thy Innocence deseru’d it not.

But this too good opinion thou hast seem’d
to haue of me (not so to be esteem’d)
Preuailes not ought to stay him who doth feare
Hee rather should reproofes then praises haere.
'Tis true, I found thee plaine and honest to,
Which made me like, then loue, as now I doe.

And Roget, though a stranger, this I say,
Where I doe loue I am not coy to stay:

Roget. Thanks gentle Swaine that dost so soone vnfolde
What I to thee as gladly would haue tolde
And thus thy wonted curtesie exprest
In kindely entertaining this request:
Sure I should injury my owne content
Or wrong thy loue to stand on complement,
Who hast acquaintance in one word begunne

As well as I could in an age haue done:
Or by an ouerweaning slownesse marre
What thy more wisedome hath brought on so farre.
Then sit thou downe and Il’e my minde declare
As freely, as if wee familiars were:
And if thou wilt but daigne to give me eare
Something thou maist for thy more profit heare.

Alexis. Willingly Roget I thy wish obey.

Roget. Then know Alexis from that very day
When as I saw thee at that Shepheards Coate
Where each I think of other tooke first noate,
I meane that Pastor who by Tauies springs
Chast Shepheards loues in sweetest numbers sings,
And with his Musicke (to his greater fame)
Hath late made proud the fairest Nimphs of Thame.
E’n then mee thought I did espy in thee
Some vnperceiu’d and hidden worth to be,
Which in thy more apparant vertues shin’d
And among many I in thought deuin’d,
By something my conceit had vnderstood

That thou wert markt one of the Muses brood,
That made me loue thee: And that loue I beare

Begat a Pitty, and that Pitty Care:
Pitty I had to see good parts conceal’d,
Care I had how to haue that good reveul’d,
Since ’tis a fault admitteth no excuse
To possesse much and yet put nought to vse:
Hereon I vow’d (if wee two euer met)
The first request that I would striue to get
Should be but this, that thou wouldst shew thy skill,

How thou could st tune thy verses to thy quill:
And teach thy Muse in some well trained song,
To shew the Art thou hast suppresse so long:
Which if my new acquaintance may obtaine

friendship (with you)

Roget will euer honour this dayes gaine.

55-8 Your excessively high opinion does not reassure me, as I expect reproofs rather than praise. 81 that Pastor] William Browne of Tavistock (Tauies springs). 82 Prob. referring to Browne’s eclogues in The Shepheards Pipe; see headnote. 83-4 Uncertain allusion: perhaps to Browne’s masque Ulysses and Circe; but this was acted at the Inner Temple in January 1614-15 – i.e. later than The Shepheards Pipe, where this eclogue first appeared.
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*Alexis.* Alas! my small experience scarce can tell
So much as where those Nimphes the Muses dwell,
Nor (though my slow conceit still troues on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of Hellicon;
Or if I might so fauour'd be to taste
What those sweet streams but ouer-flow in waste,
And touch *Parnassus*, where it low'st doth lye,
I feare my skill would hardly flagge so hye.

*Roget.* O spayre not Man, the Gods haue priz'd nought
So deere that may not be with labour bought,
Nor need thy paine be great since Fate and Heauen
That (as a blessing) at thy birth haue giuen.

*Alexis.* Why, say they had?

*Roget.* Then vse their gifts thou must,
Or be vngratefull, and so be vniust:
For if it cannot truly be deny'd,
Ingratitude mens benefits doe hide;
Then more vngratefull must he be by oddes
Who doth conceale the bounty of the Gods.

*Alexis.* That's true indeed, but Enuy haunteth those
Who seeking fame their hidden skill disclose:
Where else they might (obscur'd) from her espying,
Escape the blasts and danger of enuying:
Critickes will censure our best straines of Wit,
And purblinde Ignorance misconster it.
All which is bad, yet worse then this doth follow,
Most hate the Muses, and contemne *Apollo*.

*Roget.* So let them: why should we their hate esteeme?
Is't not enough we of our selues can deeme?
Tis more to their disgrace that we scorn them
Then vnto vs that they our Art contemne;
Can we haue better pastime then to see
Their grosse heads may so much deceiued be,
As to allow those doings best where wholly
We scoffe them to their face, and flout their folly:
Or to behold blacke Enuy in her prime,
Die selfe-consum'd whilst we vie liues with time:
And in despiect of her, more fame attaine
Then all her malice can wipe out againe?

*Alexis.* Yea but if I apply'd me to those straines,
Who should drive forth my flocks vnto the plaines,
Which whilst the Muses rest and leasure craue,
Must watering, folding, and attendance haue.
For if I leaue with wonted care to cherish
Those tender heards: both I and they should perish.

*Roget.* *Alexis* now I see thou dost mistake,
There is no meaning thou thy charge forsake;
Nor would I wish thee so thy selfe abuse
As to neglect thy calling for thy Muse:
But let these two so of each other borrow,
That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow.
Thy flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy muse to passe the long and tedious day.
Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy *Reed*
Thy shearpe to listen will more neere thee feed,
The wolues will shun them, birds above thee sing,
And Lamblkins dance about thee in a Ring;
Nay which is more: in this thy low estate
Thou in contentment shalt with Monarkes mate:

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108 *Helicon* | Helicon, the spring beneath Mount Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.

132 of ...*deeme* | judge truly of our own worth.

140 *vie liues with time* | compete in longevity with time, strive for immortal fame.
For mighty Pan, and Ceres to vs grants
Our fields and flockes shall helpe our outward wants.
The Muses teach vs songs to put off cares,
Grac’d with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs:
And we can thinke our Lasses on the greenes
As faire, or fairer, then the fairest Queens;
Or what is more then most of them shall doe,
Wee’le make their iuster fames last longer to,
Hauing our Lines by greatest Princes grac’d
When both their name and memory’s defac’d.
Therefore Alexis though that some disdain
The heauenly musicke of the Rurall plaine,
What is’t to vs, if they (or’e seene) contemne
The dainties which were nere ordain’d for them?
And though that there be other some enuy
The praises due to sacred Poesie,
Let them disdainde and fret till they are weary,
We in our selues haue that shall make vs merry:
Which he that wants, and had the power to know it,
Would glue his life that he might dye a Poet.

Alexis. A braue perswasion.
Roget. eloquent argument
Here thou see’st me pent
Within the iawes of strict imprisonment;
A forlorn Shepheard, voyd of all the meanes,
Whereon Mans common hope in danger leans:
Weake in my selfe, exposed to the Hate
Of those whose Enuyes are insatiate:
Shut from my Friends, banish’d from all delights,
Nay worse: excluded from the sacred Rites.
Here I doe liue (mongst out-lawes markt for death)
As one vnfit to draw the common breath,
Where those who to be good did never know
Are barred from the meanes should make them so.
I suffer, cause I wish’d my Countrie well,
And what I more must beare I cannot tell.
I’me sure they gie my body little scope,
And would allow my Minde as little Hope.
I wast my Meanes, which of it selfe is slender,
Consume my Time (perhaps my Fortunes hinder)
And many Crosses haue, which those that can
Conceave no wrong that hurts another man
Will not take note of, though if halfe so much
Should light on them, or their owne person touch,
Some that themselues (I feare) most worthy thinke
With all their helpes would into basenesse shrinke.
But spight of Hate, and all that spight can doe,
I can be patient yet, and merry to;
That slender Muse of mine, by which my Name,
Though scarce deseru’d hath gaind a little fame,
Hath made me vnto such a Fortune borne,
That all misfortunes I know how to scorne;
Yea, midst these bands can sleight the Great’st that be
As much as there disdaine mistemes of me.
This Caue whose very presence some affrights
I haue oft made to Eccho forth delights,
And hope to turne, if any Justice be,
Both Shame and Care on those that wish it me:
For while the world ranck villanies affords,
I will not spare to paint them out in words;
Because I thus into these troubles runne,
I knew what man could act, e’re I begun:
And I’le fulfill what my Muse drawes me to,
Maugre all Fayles, and Purgatories to.
For whil’st she sets me honest task’s about,
Virtue or shee I know will beare me out:
And if by Fate th’abused power of some
Must in the worlds eye leaue me overcome,
They shall finde one fort yet so fenc’d I trow,
It cannot feele a mortals ouerthrow.
This Hope and trust that great power did infuse,
That first inspir’d into my brest a Muse,
By whom I doe, and euer will contemne
All these ill hap’s, my foes despitse, and them.

Alexis. Thou hast so well (young Roget) playd thy part
I am almost in loue with that sweet Art:
And if some power will but inspire my song,
Alexis will not be obscured long.

Roget. Enough kinde Pastor: But oh! yonder see
Two honest Shepheardes walking hither be,
Cutty and Willy, that so dearely loue,
Who are repaying nto yonder Groue!
Let’s follow them: for neuer brauer Swaines
Made musicke to their flockes vpon these plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents doe with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our sheep the short sweet grasse do shear,
And till the long shade of the hills appeare,
Wee’le heare them sing: for though the one be yong,
Neuer was any that more sweetly sung.

186 George Wither  From Fair-Virtue

The opening section of Wither’s Faire-Virtue, the Mistresse of Philarete (1622), a philosophical allegory cast as a pastoral romance: Philarete (lover of virtue) loves the shepherdess Fair-Virtue. There is a Platonic undercurrent, extending to the common Neoplatonic premise (not Plato’s own) that aspiration to ideal virtue inspires poetry: Fair-Virtue is also Philarete’s muse (see 264.) There is also a vivid recreation of Wither’s native Hampshire countryside.

Two prettie Rills doe meet, and meeting make
Within one vally, a large siluer lake
About whose banckes the fertile mountaines stood,
In ages passed brauely crownd with wood;
Which lending Cold-sweet-shadowes, gaue it grace,
To be accounted Cynthia’s Bathing place.
And from her father Neptunes brackish Court,
Faire Thetis thither often would resort,
Attended by the Fishes of the Sea,
Which in those sweeter waters came to plea.
There would the daughter of the Sea-God due;
And thither came the Land-Nymphs euery Eue,
To wait vpon her: bringing for her bowres,
Rich garlands of sweet flowres, and Beechy boughs.

229-30 one fort ... ouerthrow] a defence so strong that it is not affected by mundane defeat.
241 Cutty] Christopher Brooke, another associate from the Inns of Court.
1 Two prettie Rills] the rivers Itchen and Arle (Alre); or perhaps the Arle and Candover Brook, both flowing into the Itchen.
8 Thetis] sea-goddess, mother of Achilles: daughter of the sea-god Nereus, but Neptune may be called her ‘father’ in a general patriarchal sense.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

For, pleasant was that *Poole*; and neere it, then,
Was neither rotten Mersh, nor boggy Fen.
It was nor ouergrowne with boystrous Sedge,
Nor grew there rudely then along the edge
A bending Willow, nor a prickly Bush,
Nor broadleafd Flag, nor Reed, or knotty Rush.
But here, wel order'd was a groue with Bowers:
There grassy plots set round about with Flowers.
Here, you might (through the water) see the land
Appeare, strowd o're with white or yellow sand.
Yonn, deeper was it; and the wind by whiffes
Would make it rise, and wash the little cliffs,
On which, oft pluming sate (vnfrighted than)
The gagling Wildgoose, and the snow-white *Swan*:
With all those flockes of Fowles, which to this day,
Vpon those quiet waters breed, and play.

For, though those excellences wanting be,
Which once it had; it is the same, that we
By Transposition name the *Ford of Arle*.
And out of which along a Chalky Marle
That *Riuer* trils, whose waters wash the *Fort*,
In which braue *Arthur* kept his royall Court.
North-east (not far from this great *Poole*) there lies
A tract of Beechy mountaines, that arise
With leasurely-ascending to such height,
As from their tops the warlike *Ile of Wight*
You in the *Oceans* bosome may espie,
Though neere two hundred furlongs thence it lie.
The pleasant way, as vp those hills you clime,
Is strewed o're, with *Mariarome*, and *Thyme*,
Which growes vnset. The hedge-rowes do not want
The Cowslip, violet, Primrose, nor a plant,
That freshly sents: as Birch both greene and tall;
Low Sallowes, on whose bloomings Bees doe fall;
Faire Woodbinds, which about the hedges twine;
Smooth *Pruiet*, and the sharpesweete *Eglantine*.

When you vnto the highest doe attaine,
An intermixture both of Wood and Plaine
You shall behold: which (though aloft it lye)
Hath downes for sheepe, and fields for husbandry.
So much (at least) as little needeth more,
If not enough to marchandize their store.

In evey Rowe hath Nature planted there
Some banquet, for the hungry passenger.
For here, the Hasle-nut and Filbird growes;
There Bulloes, and a little further Sloes.
On this hand, standeth a faire welding-tree;
On that, large thickets of blacke Cherries be.
The shrubbie fields are Raspice Orchards there,
The new fel'd woods, like Strabery-gardens are:
And, had the *King of Riuers* blest those hills
With some small number of such prettie *Rills*
As flow elsewhere, *Arcadia* had not seen
A sweeter plot of Earth then this had beene.

---

17 boystrous] 1 Strong- or coarse-growing, rank’ (OED 6, citing this passage).
33 Transposition] The river was originally called Alre. *Ford of Arle* the town of Arlesford.
35 That Riuer] the Itchen.
35-6 the Fort ... Court] Winchester.
57-8 Enough to meet local needs, though not for sale.
61 Filbird] filbert or cultivated hazel, often distinguished from the ‘hazel’ as such.
For what offence this Place was scant of
Of springing waters, no record doth show:
Nor have they old tradition left, that tells;
But till this day, at fiftie fathom Wels
The Shepherds drink. And strange it was to hear
Of any Swaine that euer liued there,
Who either in a Pastoral-Ode had skill,
Or knew to set his fingers to a quill.
For, rude they were who there inhabited,
And to a dull contentment being bred,
They no such art esteem’d, nor took much heed
Of any thing, the world without them did
Eu’n there; and in the least frequented place
Of all these mountaines, is a little space
Of pleasant ground hemd in with dropping trees,
And those so thicke, that Phœbus scarcely sees
The earth they grow on once in all the yeere,
Nor what is done among the shaddowes there.
Along those louely pathes (where neuer came
Report of Pan, or of Apollo’s name,
Nor rumour of the Muses till of late)
Some Nymphs were wandering: and by chance, or Fate
Vpon a Laund arued, where they met
The little flocke of Pastor Philaret.
They were a troupe of Beauties knowne well nigh
Through all the Planes of happy Britain.
A Shepheardes lad was he, obscure and young,
Who (being first that euer there had sung)
In homely Verse, expressed Countrey loues;
And onely told them to the Beechy groues:
As if to sound his name he neuer ment,
Beyond the compass that his Sheep-walke went.
They saw not him; nor them perceiued he:
For, in the branches of a Maple-tree
He shrouded sate, and taught the hollow hill
To Eccho fowrth the Musique of his quill:
Whose tatling voice redoubled so the sound,
That where he was conceal’d, they quickly found.
And there, they heard him sing a Madrigall,
That soone betrayed his cunning to them all.
Full rude it was no doubt, but such a Song,
Those rusticke and obscured shades among
Was neuer heard (they say) by any eare,
Vntill his Muses had inspir’d him there.
Though meane and plain his Country habit seemd,
Yet by his Song the Ladies rightly deemd,
That either he had travailed abrode, (a) travelled (b) worked
Where Swaines of better knowledge make abode.
Or else, that some braue Nimph who vs’d that Groue,
Had dained to inrich him, with her loue.
Approaching nearer, therefore, to this Swaine,
They him saluted; and he, them againe:
In such good fashion, as well seemd to be
According to their state and his degree.
Which greetings being passed, and much chat,
Concerning him, the place, with this and that;
He, to an Arbor doth those beauties bring;
Where, he them prays to sit, they him to sing:
And to expresse that vntaught Country Art,
In setting forth the Mistresse of his hart;
Which they oreheard him practise, when vnseene,
He thought no eare had witnesse of it beene.

At first (as much vnable) he refusd;
And seemed willing to haue beene excusde,
From such a taske. For, trust me Nimphs (quoth he)
I would not purposely vnviill be,
Nor churlish in denying what you craue;
But, as I hope Great Pan my flocke will saue,
I rather wish, that I might, heard of none,

140

Enjoy my Musick by my selfe alone:
Or, that the murmurs of some little Flood
(Ioynd with the friendly Ecchoes of the wood)
Might be th’impartiall Vmpires of my wit,
Then vent it, where the world might heare of it.
And doubtlesse, I had sung lesse loud while-ere,
Had I but thought of any such so neere.
Not that I either wish obscurifide
Her matchlesse Beauty; or desire to hide
Her sweet perfections. For, by Loue I swear,
The utmost hapiness I ayme at here,
Is but to compass worth enough to raise
A high-built Trophee equall with her praise.
Which (fairest ladies) I shall hope in vaine:
For, I was meanly bred on yonder Plaine.
And, though I can well prooue my Blood to be
Deriu’d from no ignoble Stems to me:
Yet Fate and Time them so obscur’d and crost,
That with their Fortunes their esteeme is lost.
And whatsoere repute I strue to win,

150

Now, from my selfe alone, it must begin.
For, I haue nor estate, nor friends, nor fame,
To purchase either credit to my name,
Or gaine a good Opinion; though I doe
Ascend the height I shall aspire vnto.
If any of those virtues yet I haue,
Which honour to my Predecessors gaue,
Ther’s all that’s left me. And though some comtemne
Such needie levels; yet it was for them,
My Faire-one did my humble suit affect,

160

And dayned my adventerous loue respect.
And by their helpe, I passage hope to make
Through such poore things as I dare vndertake.
But, you may say; what goodly thing alas!
Can my despised meannesss bring to passe?
Or what great Monument of honour raise
To Virtue, in these Vice abounding dayes?
In which (a thousand times) more honor finds
Ignobly gotten meanes, then noble minds?
Indeed, the world affoordeth small reward

180

For honest minds; and therefore her regard
I seake not after: neither doe I care,
If I haue blisse, how others thinke I fare.
For, so my thoughts haue rest, it yrkes not me,
Though none but I doe know how blest they be.
Here therefore, in these groues and hidden plaines,
I pleased sit alone; and many straines
I carroll to my selfe, these hills among:
Where no man comes to interrupt my Song,
Whereas, if my rude layes make knoue I should

152 Trophee] memorial: originally a monument, hence high-built. 161 I haue nor estate etc.] As Sidgwick notes, the first part of the ‘motto’ in Wither’s Motto (1621): ‘Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo’ [I have nothing, I want nothing, I care for nothing]. The two other parts are reflected in 180, 228.
Beyond their home, perhaps, some Carpers would (Because they have not heard from whence we be) Traduce, abuse, and scoffe both them and me. For, if our great and learned Shepheards (who Are grac’? t with wit, and fame, and fauours to,) With much adoe, escape vnccensured may; What hopes haue I to passe vscoft I pray, Who yet vnto the Muses am vnknowne? And lieue vnhonoured, heere among mine owne?  

A gadding humour seldome taketh me, To range out further then yonn mountaines be: Nor hath applauseiue Rumour borne my name Vpon the spreading wings of sounding Fame. Nor can I thinke (faire Nymphs) that you resort For other purpose, then to make a sport At that simplicitie which shall appeare Among the rude vtutor’d Shepheardes here. I know that you my Noble Mistresse weene At best, a homely Milk-maid on the Greene; Or some such Country Lasse, as tasked stayes At seruile labour vntill Holy dayes. For, poore mens vertues so neglected grow, And are now prized at a rate so low, As tis impossible, You should bee brought To let it with beleefe possesse your thought, That any Nymph whose loue might worthy be, Would daigne to cast respectiue eyes on me. 

You see I liue, possessing none of those Gay things, with which the world enamor’d grows. To woo a Courtly Beautie, I haue neither Rings, Bracelets, Jewels, nor a Scarfe, nor Feather. I vse no double dyed Cloth to weare; No Scrip embrokydered richly doe I beare: No silken Belt, nor Sheepooke layd with pearles, To win me fauour from the Shepherds Girles. No place of office, or Command I keepe, But this my little Flocke of homely sheepe. And in a word; the summe of all my pelfe Is this; I am the Master of my selfe.

No doubt, in Courts of Princes you have beeene, And all the pleasures of the Palace seene.
There, you beheld braue Courtly passages, Betweene Heroës and their Mistresses. You, there perhaps (in presence of the King) Haue heard his learned Bards and Poets sing. And what contentment then, can wood, or field, To please your curious vnderstandings yeeld? I know, you walked hither, but to proue What silly Shepheardes doe conceit of loue: Or to make triall how our simplenesse Can passions force, or Beauties power expresse: And when you are departed, you will toy To laugh, or descant on the Shepherds boy. But yet (I vow) if all the Art I had Could any more esteeme or glory add To her vnmatched worth; I would not weigh What you intended. Prethee lad, quoth they, Distrustfull of our Courtsie doe not seeme. Her Noblenesse can neuer want esteeme; Nor thy concealed Measures be grac’t, 

221 double-dyed] deeply and expensively dyed; but as always with pejorative implication (OED 1st cit. 1667). 232 Heroës] pronounced in three syllables. 242 descant] comment, especially critically (OED 3).
Though in a meaner person they were plac’t:  
If thy too–modestly reserued Quill,  
But reach that height, which we suppose it will.  
   Thy meannesse or obscurenesse cannot wrong  
The Nymph thou shalt eternize in thy Song,  
For, as it higher reares thy glory, that  
A noble Mistresse though hast aymed at:  
So, more vnto her honour it will prooue,  
That whilst deceauing shadowes others moue,  
Her constant eyes could passe vnmoued by  

The subtil times bewitching brauery;  
And those obscured virtues loue in thee,  
That with despised meanesse clouded be.  
Now then, for her sweet sake, whose Beautious eye,  
Hath filled thy soule with heauenly Poesie,  
Sing in her praise some new inspired straine:  
And, if within our power there shall remaine  
A favour to be done may pleasure thee:  
Aske, and obtaine it, whatsoere it be.

187 GEORGE WITHER   HYMN FOR A SHEEP-SHEARING

From Wither’s Halleluiah or, Britains Second Remembrancer (1641). This is Hymn XLII among the ‘Hymns Occasional’ constituting the first part of the book.

HYMNE XLII. For a Sheep–shearing.
Sheep–shearing, is a Time of rurall Merriment, in which good–cheare is afforded to neighbors and servants; among whose Refreshings, if this or the like Meditation were sometime sung; both Knowledge and Piety, might be increased thereby.  

Sing this as the 23. Psalme.

Vnworthy, though, ô LORD, we are,  
Of that which thou dost give:  
Yet, we much more unworthy were,  
Of what we do receive  
If any Blessing we let slip,  
For which we do not pay  
Such cheap Oblations of the Lip,  
As we present this day.

We, through thy favour now have had  
the Fleeces of our Sheep;  
And, they are almost naked made,  
Our Bodies warme to keep.  
Before their shearers, dumb they lay,  
Whil’st from their backs were shorne  
Their finest Wooll; and we now may  
Possesse what they have worn.  

Dear LAMBE of God to thee be praise,  
Who dost refreshings give,  
So freely, and so many waies,  
Thy Servants to relieve.

O! let our thankfulnesse appeare,  
Not in bare Words alone;  
But in those Works, which reall are  
And needfull to be done:  

When any of thy Members lacks  
A Coat his flesh to gard;  
Let us bestow, ev’n from our backs,

3–8 We fail to receive properly what you undeservedly give us, if we do not offer a prayer of thanks.
As much as may be spar’d.
And, as our Sheep do skip as glad
When they their Fleeces give;
So, let us joy that means we had
Our Brethren to relieve.

Vs, let their Meeknesse mindfull make,
(By thinking thereupon)
How meekly, thou didst all things take,
Which were to Thee misdone.
That, all we suffer, say, or do,
May grow, in some Degree,
Reform’d, by thine Example, so,
That Blamelesse we may be.

188 George Wither  Hymn for a Shepherd

No.XLI of Part 3, comprising ‘Hymns Personall’, of Wither’s Halleluia or, Britans Second Remembrancer (London, 1641). The many commas in the original have been reduced, but the haphazard italics and hyphens generally left as they stand.

Hymn XLI. For a Shepherd.

That Shepherds might not muse altogether on Drudgerie or impertinent vanities, while they are all alone, attending their Flocks, we have prepared, for them, a Pastorall-Song, to acquaint and exercise them with nobler Meditations.

Sing this as the Lamentation.
Renowned men their Herds to keep,
Delighted much in elder dayes:
And to attend their Flocks of sheep,
Great Princes thought it no dispraise,
And, while they so employed were,
Sometime, oh God! it pleased thee
In wondrous manner to appear,
And gracious unto them to be.

The Joyfullest-news that ere was told,
Was unto Shepherds first declar’d,
And they did also first behold
The blessing, whereof they, first, heard.
LORD! I am thine, as much as they,
(Although unworthy such respect)
Oh, let thy mercies, glorious Ray,
Vpon my low-estate reflect.

Whilst all alone, I here attend
This harmlesse Flock; let into me
Thy holy-Ghost, oh Christ! descend;
That I may therewith filled be.
And, though my heart a Stall hath bin,
Where Vice at Rack and manger lay;
Vouchsafe thou to be born therein:
That better guests possesse it may.

Lest Idle-Musings Thoughts beget
That stir up longings which are ill,
And make me my endeavour set
Forbidden Actions to fulfill,

0.2 impertinent] idle, frivolous (OED 3).
0.5 Lamentation] presumably the musical setting for a hymn to or on the dead Christ; or for a section of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, popular with people of Puritan or low-church persuasion like Wither.
8-12 Alluding to the angels’ announcing the birth of Christ to shepherds, and the shepherds’ adoration of the Christ-child (Luke 2.8-20).
22 at Rack and manger] feeding greedily, ‘at the trough’.
Vpon thy Love, and on thy Law,
Let me my lovely hours employ,
That I may serve with Joy-full-awe;
And love thee with an awful-Joy.

When I my stragling-sheep behold,
Let me conceive what I had bin;
Hadst thou not brought me to thy Fold,
And fed and succour’d me therein.

And when I well consider those
Who Spoilers of those creatures be;
Me let it mindfull make, what Foes
Do seek, to make a spoile of me.

When, likewise, I behold them shorn,
And meekly yeelding up their fleece;
Or, when to slaughter they are born,
How patiently their lives they leese:

That holy-Lambe, let me, I pray,
Thereby in thankfull minding have,
Who, dambe before the Shearer lay;
And slaughtred was my life to save.

Yea, whilst I watch and guide my sheep,
Be thou my Shepherd, and my Guide,
Both me, and them, from harm to keep;
And all things needfull to provide.

That when both Goats and Sheep shall stand
Before thy face, their doomes to bear;
I may be plac’d at thy Right-hand,
And Joy when I my Sentence hear.

_lines_ to the end of _Book I_, _Song 3_ of _Britannia’s Pastorals_, prob. first published in 1613. In the preceding _Song 2_, Doridon was offering love to Marina when a ‘cruel swain’ wounds him with his sling and carries Marina away. Doridon is taken home to his mother Marinda, who obtains herbs from a hermit to cure him. This passage describes the events of the next morning, when he takes out his flock.

Lines 195 to the end of Book I, Song 3 of Britannia’s Pastorals, prob. first published in 1613. In the preceding Song 2, Doridon was offering love to Marina when a ‘cruel swain’ wounds him with his sling and carries Marina away. Doridon is taken home to his mother Marinda, who obtains herbs from a hermit to cure him. This passage describes the events of the next morning, when he takes out his flock.

29 Love, Law [the New and Old Testaments respectively. 32 when ... stand] at the Last Judgement. Goats and Sheep [the saved and the damned; Matthew 25.31. 55 at thy Right-hand] with the ‘sheep’ or redeemed souls. 2 I.e. The sun was drying the dew on the crops. 5 Note in margin of original text: ‘A description of a Muscall Consort of birds’. 9 full in parts] containing all the ‘parts’ of a harmonized composition. 12 Hibernia] Ireland. sack’d] ravaged, as Ireland was through unrest. 13 part] in the musical sense: the sequence in a composition sung by a particular singer. 17 condescending] agreeing, consenting (OED condescend s).
To beare the Base to his well tuned song,
The **Crow** was willing they should be beholding
For his deepe voyce, but being hoarse with skolding,
He thus lends aide; ypon an Oake doth climbe,
And nodding with the head, so keepeth time.

O true delight, enharbouring the breasts
Of those sweet creatures with the plumy crests.
Had Nature vnto man such simpl’esse giuen,
He would like birds be farre more neere to heauen.
But **Doridon** well knew (who knowes no lesse?)

“Mans compound haue o’er throwne his simplesses,”

None-tide the **Morne** had woo’d, and she gan yeeld,
When **Doridon**, (made ready for the field,)  
Goes sadly forth (a wofull Shepheards Lad)
Drowned in teares, his minde with grieue yclad,
To ope his fold and let his Lamkins out,
(Full iolly flocke they seem’d, a well fleec’d rout)
Which gently walk’d before; he sadly pacing,
Both guide and followes them towards their grazing.
When from a Groue the Wood-Nymphs held full deare
Two heauenly voyces did intreat his care,
And did compell his longing eyes to see
What happy wight enjoyd such harmonie.
Which ioynd with fue more, and so made seauen,
Would paralell in mirth the Spheares of heauen.
To haue a sight at first he would not presse,
For feare to interrupt such happiness:
But kept aloofe the thick and growne shrubs among,
Yet so as he might heare this wooing Song.

FIDA. Fye Shepheards Swaine, why sitst thou all alone,
Whilst other Lads are sporting on the leyes?

REMOND. Ioy may haue company, but Griefe hath none:
Where pleasure neuer came, sports cannot please.

FIDA. Yet may you please to grace our this dayes sport,
Though not an actor, yet a looker on.

REMOND. A looker on indeed, so Swaines of sort
Cast low, take ioy to looke whence they are throwne?
FIDA. Seeke ioy and finde it.

REMOND. Griefe doth not minde it.

BOTH.

Then both agree in one,
Sorrow doth hate
To haue a mate;

“True grieue is still alone.”

FIDA. Sad Swaine areade, (if that a Maide may aske?)
What cause so great effects of grieue hath wrought?

REMOND. Alas, Loue is not hid, it weares no maske;
To view ‘tis by the face conceiued and brought.

FIDA. The cause I grant: the causer is not learned:
Your speech I doe entreat about this taske.

REMOND. If that my heart were seene, ‘twould be discerned;
And Fida’s name found grauen on the caske.

---

28 Pun on *compound* and *simple* in the chemical sense. *compound* deals in *negotiations* (no such noun in OED, but many relevant senses of the verb).

34 rout herd (of animals OED 1b).

41-2 *Spheres of heauen* In the Ptolemaic system, the crystalline spheres in which the heavenly bodies were thought to be set. *seauen* sun, moon, and the five planets then known (excluding the spheres of the fixed stars and the first mover or primum mobile). *mirth* melody (OED 2). The spheres made sweet music as they turned, though inaudible to human ears.

45 aloofe apart, at a distance (OED 2).

64 It is made visible in the [lover’s] face.

65 i.e. I can see you are in love, but do not know for whom.
FIDA. Hath Loue young Remond moued?
REMOND. 'Tis Fida that is loued.

BOTH.

Although 'tis said that no men
Will with their hearts,
Or good chiefe parts
Trust either Seas or Women.

FIDA. How may a Maiden be assur'd of loue,
Since falshood late in every Swaine excelleth?

REMOND. When protestations faile, time may approve
Where true affection liues, where falshood dwelleth.

FIDA. The truest cause elects a Judge as true:

Remond moued?

FIDA. How may a Maiden be assur'd of loue,
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Where true affection liues, where falshood dwelleth.

FIDA. The truest cause elects a Judge as true:

Although 'tis said that no men
Will with their hearts,
Or good chiefe parts
Trust either Seas or Women.

FIDA. How may a Maiden be assur'd of loue,
Since falshood late in every Swaine excelleth?

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Although 'tis said that no men
Will with their hearts,
Or good chiefe parts
Trust either Seas or Women.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Who at their songs do bawle, but dare not bite.

Remond, that by the dogge the Master knew,
Came backe and angry bad him to pursue;

Dory (quoth he) if your ill-tuter’d dogge
Haue nought of awe, then let him haue a clogg.

Do you not know this seely timorous Deere,
(As vsuall to his kinde) hunted whileare,
The Sunne not ten degrees got in the Signes,
Since to our Maides, here gathering Columines,
She weeping came, and with her head low laid
In Fida’s lap, did humbly begge for aide.

Whereat vnto the hounds they gaue a checke,
And sauing her, might spie about her necke
A Coller hanging, and (as yet is seene)
These words in gold wrought on a ground of greene:

Maidens: since ’tis decreed a Maid shall haue me,

Kepe me till he shall kill me that must saue me.

But whenceshe came, or who the words concernne,
We neither know nor can of any learne.

Vpon a pallet she doth lie at night,
Neere Fida’s bed, nor will she from her sight:
Vpon her walks she all the day attends,

And by her side she trips where she wends.

Remond, (replidhe the Swaine) if I haue wrong’d
Fida in ought which vnto her belong’d:

I sorrow for’t, and truly doe protest,

As yet I never heard speech of this Beast:

Nor was it with my will; or if it were,
Is it not lawfull we should chase the Deere,
That breaking our inclosures euer morne

Are found at feede vpon our crop of corne?

Yet had I knowne this Deere, I had not wrong’d
Fida in ought which vnto her belong’d.

I think no lesse, quoth Remond; but I pray,
Whither walkes Doridon this Holy-day?

Come driue your sheepe to their appointed feeding,

And make you one at this our merry meeting,

Full many a Shepheard with his louely Lasse,

Sitt telling tales vpon the clouer grasse:

There is the merry Shepheard of the hole;

Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinoll,
Alexis, Siluan, Teddy of the Glen,
Rowly, and Perigot here by the Fen,

With many more, I cannot reckon all

That meet to solemnize this festiuall.

I grieue not at their mirth, said Doridon:

Yet had there beene of Feasts not any one
Appointed or commanded, you will say,

"Where there’s Content ’tis euer Holy-day."

Leaue further talke (quoth Remond) let’s be gone,

Ile helpe you with your sheepe, the time drawes on.

Fida will call the Hinde, and come with vs.

Thus went they on, and Remond did discusse

Their cause of meeting, till they wonne with pacing

The circuit chosen for the Maidens tracing.

It was a Roundell seated on a plaine,

That stood as Sentinell vnto the Maine,

Enuiron’d round with Trees and many an Arbour,

130 As ... kinde] as is the common fate of his species. 131 i.e. before the day was advanced. Signes] zodiac. 133 She] So henceforth, though earlier ’he’: explicitly a ‘Hinde’ in 175. 170-72 Even if there were no formal feasts or holidays, the happy mind would create such. 178 tracing] dancing (OED trace v2). 180 Maine] ?plain, stretch of ground (OED s). But the later narrative indicates the setting is not far from the sea, so maine might refer to that.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour:
And on a bough within the quickning Spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to sing;
Whose pleasing Noates the tyred Swaine haue made
To steale a nappe at noone-tide in the shade.
Nature her selfe did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride.
Whose various flowres deceu’ld the rashier eye

190
In taking them for curious Tapistrie.
A siluer Spring forth of a rocke did fall,
That in a drought did serue to water all.
Vpon the edges of a grassie bancke,
A tufte of Trees grew circling in a rancke,
As if they seem’d their sports to gaze vpon,
Or stood as guard against the winde and Sunne:
So faire, so fresh, so greene, so sweet a ground
The piercing eyes of heauen yet neuer found.
Here Doridon all ready met doth see,
Where he might doubt, who gaueto other grace,
Whether the place the Maides, or Maides the place.
Here gan the Reedie, and merry Pag-pipe play,

200
(Oh who would not at such a meeting be?)
Shrill as a Thrush vpon a Morne of May,
(A rurall Musicke for an heauenly traine)
And every shepheardes danc’d with her Swaine.
As when some gale of winde doth nimbly take
A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make
Some prettie druiung; here it sweepest the plaines:

210
There staiys, here hops, there mounts, and turns againe:
Yet all so quicke, that none so soone can say
That now it stops, or leapes, or turns away:
So was their dancing, none look’d thereupon,
But thought their seuerall motions to be one.

A crooked measure was their first election,
Because all crooked tends to best perfection.
And as I weene this often bowing measure,
Was chiefly framed for the womens pleasure.
Though like the ribbe, they crooked are and bending,
Yet to the best of formes they aime their ending:
Next in an (I) their measure made a rest,
Shewing when Loue is plainest it is best.
Then in a (Y) which thus doth Loue commend,
Making of two at first, one in the end.
And lastly closing in a round do enter,
Placing the lustye Shepheards in the center:
About the Swaines they dauncing seem’d to roule,
As other Planets round the Heauenly Pole,
Who by their sweet aspect or chiding frowne,

220
Could raise a Shepheard vp, or cast him downe.
Thus were they circled till a Swaine came neere,
And sent this song vnto each Shepheards eare:
The Note and voyce so sweet, that for such mirth,
The Gods would leau the heauens, and dwell on Earth.

230 Pag-pipe] bagpipe (not in OED), symbol of perfection. bowing] (a) bending or curving (b) the male dancers’ bows to their partners. ribbe] Eve was created out of Adam’s rib. roule] trace a circular course (OED roll v^310a, with ref. to heavenly bodies). aspect] astrological influence of stars and planets.
Happy are you so enclosed,
May the Maides be still disposed
   always
In their gestures and their dances,
So to grace you with intwining,
That Envy wish in such combining
Fortunes smile with happy chances.

Here it seems as if the Graces
Measur’d out the Plaine in traces,
In a Shepheardesse disguising.
Are the Spheares so nimbly turning?
Wandring Lampes in heauen burning,
   enticing, attractive
To the eye so much intising?

Yes Heauen meanses to take these thisthier,
And adde one joy to see both dance together.

Gentle Nymphes be not refusing,
Loues neglect is times abusing;
   tested, experienced
They and beauty are but lent you,
Take the one and keepe the other:
Loue keepes fresh, what age doth smother.
   coy, fastidious
Beauty gone you will repent you.
Twill be said when yee have proued,
Neuer Swaines more trueely loued:
   disdained, neglected
O then flye all nice behauiour.
Pitty faine would (as her dutie)
Be attending still on beautie
   disdained, neglected
Let her not be out of favour.

Disdaine is now so much rewarded,
That Pitty weepes since shee is vnregarded.

The measure and the Song here being ended:
Each Swaine his thoughts thus to his Loue commended.

The first presents his Dogge, with these:
   catch, seize, round up
When I my flocke neere you doe keepe,
   disdained, neglected
And bid my Dogge goe take a Sheepe,
He cleane mistakes what I bid doe,
And bends his pace still towards you.
   covered the entire plain with their dance-tracks.
   both] the shepherds’ dance alongside the ‘dance’ of the planets.
   the gift of time, i.e. youth.
   presumably love and time or youth.

The second, his Pipe, with these:
Bid me to sing (faire Maide) my Song shall proue
   To shield my Heart from your faire Eyes?
There ne’er was truer Pipe sung truer Loue.

The third, a paire of Gloues, thus:
These will keepe your hands from burning,
Whilst the Sunne is swiftily turning;
But who can any veile deuise
To shield my Heart from your faire Eyes?

239 That Enuy wish] i.e. even Envy wishes.
242 covered the entire plain with their dance-tracks.
248 both] the shepherds’ dance alongside the ‘dance’ of the planets.
250 To neglect love is to abuse the gift of time, i.e. youth.
251 They] presumably love and time or youth.
254 Once your beauty has gone, you will be sorry.
The fourth, an Anagram.

Maiden
AidMen.

Maidens should be ayding Men,
And for loue giue loue agen:
Learne this lesson from your Mother,
One good wish requires another.
They deserue their names best, when
Maides most willingly ayd Men.

The fift, a Ring, with a Picture in a Jewell on it.

Nature hath fram’d a lemmne beyond compare,
The world’s the Ring, but you the Jewell are.

The sixth, a Nosegay of Roses, with a Nettle in it.

Such is the Posie, Loue composes;
A stinging Nettle mixt with Roses.

The seuenthe, a Girdle.

This during light I giue to clip your wast,
Faire, grant mine armes that place when day is past.

daylight; engird, embrace

The Eight

You haue the substance, and I liue
But by the shadowe which you giue.
Substance and shadowe, both are due
And giuen of me to none but you.
Then whencse is life but from that part
Which is possessor of the hart.

The Nywhathe, with a sheephook

This Hooke of right belongs to you, for when
I take but seelicSshepe, ye still take Men.

capture

The Tenth

Louelie maiden best of any
Of our plaines though thrice as many:
Vaile to loue, and leave denyinge.
Endles knotts lett fates be tyeing.
Such a face, so fyne a feature
(Kindest fairest sweetest creature)
Neuer yet was found, but longing:
O then lett my plaintes be mouing.
Trust a shepeheard though the meanest.
Truth is best when she is plainest.
I loue not with vowes contesting:
Vaile: submit, surrender

except it be

swearing on oath

Fayth is fayth without protesting.
Time that all things doth inherit
renders each desert his merritt.
If that faile in me, as noe man,
Doubtlesse tyme nere wonne a woman
Maidens still should be relentinge,
And once flinty, still repentinge.
Youth with youth is best combyned.
Each one with his like is tyned.
Beauty should haue beautious meaning.

Euer the hope easeth playninge.

293 Posie] (a) a bunch of flowers or nosegay (b) a short verse for a ring or device. 310 Even if (a) there had been three times as many maidens (b) our plains had been three times as extensive. 316 Let my pleas move you. 317 meanest?] among shepherds; among men 326 And if they are once hard-hearted, they will always regret it. 330 Hope always eases grief.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Vnto you whome Nature dresses
Needs no combe to smooth your tresses.
This way yt may doe his dutie
In your locks to shade your beautie.
Doe soe, and to loue be turninge
Else each hart it will be burninge.

The Elleuenth.

This is loue and worth commending,
Still beginning neuer ending,
Like a wilie net insnaring
In a round shuts vp all squaring.
In and out, whose euerie angle
More and more doth still intangle.
Keepes a measure still in mouing.
And is neuer light but louinge.
Twynaing armes exchanging kisses,
Each partaking others blisses.
Laughing, weeping still togeather,
Blisse in one is mirth in either.
Neuer breaking neuer bending,
This is loue and worth commending.

The Twelth

Loe Cupid leaues his bowe, his reason is
Because your eyes wounde when his shafts doe misse.

Whilst euer one was offring at the shrine
Of such rare beauties might be stille diuine:
This lamentable voyce towards them flyes:
O Heauen send aid, or else a Maiden dyes!
Herewith some ranne the way the voyce them led;
Some with the Maidens staid which shooke for dread:
What was the cause time serues not now to tell.
Hearke; for my ially Wether rings his bell,
And almost all our flockes haue left to graze,
Shepheardes ’tis almost night, hie home apace.
When next we meet (as wee shall meet ere long)
Ile tell the rest in some ensuing Song.

[The figures in the original edition are given on the following pages]
The first presents his *Dogge*, with these:

When I my flocke necre you doe keepe,
And bid my Dogge goe take a Sheepe:
He cleane mistakes what I bid doe,
And bends his pace still towards you.
Poore wretch, he knowes more care I
to get you, then a seely sheepe. (keepe)

The second, his *Pipe*, with these:

Bid me to sing (saince Maide) my Song shall prone
There never was truer Pipe sung truer. Love.
The third, a paire of Gloues, thus:

These will keepe your hands from burning,
Whilst the Sunne is swiftly turning;
But who can any veile devise
To shield my Heart from your faire Eyes?

The fourth, an Anagram.

M A I D E N
A I D M E N.

Maidens should be ayding Men,
And for love give love azen:
Learne this lesson from your Mother,
One good wise requires another.
They deserve their names best, when
Maides most willingly ayd Men.
The first, a Ring, with a Picture in a Jewell on it.

Nature hath fram'd a Jewell beyond compare,
The world's the Ring, but you the Jewell are.

Figure 3

The sixt, a Nosegay of Roses, with a Nettle in it.

Such is the Polie, Loue compotes;
A stinging Nettle mixt with Roses.

Figure 4

The leauneth, a Girdle.

This during light I give to clip your wais,
Faire, grant mine armes that place when day is passe.

Figure 5
Figure 6: Eighth device, with the image of heart; Ninth device, in a frame shaped like a sheephook; Tenth device, in a frame shaped like a comb.
Figure 7: Eleventh device, a love-knot. Twelfth device, with an image of Cupid casting aside his bow.
Faire siluer-footed Thetis that time threw
Along the Ocean with a beautious crew
Of her attending Sea-nymphes (loues bright Lamps
Guiding from Rockes her Chariots Hyppocamps.)
A journey onely made, vnwares to spye
If any Mighties of her Empery
Opprest the least, and forc’d the weaker sort
To their designs, by being great in Court.
O! should all Potentates whose higher birth
Enroles their titles, other Gods on earth,
Should they make priuate search, in vaile of night,
For cruel wrongs done by each Fauorite;
Here should they finde a great one paling in
A meane mans land, which many yeeres had bin
His charges life, and by the others heast,
The poore must starue to feede a scuruy beast.
If any recompence drop from his fist,
His time’s his owne, the mony, what he list.
There should they see another that commands
His Farmers Teame from furrowing his lands,
To bring him stones to raise his building vast,
The while his Tenants sowing time is past.
Another (spending) doth his rents inhanche,
Or gets by trickes the poore’s inheritance.
But as a man whose age hath dim’d his eyes
Vseth his Spectacles, and as he pryes
Through them all Characters seeme wondrous faire,
Yet when his glasses quite remoued are
(Though with all carefull heed he neerly looke)
Cannot perceiue one tittle in the Booke,
So if a King behold such fauourites
(Whose being great, was being Parasites,)
With th’eyes of fauour; all their actions are
To him appearing plaine and regular:
But let him lay his light of grace aside,
And see what men hee hath so dignifie,
They all would vanish, and not dare appeare,
Who Atom-like, when their Sun shined cleare,
Danc’d in his beame; but now his rays are gone,
Of many hundred we perceiue not one.
Or as a man who standing to descry
How great floods farre off run, and Vallies lye,
Taketh a glasse prospectue good and true,
By which things most remote are full in view:
If Monarchs, so, would take an Instrument
Of truth compos’d to spie their Subjects drent
In foule oppression by those high in seate,
(Who care not to be good but to be great)
In full aspect the wrongs of each degree
Would lye before them; and they then would see.
The diuielish Polititian all conuinces,

1 Thetis | a sea-goddess, mother of Achilles, daughter of the sea-god Nereus. threw] 3 sped (OED throw v2 28).
4 Hyppocamps | ‘Sea-horses’ (marginal note in original text), drawing Thetis’ chariot like actual horses; perhaps identified with dolphins (167). paling in | the infamous enclosure system, whereby farmland would be enclosed for sheep-grazing and the farmers evicted.
17-18 If he pays any compensation at all, it is a sum of his own choosing, paid in his own time.
23 He spends lavishly and recoups the money by raising rents.
In murdring Statesmen and in poisning Princes;
The Prelate in pluralities asleepe
Whilst that the Wolfe lyes preying on his sheepe;
The drowsie Lawyer, and the false Atturernes
Tire poore mens purses with their life-long-iournyes;
The Country Gentleman, from’s neighbours hand
Forceth th inheritance, ioynes land to land,
And (most insatiate) seekes vnder his rent
jurisdiction as landlord
To bring the worlds most spacious continent;
The fawning Citizen (whose loue’s bought dearest)
Deceives his brother when the Sun shines clearest,
Gets, borrowes, breaks, lets in, and stops out light,
And lues a Knaue to leave his sonne a Knight;
The griping Farmer hoords the seede of bread,
Whilst in the streets the poore ly e famished:
And free there’s none from all this worldly strife,
Except the Shepheards heauen-blest happy life.
But stay sweet Muse! forbear this harsher straine,

Toke with the Shepheards; leve the Satyres veyne,
Coupé not with Beares; let Icarus alone
To scorch himselfe within the torrid Zone,
Let Phaëton run on, Ixion fall,
And with a humble stiled Pastoral
Tread through the vallies, dance about the streames,
The lowly Dales will yeeld vs Anadems
To shade our temples, tis a worthy meed,
No better girland seekes mine Oaten Reede;
Let other clime the hills, and to their praise

(Whilst I sit girt with Flowres) be crown’d with Bayes.
Shew now faire Muse what afterward became
Of great Achilles Mother; She whose name
The Mermaids sing, and tell the weeping strand
A brauer Lady neuer tript on land,
Except the euer liuing Fayerie Queene,
Whose vertues by her Swaine so written beene,
That time shall call her high enhanced story
In his rare song, The Muses chiefest glory.
So mainly Thetis droue her siluer throne,

Inlaid with pearles of price and precious stone,
(For whose gay purchase, she did oftten make
The scarched Negro diue the briny Lake)
That by the swiftnesse of her chariot wheels
(Scouring the Maine as well-built English Keels)
She, of the new-found World all coasts had seene,
The shores of Thessaly, where she was Queene,
Her brother Pontus waues, imbrac’d with those

53 pluralities] more than one church office held at the same time. 54 the Wolfe] Satan; or perhaps the Anglican Church, virtually identified by Puritans with the Catholic. Browne, like most Spenserians, was a confirmed Protestant tending towards puritanism, though not as strongly as Wither. 55 drowsie] sleepy, tardy: a reference to the law’s delays (cf. 56). 58 ioynes land to land] acquires more and more land to create a large estate. 63 lets in, and stops out light] referring to the right of ‘ancient lights’ or windows in city houses. 64 Knaue] (a) servant, person of low rank (b) villain, wrongdoer. 71 Coupe not with Beares] Do not consort with dangerous companions. Coupe] confine yourself; active use not in OED. 71-3 Icarus, Phaëton, Ixion] over-reachers destroyed by pride. Icarus flew too near the sun, so that his waxen wings melted. Phaëton drove the sun’s chariot too close to the earth, and was destroyed by Zeus or Jupiter to save the earth. Ixion attempted to win Hera or Juno, queen of his benefactor Zeus. 85 Fayerie Queene] Elizabeth, identified with the nodal figure in Spenser’s poem. Nostalgic idealization of Elizabeth’s reign was a political strategy of the opposition ‘Country’ party to which Browne and most Spenserians belonged. 92 diue] for pearls. briny Lake] sea. 94 Ranging across the seas like stout English ships. 95 new-found World] presumably the Americas. The Old World places of 96ff. are added items. 96 Thessaly] Thessaly proper is landlocked. Perhaps Magnesia, on the Aegean coast and a part of Thessaly; perhaps a mistake. 97 Pontus] the Black Sea, linked to the Aegean and thus ‘brother’ of Thetis (the Mediterranean). imbrac’d] embraced, flanked. Browne’s geography is a little off, as Tenedos is on the Hellespont, south of the Black Sea.
Maëotian fields and vales of Tenedos,  
Streit Hellespont, whose high-brow’d cliffs yet sound  
The mournful name of young Leander drown’d,  
Then with full speed her Horses doth she guide  
Through the Ægæan sea, that takes a pride.  
In making difference twixt the fruitfull lands,  
Europe and Asia almost joyning hands,  
But that shee thrusts her billowes all afront  
To top their meeting through the Hellespont.  
The Midland Sea so swiftly was shee scouring,  
The Adria ticke gulf braue Ships deouuring.  
To Padus siluer streame then glides she on  
(Enfamousd by rekelles Phaëton)  
Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,  
When the hot Dog-starre raines his maladies,  
And robs the high and ayre-inuading Alpes  
Of all their Winter suites and snowy scalpes,  
To drowne the leuel’d lands along his shire,  
And make him swell with pride. By whom of yore  
The sacred Heliconian Damsels sate  
(To whom was mighty Pindus consecrate)  
And did decree (neglecting other men)  
Their height of Art should flow from Maro’s pen.  
And prattling Eccho’s euermore should long  
For repetition of sweet Naso’s song.  

It was inacted here, in after days ordained, decreed  
What wights should have their temples crown’d with Bases.  
Learn’d Ariosto, holy Petrach’s quill,  
And Tasso should ascend the Muses hill.  
Duinest Bartas, whose enriched soule  
Proclaim’d his Makers worth, should so enroule  
His happy name in brasse, that Time nor Fate  
That swallow all, should euer ruinate.  
Delightfull Salust, whose all blessed layes  
The Shepheards make their Hymnes on Holy-dayes.  
And truely say thou in one wecke hast pend  
What time may euer study, ne’re amend.  

Marot and Ronsard, Garnier’s buskind Muse  
Should spirit of life in very stones infuse.  
And many another Swan whose powerfull straine  
Should raise the Golden World to life againe.  
But let vs leve (faire Muse) the bankes of Po:  
The End of the Second Book.
And we must a. See in haste shee sweepes
Along the Celtick shores, th’Armorick deepes
She now is entring: beare vp then a head
And by that time she hath discoverd
Our Alablaster rockes, we may discry
And stem with her, the coasts of Britany.
There will she Anchor cast, to heare the songs
Of English Shepheards, whose all tunefull tongues
So pleas’d the Nayades, they did report

Their songs perfection in great Nereus Court:
Which Thetis hearing, did appoint a day
When she would meet them in the Brittish Sea,
And thither for each Swaine a Dolphin bring
To ride with her, while she would heare him sing.
The time prefix was come; and now the Starre
Of blissefull light appear’d, when she her Carre
Staid in the narrow seas. At Thames faire port
The Nymphes and Shepheards of the Isle resort,
And thence did put to sea with mirthfull rounds,
Whereat the billowes dance aboue their bounds,
And bearded Goates, that on the clouded head
Of any sea-suruaying Mountain fed,
Leauing to crop the luy, listenig stood
At those sweet ayres which did intrance the flood.
In iocound sort the Goddesse thay thus they met.
And after re’rence done, all being set
Vpon their finny Courser, round her throne,
And shee prepar’d to cut the wartry Zone
Ingirtig Albion; all their pipes were still,

And Colin Clout began to tune his quill,
With such deepe Art that every one was giuen
To thinke Apollo (newly slid from heau’n)
Had tane a humane shape to win his loue,
Or with the Western Swaines for glory stroue.
He sung th’heroicke Knights of Faiery land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the Thracian plaid but halfe so well
He had not left Eurydice in hell.
But e’er he ended his melodious song

An host of Angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this Swan from his attintive mates,
To make him one of their associates
In heauens faire Quire: where now he sings the praise
Of him that is the first and last of dayes.
Duinest Spencer, heau’n-bred, happy Muse!
Would any power into my braine infuse
Thy worth, or all that Poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deseru’st no more,
A dampe of wonder and amazement stroke

Thetis attendants, many a heauy looke
Follow’d sweet Spencer, till the thickning ayre
Sights further passage stop’d. A passionate teare

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130 Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

143 beare vp then a head] sail ahead (OED bear v.37).
149 Nayades] Naiads, the fifty daughters of the sea-god Nereus (150).
157 narrow seas] Straits of Dover.
159 roundes] type of song where several singers sing in turn.
167 finny Courser] sea-horses (&/or dolphins (153).
170 Colin Clout] Spenser. This is one of the most eloquent tributes to Spenser even from the Spenserian poets.
175-6 referring to FQ. 177 the Thracian] ‘Orpheus’ (marginal note in original text). Regained his dead wife Eurydice from Hades by impressing Pluto with his music, but lost her again by glancing back at her on his way back to the world. 179 e’re he ended] Spenser completed just over half of FQ. 184 first and last of dayes] Perhaps alluding to the address to God closing the fragmentary FQ Bk.VII (Mutability Cantos). 186-7 infuse Thy worth] instil your (poetic) power. 189 dampe] exhalation, a sudden vapour or mist (OED i).
Fell from each Nymph, no Shepheards cheeke was dry,
A dolefull Dirge, and mournefull Elegie
Flew to the shore. When mighty Nereus Queene
(In memory of what was heard and seene)
Imploy’d a Factor, (fitted well with store
Of richest femmes, refined Indian Ore)
To raise, in honour of his worthy name
A Piramus, whose head (like winged Fame) Should pierce the clouds, yea seeme the stars to kisse,
And Mausolus great toombe might shrowd in his.
Her will had beene performance, had not Fate
(That never knew how to commiserate)
Suborn’d curs’d Auarice to lye in waite
For that rich prey: (Gold is a taking baite)
Who closely lurking like a subtle Snake
Vnder the court of a thorny brake,
Seiz’d on the Factor by faire Thetis sent,
And robb’d our Colin of his Monument.

Yee English Shepheards, sonnes of Memory,
For Satyres change your pleasing melody,
Scourge, raile and curse that sacrilegious hand,
That more then Fiend of hell, that Stygian brand,
All-guilty Auarice: that worst of euill,
That gulfe deououring, off-spring of a Diuell:
Heape curse on curse so direfull and so fell,
Their waight may presse his damned soule to hell.
Is their a spirit so gentle can refraine
To torture such? O let a Satyres vneye
Mixe with that man! to lash this hellish lym,
Or all our curses will descend on him.

For mine owne part although I now commerce
With lowly Shepheards in as low a Verse;
If of my dayes I shall not see an end
Till more yeeres presse mee; some fewe houres Ile spend
In rough-hewn Satyres, and my busied pen
Shall ierke to death this infamy of men.
And like a Fury, glowing coulters beare,
With which … But see how yonder fondlings teare
Their fleece in the brakes; I must goe free
Them of their bonds; Rest you here merrily
Till my returne: when I will touch a string
Shall make the Riuers dance, and Vallyes ring.

Doris, mother of the Nereides; here Queen Elizabeth (see 205-10n.). 202 Mausolus] ruler of Caria (4c- B.CE), renowned for his sumptuous tomb. 205-10 One of many unfounded stories of Spenser’s poverty in his last years and the neglect of his memory after death. (See 221.85n.) In fact, he received a government pension, and was buried at Westminster Abbey after an impressive funeral. This passage is the only testimony to the embezzlement of funds granted by Elizabeth for a monument to him. 214 Stygian] of Styx, a river of the underworld or hell. 211 Mixe with] be instilled (into that ‘spirit so gentle’). lym] limb, i.e. of Satan, agent or ‘imp of hell’ (OED 3b, c). 229 Fury] in the precise sense of an avenging goddess.


191 Ben Jonson To Penshurst

Poem 11 of The Forrest in the 1616 Folio of Jonson’s Works. Penshurst in Kent was the seat of the Sidney family. At this time, the owner was Sir Philip’s brother Robert Sidney, Viscount I’Isle and later Earl of Leicester. With Jonson’s ‘To Sir Robert Wroth’, this is considered the type and model of the country-house poem.

TO PENSHEVRST.

Thou art not, PENSHEVRST, built to enuious show,
Of touch, or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polish’d pillars, or a rooof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stayre, or courts; but stand’st an ancient pile,
And these grudg’d at, art reuerenc’d the while.
Thou ioy’st in better markes, of soyle, of ayre,
Of wood, of water; therein art faire.
Thou hast thy walkes for health, as well as sport:
 Thy Mount, to which the Dryads doe resort,
Where PAN, and BACCHVS their high feasts haue made,
Beneath the broad beech, and the chest-nut shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the Muses met.
There, in the writhed barke, are cut the names
Of many a SYLVANE, taken with his flames.
And thence, the ruddy Satyres oft prouoke
The lighter Faunes, to reach thy Ladies oke.
Thy copp’s, too, nam’d of GAMAGE, thou hast there,
That never failes to serue thee season’d deere,
When thou would’st feast, or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheepe, thy bullocks, kine, and calves doe feed:
The middle grounds thy mares, and horses breed.
Each banke doth yeeld thee coneyes; and the topps
Fertile of wood, ASHORE, and SYDNEY’s copp’s,
To crowne thy open table, doth prouide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side:
The painted partrich lies in every field,
And, for thy messe, is willing to be kill’d.
And if the high-swolne Medway faile thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that paye their tribute fish,
Fat, aged carpes, that runne into thy net.
And pikes, now weary their owne kinde to eat,
As loth, the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously, at first, themselves betray.
Bright eeles, that emulateth them, and leape on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the ayre, and new as are the houres.
The earely cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot, and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the countrey stone,
They’re rear’d with no mans ruine, no mans grone,

2 touch] black granite or marble. 4-5 i.e. Penshurst is not famous for any special architectural feature. 10 Mount] a high point on the estate, ‘still called by that name’ (Herford & Simpsons). 11 PAN, and BACCHVS] following Martial, Epig. IX.lxi.11-16. 14 his] Philip Sidney’s. Herford & Simpsons note a tree in the park ‘still shown as Sidney’s oak’. Waller too refers to it in his poem ‘At Penshurst’. 18 thy Ladies oke] from a tradition that Lady Leicester, wife of Robert Sidney, was taken in travail under this tree. 19 copp’s ... GAMAGE] where Barbara Gamage, Robert Sidney’s first wife, was said to have fed the deer. 26 ASHORE and SYDNEY’s copp’s] ‘These woods still exist, the former spelt ‘Ashour.’ (Herford & Simpsons). 35-6 They do not wait for the second dredging or casting of the net, but surrender to the first one. A common conceit of the country-house poem is that plants and animals willingly offer themselves to be eaten.
There’s none, that dwell about them, wish them downe;  
But all come in, the farmer, and the clowne:  
And no one empty-handed, to salute  
Thy lord, and lady, though they haue no sute.  
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,  
Some nuts, some apples; some that thinke they make  
The better cheeses, bring ’hem; or else send  
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend  
This way to husbands; and whose baskets beare  
An embleme of themselues, in plum, or peare.  
But what can this (more then express their loue)  
Adde to thy free prouisions, farre aboue  
The neede of such? whose liberall boord doth flow,  
With all, that hospitalitie doth know.  
Where comes no guest, but is allow’d to eate,  
Without his leare, and of thy lords owne meate:  
Where the same beere, and bread, and selfe-same wine,  
That is his Lordships, shall be also mine.  
And I not faine to sit (as some, this day,  
At great mens tables) and yet dine away.  
Here no man tells my cups; nor, standing by,  
A waiter, doth my gluttony enuy:  
But giues me what I call, and lets me eate,  
He knowes, below, he shall finde plentie of meate,  
Thy tables hoord not vp for the next day,  
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray  
For fire, or lights, or liuorie: all is there;  
As if thou, then, wert mine, or I raigned here:  
There’s nothing I can wish, for which I stay.  
That found King JAMES, when hunting late, this way,  
With his braue sonne, the Prince, they saw thy fires  
Shine bright on euery harth as the desires  
Of thy Penates had beene set on flame,  
To entertayne them; or the countrey came,  
With all their zeal, to warme their welcome here.  
What (great, I will not say, but) sodayne cheare  
Did’st thou, then, make ’hem! and what praise was heap’d  
On thy good lady, then! who, therein, reap’d  
The just reward of her high huswifery;  
To haue her linnen, plate, and all things nigh,  
When shee was farre: and not a roome, but drest,  
As if it had expected such a guest!  
These, PENVIRST, are thy praise, and yet not all.  
Thy lady’s noble, fruitfull, chaste withall.  
His children thy great lord may call his owne:  
A fortune, in this age, but rarely knowne.  
They are, and haue beene taught religion: Thence  
Their gentler spirits haue suck’d innocence.  
Each morn, and euen, they are taught to pray,  
With the whole houshold, and may, euery day,  
Reade, in their vertuous parents noble parts,  
The mysteries of manners, armes, and arts.  
Now, PENVIRST, they that will proportion thee  
With other edifices, when they see  
Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,  
May say, their lords haue built, but thy lord dwells.

62 lords own meate] not inferior food for unbidden guests  
73 liuorie] allowance of provisions.  
76 King JAMES] Recorded as having lodged at Penshurst, where a room is still called after him.  
77 braue sonne, the Prince] Henry, James I’s elder son, who died in 1612.  
102 Echoes Martial, Epigrams XII.1.8.
192 Ben Jonson  To Sir Robert Wroth

Poem III of The Forrest in the 1666 Folio of Jonson’s Works. Robert Wroth (1576-1614) was Robert Sidney’s son-in-law and husband of Lady Mary Wroth. His country home was Loughton House in Essex.

To Sir Robert Wroth.

How blest art thou, canst loue the countrey, Wroth,

Whether by choice, or fate, or both;

And, though so neere the citie, and the court,

Art tane with neitheres vice, nor sport:

That at great times, art no ambitious guest

Of Sheriffs dinner, or Maiors feast.

Nor com’st to view the better cloth of state,

The richer hangings, or crowne-plate;

Nor throng’st (when masquing is) to have a sight

Of the short brauerie of the night;

To view the jewells, stuffes, the paines, the wit

There wasted, some not paid for yet!

But canst, at home, in thy securer rest,

Liue, with vn-bought prouision blest;

Free from proud porches, or their guided roofes,

‘Mongst louging heards, and solide hoofes:

Along st the curled woods, and painted meades,

Through which a serpent riuere leades

To some coole, courteous shade, which he calls his,

And makes sleepe soffer then it is!

Or, if thou list the night in watch to breake,

A-bed canst haue the loud stag speake,

In spring, oft roused for thy masters sport,

Who, for it, makes thy house his court;

Or with thy friends; the heart of all the yeere,

Diuid st, vpon the lesser Deere;

In autumn, at the Partrich mak st a flight,

And giu st thy gladder guests the sight;

And, in the winter, hunt st the flying hare,

More for thy exercise, then fare;

While all, that follow, their glad eares apply

To the full greatnesse of the cry:

Or hauking at the riuere, or the bush,

Or shooting at the greedie thrush,

Thou dost with some delight the day out-ware,

Although the coldest of the yeare!

The whil st, the seuerall seasons thou hast seene

Of flowrie fields, of cop c’es greene,

The mowed meddowes, with the fleeced sheepe,

And feasts, that either shearers keepe;

The ripened eares, yet humble in their height,

And furrowes laden with their weight;

The apple-haruest, that doth longer last;

The hogs return’d home fat from mast;

The trees cut out in log; and those boughes made

show, splendor

lowing

i.e., produced on the estate

(a) shaggy, leafy (b) tossed by the wind

?soft, refreshing

the summer

assign, allocate

swift, fleet

chopped into logs

7 cloth of state] ‘a cloth spread over a throne or other seat of dignity; a canopy’ (OED cloth 4).
8 crowne-plate] gold or silver utensils stamped with the hallmark of a crown. 11 the paines, the wit] the labour and thought spent on such trivial matters. 12 The aristocracy notoriously ran up debts to procure their luxuries. 16 solide] (a) heavy, sturdy (b) crowded, packed (in a herd). 22 A-bed] while lying in bed – i.e. the deer come right up to the house. 23 thy masters] the King’s. 24 makes ... court] lodge here. The court is where the king is. 26 lesser Deere] the fallow and roe deer. The red deer is reserved for the king. 27 flight] hunting with hawks (OED o). The other sense, ‘flight-shooting’ birds flying overhead, does not suit the ground-dwelling, low-flying partridge. 28 gladder] made gladder by the sight: a proleptic use. 30 More for sport than to acquire food. 32 full ... cry] the baying of a full pack of hounds. 34 greedie] Winter-starved, hence eager to eat the bait laid out for them. 40 either] ‘each (of more than two things)’, OED 2c: here, shearers of either hay or sheep. 41 eares] of grain. humble in their height] tall but bowing (with the wind).
A fire now, that lent a shade!
Thus PAN, and SYLVANE, having had their rites,
Comvs puts in, for new delights;
And fills thy open hall with mirth, and cheere,
As if in SATURNES raigne it were;
Apollo’s harpe, and HERMES lyre resound,
Nor are the Muses strangers found:
The rout of rurall folke come thronging in,
(Their rudenesse then is thought no sinne)
Thy noblest spouse affords them welcome grace;
And the great Heroes, of her race,
Sit mixt with losse of state, or ouerence.
Freedome doth with degree dispense.
The jolly wassall walks the often round,
And in their cups, their cares are drown’d:
They think not, then, which side the cause shall leese,
Nor how to get the lawyer fees.
Such, and no other was that age, of old,
Which boasts t’haue had the head of gold,
And such since thou canst make thine owne content,
Strive, WROTH, to live long innocent.
Let others watch in guiltie armes, and stand
The furie of a rash command.
Goe enter breaches, meet the cannons rage,
That they may sleepe with scarres in age
And shew their feathers shot, and cullors torne,
And brag, that they were therefore borne.
Let this man sweat, and wrangle at the barre,
For euerly price, in euerly iarre,
And change possessions, ofter with his breath,
Then either money, warre, or death:
Let him, then hardest sires, more disinherit,
And each where boast it as his merit,
To blow vp orphanes, widdowes, and their states;
And think he his power doth equall Fates.
Let that goe heape a masse of wretched wealth,
Purchas’d by rapine, worse then stealth,
And brooding o’re it sit, with broadest eyes,
Not doing good, scarce when he dyes.
Let thousands more goe flatter vice, and winne,
By being organes to great sinne,
Get place, and honor, and be glad to keepe.
The secrets, that shall break their sleepe:
And, so they ride in purple, eate in plate,
Though poysong, thinke it a great fate.
But thou, my WROTH, if I can truth apply,
Shalt neither that, nor this enuy:
Thy peace is made; and, when man’s state is well,
’Tis better, if he there can dwell.
God wisheth, none should wracke on a strange shelfe:
To him, man’s dearer, then t’himselfe.
And, howsoever we may thinke things sweet,
He always gues what he knowes meet;
Which who can vse is happy: Such be thou.
’Tis better, if he there can dwell.
Praise is made; and, when man’s state is well,
’Tis better, if he there can dwell.
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Praise is made; and, when man’s state is well,
’Tis better, if he there can dwell.
And, howsoever we may thinke things sweet,
He always gues what he knowes meet;
Which who can vse is happy: Such be thou.
The Ewes to feed, their udders swell;
But if he frowne, the sheepe ( alas)
The Shepheards wither, and the grasse.
Strive, strive, to please him then by still increasing thus
The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

That are

The Maine Daunce.

HYMNE III.

If yet, if yet
Pans orgies you will further fit,
See where the silver-footed Fayes doe sit,
The Nymphes of wood and water;
Each trees and Fountaines daughter,
Goe take them forth, it will be good
To see some wave it like a wood,
And others wind it like a flood;
In springs,
And rings,
Till the applause it brings,
Wakes Eccho from her seate,
The closes to repeate.
(Echo. The closes to repeate.)
Eccho the truest Oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a sound.
(Echo. Though nothing but a sound.)
Belov’d of Pan, the Valleyes Queene
(Echo. The Valleyes Queene)
And often heard, though never seene,
(Echo. Though never seene.)

There follows an antimasque where the Arcadians repel an attack by a band of Boetian swordsmen led by a ‘Fencer’. The rites of Pan then close with the Fourth Hymn.

HYMNE IIII.

Great Pan the Father of our peace, and pleasure,
Who giv’st us all this leasure,
Heare what thy hallowd troope of Herdsmen pray
For this their Holy-day,
And how their vowes to Thee, they in Lycæum pay.

So may our Ewes receive the mounting Rammes,
And wee bring thee the earliest of our Lambes:
So may the first of all our fells be thine,
And both the beestning of our Goates, and Kine
As thou our folds dost still secure,
And keep st our fountains sweet and pure
Driv’st hence the Wolfe, the Tode, the Brock,
Or other vermine from the flock.
That wee preserv’d by Thee, and thou observ’d by us
May both live safe in shade of thy lov’d Mænalus.

30 rites ... right obvious pun. 32 orgies rites, ceremonies (no bad sense). Jonson’s marginal note in the masque Hymenate. With the Grooses value the same, that Ceremoniae with the Latines; and imply all sorts of rites. 34 Nymphes of wood and water] Naiads and Dryads (cf. 6.) 37 like a wood] like swaying trees in a forest. 48 Belov’d of Pan] By one legend, Echo spurned Pan’s love and was therefore torn in pieces by shepherds; only her voice survived. 53 leasure holiday, hence respite from work: cf. II.67-74. 56 Lycæum] the Lycean mountains in Arcadia, sacred to Pan. 66 Mænalus] mountain in Arcadia, Pan’s favourite haunt.
Now each turne unto his Charge,  
And though to day you have liv'd at large,  
And well your flocks have fed their fill,  
Yet doe not trust your hirelings still.  
See, yond they goe, and timely doe  
The office you have put them to,  
But if you often give this leave,  
Your sheepe and you they will deceave.

194 Ben Jonson  A New Year’s Gift Sung to King Charles, 1635

From Jonson’s The Under-wood, first published in vol.2 of the second Folio of his Works (1640). As Evelyn Simpson pointed out," the poem reproduces material from Jonson’s masque Pan’s Anniversary (c.1620-25: no.192), recycling praise of James I to address his son: cf. esp. 20–23, 28–31, 40. The later part (46–60) was further recycled for Charles II c.1660 by Nicholas Lanier (d.1666): see Textual Notes in the Companion to this volume.

The date in the title is ‘old style’ – i.e., 1636 by present reckoning. The Folio speech-headings are ambiguous and have been modified. In 14–19, the numbers indicate the successive speakers (shepherds and nymphs).

New yeares, expect new gifts: Sister, your Harpe,  
Lute, Lyre, Theorbo, all are call’d to day.  
Your change of Notes, the flat, the meane, the sharpe,  
To shew the rites, and t’ usher forth the way.

Of the New Yeare, in a new silken warpe  
To fit the softnesse of our Yeares-gift: When  
We sing the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men;  
For, had we here said lesse, we had sung nothing then.

A New-yeares-Gift sung to King CHARLES, 1635.

Rector Chori. To day old Janus opens the new yeare,  
And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all loyall Swaines,  
That know the times, and seasons when t’ appeare,  
And offer your just service on these plaines;  
Best Kings expect first-fruits of your glad gainses.

1. PAN is the great Preserver of our bounds.  
2. To him we owe all profits of our grounds.  
3. Our milke.  
4. Our fells.  
5. Our fleeces.  
6. and first Lambs.  
7. Our teeming Ewes,  
8. and lustie-mounting Rammes.  
9. See where he walkes with MIRA by his side.

Chorus. Sound, sound his praises loud, and with his, hers divide.

Shep[herds]. Of PAN wee sing, the best of Hunters, PAN,  
That drives the Hart to seeke unused wayes,  
And in the chase, more than SYLVANUS can,  
Chorus. Heare, o you Groves, and Hills, resound his praise.

*Simpson, Ben Jonson’s A New-Yeares-Gift, RES 14, 1938, 175-8. See also Rosamond McGuinness, ‘The Origins and Disappearance of the English Court Ode’, Proceedings of the Royal Musical Association, 87th session, 1960–61, 69–82. 1 Sister] ?misprint for ‘Sisters’, i.e. the Muses, whose instruments (2) indicate appropriate genres or veins of poetry. 2 Theorbo] a large lute, ‘much in vogue in the 17th century (OED). 5 warpe] Folio follows with a full stop, offering an alternative construction. 7 To say less were to say nothing – i.e. he deserves this high praise. 9-10 Rector Chori] leader of the chorus. Janus] usually depicted with two faces, hence god of the new year as well of births and other commencements or changes, and of doors and gates: hence opens / shuts. 13 A good king has the right to the first-fruits of the prosperity brought about by his reign. 18 MIRA] Henrietta Maria, Charles’s queen; in Herford and the Simpsons’ view, presented as his sister (25) in view of the ‘sensuous character of the classical Pan’. 21 seeke unused wayes] to escape the hunters. unused] unaccustomed, secluded. 22 SYLVANUS] one of the chief forest gods.
Nymphs. Of brightest MIRA, doe we raise our Song,
Sister of PAN, and glory of the Spring:
Who walkes on Earth as May still went along,

Shepherds’ Chorus. Of PAN we sing, the Chiefe of Leaders, PAN,
That leades our flocks and us, and calls both forth
To better Pastures then great PALES can:
Heare, O you Groves, and Hills, resound his worth.

Nymphs’ Chorus. Of brightest MIRA, is our Song; the grace
Of all that Nature, yet, to life did bring;
And were shee lost, could best supply her place,
Rivers, and Valleys Eccho what wee sing.

1. Where ere they tread th’ enamour’d ground,
The Fairest flowers are always found;
2. As if the beauties of the yeare,
   Still waited on ‘hem where they were.
1. Hee is the Father of our peace;
2. Shee, to the Crowne, hath brought encrease.
1. Wee know no other power then his,
   Chorus. PAN only our great Shep’ard is,
Our great, our good. Where one’s so drest
In truth of colours, both are best.

Haste, haste you hither, all you gentler Swaines,
That have a Flock, or Herd, upon these plaines;
This is the great Preserver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your Milkes, your Fells, your Fleeces, and first Lambes,
Your teeming Ewes, aswell as mounting Rammes.
Whose praises let’s report unto the Woods,
That they may take it echo’d by the Floods.

‘Tis hee, ‘tis hee, in singing hee,
   And hunting, PAN, excedeeth thee.
   Hee gives all plentie, and encrease,
   Hee is the author of our peace.

Where e’re he goes upon the ground,
The better grasse, and flowers are found.
To sweeter Pastures lead hee can,
Then ever PALES could, or PAN;
Hee drives diseases from our Folds,
The theefe from spoyle, his presence holds.
PAN knowes no other power then his,
This only the great Shep’ard is.

‘Tis hee, ‘tis hee, &c.

26 as May ... along] as if spring were still continuing (in January). 27 Eccho italicized in the Folio (also in 35), probably through confusion with the mythological character. 30 PALES] goddess of flocks and shepherds. 34 shee Nature. If everything in nature were lost, Mira could replace or replenish it. 41 Either (a) she has given birth to children to continue the royal family (the future Charles II and James II, and a daughter Mary, later married to William Prince of Orange, all born by this date); or (b) she has added lustre or dignity to the British crown: she was daughter of King Henri IV of France. 44-5 Where ... best] Where one of these persons (Charles and Henrietta) matches the other in proving rhetorical conceits (colours) literally true, both are supremely excellent. 46 A radical change of direction here. The praise that follows is of one greater than Pan. Herford and the Simpsons take him as Charles the Christian monarch, now distinguished from the pagan god. But he may also be the Christian God. This alone would justify the repetition of 14-17 in 48-51, the second This (48) implying ‘This is truly such’. Cf. also shift from ‘profits’ (15) to ‘duties’ (49). 49 For whose sake you perform all pastoral tasks. grounds] lands, fields (OED 10c). 53 Floods] rivers, which will echo Pan’s praises in their murmur. 60 sweeter Pastures] presumably heaven. 63 His presence prevents the thief from stealing.
195 Thomas Goffe  From The Careless Shepherdess

From Act 2 sc. 1 of The Careless Shepherdess, published in 1656 though Goffe died in 1629. Sylvia is the priestess of Pan.

Sylvia discovered in her Bower singing.

The Song.

Come Shepherds come, impale your brows
With Garlands of the choicest flowers
The time allows.

Come Nymphs deckt in your dangling hair,
And unto Sylvia's shady Bowers
With haste repair:
Where you shall see chast Turtles play,
And Nightingales make lasting May,
As if old Time his youthfull minde,
To one delightful season had confin’d.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

1 Shepherd. What Musick’s this doth reach our ears?
Which sounds like that made by the Sphears,
Aned so affects the eager sence,
’Tis ravisht with its excellence.

2 Shepherd. The ayr doth smell of Indian spice,
Or that the sences stupifies,
Which by Arabian winds is spread
From the ashes of a Phœnix dead.
Whence is this wonder.

3 Shepherd. See, see, where
The lovely Goddess doth appear:
Fair Sylvia, she that orders how
Before Pans Altars we should bow,
And for propition every year
Of the choice fleece our sheep do bear
Pay thankfull Sacrifice, that he
May keep our flocks from danger free.
Instruct us Goddess what’s thy will.

Sylvia. Vpon this leavy wood-crown’d hill,
I do invite you to Pans feast,
Where each shall be a welcome guest.
Then to the musique of my voice,
Move gently on each with his choice,
But so that no malicious eye
See ought to task your modesty;
For your delights must alway be
Attended on by chastity.

Dance.

Sylvia. ’Tis time the Sacrifice begin,
Devotion must be done within;
Which done, you may of Ceres tast,
And Bacchus gifts, but make no wast:
For oft where plenty injur’d stands,
The bounteous Gods do shut their hands:
The snowy fleeces you have shorn,
And cropt the golden ears of corn;

9-10 As if old Father Time has turned young, and decided to enjoy spring the year round. 12 Sphears] In the Ptolemaic astronomical order, the stars and planets were thought to be embedded in crystalline spheres that made music as they revolved. 17-18 The phoenix, of which there was only one at a time reborn from its own ashes, was said to dwell in an Arabian setting sometimes identified with Paradise or the garden of Eden. 39 Ceres] the goddess of harvests; her ‘gift’ is grain or bread.
Lyæus blood is prest and put
Into the safe preserving Butt:
There when the cold and blustering ayr
Invites you from the Plains, (yet fair)
To take Warm shelters, that may keep
Your selves in health, and eke your sheep,
Will into your numb’d limbs inspire
An active and preserving fire;
Let your expeeeions then be free,
And gently moving follow me.

Ascends to her Bower singing.
She sings.

On Shepherds on, we’l Sacrifice
Those spotless Lambs we prize
At highest rate, for Pan doth keep
From harm our scatt’ring sheep:
And hath deserved
For to be served
With those ye do esteem the best
Amongst the flock, as fittest for his feast.
Come Virgins, bring your garlands here,
And hang them every where:
Then let his Altars be o’respread
With Roses fresh and red;
Burn Gums and Spice,
Rich Sacrifice.
The Gods so bounteous are, ye know
Ye mortals cannot pay them what ye owe.

196 William Drummond of Hawthornden  Damon and Moeris

From Drummond’s Hawthornden MSS, vol.X in the National Library of Scotland. Draft ms with many deletions and revisions. Punctuation modified. May contain personal allusion: Damon is Drummond’s usual pastoral name.

Damon and Moeris by a christal spring
Vher a greene sicamour did make a schade,
And fairest flours the banckes all couring,
Theer oft to stay the vandring Nymphes had made
While voods musicians from the trees aboue
On eurye branche did varble furth ther loue,

On grassie bed tyrd them selues did lay
To schune suns heat and passe the tedious hours
Delyting now to see ther lambkins play
Then to veaue garlands for ther paramours.
Damon tormentet vas with Amarillis
And Moeris brunt in loue of farest Phillis.

Phillis the louiest lasse that flockes ere fed
By Tanais siluer streams, vhos heaunlie eie
In chaines of gold this shephard captiue led,
Or he knew what vas loue or libertie.
Sweet Amarillis far aboue the rest
Of Askaloua maids estimed the best.

45 Lyæus Bacchus or Dionysus; his 'gift' is wine. 48 yet fair] not yet laid bare by winter. 11 Damon ... Amarillis] But later, Damon loves Phillis. 14 Tanais] The river Don, but Drummond seems to have a Scottish river in mind: phonetically and geographically, perhaps the North Tyne. 15 gold] i.e. the radiance of her eyes: a common Petrarchan conceit. 18 Askaloua] ?the river Esk, whose tributary the North Esk flows past Hawthornden. Cf. 14n. 'Tanais' and 'Askaloua' would then be two river valleys whose respective belles are loved by the two shepherds.
In curious knots while that theyer vorke adorne
Mixing pyed dezies with sad violets,
Vhit lilies, vith that flour which like the morne white
Doth blush and beautie to the Garland sets,
Damon, whom loue and voes had sore dismayd,
Thus gan to say, or Loue thus for him said.

Faire Tanais Nymphes and ye Nymphes of the voode
Which usse in schadie growes to dance and sing, use, are accustomed to
Ye Montaune Sisters, Sisters of the floods mountain-dwelling; Sisters: i.e., nymphs
On soffet sand which oft ar carroling, carolling
Heere bring your flour and this Garland make faire
To set vpon my Phillis amber haire.

Do not disdaine to be a schade, sweet flour,
To fairest tresses vnder which doth grow appear dull in contrast with
The rose and lilie far excelling yours,
The red cinnabar and the milke vhit snow cinnabar, vermilion or dark red
About her temples when I sal you place
Them you can not (sweet flowers), they shall you grace.

Suouft-vinged archers and ye sea-borne queene, soft
In Mirrhas child if ye tooke ere delight,
If ere vth flames your hart hath touched beene,
Enambushed lie you by this red and vhit, ambushed, waylaid, made captive
That when her lockes this coronet anademe sal part,
A hundred cupids may steal to her hart.

Her hart then coldest Alpine yce more cold, than
Mor hard, yet precious as the diamond,
The noblest conquest that vth dart of gold
Loue euer made since he culd shoot or vound.
But he that fort not darring to essay attempt, attack
Contents you vth her eies and ther doth play.

Nou Ceres tuise hath cut her yellow lockes, twice
The swellow tuise the spring about hath brocht, weaned
Tuise hath ye waind the yonglins of our lockes
Since I alas vas for’t, and al for naught, by
Be cruel her to cry, veep and complaine
Vnto this montaine, forest, ruer, plaine.
My flockes sem’d partneres of ther masters voe:
The Bell-bearer the troupes that vsd to lead
His usuall feeding places did forgoe
And lothing three-leu’d grasse held vp his head;
The walkes, the groues which I did hant of yore clover
My fate and Phillis hardnesse seemd deplore.

The Goate-foote Syluans vnder shadie trees
Did solemniz the accents of my plent
Vith grones, the vatrie Nymphes with veeping eies
And vide spred lockes I oft haue seen lament.
Among the rest a Nymple sueet, vantoon, gay,
Rising aboue the streame thus hard I say.

In curiosknotsvhilethaytherevorkeadorne
Mixingpyeddezieswithsadviolets,
Vhitilies,viththatflourwhichlikethemorne
Dothblushandbeautietothegarlandsets,
Damon,whomloueandvoeshadsoredismaid,
Thusganttosay,orLouethusforhimsaid.

FaireTanaisNymphesandyeyeNymphesofthevooods
Whichusseeinschadiegrowestodancesandsing,
YeMontainesisters,Sistersofthefloods
Onsoffetsandwhichoftarcarroling,
Heeretryingyourfloursandthisgarlandmakefaile
TosetvponmyPhillisamberhaire.

Dondotdisdaineotoleanschade,sweetflours,
Tofairestressesvnderwhichdothgrow
Theroseliliefarexcellingyours,
Theredcinnabarandthemilkevhitsnow
AbouthertempleswhenIsalyouplace
Themyoucannot(sweetflowers),theyshallyougrace.

Suouft-vingedarchersandyesea-bornequeene,
InMirrhaschildifyetookeere(delight,
Iferevthflamesyourharthathtouchedbeene,
Enambushedlieyoubythisredandvhit,
Thatwhenherlockesthiscoronetanademesalpart,
Ahundredcupidsmaystealtoherhart.

HerhartencoolestAlpineycemorecold,
Morhard,yetpreciousasthediadem,
Thenoblestconquestthatvthdartofgold
Loueeuermadesinceheculdshootorvound.
Buthehatfortnotdarringtoessay
Contentsvythisheretiesandtherdothplay.

NouCerestuiseatheryellowlockes,
The swallowtuisethespringabouthathbrocht,
Tuisehathyewaindtheyeonglinsofflockes
SinceIalasvasfor’t,andalfornaught,
Be cruelhertocry,veepandcomplaine
Vntothismontaine,forest,riuer,plaine.
Myflockessem’dpartneresofthermastersvoe:
TheBell-bearerthetroupesthatsvdtolead
Hisusuallfeedingplacesdidforgoe
Andlothingthree-leu’dgrasseheldvphishead;
Thewalkes,thegroueswhichIdidhantofyore
MyfateandPhillishardnesseemdeplor.

TheGoate-footeSyluansvndershadietrees
Didsolemniztheaccentsofmyplent
Vithgrones,vethativiernympheswithveepingeyes
AndvidespredlockesIofthaueseenlament.
AmongtherestaNympeesueet,vanton,gay,
RisingabouethestreameushardIsay.

Sad]dullorsober-coloured,contrastingwiththedaisies.
Pyed]Couldreferatoanytwocolours.
Thatflour]probablythemarigold.
Carolling]dancinginaring(OEDcarolv.1).
Doth]singularverbwithpluralsubject:cf.makes(82);doth(85).Kastnerhasamoreinvolvedexplanation.
Vingedarchers]flyingCupidfigures,prob.infant-likeputti.sea-bornequeene]Venus,bornfrom
andthenborneover)thesea.
Mirrhaschild]Adonis,belovedofVenus.
Anademe]wreath,chaplet.Thelinescontainsthreextrasyllables.Coronetandanademeprob.alternative readings,one
tobedeleted.
Dartofgold]Cupid’sgoldenarrowinduceslove.
Contentsyou]i.e.iscontent.
Tuise...lockes]i.e.twoharvestshadbeenreaped,ortwoyearspassed.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Phillis sweet honor of thesesuetest voodes,  
Vert thou but pitiful as thow art faire,  
The vorthiest gem of al our Tanais floods;  
But as in beautie so in hardnes rare.  
    To al theses graces that so do grace the,  
    Ah learne to loue, and no mor cruell be!  

adding to, besides

The flowres, the gemmes, the mettales, all behold,  
The lambes, the doues, the gold spang’d bremes in streames,  
Al theses be vorkes of loue; the Tygresse bold  
Made mild by loue her inbred furie teames;  
    In heauen, earth, aire, since all where loue we see,  
    O learne to loue and no more cruell be.

breams (fish)

In tolesome paines to vast our virgin yeares  
And loueslesse liue, is not to liue but breath;  
Loue is the tree which most contentment beares,  
    Whose fruits euen makes vs liue beyond our death;  
    Sweet loue did make thy Mother bring forth thee;  
    Ah, learne to loue, and no more cruell be!

innate, natural

Earthes best perfections doth but last short time,  
Riche Aprills treasure pleaseth much the eie,  
But as it grows it passeth in its prime.  
Thinke, and vel thinke, thy beautie thus must dye;  
    When vith wan face thow sal loke in thy glashe  
    Then sal thou sigh: would I had lou’d alas!

passes by, goes beyond

Looke but to Cloris, louing, loud againe,  
How glad, how merrillie sche spends each daye,  
Like cherful vine whom chaste elme doth sustaine  
While her sweet yonglings doe about her playe;  
    When thouw the want sal find of such a grace  
    Then sal thou sigh: would I had lou’d alas!

support, bear up

But who is Damon whom thow suld disdaine:  
The heauens on him some gifts hath euen let fal;  
Gay is hee; wealth his cabane doth containe;  
    He loues the much, and that is more then al.  
    If crueltie thy loue in him deface  
    Then sal thou sigh: would I had lou’d alas!

cabin, cottage

Flora him lou’d, if ere in clearest brooke  
Narxisus-like thy face thow did admire,  
As faire as thow; yet Flora he forsooke  
Vith al her gifts, and foole, did the desire.  
    If he his thotchts againe on Flora place  
    Then sal thou say: would I had lou’d, alas!

efface, destroy

e’er, ever

This said the Nymph, and ther vith al sche sanke  
The clearest streame beneath, vho al dismayd  
At her depart come plaining to the banke,  
    And on his face a hundred frownes bevrayed.  
    I lay as on vhom some strange dreame makes vake,  
    Then homward to my cabane did me take.

complaining, grieving

The floods sal backuard to ther fontaines rune,  
The spring shall vant its flours, the pleasant flours  
On barren rockes sal grow depriu’d of sune,

springtime; want, lack

76 teames] tames. Unrecorded spelling, perhaps to underscore the rhyme with streams.
103-5 if ere ... thow] i.e. Flora’s face is as fair as your own that you might have seen in the brook.
110-12 i.e. As the nymph plunged beneath the water, the waves or ripples were swept to the shore, the disturbed surface of the water like a hundred frowns on the river’s face. 112 his] Damon’s. bevrayed] revealed, expressed (OED 4).
115-19 floures ... sune ... heauns ... starres] Linking of clauses in the figure concatenatio, perhaps suggested by a punning link of fontaines with spring.
The sun’s sal leaves the heavens tuelieuff shining bourses;
Heavens without starres sal be, starrs cease to moue,
Ere euer I my Phillis leaue to loue.

Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Pant my hart doth when I thinke on that day,
That fatal day, when sche with looshung haire
And whitest petticot in new borne may
To gather flours did to our meeds repaire
While I did rest beneath an ancient oke,
Caring for nocht but how to feed my flocke.

I saw her rune and as sche ran me thorcht
The feilds about did smyle; beside the streames
Then sat schee down, where suene to kisse her sought;

But schee with vaile eclipsd his vanton beanses,
I hard her breath few wordes, vith loue and feare
To which vinds, mountaines, vooods, did leane their eare.

Deceu’d perchance with that most liulie hew,
A bee did hurt her lip that mad her veep,
And moisten cheeke and chin with sweetest due
Which seemed to fal, but Cupid did it keep.
For when rebellious harts ganststands his dart
He steeps it in thes teares, and then thay smart.

Vithal sche rose, and in floods vatrie glasse
Angerie mild the litl eclipd to looke,
Her self sch drest, but Kala comming vas
Who made her stay, and so her mande sche tooke,
Of golden vonderes to make poore the Mead,
While on her face my hungry eyes did feed.

At sight of her plump lips blush did the rose,
To see her vaines the violets grew pale,
The Marigold her precious leaues did close,
Amazd to find her haire so farre preuaile;
The lilies in her hand apearde not vhit.
Thus dazel’d vas my sight vith suet delight.

Ouercharg’d at last sche to her village vent,
Leauing a thousand diuers thougts in mee
Lke ciuill foes tumultouslie which vent
All their best streghtes til all enausseld be.
Then tyrd vith yo I layd me in my bed
Vher al the Nyt the Hyacynthe I red.

Vhat vonder her suet eies culd me beguile
Which kendle desire then vhen thyat vitter breath,
And euen vhen sche vald loue yet seme to smile,

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Vhat vonder her suet eies culd me beguile
Which kendle desire then vhen thyat vitter breath,
And euen vhen sche vald loue yet seme to smile,
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Al at one time sche plac’s’t in phillis face.
And vundrus at her vorke so passing rare,
Sche sueare then by her selff that it was faire.

[Followed by three uncancelled stanzas as below. The first two, of which parts are illegible, seem intended as additions to be inserted into appropriate point(s) earlier on.]

Phebus, when as to vesterne world thou glids,
Thy flamie chariot lighting atlas streames,
Or when thou thruch Aurora’s pallace rids,
Chearing our sad world vith thy staff of beames,
When thou hath gaz’d on <???>
Hath thow seene ocht so faire as phillis is?

[The next stanza has five lines only, and is hard to decipher, let alone interpret. It may represent a kind of plot outline rather than a draft stanza.]

Daphnis began his song but amarisllis
Come neare to them with a heale crew here vnder
Which he espying in steed of songs began to guie vay
To sighes and Coridon tooke him away to the wood
The forester Coridon or some thing like this.

[The last stanza is in different ink and writing: apparently a later insertion meant to formally wind up the narrative, taking up the thread from 162]

Heere Moeris stadyd; and Damon straight began
To make the woods his amarisllis sound
Vhen from the Neighbouring bushes panting ran
A timorous Hare persued by Alcons hound
Alcon whose presence did their passions tame
And made those shepheards follow Dianas Game.

---

197 William Drummond of Hawthornden | Erycine at the Departure of Alexis

May be Drummond’s side of a farewell exchange with Sir William Alexander (see 201.28n) before the latter set out on a journey; no.198 would then be Alexander’s reply. However, the two poems are published together (this one for the first time) only in Drummond’s 1616 Poems (followed here) and the 1711 Works. The ?1614 and 1656 Poems carry no.198 only, entitled ‘Alexis’. Fogle argues that this poem is a conventional exercise, not linked to no.198. “In any case, Drummond does not speak in his own person but through Erycine, Alexander’s real or imaginary beloved. Alexis was Drummond’s poetic name for Alexander.

Erycine at the departure of Alexis.

And wilt thou then, Alexis mine, depart?
And leaue these flowrie Meads, and christall Streames?
These Hills as greene as great with Gold and Gemmes,
Which couer thee with rich Treasure in each Part?
Shall nothing hold thee? not my loyall Heart,
That burstes to lose the Comfort of thy Beames?
Nor yet this Pipe which wildest Satyres tames?
Nor Lambkins Wayling? nor old Dorus Smart?
O ruethlesse Shepheard, Forrests strange among
What canst thou else but fearfull Dangers finde?
But ah! not thou, but Honour doth mee Wrong;
O cruell Honour! Tyrant of the Mind,
This said sad Erycine, and all the Flowres
Empearled as shee went, with Eyes salt Showres.

198 William Alexander  Alexis to Damon

May or may not be a companion to no.197 (see headnote there), but with a markedly different publication history. Although not by Drummond, it appears in his Poems of 1614, 1616 and 1666 and his 1711 Works, but no.197 (by Drummond himself) only in 1616 and 1711. The text below follows 1616 to match no.197.

Alexis to Damon

The Loue Alexis did to Damon beare,  
Shall witness’d bee to all the Woods, and Plaines,  
As singulare, renown’d by neighbouring Swaines,  
That to our Relicts Time may Trophees reare:  
Those Madrigals wee sung amidst our Flockes,  
With Garlands guarded from Apollos Beames,  
On Ochells whiles, whiles neare Bodotrias Streams,

Are registre by Ecchoes in the Rockes.

Of forrraine Shepheards bent to trie the States,

Though I (Worlds Guest) a Vagabond doe straye,

Thou mayst that Store, which I esteeme Suruaye,

As best acquainted with my Soules Conceits:

What euer Fate Heauens haue for mee design’d,

I trust thee with the Treasure of my Mind.

199 William Drummond of Hawthornden  A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir Anthony Alexander

Sir Anthony Alexander, Master of the King’s Works in Scotland and second son of Drummond’s old friend Sir William Alexander, died in London in 1637. This elegy was printed early in 1638 in a separate volume, of which only a fragmentary copy remains. The text below follows Drummond’s Poems of 1656. This edition, like Drummond’s 1711 Works, names the dead person as Sir William Alexander, but the 1638 title is obviously correct. The elegy adapts, and at points closely echoes, Baldassare Castiglione’s Latin elegy Alcon on the death of his friend Doimizio Falcone.

In sweetest prime, and blooming of his Age,  
Deare Alcon ravish’d from this mortall Stage,  
The Shepheards mournd, as they him lov’d before;  
Among the Rout him Idmon did deplore.  
Idmon, who whether Sun in East did rise,  
Or dive in West, pour’d Torrents from his Eyes  
Of liquid Chrystall, under Hawthorne shade,  
At last to Trees and Rocks this plaint he made.  
Alcon, delight of Heaven, desire of Earth,

Off-spring of Phæbus, and the Muses birth,  
The Graces darling, Adon of our Plaines,  
Flame of the fairest Nymphs the Earth sustaines,  
What Power of thee hath us bereft? What Fate  
By thy untimely fall would ruinate  
Our hopes? O Death! what treasure in one houre  
Hast thou dispersed? How dost thou devour  
What we on earth hold dearest? All things good,  
Too envious Heavens, how blast ye in the Bud?  
The Corne the greedy Reapers cut not down  
Before the Fields with golden Eares it crown;  
Nor doth the verdant Fruits the Gardener pull:  
But thou art cropt before thy yeares were full.

11 that store] the riches of their homeland, or perhaps of their study and poetry (of my Mind, 14).  
2 Deare ... ravish’d] An absolute construction: ‘Dear Alcon having been ravish’d...’  
4 Idmon] This pastoral name appears in another poem by Drummond (‘Idmon to Venus’). Probably a fictitious figure, seemingly of the same age as Alcon or Alexander, whereas Drummond was a generation older.  
10 birth] offspring, child (OED 3).  
11 Adon of our Plaines] The Adonis of our countryside.  
20 with golden ... crown] i.e. before it is ripe.
With thee (sweet youth) the Glories of our Fields
Vanish away, and what contentments yields.
The Lakes their silver look, the woods their shades,
The Springs their Christall want, their Verdure Meads,
The yeares their early seasons, cheerfull Dayes,
Hills gloomy stand now desolate of Rayes:
Their amorous whispers Zephires not us bring,
Nor do Aires Quiesters salute the Spring;
The freezing winds our Gardens do defloure.
Ah, Destinies! and you whom Skies embow'r,
To his faire Spoiles his Spright againe yet give,
And like another Phœnix make him live.
The Herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their stems,
And make with Crimson blush our Anadems:
The Sun when in the West he doth decline,
Heavens brightest Tapers at his Funeralls shine;
His Face, when wafted in the Atlantic Seas,
Revives, and cheers the Welkin with new Raies:
Why should not he, since of more pure a Frame,
Returne to us againe, and be the same?
But wretch, what wish I? To the winds I send
These Plaints and Prayers, Destines cannot lend
Thee more of Time, nor Heavens consent will thus,
Thou leave their starry World to dwell with us;
Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their Spheres
Without these lamentations and Teares.
Thou wast all Vertue, Courtesie, and Worth,
And as Suns light is in the Moon set forth,
World's supreme Excellence in thee did shine:
Nor, though eclipsed now, shalt thou decline,
But in our Memories live, while Dolphins streames
Shall haunt, whilst Eaglets stare on Titans beames,
Whilst Swans upon their Christall Tombes shall sing,
Whilst Violets with Purple paint the Spring.
A gentler Shepheard Flocks did never feed
On Albions Hills, nor sung to oaten Reed:
While what she found in Thee my Muse would blaze,
Griefe doth distract Her, and cut short thy Praise.
How oft have we, inviron'd by the Throng
Of tedious Swaines, the cooler shades among,
Contemn'd Earths glow-worme Greatnesse, and the Chace
Of Fortune scorn'd, deeming it disgrace
To court unconstancy? How oft have we
Some Chloris Name graven in each Virgin Tree,
And, finding Favours fading, the next Day
What we had carv'd we did deface away?
Woe full Remembrance! Nor Time nor Place
Of thy abodement shadows any Trace,
But there to me Thou shin'st: late glad Desires,
And ye once Roses, how are ye turned Bryers?
Contentments passed, and of Pleasures Chiefes,
Now are ye frightfull Horrous, Hells of Grieves?

24 what ... yields] whatever yields happiness or satisfaction. 27 early seasons] spring and summer. 31 defloure] strip of flowers, but with further sinister sense. 32 you] i.e. the gods. The Destinies were also seen as goddesses, the Parcae or Fates. 34 another Phœnix] A new Phoenix was supposed to spring from the ashes of the old. 39 in the Atlantic Seas] i.e. The farthest western point of the known universe: more suited to a classical than a British context. 52 Continuing the metaphor of heavenly bodies. 54 Eaglets ... beames] The eagle, king of birds, was thought the only bird that could look straight into the sun’s rays. 55 Christall Tombes] the crystal-clear waters where they die. 58 Albion] traditional name for Britain, from the white cliffs of Dover (Lat. albus, white). 64 scorn’d] perhaps error for ‘scorned’ (two syllables, suiting the scansion).
When from thy native Soyle Love had Thee driven,
(Thou safe returne P refrigurating) a Heaven
Of flattering Hopes did in my Fancy move,
Then little dreaming it should Atomes prove.
'These Groves preserve will I, these loved Woods,
These Orchards rich with Fruits, with Fish these flouds:

My Alcon will returne, and once again
His chosen Exiles he will entertaine;
The populous City holds him, amongst Harmes
Of some fierce Cyclops, Circe's stronger Charmes.
These Bankes (said I) he visit will and Streams,
These silent shades ne're kist by courting Beames.
Far, far off I will meet him, and I first
Shall him approaching know, and first be blest
With his Aspect, I first shall hear his voice,

To learne his passed Perills, know the Sports
Of foaraine Shepheards, Fawns, and Fairy Courts.
No pleasure to the Fields, an happy State
The Swaines enjoy; secure from what they hate:
Free of proud Carest they innocently spend
The Day, nor do black Thougts their ease offend;
Wise Nature Darlings they live in the World,
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurld.

These Shades the Sylvans, and here Pales straines
Milke in the Puales; the Maids which haunt the Springs
Daunce on these Pastures, here Amintas sings:
Hesperian Gardens, Tempe's shades are here,
Or what the Easternre Inde and West hold deare.
Come then, deare Youth, the Wood-nymphs twine thee Boughs
With Rose and Lilly, to impale thy Brows.
Thus ignorant, I mus'd, not conscious yet
Of what by Death was done, and ruthlessse Fate:
Amidst these Trances Fame thy losse doth sound,

And through my Eares gives to my Heart a wound;
With stretched-out Armes I sought thee to embrace,
But clasp'd (amaz'd) a Coffin in thy Place.
A Coffin! of our Joyes which had the Trust,
Which told that Thou wer't come; but chang'd to Dust:
Scarce, even when felt, could I beleevethis wrack,
Now since I cannot see my Alcons Face,
And find nor Vows, nor Prayers to have place
With guilty Stars, this Mountaine shall become

To me a sacred Altar, and a Tombe
To famous Alcon: here, as Daies, Months, Yeares
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will teares:
Here spend my remnant Time, exil'd from Mirth,
Till Death at last turne Monarch of my Earth.
Shepheards on Forth, and you by Doven Rocks,
Which use to sing and sport, and keep your Flocks,
Pay Tribute here of Teares, ye never had

75 from thy native Soyle] Alexander died in London; his embalmed corpse was brought by sea to Stirling. Love had Thee driven] a pastoral fiction. Alexander had married a Scotswoman. 82 Exiles] perhaps in extended sense of 'travelling companions' (who will return with him). 84 Cyclops, Circe] Comparing Alexander's experiences in the 'populous city' with those of Odysseus. 93 No pleasure ... Fields] There is no pleasure to compare with that of country life. 98 hurld] moved, driven, with implication of violence and confusion. 101 Maids ... Springs] Naiads or water-nymphs. 103 Hesperian Gardens] the garden with golden apples guarded by the Hesperides. Tempe] a beautiful valley in Thessaly, associated with Apollo. 106 impale] encircle (OED 2). 113 of ... Trust] which held charge of or power over our happiness. 115 wrake] harm, disaster (OED wrake n.4). 125 Forth] a river in Scotland. Doven] Dovan or Devon, a tributary of the Forth.
To aggravate your Moanes a cause more sad;
And to their sorrows hither bring your Mands,
Charged with sweetest flow’rs, and with pure Hands
(Faire Nymphs) the blushing Hyacinth and Rose
Spred on the Place his Relicts do enclose,
Weave Garlands to his Memory, and put
Over his Hearse a Verse in Cypres cut:
Vertue did dye, Goodnesse but harme did give,
After the noble Alcon ceas’d to live,
Friendship an Earthquake suffer’d; losing Him,
Loves brightest Constellation turned Dim.

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200 William Drummond of Hawthornden  Fragment of a Greater Work

This piece from Drummond’s Hawthornden MSS, vol. X in the National Library of Scotland anticipates Wordsworth’s mystical vein. It is not a pastoral poem, but links a pastoral topos, however lightly, to a notable spiritual experience. Virtually all punctuation added and line initials regularized.

Fragment of a greater worke

As when a sheaphard boy from fearful hight
Of steepie rocke lookes to some groundless deep,
Each thing semes dance vnto his dazeld sight
And trembling feare doth thruch his sinnowes creep.
If he hath lyff or no he knowes not ry
His mind her pouers, his handsther gripe scarce keepe,
Com’d to himselfe and sune afraid doth vnder
The gostlie vatters that he saw him vnder.

Even so when I vith troublet thotchts behold
Beyond vorlds firie clostere dec vith beames,
Him in eternitie who did vnfold
Of naughts darke curtens t’erth and brinie streames
And vhat about thes tuo is daylie rold,
And thinkes (ai me, me thinkes my thotchts ar dreames)
He sul’d him vrap in fleshe, I quake, I sound;
Amaz’d, I’m mad like to the sensles ground.

Do not vaiem mortals, do not fooles improue
Al that your bastard reason cannot see,
Your vit but serves your ignorance to proue
And who knowes lest your errors most knowes he.
O, foolish vise like to the seeled doue
Who higher goes the blindre that sche be,
Giganticol race, how vi ly scal heuens tours
When your blunt braines can not vel know earth’s flowres.

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129 their] prob. alluding to the ‘Moanes’, but perhaps to Forth and Doven. Mands] maunds, baskets (OED maund 1).
132 the Place … enclose] the place that encloses or contains his relics. 134 Cypres] cypress wood, a symbol of eternity, hence paradoxically evoked in contexts of death and mourning, and used to make coffins. 7 vonder] wonder: then used transitively (OED 3).
8 vatters] waters. Best guess at an unclear word in the ms; may be ‘valley’.
10 vorlds … beames] the firmament or sphere of the stars: God dwells in the Empyrean beyond. 11-12 vnfold … streames] create the land and sea out of the void. vnfold] draw out, extend, reveal. naught] void, nothingness. 13 And all that moves every day across these two lands). 15 vrap in flesh] appear in human form, incarnated as Christ. 17 improue] disallow, condemn (OED improve v.2). 18 bastard] spurious: perhaps the limited human faculty of ‘reason’, inferior to the spontaneous apprehension or ‘intelligence’ of the angels.
20 The wisest man is he who has least of your erroneous knowledge — i.e. the unlearned man is the wisest.
21 foolish vise] an oxymoron. 23 Giganticol] Fogle’s reading of an unclear word in the ms. Apparently a coinage: ‘foolish giant; ‘punny being aspiring to be a giant. 24 floors] prob. ’floors’, opposed to towers (23); perhaps ‘flowers’.
201 George Lauder From ‘Damon: or a Pastoral Elegy’

Lines 103-18, 231-86 of a poem first published in Drummond’s 1711 Works. The editors’ preface describes the author as ‘the ingenious Colonel George Lawder of Hatton, the Author’s intimate Acquaintance’, and Damon as the name by which Drummond ‘passed frequently in his Writings, and among his Comrads’. The poem presents Lauder (Lysis), who dwells abroad (for much of his life in Breda in the Netherlands), hearing of the Civil War in Britain from the newly-arrived Alcydon. They are both Royalists, like Drummond (Damon), who is reported here as dying of grief for Charles I. In fact, Charles was executed on 30 January 1649, and Drummond died on 4 December that year of a long-standing illness.

DAMON: OR A PASTORAL ELEGY, on the Death of his Honoured Friend William Drummond of Hawthornden

..........................................................................................................................

Ah! when I call to Mind that happy Time,
When my fresh Youth was in her Flow’ry Prime,
Ere Beauty’s Force I found, or felt Love’s Flame,
And first a Stripling ’mongst the Shepherds came,
Kind Damon was the Peer of all the Plains,
The Valley’s Honour, Glory of the Swains;
And when his Reed or sweet Rebeck was heard,
Our Flocks forgot to Feed, they stood and star’d,
The Nightingales came near new Notes to learn,
The Stags were roused from the brushy Fairn,
The wanton Wood-Nymphs were no longer wild,
But danc’d about, and on him sweetly smil’d:
Or did he Sing, the Shepherds all were still,
The Birds were hush’d, Brooks slept, from Dale nor Hill
No Noise was heard, lost Silence shut up all,
To Muse on his Melodious Madrigal.

..........................................................................................................................

Dear Damon! Is it true that thou art dead?
And Lysis lives a loathed Life to lead?
My Thoughts alace! were always set on Thee,
With Hope at last thy long wish’d Look to see,
That my poor Muse might do Thee Homage due,
And, after Absence long, old Love renew;
Which since Thou hast born hence to Heav’n with Thee
Thy Lysis still shall love Thy Memory,
And make both Maes and Rhine thy Name resound,
As far as Shepherds by their Banks are found.
Ay me! why have not I old Ayton’s Vein?
Or great Alexis stately Tragick Strain?
To sound thy Vertues, sing thine Obsequies
In Paneygriks and sad Elegies?

Earth’s farthest Climates with thy Worth should ring,
And worship Thee; where Fame can stretch a Wing.
Yet with that Vigour my poor Verse can fly,
It shall record to after-times that I
So dearly lov’d thy Worth, thy Name ador’d,
The Friendship honour’d, and thy Death deplor’d;
That wheresoe’er the World my Rhimes shall read,
There Damon’s Love shall shine, when we’re both dead:
Nor shall I fear Antiquity to wrong.

With our own home-bred Haunts to stuff my Song,
And say our Forth, which doth so winding wander;
As Famous is by Thee, as old Meander:

20 thy long wish’d Look] your face, which I had longed to see. 25 Maes] the river Maas or Meuse. 27 Ayton] Robert Ayton (1578-1638), court poet of James VI of one of the first Scottish poets to write in English. 28 Alexis] Sir William Alexander, Drummond’s friend: Earl of Stirling, early colonizer and writer of the classical tragedies Croesus, Darius, The Alexandrean and Julius Caesar. 30-40 I will not wrong antiquity if I compare our Scottish landscape to that of classical times. 42 Meander] Meander or Buyuk Menderes, a winding river in Turkey.
Thy murmuring Esk and Ora’s rushy Hair,
With Mincius and old Tiber to compare?
And why shall I not freely venture then
To match with Helicon thy Hawthornden?
Thy Grotte, in which grim Saturn still remains,
Bound to the Rock with mighty Metal’d Chains;
The same Prophetick Spirit doth inspire
That in Trophonius Cave set Souls on Fire;
And if the Earth from hence a Passage yields,
It is the Entry to thy Elysian Fields:
A fitter Place the Fates could never find
To lay thy sacred Reliques up enshrin’d;
There all the Nymphs and Shepherd Swains can come
And Yearly sing sad Hymns before thy Tomb,
Which on the Marble cold these Lines shall keep,
For Pilgrims all to read, and parting weep,
That once thy Care commanded should be cut
Upon thy Grave, if I have not forgot,
Here DAMON lies, whose SONGS did sometimes grace
The Murmuring ESK, may ROSES SHADE the PLACE.
But soft my Sorrow, now the setting Sun,
To Thetis kind Embrace doth posting run;
Good-night Alcydon, all good Luck attend thee,
And what thy Soul doth wish, thy Fortune send thee.
This said, they parted, and poor Lysist Grief
So seis’d his Soul, which look’d for no Relief,
That while he Careless and Cross-armed went,
With staggering Steps his Loss for to lament,
He often stood to Sigh, and at the Name
Of Damon Fainted: So he lov’d his Fame.
Sunt artibus arma decori.

202 Edward Fairfax. Hermes and Lycaon

One of three surviving eclogues (one incomplete) of the twelve said to have been written in 1603 by Edward Fairfax, translator of Tasso’s Jerusalem Delivered. From a transcript by his nephew Thomas, third Baron Fairfax, in Bod. MS Fairfax 40. A debate between Lycaon, a Catholic priest, and Hermes, a Protestant one. The phrasing and imagery draw heavily on the Bible, especially the Book of Revelation. Virtually all punctuation added and some spellings standardized, including Psyche for Phycye or Phyches.

The Argument
Lycaon his false church extends
through all the world, with pompe and pride.
Hermes the church of Christ comends
And to her spouse brings home his bride.

The sweetie sith-man with his rasor keene
Shore the perfumed beard from medowes greene

43 Esk] the river flowing past Hawthornden. Ora] the river Ore, flowing into the Leven in Fife.
47 Thy Grotte] ‘probably the cave at the foot of the rock on which the house of Hawthornden is built’ (Kastner). These lines closely echo Drummond’s ‘Forth Feasting’ 259-60, though the context is quite different. ‘Saturn’ may be a statue, or a subterranean sound so explained.
50 Trophonius] With his brother Agamedes, built the temple at Delphi, seat of the famous oracle (in an underground chamber); also associated with an oracle in a cave in Boeotia.
59 That... commanded] that you once took care to command.
64 Thetis] a Naiad or sea-nymph, hence the sea.
65 Alcydon] see headnote.
73 Sun... decori] (Lat.) Arms are adorned by arts.
0.1 Lycaon] Ancient king transformed into a wolf for sprinkling the blood of slain children on the altar of Zeus: here the Catholic church, implicitly charged with violent sacrilege. For Protestants, the wolf was a common image of the Catholic church. In the pastoral context, Lycaon, in shepherd’s guise, is actually a wolf preying on his sheep.
0.3 Hermes] Mercury, conductor of the souls of the dead, thus a mediator between God and man; here the Protestant church, with associations of Christ himself. Lea and Gang point out that the Lycaonians, when wishing to worship the apostles, called Paul Mercurius (i.e., Hermes): Acts 14:8-18.
0.4 her spouse] Christ. Christ and the Church were traditionally bridegroom and bride.
And on each bush and every mossie stone
Jarred Maies littel daughter Tettrigone
When to the shadowes of a mountaine steep
Lycaon droue his Goats, Hermes his sheepe.
The shepards both were Louers, both were younge.
Ther skill was like in piping, like in songe.
The other groomes that hard, hid in the dales,
Were dune for shame, like conquerd Nightingales.
Oft came the Nimphs, the Farie sisters oft
Forsooke ther mossie beds and liards soft,
And oft the halfe-gods att ther musick sound
Came, and ther browes with Luie garlands crownd.
Yee sedgie lakes and peble-paued wels,
And thou great Pales in these feilds that dwells,
How oft haue you, hid in the shadie spraiyes,
Listned Lycaon’s songs, his Loues and Laies.
And you, high stretched Pines and Oakes of Joue,
Thou wanton Eccho, tel-clock of this groue,
How oft did you faire Psyches praise resound,
When Hermes charmd with songes loues bleeding wound.
They change by Course and praised ther loues by turnes:
Each Crickett loues the flame wherein she burns.
And whilst ther flocks bruze on the shrubs and briers,
They tune their pipes, and thus they sing their fiers.

Lycaon. Flora, my queene, my ioy, my heauen of bliss,
Se what my merit and deseruing is.
I build the Temples and I feed thy sheepe,
Thou bring thee gifts, thy words as Lawes I keepe.
My bed is ashes, sackcloth is my weepe,
I drink with Rechab sonsnes, with Job I feede.
For all my seruice and this sufferinge longe
Loue me, sweet Flora, or thou dost me wronge.

Hermes. Psyche, my deare, my vnfeild, my doue,
Ô Comfort me, for I am sick of loue.
Thy sacred temple is this wounded brest:
Sin, error, folly my seruice is at best.
Foule leper spotts on all my body grove:
Wipe out these staines and wash me white as snow.
Clothe me with Linien, crowne my head with gold:
First make me worthie Loue, then Loue me bold.

Lycaon. Flora was younge and faire, few goats she kept.
Ten Kings espide her, loued her, with her slept,
And in her sweet imbразe such ioy they found.
That with three Diadems her head they crownd,

6 Goats, sheepe Shepherds rank above goatherds, in classical convention reinforced by Matthew 25.32.
13 halfe-gods wood-gods: fauns, sylvans etc. 16 Pales goddess of flocks and sheep. 18 Listned] listened to: transitive use current till 19-c. 20 tel-clock] one who 'tells the clock', an idler. 21 Psyche] the soul as well as the Church, both traditionally brides of Christ. In classical myth, Psyche was loved by Cupid; hence Hermes / Christ is the ideal lover or god of love. 25 bruze] browse: spelling not in OED. 27 Flora] Roman goddess of flowers, sometimes associated with a famous harlot and the dissolute festivities of the Flarialia: for Protestants, a suitable figure of the Catholic church. 28 merit and deseruing] Catholics believe in justification by works, Protestants by faith: see Flora. 29 build the Temples] Lea and Gang see a specific reference to the building of St Peter's in Rome from the sale of the Pales. 31 ashes, sackcloth] perhaps alluding to the Catholic practice of confession. 32 Rechabs sonsnes] the Rechabites, descended from Rechab through Jehonadab, who forbad his descendants to drink wine (Jeremiah 35.6). Job] No doubt in his days of abjection. Lea and Gang cite Job 3.4, 'For my sighing cometh before I eat'. 35-6 Evoking the love between Christ and the soul (and/or the church), mystically read into the Songs of Songs (see 6.9, 2.5). 37 Echoes Psalms 31.17-18 conflated with 1 Cor. 3.16. 41 Linien, gold] See Rev. 4.4, 19.8. 44 Ten Kings] associated with the beast of the Apocalypse (Rev. 17.12), commonly identified by Protestants with the Catholic church. These kings commit fornication with the woman seated on the beast (Rev. 18.3), also a figure of the Catholic church. 46 three diadems] the triple crown of the Pope. Protestants made this an attribute of the woman seated on the beast in Revelation: see Spenser, FQ I.8.25.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

And on seauen heapes ther wealth and tresure laid,
Sett her ther on, fell att her feet and praiade.  two
She forty months and tow ther servuce proues,
And takes them for her slaues, not for her loues.

Herms.  Psyche my virgen bare a blessed sonne:
The dragon chastd her, she to desart runne,
The feend a streame of water att her flings:
Earth drunk the flood, she scapt with eagles wings.  chased
crownd with twelve stars, clothad with the glorious Sun,
She doth with Roes and Hindes in Eden wonne.
Ther Psyche liues and reignes in safty plast
Till time and times and halfe a time be past.

Lycoaon.  Out of the sea a scarlet beast appeard:
Ten hornes he had and seauen heads proudly reard.
His forked taile against all the world made wars
And smote the third of trees, of floods, of stars.
Flora this monster caught and tamde his pride,
And on his back as on a mule doth ride.
All nations feare the beast and serue the dame,
And sealed are with his number, marke, and name.  with his (its)

Herms.  Before the gates of Psyches shepcote lies
Fowre wunderous beasts all full of wings and eyes,
And round about them fowre and twenty Kings
Offer vp gold and mirrh and preitious things.
All these do Psyches lambes keepe, cure and feed,
And thousand thousands clad in milk-white weed
Sings himmes of loue and faith, and neuer cease,
And on his brow each weares the seale of peace.

Lycoaon.  Flora once found me sick and hurt to death.
Thrice did she cross me, thrice vpon me breath.
Three times she dipt me in a liuing streame
And salued my wounds with spitile, salt and creame.
And thousand saints she for my garde apoints
And all my head with oyle and baulme anoynpts,
Then makes me maister of her flocks and fould,
Her goats to keepe or kill or sell for gold.

Herms.  Psyche first tooke me, solid with mire and clay,
Washd in the well of life my filth away,
Theeeues robde me, slew me; of a Lambe new slaine
On me she powdered the blood, I liued againe.
Sence that with bread of heauen, wine of grace,
She diets me her lapp my resting place.
She sheepe my playfeloweus, heauen our fould,
Her spouse the doore, his voyce the key of gould.

47 seauen heapes] seven mountains identified with the seven heads of the beast of the Apocalypse (Rev. 17.9), and by Protestants with the seven hills of Rome.  49 forty months and tow] the period of power of the beast of the Apocalypse (Rev. 13.5).  51-4 Alludes to the vision of a woman with child (not said to be a virgin) in Rev. 12.1-6, 13-17. 59 scarlet beast] the beast of the Apocalypse (Rev. 12.3 ff., 17.2 ff.), actually ascending out of ‘the bottomless pit’ (Rev. 17.8).  65-6 See Rev. 8.7-12 with 12.4.  66 number, marke, and name] See Rev. 13.16-18.  67 shepcote] Psyche’s pastoral identity is Fairfax’s addition to the intricate borrowings from Revelation. 68 fowre wunderous beasts See Rev. 4.6-8.  69 fowre and twenty Kings] See Rev. 4.4.  70 gold ... things] See Rev. 5.8.  72 thousand ... weed] See Rev. 4.4, 5.11.  74 Washd ... away] Suggests a simpler form of baptism.  75 bread, wine] Obviously the Eucharist.  90 replaces the papal charge of the keys of heaven by the power of Christ himself. Reflects John 10.9, Rev. 3.7-8.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Lycaon. It was the fiftieth yeare. Flora a feast
Made for all those that loued and serued her beast.
Her gests were Kings and Lords of highest bearth,
All that were wise and rich vpon the earth.
And that Land, that Sea or ayre affords,
Her caters tooke and ther with fild her bords,
And drunk with wine, suckt from her cup of gold,
Were Kings and nations, rich, poore, young and old.

Lycaon. Flora an orchard had of fruitfull treene.
She parde the mosse, she kept the branches cleane,
She lett the fountains in, she kild the worme,
She scarde the birds, she saued the bloomes from storme.
Flourisht the trees, the bowes with aoples bent:
She cald her seruents, to her orchard went,
Gethered to eat, but when she cutt the skin
The fruit was ashes, imbers, dust within.

Hermes. Last yeare my Psyche had a feild of corne.
She skourd the ditches, stopt the gaps with thorne.
She tild the land enough, she grew good seed,
She stubbd the briers, pluckland vp the tares and weed,
She fraud the crowes, she kept the wild borne out,
And when the Sun turned the years wheele about,
She reapd her crop, and when her gaine she tould
Found thirty, sixty and a hundred fould.

Lycaon. A flock of goats astray from Flora went.
Doris her handmade after them she sent,
But whilst the lass with Thirsis sporting laid,
Her dogs rann forth alone and soone they straid,
And like the kind of wolues of which they sprung,
They slew and eat the goats and sucklings young.
Yet some escapt, saued in the woods and rocks.
Doris went home, but thus she lost her flocks.

Hermes. What Doris left and lost, faire Daphne saught
And found, and to her mothers shepould brought.
Ther Psyche bound ther wounds and stancht ther blood,
At first she gaued them milke, then strongr food,
And soone restord ther health; shepards beware:
Wach, feed, defend your sheep: charge asketh care.
All that is stolne or slaine you must make good,
And Floras Hylax yet lurkes in this wood.

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91 fiftieth yeare] a jubilee (Leviticus 25:10–12), hence a festival (feast).
92 beast] (a) best (b) beast: see 59–66.
95 that] that which, whatever. Lea and Gang emend to all that.
97 cup of gold] The scarlet woman of Revelation has such a cup (Rev. 17:4).
103 by faith] as opposed to works: see 28n.
104 forecharged] charged (loaded or sated) from before (with Flora’s food) – i.e. preconditioned by Catholic doctrine.
109 lett the fountains in] cleared the channels for springs to flow. 116 stopt ... thorne] mended the gaps in fences with thorn-branches.
126 dogs] presumably priests.
136 charge asketh care] To have charge (of the sheep) calls for care.
Lycaon. King Salomon a Cedar pallace built,
Thackd with tyles of Floras tresses guilt.
Her legs were siluer posts the house to beare,
Her glorious thoughts the purple hangings were,
Her brest the presence, and his hart his throne.
Her triple Crowne as Lord ther sits alone.
Her holy doors she open to each that knocks,
Her hands pure Myrrh drop on the bars and locks.

Hermes. Psyches faire locks, wrapped in gold of proufe,
Of gods high Temple is the guidled route,
Her eyes the Cristal windowes: through each light
A smiling saint shoots in daies arrows bright.
Her Corall Lips the doores that turne and twine
On Rubie hookes, her mouth the quire deune,
Her teeth the Iuorieseats builte euen and thin,
Her tongue the siluer bell that rings all in.

Lycaon. That roial towne wher Flora hath her seat
Stands on seauen hills, well peopled, pleasant, great,
Rich in all blessings, all delights that can
Be giuen by fortune or be wished by man.
Quinzey the large, Dorado yitt scant seene
Her hand mads be: she is the worlds sole queene.
Joy in her streets, life in her Temples wide,
And dead and lost is all the world beside.

Hermes. Psyches cleare Citty was nott raised from dust
But came from heauen, pure, immortal, iust,
Stands on twelue preutious stones: Jasper the wall,
Streets gold, gates Pearles bee, still ope to all
Who tast the tree of Life which ther do grow.
About the towne two blessed riuers flow
Of Grace and Mercy, ouer ether flood
Lies the faire bridge of faith, hope, doing good.

Lycaon. Of shrill Heptaphones thou daughter cleare,
Tell not these rocks of Floras doubte and feare.
Write nott, Phanetas, in tommorows stars
Her future troubles, dangers, losses, warrs,
Least Psyches shepards should foreknow her doome
And kill her goats before her day be come.
These woods are hers, these feilds and folds about:
Then kepe them Flora, till thy lease wearie out.
Hermes. Sitting on Isis flowrie banke, I spied
On a white horse a crowned Monarch ride.
Vpon his thigh was write his wonderous name,
Out of his mouth a sword two-edged came.
Flora, hir beast, and all her goats he slew,
And in a lake of fire ther bodys threw.
This king is Psyches spouse: with him she went
And rul’d the world, for Floras lease was spent.

Thus much did Hermes and Lycaon singe.
The heifer lett the hearbs vntouched spring,
Forgott to feed, the stags amazed stood,
The silver rier staid her speedie flood.
Charmed was the Adder deafe, tamde was the Lion:
So trees hard Orpheus, Dolphins hard Arion.

203 Antoine Girard Saint-Amant  The Solitude
Translated from the French by Thomas, Third Baron Fairfax.

O how I love these solitudes
And places silent as the night,
Ther wher noe thronging multitudes
Disturb with noyse ther sweet delight.
O how myn eyes are pleas’d to see
Oakes that such spreadinge branches beare,
Which from old time’s nativity
And th’enye of so many yeares
Are still greene, beautifull and faire,
As at the world’s first day they were.

Naught but the highest twiggs of all
Wher zephyrus doth wanton play
Doe yett presage ther future fall
Or shew a signe of ther decay.
Times past, Fawnes, satyrs, Demy-Gods
Hither retir’d to seeke for Aide
When Heauen with earth was soe att odds
As Jupiter in rage had laide
Or’e all a Deluge: these high woods
Preseru’d them from the sweling floods.

Ther vnder a flowry thorne alonge,
Of springs deligfult plant the cheife,
Sadd Philomela’s mournfull songe
Doth sweetly entertaine my greefe.
And to behold is noe less rare
These hanging Rocks and Precepies,

179 Isis flowrie banke] An unexplained reference, as the Isis flows past Oxford. There is some uncertain evidence that Fairfax might have been at Clare College, Cambridge.  
180 a crowned Monarch] See Revelation 19.11-16, 20.1-3, 7-10. This figure represents Christ (the spouse of Psyche, who can be both the church and the individual devotee), who now conclusively defeats Satan and his band, and judges all living and dead humans.  
191 Charmed ... deafe] The adder is thought to stop its (actually non-existent) ears so as not to be charmed by its catcher’s music; but now it agrees to hear such sweet song, and is charmed (spellbound) by it. See Psalms 58.4.  
192 Arion] a musician, cast into the sea but carried ashore by dolphins, whom he charmed with his music.  
7 old time’s nativity] the birth of time itself.  
11-14 Only the highest branches are disturbed by the breeze, reminding us that the trees might fall one day.  
12 zephyrus] the west (spring) breeze.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Which to the wounds of sadd dispare
Are soe propitious to gue ease,
When soe oprest by cruel fate,
Death’s sought for att another gate.

How pleasant are the murmuring streams
In shady vallyes runinge downe,
Whose raginge torrents as itt seemes
Just measurs keepe in skippes and bounds,
Then glidinge vnder th’arbored banks
As windinge serpents in the grass.
The sportfull Naiades playes ther pranks
Vpon the watry plaines of Glass,
The christal elements wherein
These watry Nimphes delight to swime.

The quiet Marshe of Loue to see
That bounded is with willowes round,
With Sallow, Elme, and Popler tree
Which Iron yet hath guien noe wound:
The Nimphes that come to take fresh Ayre
Here Rocks and spindles them prouide.
Mongst Sedge and Bulrush we may heare
The lepinge Frogs: se wher they hide
Themselves for feare when they espy
A Man or Beast approachinge nye.

A hundred thousand Fowle her lye
All voyd of feare makinge ther Nest,
Noe treachrous Fowler here comes nye
With mortal ginne to breake ther rest,
Some joying in the sun’s warme beames
Ther fethers buisily doe plume,
Whilst others findinge Loue’s hott flames
In waters allsoe can consume,
And in all pastimes Innocent
Are pleased in this element.

How pleasant is itt to behold
These ancient Ruinated Towers,
‘Gainst which the Giants did of old
With Insolence imploaye ther Powers.
Now Sayters her ther Sabath keepe,
And sperits which our sence inspire
With frightinge dreames whilst we doe sleepe,
Doe here againe all day retire.
In thousand chinkes and dusty holes
Lyes ygly Batts and scritchinge owles.

These Mortal Augurs of Mischance
Who fune’rall notes as Musick makes,
The Goblins singe and skipp and dance
In valts orespred with toads and snakes.
Ther in a cursed beame might see
The horred skeleton of some poore louver
Which for his Mistress Cruelty
Hanged himselfe sence naught could move her,
Or with a glance nott once to daine
To ease him of his mortal paine.

30 another gate] another doorway or means (for an unhappy man to take his own life). 33 They seem to go dancing. 38 of Glass] i.e., reflecting the landscape as in a mirror. 46 Rocks] distaffs (OED rock n°2): nymphs shown in a rare domestic light. them prouide] provide themselves with, obtain. 63-4 The ruins are grand enough to seem the work of gods or ancient heroes, against whom the Titans or the Old Testament giants (Genesis 6.4) waged war.
The marble stones here strew’d about
Of carracters leaue yet some signe,
But now are almost eaten out
By teeth of all deuouring time.
The planks and timber from aboue
Downe to the lowest Valts are fa’ une,
Wher Toads and Vipers’ monst’ them moue,
Leauinge theron ther deadly spawne,
And Harths that once were vs’d for fyers
Now shaded are with scratchinge Bryers.

Yet louver an Arched-Valt extends,
Soe hidious darke and deepe doth sinke
That did the sun therin desend,
I thinke he scarce could se a winke.
Slumber, that from heauy cares
With drowsiness inchant’s our sence,
Sleepes here secure, as far from feares,
Lui’d in the Armes of Negligence
And on her back in sluggish sort
Vpon the pauement liyes and snort.

When from these Ruings I doe goe
Vp an aspiring Rock nott farre,
Whose topp did seeme ast were to know
Wher mists and stormes ingendred are,
And then desending att my Leasure
Downe paths made by the storming waues,
I did behold with greater pleasure
How they did worke the hollow caues:
A worke soe Curious and soe rare
Vpon the pauement liyes and snort.

Tis a delightfull sight to see
Standing on the murmuringe shore,
When calmer seas begin to bee
After the stormes which raginge roare,
How the blew Trytons doe appeare
Vpon the rollinge curled waues,
Beatinge with hidious tunes i’ the Ayre
With crooked Trumpets, sea-men braue,
All whose shrill notes the winds doe seeme
By keepinge still to beare esteeme.

Sometimes the sea with Tempests rore,
Frettinge itt can rise noe higher,
Roulinge or’e the flinty shore,
Throwes them vp, againe retire’s.
Sometmes through itt’s deuouringe lawes,
When Neptun’s in an angry moode,
Poore marinere finde his cruel lawes,
Made to his tiny subiects foode:
But Diamonds Amber and the Jett
To Neptune they doe consecrate.

Sometimes soe cleare and soe serene
Itt seemes ast were a looking glass,
And to our vews preventing seemes
As heauens beneath the waters was.
The sun in itt’s soe clearly see
That contemplatinge this bright sight,

\textsuperscript{100} snort\textsuperscript{sic} singular form, no doubt for the rhyme. \textsuperscript{115} Trytons\textsuperscript{sea-gods, half human and half fish.} \textsuperscript{118} crooked Trumpets\textsuperscript{the curved shells on which Tritons are depicted as blowing.} \textsuperscript{120} to show respect by falling silent. \textsuperscript{133} preuenting\textsuperscript{(a) literally ‘coming before’, meeting the eye (b) anticipating a look at the sky itself.}
As ’t was a doubt whether it had beene
Himselfe or image gaue the light:
Att first appearing to our eyes
As if he had fa’ine from the skyes.

Thus Alcidon, whose loue inioynes
To thinke for thee noe labor paine,
Receawe theswee Rustick Shepheards lines,
That’s from thir liuinge objectis fa’ine:
Sence I seeke only desart places,
Wher all alone my thoughts doe use
Noe entertainment, but what pleases
The genius of my Rural muse:
But noe thoughts more delighteth mee
Then sweet Remembrances of thee.

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204 Christopher Morley Amor Constans

Found along with 16 sonnets in Bod. MS Eng.miss.d.239, described in 1850, lost to sight thereafter, and printed only in 1988. The initials ‘Ch.M.’ were associated with Christopher Marlowe, but appear to indicate Christopher Morley, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and prob. half-brother to Thomas Morley the composer.* The poet appears as ‘Bonnyboots’, a name also found in several songs of the period by various composers. The identity of Carimell remains uncertain. Punctuation regularised.

Ecgloga.
Amor constans
Dickye. Bonnybootes.

Dickye. For shame man wilt thou never leave this sorrowe?
Nor from noone till night nor from night till morrowe:
So hangeth on thy cragge thy heavye head
All as were tyed therto a pondre of leade,
Thy cullor that woned be as fresh as Maye,
Is waste and withered like yonder cocke of haye,
And on thy face thy beard so ouer spreads,
As done amondge the flowers the wicked weades.
Alonge thy cheekes as snowe from downe the mountaynes
Distill thy teares whose streames drowne vp thier fountaynes.

Bonnibootes. Ah (Dickye) yet am I behouldinge to the
Who to ease me of greife semest to pitty me,
But whence pitty should springe, ande grace should growe,
There pitty and grace are deade longe agoe.

Dickye. Many a vengeance I saye ought on him befall,
That in wronginge the hath wronged vs all.
For with thy dapper songs, and deuises quent
Wontest thou of yoare to make vs meryment,
And euermore thy songs such credite bare,
As neuer towne durst with our towne compare.
But since these hammers late breede in thy heade,
Both they in the, and thou in them art deade.

Bonnibootes. Ah (Dickie) for death to me were liefer then life.
But I longer live to add more to my grief.
Each other man complayneis his life may ne laste,
And I wish myne had wings to flye awaye as faste.
No sooner wakes the Lark with inherneste
But wakemy woes at once within my breste.
I weene that man half the payne ne tasted
Whose harte grewe as muche by night as by daye it wasted.

Dickie. Areede, who hath wroght our Bonnibootes this spighte?
The greif disburthened makes the harte more light,
As when the rayne is fallen from the skye,
The clowdes waxen clear and bright by an by.
Who thinkes to quench yeer by keepinge close the same,
Addes thrice as much more feellw to the flame.

Bonnibootes. Franke shepharde, nowe force me not to display
The wounde that once opened thou ne cure maye.
My present state all hope renounces,

For woe comes by poundes and goes awaye by ownces.

Dickie. What? dothe thy lowe estate procure thy payne?
Or is some fonde affection harbourde in thy brayne?
If fortune frowne, with wisdome weighe
How she doth geue and take awaye.
Thou seest the sea that whilom raged,
How soone his courage he hathe asswaged.
And as the floods bene highe and lowe,
So fortunes goodes doone ebbe and flowe.

Mowght not bene daunted with any mischaunce,
But as done reedes that with the winde benede,
Mought he all one with the worlde his waye wende,
For poore in this world perdy is none
But he that deemeth himself poore alone,
And to nowght (clerkes sayne) nature life doth geue,
But it teacheth it wayes how the same should liue.
The vilest Creature findeth to eate
In rayne, in drowght, in colde, and in heat.
A tyme there is to laugh and a tyme to wepe,
A tyme to spend, and a tyme to keepe.
One tyme hath made thy state so poore,
And another maye eke as much thy stoare.

Bonnibootes. I graunte sicker tymes maye once appeare,
Yet Maye I weene comes but once a yeare.
But sorrowe men sayne comes neuer alone,
But bringes with him a thousande more on.
A woe is me that this has preued to well,
And woe is thou the cause false Carimell.

Dickye. Now shepharde I coniure the by all loues,
Vnfoold the greife that so pensiue prouoses.
Neuer yet was wounde so deepe I weene
But might be cured whilst it was greene.
But gife the same were suffered to spread
The venyme woulde rancle in tyme to the heade.
And so at the first for sicke fondie foolerye
Menn haue often incurred great ioerperdye.

Bonnibootes. Carimell thou kenst that was to me so liefe
Thilke ladde (Dickye) hath wroughte me this greif.
His sollemne vowes he falseleye hath broken
And me, whomhe loved, he hath forsooken.

The dittyes I wonte deuis for his sake
He rendes in peeces and hates like a snake,
All because I am a shepharde in degree,
Doth he my lucklesse love disdayne and me.
Ah foolish ladde whom thou thus disdaynes,
The goddes themselves haue benne shephards swaynis,

30 Like Prometheus’ liver, which grew and was devoured by an eagle in this way.
37 Franke] noble, ‘good’ – general term of praise or courtesy.
38 He should do as the rest of the world does.
52 Any creature endowed with life is also endowed with the means of survival.
55-6 The songs may have been hung on trees in conventional pastoral fashion, or sent as love-letters.
And as I haue harde a shephearde was he,
That loved the nymphe changed to the baye tree.
And that ladde a shephearde was I weene,
Whose death was so wayled of bewtyes queene.
And he a shephearde was that had the fayre wife,
Which satt the world to winne her, at strife.
And wonted not he to keepen sheepe,
Whome Poetes fayned so lange to sleepe?
Yet woulden off the sister of the sonne
Have come frome heauen to see how he had donne.
But thou false harte more harde then flynt
Laughest at my moanes with teares besprinte.
Alas that thou shouldest so gracelesse bee,
To kill him, that kills himselfe to loue the.

_Dickie_. Sicker nowe (Bonnybootes) I see thou nys wise,
That seekest for loue whence no loue will rise.
Nowe by my sawle gife Carrinell loued me,
Would I at one loue as fast as he.
But gife I saw not my loue regarded,
Should he I trowe bene with the same sawce rewarded.
Wherfore if thou will my counsell prove,
Forsake like folleys, and forbeare to loue.

_Bonnybootes_. Seest thou yon oake that is dried with heate?

-Well may from his bowghes sweete amber sweate,
The roses may on nettells growe,
And siluer streams out of marble maye flowe,
The North to the South may well remoue,
But neuer may Bonnybootes leauet to loue.

_Dickie_. Then if thy faythe beene rooted as thow sayne,
Why seekest thou no meanes to alege thy payne.
Thy mynde thus still to melancholy bent
Thy pyteous plyght doth more augment;
And cooles as much thy enflamed desyre,
As to cast water on the smithes fyer.
Wherfore if thou mynde to ease thy greife,
Beste were yt seeke some other releife.

_Bonnybootes_. So haue I done, and therfore alone,
Of late to death I made my moane.
So well pleased him my wist requeste,
As he did graunte me to doe his beste.
His sturdy bowe in his hande he hent,
He feircely pulled, and oute the shafe went,
But it light (alas, my woe is the more)
Just in that place, where loue had before.
Thus did my loue afresh begine,
For deathes shaffe droue loues the deeper in.

_Dickie_. Now desperat I wene bene that mans greife
Who seekes to death for his releife.
But if thou none other waye to warke wende,
Neuer wilbe thy sorrowes at ende.
I see so enflamed is with loue thy liuer,
That scarce will coole the all the water in the riuere.
Bannishe man sike yayne folleys from thy brayyne,

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87-8 he ... baye tree] Apollo, who loved Daphne. Apollo served as King Admetus’ shepherd. 89-90 that ladde] Adonis, beloved of Venus. A hunter, but sometimes presented as a shepherd in pastoral: see Theocritus 1.109. 91-2 he ... at strife] Paris, who stole away Helen. He was brought up by shepherds and kept sheepe on Mount Ida. 93-6 he ... had donne] Endymion, beloved of Cynthia the moon-goddess (Diana, sister of Apollo the sun-god). He was cast into eternal sleep. 95 woulden] The final –en has no syntactical function, unlike the other instances in this poem. It shows the loose use of old inflexions in this period. 106 with ... rewarded] paid back in kind. 120 The fire in the smithy is too intense to be quenched by water. 125 wist] intent, sincere. 131-2 The prospect of death made his love more intense. 137 enflamed] heated, fevered, producing the burnt or ‘adust’ humours thought to cause melancholy. liuer] seat of the passions in the old physiology.
And listen to the counsayle that other shall sayne.
Who seeks to accorde loue and hate together,
His labor will not be worth a fether.
And vndertake as harde a matter,
As to knitt in one the fyer and water.
But if the ladde benne so lightly gone
Set free thy thoughts and lett him alone.

Bonnybootes. Dickye, thy wastfull wordes doe not please
The galled mynd that can brooke no ease.
The more thou weenest to comfort me,

The lesse myne ears doe harken to the.
The deep conceytes in me were they but thynye
Would rauishe thy witte and make thy thoughts deuine,
So that if it might be I durst adventure
To wende with him a large downe the darke center.
Therfore hartely the I beseeche
Turne some other waye thay haplesse speche.
Who so is free hath a wonderous quicke sight,
And easylie he can an others fawltswyte,

Se any further then an other man.
But if that men, duells, and the gods aboue
Han benne sett on fyer by the flame of loue,
How should poore shepheardes from him fly awaye,
But if they deeme themselues wiser then they.
Alas thy pratlinge doth but little boote,
And my harte has taken to deepe roote.
That from the same might not me recall
All the exhortations in Saint Pawle.

Dickie. Ah fonde what rage should the thus induce
Neuer with thy woes to taken treuce?
If to me thou wilt hearken, for euer
Will I teache the to expell this lurdan feuer.
Wende hardly to thy werke, and learn to sweate,
Yoake thine oxen, and geue thye swine meate,
Sheare thye sheepes fleecye, and loppe thye trees arounde,
Thrash, mowe thy meddowes and plant well thy grounde,
For sicker yt is which most menne sayne,
That loue firste sprange of an idle brayne.
Nowe Bonnibootes lett thyne headlesse will gange,

And stoppe the springe whence first thy woes sprange.
Love who loue the, has beenne an old sawe,
Els to loue is nor reason nor hark.
Who so loueth in such loue does daylye dye,
For that he is bereaued of his libertye.
For thy, take thy pipe and wende with me,
And with thy songs doe sett thyne harte free.
Better is one owne of merry deligte
Then a thousand weight of sorrowe and spighte.

Bonnybootes. Shepheard, now I praye the leaue of thy preached
Vnlesse thy texte coulde better teache.
Thy words into my harte may ne gett,
For that an other keepes thee of thytt.
In vayne thoy wyett loues highe dyetye,
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

That nere yet kyddst of yt the mysterye.
But if his godheade shoulde once thy harte inspyre,
Oh, how woulde mounte thy highe desyre.
The basenes of the shepheardesayne
Thy loftye muse would then disdayne,
Thy winged thoughts wolde thinke to flye
Aboye the reache of the heauens highe.
Thy mynde would ofte leese herself in delighte
Wanderinge in blisse withe Angells bright.
But ah (Carimell) more then most vnkinde
Thy faythlesse loue stickes still in my mynde,
My throate is hoarce callinge still for grace,
But thou sill regarde my wretched case.
Dickie. Ah (Bonnybootes) thy trustye treathe
Might moue the craggie rockes to rewthe.
But now wendes the bright sonne to the west,
And thy sorrowes aye demaunden rest.
For thy take thy pype and singe vs some songe,
To shorten the waye as we gange alonge.

Fui non esse dolet.

Infortunatus. quodam Ch: M.

205 The Shepherds’ Dialogue of Love

First published in The Golden Garland of Princely Pleasures and Delicate Delights (1620). The only known copy being mutilated, missing readings in lines 14 and 40 have been supplied from the mss; but 27-9 not found there.

The Shepheardes Dialogue of loue betweene Willy and Cuddy.

To the tune of Maying time.

Willy. How now shepheard what means that,
Why wearest thou willow in thine hat,
Why are thy Scarves of red and yellow
Turnde to branches of greene willow?

Cuddy. They are changd and so am I,
Sorrow liues but pleasure dyes;
She hath now forsaken me,
Which makes me weare the Willow tree.

Willy. What, that Phillis louede thee long,
Is that the Lasse hath done thee wrong:
Shee that louede thee long and best,
Is her loue turned to a jest.

Cuddy. Shee that loued me long and best,
Bad me set my heart at rest:
For she a new Loue loues (not me)
That makes me weare the Willow tree.

Willy. Com then shepheard let vs ioyne,
Since thy hap is like to mine:
For the wight I thought most true,
Now hath changed me for a new.

Cuddy. Well then since thy hap is so
Take no care but let her go:
Thy hard hap doth mine appease.
Company dothe sorowes ease.

213 It is sad to have been (once), but not to be (now). 214 quodam sometime, once: he was ‘Ch.M.’ before love made him ‘Infortunatus’. A conjectural expansion of the scribal contraction. 0.2 Maying Time Chappell (Popular Music I.377) cites only this song for this tune, but the manner of reference here suggests a tune of earlier currency. 2 willowe traditional emblem of mourning. 14 set ... at rest?be still (not in OED): i.e., cease to love, ?know once and for all (OED rest n’P5d).
Willy. Then I will forget her loue,
Since wantonly she false will proue:
[...] for her sake bid all adue,
[...] seldom women do proue true.

Cuddy... for her sake Ile sit and pine,
For she was once a Loue of mine:
Which shall nere forgotten be,
Though I weare the willow tree.

Cuddy. Heards man be advised by me,
Cast of grieve and willow tree:  
For thy greefe breeds her content,
She is pleasa if thou lament.
Willy. Then I will be rule by thee,
There lies grieve and willow tree:
Henceforth I will do as they,
Loue a new loue every day.

206 RICHARD BRATHWAIT  TECHNIS’ TALE

Part of the First Eclogue in Brathwait’s The Shepherds’ Tales, Part I (1621). The shepherds seem to represent Brathwait and his associates; but only Technis can be clearly identified, as Brathwait himself. As the eldest of the company, he agrees to start the exchange of stories about their own lives.

Technis. Attend then Shepheards, now I doe begin,
Shewing you first where I had nurturing,
Which to vnderfould the better, I will chuse
No other words then home-spun Heardsmen vse.
First then, because some Shepheards may suppose
By meere conjecture, I am one of those
Who had my breeding on this flowrie Plaine,
I must confesse that they are much mista’ne,
For if I would, I could strange stories tell
Of Platoes and of Aristotles Well,
From whence I drain’d such dropes of diuine wit,
As all our Swaines could hardly due to it:
Doricles. Indeed I’ue heard much of thee in thy youth.

Technis. Yes Dorycles, I say no more than truth,
A Prentiship did I in Athens liue,
Not without hope but I might after giue
Content and comfort where I should remaine,
And little thought I then to be a Swaine:
For I may say to you, I then did seeme
One of no small or popular esteeme,
But of consort with such, whose height of place
Advanced me, because I had their grace:
Though now, since I my Lambkins gan to feede,
Clad in my russet coat and countrie weede,
Those broad-spred Cedars scarce afford a nest
Vpon their shadie Boughes, where I may rest.

Sapphus. It seemes, they’re great men Technis,
Technis. So they are,
And for inferiour groundlins, little care.
But may they flourish; thus much I am sure,

7 this flowrie Plaine] Probably Brathwait’s theatrical circle in London, who might be reflected in the shepherds. From the context, cannot be Brathwait’s native place, Kendal in Westmoreland, nor Oxford, the haunt of his youth. From Oxford, Brathwait went to Cambridge, and then to Gray’s Inn to study law at his father’s wish. The later part of this Tale (not included here) indicates his distaste for the law, which he abandoned after his father’s death to write for the theatre, and gradually to become a person of standing in Westmoreland.  
10 Of Platoes and of Aristotles Well] Contradicts Anthony Wood in Athenae Oxonienses that at Oxford, Brathwait neglected logic and philosophy for poetry and history.  
15 Athens] Oxford, which Brathwait entered at sixteen in 1604. He had hopes of a fellowship there.  
18 Swaine] rustic – i.e. not of the academic community.  
Though *Shrubs* be not so high, they’re more secure.

*Linus*. High states indeed are subject to decline.

*Technis*. Yes *Linus* yes, in this corrupted time

We may observe by due experience

That where a Person has preeminence,

He so transported grows, as he will checke

loose in his Throne, till Pride has broke his necke,

Whereas so vertuous were precedent times,

As they were free not only from the crimes

To which this age’s exposed, but did liue

As men which scorn’d Ambition.

*Dymnus*. Now I dieue

Into thy meaning *Technis*; thou dost grieue

That those who once endeerd thee, now should leave

Thy fellowship.

*Technis*. Nay *Dymnus* I protest

I neuer credited what they protest;

For should I grieue to see a surly Lout,

Who for obsersuance casts his eye about;

Is rich in acres, to disvalue me*

*Dorycles*. No *Technis* no, th’art of a higher spirit

Than these inferiour *Gnats*, whose only merit

Consists in what they haue, not what they are.

*Technis*. No *Dorycles*, for these I little care,

Nor euer did: though some there be that feede

On such mens breath.

*Dymnus*. Good *Technis* now proceed.

*Technis*. Hauing thus long continued, as I said,

And by my long continuance *Graduate* made,

I tooke more true delight in being there,

Than euer since in Court or Country ayre.

*Sapphhus*. Indeed minds freedome best contenteth men.

*Technis*. And such a freedome I enjoyed then,

As in those Beechie shades of *Hesperie*,

I planted then my sole felicitie.

So as howsere some of our rurall *Swaines*

Prerogatue aboue all others claimes,

That they haue nought, want nought, nor care for ought,

Because their minde vnfurnisht is of nought

That may accomplish man: I could averre,

(Howsere I doubt these in opinion erre)

That in my breast was treasured more blesse,

Then euer sensuall man could yet possesse.

For my delights were princely, and not vaine,

Where height of knowledge was my only ayme,

Whose happy purchase might enrich me more,

Then all this trash which worldly men adore.

So as if *Pan* were not the same he is,

He’d de wish himselfe but to enjoy my blisse,

Whose choice content afford me so great power,

As I might vye with greatest Emperour.

*Corydon*. It seemes thy state was happie;

*Technis*. So it was,

And did my present state so farre surpasse,

As th’ high top’d *Cedar* cannot beare more show

Above the lowest *Mushroom* that doth grow.

---

46 *Who looks arrogantly in every direction.*  61 *Hesperie* prob. the garden of the Hesperides (cf. 110).  *Beechie* perhaps from the beech trees under which shepherds rested contentedly, as in Virgil I.1. 70 *sensuall* (a) endowed with sensation, alive (b) sensually or materially inclined. 71 *princely*, and *not vaine* truly grand, not vacuous or trivial. 75 *Pan* no doubt the King. 77 *afford* plural verb with singular subject. Cf. the opposite in ‘hops’ and ‘sings’ (114.5). 81 *Cedar* clashes with the cedar image of 25.
Or more exceed in glory, than that time
Outstripp’d this present happiness of mine.
For tell me Shepheards, what’s esteem’d ’mongst men
The greatest joy, which I enjoy’d not then!
For is there comfort in retired life?
I did possesse a life exempt from strife,
Free from litigious clamour, or report
Sprung from commencement of a tedious Court.
Is contemplation sweete, or conference,
Or ripe conceits? why there’s an influence,
Drawne from Minerua’s braine, where every wit
Transcends conceit, and seems to rauish it.
Is it delightfull, Shepheards, to repose,
And all-alone to reade of others woes?
Why there in Tragick Stories might we spend
Whole houres in choice discourses to a friend,
And reason of Occurrents to and fro,
And why this thing or that did happen so.
Might it content man, to allay the loade
Of a distemper minde to walke abroad,
That he might moderate the thought of care
By choice acquaintance, or by change of ayre?
What noble consorts might you quickly finde
To share in sorrow with a troubled minde?
What cheerfull Groues, what silent murmuring springs,
Delicious walkes, and ayrie warblings,
Fresh flowrie Pastures, Gardens which might please
The senses more then did th’ Hesperides,
Greene shadie Arbours, curled streames which flow,
On whose pure Margins shadie Beeches grow,
Myrtle-perfumed Plaines, on whose rer’d tops
The merry Thrush and Black-bird nimbly hops
And carols sings, so as the passers by
Would deeme the Birds insus’d with poesie?
Sapphus. Sure Technis this was earthly Paradise.
Technis. Sapphus it was; for what can Swaine deuise
To tender all delight to eye or eare,
Taste, Smell, or Touch which was not frequent there?
Besides;
Linus. What could be more, pray Technis say?
Technis. We had more ioyes to passe the time away.
Dorycles. What might they be good Technis?
Technis. ’Las I know
They’re such a Shepheards cannot reach vnto.
Dymnus. Yet let vs heare them.
Technis. So I meane you shall,
And they were such as we internall call.
Corydon. Infernall, Technis, what is meant by that?
Technis. Infernall, no; thou speakst thou knowst not what:
I meane internall gifts which farre surmount
All these externall bounties in account:
For by these blessings we shall euer finde
Rich Treasures stored in a knowing minde,
Whose glorious inside is a thousand fold
More precious than her Case though cloth’d in gold
And all Habilliments: for by this light
Of Vnderstanding, we discerne whats right
From crooked error, and are truly said
To vnderstand by this, why we were made.

93 Minerua[ goddess of learning.  
101-2 ally ... abroad] walk forth to lighten the burden of an unhappy mind.  
128 Infernall] This mistake shows Brathwait’s frustration with his associates, presented as boorish rustics.  
138 why we were made] i.e. first causes, the origins of things.
Sapphus. Why, we were thought of this.
Linus. Nay, I may swere
I haue liu’d on this Downe, this twentie yeare,
And that was my least care.
Coridon. Linus, I vow
To feed our Sheepe, was all that we need doe
I euer thought.
Dorycles. So Coridon did I.
Dymnus. The cause of this, good Technis, now descrie.
Technis. Heardsmen I will; with purpose to relate,
Lest my Discourse should be too intricate,
In briefe, (for length makes Memorie to faile)
The substance of your wishes in a Tale.
Within that pitchie and Cymmerian clyme,
Certaine Inhabitants dwelt on a time,
Who long had in those shadie Mountaines won, [dwelt
Yet neuer saw a glimpse of Sunne or Moon.
Yet see what custome is, though they were pent
From sight of Sunne or Moone they were content,
Sporting themselues in vaults and arched caues,
Not so like dwelling Houses, as like graues.
Nor were these men seene ere so farre to roame
At any time as halfe a mile from home;
For if they had, as th’Historie doth say,
They had beene sure right soone to lose their way:
For darke and mistie were those drerie caues
Where they repos’d, so that the wretched slaues
Could not exposed be to more restraint,
Than these poore snakes in th’ragged Mountaines pent;
And thus they liu’d.
Linus. But never lou’d.
Technis. To tell
Their loues I will not: but it thus befell,
That a great Prince, who to encrease his fame
Had conquer’d many Countries, thither came.
Sapphus. For what good Technis?
Technis. Only to suruey it.
Coridon. Why sure he had some Torch-light to display it,
For th’Coast you say was darke.
Technis. And so it was;
But yet attend me how it came to passe:
By meanes he vs’d, having this coast suruei’d,
With all perswasie reasons he assaid,
Partly by faire meanes to induce them to it,
Sometimes by threats, when he was forc’t vnto it,
That they would leauethe forlorn place, and glue
Way to perswasion, and resolue to liue
Neere some more cheerefull Border, which in time
They gaue consent to, and forsooke their Clime.
But see the strength of Habit, when they came
To see the light they hid themselues for shame,
Their eyes grew dazled, and they did not know,
Where to retire or to what place to goe:
Yet was the Region pleasant, full of groues,
Where th’airy Quiristers expresse their loues
One to another, and with Melodie
Cheer’d and refresh d Siluanus Emperie.
The warbling Goldfinch on the dangling spray,

149 Cymmerian] The Cimmerii were a mythical race in Homer, dwelling on the extreme western edge of the ocean amid mists and darkness. The story seems Brathwait’s own invention, prob. with some lost topical allusion. 155 Sporting themselues] luxuriating, living happily. 173 By meanes he vs’d] using his own methods. 186 th’airy Quiristers] i.e. birds. 188 Siluanus Emperie] the domain of the wood-god Silvanus.
Sent out harmonious Musicke euery day;
The prettie speckled Violet on the Banke
With Pinke and Rose-bud placed in their ranke;
Where chafed Violets did so fresh appeare,
As they foretold the Spring-time now drew neare;
Whose borders were with various colours dy’d,
And Prim-rose bankes with odours beautifi’d;
Where Cornell trees were planted in great store,
Whose checkerd berries beautifi’d the shore.
Besides, such gorgeous buildings as no eye
Could take a view of fuller Majestie;
Whose curious pillers made of Porphyrite
Smooth to the touch, and specious to the sight,
Sent from their hollow Cell a crispling breath,
Arched aboue and vauld vnderneath.
Yet could not all these choyce varieties
(Which might haue giuen content to choicer eyes)
Satisfie these Cimmerians, for their ayme
Was to returne vnto their Caues againe,
And so they did: for when the Prince perceiued
How hard it was from error to be reau’d,
Where ignorance discerns not what is good,
Because it is not rightly vnderstood;
Hee sent them home againe, where they remain’d
From comfort of Soctie restrain’d.

Dymnus. Apply this Tale, my Technis;
Technis. Heare me then.

You may be well compar’d vnto these men,
Who ignorant of knowledge, doe esteeme
More of your Flocks, how they may fruitfull seeme,
Then of that part, whereby you may be sed
From sauage beasts to be distinguished.

Dorycles. Technis you are too bitter;

Technis. Not a whit,

Shephearders should tell a Shepheard what is fit:
Though I confesse that Heardsmen merit praise,
When they take care vpon the Flockes they graze.
Yet to recount those Swaines of elder time,
How some were rapt with Sciences diuine,
Others adorn’d with Art of Poesie,
Others to reason of Astrologie;
Swaines of this time might think’t a very shame,

To be so bold as to retaine the name
Of iolly Heardsmen, when they want the worth
Of those braue Swaines which former times brought forth.

Coridon. Why, what could they?

Technis. Endorse their Names in trees,
And write such amorous Poems as might please
Their dearest loues.

Dymnus. Why Technis what was this,
Can we not please our loues more with a kisse?

Dorycles. Yes Dymnus, thou know’st that;

Dymnus. Perchance I doe,

For Dymnus knowes no other way to wooe.
But pray thee Technis let us say no more,

But hie thee now to where thou left before.

Technis. I me easily entreated; draw then neere,
And as I lend a tongue, lend you an eare.
Hauing long liued in Minervia’s Groue,
My life became an Embleme of pure loue.

193 fresh] in scent rather than appearance. The violet emits its scent when chafed. 244 pure] morally or spiritually, as the following lines bring out.
Dymnus. Of Loue my Technis, pray thee say to whom?

Technis. As thou meanst Dymnus, I did fancie none:
No; my affection soared higher farre,
Than on such toyes as now affected are:

I doated not on Beautie, nor did take
My aime at faire, but did obseruance make,
How humane things be shar’d by diuine power,
Where fickle faith scarce constant rests one heure;
How highest states were subject’st to decline;
How nought on Earth but subject vnto Time;
How vice though clad in purple was but vice;
How vertue clad in rags was still in price;
How Common-weales in peace should make for warre;
How Honour crownes such as deseruing are.

Dorycles. And yet we see such as deserued most,

What ere the cause be, are the oftest crost.

Technis. Ile not denye it (Swaine) and yet attend,
For all their crosse occurrents, but their end,
And thou shalt see the fawning Sycophant
Die in disgrace, and leaue his Heire in want;
While th’honest and deserving Statesman giues
Life to his Name and in his dying liues.

This I obseru’d and many things beside,
Whilst I in famous Athens did abide.

207 Richard Brathwait · The Shepherds' Holiday

This wedding-song concludes Part II of Brathwait’s The Shepherds’ Tales (1621). The two parts of Brathwait’s Tales relate the unhappy loves of a company of six shepherds. At the end, they see Mopsus and Marina approach, singing as they go to a wedding. The shepherds join them to ‘allay’ their own ‘care’.

The shepheard holy-day, reduced in apt measures to Hobbinalls Galliard, or John to the May-pole.

[Marginal note:] Forth of a curious Spinet graced with the best rareties of Art and Nature, Mopsus a shepheard, and Marina a shepheardesse, singing a Nuptiall hymne in the way to the Bridall.

Mopsus. Come Marina let’s away,
For both Bride and Bridegroome stay,
Fie for shame are Swaines so long,
Pinning of their head-geare on?

Pray thee see,
None but we,
Mongst the Swaines are left vnreadie,
Fie, make hast,
Bride is past,
Follow me and I will leade thee.

Marina. On my louely Mopsus, on,
I am readie, all is done,
From my head vnto my foote,
I am fitted each way to’t;
Buskins gay,
Gowne of gray,
Best that all our flockes do render,
Hat of stroe,
Platted through,
Cherrie lip and middle slender.

253 subject’est” subject’est’, most subject. 261-2 yet ... end” Note their (happy) ends despite all their adverse experiences. o.1 reduced” fitted, adapted. Hobbinalls Galliard” either an alternative tune or another name for ‘John to the Maypole’. John to the May-pole” A popular tune, perhaps linked to ‘Joan to the Maypole’: see Chappell, Popular Music I.301, II.778. o.2 Mopsus” so here, though ‘Mopso’ in 1 (abbreviated as ‘Mop.’ thereafter).
Mopsus. And I thineke you will not finde
Mopsus any whit behind,
For he loues as well to go,
As most part of shepheards do.
Captain of browne,
Bottle-crowne,
With the leg I won at dancing,
And a pumpe
Fit to jumpe,
When we shepheards fall a prancing.

And I know there is a sort
Will be well prouided for’t,
For I heare, there will be there
Liveliest Swaines within the Shere:
Letting Gill,
Jumping Will,
Ore the floore will haue their measure:
Kit and Kate,
There will waite,

Tib and Tom will take their pleasure.

Marina. But I feare;
Mopsus. What doest thou feare?
Marina. Crowd the fildere is not there:
And my mind delightes is,
With no stroake so much as his.
Mopsus. If not he,
There will be
Drone the piper that will trounce it.
Marina. But if Crowd
Strucke aloud,
Lord me thinks how I could bounce it!

Mopsus. Bounce it Mall, I hope thou will,
For I know that thou hast skill,
And I am sure thou there shalt find,
Measures store to please thy mind;
Roundelayes,
Irish-hayes,
Cogs and rongs and Peggie Ramsie,
Spaniletto,
The Venetto,

John come kisse me, Wilsons fancie.

Marina. But of all there’s none so sprightly
To my eare, as tutch me lightly:
For it’s this we shepheards loue,
Being that which most doth moue;
There, there, there,
To a haire,
O Tim Crowd, me thinks I heare thee,
Young nor old,
Nere could hold,

But must leake if they come nere thee.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Mopsus. Blush Marina, fie for shame,
Blemish not a shepheards name;
Marina. Mopsus why, is’t such a matter,
Maids to shew their yeelding nature?
   O what then,
   Be ye men,
That will beare your selues so froward,
   When you find
   Vs inclin’d,
To your bed and boord so toward?

Mopsus. True indeed, the fault is ours,
   Though we tearme it oft-times yours;
Marina. What would shepheards haue vs do,
But to yeeld when they do wo?
   And we yeeld
   Them the field,
   And endow them with our riches.
Mopsus. Yet we know,
   Oft-times too,
You’re not sticke to weare the breches.

Marina. Fooles they’le deeme them, that do heare them
Say, their wifes are wont to weare them:
For I know there’s none has wit,
Can endure or suffer it;
   But if they
   Haue no stay,
Nor discretion (as tis common)
   Then they may
   Gieue the sway,
As is fitting, to the woman.

Mopsus. All too long (deare loue) I weene,
Haue we stood vpon this theame:
Let each lasse, as once it was,
Loue her Swaine, and Swaine his lasse:
   So shall we
   Honor’d be,
In our mating, in our meeting,
   While we stand
   Hand in hand,
Honest Swainling, with his Sweeting.

__________________________

208 Richard Brathwait  ‘Tell me love what thou canst do!’

Sung at the end of the third and last Eclogue of Part I of Brathwaite’s The Shepherds’ Tales (1621), by a
group of shepherds who had fallen prey to love but are now free.

   Technis. Tell me Loue what thou canst doe?
   Dorycles. Triumph ore a simple Swaine;
   Dymnus. Binding him to such a vow
   Corydon. As to make his grieue thy gaine.
   Saphus. Doe thy worst thou canst doe now;
   Linus. Thou hast shot at vs in vaine.
   All. For we are free, though we did once complain.

Dorycles. Free we are as is the ayre;
   Technis. Or the siluer-murm’ring spring.
   Dymnus. Free from thought or reach of care
   Corydon. Which doe haplesse Louers wring.

93-100 No man of good sense will endure such a state; but those without stability or sense may fittingly
make over their authority to the woman.
Saphus. Now we may with ioy repaire
Linus. To our gladsome Plaines and sing
All. And laugh at Loue, and call it an idle thing.

Dymnus. Sport we may and feede our Sheepe,
Dorycles. And our Lamkins on this Downe;
Technis. Eat and drinke, and soundly sleepe,
Corydon. Since these stormes are ouer blowne;
Saphus. Whilst afflicted wretches weepe,
Linus. That by loue are ouerthrowne;
All. For now we laugh at follies we haue knowne.

Corydon. Here we rest vpon these rocks
Dymnus. Round with shadie Iay wreath’d,
Dorycles. Ioying in our woolly flocks,
Technis. On these Mountaines freely breath’d,
Saphus. Where though clad in russet frocks,
Linus. Here we sport where we are heath’d:
All. Our only care to see our Pastures freath’d.

Saphus. Thus we may retire in peace,
Corydon. And though low, yet more secure
Dymnus. Then those Men which higher prease;
Dorycles. Shrubs than Cedars are more sure:
Technis. And they liue at farre more ease,
Linus. Finding for each care a cure,
All. Their loue as deare and liker to endure.

Linus. For wherein consists earths blisse,
Saphus. But in hauing what is fit?
Corydon. Which though greater men doe misse,
Dymnus. Homely Swaines oft light of it.
Dorycles. For who’s he that liuing is,
Technis. That in higher place doth sit,
All. Whose sly Ambition would not higher git.

Technis. Let vs then contented be,
Dorycles. In the portion we enjoy;
Corydon. And while we doe others see
Saphus. Toss’d with gusts of all annoy,
Dymnus. Let vs say this feele not we:
Linus. Be our wenches kinde or coy,
All. We count their frownes and fauours but a toy.

209 Mary Wroth  Song: ‘Love as well can make abiding’

Among the poems grouped under the title ‘Pamphilia, to Amphilanthus’ appended to Wroth’s romance
The Countesse of Montgomeryes Urania (1621).

Song.

Loue as well can make abiding
   In a faithfull Shepheards brest
As in Princes: whose thoughts sliding
   Like swift Riuers neuer rest.

Change to their minds is best feeding,
   To a Shepheard all his care,
Who when his Loue is exceeding,
   Thinks his faith his richest fare.

---

28 freath’d| fenced (OED frith v1). OED last cit. 1400 in the broader sense ‘peaceful, protected’ (OED frith v1).
5-8 Princes thrive on change, but to a shepherd that is the greatest cause of care: he, when he is deeply in love, considers faith in love to be his chief sustenance.
Beauty, but a slight inuiting,
   Cannot stir his heart to change;
Constancy his chiefe delighting,
   Striues to flee from fant’sies strange,
Fairnesse to him is no pleasure,
   If in other then his loue;
Nor can esteeme that a treasure,
   Which in her smiles doth not moue.

This a Shepheard once confessed,
   Who lou’d well, but was not lou’d:
Though with scorne and grieve oppressed
   could not yet to change be mou’d.

But himselfe he thus contented,
   While in loue he was accurst:
This hard hap he not repented,
   Since best Louers speed the worst.

---

**210 MARY WROTH ‘A SHEPHERD WHO NO CARE DID TAKE’**

From Book IV of Wroth’s prose romance *The Countesse of Mountgomeries Urania* (1621). This poem was written by the lady Lycencia and given to Dorileus, Duke of Wirtenberg. Lycencia, who has entertained many lovers, is in love with the Duke, but has just heard him tell of his relationship with another woman. Feeling her own love to be hopeless, Lycencia presents her situation through that of the Shepherd in her poem. Punctuation modified at many points. Speakers’ names introduced in brackets to help in following the intricate exchanges.

A Sheepard who no care did take
   of ought but of his flock,
Whose thoughts no pride could higher make,
   Then to maintaine his stock,
Whose sheepe his loue was, and his care,
   Their good, his best delight:
The Lambs his ioy, their sport his fare,
   His pleasure was their sight.

Till Loue (an enuier of mans blisse)
   Did turne this merry life
To teares, to wishes which ne’er misse
   Incombrances with strife.
For whereas he was best content
   With looking on his sheepe:
His time in woes must now be spent,
   And broken is his sleepe.

Thus first his wofull change beganne,
   A Lamb he chanc’t to misse,
Which to finde out, about hee ran
   Yet finds not where it is.
But as he past (O fate vnkind)
   his ill led him that way,
Whereas a willow Tree behind,
   A faire young Maiden lay.

Her bed was on the humble ground,
   her head vpon her hand,
While sighs did shew, her heart was bound
   In Lou’e vntying band.
Cleere teares her clearest eyes let fall,
   Vpon her Loue-borne face:
Which Heauenly drops did sorrow call,
   proud witnes of disgrace.
The Shepheard stay’d, and fed his eyes,
no farther might he passe,
But there his freedome to sight tyes,
His bondage, his ioy was.
His Lambe he deemes not halfe so faire,
Though it were very white:
And liberty he thinkes a care,
Burdensome or unwelcome thought Nor breath’s but by her sight.

40

His former life is alter’d quite,
His Sheepe feede in her eyes,
Her face his feild is of delight,
Abandons, leaves uncared-for And flockes he doth despise.
The rule of them he leaues to none,
Care only to his fond respects,
Burns among, leaves uncared-for and many he forsakes for one,
Whereby he must now obey.

50

Vnhappy man, whose loosing found
What better had bin lost:
Whose gaine doth spring from such a ground,
Attaches himself, enters into a bond Whereby he must be crost.
The worldly care he now neglects,
Fade for Cupids servuce tyes,
Care to his fond respects,
Where wawe-like treasure lyes.

60

As this lost man still gazing stood,
Amaz’d at such a sight:
Imagining no heauenly food
To feede on but her sight;
Wishing but her beames to behold,
Fade Yet grieu’d he for her griefe,
When mournfully he did vnfold
Her woes without reliefe.

His new Sun rose, and rysing said,
[The maiden speaks]
Farwell faire Willow tree,
The roote of my estate decay’d,
The fruit for haplesse me:
What though thy branch a signe be made,
Fade Of labour lost in loue?
Thy beauty doth no sooner vade,
Then those best fortunes proue.

70

My songs shall end with willow still,
Thy branches I will weare:
my misfortune, the ill that has befallen me
Thou wilt accompany my ill,
And wilt bear my sorowe beare,
True friend, said she, then sigh’d, and turn’d,
And with me sorrow beare,
Leauing that restlesse place,
And Sheepherd, who in passions burn’d
lamenting his sad case.

80

35 his freedome to sight tyes enslaves his freedom to the sight of the maiden. 42 His Sheepe feede in her eyes] Her eyes are the only ‘pasture’ he tends, i.e. his sole object of attention. 49 loosing] his losing himself in love; his loss of gain and interest in his occupation. 52 crost] crossed: thwarted, frustrated, OED 3a, first recorded elsewhere in Urania 55 Care ... respects] (Having) care only for his loving and/or foolish concerns. 61 beames] radiance, perhaps the light from her eyes: a common Petrarchan conceit. 63 vnfold] lay open, think over, with nuance of ‘release like sheep from a fold’. 71-2 i.e. Even those who experience (proue) the best fortune in love do not enjoy their happiness longer than it takes for the willow branch to wither: their state is little better than that of failed lovers.
The Maid now gone, alone he left,
Still on her footsteps gaz’éd,
And heartlesse grown, by loue bereft
of mirth, in spirit rais’d,
To satisfy his restlesse thought,
He after her will dye,
His ruine to be sooner brought,
And sooner harme to try.

Then thus his latest leave he tooke,

[The shepherd speaks]
My Sheepe (said he) farwell,
Let some new Shepheard to you looke
Whose care may mine excell.
I leave you to your freedome now,
Loues lawes so fast me bind,
As no time I can you allow,
Or goe poore flock, and find

The Maid whom I so dearely loue,
Say it was her deare sight,
Which from your keepe doth me remoue,
And kills my first delight.
Goe you my Dog, who carefull were
To guard my Sheepe from harme,
Looke to them still, no care forbeare,
Though loue my senses charm.

But you my Pipe that musick gaue,
And please my silent rest,
Of you I company will craue,
Our states now suteth best.
For if that Faire no pity giue,
My dying breath shall cry
Through thee the paines wherein I liue,
Whereby I breath to dye.

Madly he ran from ease to paine
Not sicke, yet farre from well,
Heart rob’d by two faire eyes, his gaine
Must prooue his worldly Hell.
After his heart he fast doth lie,
His heart to her did flié,
And for a biding place did cry,
Within her breast to lie.

She that refusd, when he her spide,
Her whom he held most deare,
Lie weeping by a Riuers side
Beholding papers neare.
Her ruling eyes must yet be dimbd,
While pearle like teares she shed,
Like shadowes on a Picture limbd;
At last these words she read.

[The words written]
When I vnconstant am to thee
Or false doe euer proue,
Let happinesse be banish’t me,
Nor have least taste of loue.

---

83 heartlesse] spiritless, dejected (OED 1b).
84 rais’d] agitated, disturbed (OED 3b).
92 Who may look after you better than I did.
93 I cannot spare the time to look after you.
95 first delight] his original source of delight, in looking after his sheep.
117-18 His heart left his body and pursued her, so that he in turn had to pursue it.
127 shadowes] shading to moderate the bright colours of a picture.
[She speaks]
But this alas too soone, cryd she,
Is O by thee forgot,
My hopes and ioyes now murtherd be,
And falsehood is my lot.

Too late I find what tis to trust
To words, or oathes, or teares,
Since they that vse them prooue vniust
And colour but our feares.

Poore fooles ordaind to be deceiued
And trust to be betrayd,
Scornd when our hearts are vs bureaud,
Sought to, a while delayd.

Yet though that thou so false hast been,
I still will faithfull be;
And though thou thinkst to leaue no sinne,
Ile make my loyalty
To shine so cleare, as thy foule fault
To all men shall be knowne,
Thy change to thy changd heart be brought,
My faith abroad be blowne.

This hauing said, againe she rose
The papers putting by,
And once againe a new way chose
Striving from grieve to fly:
But as she going was along
That pleasant running streame,
She saw the Sallow trees among,
The Shepheard Aradeame.

For so this wofull Lad was call’d,
But when she him beheld,

[She speaks]
What witchcraft hath thee now inthral’d,
And brought thee to this field?
What can the cause, or reason be,
That thou art hither come:
Where all must tast of misery,
And mirth with grieve intombe?

[He speaks]
If mirth must heere intombed be,
Faire Shepheardesse, said he,
This place the fittest is for me,
If you vse crueltie:
For know I hither come, to see
Your selfe, wherein now lyes
My life, whose absence martir’d me,
Whose sight my power tyes.

Giue me but leaue to liue with you,
It is the life I craue:
To you I bound am to be true,
My life to you I gaue;
When first I did behold you lye,
In shade of willow tree:
That time my soule did to you tye,
Those eyes did murther me.

---

140 colour] ‘gloss over, falsely placate’ (OED 6b); ?lend colour to, justify. 141-4 Referring to womankind. 143 We are scorned when bereft of our hearts, i.e. when we fall in love. 144 sought for a while, then put off or stopped (OED delay v21c, 2). 147 Though you do not think it a sin to abandon me.
[She speaks]
Is this the reason, ah? (cryd she)
The more I waile your case,
Who thus partaker needs will be
In grieue, and in disgrace.
I pitty you, but cannot ayd
You, nor redresse your ill,
Since joy and paine together pay’d,
Scarce satisfies the will.

If I doe tye you, I release
The bond wherein you are,
Your freedome shall not find decrease,
Nor you accuse my care.
The paine I haue is all my owne,
None can of it beare part,
Sorrow my strength hath ouerthrowne,
Disdain hath killd my heart.

And Sheepeheard if that you doe loue,
This counsell take of me,
This humor fond in time remoue,
Which can but torture thee;
Take it from her who too too well
Can witnesse it is so:
Whose hope seem’d Heauen, yet prou’d a Hell,
And comfort chang’d to woe.

Then see your chance, I cannot change,
Nor my affection turne,
Disdaine which others moues to range,
Makes me more constant burne,
My sighs I me sure cannot you please,
My grieue no Musicke proue,
My flowing teares your passions ease,
Nor woes delight your Loue.

If my sight haue your freedome wonn,
Receive it back againe;
So much my selfe I finde vndone,
By gifts which proue no gaine.
As I lament with them that loue,
So true in Loue I am,
And liberty wish all to proue,
Whose hearts waste in this flame.

[He speaks]
Yet giue me leaue (sigh’d he with teares)
To liue but where you are,
My woes shal waite vpon your feares,
My sighs attend your care:
Ile wepepe when euer you shall waile,
If you sigh, I will cry,
When you complaine, Ile neuer faile
To waile my misery.
I will you guard, and safely keepe
From danger, and from feare,
Still will I watch when you doe sleepe,
And for both, sorrowes beare.
Make me not free, I bondage craue,
Nor seeke else but to serue,
This freedome will procure my graue,
These bonds my life preserue.

For life, and ioy, and ease, and all
Alasse yles in your hands:
Then doe not cause my only fall,
I ty’d am in such bands.
Part hence I cannot, nor loue leauw,
But heere must euer bide:
Then pitty let my paine receiue,
Doe not from mercy slide.

[She speaks]
If that (said she) you constant are,
Vnto your comming ill,
Ile leauw this place, yet let all care
Accompany me still:
And Sheepheard liue, and happy be,
Let iudgment rule your will,
Seeke one whose hart from loue is free,
And who your ioy may fill.

For I loue’s bond-slaue am, and ty’d
In fetters of Disdaine:
My hopes are frozen, my Spring dry’d,
My Sommer drown’d with paine:
I lou’d, and worse, I said I lou’d,
Free truth my ruine brought,
And so your speech the like hath mou’d
and losse for gayning bought.

With that away she hasted fast,
Left him his cares to holde,
Who now to sorrow makes all hast,
Woes driue his hopes to fould:
Now he can see, and weeping say
His fortune blind he finds,
A heart to harbour his decay,
A state which mischeifé binds.

This now he feeles, and woefully
His birth and life he blames,
Yet passions rules, when reasons lye
in darke, or quenched flames:
That place he first beheld her in,
his byding he doth make:
The Tree his liberty did win,
He cals his Martyr stake.

And pleasingly doth take his fall,
his grieve accoumpts delight:
Freedome and ioy this bitter thrall,
His food her absent sight.

257-8 If you are determined to embrace your future misery. 267 Spring] play on (a) stream or fountain (b) the season of spring (cf. ’Sommer’, 268). 271 the like hath mou’d] i.e. She has again rejected the happiness in love which Arideame had offered her. 283-4 reasons ... flames] when the faculty of reason is absent or suppressed.
In contraryes his pleasures be,
    While mourning giues him ease,
His Tombe shall be that haplesse Tree,
    Where sorow did him ceaze.

And thus did liue, though daily dy’d,
    The Sheepron Arideame,
Whose causlesse teares which neuer dry’d
    were turnd into a steame,
Himselfe the head, his eyes the spring
    Which fed that Riuercleere,
Which to true harts this good doth bring
    When they approch it neere,

And drinke of it, to banish quite
    All fickell thoughts of change,
But still in one choyce to delight,
    And neuer thinke to range:
Of this sweete water I did drinke,
    Which did such faith infuse,
As since to change, I cannot thinke,
    Loue will death sooner chuse.

211 Mary Wroth  ‘You pleasant flowery mead’

From the play Love’s Victory, found in a holograph ms at Penshurst Place, Kent. This song opening the main action is sung by the shepherd Philisses, lamenting that his beloved Musella has switched her affections to Lissius. Punctuation largely supplied and line-initials regularized.

You pleasant flowrie mead
    Which I did once wel loue,
Your pathes noe more Ile tread,
    Your pleasures noe more proue,
Your beauty more admire,
    Your colours more adore,
Nor grass with daintiest store
    Of sweetes to breed desire.

Waulks, once soe sought for, now
    I shun you for the dark.
Birds to whose song did bow
    Mine ears, your notes neere mark.
Brook which soe pleasing was,
    Vpon whose bank I lay,
And on my pipe did play,
    Now unreguarded pas.

Meadowes, paths, grass, flowrs,
    Waulks, birds, brook, truly find
All proue butt as vaine showers,
    Wish’d wellcome, els unkind.
You once I loved best,
    Butt love makes mee you leauue.
By loue I loue deceauue,
    Joy’s lost for liues unrest.

May indicate a literal metamorphosis or a metaphor of tearful grief. 8 sweets] fragrances; fragrant flowers (OED sweet 17). 12 mark] The implicit subject is ‘I’ or ‘ears’. 20 Welcome to someone wanting it, otherwise irksome. 23 My unhappy love for my beloved makes me betray or renege on my love for you. 24 Joy is lost because of the turmoil in my life.
212 James I  Of Jack and Tom

Composed in February or March 1623, this poem records the last of several attempts at marrying Prince Charles (later Charles I) to the Infanta of Spanish princess. In early 1623 Charles himself, with the Marquis (soon to be Duke) of Buckingham, disguised and with only one servant, set off for Spain to seal the marriage in person, without success. They travelled under the names of Jack and Tom Smith. BL MS Addl 28640 has a prefatory note (fol. 128v): 'In Feb. 1622 stilo Angl. [February 1623, modern style] The prince, marques of Buckingham and some others entrending a secret jorney for Spaine, it is said that the Prince at Dover disdained to terme him selfe Jacke Smith the Marq. Tom Smith.' A marginal note in a different hand adds: 'Prince Charles returned with the joy of all true hearts Octo.' There are many contemporary testimonies to James's authorship of such a poem, though he may simply have overseen or appropriated someone else's work.* Found in several mss. The text below follows BL MS Harley 837. Punctuation heavily revised (inserted in good part), and line initials standardized.

Off Jacke, and Tom

Whatt suddaine Chaunce hath darkt of late
The glorye of th' Arcadian State?
The Fleecye fflockes refusse to Fede,
The Lambes to playle, the Ewes to breede.  
   The Altars smoake, the offeringes Burne
   That Jacke and Tom may saffe Returne.

The Springe neglects his Course to keepe,
The Ayre Contynuall stormes doth weewe,
The prettye Byrdes disdayne to singe,

10  The Mountaynes dropppe, the Fountaynes mourne
   Tyll Jacke and Tom doe safe Returne.

What maye they bee that move this woe,
Whose want afflicts Arcadia soe?
The hope of Greece, the propp of Artes
   support, patron
   Was princely Jacke, the joye of harte,
   And Tom was to our Royall Pan
   His truest Swayne and cheiffest Man.

The loftye toppes of Menalus

20  Did shake with wynde ffrom Hesperus,
   Whose freshe delitious Ayre did flye
   pleasant, refreshing
   Through all the Boundes of Arcadye,
   Which mou'd a vayne in Jacke and Tom
   vein, inclination, desire
   To see the Coast this wynde came ffrom.

This wynde was Love, which princes stoute
To pages turnses, butt whoe cann doubte
Where equall Fortune Love procures
And equall Love, successse assures?
   daring, intrepid
   Butt ventrouses Jacke shall bring to Greece
   The Beauteous prize, the golden Fleece.

Love is a world of manye Spaynes
Where Coldest Hilles and hottest playnes,
With Barren Rockes and Fertyle Feildes,

*See Curtis Perry, 'If Proclamations Will Not Serve': The Late Manuscript Poetry of James I and the Culture of Libel', in Royal Subjects: Essays on the Writings of James VI and I, ed. D. Fischlin & M. Fortier, Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 2002, pp. 212, 217-18, 220-24. 11 droope] ?collapse, tumble down; but as the general tone is not so cataclysmic, perhaps a mistake for droope (as in BL MS. Addl. 34324), i.e. bow their heads. 15 Greece] In accord with the classical-pastoral geography of the poem: either Scotland, the dynasty's original home, or England, or both. 17 our Royal Pan] James I 19 Menalus] Maenalus, a mountain in Arcadia, Pan's favourite haunt. 20 Hesperus] the planet Venus, especially as the evening star; hence the west, where it appears. To Romans, Hesperus meant Spain. 26 pages] Charles and Buckingham assumed the disguise of servants. 27-8 (Though they were dressed as servants), who can doubt their success when the partners are of equal rank and love each other equally? 30 golden Fleece] referring to the legend of Jason and the Argonauts. 31 manye Spaynes] Obviously referring to the Infanta's homeland, its 'many' terrains symbolizing different phases or aspects of love.
By turne dispayre and Comffort yeldes.
   Butt whoe can doubte of prosperous lucke
   Where Love and Fortune doth conducte.

Thie grandsire greate, thie Father to
Were thine examples, this to doe,
Whose brave Attempts, in heate of Love,
   Soe Jacke and Tom doe nothing newe
   When Love and Fortune they pursue.

Kinde Sheappeardes, that haue lou’d them longe,
Bee not soe Rashe, in Censuringe wronge.
Correct your Feares, leave of to mourne:
The Heavens will Favor their Returne.
   Remitt the Care to Royall Pan
   Of Jacke his Sonne, and Tom, his Man

213 JOHN TAYLOR  FROM TAYLOR’S PASTORAL

The opening and closing items of the curious work Taylors Pastorall (1624) by John Taylor ‘the Water-Poet’, containing much varied and curious material about sheep-farming and the wool trade, and accounts of eminent drapers and wool traders. The first extract offers an elaborate list of biblical figures and events assimilable to the pastoral. The second draws on urban, satiric, and thoroughly un-idyllic associations of sheep and sheeprkeeping. Punctuation rationalized. Substantive marginal notes in the original have been cited, but not mere names of persons repeated in the margin.

Passage (A)

Taylors Pastorall, being both Historicall and Satyrical.

_Apollo_ (father of the Sisters nine,
   I craue thy aide t’inspire this Muse of mine,
Thou that thy golden Glory didst lay by
   (As Ouid doth relate most wittily)
And in a Shepheards shape, didst deigne to keepe
Thy Loues beloued Sire, _Admetus sheepe_.
And rurall _Pan_, thy helpe I doe intreate,
   That (to the life) the praise I may repeate
Of the contented life, and mightie stockes
   Of happy _Shepheards_, and their harmlesse flockes.
But better thoughts my Errors doe controule
For an offence, most negligent and foule,
   In thus inuoking, like a heathen man,
Helpe, helpleesse, from _Apollo_, or from _Pan_:
When as the subject, which I haue in hand,
Is almost infinite, as starres, or sand,
Grac’d with Antiquitie, vpon Record
In the Eternall, neuer-failing Word.
There ’tis ingrauen true and manifest,
   That _Sheepe_ and _Shepheards_, were both best and best.
I therefore inuocate the gracious aide
Of Thee, whose mightie Word hath all things made,
   _Israels_ great _Shepheard_ humbly craue
That his assur’d assistance I may haue:
   That my vnlearned Muse no verse compile,
Which may be impious, prophan or vile,
And though through Ignorance, or negligence,
My poore inuention fall into offence,
I doe implore that boundlesse Grace of his,

Not strictly to regard what is amisse:
But vnto me belongeth all the blame,
And all the Glory be vnto his Name.
Yet as this Booke is verse, so men must know,
I must some Fictions and Allusionss show,
Some shreds, some remnants, reliques, or some scraps,
The Muses may inspire me with perhaps,
Which taken literally, as lies may seeme,
And so mis-vnderstanding may misdeeme.

Of Sheepe therefore, before to worke I fall,
Ile shew the Shepheards first original:
Those that the best Records will reade and marke,
Shall finde iust Abel was a Patriarke,
Our father Adams second sonne, a Prince,
(As great as any man begotten since)
Yet in his function he a Shepherd was:
And so his mortall pilgrimage did passe.
And in the sacred Text it is compilde,
That he that’s father of the faithfull stilde,
Did as a Shepheard, liue vpon th’encrease

Of Sheepe, vntill his daies on earth did cease.
And in those times it was apparent then
Abel and Abram both were noble men:
The one obtain’d the title righteously
For his vnfeigned seruing the most HigH,
He first did offer Sheepe, which (on Record)
Was sacrifice accepted of the Lord.
He was (before the infant world was ripe)
The Churches figure, and his Sauiours type.
A murdered Martyr, who for seruing God,
Did first of all feele persecutions rod.
And Abraham was in account so great,
Abimelech his friendship did intreate.
Faiths paterne, and Obedience sample, he
Like starres, or sand, was in posteritie:
In him the Nations of the earth were blest,
And now his bosome figures heau’ly REST.
His Sheepe almost past numbring multiplyde,
And when (as he thought) Isaack should haue dide,
Then by th’Almightyes Mercies, Loue, and Grace

A Sheepe from out a Bush supplide the place.
Lot was a Shepheard, (Abrams brothers sonne)
And such great favour from his God he wonne,
That Sodom could not be consum’d with fire,
Till he and his did out of it retire,
They felt no vengeance for their foule offence,
Till righteous Lot was quite departed thence.

33-8 Conflates the figurative function of all poetic language with the allusive function of pastoral.
42 Marginal note in original: ‘Abel, a Prince, a Patriarke, a figure of the true Church, a type of Christ, and a Shepheard. Abraham a Prince, a Patriarke, intituled with the Glorious title of father of the faithfull, a Shepheard’. 
45 a Shepheard] See Genesis 4.2. 
48 father of the faithfull] Abraham. 
55-6 See Genesis 4.4. 
61-2 This episode (Genesis 20) is not as edifying as Taylor suggests. 
68-70 Gen. 22.1-14. 
71-6 Lot as shepherd, Gen. 13.5; his escape from Sodom, Gen. 19.1-29.
And Jacob, as the holy Ghost doth tell,
Who afterwards was called Israel,
Who wrestled with his God, and (to his fame)
Obtain'd a Name, and Blessing for the same,
He (ynder Laban) was a Shepheard long,
And suffred from him much ingratefull wrong.
For Rachel and for Leah, he did beare
The yoke of seruitude full twenty yeare.
He was a Patriarke, a Prince of might,
Whose wealth in sheepe was almost infinite.
His twice sixe sonsnes (as holy writ describes,
Who were the famous fathers of twelve tribes)
Were for the most part Shepheards, and such men
Whose like the world shall ner'e containe agen.
Young Joseph, 'mongst the rest, especially,
A constant mirrour of true Chastity:
Who was in his affliction, of behauior
A mortall Type of his immortall Saviour:
And Truth his mother Rachel doth expresse
To be her father Labans Shepheardesse.
Meeke Moses, whom the Lord of hosts did call
To leade his people out of Egypt's thrall,
Whose power was such, as no mans was before,
Nor since his time hath any mans beeene more,
Yet in the sacred text it plane appeares,
That he was Iethroes Shepheard fortie yeares.
Heroicke Dauid, Ishayes youngest sonne,
Whose acts immortall memorie hath wonne:
Whose valiant vigour did in pieces teare
A furious Lion and a rauenous Beare:
Who (arm'd with faith and fortitude alone)
Slew great Goliah, with a sling and stone,
Whose victories the people sung most plaine,
Saul hath a thousand, He ten thousand slaine:
He from the sheepefold came to be a King,
Whose fame for euer through the world shall ring:
He was another Type of that blest He
That was, and is, and euermore shall be.
His vertuous Acts are writ for imitation,
His holy Hymnes and Psalmes for consolation,
For Reprehension and for Contemplation,
And finally to shew vs our saluation.
The Prophet Amos, vnto whom the Lord
Reuealed the sacred secrets of his Word:
God rais'd him from the sheepefold, to foretell
What plagues should fall on sinfull Israel.
True Patience paterne, Prince of his affections,
Most mightie tamer of his imperfections,
Whose guard was God, whose guide the holy Ghost,
Blest in his wealth, of which Sheepe was the most,
His youth with all our lonely Saviour's blessed birth,
Whose only merits our salutation wonne,
God the Son as 'litteral's shepherds.

Of course, the scriptures nowhere describe either God the Father or mysticall [call himself the Good Shepherd in John/Sone. See also/one oldstyle/zero oldstyle./one oldstyle/one oldstyle/-one oldstyle/four oldstyle. See also/Peter/five oldstyle./four oldstyle./three oldstyle./two oldstyle./one oldstyle/six oldstyle/one oldstyle Sire, and Sonne

Call our great Creator

And with the names, within that Booke compiled,
All Kings and Churchmen beare that title do.
Passage (B)

[This section is introduced by the following note in the margin.]

Here followeth that touch of paltry Scabbed infectious kinde of Sheepe, which I thinke fit to place by themselves in the lagge end of my Booke, as farre as I can from the clean, sound, and profitable Sheepe before mentioned, for feare the bad should infect the good.

And now from solid Prose I will abstaine
To pleasant Poetrie, and mirth againe.
The Fable of the Golden Fleece began,
'Thise Section is introduced by the following note in the margin.'

...
’Tis said, a Shrew is better then a Sheepe.
But if a man be yok’d with such an Ewe,
She may be both a scabbed Sheepe and Shrew.
And he that is so match’d, his life may well
50
Compared be vnto an earthly hell.
But to my Theame which I wrote of before,
I at this Mutton must haue one cut more.
These kinde of Sheepe haue all the world o’regrowne,
And seldome doe weare fleeces of their owne:
For they from sundry men their pelts can pull,
Whereby they keepe themselves as warme as wooll.
Besides, in colours, and in shape, they varie
Quite from all profitable sheepe contrarie:
White, Blacke, Greene, Tawny, Purple, Red and Blue,
Beyond the Raine-bow for their change of hue:
Camelion like in alteration,
But that base Aire they cannot liue vpon.
The Moones mutation’s not more manifold, Silke, Veluet, Tissue, Cloth, and cloth of Gold:
These are the Sheepe that Golden fleeces weare,
Who robe themselves with others wooll or haire:
And it may be, ’twas such a Beast and Fleece,
Which JASON brought from Cholcos, into Greece.
Were it no more but so, I dare be bold
To thinke this Land doth many Jasons hold:
Who neuer durst to passe a dang’rous waue, Yet may (with ease) such Golden fleeces haue. Ile therefore take this needlesse dish away:
For should I too much, of Lac’d Mutton write, I may o’re come my Readers stomacke quite. Once more vnto the good Sheepe Ile retire, And so my Booke shall to it’s end expire:
Although it be not found in Ancient writers, I finde all Mutton-eaters are sheepe-bites.
And in some places I haue heard and seene, That currish sheepe-bites haue hanged beene, If any kinde of Tike should snarle or whine, Or bite, or woorry this poore Sheepe of mine. Why, let them barke and bite, and spend their breath, Ile neuer wish them a sheepe-bites death. My Sheepe will haue them know, her innocence Shall liue, in spight of their maleuolence: I wish them keepe themselves and me from paine,
And bite such Sheepe as cannot bite againe. For if they snap at mine, I haue a pen, That (like a trustie Dogge) shall bite agen. And in Conclusion, this I humbly craue, That euer one the honestie may haue, That when our fraile mortalitie is past, We may be the good Sheapheards sheepe at last.

46 Better marry an aggressive woman than a submissive one. 55 i.e., They ‘fleece’ their clients.
57-60 Contrary to Taylor’s intent, such natural growth of wool in various colours occurred in the Golden Age (Virgil IV.42-5). 62 Pliny (Natural History 8.51) thought the chameleon lived on air. See Hamlet 3.2.101. 65 Marginal note in original: ‘They are as soft as Silkwormes’. 68 from Cholcos, into Greece actually the reverse. 80 sheepe-bites sheepdogs that attack their own charges. 87 My Sheepe presumably his poems. 96 good Sheapheards sheepe See passage (a), 23n.
214 James Shirley ‘Woodmen shepherds’

From Act 5 of Shirley’s play Love Tricks: or, The School of Complements (performed 1625, printed 1631).
The first two stanzas may be sung respectively by shepherdesses and shepherds entering ‘with garlands’,
and the third stanza in chorus.

Wood-men Shepheards, come away,
This is Pans great holy-day,
Throw off cares,
With your heauen aspiring aires
Help vs to sing
While valleyes with your Ecchoes ring.

Nymphes that dwell within these groues,
Leave your Arbours, bring your loues,
gather poesies,
Crowne your golden haire with Roses,
As you passe
Foote like Fayries on the grasse.

Joy drowne our bowers, Philomel,
Leaue of Tereus rape to tell,
Let trees dance,
As they at Thracian Lire did once,
Mountaines play,
This is the Shepheardes holiday.

Dance. The song ended. Enter a mask of Satyres etc. and dance.
Enter a Shepheardesse with a white rod.

1 Shep. Post hence Satyres and give way,
For fairer soules to grace the day,
And this presence, whip the aire
With new rauishings, hence with care,
By the forelock hold Time fast,
Lest occasion slip too fast
Away from vs, joys here distill.
Pleasures all your bosones fill. Exit.

215 Nicholas Oldsworth An Eclogue between a Carter and a Shepherd

From Bod. MS Don.c.24, a book of poems by Nicholas Oldsworth, written between 1628 and 1634
while he was at Christ Church College, Oxford, and transcribed and presented long after to his wife.
Their daughter Margaret later filled many blank pages of the volume with recipes. Nicholas’s cousin
Michael Oldsworth, whose coming (to Oxford?) the poem celebrates, was fellow of Magdalen College,
Oxford, and later secretary to the Earls of Pembroke. This and other poems express Nicholas’s
dference to a successful relative with courtly connexions.

An eglogue betweene a Carter and a Sheapard, made on M[aste]r Mic[hael] Oldisworth’s
Comming into the country

Carter. Now a Botch take thee, Tom: where hast thou beene
These hundred yeares? why (man) you mightst have scene
One that shines braver then a Summer’s day;
I scarce know whom: but I heard Tahah say,
Not all the Horses in my landlord’s teeme
So many Vertues have, as are in Him;
The nobles bragge (hee says) and statesmen boast
That goodnesse amongst Courtyers is not lost.

1 Wood-men] Either shepherds or a separate category of forest-dwellers, perhaps the satyrs who enter
at 18.1. 13-14 Philomell ... Tereus] Philomela was raped by her brother-in-law Tereus and later
transformed into a nightingale. 16 Thracian Lire] Orpheus’ lyre. Orpheus came from Thrace. 18.2
white rod] no doubt a magic device to dispel evil. 20 fairer soules] The humans (chiefly ‘gentle’
stock) who enter after the satyrs. 21 presence] imposing or venerable company (see OED 4b, 5a).
Sheapard. Marry I thought 'twas somthing, when old Guerim
Left singing, and ranne home-wards. I could heare him
Downe in a Vallie, neare a little Brooke,
(As hee leant on the noddle of his crooke)
Such sorrowes from the Pleasures of the Yeare,
And there grieve most, where most hee ought to cheare.

A sheapard's Song.

"Thou happy Earth (quoth hee) though nipping Cold
Wrinkled thy skinne, and caus'd thee to looke old,
Though raging Windes did pierce thee, and the spight
Of hoary Raine did change thy greene to white,
Yet now againe fresh youth adornes thy face,
And blest Delight straws flows in every place;
But (woe to mee!) my sadd misfortunes bring
An endlesse Winter, without hope of Spring,
My sighes are alwaies blustering, and my head
With everlasting Frost and Snow is spredd:
Noe thawing Joy, noe Heate to ridd my heart
Of chill Despaire, noe Cure to ease my Smart.
Yee torrents, though your banks yee oft ore-passe,
And rudely wash away the meadow-Grasse,
Yet when warme Sunnes return, the grounds waxe drie,
And grow more fertile by your injurie;
But ah! my Teares, with their rebellious force,
Drowning my cheekes, doe never cease their course:
Or if they stopp a while, they onely shew mee
How wither'd I am, while they thus bedeaw mee.
The fields, though with the wounds of ploughs they bleed,
Are well apayd, when they newe Harvests breede;
But I, for all my pangs and restlesse minde,
Nought but a Croppé of Scorne and Hatred finde.
Fire dissolves pitch, and Water falling often
Melts stones; but neither her hard Breast will soften.
Wherefore both Fire and Water T'l consume,
And quench my hott affection with cold rheume."

Carter. Old Guerim is the Credit of our times:
Hee charmes his Sheepe with such transcendent rymes,
That hee drawes rural Nymphs from out their Bowers
To make him Garland of their sweetest flowers:
And heard-groomes, flocking round to hear his skill,
Thinke that his Layes are done too quickly still;
When hee beginnes, they seeme in mirth to flowe,
When hee concludes, they seeme to mourn for Woe.

Sheepheard. But in an angry moodo the foole forswore
To sing of Love and Beauty any more;
Hee shakes off Women, and applies his Penne
To paint the worthy acts of famous men:
Well are they spedd, whose Praises hee shall write,
Whose quill can nought but tarbox-lines endite.

Carter. Nay, Tom, believe mee, Guerim can doe well,
Tahah commendes him; and our Ralph can tell,
That gallant man, whom wee were speaking of,
His verses tooke, and did nor frown, nor scoffe:
I think, I have the Paper in my pocket;
Why dost thou laugh? I preethee doe not mock it.

A sheepheard's Complement.

"Accept our paines, great Sir, and daigne to read
Things simple, as the place where they were bredd.
What though wee cladd our meaning in low wordes?

57 tarbox-lines] lines fit for a shepherd, dipping his quill not in an inkwell but in the tarbox he carries to dress his sheep’s injuries.
Humilitie with highnesse best accordes.
Dales become mountaines, and the stouping neck
Suits fairest with the lofty lordling’s beck:
They doe but shew their dimnesse, which shine bright
To you, and to a Torch a Candle light;
Darknesse and shade most fitts the Sunne, since Hee
Besides himselfe sight-worthy nought can see.
Pan crown your mighty partes, Sir: you can doe
More than some Doctors, and some Captaines too:
Tut, you scorne trifles, you can write and reade,
And if you please, an Army you can leade;
But this to mee appears the strangest thing
That you can, when you list, behold the King.”

216 WILLIAM HERBERT, EARL OF PEMBROKE  A SONNET

First published posthumously in Herbert’s Poems (London, 1660). The elite extreme of the ‘shepherd’s invitation’ of which Marlowe’s ‘Come live with me’ provides the type. The setting is clearly the park surrounding a stately home, with grazing deer besides sheep and cattle.

A Sonnet.

Dear leave thy home and come with me,
That scorn the world for love of thee:
Here we will live within this Park,
A Court of joy and pleasures Ark.

Here we will hunt, here we will range,
Constant in Love, our sports wee’l change:
Of hearts if any change we make,
I will have thine, thou mine shal take.

Here we will walk upon the Lawns,
And see the tripping of the Fawns;
And all the Deer shall wait on thee,
Thou shalt command both them and me.

The Leaves a whispering noise shall make,
Their Musick-notes the birds shall take,
And while thou art in quiet sleep,
And the green wood shall silence keep.

And while my herds about thee feed,
Love’s lessons in thy face I’le read,
And feed upon thy lovely look,
For beauty hath no fairer book.

It’s not the weather, nor the air,
It is thy self that is so fair;
Nor doth it rain when heaven lowers,
But when you frown, then fall the showers.

One Sun alone moves in the skye,
Two Suns thou hast, one in each eye;
Onely by day that sun gives light,
Where thine doth rise, there is no night.

Fair starry twins, scorn not to shine
Upon my Lambs, upon my Kine;
My grass doth grow, my Corn and wheat,
My fruit, my vines thrive by their heat.

Sonnet] in the extended sense of any lyric, especially a love-song.
16 And] Perhaps a mistake for ‘All’, by eye-slip with ‘And’ in 15. eyes.
2 scorn] with ‘I’ as implicit subject.
32 their] of the twin ‘suns’ of the
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Thou shalt have wool, thou shalt have silk,
Thou shalt have honey, wine and milk;
Thou shalt have all, for all is due,
Where thoughts are free, and love is true. noble, generous (OED 3b)

217 Richard Fanshawe An Ode upon Occasion of His Majesty's Proclamation

Written in 1630, published 1647 with Fanshawe's translation of Guarini's Italian pastoral play Il pastor fido. The Thirty Years’ War had engulfed much of Europe. Fanshawe contrasts the peaceful state of England, though the poem’s occasion reflects political tensions. 1630 saw the last of several proclamations directing the landed aristocracy and gentry to stay in the countryside, to regulate and develop it properly and reduce pressure on the cities. The edict was widely unpopular, adding to the tension between the King and the political front nominally called the ‘Country’ party but increasingly influential at court.*

An Ode vpon occasion of His Majesties Proclamation in the yeare 1630. Commanding the Gentry to reside upon their Estates in the Country.

Now warre is all the world about,
And every where Erynnis raigned,
Or else the Torch so late put out,
The stench remains. i.e. smell of burning

Holland for many years hath beene
Of Christian tragedies the stage,
Yet seldom hath she play’d a Scene
Of bloudyer rage.

And France that was not long compos’d
With civill Drummes againe resounds,
And ere the old are fully clos’d
Receives new wounds.
The great Gustavus in the west
Plucks the Imperiall Eagles wing,
Than whom the earth did ne’re invest
A fiercer King, whom: Gustavus Adolphus

Revengeing lost Bohemia,
And the proud wrongs which Tilly dud,
And tempereth the German clay

With Spanish bloud,
What should I tell of Polish Bands,
And the blouds bowling in the North?
Gainst whom the furied Russians
Their Troops bring forth.

Both confident: This in his purse,

*See Isaac Disraeli, 'Buildings in the Metropolis, and Residence in the Country', citing this poem in full: Curiosities of Literature (1-vol. edn., New York: Leavitt & Allen, 1857), pp.361-4. 2 Erynnis] The Erinnyes or Furies, goddesses of retribution: mistaken as a single figure, or using a singular verb with plural subject. 3 Absolute construction: 'The torch being so late put out... 5 Holland] divided between Spanish (Catholic) possessions and an alliance of Protestant states, hence the site of prolonged religious war. 1629–30 saw heightened conflict followed by a political stalemate. 9 France] After the death of King Henri IV, originally a Protestant, the Huguenots or French Protestants felt threatened under the new king Louis XIII and broke out in rebellions. 11 the old] The conflict between Catholics and Protestants in France before Henri IV’s reign. 13 Gustavus] Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, who entered the Thirty Years’ War decisively on the Protestant side and won significant gains from the Catholic Ferdinand II, Holy Roman Emperor. 14 Eagle] the insignia of Imperial Rome and its notional successor, the Holy Roman Empire. 17 Bohemia] Its tolerant regime ended under the Catholic rule of Ferdinand II. The Protestant initiative under Gustavus Adolphus could be seen as a ‘revenge’ for this. 18 Tilly] Johann Tserclaes, Count of Tilly: Catholic leader active in Germany. Gustavus Adolphus checked his advance and later crushed him in the Battle of Breitenfeld (1631). 19-20 German clay ... Spanish bloud] Spanish forces in Italy moved west to capture much of Germany and threaten Protestant Netherlands. Gustavus opposed them, culminating in the Battle of Breitenfeld. 21-4 Prince Wladyslaw of Poland (nominally declared Tsar) invaded Russia and attempted to establish his rule there. 25-7 Although Russia (This) was in disarray, Tsarist wealth was still considerable. Till 1629, Poland (He) was in continual conflict with the Turkish Ottoman Empire, as with Russia. But This and He might also refer to Gustavus Adolphus and the Holy Roman Emperor respectively. A long purse and ‘needy valour’ certainly marked Gustavus, and the Habsburg emperors were in constant hostility with the Turks.
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And needy valour set on worke;
He in his Axe; which oft did worse
Th’ invading Turke
Who now sustaines a Persian storme:
There hell (that made it) suffers schisme.
This warre (forsooth) was to reforme
Mahumetisme.
Oney the Island which wee sowe,
(A world without the world) so farre
From present wounds, it cannot showe
An ancient skarre.
White Peace (the beautiful’t of things)
Seemeth here her everlasting rest
To fix, and spreads her downy wings
Over the nest.
As when great Jove usurping Reigne
From the plagu’d world did her exile
And ty’d her with a golden chaine
To one blest Isle:
Which in a sea of plenty swamme
And Turtles sang on ev’ry bowgh,
A safe retreat to all that came
As ours is now:
Yet wee, as if some foe were here,
Leave the despised Fields to clowns,
And come to save our selves as twere
In walled Townes.
Hither we bring Wives, Babes, rich clothes
And Gemms; Till now my Soveraigne
The growing evill doth oppose:
Counting in vaine
His care preserves us from annoy
Of enemies his Realmes to invade,
Vnlesse hee force us to enjoy
The peace hee made.
To rowle themselves in envy’d leisure
He therefore sends the Landed Heyres,
Whilst hee proclaimes not his owne pleasure
So much as theirs.
The sapp and bloud o’th land, which fled
Into the roote, and choakct the heart,
And bid their quickning pow’r to spread
Through ev’ry part.
O, ’twas an act, not for my muse
To celebrate, nor the dull Age
Vntill the country aire infuse
A purer rage!
And if the Fields as thankfull prove
For benefits receiv’d, as seed,
They will, to quite so great a love,
A Virgill breed.
A Tytirus, that shall not cease
Th’ Augustus of our world to praise
In equall verse, author of peace

courage called forth by need; motivated, activated
worst, defeat
endures, undergoes
cultivate, hence inhabit
outside
came: seeking refuge
as if the country were threatened by an enemy
rustics, peasants, boors
trouble, affliction (of foreign invasion)
roll: wrap, envelop
enlivening, vitalizing
inspiration, poetic frenzy
requisite, repay

28-32 The late 16-c and early 17-c saw repeated hostilities between the established Turkish and emergent Persian empires. The entrenched Christian view of Islam in that age. The Ottoman Turks were Sunni, the Safavid Persians Shiiite. 35-6 present ... skarre] It does not have even an old scar, let alone a present wound. 41 Jove usurping Reigne] Zeus or Jupiter seizing power from Saturn. England is seen as preserving the Saturnian or Golden Age. (Ovid, Met. 1.113-14). 65-8 Image of a tree whose sap has retreated to its roots, leaving the trunk or central part dry. 77 Tytirus, Augustus] In Virgil I, the shepherd Tityrus is usually taken as the poet, thanking the Emperor Augustus for his patronage.
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And Halcyon days.
    Nor let the Gentry grudge to goe
    Into those places whence they grew,
    But thinke them blest they may doe so.
    Who would pursue
    The smoaky glory of the Towne,
    That may goe till his native earth,
    And by the shining fire sit downe
    Of his owne hearth,
    Free from the gripping Scriveners bands,
    And the more byting Mercers books;
    Free from the bayt of oyled hands
    And painted looks?
    The country too ev’n choppes for raine:
    You that exhale it by your power
    Let the fat dropps fall downe againe
    In a full shoure.
    And you bright beautyes of the time,
    That waste your selves here in a blaze,
    Fixe to your Orbe and proper clime
    Your wandering rays.
    Let no darke corner of the land
    Be unimbellisht with one Gemme,
    And those which heretothick doest stand
    Sprinkle on them.
    Beleeve me Ladies you will finde
    In that sweet life, more solid joyes,
    More true contentment to the minde
    Than all Town-toyes.
    Nor Cupid there lesse bloud doth spill,
    But heads his shafts with chaster love,
    Not feathered with a Sparrowes quill
    But of a Dove.
    There shall you heare the Nightingale
    (The harmellesse Syren of the wood)
    How prettily she tells a tale
    Of rape and blood.
    The lyrricke larke, with all beside
    Of natures feathered quire: and all
    The Common-wealth of Flowres int’s pride
    Behold you shall.
    The Lillie (Queene) the (Royall) Rose,
    The Gillyflowre (Prince of the bloud)
    The (Courtyer) Tulip (gay in clothes)
    The (Regall Budd)
    The Vilet (purple Senatour)
    How they doe mock the pompe of State,

80 Halcyon dayes] calm peaceful days, like those at the winter solstice when the legendary bird halcyon was thought to nest on the calm sea. 85 smoaky] no doubt both literal and metaphorical, ironically evoking the literal meaning of glory: effulgence, ring of light (OED gc). 90 Mercers books] proverbial phrase for debts incurred by aristocrats for fine clothes and luxuries. Mercer] dealer in cloth. 91 oyled] Smeared with perfume or ointment, but with obvious metaphoric implication of hypocritical sycophancy. 93 raine] obviously metaphorical: relief. 98 blaze] like a comet or meteor, unlike the stars in their fixed orbits. 99 Orbe] The spheres in which heavenly bodies were thought to be set in Ptolemaic astronomy; hence the latter’s orbits. 102 Gemme] i.e. aristocratic women: they should be spread across the land instead of congregating at court. 104 sprinkle] shine, sparkle (OED sprinkle v) as well as ‘scatter, spread’. 109-112 i.e. There is love in the country, but of a chaster kind. 111 Sparrowes quill ... Dove] Both sparrow and dove were sacred to Venus. The sparrow was considered promiscuous, but the dove exemplified faithful love between partners. 114 Syren] Because of her sweet song, but harmellesse unlike the seductive Sirens who led mariners to destruction. 116 rape and blood] Philomela was transformed into a nightingale after being raped by her brother-in-law Tereus. 117 lyrricke] ‘given to song; singing’ (OED 2). 121-8 Continuing the motif of country life offering all courtly delights and gains, but in chaster or more virtuous form. 125 purple] colour reserved for patricians in Rome, hence all ruling classes or aristocrats.
And all that at the surly doore
Of great ones waite.
Plant Trees you may, and see them shoote
Vp with your Children, to be serv’d
To your cleane boards, and the fair’st Fruite
To be preserv’d:
And learne to use their several gummes,
healing or perfuming balm or sap
T’is Innocence in the sweet blood
Of Cherrye, Apricocks and Plummes
To be imbru’d.

218 Jasper Fisher  Songs from Fuimus Troes

A song from the play *Fuimus Troes*, acted at Magdalen College, Oxford, published in 1633. The play is set at the time of Julius Caesar’s invasion of Britain. The songs are sung by a ‘Chorus of [ancient Britons comprising]hue Bardes laureate, foure voyces, and an Harper’. Between the two songs comes the news of the Roman landing, followed by the appearance of Caesar’s emissary.

[First Song]

At the Spring
Birdes doe sing:
Now with high,
Then low cry:
Flat, acute;
And salute
The Sunne borne,
Euery morne.
All. Hees no Bard that cannot sing
The praises of the flowry Spring.
Flora Queene
All in greene,
Doth delight
To paint white,
And to spred
Cruell redd,
With a blew,
Colour true.
All. Hees no bard, &c.
Woods renew
Hunter’s hue. 10
Shepheard’s gray
Crownd with bay,
With his pipe
Care doth wipe,
Till he dreame
By the streame.
All. Hees no bard, &c.
Faithfull loues,
Turtle Doues,
Sit and bill,
On a hill.
Country Swaynes
On the plaines,
Runne and leape,
Turne and skip.
Run about as in sport or dance, ?turn somersaults.
All. Hees no bard, &c.

134 Innocence] as opposed to the violence of war. 12-17 green, white, redd, blew] Colours of spring flowers. Red is cruell as the colour of blood, green of hope, and blue of faith (hence true?). 29-30 birds and/or human lovers.
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Pan doth play
Care-away.

Fayries small
Two foote tall,
With caps red
On their head
Daunce around
On the ground,
All. Hees no bard, &c.

Phyllis bright
Cloath in white,
With necke faire,
Yellow haire:
Rockes doth moue
With her loue,
And make mild,
Tygers wild.
All. Hees no Bard that cannot sing
The praises of the flowry spring.

[Second Song]

Thus spend we time in laughter,
While peace and spring doe smile:
But I heare a sound of slaughter,

Draw neerer to our Ile.

Leaue then your wonted prattle,
The Oaten reed forbeare:
For I heare a sound of battell,
And Trumpets teare the ayre,

Let bag-pipes dye for want of wind,
Let Harpe be dumbe;
Let little Taber come behind:
For I heare the dreadfull drumme.

Let no Birds sing, no Lambkins daunce,
No fountaines murmuring goe:

Let Shepheards crooke be made a launc:
For the martill horns doe blow.

219 **Phineas Fletcher**  Piscatory Eclogue vii
The last of the Piscatory Eclogues appended to Fletcher’s *The Purple Island* (1633). As in Fletcher’s other works, the characters represent his Cambridge circle. Thomalin is John Tomkins, his contemporary at King’s College, Cambridge, later organist there and at St Paul’s, London. Thirsil is Fletcher himself. He left Cambridge in 1616 after conflict and bitterness, as testified in lines 48, 282 and in other poems. The poem pitches the shepherd of standard pastoral directly against the fisherman of its piscatory variant. This may represent a real encounter, or at least the general rivalry, between Cambridge and Oxford. The piscatory eclogues being set on the river Cam, the fishermen might represent Cambridge and the shepherds Oxford, close to the sheep-keeping Cotswolds. The possibility does not seem to have been noted, though Bouchard talks generally of “collegiate rivalries, both within and outside of the university.”

39 **Care-away** [a cry of merriment, or a merry person or reveller; here perhaps a game.  57, 59 **laughter, slaughter**] The old pronunciations allow a rough rhyme. (See Alexander Ellis, *On Early English Pronunciation*, Pt.III, London: Trubner, 1871, pp.viii, 963.)

Eclog. VII.
The PRIZE.
Thrisil, Daphnis, Thomalin.

Aurora from old Tithon's frosty bed
(Cold, wintry, wither'd Tithon) early creeps;
Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red;
Out of her window close she blushing peeps;
Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steeps,
Casting what sportless nights she ever led:
She dying lives, to think he's living dead.
    Curs'd be, and cursed is that wretched fire,
That yokes green youth with age, want with desire.
Who ties the sunne to snow? or marries frost to fire?

The morn saluting, up I quickly rise,
And to the green I poste; for on this day
Shepherd and fisher-boys had set a prize,
Upon the shore to meet in gentle fray,
Which of the two should sing the choicest lay;
Daphnis the shepherds lad, whom Mira's eyes
Had kill'd; yet with such wound he gladly dies:
    Thomalin the fisher, in whose heart did reigne
Stella; whose love his life, and whose disdain
Seems worse then angry skyes, or never quiet main.

There soon I view the merry shepherd-swains
March three by three, clad all in youthfull green:
And while the sad recorder sweetly plains,
Three lovely Nymphs (each several row between,
More lovely Nymphs could no where els be seen,
Whose faces snow their snowy garments stains)
With sweeter voices fit their pleasing strains.
    Their flocks flock round about; the horned rammes
And ewes go silent by, while wanton lambes
Dancing along the plains, forget their milky dammes.

Scarce were the shepherds set, but straight in sight
The fisher-boys came driving up the stream;
Themselves in blue, and twenty sea-nymphs bright
In curios robes, that well the waves might seem:
All dark below, the top like frothy cream:
Their boats and masts with flowers, and garlands dight;
And round the swannes guard them with armies white:
    Their skiffes by couples dance to sweetest sounds,
With which running cornets breath to full plain grounds,
That strikes the rivers face, and thence more sweet rebounds.

And now the Nymphs and swains had took their place;
First those two boyes; Thomalin the fishers pride,
Daphnis the shepherds; Nymphs their right hand grace;
And choicest swains shut up the other side:
So sit they down in order fit appli'd;
    Thrisil betwixt them both, in middle space:
(Thrisil their judge, who now's a shepherd base,
But late a fisher-swain, till envious Chame
Had rent his nets, and sunk his boat with shame;
So robb'd the boyes of him, and him of all his game).

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1 Aurora] goddess of the dawn. Married to Tithonus, who was gifted with immortality but not with eternal youth: hence Aurora's frustration as described here. 8 fire] love, sexual ardour (Aurora's for Tithonus).

24 each several row between] in alternating rows with the shepherds.

39 ground] 'The plain-song or melody on which a descant is raised' (OED 6c).

47 now's a shepherd base] Unable to obtain a permanent position at Cambridge, Fletcher became a clergyman (metaphorically shepherd) in Derbyshire and then Norfolk.
So as they sit, thus \textit{Thirsil}’ gins the lay; 

\textit{Thirsil}. You lovely boyes, (the woods, and Oceans pride) 
Since I am judge of this sweet peacefull fray,  
First tell us, where, and when your Loves you spied: 
And when in long discourse you well are tried, 
Then in short verse by turns we’l gently play: 
In love begin, in love we’l end the day. 
\textit{Daphnis}, thou first; to me you both are deare: 
Ah, if I might, I would not judge, but heare: 

Nought have I of a judge, but an impartiall care. 

\textit{Daphnis. Phœbus}, if as thy words, thy oaths are true;   
Give me that verse which to the honour’d bay  
(That verse which by thy promise now is due)  
To honour’d \textit{Daphne} in a sweet tun’d lay  
(\textit{Daphne} thy chang’d, thy love unchange d aye)  
Thou sангest late, when she now better staid, 
More humane when a tree, then when a maid, 
Bending her head, thy love with gentle signe repaid. 

What tongue, what thought can paint my Loves perfection? 

So sweet hath nature pourtray’d every part,  
That art will prove that artists imperfection,  
Who, when no eye dare view, dares limme her face. \textit{Phœbus}  
In vain I call thy help to blaze  
More light then thine, a light that never fell:  
Thou tell’st what’s done in heav’n, in earth, and hell:  
Her worth thou mayst admire; there are no words to tell.  

She is like thee, or thou art like her, rather:  
Such as her hair, thy beams; thy single light,  
As her twin-sunnes: that creature then, I gather,  
Twice heav’nly is, where two sunnes shine so bright:  
So thou, as she, confound’st the gazing sight:  
Thy absence is my night; her absence hell.  
Since then in all thy self she doth excell, 
What is beyond thy self, how canst thou hope to tell?  

First her I saw, when tir’d with hunting toyl,  
In shady grove spent with the weary chace,  
Her naked breast lay open to the spoil;  
The crystal humour trickling down apace,  
Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast enlace:  
\textit{Phoebe} (my rivall aire) did coolly glide  
Through every part: such when my Love I sp’ld,  
So soon I saw my Love, so soon I lov’d, and di’d.  

Her face two colours paint; the first a flame,  
(Yet she all cold) a flame in rosie die,  
Which sweetly blushes like the mornings shame:  
The second snow, such as on Alps doth lie,  
And safely there the sunne doth bold defe:  
Yet this cold snow can kindle hot desire.  
Thou miracle; mar’l not, if I admire, 

How flame should coldly freez, and snow should burn as fire. 

\begin{itemize} 
\item \textbf{61} Phœbus\textemdash; Apollo, god of poetry and song. \textbf{62} bay\textemdash; laurel, the plant to which \textit{Daphne} (64), pursued by Apollo, was changed. \textbf{65} chang’d\textemdash; metamorphosed (into a laurel), though Apollo’s love for her remains ‘unchanged’. \textbf{73} blaze\textemdash; (a) enflame, set alight (b) blazon: describe, proclaim, celebrate. \textbf{77} thee\textemdash; Apollo, i.e. the sun. The comparisons that follow (as in 93-100) are Petrarchan commonplaces. \textbf{81} confound’st\textemdash; (a) dazzles (b) bewilders (by presenting two suns). \textbf{87} to the spoil\textemdash; to being viewed and enjoyed, like spoil or plunder. \textbf{95} like the mornings shame\textemdash; putting the morning sunlight to shame. 
\end{itemize}
Her slender waste, her hand, that dainty breast,
Her cheek, her forehead, eye, and flaming hair,
And those hid beauties, which must sure be best,
In vain to speak, when words will more impair:
Of all the fairs she is the fairest fair.

Cease then vain words; well may you shew affection,
But not her worth: the minde her sweet perfection
Admires: how should it then give the lame tongue direction?

Thomalin. Unlesse thy words be fiting as thy wave,
Proteus, that song into my breast inspire,
With which the seas (when loud they rore and rave)
Thou softly charm'st, and windes intestine ire
(When 'gainst heav'n, earth, and seas they did conspire)
Thou quiet laid'st: Proteus, thy song to heare,
Seas listening stand, and windes to whistle fear;
The lively Delphins dance, and brisly Seales give eare.

Stella, my starre-like love, my lovely starre:
Her hair a lovely brown, her forehead high,
And lovely fair; such her cheeks roses are:
Lovely her lip, most lovely is her eye:
And as in each of these all love doth lie,
So thousand loves within her minde retirring,
Kindle ten thousand loves with gentle firing,
And let me love my Love, not live in loves admiring!

At Proteus feast, where many a goodly boy,
And many a lovely lasse did lately meet;
There first I found, there first I lost my joy:
Her face mine eye, her voice mine eare did greet;
While eare and eye strove which should be most sweet,
That face, or voice: but when my lips at last
Saluted hers, those senses strove as fast,
Which most those lips did please; the eye, eare, touch, or taste.

The eyes sweare, never fairer lip was eyed;
The eare with those sweet relishes delighted,
Thinks them the sphaeares; the taste that nearer tried
Their relish sweet, the soul to feast invited;
The touch, with pressure soft more close united,
Wisleth ever there to dwell; and never cloyed,
(While thus their joy too greedy they enjoyed)
Enjoy'd not half their joy, by being overjoyed.

Her hair all dark more clear the white doth show,
And with its night her faces morn commendcs:
Her eye-brow black, like to an ebon bow
Which sporting Love upon her forehead bends,
And thence his never-missing arrow sends.
But most I wonder how that jetty ray,
Which those two blackest sunnes do fair display,
Should shine so bright, and night should make so sweet a day.

So is my love an heav'n; her hair a night:
Her shining forehead Dian's silver light:
Her eyes the starres; their influence delight:

110 Proteus] a sea-god of changeable shape. 117 Stella] Here Fletcher retains this name for Thomalin's beloved, though in Ecl. VI 'Stella' in the ms is changed to 'Melite' in the printed text. See Abram Barnett Langdale, Phineas Fletcher, Man of Letters, Science and Divinity, New York: Columbia University Press, p.84, starre-like punning on 'Stella', literally a star. 120 Let me enjoy Stella's love, not simply admire or wonder at her from afar. 134-6 Pun: relishes a kind of musical embellishment (OED relish n3). relish taste, savour. 143-5 Another conventional conceit: the beloved's arched eyebrow is like Cupid's bow, her glances being the arrows. 150 Dian's silver light the moon. Diana is goddess of the moon as well as of chastity. 151 influence] In astrology, the fluid supposedly 'in-flowing' from the stars to affect human lives.
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Her voice the sphears; her cheeks Aurora bright:
Her breast the globes, where heav’n’s path milkie-white
Runnes ‘twixt those hills: her hand (Arions touch)
As much delights the eye, the eare as much.
Such is my Love, that, but my Love, was never such.

Thrisil. The earth her robe, the sea her swelling tide;
The trees their leaves, the moon her divers face;
The starres their courses, flowers their springing pride;
Dayes change their length, the Sunne his daily race:
Be constant when you love; Love loves not ranging:
Change when you sing; Muses delight in changing.

Daphnis. Pan loves the pine-tree; Jove the oak approves;
High populars Alcides temples crown:
Phæbus, though in a tree, still Daphne loves,
And hyacinths, though living now in ground:
Shepherds, if you your selves would victours see,
Girt then this head with Phæbus flower and tree.

Thomalin. Alcinous peares, Pomona apples bore:
Bacchus the vine, the olive Pallas chose:
Venus loves myrtils, myrtils love the shore:
Venus Adonis loves, who freshly blowes,
Yet breathes no more: weave, lads, with myrtils, roses
And bay, and hyacinth the garland loses.

Daphnis. Mira, thine eyes are those twin-heav’nly powers,
Which to the widowed earth new offspring bring:
No marvel then, if still thy face so flowers,
And cheeks with beauteous blossomes freshly spring:
So is thy face a never-fading May:
So is thine eye a never-falling day.

Thomalin. Stella, thine eyes are those twin-brothers fair,
Which tempests slake, and promise quiet seas:
No marvel then if thy brown shadie hair,
Like night, portend sweet rest and gentle ease.
Thus is thine eye an ever-calming light:
Thus is thy hair a lovers ne’r-spent night.

Daphnis. If sleepy poppies yield to lilies white;
If black to snowy lambes; if night to day;
If Western shades to fair Aurora’s light;
Stella must yeeld to Mira’s shining ray.
In day we sport, in day we shepherds toy:
The night, for wolves; the light, the shepherds joy.

Thomalin. Who white-thorn equals with the violet?
What workman rest compares with painful light?
Who weares the glaring glasse, and scorns the jet?
Day yeeld to her, that is both day and night.
In night the fishers thrive, the workmen play;
Love loves the night; night’s lovers holy-day.

152 the sphears] In Ptolemaic astronomy, the stars and planets were embedded in concentric crystalline spheres that made sweet music as they revolved. 154 Arions] a legendary musician. Stella’s hand plays music as skilfully, and also pretty to the eye. 156 that... such] i.e. there was never another like her. 161 Love] Cupid, the god of love. 163 pine-tree] The pine, or more strictly fir, was sacred to Pan. approves] ?favours. The oak is sacred to Jove or Jupiter. 165 though in a tree] referring to Daphne. See 62n. 166 hyacinths] The youth Hyacinthus, changed into a hyacinth, was also loved by Apollo. 168 Phæbus flower and tree] the hyacinth and the laurel. 169 Alcinous] the ruler of the Phaiakians in the Odyssey. His rich orchard (Od. 7.112-32) contains pears among many other fruit trees. Pomona] goddess of trees and orchards. 170 olive] Pallas or Athena is said to have given the olive plant to Athens. 172 blowes] blooms: Adonis was transformed into the anemone. 174 garland losses] a garland of praise or celebration (OED lose n’, praise). 193-6 Thomalin praises dark things in view of his beloved’s dark hair and eyes. 195 jet] semi-precious stone, better than glass. glaring] shiny, tawdry.
Daphnis. Fly thou the seas, fly farre the dangerous shore:
   Mira, if thee the king of seas should spie,
   He'll think Medusa (sweeter then before)
   With fairer hair, and double fairer eye,
   Is chang'd again; and with thee ebbing low,
   In his deep courts again will never flow.

Thomalin. Stella, avoid both Phæbus eare, and eye:
   His musick he will scorn, if thee he heare;
   Thee Daphne, (if thy face by chance he spie)
   Daphne now fairer chang'd, he'll rashly sweare:
   And viewing thee, will later rise and fall;
   Or viewing thee, will never rise at all.

Daphnis. Phæbus and Pan both strive my love to gain,
   And seek by gifts to winne my carelesse heart;
   Pan vows with lambes to fill the fruitfull plain;
   Apollo offers skill, and pleasing art:
   But Stella, if thou grant my suit, a kisse;
   Phæbus and Pan their suit, my love, shall misse.

Thomalin. Proteus himself, and Glaucus seek unto me;
   Both strive to winne, but I them both despie:
   For if my Love my love will entertain,
   Proteus himself, and Glaucus seek in vain.

Daphnis. Two twin, two spotted lambes, (my songs reward)
   With them a cup I got, where Jove assumed where: painted or carved on the cup
   New shapes, to mock his wives too jealous guard;
   Full of Joves fires it burns still unconsumed:
   But Mira, if thou gently deigne to shine,
   Thine be the cup, the spotted lambes be thine.

Thomalin. A pair of swannes are mine, and all their train;
   With them a cup, which Thetis self bestowed,
   As she of love did heare me sadly plain;
   A pearled cup, where Nectar off hath flowed:
   But if my Love will love the gift, and giver;
   Thine be the cup, thine be the swannes for ever.

Daphnis. Thrice happy swains! thrice happy shepherds fate!
Thomalin. Ah blessed life! ah blessed fishers state!
   Your pipes asswage your love; your nets maintain you.
Daphnis. Your lambkins clothe you warm; your flocks sustain you:
   You fear no stormie seas, nor tempests roaring.
Thomalin. You sit not rots or burning starres deploring:
   In calms you fish; in roughs use songs and dances.
Daphnis. More do you fear your Loves sweet-bitter glances,
   Then certain fate, or fortune ever changing.
Thomalin. Ah that the life in seas so safely ranging,
   Should with loves weeping eye be sunk, and drown'd!
Daphnis. The shepherds life Phæbus a shepherd crown'd,

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200-201 According to one legend, Medusa was once beautiful, and beloved of Poseidon or Neptune (the king of seas); Athena later changed her into a fearsome Gorgon. Neptune might consider Mira to be Medusa restored to, or bettering, her original beauty. 203-4 i.e. Neptune will withdraw with Mira to the depths of the sea and not reappear. 209-10 Apollo the sun-god will either make the sun rise and set late, or not rise at all. 217 Glaucus a sea-god, specially revered by fishermen and sailors. 224-5 The cup is adorned with the stories of Jove's metamorphoses to attain the various women he loved. 226 The cup appears to be of adamant, a vaguely defined substance combining hardness with magnetism and thus resistant to lightning (Joves fires). 227 if ye deign to shine on me gently (favourably): continuing the sun image for Mira. 229 train? the cygnets following their parents. 230 Thetis a sea-goddess: one of the Nereids, mother of Achilles. 237 asswage? soothe, comfort (the pains of love). 240 burning starres? comets and meteors, presaging bad weather. 244-5 Another commonplace: the lover's tears out-flood the sea.
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His snowy flocks by stately Peneus leading. flowing majestically
Thomalin. What herb was that, on which old Glaucus feeding, adds to their number
Grows never old, but now the gods augmenteth?

250 Daphnis. Delia her self her rigour hard relenteth:
To play with shepherds boy she’s not ashamed.
Thomalin. Venus, of frothy seas thou first wast framed;
The waves thy cradle: now Love’s Queen art named.

Daphnis. Thou gentle boy, what prize may well reward thee?
So slender gift as this not half requites thee. poor, inadequate
May prosperous starres, and quiet seas regard thee;
But most, that pleasing starre that most delights thee:
May Proteus still and Glaucus dearest hold thee;
But most, her influence all safe infold thee:

260 May she with gentle beams from her faire speheare behold thee.

Thomalin. As whistling windes’gainst rocks their voices tearing;
As rivers through the valleys softly gliding;
As haven after cruel tempests fearing:
Such, fairest boy, such is thy verses sliding.
Thine be the prize: may Pan and Phoebus grace thee;
Most, whom thou most admir’st, may she embrace thee;
And flaming in thy love, with snowy arms enlase thee.

Thirsil. You lovely boyes, full well your art you guided;
That with your striving songs your strife is ended:
270 And by no judge can your award be mended.
Then since the prize for onely one intended.
You both refuse, we justly may reserve it,
And as your offering in Love’s temple serve it;
Since none of both deserve, when both so well deserve it.

Yet, for such songs should ever be rewarded,
Daphnis, take thou this hook of ivory clearest, sheep-hook
Giv’n me by Pan, when Pan my verse regarded:
This fears the wolf, when most the wolf thou fearest.

280 But thou, my Thomalin, my love, my dearest,
Take thou this pipe, which off proud storms restrained;
Which, spite of Chamus spite, I still retained:
Was never little pipe more soft, more sweetly plained.

And you, fair troop, if Thirsil you disdain not,
Vouchsafe with me to take some short reftection: light meal
Excesse, or daints my lowly roofs maintain not;
Pearres, apples, plumpes, no sugred made confection.
So up they rose, and by Love’s sweet direction consort, keep company
Sea-nymphs with shepherds sort; sea-boyes complain not

290 That wood-nymphs with like love them entertain not.
And all the day to songs and dances lending,
Too swift it runnes, and spends too fast in spending.
With day their sports began, with day they take their ending.

247 Peneus] the chief river of Tempe, a region favoured by Phoebus or Apollo. Apollo tended the flocks of Admetus, king of Thessaly: Tempe is in northern Thessaly. 248 Glaucus, originally a human, became immortal by eating a magic herb sown by Cronos or Saturn. 250 Delia] Artemis or Diana: she fell in love with the shepherd Endimion. 252 Venus was born from the sea. 257 that pleasing starre] i.e. Stella (literally ‘star’), his beloved. 258 her faire speheare] continuing the star imagery: Stella, the star, occupies the sphere of the stars as postulated in Ptolemaic astronomy. See 152n. 261 A surprising comparison. Its point may be the safety and shelter afforded by rocks in a storm. 281 proud storms restrained] Its music calmed tempests. 282 Chamus spite] Fletcher also speaks of ‘spiteful Chame’ in ‘To Thomalin’ in Poetical Miscellanies. Both he and his father, Giles Fletcher the Elder, failed to obtain permanent fellowships there. Fletcher’s grief and disappointment are expressed at length in Eclogue II. 283 There was never a little pipe that lamented (of love) more softly or sweetly.
**220 Phineas Fletcher**  

to My Beloved Thenot in Answer of His Verse

From *Poeticall Miscellanies*, the last section of Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island* volume (1633). Features Fletcher's Cambridge circle under pastoral names, often also found in *The Purple Island*. Thenot (also appearing in *The Purple Island* VI.5) cannot be identified. Langdale suggests he is Francis Quarles, Fletcher's younger contemporary at Cambridge.* In a prefatory poem (perhaps the 'verse' of the title) to *The Purple Island*, Quarles addresses Fletcher as the 'Spencer of this age' – a compliment Fletcher may be modestly declining in 9–to below. The last stanza may be a response to another prefatory poem, by an 'A. C.' generally taken as Abraham Cowley.

To my beloved Thenot in answer of his verse.

Thenot my deare, how can a lofty hill  
To lowly shepherds thoughts be rightly fitting?  
An humble dale well fits with humble quill:  
There may I safely sing, all fearlesse sitting,  
My Fusca's eyes, my Fusca's beauty dittying;  
My loved lonenesse, and hid Muse enjoying:  
Yet should'st thou come, and see our simple toying,  
Well would fair Thenot like our sweet retired joying.  

But if my Thenot love my humble vein,  
(Too lowly vein) ne're let him Colin call me;  
He, while he was, was (ah!) the choicest swain,  
That ever grac'd a reed: what e'er befall me,  
Or Myrtil, (so 'fore Fusca fair did thrall me,  
Most was I know'n) or now poore Thrissil name me,  
Thrissil, for so my Fusca pleases frame me:  
But never mounting Colin; Colin's high stile will shame me.

Two shepherds I adore with humble love;  
Th' high-towing swain, that by slow Mincius waves  
His well-grown wings at first did lowly prove,  
Where Corydon's sick love full sweetly raves;  
But after sung bold Turnus daring braves:  
And next our nearer Colin's sweetest strain;  
Most, where he most his Rosalind doth plain.  
Well may I after look, but follow all in vain.

Why then speaks Thenot of the honour'd Bay?  
Apollo's self, though fain, could not obtain her;  
She at his melting songs would scorn to stay,  
Though all his art he spent to entertain her:  
Wilde beasts he tam'd, yet never could detain her.  
Then sit we here within this willow glade:  
Here for my Thenot I a garland made  
With purple violets, and lovely myrtil shade.

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  5 Fusca 'the brown one'. Fletcher refers to his brunette love elsewhere too, e.g. in ‘To Master W. C.’ and ‘To E. C. in Cambridge, my sonne by the University’ in *Poeticall Miscellanies*, and the Latin eclogue ‘Fusca’ in *Sylvapoetica*. Langdale (pp.48–51) identifies her as Lady Elizabeth Colpeper of Hollingbourn, Kent, where Fletcher spent holidays.  
  6 hid Muse Grosart sees a reference to Fletcher’s authorship (now generally accepted) of *Britain’s Ida*, published in Spenser’s name.  
  7 should’st thou come] if you should come.  
  10 Colin] Spenser. The attribution of *Britain’s Ida* to Spenser (see 6n) might have led to the identification.  
  17-24 Close parallel in *The Purple Island* VI.5.  
  19 lowly] i.e. in pastoral. Virgil’s Eclogues provided the model for starting a poetic career with pastoral.  
  20 In Virgil II, traditionally thought the earliest of the Eclogues.  
  21 bold ... braces] in the *Aeneid*. Turnus was Aeneas’ chief opponent.  
  22 nearer] closer, geographically and in time.  
  23 Rosalind] Colin’s beloved in Spenser’s *SC*.  
  24 plain] complain (of her cruelty in love).  
  26 her] i.e. Daphne, who escaped Apollo’s pursuit by changing into a laurel or bay tree.
Extracts from the pastoral framework of *The Purple Island* (1633), Phineas Fletcher’s curious allegorical account of the human body. Besides presenting a typical pastoral setting and some philosophic and metaphorical pastoral topos (including Christ as shepherd), the first passage is markedly autobiographical, with Fletcher as the young shepherd-poet Thirsil, and other shepherds standing for his Cambridge circle. The seven-line stanza, with closing alexandrine, adapts the nine-line stanza of Fletcher’s master Spenser.

(A) Canto I Stanzas 1-9, 16-22, 28-33.

The warmer Sun the golden Bull outran,
And with the Twins made haste to inne and play: inn, lodge, rest
Scatt ring ten thousand flowres, he new began
To paint the world, and piece the length ning day: make up, constitute
(Theworld more aged by new youths accrewing)
Ah wretched man this wretched world pursuing,
Which still grows worse by age, and older by renewing!
The shepherd-boyes, who with the Muses dwell,
Met in the plain their May-lords new to chuse,
(For two they yearly chuse) to order well
Their rurall sports, and yeare that next ensues:
Now were they sat, where by the orchyard walls
The learned Chame with stealing water crawls,
And lowly down before that royall temple falls.
Among the rout they take two gentle swains,
Whose sprouting youth did now but greenly bud: company, gathering
Well could they pipe and sing; but yet their strains
Were onely known unto the silent wood:
Their nearest bloud from self same fountains flow,
Their souls self same in nearer love did grow:
So seem’d two joyn’d in one, or one disjoyn’d in two.

Now when the shepherd-lads with common voice
Their first consent had firmly ratif’d,
A gentle boy thus ’gan to wave their choice;
Thirsil, (said he) though yet thy Muse untr’d
Hath onely learn’d in private shades to feigne
Soft sighs of love unto a loosier strain,
Or thy poore Thelgons wrong in mournfull verse to plain;
Yet since the shepherds-swains do all consent
To make thee lord of them, and of their art;
And that choice lad (to give a full content)
Hath joyn’d with thee in office, as in heart;
Wake, wake thy long (thy too long) sleeping Muse,
And thank them with a song, as is the use:
Such honour thus conferr’d thou mayst not well refuse.

Sing what thou list, be it of Cupids spite,
(And lovely spite, and spitefull loneliness!
Or Gemma’s grief, if sadder be thy spryte:

1-2 Twins] Taurus and Gemini, where the sun lodges between April and June. 5 new youth’s accrewing] increase in the young population: an ironic sign of the passage of time. 11 and yeare] object of to order: ‘the (current) sports, and (the activities of) the following year’. 12 orchyard] variant form current 15-c to 19-c. 14 royall temple] probably King’s College, Cambridge, where Fletcher studied. 19 Their nearest ... flow] presumably Phineas and his brother Giles (the Younger), though the latter went to Trinity College, not King’s. 24 wave] by way of signal conveying their decision (OED 10a, noted only from 1810, but cf. 7a, 7b). 25 Thirsil] Fletcher’s pastoral name here and elsewhere. 30 Their nearest ... flow] presumably Phineas and his brother Giles (the Younger), though the latter went to Trinity College, not King’s. 27 wave] by way of signal conveying their decision (OED 10a, noted only from 1810, but cf. 7a, 7b). 25 Thirsil] Fletcher’s pastoral name here and elsewhere. 38 Gemma’s grief] In Fletcher’s poem “To my ever honoured Cousin W[alter] R[obarts] Esquire”, Gemma is Robarts’s wife Margaret. This line implies Robarts is dead.
Begin, thou loved swain, with good success.
   Ah, (said the bashfull boy) such wanton toyes
   A better minde and sacred vow destroyes,
Since in a higher love I settled all my joyes.

New light new love, new love new life hath bred;
A life that lives by love, and loves by light:
A love to him, to whom all loves are wed;
A light, to whom the Sunne is darkest night:
   Eyes light, hearts love, souls onely life he is:
   Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are his:
He eye, light, heart, love, soul; he all my joy, and blisses.

But if you deigne my ruder pipe to heare,
   (Rude pipe, unus’d,untun’d, unworthy hearing)
These infantine beginnings gently bear,
Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.
   But you, O Muses, by soft Chamus sitting,
   (Your daintie songs unto his murmures fitting,
Which bears the under-song unto your cheerfull dittyng:)

Tell me, ye Muses, what our father-ages
Have left succeeding times to play upon:
What now remains unthought on by those Sages,
Where a new Muse may trie her pineon?
   What lightning Heroes, like great Peleus heir,
   (Darting his beams through our hard-frozen aire)
May stirre up gentle heat, and vertues wane repair?

Happy, thrice happy times in silver age!
When generous plants advanc’t their lofty crest;
When honour stoopt to be learn’d wisdomes page;
When baser weeds starv’d in their frozen nest;
   When th’highest flying Muse still highest climbes;
   And vertues rise keeps down all rising crimes.

Happy, thrice happy age! happy, thrice happy times!

But wretched we, to whom these iron daies,
   (Hard daies) afford nor matter, nor reward!
Sings Maro? men deride high Maro’s layes;
   Their hearts with lead, with steel their sense is barr’d:
   Sing Linus, or his father, as he uses,
   Our Midas eares their well tun’d verse refuses.
What cares an asse for arts? he brayes at sacred Muses.

But if fond Bavius vent his clowted song,
   patched-up, botched
Or Mævius chaunt his thoughts in brothell charm;
The witlesse vulgar, in a numerous throng,
Like summer flies about their dunghills swarm:

42-49 higher love] Suggests a recent religious awakening in Fletcher, but may simply refer to his taking religious orders. Cf. 148-9. 45 to whom... wed] The devout soul (like the congregation of such souls, the Church) is considered the bride of Christ. 56 under-song] a subsidiary song accompanying the main one. 57 father-ages] (a) earlier times (b) specifically, our fathers’ times. 59 What theme have the wise poets of old untreated, for a young poet to attempt today? 60 trie her pineon] test her wings. 61 Peleus’ heir] Achilles. 64 silver age] Interestingly, not the Golden, though it was a common pastoral topos that shepherds’ lives preserve or reflect that age. 66-7 When rank and power yielded place to learning, and inferior people could not flourish. 67 starv’d] died of cold (OED 5). 68 climbes] The present tense for a vanished era prob. dictated by the rhyme. 73 Maro] Virgil (Publius Virgilius Maro). 75 Linus] originally a harvest god, but closely associated with song. his father] Apollo the god of music, by one influential tradition. 76 Midas eares] King Midas grew ass’ s ears for preferring Pan’s songs to Apollo’s. 78-9 Bavius, Mævius] Bad poets and malicious critics who attacked Virgil (III.90) and Horace (Epode 16.2, naming Maevius only). brothell] worthless, rascally (OED brothel C1, citing this passage), but suggesting crude sexual themes.
They sneer, they grinne. Like to his like will move.
Yet never let them greater mischief prove
Then this, Who hates not one, may he the other love.

Witnessse our Colin; whom though all the Graces,
And all the Muses nurst; whose well taught song
Parnassus’ self, and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn’d, and all the shepherds throng;
Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deni’d;
Discourag’d, scorn’d, his writings vilifi’d:
Poorly (poore man) he liv’d; poorly (poore man) he di’d.
And had not that great Hart, (whose honour’d head
Ah lies full low) piti’d thy wouf full plight;
There hadst thou lien unwipt, unburied,
Unblest, nor grac’t with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe shall sink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whose fame shall stink;
And time his blacker name shall blurre with blackest ink.

O let th’Iambick Muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
Let thy abused honour crie as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade:
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn’d,
Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorn’d,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn’d!

Oft therefore have I chid my tender Muse;
Oft my chill breast beats off her fluttering wing:
Yet when new spring her gentle rayes infuse,
All storms are laid, I ’gin to chirp and sing:
At length soft fires disperst in every vein,
Yeeld open passage to the thronging train,
And swelling numbers tide rolls like the surging main.

But (ah!) let me under some Kentish hill
Neare rowling Medway’ mung my shepherd peers,
With fearless merrie-make, and piping still,
Securely passe my few and slow-pac’d yeares:
While yet the great Augustus of our nation
Shuts up old Janus in this long cessation,
Strength’nin our pleasing ease, and gives us sure vacation.

There may I, master of a little flock,
Feed my poore lambes, and often change their fare:
My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,

84 who hates ... love [Said of Bavius and Maevius in Virgil III.90.
85 Colin] Spenser’s pastoral name (as noted in margin of original). Reports of Spenser’s eventual poverty and distress seem exaggerated. He had a pension, some worldly support, and ample recognition as a poet. His body was carried to Westminster Abbey by poets who cast verses and pens in his grave.
87 Glorian] Gloriana, i.e. Queen Elizabeth. embrace ‘accept gladly or eagerly’ (OED embrace v.2d); value, cherish.
92 that great Hart] the Earl of Essex, who paid for Spenser’s funeral. Called a ‘dear-loved hart’ in Fletcher’s ‘To my ever honoured Cousin W. R. Esquire’.
96 great foe] probably William Cecil, Lord Treasurer. Spenser satirizes him and his son Robert in Mother Hubbard’s Tale. In retaliation, Cecil is said to have induced the Queen to reduce Spenser’s pension.
97 Neither William nor Robert Cecil was buried in the mountains. Perhaps mountainous, unlike the alleged sparseness of Spenser’s burial. A heavy tomb would suit sink (96).
99 th’Iambick Muse] satiric poetry. Classical satire was written in iambics.
100 sheets of lead] In costly burials, bodies were wrap in lead before placing in the coffin. This does not suit Fletcher’s account of Spenser’s funeral.
103 Let the force of your censure be turned against him.
113 Kentish hill] Kent was Fletcher’s native county. The Medway (114) flows through Kent.
117 Augustus of our nation] Charles I.
118 Janus] two-faced god of doorways and of beginnings and endings, hence god of the new year. The peace of James’s reign does not change with the years.
122 sparing stock] limited household resources.
And nurse my little ones with pleasing care;
Whose love and look shall speak their father plain.
Health be my feast, hea’n hope, content my gain:
So in my little house my lesser heart shall reign.

The beech shall yeld a cool safe canopie,
While down I sit, and chaunt to th’ echoing wood:
Ah singing might I live, and singing die!

So by fair Thames, or silver Medwayes floud,
The dying swan, when yeares her temples pierce,
In musick strains breathes out her life and verse;
And chaunting her own dirge tides on her watry herse.

What shall I then need seek a patron out,
Or begge a favour from a mistris’ eyes,
To fence my song against the vulgar rout,
Or shine upon me with her Geminies?

What care I, if they praise my slender song?
Or reck I, if they do me right, or wrong?

A shepherds blisse nor stands nor falls to ev’ry tongue.

Great prince of shepherds, then thy hea’n’s more high,
Low as our earth, here serving, ruling there;
Who taught’st our death to live, thy life to die;
Who when we broke thy bonds, our bonds would’st bear;
Who reignedst in thy hea’n, yet felt’st our hell;
Who (God) bought’st man, whom man (though God) did fell;
Who in our flesh, our graves, (and worse) our hearts would’st dwell:

Great Prince of shepherds, thou who late didst deigne
To lodge thy self within this wretched breast,
(Most wretched breast such guest to entertain,
Yet oh most happy lodge in such a guest!)

Thou first and last, inspire thy sacred skill;
Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artlesse quill:
So shall I first begin, so last shall end thy will.

(B) Canto XI Stanzas 1-4

The early Morn lets out the peeping day,
And strewd’s his paths with golden Marygoldys:
The Moon grows wanne, and starres flie all away,
Whom Lucifer locks up in wonted folds,
Till light is quencht, and hea’n in seas hath flung
The headlong day: to th’ hill the shephers throng,
And Thirsil now began to end his task and song.

Who now (alas!) shall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durst peep from covert glade;
But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,
And vent her griefs to silent myrtils shade?

\[126\] lesser] humbler, adapted to the house.  \[130\] years her temples pierce] Perhaps referring to greying temples, oddly ascribed to a bird.  \[133\] tides] floats, drifts (OED tide v.2).  \[135\] fence] protect (against the general neglect).  \[137\] Geminies] twins, i.e. two eyes (plural – s redundant). Given the standard comparison of the mistress’s eyes to the sun, perhaps alluding to the sun being in Gemini in early summer (see 2).  \[139\] Great prince of shepherds] Christ.  \[144\] bonds] pun: (a) laws, rules, obligations (b) custody, imprisonment, hence punishment.  \[146\] Who redeemed mankind, though men destroyed him even though he was God. bought’st] redeemed (OED buy 4: cf. buy 3).  \[148\] See 42-9n.  \[151\] lodge] abode, place of stay. in such a guest] in having such a guest.  \[153\] artlesse] unpractised, inexpert. 2 strewd] perhaps misprint for strews: all nearby verbs are in present tense.  \[149\] Lucifer] the morning star. folds] pastoral image, comparing the stars to sheep.  \[150\] for fear ... plain] i.e. Did not have the boldness to utter his griefs loudly.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill
For trumpet 'larms, or humble verses fill
With gracefull majestie, and loftie rising skill?

Ah thou dread Spirit, shed thy holy fire,
Thy holy flame into my frozen heart;
Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire,
And swell in bigger notes, and higher art:
Teach my low Muse thy fierce alarums ring,
And raise my soft strain to high thundering:
Tune thou my loftie song; thy battels must I sing:
Such as thou wert within the sacred breast
Of that thrice famous Poet-Shepherd-King;
And taught'st his heart to frame his Canto's best
Of all that e're thy glorious works did sing:
Or as those holy Fishers once amongs
Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted tongues,
And brought'st down heav'n to earth in those all-conqu'ring songs.

(C) Canto XII stanzas 1-8

The shepherds guarded from the sparkling heat
Of blazing aire, upon the flowrie banks,
(Where various flowers damask the fragrant seat,
And all the grove perfume) in wonied ranks
Securely sit them down, and sweetly play;
At length thus Thrisil ends his broken lay,
Lest that the stealing nigh his later song might stay.
Thrice, oh thrice happies shepherds life and state,
When Courts are happinesse unhappie pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud fortune, with her scorns, and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as his simple sheep.
No Serian worms he knows, that with their threed
Draw out their silken lives; nor silken pride:
His lambs warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture did:
No emptie hopes, no courteous fears him fright;
No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
In stead of musick and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first-salute my Lords uprise,
The cheerfull lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:

12-14 change ... skill?] Thrisil is commencing the last movement of his poem, about a battle in the soul between virtues and vices. He uses the common topos of the pastoral poet singing in a somewhat higher strain (paulomaiora, Virgil IV.). 15 dread Spirit] The Holy Spirit, third member of the Trinity, seen as the inspiration for Christian poetry. 19 thy ... ring] (to) resound your fierce call to battle. 23 Poet-Shepherd-King] David, author of the Psalms. 26 holy Fishers] Christ's apostles, originally fishermen and later metaphorically fishers of souls (see Matthew 4:18-19, Mark 1:16-18). 27 sparkling parted tongues] At Pentecost, the Holy Spirit entered the apostles in forked tongues of fire and imparted the gift of tongues (Acts 2:3-4). 28 all-conqu'ring] spreading to all nations. 1 sparkling] fiery, as though throwing out sparks. 4 wonied] accustomed. 11 scorns and fawns] Fortune makes people the target of either scorn or flattery. 15 Serian worms] silkworms. 18 Sidonian tincture] purple, worn only by the ruling patrician class in ancient Rome. Sidon was a city of Tyre, the chief exporter of purple dye derived from the murex or shellfish. 20 middle fortune] the classic ideal of a 'golden mean'. 21 Sweet content shuts out or banishes misery and spite. 23 uprise] (a) rise from sleep (b) éveille, meetings with visitors immediately on rising.
In countrey playes is all the strife he uses,
Or sing, or dance unto the rurall Muses;
And but in musicks sports, all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leav’d beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tides rage is spent:
His life is neither lost in boist’rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothfull ease:
Pleas’d and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yeelds safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithfull spouse hath place:
His little sonne into his bosome creeps,
The lively picture of his fathers face:
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Lesse he could like, if lesse his God had sent him:
And when he dies, green turfs with grassie tombe content him.

The worlds great Light his lowly state hath blest,
And left his heav’n to be a shepherd base:
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe addrest:
Swift rivers stood; beasts, trees, stones ranne apace,
And serpents flew to heare his softest strains:
He fed his flock, where rolling Jordan reignes;
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

Then thou high Light, whom shepherds low adore,
Teach me, oh do thou teach thy humble swain
To raise my creeping song from earthly floor:
Fill thou my empty breast with loftie strain;
That singing of thy warres and dreadful flight,
My notes may thunder out thy conqu’ring might,
And ’twixt the golden starres cut out her towring flight.

222 GEORGE HERBERT  CHRISTMAS, PART II

The second part of a two-part poem in Herbert’s The Temple (1633). The two parts differ in form and theme, and the second clearly marks a new start. Vaughan Williams set it separately to music in Hodie: A Christmas Cantata (1953). The poem opens with the shepherds to whom Christ’s birth was announced by angels (Luke 2). Herbert uses the pastoral image for the state of his own mind, approaching the language and imagery of Psalm 23.

The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymne for thee?
My soul’s a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is thy word: the streams, thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the day-light houres.
Then we will chide the sunne for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.

28 He avoids all conflict or contention except in singing-contests. 41 If God had sent him even less wealth, he would be content with that. 44 Familiar topos of Christ as shepherd: John 10.14, Hebrews 13.20, 1 Peter 2.25, 5.4. 46 Recalls the effects of Orpheus’ songs. 47 serpents flew oblique ref. to John 3.14. 50 shepherds low adore extending the adoration of the Christ child by shepherds to a general topos of Christian worship. 53-6 Again the call to sing paulo maior: see passage B.12-14n. 1 The shepherds sing The shepherds of the Nativity, having seen and adored the Christ child, ‘returned, glorifying and praising God’ (Luke 2.20). 5 thy word the scriptures; but also Christ as the incarnate Word of God (John 1.14).
I will go searching, till I finde a sunne
Shall stay, till we have done;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
And one another pay: please
As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly.
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
Till ev’n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

223 William Habington To My Noblest Friend, I. C. Esquire

First published in Habington’s Castara, 2nd edn (1635). Punctuation regularized at many points.

To my Noblest Friend, I. C. Esquire.

SIR.
I hate the Countries dust and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
And courtship flowing here in a full tide,
But loath the expence, the vanity of pride.
No place each way is happy, Heere I hold
Commerce with some, who to my care unfold
(After a due oath ministred) the height
And greatness of each star shines in the state.
The brightness, the eclyps, the influence,

With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow,
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soone as they happen, and by rote can tell
Those German townes, even puzzle-me to spell.
The crosse or prosperous fate of Princes, they
Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning or delay
And on each action comment, with more skill
Then upon Livy, did old Machavill.
O busie folly! Why doe I my braine
Perplex with the dull pollicies of Spaine,
Or quicke designes of France? Why not repaire
To the pure innocence oth’ country ayre:
And neighbor thee, deare friend? Who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy ways. There might not wee
Arme against passion with Philosophie;
And by the ayde of leisure so controule
What-ere is earth in us to growe all soule?
Knowledge doth ignorance ingender, when

Wee study miseries of other men
And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
(This head upon some flowrie pillow layde,
Kind Natures huswifery) contemplate all
His stratagems, who labors to inthrall
The world to his great Master, and youle find
Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great. Blood is to deare
A price for glory. Honor doth appeare

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13 sunne] punning on son, i.e. the Son of God. Play on sun and Son is implicit all through. 14 stay, till we have done] as the sun did in Joshua 10:13 till the Israelites had defeated their opponents. 17 all our own day] all our lives, i.e. eternally. 0-1 I. C.] not identified. 18 Livy ... Machavill] Machiavelli wrote a commentary on the Roman historian Livy. 31 plots] (a) plots of ground, territories (b) conspiracies. 34 inthrall ... Master] subjugate all territories to the ruler he serves.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

To statemen like a vision in the night,
And jugler-like workes oth’ deluded sight.
Th’ unbusied only wise, for no respect
Indangers them to error. They affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equall eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As Vertue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things. And since we find
Time bends us toward death, lets in our mind
Create new youth; and arme against the rude
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
Oth’ country dead our thoughts, nor busie care
Oth’ towne make us not thinke, where now we are
And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbred not.

224 ABRAHAM COWLEY  THAT A PLEASANT POVERTY IS TO BE PREFERRED BEFORE DISCONTENTED RICHES

The second Ode in the section entitled Sylva or Divers Copies of Verses in Cowley’s Poetical Blossomes, 2nd edn (1636).

That a pleasant poverty is to bee preferred before discontented riches.

Why o doth gaudy Tagus ravish thee,
Though Neptunes treasure-house it bee?
Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,
Infected yet with Midas glorious Itch?
Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all
Like other Flouds, Poetical,
They have no dance, noe wanton sport,
No gentle murmur, the lov’d shore to court.

No fish inhabite the adulterate floud,
Nor can it feede the neighboring wood,
No flower or herbe is neere it found,
But a perpetuall winter sterves the ground.

Give me a river which doth scorne to shew
An added beauty, whose cleere brow
May bee my looking-glasse, to see
What my face is, and what my mind should bee.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in ranke,
And prattle to the smiling banke.
Here sad Kingfishers tell their tales,
And fish enrich the Brooke with silver scales.

Dasyes the first borne of the teeming spring,
On each side their embroidery bring,
Here Lillies wash, and grow more white,
And Daffadills to see themselves delight.

41-2 Th’unbusied ... error] Only those not caught up in worldly affairs can be called wise, as they are not led into wrongdoing by any consideration. error going astray (the root sense). 46 As his virtue raises him above the fleshy or worldly level of existence. 53-4 Time ... numbred not] Time does not cease to pass even if we ignore his passage. 1-3 The waters of the Tagus in Portugal and the Pactolus in Lydia (in modern Turkey) contained gold. 2 Neptune] the god of waters. 4 Midas] the Phrygian king whose touch turned everything to gold. 5-8 i.e. The gold makes the water heavy and sluggish. 12 serves] starves: (a) withers or makes barren (cf. OED 6b, 8) (b) (in view of winter) destroys with cold (OED 9). 15-16 The clear water becomes a metaphor for a frank and innocent mind. 19 sad Kingfishers] Alcyone, daughter of the wind-god Aeolus, and her husband Ceyx were transformed into alcyons or halcyon birds, sometimes identified with kingfishers. No doubt it is that ‘tale’ that makes them ‘sad’. 20 enrich, silver] in modest contrast to the earlier gold.
Here a fresh arbor gives her amorous shade,
Which Nature, the best gard'ner, made.
Here I would set, and sing rude layes,
Such as the Nymphes and me my selfe should please.
Thus I would wast, thus end my carelesse dayes,
And Robin-red-brests whom men praye
For pious birds, should when I dye,
Make both my monument and Elegie.

225 ABRAHAM COWLEY (TRANSLATED BY HIMSELF)  THE COUNTRY LIFE

From the opening of Book IV of Cowley’s Latin Plantarum libri sex (Six Books on Plants) in his Poemata Latina (1668). The translation was appended to Cowley’s essay ‘Of Agriculture’ in his Works (1669).

The Country Life.
Libr. 4. Plantarum.  (from) Of Plants, Book 4

Blest be the man (and blest he is) whom’ere
(Plac’d far out of the roads of hope or Fear)
A little Field, and little Garden feeds;
The Field gives all that Frugal Nature needs,
The wealthy Garden lib’rally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The specious inconveniences that wait
outwardly attractive
Upon a life of Business, and of State,
He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
Thus, thus (and this deserv’d great Virgils praise)
The old Corycian Yeoman past his daies,
Thus his wise life Abdolonymus spent:
Th’Ambassadors which the great Emp’ror sent
To offer him a Crown, with wonder found
The rev’rend Gard’ner howing of his Ground,
Unwillingly and slow and discontent,
From his lov’d Cottage, to a Throne he went:
And oft he stopt in his triumphant way,
And oft lookest back, and oft was heard to say
Not without sighs, Alas, I there forsake
A happier Kingdom than I go to take.
Thus Aglaus (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew and therefore lov’d him Then)
Thus liv’d obscurely then without a Name,
Aglaus now consign’d t’eternal Fame.
For Gyges, the rich King, wicked and great,
Presum’d at wise Apollos Delphick seat,
Presum’d to ask, Oh thou, the whole Worlds eye,
See’st thou a Man, that Happier is than I?
The God, who scorn’d to flatter Man, reply’d,
Aglaus Happier is. But Gyges cry’d,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaus be?
W’ have heard as yet of no such King as Hee.
And true it was through the whole Earth around
No King of such a name was to be found.
Is some old Hero of that name alive,

32 monument and Elegie] by adorning his grave and singing to his memory.  1 Blest be the man] Reflects the celebrated opening of Horace’s Epode II.  6 luxurious] i.e. beyond the bare needs of life, which the field supplies.  11-12 Virgils ... Corycian yeoman] who ’matched in contentment the wealth of kings’ (Virgil, Georg. IV.125-48).  13. Abdolonymus] a gardener of royal descent, made king of Sidon by Alexander.  23. Aglaus] a poor citizen of Psophis in Arcadia. The ensuing story is told by Pliny (Natural History VII.151) and Pausanius (Itinerary of Greece VIII.33.7).  27 Gyges] a fabulously wealthy king of Lydia.  28 Presum’d] May be a mistake, inserted by eye-slip with Presum’d in the next line.  37 Hero] in the exact sense: a being with one divine (38) and one human parent.
Who is his high race does from the Gods derive?
Is it some mighty Gen’ral that has done
Wonders in fight, and God-like honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth, said he?
None, none of these; who can this Aglaus bee?
After long search and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian Vale at last,
(Th’ Arcadian life has always shady been) secluded, hidden
Near Sopho’s Town (which he but once had seen)
This Aglaus who Monarchs envy drew,
Whose Happiness the Gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaus was labouring found,
With his own hands in his own little ground.
So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish Gods to mention Thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long toiles and voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my tost Vessel gain,
Of Heavenly rest, this Earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her End.

226 Thomas Randolph  Eclogue to Master Jonson

Addressed to Ben Jonson, and first published in Randolph’s Poems with the Muses Looking-Glasse: and Amynatas (1638). Randolph was held chief among the ‘sons of Ben’, his literary adherents and conivial companions. (See 11-14n, and Damon’s repeated addresses to Tityrus as ‘Father.’) Damon is Randolph and Tityrus Jonson – aptly, as the original Tityrus in Virgil I (echoed in this poem) is commonly taken as Virgil. Many echoes of Spenser’s SC, ‘October’, and of Virgil’s Eclogues, especially I and III.

An Eglogue to Mr Johnstone.

Tityrus. Vnder this Beech why sit’st thou here so sad
Son Damon, that wast erst a jovial lad?
These groves were wont to Eccho with the sound
Of thy shrill reed, while every Nymph danc’d round.
Rowse up thy soule, Parnassus mount stands high,
And must be clim’d with painefull industry.

Damon. You Father on his forked top sit still,
And see us panting up so steepe a hill;
But I have broke my reed, and deeply swore
Never with wax, never to joynt it more.

Tityrus. Fond boy ‘twas rashly done; I meant to thee,
Of all the sons I have, by legacie
To have bequeath’d my pipe, thee, thee of all,
I meant it should her second Master call.

Damon. And doe you thinke I durst presume to play
Where Tityrus had wore his lip away!
Live long thy selfe to tune it; ’tis from thee,
It has not from it self such Harmony.
But if we ever such disaster have
As to compose our Tytirus in his grave;
Yonder upon yon aged Oak, that now
Old trophies bears on every sacred bow,
We’le hang it up a relique, we will doe it,
And learned swains shall pay devotion to it.

Tytirus. Canst thou farewell unto the Muses bid?
Then bees shall loath the Thyme, the new wean’d Kid

46 Sopho’s Town Psophis. 
57 Earnest assurance, pledge. 
1 Tityrus So spelt here, and indifferently ‘Tyt[yrus]’ or ‘Tyt[irus]’ subsequently. 
44 obscure] (a) in literal sense, shady (b) unknown. Cf. shady (45). 
52 foolish pagan, hence false or misguided objects of belief. 
10 with wax ... to joynt it cf. Virgil III.35-6. 
20 compose lay, set out (in a grave, OED 15b, only from 1677).
Browze on the buds no more; the teeming ewes
Henceforth the tender sallows shall refuse.

_Damon._ I by those Ladies now do nothing set;

30 Let 'em for me some other servant get:
They shall no more be Mistresses of mine,
No, though my pipe had hope to equal thine.
Thine which the floods have stopt their course to hear;
To which the spotted Linx hath lent an eare.
Which while the severall Ecchoes would repeat,
The Musick has been sweet, the Art so great
That _Pan_ himself amaz'd at thy deep aires,
Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares.
Of all the Gods _Pan_ doth the Pipe respect,

40 The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.
_Pan_ can distinguish what thy Raptures be
From _Bavius_ loose lascivious Minstralsie,
Or _Mavius_ windy Bagpipe, _Mavius_, he
Whose wit is but a Tavern Tympanie.
If ever I flock of my own doe feed,
My fattest Lambs shall on his Altar bleed.

_Tytirus._ Two Altars I will build him, and each yeare
Will sacrifice two wel-fed Bullocks there.
Two that have horns; that while they butting stand

50 Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous sand.
But what can make thee leave the Muses man,
That such a Patron hast as mighty _Pan_?
Whence is thy fury? Did the partiall eare
Of the rude Vulgar, when they late did heare
_Aegon_ and thee contend which best should play,
Him Victour deem, and give thy kid away?
Does _Amarillis_ cause this high despaire?
Or _Galatea_'s coyennes breed thy care?

_Damon._ Neither of these, the Vulgar I contemn;

60 Thy pipe not alwaies _Tytirus_ wins with them:
And as for Love, in sooth I do not know
Whether he wears a bow and shafts, or no.
Or did I, I a way could quickly find,
To win the beauteous _Galatea_'s mind,
Or _Amarillis_ I to both could send
Apples that with _Hesperian_ fruit contend:
And on occasion could have quickly guest
Where two fayr ring-doves doves built their amorous nest.

_Tytirus._ If none of these, my _Damon_ then aread

70 What other cause can so much their passion breed!

_Damon._ Father I will, in those indulgent ears
I dare unload the burden of my fears.
The Reapers that with whetted sicles stand,
Gathering the falling eares i'th' other hand;
Though they endure the scorching summers heat,
Have yet some wages to allay their sweat:
The Lopper that doth fell the sturdy Oak

29 _those Ladies_ the Muses. 33-5 recalls Orpheus's song. 37 _Pan_ From the probable date (see 1561), Charles I. Both James and Charles patronized Jonson as a composer of masques. 42-3 _Bavius, Mavius_ inferior poets, said to have attacked Virgil and Horace: satirized in Virgil III.90. 44 _Tavern Tympanie_ drum played at drunken revels. 45 _flock of my own_ which Golden-Age shepherds conventionally had. By an unusually realistic touch, Damon is a hireling (168), though _Tytirus_ has cattle of his own (48). 47-8 Virgil's _Tityrus_ sacrificed one lamb at a single altar (Virgil I.7-8). 52 Moore Smith sees a reference to Randolph's play _The Jealous Lovers_, performed before the King (_Pan_) at Cambridge in 1612. (G. C. Moore Smith, 'Thomas Randolph', Warton Lecture, British Academy, London: OUP, 1927, p.28). 55 _Ægon_ Named in a satirical context in Virgil III.2-4. Here, G. Thorn-Drury suggests Peter Hausted, a fellow of Cambridge whose play was also performed before the King. 56 _thy kid_ Presumably Damon's stake in the song-contest with _Ægon_. 61-2 i.e. I have never been struck by the arrows of love. 66 _Hesperian fruit_ the golden apples in the garden guarded by the Hesperides: cf. Virgil III.71. 68 _two fayr ring-doves_ echoing Virgil III.69.
Labours, yet has good pay for every stroke.
The Plowman is rewarded: only we
That sing, are paid with our own melody.
Rich churls have learnt to praise us, and admire,
But have not learnt to think us worth the hire.
So toiling Ants perchance delight to hear
The summer musique of the Grassopper,
But after rather let him starve with pain,
Then spare him from their store one single grain.
As when great lunos beauteous Bird displays
Her starry tail, the boyes doe run and gaze
At her proud train; so look they now adaires
On Poets; and doe think if they but praise,
Or pardon what we sing, enough they doe:
I, and 'tis well if they doe so much too.
My rage is swel’d so high I cannot speak it,
Had I Pan’s pipe, or thine, I now should break it!
Tityrus. Let moles delight in Earth; Swine dunghils rake;
Crows prey on Carrion; Frogs a pleasure take
In slimy pools; And Niggards wealth admire;
But we, whose souls are made of purer fire,
Have other aimes: Who songs for gain hath made,
Has of a liberall Science fram’d a Trade.
Hark how the Nightingale in yonder tree,
Hid in the boughes, warbles melodiously
Her various musique forth, while the whole Quire
Of other birds, flock round, and all admirle!
But who rewards her? will the ravenous Kite
Part with her prey, to pay for her delight?
Or will the foolish, painted, prattling lay
Now turn’d a hearer, to requite her play
Lend her a straw? or any of the rest
Fetch her a feather when she builds her nest?
Yet sings she ne’re the lesse, till every den
Doe catch at her last notes: And shall I then
His fortunes Damon ’bove my own commend,
Who can more cheese into the market send?
Clowns for posterity may cark and care,
That cannot out-live death but in an Heire:
By more then wealth we propagate our Names,
That trust not to successions, but our Flames.
Let hide-bound churls yoak the laborious Oxe,
Milk hundred goats, and shear a thousand flocks;
Plant gainfull Orchards, and in silver shine;
Thou of all fruits should’St only prune the Vine:
Whose fruit being tasted, might eruct thy brain
To reach some ravishing, high, and lofty strain;
The double birth of Bacchus to expresse,
First in the grape, the second in the presse.
And therefore tell me boy, what is’t can move
Thy mind, once fixed on the Muses Love?
Damon. When I contented liv’d by Cham’s fair streams,
Without desire to see the prouder Thames,
I had no flock to care for, but could sit
Vnder a willow covert, and repeat
84 Grassopper[ expanding the briefer allusion to Aesop’s fable in Spenser, SC ’Oct.’ 11. 87 lunos’
Bird[ the peacock. Closely echoes SC ’Oct.’ 31-3. 91 pardon[ ironical: poetry is an offence they
kindly tolerate or condone. 97 Niggards[ misers. admire[ value, esteem 100 Has turned a
humane or liberating pursuit into a trade. 108 Now turn’d a hearer[ i.e. no longer ‘prattling’ itself.
play[ musical performance (OED 18a), or any entertainment or performance. 115 Clowns[ (a)
fools, boors (b) rustics, peasants – ironically, as only rich men would leave an inheritance. 123-6
Extending the account of the inspirational effects of wine in Spenser, SC ’Oct.’ 106-12. 126 in the
grape ... press[ i.e. as fruit and wine, perhaps with a play on press, printing press. 130 Thames[ i.e. London or the court. 80
reward, recompense
cavern, remote and inaccessible place
strive
inherance; poetic inspiration
productive, profitable; money
raise, uplift
wine-press
clamp, copse
Those deep and learned layes, on every part
Grounded on judgment, subtly, and Art,
That the great Tuteur to the greatest King,
The shephered of Stagira, us’d to sing:
The shephered of Stagira, that unfolds
All natures closet, shows what e’re it holds;
The matter, form, sense, motion, place, and measure
Of every thing contain’d in her vast treasure.

How Elements doe change; What is the cause
Of Generation; what the Rule, and Laws
The Orbs doe move by; Censures every starre,
Why this is fixt, and that irregular;
Knows all the Heavens, as if he had been there,
And help’t each Angell turn about her sphære.
The thirsty pilgrim travelling by land,
When the fierce Dog-starre doth the day command,
Half chock’t with dust, parch’t with the soultry heat;
Tir’d with his journey, and o’recome with sweat,
Finding a gentle spring, at her cool brink
Doth not with more delight sit down and drink,
Then I record his songs: we see a cloud,
And fearing to be wet, doe run and shroud
Vnder a bush; when he would sit and tell
The cause that made her mystic wombe to swell;
Why it sometimes in drops of rain doth flow,
Sometimes dissolves her self in flakes of snow:
Nor gaz’d he at a Comet, but would frame
A reason why it wore a beard of flame.
Ah Tytirus, I would with all my heart,
Even with the best of my carv’d mazers part,
To hear him as he us’d divinely shew,
What ’tis that paints the divers-colour’d bow:
Whence Thunders are discharg’d, whence the winds stray,
What foot through heaven hath worn the milky way!
And yet I let this true delight alone,
Call’d thence to keep the flock of Corydon.
Ah woe is me, another’s flock to keep;
The care is mine, the master shears the sheep!
A flock it was that would not keep together;
A flock that had no fleece, when it came hither.
Nor would it learn to listen to my layes,
For ’twas a flock made up of severall strayes:
And now I would return to Cham, I hear
A desolation frights the Muses there!
With rustique swains I mean to spend my time;
Teach me there father to preserve my rime.

Tytirus. Tomorrow morning I will counsel thee,
Meet me at Faunus Beech; for now you see
How larger shadows from the mountains fall,
And Corydon doth Damon, Damon, call.
Damon, ’tis time my flock were in the fold,
More then high time; did you not erst behold
How Hesperus above yon clouds appear’d,
Hesperus leading forth his beauteous heard?

Tutour ... Stagira] Aristotle, born at Stagira in Macedonia, and tutor of Alexander (the greatest
king). 137–59 are an elaborate presentation of the ‘wise shepherd’, pastoralizing general learning into
shepherd lore. 143 Censures] judges, estimates; ?analyses the movements of. 146 Angell ... sphericale] In the Ptolemaic system, the crystalline spheres in which the heavenly bodies were set were
each governed by a ‘spirit’, identified in Christianity with the orders of angels. 156 her] the cloud’s:
Lat. nubes, cloud, is feminine. 167–74 Here G. C. Moore Smith detects Randolph’s frustration with the
‘undisciplined and impecunious company of actors’ (p.29). 170 shears the sheep] i.e., reaps the
profit from their wool. 176 A desolation] Parry takes to mean the shutdown of Cambridge from
April to November 1630 owing to the plague. But may also allude to the growing Puritan influence
there. 180 Faunus Beech] a beech tree sacred to the wood-god Faunus. 181 larger ... fall] echoing
Virgil I.83. 185 Hesperus] the planet Venus, here as so often the evening star. 186 his beauteous
heard] the other stars.
An Eclogue occasion’d by two Doctors disputing upon predestination.  

Doctors: of theology

_Thyris_. Were they not both eand by the selfe same Ewe? They could they merit then so different hewes?

Poore lamb alas; and couldst thou, yet unborne, Sin to deserve the Guilt of such a scone?

Tityrus. Feed where you will my Lambs, what boots it us

To watch, and water, fold, and drive you thus. This on the barren mountaines flesh can gleane, That fed in flowry pastures will be leane.

Alexis. Plow, sowe, and compass, nothing boots at all, Vnlesse the dew upon the Tilt’s doe fall. So labour sylly Shepheard what wee can

All’s vaine, unlesse a blessing drop from Pan.

Tityrus. Ill thrive thy Theves if thou these lyes maintaine: And may thy Goats miscarry sawcy swaine.

_Thyris_. Fie, Shepheardes fie! while you these stries begin, Here creepes the woolef; and there the fox gets in. To your vaine piping on so deepe a reed

The Lambkins listen, but forget to feed. It gentle swains befits of Love to sing,

How Love left heaven; and heau’ns immortall King, His Coeternall Father. O admire,

Love is a Sonne as ancient as his sire.

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13 Pan] God: used not only for pastoral effect but, as often, to avoid charges of blasphemy for directly naming the Christian God. Cf. 23n.  
14 A common argument: any man’s salvation is owing to God’s freely granted mercy, so we cannot question why it was not granted to others.  
23-4 Being omniscient, God has foreknowledge of a soul’s salvation or damnation; in which case, as he is also omnipotent, he should ensure salvation.  
27 challenge] demand, claim (OED 5).  
34 dew] a common image for God’s grace or mercy.  
Tilth] tilled land (OED 4).
His Mother was a Virgin: how could come
A birth so great, and from so chaste a wombe!
His cradle was a manger; Shepheards see

True faith delights in poore simplicite.
He pres’d no grapes, nor prun’d the fruitfull vine,
But could of water make a brisker wine.       \textit{agreeably sharp \ldots to the taste (OED brisk 4)}
Nor did he plow the earth, and to his Barne
The harvest bring, nor thresh, and grind the Corne.
Without all these Love could supply our need;
And with five Loaves, five thousand Hungers feed.
More wonders did he, for all which suppose
ow he was crown’d, with Lilly, or with Rose?
The winding Ivy, or the glorious Bay,

Or mirth, with the which \textit{Venus}, they say,
Girts her proud Temples? Shepheards none of them
But wore (poore head) a thorny Diadem.
Feet to the Lame he gave, with which they run
To worke their Surgeons last destruction.
The blind from him had eyes; but us’d that light
Like Basylisques to kill him with their sight.
Lastly he was betray’d (ô sing of this)
How Love could be betray’d! ’twas with a kisse.
And then his Innocent hands, and guiltlesse feet

Were nay’d unto the Crosse, striving to meet
In his spread armes his spouse, so mild in showe
He seem’d to court th’ Imbraces of his foe.
Through his pearc’d side, through which a spere was sent,
A torrent of all flowing Balsame went.
Run \textit{Amarillis} run: one drop from thence
Cures thy sad soule, and drives all anguish hence.
Goe sunburnt \textit{Thystylis}, goe, and repaire
Thy beauty lost, and be againe made faire.
Love-sick \textit{Amyntas} get a \textit{Philtrum} here,
To make thee Lovely to thy truly deare.
But coy \textit{Licoris} take the Pearle from thine,
And take the bloodshot from \textit{Alexis} eyne.
Weare this an Amulet gainst all Syrens smiles,
The stings of snakes, and Teares of Crocodiles.
Now Love is dead: Oh no, he never dies;
Three dayes he sleepes, and then againe doth rise
(\textit{Like faire Aurora} from the Easterne Bay)
And with his beams drives all our clouds away:
This pipe unto our flocks, this sonnet get.

But hoe, I see the Sun ready to set,
Good night to all; for the great night is come;
Flocks to your folds and shepheards hye you home!
To morrow morning, when we all have slept,
\textit{Pan’s Cornet}’s blowne, and the great \textit{Sheepshears} kept.

\begin{footnotes}
52 of water make \ldots wine} Christ’s first miracle, at a marriage feast in Cana (John 2:1-11). 56 five \textit{Loaves} In another miracle, Christ fed 5,000 people with five loaves and two fishes (Matthew 14:13-21, Mark 6:31-44, Luke 9:10-17, John 6:5-15). \textit{62 thorny Diadem} the crown of thorns with which the soldiers mocked Christ during his Passion (Matthew 27:29, Mark 15:17, John 19:2, 5). \textit{66 Basylisque} basilisk, a mythical monster that could kill people with its gaze. \textit{68 a kisse} with which Judas identified Jesus to his captors (Matthew 26:47-50, Mark 14:43-45, Luke 22:47-48). \textit{71 his spouse} the body of the faithful, or the Church. \textit{74 Balsame} a healing balm. But when a soldier pierced the side of the crucified Christ, only blood and water poured out (John 19:31-7). \textit{81-2 i.e.} End both your relunctance and your lover’s sleepless suffering. \textit{91 great night} i.e. the Last Judgment. \textit{94 Sheepshears} sheepshear’s, the shearing-feast is.
\end{footnotes}
228 Thomas Randolph  An Eclogue on the Palilia on Cotswold Hills

One of the complimentary pieces in Annalia Dubrensia (1656), a collection by various hands celebrating an annual festival of games set up in the Cotswold Hills c. 1612 by Robert Dover, captain and attorney. Reprinted in Randolph’s Poems (1658). The text below follows Annalia.

An Eglogue on the Palilia And Noble Assemblies revived on Cotswold Hills, by Mr. Robert Dover

Collen, Thenot.  

Collen. What Clod-pates Thenot are our Brittish swaines?
How lubber-like they loll upon the Plaines,
No life, no spirit in um! Every Clowne,
Soone as hee lays his Hooke and Tarbox downe,
That ought to take his Reed, and chant his Layes,
Or nimble run the windings of the Maze,
Now gets a Bush to roome himselfe, and sleepe,
Tis hard to know the Sheepheard from the sheepe:
And yet me-thinks our English pastures bee
As flowery as the Lawnes of Arcadye,
Our Virgins blithe as theirs, nor can proud Greece
Boast purer Aire, nor sheare a finer fleece.

Thenot. Yet view their out-side Collen, you would say,
They have as much brawne in their necks, as they
Faire Tempe braggs of lustie Armes, that swell
With able sinews, and might hurle as well
The weighttie Sledge; their Leggs, and Thighs of bone,
Great as Colossus, yet their strengths are gone;
They looke like yonder man of wood that stands
To bound the limits of the Parish lands:
Dost thou ken Collen, what the cause might bee
Of such a dull, and generall Lethargie?

Collen. Swaine! with their sports, their soules were tane away,
Till then they all were active; every day
They exercis’d to weild their limbes, that now
Are numb’d to every thing, but flaile, and Plowe.
Early in May up got the Jolly route,
Cal’d by the Larke, and spread the fields aboute:
One, for to breath himselfe, would coursing bee
From this same Beech, to yonder Mulberie;
A second leapt, his supple nerves to trie,
A third, was practicing his Melodie;
This, a new ligg was footing; Others, were
Busied at wrastling, or to throw the Barre;
Ambitious which should beare the bell away,
And kisse the Nut-browne-Lady of the Maie:
This stirr’d ‘um up, a Jolly Swaine was hee,
Whom Pegg and Susan, after victory,
Crown’d with a Garland they had made, beset
With Dawzes, Pincks, and many a Violet,
Cow-slipp, and Gilliflowre; Rewards, though small,
Encourage vertue: But if none at all
Meete her, shee languishest, and dies, as now,
Where worth’s denied the honour of a bough;
And, Thenot, This the cause I read to bee,
Of such a dull, and generall Lethargie:
Thetot. Ill thrive the Lowt, that did their mirth gaine-say,

4 Tarbox] container for the tar used to dress sheep’s wounds. 13-20 Unclear construction but obvious meaning: today’s English shepherds are muscular, but lack the energy and athletic spirit of those of ancient Greece. 17 Sledge] sledge-hammer, thrown as a sport. 18 Colossus] the giant statue of the Titan Helios straddling the ancient harbour of Rhodes. 19-20 man ... lands] wooden figure of a watchman marking the parish boundary. 34 throw the Barre] a traditional country game, with a bar or rod designed for the purpose. 35 beare the bell] lead (like the bell-wether of a flock), hence come first, win. 44 bough] ?wreath or chaplet; ?bow, honour or obeisance.
Wolves haunt his flocks, that took those sports away.

*Collen*. Some melancholly Swaines about have gone, To teach all Zeale their owne Compliection.

Choler they will admit sometimes, I see; But Fleagme, and Sangvine, no Religions bee; These teach that Dauncing is a *Iezabell*,
And Barley-breake, the ready way to Hell,
The Morrice, *Idolis*; Whitson-ales can bee
But profane Reliques of a *Jubilee*:
These in a Zeale, t’expresse how much they doe
The Organs hate, have silenc’d Bagg-pipes too,
And harmlesse May-poles, all are rail’d upon,

As if they were the Towers of *Babilon*:
Some thinke not fit, there should be any sport
I’ the Citie, ’Tis a dish proper to ‘th Court;
Mirth not becomes ’em, let the sawcie swaine
Eate Beefe, and Bacon, and goe sweate againe,
Besides, what sport can in their pastimes bee
When all is but reducible fopperie.

Thenh. *Collen!* I once the famous *Spaine* did see,
A Nation glorious for her Gravitie,
Yet there an hundred Knights, on warlike Steedes
Did skirmish out a fight, arm’d but with Reeds,
At which a Thousand Ladies Eies did gaze:
Yet was no better, then our Prison base.
What is the Barriers, but a Courtly way
Of our more downeright sport, the *Cvdgell-play*?
Foote-ball with vs, may bee with them, *Baloone*;
As they at Tilt, so wee att *Quintain* runne,
And those old-pastimes relish best with mee,
That have least Art, and most Simplicitye.

*Collen!* They say, at Court there is an Art,
To dance a Ladies honor from her hart;
Such wiles poore Sheephards know not, all their sence
Is dull to any thing, but Innocence:
The Country Lasse, although her Dance bee good,
Stirs not an others *Galliard* in the Blood;
And yet their sports by some contrould have bin,
Who thinke there is no mirth, but what is Sin.
O might I but their harmlesse Gambolls see
Restor’d unto an ancient Libertye,
Where spottlesse daliance traces ore the *Playnes*,

And harmlesse *Nimphes* jet it with harmlesse *Swaynes*.
To see an age againe of Innocent Loves
Twine close as Vines, yet kisse as chast as Doves.
Me thinks I could the *Thracian* Lyre have strung,
Or tun’d my *Whistle* to the *Mantuan* song.

50 *Zeale*] a word specially associated with the Puritans. The Puritan opposition to traditional rural sports is also attacked in, e.g., Jonson’s play *The Sad Shepherd*. *Compiection*] constitution, as determined by the four humours (see 51–2). 51–2 Of the humours, choler or yellow bile was said to induce anger and domination, while phlegm made a person relaxed and contented, and blood (whence *Sangvine*: Lat. *sanguis*, blood) spirited and sociable. 53 *Iezabell*] wife of King Ahab; associated with idolatry, persecution of prophets, finery and promiscuity (1 Kings 18.4 etc., 2 Kings 9.30–37). 54 *Barley-breake*] a popular rustic game. *Hell*] part of the ground in this game. 55 *Morrice*] morris–dance. *Whitson-ales*] parish festivities at Whitsuntide (seventh Sunday after Easter). 56 *Jubilee*] a joyful celebration or revel; perhaps suggesting the Roman Catholic jubilee, which (though not festive) would be anathema to the Puritans. 58 *Organs*] characterizing high-church or episcopal worship, hence hated by Puritans. 60 *Babilon*] Biblically an evil power, captor and destroyer of Jerusalem (2 Kings 25). Its *Towers*, conflated with the Tower of Babel, exemplified sinful pride. 70 *a fight, arm’d but with Reeds*] the *juego de cañas*, a Spanish sport using reeds for combat instead of lances. 72 *Prison base*] or prisoners’ base, a popular rural game. 75 *Foote-ball*] Then considered a vulgar, rowdy game. *Baloone*] a game where a leather ball is driven with wooden pieces. 84 Does not sex-ually provoke her partner. *Galliard*] a dance. 89 *traces*] passes, moves; (especially) dances. 93 *Thracian*] Orpheus lived in Thrace. 94 *Mantuan*] Virgil hailed from Mantua.
Collen. Then tune thy Whistle Boy, and string thy Lyre,
That age is come againe, thy brave desire
Pan hath approv’d; Dauncing shall bee this yeare
Holy, as is the motion of a Sphare.
Thenot. Collen! With sweeter breath Fame never blewe
Her sacred Trump, if this good newes bee true!
Collen. Know st thou not Cotswold-hills.
Thenot. Through all the land,
No finer wooll runnes through the Spinsters hand.
But silly Collen, ill thou do st devine,
Can st thou mistake a Bramble, for a Pine?
Or thinke this Bush a Cedar? or suppose
Yon Hamlet where to sleepe each Sheapheard goes
In circuit, buildings, people, power, and name
Equalls the Bow-string’d by the silver Thame?
Aswell thou maiest, their Sports with ours compare,
As the soft wooll of Lambes, with the Goats haire.
Collen. Laste evening Lad, I met a noble Swayne,
That spurr’d his spright-full Palfrey ore the playne:
His head with Ribbands crown’d, and deck’t as gay
As any Lasse, upon her Bridall day.
I thought (what easie faiths we Sheepheards prove!)
This, not the Bull, had beene Europes love.
I ask t the cause, they tould mee this was hee,
Whom this dayes Tryumph crown’d with victory.
Many brave Steeds there were, some you should finde
So fletee, as they had bin sonnes of the winde.
Others with hoofes so swifte beate ore the race,
As if some Engine shot ’um to the place.
So many, and so well wing’d Steeds there were,
As all the broode of Pegasus had bin there,
Rider and horse could not distinguish’d bee,
Both seem’d conjoynd, a Centaures Progeny.
A numerous troupe they were, yet all so light,
Earth never groon’d, nor felt ’um in their flight.

Such Royall pastimes Cotswold mountaines fill,
When Gentle-swaines visit her glorious Hill:
Where with such packs of Hounds, they hunting go,
As Cyrus never woon’d his Bugle too;
Whose noise is musical, and with full cries,
Beat’s ore the Field’s, and ecchoes through the skies.
Orion hearing, wish’d to leave his Sphare;
And call his Dogge from heaven, to sport it there.
Watt though he fled for life, yet joy’d withall,
So brave a Dirge sung forth his Funerall.
Not Syrens sweetlier rill: Hares, as they flie,
Looke backe, as glad to listen, loth to die.

Thenot. No doubt, but from this brave Heroicke fire
In the more noble hearts, sparkes of desire
May warme the colder Boores, and emulous strife,
Give the old mirth, and Innocence a new life;
When thoughts of Fame their quickned soules shall fill,
At ev’ry glance that shewes vm Cotswold Hill.

**Collen.** There Shepheard, there the solemn-games bee plaide,

Such as great Theseus or Alcides made,

Such as Apollo wishes hee had seene,

And love desires, had his invention beene.

The Nemeian and the Isthmian pastimes still,

Though dead in Greece, surviue on Cotswold Hill.

Thenot. Happy oh hill! The gentle graces nowe

Shall tripp ore Thine, and leave Citherons browe,

Pernassus Clift shall sinke below his spring,

And every Muse shall on thy frontier sing;

The Goddesse againe, in strife shall bee,

And from mount Ida, make appeale to thee:

Olympus pay the homage; and in dread,

The aged Alpes shall bow his snowie head:

Flora with all her store thy Temples Crowne,

Whose height shall reach the starres; gods looking downe,

Shall blesse the Incence that thy flowers exhale;

And make thee both a Mountaine, and a Vale.

How many Ladies on thy Topp shall meete,

And press thy Tresses with their Od’rous feete,

Whose Eyes, when wondring men see from afarre,

They le think the heaven and each of them a starre.

But gentle Collen say, what god or man

Fame wee for this great worke, Daphnis, or Pan?

Collen. Daphnis is dead, and Pan had broke his Reed,

Tell all your Flocks ’tis Ioviall DOVER’s deede.

Behold the Shepheards in their Ribbands goe;

And shortly, all the Nymphes shall weare ’um too;

Amaz’d to see such Glorie met together,

Blesse DOVER’s Pipe, whose musick call’d ’um hether.

Sport you, my Rams, at sound of DOVERS name;

Bigg-bellied Ewes, make hast to bring a Lambe

For DOVERS fould; Goe maides, and Lillies get,

To make him up a glorious Coronet.

Swaines keepe his Holy-day; and each man swere

To Saint him in the Shepheards Kalender.

**229 Thomas Randolph**  
**A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Shepherd**

From Randolph’s Poems with the Muses Looking-glasse: and Amynthas (1638).

A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Shepheard.

**Nymph.** Why sigh you swain? this passion is not common;

Is’t for your kids, or Lambkins?

**Shepheard.** For a woman.

**Nymph.** How faire is shee that on so sage a brow

Prints lowring looks?

**Shepheard** Just such a toy as thou.

**Nymph.** Is shee a maid?

**Shepheard.** what man can answer that?

**Nymph.** Or widdow?

---

150 love wishes he had thought of the idea.  
151 Nemea and the Isthmus of Corinth held celebrated games in ancient Greece.  
154 Citheron] The Graces conventionally dwelt on Olympus. Randolph transfers them to a hill sacred to Cytherea or Venus, following Spenser’s solecism (*FQ* 3.6.29), though the actual Mt Cythaeron was sacred to Zeus (Jupiter) and the Muses.  
155 his spring] The Castalian spring beside Mt Parnassus.  
157-8 Alluding to the Judgement of Paris: while dwelling as a shepherd on Mt Ida, the Trojan prince was called to judge the beauty of Hera (Juno), Athena (Minerva) and Aphrodite (Venus).  
161 Flora] the goddess of spring and flowers.  
164 both ... Vale] as tall as a mountain but as gentle and fertile as a valley.  
170 Daphnis] a legendary shepherd-poet, the subject of Theocritus I.  
4 toy] pet, darling. *OED* toy 8a, 1st cit. 1822 for this affectionate, non-pejorative use.
Shepheard. No.
Nymph. what then?
Shepheard. I know not what.
Saint-like she lookes, a Syren if shee sing.
Her eyes are starres, her mind is every thing.
Nymph. If shee be fickle, Shepheard leave to wooe,
Or fancy mee.
Shepheard. No, thou art woman too.
Nymph. But I am constant.
Shepheard. Then thou art not faire.
Nymph. Bright as the morning.
Shepheard. Wavering as the Ayre.
Nymph. What grows upon this cheeke?
Shepheard. A pure Carnation.
Nymph. Come tast a kiss.
Shepheard. O sweet, ô sweet Temptation!
Chorus. Ah Love, and canst thou never loose the feild?
Where Cupid layes a seige, the towne must yeild.
Hee warmes the chiller blood with glowing fire,
And thaws the Icy frost of cold desire.

230 JOHN MILTON  Lycidas


In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown’d in his Passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc’d fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing yeare.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion deare
Compells me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
(Young Lycidas!) and hath not left his peere.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry biere
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:
Hence with deniall vain, and coy excuse.
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin’d urn,
And as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

1 Yet once more] Milton has eight earlier poems of lament for various people. 1-2 laurels ... myrtles ... ivy] associated respectively with poetry, love and learning. 5 the mellowing yeare] summer, when the berries will ripen. King died an untimely death. 8 prime] The context revives the word’s latent metaphor of springtime. 10 Who would not sing] Echoes Virgil X.3. 10-11 King left behind some Latin verses. 12-3 watry ... parching] The contrast anticipates other disturbing paradoxes: see 119. 15-16 Sisters] the Muses. sacred well] Hippocrene, at the foot of Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses. seat of Jove] Helicon also had an altar to Zeus or Jupiter. Poetry is endowed with the highest divine origin, foreshadowing the ‘heavenly Muse’ Urania in Paradise Lost. 20 lucky] (a) of good omen (b) fortuitous, obtained by happy chance. destin’d urn] i.e. containing his ashes. destin’d] lasted. 21 he] presumably a poet favoured by the Muse (19).
For we were nurt upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the glimmering eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ring our flocks with the fresh dewes of night,

30

Oft till the ev'n-starre bright
Toward heav'n descent had slop'd his burnisht wheel.
Mean while the rurall ditties were not mute
Temper'd to th' oaten flute:
Rough Satyres danç'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Dametas lov'd to heare our song.

But oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee shepherds, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine oregrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows and the hazel-copes green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft layes.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blowes;
Such, Lycidas, thy losse to shepherds eare.

Where were ye Nymphs, when the remorselesse deep
Clos'd ore the head of your lord Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where the old Bards the famous Druids lie,
Nor on the shaggie top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ah me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there – for what could that have done?
What could the Muse her self that Orpheus bore,
The Muse her self, for her enchanting sonne?
Whom universall nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous rore
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

60

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thanklesse Muse?
Were it not better done as others do,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

23 the self-same hill] i.e., Cambridge. 25 high lawns] upland pastures, lit up only after the sun has climbed some distance. 28 gray-fly] cockchafer, a kind of beetle. winds her ... horn] buzzes or drones. sultry] suggests the hot mid-day. 31 wheel] Hesperus, the evening-star, is not commonly presented as driving a chariot. 34 Satyres ... Fauns] the younger members of the Cambridge community; ?rustics and the non-academic 'own'. 36 Dametas] presumably a teacher or tutor, perhaps William Chappell. An Orphich touch, anticipating 58. 50-55 Echoes Theocritus I.66-9, Virgil X.9-12. 53 Where ... Druids lie] Probably Kerig i Druidion or 'Druids' Stones' in Denbighshire. This and the following places are on or near the Welsh coast, off which King was drowned. 54 Mona] the island of Anglesey, off the Welsh coast; associated with the Druids (Drayton, Poly-olbion IX.417-29). 55 Deva] the river Dee, thought to be enchanted because the shifting of its fords supposedly had prophetic implications for the land (Drayton, Poly-olbion X.200-210). 58 the Muse] Calliope, the Muse of epic, Orpheus' mother. 61-2 Orpheus was torn to pieces by Thracian women in their Bacchanalian orgies when, distracted by grief for his wife Eurydice, he ignored their advances. 63 Hebrus] a river in Thrace. The Bacchantes threw Orpheus' severed head into this stream, which carried it across the Aegean Sea to the island of Lesbos. 66 meditate the ... Muse] compose or practise poetry, after Virgil I.2, V.8. 68-9 Amaryllis, Neera] conventional names of shepherdesses: Amaryllis repeatedly in Theocritus and Virgil, Neaera in Virgil III.3 and elsewhere including Tibullus, whose Elegy III.ii.11-12 refers to her tangled hair. Here, standing for sensual and worldly pleasures.
Hid in the tangles of Neera’s hair?
Fame is the spurre that the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair guerdon where we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Furie with th’ abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life; But not the praise,
Phebus repli’d, and touch’d my trembling eares.
Fame is no plant that grows on mortall soil,
Nor in the glistring foil
Set off to th’ world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav’n expect thy meed.

Oh fountain Arethuse, and thou honour’d loud,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown’d with vocall reeds;
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptunes plea:
He ask’d the waves, and ask’d the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomd this gentle swain?
And question’d every gust of rugged wings,
That blowes from off each beaked Promontorie:
They knew not of his storie;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray’d;
The aire was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play’d:
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th’ eclipse, and rigg’d with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Chamus (reverend sire) went footing slow,
His mantle hairie, and his bonnet setted
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib’d with wo;
Ah! who has reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massie keyes he bore of metalls twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespoke,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enough of such as for their bellies sake
Creep and intrude and clime into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
the least other thing
given up instead of you

A sheephook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithfull herdsmans art belongs!
What recks it them? what need they? they are sped;
And when they list their lean and flashie songs
Grate on their scannel pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoin with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwards, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grimme wolf with privy paw
Daily devoures apace, and little said.

But that two-handed engine at the doore,
Stands ready to smile once, and smites no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart starre sparingly looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enammell'd eyes,
bell-shaped flowers
resort, frequent
shines little or not at all

That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernall flowers.
Bring the rathe primerose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,
The white pink, and the pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd wood-bine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
early
wild hyacinth; jasmine
deciduous-hide; violet
adorned

And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts daily with false surmise;
Ay me! whil'st thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash farre away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
bring some relief to our grief
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the humming tide
Visit’st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deni’d,
Sleep’st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona’s hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth,
And, O ye dolphins, waft the helpless youth.
Weep no more, wofull shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floore:
So sinks the day-starre in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning skie:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of him that walk’d the waves;
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With Nectar pure his oazie locks he laves,
And heares the unexpressive nuptial song;
There entertain him all the Saints above
In solemn troupes and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shall be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncount swain to th’ oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touch’d the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:
And now the sunne had stretch’d out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch’d his mantle blew,
To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

231 Casimir Sarbiewski Ode iv.21: FROM THE SONG OF SONGS
Translated from the Latin by George Hills

From *The Odes of Casimire Translated by G. H.* (1646). A remarkable amalgamation of Song of Songs 2.8-13 with the Horatian country ode. The translation follows the Latin fairly closely. Modifications are indicated in the notes. The nature-setting of the Song of Songs, an evocative background to Christ’s wooing of his beloved, becomes an independent spiritual force here. As Røstvig observes: 'Nature woos man, just as Christ woos man. Nature, in this fashion, becomes Christ. The entire poem, barring the first two lines, is spoken by Christ to his beloved (the soul of man).’

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Out of Salomon’s sacred marriage song.

My beloved spake and said unto mee, rise up my love, my Dove, my faire one, and come away; for loe the winter is past, the raine is over and gone: the flowers appeare on the earth, the time of singing of birds is come, and the voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land. The figtree putteth forth, etc.

Turtle turtle dove

Do I mistake? or from Elyzium cleare
My life’s call doe I heare?

Sister arise, and harness thy sweet paire
Of Doves, thy selfe more faire;

Mount and drive hither, here let thy Charriot stop,
From Libanus hye top;

At thy approach the falling showres doe fly,
Tempestuous stormes passe by.

The lightning’s quench’d under thy harmlesse feet,
Winter turns Spring to see’t.

While in the sacred Green, a bow’re we see
Doth spread it selfe for thee.

The Earth new Turffs it selfe for thee to tread,
The straying stars fresh fields make glad.

Here with their dams, of Kids th’amazed flocks
Hang on steep sides of Rocks;

Here as they swim, the wanton Hinds do play
In the coole streams all day.

The Lion with the Libard downe is l’ed
Tame and well governed;

Each with his Lamb about the Mountaines skip,
O’re Hills they lightly trip.

By these a spacious brooke doth slowly glide,
Which with a spreading tyde
Through bending Lilyes, banks of Violets
From th’hollow Pumice sweets.

The rivers gently flow, and a still sound
From mossie Rocks doth bound.

The sporting fish dance in the christall Mayne,
The Birds sweetly complaine,

The ayre, if dolefull comforts please, doth ring
With mounfull murmuring.

For when the Doves echo each other’s cry
That sound doth hither fly.

As they with widowed notes themselves do please,
Just so, our joyes increase.

No want appeares; th’officious Vine doth stand
With bending clusters to our hand.

Here, thou shalt pick sweet Violets, and there
Fresh Lillies all the yeare:

The Apple ripe drops from its stalke to thee,
From past of death made free.

The luscious fruit from the full Figtree shall
Into thy bosome fall.

3-4 paire Of Doves] Assimilates the biblical beloved to Venus, whose chariot was drawn by doves.
6 Libanus] the Lebanon mountains. 7 falling showres] Lat. has ‘the footsteps (traces) of clouds’. 11-12 Lat. has ‘a pavilion [scena] appears beneath your tread’. 14 straying stars] flowers, like stars that have strayed to earth. 17 Hinds] Lat. has himmulei, young stags. The biblical ‘roe or a young hart’, used as comparisons for the beloved, become actual animals. 19-20 Lat. has ‘The lion with the leopard, king of the green Senirian mountains, both [made] mild’. Senir occurs in Song of Songs 4.8, in the context of ‘the mountains of the leopards’. 19 The Lion with the Libard] Isaiah 11.6. 21 Each, his] the lion and leopard: in Isaiah 11.6, they consort with lambs, kids and calves. 25 Lillies] Lat. hyacinthos, which could also mean the fleur-de-lys. 26 springs from the volcanic rock. 27 still] soft, subdued (OED 3). 29 Mayne] properly the sea, but here obviously the river. 30 complain] sing mournfully. Cf. the mournful overtones in the next few lines. 39-40 Lillies] Lat. mentions the ‘white-fingered privet’. 41-4 Anticipates Marvell’s ‘The Garden’ 33-8, written a few years later. 42 Lat. is more reticent: ‘the (taste of its) earlier juice now forgotten’. This is the fruit of innocence, as before the Fall.
Meanewhile, the Vine no pruning knife doth know,  
The wounded earth no plow.  
The Corne growes green alone, and th’ unhurt land  
Doth white with harvest stand.  
The grasse affords a stately bed, the Plane  
Spreads thee to entertaine.  
Arabian mists sweat from the gummy tree  
Of Balme, and all for thee;  
Which through the ayre, a rich perfume doe throw,  
Fann’d with each neighbor ring bough.  
Arise my Sister deare, why dost thou stay;  
And spend th’ unwilling day?  
Behold thy harness’d Doves, at thy delay  
Doe sigh, come, drive away.  
Put on, and hither drive thy beauteous paire  
Of Doves, thy selfe more faire.

232 Casimir Sarrbiewski  
**The Praise of a Religious Recreation**

Translated from the Latin by George Hills

From *The Odes of Casimire Translated by G. H.* (1646). Casimir’s Epode III is a palinode or response to Horace’s Epode II, matching its structure but introducing a pronounced religious and philosophical note. As generally in Casimir, Neoplatonic and Hermetic elements infuse traditional Christian doctrine.

*Ode 3. Lib[er]. Epod[on].*  
*But Flaccus, now more happy he appeares,*  
*Who, with the burthen of his cares,*  
*Farre off hath left his father’s ground, set free*  
*From the fierce wrangling Lawyer’s fee;*  
*No scorching heat, nor blasts of Winter Jove,*  
*Doth hurt his fruit, or him can move:*  
*Hee shuns all strifes, and never doth resort*  
*The sinfull gates o’th greedy Court.*  
*But either doth bewayle those dayes and nights,*  
*Lost by him in prophane delights;*  
*Or else retyr’d, strives to collect and find*  
*The dispers’d flock of’s wandring mind;*  
*Having first fairly pois’d the recompence*  
*And gaines of a good conscience.*

*At evening, when the harbinger of night*  
*The torches of the sky doth light,*

---

45-8 As in the Golden Age, when the earth brought forth crops without tilling. **46 wounded** proleptic: the earth that was later wounded (by the plough). **47 growes green** over-literal rendering of ‘virent’ – grows green, but also simply ‘flourishes’. **alone** by itself, without tending. **unhurt** not wounded by the plough. **49 Plane** ?plain; ?plane tree. **51-2 gummy tree Of Balme** the balsam. Lat. has ‘The balsam, whose bark can be cut without injuring it, exudes a Panchaian vapour.’ (Panchaia, a fabulous island credited with jewels, incense and other riches). **and all for thee** Not in the original. **53 a rich perfume** Lat. specifies nuptial perfume, *genialis odor.* **58 sigh** The Lat. is stronger: ‘bewail, lament’ (*ingemiere*). **60 Lat. directs this call to a ‘foreign’ or ‘exotic sister’, Hospita ... soror. See 3-4n.**

**0.1 Palinode** A religious reversal or recantation of a secular (especially amorous or erotic) poem, or a Christian reversal of a pagan poem: here the latter with respect to Horace’s Epode. **0.3 Translates Lat. Laus oti religiosi, ‘Praise of Religious Otium’ (roughly, pious leisure).** **1 Flaccus** Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus). **now** in Christian times. **more happy** than the man at the start of Horace’s Epode II: *Beatus ille, ‘Blessed or happy the man’.* **2-3 Unclear translation:** the countryman possesses his paternal land free of cares. **5 blasts of Winter Jove** winter thunderbolts (after Horace, Epode II.29). **Jove** (Zeus, Jupiter) was the god of thunder. **12 Interesting use of a pastoral metaphor within a literal pastoral setting.** **15 harbinger** One who goes before an important person to make the place ready: here, lighting lamps (stars) at the approach of night.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

How he admires th’immortall rayes breake forth,
And their bright Orbes, more large then earth;

How through his trickling teares, he helps his sight
Unto the open Courts of light,

Which with thy selfe, ô Christ, thy selfe in pray’r
He Adores, t’Eternall life an heire!
The Starres with golden wheeles are hurried by,
And let their prostrate exile lye,

Over whose face, the plenteous teares doe stray,
Which chase all drowsie sleepe away;

Assoone as Phoebus head begins t’appeare,
Lately in Indus streames made cleare,

From depth of soule, lesse then himselfe he lies,
And bends the angry pow’rs with cryes:

Or when the Sun shines cleare, the aire serene,
And April Festivals begin,

His eyes, so us’d to Heaven, he downe doth throw,
On a large prospect here below:

He views the fields, and wondering stands to see
In’s shade the shining Deitie.

See how (saies he) each herb with restlesse leaves
To th’starres doth strive and upward heaves:

Remov’d from heaven they weep, the field appeares
All o’re dissolv’d in pious teares:

The white-flow’rd Woodbine, and the blushing Rose
Branch into th’aire with twining boughs;
The pale-fac’d Lilly on the bending stalke,
To th’starres I know not what doth talke;

At night with fawning sighes they expresse their fears
And in the morning drop downe teares.

Am I alone, wretch that I am, fast bound
And held with heavy weight, to th’ground?

Thus spake he to the neighbouring trees, thus he
To th’Fountaines talk’d, and streams ran by,

And after, seekes the great Creator out
By these faire traces of his foot.

But if a lightsome Country house that’s free
From care, such as Luciscus’ be,

Or Nemicini’s, if Besdan’s fruitfull field
Can Grace to his rude table yeld,

To his plaine board with country dainties set,
In August’s dry and parching heat;

Even at his dore, under a private shade
By a thick pleasant Poplar made,

Provision of all sorts expect their guest:
A shell with salt, pure and the best,

New bread, for which, ’midst the thin bryars, the Mayd
Picks Strawberries, and’s gladly payd.

Cheese newly press’d. Close by, the friendly Cann

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19 trickling teares] presumably of emotion or rapture; cf. 25. 24 Unclear translation of Pigrumque linquunt exules, ‘And leave behind the sluggish exiled person’ — i.e. the spiritual-minded country-dweller, who would be with the stars but cannot match their pace; hence he weeps (25). Røstvig (1.78) notes that the stars stand for the ‘Platonic or Hermetic… world of pure mind’. 28 Indus] The rising sun is imagined to have bathed in this eastern river. The original also names the Ganges. 29-30 He humbles himself from the depth of his heart, and placates the powers of retribution with his tears. 30 bends] makes relent. 35-50 Hermetic note particularly strong in these lines. 35-6 shade… Deitie] Contrast added by translator. 37-44 i.e. The flowers originally grew in heaven and are anxious to return there, hence they reach upward with their petals. 52 Recasts Virgil, Georg. II.473-4: Astraea the goddess of justice planted her last footsteps among shepherds and countrymen, before leaving the corrupt world after the Golden Age. 55 Nemicini] possessive of Lat. Nemicinus. Emended to Nemicin’s by Fordoński and Urbański. Luciscus and Nemicinus may be real persons, perhaps Casimir’s associates. Besdan? Bezdan, in present-day Serbia. 60 pleasant] suggesting a ‘pleasance’, a secluded part of a garden. 65 Cann] vessel (holding drink). The original mentions an amphora or two-handled jug.
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With Cup cleane wash’d, doth ready stan’.
With me the Lucrine dainties will not downe,
The Scare, nor Mullet that’s well growne;
But the Ring-dove plump, the Turtle dun doth looke,
Or Swan, the sojourner o’th’ brooke;
A messe of Beanes which shuns the curious pallet;
Clusters of grapes last gathered, that misse
And nothing owe to th' weighty presse.
Then after noone he takes a kind of pride
To th’ hills to walke, or River side,
And ’midst the pleasant Okes, a shade doth find,
’Tavoyd the blasts o’th’ Southern wind;
To th’ darksome shore, by the deep poole he goes,
And through, with nimble Boat he rowes;
Sometimes the sporting fish, his baite thrown in,
Hee plucks up with his trembling line.
Meane while th’ spacious woods with echoing note
Doe answer to the Bulls wide throat,
The shady rivers bleat; the Nightingale
I’th ‘bushes chirps her doefull tale.
With’s hastning pipe the sheapeheard drives away
His flocke, which through the thickets stray:
To which as from the field they passe along,
Each mover sings by course, his song;
O’re yeilding furrowes, carts full press’d with corne
Groane, and are like to breake the barne.
Our worke once done, we doe not silent sit,
When knots of our good fellowes meet;
Nor is our talke prolong’d with rude delay;
In harmesse jests we spend the day;
Jests dip’d in so much salt, which rubbing shall
Onely make fresh our cheeks, not gall.
If that rich churle this had but seen, when hee
A Country man began to be,
The money which i’th’ Ides hee scraped in
Next month hee’d not put out agen.

233 Thomas Carew  The Spring
First published in Carew’s Poems (1640). A popular poem, also found in many mss.

Now that the winter’s gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grasse, or castes an yecke creame
Vpon the silver Lake, or Chrystall streame:
But the warme Sunne thawes the benummed Earth,
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
To the dead Swallow; wakes in hollow tree

67 Lucrine] from the Lucrine Lake in Campania, famous for its oysters. 68 Scare] the scarus or parrot-fish; OED 1st cit. 1706. 69 Lat. has ‘The wax-coloured ring-dove and dark turtle-dove’. looke] ?to be expected (cf. OED 3c, 6g) or ?sought (cf. OED 6d, though this active use of the verb is not recorded). 71 shuns] Unusual reversal, as in Lat.: the food shuns eaters. curious pallet] fastidious taste. 72 not simple] i.e. a mixture of many herbs. 73-4 The grapes are served as fruit, not pressed into wine. 73 misse] escape, do not end up in (the wine-press). The original talks of a heaped serving-dish which ‘owes nothing to the market’ i.e. contains only home-grown produce. 85 bleat] As with Lat. balant, unusual for the murmur of a river: not in OED. 86 her doefull tale] Of Philomela’s rape by Tereus, when upon she was turned into a nightingale. 87 hastning] hurrying (the flock) on: not in original. 99 that rich churle] The money-lender Alfinus in Horace’s Epode II, who praises the country but immediately returns to plying his trade in the city. 101 Ides] a date in the middle of each month in the Roman calendar. 6 sacred birth] The migrating swallow was ancietly thought to lie in its nest all winter as though dead, and revive in the spring. It was therefore held sacred: Dunlap cites Thomas Browne, Pseudodoxia Epidemica 5.23.3. The miss read simply ‘second birth’.
The drowzie Cuckow, and the Humble-Bee.
Now do a quire of chirping Minstrels bring
In triumph to the world, the youtfull Spring.
The Vallies, hills, and woods, in rich araye,
Welcome the comming of the long’d for May.
Now all things smile; onely my Love doth lowre:
Nor hath the scalding Noon-day-sunne the power,
To melt that marble yce, which still doth hold
Her heart congeald, and makes her pittie cold.
The Ox which lately did for shelter flie
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
calmly, placidly
By the fire side; but in the cooler shade.
Amyntus now doth with his Cloris sleepe
Vnder a Sycamoure, and all things keepe
Time with the season, only shee doth carry
lune in her eyes, in her heart January.

234 Thomas Carew To Saxham

From Carew’s Poems (1640). Saxham in Suffolk was the home of his friend Sir John Crofts.

To Saxham.

Though frost, and snow, lockt from mine eyes,
That beautie which without dore lyes,
Thy gardens, orchards, walkes, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;
Yet (Saxham) thou within thy gate,
Art of thy selfe so delicate;
So full of native sweets, that blesse
Thy roofe with inward happinesse;
As neither from, nor to thy store
indoors
pleasing

Winter takes ought, or Spring addes more.
The cold and frozen ayre had stervd’
Much poore, if not by thee preserv’d;
Whose prayers have made thy Table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.
The season hardly did afford
course; victuals, food
Course cates unto thy neighbours board,
Yet thou hadst daintyes, as the skie
Had only been thy Volarie;
Or else the birds, fearing the snow
aviary

Might to another deluge grow,
The Pheasant, Partiridge, and the Larke,
Flew to thy house, as to the Arke.
The willing Ox, of himselfe came
Home to the slaughter, with the Lambe,
And every beast did thither bring
Himselfe, to be an offering.
The scalie herd more pleasure tooke,
Bath’d in thy dish, then in the brooke.
Water, Earth, Ayre, did all conspire,

To pay their tributes to thy fire,
Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
Through every roome, where they deride
The night, and cold abroad; whilst they
Like suns within, keepe endlessse day.
Those cheerfull beams end forth their light,
nurturing, comforting; disperse
mock, defy

13 all things smile] echoing Virgil VII.55. 22-3 keep Time with] synchronize or agree with. 9-10 Implies an Eden-like state of perpetual spring. 11 stervd] starved, ‘Perished with cold’ (OED 4). 21 Partridge] three-syllable form then current. 29-30 Referring to the four elements.
To all that wander in the night,
And seeme to becken from aloofe,
The weary Pilgrim to thy roofe;
Where if refresh’t, he will away,
Hee’s fairly welcome, or if stay
Farre more, which he shall hearty find,
Both from the Master, and the Hinde.
The strangers welcome, each man there
Stamp’d on his chearfull brow, doth weare;
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheere
Grow lesse, ’cause he staies longer here.
There’s none observes (much lesse repines)
How often this man sups or dines.
Thou hast no Porter at the doore
T’examine, or keep back the poore;
Nor locks, nor bolts; thy gates have bin
Made onely to let strangers in;
Vntaught to shut, they doe not feare
To stand wide open all the yeare;
Carelesse who enters, for they know,
Thou never didst deserve a foe;
And as for theeves, thy bountie’s such;
They cannot steale, thou giv’st so much.

235 William Strode  On Westwell Downs

From Strode’s autograph ms in Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Strode was a member of Oxford University; this poem presents the surrounding countryside:

When Westwell downes I gan to treade
Where cleanly windes the Greene doe sweep,e,
Methought a Landskipp there was spred
Here a bush and there a sheepe.
The pleated wrinkles on the face
Of waue-swoln Earth did lend such grace
As shadowings in Imagrie
Which both deceaue and please the Eye.

The sheepe sometimes doe treade a Mase
By often winding in and in,
And sometimes rounde about they trace,
Which Milk-maides call a Fairy ring.
Such Semicircles they haue run,
Such lines acrosse soe trimly spun
That sheapheards learne wherene they please
A new Geometry with ease.

The slender foode vpon the downe
As allway euen, allway bare,
Which nether spring nor winters frowne
Can ought improue or ought impayre.
Such is the barren Eunuchs chin
Which thus doth euermore begin
With tender downe to be orecast
Which never comes to hayre at last.

39 if ... away] If he wishes to leave after refreshing himself.  40 if stay] i.e., If he wishes to stay.  3 It looked like a painted landscape.  7 Imagrie ‘The pictorial elements of a natural scene or landscape’ (OED 7).  9 treade a Mase] treaded out the shape of a maze by their winding movements.  10 in and in] ‘further and further in’ (OED).  12 Fairy ring] A circle of grass differing in colour from the rest: caused by fungi, but here ascribed to the movements of sheep.
Here and there two hilly Crests
Amidst them hugg a pleasant Greene
And these are like two swelling brests
That close a tender Vale betweene.
Here could I reade or sleepe or play
From early mornet till flight of day
But hark! a Sheepe-bell calls me vp
Like Oxford Colledg bells to supp.

236 Thenot’s Abode

One of three poems (all unascribed) featuring the shepherd Thenot, found in BL MS Harley 6917, a miscellany from early and mid-17-c. Printed here for the first time. Initial capitals standardized.

Thenot’s Abode:

Come neere and view my pallace how it stands,
Not built by Architects more curious hands,
Noe parian stone here sweates to be
The subiect of mans gorgeous vanity.

The watry sedge,
And relicts of each hedge
With Cobwebbs interwoven make my Canopy:

Why then alas doe mightiest potentates
Robbe wretched silkwormes to adorn their states?

The proudest and exaltedst prince
When struck by death, he goes away from hence
To dwell below,
May he this warning know,

Wormes from his liuelesse corpes will haue their recompence:

What though my weake built rooфе be ouerthrowne,
And by some tempests from its rafters blowne,
So that whole cloudy stormes of rayne

Upon my mossy pillow powre amayne,
I shall not keepe

Accompt, how much I weeppe,
Since with my teares I doe a fresher water dreyne:

Nor shall I want my change of coverings,
The worst outvynes the greatest wealth of kings,
The best in natures Cabinett.
In cloudy nights my house is arched with Jeatt,
Otherwise then
When starres appeare agen,

Nor is my mother Earth so base and poore,
But she can furnish me a gratis floore;

What need I be so curious then
To search in marble bowelld quarries, when
From basest Earth
The richest tooke their birth,
My floore then which I spurne is the same mould with men:

What need I then that costly farrefetcht meate
Which greedy gluttons so delight to eate?
I can be well content

2 curious] skilful, expert (OED 4). 3 parian stone] the renowned white marble of the island of Paros. sweates] toils, labours: metaphor from the actual’ sweeping’ of stones in a moist atmosphere. 14 recompence] ?gain, reward; perhaps with a sense of the proud man meeting his due end. 32 marble bowelld] marble-bearing. 35 the same mould with men] God formed man from the dust of the ground (Genesis 2.7).
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With whatsoeere brings with it nourishment;
   I digge, and straight
Finde rootes, my chiepest Cate,
And would men never digged for worse intent:

What doe I care grapes lushious luice to swill?
Water will serve t'inspire my humble quill,
Wine Kings doth disenthronne,
From Kings it makes them men, from men makes none;
   My water can
Quench thirst, make me more man,

While my owne King, I sitt upon some mole-hills Throne:

My sheepe and I, poore sheepe of humble swayne
Take our repast upon the verdant plaine;
   If any doe offend
To them my curtayld messenger I send,
   Who for th'offence
Pay fleecy recompence,
Whose Innocence, and woule me from all stormes doe shend:

Yet doe I neuer mulct so cruelly
As to adiudge them by my knife to dye,
   They too too simple be
To doe such crimes as men commit we see,
   Nay I should hate
My selfe as one Ingrate,

To take all heate from them, which earst gaue heate to me: heate: i.e., of life

If then my Chlorin will but be content
To liue with me in pleasing banishment,
I then of force must doe
What I reected, and haue dainties too,
   Come graunt my blisse
Make paradise of this;
Then I noe more shall grieue, then I noe more shall wooe.

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237 All Hail to Hatfeild

The first of two ‘Hail to Hatfield’ poems, opening a group of poems about Hatfield House that form part of a ms now in the Brotherton Library, Leeds University. Hatfield in Hertfordshire was the site of a bishop’s, and later royal, palace where Queen Elizabeth spent much of her childhood. James I presented it to his chief minister Robert Cecil, First Earl of Salisbury, who built a new stately home on the site, opened in 1611. This poem by an unknown author, from the time of William Cecil the second Earl, is a very elaborate example of a country house poem, modelled on and alluding to Jonson’s ‘To Penshurst’. Stanzadivision, punctuation and line-initials regularized.

   His first all Hayle to Hatfeild

Should Chronicles wherein thy founders name
Stands like a statue in the house of fame,
Should all records into one flame bee turn’d,
All historie, by chance or enue burn’d,
Should after tymes hold in suspition
What they receive from graue Tradition,
Should memorie decay and letters bee
Henceforth forbidden to posterity,
   Yet whilst the world retaynes but judging eyes,
Hatfeild shall speake him most profound, most wise.

42 for worse intent] i.e. for gold or other precious metals. Cf. Ovid, Met. 1.138-40. For the contrast with roots, cf. Shakespeare, Timon of Athens 4.3.23-45, prob. predating this poem. 44 humble quill]
pastoral verse: challenging the common premise that wine unlocks poetic inspiration. 46 makes none] i.e. dehumanizes them, makes them beasts. 53 curtayld messenger] his dog. curtayld] with tail cut or docked. 66-7 In her company, I will lead the life of pleasure that I had fithertio rejected. 70 wooe] (a) court, offer love to (Chlorin) (b) seek, strive for reward (in a more general sense).
Tis not a mightie pile or costly guilding,
Nor yet the antique fashion of a building
That speakes the owners wisdom; to bee neate
(Which is a better praise then to bee greate)
Is not enough: the builders arte is knowne
Even in the laying his foundation stone.
Houses like bodies, if compleat they bee,
Must in a proportionable degree
Injoy of euery Elament a share.

Whoe builds not in a sweete and holsome ayre
Erects a Spitle for sicke Soules to lye in:
Builds not a house to lye in, but to dye in.

Ayre that is too cold is too congelatiue,
Catarrhes and Asthmas there too much doe thrive;
Or if too hot, it doth relaxe the joynnts
And weaken the faculties in all poynnts.
If it bee moyst, it too much lenifies,
Causethe distillations, Cramps and palsies.
But thy ayre, Hatfeild’s, like the breath Aurora
In Sommer mornes suckes from the lips of Flora.

Thy winds are gentle, calme, as pure, as thinn,
As that the god of wynds desended in,
When hee with mortall man was dayn’d to talke;
In quest of that most disobedient paire
Whose fall corrupted had both earth and ayre.

When Phebus to the South his hott carr brings
And flaming Squibbs att Sweating mortalls flings,
When neighboring swaynes forsake the feilds and run
To hide them from the furie of the Sun,
When other Sheepheards fly to shadie trees,
Hatfeild doth neuer want a cooling breese
That from the west or north with gentle gale
Kisses each blushing cheeke, makes them looke pale.

Coole winds about thy dores and windowes play,
And with theire downy wings all heats alay.

Thou neither art too moyst, too hott, too dry,
Nor yet more cold then serues to rarifie
Corrupted bodies, if any such appeare
From other partes, for noe such are breedd here.

Thy founder, Hatfeild, had not dyde if hee
Had bine begott, or borne, or bredd in thee.
But my prophetick soule bids mee proclame
Hee still shall liue here in his honord name.

This world to eternity shall giue place
Ere Hatfeild want an Heyre of that blest race.

Here could my Iocund muse for euer soare,
In this ayre dwell, desend to Earth noe more,
For whilst about thy towers thus shee houers,

My intelligent soule with joy discouers
Whose purenes cannot bee exprest by tongues.
Such sweete breath’d prayers, carried by perfum’d winds,
Ariseing from such soules, such harts, such mynds,
Such pure white doues, wing’d with such Innocence,
Each bredd in the Arke of a cleare conscience,
Such sighes of true repentance ryding post
To fetch downe blessings from the god of host,
As now me thinkes I hang in clouds of smokee,
Stuft with such woole as made Elias cloake.

This cloude to heauen from Hatfeild hourly flying
Shall euer keepe thy ayre from putriifying.
Thou hast a Temple, Hatfeild, soe well built,
Soe pure an Alter, Candlesticks soe guilt,
Gods house thou hast soe deckt, adorn’d soe well,
As hee with thee and thine must euer dwell.
But I must whistle downe my muse and try
How shee among thy woods and groues can fly.
It is thy Scituation I should blaze-on
Thy other beauties are too bright to gaze-on.

Since then thy Ayre’s soe cleare, soe pure, soe good,
Fyer, or fyers best materiall, wood
Is next to bee preferd, for knowe that heate
That wants it, bee’t neare soe faire soe greate,
Is like a rich lanthorne in a smoakie hall,
Or curious pictures hung on a naked wall.
For as the blood in bodies life mayntaynes,
And beautifies the Temples, Cheekes and vaines,
Soe wood is life and ornament: Trees grace
A house, as hayre the head or face.
Nor ought wee prise good water att less rate:
Tis noe less vseful, doth noe less ornate.
Edens imbroderie of trees consisted,
The skirts and borders were with riuers twisted.

Earth, on whose back howses are erected,
The qualitty of that should bee respected.
For nature her best treasure euer locks
Either in barren hills or fruitelles Rocks,
In gaudie meads her gold shee neuer hords.
(Rich outsides, seldom preitious mynds affords.)
The parents of deseased Mists and foggs
Deriueth themselues from Marshes, fenis and boggs,
Whilst health and pleasure, for which wisemen build,
Are the blест issue of the barren feild.
Thy eare then Hatfeild lend, whilst my muse sings
Of those thy pleasant groues, thy woods, thy springs.

Had famous Johnson but thy Limeyard seene
In that his progress, Penshurst had not beeene
Soe much as nam’d: noe noe, his muse had stroue
To gett thee for his mistris, for his loue.
Hee would haue hung each bow, each twig, each tree
With Songs and Sonetts made in praye of thee;

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65 doues] Suggests the Holy Spirit, as Innocence suggests the prelapsarian state. 69-70 Combines references to the prophet Elias or Elijah translated to heaven in a whirlwind (2 Kings 2) and his appearance at the transfiguration of Christ (Matthew 17:3 etc.). His cloak or mantle figures in 2 Kings 2.8, 13-14, though not as the agent of his translation. 72 Temple] the chapel at Hatfield House, or a metaphor for its spiritual state. 82 whistle downe] set off, activite like a falcon sent after prey with a whistle of command. 88 Of the four elements (19), fire is obviously hardest to link to an extant building. Hence the poet treats of its ingredient, wood, and hence the woods around the house. 90 Metrically short. A word may have dropped out in transcription. 107 Limeyard] grove of lime or linden trees. 107-8 Johnson] Ben Jonson. his progress] his 1618 journey to Scotland. Penshurst] See Jonson’s ‘To Penshurst’ (no.191).
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The euer honor’d Sydney, soe much famde,
His sweete Arcadian Scenee att Hatfeild framde.
The winged Pegasus here found the well,
And here the muses all the Sommer dwell.

Whoe with the early larke salutes the morne,
Saluted is againe from every thorne
By feathered queresters, that to the day
Bidds kind good morrow with some Roundelay.

The nightingale awakes the sluggard Thrush,
The Robin redbreast flies from bush to bush,
And being euermore a freind to men,
The chanting blackbird and the Chirping wren
Hee carefully doth summon to the Quire,
Thus all the day each tree, each bush, each brier
Affords those times for which the gods doe call
Rhythms, hence type(s) of music
Att euery triumph, euery festiuall;
And whoe in musick hath a judging Eare

Must needs confess theire notes more sweete, more cleare,
More strong, more shrill, then birds els where declare,
Which much approues the purenes of the ayre.

The malancholy man that darea loues
The vnfrequented pathes, the sylent groues,
That noe companion likes, noe walking mate,
But what hee caryes with him in his pate,
May in thy verge each hower, Hatfeild, find
A walke that strainger is to Sunn or wind,
Where well cloath’d oakes shall serue him for a skreene,
And neither lett him see nor yett bee seene.

There shall hee find fitt object to intice
His labring soule the way to Paradise:
A posting stremme that tells him here’s noe byding,
Man to the graue as it to’th Sea’s still glyding:
Now as in armes the flowry bankes it lockes,
And in a moment beaten is gainst rocks;
Now through pure earth it runs, but strayte’s saluteth
With mudd, and flags, and Seadge, and things polluted.

Such is mans passage through this fickle world,
Now hee imbraces pleasure, strayte hee’s hurld
Vpon a Thousand daingers, and att last,
Into the Oceans gulph, the graue, hee’s cast.

A bedred Oake thereon his stumps doth sitt,
And on his shrueuled Barke perhaps is wrytt
Three hundred yeares, yett tyme, and blasts, and stormes,
Converted hath his gaudie leaues to wormes.

His head is bald, his limmes are growne with mosse,
His sapp is turnd to dust, his hart to dross.
When sturdie oakes thus fall, what man goes by,
And thinkes not of his owne mortallity?

But least this humor should bee too much fed,
Become adust, soe dangerous, hee’s led
By fine deceaung windings to some playne,
Whose mantle is like that the Poetts fayne

113-4 Prob. evoking not only the actual (nominally Greek) setting of Arcadia but also Wilton, the estate of the Earls of Pembroke and the Countess Mary, Sidney’s sister. Sidney originally wrote Arcadia atWilton. 115 [the well] Hippocrene, the fountain sacred to the Muses, sprung from the hoof-beat of the winged horse Pegasus. 161 Emblemes] symbolic objects with a moral implication. 163-4 humor] (a) mood (b) specifically the four humours or fluids of the body, thought to cause illness if they became adust or burnt through excessive heat. 165 deceaung] confusing.
Flora putts on when with the spring she meetes,
Or Ceres when the god of wind shee greetes.
Here tyme, then whats more precious, wyldly groes:
There the hart cheering Cowslipp, here primrose,
There honisockles, and strawberries here,
As thick as Speckled dayses doe els where.
This playne is peopled with a heard of deare
Whose heads and hanches doe proclame what cheere,
Hatfield, thy feilds affords, for in each flanck
A man may read that swete grass, not the ranck,
Commends the goodnes of the Soyle, the earth,
(Though feeding here bee short, yet heres noe earth).

The Quinticence of things, not things in gross,
Growe here in euery feild, in euery cless.

Whoe sees a peece wherein the Paynter stroue
To faigne a landskip here, and there a groue,
Here rising hills from whence his pencell brings
Into a neighboring Vallie diuers springs,
And in theire passage wyndinge many wayes
Here fashons out a moone, and there a maze:
Here in a Snakie form hee makes them wind,
Till they haue shapte an Iland to his mynd,
In midst whereof hee draws a hill or mountaine
On which is plact a quaintie conceited fountaine;
Att this hills foote a wood as darke as night,
Where hee those streames a while scales from your sight,
And makes them by straing pathes this mount to scale;
Then here hee draws a Mearemaid, there a whale,
One from his mouth a Torrent seemest to spout,
And from the others breastes hee forces out
Two slender streames: here Niobe doth lye
And sends a weeping brooke from either eye,
And on the top hee faignes a tree to growe,
Whose euery leafe lets fall a kind of deawe,
And this by pipes from Cesterns hee conveys
Downe to the Vale, and thence a Thousand wayes
Hee makes these new borne Riuers seeme to trauell:
This glides on golden sands, and that on grauell,
This cuts out curious knotts, this figures makes,
Those in direct lynes run, and these like snakes;
Then hand in hand into a meade they glide
(Where fruitfull nature sitts in all her pride),
Where heauen and earth soe prodigall haue bine
As to expect more from them were a sin.

Here lyes a scrole, soe framde by th' paynters witt,
It may be thought a bridge; on this is wrytt.
Mere Arte to nature yeilds, truely, confessing
Tis past the power of man to painte her dressing.

167 Flora at the coming of spring, her mantle being the spring flowers. She is not associated with any god of spring. 168 Prob. referring to fields of crops swaying in the wind. Again, no tradition linking Ceres, goddess of the earth and agriculture, to Aeolus, god of winds. 169 tyme] pun: (a) time, hence precious (b) thyme. 178 The grass is not lush, but there is plenty of it. 179-80 Everything is so perfect that it seems to represent its Quinticence (quintessence, ‘fifth essence’ or core substance of being) rather than its crude material shape (in gross, compounded of all the elements). 182 landskip] landscape, ?a vista as opposed to the enclosed grove. Illustrates the new convention of aesthetizing a natural landscape in terms of a painting: implying either the human ability to design a landscape as wished (to his mynd, 188), in reality or imagination, or God’s own identity as an artist, guided by human aesthetic principles. 193 straing pathes] as seeming to make the streams flow uphill. straing strange, ?straying 194-207 May allude to the illustrated maps of the time, with figures representing natural features, or to actual landscape engineering and sculpture. The Hatfield gardens were laid out by the naturalist and horticulturist John Tradescant, who began life as gardener there. 197 Niobe] Her children were destroyed by Apollo and Artemis, and she herself turned to a rock that continued to shed tears: a common theme for fountain statuary. 213 Mere Arte to nature yeilds] Paradoxical, considering the poet’s attempt to present nature in terms of art. But nature finally defeats all attempts to confine her in terms of art, which can only imitate her (215-26).
When such a piece you find with such a scrole,
Knowe this (soe much transported) Painter stole
His plovt from Hatfield Parke; but hauing trac’d
Those streames along vntill they had imbrac’d
(Great natures maisterpeece) our Vineyard here,

Then this Art blushed: then, then it did appeare
That Arts but natures foole, her Ape, her zanye,
Not to bee painted to the life by any,
Then, then this scrole hee writ, and gainst a Tree
His pencell dasht, and left the rest to mee.

Vnder a bush this halfe done peece hee laid,
And then went hence, run madd, and quit his trade.

And in this fitt about the Parke hee throes
His box of curious cullors, since here growes
Ten thousand painted flowers such as stayne

The gaudie Rayneboe, or the Peacocks trayne.

The greate lord here payes for noe plants, noo dressing:
Apolo waters, and god giues the blessing.

And now att last I find the Painters error,
Whence his distraction rose and whence his terror.

Twas not the Vineyards beauty that did craze him
(Though that alone I grant might much amaze him):
Noe, noe, the Vineyards goddess with her freind,
The fairest Cinthia, there some howers spend;

That face that many painters hath strock blind,
Was it that soe disturb’d the Painters mynd.

Nor doe I wonder much att his mistaking:
For nature, when a curious peece shees makeing,

When shee a matchless creature meanes to frame
By her owne Image, she creates the same:
’Twas nature best Idea then hee sawe,
Whose picture lett noe mortall striue to drawe.

The little springs that hee pursude soo fast
Vnto this Paradice made all that hast.

They flyt from hills and poste them to this Vallie,
That in our Vineyard they may sporte and dallie.

Nor can I thinken those streames were much more cleare
That Eden had, then are the streames rune here:
For in that curse that followed Adams fall,
The waters are not spoken of att all;
And if they scapte that sentence, then Ile sweare,
That theis in all poyncts are as pure, as cleare.

Here needes noe grates to keepe the wantone trout,

For if they might they would not sure swim out.
The streames themselves doe many turnings make,

And murmor, when this place they must forsake.

Here one would seeme to glide away amayne,
But strayt you meete it posting back againe.

Here they would euere weaue, and turne, and wind,

---

224 mee the poet. It was then commonly held (though contested by, e.g., Leonardo da Vinci) that poetry, presenting ideas, was superiour to painting, presenting material appearances. 231-2 i.e. These are wild flowers, growing spontaneously. 232 Apolo As Phoebus the sun-god, might be expected to provide light, not water. 233 Cinthia prob. Lady Diana Maxwell (Cynthia being another name for Diana), Catherine’s daughter-in-law. 246 By her owne Image looking like the goddess Nature herself. There is no such prototype among extant beings, so she has to create it. 247 Idea] in the Platonicsense: the ideal form or principle of Catherine’s being, not her mere material body. 265-6 Each stream would stay for ever, if others did not crowd it out through jealousy (malice).
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

But for there malice crowde soo fast behinde:  
For as att Tryumphs the multitude struie  
Which shall his fellow from a standing driue,  
Euen soe theis Streames each other doe pursue  
(Ambitious from theire birth) this place to weve.  
I will not say the tree of life growes here,  
But health and pleasure, that comes something neare,  
In Hatfeilds Vineyard cheefely doth abound,  
In every Arbor, euerie walke is found.  
To tell how richely euerie banck is cladd,  
Were with the fyrsted painter to run madd;  
Or but to give a taste of euerie Tree  
Would make you surfett, if not wareie mee.  
The Persian Monarch in his royaltie,  
When hee would shewe most state, most Iollitye,  
On noe such Carpetts eates as here are throwne  
For wayting groomes to sitt or walke vpon.  
They neither can come neare them for a story,  
Nor equall them by farr in Pompe and glorie.

A strawberie here will hang the head and pine  
And wither, because the creeping woodbye  
Clymb higher vp and hangs more in the eye  
Of theire great mistris (when she daynes walke by).  
The primrose showes a kind of discontent  
Because the violet hath a better sent.  
The full blowne rose his leaues letts fall and dyes,  
Because a budd's more gratious in her eyes.  
A cherry there his red cheekes turnes vnto her,  
Blushes and dropps if that want power to woe her;  
This a harte presents, which by Cynthia taken,  
The next lookes pale, for greefe it is forsaken.  
A kind of Emulation here is seene  
Betwixt the damson and the damozene.  
The peare plum thinkes that hee shall weare the crowne,  
But then the plum Imperiall putts him downe;  
And whilst thes two doe thus contend for place,  
The Apricock looks out and gets the grace.  
With him the red flesh Peach striues for the wall:  
The Mallacottoone would bee best of all,  
But then a Medler from a bush doth start  
And pleads his holsomnes, though hee bee tart.  
Att last the grapes looke bigg and put on state  
And hope for grace, when all are out of date.  
But see, presumption still with enuiue meetes:  
In the next bed in curious cutworke sheetes  
Lyes the perfumde Muskemelloone, here Iuno stopps  
(Att which the big swolne grapes declynes and dropps);  
The bearded Raspice brisling by doth stand  
And couetts with the rest to kiss her hand,  
Whilst the poore gooseberry and little curront  
Looke very sad, as if they would demur on’t.  
A thousand other fruites are here neglected  
Which in another place would bee respected.  
What stories fuller of morallty  
Finde you in Arras or in Tapestry?  
Noe vnclene thing about it ere was seene,

268 from ... driue| oust from his position.  279 Persian Monarch| The context of gardens suggests Cyrus the Great (6-c. BCE), the legendary garden-builder.  281 Carpetts| i.e. lawns.  298 damson, damozene (damascene) | two varieties of plum.  299 peare plum| a somewhat pear-shaped variety of plum.  304 Mallacottoone| melocoton, a peach grafted on a quince.  310 cutworke sheetes| alluding to the shape of the leaves  320 Arras| tapestry, originally from Arras in France. Tapestries and cloth hangings were commonly adorned with mottos and scenes of biblical or moral intent.
Vnless a Lawyer or a Cittizen,
Whoe in that idle long vacation
Doe crawle abroade for recreation,
And here admitted, doe soe gluttonize
That strayte the Marchant breaks, the lawyer dyes.
But see, the Supreame lord of this blest place
To meete his mistris here hath left the chace.
Who see’s them walke and enter conference,
See’s Eue and Adam in their Innocence:
About them birds doe fly and fishes swim
(As if they would receiue newe names from him).
Come downe, my muse, and with those Creatures meete,
And cast thy firstall Hayle at both there feete:
There fynding grace, bee boud to say next flight
Somethinge thou wilt produce shall bring delight.
About faire Hatfeilds house next vse thy wing,
Of it, and of the Chapell thou shalt sing,
And from gods house, as next in place it lyes,
The nursery Ile veiw with humble eyes.
There, there the Jewells are by which the gier
Proclaymes (blest payre) your names shall lie for euer:
Those six small Cabonetts more wealth contaynes
Then is in both the Indies, both the Spaynes.
In those little volumes my soule deuines
Gods finger wrytten hath a Thousand lynes.
Which tyme, nor fate, nor malice cancell shall
Till the great crack of Thunder Cancell all.

238 Sidney Godolphin(?)  Tom and Will

The first extant version (c.1655) of a popular broadside ballad. Also found in the collection Sportive Wit (1656). In Examen Poeticum (1693), ed. John Dryden, attributed to Sidney Godolphin, and Tom and Will identified with the dramatist Thomas Killigrew and William Murray, first Earl of Dysart.

Tom and Will, or, The Shepherds Sheepfold.
Both doated on a beautiful Lass,
Both were alike respected;
Both thought themselves i’th better case,
Both were at last neglected.

To a pleasant new Country Tune.

Tom and Will were Shepherds Swains,
who lov’d and liv’d together;
When fair Pastora grac’d the Plains,
alack why come she thither?

For though they fed two several Flocks,
they had but one desire,
Pastora’s eyes, and amber locks,
set both their hearts on fire.

Tom came of honest gentle race,
by Father and by Mother,
Will was noble, but alas,
he was a younger Brother.

322 Cittizen] city-dweller, especially a burgher or merchant (see 326). 326 breaks] (a) collapses (b) turns bankrupt. 332 Adam named all plants and animals in Paradise. 335 next flight] in the next poem – prob. the ‘Second All Hail’ that follows in the ms. 343 six] omitting the Cecil children's eldest offspring, James, who died the year he was born. As the fourth child and second daughter Diana died in 1653, the poem must have been written before that date. 0.1 Tom and Will] Seems to indicate a new tune composed for this piece. ‘The Shepherds Sheepfold’ may be another tune, or an alternative name for the same one.
Tom was toysom, Will was sad,
no Hunts-Man, nor no Fowler,
Tom was held the proper Lad,
but Will the better Bowler.

The scorching flames their hearts did bear,
then they could no longer smother,
Although they knew they Rivals were,
they still lov’d one another.

Tom would drink her health and swear,
this Nation will not want her,
Will would take her by the ear,
and with his voice enchant her.

Tom keeps always in her sight,
and ne’r forget his duty;
Will was witty and could write
some sonnets on her beauty.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

Thus did she handle Tom and Will,
who both did dote upon her;
For graciously she us’d them still,
and still preserv’d her honour.

Yet she was so sweet a she,
and of so sweet behaviour,
That Tom thought he, and Will thought he,
was chiefly in her favour.

Pastora was a loving Lass,
and of a comely feature,
Divinely good and fair she was,
and kind to every creature.

Of favour she was provident,
and yet not over-sparing,
She gave no less encouragement,
yet kept them from despairing.

Which of these two she loved best,
or whether she lov’d either,
’Tis thought they’ll find it to their cost,
that she indeed lov’d neither.

She dealt her favour equally,
they both were well contented,
She kept them both from jealousie,
not easily prevented.

Tale-telling fame hath made report
of fair Pastora’s beauty,
Pastora’s sent for to the Court,
there for to perform her duty.

Unto the Court Pastora’s gone,
it had been no Court without her,
Our Queen amongst all her train had none
not half so fair about her.
Tom hung his Dog, and threw away
his Sheep-crook and his Wallet,
Will burst his Pipes, and curst the day
that e’re he made a Sonnet.

Their nine-pins and their bowls they break,
their joys are turn’d to tears;
’Tis time for me an end to make,
let them go shake their ears.

239 Francis Quarles  The Shepherd’s Oracle

First printed separately as The shepherds oracle: delivered in an eglogue (1644), then as the eleventh
and last eclogue in two of three editions of The shepherds oracles: delivered in certain eglogues (1646).
A staunch Anglican and Royalist, Quarles pours scorn on the Puritans, especially the Separatists who
would break from the Church and split the faithful into individual congregations. The basic theme is
the ideal of good priesthood and a responsible church, using the metaphor of the shepherd as priest.
Philarchus (‘lover of the king’) and Philorthus (‘lover of the right’ or the Anglican Church) share
the same basic stand, though Philarchus pleads for strong action against the Puritans while Philorthus ad-
vises patience and tact. The speakers finally encounter Anarchus, the Separatist who would overthrow
all authority. (He also appears in Ecl. VIII of The shepherds oracles.)

A note at the end of the 1644 volume states that Anarchus’ song was already being ‘nos’d by the
Balad-singers about the streets of London, with some additions of their owne’.

Eglogye
Philarchus, Philorthus, Anarchus

Philarchus. Shepheard, ah Shepheard, what sad dayes have we
(More sad then these sad dayes) surviv’d to see!
How is the guilt of our forefathers crimes,
Revenge on us in these distracted times!
How is the Shepheards honour, that while ere
Shone like the morning Star; and did appeare
To all the world, like Heraulds to make knowne
Th’ approaching Glory of the rising Sun!
How is that honour dim! how is her light

Clouded in shades of Ignorance and night!
How is our Calling slighted, and that power
Our Master lent us, threatned every howre!
How are our worried Names become the scorne
Of every base Mechanick! rent and torned
In every vulgar mouth? reproacht and made
Delinquents, judgd by every triviall Trade!
How are our persons scorn’d, contemptd, revild,
Nay even by him whose schoole-instructed child
Jeeres at his ignorance; and oft by him

Whose sinking fortunes teaches how to swim
With zealous Bladders, being apt to steale
Advantage from the times, and trade in Zeale.
How are we growne the By-word of the land,
Commanded now, where late we did command!
Prest like a Vintage, banded like a Ball?
Despisd of many, and disprisd of all!

Philorthus. True my Philarchus; Shepheards never found
So hard a time; Ah fortune never frownd
So sterne till now; Presumptious Ignorance
Had nere till now the boldnesse to advance
Her beetle browes, or once to tread the Stage
Of this blest Island in so bright an Age.

2 More sad then these sad days] presumably thinking of the future. 8 Sun] punning on ‘Son’ (of
God) or Christ, whom priest-shepherds should glorify. 14 Mechanick] artisan or manual worker.
Separatists and other religious radicals belonged to the lower social orders. 16 triviall Trade] (prac-
titioners of) a lowly occupation. 22 Zeale] a term often associated with Puritans.
But ah! when Lights grow dim and dull, what hand
Can keep out darknesse? who can countermand
The melancholly shades of ugly night
When heaven wants Lamps, or when those Lamps want light?
Come Shepheard come, (here’s none but Thee and I)
We taxe the Times, but could the times reply
They’d vindicate their evils, and lay their crimes
On us poore Shepheads that thus taxe the Times.
Had we burnt bright, had our refultgent Rayes
Given lustre to the world, and fill d’our dayes
With glorious brightnesse, how had darknesse found
A place for entrance? where could shadowes ground
Their ayery errands? or what soule could taint
Our Sun-bright names? what evil could cause complaint?
How blest! how more then blest had Shepheards been,
Had Shepheards beene so happy to have seene
But their owne happinesse; Had the waxen wings
Of their ambitious thoughts not aymd at things
Beyond their pitch; Had they beene wise to move
In their owne Orbes, and not like Phaeton rove
Through the wilde Labyrinth of th’ Olimpick Tower,
And search’d the secrets of too vast a power,
Their Glory had not found so short a date,
Nor causd combustion in so calm a State.

Philarchus. Admit all this Philorthus (for who can
Consider frailty and not think of Man?)
Shall some few staines in the full Lampe of night
Cry down the Moone, and wooe the Stars for light?
What if thy too neglected Soyle abound
With noysome Weeds? wilt thou disclaime the ground?
Or wouldst thou dry the earths full breast, that feeds
Thy fragrant Flowers, because it Fosters Weeds?
Ah, my Philorthus, thus the cause now stands
With us poore Swaynes, The power of our hands,
Entrusted there by our all-wise God Pan,
(To whom the frailtities of collapsed Man
Was knowe too well) for some disorders growne
Among us Swaines is cry’d, is voted downe;
And that faire Livelhody that late maintaingh
Those love-preserving Festivals which chain’d
Our mutuall hearts in links of love; which clad
The naked Orphan, and reliev’d the sad
Afflicted Widow, and releas’d the bands
Of the leane Prisoner grip’d with the hard hands
Of his too just Oppressor; this they say
Is to be shortned, if not snacht away.

Philorthus. Ah, gentle Shepheard, heaven, ah, heavens forefend,
Those Tydes should ebb that flow to such an end;
But some we fear bin more corrupt then so;
They’re two things, what they should, and what they do.

Philarchus. True my Philorthus, some lewd Swaines there be
That have more Bags then Bowels, that can see
Pale misery panting at their Lordly gates,

38, 40 taxe] pun: (a) criticize (b) oppress, trouble. 45 errands] messages, reports (OED 1).
49 waxen wings] referring to Icarus, who flew so close to the sun that the wax on his wings melted;
referring to churchmen with high political ambitions. Cl. Phaeton (52). 52 Phaeton] Phaethon, son
of Helios the sun-god, who drove the sun-chariot too near the earth till Zeus destroyed him. 53 wilde
... Tower] conlates details of Ovid’s account (Met. 1.747-11.405) of the sun-chariot hurtling through
‘unknown regions of the air’ (auras ignotae regionis, II.202-3), and Jupiter/Zeus climbing the tower of
Olympus (II.306, 401) to slay Phaethon and survey the ravaged earth. 56 combustion] disorder, tumult (OED 5b).
60 Make us deride the moon and turn for light to the stars. 71 Livelhody] manner of living; custom, social practice. 72-8 Puritans were often charged with opposing traditional
festivals and community life. Here, they are also said to have destroyed communal charity.
Answerd with Statutes, and repulsive Rates;
Whose hard, whose Adamantine eare can brooke
tolerate, endure
The sad Complaints of those (who cannot looke
Beyond the Prospect of consuming Grieve)

90
Without Remorse at all, without Reliefe;
Whose wanton tables, deckt with costly fare,
Palmer their idle bodies, and prepare
Oyle for their Lust, whose craving thoughts, made poore
i.e., fuel
With too much wealth, condemn themselves to more;
And such they be Philorthus whose lewd names
And lives have poysond the illustrious names
Of reverend Shepheards, whose ambitious Pride
Hath brought contempt, and made the world deride
What late it honou‘d; now disdain’d, abhor’d

100
By whom they were as much, ere while, ador’d.
Ah Shepheard these are they whose vaine Ambition
Made us sad Partners in the worlds derision;
But that which wounds my soule beyond redresse,
And aggravates my griefe above excesse,
Those Past‘rall staves wherewith those reverend Sages
Of former times have rul’d so many ages,
And by a settled Government, exil’d
Confus’d disorder, the prodigious Childe
Of factious Anarchie, Those Rods of power
earlier
That rul’d our swaines by day, and did secure
Their Folds by night, are threatened from our hands,
And all our Flocks to bow to new Commands.

Philorthus. It cannot be, the great Assembly’s wise;
Has many Heads, and twice as many Eyes,
Eyes bright as day, that view both things and times,
Fast closed to Persons, open to their Crimes;
Judgement, not Fancy, moves in that bright Sphere;
There are no Ends, no by-Respects are there:
The care of Truth and zeale of publique Rest

120
Rests in their restlesse, their united brest:
Heavn be their Guide, and may their paines encrease
Heavn’s glory, and this glorious Islands peace;
Ah, thinkst thou Shepheard, their heav’n-guided heart
Will venture to decline his wayes, or start
From Heavn’s Example? Heavn was pleas’d to beare
With very Sodom, had but ten been there
That had beene righteous; loath to mixe the blood
Of guilty thousands with some few of good:
No question Shepheard but the enormous crimes

130
Of our Profession, heightened with the times,
Are foule enough; nor could such Actions lye
Conceald and clos’d before so cleare an Eye;
And being seen, how could they choose but grate
The groaning Feoffees of our tottering State?
How could our growing greatnesse choose but blow
And quicken up their zealous flames? or how
Could our untam’d Ambition hope to stand
Against the power of so great a hand?
But they are just and wise, and wisdome still

monstrous

105 Those Past‘rall staves] Bishop’s crosiers, modelled on the sheephook. Puritans, above all Sepa-
ratists, were anti-episcopalian.
109 Anarchie] Within the Church, as later exemplified in Anarchus; but also political anarchy, challenging the King’s authority. The Civil War was raging by 1644.
113 great Assembly] Parliament, more specifically that convened at Oxford from 1644 to 1645. Consisting chiefly of the lords and only a third of the commons, it expressed loyalty to the King, made overtures to the full Westminster Parliament, and sought a national synod on the status of the Church (hence Philorthus’ trust in it), but to no effect. 124 decline his wayes] lapse from its accustomed conduct.
126 Sodom ... but ten] Genesis 18.32. 139-42 Wise authorities hint at their power rather than exercise it easily. Even their threats are aimed to correct rather than destroy the offender.
Shews rather what it can, then what it will. When publique Justice threatens, it propounds Way for amendment, rather then confounds: And far lesse cost and dammage will ensue To weede old Gardens, then to dig a new. Philarchus. True, Shepheard, But they plead for want of dressing Our Garden’s forfeited, and they are pressing Hard for Reentry; They have seald a deed Upon the ground, intending to proceed Next Tearme t’ Ejectment, by wich means they’l stand Anew possesst and re-enjoy the Land. Philorthis. Shepheard, we hold in Ferme from great god Pan; His Counsell drew the Lease; If wiser Man Can find a flaw, our weaknesse must appeale To Pan’s Vicegerent; He will vouch the Seale Faire and authentick: If the Common Lawes Condemne our Right, by vertue of that Clause Of heedlesse Forfeiture, O then we fyle To be reliev’d in the high Chancery, That uncorrected Court that now does rest In the great Chamber of th’ Assemblies brest: Thers’s judgment there, which idle heapes of gold Despaires to bribe, And Conscience there’s unsold: Poore Shepheards, there, shall find as faire accesse, As Peeres, as Princes, and as just redresse. Philarchus. Heav’n be our great Protection, and close Their suits-attending eares against all those, Whom rayling Ignorance, and frantick Zeale Hath onely taught the way to say, and seale, And set their marks, not having skill to shape A letter; or, without a Lye, to scape The danger of Non legit, whose profession Is onely to scorne Lambeth, and discretion: These be fit men Philorthis to descend Into these Lists, sweet Champions to contend About these Myst’ries, likely to confound Those famous Worthies that have searcht the ground Of Sage Antiquity; wherein of old, Our Government was wrapt, and still enroll’d. Philorthis. Come Shepheard come, our great Assemblie’s wise, [always And for a while, in policy complies With the rude Multitude, who must have day, time allowed, respite To breath their Humours, which would else breake way, birth: appearance, eruption Like earth-imprisoned Aire, whose sudden birth Startles the world, and shaketh the shivering earth: It is the nature of the vulgar brest Still to mislike, and count that State the best Which they enjoy not; Pleas’d with Novelities,

145 dressing] manure, compost (OED dressing 4c); or generally tilling, tending (OED dress vi3c). 146 Our Garden] the Church, but also suggesting Eden. 146-150 forfeited ... Reentry ... deed ... Ejectment] continuous legal metaphor of repossession of forfeited land. 151 in Ferme] ‘in firm’, ‘securely, permanently’. The 1646 texts have ‘in Terme’, for a fixed period or lease. 152 Counsell] legal advice, but perhaps also ‘the advisory declarations of Christ and the apostles’ (OED 2b). 154 Pan’s Vicegerent] the King, head of the Church of England. Pan] God. The divine right of kings was a favourite doctrine of James I, Charles’s father. 155-60 If the House of Commons wishes to disband the Church, they will appeal to the House of Lords. 169 marks] signs made on documents by illiterate persons by way of signature. 170-71 i.e. who cannot truthfully claim ‘benefit of clergy’ (exemption from certain penalties by a test of literacy). 172 Lambeth] the London palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury. 174 Lists ... Champions] Metaphor of jousting at tilt, to indicate tackling or ‘attacking’ the mysteries of religion and the function of the Church. 175 confound] refuse, stump: obviously ironically. 178 enroll’d] registered, committed. 182 breake way] break forth, burst out: referring to the risk of provoking civil war by too much oppression. By 1644, this faith in moderation and parliamentary restraint was under severe strain. 183-4 The so-called ‘boiler theory’ of earthquakes, that they are caused by the bursting forth of underground steam or lava.
They grow impatient of the old, and prize
What’s next in hope; more happy in expectation

Then when possesst; all fire to Alteration:
But Shepheard know; our grave Assembly pryes
Where they nere view’d, and lookes with clearer eyes;
Their wisdome know, what sudden Change portends:
Things rash begun, too oft in danger ends;
But unavoided Ruine daily waits
On suddaine change of fundamentall States.

Philarchus. I but Philorthus, whilst the State complies
With the tumultuous Vulgar, tumultus rise,
And rude disorder creeps into our playnes,
Swaines will be Shepherds, Coblers will be Swaines;
Flocks are disturb’d, and pastures are defac’d;
Swaines are despis’d, and Shepheards are disgrac’d,
Orders are laught to scorne; and, in conclusion,
Our Kingdome’s turn’d a Chaos of confusion.

Philorthus. Why Shepheard, there’s the Plot: the surest way
To take the Fish, is give her leave to play,
And yeild her line; He best can cure the Cause
That marks th’ effect; Evill manners breed good Lawes:
The wise Assembly knowing well the length
Of the rude popular foote, with what a strength
The vulgar fancy still pursues the Toy
That’s last presented, leaves them to enjoy
Their uncontrolled wils, untill they tyre
And quickly surfeit on their own desire,
Whose wild Disorders secretly confession
Needfull support of what they’d most suppresse:
But who comes here? Anarchus?

Philarchus. ’Tis the same;
Philorthus. How like a Meteor made of Zeale and flame
The man appeares?

Philarchus. Or like a blazing Star comet, thought to presage calamities
Portending change of State, or some sad Warre;
Or death of some good Prince.

Philarchus. He is the trouble
Of three sad Kingdomes.

Philarchus. Even the very Bubble,
The froth of troubled waters;
Philorthus. Hee’s a Page
Fill’d with Errata’s of the present Age;
Philarchus. The Churches Scourge;
Philorthus. The devils Enchiridion.

Philarchus. The Squib, the Ignis fatuus of Religion:
But hee’s at hand: Anarchus what’s the newes?

Philorthus. In a Browne studie?
Philarchus. Speechlesse?
Philorthus. In a Muse?

Anarchus. Man, if thou be’st a Babe of Grace,
And of an holy Seed,
I will reply incontinent,

200 Swaines] servants, especially shepherd’s boys or hirelings, whereas Shepherds own their flocks. Coblers] (a) menders of shoes, as the lowest order of workmen (b) clumsy, inexpert workmen (OED 2).

201 pastures are defac’d] prob. referring to the destruction of churches. 203 Orders] (a) religious orders (b) structures, systems. 205 Plot] design or strategy (of Parliament).

207-8 A study (mark[ing] th’ effect) of evil deeds is the best way of forming laws to counter them. manners conduct, practices. 209-10 length / Of the ... foot] stride, i.e. reach or capacity. 218 Meteor] i.e. quickly burning out.

220 sad calamitous (OED s). 223-4 i.e. He epitomizes all the defects of the times. 225 Enchiridion] a small hand-held object, hence (a) a small dagger (b) a handbook – i.e. either a handy weapon or a guiding manual for the devil. 228 Browne studie] punning on the name of Robert Brown, a Separatist leader.

229-36 Anarchus professes the doctrine of predestinaation in extreme form, against which Philorthus protests in 237-8. 231 incontinent] immediately (with obvious physical nuances).
And in my words proceed;
But if thou art a Childe of wrath,
And lewd in conversation,
I will not then converse with thee,
Nor hold communication.

Philorthus. I trust Anarchus, we all three inherit
The selfe same Gifts, and share the selfe same Spirit.

Anarchus. Know then my brethren, heav’n is clear
And all the Clouds are gon;
The Righteous now shall flourish, and
Good dayes are comming on;
Come then, my Brethren, and be glad
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and Rochets shal go down,
And, hey! then up go we.

Wee’ll breake the windowes which the Whore
Of Babilon hath painted,
And when the Popish Saints are downe
Then Barow shalbe Sainted;
Ther’s neither Crosse nor Crucifix
Shall stand for men to see;
Romes trash and trump’ries shall goe down,
And, hey! then up go we.

What ere the Popish hands have built
Our Hammers shall undoe;
Wee’ll breake their Pipes and burne their Copes,
And pull dowe Churches too:
Wee’ll exercise within the Groves,
And teach beneath a Tree,
Wee’ll make a Pulpit of a Cart,
And, hey! then up go we.

Wee’ll downe with all the Varsityes
Where Larning is profest,
Because they practise and maintaine
The language of the Beast:
Wee’ll drive the Doctors out of dooress,
And Arts what ere they be,
Wee’ll Cry both Arts and Larning downe,
And, hey! then up go we.

Wee’ll downe with Deanes and Prebends too,
But I rejoice to tell ye,
How then we will eate Pig our fill,
And Capon by the belly:
Wee’ll burne the Fathers witty Tomes,
And make the Schoole-men flee,
Wee’ll down with all that smels of wit,
And, hey! then up go we.

If once that Antichristian crew
Be crusht and overthrowne,
Wee’ll teach the Nobles how to crouch,
And keep the Gentry downe;

245 Lawn] a kind of fine linen, used in bishops’ vestments; also suggests a woman’s finery, hence luxury and carnality.
247-8 Whore Of Babilon] the Catholic Church, by the common Protestant interpretation of the female figure in Rev. 17; also applied by Puritans to the Anglican Church. The reference is to Puritan iconoclasts destroying stained-glass windows.
250 Barow] Henry Barrow, another Separatist leader.
251 neither Crosse nor Crucifix] Iconoclasm carried to an openly anti-Christian point.
257 Pipes] (a) organ-pipes (b) pastoral oaten pipes.
261 Cart] another innuendo. Criminals were paraded on a cart.
266 The Beast] of Rev. 13, 14, 3, also identified by Protestants with the Catholic Church. Its language is Latin, used in Catholic but not Puritan worship.
268 Arts what ere they be] whether Bachelors or Masters.
279-82 Once the Church is subdued, the other estates will follow.
Good manners have an evil report, and turnes to pride we see, wee’l threfore cry good manners down, and, hey! then up go we.
The name of Lord shall be abhor’d, for every man’s a brother, no reason why in Church or State, one man should rule another:
But when the change of Government shall set our fingers free, wee’l make the wanton sisters stoope, and, hey! then up go we.

Our Coblers shall translate their Soules from Caves obscure and shaddy, wee’l make Tom T— as good as my Lord and Ioane as good as my Lady; wee’l crush and fling the marriage Ring into the Roman See; wee’l ask no bands, but even clap hands and, hey! then up go we.

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Philarchus. Heaven keep such vermin hence: If sinful dust May boldly chuse a punishment, and trust Their own desires, let famin plague or Sword, a treacherous friend, or (what is more abhor’d) a foolish-faire contentious wife, first seize on our sad soules, then such wild beasts as these.

Anarchus. Surely thou art an Hypocrite, a lewd false hearted Brother; and smell the whore thy Mother.

Philorthus. Away false varlet; come not neere my flocks; thou taint’st my pastures; neither Wolfe nor Fox is halfe so furious; they, by stealth, can prey, perchance, upon a Lambe, and so away; but thy blood-thirsty malice is so bold, before my face to poysen all my fold: I warn thee hence; come not within my list; be still, what thou art thought, a seperatist.

Anarchus. Thou art the spawne of Antichrist, and so is this thy Brother; thou art a man of Belial, and he is such another: I say thou art a Priest of Baal, and surely I defie thee; to Satan I will leave thy soule, and never more come nigh thee.

Philarchus. A gentle riddance: O may never crosse fall heavier on this Land, then such a losse.

Philorthus. But thinkst thou, Swaine, the great Assemblies eye beholds not these base Sycophants that ly
Close gnawing at the roote, as well as those,
That with the Romish Axe, strike down right blows
On the maine body of Religions tree?

Think st thou their sharp ey’d Providence can see
The Chamber Councils, and the close designes
Of forraine Princes, and their secret Mines
Of State Invention? Can their wisdomes rome
Through all the world, and yet be blinde at home?

No, no; Philarchus, the Assemblies hand
Feeses but, as yet, the Pulses of the Land,
Seeks out the ev’l; and, with a skillfull eye,
Enquirers where the peccant humourus lye:
But when th’ apparent Symptomes shall disclose
The certaine grievances that vexe and discompose
Our universall Body; then, no doubt,
Their active Wisdoms soone will cast about,
To make a glorious Cure, which shall enhance
Heav’n’s greater glory, settle and advaunce
The rest of groaning Sion, to th’ encrease
Of their own honour, and great Britains peace.

Philarchus. My bended knee shall never rise till then.
Philorthus. Heav’n nereshall rest, till Heav’n shall say Amen.

240  Jane Cavendish and Elizabeth Brackley Scenes from a Pastoral Play

From a play prob. composed c.1641-9 by the sisters Lady Jane Cavendish and Lady Elizabeth Brackley and preserved in two ms presentation volumes (now in the Bodleian and Yale University Libraries) to their father William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. Previously ascribed to Brackley alone, but the ms pages carry initials of both sisters. The text below follows the Bodleian ms. In the first passage, the speakers are humble rustics named Naunt (Aunt) Henn, Gossopp (Gossip, boon companion) Pratt, Goodman Rye and Goodman Hay. Their plight is not caused simply by poverty, but by the spells of witches and satyrs. Margaret Ezell sees a reference to marauding Puritan armies as viewed from a Royalist perspective: the sisters suffered directly from the turmoil of the times. The second passage presents romantic shepherd-lovers. Their full names are not given in the ms. Virtually all punctuation supplied in this edition.

Passage (A)

Henn. I haue lost my melch Cow. milch
Pratt. And I haue lost my Sow. as for
Rye. And for my Corne I cannot keepe.
Hay. Nether can I my prickie sheepe.
Henn. And I haue lost fowre dozen of Eggs.
Pratt. My Pigs are gone, and all their Heads.
Rye. Come let us wishe for Health.
Hay. For wee can haue noe wealth.
Henn. Now I will hope for Ioy.

333  Close ... roote] i.e. destroying the Church from within, as against the Catholics, who attack it openly (314-5).
336  Meaning obvious, but logic requires a ‘not’.
337-9  Protestant powers on the continent attempted to aid the English Puritans.
338  secret Mines] Perhaps with Guy Fawke’s Gunpowder Plot (1605) in mind. That was in the Catholic cause, but Quarles is equating Puritans with Catholics.
340-9  an image of medicine to heal the body politic.
341-9  peccant] morbid, diseased (OED a).
344-9  humours] the supposed four chief fluids of the body, whose imbalance or corruption caused illness.
345-9  Parliament is looking for the real heads behind the visible offenders. Once it has identified them, it will act.
351  Sion] Zion, the hill in Jerusalem on which Solomon’s temple stood; hence Jerusalem itself, or other homelands of the faithful. Ironically, most commonly applied to England by the Puritans, with respect to the dispensation they sought to bring about.
6  and] used in an explanatory or amplifying way (OED 9a): ‘every single one’.

Margaret J. M. Ezell, ‘“To Be Your Daughter in Your Pen”: The Social Functions of Literature in the Writings of Lady Elizabeth Brackley and Lady Jane Cavendish’, Huntington Library Quarterly 51.4, 1988, p.287;
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Pratt. And in mean tyme let’s bee a 'Toy
Rye. Since that wee haue noe plenty
Hay. And our Purses, they are empty.
Henn. Since that wee haue noe plenty
Pratt. And our Purses they are empty.

Passage (B)

[From the abbreviated speech-headings, the shepherdess appears to be called Innocence and the shepherd Persius]. All the shepherdesses have moral-allegorical names.]

Per. Come let vs walke that wee may sweetely heare
The Birds to singe their seuerall noted tunes
As if the yeare were onely made for wee
Where nature courts vs to each finer shade.

Inn. O noe, the innocence of sheepe,
Shall bee my onely care to keepe.
Per. What pleasure is in them to please you soe
That you invite your selfe onely to heare
The bleatings of each Lambe that loues it Pap
And afterward, doth lye it downe to sleepe.

Inn. The milke of Kine, I’le huswife, for to make
Butter to keepe my thoughts awake.
Per. But I should rather thinke to make a prize
Of Garlandes for to crowne our selues with all,
And if in loue you did become your vow
You should my Garland haue and mee withall.
Inn. I owe my selfe to noe ambitious foe
For all my thoughts are truely humble low.
Per. I pray thee bee my Saint and heare my prayer
For certainly I haue noe other way
To hope that you will euer graunt to mee
Vnlesse I should my forme of man put of.
Inn. I dedicate my selfe to each sweete feild
For to your Sex I’m very loth to yeld.
Per. I am resolu’d from you I will not goe
Till that your resolution I doe know.

Inn. What in a verse doe you begin to speake
And if then witt ther’s none can owne you weak.
Per. I sweare as loue you nothing will I say
By way of love
If I may knowe, what’s your ambitous way.

Inn. I darr not that relate for feare some wynn
Out my designe, then hate my selfe as sinn.
Per. Whisp’rit in my Eare, for further shal’t not goe
But to my thoughts, for then my selfe a foe.
Inn. If that your promise you will keepe
I will then singe, but first you’st bee a sleepe.
Per. Well I will appeare like a dead witherd leafe
And soe convert my selfe to a sleepe stupid deafe.

**Toy** [a piece of fun or sport, an entertainment: referring to the ensuing play, to which this is the second preliminary Antemasque. 5-6 (a) I will only look after the innocent sheep (b) I will guard my own innocence, equal to that of the sheep. 22 unless I set aside my identity as a male lover and address you as a devotee. 27 verse] rhymed verse. She herself has been speaking verse right through, but is surprised to find her lover doing so. 28 No-one can say you lack wit. 31-2 for feare...sinn] lest someone (presumably her lover) comes to know her mind (i.e. that she loves him) and scorns her in consequence. 34 for then my selfe a foe] In that case (i.e. if I divulge your secret love for me), I will prove my own enemy. 38 a sleepe stupid deafe] syntax uncertain: perhaps the adjectives ‘asleep, stupid, deaf’, or ‘a deaf person made stupid by sleep’.
Robert Herrick: A Pastoral upon the Birth of Prince Charles

Presumably written soon after 29 May 1630, when the future Charles II was born. Tom Cain in ODNB suggests Herrick was at Whitehall at the time. First published in Herrick’s Hesperides (1648). There is also a ms version with a different structure, indicating a more obvious musical setting. This has been printed separately below. It may be the original version, actually sung at the time.

A Pastoral upon the birth of Prince Charles, Presented to the King, and Set by Mr. Nic: Laniere.

Amintas. Good day, Mirtillo.
Mirtillo. And to you no lesse:
And all faire Signs lead on our Shepardesse.
Amarillis. With all white luck to you.
good luck
Mirtillo. But say, What news
Stirs in our Sheep-walk?
Amintas. None, save that my Ewes,
My Weathers, Lambs, and wanton Kids are well,
Smooth, faire, and fat, none better I can tell:
Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast
For his Sheep-shearer.
Mirtillo. True, these are the least.
But dear Amintas, and sweet Amarillis,
Rest but a while here, by this bank of Lillies.
And lend a gentle ear to one report
The Country has.
Amintas. From whence?
Amarillis. From whence?
Mirtillo. The Court.
Three dayes before the shutting in of May,
(With whitest Wool be ever crown’d that day!) To all our joy, a sweet-fac’t child was borne, More tender then the childhood of the Morne.
Chorus. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and sheep Let Lullaby the pretty Prince asleep!
Mirtillo. And that his birth sho’d be more singular,
At Noone of Day, was seene a silver Star,
Bright as the Wise-mens Torch, which guided them To Gods sweet Babe, when borne at Bethlehem;
While Golden Angels (some have told to me) Sung out his Birth with Heav’nly Minstralsie.
Amintas. O rare! But is’t a trespasse if we three Sho’d wend along his Baby-ship to see?
Mirtillo. Not so, not so.
Chorus. But if it chance to prove
At most a fault, ’tis but a fault of love.
Amarillis. But deare Mirtillo, I have heard it told,
Those learned men brought Incense, Myrrhe, and Gold,
From Countries far, with store of Spices, (sweet) And laid them downe for Offrings at his feet.
Mirtillo. ’Tis true indeed; and each of us will bring Unto our smiling, and our blooming King, A neat, though not so great an Offering.
decent though not so grand
Amarillis. A Garland for my Gift shall be Of flowers, ne’r suckt by th’theeven Bee: And all most love; yet let all lesse sweet then he.

0.2 Laniere] Nicholas Lanier, musician and painter, appointed Master of the King’s Music in 1626. 2 May all auspicious signs (?stars, zodiacal signs) attend our shepherdess, i.e. Amarillis. 17 Chorus] prob. the three speakers together, but perhaps a separate group. 20 silver Star] There are many reports (e.g. in Britanniae natalis, 1630) of a noonday star or light in the sky at the time of Charles’s birth. 21 Wise-mens Torch] the star that guided the magi (wise men) to Christ’s birthplace. 25-6 The shepherds wish to emulate the magi: is’t a trespasse suggests they sense the potential blasphemy in the parallel with Christ’s birth. 37 ne’r suckt ... Bee] i.e. retaining all their nectar and scent. 38 In Noble Numbers (‘The New-yeeres Gift, or Circumcisions Song’), Herrick applies a very similar line to Christ.
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40

_Amintas._ And I will beare along with you
Leaves dropping downe the honyed dew,
With oaten pipes, as sweet, as new.

_Mirtillo._ And I a Sheep-hook will bestow,
To have his little King-ship know,
As he is Prince, he's Shepherd too.

_Chorus._ Come let's away, and quickly let's be drest,
And quickly give, _The swiftest Grace is best._
And when before him we have laid our treasures,
We'll blesse the Babe, Then back to Countrie pleasures.

**Alternative Manuscript Version**

Based on MS 239-23 in the Rosenbach Foundation collection, Philadelphia. There are other mss as well.

Mirtillo, Aminta, and Amarillis

_Aminta._ Good daie Mirtillo.

_Mirtillo._ And to you noe lesse.

_Ambo._ And crownes of wheate fall on our Shepherdesse.

_Amarillis._ And mirthfull pipes to yow.

_Mirtillo._ But saye what newes
Stirres in our Sheepewalkes?

_Ambo._ None.

_Aminta._ Saue that myne Ewes
My weathers, lambs and kidds are well.
I nothing els can tell.

_Amarillis._ Or that this daie _Menalcas_ mak's a feast
To his Sheepeshearers.

_Mirtillo._ These are the least.
But deare _Amynta_ and faire _Amaryllis_

List but a while here on this Banke of Lillies
And lend an Eare to a report
The Countrie has.

_Ambo._ From whence?

_Mirtillo._ The Court.
Two daies before the shutting vpp of Maye
(With whiter wooll be cladd the daie,)
To _Englands_ Ioye a _Prince_ was borne
Softe as the Childhood of the Morne.

_Ambo._ _Pan_ pipe to him, and bleates of lambes and sheepe
Lett Lullabie this prettie Prince asleepe.

_Mirtillo._ And that his Birth might bee more singular,

Att noone of daie appear'd a starre
Bright as the _Wisemens_ torch that guided them
To Gods Babe born at _Bethel_.

_Amarillis._ But ist a sinne if wee
Should goo this Child to see?

_Mirtillo._ Not soe, not soe. But if soe bee it proue
Allmost a fault, tis but a fault of loue.

_Aminta._ Yea, but Mirtillo, I haue heard it tould
Those Learned men brought _Incense, Myrrh_, and _gold_
And _Spices_ sweete

And lay'd them downe att their Kings feete.

_Amarillis._ Tis true.

_Mirtillo._ Tis true.

Omnes._ And each of vs will bringe
Vnto our Blooming Kinge
A _Neat_
Though not soe great
An Offeringe.

_Amarillis._ A _Garland_ for my guiife shalbee

---

46 _The swiftest ... best_ | A gift is best given swiftly and readily. Italicized in the original, as a maxim or 'saw'.
Of flowers new suckt by Theeuing Bee
And all most Sweete, yet all lesse sweete then hee.

*Aminta.* And I will laye before his viewe
Leaues dropping downe the honey dewe.

*Mirtillo.* And I a Sheephooke will bestowe
To make his little Kingshipp knowe
As hee’s a Prince, hee’s Shepheard too.

*Chorus.* Come lettes make hast and tymely lettes be drest
And quickly gie: the swiftest Grace is best.
And when before him wee haue layd our treasures
Weele blesse his face, then backe to Countrye pleasures.

---

**242 ROBERT HERRICK  A Pastoral Sung to the King**

First published in *Hesperides* (1648). Like L. C. Martin before him, J. Max Patrick suggests (citing Herrick’s ‘To the King and Queene, upon their unhappy distances’) that Amarillis is Queen Henrietta Maria, who left the court temporarily in 1642 and permanently in 1644 to escape the gathering Civil War. There may be a personal plane of allusion too. Herrick has two poems presenting Elizabeth Wheeler, a childhood neighbour and friend, as Amarillis: ‘Upon Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis’, and ‘A Dialogue betwixt himselfe and Mistresse Eliza: Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis’. In the latter, Elizabeth is leaving the court for the country. This suggests the present poem also pastoralizes the court, from which Elizabeth (or indeed Henrietta Maria) has departed. Herrick spent much time at court, even before losing his living during the Civil War.

A Pastorall sung to the King: *Montano*, *Silvio*, and *Mirtillo*, Shepheards.

*Montano.* Bad are the times.
*Silvio.* And wors then they are we.
*Montano.* Troth, bad are both; worse fruit, and ill the tree:
The feast of Shepheards fail.

*Silvio.* None crowns the cup
Of *Wassaile* now, or sets the quintell up:
And He, us’d to leade the Country-round,
Youthfull *Mirtillo*, Here he comes, Grief drown’d.

*Ambo.* Lets cheer him up.

*Mirtillo.* Ah! *Amarillis*, farewell mirth and pipe;
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,
To these smooth Lawns, my mirthfull Roundelay.

*Dear Amarillis!*

*Montano.* Hark!

*Silvio.* Mark:

*Mirtillo.* This earth grew sweet

*Ambo.* Poor pittied youth!

*Mirtillo.* And here the breth of kine
And sheep, grew more sweet, by that breth of Thine.
This flock of wooll, and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of *Cow-slips*, these she gave me here.


*Mirtillo.* This way she came, and this way too she went;
How each thing smells divinely redolent!
Like to a field of beans, when newly blown;
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

*Montano.* A sweet-sad passion.

*Mirtillo.* In dewie-mornings when she came this way,
Sweet Bents wode bow, to give my Love the day:

---

3 feast of Shepheards] J. Max Patrick cites the Roman festival of Parilia or Palilia, the feast of the pastoral goddess Pales (see 31n). 4 quintell] quintain: an object, often on a swivel, used as a target for tilting at both court and country festivities. 15 flock] lock, tuft (OED n²). 17 Montano] may be a speech-heading for the exclamation ‘Hark’. This would make the line short in length, but so is 22. In any case, 17 has no rhyming line. 20 beans] The bean plant is known for its fragrance. 24 Bents] a type of grass.
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And when at night, she folded had her sheep,
*Daisies* wo’d shut, and closing, sigh and weep.
Besides (Ai me!) since she went hence to dwell,
The voices Daughter nea’r spake syllable.
But she is gone.

*Silvio.*  *Mirtillo,* tell us whether.

*Mirtillo.* Where she and I shall never meet together.

*Montano.* Fore-fend it *Pan,* and *Pales* do thou please
To give an end:

*Mirtillo.* To what?

*Silvio.* Such griefs as these.

*Mirtillo.* Never, O never! Still I may endure
The wounds I suffer, never find a cure.

*Montano.* Love for thy sake will bring her to these hills
And dales again:

*Mirtillo.* No, I will languish still;
And all the while my part shall be to weep;
And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep:
And in the Rind of every comely tree
Ile carve thy name, and in that name kisse thee:

*Montano.* Set with the Sunne, thy woes:

*Silvio.* The day grows old:

*Chorus.* The shades grow great; but greater growes our sorrow,
But lets go steepes
Our eyes in sleepe;
And meet to weep
To morrow.

---

**243 ROBERT HERRICK  TO HIS MUSE**

The first poem (after the ‘Argument’) in Herrick’s collection *Hesperides* (1648). Identifies the pastoral as Herrick’s basic vein. Critics have compared Martial, Epig I.3, warning the Muse against scorn and neglect at court; but Martial is more admonitory and satirical.

To His Muse.

Whither *Mad maiden* wilt thou roame?
Farre safer ’twere to stay at home:
Where thou mayst sit, and piping please
The poore and private *Cottages.*
Since *Coats,* and *Hamlets,* best agree
With this thy meamer Minstralsie.
There with the *Reed,* thou mayst expresse
The *Shepherds Fleecie* happinesse:
And with thy *Eclogues* intermixe

Some smooth, and harmlesse *Beucolicks.*

There on a *Hillock* thou mayst sing
Unto a handsome Shephardling;
Or to a *Girl* (that keeps the Neat)
With breath more sweet then Violet.
There, there, (perhaps) such Lines as These
May take the simple *Villages.*
But for the Court, the Country wit
Is despicable unto it.
Stay then at home, and doe not goe

Or flie abroad to seeke for woe.

Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell;

---

*Ai* The spelling suggests Gk *αι,* the word of lament supposedly inscribed on the hyacinth, as well as *αυ.*  **28 The voices Daughter** | Echo.  **31 Pales** | goddess of flocks and shepherds.  **9-10 Eclogues, Beucolicks** distinction unclear: *Eclogues* allusive, *Bucolicks* simpler rustic pieces.  **18 despicable** | in a light sense: mean, contemptible.  **unto it** compared to it.
No Critick haunts the Poore mans Cell:
Where thou mayst the thine own Lines read
By no one tongue, there, censured.
That man’s unwise will search for Ill,
And may prevent it, sitting still.

244 ROBERT HERRICK  THE HOCK-CART
From Herrick's Hesperides (1648). The extravagant feudal celebration of the lord’s bounty, allegedly freely given to the labouring poor irrespective of desert, is touched towards the end by a perhaps unintended irony.

The Hock-cart, or Harvest home: To the Right Honourable, Mildmay, Earle of Westmorland.

Come Sons of Summer, by whose toile,
We are the Lords of Wine and Oile:
By whose tough labours, and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crown’d with the eares of corne, now come,
And, to the Pipe, sing Harvest home.
Come forth, my Lord, and see the Cart
Drest up with all the Country Art.
See, here a Maukin, there a sheet,
As spotlesse pure, as it is sweet:
The Horses, Mares, and frisking Fillies,
(Chad, all, in Linnen, white as Lillies.)
The Harvest Swaines, and Wenches bound
For joy, to see the Hock-cart crown’d.
About the Cart, heare, how the Rout
Of Rurall Younghlings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some blesse the Cart; some kiss the sheaves;
Some prank them up with Oaken leaves:
Some crosse the Fill-horse; some with great
Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat:
While other Rusticks, lesse attent
To Prayers, then to Merryment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boyes, to your Lord’s Hearth,
Glitt’ring with fire; where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe
Foundation of your Feast, Fat Beefe:
With Upper Stories, Mutton, Veale
And Bacon, (which makes full the meale)
With sev’rall dishes standing by,
As here a Custard, there a Pie,
And here all tempting Frumentie.
And for to make the merry cheere,
If smirking Wine be wanting here,
There’s that, which drowns all care, stout Beere;
Which freely drink to your Lords health,
Then to the Plough, (the Common-wealth)
Next to your Flailes, your Fanes, your Fatts;
Then to the Maids with Wheaten Hats:

wheat boiled in seasoned milk
(source of) general prosperity
(winnowing) fans; vats

25-6 Only a foolish man will actively seek for ill when he can avoid it by staying where he is.  
0.1 Hock-cart: the cart carrying home the last of the harvest. Mildmay: Mildmay Fane, the poet and Herrick’s friend. 2 Wine and Oile: Un-English produce, no doubt suggested by classical sources. 9 Maukin: malkin, a pole wrapped in cloth at one end to represent a human figure. 21 crosse the Fill-horse: bestride the shaft-horse drawing the cart. 36 smirking: sparkling (OED 3, only from this passage). 41 Maids: harvest-maiden(s): the last handful of harvested grain, roughly fashioned into a female figure.
To the rough Sickle, and crook’d Sythe,  
Drink frolick boyes, till all be blythe.  
Feed, and grow fat; and as ye eat,  
Be mindfull, that the lab’ring Neat  
(As you) may have their fill of meat.  
And know, besides, ye must revoke  
The patient Ox unto the Yoke,  
And all goe back unto the Plough.

50  
And Harrow, (though they’r hang’d up now.)  
And, you must know, your Lords word’s true,  
Feed him ye must, whose food fils you.  
And that this pleasure is like raine,  
Not sent ye for to drowne your paine,  
But for to make it spring again.

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245 ROBERT HERRICK  A New-Year’s Gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward

From Herrick’s Hesperides (1648). Simeon Steward, minor poet and politician, was Herrick’s friend and patron. Presumed topical allusions at the start suggest the poet was writing from London on New Year’s Day 1624 to Steward on his Cambridgeshire estate. The opening disavows the usual themes of the newsletters, printed or personalized, sent in those days from London to people in the country.

A New-Yeares gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward.

No newes of Navies burnt at Seas;  
No noise of late spawn’d Tittyries:  
That frights men with a Parliament:  
No new devise, or late found trick,  
To read by th’ Starres, the Kingdom’s sick:  
The free-born Nosthrill of the King,  
We send to you; but here a jolly  
Verse crown’d with Yvie, and with Holly:  
That tels of Winters Tales and Mirth,  
That Milk-maids make about the hearth,  
Of Christmas sports, the Wassell-boule,  
That lost up, after Fox-i’th’hole:  
Of Blind-man-buffe, and of the care  
That young men have to shooe the Mare:  
Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Pease, and Beanes  
Wherewith ye make those merry Sceneans,  
When as ye chuse your King and Queen,  
And cry out, Hey, for our town green.

Of Ash-heapes, in the which ye use  
Husbands and Wives by strakes to chuse:

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50 hang’d up] a Roman, not an English custom: see Ovid, Fasti I.665; Tibullus II.i.6. Cf. 245.45-6n. Parts of Tibullus’ poem, on the Ambavaria or Roman country festival, provide a general model for Herrick’s.  
51 Lords word] Perhaps 1 Corinthians 9.7: ‘who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock?’  
2 Tittyries] = ‘Tityre-tu’s: ‘an association of well-to-do –roughs’ who infested London streets in the 17th c. (OED), more specifically around 1623-4. The name, suggesting ease and leisure, derives ironically from the opening of Virgil I.  
4 frights men with a Parliament] Herrick, a staunch Royalist, feared the operations of Parliament, already much in evidence in James I’s last days. On 24 December 1623, the Privy Council decided to convene a Parliament, elected in January 1624 and assembled on 12 February.  
7-8 wring ... Nosthrill] tweak the nose. The King is free-born but undesirably controlled by Parliament.  
14 Fox-i’th’hole] a game where players hop on one leg.  
16 shooe the Mare] a Christmas game where a man sits astride a suspended beam (the ‘Mare’) and strikes it with a hammer.  
17 Twelf-tide] Twelfth Night (6 January), the last day of Christmas festivities, when a cake or pie was served containing a bean and a pea. Their finders became king and queen of the festivities (19). See Herrick’s ‘Twelve Night, or King and Queen’.  
20 No good explanation. L. C. Martin and J. Max Patrick observe that village lovers would meet on the town (i.e. village) green, but presumably not in mid-winter. Perhaps simply a merry shout. The choric cry ‘Hey for our town’ occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher’s The Knight of the Burning Pestle, Interlude IV.54 (Revels Plays edn).  
21-2 The superstition is clear from the account given.
Of crackling Laurell, which fore-sounds
A Plentious harvest to your grounds:
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send in stead of New-yeares gift.
Reade then, and when your faces shine
With bucksome meat and capring Wine:
Remember us in Cups full crown’d,
And let our Citie-health go round,
Quite through the young maidens and the men,
To the ninth number, if not tenne;
Until the fired Chesnuts leape
For joy, to see the fruits ye reape,
From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup,
That tempts till it be tossed up:
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers;
But think on these, that are t’appeare,
As Daughters to the instant yeare:
Sit crown’d with Rose-buds, and carouse,
Till Liber Pater twirles the house
About our eares; and lay upon
The yeare (your cares) that’s fled and gon.
And let the russet Swaines the Plough
And Harrow hang up resting now;
And to the Bag-pipe all addresse;
Till sleep takes place of wearnesse.
And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes
Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes.

246 MILDMAV FANE  A DIALOGUE WEEPING THE LOSS OF PAN

From Harvard MS Houghton 645. Original speech-headings preserved. Punctuation considerably modified. Pan is obviously Charles I. One of many Royalist pastorals mourning his execution.

A Dialogue between a Hunting Swayn and a Shephardes weeping the loss of Pan.

Hunt: Fair Shepheardes why dost thou weep
Shepherdess  Since ther’s an end of winters could?
The season now inuiites thy Sheep
To blanch the Mountaines, quit their fould.
Shep: O tis too sad for to be told.

Hunt: Make me acquainted with the cause
Of this distemper, and I’le vowe
To tear out of the fell wolfs iawes
What s’eeuer Lamb h’ath tain from you.
Shep: This might proou test, wr’t not too true.
Hunt: Yet cause thy greef speaks thus in tears,
Torture me not with long delay
But tel, soe rid me of those Fears
O’re all affections now bear sway.
Shep: Why then in short, thus I obey

23 crackling Laurell] The Bolognese put laurel leaves in the fire: if they crackled, the harvest would be good, otherwise bad. (Encyclopedia of Superstitions, ed. C. L. Daniels & C. M. Stevens, 1903, II.808) Old England may have shared the superstition. 28 capring] making one dance or caper; unusual instrumental sense not in OED. Suggests bucksome might mean ‘making one buck or leap’, i.e. dance. 30 Citie-health] health drunk to persons living in the city, like Herrick at the time. 32 the ninth ... tenne] nine if not ten rounds of drink or toasts. 42 Liber Pater] ancient Roman god of wine, hence the wine itself. 43-4 twirles] to the drunken vision. 43-4 Lay all your cares upon the year that’s fled and gone, to be carried away. 45-6 Liber Pater] a Roman, not an English custom: see Ovid, Fasti I.665, Tibullus II.i.6. 45 russet] clad in russet, a coarse rustic fabric. 49 playes] (a) games, sports, delights (b) dramatic entertainments, in which case with] together with, in addition to.
Ther was a time when our Great Pan
And Flocks Protector kept these plains,
Making them like th’Arcadian,
Wher all security stil reignes.

Hunt: Let me partake of what remaines.

Shep: You shall: ther stept out of a wood
(As they were mad) of Giants race,
Who enuing our Kidds that good,
Chas’t all protection from this place.

Hunt: That was a sad and dismall case.

Shep: Thus euer since we open lie
To what blast the intemperat wind
Can threaten towrds our misery,
Afflicting vs in corps & mind.

Hunt: How could the Fates proue soe vnkind?

Shep: Only for this, as I suppose,
Our offrings did displeas the Gods,
Who in their anger did impose
For our correction these rods.

Hunt: T’was soe, t’was soe, without all ods.

Then for to dry thy tear-drownd eyes,
I shall advise, for time to come
We offer better sacrefize
To bring our Pan back to vs home.

Shep: That should pleas all, but will not some.

Wherefore I’le craue thy hunting art
To tuft the thickes and find those out
Who thus haue causd my Lambs to smart,
That they may safer feed about.

Hunt: These are but foxes without doubt.

But were they wolus, though clad like sheep,
Lions in Lamb-skins to beguile,
I’le not dispar, nor think of sleep
Til I this diffrence reconcile,

Prouide the Heuns subscribe the while.

Shep: Thanks, noble Swain: my greefs Alay,
That buried hast in hopes my sorrow.
All hapines attend thy way,
And cause vs t’meet again tomorrow.
The rest let expectation borrow.

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247 Mildmay Fane  My Happy Life, to a Friend

First published in Fane’s *Otias sacra* (1650). Loosely based on a much shorter poem attributed to Martial (no.13).

My happy Life, to a Friend.

Dearest in Friendship, if you’ll know
Where I my self, and how bestow,
Especially when as I range,
Guided by Nature, to love change:
Beleeve, it is not to advance
Or add to my inheritance;
Seeking t’engross by Power (amiss)
What any other Man calls his:

---

But full contented with my owne,
I let all other things alone;
Which better to enjoy thout strife,
I settle to a Countrie life;
And in a sweet retirement there,
Cherish all Hopes, but banish fear,
Offending none; so for defence
Arm'd Capapee with Innocence;
I doe dispose of my time thus,
To make it more propitious.

First, my God serv'd; I doe commend
The rest to some choice Book or Friend,
Wherein I may such Treasure finde
T'inrich my nobler part, the Minde.
And that my Body Health comprise,
Use too some moderate Exercise;
Whether invited to the field,
To see what Pastime that can yield,
With horse, or hound, or hawk, or t'bee
More taken with a well-grown Tree;
Under whose Shades I may rehearse
The holy Layes of Sacred Verse;
Whilst in the Branches pearched higher,
The wing'd Crew sit as in a quier:
This seems to me a better noise
Then Organs, or the dear-bought voice
From Pleaders breath in Court and Hall
At any time is stockt withall:
For here one may (if marking well)
Observe the Plaintive Philomel
Bemoan her sorrowes; and the Thrush
Plead safety through Defendant Bush:
The Popingay in various die
Performes the Sergeant; and the Pie
Chatters, as if she would revive
The Old Levite prerogative,
And bring new Rotchets in again;
Till Crowes and Jackdaws in disdain
Of her Pide-feathers, chafe thence,
To yeeld to their preheminence:
For you must know't observ'd of late,
That Reformation in the State,
Begets no less by imitation,
Amidst this chirping feather'd Nation;
Cuckoes Ingrate, and Woodcocks some
Here are, which cause they 't seasons come,
May be compar'd to such as stand
At Terms, and their returns command;
And lest Authority take cold,
Here's th'Ivyes guest of wonder, th' Owl,
Rufft like a Judge, and with a Beak,
As it would give the charge and speak:
Then 'tis the Goose and Buzzards art

---

19 my God serv'd] once my God has been served, i.e. after I have prayed. 34-5 Pleaders breath] the depositions of lawyers: initiating a long legal motif. 41 Popingay] green woodpecker (OED 7): usually the parrot, not present in the English countryside. 44 Levite] the traditional priestly tribe in ancient Judea. The magpie (by its black-and-white plumage like a rotchet) resembles a high-church priest, reinstating the vestments abolished by the Puritans (?Crowes and Jackdaws', 46). 52 chirping feather'd Nation] drawing on the 'parliament of fowls' convention, where birds imitate human political debates and actions. Here the parallel is with law courts. 56 Terms] (a) limiting conditions (b) periods when courts are in session. returns] Sending back a writ to the court where it was originally issued: a metaphor for bird migration. 58 th'Ivy] Growing on old buildings frequented by owls. 61 Goose and Buzzards] Suggesting, respectively, gullible and vindictive litigants.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Alone, t'perform the Clients part;
For neither Dove nor Pigeon shall,
Whilst they are both exempt from gall.
The Augur Hern, and soaring Kite,
Kalendar weather in their flight;
As doe the cleanlier Ducks, when they
Dive voluntary, wash, prune, play;
With the fair Cygnet, whose delight
Is to out-vie the snow in white,
And therefore always seeks to hide
Her feet, lest they allay her pride.
The Moor-hen, Dobchick, Water rail,
With little Washdish or Wagtail;
The Finch, the Sparrow, Jenny Wren,
With Robin that's so kinde to men;
The Whitetail, and Tom Tit obey
Their seasons, bill and tread, then lay;
The Lyrick Lark doth early rise,
And mounting, pays her sacrifice;
Whilst from some hedg, or close of furrs,
The Partridge calls its Mate, and churrs;
And that the Countrey seem more pleasant,
Each heath hath Powt, and wood yelds Phesant;
 Io to out-vie the snow in white,
And therefore always seeks to hide
Her feet, lest they allay her pride.
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Each heath hath Powt, and wood yelds Phesant;
 Io to out-vie the snow in white,
And therefore always seeks to hide
Her feet, lest they allay her pride.

64 exempt from gall hence not engaging in lawsuits. 68 voluntary] legal action or declaration made without compulsion; hence in high spirits, energetically. 76 kinde to men] The robin lives close to human habitations. 85 Io to out-vie the snow in white,
And therefore always seeks to hide
Her feet, lest they allay her pride. 86 Turkies] introduced in England c.1525. 88 i.e. his tame falcon. 92 Crystall is Lymbec] Crystal-clear water is distilled. 95-6 Pebbles were used to calculate sums. 98 Stars] the shining pebbles. musick] the stream's murmur. 99-100 Struck by the sunlight, the pebbles (or water?) resemble burning pearls. Calcin'd] burnt to a substance like lime. 105 nobler Trowts] Cf. Walton, The Compleat Angler, ch.4: 'The trout is ... a generous fish: ... a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams'. 106 Rubie, Diamonds] cf. Walton, ch.4: 'the best trouts are either red or yellow'. 109 lie] an obvious pun.
But such a Gravell as might pose
The best of Scholars to disclose,
And books and learning all confute,
Being clad in water Tissue sute.
These cool delights help'd with the air
Fann'd from the Branches of the fair
Old Beech or Oak, enchantments tie
To every senses facultie,
And master all those powers should give
The will any prerogative:
Yet when the scorching Noon-dayes heat
Incommodates the Lowing Neat,
Or Bleating flock, hither each one
Hasts to be my Companion.
And when the Western Skie with red-
Roses bestrews the Day-stars bed:
The wholsome Maid comes out to Milk
In russet-coats, but skin like silk;
Which though the Sun and Air dies brown,
Will yeeld to none of all the Town
For softness, and her breaths sweet smell,
Doth all the new-milcht Kie excell;
She knows no rotten teeth, nor hair
Bought, or Complexion t'make her fair;
But is her own fair wind and dress,
Not envying Cities happiness:
Yet as she would extend some pity
To the drain'd Neat she frames a ditty,
Which doth inchant the beast, untill
It patiently lets her Paile fill;
This doth the babbling Eccho catch,
And so at length to me't doth reach:
Straight roused up, I verdict pass,
Concluding from this bonny Lass,
And the Birds strains, 'tis hard to say
Which taught Notes first, or she, or they:
Thus ravish'd, as the night draws on
Its sable Curtian, in I'm gon
To my poor Cell; which 'cause 'tis mine,
I judge it doth all else out-shine,
Hung with content and weather-proof,
Though neither Pavement nor roof
Borrow from Marble-quarr below,
Or from those Hills where Cedars grow.
There I embrace and kiss my Spouse,
Who like the Vesta to the house,
A Sullibub prepares to show
By care and love what I must owe.
Then calling in the Spawn and frie,
Who whilst they live ne'r let us die;
But every face is hers or mine,
Though minted yet in lesser Coin,
She takes an Apple, I a Plumble,
Encouragements for all and some:
Till in return they crown the herth
With innocent and harmless merth,
Which sends us Joyfull to our rest,
More than a thousand others blest.

Gravell pun on gravelled, confused or flummoxed. The literal gravel of the stream-bed is so clear that it might prompt a scholar to give up his turgid learning. water Tissue pun on ‘watered’ textiles, with a wavy lustrious pattern. hair ...Complexion a wig or cosmetics Vesta goddess of the hearth and its fire, hence of domesticity. Sullibub syllabub, a drink of spiced and flavoured milk. Because the parents’ life and appearance continues in the children.
248 Mildmay Fane  In Praise of a Country Life

From a ms at Fulbeck Hall, the seat of the Fane family. Text below based on Cain’s edn.

Who so Enjoyes the Countrie Ayer
With Hounds in Couples, Frends a Payer
Or more, and seriously can looke
Sometimes into a Harmles Booke
Need not contemmat what the Barr
Molestes, or stratagemes of warr
Produce, nor on Ambition’s winge
Seek to sore up to Court and Kinge
But with a Comp’tency Content

10 Pass All his Dayes in Merriment
Yet with such Care, Those let not in
Temptation or the least of Sin
But both to Body and the minde
Like Solaces appeer most kinde
Infeofing either with such Health
Is prisable above all wealth.

Non est vivere sed valere vita

249 Joseph Beaumont  From Psyche

An extract from Beaumont’s Psyche (1648), an allegorical epic about the progress of the soul. Here, one of the shepherds come to adore the Christ-child describes to Mary and Joseph the appearance of the angels announcing the birth of Christ (Luke 2.8-20).

Whil’st in the open Field our Watch we kep’d
Befriended by the Moon and Stars, that no
Perill might wake our tender Flocks, which slep’d
Together with their tenderer younglings: Loe
There rush’d from Heav’n a sudden mighty Light
Which out of all the wide field chased Night.

The Frighted Moon and Stars fled all away,
With unexpected Gold the Skie grew bright:
We never yet beheld the entring Day

10 Break from the East with such commanding Light.
’Twas Glories Morning this, and in our eyes,
No Sun but Majesty did seem to rise.

With that, and with Amazement blinded, we
Fell down, supposing Heav’n had done so to,  done so: fallen down, descended to earth; too
And that the Beauties of Sublimite
Came poste on some grand Businesse below.
And here we see what fetch’d them down; thy Son
May well wooe all Heav’n after Him to run.

But as poor Bats, and wretched Birds of Night
Surprised by a sudden-rushing Flame,
Are strook with horror at the glorious Sight,
Which seals their eyes, and open sets their shame:
So wee by this strange Apparition were
Besieg’d no lesse with lustre, than with Fear.

When, as we trembling lay, a radiant Friend
Who gently hover’d in the neighbour Aire,
Did fan fresh comfort with his Wings, and lend
Our Hearts new Courage: ’Tis no Night of Fear
Said he, Look up, and view this Scene of Joy
Set forth in Heav’ns most festivall Array.

15 Infeofing] enfeoffing: investing, putting in possession.  17 Non ... vita] (Lat.) ’Life is not only to live but to live in good health’. Martial, Epigrams 6.70.15.  11 Glories] (a) in the abstract sense (b) literally, an effulgence of light (OED 6).  17 Son] punning on sun, with reference to 9-12.
We op’d our Eyes, and round about beheld
How Smiles and Comforts had bedeck’d the Place,
Which seem’d no more a common Countrey Field,
But Paradise’s own delicious face:
And such wee should have thought it still, had we
Not hither come, and seen thy Son, and Thee.

But yet a Beauty next to yours wee saw,
Almost as bright, as sweet, as milde, as grave,
That Angel which did upon Us bestow
That courteous Item; His Attire was brave,
His Looks, the Glass of Heav’n, most sweet his Tongue;
From which these blessed Words of Comfort rung:

BEHOLD, I bring you News of greater Joy
Than kindest Heaven till now did ever send;
Joy which through every Heart shall melt its way,
And with the Sun its equall Course extend:
Joy which shall know no Limits, but through all
The World display its gallant Festivall.

For unto you, and your grand blisse, this Morn
In royall Davids City, Christ the Lord
Of Him, and You, and this whole World is born:
A mighty King, who cometh to afford
The often-promis’d long-desir’d Salvation
Unto his faithful, and decayed Creation.

Stagger not at the News; but let this Signe
Assure your Faith, and banish needlese Doubts:
You shall at Bethlehem finde this divine
Infant wrapp’d up in simple swadling Clouts,
And in a plain and correspondent Bed,
The Asses Manger, resting his sweet Head.

As we for Joy at these strange Tidings started,
Behold, a sudden Globe of flaming Light
Into a stranger Apparition parted,
And to new Wonders summoned our sight:
For at a diamond Table fair and wide
A numerous Quire of Angells we descri’d.

Soul-charming Melodie amongst them sate,
At her left hand Applause, Joy at her right,
Behind her Glory, Praise before her, at
Her foot luxuriant, but pure Delight.
The Spectacle alone was ravishing;
But ô what Raptures when they ’gan to sing!

Glory to God in all Sublimity,
Peace upon Earth, and unto Men Good Will:
This was their Dittie; but their lofty Key
the words of the song
Did not our mortall reach alone excell,
But surely pos’d the Spheres, though these, they say,
In soveraign Musick spend both night and day.

O how our pretty Lambs did leap and dance!
What Troops of merrie Wolves came tripping in!
How were the Bears seiz’d with a gentle Trance!

\[34\] Paradise] Christ restored humankind to the Paradise from which the Fall of Adam and Eve had exiled them. 
\[40\] Item] ?statement, announcement; news (cf. OED B1). 
\[50\] Davids City] Bethlehem, David’s birthplace, though often used of Jerusalem. 
\[68\] Applause] presumably praise, adoration; but cf. Praise (69). 
\[77\] pos’d] transcended, exceeded (OED pose v 2b). 
\[Spheres\] In the Ptolemaic system, the heavenly bodies were embedded in spheres that made celestial music as they revolved.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

How did this Harmony the Lyons win!
All Salvagnesse was quickly charm’d asleep,
And every Beast was now a gentle Sheep.

The Stones look’d up and seem’d to wish for feet,
The Trees were angry that they stuck so fast;
All Things desir’d the Melody to meet,
And, as they could, unto the Dance made haste.
With that, our silly oaten Pipes we broke,
And then our Parts with cheerly Nature took.

And though our Feet never more nimbly flew
Than in their Answer to this Musicks Pleasure,
Doing their best endeavour to trip true
To every Turn, and Point, and Aire, and Measure;
Yet in our joyous Breasts we felt our Hearts
With more Activity, dancing their Parts.

The Anthem finished: That glorious Fire
About the Company its Arms did spread,
And homeward convoy’d the illustrious Quire.

We saw how wide a Gate Heav’n opened
To let them in: We saw it shut and yeild
Back to the Stars their free etheriall Field.

Thence came We hither, and the Promise found
As true and noble as our Expectation:
Which from this Cave shall by our Tongues rebound
To every Ear we meet: By this Narration
Our Hearts shall eased be, least by the Wonder
Of this Heav’n-crowned Morn they split in sunder.

But when the Yeares fresh youth returns, to deck
The Bed of Aprill in its vernall Hue;
The choyest sweets and Beauties We will pick,
And wreath a Chaplet for the fairer Brow
Of this our blooming Lord. Till when We place
Our hopes of safety in his onely Grace.

Here, with three Adorations to the Sonne,
They of the Mother and good Joseph, take
Their humble leave. But she, when they were gone,
Deep in her Bosome prints what they had spake,
The News, the Quire, the Song, the glorious Light,
Which duely she reads over Morn and Night.

And well she div’d into the Reason why
That glorious Hoste kept distance from the Cave,
And to these Creatures of Humility,
These simple honest Swains, the honour gave
Of being his first Visitors, who came
To be at once a Sheepheard, and a Lamb.

Parts] the separate sections or strands of a harmonized ‘part-song’. 126 a Sheepheard, and a Lamb] Christ is both the Good Shepherd (John 10.14, Hebrews 13.20, 1 Peter 2.25: cf. Psalms 23.1, Isaiah 40.11) and the Lamb of God (John 1.29, 36, Revelation 12.11, 22.1).
**250 A Pastoral Dialogue between Coridon and Thyrsis**

The first item in BL MS. Harley 393, lamenting the nation’s miseries since Charles I’s execution and hoping for the restitution of monarchy. Punctuation, line initials and speech-headings standardized.

A Pastorall Dialogue Betweene Coridon and Thyrsis occasioned by the Thirtieth of January 1648

_Corydon._ Deare Thyrsis! tell thy Corydon,  
What’s the sad cause of all thy Moane,  
That I may either beare a Part,  
Or wholly Ease my Troubled heart;  
Greife which vnvented, eates the Breast,  
Communicated, may find Rest.

_Thyrsis._ Rather forsake me Corydon:  
My Sorrow then will kill but one.  
My sad heart labours with a Woe  
Would destroy us and many moe.

_Corydon._ Tell it how ere, for thy Distresse  
Has made my Life so comfortlesse:  
And the whole World to me alone,  
Were such a Trifle, thou being gone,  
That I by odds, had rather haue  
Thy Company, though in the Graue.

_Thyrsis._ Then Corydon prepare to heare  
The Dismall'st chance that any Eare  
Heard since times Birth. None ever knew  
A Tale so sad, so strange, so true.  
In rich Arcadia whilome blest  
With all great Blessinge, Crown’d with Rest,

*However, nonetheless by a big margin that would truly have been fortunate born vigourously*  
_Thyrsis._ and the sheep will follow:  
Tart it is Resolv’d that one  
The Sheepe’s warme cloathing should put on  
And midst the Flock unwary keepe,  
Who well could personate the Sheep.  
The disguis’d Wolfe soone vndertakes  
The Wolues Decree, and Journey makes  
’Twas hard to know him in the Throng.  
Forward he was to sport, and play,  
And use all Arts, that might make way,  
To gett the Love, Applause and Fame,
Of them, to ruine whom he came.
At first he scatters hatefull Seeds
Of Hemlock, and destroying Weeds,
Which grew apace, for they were bad,
And tasted, made the Taster mad.

Some Sheep, whose happ it was, to light
On those curs’d weeds, grew mad out right;

These he too easily persuades,
Twas Damons fault, and then Invades
The trembling Flock, with Jealousie,
And Feares of greater Dangers nigh,
Assumes the Conduct of the Sheep,
Forsakes the place where they did keep
And thrive into such Numbers, soe
They’re left, they know not where they goe;

At last he brings them, hungry growne

By the hast, which their Feares put on,
Where Poyson was their onely Food,
Which heats the old, breeds new bad blood,
Whilst silley They think, but for his
Care, they had been all dead, ere this.

To the Oracle he feines to goe,
That he Infalibibly might know
The way to cure them, by some Spell,
Who but for him, had been too well,
The wolves that close in Counsell sate,

While he did his Successe relate,
Vote him thankes, and rewards to boott,
For empty Gratitude won’t doo’t.
Instruct him, what advice to giue,
That they upon the Spoile may liue.

Meantime the carefull Shepheard finds
His wandring Flocks distracted Mindes,
Discoverst the Impostors Arts
Wholongs seduced had their hearts,
Applyes a cure, and lends them Eyes

To see their growing Miseries.
Some whom the Taint had faintly strooke,
Resolved to escape the Hooke,
Knew and obey’d the Shepheardes voyce,
Others rais’d Murmurs, whose loud Noyse
Amaž’d the faithfull Shepheard Eares.

When loe the disguised Wolfe appears,
Finds now or never is the tyme
To aggravate the Shepheardes crime.
By his Returne the Flocks are more

Inraged, then they were before.
From him they quickly understood,
Unless they drink their Shepheardes blood
No phisicke could be found to ease
The burnings of their mad Disease.

And this he told in holy Guise
(Mixt with true-teare-dissembling Eyes).
To Murder Damon, all are drieuen,
As if the Counsell came from Heaven.

Large Contribucions they all glue,
’Tis time the Shepheard now should flye,
When Innocence is doom’d to dye.
The cheated Flock incens’d d pursue,
The Shepheard’s flight makes his Guilt new.
Hard is his hap, who either way
Is guilty Made, goe He, or stay:
At last betray’d and sold to those,
Who from his Care became his foes,
Damon is murther’d; the sheep smile,
The Wolues keep holyday the while.
The faithfull Shepheard butcherd so,
Th’ abused Flock to wrack must goe;
The Wolues themselues their Pastors are,
Kill whom they please, whom they please, spare:
The Cozened Flocks deluded Eyes
Open’d at last by Miseryes,
Now see their Ruine and make Moane
But too too late, for him that’s gone:
Thou fell’st untimely, the sheep cry
And each Eye weeps his Elegie.
At length they goe to ease their Greife,
To th’ Oracle to fynd Releife.
Whence after three days’ sacrifice
They recei’d answer in this wise.
Oracle.
“When the First borne of Damon dead
With Hooke in hand Laurell on Head
Shall lead you to the Pastures where
You at the first infected were,
Then, not till then, Heavens Blessings yeild
To every Flock in every Feild.”

The Sheep returne, are made a Prey,
The Wolues command, while they obey,
Know not how long they must endure,
But know the Oracle is sure.
Their greifes and Miseries were done
Could they once see the Shepheard’s sonne.
Corydon. Dry up thy Eyes, Dear Yrs is! I
Am concern’d in this Tragedie.
My natuie Soyle’s the Fatall Scene,
WherethisfowlePlayhasactedbeen.
Whereteareswon’thelp,letPatiencecure,
Hee conquers greife, that can endure.
Let’s humbly supplicate our God,
Hewillfreeusfrom’tandburne the Rod.
Arcadia now is full of Woe,
Let’s hope ere long, Twill not be so.

251 Henry Vaughan  The Shepherds

From Vaughan’s Silex Scintillans, Part I (1650). The shepherds are those to whom angels announced the birth of Christ; but they are shown as receiving the honour because of the general nature of shepherds’ lives, with some telling Old Testament associations.

Sweet, harmles lives! (on whose holy leisure
Waits Innocence and pleasure;)
Whose leaders to those pastures, and cleer springs,
Were Patriarchs, Saints, and Kings,
How happend it that in the dead of night

136 Hooke, Laurell] suggesting the Bishop’s crozier and royal crown, i.e. the future Charles II as head of the Anglican Church as well as the state. Hooke] sheephook. 3 pastures, and cleer springs] echoing Psalms 23, 2, but now it is the shepherds rather than the sheep who are being led there. 4 Patriarchs, Saints, and Kings] a common topos that shepherds held such positions, most specifically Abraham, Moses and David. 5-6 The shepherds were the first people to be told of Christ’s birth.
You only saw true light,
While Palestine was fast a sleep, and lay
Without one thought of Day?
Was it because those first and blessed swains
Were pilgrims on those plains
When they receiv’d the promise, for which now
’Twas there first shown to you?
’Tis true, he loves that Dust whereon they go
That serve him here below;
And therefore might for memory of those
His love there first disclose;
But wretched Salem once his love, must now
No voice, nor vision know,
Her stately Piles with all their height and pride
Now languished and died,
And Bethleems humble Cotts above them stept
While all her Seers slept;
Her Cedar, firr, hew’d stones and gold were all
Polluted through their fall,
And those once sacred mansions were now
Meer emptiness and show,
This made the Angel call at reeds and thatch,
Yet where the shepheards watch,
And Gods own lodging (though he could not lack,)
To be a common Rack;
No costly pride, no soft-cloth’d luxurie
In those thin Cels could lie,
Each stirring wind and storm blew through their Cots
Which never harbour’d plots,
Only Content, and love, and humble joys
Lived there without all noise,
Perhaps some harmless Cares for the next day
Did in their bosomes play,
As where to lead their sheep, what silent nook,
What springs or shades to look,
But that was all; And now with gladsome care
They for the town prepare,
They leave their flock, and in a busie talk
All towards Bethlem walk
To see their souls great shepheard, who was come
To bring all straglers home,
Where now they find him out, and taught before
That Lamb of God adore,
That Lamb whose daies great Kings and Prophets wish’d
And long’d to see, but miss’d.
The first light they beheld was bright and gay
And turn’d their night to day,
But to this later light they saw in him,
Their day was dark, and dim.

9-12 God appeared to Abraham on his journey to Canaan and granted him the promised land (Genesis 12:7).
13-16 He loves the humble people who serve him, and therefore first told humble shepherds of Christ’s birth. 22 Jerusalem’s, Seers (false) prophets, who could not foretell Christ’s birth. 29 though ... lack though he could command all wealth. 30 Rack a receptacle for fodder. 47 taught before informed earlier (by the angels). 51 first light that seen by a child at birth; here probably the ‘light’ seen by Abraham and his companions when God appeared to them (see 9-12n). But this Old Testament vision fades before the actual appearance of Christ in the New (later light).
252 Henry Vaughan  Daphnis: an Elegiac Eclogue

The last piece by Henry Vaughan in the collection *Thalia Rediviva* (1678), followed by his brother Thomas's poems. This has prompted the view that the poem might be mourning Thomas's death; but the dead man’s youth, and certain topical references, suggest a lament for Henry’s younger brother William, written shortly after his death in 1648. Several laments for William, with spiritual consolation, appear in Vaughan’s earlier two-part collection *Silex Scintillans* (1650, 1655).

DAPHNIS. An Elegiac Eclogue. The Interlocutors, Damon, Menalcas.

*Damon.* What clouds, Menalcas, do oppress thy brow?  
Flow’s in a Sunshine never look so low.  
Is Nisa still cold Flint? or have thy Lambs  
Met with the Fox by straying from their Dams?

*Menalcas.* Ah! Damon, no; my Lambs are safe, and she  
Is kind, and much more white than they can be.  
But what doth life, when most serene, afford  
Without a worm, which gnaws her fairest gourd?  
Our days of gladness are but short reliefs,  
Giv’n to reserve us for enduring griefs,  
So smiling Calms close Tempests breed, which break  
Like spoilers out, and kill our flocks, when weak.

I heard last May (and May is still high Spring,)  
The pleasant *Philomel* her Vespers sing.  
The green wood glitter’d with the golden Sun  
And all the West like Silver shin’d; not one  
Black cloud, no rags, nor spots did stain  
The Welkin’s beauty: nothing frown’d like rain;  
But e’er night came, that Scene of fine sights turn’d  
To fierce dark show’rs; the Air with lightnings burn’d;  
The wood’s sweet Syren rudely thus oppress,  
Gave to the Storm her weak and weary Breast.  
I saw her next day on her last cold bed;  
And Daphnis so, just so is Daphnis dead!

*Damon.* So Violets, so doth the Primrose fall,  
At once the Spring’s pride and its funeral.  
Such easy sweets get off still in their prime,  
And stay not here, to wear the foil of Time.  
While courser Flow’rs (which none would miss, if past)  
To scorching Summers, and cold Autumns last.

*Menalcas.* Souls need not time, the early forward things  
Are always fledg’d, and gladly use their Wings,  
Or else great parts, when injur’d, quit the Crowd.  
To shine above still, not behind the Cloud.  
And is’t not just to leave those to the night,  
That madly hate, and persecute the light?  
Who doubly dark, all Negroes do exceed,  
And inwardly are true black Moores indeed

*Damon.* The punishment still manifests the Sin,  
As outward signs shew the disease within.  
While worth opprest mounts to a nobler height,  
And Palm-like bravely overtops the weight.  
So where swift *Isca* from our lofty hills  
With lowd farewels descends, and forming fills  
A wider Channel, like some great port-vein,  
With large rich streams to feed the humble plain:  
I saw an Oak, whose stately height and shade

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3 Nisa] Name taken from Virgil VIII.  
16 The line is short by a foot: there may be words missing.  
21 wood’s sweet Syren] the nightingale, which sings as sweetly as the Sirens.  
22 ?was left exposed to the storm; ?sang feebly against the fury of the storm.  
32 fledg’d] feathered, like adult birds capable of flight.  
42 As a palm tree grows upward, pushing aside anything weighing it down.  
Vaughan gives the image a spiritual turn in 'The Palm-tree' (*Silex Scintillans*, Part II).  
43 Isca] the river Usk in Breconshire, Vaughan’s native region.  
45 port-vein] the principal vein carrying blood to the liver.
Projected far, a goodly shelter made,
And from the top with thick diffused Boughs
In distant rounds grew, like a Wood-nymph’s house.
Here many Garlands won at Roundel-lays
Old shepheardes hung up in those happy days,
With knots and girdles, the dear spoils and dress
Of such bright maids, as did true lovers bless.
And many times had old Amphion made
His beauteous Flock acquainted with this shade;
A Flock, whose fleeces were as smooth and white
As those, the wellkin shews in Moonshine night.
Here, when the careless world did sleep, have I

In dark records and numbers noble high
The visions of our black, but brightest Bard
From old Amphion’s mouth full often heard;
With all those plagues poor shepheardes since have known,
And Ridles more, which future times must own.
While on his pipe young Hylas plaid, and made
Musick as solemn as the song and shade.
But the curs’d owner from the trembling top
To the firm brink, did all those branches lop,
And in one hour what many years had bred,
The pride and beauty of the plain lay dead.

The undone Swains in sad songs mourn’d their loss,
While storms and cold winds did improve the Cross.
But Nature, which (like vertue) scornst to yield
Brought new recruits and succours to the Field;
For by next Spring the check’d Sap wak’d from sleep
And upwards still to feel the Sun did creep,
Till at those wounds the hated Hewer made,
There sprang a thicker and a fresher shade.

Mentalcas. So thrives afflicted Truth! and so the light,
When put out, gains a value from the Night.
How glad are we, when but one twinkling Star
Peeps betwixt clouds more black than is our Tar?
And Providence was kind, that order’d this
To the brave Suff’rer should be solid bliss;
Nor is it so till this short life be done,
But goes hence with him, and is still his Sun.

Damon. Come Shepherds then, and with your greenest Bays
Refresh his dust, who lov’d your learned Lays.
Bring here the florid glories of the Spring,
And as you strew them pious Anthems sing,
Which to your children and the years to come
May speak of Daphnis, and be never dumb.
While prostrate I drop on his quiet Urn
My Tears, not gifts; and like the poor, that mourn
With green, but humble Turfs; write o’re his Hearse
For false, foul Prose-men this fair Truth in Verse.

"Here Daphnis sleeps! and while the great watch goes
Of loud and restless Time, takes his repose.
Fame is but noise, all Learning but a thought:

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55 Amphion] Legendary musician, brought up as a shepherd: here probably Matthew Herbert, the Vaughan’s old schoolmaster and local priest. 61 our black ... Bard] Perhaps Merlin Ambrosius (Myrddin Emrys), a legendary figure identified with the wizard Merlin. See L. I. Guiney, Quarterly Review, April 1914, p.356. 65 Hylas] a boy beloved of Herakles, with no pastoral associations. The unexpected name suggests a personal allusion. 68 brink] obviously foot or roots, but no such sense in OED. 72 improve the Cross] aggravate the suffering (OED improve v 2b). 80 gains a value] i.e. by contrast. 82 Tar] used to dress sheep’s wounds. 83 this] Truth (79), symbolized by the star. 95 green, but humble Turfs] grassy patches, as they cannot afford costly gravestones or monuments. 97-8 watch] a wake or revel (OED 2b), contrasting with Daphnis’ repose.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Which one admires, another sets at nought.
Nature mocks both, and Wit still keeps adoe;
But Death brings knowledge and assurance too.”

Menalcas. Cast in your Garlands, strew on all the flow’rs
Which May with smiles, or April feeds with show’rs.
Let this day’s Rites as stedfast as the Sun
Keep pace with Time, and through all Ages run,
The publick character and famous Test
Of our long sorrows and his lasting rest;
And when we make procession on the plains,
Or yearly keep the Holyday of Swains,
Let Daphnis still be the recorded name
And solemn honour of our feasts and fame.
For though the Isis and the prouder Thames
Can shew his reliques lodg’d hard by their streams,
And must for ever to the honour’d name
Of Noble Murrey chiefly owe that fame:
Yet, here his Stars first saw him, and when fate
Beckon’d him hence, it knew no other date.
Nor will these vocal Woods and Valleys fail,
Nor Isca’s lowder Streams this to bewail,
But while Swains hope and Seasons change, will glide
With moving murmurs, because Daphnis di’d.

Damon. A fatal sadness, such as still foregoes,
Then runs along with publick plagues and woes,
Lies heavy on us, and the very light
Turn’d Mourners too, hath the dull looks of Night.
Our vales like those of Death, a darkness shew
More sad than Cypress, or the gloomy Yew,
And on our hills, where health with height complied,
Thick drowsie Mists hang round and there reside.
Not one short parcel of the tedious year
In its old dress and beauty doth appear;
Flow’rs hate the Spring, and with a sullen bend
Thrust down their Heads, which to the Root still tend,
And though the Sun like a cold Lover, peeps
A little at them, still the Days-eye sleeps.
But when the Crab and Lion with acute
And active Fires their sluggish heat recruit,
Our grass straight russets, and each scorching day
Drinks up our Brooks as fast as dew in May,
Till the sad Heardsman with his Cattel faints,
And empty Channels ring with loud Complaints.

Menalcas. Heaven’s just displeasure and our unjust ways
Change Nature’s course, bring plagues, dearth and decays.
This turns our lands to Dust, the skies to Brass,
Makes old kind blessings into curses pass,
And when we learn unknown and forraign Crimes,
Brings in the vengeance due unto those Climes.
The dregs and paddle of all ages now
Like Rivers near their fall, on us do flow.
Ah happy Daphnis! who, while yet the streams
Ran clear and warm (though but with setting beams,)
Got through: and saw by that declining light

107 character] mark, token (OED 8a).
113-6 Thomas Vaughan was buried by the offices of his friend Robert Moray (Noble Murrey) at Albury, on the river Thame (not Thames) in Oxfordshire. The Thame flows into the Thames, called the Isis at Oxford. 113-8 i.e. Although Thomas was buried elsewhere, Breconshire remains his home. 121 hope] hard to explain. Perhaps ‘hope for better things’.
128 Cypress, Yew] trees associated with death and mourning. 129 where ... complied] where the great height made for a clear healthy atmosphere. 137 Crab, Lion] zodiacal constellations of the hot summer. 150 fall] mouth (OED 6). 152 setting beams] The beams of the setting sun – i.e., when Daphnis died, the times were still happy, though already on the decline.
His toil's and journey's end before the Night.

Damon. A night, where darkness lays her chains and Bars,
And feral fires appear instead of Stars.
But he along with the last looks of day
Went hence, and setting (Sun-like) past away.
What future storms our present sins do hatch

160

Some in the dark discern, and others watch;
Though foresight makes no Hurricane prove mild;
Fury that's long fermenting, is most wild.
But see, while thus our sorrows we discourse,
Phæbus hath finish'd his diurnal course.
The shades prevail, each Bush seems bigger grown:
Darkness (like State) makes small things swell and frown.
The Hills and Woods with Pipes and Sonnets round
And bleating sheep our Swains drive home, resound.

Menalcas. What voice from yonder Lawn tends hither? heark!

'Tis Thyris calls, I hear Lycanthe bark.
His Flocks left out so late, and weary grown
Are to the thickets gone, and there laid down.

Damon. Menalcas, haste to look them out, poor sheep
When day is done, go willingly to sleep.
And could bad Man his time spend, as they do,
He might go sleep, or die, as willing too.

Menalcas. Farewel kind Damon! now the Shepheards Star
With beauteous looks smiles on us, though from far.
All creatures that were favourites of day
Are with the Sun retir'd and gone away.

While feral Birds send forth unpleasant notes,
And night (the Nurse of thoughts,) sad thoughts promotes.
But Joy will yet come with the morning-light,
Though sadly now we bid good night!

Damon. Good night!

253 **William Denny** From *The Shepherd's Holiday*

This description by the shepherd Bilkin of a grove called the Lovers' Maze is from near the start of Denny's manuscript pastoral play *The Shepherd's Holiday* (BL MS. Addl. 3406, dated 1 June 1651 in the dedicatory epistle). According to the prefatory account of 'The Morall' of the work, Bilkin is 'The Character of Temperance, Moderation, Discretion and Judgement who vnder the Sheepeard's Life com-
mendes Innocence of Life and Retirement from the World.' (fol.47) But the Lovers' Maze he describes 'representes The World; wherein there are Varietie of Pathes, of Temptations, and Turnings. Pastoral idyllism and worldly complexity are linked in a subtle counterplay.

Bilkin enters; and takes a Seate vnnder the side of the Groue, call'd Lover's Maze. Birds singing.

This is the Seate of sweet Repose for Swaines
Backt with a Groue; And fac't with smoothed Plaines.

This Boscarie of Soules, The Lovers Maze,
With musick gives new birth to dawning Dayes.

Harke! Eu'rie Sprayt tunes forth a various Note;
While All concording seeme one warbling Throate.

Thus as They All together sing, and vie,
Each winnes, each looses the Supreamacie.

[Pattern]
So azure Heaven with thinne Clouds chamletted,
Which borrow Scarlet from Sol's rising Head,

Who gildes Aurora's Blushes that do play,
And daunce vpon her Cheekest to sport the Day.
Rest on this greene silke Shagge of Cammomill;
Now th’art an Emperour, vpon this Hill.
Thy Crowne excelleth That of beaten Gold.
Sweet Briar’s Rose, flower’d Eglandine behold:
Which twineing o’re thy Head shew forth theire Gemmes.
Their fragrant Lustre outshines Diadems.
Rest here thy vndisturbed Limbes. Here rest
In contemplation of a Life most blest.

T_h_y Crowne excelleth
T_h_at of beaten Gold.
Sweet Briar’s Rose, flower’d Eglandine behold:
Whichtwineingo’rethyHeadshewforththeireGemmes.
TheirefragrantLustreoutshinesDiadems.
RestherethyvndisturbedLimbes.Hererest
IncontemplationofaLifemostblest.
Happie!

HappriceHappriceSheepheards!thathodwell
CloathedwithRussetinALowlieCell.
OurfrequentVigils mint vs Houres to pray:
AccostingHeauen,whenwestalutetheDay,
WhenfrelieewvnfoldourexpreadingSheep,
ObservingsteppingTime, and Them to keep.

Our Lonelines is clcpt Philosophy,
By which we read Th’Allmightie Power on high.
Sunne, Moone, and Starres plac’t in the Loftie Spheare
Are the bright Almanackes for Day, and Yeare.
Those flaming Torches we yclepe by names.
Custom han made vs kinne vnto theire Flames.
Is’t not a Wise man’s Part to guard the Flockes
From rage of cruell Wolfe, or wilie Foxe?
The Lambes do skippe, while Pipes theire Dammes allure.
More than Physitians Sheepheards safelie cure.
Our chast-hatcht Loue is warm’d by pure Desire.
Our shamefac’t Embers kindle modest Fire.
Which mind-enchaunting Songs do quicklie turne
To rising Flames, that Constencie makes burne.

Our Freindship kennes ne Fraud, ne subtile Saw.
Our blamelesse Life is to it’s selfe a Law.
We seldom spend, for well we know to spare.
Our sleepe is sound. ’Tis Backe to Backe to Care.
Our Beds are softer, than Those Neasts of Downe.
Content’s best Riches, a Good Name, Renoune.
A peacefull Conscience sings within the Breast;
Which gain’d, no Labour but enjoyeth Rest.

Ne list we, what is Envie’s venom’d Dart;
Ne con we Pride, that filles with Barme the Heart.
Our seldomes of Feasts doth whate our Joy;
And easie Dainties do no Health destroy.
Our comelie Sports showne vnto Freedome’s Eye
Do louelie Innocence to Sweetnes tye.
254 Patrick Cary  ‘Jack! nay prithee come away’

From a ms book of Cary’s poems dating c.1651 (probably soon after composition) now in the Walter Scott Library at Abbotsford. First printed in full at Scott’s initiative in Trivial Poems and Triolets (1820), the text followed here.

To the Tune,—“Will, and Tom, etc.”

Dicke. Jacke! nay prithee come away,
This is noe time for sadnesse;
Pan’s cheife feast is kept to day,
Each sheperd showes his gladnesse:
W’are to meete all on the greene,
To dance and sport together;
O what brau’ry will bee seene!
I hope ’twill proue fayre weather.

Looke I’ue got a new suit on;
Say man! how likest the colour?
Will’t not take Nell’s eyes anonne?
All greenes then this are duller.
Marck how trimm’d up is my hooke,
This Ribband was Nell’s fauour:
Jacke the wench has a sweet looke,
T’le dye but I will haue her.

Jacke. Dicke, eene goe alone for mee;
By Nell thou art expected:
I noe loue haue there to see,
Of all I am reiect.

Att my ragges each mayd would flout,
If seene with such a shiner;
Noe. I’le n’ere sett others out;
I’le stay till I am finer.

Shall I go to sitt alone,
Scorn’d eene by Meg o’th’dayry?
Whilst proud Tom yles hugging Joane,
And Robin kisses Mary.
Shall I see my riuell Will

Receave kind lookes from Betty?
Both of them I’de sooner kill:
Att thought on’t, Lord, how fret I?

Cause hee has a flocke of sheepe,
And is an elder brother,
Cause (poore hireling!) those I keepe
Belong unto another,
I must loose what’s mine by right,
And lett the rich foole gayne her:
I’le att least keepe out of sight,

Since hopelesse e’re t’obtayne her.

Dicke. Courage man, thy case is not
Soe bad as thou doest take itt:
Yett ’tis ill; could I (God wott!)

Much better would I make itt.

Hee is rich; thou, poore; ’twere much
Wer’t thou prefer’d by a woeman;
Woemen though keepe sometimes touch,
But (sooth) ’tis not soe common.

Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Thou, unto thy pipe can’st sing
Loue-songs of thine own making;
Hee, nor that, nor any thing
Knowes how to doe, that’s taking.
She did loue thee once, and swore
Ne’re (through her fault) to loose thee;
If She keepe her oath, before
The richer, she will choose thee.

Jacke. Neuer, neuer, lasse! such oathes
Haue force but for few howeres:
If she lik’d once, now she loathes;
And smiles noe more, but lowers.
Scarce his suit had hee apply’d de,
But she lou’d mee noe longer:
Soone my fayth she gan deride;
For wealth, then fayth, is stronger.

Farewell, shepeard, then. Bee gone;
The feast noe stay here brooketh:
Prithee marcke Besse there anonne,
If kind on Will she looketh.
Who loues truely, loues to heare
Tales, that encrease his fier;
I, alasse! bade tydings feare,
And yett for newes enquirer.

255 Edward Benlowes  The Pleasure of Retirement


THE ARGUMENT
Who Chance, Change, Hopes, and Fears can under bring;
Who can obey, yet rule each Thing,
And sleight Misfortune with a brave Disdain, He’s King.

When lavish Phœbus pours out melted Gold;
And Zephyrs breath does Spice unfold;
And we the blow-ey’d Skie in Tissue-Vest behold.

Then, view the Mower, who with big-swoln Veins,
Wieldeth the crooked Sythe, and strains
To barb the flowerie Tresses of the verdant Plains.

Then view we Valleys, by whose fringed Seams
A Brook of liquid Silver streams,
Whose Water Chrystal seems, Sand Gold, and Pebbles Gems;

Where bright-scal’d gliding Fish on trembling Line
We strike, when they our Hook entwine:
Thence do we make a Visit to a Grave Divine.

With harmlesse Shepherds we sometimes do stay,
Whose Plainnesse does outvie the Gay,
While nibling Ewes do bleat, and frisking Lambs do stray.

4 Phœbus] Apollo as sun-god. 5 Zephyr] (god of) the west wind, blowing in spring. 6 Tissue-Vest] a rich cloth interwoven with gold or silver: here referring to the sun’s beams. 13-4 Implicit moral allegory of temptation by the world’s snares. Each subsequent item of natural description carries such a moral.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

With Them, we strive to recollect, and finde

Disperst Flocks of our rambling Minde;

Internal Vigils are to that due Work design’d.

No puffing Hopes, no shrinking Fears Them fright;

No begging Wants on Them do light;

They wed Content, while Sloth feels Want, and Brav’ry Spite.

While Swains the burth’ning Fleeces shear away,

Oat-pipes to past’ral Sonnets Play,

And all the merry Hamlet Bells chime Holy Day.

In neighbor’g Meads, with Ermin Mantles proud,

Our Eyes and Ears discern a Crowd

Of wide-horn’d Oxen, trampling Grass with Lowings loud.

Next Close feeds many a strutting udder’d Cow;

Hard by, tir’d Cattle draw the Plough,

Whose galled Necks with Toil and Languishment do bow.

Neer which, in restlesse Stalks, wav’d Grain promotes

The skipping Grashoppers hoarse Notes;

While round the aery Choristers distend their Throats.

Dry Seas, with golden Surges, ebbe and flow;

The ripening Ears smile as we go,

With Boasts to crack the Barn, so numberless they show.

When Sol to Virgo Progresses takes, and Fields

With his prolonged Lustre gilds;

When Sirius chinks the Ground, the Swain his Hope then builds.

Soon as the Sultrie Month has mellow’d Corn,

Gnats shake their Spears, and windse their Horn;

The Hindes do sweat through both their Skins, and Shopsters scorn.

Their Orchards with ripe Fruit impregned be,

Fruit that from Taste of Death is free,

And such as gives Delight with choice Varietie.

Yet who in’s thriving Minde improves his State,

And Virtue Steward Makes, his Fate

Transcends; He’s rich at an inestimable Rate.

He shuns Prolizer Law-suits; nor does wait

At Thoughtful Grandies prouder Gate;

Nor ’larming Trumpets him, nor drowning Storms a-mate.

From costly Bills of greedy Emp’ricks free,

From Plea of Ambo-dexters Fee,

From Vicar Any Thing, the worst of all the Three.

He in Himself, Himself to rule, retires;

And can, or blow, or quench his Fires:

All Blessings up are bound in bounding up Desires.

21 Internal Vigils] matching the literal vigilis to protect the flock. 28 Ermin Mantles] presumably the cattle’s white hide. 37 Dry ... flow] Fields with ripe crops wave in the wind. 39 With ... Barn] as though trying to burst the barn with their abundance. 40-42 Sol] the sun, in the sign of Virgo from 23 August to 22 September. Sirius] the dog star, rising with the sun in the hottest days of summer. 44 Spears] stings. Horn] droneing sound. 45 both their Skins] actual skin and garments. Shopsters] tradesmen, people in soft indoor jobs. 47 Taste of Death] damnation. The paradisal dimension of the landscape, implicit from 12 on, is explicit here and in 67-72, passing into heaven itself in 73-4. 50 And ... Makes] Puts Virtue in charge of the estate (State, 49) of his mind. The following lines reflect Horace’s Epode II. 54 ’larming] alarming, sounding the alarm or battle-cry. 55 Emp’ricks] empirics: physicians, especially quacks going by experience rather than training. 56 Ambo-dexter] lawyer who takes bribes from both sides. 57 Vicar Any Thing] clergyman of no principled faith, changing with the religious politics of the time. 60 All blessings are reliant on your being able to curb your desires.
His little World commands the Great: He there
Rich Mem’ry has for Treasurer;
The Tongue is Secretary to his Heart, and Ear.

While May-Days London Gallants take a Pride,
Coacht through Hide Park, to eye, be ey’d,
Which Dayes vain Cost might for the Poor a Yeer provide;

He may to Groves of Myrrhe in Triumph pace,
Where Roots of Nature, Flow’rs of Grace,
And Fruits of Glory bud. A Glimps of HEAV’N the Place.

This the Spring-Garden to spiritual Eyes,
Which fragrant Scent of Gums out-vies;
Three Kings had thence their triple mystick Sacrifice.

O, happier Walks, where CHRIST, and none beside
Is Journeies End, and Way, and Guide!
Where from the humble Plains are greatest Heights descry’d.

Heav’nward his Gaze. Here does a Bowere display
His Bride-room, and SCRIPTURIA
Her self is Bride; Each Morn presents his Marriage-Day.

What Ecstasie’s in this delicious Grove!
Th’ unwitneth Witeness of his Love!
What Pow’r so strongly can as flam’d Affections move!

256 MARGARET CAVENDISH  A DESCRIPTION OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES

This elegant piece of anti-pastoral is from Cavendish’s Poems and Fancies (1653).

A Description of Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

The Shepherdesses which great Flocks doe keep,
Are dab’d high with dew, following their Sheep,
Milking their Ewes, their hands doe dirty make;
For being wet, dirt from their Dugs doe take.
The Sun doth scorcht the skin, it yellow growses,
Their eyes are red, lips dry with wind that blowes.
Their Shepherdes sit on mountain’s top, that’s high,
Yet on their feeding sheep doe cast an eye;
Which to the mounts steep sides they hanging feed
On short moyst grasse, not suffer’d to beare seed;
Their feet though small, strong are their sinews string,
Which make them fast to rocks and mountains cling:
The while the Shepherd’s legs hang dayling down,
And sets his breech upon the hills high crown.
Like to a tanned Hide, so was his skin,
No melting heat, or numming cold gets in,
And with a voyce that’s harsh against his throat,
He straines to sing, yet knowes not any Note:
And yawning, lazie iesys upon his side,
Or strait upon his back, with armes spred wide;
Or snorting sleeps, and dreames of Joan their Maid,
Or of Hobgoblin wakes, as being afraid.

61 His little World] (a) humble rural world (b) microcosm or ‘little world’ of man, whose structure was thought to mirror in each detail the macrocosm or great world. 67 Groves of Myrrhe] recalling the classical Elysian fields and Christian Paradise (as later in Milton, Paradise Lost 5.292). 68-9 Nature ... Glory] the path of salvation: fallen nature redeemed by God’s grace leading to heaven. 72 Three Kings] who offered the Christ-child gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, all of which are worked into the description of this setting. 77 SCRIPTURIA] scripture or the written word of God: reflecting the newly popular idea that God’s wisdom and goodness is written in the ‘Book of Nature’ no less than in revealed scripture. The marriage of Christ and Scripturia reflects the traditional marriage between Christ and his bridgroom, the Church or the individual devout soul. 10 not suffer’d to beare seed] from being cropped too close by the sheep. suffer’d[ allowed, made fit. 22 Hobgoblin] a mischiewous or fearsome spirit, especially Puck or Robin Goodfellow.
Motion in their dull braines doth plow, and sow, 
Not Plant, and set, as skilfull Gardners doe. 
Or takes his Knife new ground, that half was broke, 
And whittles sticks to pin up his sheep-coat: 
Or cuts some holes in straw, to Pipe thereon 
Some tunes that pleaseth Joan his Love at home. 
Thus rustick Clownes are pleas’d to spend their times, 
And not as Poets faine, in Sonnets, Rhimes, 
Making great Kings and Princes Pastures keep, 
And beauteous Ladies driving flocks of sheep: 
Dancing bout May-poles in a rustic sort, 
When Ladies scorne to dance without a Court. 
For they their Loves would hate, if they should come 
With leather Jerkins, breeches made of Thrum, 
And Buskings made of Freeze that’s course, and strong, 
With clotted Shooes, tyed with a leather thong. 
Those that are nicely bred, fine cloaths still love, 
A white hand sluttish seems in dirty Glove.

257 MARGARET CAVENDISH A SHEPHERD’S EMPLOYMENT IS TOO MEAN AN ALLEGORY FOR NOBLE LADIES

A companion to no.256, which precedes it in Cavendish’s Poems and Fancies (1653). The context is of pastoral romances where noble lovers court ladies in pastoral disguise. Cavendish proposes a setting of chivalric allegory instead of this inadequate pastoral one.

A Shepherds employment is too meane an Allegory for Noble Ladies.

To cover Noble Lovers in Shepherds weeds, 
Of high descent, too humble thoughts it breeds: 
Like Gods, when they to Men descend down low, 
Take off the reverence, and respect we owe. 
Then make such persons like faire Nymphis to be, 
Who’re cloath’d with beauty, bred with modesty: 
Their tresses long hang on their shoulders white, 
Which when they move, doe give the Gods delight. 
Their Quiver, Hearts of men, which fast are ty’d, 
And Arrows of quick flying eyes beside. 
Bushings, that’s buckl’d close with plates of gold, 
Which from base wayes their legs with strength doe hold. 
Men, Champions, Knights, which Honour high doe prize, 
Above the tempting of alluring eyes, 
That seek to kill, or at the least to binde 
All evil Passions in a wandring mind, 
To take those Castles kept by scandals strong, 
That have by erreurs been enchanted long, 
Destroying monstrous Vice, which Virtues eate, 
These Lovers worthy are of praises great. 
So will high Fame aloud those praises sing, 
Cupid those Lovers shall to Hymen bring, 
At Honours Altar joyne both hearts and hands, 
The Gods will seale those Matrimonial bands.

23-4 Their minds work slowly, like plants springing from seed rather than seedlings. 29 Clowes] (a) rustics (b) comically foolish people. 33 sort[ (a) manner, fashion (b) band, group (OED sort n.17). 34 Court] ?dancing-space; nuances of ‘royal court, courtly society’ and ‘courtship, homage’. 0.1 for] (a) standing for, allegorizing (b) intended for, meant to be read by. 4 Take off] ironically juxtaposed with ‘cover’ (1). The reference is to gods assuming human shape to woo mortal women. 5 Nymphs] i.e. noblewomen: ironically contrasted with the rustics or shepherdesses conventionally called nymphs in pastoral. 12 Which securely protect their legs from dirty roads (and metaphorically, their honour from low men). 13-20 Honourable men who can overcome all temptation and scandal and win the virtuous ladies. 15-19 They destroy fortresses of vice and scandal: the traditional allegory of Psychomachia or mental battle between virtue(s) and vice(s). 22 Hymen] god of marriage.
258 Margaret Cavendish  Similizing the Sea to Meadows and Pastures

From Cavendish’s Poems and Fancies (1653). The ‘similizing’ also incorporates a running contrast.

Similizing the Sea to Meadowes, and Pastures, the Marriners to Shepheards, the Mast to a May-pole, Fishes to Beasts.

The Waves like Ridges of Plow’d-land lies high,
Whereat the Ship doth stumble, downe doth lye.
But in a Calme, levell as Meadowes seem,
And by its Saltnesse makes it look as green.
When Ships thereon a slow, soft pace they walke,
Then Marriners, as Shepheards sing, and talke.
Some whistle, and some on their Pipes do play,
Thus merrily will passe their time away.
And every Mast is like a May-pole high,
Round which they dance, though not so merrily,
As Shepheards do, when they their Lasses bring,
Whereon are Garlands tied with Silken string.
But on their Mast, instead of Garlands, hung
Huge Sailes, and Ropes to tye those Garlands on.
Instead of Lasses they do dance with Death,
And for their Musick they have Boreas Breath.
Instead of Wine, and Wassals, drink salt Teares,
And for their Meat they feed on nought but Feares.
For Flocks of Sheep great sholes of Herrings swim,
As ravenous Wolves the Whales do feed on them.
As sportfull Kids skip over Hillocks green,
So dancing Dolphins on the Waves are seen.
The Porpoyse, like their watchfull Dog espies,
And gives them warning when great Windes will rise.
Instead of Barking, he his Head will shew
Above the waters, where they rough do flow.
When showring Raines power downe, and Windes do blow:
Then fast Men run for Shelter to a Tree;
So Ships at Anchor lye upon the Sea.

259 Thomas Robins(?) Jack the Plough-Lad’s Lamentation

Under cover of a common peasant’s distress, this ballad is a lament for the execution of Charles I and abolition of the monarchy. The text follows the earliest copy (in the British Library), dating from 1654. The writer’s initials T. R. suggest Thomas Robins, a prolific ballad-maker of mid-17c. The publisher Richard Burton was a bold Royalist.

JACK the Plough-Lads LAMENTATION:

His Master has forsaken the Plough and the Cart,
Which grieves poor JACK unto the heart,
For night and day he doth sorely complain,
And doth wish that his Master would come home again.

To the Tune of, Prentices fuddle no more.

Gentlemen, Gentlemen, listen to my Ditty,
And a pretty new story I to you will sing,
No harm I do mean to Town nor to City;
But I wish us good tydings to come this Spring:
Or he that has most will soon have but little.
Poor England to gotten to such a mad strain,
Rich Jack with poor Gill may walk to the Spittle.
To pray for good tydings to come o’re the main.

2 Ship] marginal note in original: ‘Here the Ship is taken for a Horse’.
0.5 Prentices fuddle no more] The song cannot be located.
16 Boreas] the north wind.
For I am a poore Plough-lad, and in great distresse
My Master is gone alas! what shall I do,
And I a poore Servant here sorely opprest,
Great loads and taxations I am brought unto;
Yet ou’t I liu’d well as many can tell,
My land is good tillage my self to maintain;
Now every Man threatens me for to pillage,
But I would that my Master would come home again.

Gentlemen, Gentlemen, I could well think on it,
If that my Master would come home again,
Though it may be there is some would look sadly on it,
Yet he that is honest would never complain:
A Servant thats true, his joys would renew;
But he that is rotten be sure would complain,
But if it were faulty, it were best to be packing.
If that my Master would come home again.

Country-man, Country-man, that hears my Ditty,
Listen unto me, mark what I shall say,
Ther’s no honest man in Town nor in Citty,
But if he be bound then he must obey:
His gold and his money he must not spare,
The Cause of poor England for to maintain,
And the weeping-crosse may fall to his share,
But I would that my Master would come home again.

Yeomandry, Yeomandry, to you I call,
Listen unto me as well as the rest;
Your lands and your livings be they great or small,
Your fortune’s to pay here as well as the rest:
Though Canons be roaring, and Bullets be flying,
And legs and Armes doth fly in the main,
Man still must stand to it and never fear dying.
But I would that my master would come home again.

The second part, To the same Tune.

And as for us Plough-men as well as the rest,
Much sorow comes to us: yet for us now pray,
We do not withstand, but must pay with the best,
If for it we work, I say, both night and day:
To the Plough and Cart with a heavy heart,
To stir up our ground, and to save our Grain;
So small is our share that falls to our part,
Would God that my Master would come home again.

Thus like to the Ant and the painful Bee,
We labor and toyl all the days of our life,
Though small to be got, we must give a great fee,
Nay, I could say more, but I love no strife:
Yet few there be, but may understand
The truth of my Ditty why I do complain:
Yet I wish true Peace would pity this Land,
Would God that my Master would come home again.

\footnotesize

13 ou’t] ?out, alas; ?variant of ord, in the beginning, earlier. 17 Gentlemen] socially established persons of proven forebears. 23 If there is any such disloyal servant, he is best sent packing. 25 Country-man] any peasant or rustic, as distinct from ‘gentleman’ (22) and yeoman (38). 31 And] ?an, if, lest. weeping-crosse] a public cross at whose foot penitents would weep: i.e. such a person will repent his disloyalty. 33 Yeomandry] yeomanry, small freeholders below the rank of gentleman (22): a major prop of England’s army and political system. 36 Your fortune’s to pay] ?You must give up your wealth and well-being. 37 Echoes the refrain of another popular ballad. 38 main] ?battle. Cf. OED main n\(^1\), 2, 3 for various sporting matches or encounters. 42ff. The Royalist cause is astutely linked to the economic plight of the common rustic.
And now for all Trades-men that lives in the City,
I wish you good fortune as well as the rest;
I pray you consider well of this my Ditty,
And then you may see who is the most opprest:
For we with hard labor our money do get,
With toying and moyling in sorrow and pain,
No sooner we have it, but from us its fet.

But I would that my Master would come home again.

O my Master is gone, and my Mistris too,
And I am despised by every Clown.
My sorrows increase, alas! what shall I do,
No pleasure I finde in City nor Town:
For I do lament, and sorely repent,
The losse of my Master it will be my bane.

Though some do rejoice, I am discontent

Would God that my Master would come home again.

And now to conclude, and end this my Ditty,
The truth of my minde I here have made known,
All honest Plough-men in Town or in City,
May well understand why I make this mone:
For my master is fled, and Love vanished,
Small truth in this world I see for to rain,

No pleasure I find at bed nor at board,

Vntil that my Master doth come home again.

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260 Thomas Weaver  A Pastoral Dialogue

First published in Weaver’s Songs and Poems of Love and Drollery (1685).

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Thirsis. Dear Silvia, let thy Thirsis know
What ’tis that makes those tears to flow.
Is the kid that us’d to play
And skip so nimbly, gone Astray?
Hath Cloris flowers more fresh and green?
Or is some other Nymph made Queen?
Silvia. Thirsis, dost thou think that I
Could grieve for these, when thou art by?
Thirsis. What is it then?

Silvia. My father bids
That I no longer feed my kids
With thine, but Corydons; and wear
None but his Garlands on my hair.
Thirsis. Why so (my Silvia) will he keep
Thy Lambs more safe whilst thou dost sleep?
Will the nymphs envy more thy praise
When chaunted in his Roundelayes?

Silvia. No Thirsis, I my Kids must joyn
With his, ’Cause they are more then thine.

(Chorus)

Parents, cruel as the Rocks,
Joynt not their children, but their flocks.
And Hymen’s call’d to light his Torches there
Where Fortunes, not Affections equal are.

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65 its fet] it is taken away. fet] fetched. 66 Clown] (a) rustic, yokel; (b) boor, uncultured person. 75 Locating ‘Plough-men’ in town and city brings out the political allegory (though Town could also mean village). 21 Hymen] god of marriage.
261 Thomas Weaver  The Isle of Man

From Weaver’s Songs and Poems of Love and Drollery (1654). A curious variant on the conjoint themes of the Golden Age and the ideal estate. The Isle of Man was, and still largely is, a sovereign territory under the ‘Lord of Mann and the Isles’ (though owing allegiance to the English Crown). It retained this status even during the Protectorate, when Cromwell endowed Thomas Fairfax as Lord of Mann. But the Isle’s history during this time was not as uniformly Royalist as Weaver suggests, especially after the death of the earlier Lord, James Stanley, seventh Earl of Derby, in 1651. The poem was clearly written in Stanley’s lifetime, and refers to him and his wife Charlotte de la Trémouille, left in charge of Man in her husband’s absence and after his death.

The Isle of MAN.

From England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland,
By equal Leagues divided there doth stand
An Isle in circuit not so great as fame,
To elder times known by Eubonia’s name.

The Soil is not luxuriant nor ingrate,
Being neither Natures fondness nor her hate:
The Sugar canes, the Vine and Fig-tree there
No Natives are, nor strangers; but what e’re
To sport mans nicer appetite is scant,

Comes there the price of what he cannot want;
Few ages since he that chief Rule did hold,
Was thence a King: the same power, but less bold,
In Title, whilst twelve Monarchs raign’d,
Hath in the Noble Stanlies blood remain’d.
But under none hath it enjoy’d a bliss
More eminent then it does under this,
Whose prudent care preserves it from the stain
Of foul Rebellion ‘gainst its Soveraign.

And as in Swounings, life, when it is gone
From all parts else, stays in the heart alone:
So in this place, which, if to our Kings sway
You’l Members give, for its fit site, best may
Express the heart; still breathing you may see
All that’s alive of his great Monarchy.

And though this Isle appear but as a Star
Of the least magnitude ‘mongst those that are
In Charles his constellation, yet doth shee
Keep motion stil in due conformity
To th’ Primum Mobile, nor is at all
Seduc’d or forc’d by the Eccentrical
Circumvolutions of the rest, but now
Doth thence more regular and constant grow.

Just so a vigorous heat that closely is
Besiug’d by an Antiparistasis
Of hostile cold, conforms not to the same,
But still growes more it self, and turns to flame;
Nor hath the King alone his old and due
Observance here, but ev’n the Kings King too.
Religious duties, which in other Lands

4 Eubonia] a name found in ancient and medieval texts, usually taken to refer to the Isle of Man. 8 No Natives ... nor strangers] i.e. imported but naturalized. 9-10 i.e. It may lack luxuries but is well stored with necessities. 11-14 The rulers of the Isle were earlier called kings. But when Henry IV offered the rule to Sir John Stanley, he declined the title in favour of ‘Lord’. The Stanleys ruled Man till the death of James Stanley in 1651, and again after the Restoration. 13 twelve Monarchs] from Henry IV to James I. 16 this] James Stanley. He pulled back the Isle from the brink of rebellion, though it joined the Parliamentarians soon after his death. 21-2 if ... give] if you wish to designate various parts of the kingdom as its limbs: reflecting the idea of the ‘body politic’. 27-32 In Ptolemaic astronomy, the primum mobile (first mover) was the outermost heavenly sphere, imparting motion to the rest. This basic motion could be offset by local or secondary motions (Eccentrical Circumvolutions). The rest of the kingdom has been disturbed in this way, but the Isle remains faithful to the king. 27 Charles] either Charles I, or the notional or titular Charles II-to-be. 34 Antiparistasis] antiperistasis, an opposite or resisting force or action. 39-50 The Manx Church, a branch of the Church of England, appears to have been dominant in Man even during Puritan rule in Britain.
Are cast by th’ wanton strife of tongues and hands
In new prodigious moulds, do in this place
Retain their Prim’te comeliness and Grace;
Temples are Houses here (and they alone)
Of publike Worship and Devotion,
And such at the Altar wait as are endu’d
With Science, and are call’d to’t, not intrude.
So that sound Doctrine, clad in a rich sense
Flowes from their Pulpits, which with Reverence
The people heard, and to this giving due
Respect, a thousand blessings more ensue.

The Husbandman buryes his seed ’tisfear
O’th’ Sequestrators sickle, nor does e’re
Doubt who shall share the Flock, or milk the Kine
He fosters, or shall eat the fruit of’s Vine:
(For though that Plant springs not in this cold clay,
Yet where so fat a Peace dwels, we may say;
(With Reverence to the Sacred Page) that now
Grapes upon thornes, and figs on thistles grow.)
Wives moan not their fled Husbands, who t’eschew
Their enemies, forsake their best friends too:
Their pregnant wombs by Times due Midwifry,
Not by affrights or griefs, disbursed be,
And their materuer Issues there escape
The barbarous Souldiers sword and Lustfull rape.

But that which doth most happiness afford,
Is the lov’d presence of their noble Lord
And Lady, not more eminent in blood
Then Vertue, and their Pledges fair and good.
That spot, alas, is now their whole estate,
Which was but an Appendix to’t of late,
Swelling great Derby’s Title, more then’s Rent.
But ’twas by Providence that he was sent
From’s Richer Territories, there to be
The refuge of distressed Loyalty,
Where now the good he doth with what remains,
Comforts th’ unequal losses he sustains:
His sufferings he surveyes, as they express
His Loyalty, not his unhappiness.
And may not they nor th’time be long till’s eyes
See his good deeds, his wrongs, and enemies
Fully requited; and in the intrim
May this small part of his Kings sway, by him
Be still preserv’d, as it is now, in fit
Obedience, till the rest conform to it.

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47 clad in a rich sense] Suggests the ceremonies of high Anglicanism, in contrast to the more austere practice of the Puritans. 52 Sequestrator] a bailiff taking over an indebted farmer’s land. Actually, land rights were curtailed in Man under James Stanley and, later, his son Charles. 53-8 See Matthew 7:16. 59-64 alleged excesses of the Parliamentarians. 61-2 i.e. They do not suffer miscarriages owing to shock or grief. 66-7 noble Lord And Lady] James Stanley and his wife Charlotte de la Trémouille. In 1643, Charles I ordered James to reside in Man to ensure peace. Later, he was confined there after losing his Derbyshire estate. (See 69-71n). 71 i.e., bringing him more honour than income. 75 the good he doth] Despite his authoritarian rule, James also developed agriculture and brought order to Man. 81 requited] combining the senses of ‘rewarded’ and ‘punished’.
262 William Hammond  Upon Cloris Her Visit after Marriage

From Hammond’s Poems (1655). The full title line explains the narrative situation, but little is known of Hammond’s life, and the allusions remain unclear.

Upon Cloris her visit after Marriage, A pastoral Dialogue betwixt Codrus and Damon for-saken rivals.

Codrus. Why (Damon) did Arcadian Pan ordain
To drive our Flocks from that Meridian plain
lit by the noonday sun
Where Cloris perpendicular shot beames
Scorch’d up our lawnes but that cool Charwells streams
Might here abate those flames which higher were
Then the faint moisture of our Flocks could bear?

Damon. Codrus, I wot the dog that tended there
Our Flocks was he which in the heavenly spear
So hotly hunts the Lyon that the trace
Of Virgo scarce his fiery steps allaeas;
Into our vaines a feavour he convey’d,
And on our vital Spirits fiercely prey’d.

Codrus. Oh why then brought she back her torred Zone?
Conquer’d her Trophies? Let us not alone
After so many deaths? renew’d our flame
When twas impossible to quench the same?
It is the punishment of Hell to show
The torturd soules those joyes they must not know.

Damon. Though my Flock languish under her aspect;

My panting Dog his office too neglect;
Though I refuse repast, and by her eyes
Inflam’d, prostrate my selfe her sacrifice,
I shall yet covet still her dubious rayes,
Whose light revives as much as her heat slayes.

Codrus. If Thyris slept not in her shady haire,
If in his armes her snow not melted were,
We might expect a more successfull day,
And to some hopes our willing hearts betray,
Which now live desperate without joy of light;
Her black eyes shed us perpetuall night.

Damon. Codrus because his ragged flock was thin,
His Sheep walk bare, and his Ewes did not yene,
His noble Love (hear this O Swaines) resignd
His eyes delight a wealthier mate to find;
But she (rash in her choice) gave her embrace
to one whose bread courser then Codrus was.

Codrus. Damon (then whom none e’re did longer burne;
Nor at his rate, upon so small returne)
Damon (the pride and glory of the mead

When Nymphs and Swaines their tuned measures tread)
Begg’d of her that a better choice might prove
She lov’d her selfe, since him she could not love.

1 Pan] Prob. God. There was no king in England since long before 1655, and no record of a royal command sending Hammond to Oxford.  
4 Charwell] The Cherwell, a river joining the Thames at Oxford.  
6 moisture] liquid components of the body; humours (OED ia).  
7-8 dog ... heavenly spear] Sirius the dog-star, rising with the sun in the hot summer when the constellations of Leo (Lyon) and Virgo are in the ascendant. The charms of Cloris were as unbearable as the summer’s heat to the spurned lovers, so they had withdrawn to restful Oxford; but Cloris’ visit there has renewed that heat.  
10-11 Conquer’d her Trophies] re-conquered those she has already vanquished.  
17 It is] Perhaps a misprint for ‘Is it’, as 18 ends with a question mark in 1655.  
19 aspect] the ‘face’ of a star, exerting astrological influence.  
22 Inflam’d] heated, or even set on fire like a sacrifice.  
23 dubious] uncertain, paradoxical (killing andreviving at the same time).  
25 Thyris] Cloris’ husband.  
31-4 i.e. Codrus gave up his love for Cloris so that she might marry a wealthier suitor.  
38 Nor so intensely, with so little reward.  
41-2 a better choice ... her selfe] She might choose better for her own good, even if she did not choose Damon.
Damon. Had Thyris flocks in milke abounded more,
I should not with such grief my losse deplore.
Codrus. Could Thyris pipe more worthily resound
Cloris, oh Cloris, I had comfort found.
Both. That our heart-wracking sighs no gaine bequeath
To Cloris, is a dying after death.

263 A Pastoral Song: with the Answer

Variously but inconclusively attributed to Robert Aytoun and Henry Hughes. First published in the collection Sportive Wit: The Muses Merriment (1656). The first part, without the ‘Answer’, is found in many mss. Bod. MS. Ashmole 38 has a rhyming Latin version alongside the English.

A Shepherd fallen in love.
A Pastoral Song: With the Answer.

Cloris, since thou art fled away,
Amyntas sheep are gone astray,
And all the joys he took to see
His pretty Lambkins follow thee,
They’re gone, they’re gone; and he alway
Sings nothing now, but Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Th’ embrooulder’d Scip he us’d to wear,
Neglected lies, so doth his hair:
His Crook broke, his Dog howling lies,
While he laments with woful cries,
Oh Cloris, Cloris, I decay,
And forced am to cry, Well-a-day, well-a-day.

His Oaten Pipe whereon he plays
So oft to his sweet Roundelayes,
Is flung away, and not a Swain
Dares sing or pipe within his plain:
’Tis death for any one to say
One word to him, but Well-a-day, well-a-day.

The way wherein her dainty feet
In even measure us’d to meet,
Is broken down; and no content
Came neer Amyntas since she went:
Was Cloris, Cloris, well-a-day, well-a-day.

On the ground whereon she us’d to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head;
Still breathing forth such pining woes,
That not one blade of grass there grows.
Ah Cloris, Cloris, come away,
And hear Amyntas well-a-day, well-a-day.

The Answer

Cloris, since thou art gone astray,
Amyntas Shepherd’s fled away;
And all the joys he wont to spy
I’ th’ pretty babies of thine eye,
Are gone; and she hath nought to say,
But who can help what will away, will away?

The Green on which it was her chance
To have her hand first in a dance,
Among the merry Maiden-crue,

1 since | (a) after (b) because.
38 her | perhaps in error for ‘his’, i.e., Amyntas’
Now making her nought but sigh and rue
The time she ere had cause to say
Ah, who can help what will away, will away?

The Lawn with which she wont to deck
And circle in her whiter neck;
Her Apron lies behinde the door;
The strings won’t reach now as before:
Which makes her oft cry well-a-day;
But who can help what will away?

He often swore that he would leave me,
Ere of my heart he could bereave me:
But when the Signe was in the tail
He knew poor Maiden flesh was frail;
And laughs now I have nought to say,
But who can help what will away?

But let the blame upon me lie;
I had no heart him to deny:
Had I another Maidenhead,
I’d lose it ere I went to bed:
For what can all the world more say,
Than who can help what will away?

264 A Pastoral Song

First published in Sportive Wit: The Muses Merriment (1656). A conventional type of bawdy parody of serious pastoral, ridiculing the shepherd and viewing the shepherdess as a sexual object.

A Pastorall Song.

A Silly poor Shepherd
was folding his sheep,
He walked so long,
he got cold in his feet,
He laid on his coales
by two and by three,
The more he laid on
The cuc-colder was he.

But alas, good wife
what shall we do now?
To buy some more fewell
We’ll sell the brown cow,
To buy some more coales,
to warm thee and me;
But the more he laid on
the cuc-colder was he.

Some shepherds, quoth she,
themselves can warm keep,
By fleecing their flock,
and by folding their sheep,

8 cuc-colder] The point of the obvious pun emerges in the last stanza.
Alas (wife) I walk
through dew, dirt and mire,
While you perhaps warm
your self without fire,
With a friend in a corner,
in such a sort, as whereby,
The warmer you are,
the cúc-colder am I.

265 A Song

First published in the collection Sportive Wit (1656).

A Song.
As Colin went forth his sheep to unfold,
In a morning of April as gray as twas cold,
In a thicket he heard a voce it self spread,
Which was, Oh, oh, I am almost dead.

He peep’d in the bushes, and spy’d where there lay
His Mistress, whose countenance made April May;
But yet in her looks some sadness was read,
Crying Oh, &c.

He rush’d in unto her, and cry’d what’s the matter?
Ah Colin, quoth she, why will you come at her,
Who by the false Swain hath oft been mislead?
To which, Oh, &c.

He turn’d her Milk-paile, and down there he sat,
His hand stroak’d his beard, on his knee hung his hat;
But yet still Mopsy cry’d, before ought was sed,
Colin, Oh, oh, &c.

Be God quoth stout Colin, I ever was true,
Thou gav’st me a handkerchief all hemm’d with blew,
A pin-box I gave thee, and a girdle so red,
And yet she cry’d, Oh, &c.

Delaying, quoth she, hath made me thus ill,
I ever fear’d Sarah that dwelt at the mill,
Since in the Evenings late her hogs thou hast fed.
For which, Oh, oh, &c.

Colin then chuckt her under the chin,
Cleare up, for to love thee I never will lin;
Qoud she Ile believe it when the Parson has read.
Till then, Oh, oh, &c.

Uds bores, quoth Colin, Ile new clout my shoon,
And ere a week pass, by the mass’ t shall be done.
You might have done before then, she said:
But now, Oh, oh, &c.

He gave her a twitch that quite turn’d her round,
And said, I am the truest that ere trod on ground,
Come settle thy milk-paile fast to thy head:
No more Oh, oh, &c.

Why then I perceive thou’lt not leave me in the lurch,
Ile don my best cloaths, and straight goe to Church.
Jog on merry Colin, jog on before,
For yfaith, yfaith Ile dye no more.

29 Uds bores] [By] God’s wounds. bores] holes (made by the nails of Christ’s cross).
266 Eldred Revett  The Land-Schap between Two Hills

From Revett's Poems (1657). A notable instance of the new cultivation of landscape painting, and its extension to a new vein of nature-poetry. The natural landscape is viewed as though it were a painting, but language is seen as a better way to present it.

The Land-schap between two hills.

Plac'd on yon' fair, though beetle brow
That on the pleasures frowns below,
Let us with sprightly phancie thence
Teach the dumb Rhetorick, Eloquence;
And leave the Painters Art out-gone
Inliv'ning by transcription.

First then observe with levell'd sight
Arising to this opposite;
As if the wind in billow drive
Here, and had rowld the earth in wave:
The Aspen and the Bramble heaves
And a white foam froth's in the leaves:
That spot beneath, that lies so plain
Schorch'd here and there, hath lost the grain:
As Sol there dried the Beams he swet
And stain'd the gras-green coverlet;
That Goat the bushes nigh doth browse
Seems the un-ravell'd plush to browse;
And now let fall the eye it sees
Lost in the deluge spreads below.
An Age-bow'd oak doth under-root
As it would prostrate at it's foot;
Whose thrown-out armes in length display
Spread out

And a fair shady carpet lay,
On it a lad in russet coat,
His soul melts through the vocal oate;
And hear that black eyed Nymph doth draw
As if her eyes hung on the straw:
The scrip and leathern Bottle nigh,
(With guardian too Melampo lie):
The flocks are round about them spread
In num'rous fleece have clad the Meade;
And now our eyes but weakly see
intoxicated

Quite tippled with varietie:
Here the grass rowls, and hills between
Stud it with little tufts of green:
There in the midst a tree doth stray
Escap'd, as it had lost the way,
And a winding river steals

1-2 i.e. The rugged peak seems to disapprove of the pleasanter landscape below. 7-8 with ... opposite] looking straight across the valley to the opposite slope (from where the poet’s sight gradually turns downward). 9-10 As if the wind had tossed the earth up into waves, like water. 12 white foam] From the underside of the aspen leaves and the white bramble blossom: continuing the imagery of water or the sea. 15-16 As though the sun used the grass like a towel to dry his sweat (i.e. the beams he exudes). 18 The 'carpet' of the grass is unravelled by the nibbling goat. 23 let fall] if you let fall. 23 spent] continuing the water-imagery. The 'rain' from 'clouds' of foliage on the slopes flows into a 'deluge' of trees down in the valley. 27 under-root] bend double so that its boughs dig into the ground. 31 russet] prob. the fabric, not the colour. 36 Melampo] Melampus was one of Actaeon's dogs in Ovid, Met. 3.206, and a sheepdog in Sidney's Old Arcadia, First Eclogues. But the It. form 'Melampo' suggests the dog in Sannazzaro's Arcadia, Eclogue 2.
That with it self drunk curling reels,
A cheaper flood than Tagus goes
And with dissolved silver flows.
Some way the field thence swells at ease
And lifts our sight up by degrees
to where the steep side dissie lies
Supinely fast in precipices,
Till with the bank oppos’d it lie,
In a proportion’d Harmonie,
As Nature here did sit and sing
About the cradle of the spring.

267 The Milkmaids

First published in Wit Restor’d in severall Select Poems (1658). A shorter and substantially different version from BL MS Harley 4286 follows at the end.

The Milk-maids.

Walking betimes close by a green wood side,
Hy tranonny, nonny with hy tranonny no;
A payre of lovely milk maides there by chance I spide
With hy tranonny nonny no, with tranonny no,

One of them was faire
As fair as fair might bee;
The other she was browne,
With wanton rolling eye.

Syder to make silliububs,
They carried in their pailes;
And suggar in their purses,
Hung dangling at their tailes.

Wast-coats of flannell,
And petty-coats of redd.
Before them milk white aprons,
And straw-hats on their heads,

Silke poynts, with silver tags,
A bout their wrists were shown;
And jett-Rings, with poesies
Yours more then his owne.

And to requite their lovers poynts and rings,
They gave their lovers bracelets,
And many pretty things.

And there they did get gownes
All on the grasse so green,
But the taylor was not skilfull,
For the stitches they were seen.

Thus having spent the long summers day,
They took their nut browne milk pailes,
And so they came away.

Well fare you merry milk maids
That dable in the dew
For you have kisses plenty,
When Ladyes have but few.

47 Tagus] whose waters carried gold. 52 supinely] sloping backwards. fast] fixed, solid. 53 oppos’d] opposite. There is a flatter stretch or bank beyond or at the top of the steep hillside opposite. 15 aprons] aprons: OED records forms in -ron from 16-17 cent. 19 poesies] inscriptions on rings. 24-7 They lay down with their lovers, exposing their flesh beneath ‘gowns’ of green grass. 33-4 Interestingly combines two conventions, of praise for the rustic woman’s simple frank nature (contrasting with the city or court lady’s), and its exploitiation for sexual gratification.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

Another version from BL MS Harley 4286. Virtually all punctuation supplied and line-initial capitals regularized.

As I me walked hard by A rieuerse side, hey no no
To cuntryy milck maydes I chanced to espye hey no no. two
The on wase as fayre as fare might be,
The other wase of nut browne with A rowling eye.

Much talcke ther passed them betwene
Of ther cuntry maypoles and of ther sommerry queene. May Queen

Ther petecotes of scarlet ther wascotes of red
With milck white Aprones and strawen hates on ther heades,

Long poyntes with siluer tages Aboute her armes they wore,
Jete ringes with poses more yowers then my owne. her: their

And to requite ther poyntes and ther ringes
They gau ther lourers garlandes with many tricksy thinges. decorative, pretty, smart

Thus they did passe the lange sommeres daye
Thaye tocke ther nut browne milck pales and so they went ther way.

268 Aston Cokayn  Coridon and Strephon

The First Eclogue in Cokayn’s Small Poems of Divers Sorts (1658). Obvious personal allusion, especially in the references to playwrights: Cokayne was a minor dramatist. From Cokayn’s Epigram 35, Tityrus is his cousin the poet Charles Cotton, in which case Coridon should be Cokayn.

The first Eglogue. Coridon, and Strephon.

Coridon. Why Strephon, art thou melancholy grown
And wilt not use thine oaten pipe? hast known play, practise on
Any ill news of late hath dul’d thy wit,
Made us unhappy, and thy self unfit?
Strephon. ’Tis no Report, kinde Coridon, hath made
Me cloud my brow with sorrow and be sad;
It is a cause more high, a cause that can ill, incapacitated
Destroy the joy of the most fortunate man.

Coridon. And may I know it Strephon? Dare you trust
Me with a Secret, and conceive me just, know I will be true to my word
Believe I will be silent? If you dare, risk telling me
I should desire this Novelty to hear.
Strephon. Ah, Coridon! I am in love with one,
The fairest Shepherdess was ever knowne; compendium, epitome
Her Face is beauties abstract, wherein we
May (at perfection) every beauty see.

Coridon. And art thou sad because thou art in love?
So Jove should grieve because he reigns above;
There is no fate so high befalls a Swain,
As to love where he is belov’d again.

Tell me (my Strephon) therefore why art sad?
Is it because thy Dear will not be had?

Strephon. She cannot (Coridon) for she is wed,
And fine young Perigot hath her maiden-head,
As bittie a Shepherd as did ever sing
Neat Roundelayes unto our Goat-foot King;
He is an happy man, and doth enjoy
That beauty which I languish for, and dy.

Coridon. Strephon, I grieveth thou art enthralled so;
Desist betimes, and forward do not go;
Thy flames extinguish whilst they do begin,

26 Goat-foot King] Pan: either God or (in 1658, absent and future) king. Perigot is either a priest or (like Cokayn) a Royalist.
For such a Love is against *Pan* a Sin.
And while yong *Perigot* lives what hope have you,
If she unto him do not prove untrue?

*Strephon.* I do confess I have none; neither would
Commit so great an evil, if I could;
I am enamour’d neither more nor less
Then *Thenot*, on the faithful Shepherdess:
I love her vertues, and if she should fall,
My love to her would be no love at all.

*Coridon.* Thou art an honest Swain, and our Feild-God
Will bless thee in thy Cottage and abroad.

*Strephon.* As I have faithfully to you replide,
So let none of my questions be denide.

*Coridon.* They shall not (*Strephon;*) I should be unjust
Unto your merits, if I did distrust
Your secrssie in any thing I speak;
He that doth doubt his friend, doth friendship break.

*Strephon.* Is there no lass whom *Coridon* doth like?
You, did the *Paphian Archer* never strike?
Or are you such a man as never car’d
Whether a womans heart were soft or hard?

*Coridon.* *Strephon,* I love, but I do fear in vain,
Because rich *Melibe* intends to gain
A wealthier Shepherd for his daughter, one
Whose fortune must prevent thy *Coridon*.

*Strephon.* And would he merchandize his daughter? may
He long expect and never see that day.
Steal her, young Shepherd; never let her be
(Whom thou affect’st) subject to salarie.

*Coridon.* But ere I saw my *Mira*, or did know
What beauties made her perfect, I did owe
My love to *Galatea*; but I lost
My labour, which good old *Palaemon* crost,
Because he did believe that I would prove
A careless Shepherd, and the Downs not love:
Judge (*Strephon*) that knowst me above report,
If I be justly censur’d him for’t;
Do I not love the fields, and use to play
On Oaten reeds many a Roundelay?

*Strephon.* He that says otherwise, he doth not know
Thy Nature truly, but becomes thy foe;
Because (being Ignorant) he doth undertake
So bold a Character of thee to make;
Were he acquainted with thy ways, to thee
*Palaemon* would give *Galatea* free;
And think his age more happy then his youth,
That made a Shepherd his of so much truth.

*Coridon.* Flatter not (*Strephon*) I do want those parts
That make a man be lov’d for his deserts;
Could I but sing such neat fine Lays, as you,
I might believe these praises were my due.

*Strephon.* And so you can if *Tityrus* says right,
Who told me Dities you did well endite.

*Coridon.* Now you do mention *Tityrus*, I must
Be to his merits, and our friendship just;
He is a Shepherd (would he please to sing)
Might lengthen with his voice the speedy Spring:

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32 *Pan*] here clearly God. 38 *Thenot*] In John Fletcher’s play *The Faithful Shepherdess*, the loyal but hopeless lover of Clarin, who is devoted to the memory of her own dead lover. Here, may be Cokayn’s brother Thomas. (D. P. Raychaudhuri, *The Life and Work of Sir Aston Cokain*, London Univ. M.A. dissertation, 1933). 50 *Paphian Archer*] Cupid, son of Venus, originally worshipped at Paphos in Cyprus. 55 *salarie*] recompense, hence price, monetary arrangements. 64 *Palaemon*] presumably Galatea’s father. 85 *Tityrus*] See headnote.
Did he but know how much the downs he wrongs,
The woods and dales would echo with his songs;
He knows when Notes are over-sharp, or flat,
And is the ablest Boy that ever sat
Upon an Hillock, would he use his Reed,
And joy his wanton flock while it doth feed.

Strephon. He is an able Lad indeed, and likes
Arcadian Pastorals, and (willing) strikes
A Plaudite to th’Epilogues of those
Happy Inventions Shakespeare did compose;
Beaumont and Fletcher he will listen to,
And allow Johnsons method high and true.
He prais’d you to me, and I do believe
He his own Judgement would not wrong to give
Feign’d Commendations; Do not (therefore) fear
Sith he approves your pipe, who doth it hear.

Coridon. Strephon, I thank both you, and him, and will
Be proud hereafter to make known my skill:
If I but please the few I mean it for,
To seek for vulgar praise I shall abhor.

Strephon. Coridon it is late: Farewel untill
We meet again upon this flowry Hill;
My Master will make wonder at my stay,
I otherwise would not so soon away.

Coridon. Thy Master’s happy in thy care, Adieu:
As I will be in absence, be thou true.

269  THE OLD BALLET OF SHEPHERD TOM

From the collection Wit Restor’d (1668). Stanza breaks regularized. Pastoral Petrarchism of almost parodic exaggeration, aligned with rustic simplicity and folly. Illustrates a pastoral subgenre presenting a comic or lampoon-like version of shepherd life.

The old Ballet of shephered Tom.

As I late wandred over a Plaine,
Upon a hill piping I spide a shephards swaine:
His flospe were of green, his coat was of gray,
And on his head a wreath of willow and of bay.
He sigh’d and he pip’t,
His eyes he often wip’t,
He curst and ban’d the boy,
That first brought his annoy:
Who with the fire of desire, so inflam’d his minde,
To doate upon a lasse; so various and unkinde.

Then howling, he threw his whistle a way,
And beat his heelles agen the ground whereon he lay.
He swore and he star’d, he was quite bereft of hope,
And out of his scrip he pulled a rope:
Quoth he, the man that wooo,
With me prepare his noose;
or rather then I le fry,
By hemp Ile choose to dy.
Then up he rose, and he goes stright unto a tree,
Where he thus complains of his lasses cruelty,

89 the downs he wrongs presumably by remaining silent. 92 Boy dialect or rustic for ‘man’ (OED 3d), with a touch of homely endearment (cf. ‘lad’, 95). 97 Plaudite applause, especially that solicited in the epilogue to a play. 100 allow ... true Acknowledge that Jonson’s style is high and true. method style, practice, especially of an ordered and graceful nature as associated with Jonson. 3 flospe flaps of a hat, hence the hat itself. 4 willow, bay symbols of mourning and poetic inspiration respectively. 7 ban’d banned, cursed (OED ban v2, 3). 10 various fickle, moody (OED 2).
A pox upon the divell, that ever twas my lot,
To set my love upon so wooddishes a trott.
Had not I been better tooke lone of the mill,
Kate of the cream house, or bony bouncing Nell:
A Proud word I speak:
I had them at my beck;
And they on holodayes
Would give me prick and praise.
But Phillis she was to me dearer then my eyes,
For whom I now indure these plaguy miseries.

Oft have I woo’d her with many a teare,
With ribband for her head tire, and laces from the fayre,
With bone-lace and with shoone, with bracelets and with pinns,
And many a toy besides: good god forgive my sins.
And yet this plaguy flirt
Would ding them in the dirte
And smile to see mee tear
The locks from of my haire.
To scratch my chops, rend my flops, and at wakes to sit
Like to a sot bereft both of reason sense and witt.

Therefore from this bough Tom bids a dew
To the shepherds of the valley, and all the joviall crew.
Farewell Thump, my ram, and Cut my bobtaild curre,
Behold your Master proves his owne murtherer.
Goe to my Phillis, goe,
Tell her this tale of woe.
Tell her where she may finde
Me tottering in the winde.
Say on a tree she may see her Tom rid from all care,
Where she may take him napping as Mosse took his Mare.

His Phillis by chance stood close in a bush,
And as the Clowne did sprawle, she straight to him did rush.
She cut in two the rope and thus to him she said,
Dispairing Tom, my Tom, thou hast undone a maid.
Then as one amaz’d
Upon her face he gaz’d;
And in this wofull case,
She kist his pallid face,
He whoopt amaine, swore, no swaine ever more should be
Soe happy in his love, nor halfe so sweet as she.

270  The Jolly Shepherd

From the collection Wit and Drollery (2nd edn, 1661).

The jolly Shepherd.

The life of a Shepherd is void of all care-a,
With his bag and his bottle he maketh good fare-a,
He ruffles, he shuffles in all extreme wind-a,
His flocks sometimes before him, and sometimes behind-a.
He hath the green medowes to walk at his will-a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill-a;
Trang-dille, tran-gille, trang down a down dilla,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon a green hill-a.

28 prick and praise] praise (?and encouragement): a stock phrase. 32 tire] a type of women’s headgear. 33 bone-lace] a type of lace, originally knitted with bobbins made of bone. 39 chops] chaps, cracks in the skin. flops] flaps (of his garments). 50 as Mosse took his Mare] ‘Wilbraham says Mosse took his mare napping, because he could not catch her when awake.’ (Brewer’s Dictionary of Phrase and Fable) Might imply that Tom and Phillis may unite only after his death, but probably a simple sexual innuendo. 52 sprawle] struggle, toss about (at the end of the rope): OED 1a.
Pastoral Poetry of the English Renaissance

His sheep round about him do feed on the dale—a,
His bag full of cake-bread, his bottle of ale—a,
A cantle of cheese that is good and old—a,
Because that he walketh all day in the cold—a,
With his cloak and his sheep-hook thus marcheth he still—a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon a green hill—a.

Trangdille, etc.

If cold doth oppress him to cabin goeth he—a,
If heat doth molest him then under green tree—a,
If his sheep chance to range over the plain—a,
His little dog Lightfoot doth fetch them again—a,
For there he attendeth his master’s own will—a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill—a.

Trangdille, etc.

He list not to idle all day like a moam—a,
In spending his time though sitting alone—a,
Lingle, needle and thimble he hath still in store—a,
To mend shoes and apparel he keeps them therefore—a,
Thus whistling and piping he danceth his fill—a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill—a,
Trangdille, etc.

If Phillida chance come tripping aside—a,
A most friendly welcom he doth her betide—a,
He straightwayes presents her a poor shepherd’s fees—a,
His bottle of good ale, his cake and his cheese—a,
He pipeth, she danceth all at their own will—a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill—a.

Trangdille, etc.

But now wanton shepherd howsoever your meaning,
My harvest’s not ripe, therefore leave your gleaning,
For if in my garden a Rose you would pull—a,
Perhaps it may cost you all your sheeps wool—a.
Thus do they both frolick and sport at their will—a,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill—a;
Trangdille, trangdille, trang down a down dilla,
With a pair of fine bag-pipes upon the green hill—a.

271 Izaak Walton  To My Ingenious Friend Master Brome

One of the prefatory pieces to the Royalist Alexander Brome’s Songs and Other Poems (1661). Celebrates the Restoration of the monarchy with Charles II’s accession: composed on 29 May 1660, Charles’s birthday and the day he entered London as monarch. Use of roman and italic fonts standardized.

To my ingenious Friend Mr. Brome, on his various and excellent Poems: An humble Eglog.

Daman and Dorus.

Written the 29. of May, 1660.

Daman. Hail happy day! Dorus, sit down:
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! the King’s return’d! and now
Let’s banish all sad thoughts, and sing
We have our lawes, and have our King.

Dorus. ’Tis true and I wood sing, but oh!
These wars have shrunk my heart so low
Twill not be rais’d.

Daman. What not this day?

10 cake-bread] ‘bread made in flattened cakes’ (OED).
31 betide] ‘give, offer: unusual meaning and transitive use, neither in OED.
37-40 Obviously Phillis’ words to the shepherd.
Why tis the twenty ninth of May:
Let Rebels spirits sink: let those
That like the Goths and Vandals rose
To ruine families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our King,
And all that’s dear to us, be sad;
But be not thou, let us be glad.
And Doris, to invite thee, look,
Here’s a Collection in this book
Of all those cheerfull songs, that we
Have sung with mirth and merry-gle:
As we have march’d to fight the cause
Of God’s anoynted, and our lawes:
Such songs as make not the least ods
Betwixt us mortals and the Gods:
Such songs as Virgins need not fear
To sing, or a grave Matron hear.
Here’s love drest neat, and chast, and gay
As gardens in the month of May;
Here’s harmony, and wit, and art,
To raise thy thoughts, and cheer thy heart.
Dorus. Written by whom?
Daman. A friend of mine,
And one that’s worthy to be thine:
A Civil swain, that knowes his times
For businesses, and that done, makes rimes;
But not till then: my Friends a man
Lov’d by the Muses; dear to Pan;
He blest him with a cheerfull heart:
And they with this sharp wit and art,
Which he so tempers, as no Swain,
That’s loyal, does or shou’d complain.
Dorus. I woo’d fain see him:
Daman. Go with me,
Dorus, to yonder broad beech tree,
There we shall meet him and Phillis,
Perrigot, and Amaryllis,
Tyterus, and his dear Clora,
Tom and Will, and their Pastora:
There we’ll dance, shake hands and sing,
We have our Lawes,
God bless the King.

272 ALEXANDER BROME  Pastoral on the King’s Death

Written in 1648 after the execution of Charles I. First published in Brome’s Songs and Other Poems (1661). Brome was a staunch Royalist.

The Pastorall. On the Kings death. Written in 1648.

Where England’s Damon us’d to keep,
In peace and awe, his flocks,
Who fed, not fed upon, his sheep,
There Wolves and Tygres now do prey,
There Sheep are slain, and Goats do sway,
There raises the subtle Fox
While the poor Lamkins weep.

10 twenty ninth of May] See headnote. 12 Goths, Vandals] Supposedly uncivilized tribes that invaded the Roman empire. 13 families] i.e. ruling dynasties or aristocratic families. 22 God’s anoynted] the King. Charles’s grandfather James I specially supported the divine right of kings. 23 Civil] refined, cultured (OEd 6a). 34 businesses] Brome was an attorney by profession. 35 awe] ‘power to inspire fear or reverence’ (OEd s). 36 Pan] Here apparently God. Inverting the conventional order: in the pastoral hierarchy, sheep were superior to goats.
The Laurel’d garland which before
   Circled his brows about,

The spotless coat which once he wore,
The sheep-hook which he us’d to sway,
   And pipe whereon he lov’d to play,
   Are seiz’d on by the rout,
   And must be us’d no more.

Poor Swain how thou lament’st to see
   Thy flocks o’re-ru’d by those
   Thy spotless coat which once he wore,
   That serve thy Cattle all like thee,
   Where hatefull vice usurps the Crown,
   And Loyalty is trodden down;

   Down skrip and sheep-hook goes,
   When Foxes Shepheards be.

273 Katherine Philips A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia and Rosania

First published in Philips’s Poems (1667). Philips is celebrated for instituting a circle of friends and family with quasi-pastoral names. She herself was Orinda. Rosania was her childhood friend Mary Aubrey, and Lucasia, Anne Owen. Philips seems to have had romantic but prob. Platonic relationships with both women in succession. Thysis is the musician Henry Lawes, who composed the music and played the shepherd of that name in Milton’s Masque of Comus.

A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia, and Rosania, Imitating that of Gentle Thersis.

Rosania. My Lucasia, leave the Mountain tops,
   And like a nearer air.

Lucasia. How shall I then forsake my Lovely Flocks
   Bequeathed to my care?

Rosania. Shepherdess, thy Flocks will not be less,
   Although thou should’st come hither.

Lucasia. But I fear, the World will be severe,
   Should I leave them to go thither.

Rosania. O! my friend, if you on that depend,
   You’ll never know content.

Lucasia. Rather I near thee would live and dye,
   Would Fortune but consent.

Rosania. But did you ask leave to love me too,
   That others should deprive me?

Lucasia. Not all Mankind a stratagem can find
   Which from that heart should drive me.

Rosania. Better ’t had been, I thee had never seen,
   Then that content to lose.

Lucasia. Such are thy Charms, I’d dwell within thine arms
   Could I my station chuse.

Rosania. When Life is done, the World to us is gone,
   And all our cares do end.

Lucasia. Nay I know there’s nothing sweet below
   Unless it be a Friend.

Rosania. Then whilst we live, this Joy lets take and give,
   Since death us soon will sever.

Lucasia. But I trust, when crumbled into dust,
   We shall meet and love for ever.

\[11 sway\] ‘wield as an emblem of sovereignty or authority’ (OED 8). 0.1 that of Gentle Thersis

Philips’s poem ‘A Dialogue of Absence’ t’ist Lucasia and Orinda’, set to music by Lawes. Not specially close to this poem in form or theme. 1 Mountain tops After marriage, Lucia lived in Wales, Rosania in London. The poem is probably the latter’s invitation to the former to visit her in London. 3 The punctuation in a ms in the National Library of Wales suggests the likely thrust: ‘How, shall I then forsake ... Flocks’, perhaps her children or family. 13-14 Seeing as others have power to deprive me of your company, did you ask their leave to love me in the first place?
274 Katherine Philips  A COUNTRY LIFE

The text follows the first authorized edn of Philips's Poems, 1667. A ms in the National Library of Wales dates the poem in 1650, which would make it one of Philips's earliest works, perhaps reflecting her move from London to Wales after marriage.

A Country-life.

How Sacred and how Innocent
A Country-life appears,
How free from Tumult, Discontent,
From Flattery or Fears!
This was the first and happiest Life,
When man enjoy'd himself;
Till Pride exchanged Peace for Strife,
And Happiness for Pelf.
'Twas here the Poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the multitude;
The brave they here with Honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the rude.
That Golden Age did entertain
No Passion but of Love;
The thoughts of Ruling and of Gain
Did ne're their Fancies move.
None then did envy Neighbour's wealth,
Nor Plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in Friendship and in Health,
On Roots, not Beasts, they fed.
They knew no Law nor Physick then,
Nature was all their Wit.
And if there yet remain to men
Content, sure this is it.
What Blessings doth this World afford
To tempt or bribe desire?
Her Courtship is all Fire and Sword,
Who would not then retire?
Then welcome dearest Solitude,
My great Felicity;
Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we:
Them that do covet only rest,
A Cottage will suffice:
It is not brave to be possest
Of Earth, but to despise.
Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our Peace doth flow;
I have a better Fate then Kings,
Because I think it so.
When all the stormy World doth roar
How unconcern'd am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.
Secure in these unenvi'd walls
I think not on the State,
And pity no man's case that falls
From his Ambition's height.
Silence and Innocence are safe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all these little Arts can laugh
That do the World subdue.
While others Revel it in State.

Vegetarian diet was commonly associated with the Golden Age: see Ovid, Met. 1.103-6. A version of these lines occurs in a poem by the Duke of Monmouth, hence wrongly ascribed to him. These words open another poem by Philips, 'Upon the Double Murther of King Charles'.
Here I'le contented sit,  
And think I have as good a Fate  
As Wealth and Pomp admit.  
Let some in Courtship take delight,  
And to th' Exchange resort;  
Then Revel out a Winter's night,  
Not making Love, but Sport.  
These never know a noble Flame,  
Tis Lust, Scorn, or Design:  
While Vanity plays all their Game,  
Let Peace and Honour mine.  
When the Inviting Spring appears,  
To Hide-parke let them go,  
And hasting thence be full of fears  
To lose Spring-Garden shew.  
Let others (nobler) seek to gain  
In Knowledge happy Fate,  
And others busie them in vain  
To study ways of State.  
But I, resolved from within,  
Confirmed from without,  
In Privacy intend to spin  
My future Minutes out.  
And from this Hermitage of mine  
I banish all wild toyes,  
And nothing that is not Divine  
Shall dare to tempt my Joyes.  
There are below but two things good,  
Friendship and Honesty.  
And only those of all I would  
Ask for Felicity.  
In this retir’d and humble seat  
Free from both War and Strife,  
I am not forc’d to make retreat  
But chuse to spend my Life.

275 Charles Cotton  Eclogue.

First published in Cotton's posthumous collection Poems on Several Occasions (1689). 'Clotten' appears to be the poet, lamenting his perennial financial difficulties.

Eclogue. Corydon, Clotten.

Corydon. Rise, Clotten, rise, take up thy Pipe and play,  
The Shepherds want thee, 'tis Pan's Holy-day;  
And thou, of all the Swains, wert wont to be  
The first to grace that great Solemnity.  
Clotten. True, Corydon, but then I happy was,  
And in Pan's favour had a Minion's place:  
Clotten had then fair Flocks, the finest Fleece  
These Plains and Mountains yielded then was his.  
In these auspicious times the fruitfull Dams  
Brought me the earliest and the kindi'est Lambs;  
Nor nightly watch about them need I keep,  
For Pan himself was Shepherd to my Sheep;  
But now, alas! neglected and forgot  
Are all my off rings, and he knows me not.  
The bloudy Wolf, that lurks away the day,
When night’s black palm beckons him out to prey
Under the cover of those guilty shades, ?witnessing or fostering guilt
No Folds but mine the rav’rous Foe invades;
And there he has such bloody havoc made,
That, all my Flock being devour’d or stray’d,
I now have lost the Fruits of all my pain,
And am no more a Shepherd but a Swain.

*Corydon.* So sad a Tale thou tell’st me, that I must
Allow thy grief (my Clotten) to be just,
But mighty Pan has thousand Flocks in store,
He, when it pleases him, can give thee more,
And has perhaps afflicted thee, to try
Thy Vertue only, and thy Constancy.
Repine not then at him that thou art poor,
’Twas by his bounty thou wert rich before;
And thou should’st serve him at the same free rate,
When most distress’d, as when most fortunate.

*Clotten.* Thus do the healthfull still the sick advise,
And thus men preach when they would fain seem wise;
But if in my wretched Estate thou wert,
I fear my Philosophy would start,
And give thee o’er to an afflicted Sense,
As void of Reason as of Patience.
Had I been always poor, I should not be
Perhaps so discontent with Poverty,
Nor now so sensible of my disgrace,
Had I ne’er known what Reputation was;
But from so great a height of happiness
To sink into the bottom of distress
Is such a change as may become my care,
And more than, I confess, I well can bear.

*Corydon.* But art thou not too sensible, my Lad,
Of those few losses thou hast lately had?
Thou art not yet in want, thou still dost eat
Bread of the finest Flower of purest Wheat;
Who better Syder drinks, what Shepherd’s board
Does finer Curds, Butter, or Cheese afford?
Who wears a Frock, to grace a Holy-day,
Spun of a finer Wooll, or finer Grey?
Whose Cabin is so neatly swept as thine,
With Flow’rs and Rushes kept to sweet and fine?
Whose name amongst our many Shepherds Swains
So great as thine is throughout all these Plains?
Who has so many Friends, so pretty Loves?
Who by our bubbling Fountains and Green Groves
Passes away the Summer heats so well?
And who but thee in singing does excell?
So that the Swains, when Clotten sings or plays,
Lay down their Pipes, and listen to his Lays?
Wherein then can consist, I fain would know,
The Misery that thou complain’st of so?

*Clotten.* Some of these things are true, but, Corydon,
That which maintain’d all these, alas! is gone.
The want of Wealth I reckon not distress,
But of enough to doe good offices;
Which growing less, those Friends will fall away;
Poverty is the ground of all decay;
With our Prosperities our Friendships end,
And to misfortune no one is a Friend,
Which I already find to that degree,
That my old Friends are now afraid of me,

22 Swain] a hireling, not a shepherd who owns his flocks. Cotton had to sell a part of his estate. 49-66 Bears out Cotton’s reputation as a *bon vivant* despite his straitened circumstances. 53 Frock] man’s long coat or mantle (*OED* 2a).
And all avoid me, as good men would fly
The common Hangman’s shamefull company.
Those who by Fortune were advanc’d above,
Being oblig’d by my most ready love,
Shun me, for fear least my necessity
Should urge what they’re unwilling to deny,
And are resolv’d they will not grant; and those
Have shar’d my Meat, my Money, and my Cloaths,
Grown rich with others Spoils as well as mine,
The coming near me now do all decline,
Least shame and gratitude should draw them in,
To be to me what I to them have been;
By which means I am stripp’d of all supplies,
And left alone to my own Miseries.

Corydon. In the relation that thy grief has made,
The World’s false friendships are too true display’d;
But, courage man, thou hast one Friend in store,
Will ne’er forsake thee for thy being poor:
I will be true to thee in worst estate,
And love thee more now than when Fortunate.

Cloten. All goodness then on Earth I see’s not lost,
I of one Friend in misery can boast,
Which is enough, and peradventure more
Than any one could ever do before;
And I to thee as true a Friend will prove,
Not to abuse but to deserve thy love.

276 CHARLES COTTON  AN INVITATION TO PHILLIS

First published posthumously in Cotton’s Poems for Several Occasions (1689). Another elite variant of the pastoral invitation to love, recasting the pastoral setting around a country mansion. It also describes the natural setting through the year around the river Dove in Cotton’s native region of Beresford, Staffordshire.

An Invitation to Phillis.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And thou shalt all the pleasures prove,
The Mountains’ towring tops can show
Inhabiting the Vales below.
From a brave height my Star shall shine
T’illuminate the desart Clime.
Thy Summer’s bower shall overlook
The subtil windings of the Brook,
For thy delight which only springs,
And cuts her way with Turtles Wings.
The Pavement of thy Rooms shall shine
With the bruis’d Treasures of the Mine,
And not a Tale of Love but shall
In Minoture adorn thy wall.
Thy closet shall Queens Caskets mock
With rustick Jewels of the Rock,
And thine own light shall make a Gemm,
As bright of these, as Queens of them.
From this thy Sphear thou shalt behold
Thy snowy Ewes troop o’re the mold,
Who yearly pay my Love a-piece
A tender Lamb, and silver Fleece.

5 my Star] i.e. the beloved.  6 desart] deserted, lonely.  7 Summer’s bower] Apparently a pleasure-house set high on a slope, with a view of the entire estate.  10 Turtles] turtle-dove’s, referring either to the curved shape of the wings (like the river’s windings), or to its swiftness in flight.  16 Jewels of the Rock] coloured, perhaps semi-precious, stones.  17-8 The radiance of your presence will make these humble stones shine as brightly as queens’ jewels.  19 Sphear] In the Ptolemaic system, the heavenly bodies were thought to be embedded in crystalline spheres. Here, the beloved’s room or presence.

benefited by, thanks to
occupying, present in great
?tiled floor
beaten, pounded; precious metals
miniature
earth, soil

PASTORAL POETRY OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE
And when Sols Rayes shall all combine
Thine to out-burn, though not outshine,
Then, at the foot of some green Hill,
Where crystal Dove runs murm'ring still,
We'll angle for the bright-ey'd Fish,
To make my Love a dainty dish;
Or, in a Cave, by Nature made,
Fly to the covert of the shade,
Where all the pleasures we will prove,
Taught by the little God of love.

And when bright Phœbus scorching beams
Shall cease to guild the Silver streams,
Then in the cold arms of the Flood
We'll bathing cool the factious Blood,
Thy beautious Limbs the Brook shall grace,
Like the reflex of Cynthia's Face,
Whilst all the wonder ring Fry do greet
The welcome Light, adoré thy Feet,
Supposing Venus to be come
To send a kiss to Thetis home.
And following Night shall trifled be
Sweet; as thou know'st I promis'd thee,
Thus shall the Summers Days, and Nights,
Be dedicate to thy delights.
Then live with me, and be my love,
And all these pleasures shalt thou prove.

But when the sapless Season brings
Cold Winter, on her shivering Wings,
Freezing the Rivers liquid face,
Into a crystal Looking-glass,
And that the Trees their naked bones
Together knock, like Skeletons,
Then, with the softest, whitest Locks,
Spun from the tribute of thy Flocks,
We will o're-cast thy whiter Skin,
Winter without, a Spring within.
At the first peep of Day I'le rise,
To make the sullen Haire thy prize,
And Thou with open Arms shalt come,
To bid thy Hunter welcome home.
The Partridge, Plover, and the Poot,
I'le with the subtle Mallard shoot;
The Fell-fare, and the greedy Thrush
Shall drop form ev'ry Haw-thorn Bush,
And the slow Heron down shall fall,
To feed my Fairest Fair withall,
The feather'd People of the Air,
Shall fall to be my Phillis fare,
No Storm shall touch thee, Tempest move;
Then live with me, and be my love,
But from her Cloister when I bring
My Phillis to restore the Spring,
The ruffling Boreas shall withdraw,
The Snow shall melt, the Ice shall thaw;
The Agush Plants fresh Leaves shall shew,
The earth put on her verdant hue,
And thou (Fair Phillis) shalt be seen
Mine, and the Summer's beautiful Queen.
These; and more pleasures shalt thou prove;
Then live with me, and be my love.

24 i.e. The sun's rays may be more corrosive than but not as radiant as the beloved's eyes. 26 Dove] The river flowing through Cotton's native Staffordshire. 34 guild the Silver] a not uncommon paradox. 36 factious] perhaps misprint for fractious: unruly, turbulent. 42 Thetis] A Naiad or sea-nymph; her home is the sea. 60 sullen] grey or dull in colour (OED).
277 Anthony Spinedge On the Execrable Murder of Charles I

From Bod. MS Tanner 306. Actually entitled 'On the Same. An Eclogue. Corydon. Thyrnis' – 'the same' being the subject of the preceding poem, 'On the execrable Murther of that Glorious Martyr Charles 1. of blessed memory'. Written long after the Restoration: Anthony Spinedge (1651-1694) was born after Charles I's execution. He sent this poem to William Sancroft (later Archbishop of Canterbury) while the latter was Dean of St Paul's (1664-8).

On the Same. An Eclogue. Corydon. Thyrnis

Corydon. T'was yerst (my sweet) I on my oaten reede
Pip'd as the nibling flocks did gently feede:
You sang the story of our loves, while they
The pretty Lambkins danc'd a Roundelay:
T'was whilome, Thyrnis, that yon teltale grove
Cry'd rostmeat when he saw our happy love:
Yon babling hill glad of a tale to tell,
Was made the neighbouring valley's centinell:
Those silver streams as they were passing by,
Stood still to gaze upon my sweet and I,
Kiss'd the blest banks, wherun wee kissing lay,
Making still musicke as they went away,
But oh! that blisse is gone, nor must wee more
Quaffe streams of Nectar till our cares run o're,
Picke pleasant strawberries on the hill, and then
Goe chat and eat, and eat and chat againe.
No more must wee meet in the twines of love,
Billing each other like the harme-lesse dove.
Lye basking on the mountains, or that done,
Bath in a brooke i' the nonage of the Sun:
Sit under beachen bowers, and view the flocks
Hang by the teeth upon the dangerous rocks:
Gaze on the skipping kids, and stalking dams,
Water the comely ewes, and tender lambs.
Pipe out the day, and when the night is come
Summon the bleating troops to pad it home.
No, Thyrnis, No, all these sweet toys are fled,
The sheeps great deity great Pan is dead,
The only patriot of rurall Swaines,
The glory of the hills, the pride of plaines,
God Pan is dead; those swaines that sought his fate,
Tooke him and slew him at his temple-gate.
They all must goe to pot, none finde release,
Though some bee decimated by a fleece.

Thyrnis. Weep not, my sweeting, what that chrystall teare?
Tis prodigall to spend such every where,
T'will serve upon Pans tombe, and yonder cave
Shall bee the witnesse of the griefe we have.
Let's leave these plaines, let Edghill and Dunbar
Bee blotted out o' th' Sheapheards Calendar.

0.1 the Same] See headnote. 1 my sweet] The first of several deeply intimate, amorous addresses: either expressing a strikingly explicit homoeroticism, or (unusually and wrongly) taking 'Thyrnis' as a woman's name. 6 Cry'd rostmeat] announced to others our private good fortune and happiness (OED roast meat 2b). The murmur of the teltale grove announced the lovers' presence, like the babling (echoing) hill. 12 still soft (OED 3b). 23 stalking] applied to the gait of deer etc. (OED 4b). 32 temple-gate] Charles I was executed in his own palace at Whitehall. 34 decimated by a fleece] ?destroyed easily, by something as soft as a fleece. 39 Edghill] in Warwickshire, the site of the first major battle of the English Civil War, on 23 October 1642. Dunbar] A battle on 3 September 1650, well after Charles's death, where Oliver Cromwell defeated Scottish forces loyal to Charles II.
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