



Ægloga prima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this first Æglogue Colin cloute a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lassie called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore traueled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasure and delights, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN Cloute.



Shepheards boye (so better doe him call)
when Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunne shine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.
So saynt they wore, and feeble in the solbe,
That now binethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the Shepheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)
Day seeme he lodd, or els some care he took:
Well couch he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.

Tho to a hill his sayning flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there feede.

Oe Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,
(Al any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where pou in iopes remaine,
And howe your cares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And P^{er}as thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowerd, and after hasted
Thy summer proude with Daffabillies bright,
And now is come thy wynters stozmy state,
Thy mantle maro, wherein thou mas-kedest late,

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
By life blood frieling with unkindly cold:
Such stozmy stoures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and worn old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

Pou naked trees, whose shady leaues are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowres:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Insteede of bloosmes, wherewith your buds did flower:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in dery picles remaine.

All so my lustfull lease is byre and sere,
By timely buds with wayling all are wasted:
The blossome, which my byaunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, & blasted,
And from mine eyes the dizzling teares descend,
As on your boughes the picles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake throug fast and euill fare: Quail

Hapst wicnesse well by thy ill gouernement,
Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite sozloyne:
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand liches I curse that carefull holder,
Whereto I longd the neighbour colone to see:
And eke tenne thousand liches I blesse the floure,
Wherein I sawe to laye a sight, as thee.
Yet all for naught: such sight hath byed my bane.
Ah God, that loue should byerde both toy and payne.

It is not Hobbinsol, wherefoze I plaine,
Albee my loue he seeke with dayly suit:
His clownish gifts and curties I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early feuit.
Ah foolish Hobbinsol, thy gyfts bene dayuer:
Colin them giues to Resalind againe.

I loue thiske lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)
And am sozloyne, (alas why am I loyne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth repproue,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scozne.
Shepheards deuile he hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songes, that Colin Clout doth make.

Wherfore my pypp, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleaskst not, where most I would:
And thou unlucky Puse, that woult to ease
By musling mynd, yet canst not, when thou should:
Both pypp and Puse, shall soze the while abyde.
So bpoke his oaten pypp, and downe byd lye.

By that, the welked Phobus gan abaile,
His weary waine, and nowe the frosty Nighe
Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaffe,
Which seene, the pensile boy halfe in despyght
Arose, and home ward dyoue his sonned cheere,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

A.ii.

Colins

Ancora speme.



GLOSSE

COLIN Cloute) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sent a Poetie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the vword Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certain Epilogue, Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much sifter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlkelyhoode of the language.

vnneshes) scarcely.

couth) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is to know or to haue skill. As vuell interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smith in his booke of gouernment: wher of I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinsman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey: as also of some other his most graue & excellent vvyryngs.

Sythe) time.

Neighbour tovvne) the next tovvne: expoussing the Latine Vicina.

Scoure) a fitt.

Sere) vythered.

His clovynish gyfte) imitateth Virgils verse,

Rufcus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a feigned country name, whereby, it being so commune and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shall be more largely declared hereafter. In this place seemeth to be some fauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call pederastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vvhoe that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrim of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed in vvhoe sayth, that in dedde he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, which is Alcybiades owne selfe. And so is pederastice much to be preferred before gynerastice, that is the loue vvhiche enflameth men vvith lust toward vvoman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vvith Lucian or hys deuotish discipule Vnico Aretico, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawvvful bestialnesse, VVhose abominable error is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

Howe) a pretty Epianorthosis in these two verses, and vvithall a Paronomasia or playing vvith the vword, vvhere he sayth (I loue thine last) (alas &c.

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, vvich being wel ordered, vvill bevvray the very name of hys loue and mistress, vvhom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Coerynus, vvich of some is supposed to be

Iulia

Julia, the mperer Augulus his daughter, and vryfe to Agryppa. So doth Arantius Scella eury where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthus, albe it is vvel knowne that her right name was Violancilla as wrinteth Statius in his Epithalamio. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Coelia in her letters enuiolepeth her selfe vnder the name of Zama and Petrona vnder the name of Bellonchia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of countrefitting the names of secreet Personages.

Anail) bring downe.

Embleme:

Ouchilde) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poetie is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra speme: the meaning vnderof is, that notvwithstande his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Februarie.



Ægloga Secunda.

ARGVMENT.

THIS Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secreet or particular purpose. It specially conueyneth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenot an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie an vnhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the month, the yeare now drouping, as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so thē in our
A.iii. bodies

bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeast flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & boare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Beyer, so lively and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE.

THENOT.

A H for pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blasts neuer ginne tassel wage?
The hene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wout in the wind wagge their wyngle tailed,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it anales.

THENOT.

Lewoly complainest thou lachie ladde,
Of Winters wyacke, for making thee ladde.
Must not the woold wend in his commun course
From good to badde, and from badde to woyle,
From woyle unto that is woyst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stozmy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty yrome?
Selle haue I wayne out thirle threttie peeces,
Some in much tope, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters theate:
He ever was to Fortune soeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my stocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No maruella I beuot, if thou can beare
Therewith the Winters wyackfull cheare:
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wype,
And as the louping Wether lookes downe,

So semest thou like good fryday to frofne;
But my flowing yowth is foe to frost,
My shippe without in stormes to be tolt.

THE NOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in baine,
That once seabeate, will to sea againe.
So lopping liue you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded byoomes:
And when the Shining sunne langbeth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
Tho gyne you, send flies, the cold to scoyne,
And crowing in pppes made of greene coyne,
You thinke to be Lords of the yeare.
But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the byeme winter with chanistred byowes,
Full of twynckles and frostie surrowes:
Dierly shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood, and pycks the harte.
Then is your carelesse cozage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
Then paye you the pryce of your surquedie,
With weeping, and wailing, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, A scoyne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing yowth to spyl.
I deeme, thy haine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:
O! sicker thy head beray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulde it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding bjaunch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy peares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
And herp with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou ppe of Phyllis prayse:
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes:

I wonne her with a gyppole of gylt;
Emboist with bugle about the belt.
Such an one shepheards woulde make full faine:
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to bolle,
All that is lent to loue, wyl be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seeſt, howe byag yond Bullocke beares,
So ſmithe, ſo ſmoothe, his pycked eares?
His hoznes bene as byade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as laſſe of Kent.
See howe he venteth into the wynd.
Weeneſt of loue is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy ſlocke thy counſell can,
So luſtleſſe bene they, ſo weake ſo wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth froſt,
Thy ſlocks father his coyage hath loſt:
Thy Twes, that wont to haue blownen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags:
The rather Lambes bene ſtarued with cold,
All for their Paiſter is luſtleſſe and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenſt little good,
So vainely taduauunce thy headleſſe hood.
For Prouerſe is a bubble blown by with breath,
Whoe witt is weakenelle, whoſe wage is death,
Whoe way is wilderneſſe, whoſe puniſh Penauance,
And ſtoope gallaunt Age the hoſte of Orecuauance.
But ſhall I tel thee a tale of trueth,
Which I coue of Tygers in my youth,
Keeping his ſheepe on the hils of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more I bend, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuile:
They bene ſo well ſhetwed, and ſo wiſe,
That euer that good old man beſpake.

T benet

THE NOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen awhile, and hearken the end.

There grew an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaues they were disparayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous hight:
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mocheell mast to the hus band did pische,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, & wasted with wormes,
His honoz decayed, his bjaunches sere.

Hard by his side grew a hyagging byere,
Which prouly thrust into thelement,
And seemed to threat the firmament.
It was embellisht with blossomes saye,
And thereto ape wounned to repayre
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colobres.
And in his small bushes vled to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singling so lowde:
Which made this foolish Byere were so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And sn ebbe the good Oake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou byutish blocke?
Noy for fruit, noy for shadowe serues thy stocke:
Seeest thou how fresh my flowres bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cressin redde,
With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
Colours mee te to clothe a mayden Queene.

Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
 And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd,
 The mouldie mosse, which thee acloieteth,
 My Sinnamon smell too much annoieteth,
 Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
 Lest thou the price of my displeasure proue.
 So spake this bold hyere with great disdain:
 Little him answered the Duke againe,
 But yielded, with shame and greefe aduised,
 That of a weede he was ouerawed.

It chanced after vpon a day,
 The Hus-bandman selle to come that way,
 Of custome for to serue his grownd,
 And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
 Him when the spitefull hyere had espyed,
 Causd lesse complainen, and lowly cryed
 Vnto his Lord, stirring vp Nerne strife:
 O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
 Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
 Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
 Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure:
 And but your goodnes the same recure,
 Am like for desperate doole to dye,
 Through felonous force of mine enemye.

Greatly aghast with this pitious plea,
 Him rested the Goodman on the lea,
 And badde the Hyere in his plaint proceede,
 With painted wordes tho gan this proude weede,
 (As most often Ambitious folke:)
 His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
 To be the printrose of all thy land,
 With flowering blossomes, to furnish the meane,
 And scarlot berries in Sommer time?
 How falls it then, that this fabled Duke,

Whose bodie is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch into the fyre,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire:
Hindring with his shade my louely light,
And robbing me of the sweete sonnes sight
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from wounds wyde:
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honoy of your Coronall.
And oft he lets his cancker waimes light
Upon my branches, to worke me more spight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where with my fresh flowjettis bene defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlhead to aswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might,
Bought of ke I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greuance.

To this the Duke cast him to replie
Well as he couth: but his enemye
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furions heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a theate.
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready should stand)
And to the field alone he speedeth.
(A little helpe to harme there needeth)
Anger noulde let him speake to the trer,
Enaunter his rage moughte cooled bee:
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwillling to cutte the graine:
Semen, the fencelesse pryn dyd feare,
Or to wrong hofelys dyd forbeare.

For it had bene an auncient tree,
 Sacred with many a mystere,
 And often crost with the priestes crewe,
 And often halowed with holy water dew.
 But like fancies weren foolerie,
 And broughten this Oake to this misery.
 For nought nought they quitted him from decaye:
 For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
 The blocke oft groned under the blow,
 And sighed to see his neare overthrow.
 In fine the Steele had pierced his pitch,
 Tho downe to the earth he fell southwith.
 His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
 The earth shooke under him, and seemed to shake.
 There lyeth the Oake, pittied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a Lord alone,
 Puffed vp with pybe and baine pleasure.
 But all this glee had no continuance,
 For eldones Winter gan to appoche,
 The blustering Boyas did enroche,
 And beate vpon the solitarie Breere:
 For nowe no succoure was seene him nere,
 Nowe gan he repent his pybe to late,
 For naked left and disconsolate,
 The biting frost nipd his shalke dead,
 The watric wette weighed downe his head,
 And heaped snowe burnd him so sore,
 That nowe vpright he can stand no more:
 And being downe, is trodde in the dirt
 Of cattell, and byonzed, and sozely hurt.
 Such was the end of this Ambitious byere,
 For scorning Elo

CVDDIE

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth:
 Here is a long tale, and litle worth.
 So longe haue I listened to thy speche,
 That grassed to the ground is my byche:

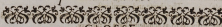
My hartblood is welnigh froyne I feele;
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewde tale I tasted.
Ope thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.

*Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo esempio.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.*



GLOSSE.

- Kene)** thrife.
Grinde) perced : an olde vront mach vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.
Ronts) young bullockes.
VVreake) ruine or Violence, vvhence cometh shipvvreake: and not vvreake, that is vengeance or vvraith.
Theman) a foe.
Thenot) the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aglogues.
The foursigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the seas. The saying is borrowd of Minus Publilianus, vvhich vsed this proverbe in a verse.
Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.
Heardgromes) Chaucers verse almost vvhole.
Fond flyes) He compareth carleffe sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or yt waxeth any thing warme, begin to flye abroad, vvhē sodeinly they be ouertaken vvith cold.
But est when) A verye excellent and lively description of VVinter, so as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for VVinter season.
Breme) chill, bitter. **Chumfred)** chapt, or vvrinkled.
Accoied) plucked downe and drunet. **Sarque drie)** pryde.
Eld) olde age. **Sicker)** sure. **Tottie)** vvaxering.
Corbe) crooked. **Herie)** worshipspe.
Thylla) the name of some mayde vnknewen, whom Cuddle, whose person is secrete, loved. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Manuauine.
Belte) a girdle or wast band. **A son)** a foole. **lythe)** soft & gentle.
Veneth) snuffeth in the vvind. **Thy flocks Father)** the Ramme. **Crag)** neckes
B.iii. **Rather**

Februarie.

Rather Lambes) that be ewed early in the beginning of the year.
Youth is) A verye morall and pithy Allegorie of youth, and includes therof, compared to a wearie wearying man.

Titynus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasure tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of his name shal live, & the name of Poetrie shal endure.
VWell theved) that is, bene moratiz, full of morall wisenesse.

There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to AEsopes fables. It is very excellent for pleasant descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icton or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkens.

Embellish) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haunt or frequēt. Snee) checke.
VWhy standst) The speech is scornfull & very presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.
Accloith) encombereth. Achard) daunted & confounded.

Trees offlate) taller trees fite for timber wood. Setme thise) said Chaucer. I fell and sturdy. Qmy hege) A manner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall) Garlande. Flourets) young blossomes.

The Primarole) The chiefe and worst thief.

Naked armes) metaphoricallly ment of the bare bones, spoyle of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre.

The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they saye) *ignis iniquus*.

Hoarie lockes) metaphoricallly ment of withered leaues.

Hens) caught. Nould) for would not. Ay) euenmore. VVounds) gashes. Encounter) least that.

The priestes crevve) holy water pout, wherewith the popashe priest vsed to sprinkle & hallooe the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse was in those times, which the Poete supposeth, to haue bene the small decay of this ancient Oake.

The blocke oft ground) A lachry figure, whose geueth fence and feeling to vn sensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: *Saxa gemant gemitu &c.*

Boreas) The Northern wynd, that bringeth the most stormie weather.

Glee) chere and iollitic.

For learning Eld) And minding (as should some) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cuted of by Cuddye, as despayning to heare any more.

Galage) a startwpe or downy thoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a morall of his former tale; namelye, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and without beginninge, maketh those, whom he loveth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and blessing them wvith longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not given to all, but vnto those, whom God will so blesse: and albeit that many euill me reache ynto such falsesse of yeares, and some also were old in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for despying his gray and frosty heares.

VVhom Cuddye doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter proverbe, spoken indeede at the

In the first in obtemper of old age generally for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt that men of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being rypered with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter beatus and blisses of vengeance, they dread no frownes of Fortune, nor wrath of Gods, nor danger of menne as being eyther by longe and ripe wisdomme armed against all mischaunces and aduersities, or with much trouble hardned against all troublefome cydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in *Alopa* fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grimmes and austertie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted with his lookes, he was so sure from feare of him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest with him: Suche longe experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please *Erasmus* a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourable to construe it in his *Adages* for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe *Nemo Senex metuui Iouem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be sure from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.



Ægloga Tertia.

ARGVMENT

In this *Æglogue* two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, be giue to make purpose of love and other plesauce, which to springtime is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine marker

and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secreete friend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

VVillye

Thomalin.

Thomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouertwent with woe,
Upon so laye a mozow?

The iopous time now nigbest fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sozowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willpe, thou warneſt well:
For Winters wyach beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe giueth to be refreſht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Melkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seeſt not thiske same Watchoyne sludde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And vetter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready Maies botwe,
That netwe is vyzyt from bedde.
Tho shall we spozten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to were light,
That scoynefully looks af haunce,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willpe, I wene thou bee affott:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenſt thou, that he is awoke?

O, haſt thy ſelfe his ſlomber broken,

O, made preiue to the ſame?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym ſpyde,

Where in a buſh he did him hide,

With winges of purple and blew.

And were not, that my ſheepe would ſtray,

The preiue marks I would bewray,

Whereby by chaunce I him knewe,

VVilley.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy

My ſelfe will haue a double eye,

Plike to my ſlocke and chine:

For als at home I haue a ſpye,

A ſtepdame eke as whoett as fyre,

That dewly adapes counts mine.

Thomalin.

Nay, but thy ſeeing will not ſerue,

My ſheepe for that may chaunce to ſwertue,

And fall into ſome miſchiefe.

For ſithens is but the third morow,

That I chaunſt to fall a ſleepe with ſorrow,

And waked againe with grieve:

The while ſhalke ſame vnhappye Cwe,

Whole clouted legges her hurt doth ſhewe,

Fell headlong into a dell.

And there vnoynted both her bones:

Sought her necke bene ſoynted attones,

She ſhoulde haue neede no more ſpell.

Thelſ was ſo wanton and ſo wooe,

(But now I trowe can better goode)

She mought ne gang on the greene,

VVilley.

Let be, as may be, that is paſt:

That is to come, let be ſoyecaſt.

Now tell vs, what thou haſt ſene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,

C.

When

When shephearves groomes han leaue to playe,
 I cast to goe a shooting,
 Long wandring vp and downe the land,
 With bowe and boltes in eicher hand,
 For birds in bushes cooing:
 At length within an Paise rode
 (There shouded was the little God)
 I heard a busle bustling.
 I bent my bolt against the bush,
 Listening if any thing did rushe,
 But then heard no more rustling.
 Tho peeping close into the thicke,
 Might see the moving of some quicke,
 Whose shape appeared not:
 But were it laerie, seend, or snake,
 My courage earnd it to awake,
 And manfully thereat hotte.
 With that sprong forth a naked swaine,
 With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
 And laughing lope to a tree.
 His gylven quiver at his backe,
 And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
 Which lightly he bent at me.
 That seeing I, lewde againe,
 And shot at him with might and maine,
 As thicke, as it had hayled.
 So long I shot, that al was spent:
 Tho pumie stones I hastily bent,
 And theweth but nought availed:
 He was so twimble, and so wight,
 From bough to bough he lepped light,
 And oft the pumies latched.
 Therewith affrayd I ranne away:
 But he, thatt earst seemd but to playe,
 A Mast in earnest snatched,
 And hit me running in the heeler:
 For when I little smart did feel:
 But

But soone it soze encreased.
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth soze,
He wote I. how to scale it.
VVillie.

Thomalin, I pittie thy plighe.
Berdie with lone thou diddest sight:
I know him by a token.

For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he wilbe woken)

Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our Peeretre tree haunted.

Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:
Els had he soze be daunted.

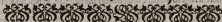
But see the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping Phebus sleepe his face:
Its time to halt vs homeward.

Willies Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
Is graunted scarce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.



G L O S S.

THIS Aglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that first of Thottens, wherein
the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had thre or a winged boy in a tree,
was by hym warned, to beware of mallice to come.

Over vnto our gone. *Allegre* to tellen of a frigate.
To quell to shone. *VVellin* the fide.

Ca.

The swallow)

The swallow) which bird vsyth to be counted the messenger, and as it vsyth, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddesse of flowres, but indeede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which wyth the abuse of her body hauing gotte great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearly feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe thinke, Andronica, but Flora: making her the Goddesse of all flowres, and doing yearly to her sollemne sacrifice.

Maia) bovyre) that is the pleasaunt felde, or rather the Maye bushes. Maia is a Goddes and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius.

Letice) the name of some country lasse.

Abscance) as bevyre or alquint.

For thy) therefore.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulness. For Lethe signifieth forgetfulness. VVherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by looke sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten and out of knowledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when al pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare oute of mynde.

Affoute) to dote.

His slomber) To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delights of Loue and wanton pleasures.

VVinges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For as) he imitateth Virgils verse,

Est mihi namque domus pariter, est iniusta noceca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of verte or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer euery thing, that they would haue preserved, as the Night spell for thieues, and the wwoodspell: And herebence I thinke is named the gospell, as it were Gods spell or vvorde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gange) goe. An Yvie rodde) a thicke bushe.

Swaine) a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye & alwayes freshe and lustie: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages: wyth diuers coloured wings, & fil of flying fancies: wyth bowe and arrow, that is wyth glauce of beautye, which pycketh as a sharpe barrowe. He is sayd also to haue shafis, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the louer that is delytyed or forsaken. But vvho liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and figure, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Ioyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translate into Latine by the singular learned man Angelus Politianus: which worke I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated also into English Rymes.

VVimble and vwright) Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement: For I remember that in Homers it is sayd of These, that three tocke her young babe Achilles being newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the River

Riuer of Scyrr. The vertue whercof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al ouer, saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therefore by Paris was feyned to bee shotte with a poysoned arrowe in the heele, whyles he was busie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. which my-
 sticall fable Eustathius unfolding, sayth: that by wounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Physicians) to the preuie parties there passe certayne veines and slender synnervves, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as Eryth Hippo-
 crates) yf those veynes there be cut a fonder, the partie straighte becometh cold and vnfuiteful. which reason our Doctre wel weighing, maketh this shepheard's boye of purpose to be wounded by Loue in the heele.

Lashed) taught.

VVroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicitie of shepheards opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phaxbus) Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hertby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein vvanion youth vvallovveth, be
 but follye mixt vvith bitterness, and forov sarvced with repentance. For be-
 sides that the very affection of Loue is like tormented the mynde, and vexeth
 the body many vvayes, vvith wrettsfullnesse all night, and vvexatines all day, see-
 king for that we can not haue, & synding that we would not haue euē the selfe
 things which best before vs lyked, in course of time and chaung of ryper yeares,
 vvhicke also therewithall chaungeth our vvoonted, lyking and former fantasies,
 vvill then seeme lothsome and broode vs annoyaunce, vven yonger flower
 is vvithered, and vve synde our bodyes and vvits answer not to such raynd
 tollie and lustfull pleasure.



1550
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Ægloga Quarta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and praise 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, complaining him of that boyes great misadventure in *Loue*, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofof his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd *Colin* sometime made in honor of her *Maidlie*, whom abruptly he termeth *Elysa*.

Thenot.

Hobbinoll.

Tell me good *Hobbinoll*, what gaires thee greeteth?
 What hath some *Molle* thy tender *Lambes* protegeth?
 Or is thy *Baggypp* broke, that soundes so sweete?
 Or art thou of thy loued *Lasse* forloyme?

Or bene thine eyes attempted to the yeare,
 Quenching the gasping furrowes thirld with rayne?

Like

Like Aprill thoure, so streemes the trickling teares
Abovne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye payne.

Hobbinoll.

Now thys, noz that, so muche dooth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I lobb so deare,
Nowe loves a lassie, that all his love doth scoone:
He plonge in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear,
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, wherch made vs meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
Is love such pinching payne to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bypde love?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes hope:
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart,
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is parte,
And woes the Widowes daughter of the glen:
So nowe saye Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
So now his friend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde sonne once:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinoll.

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

Re



E dauntye Dymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe 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,

Helpe me to blaze

Her worthy praise,

Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of sayre Eliza be your siller song,

that blessed wight:

The flower of Virgins, may shee flourish long,

In princely plight.

For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,

Which Pan the shepheards God of her begot:

So sprang her grace

Of heavenly race,

No mortall blemish may her blotte.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie Greene,

(O seemely sight)

Palad in Scarlet like a mayden Queene,

And Crimines white.

Upon her head a Cremosin coponet,

With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:

Bayleaves betwene,

And Primroses Greene

Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face,

Like Phoebe sayre?

Her heavenly haire, her princely grace

can you well compare?

The Redde rose miled with the White yfere,

In either Cheeke depainted lively there.

Her modest eye,

Her fairestie,

Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe Phobus thrust out his golden hedde,
 upon her to gaze:
 But when he sawe, how broad her beames did speeche,
 it did him amaze.
 He blisht to see another Sunne belowe,
 He durst againe his fyre face out shoue:
 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 abash:
 When thee the beames of her beauty displaies,
 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 heed.

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 milkewhite Lamb:
 Whoe is my goddesse plaine,
 And I her shepherds swayne,
 Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see Calliope speede her to the place,
 where my Goddesse shines:
 And after her the other Muses trace,
 with their Violines.
 Vene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
 All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
 So sweetly they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heauen is to heare.

To how finely the graces can it soote
to the Instrument:

They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.

Wants not not a fourth grace, to make the daunce even:

Let that returne to my Lady be peten:

Shee shalbe a grace,

To fyll the fourth place,

And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe:

They bene all Ladyes of the lake beight,
that vnto her goe.

Chloris, that is the chiefeft Nymph of al,

Of Oliue braunches beares a Coronall:

Oliues bene for peace,

When wars doe surcease:

Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Pe shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hpe 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 rudenesse 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 Cuslambine,

With Gelliflowes:

Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,

woyne of Paramoures.

Serowe me the ground with Daffadownillies,

And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loue Lillies:

The pretie Pawanee,

And the Cheuslaunce.

Shall match with the sayre flowre Delice,

Now rise by *Eliza*, decked as thou art,
in royall aray :

And now ye daintie Damselfs may depart
echeone her way,

I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longes:

Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song.

And if you come hether,

When Damselines I gether,

I will part them all you among.

Thenot

And was thilk same song of *Colins* olme making?

Ah foolish boy, that is with loue pblent:

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

For naughte caren, that bene so lewoly bent.

Hobbinol

Sicker I hold him, for a greater son,

That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.

But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,

And twinkling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.



GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete] causeth thee vveepe and complain. Forloine] left & forsaken.

Agreeped to the yeare] agreeable to the season of the yeare, that is Aprill, which mo-
neth is most bent to shourts and seasonable rymeto quench, that is, to delaye
the drought, caused through drynesse of March vvyndes.

The Ladde] Colin Clowe] The Lasse] Rosalinda. Twisted lockes] wretched & curled
Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking, & what maner of Ladde is he?

To make] to rime and versifye. For in this vword making, our olde Englishe Poetes were
vvoat to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke vvordde
to make, whence cometh the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenst) knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perceynerh to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As lyde as best of Kent.

The VVidowres] He calleth Rosalind the VVidowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is well known, even in speighe of Colin and Hobbinol, that there is a Gentle woman of no meane house, nor endowed wvith anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but such indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greued, that so she should be commended to immortallitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deserveng it no lesse, then eyther Myrro the most excellēt Poete Theocritus his deareling, or Laureia the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the vvorthy Poete Sresichorus hys Idol: Vpon vvhom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his presumptuous and vnheedic hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Freune] a stranger. The word I thinke vvas first poetically put, and afterwarde vsed in common custome of speech for fortune.

Dight] adorned. Laye] a songe. as Roundelays and Virelays
In all this songe is not to be respected, vvhath the worthinesse of her Maieslie deserveth, nor vvhath to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhath is most comely for the meanesse of a shepheards vsuite, or to conceit, or to witte. And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, it being very vsue, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepfold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie] is, as it vverre an *Exordium ad preparandos animos*.

Virgins] the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vvhose abode the Poets saie to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrey specially flourished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon] is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Exotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalia, dedicate also to the Muses of which spring it is sayd, that vvhē Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowne) strooke the groovnde with his hoofs, sodenly thereout sprang a vvel of moste cleare and pleasaunt water, vvhich fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your silver song] seemeth to imitate the lyke in Heliodorus.

Syrinx] is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, the flying frō him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damocell, and puffing hard (for he vvas almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvhich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thought, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces proper to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges

and

vs: the other two toward vs, shewing double thanks to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deadly] Finelye and nimbly.

Sooty] Soote.

Moripent] Mirth.

Beuie] A beuie of Ladies, as spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasants.

Ladies of the Lake] be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion amongst the Auncient Heathen, that of eury spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. VVhiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthurs the great and such like, who tell many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nympe in Greeke signifieth VVell water, or other wise a Spouse or Bryde.

Redight] called or named.

Cloris] the name of a Nympe, and signifieth greenesse, of vyhorne is sayd, that Zephyrus the VVesterne wind being in loue with her, and courting her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chesedome and souerainty of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Olive was vrged to be the ensigne of Peace and quittance, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it oughe, but in time of peace, or elys for that the Olive tree, they say, will not growe neare the Fiue tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vied most for speares and other instruments of warre. VVhereupon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva broue for the naming of the cite of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth warre, but as Minerva strooke sprong out an Olive, to shew that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your] Spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitie.

Bring] all these be names of flowres. Sops in vyne a Bovre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smell and quantitie. Flowre delice, that which they vse to make wine, Flowre de laide, being in Latine called *Flor deliciarum*.

A Bellibont] or a Bonibell, homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonelike.

Forfivord and forfwar] ouerlaboured and tinnelbome.

I haue Phœbus] the sunne. A sensible Narration, & presents view of the thing mentioned, which they call *apologia*.

Cynthia] the Moone so called of Cynthia his wyll, where she was honoured.

Latonies seede] VVas Apollo and Diana. VVhom Phœbus as Niobe the wyfe of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble tract of her wombe, namely her seuen sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to slay al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: where at the vnforgotten Niobe being sore dismayed, and lanching out of measure, was feigned of the Pœtes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children, for which cause the shepheard sayd, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like misfortune.

Nowe rise] is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with prayses and comparisons, he
returne

returneth all the thank of hys labour to the excellencie of her Maiestie.
 When Damsels] A base reward of a clovniish giver.
 Yblent] Y, is a poeticall addition. blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of Aeneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianes Ambassadors: being there most diuinely let forth: To which similitude of Amine Hobbinoll comparing the excellency of Eliza, and bring through the worthynes of Collins song, as it were, ouercome with the largesse of his imagination, beusteth out in great admiration. (O quam te memore virgo) being otherwise vnhable, then by sodden silence, so expresse the worthinesse of his concept. VVhom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approbation, that this is no whit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of vvhome that Poete so boldly pronounced, O dea certe.

Maye.



Agloga Quinta

ARGVMENT.

In this firste Aglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers & Pa-
 linadie, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the prote-
 stant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether
 the life of the one must be like the other. with whom, hauing shewed, that it
 is dangerous to mainteine any fellowship, or giue too much credit to their co-
 lourable

lourable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such a counterpoynt of craftines deceived and deuoured the credulous hylde.

Palinode.

Piers,

I S not this the merry moneth of May,
When loue lads maiken in fresh array,
How fallas it then, we nomettier bene,
Like as others, girt in gayby greener,
Our blonchet liuerpes bene all to sadde,
For thiske same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce, the ground with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with blossoming Buds,
Pougthes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may buskets and smelling bzyer:
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pylours care day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlands of roses and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saines doth queme,
But we here sotten as byownd in a byerne.

PIERS.

For Yountiers Palinode such follies fitte,
But we twap bene men of eldert witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this mowtwe, be lenger agoe,
I sawe a hole of shepheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Besoze them yode a lusty Cabriere,
That to the many a Doyme pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such ioyplauce,
Wade my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their muscalle:
And home they byngen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attorne
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A saype flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend

Of lowly Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpe the Ladys their Gypbush beare)
Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great spoyt they gapen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enue,
That their sondonelle inly I pitie.
Those saytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that shoulde be sparsely spent,
In lusthede and wanton merpment.
Thyske same bene shepheards for the Devils fledge,
That playen, while their flockes be vnsledge.
Well is it seene, they sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone.
But they bene hyed for little pay
Of other, that earen as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And choother for leauing his Loyds tal-ke,
When gread Pan account of shepherdes shall ac-ke.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then souly pitied:
And yet if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather, then other shoulde scoyne at me:
For pitied is mishappe, that nas remedie,
But scoyned bene dedes of foud foolerie.
What shoulde shepheards other things tend,
Then sit their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,

They sleepe in rest, well as other moe.
 Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
 But what they left behind them, is lost.
 Good is no good, but if it be spende:
 God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Oh *Palinodie*, thou art a woordes childe:
 Who touches pitch mought needes be beside.
 But shepheards (as *Algrind* bled to say,)
 Bought not line plike, as men of the laper
 With them it sits to care for their heire,
 Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
 They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
 And to continue their wont countenaunce.
 But shepheard must walke another way,
 Like worldly souenaunce he must forsay.
 The sonne of his loines why should he regard
 To leaue enriched with that he hath spard:
 Should not thinke God, that gaue him that good,
 Eke cherish his child, if in his wapen he stood?
 For if he misline in lewnes and lust,
 Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
 That his father left by inheritaunce:
 All will be soone wasted with misgouernaunce.
 But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
 They maken many a wrong cheuaunce,
 Heaping by waues of welch and woe,
 The floudes whereof shall them overflowe.
 Like mens follie I cannot compare
 Better, then to the *Apes* with care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet God wrote, such cause hath she none)
 That with her hard hold, and straight enshacing,
 She stoppeth the breath of her youngling,
 So often times, when as good is meant,
 Evil ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,

(For

(For ought may happen, that hath bene besohne)
 When shepheards had none inheritaunce,
 Ne of land, nor fee in sustenance:
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse, which they did keepe,
 Well thus was it with shepheards thoe:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe,
 For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
 And little them serued for their maintenaunce.
 The shepheards God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were vnprovided,
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whey,
 And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
 That nource of vice, this of inselencie,
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That not content with foyall obeyssaunce,
 Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,
 And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
 Louers of Loydship and troublers of states:
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a lofe,
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, somewhile
 There crept in Wolves, ful of fraude and guile,
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
 This was the first course of shepheards sorowe,
 That now will be quit with baile, nor borrowe.

PALENODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
 But the fourth to foybeare, is outrageous.
 Women that of Loues longing once last,
 Hardly foybearen, but haue it they must:
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:
 And who can counsell a chaffe booke,
 With patience to foybeare the offered bowle?

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
 Grosse is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
 I wene the Beaunt has not such a weight,
 That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
 Thou findest faulte, where nps to be found,
 And buildest strong waikes vpon a weake ground:
 Thou raplest on right withouten reason,
 And blamedst hem much, for small encheason.
 How shouldest shepheardes liue, if not so?
 What? shouldest they pynen in payne and woe?
 Nay sayd I thereto, by my deare bozrowe,
 If I may rest, I will liue in sozrowe.

Sorzow ne neede be hastened on:

For he will come without calling anone.
 While times enduren of tranquillitie,
 Then we freely our felicitie.
 For when approchen the storme stowpes,
 We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe howpes.
 And looth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
 That shepheardes so witen ech others life,
 And layen her faults the world besoue,
 The while their foes done each of hem scooue.
 Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
 So contek soone by concoyd mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make
 With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
 And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
 Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.
 For what concoyd han light and darke same?
 O? what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
 Such faitors, when their falsse harts bene hid be.
 Will doe, as did the Foxe by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now Piers, of fellowship, tell vs that saying:
 For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

PIERS.

THilke same Kinde (as I can well deuise)
 Was too very foolish and vnwise.
 For on a tyme in Sommer season,
 The Gate her dame, that had good reason,
 Pede forth abroade into the greene wood,
 To prouze, or play, or what shee thought good.
 But for she had a motherly care
 Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
 Shee set her youngling besyde her knee,
 That was both fresh and lovely to see,
 And full of saour, as kinde mought be:
 His Wellet head began to shooote out,
 And his wyreathed hoznes gan newly sprout:
 The blossomes of lust to bad did beginne,
 And spring forth ranchly vnder his chienne.

By sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weeper
 For carefull thoughtes in her heart did creeper)
 God blesse thee poore Dypheane, as he mought me,
 And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
 Thy father (that wote she spake with paynes
 For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
 Thy father, had he liued this day,
 To see the braunch of his body displaie,
 How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight:
 But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
 And cutte of hys daues with vntimely woe,
 Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
 Now I a wayfull widdowe behight,
 Of my old age haue this one delight,
 To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
 And florish in flowres of lusty head.
 For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
 And so his hauty hoznes did he welde.

The marking him with melting eyes,
 A thylling throbbe from her hart did arise,
 And interrupted all her other speache,

Which some old sorowne, that made a newe breacher:
Seemed thet sawe in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace,
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his newe budded beard to stroke

Kiddie (quoth she) thou kensst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wyld beastes ligen in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has boued thy last confusion.
For thy my Kiddie be ruld by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his trecherie.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the pate fast for feare of fraude:
Hee for all his wyl, nor for his best,
Open the doze at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answered his mother, all shoulde be done,
Tho went the penit Dame out of doze,
And chauncd to stumbe at the thershold stoe:
Her stumbling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene displayed)
Per forth she pade therat halfe aghast:
And Kiddie the doze sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the falske Foxe came to the doze anon:
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore peeler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of tryples at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his hayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a soye payne.
His hinder heele was wapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the doze he cast me downe hys packe,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

Oh deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charitee,
That some good body woulde onte pittie mee.

Well heard Kibbie al this soze constraint,
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets elinck,
Ppueilie he peeped out thzough a chinck:
Pet not so ppueilie, but the Fore him spyed:
For deceifull meaning is double eyed.

Oh good young maister (then gan he crye)
Jesus blesse that sweete face, I espye,
And keepe your cozple from the carefull frowns,
That in my carrion carcas abounds.

The Kibb pietping hys heauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were,
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lack of deare,
But I be reliued by your beastly head.

I am a poore Sheepe, albe my colour donnee,
For with long trauele I am bent in the sonne.
And if that my Grandfice me sayd, be true,
Sicker I am very sybbe to you:

So be your goodlihead doe not disbayne
The base kindred of so simple swaine.
Of mercey and sauour then I you pray,
With your ayd to fozstall my netre decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
Wherein while kibbie vnwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the netwell,
That nought he deemed deare for the fiewell.
Tho opened he the doze, and in came
The false Fore, as he were sturke lame.
His cuple he clapt berwyth his legs wayne,
Lest he should be deseried by his trayne.

Being within, the Kibbe made him good glee,
All for the lone of the glasse he did see.

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
 And tell many tellings of this, and that:
 And how he could shewe many a fine knock,
 Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
 All sawe a bell, which he left behind
 In the bas-ket for the Kidde to fynd.
 Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
 He popt him in, and his bas-ket did latch,
 He stayed he once, the doze to make fast,
 But ranne awaye with him in all hast.
 Home when the doubtfull Dammie had her hyde,
 She mought see the doze stand open wyde.
 All agast, lowly she gan to call
 Her Kidde: but he would answer at all.
 Tho on the slope she sawe the merchandise,
 Of which her sonne had sente to bere a pyse.
 What helpe her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
 Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great moone.
 Such end had the Kidde, for he would warned be
 Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:
 And such end perdie does all hem remayne,
 That of such fallers freendship bene sayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
 Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
 Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale boytowe
 For our sir Iohn, to say to moytowe
 At the Kerke, when it is holliday:
 For well he meanes, but little can say.
 But and if Foxes bene so crafty, as so,
 Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS.

Of their fallshode moze could I recount.
 But now the bright Sonne gymeth to dismount:
 And for the deawie night now doth nye,
 I hold it best for vs, home to hye.

Palin-



Do that in youth, no more



A 111
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and

Ex libris

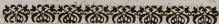
Imprinted at London by Hugh
Singleton, dwelling in Creech lane
at the signe of the gylden
Tunnere vnde
Lodgate.

Palinodes Embleme.

Non est enim cinerem.

Piers his Embleme.

The 2. of the 1. of the 1. of the 1.



GLOSSE.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selves with pleasure of feldes, and gardens, and garnements.

Blonckett boeries) gray coates. Yelack) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In euery where) a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

Bushetts) a Diminutiue, i. little bushes of Hawthorne. Kirke) church. Quene) please.

A shole) a multitude spoken of fish, whereof some going in great companies, are hyde to swimme in a shole.

Yode) vvent. Iouy) since) ioye. Sevinck) labour, Italy) entirely Faytours) vagabonds.

Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepherds, which calleth himselfe the greates and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotens, which is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fift booke de Preparat. Euang; who theof telleth a proper storie to that purpose. VVhich story is first recorded of Plutarch in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Laurence translated in his booke of vvalking sprights. who sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemption of man, certain passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Isles called Panx, heard a voyce calling slowde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus vvas the name of an Egyptian, which was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing care to the cry, was bidden, vvhen he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan vvas dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that vvhen he came to Palodes, there sodrinly vvas such a calme of winde, that the shippe stode still in the sea vnmoued, he vvas forced to cry slowd, that Pan was dead; wherevvithall there was heard suche piteous outcries and dreadfull shrieking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhych Pan, though of some he vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdom at that time vvas by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchanted spirits, that vvore wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demand of the Emperoure Tibenias, who that Pan should be, answere vvas made him by the vvise, & best learned, that it vvas the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am) seemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, Malum laudare multi omnes quam militemere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as would, for vvould not.

The vvith them) doth imitate the Epitaph of the rycous king Sardanapalus; vvhych

caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke, which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

22 Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque excurrit libido

23 Hæsit, at illa manent, multa ac præclara relictæ.
which may thus be turned into English.

24 All that I ate did I enjoy, and all that I greedily gorged:

25 As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erie of Deuonshire, which though much more vvisedome bewaileth, then Sandunpaul, yet hath a sinacke of his sensuall delights and beaustinellie theymes be these.

26 Ho, Ho, who lies here?

27 I the good Erie of Deuonshire,

28 And Maude my wife, that was his deare,

29 VVe liued together lv. yeare.

30 That vve spent, vve had:

31 That vve gaue, vve haue:

32 That vve lesse, vve lost.

Algrim) the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Laymen. Enauenter) least that, Soutraunce) remembrance. Misceuaunce) despight or misbeliust.

Cheuaunce) sometime of Chaucer vsed for game, sometime of other for spoyle, or boone, or enterprise, and sometime for chetivome.

Pan himselfe) God, according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Leuie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for GOD himselfe was their inheritance.

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfeite keyes, open a wide gate to all wickednesse and insulent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to stony fatherly rule and godly gouernance (as some maliciously of late haue done to the great vnrulle and hinderaunce of the Church) but to displye the pride and disorder of such, as in the roole of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of their sheepe.

Source) wellspring and originall.

Borrowe) pledge or suretie.

The Graunte) is the greate Atlas, whom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in deede a merueilous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which to mans seeming perceeth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrey (of vvhome may bee, that that he had his denomination) brother to Prometheus (who as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the flames, by an excellent imagination. Wherefore the poetes feigned, thus he susteyned the firmaments on his shoulders. Many other coniectures neede lesse be told herof.

VVuarke) vvorke.

Encheuon) cause, occasion.

Deare borrow) that is our sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

VVyen) blame. Nought setineth) is vnsenely.

Coniect) strife contention.

How) they, as vsith Chaucer.

Han) for haue.

Sam) together.

Thus

Therelof much like to that in *Allops* fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farr different. By the Kilde may be vnderfloode the fimple forte of the faithfull and true Christians. By hys dame *Chafte*, that hath alreadye with carefull watch- words (as here dooth the goate) vwarned his litle ones, to beware of fuch doub- ling deceit. By the Foxe, the falfe and faithlesse Papiftes, to vyhom is no credite to be giuen, nor felowshippe to be vsed.

The goate) the Goate: Northemly spoken to turne Q into A. Yode) went. afforeſayd She ſer) A figure called *Fictio*, which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and ſpeeches to vnreasonable creatures.

The blooſomes of luſt) be the young and moſſie heares, vvhich then beginne to ſproute and ſhoote forth, when luſtfull heare beginneth to kindle.

And with) A very Poeticall *methe*.

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutor and gouernour.

That vwoed) A poeticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The branch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen ſo) Alluded to the ſaying of *Andromache* to *Aſcanius* in *Virgile*.

Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a percing ſigne.

Liggen) lye.

Maſter of collaſhon) Coloured guile, becauſe the Foxe of al beaſts is moſt wily & crafty. Spens the yate) thus the dore.

For ſuch) The goates ſtumbling is here noted as an euill ſigne. The like to be marked in all hiſtories: and that not the leaſt of the Lorde *Hallingues* in king *Rycharde* the third his dayes. For beſide his dangerous dreame (vvhiche was a threewode prophetic of his miſhap, that folowed) it is ſayd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to ſtue vppon matters of counſell, his horſe ſtumbled & ruiſe or threife by the way: vvhich of ſome, that ryding with hym in his company, were priuie to his perill deſterie, was ſecretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great miſhap, that enſeued. For being then as merie, as man might be, and leaſt doubting any mortall danger, he was with in two horres after, of the Tyranne put to a ſhamefull death.

As belles) by ſuch triſles we noted, the reliques and ragges of popiſh ſuperſtition, which put no final religion in Belles; and Babes. I. Idoles and ghables. I. Pares, and ſuch lyke trumperies.

Great cold) For they boalt much of their outward patience, and voluntarie ſufferaunce as a vvorke of meane and lowly humbleneſſe.

Serues S. Chaſtic. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely ſpeche, to haue charitye alwayes in their mouth, and ſometime in their outward Actions, but neut inwardly in fayth and goodly zeale.

Clippe) a key hole. VVhoſe diſſimulative is cluſter, ofed of *Chancer* for a Key. *Scornes*) ſerues: aforeſayde. *His leue*) his leſſon. *Mixed*) mingled. *Beſt*) beſt, agnering to the perſon of a beaſt. *Sibbe*) a ſynne. *Neuvel*) a neuue doing. *To foreſhall*) to prauent. *Gleſ*) chate, aforeſayde. *Deare*) price. his lyfe, vvhich he loſt for thoſe robes.

Such ende is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, vvhich purpoſe is to wane the proſtitute beware, howe they gett into the ſnare of the wyllfull

Carholique: whereof we haue dayly proofer sufficient, but one moode famous of all praised of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the mynth.

Fayne) gladd or desirous.

Our (e lohn) a Popishe priest, A saying fit for the gospentle of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte vnlearned Priests.

Dismount) descende or let.

Nye) draweth nere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falschod breedeth mistrust in the mynd, thinking nolesse guile to lacke in others, then in himselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replyeth with another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, what sayth then is there in the saythlesse. For it sayth be the ground of religion, which sayth they dayly false, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

June.



Agloga sexta.

ARGVMENT.

THIS Aglogue is wholly vnto the complayning of Colins ill success 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 friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his Steele Menalcus, another shepheard receiued disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Aglogue.

Hobbinoll.

HOBBINOL. COLIN Clout.



O Colin, here the place, whose pleasant sights
From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde,
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delste?
The simple apple, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:
The grasspe ground with daintye Daphnes dight,
The Diamble bush, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, whych Adam lost.
Here wander map thy flock early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene trost:
Thy louely lapes here mapst thou freely bolste.
But I unhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd, to shouer my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:
Leave me those hilles, where harprough mis to see,
Nor holbush, nor here, nor winding witcher:
And to the dales resort, where shipheards ritch,
And fruitefull flocks bene euery where to see.
Here no night Rauene lodge more black then pitch,
Nor elutchy ghosts, nor gally owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightface Rymphes can chace the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and tringly trodden traces,
Whyll spylers wyne, which dwell on Harasse hight,
Doe make them musick, for their more delight:
And Pan himselte to kisse their chrystall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shinerth bryght:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whyll youth, and course of carelesse yeres

Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did Ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reioyne,
My fancye che from former follies moue
To shapd steps for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which weyen old above)
And upawth newe delights with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pyper
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vntype,
To giue my Rosalind, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but peeres more rype,
And lasse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wyper.

HOBBINOLL

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelapes,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I more delight, then 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 rapes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cherishing,
Or hold they? peace, for shame of thy sweete laper.

I sawe Calliope myth Muses moe, on a boughe shadie
Soone as thy oaten pyper began to sound,
They? puoyp Daptes and Tamburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound:
But when they came, where thou thy skall didst howe,
They dyewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheards to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN

Of Muses Hobbinoll, I coune no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest Tour,
And holden scoyne of homely shepheards quill.

For such I heard, that Pan with Phoebe stroue,
 Which him to much rebuke and Daunger moue:
 I neuer lyst presume to Parasse hpyll,
 But pypping lowe in shade of lowly groue,
 I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blaine,
 He strue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
 With shepheards sutes not, followe syng same:
 But feede his flocke in fields, where falls him best,
 I wrote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest:
 The spiter they, my carefull case to frame:
 Enough is me to paint out my vnrrest,
 And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards Tyrrus is dead,
 Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
 He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
 Of shepheards all, that bene with loue peake:
 Well couth he wayle hys woes, and lightly flake
 The flames, which loue within his heart had bredde,
 And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
 The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wapt in lead,
 (O why should death on hym such outrage shoue?)
 And all hys passing I kil with him is fedde,
 The same whereof doth daly greater groue.

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

Then should my plaints, cause of offence,
 As messengers of all my painfull plighte,
 Flye to my loue, where ever that she bee,
 And pierce her heart with paynt of woe, wright
 As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.

And thou *Mencas*, that by trecherie
Didst undersong my lasse, to were so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanie.

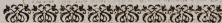
But since I am not, as I with I were;
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witness all of thys so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose stowe is more a weede,
And faultlesse sayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyes on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

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

Colins Embleme.

Gia speme spenta.



GLOSSE.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soyle, wherein Hobbinoll made his shade, to that earthly Paradise in scripture called Eden; wherein Adam in his first creation was placed. VVhich of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile and pleasant country in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Siculus* description of it, in the historie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof.) Lying betwene the two famous Rivers (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is so denominate.

Forlake the soyle) That is no poetical fiction, but vndernedy spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of penaine aspires (as I have bene partly of himselfe informed)

(*As he is informed*) and for his most perfect remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those bylles) that is the North countrey, where he dwelt. *Nis*) is not. *The Dales*) The Southparts, where he now abydeth, which thought they be full of bylles and woodes (for Kent is very byllye and woodye, and therefore so called: for Kanth in the Saxons tongue significth woodie) yet in respect of the Northparts they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrey.

Night Ravens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, bee meaneith all misfortunes (Whereof they be tokens) flying every where.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancie opinion of Elfes out of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such things, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bold Friers and knauith shauelings so feigned, which as in all other things, so in that, foughte to nouell the comen people in ignorance, lest being once acquainted with the truth of things, they woulde in tyme fauell out the vnt ruth of theyr packed polle and Massepenie religion. But the fauth is, that when all Italy was distraite into the Factions of the Guelles and the Gibelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefs and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr children at any tyme were frowarde and vnsauie, they would say to them that the Guelle or the Gibeline came.

Which words nowe from them (as many thinge els) be come into our vlage, and for Guelles and Gibelines, we say Elfes & Goblins. No otherwile then the Frenchme used to say of that vobaine captein, the very scourge of France, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Earle of Shrewsbury; whose nobleste deed such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies were defaced & put to flight at the onely hearing of his name. In somuch that the French wemen, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vniuersall but foure, yet in respect of many gyftes of bounty, there may be sayde more. And so Muscus sayth, that in Hierocytber eye there litle a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, this same Poete in his *Paganes* sayth. An hundred Graces on her eyete lde litle, &c.

Haydegues) A country danee or rovynd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe danee vnto the Muses, and Pan his musike all night by Moone light. To signifie the pleasantnesse of the soyle.

Peetes) Equales and fellow shepheards. *Quentaples vnripe*) imitating Virgils verse. Ipse ego cana legam ventera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groves) a straunge phrase in English, but vvoed for vvoed expressing the Latine *vicina nemora*.

Spring) not of vvaier, but of young trees springing. *Calliope*) afforesayde. *This strafe* is is full of verse poetical inuention. *Tamburina*) an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phœbus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo struing for excellencie

G.

excellencie

June.

cellencye in musike,chose Midas for their iudge. VWho being corrupted wryth
partiall affection,gaue the victorie to Pan vnderferued:for vvhich Phœbus sette
a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer,hath bene already sufficiently sayde,& by
this more playne appeareth,that he sayth,he tolde merye tales.Such as be hyt
Canterburie tales.vvhom he calleth the God of Porters for hys excellencie, so
as Tullie calleth Lenculus,Deum vitæ suæ. Like God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie. O vwhy) A pretty Epanonthis or correction.

Discurtie)he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, haddē
chosen another.

Poynte of worthy witte] the plicke of deserued blame.

Ménalcas] the name of a shephearde in Virgile; but here is meant a person vndowne
and secrete, agaynst vvhome he often bitterly inuayeth.

vnderfonge] vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember,that in the fyrst Aglogue,Colins Poësie vvas Anchors speme: for that
as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme.But nowre being cleane
sodome and reiected of her,as whose hope,that was,is cleane extinguished and
turned into despayre, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to
come.vvhich is all the meaning of this Embleme.





Ægloga septima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherdes, and to the shame and dispraysse of proude and ambitious Pa-
 HOURS. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin.

Morrell.

I do not thinke same a gotcheard proude,
 that sittes on ponde bancke,
 whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
 among the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iolly shepheards wayne,
 come vp the hll to me:
 Better is, then the lowly playne,
 als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah God shield, man, that I should clime,
 and learne to looke alofte,
 This reede is ryse, that ostentime
 Great clymbers fall vnsoft.

Iuly.

In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so trickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared by
his fyriefooted teme,
Baking his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of nopsome breath,
Whose balefull barking bynges in hast
pene, plagues, and deerey death.
Agaynst his cruell scoptching heate
where hast thou couerture?
The wastefull hylls unto his threate
is a playne ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can sayne.

Mottell.

Spher, thou'st but a laesle loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with sond termes, and wretlesse woordes
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylls to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stond,
and of them han they name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne coster
And of S. Vygets bowpe I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that con of Gules I kill,
sayne most what, that they dwell
(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.

And

And wounded not the great God Pan,
upon mount Olinet:

Feeding the blessed flocke of Pan,
which dyd himselfe beget:
Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloupy sweat
from Molues, that would them teare.
Mortel.

Beside, as holy fathers sayne,
there is a hyllpe place,
Where *Titan* ryseth from the mayne,
to renne hys dayly race.

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

There is the cane, where *Phoebe* laped,
the shepheard long to dreame.

Whilome there used shepheards all
to feede theyr flocks at will,

Till by his folke one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.

And sithens shepheardes bene forslayd
from places of delight:

For thy I weene thou be affrayd,
to clime this hillies height.

Of *Synab* can I tell thee moze,
And of our *Ladys* bowyer:

But little needes to strow my stowe,
suffice this hill of our.

Here han the holy *Fanges* resourse,
and *Syluans* haunten rather.

Here has the salt *Bedway* his course,
wherein the *Nymphes* doe bathe.

The salt *Bedway*, that trickling *Arctis*
adowne the pales of *Kenti*:

Iulye.

Till with his elder brother Themis
 His blackish waues be meynt.
 Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
 and *Teribint* good for Gotes:
 The one, my madding kiddes to sincere,
 the next, to heale theyr thyotes.
 Pereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,
 and thence the passage ethe.
 As well can proue the piercing leuyn,
 that feeldome falls bynethe.

Thomalin.

Spher thou speakes lyke a letwde loyrell,
 of Heauen to demen so:
 How be I am but rude and boyrell,
 yet nearer wayes I knowe.
 To Kerke the narre, from God moze sarre,
 has bene an old sayd sawe.
 And he that strives to touch the starres,
 oft stumbles at a strawe,
 Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
 that leades in lowly dales,
 As Goteherd proued that sitting hys,
 vpon the Mountaine saples.
 Myr seely sheepe like twell belowre,
 they neede not *Melampode*:
 For they bene hale enough, I troowe,
 and liken theyr abode.
 But if they with thy Gotes shoulde pede,
 they soone myght be corrupted:
 Or like not of the frowie fode,
 or with the weedes be glatted.
 The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
 I reuerence and adore:
 Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts,
 Which han be dead of yore.
 And nowe they bene to heauen sojournent,
 theyr good is with them goe:

Ther

They? sample onely to vs lent,
 That als we mought doe soe.
 Shepheards they weren of the best,
 and liued in lowlye leas:
 And sith they? soules bene now at rest,
 why done we them discase?
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard
 old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 and liued with little gayne:
 As mecke he was, as mecke mought be,
 simple, as simple sheepe,
 Humble, and like in eche degree
 the flocke, which he did keepe.
 Often he bled of hys keepe
 a sacrifice to bying,
 Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe
 the Altars hallowing.
 So loued he vnto hys Lord,
 such favour couth he fynd,
 That sickness neuer was abhoyd,
 the simple shepheards kynd.
 And such I weene the brethren were,
 that came from Canaan:
 The brethren twelue, that kepte pſtere
 the flockes of mighty Pen.
 But nothing such thilk shephearde was,
 whom I do hyll vpd beare,
 That lest 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 letwde lust was ouerlayd:
 tway things doen ill agree:
 But shepheard mought he mecke and mylde,
 well eyed, as Argus was,

With fleshy follyes undekyled,
 and stoute as Steele of byasse.
 Like one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
 that sawe hys makers face,
 His face more cleare, then Christall glasse,
 and spake to him in place.
 This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
 the first of all his coite,
 A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
 as he that earst I hote.
 Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,
 and loued their flocks to feede,
 They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
 and simple was theyr weede.
 But now (thanked be God therefore)
 the world is well amend,
 Their weedes bene not so nighly woie,
 such simpleste mought them spend:
 They bene pclad in purple and pall,
 so hath theyr god them blis,
 They reigne and rulen ouer all,
 and lord it, as they list,
 Dgert with beltes of glitterand gold,
 (mought they good sheepeheards bene)
 Theyr Ban theyr sheepe to them has lode,
 I saie as some haue seene
 For *Palinode* (if thou him ken) high and purdoun
 pobe late on *Pilgrimage*
 To *Rome*, (if such be *Rome*) and then
 he sawe thilke misusage.
 For sheepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
 as *Loydes* done other where,
 Theyr sheepe han cristles, and theyr the bread:
 the chippes, and theyr the chere:
 They han the fleerce, and eke the flesch,
 (I seely sheepe the while)
 The coine is theyr, let other thely,
 their hands theyr may not file.

They han great fiores, and thyfthe flockes,
 great freendes and feeble foes:
 What neede hem caren for their flockes?
 they hopes can looke to those.
 These wilards welre in welchs waues,
 pampped in pleasures deepe,
 They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
 their fasting flockes to keepe.
 Sike miſter men bene all miſgone,
 they heauen bylles of wpath:
 Sike ſpylpe ſhepheards han we none,
 they keepen 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 melling.
 Thou mebleſt moze, then ſhall haue thanke,
 to tupten ſhepheards welth:
 When folke bene fat, and riches ranche,
 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 daye he ſat vpon a hyl,
 (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 ſoyed hpe,
 That weening hys whpce head was chalke,
 a ſhell fiſh dowe let ſpe:
 She weind the ſhell fiſhe to haue byoake,
 but therewith bynd his byayne,
 So now aſtoniſhed with the ſtroke,
 he lyes in lingring payne.

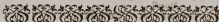
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Morrell.

More. *Let's be in one, as if we were in one*
Oh good Algrin, his hap was ill, and as if we were in one
 but shall be better in time. *of which we are in one*
Now farewell they heare, with this hymn *and as if we were in one*
 thou hast such doubt to climbe. *and as if we were in one*

Palimpsest Embleme.
In medio virtus.

Merrells Embleme.
In summo felicitas.



GLOSSE.

A Goosehead] By Gotes in scynpaine he represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour also must needs be such.

Bank] is the state of honor. **Straying heard]** which wander out of the way of truth. **Als]** for also. **Clymbe]** spoken of Ambition. **Great clymbers]** according to Seneca his verse, *Decidunt celsi granioze lapus.* **Mickle]** much.

The soune] A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching sunne, according to the time of the year, whiche is the whyndest moneth of all.

The Cyp and Diademe] Be two signes in the Firmament, through which the soune maketh his course in the moneth of July.

Lion] Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Surne did hunt a Lion with one Dogge. The meaning wherof is, that in July the soune is in Leo At which tyme the Dogge starre, which is called Syrius or Canicula reigne th, with immoderate heate causing Pestilence, droughth, and many diseases.

Overture] an open place. The word is borrowed of the French, & used in good writers To holden court) to talke and prate.

A laorde] was vrent among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped the Tyrannie here in Brytanie, were called for more dread and dignitie, *Lurdanes.* Lord Danes. At which tyme it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation was so outrageous in this Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton so be going over a bridge, and sawe the Dane set foorre vpon the same, he woulde retorne back, till the Dane were cleane ower, or els abyde the payce of his displeasure, which was no lesse then present death. But being afterwarde expelled that name of *Lurdane* became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this daye they use for more reproche, to call the Quartaue *agat* the Feber *Lurdane*.

Becks much of thy fauour] countes which of thy parties. *VVe are all in one vnderhoode.* S. Michels

- S. Michels mount) is a promontoire in the VVest part of England.
- A hill) Parnassus afforesyd. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation. per Synecdochen.
- VVhere Titan) the Sonne. VVhich story is to be redde in Diodoros Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee scene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, which towzard morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and therof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan.
- The Shepheard) is Endymion, vvhom the Poets sayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phebe, the Moone, that he vvvas by her kepte a sleepe in a caue by the space of axxi years, for to enioye his companye.
- There) that is in Paradise, vvhether through error of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys offspring be debaied & shunne our from chence.
- Synai) a hill in Arabia, vvhether God appeared.
- Our Ladyes boverye) a place of pleasure so called.
- Faunes or Syluans) be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the VVoods.
- Medway) the name of a Ryuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames, whom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.
- Meyne) mingled. Melampode and Terebinth) be herbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thome speaketh Maimon, and of another Theophrast.
- Nigher heuen) Note the shepheards simplicitie, vvhich supposeth that from the hyls is nearer waye to heuen.
- Leuin) Lightning; which he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth commonly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. Feruenteque summis fulmina montes.
- Lorell) A loell. A borell) a playne fellowe. Nare) neier.
- Hale) for hole. Yede) goe. Frovyre) mustye or mossie.
- Of yore) long agoe. Forevvente) gone afaire.
- The fittle shepheard) vvvas Abell the righteous, vvho (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the ground.
- His keepe) hys charge & his flocks. Lowted) did honour and reuerence.
- The brethren) the twelve sonnes of Iacob, vvhych vvvere shepemaisters, and lyued one lyc therupon.
- VVhom Ida) Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, vvhich being vvith child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyl Ida; vvhere being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to knowledge of his parentage.
- A lisse) Helena the wyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvvas by Venus for the golden Apple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who therupon vvith a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, which vvvas the cause of the tenne years warre in Troye, and the most famous citye

of all Asia most lamentably sicked and defaced. Argus) was of the Poets desired to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Corvloe: So called because that in the print of a Corvles foot, there is figured an I in the midst of an O. His name) he meaneth Aaron whose name for more Decorum, the shepherde sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembrance and Skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meanes of the Person.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses flattered aside, and committed Idolitry. In purple) Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalls, which use such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting.

Glitterand) Glittering a Participle used sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greatest shephard.

Palinode) A shepherde, of whose report he seemeth to speake all this.

VVifards) great learned heads. VVdler) walkove. Kerne) a Churle or Farmer.

Salte miller men) such kinde of men. Sudy) standy and provide. Melling) meddling.

Bere) better. Bynempe) named. Gree) for degree.

Algrin the name of a shephard aforesayde, whose myshap he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet Aeschylus, that was brayned with a threllibe.

Embleme.

By this poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, which in his former speech by sondry reasons he had proued for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of his core, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the midst, being environed with two contrary vices: whereunto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bounty dwelleth in mediocritye, yet perfect felicitye dwelleth in supremacie. for they say, and most true it is, that happynesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happenes. Much like to that, which once I heard alleged in defence of humillitye out of a great doctour, Socrum Chastus humillimus: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again with lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. Socrum deus altissimus.





Ægloga octaua.

ARGVMENT.

*I*N this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereunto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpires of their strife, Cuddie a neat heards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin be sayth was Author.

VVilbye.

Perigot.

Cuddie.

Tell me Perigot, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou darest thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagppes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benomd with ache?

Perigot.

Oh Wilbye, when the hart is ill assayed,
How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be well apayed?

VVilbye.

What the soule euill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou wast peregall to the best,
And wost to make the iolly shepheards gladd
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

H. 3.

Perigot

August.

Perigot.

Ah willye, now I haue leard a netwe daunce;
By old musick mard by a netwe mischaunce.

VVillye.

Wischiefe mought to that netwe mischaunce befall,
That so hath rast vs of our meriment.
But recde me, what payne both thee so appall?
O; louest thou, or bene thy poungeings nishwent?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled both my poungeings, and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

VVillye.

Perdie and wellawaye: ill may they thine:
Neuer knewe I louers theere in good plight.
But and if in ryues with me thou dare strine,
Such fond fanfies shall soone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I doe, though moche ill worke I fared:
Neuer shall be sayde that Perigot was dard.

VVillye.

Then loe Perigot the pledge, which I plight:
A mazer pynpought of the Haple warre:
Wherein is enchaufed many a fayne sight
Of Vires and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Vite twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Mofnes lawes:
But see, how fast renneth the Shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his shepheooke hath him slayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne powder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis like another:
For I brought him by without the Damb.
But Colin Clein taste me of his brother,

That

That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Soze against my will was I forst to yeld.

Willie.

Dicker make like account of his brother.
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or losse?

Perigot.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pouste yetherward doth pass.

Willie.

But for the Sunnebeame so soze doth vs beate,
Were not better, to shunne the scorching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed Willie: then sitte thee downe swayne:
Like a song neuer hearddest thou, but Colin sing.

Caddis.

Spune, when ye list, ye folly shepheards thwapne:
Like a nidge, as Caddis, were for a king.

Perigot.

Willie.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.

Per.

Will.



I sell vpon a holly cue,
hey ho hollidape,
When holly fathers went to shiue:
now gynneth this roundelap.
Sitting vpon a hill so hye,
hey ho the high hyll,

The while my flocke did feede thereby,
the while the shepheard selle did spill:

I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
hey ho Bonibell,

Cripping ouer the dale alone,
he can trippe it very well:

Well decked in a frocke of gray,
hey ho gray is greete,

And in a kirtle of greene lape,
the greene is for maydens nicete:

A chapelet on her head she wore,
hey ho chapelet,

Of sweete Violets therein was stowe,
she sweeter then the Violet.

August.

Per. My sheepe did leaue they wonted foode;
 Wil. hey ho sheely sheepe,
 Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,
 Wil. Moode as he, that did them keepe.
 Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
 Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
 Per. She roud at me with glauncing eye,
 Wil. as cleare as the chrysell glasse:
 Per. All as the Summe beame so bryght,
 Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
 Per. Glaunceth from Phoebus face forthright,
 Wil. so loue into my hart did streame:
 Per. O as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
 Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
 Per. Wherein the lightesome lewin shroudes,
 Wil. so cleaues thy soule a londer:
 Per. O as Dame Cynthia silver rape
 Wil. hey ho the Moone light,
 Per. Upon the glyttering wane doth playe:
 Wil. such play is a pittorous plight.
 Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
 Wil. hey ho the glyder,
 Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
 Wil. such woundes soone weren wyde.
 Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
 Wil. hey ho Perigot,
 Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
 Wil. it was a desperate shot.
 Per. There it ranckleth ay more and more,
 Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
 Per. He can I find salue for my soze:
 Wil. loue is a carelesse sorowe.
 Per. And though my bale with deatch I boughte,
 Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
 Per. Yet shoulde thilk lasse not from my thought:
 Wil. so pou may buye gold to deare.

But

The generall argument of the whole booke.



Iule I hope needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Æglogues*, having alreadye touched the same. But for the word *Æglogues* I knowe is unknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I vwill say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called *Æglogai* as it were *αἰγῶν ἢ ἀγρῶν ποιησις*, that is Goetheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be most shepheards, and Goetheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that detriuing, as from the first head and vvelspring the whole Inscription of his *Æglogues*, maketh Goetheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossness of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleoue that they are more tightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of vnecessary matter, which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowher answereth with the *derivation* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*, which sentence this author very vvell obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede few Goetheards haue to doe herin, not thelesse doubteth not to call the by the vved and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reftuse to greater occasion. These *xij. Ælogues* eury where answering to the seasons of the twelue monethes may be vvell deuided into three formes or rankes. For epyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the first, the cleuenth, & the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, which conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Morall: which for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitterness, namely the second of reuerence deuue to old age, the fift of coloured deceit, the seuenth and ninth of disloue shepheards & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poesie & pleafant vrts. And to this diuision may eury thing herein be reasonably applied: A few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these *xij. Ælogues*. Now vwill we speake particularly of all, and first of the first. which be calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulded, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stoutly maineyned with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March, for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refretheth the earth, and the pleafance thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now vrgent away, reliueth. This opinion may reueue the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which account alio vvas generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But fassing the leaue of such learned heads, we may imagine a custome of comming the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer could conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compass of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his beire a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next, which reckoning beside that eternall monument of our saluation, beareth alio vpon good proofs of

special iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the compe of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Caesar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is layd in Scripture) commanded the people of the Iewes to count the moneth Abil, that vvluch we call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Egypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene other wise observed, both in government of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Caesar vvhich first observed the leape yere which he called Bissextilem Annus, and brought in to a more certain course the odde vvhandering dayes which of the Greekes were called *ephephoruni*. of the Romanes *intercalares* (for in such manner of leaping I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene numbered xij. which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but tenne, counting but CCCiij. dayes in euery yere, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, vvhich was the father of al the Roman ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither vvvith the course of the sunne, nor of the Moone, thereto added two monethes, January and February: wherein it seemeth, that vvise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yere at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called *tanquam Ianua anni* the gate and entrance of the yere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth & beginning of all creatures new comming into the vvorld, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the yere. which account for the most part hath hitherto continued. Notwithstanding that the Egyptians beegine their yere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the scripture itselfe, God made the vvorld in that Moneth, that is called of them Tissi. And therefore he commanded them, to keepe the feast of Passions in the end of the yere, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting neither the subtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of thocher, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to begin vvith Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decoru, that September should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtful indgment. So therefore beeginneth he, & so continueth he throughout.



Epistle.

judgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirit had newly raiſed them about the meaneneſſe of common capacitie. And being in the middelt of all theyr brainery, ſuddenly eyther for want of matter, or of tyme, or hauing for gotten theyr former conceits, they ſeeme to be ſo pained and trauailed in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth or as that ſame Pythia, vvhhen the trauunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum ſera corda domans &c.

Notwithſtand ſet them a Gods name ſeeds on theyr ovver folly, ſo they ſeek not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder vvhofe perſon the Authour ſelfe is ſhadowed, howe ſurre he is from ſuch vaunted titles and glorious ſhowes, both him ſelfe ſheweth, vvhether he ſayth.

Of Muſes Hobbin. I come no ſull.

And,

Enough is not to paint out my vvreſt, &c.

And alſo appeareth by the baleneſſe of the name, vvherein, it ſemeth, he choſe rather to vnfold great matter of argument covertly, then proſſing it, not ſuffice thereto according ly. vvhich moued him rather in *Æglogues*, then other wiſe to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to ſunniſh our tongue with this kinde, wherein it ſuſteth, or following the example of the beſt & moſt aſſeient Poetes, which deuised this kind of wryting, being both ſo baſe for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the fiſt to trye theyr habilitie? and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the neſt, by little fiſt to proue theyr tender wyngs, before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceiue he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yett well feeling his wynges. So flew Marianne, as being not full ſound. So Petrarque. So Boecæce. So Marot, Sanazarus, and alſo diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, vvhofe ſetting this Author euery vvhether ſollowed, yet ſo as ſew, but they be wel ſentenced can trace him out. So finally ſpeth this our new Poete, as a bird, vvhofe principals be ſtill engraven out, but yet as that in time ſhall be able to keepe wing with the beſt.

Nowe as touching the generall dryft and purpoſe of his *Æglogues*, I mind not to ſay much, him ſelfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vviſhed yowth had long vvwandered in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vvhich time to mitigate and allay the heate of his paſſion, or els to vvarne (as he ſayth) the young ſhepheards. I. his equals and companions of his vviſfortunate folly, he compiled theſe xij. *Æglogues*, vvhich for that they be proportioned to the ſtate of the xij. monthes, he termeth the **SHEPHEARDS CALENDAR**, applying an elde name to a new worke. Hereunto haue I added a certain Gloſſe or ſchoolion for the expoſition of old wordes & harder phraſes: vvhich manner of gloſing and commenting, well I wote, will ſeeme ſtrange & rare in our conuoyer for ſomuch as I knew many excellent & proper deuices both in wordes and matter vvwould paſſe in the ſpeedy courſe of reading, rather as vviſknown, yet as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other vve might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of ſome familiar acquaintance I was made priue to his counſell and ſecret meaning in them, as alſo in ſundry other workes of his, vvhich albeit I know he nothing ſo much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendſhip, him ſelfe being for long time ſure eſtranged, hoping that this will the rather occaſion him, to put forth diuers other excellent workes of his, vvhich ſleepe in ſilence, as his *Dreames*, his *Legendes*, his *Court of Cupide*, and ſundry others; vvhofe commendations to ſet out, were verye

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wayne; the things though worthy of many, yet being known to few. These my present paymes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne good Maister Haruey, to whom I haue both in respect of your vworthinesse generally, and othervvise vpon some particular & special considerations vowed this my labour, and the mayden-head of this our common friends Poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vworthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Mr. Wm. Sidney, a special fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning.) VVhose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall thur vp any wrongful accusation, & send vvvith your mighty Rhetorick & oelher your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shield with your good vvill, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know vvill be set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most special good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartely farewell, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the vvvision of the greatest.

Your owne assuredly to
be commanded E. K.

Post script

NOW I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vvvorthy Quiddams, vvvhich catch at the garland, vvvhich to you alone is deuee, you vvill be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemets of yours, vvvhich lye hid, and being the forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them great wrong in depriving them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserved prayles, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, vvvhich they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, vvvhich in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and super excellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mayster Haruey. from my lodging at London this 10. of April. 1579.

¶ To the most excellent and learned both

Orator and Poete, Master Gabriell Harvey, his

verie special and singular good friend E. K. commendeth the good liking of this his labour,
and the patronage of the
new Poete.

(V.)



VNCOVTHE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete
Chaucer: vvhom for his excellencie and vvonderfull skil in making,
his scholler Lichgate, a worthy scholler of so excellent a maister, cal-
leth the Loadestare of our Language: and vvhom our Colow clout in
his *Aeglogue* calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym
to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. VVhich proueth,

myne owne good friend Ma. Harvey, as in that good old Poete is set-
ted vvell Pandares purpose for the bolstering of his handy brocade, so very vvell taketh
place in this our new Poete, vvho for that he is vncouth (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and
vvnknown to most mē, is regarded but of few. But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall
come into the knowledg of men, and his vvorthines be sound in the tromp of fame,
but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and
vvondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his vvinnesse in deuising his pathi-
nesse in vttering his complaints of wee so lowely his discourtes of pleasure so pleasantly,
his pastorall rudenesse, his morall vviseenesse, his deuote obseruing of Decorum euerye
vvhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and generally in al seemly simpli-
citie of handling his matter, and framing his vvords: the vvich of many thinges vvich
in him be strange, I knowe vvill seeme the straungest, the vvords them selues being so
auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the vvhole Periode & compasse
of speache so delightfome for the roundnesse, and so grace for the straungenesse. And
felte of the vvordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vnused,
yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authores and most famous Poetes. In
vvhom vvhenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and thoroughly redde, howe could
it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that vvalking in the sonne although for other
cause he vvalked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt: and hauing the sound of those aun-
cient Poesies still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing his out some of theyr
tunes. But vvether he vveth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and
choyse as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that
theyr rough sounde vvould make his rymes more ragged and rusticall, or els because such
olde and obsolete vvordes are most vsed of countrie folke, sure I thinke, and thinke I thinke
not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one vvould say, auncientie to the verse. For
albe amongst many other fautes it specially be objected of Valla against Liuid, and of o-
ther against Saluste, that vvith ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as courting there-
by credence and honor of elder yeeres yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are
of the lyke, that those auncient solemne vvordes are a great ornament both in the one &
in the other, the one labouring to set forth in hys vvorks an eternall image of antiquitie,
and the other carefully discourring matters of grauitie and importunee. For if my memo-
ry faile not, Tallye in that booke, vvherin he endevoureth to set forth the patencie of a

perfect Orator, sayth that oftentimes an ancient worde maketh the style seeme graine, and as it were reuerend : no otherwise then we honour and reuerence gray haire for a certain religious regard, which we haue of old age, yet neither euerie where must old words be stuffed in, nor the common Dialectic and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings it time disorderly & ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thicketts and craggy clifts, that by the balenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrue to the principall, for oftentimes we fynde our selfes, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough and harth termes endamine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braye & glorious vwords. So oftentimes a dishorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alostus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a wel shaped body. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vvnorowed vwords, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of vvnlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil iudge of the length of his cast, for in my opinion it is one special prayle, of many vvhych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of vse & almost cleare distented. VVhich is the onely cause, that our Mother tongue, which truely of it selfe is both full enough for profit & stately enough for verse, hath long time ben couered most bare & barrein of both. which default when as some endeouored to salve & cure, they patched up the holes with peeces & raggs of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euerie where of the Latine, nor weighing how it, these tongues accomde vwith themselves, but much worse vwith ours: so now they haue made our English tongue a gallimaufry or bodgepodge of al other speeches. Other some no so wel seme in the English tongue as perhaps in other languages, if shd happen to here an olde word albeie very naturall and significant, crye out straight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Euiders mother spake, whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed in their own mother tongue strangers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they straight way deeme it to be senselesse, and not at al to be vnderstande. Much like to the Mole in *Esopes fable* that being blind her selfe, would inno wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their owne country and naturall speech, which together vwith their Noorces milke they sucked, they haue so base regard and ballard iudgement, that they will not onely themselves not labour to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be erabel lished Like to the dogge in the maigner, that him selfe can eate no hay, did yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so fine would feede. vvhose curiish kind though cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byring.

Now for the knitting of sentences, vvhych they call the ioynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speech, it is round vwithout roughnesse, and learned vwithout hardnes, such indeede as may be percieued of the lesle, vnderstande of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English wyntes vwith to be loose, and as it were vnknit, in this Authour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly stuffed vp together. In regard wherof, I become and spug out the eakendlye route of our ragged rymers (for so shd felues vse to hugt the letter) vvhich vwithout learning bolle, vwithout

iudgement

Per. But whether in paynefull loue I ppyne,
Wil. hey ho pinching payne,
Per. O! thyne in welch, hee shalbe mine.
Wil. but if thou can her obtaine.
Per. And if so; gracelesse greefe I ope,
Wil. hey ho gracelesse grieffe,
Per. Willnesse, hee steeme me with her eyes
Wil. let thy sollpe be the pyrie.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Wil. hey ho the saype flocke,
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
Wil. and none with many a mocke.
Per. So leards I loue on a hollye eue,
Wil. hey ho holidaye,
Per. That euer since my hart did greue.
Wil. now euerth out roundelay.

Caddy.

Sicker like a roundle neuer heard I none,
 Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best.
 And *Willie* is not greatly ouergone,
 So weren his vnderfongs well adrest.

VVillie.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:
 Acrede vprightly, who has the victoize?

Cudlie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
 For thy let the Lambe be *Willie* his owne:
 And so; *Perigot* so well hath hym payned,
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
 He can *Willie* wite the witelesse herdgroome.

VVillie.

Neuer dempt moze right of beautye I weene,
 The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cudlie.

But tell me shepherds, should it not pshend
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull verse

August.

Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, plike can I pou rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle ladde.

Villy.

Fayth of my soule, thou halt p'crouned be
In Colins stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseeth me,
As him to heare, of matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your ppyes as ruthful, as ye may.



Y^e waste full woodes beare witnessse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleasaunt syring hast luld me oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte
Resort of people both my greifs augment, (augment.

The walled townes do worke my greater woe:

The forest wide is fitter to resound

The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,

I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,

Whose waylesfull wail debarres myne eyes from sleepe

Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:

Let all that sweete is, hope: and all that may augment

My doole, by a we neare. Hope meete to wayle my woe,

Bene the wild wooddes my sorrowes to resound,

Then bedde, or bowye, both which I fill with cryes,

When I them see so waist, and synd no part

Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart

In gastfull grone therefore, till my last sleepe

Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment

With light of such a chaunge my restless woe:

Help: me, ye banefull byrds, whose sytcking sound

Is signe of deerey death, my deadly cryes

Most ruthfully to time. And as my cryes
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your ykesome pells augment.
 Thus all the night in plaints, the dape in woe
 I vowed haue to waite, till safe and sound
 She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
 To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.
 Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the moze taugment
 The memozy of hys misdeede, that byed her woe:
 And you that feeles no woe, | when as the sound
 Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,
 Let bpeake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin. Colin. the shepheards toye,
 How I admire ech turning of thy berse:
 And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the liesest boye,
 How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blotue your pyppes shepheards, til you be at home:
 The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

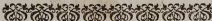
Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chy puo.



GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
 Rafe) bereft, & priued.

Perigall) equall.
 Misserant) gon a stryct.
 L.2.

VVilstone) once.
 Ill may) according
 10

to Virgile.

In felix o semper ovis pecus.

A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.
Enchafed) engrauen. Such pretie descriptions euery vvhether vvhith Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeede he by that name termeth his *Aglogues*: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, vvhich of his booke is full. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but *Hædilia*, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed) vvvrought betwene.

Haruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme. **Pouffe**) Pease.
 It fell vpon Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to vvhom VVilly answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot vvhich is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be, vvhich is supposed, his love deteneth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complain. **Chaplet**) a kind of Garland like a crowne.

Leuen) Lightning. **Cynthia**) vvas sayd to be the Moone. **Gryde**) perced.

But if) not vnlesse. **Squint eye**) partiall iudgement. **Ech haue**) so saith Virgile.
 Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Dooome) iudgement. **Dempt**) for deamed, iudged. **VVine the winelesse**) blame the blamelesse.
 The shephard of Ida) vvas sayd to be Paris.

Beausies Queene) Venus, to vvhome Paris aduoged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning hercof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeie claming the cōquest, & VVillye not yelding, Cuddie the arbitre of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to challenge it, as his deuy, saying, that he is happy vvhich can, so abruptly ending but hce meaneth cyther him, that can vvin the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of vvith the best.





Ægloga Nona.

ARGVMENT.

Herein Diggon Danie is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sceppe into a farre countrie. The abuses whercof, and losse lining of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinolls demaünd, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon Danie.



Diggon Danie, I bidde her god day:

O? Diggon her is, o? I mislaye.

Diggon.

Het was her, while it was daye light,

But now her is a most wretched wight.

For day, that was, is wightly past,

And now at eark the dirke night doth hast.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?

Neuer I wilt thee in so pooze a plight.

Where is the saype flocke, thou was wont to leade?

O? bene they chaffred / o? at mischief dead?

Diggon

September.

Diggon.

Ah for lone of that, is to thee moste leefe,
 Hobbinol, I pray thee gill not my old grieffe:
 Sithe question ripeth by cause of newe woe,
 For one opened more busshes many moe.

Hobbinoll.

Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart
 I know, to kepe, is a burdenous smart.
 Eche thing imparted is moze eath to beare:
 When the rayne is faine, the cloudes wexen cleare,
 And nowe sithence I sawe thy head last,
 Thise thre Hoones bene fully spent and past:
 Since when thou hast measured much grounde,
 And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
 So as thou can many thinges relate:
 But tell me first of thy flockes estate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene wasted, (wae is me therefore)
 The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
 Is nowe noj iollye, noj shephearde moze,
 In forein costes, men sayd, was plente:
 And so there is, but all of miserte.
 I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,
 But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
 In tho countreyes, whereas I haue bene,
 No being for those, that truly mene,
 But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
 No such countrey, as there to remaine.
 They sellen to sale their shoppes of shame,
 And maken a Part of they good name.
 The shepheards there robben one another,
 And laven baytes to beguile her brother.
 O; they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
 O; they will caruen the shepheards throte.
 The shepheards swayne you cannot wel ken,
 But it be by his pyde, from other men:
 They looken bigge as Bulls, that beue bate,

And

And beate the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranch.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanch,
That woth may I stand any more:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,
Beating the withered lease from the tree.

Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the shoude,
That euer I cast to haue loyne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so sonde,
To leaue the good, that I had in haunde,
In hope of better, that was brcouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome bid to keepe,
All were they lustye, as thou dost see,
Vene all sterued with pyne and penurce.
Hardly my selfe escaped thiske payne,
Dziuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll.

Ah son, now by thy lasse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning late:
But who will seeke for unknowne gayne,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was betwiche
With dayne desyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ap greater, when it is farther.

September.

I thought the foyle would haue made me rich:
 But nowe I wote, it is nothing lich.
 For eyther the shepheards bene yole and still,
 And ledder of theyr sheepe, what way they wyl:
 Or they bene falsse, and full of couetise,
 And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.
 But the more bene freight with fraud and spight,
 Me in good nor goodnes taken delight:
 But kindle coales of contek and pye,
 Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:
 Which when they thincken agayne to quench
 With holy water, they doen hem all brench.
 They saie they con to heauen the high way,
 But by my soule I dare vnderlaye,
 They neuer sette foote in that same troade,
 But bask the right way, and strapen aboad.
 They boast they han the deuill at commaunde:
 But aske hem therfore, what they han pound.
 Harrie that great Feu bought with deare boyrold,
 To quite it from the blacke howse of sorowe.
 But they han sold thilk same long agoe:
 For thy wouldest byawke with hem many moe.
 But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
 As they han byewed, so let hem beate blame.

Hobbinell.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so vike,
 Such myster saying me seemeth to mlike.

Diggon.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
 Badde is the best (this english is flut.)
 Their ill hauiour garres men missay,
 Both of their doctrine, and of their saye.
 They sayne the world is much war then it wone,
 All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
 Oher sayne, but howe truely I note,
 All for they holden shame of theyr cote.
 Somme like not to say, (whote cole on her tongue)

That

That like mischiefe graſeth hem among,
 All ſay they caſten too much of worlde care,
 To reche her Dame, and enrich her heppe:
 For ſuch encheaſon, If you goe nye,
 Fewe chymaets reeking you ſhall eſpye:
 The ſatte Ope, that wont ligge in the ſtal,
 Is nowe ſat ſtalled in her crumenall.
 Thus charren the people in theyr ſteads,
 Ylike as a Houſter of many heads.
 But they that ſhooten neceſſe the pycke,
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
 For bigge Bulles of Beſan byace hem about,
 That with theyr hoynes butten the moze ſtoute:
 But the leane ſoules treaden vnder foote.
 And to ſeek redreſſe mought little boote:
 For liker bene they to pluck away moze,
 Then ought of the gotten good to reſtoze.
 For they bene like ſoule wagmoires ouergraſt,
 That if thy galage once thicketh laſt,
 The moze to wind it out thou doeſt ſwinck,
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper ſinck.
 Yet better leaue of with a little loſſe,
 Then by much wyſſling to leeſe the groſſe.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I ſee thou ſpeaketh to plaine:
 Better it were, a little to ſeyne,
 And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.
 Such il, as is ſoyced, mought nedes be endured
 But of ſike paſſoures howe done the ſlackes creepe?

Diggon.

Sike as the ſhepheards, ſike bene her ſheepe,
 For they will liſten to the ſhepheards voyce,
 But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
 They wander at wil, and ſtroy at pleaſure,
 And to theyr foldes peeld at their owne leaſure.
 But they had be better come at their call:
 For many han into miſchiefe fall,

R.

And

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September.

And bene of ravenous Woldes prent,
All for they woulde be butome and bent.

Hobbinol.

Ipe on thee Diggon, and all thy soule leasing,
Well is knowne that sith the Saxen king,
Neuer was Woulfe seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Woldes (the soth to sayne,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secreete wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely ppolling two and thre,
Enaunter they mought be indy knowe.

Hobbinol.

O, priue or perre of any bene,
We han great Bandogs will teare their skinne.

Diggon.

Indeepe thy hall is a bold bigge curre,
And coulde make a iolly hole in thoyr furre.
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chase,
But heedye shepheards to discerne their face.
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
The bene so graue and full of mayntenance.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Rosslyn not long ygoe?

Hobbinol.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe hope,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my tope)
Shepheards sith, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefullly they flockes tend.

Diggon

Diggon.

Think same sheheard mought I well nathe:
 He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,
 Better had sheheard to heare a kurre,
 That waketh, and if but a lease thurre.
 Whilome there wooned a wicked Wolfe,
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulse.
 And ever at night went to repaype
 Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
 Pladd in clothing of seely sheepe,
 When the good old man used to sleepe.
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
 (For he had eft learned a curre's call.)
 As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.
 With that the sheheard would breake his sleepe,
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
 To rounge the fields with wide open throte.
 Tho when as Lowder was farre awaie.
 This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
 A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wast:
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast,
 Long time he used this slippery pranch,
 Ere Rossy could for his laboure him thanck
 At end the sheheard his practise spred,
 (For Rossy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
 And when at even he came to the flocke,
 Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
 And tooke out the Wolfe in his countersect cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Diggon.

Harry Diggon, what should him astape,
 To take his owne where euer it laye?
 For had his weland bene a little wider,
 He would have denoured both hidder & thidder.

Diggon.

Bischops light on him, and Gods great curse,
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse:

R. 2.

For

September.

Fox it was a perfious beast alone all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow chote,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.

The dog his masters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the doze,
And ranne out, as he was wont of poze.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:
And had not Rossy renne to the steven,
Lowder had be flaine thilke same even.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill have thine,
All for he did his deuoyr beline.
If like bene Molues, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
For fallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with shepheard liues not playe,
O sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer ligger in watch and ward,
From soddein force they flocke for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
We bene of fleshe, men as other be.
Why should we be bound to such miserie?
What euer thing lacketh changeable rest,
Pough it needes dec: p, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me foxhaille.
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll

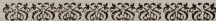
Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
 The haplesse mischick, that has thee hent,
 Netherlesse thou seest my lowly saile,
 That froward fortune doth euer auaille.
 But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
 Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.
 But if to my corage thou wilt resort,
 So as I can: I wil thee comfort:
 There mayst thou ligge in a betchp bed,
 Till saynt Fortune shewe forth his head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite.
 Diggon on fewe such freends did euer liue.

Diggon's Embleme.

Fröpem me copia fecit.

G L O S S E.

The Dialecte and phrased of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, vwho being very frend to the Author hereof, had bene long in foraine countreyes, and there seene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, vwhereof comeneth beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde has beades. i. to saye his prayers.

VVightly) quicklye, or sodenlye. Chaffed) sold. Dead at mischick) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe) deare. Eibe) easie. These three moones) nine monethes. Measured) for trauced.

VVae) vwoe Northenly. Eked) encreased. Caruen) cutte. Kennet) knowe.

Cragge) neck. Scare) stoutly. Stanck) wearie or fainte.

And nowre) He applyeth it to the tyme of the yeare, which is in the end of harvest, which they call the fall of the lease: at which tyme the VVesterne wynde beareth most strawe.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debet iudicium ventis. Lorne) lesse. Soote) severe. Vncowthe) vnknewen. Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Translated out of Manuane. Emprise) for enterprise. Per Syncope. Contek) strife.

Trode) path. Marrie that) that is, their sokes, vvhich by popish Exorcismes & practises they darre to sell.

Blacke

September.

Blacke) bell. Gange) got. Milke) maner. Mirke) obscure. VVare) worse.
Crimmell) puse. Brace) compass. Encheion) occasion. Outgrast) outgrowe
vwith) grasse. Galage) thoe. The grasse) the whale.

Buxome and bent) mecke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde.
which king caused all the VVolves, whereof then was store in this countrey,
by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as neuer since that time, there haue ben
VVolves here founde, vntill they were brought from other countreys. And
therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying there be VVolves in
England.

Nor in Christendome) This saying seemeth to be strange and vreasonable; but indeede
it was vwoont to be an olde proverbe and comen phrase. The original wher-
of was, for that most part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert was
christened, Kent onely except, which remayned long after in mylbeliefe and
vnchristened, So that Kent was counted no part of Christendome.

Great hunt) Execution of liues and iustice. Enuener) least that.

Inly) inwardly. afforesayde. Preuely or pert) openly sayth Chaucer.

Roffy) The name of a shephearde in Marot his *Eclogue* of Robin and the Kinge.
whome he here commendeth for greate care and wise gouernance of his flock

Colin clout) Nowe I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is ever meant the Au-
thour selfe, whose especiall good friend Hobbinoll sayth he is, or more rightly
Myster Gabriel Haruey: of whose speciall commendation, alwell in Poetrie
as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, we haue lately had a sufficient cry-
all in diuers his vwooke, but specially in his *Musarum Lachrymx*, and his late
Gratulationi Valdimen from which booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex,
he dedicated in writing to her Maestie, afterward presenting the same in print
vnto her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside
other his sundrye most rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnkown
Tyters, and partly vnder counterfeit names, as his *Tyrannomachia*, his *Ode*
Natalitia, his *Rameidos*, and especially that parte of *Philomusus*, his diuine
Anticostinopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As also by the names of
other shepheardes, he couereth the periers of diuers other his familiar frendes
and best acquaintance.

This tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some particular Action of his. But what, I certein
lye know not. VVounded) hurt. VVellin) like. afforesaid.

A VVanel) wast) a vveaned youngling. Hodder and thodder) He & she. Male
and Female. Seuen) Noys. Belue) quickly. VVhat euer) Quid) verse
translated. Quod caret aeterna requie, Ausabile non est.

Forchaile) drave or distresse. Verdie) of Pease thawe.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Quid. For when the foolish boye by beholding his
face in the brooke, fell in loue vwith his owne likenesse; and not hable to con-
tent him selfe with much looking thereon, he cryed out, that pleneye made him
poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sense. But our Diggon
seth it to other purpose, as who that by tryall of many wytes had founde the
vvest,

worst, and through greace plentyt was fallen into great penurie. This poeſie I knowe, to haue bene much vſed of the author, and to ſuche like effect, as fyrſte Marcellus ſpake in.

October.

*Ægloga decima.*

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddie is ſet out the perfectt paterns of a Poete, whiſke finding no maintenance of his ſtate and ſtudies, complayneth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the cauſes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen amongſt the moſt barbarous alwayes of ſingular account & honor, & being indeed ſo worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly inſtinct not to bee gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *ſomnium*, and celeftiall inſpiration, as the Author hercof els where at large diſcourſeth, in his booke called the Engliſh Poete, which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde alſo by Gods grace vpon further aduiſement to publiſh.

Pierce.

Cuddie.

Cuddie, for ſhame hold vp thy beaue head,
And let vs caſt with what delight to chace:

R. 4.

And

October.

And weary thy long lingering *Phoebus* race.
Whilome thou wont the *Shepheards* laddes to leade,
In rymes, in riddles, and in hydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead

Cuddie.

Piers. I haue ppoed erst so long with payne,
That all mine *Oten* reedes bene rent and woye:
And my poore *Huse* hath spent her spared stoye,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasure makes the *Grashopper* so poore,
And ligge so layd, when *Winter* doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede pouthes fancie, and the flocking sty,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They haue the pleasure, I a slender pryce.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to *Cuddie* can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie. the prayse is better, then the pryce,
The glooye eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honoz is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
O prycke them sooth with pleasure of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trapped willes entice.

Soone as thou gyust to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleane:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,
All as the *shepherd*, that did fetch his oame
From *Plutus* balefull bottoye withouten leane:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysest babes the *Peacocks* spotted traine,
And wondryn at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
O? feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Like prayle is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Like wordes bene wynd, and wassen soone in bayne.

Pier.

Abandon then the base and viler clothe,
Lift vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Wars, of wars, of giulls,
Turne thee to those, that wele the awfull crowne.
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes budyzed wepen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her flutteryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in fapze *Elisa* rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduaunce the worthy whome thee louest best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the Stubboyn stroke of stronger sounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lusthead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Wyllers rownde,
All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring.
So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen sownde.

Cuddye.

Indeepe the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,
Throughe his *Mecenas* left his Dauen reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yeld the timely eare,
And eke did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecenas* is yclad in clape,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies ligger wyapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring doe were drede,
The lokie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to coupe,
 And mighty manhode brought a bridle of ease:
 The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
 To put in peace among the learned troupe.
 Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
 And somebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any budde of Poesie,
 Pet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
 Or it mens follies mote be sopt to layne,
 And rolle with rest in rymes of rhyauyde.
 Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
 Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Pier.

O pierlesse Poesie, where is then the place?
 If not in Princes pallace thou doe sit:
 (And yet is Princes pallace the most sicke)
 He best of baser birth doth thee embrace.
 Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
 And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah Percy it is all to weake and wanne,
 So high to soye, and make so large a flight:
 Her peeced pyurons bene not so in plight,
 For Colin suites such famous flight to leane:
 He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
 Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Pier.

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
 And lytes him vp out of the loathsome myze:
 Such immortall interzoz, as he doth admire,
 Would ruple ones mynd about the Barry skie.
 And cause a captiue coyage to asyre,
 For lofly loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All oherwise the state of Poet stands,
 For lowly loue is such a Tyrannie sell:
 That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The haunted herte a vacant head demaundes.
He wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of theate:
Let powre in lauish cups and thirstie bitts of meate,
For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phobus wife.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The numbers flowe as fast as sping doth rple.

Thou kenst not Perie howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Ruie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With quaint Bellona in her equipage.

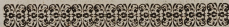
But ah my coage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy content vs in thys humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Pues.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
Cuddie shall haue a Kinde to shoue his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo &c.



GLOSSE.

This Aglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, wherein hee repro-
ued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardlife towards Poetes, in whom
is the power to make men immortal for their good dedes, or shameful for their
naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Maruiane, The style hereof as also that in
Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall
vuite.

Cuddie] I doubt whether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For

L.ij.

in

October.

in the eyght. *Aglogue* the same person was brought in singing a *Cantion* of *Colins* making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

VVhosome) sometime.

Oaten reedes) *Auxna*.

Ligge so layde) lye so faynt and vnlustye.

Dapper) prettye.

Frye) is a bold *Metaphore*, forced from the spawning filbes, for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine.) This place seemeth to conspyre with *Plato*, who in his first booke de *Legibus* sayth, that the first inuention of *Poetry* was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vually came to theyr great solemne feastes called *Panegyrica*, which they vsed every five yere to hold, some learned man being more hable thē the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, would take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it vvire rauished, vvith delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he vvras inspired from aboue, called him *vatem*: vvhich kinde of men aftervvards framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroidal: and so diuersely eke affect the mynds of men) sound out lighter matter of *Poesie* also, some playing vvith lute, some scooting at mens fashions, some povvred out in pleasures, and so vvire called *Poetes* or makers.

Sence hereant) what the secreete vvorking of Musick is in the myndes of men, as vvell appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient *Philosophers*, and those the mosse vvise, as *Plato* and *Pythagoras* held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmonie and muticall numbers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of *Alexanders* to vvhom vvhen as *Timotheus* the great *Musician* played the *Phrygian* melodie, it is said, that he vvras distraught vvith such vnvvonted fury, that straight vvay ryng from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to vvarrre (for that musick is very vvatlike.) And immediately vvhen as the *Musician* chaunged his strooke into the *Lydian* and *Ionique* harmony, he vvras so furr from vvarring, that he sat as styll, as if he had bene in mates of counsell. Such might is in musick, vvherefore *Plato* and *Aristotle* forbid the *Aeolian* Melodie from children and youth. for that being altogether on the fyfe and vij, tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, vvith vvith to burne in yong brefts. So that it is not incredible which the *Poete* here sayth, that Musick can breuise the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) *Orpheus* of vvhom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and *Poetry*, he recovered his wife *Eurydice* from hell.

Argus eyes) of *Argus* is before said, that *Iuno* to him committed hir husband *Iupiter* his *Paragon* Iō, because he had an hundred eyes: but aftervvards *Mercury* vvith hys Musick lulling *Argus* asleepe, steev him and brought Iō away, vvwhose eyes it is sayd that *Iuno* for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the *Peacock* as taylor, for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

VVoundlesse armour) vvwounded in warre, doe not through long peace.

Display) A poeticall *metaphore*: vvwhereof the meaning is, that if the *Poet* list shorve his

skill

skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely *Æglogues*, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious soueraign, *whō* (as before) he calleth *Elisa*. Or if master of knight-hood and cheualric pleasure him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in theyr deserved prayles, and also fauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The worthy) he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erle of *Leycester*, *whō* by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bestrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be known to country clowne.

Slack) that is vhen thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasure and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce.

Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romanish *Tityrus*) wel knowe to be *Virgile*, *whō* by *Mecenas* means was brought into the fauour of the Emperor *Augustus*, and by him moued to write in latine kinde, then he erst had done.

Whereon) in these three verses are the three severall workes of *Virgile* intended. For in teaching his flockes to feede, is meant his *Æglogues*. In labouring of lands, is hys *Bucoliques*. In singing of vners and deadly deade, is his diuine *Æneis* figured.

In derring doe) In manhood and cheualric.

For euer) He sheweth the cause, why Poetes were wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their worthines & valor shold through theyr famous Poesie be comended to all posterities. wherfore it is sayd, that *Achilles* had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for *Homer*s immortal verses, which is the only advantage, which he had of *Hector*. And also that *Alexander* the great coming to his tombe in *Sigeus*, with naturall teares blessed him, that euer was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets work: as so renowned, and ennobled only by hys metanes. which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of *Tullies*, is of *Petrarch* no lesse worthely sette forth in a sonet.

Giunto *Alexandro* a la famosa tomba

Del fero *Achille* sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiara tomba. Trowst &c.

And that such account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, as well sheweth this that the worthy *Scipio* in all his vvarres against *Carthage* and *Numantia* had euermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet *Ennius* is also that *Alexander* destroying *Thebes*, when he was enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet *Pindarus* was borne in that cite, not only commanded straightly, that no man should vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poet. which prayle otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king *Darius* coffers, whom he lately had overthrowen, he founde in a litle coffer of silver the two bookes of *Homer*s workes, as layd up there for speciall trevels and richesse, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother every night layde vnder his pillowe.

October.

Such honor haue Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men. vvhich this author here very well sheweth, as els where more notably.

But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlentise and basenesse of mynd. Pent) shut vp in flouds, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironicall Sacrosinus, spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vvhych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgment.

Ne brast) the meener sort of men.
vvith humble modestie.

Her perced pincons) vnperfect skil. Spoken

As soate as Svyanne) The comparisson seemeth to be strange: for the syvanne hath euer yvonne small commendation for her severe singing: but it is sayd of the learned that the syvan a litle before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie. As vvell sayth the Poete elswhere in one of his sonetts.

The siluer syvannt doth sing before her dying day

As shue that feelles the deepe delight that is in death &c.

Immortall myrthour) Beauty, vvhych is an excellent object of Potticall spirites, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrarchs saying.

Fiorir facit in illo debile ingenio

A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.

A carytate corage) a base and abiect minde.

For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, as wel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine, called Cacozelon.

A vacant) imitate Mantuanes saying, vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Politi.

Lauish cups) Remembreth that comen verse facundis calices quem non fecere disertum.

O if any) He seemeth here to be ramished with a Poetical fume. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so fol, & the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanentise of shepheards stee and stile.

Vvild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is sayd that the Marnades (that is Bacchus franticke priestres) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or lawdins, vvrapped about with yuie.

In buskin) it vvvas the manner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedies to weare buskins, as also in Comedies to vse shooes & light shoos. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragical matter, as it said in Virgile. Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna coturno. And the like in Horace, Magnam loqui, nique coturno.

Queint) strange Bellona, the goddess of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore wel be called quaint for that (as Lucian saith) vvhen Iupiter hir father was in traucile ofther, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to heve hir head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so faire & comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some cortisie, which the Lady disdeigning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his lasciuiesse. Therefore such straungenesse is vvell applied to her.

Aquipage) order.

Tydes) seasons.

Charme) temper and order. for Charms vvere vsout to be made by verses as Ouid sayth. Aut sciaminihus.

Embleme.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this *Æglogue*, that Poetry is a diuine in-
 stinct and vnnatural rage passing the reachs of common reason. VVhom Piers an-
 swereth Epiphonematically as admiring the excellencye of the skyll vberesof
 in Cuddie her hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

November.



Ægloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT.

*I*N this xi. *Æglogue* be bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate
 blood, whom he callith *Dido*. The personage is secrete, and to me also-
 gether vnknewe, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This *Æglo-*
gue is made in imitation of *Mares* his song, which he made vpon the death
 of *Lays* the frenche *Queene*. But farre passing his reachs, and in myne opi-
 nion all other the *Æglogues* of this booke.

Thenot.

Colin.

Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
 As thou were | wont songs of some soullaunce?
 Thy Muse to long slumbereth in sorrowing,
 Lulled a sleepe through lones misgournaunce,

November.

Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenaunce,
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lassie aduance,
O: honoꝝ Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

*T*henot, now tis the time of merimake,
No: Pan to herpe, no: with loue to playe:
Sike myth in May is meetest so: to make,
O: summer shade vnder the cocked hape.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phobus weary of his perely taf-ke:
Pitabled hath his ffeedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his pene in Fishes haf-ke.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske:
And loatheth like delighes, as thou doest prayse:
The moynefull Muse in myth now list ne mas-ke,
As hee was wont in yowngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light vireslayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderlong
Who but thy selfe deserues like Portes prayse?
Relieue thy Dauen pyper, that sleepe long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Besoye him lies the Titmole silent bee:
And I vnsitte to thrust in I-hillfull chynge,
Should Colin make iudge of my foolerie.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Puses well:
The kindlye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the litle plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wyathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Puses martiment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorow and deathes dyeriment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and dyent,
Dido the greate shephearde his daughter heene:

The sayest Day she was that ever went,
 Her like thee has not left behinde I weene.
 And if thou wilt betwape my wofull tene:
 I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne:
 And if thy rymes as reward and rusfull bene,
 As those that did thy *Resaliad* complayne,
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
 Then Kisse of Collet, which I thee bynemyt:
 Then by I say, thou iolly shepheard swayne,
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

I know to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
 But ah to well I wote my humble baine,
 And howe my rymes bene rugged and unhempt:
 Yet as I conne, my conning I will streyne.

Vp then *Melpomene* thou mournefull Muse of nyne,
 Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afoze:
 Up grislie ghosles and by my rusfull ryme,
 Patter of myyth now shalt thou haue no more.
 For dead shee is, that myyth thee made of poze.

Dido my deare alas is dead,

Dead and lyeth wapt in lead:

O heauie herse,

Let streaming teares be poured out in floze:

O carefull berse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,

Waille ye this wofull waste of natures warke:

Waille we the wight, whose presence was our pynde:

Waille we the wight, whose absence is our carke.

The sonne of all the world is dimme and darker:

The earth now lacks her wonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night,

O heauie herse.

Byake we our pynde, that shyld as lowde as Larke,

O carefull berse.

November.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)

Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woes?

The sayest flour e our gyrlond all among,

Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.

Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no more

The songs that Colin made in her playse,

But into weeping turne your wanton layes,

O heauie herse,

Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,

O carefull verse.

Thence is it, that the flower of the field doth fade,

And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:

Pet soone as spring his mantle doth dislaye,

It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fade:

But thing on earth that is of most abasse,

As vertues hyaunch and beauties budde.

Reliuen not for any good.

O heauie herse,

The hyaunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quail,

O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful woord to saye)

For beauties playse and pleasure had no pere:

So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,

With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.

He would the scoyne the simple shepheards stowne,

For he would cal hem often heme

And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.

O heauie herse,

Als Colin claue she would not once dispaynt.

O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,

Such pleasure now displast by dolors dinte:

All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the dannee,

And shepherds wonten solace is extinct.

The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The gaudie gi londs deck her graue,
The faded flowres her coyle embrace.

O heaue herse.

Mozne nowe my Muse, now mozne with teares bespynt,
O carefull verse.

O thou greate Shepheard Lobbie, how great is thy grieffe,
Where bene the nosegayes that the night for thee:
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiele,
The knotted rishings, and gilde Rosenarces
For thee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Al they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blew all away.

O heaue herse,

Thereof nought remaines but the memoze.
O carefull verse.

Ap me that byecrie death should strike so moztall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:
The faded lockes fall from the lostie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dyed is theyr soure,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce.

The mantled medowes mozne,

Theyr sondy colours tozune.

O heaue herse,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remoyse.

O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weep:
The beastes in forest waple as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,

The Turtle on the bared bryanch,

Laments the wound, that death did launch.

O heaue herse,

And Philomela her song with teares doth keepe.

O carefull verse.

November.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girland Olive bzaunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduance:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Elowe bzaunches feare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall chere so soone was spent.

O heauie herse,

Worne now my Muse, now moone with heauie cheare.

O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthy things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swinke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I leard (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assurance to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hold.

O heauie herse,

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought

O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dyeaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and syrie furies foyle:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous coyle.
Why then weepes Lobbins so without remorse?

O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,

Dido his dead, but into heauen hent.

O happye herse,

Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorowes course,

O ioyfull verse.

Why wapte we then? why weare we the Gods with playnes,
As if some euill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now among the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled now in heauens hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
 Make in *Elisian* fieldes so free,

O happy herse,
 Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
 O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to write whats good of ill,
 Wee deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
 But knowe we fooles, what it vs bynges but ill,
 Ope would we da ply, once it to expert.
 No daunger there the Shepheard can asert:

Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt lawes there bene,
 The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:

O happy herse,
 Make hast ye Shepheards, thether to ruert,
 O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next)
 There liues hee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
 There dvincks he Nectar with *Ambrosia* mixt,
 And loyes entoyes, that mortall men doe misse.
 The honoy now of highest gods she is,
 That whilome was poore shepheards pyde,
 While here on earth she did a byde.

O happy herse,
 Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
 O ioyfull verse.

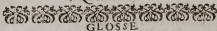
Thenot.

As francke Shepheard, how bene thy verses meine
 With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
 Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraints
 Thyne be the collette, well hast thou it gotte.
 As *Colin* by, ynough thou moyned hast,
 Now gynnes to mizzle, hys we homeward last.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

November.



GLOSSE

- Iouisannes) myrrh. Soueraunce) remembrance. Herie) honour.
 VVelked) shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the vvaire is sayde of Lidgate
 to welk.
 In lowly lay) according to the season of the moneth November, when the sonne draw-
 eth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.
 In fishes huske) the soone, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all November. a huske is
 a wicker pad, wherunto they vse to cary fish.
 Virchaies) a light kind of song.
 Bee vvaied) For it is a saying of Poetes, that they have drunk of the Muser vvell Cullins,
 whereof vvas before sufficiently sayd.
 Dreeriment) dreety and heauy choere.
 The great shepheard) is some man of high degree, and not as some vainly suppose God
 Pan. The person both of the shepheards and of Dido is vnknooven and closely
 buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind,
 as some imagin: for he speaketh soone after of her also.
 Shene) fyre and shining. May) for mayde. Tene) sorrow.
 Guerdon) reward. Bynempe) bequeathed. Coffer) a lumbe brought
 vp without the dam. Vnkempt) Incōpti Not comed, that is rude & vnhanfome.
 Melpomene) The fiddie and wayfull Muse vied of Poets in honor of Tragedies as faith
 Virgile Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæth boam.
 Vp grieufully golts) The manner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned
 ghosles: so is Hecuba of Euripides and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the
 rest of the rest. Herie) is the sollemne obsequie in funeralls.
 VVast of) decay of so beautifull a poete. Carke) care.
 Ah vwhy) an eleganc Epianorthosis. as also soone after. may time was long ago.
 Flourct) a diminutive for a litle floure. This is a notable and sententious comparison A
 minore ad maius.
 Reliuen not) lue not againe f. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enioy their
 due reward.
 The braunch) He meaneth Dido, who being, as it were the mayne braunch now wi-
 thered the buddes that is beutie (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourish.
 VVith eakes) fit for shepheards bankers. Heame) for home. after the northerne
 pronouncing. Tuiet) deyed or slayned.
 The gaudie) the meaning is, that the things, which were the ornaments of her lyfe, are
 made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burialls.
 Lobbin) the name of a shepherd, which seemeth to haue bene the louer & deare frende
 of Dido. Russhings) agreeable for such base gyftes
 Faded lockes) dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.
 Sourfe) spring. Manded medowes) for the sondry flowres are like a
 Mande or conuellet wrought vwith many colours.
 Philomela) the Nightingale. whome the Poetes saie once to haue bene a Ladye
 of great beaury, till being rauished by hir sisters husbande, she desired to be re-
 ned

ued into a byrd of her name. whose complaints be very vrell set forth of Ma.
George Gaslin a witty gentleman, and the very chiefe of our late rymers, vwho
and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is vrell knowven he altyg-
ther vvaunted not learning) no doubte would haue attayned to the excellencye of
those famous Poets. For gifts of vvit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym
a boundantly.

Cypresse) vied of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe, and proper-
ly the of all sorow and heauynesse.

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropoda, ughners of Herebus and the Nighte,
whom the Poetes sayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which
they drave out in length, till his fatall horvre & timely death be come; but if by
other casualltie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropoda, is sayde
to haue cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum bualat, lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O truffle) a gallant exclamation moralized vwith great wisdom and passionate wwith
great affection. Beare) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be sayned to be three, Persephone Alesto and Megera, vwhich are sayd
to be the Authours of all euill and mischiefe.

Eternall night) Is death or darknesse of bell. Betight) happened,

I see) A lively leon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the hap-
pye soules doe rest in peace and eternall happynesse.

Dye would) The very epreffe saying of Plato in Phaedone.

Ashet) befall vnuvares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they
liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be whine like Creme, vwhereof is a
proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heuens, as yet appea-
reth. But I haue already discounted that at large in my Commenta:rye vpon the
decauer of the same Authour.

Meyne) mingled.

Embleme.

VVhich is as much to say, as death bieth not. For although by course of nature we be
borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as vwith a timely haruest, yve must be
gathered in tyme, or els of our selues yve fall like rotte ripe fruite fro the trees:
yet death is not to be counted for euill, nor (as the Poete sayd a litle before) as
doome of ill desert. For though the vvaspalle of the first man brought death in
to the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one,
that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chancer sayth) the gentle path way to lyfe.
So that it agreeth vwell vwith that vvas sayd, that Death byeth not (that is) hur-
teth not at all.

December.



Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGUMENT.

THis *Æglogue* (even as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan, wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing his yonghe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from lones follye. His man-hood to the summer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessive drouth caused throughte a Comet or blasphemous Starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comely compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an unseasonable barneffe wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.



The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushy hyere,
That Colin might, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of *Tityrus* his songs did here.

There as he satte in secrete shade alone,
Thus can he make of loue his pittous mone.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,
 Which of our tender Lamblings takest keepe:
 And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
 Doeſt ſaue from miſchiefe the vnwaſy ſheep:
 Als of their maiſters haſt no leſſe regarde,
 Then of the flocks, which thou doeſt watch and ward:

I thee beſeeche (ſo be thou deigne to heare,
 Rude ditties tuncd to ſhepheards Daren reade,
 Or if I euer ſonet ſong ſo cleare,
 As it with pleaſaunce mought thy ſancie ſeede)
 Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
 The rurall ſong of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when ſlotyde my ſoyfull ſpying,
 Like Swallow ſwift I wandryd here and there:
 For heate of heedeleſſe luſt me ſo did ſting,
 That I of doubted daunger had no feare.

I went the waſtefull woodes and ſoyell wyde,
 Withouteſſe dreade of Molues to bene eſpyed.

I wont to rounge amydde the mazie thickette,
 And gather nuttes to make me Chyſtmas games:
 And loyed oft to chace the trembling Pycket,
 Or hunt the hartleſſe hare, til ſhee were tame.
 What weaked I of wintrye ages waſte,
 Tho deemed I, my ſpying would euer laſte.

How often haue I ſcaled the craggie Oke,
 All to diſlodge the Raven of her neſte:
 Howe haue I weariſd with many a ſtroke,
 The ſtately Walnut tree, ſhe while the reſt
 Under the tree ſell all for nuts at ſtriſe:
 For plike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And ſo I was in thilke ſame looſer peares,
 (Whether the Muſe, ſo wrought me from my birth,
 Or I to much beleued my ſhepherd peres)
 Somedeſe bent to ſong and muſicks mirth.

December.

A good olde Shephearde, *Wrenock* was his name,
Made me by arte moze cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in bettering to compare
Much shepheards swayne, what ever seode in fielde:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pope I neede not yield.
For if the flocking *Nymphes* did follow *Pan*,
The wiser *Poles* after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
By hurtlesse pleasure did me ill bypraide,
By freedom loyne, my life he leste to none.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate;
But better mought they haue behote him Date.

Tho gan my louely *Spring* bid me farctwel,
And *Summer* season sped him to display
(For loue then in the *Lyons* house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird by that unkindly heate,
that reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I went afoze,
When choise I had to choose my wandring wayes:
But whether luck and loues vnbidld loze
Would leade me forth on *Fancies* bitte to playe.
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The *Woodes* can witnesse many a woofull howre.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in *Wexen* frame:
The grieuie *Codestooke* growne there mought I se
And loathed *Pardocks* lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,
The ghastlie *Owle* her grieuous ynnie doth keepe.

Then

Then as the yppinge giues place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers yppde:
 Also my age now passed yongthly yppme,
 To thinges of rpper reason selfe applyed.
 And leard of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro hame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
 And Bal-kets of bulrushes was my wount:
 Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
 Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hone!
 I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
 How Phoebe sayles, where Venus sittes and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
 The sobain rpling of the raging seas:
 The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
 The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
 And which be wout to terrage the restless sheepe,
 And which be wout to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vntwise and wickleffe Colin cloute,
 That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weede:
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy soze hart roote,
 Whose rancelling wound as yet does riselye bleede.
 Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wound?
 Why dyest thou stil, and yet aline art sounde?

Thus is my sommer woyme away and wasted,
 Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe:
 The care that budded faire, is burnt & blassed,
 And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.
 Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
 Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

By boughes with bloosines that crowned were at first,
 And promised of timely fruite such store,
 Are left both bare and barreyn now at erst:
 The flatering fruite is fallen to grownd be soze.

December.

And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harvest wast, my hope away byd wipe

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
They; rootes bene dyed by so; lacke of dewe,
Yet bedewd with teares they can be euer among.

Oh who has wrought my *Rosalind* this spight
To spil the flowres, that should her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome went to frame my pyper,
Unto the listning of the shepheards foote:
Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnseote.

The losse I lasse I cast to please nomore,
One if I please, enough is me therfore.

And thus of all my harvest hope I haue
Brought reaped but a weedy crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue thyght in swelling sheaue,
Cocke: for coine, and chaffe for barley bare.

Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be sowne,
All was blowne away of the waueing wynde.

So now my yeare byawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt vp quite:
My harveste hails to stirre vp winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right.

So nowe he stopmes with many a sturdy stoure,
So nowe his blustering blast eche colle doth scour.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes els hath pyght:
My head bespynt with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wyght.

Delight is lard abedde, and pleasure past,
No sonne now shines, cloudes han all ouer cast.

Now leaue ye shepheards hopes your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and weary of thys stoude:

Here

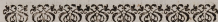
Here will I hang my pyper vpon this tree,
 Was neuer pyper of reede did better sounde.

Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,
 And after Winter dreerie death does haile.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
 My little flock, that was to me so lief:
 Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,
 Ere the byrme Winter byeede you greater grife:
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
 And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,
 Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
 Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
 Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witnesse were:
 Adieu good Habbinsel, that was so true,
 Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.



GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd. Lambkins) young lambes.
 Als of their) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse Pan curat oues ouiumque magistros.
 Dring) routhlase. Eabier) Colinet) dami routines.
 Magic) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.
 Peres) felowes and compani ons.
 Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth Qui autem trahant musican, speaking of Poetes.
 Dering doe) storetyd.
 Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his shode in the whose
 signe Leo, which is in middelt of some; a pretie allegory, vnderof the meaning
 is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinary beate of lust.
 His ray) which is Cupids beame or flames of Loue.
 A Comete) a blasing sturre, meant of beaucie, which was the cause of his vvhete loue.
 Venus) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So
 be meaneeth that beaucie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, was the cause of
 all his requiements in loue.
 VVhere I was) a fine description of the change of hys lyfe and liuing for all things nowe
 framed

December.

seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

Leading) Spoken after the manner of Paddockes and Frogs, yet sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vntill they be stirred.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhood.

Cotes) theepreoues, for fish be the exercises of the shepards.

Sale) or Saloue a kind of woodde like VVylow, fit to vweath and hynde in leapes to catch fish withall.

Pharbe Eyles) The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus) i. Venus haue othervise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first riseth and seareth last. All which still in floures being commensals for the shepards to knowe as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seas) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea cometh of the course of the Moone, sometime increasing, sometime waining and decreasing.

Sooth of byrds) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, which they gathered by the flying of byrds, such (as is sayd) named by the Thulcanes, and to them deuoted to the Romanes, who (as is sayd in Little) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that every Nobleman should put his soune to the Thulcanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes) That vnderodde thinges be wrought by herbes, as well appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderful enchaunments and sorceries that haue bene wrought by them in somuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned men into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and only by herbes as the Poete sayth Dea flexa potentibus heris &c.

Killd) knewest. **Eare)** o' come. **Seath)** losse handeraunce.

Euer among) Euer and anone.

This is my) The thyrd parte wherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely haruest, that bringeth little fruite.

The floureant flowres) sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, wherein how our Poete is seene, be they vntimely which are peiue to his study.

So now my yerre) The last part, wherein is described his age by comparison of wynterye stormes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood.

Glee mirth)

Hoary frost) A metaphorse of hoary hearts scathed lyke to a gray frost.

Breene) sharpe and bitter.

Ashew delihs) is a conclusion of all, where in six verses be comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the herping of sheepe, which is the argument of all Aeglogues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

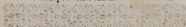
The meaning wherof is that all thinges perith and come to theyr last end, but weekes of learned vyits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a work though full indeede of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight

wright and importance boldly sayth.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be envied, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath made
a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. following the ensample of Ho-
race and Quid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec seras poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.



Loe I haue made a Calender for every yeare,
That Steele in Strength, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the Harres revolution,
It shall continue till the worlds dissolution.
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsert fraud his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe little Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate amongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to watch thy pipe with Tityrus hys Hyle,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awyle:
But followe them farre off, and their high Shepper adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I saye no more.

Merce non mercede.

THE
Shepbeardes Calender

Conteyning twelue Eglogues proportionable
to the twelue monethes.

A. K.

Entitled

TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-

ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles

both of learning and cheualrie M.

Philip Sidney.

(.)

Rob.

Brook.



AT LONDON.

Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in

Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the

signe of the golden Tunne, and

are there to be sold.

1579.



TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe little booke:thy selfe present,
 As child whose parent is vnkent :
 To him that is the president
 Of noblesse and of cheualree,
 And if that Enuie barke at thee ,
 As sure it will,for succoure flee
 Vnder the shadow of his wing,
 And asked,who thee forth did bring,
 A shepheards swaine saye did thee sing,
 All as his straying flocke he fedde:
 And when his honor has thee redde,
 Craue pardon for my hardybedde.



But if that any aske thy name,
 Say thou wert base begot with blame:
 For thy thereof thou takest shame.
 And when thou art past ieopardie,
 Come tell me,what was sayd of mee :
 And I will send more after thee.

Immeritò.