



*Ægloga prima.*

ARGUMENT.

**I**N this first Æglogue Colin cloute a shepheardes boy complameth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse 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 froisen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN Cloute.



Shepheards boye (no better doe him call)  
 when Winters walkful spight was almost spent,  
 All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,  
 Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.  
 So faynt they wore, and feeble in the folde,  
 That now vnethes their feete could them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,  
 For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)  
 Day seeme he lobb, or els some rare he tooke:  
 Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile,

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

O Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,  
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)  
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,  
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.  
And Pan 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 myrhour, to behold my plight:  
Whilome thy fresh spring flowerd, and after hasted  
Thy somner proude with Daffadillies dight,  
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,  
Thy mantle maro, wherein thou ma-kedest late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,  
My life bloud fristring with vnkindly cold:  
Such stormy 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.

You naked trees, whose shady leaues are lost,  
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowyer:  
And now are clochd with mosse and hoary frost,  
Insteade of blossomes, wherwith your buds did stoure:  
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,  
Whose drops in dreyr pycles remaine.

All so my lustfull lease is dreye and sere,  
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted:  
The blossome, whitch my braunch of youth did beare,  
With breathed lighes is blowne away, & blasted,  
And from mine eyes the drizzling teares descend,  
As on your boughes the pycles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleere is rough and rent,  
Whose knees are weake through fast and euill fare: ¶

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

A thousand liches I curse that carefull hower,  
 Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:

And eke tenne thousand liches I blesse the flour,  
 Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as thee.

Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.  
 Ah God, that loue should breede both toy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol*, wherefoze I plaine,  
 Albee my loue he seeke with dayly suite:

His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdain,  
 His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.

Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene bayne:  
 Colin them giues to *Rosalind* againe.

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)  
 And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)

Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reppoue,  
 And of my rurall mulick holdeth scozne.

Shepheards denise she hateth as the snake,  
 And laughes the songes, that *Colin Clouts* doth make.

Wherefoze my pype, albee rude I as thou please,  
 Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:

And thou unlucky *Dule*, that wonest to ease,  
 Of musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou should:

Both pype and *Dule*, shall fore the while abyde,  
 So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked *Phabus* gan aballe,  
 His wearp waine, and nowe the frosty *Night*

Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile,  
 Which seeme the pensife boy halke in despayre

Arose, and homeward droue his sonned sheepe,  
 Whole hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

Januarie

Colins Embleme

Anchora speme.



COLIN Cloure) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poese of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But ineede the vword Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Eglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhoode of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely.

couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to knowv or to haue skill. As vwell 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 very singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey; as also of some other his most graue & excellent vvyrytings.

Sythe) time. Neighbour to vayne) the next to vayne: expressing the Latine Vicina.

Stoure) a fitt.

Sere) withered.

His clovnish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,

Ruficus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, vwhereby, it being so commone and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be some fauour of disorderly loue, vvhich the learned call pæderastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vvho that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrius of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: vvho sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, vvhich is Alcybiades owne selfe. And so is pæderastice much to be preferred before gynerastice, that is the loue vvhich enflameth men vvith lust to vvard vvoman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vvith Lucian or hys deuilish disciple Vnico Aretico, in defence of execrable and horrible finnes of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinecse. VVhose abominable error is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue) a pretty Epanorthosis in these two verses, and vvithall a Paronomasia or playing vvith the vword, vvhere he sayth (I loue thilke lasse (alas &c.

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, vvhich being wel ordered, vvil bevray the very name of hys loue and mistresse, vvhom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, vvhich of some is supposed to be

Iulia

Julia, the mperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Aruntius Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is vvel knowne that her right name vvas Violantilla: as vyitnesseth Statius in his Epithalamiū. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cælia in her letters enucloueth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vnder the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeiting the names of secret Personages.

Auail) bring downe.

Embleme.

Ouerhaile) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra speme: the meaning vtherof is, that notwithstande 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 secrete or particular purpose. It specially conteyneth 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 verry well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, & as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so tbe in our

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

CVDDIE.

THENOT.

**A**h for pittie, will rancke Winters rage,  
These bitter blasts neuer ginne tallwage?  
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,  
All as I were through the body gryde,  
By ragged rontes all shiber and shake,  
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:  
They wont in the wind wagge their wygle tassel,  
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Letwoly complainest thou laetie ladde,  
Of Winters wacke, for making thee sadde.  
Must not the woꝛld wend in his commun course  
From good to badde, and from badde to woꝛse,  
From woꝛse unto that is woꝛst of all,  
And then returne to his former fall?  
Who will not suffer the stormy time,  
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?  
Selle haue I woꝛne out thrise threttie yeares,  
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:  
Yet neuer complained of cold noꝛ heate,  
Of Sommers flame, noꝛ of Winters threat:  
He euer was to Fortune foeman,  
But gently tooke, that vngently came.  
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,  
Winter oꝛ Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No marueile Thenot, if thou can beare  
Cherefully the Winters wꝛathfull cheare:  
For Age and Winter accord full nie,  
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wyde.  
And as the lowꝛing Wether lookes downe,

So seemest thou like good fryday to scowne,  
 But my flowring youth is foe to frost,  
 My shippe without in stormes to be tost,  
 THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in baine,  
 That once seabeate, will to sea againe.  
 So loytring liue you little heardgrosomes,  
 Keeping your bestes in the budded broomes:  
 And when the shining sunne langheth once,  
 You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.  
 Tho gyne you, fond flies, the cold to scorne,  
 And crowing in pypes made of greene corne,  
 You thinke to be Lords of the yeare.  
 But est, when ye count you freed from feare,  
 Comes the breine winter with chamfred browes,  
 Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:  
 Dzerily shooting his stormy darte,  
 Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the harte.  
 Then is your carelesse cozage accoied,  
 Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.  
 Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,  
 With weeping, and wapling, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,  
 That wouldest me, my springing youngth to spill.  
 I deeme, thy bzaine imperished bee  
 Through rusty elds, that hath rotted thee:  
 O sicker thy head beray tottle is,  
 So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.  
 Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,  
 Als my budding bzaunch thou wouldest cropp:  
 But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,  
 To ocher delights they would encline.  
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,  
 And hery with hymnes thy lasses gloue,  
 Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis playes,  
 But Phyllis is myne for many dayes:

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I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,  
Emboist with buegle about the belt.  
Such an one shepheards woulde make full faine:  
Such an one woulde make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

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

CVDDIE.

Seeke, howe brag pond Bullocke beares,  
So smirke, so smoothe, his pycked eares?  
His hoznes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,  
His dewelap as lyche, as lasse of Kent.  
See howe he henteth into the wynd,  
Weenest of loue is not his mynd.  
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,  
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,  
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost,  
Thy stocks father his corage hath lost:  
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowen bage,  
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags:  
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,  
All for their Daister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,  
So vainely taduaunce thy headlesse hood.  
For Youghth is a bubble blown vp with bzeath,  
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,  
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ymne Penauance,  
And stoopegallaunt Age the holste of Greeuance.  
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,  
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,  
Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more *Tbenot*, my mind is bent,  
Then to heare nouells of his deuise:  
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,  
What euer that good old man belspake.

THE NOT.

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

**T** Here grewe an aged Tree on the greene,  
 A goodly Dake 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 wonderous hight:  
 Whilome had bene the King of the field,  
 And mochell mast to the hulband did yielde,  
 And wih his nuts larded many swine.  
 But now the gray mosse marred his rine,  
 His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,  
 His toppes was bald, & wasted with wormes,  
 His honoz decayed, his bzaunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging bzere,  
 Which proudly thurst inco Chelement,  
 And seemed to threac the Firmament.  
 It was embellisht with blossomes layre,  
 And thereto aye wonned to repayre  
 The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,  
 To petnet their girlonds with his colowres.  
 And in his small bushes vled to throwde  
 The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:  
 Which made this foolish Bzere were so bold,  
 That on a time he cast him to scold,  
 And snebbe the good Dake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou bzutifsh blocke?  
 Noz for fruite, noz for shadowe serues thy stocke:  
 Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,  
 Dyed in Lilly white, and Crensin redde,  
 With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,  
 Colouzs 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 accloieth,  
 My Sinamon smell too much annoieth.  
 Wherefore soone I rede thee, hence remoue,  
 Least thou the pvice of my displeasure proue.  
 So spake this bold here with great vildaine:  
 Little him answered the Dake againe,  
 But yielde, with shame and greefe adawed,  
 That of a weede he was overawed.

It chanced after vpon a day,  
 The Dut-bandman selfe to come that way,  
 Of custome for to serue we his grownd,  
 And his trees of state in compasse rownd.  
 Him when the spitefull here had espyed,  
 Caul lesse complained, and lowdly cryed  
 Unto his Lord, stirring by sterne 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 peoze Cassall dayly endure:  
 And but your goodnes the same recure,  
 Am like for desperate dooke to dye,  
 Through felonous force of mine enemye.

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,  
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,  
 And badde the Breere in his plaint proceede,  
 With painted words tho gan this proude weede,  
 (As most vsen Ambitious folke:)  
 His colowred crime with craft to cloke.

Oh my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,  
 Thou placer of plants boch humble and call,  
 Was not I planted of thine owne hand,  
 To be the printrose of all thy land,  
 With flowring blossomes, to furnishe the prime,  
 And scarlot berries in Sommer time?  
 How falls it then, that this faded Dake,

Whose bodie is sere, whose brainches broke,  
 Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the spye,  
 Unto such tyrannie doth aspire:  
 Hindering with his shade my louely light,  
 And robbing me of the swete sonnes light,  
 So beate his old boughes my tender side,  
 That oft the blood springeth from wounds wyde,  
 Untimely my flowres forced to fall,  
 That bene the honoz of your Coronall,  
 And oft he lets his rancker wormes light  
 Upon my bzaunches, to worke me more spight,  
 And oft his hoarle locks downe doth cast,  
 Where with my fresh flowzets bene defast,  
 For this, and many more such outrage,  
 Crauing your goodlihead to awage,  
 The ranckorous rigour of his might,  
 Mought a ke A, 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 enemie  
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,  
 That the good man noulde stay his leasure,  
 But home him hasted with furious heate,  
 Encreasing his wrauth with many a threate,  
 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 harne there needeth)  
 Anger nould let him speake to the tree,  
 Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:  
 But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,  
 And made many wounds in the wast Duke.  
 The Ares edge did oft turne againe,  
 As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine:  
 Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,  
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear.

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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 dewe.  
 But like fancies weren foolerie,  
 And broughten this Dake to this miserie.  
 For nought mought they quitten him from decaye,  
 For fiercely the good man at him did laye.  
 The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,  
 And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.  
 In fine the Steele had pierced his pittch,  
 Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith.  
 His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,  
 The earth shonke vnder him, and seemed to shake.  
 There lyeth the Dake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a Loyd alone,  
 Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasaunce.  
 But all this glee had no continuance,  
 For etstones Winter gan to approche,  
 The blustring Boreas did encroche,  
 And beate vpon the solitarie Breere.  
 For nowe no succoure was seeme him nere,  
 Now gan he repent his pryde to late,  
 For naked left and disconsolate,  
 The bytyng frost nipt his stalke dead,  
 The watrie wette weighed downe his head,  
 And heaped snowe burnded him so soze,  
 That nowe byryght he can stand no moze.  
 And being downe, is trodde in the durt  
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and sozely hurt.  
 Such was thend of this Ambitious byere,  
 For scozning Et

CVDDIE

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

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Rather Lambes) that be eved early in the beginning of the year.  
Youth is) A very moral and pittie Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a vvarie vwayfaring man.

Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of his name shall live, & the name of Poetrie shall endure.

VVell theyved) that is, Bene morate, full of morall wisenesse.

There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It is very excellent for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull youngers.

Embellisht) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haunt or frequent. Sneb) checke.

VVhy standst) The speach is scornfull & very presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.

Acclioeth) encombrerh. Adavyed) daunted & confounded.

Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber vwood. Sterne (strife) said Chaucer. f.

fell and sturdy. O my liege) A maner of supplication, vvherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall) Garlande. Flourets) young blossomes.

The Primrose) The chiefe and vvorthisht

Naked armes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled 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) *non ingratum*.

Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for vvithered leaues.

Hent) caught. Nould) for vvould not. Ay) euermore. VVounds) gashes.

Enaunter) least that.

The pricktes (crewe) holy vwater pott, wherewith the popish priest vsed to sprinkle & hallooue the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse vsas in those times, which the Poete supposeth, to haue bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groned) A liuely figure, vvhiche geueth sence and feeling to vn sensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: *Saxa gemunt grauidis &c.*

Bore.as) The Northerne vvynd, that bringeth the moste stormie vweather.

Glee) chere and iollitie.

For scorning Eld) And minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as disdayning to here any more.

Galage) a statuppe or clownish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Theno, as a moral of his former talenamy, that God, vvhich is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and vvithout begininge, maketh those, vvhom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theye dayes, and blessing them vvith longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giue to all, but vnto those, vvhome God will so blesse: and albeit that many euill me reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also vxce olde in mysenie 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 frostye heares.

VVhom Cuddye doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken incede at the

at the first in contempt of old age generally. for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that me of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being typered with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blasses of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe wisedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or vvith much trouble hardeard against all troublesome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he vv as at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grimmes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted vvith his lookes, he vv as so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and icst with him: Suche longe experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasimus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe Nemo Senex metuit Iouem, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainfayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.



Ægloga Tertia.

ARGUMENT.

*I*N this Æglogue two shepheard's boyes taking occasion of the season, be-  
ginne to make purpose of loue and other plesauce, which to springtime  
is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes

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 vna-wares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

VVillye Thomalin.

**T**homalin, why sytten we soe,  
As weren ouerwent with woe,  
Upon so fayre a mozow?

The ioyous time now nighest past,  
That shall alegge this bitter blast,  
And slake the winters sozowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:  
Foz Winters wyath begynnes to quell,  
And pleasant spring appeareth.

The grasse nowe ginnes to be refreshet,  
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,  
And clowdie Welkin cleareth,

VVillye.

Seeft not thilke same Hawthorne stude,  
How bzagly it begynnes to budde,  
And vtter his tender head?

Flora now calleth forth eche flower,  
And bids make ready Maies bowze,  
That newe is bypyst from bedde.

Tho shall we sporten in delight,  
And learne with Lettice to weze light,  
That scornefully lookes al kaunce,

Tho will we litle Loue awake,  
That nowe sleepeth in Letbe lake,  
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I wene thou bee assott:  
Foz lustie Loue still sleepeth not,  
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is atwoke?



Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?

Or made preiute to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spyde,

Where in a bush he did him hide,

With winges of purple and blewe,

And were not, that my sheepe would stray,

The preiue marks I would bewray,

Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

VVillye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,

My selfe will haue a double eye,

Plike to my flocke and thine:

For als at home I haue a fyre,

A stepdame eke as whoett as fyre,

That dewly adapes counts mine.

Thomalin.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,

By sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,

And fall into some milchiese.

For lichens is but the third morowe,

That I chaunst to fall a sheepe with sorowe,

And waked againe with grt ese:

The while thilke same vnhappye Twe,

Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,

Fell headlong into a dell,

And there vniointed both her bones:

Hought her necke bene iointed attones,

She shoulde haue neede no more spell,

Thel was so wanton and so wood,

(But now I trowe can better good)

She mought ne gang on the greene,

VVillye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:

That is to come, let be to recast,

Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,

E.

When

March.

When shepherdes groomes han leaue to playe,  
I cast to goe a shooting,  
Long wandring by and downe the land,  
With bowe and bolts in either hand,  
For birds in bushes tooting:  
At length within an Vuie todde  
(There shrouded was the litle God)  
I heard a busie bustling,  
I bent my bolt against the bush,  
Listening if any thing did rushe,  
But then heard no moze ruffling,  
Tho peeping close into the thicke,  
Might see the mouing of some quicke,  
Whose shape appeared not:  
But were it faerie, seend, or snake,  
My courage earnd it to awake,  
And manfully thereat shotte.  
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,  
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,  
And laughing lope to a tree,  
His gylden quiuer at his backe,  
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke,  
Which lightly he bent at me.  
That seeing I, leuelde 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 hent,  
And thzewe: but nought abailed:  
He was so wimble, and so wight,  
From bough to bough he lepped light,  
And oft the pumies latched.  
Therewith astrayd I ranne away:  
But he, chaft earst seemd but to playe,  
I chaft in earnest snatched,  
And hit me running in the heeler:  
For then I litle smart did feeler:

But

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

VVillye.

Thomalin, I pite te thy plight.  
 Perdie with loue thou diddest fight:  
 I know him by a token.  
 For once I heard my father say,  
 How he him caught vpon a day,  
 (Whereof he wilbe wroken)  
 Entangled in a fowling net,  
 Which he for carrion Crowes had set,  
 That in our Peeretree 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 steepes his face:  
 Its time to hast vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

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

Thomalins Embleme.

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



GLOSS.

THIS Eglogue seemeth somevvhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, vvherein  
 the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a vvinged boy in a tree,  
 vvvas. by hym warned, to beware of mischiefe to come.

Ouer vvent) ouergone

To quell) to abate.

Alegge) to lessen or a svvage.

VVelkin) the skie.

Cii.

The swallow)

March.

01. 107  
The swallow) which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it vyere, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddesse of flowvres, but indede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlor, which vwith the abuse of her body hauing gotté great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a yearly feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Flora: making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maias bovyre) that is the pleasaunt felde, or rather the Maye buthes. 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.

Lettice) the name of some country lasse.

Ascaunce) a keuyve or asquint.

For thy) therefore.

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

Aflotte) 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 als) he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer eury thing, that they would haue preferred, as the Nightspel for theccues, and the vwoodspell. And herehence 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 Yufe todde) a thicke buthe.

Swaine) a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye .f. alwayes freshe and lustie: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages: wyth diuers coloured winges, .f. ful of flying fancies: vwith bove and arrow, that is vwith glaunce of beautye, vwhich prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue thafis, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorowv for the louer that is disdayned or forsaken. But vvhoso list more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singuler learned man Angelus Politianus: whych vvorke I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated also into English Rymes.

VVimble and vwrighte) Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not vwithout speciall iudgement. For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the

Riuer

Riuer of Styx. The vertue vwhereof is, to defend and keepe the bodies vvashted therein from any mortall vround. So Achilles being washed al ouer, saue onely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the rest in vulnerable: therefore by Paris vvas feyned to bee shotte vwith a poysoned arrowe in the heele, vvholes he vvas busie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. which mystical fable Eustathius vnfolding, sayth: that by vvounding in the hele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Philistions) to the preuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synneues, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke litle pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becometh cold and vnfruiteful. vvwhich reason our Poete vvel weighing, maketh this shepheards bove of purpose to be vvounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught.

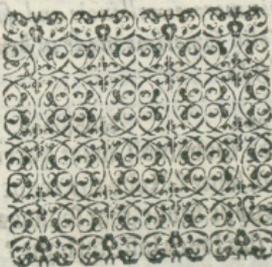
VVroken) reuenged.

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

Stouping Phæbus) Is a Periphraſis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein vvanton youth vvallovveth, be but follye mixt vvith bitterneſſe, and ſorov ſavced with repentance. For besides that the very affection of Loue it ſelfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many vvayes, vvith vvntreſtfulneſſe all night, and vvearines all day, ſeeking for that we can not haue, & ſynding that we would not haue: eue the ſeſe things vvich beſt before vs lyked, in courſe of time and chaung of vvper yeares, vvich also therevvithall chaungeth our vvonted, lyking and former fantaſies, will then ſeeme lothſome and breede vs annoyaunce, vvhen youghes ſlovvre is vvithered, and vve ſynde our bodies and vvits unſwere not to ſuche vaynie iollitie and luſtfull pleaſaunce.



11. 107  
April.



*Aegloga Quarta.*

ARGVMENT.

**T**His *Aeglogue* is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious soueraine, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be *Hobbinoll* and *Thenot*, two shepheardes: the which *Hobbinoll* being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued *Colin*, is here set forth more largely, complaying him of that boyes great misaduenture in *Loue*, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moſte loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to records a songe, which the sayd *Colin* sometime made in honor of her *Maieslie*, whom abruptly he termeth *Elysa*.

Thenot.

Hobbinoll.

**T**ell me good *Hobbinoll*, what garres thee greete?  
What hath some *Wolfe* thy tender *Lambes* ytozne?  
Or is thy *Bagpype* broke, that soundes so sweete?  
Or art thou of thy loued *lasse* forlozne?

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

Like

Like April houre, so streemes the trickling teares  
 Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thirstye payne.

Hobbinoll.

Now thys, now that, so muche doeth make me mourne,  
 But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare,  
 Howe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scozne:  
 He plonge in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

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

Thenot.

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

Hobbinoll.

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

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,  
 And woes the Widowes daughter of the glenme:  
 So nowe sayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,  
 So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

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

Hobbinol.

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

Pe



Chayntye Nymphs, 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 fl. with Helicon the leatn: d well,

Helpe me to blaze  
 Her worthy praise,

Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of sayre Elisa be your siluer song,  
 that blessed wight:

The flowre of Virgins, may thee flourish long,  
 In princely plight.

For thee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,  
 Which Pan the shepheards God of her begot:

So sprung her grace  
 Of heauenly race,

No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she lies vpon the grasse greene,  
 (O seemely sight)

Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Ducene,  
 And Ermines white.

Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,  
 With Damalke robes and Daffayillies set:

Bayleaues betweene,  
 And Primroses greene

Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face,  
 Like Phebe sayre?

Her heauenly haucour, her princely grace  
 can you well compare?

The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,  
 In either cheeke depainten liuely there.

Her modest eye,  
 Her Daintie,

Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe *Phæbus* thrust out his golden hedde, and wold  
 vpon her to gaze:

But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,  
 it did him amaze.

He blushe to see another *Sunne* belowe,  
 He durst againe his fyrye 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 abasht:

When thee the beames of her beauty displaye,

O how art thou dash't

But I will not match her with *Latonars* seede,

Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.

Now she is a stone,

And makes dayly mione,

Warning all other to take heede.

*Pan* may be proud, that euer he begot

such a *Bellibone*,

And *Syrinx* reioyse, that euer was her lot

to beare such an one.

Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,

To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:

Shee 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*.

Wene they not *Bay* bzaunches, which they doe beare,

All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare?

So sweetely they play,

And sing all the way,

That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote  
to the Instrument:

They dauncen deffly, and lingen foote,  
in their meriment.

Wants not not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euens  
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen:

She shalbe a grace,  
To fyll the fourth place,

And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whicher rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,  
raunged in a rowe?

They bene all Ladies of the lake behight,  
that vnto her goe.

Cbloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,  
Of Oliue braunches beares a Coronall:

Oliues bene for peace,  
When wars doe surcease:

Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye 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 moze finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the pincke and purple Cullambine,  
With Gelkiflowies:

Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,  
woyne of Paramoures.

Scrowe me the ground with Daffadownillies,  
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:

The pretie Pawnce,  
And the Cheuisaunce.

Shall match with the sayre flowre Delice,

Now ryle by *Elisa*, 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 Damfines I gether,

I will part them all you among.

Thenot

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

Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

For naught caren, that bene so lewoly hent.

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 yveepe and complain. Forlorne] left & forsaken.  
 Attremped to the yeare] agreeable to the season of the yeare, that is Aprill, vvhich mo-  
 neth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne, to quench, that is, to delaye  
 the drought, caused through drynesse of March vvyndes.  
 The Ladde] Colin Clout] The Lasse] Rosalinda. Tressed locks] wretched & curled  
 Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking. .f. vvhath manner of Ladde is he ?  
 To m]ike] to rime and verisfyf. For in this vword making, our olde Englishe Poetes were  
 vvvout to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke vvoorde *poiesis*,  
 to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenst] knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish dovnnes, and before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.

The VVidowes] 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 vvell known, euen in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle vvoman of no meane house, nor endewed vvith anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche 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 deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellēt Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himeria the vvorthye Poete Stesichorus hys Idole: 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 vnheedie hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne] a stranger. The word I thinke vvas first poetically put, and aftervvarde vsed in common custome of speech for forenne.

Dight] adorned. Laye] a songe. as Roundelays and Virelays  
In all this songe is not to be respected, vvhat the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor vvhat to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhat is molte comely for the meanesse of a shepheards vvitte, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, 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 vvere an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins] the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vvwhose abode the Poets faine 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 Bæotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvhi ch spring it is sayd, that vvhen Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby he meant fame and flying renoume) strooke the grovvnde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprang a vvvel of moiste cleare and pleasaunte water, vvhi ch fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song] seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus *ἠρσιέειν μέλιος.*

Syrinx] is the name of a Nympe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, she fying fro him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in steede of the Damofell, and puffing hard (for he vvas almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvhi ch he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But hereby Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges and

and Princes according to Homeres saying

*Ουμὸς δὲ μὴ γὰρ ἐστὶ δῖος Πανθρῆος βασιλῆος*  
*μηδ' ἐν δῖος ἐστὶ σφίσι δὲ δ' ἀμνηστῆτε Ζεὺς*

could deuse no parents in his iudgement so vworthy for her, as Pan the shepe  
 hears God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most  
 famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K.  
 Henry the eyght. And by that name, of tymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted  
 kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the ve  
 rye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Cremosin coronet] he deuseth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers,  
 instede of perles and precious stones, wherev vith Princes Diademes vse to be  
 adorned and embost.

Embellish] beautifye and set out.

Phebe] the Moone, whom the Poetes faine to be sister vnto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled] mingled.

Yfere] together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the VWhite, is meant the vni  
 ting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by vvhose longe  
 discord and deadly debate, this realm many years was fore traueiled, & almost  
 cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, ta  
 king to vvife the most vertuous Princesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Ed  
 vvard of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesayde,  
 in vvhom vvas the firste vnion of the VV hyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope] one of the nine Muses: to vvhome they assigne the honor of all Poetical In  
 uention, & the firste glorie of the Heroicall verse. other say, that shee is the  
 Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the  
 thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Poly  
 mnia, saying: Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special par  
 tes of Rhetorick: besyde that her name, vvhich (as some construe it) importeth  
 great remembraunce, containeth another part. but I holde rather vvith them,  
 vvhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches] be the signe of honor & victory, & therefore of myghty Conquerors worn  
 in their triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

*Arbor vittoriosa triumphale*  
*Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.*

The Graces] be three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia,  
 Euphrosyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth, f. Pasithea) other wise called Chari  
 tes, that is thanks. vvho the Poetes feyned to be the Goddeses of al bountie &  
 comelines, vvhich therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete,  
 that men first ought to be gracious & bountifull to other freely, then to receiue  
 benefis at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankf  
 fully: vvhich are three sundry Actions in liberalitee. And Boccace saith, that they  
 be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the  
 one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from

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

Deaffly] Finelye and nimbly. Soote] Sweete. Meriment] Mirth.  
Beuic] A beuic of Ladyes, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuic of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladies of the lake] be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion amongst the Auncient Heathen, that of euery 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 Arthure 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.

Bedight] called or named.

Clouis] the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of vvhome is sayd, that Zephyrus the VVesterne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefe dome and soueraigntye of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Oliue was vront to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, cyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not growe neare the Fire tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares and other instruments of warre. VVherupon is finely feigned, that vvhen Neptune and Minerua stroûe for the naming of the cite of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth vvarre, but at Mineruaes stroke sprong out an Oliue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

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

Bring] all these be names of flowres. Sops in vvine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smell and quantity. Flowre delice, that which they vse to misterrne, Flovre delnice, being in Latine called Flos deliciarum.

A Bellibone] or a Bonibell. homely spoken for a fayre mayde, or Bonilasse.

Forswonek and forswate] ouerlaboured and sunned.

I saw Phœbus] the sunne. A sensible Narration, & present view of the thing mentioned, which they call

Cynthia] the Moone so called of Cyntus a hyll, vvhere she was honoured.

Latonacs [seed] VVas Apollo and Diana. VVhom vvhen as Niobe the wyfe of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruite of her wombe, namely her seuen sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona being therewith displeasèd, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to slea al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: vvhere at the vnforsunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, was feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children, for vvhich cause the shepheard sayth, he vvill not compare her to them, for feare of like myf fortune.

Nowtise] is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her vvith prayes and comparifons, he returne

Aprill.

fol. 16

returneth all the thank of hys labour to the excellencie of her Maicstie.  
When Damfins] A base reward of a clownish giuer.  
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 Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianæ's damofells: being there most diuinely set forth. To vvhich similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excellency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, ouercome with the hugeness of his imagination, brusteth out in great admiration, (O quam te memorè virgo) being otherwise vnhabie, then by soddein silence, to expresse the vvorthinesse of his conceipt. Vvhom The not answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce, that Elisa is nowhit inferiour to the Maicstie of her, of vvhome that Poete so boldly pronounced, O dea certe.

Maye.



Ægloga Quinta

ARGVMENT.

In this firste Æglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers & Palinode, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the protestant 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 daungerous to mainteine any felowship, or giue too much credit to their courable

lowrable and feyned goodwill, he selletb him a tale of the foxe, that by such  
a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.

Palinode. Piers,

I S not thilke the mery moneth of May,  
When loue lads mak en in fresh aray?  
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,  
Plike as others, girt in gatwpy greene?  
Our bloncket liueryes bene all to sadde,  
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd  
With pleasauce: the grownd with grasse, the Woods  
With greene leaues, the bushes with bloosming Buds,  
Youghthes folke now flocken in euery where,  
To gather may bukets and smelling bzere:  
And home they hasten the postes to dight,  
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,  
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,  
And girlands of roles and Soppys in wine,  
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,  
But we here sytten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Youngers Palinode such follies fitte,  
But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this moyrowe, ne lenger agoe,  
I sawe a shole of shepehardes outgoe,  
With singing, and shoueing, and iolly chere:  
Befoze them yode a lusty Tabrere,  
That to the many a Hoyme pype playd,  
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.  
To see thole folkes make such iouysaunce,  
Hade my heart after the pype to daunce.  
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,  
To fetchen home May with their musicall:  
And home they bzingen in a royall thronc,  
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone  
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
A layze flocke of Facries, and a fresh bend

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,  
 To helpe the Ladies their Haybush beare)  
 Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,  
 How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,  
 That their fondnesse inly I pitie.  
 Those saytours little regarden their charge,  
 While they letting their sheepe runne at large,  
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,  
 In lustihede and wanton meryment.  
 Thiike same bene shepheards for the Devils stedde,  
 That playen, while their flockes be vnfedde.  
 Well is it seene, they? sheepe bene not their owne,  
 That letten them runne at randon alone.  
 But they bene hyred for little pay  
 Of other, that caren 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 chother for leauing his Lords tal-ke,  
 When gread Pan account of shepherdes shall af-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 should scozne at me:  
 For pitied is mishappe, that nas remedie,  
 But scozned bene dedes of fond foolerie.  
 What shoulden shepheards other things tend,  
 Then sich their God his good does them send,  
 Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,  
 The while they here liuen, at ease and leasures.  
 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 spend:  
 God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a worldes childe:  
 Who touches *Pitch* mought needes be defilde.  
 But shepheards (as *Algrind* vsed to say,)  
 Pought not liue plike, as men of the laye:  
 With them it sits to care for their heire,  
 Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:  
 They must prouide for meanes of maintenance,  
 And to continue their wont countenance.  
 But shepherd must walke another way,  
 Sike wordly souenance he must fore say,  
 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 wayes he stood:  
 For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,  
 Little bootes all the welth and the trust,  
 That his facher left by inheritaunce:  
 All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.  
 But thzough this, and other their miscreaunce,  
 They maken many a wrong cheuilaunce,  
 Heaping by waues of welch and woe,  
 The floddes whereof shall them ouerflowe.  
 Sike mens follie I cannot compare  
 Better, then to the Apes folish care,  
 That is so enamoured of her young one,  
 (And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)  
 That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,  
 She stopperth 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,

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(For ought may happen, that hath bene besoyne)  
 When shepheards had none inheritance,  
 Of land, nor see in sufferance:  
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,  
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe,  
 Well wias was it with shepheards thoe:  
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe,  
 For Pan hiunselfe was their inheritance,  
 And little them serued for their maintenaunce,  
 The shephears God so wel them guided,  
 That nought they were vnprouided,  
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,  
 And their flockes fleeces, them to arape,  
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie:  
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,  
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,  
 That not content with loyall obeysaunce,  
 Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,  
 And match them selfe with mighty potentates,  
 Louers of Lordship and troublers of states;  
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a losr,  
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:  
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, somewhite  
 There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guite,  
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,  
 And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe,  
 This was the first soursle of shepheards sorowe,  
 That now will be quit with batle, nor bozrowe.

## PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,  
 But the fourth to forbear, is outragious.  
 Women that of Loues longing once lust,  
 Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:  
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,  
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to allwage:  
 And who can counsell a thristie soule,  
 With patience to forbear the offered bowle?

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,  
 Poſte is, a ſooles talke to beare and to heare,  
 I wene the Geaunt has not ſuch a weight,  
 That beares on his ſhoulders the heauens height.  
 Thou findeſt faulte, where nys to be found,  
 And buildeſt ſtrong warke vpon a weake ground:  
 Thou rapleſt on right withouten reaſon,  
 And biamelt hem much, for ſmall encheaſon.  
 How ſhoulden ſhepheardes liue, if not ſo,  
 What: ſhould they pynen in payne and wo?  
 May ſayd I thereto, by my deare boꝝrowe,  
 If I may reſt, I nill liue in ſoyrowe.

Soyrowe ne neede be haſtened on:  
 For he will come wichout calling anone,  
 While times enduren of tranquillitie,  
 Then we freely our felicitie.  
 For when appꝛochen the ſtoꝝmie ſtoꝝwes,  
 We mought with our ſhoulders beare of the ſharpe ſhowꝝes.  
 And ſooch to ſayne, nought ſeemeth like ſtrife,  
 That ſhepheardes ſo witen ech others life,  
 And layen her faults the woꝝld befoꝝne,  
 The while their ſoes done eache of hem ſcoꝝne.  
 Let none miſlike of that may not be mended:  
 So contek ſoone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I liſt none accoꝝdaunce make  
 With ſhepheard, that does the right way ſoꝝlake.  
 And of the twaine, if choiſe were to me,  
 Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.  
 For what concord han light and darke ſams?  
 Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?  
 Such ſaitoꝝs, when their falſe harts bene hid de.  
 Will doe, as did the Foꝝe by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now Piers, of ſelowſhip, tell vs that ſaying:  
 For the L adde can keepe both our ſlocks from Craying.

PIERS. 11  
**T**hlike same Kilde (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,  
 Pode forth abroade vnto the greene wood,  
 To brouze, 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 before her knee,  
 That was both fresh and louely to see,  
 And full of fauour, as kiddle mought be:  
 His Wellet head began to shooote out,  
 And his wreathed hornes gan newly sproute:  
 The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,  
 And spring forth ranckly vnder his chinne.

My sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weepes)  
 For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)  
 God blesse thee poore Dymphane, as he mought me,  
 And send thee toy of thy iollitee  
 Thy father (that word she spake with payner  
 For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)  
 Thy father, had he liued this day,  
 To see the bzaunche of his body displate,  
 How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sighte?  
 But ah false Fortune such toy did him spighte,  
 And cutte of hys dayes with vntinckly woe,  
 Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.  
 Now I a wayfull widdowe behighe,  
 Of my old age haue this one delighe,  
 To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,  
 And flourish in flowres of lusty head,  
 For euen so thy father his head vpheld,  
 And so his hauty hornes did he weld.  
 Tho marking him with melting eyes,  
 A chilling throbbe from her hart did aryle,  
 And interrupted all her other speache,

With some old sorowne, that made a newe breaches  
 Seemed shee sawe in the younglings face  
 The old lineaments of his fathers grace,  
 At last her solein silence she brooke,  
 And gan his newe budded beard to stroke

Kiddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,  
 I haue of thy health and thy welfare,  
 Which many wylde bestes ligger 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 trecheree.  
 And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,  
 Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:  
 He for all his worst, not for his best,  
 Open the doze at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton some,  
 That answerd his mother, all should be done.  
 Tho went the pensife Damme out of doze,  
 And chauntt to stonible at the thershold floze:  
 Her stonbling steppe some what her amazed,  
 (For such, as signes of ill luck bene dyspraised)  
 Yet forth shee yode thereat halfe aghast:  
 And Kiddie the doze sperted after her fast.  
 It was not long, after shee was gone,  
 But the false fore came to the doze anone:  
 Not as a fore, for then he had be kend,  
 But all as a pooze pedler he did wend,  
 Bearing a trulle of trysses at hys backe,  
 As bells, and babes, and glasse in hys packe.  
 A Biggen he had got about his brayne,  
 For in his headpeace he felt a soze payne.  
 His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,  
 For with great cold he had gotte the gout.  
 There at the doze he cast me downe hys pack,  
 And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack,

Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charitee,  
 That some good body woulde once pitie mee.

Well heard Kiddle al this soze constraint,  
 And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:  
 Tho creeping close behind the Wickers clinck,  
 Penelie he peeped out through a chinck:  
 Yet not so preutlie, but the fore him spyed:  
 For deceifull meaning is double eyed.

Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)  
 Iesus blesse that sweete face, I clype,  
 And keepe your cozple from the carefull frowns,  
 That in my carrion carcass aboundg.  
 The Kidd pitying 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,  
 Thus sicke, sicke, alas, and little lack of deare,  
 But I be relieued by your beastly head.  
 I am a pooze Sheepe, albe my coloure donne:  
 For with long traueile I am bent in the sonne.  
 And if that my Grandfire me sayd, be true,  
 Sicker I am very sybbe to you:

So be your goodthead doe not disbayne  
 The bale kinred of so simple swaine.  
 Of mercye and fauour then I you pray,  
 With your ayd to forstall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:  
 Wherein while kiddle vnwares did looke,  
 He was so enamored with the newell,  
 That nought he deemed deare for the iewell.  
 Tho opened he the doze, and in came  
 The falle fore, as he were starke lame.  
 His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,  
 Lest he shoulde be descried by his trayne.

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

After his chere the Pedler can chat,  
 And tell many lesings of this, and that:  
 And how he could shewe many a fine knack,  
 Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,  
 All saue a bell, which he left behind  
 In the bal-ket for the Kidde to fynd.  
 Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,  
 He popt him in, and his bal-ket did latch,  
 He stayed he once, the doze to make fast,  
 But ranne away with him in all hast.  
 Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hybe,  
 She mought see the doze stand open wyde,  
 All agast, lowdly she gan to call  
 Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.  
 Tho on the floze she sawe the merchandise,  
 Of which her sonne had sette to dere a pryse.  
 What helpe: her Kidde thee knewe well was gone:  
 Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.  
 Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be  
 Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:  
 And such end perdie does all hem remaine,  
 That of such falsers 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 bozrowe  
 For our sir Iohn, to say to morrowe  
 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 falkhode moze could I recount.  
 But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount:  
 And for the deawie night now doth nye,  
 I hold it best for vs, home to hie.

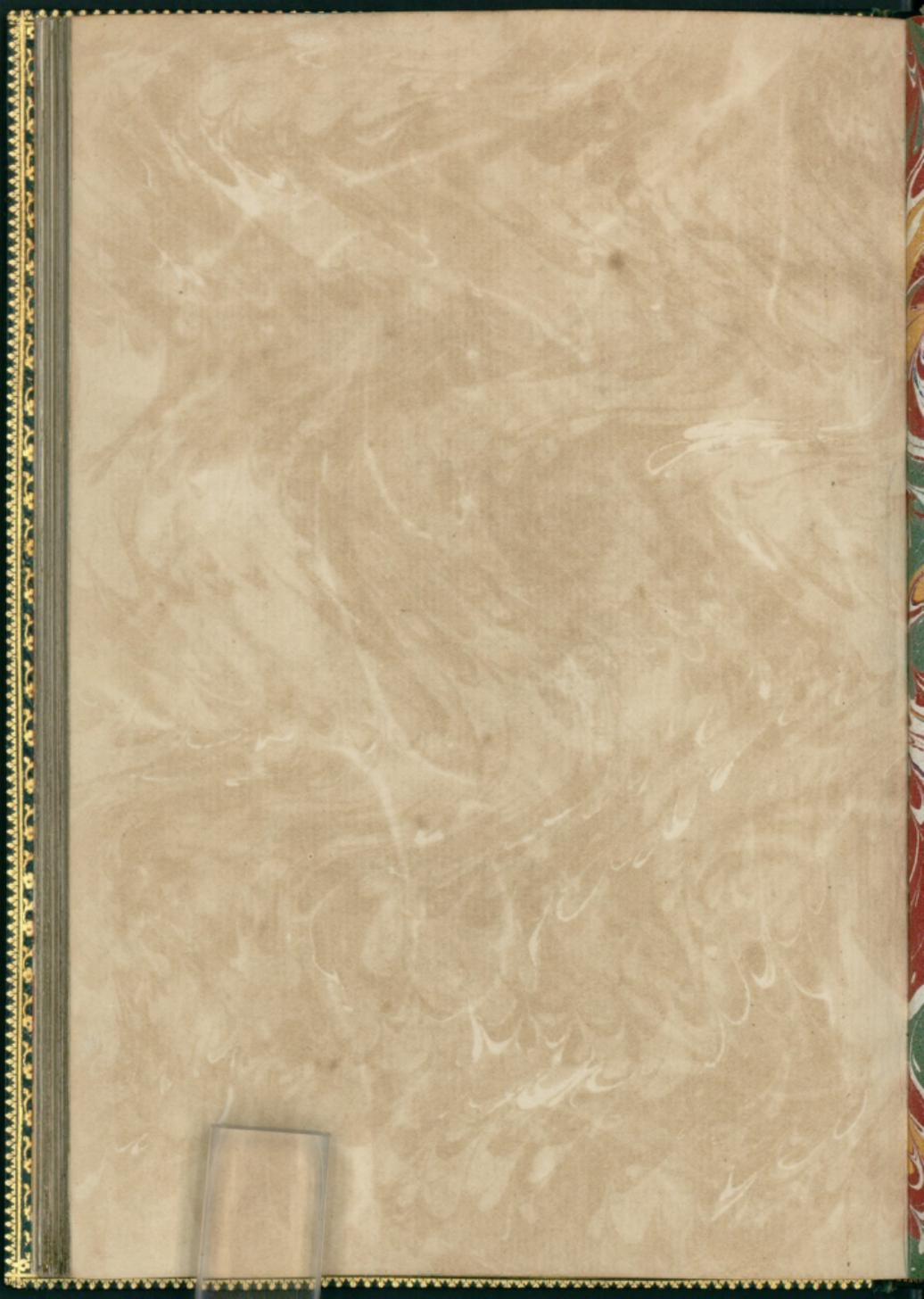
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Miller annals on p. 128.







Palinodes Embleme.

Πάλιν ἀμείνω ἀμείνω.

Piers his Embleme.

Περί ἀμείνω ἀμείνω.



GLOSSE.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues vvith pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket lueries) gray coates. Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

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

Baskets) a Diminutiue. f. little bushes of hawthorne. Kirke) church. Queme) please.

A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode) vent. Iouyffance) ioye. Svinck) labour. Inly) entirely Faytours) vagabonds.

Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applied to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, vvhich is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his first booke de Preparat. Euang; vvhio thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. VVhich story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Lauetere translated, in his booke of vvalking sprights. vvho 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 Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alovvde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus vvvas the name of an Ægyptian, vvvhich was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, vvhen he came to Palodes, to tel; that the great Pan vvvas dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that vvhen he came to Palodes, there sodeinly vvvas such a calme of winde, that the shippe stode still in the sea vnmoued; he vvvas forced to cry alovvde, that Pan was dead: vvherevvithall there was heard suche piteous outcries and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By vvvhych Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time vvvas 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 enchaunted spirits, that vvvere wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, vvvhio that Pan should be, answerè vvvas made him by the vvvisest and best learned, that it vvvas 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 cominen proverb, Malini Inuidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.

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

Tho vvwith them) doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus; vvvhych

caused to be vvritten on his tombe in Greeke; which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

„ Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido  
„ Hæsit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.  
vvhich may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I eate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:  
„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire, vvhich though much more vvisedome bewraieith, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse, the rymes be these.

„ Ho, Ho, who lies here?  
„ I the good Erle of Deuonshire,  
„ And Maulde my wife, that vv as ful deare,  
„ VVe liued together lxx. ycare.

„ That vve spent, vve had:  
„ That vve gaue, vve haue:  
„ That vve lesse, vve lost.

Algrim) the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Lay men. Enaunter) least that. Souenaunce) remembraunce. Miscreaunce) despeire or mis beliefe. Cheuisaunce ) sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaime: sometime of other for spoyle, or boorie, or enterprife, and sometime for chiefdome.

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

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and with Peters counterfet keyes, open a vvide gate to all wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernaunce (as some maliciously of late haue done to the great vnreste and hinderaunce of the Churche) but to display the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe

Sourfe) vvelsing and originall.

Borrovve) pledge or suertie.

The Geaunte) is the greate Atlas, vvhom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in dede a merueilous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that novv is Barbarie, vvhich to mans seeming percheth 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 hil had his denomination) brother to Prometheus (who as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starrs, by an excellent imagination vvherefore the poetes feigned, that he susteyned the firmament on his shoulders. Many other coniectures needelesse be told hereof.

VVarke) vvorke.

Encheafon) cause, occasion.

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

VVyten) blame. Nought seemeth) is vnseemely. Consteck) strife contentions.

Hcr) theyr, as vveth Chaucer. Han) for haue. Sam) together.

This tale is much like to that in Aesops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderstoode the simple sorte of the faythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadie vvith carefull vwatchewords (as heere doth the gote) vvained his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to vvhom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

The gate) the Gote: Northernly spoken to turne O into A. Yode) went. afforesayd She set) A figure called Fictio, which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speeches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloomnes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, vvich then beginne to sproute and shoote soorth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with) A very Poeticall

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

That vvord) A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

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

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

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a percing sigh.

Liggen) lye.

Maister of collusion).f. coloured guile, because the Foxe of all beafts is most wily & crafty. Sperre the yate) shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stombing is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastings in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (vvhiche vvvas a shrevve prophecie of his mishap, that folowed) it is layd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to sitte vpon matters of counsell, his horse stombled tvise or thrise by the vvay: vvhich of some, that ryding vvith hym in his company, were priuie to his neere destenie, vvvas secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensued. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was with in tvvo hovvres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull deathe.

As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, vvich put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies. f. Idoles: and glassef. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold.) For they boast much of their outvvard patience, and voluntarye sufferance as a vvotke of merite and holy humbleness.

Svveete S. Charitie. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitye alvvayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outvvard Actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincket.) a key hole. VVhose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stoundes) fittes: afforesayde.

His lere) his lesion.

Medled) mingled.

Bestthead.) agreeing to the person of a beaft.

Sibbe.) of kynne.

Nevvell) a newve thing.

To forestall) to prævvent.

Glee) there, afforesayde.

Deare a price.) his lyfe, vvhich he lost for those t oyes.

Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, vvwhose purpose is to vvaine the prottstaunt bevvare, hovve he geueth credit to the vsfaythfull

22. 107  
May.

Catholique: whereof vve haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one moſte famous of all, practiſed of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the nynth.

Fayne) gladd or deſyrous.

Our ſir Iohn) a Popiſhe prieſt, A ſaying fit for the groſſeneſſe of a ſhepherd, but ſpoken to raunte vnlearned Prieſtes.

Diſmount) deſcende or ſet.

Nye) dravveth nere.

Embleme.

Both theſe Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending, that vvhoe doth moſt miſtruſt is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſehod breedeth miſtruſt in the mynd, thinking noleſſe guile to lurke in others, then in himſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replyeth vvvith another peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former fable, vvhath fayth then is there in the faythleſſe. For if fayth be the ground of religion, vvhich fayth they dayly falſe, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they ſaye.

June.



*Ægloga sexta.*

ARGVMENT.

**T**His Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill ſceſſe in his loue. For being (as is a foreſaid) enamoured of a Country laſſe Roſalind, and hauing (as ſeemetb) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forſaken vnfaithfully, and in his ſteede Menalcas, another ſhepherd receiued diſloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

Hobbinoll

HOBBINOL.

COLIN Cloute.



**L** D Collin, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte  
From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde.

Tell me, what wants me here, to worke dellyte?

The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,

So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:

The grassye ground with dainty Daylies dight,

The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery 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 may thy flock early or late,

Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene yfost:

Thy louely lapes here mayst thou freely boste.

But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,

And angry Gods pursue from colte to colte,

Can nowhere fynd, to shouer my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,

Forlake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:

Leave me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,

Noz holybush, noz byere, noz winding witche:

And to the dales resoꝛt, where shepheards ritch,

And fructfull flocks bene euery where to see.

Here no night Rauene lodge more black then pitche,

Noz eluith gholts, noz gaskly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,

And lightfote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,

With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,

Whiltt sisters nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,

Doe make them musick, for their moze delight:

And Pan himselfe to kisse their christall faces,

Will pype and daunce, when Phebe shineth bright:

Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeres

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June.

Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,  
 In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:  
 But typer age such pleasures do: h repproue,  
 My faucye eke from former follies moue  
 My staped steps. for time in passing weares  
 (As garments doen, which we: en old aboute)  
 And draweth newe delights with hoary heares.

Tho couch I sing of loue, and tune my pype  
 Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:  
 Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnrype,  
 To giue my Rosalind, and in Sommer shade  
 Dight gaudy Girdons, was my comen trade,  
 To crowne her golden locks, but peeres more rype,  
 And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,  
 Those weary wanton toys away byd wypp.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelays,  
 Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,  
 I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:  
 Whose Echo made the neyghboyr grootes to ring,  
 And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring  
 Did throude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,  
 Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,  
 Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Hules' moe,  
 Soone as thy oaten pype began to soun,  
 Theyr yuozy Luyts and Tamburins forgoe:  
 And from the fountaine, where they sat around,  
 Ranne after hastely thy siluer sound.  
 But when they came, where thou thy skill didst showe,  
 They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,  
 Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of Hules' Hobbinoll, I conne no skill:  
 For they bene daughters of the hyghell Ioue,  
 And holden scoone of homely shepheards quill.

For such I heard, that Pan with Phebus stroue,  
 Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:  
 I neuer lyst presume to Parnasse hyl,  
 But pyping lowe in shade of lowly groue,  
 I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Mought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame,  
 He strue to winne renoune, or passe the rest:  
 With sheheard sittes not, followe flying fame:  
 But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.  
 I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest:  
 The fytter they, my carefull case to frame:  
 Enough is me to paint out my vurest,  
 And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* 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 ptake:  
 Well couth he wayle hys Woes, and lightly slake  
 The flames, which loue within his heart had bredd,  
 And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,  
 The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,  
 (O why should death on hym such outrage shoue?)  
 And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,  
 The same wherof doth dayly greater growe.  
 But if on me some little droys would floue,  
 Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,  
 I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,  
 And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discourteese,  
 As messengers of all my painfull plight,  
 Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,  
 And pierce her heart with poynnt of woerthy wight:  
 As shee deserues, that wrought to deadly spight.

June.

And thou *Menaleas*, that by trechere  
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to wepe so light,  
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanie:

But since I am not, as I wish I were,  
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,  
Whether on hyls, or dales, or other where,  
Bears witness all of thys so wicked deede:  
And tell the lasse, whose flowze is wore a weede,  
And faultlesse fayth, 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.  
Ah faithlesse *Rosalind*, and voide of grace,  
That art the roote of all this rutchfull woe.  
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:  
Then ryle ye blessed flocks, and home apace,  
Least night with stealing steppes do: you for sloe,  
And wet your tender *Lambes*, that by you trace.

*Colin's Embleme.*

*Gia speme spenta.*

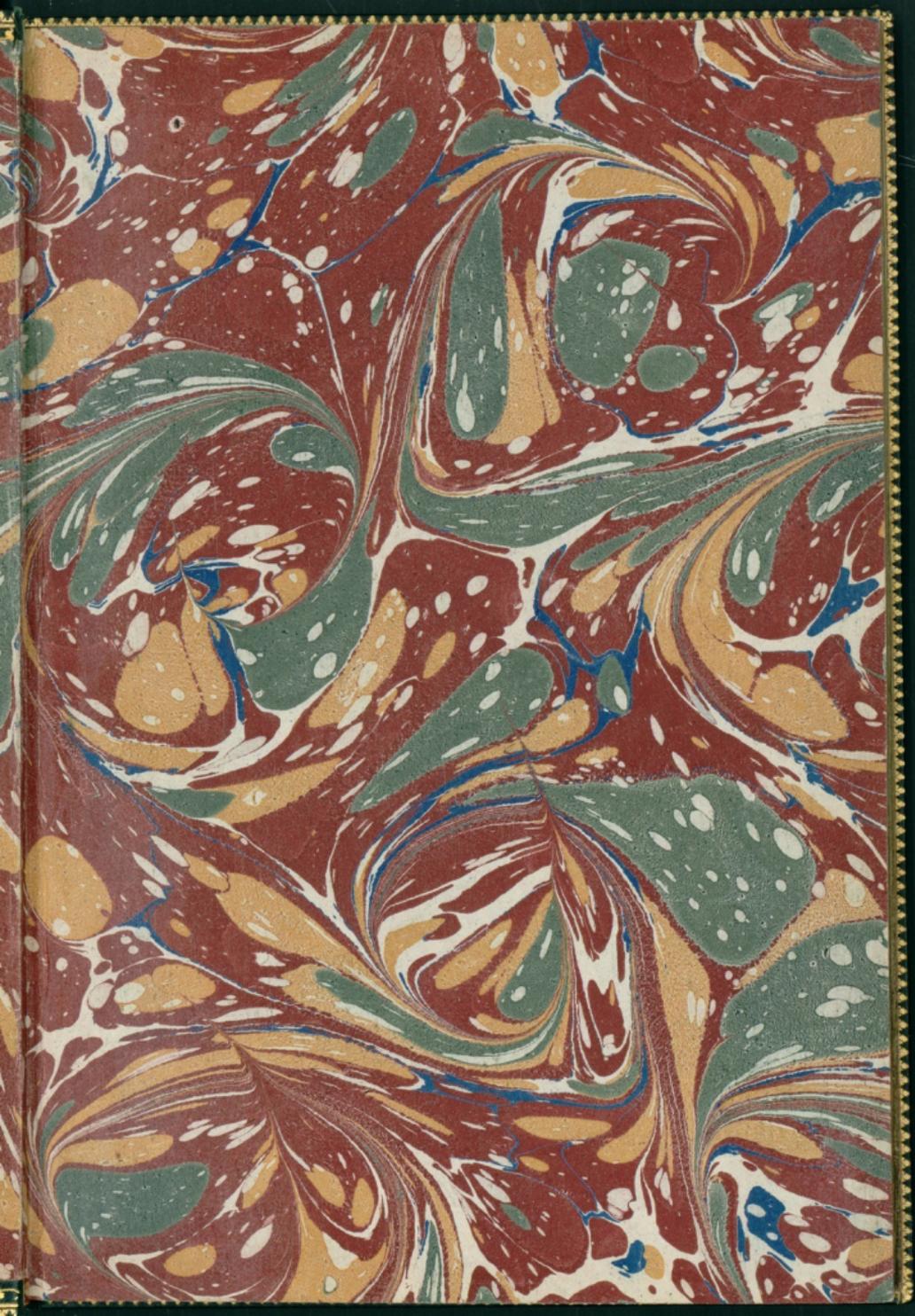


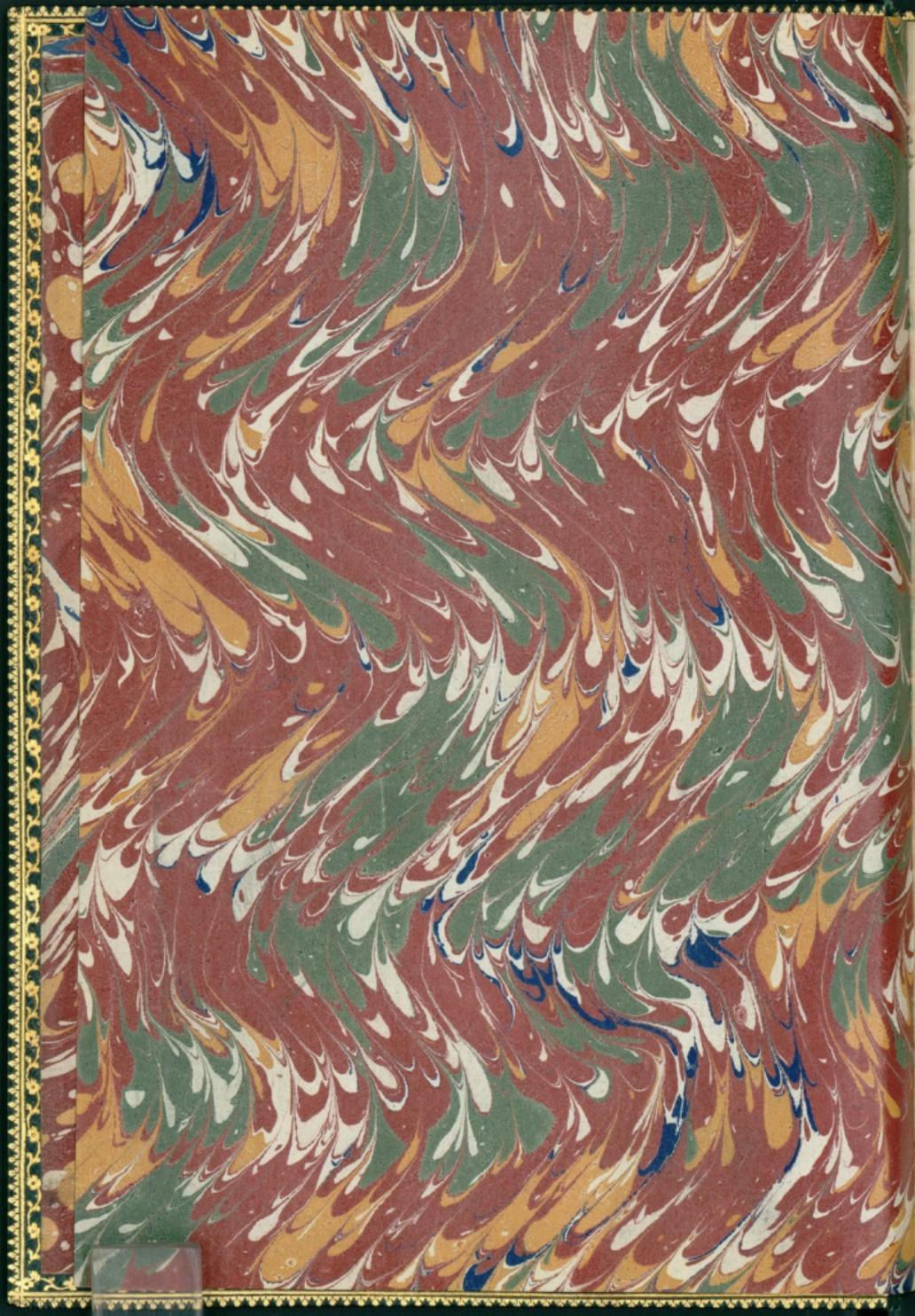
GLOSSE.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soyle, vvherein Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; vvherein Adam in his first creation vvas placed. VVhich of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the vvorlde (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* de scrip- tion of it, in the hystorie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof.) Lying be- tweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Pa- radise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, vvhereof it is so denominate.

Forfake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed)





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informed) and for his more preferment removing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countrye, where he dwelt. Nis) is not.

The Dales) The Southpartes, vvhether he nowe abydeth, vvhich thoughte they be full of hylles and vvoodes (for Kent is very hyllye and vvoodye; and therefore so called: for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth vvoodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Ravens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (Vvhereof they be tokens) flying euery vvhere.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elves is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauiſh ſhauelings so feigned; which as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nouell the comen people in ignorance, least they might once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvould be in tyme sinell out the vvritruth of theyr packed pelse and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that vvhen all Italy was distraicte into the FaCTIONS of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being tvvo 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 time vvere frowarde and vvanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came.

Vvwhich vvords novve from them (as many thinge els) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes & Goblines. No otherwise then the Frenchme vsed to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge of France, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrevvbury; whose nobleſſe bred such a terroure in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies vvere defeated & put to flight at the onely hearing of hys name. In somuch that the Fréſh vvemen, to affray theyr chylde, vvould tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respecte of many gytes of bounty, there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there sate a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys same Poete in his Pageaunts sayth. An hundred Graces on her cycledde sate. &c.

Haydeguies) A country daunce or rovvd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonlight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres] Equalles and fellow shepheards. Quene apples vnripe) imitating Virgils verſe. Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues) a straunge phrase in English, but vvord for vvord expreſſing the Latine vicina nemora.

Spring) not of vvater, but of young trees springing. Calliope) afforesayde.

Thys staffe is full of verie poetical inuention. Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, vvich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan vvith Phæbus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo ſtuning for excellencie

excellencie in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. VVho being corrupted vvyth  
 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  
 thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys  
 Canterburie tales. vvhom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, fo  
 as Tullie calleth Lentulus, Deum vitæ suæ .i. the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie. O vvh] A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.

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

Poynte of worthy wite] the pricke of deserued blame.  
 Menalcas] the name of a shepheard in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnkowne  
 and secreete, agaynst vvhome he often bitterly inuayeth.

vnderfonge] vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the fyrst Æglogue, Colins Poesie vvas Anchora speme: for that  
 as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But novve being cleane  
 solorne 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 thys Embleme.





## Ægloga septima.

## ARGVMENT.

**T**His Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherdes, and to the shame and disprays of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin.

Morrell.

**I**S not thilke same a gotheard prowde,  
that sittes on yonder bancke,  
Whose straying heard them selfe doch shrowde  
among the bulhes rancke?

Morrell.

**W**hat ho, thou iolly shepherds swayne,  
come by the hyl to me:  
Better is, then the lowly playne,  
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

**A**h God shield, man, that I should clyme,  
and learne to looke alofte,  
This reede is ryfe, that ostentime  
Great clymbers fall vnsoft.

July.

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 fyrie footed teme,  
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,  
and golden Diademe:  
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,  
with Dogge of noysome breath,  
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast  
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.  
Agaynst his cruell scorching 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 litle what,  
that Thomalin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laeste loord,  
and rekes much of thy swinck,  
That with sond termes, and weetlesse words  
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.  
In euill houre thou hentest in hond  
thus holy hylles 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 coste,  
And of S. Brigets howze I trow,  
all Kent can rightly boaste:  
And they that con of Dufes skill,  
sayne most what, that they dwell  
(As goceheards wont) vpon a hill,  
beside a learned well.

And

And woumed not the great God Pan,  
 vpon mount *Oliuet*:

Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,  
 which dyd himselſe begete

*Thomalin*.

O blessed ſheepe, O ſhepheard great,  
 that bought his flocke ſo deare,  
 And them did ſaue with bloudy ſweat  
 from *Uolues*, that would them teare.

*Morrel*.

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

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

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

Whilome there beſt ſhepheards all  
 to feede theyr flockes at will,

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

And ſithens ſhepheardes bene fozeſayd  
 from places of delight:

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

Of *Synab* can I tell thee moze,  
 And of our *Ladies* bowze:

But lictle needes to ſtrow my ſtoze,  
 ſuffice this hill of our.

Here han the holy *Faunes* reſourſe,  
 and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.

Here has the ſalt *Hedway* his ſourſe,  
 wherein the *Nymphes* doe bathe.

The ſalt *Hedway*, that trickling ſtremis  
 adowne the dales of *Kent*:

Julye.

Uill with his elder brother *Themis*  
His backish waues be meynt.  
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,  
and *Teribintb* good for Gotes:  
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,  
the next, to heale theyr throtes.  
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,  
and thence the passage ethe.  
As well can proue the piercing leuin,  
that seeldome falls byneth.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes Ipke a lewde loyrell,  
of Heauen to demen so:  
How be I am but rude and boyrrell,  
yet nearer wayes I knowe.  
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,  
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 proude that sitting hye,  
vpon the Mountaine sayles.  
My seely sheepe like well belowe,  
they neede not *Melampode*:  
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,  
and liken theyr aboue.  
But if they with thy Gotes shoulde yede,  
they soone myght be corrupted:  
Or like not of the frowie fede,  
or with the weedes be glatted.  
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,  
I reuerence and adoze:  
Not for themselfe, but for the saynctes,  
Which han be dead of poze.  
And nowe they bene to heauen forwent,  
theyr good is with them goe:

Theyr

Theyr sample onely to vs lent,  
 That als we mought doe see,  
 Shepheards they weren of the best,  
 and liued in lowlye leas:  
 And sith theyr soules bene now at rest,  
 why done we them diseale?  
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard  
 old Algrind often sayne)  
 That whilome was the first shepheard,  
 and liued with little gayne:  
 As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,  
 simple, as simple sheepe,  
 Humble, and like in eche degree  
 the flocke, which he did keepe.  
 Ofren he used of hys keepe  
 a sacrifice to bring,  
 Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe  
 the Altars hallowing.  
 So lowred he vnto hys Lord,  
 such fauour couth he fynd,  
 That sithens neuer was abhord,  
 the simple shepheards kynd.  
 And such I weene the brythren were,  
 that came from Canaan:  
 The brythren twelue, that kept yfere  
 the flockes of mighty Pan.  
 But nothynge such thilk shepheard was,  
 whom I da hyllyd beare,  
 That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,  
 whose loue he bought to deare:  
 For he was proude, that ill was payd,  
 (no such mought shepheards bee)  
 And with lewde lust was ouerlapyd:  
 tway thyngs doen ill agree:  
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,  
 well eyed, as Argus was,

With fleshy follyes vnderfled,  
 and stoute as steede of brasse.  
 Like one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,  
 that sawe hys makers face,  
 His face moze cleare, then *Christall* glasse,  
 and spake to him in place.  
 This had a brother, (his name I knewe)  
 the first of all his cote,  
 A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,  
 as he that earst I hote.  
 Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,  
 and 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 woze,  
 such simpleste mought them spend:  
 They bene yclad in purple and pall,  
 so hath theyr god them blif,  
 They reigne and rulen ouer all,  
 and lord it, as they list:  
 Pyrrt with beltes of glitter and gold.  
 (mought they good shepheards bene)  
 They? Pan they? sheepe to them has sold,  
 I saye as some haue seene.  
 For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)  
 yode late on *Pilgrimage*  
 To *Rome*, (if such be *Rome*) and then  
 he sawe thilke misusage.  
 For shepheards (sayd he) there doen leade,  
 as *Lordes* done other where,  
 Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread:  
 the chippes, and they the chere:  
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,  
 (O seely sheepe the while)  
 The corne is theyrs, let other theyst,  
 their hands they may not file.

They

They han great stozes, and chrystye stockes,  
 great freendes and feeble foes:  
 What neede hem caren for their flockes?  
 they? boyes can looke to those.  
 These wisards weltre in welchs waues,  
 pampred in pleasures deepe,  
 They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,  
 their fasting flockes to keepe.  
 Slike mistre men bene all misgone,  
 they heapen hylles of wyath:  
 Slike sylpe shepheards han we none,  
 they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,  
 lost for lacke of telling,

How sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:  
 harne may come of melling.

Thou medlest more, then shall haue thanke,  
 to wyten shepheards welth:

When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,  
 it is a signe of helth.

But say me, what is *Algrin* he,  
 that is so oft bynemyt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree,  
 but hath bene long ypent.

One daye he sat vpon a hyll,  
 (as now thou wouldest me:

But I am taught by *Algrins* ill,  
 to loue the lowe degree.)

For sitting so with bared scalpe,  
 An Eagle forced hys,

That weening hys whyte head was chalke,  
 a shell fish downe let flye:

She weend the shell fishe to haue bzoake,  
 but therewith bruzd his brayne,

So now astonied with the stroke,  
 he lyes in lingring payne.

H

Morrell.

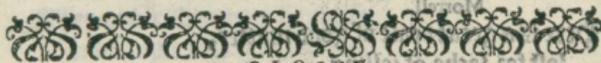
Morrell. *oh vertigis ma, aegon inery ned qed*  
**Ah good *Algrin*, his hay was ill, *one desuerti inery*  
 but shall be better in time. *ol nemo nry edon in*  
**Now farewell shepheard, *sich thys hylt*  
 thou hast such doubt to climbe. *nibul aoridul dled*****

*Palinodes Embleme.*

*In medio virtus.*

*Morrells Embleme.*

*In summo foelicitas.*



GLOSSE.

- A Goteheard]** By Gotes in scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, vvhose pastour also must needs be such.
- Bank]** is the seate of honor. **Straying heard]** which wander out of the waye of truth.
- Als]** for also. **Clymbe]** spoken of Ambition. Great clymbers, according to Seneca his verse, *Decidunt celsa grauiore lapis.* **Mickle]** much.
- The sonne]** A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching sunne, according to the time of the yeare, vvhich is the vvhoteft moneth of all.
- The Cupp and Diademe]** Be tvvo signes in the Firmament, through vvhich the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of Julye.
- Lion]** Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion vvhith one Dogge. The meaning vvhereof is, that in Julye the sonne is in Leo. At vvhich tyme the Dogge starr, vvhich is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, vvhith immoderate heate causing Pestilence, droughth, and many diseases.
- Ouerture]** an open place. The vvord is borowved of the French & vsed in good writers To holden chatt) to talke and prate.
- A loorde]** vvas vvont among the old Britons to signifie a Loide. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, vvre called for more dread and dignitie, *Lurdanes.* *Lord Danes.* At vvhich time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation vvas so outragious in thys Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and sawe the Dane set foote vpon the same, he muste retorne back, till the Dane vvore cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, vvhich vvvas no lesse, then present death. But being aftervvarde expelled that name of *Lurdane* became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this daye they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the *Feuer Lurdane.*

Recks much of thy swinck) counts much of thy paynes. *VVetcelle* not vnderstoode.  
 S. Michels

- S. Michels mount) is a promontorie in the VWest part of England.
- A hill) Parnassus afforesayd. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen
- VWhere Titan) the Sonne. VWhich story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night, time is to be seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, which tovard morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan;
- The Shepheard] is Endymion, vvhom the Poets sayne, to haue bene so beloved of Phoebe, (the Moone, that he vvas by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companye.
- There) that is in Paradise, vvhether through error of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheardes did vse to feede their flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys offspring be debarr'd & shutt out from thence.
- Synah) a hill in Arabia, vvhether God appeared.
- Our Ladyes bovyre) a place of pleasure so called.
- Faunes or Syluanes] 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.
- Meynt] mingled. Melampode and Terebinth] be herbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.
- Nigher heauen] Note the shepheards simplensse, vvhich supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heauen.
- Leuin] Lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes according to the saying of the Poete. Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.
- Lorrell] A losell. A borrell] a playne fellowe. Natte] nearer.
- Hale] for hole. Yede] goe. Froyve] mustye of mossic.
- Of yore] long agoe. Forevvente] gone afore.
- The fiste shepheard] vvas Abell the righteous, vvhom (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.
- His keepe] hys charge f. his flocke. Lovvted] did honour and reuerence.
- The brethren] the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvhich vvere shepemaisters, and lyued one lye thereupon.
- VWhom Ida] Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother He- cubas dreame, vvhich being vwith child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyll Ida; vvhether being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time be came a shepheard, and lastly came to knowledge of his parentage.
- A lasse] Helena the wyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden Aple to her guen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon vwith a forte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, which vvas the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the moste famous cite

of all Asia most lamentably sacked and defaced.  
**Argus**] was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transfomed Covv Io: So called because that in the print of a Covves foote, there is figured an I in the middelt of an O.  
**His name**] he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shephearde sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembraunce and still in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meane nesse of the Person.

**Not so true**] for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.  
**In purple**] Spoken of the Popes and Cardinales, vvhich vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting.

**Glitterand**] Glittering, a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore **Theyr Pan**] that is the Pope, vvhom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

**Palinode**] A shephearde, of whose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

**VVifards**] greate learned heads. **VVelter**] wallovve. **Kernie**] a Churle or Farmer, **Sike mister men**] such kinde of men. **Surly**] stately and provvde **Melling**] medling.

**Bett**] better. **Bynempte**] named. **Gree**] for degree.

**Algrin**] the name of a shepheard asforesayde, vvhose myshap he alludeth to the chaunce that happened to the Poet **Aeschylus**, that vvas brayned with a shellfishie.

Embleme.

**By thys poesy**] Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in hys former speach by sondry reasons he had proued, for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to praye the meane and lovly state, as that wherein is safetie vvithout feare, and quiet vvithout danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middelt, being enuironed vvith tvvo contrary vices: vvherto Morrell replieth vvith continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dyvelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicity dyvelleth in supremacie: for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that, vvhich once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitey out of a great doctour, **Suorum Christus humillimus**: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again vvith lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. **Suorum deus allissimus**.



of the...  
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## Ægloga octaua.

## ARGVMENT.

*I*N this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuerse, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he sayth was Authour.

VVillye.

Perigot.

Cuddie.

**T**ell me Perigot, what shalbe the game,  
Wherefoze with myne thou dare thy musick matche?  
Or bene thy Baggyppes renne farre out of frame?  
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benomd with ache?

Perigot.

Oh Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,  
How can Baggyppes, or ioynts be well apayde?

VVillye.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?  
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,  
And wont to make the iolly shepheards gladde  
With pypping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

H. 3.

Perigot

Perigot.

Ah Willye now I haue learned a newe daunce:  
By old mullick mard by a newe mischaunce.

VVillye.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,  
That so hath raft vs of our meriment.

But recede me, what payne doth thee so appall?

O, louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?

Perigot.

Loue hath missed both my younglings, and mee:

I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see,

VVillye.

Perdie and wellawaye: ill may they thriue:

Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight.

But and if in ryues with me thou dare stroue,

Such fond fansties 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 p'wrought of the Hayle warre:

Whereto is enchaused many a fayre sight

Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:

And ouer them spred a goodly wild bine,

Entrailed with a wanton Vuic twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:

But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,

To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:

And here with his shepooke hath him slayne.

Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?

Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,

Of all my flocke there nis like another:

For I brought him by without the Dambe.

But Colin Clout raise me of his brother,

That

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

VVillye.

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

Perigot.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,  
Which ouer the poulle hetherward doth post.

VVillye.

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

Perigot.

Well agreed Willy: then sitte thee downe swayne:  
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye iolly shepheards twayne:  
Sike a widge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Perigot.

Willye.

Per.

Wil.



**L**ell vpon a holly cue,  
hey ho hollidape,  
When holly fathers went to Chyrieue:  
now gynne this roundelay.  
Sitting vpon a hill so hye,  
hey ho the high hyl.

The while my flocke did feede thereby,  
the while the shepheard selte did spylle.

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 saye,  
the greene is for maydens meete:

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

Of sweete Violets therein was store,  
the sweeter then the Violet.

August.

Per. My sheepe did leaue they wanted soode,  
 Wil. hey ho leely sheepe,  
 Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,  
 Wil. Wloode 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 chystall glasse:  
 Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,  
 Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,  
 Per. Glaunceth from Phæbus 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 lighsome leuin throudes,  
 Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sonder:  
 Per. O as Dame Cynthias siluer rape  
 Wil. hey ho the Moone light,  
 Per. Upon the glyttering waue doth playe:  
 Wil. such play is a pitteous 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 wexen wider.  
 Per. Pasking to raunch the arrow out,  
 Wil. hey ho Perigot,  
 Per. I left the head in my hart roote:  
 Wil. it was a desperate sho.  
 Per. There it ranckleth ay moze and moze,  
 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 death I bought,  
 Wil. hey ho heaue cheere,  
 Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought,  
 Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.

But

Per. But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,  
 Wil. hey ho pinching payne,  
 Per. Or th' iue in welth, shee shalbe mine,  
 Wil. but if thou can her obtaine.  
 Per. And if for gracelesse grieefe I dye,  
 Wil. hey ho gracelesse grieefe;  
 Per. Witnesse, shee slewe me with her eyes  
 Wil. let thy follie be the priefe.  
 Per. And you, that latwe it, simple shepe,  
 Wil. hey ho the fayre stocke,  
 Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,  
 Wil. and mone with many a mocke.  
 Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,  
 Wil. hey ho holidaye,  
 Per. That euer since my hart did greue.  
 Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddie,

Sicker like a roundle neuer heard I none.  
 Little lacketh Perigot of the best.  
 And Willye is not greatly ouergone,  
 So weren his vnder songs well addrest.

Willye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eyes  
 Areede vprightly, who has the victorpe?

Cuddie.

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

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:  
 He can Willye wite the witelesse herdgrome.

Willye.

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

Cuddie.

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, ylike can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

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

Vvilly.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be  
In Colins skede, if thou this song areede:  
Foz neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,  
As him to heare, oz matter of his deede,

Cuddie.

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



**Y**e wasse full woodes beare wicnesse of my woe,  
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:  
Ye carelesse byrds are priute 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 doth my greeks augment,  
The walled towines do worke my greater woe:  
The forrest wide is fitter to resound  
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,  
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,  
Whose waylesfull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe  
Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:  
Let all that swete is, boyd: and ail that may augment  
My doole, drawe neare. Hore mcete to wayle my woe,  
Bene the wild wooddes my sorowes to resound,  
Then bedde, oz bowye, both which I fill with cryes,  
When I them see so wait, and spnd no part  
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart  
In gaskill groue theretofore, till my last sleepe:  
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment  
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:  
Help: me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound  
Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes

Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes  
 (Which of my woe cannot be wray least part)  
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,  
 Increase, so let your ykesome pells augment.  
 Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe  
 I bowed haue to wayt, 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 more taugment  
 The memozy of hys misdeede, that bred her woe:  
 And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound  
 Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,  
 Let breake your soulder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigor.

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

Cuddie.

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

Perigor: his Embleme.

*Vincenti gloria victi.*

Willyes Embleme.

*Vinto non vitto.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Felice chj puo.*

GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.  
 Rafte) bereft, deprived.

Peregall) equall.  
 Misvent) gon astraye.  
 I. 2.

VVhilome) once.  
 Ill may) according  
 to

48. 107  
*August.*

to Virgile.

*In felix o semper ouis pecus.*

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

Entrailed) vvrought betuene.

Haruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme. Pousse.) Pease.

It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to vvho VVilly answereth e-  
uery vnder verse. By Perigot vvho is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be,  
vvho is supposed, his love deterueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint. Chaplet) a kind of Garland lyke a crowne.

Leuen) Lightning. Cynthia) vvvas 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 enterchange of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Dooome) iudgement. Dempt) for deemed, iudged. VVite the vvitelesse) blame the  
blamelesse. The shepherd of Ida) vvvas sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvhome Paris adiudged 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 yeelding, Cuddie the arbirer of theyr cause, and Patron of his own,  
semeth to chalenge it, as his devv, saying, that he, is happy vvich can, so abrupt-  
ly ending but hee meaneth cyther him, that can vvyn the beste, or moderate him  
selfe being best, and leaue of vvith the best.





## Ægloga Nona.

## ARGVMENT.

**H**erein Diggon Daue is denised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaünd, be discourseth at large.

Hobbinol.

Diggon Daue.



Diggon Daue, I bidde her god day:

O? Diggon her is, or I mislaye.

Diggon.

Her 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 haft.

Hobbinol.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?

Reurt I wist thee in so pooze a plight.

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

O? bene they chaffred? or at mischiefe dead?

Diggon

## September.

Diggon.

Al for loue of that, is to thee moſte leeſe,  
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griefes  
Slike queſtion ripeſy by cauſe of newe woe,  
For one opened more vnſolde many moe.

Hobbinoll.

May, 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 ſaln, the cloudes wepen cleare.  
And nowe ſithence I ſawe thy head laſt,  
Thyſe thre Doones bene fully ſpent and paſt:  
Since when thou haſt meaſured much grownd,  
And wandred I wene about the worlde rounde,  
So as thou can many thinges relate:  
But tell me firſt of thy ſlocks aſtate.

Diggon.

My ſheepe bene waitid, (wae is me therefore)  
The iolly ſhepheard that was of poze,  
Is nowe noz iolly, noz ſhephearde moze,  
In ſorrein coſtes, men ſayd, was plentye:  
And ſo there is, but all of miſerpe,  
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ſtoze,  
But ſuch eeking hath made my hart ſoze.  
In tho countreyes, whereas I haue bene,  
No being for thoſe, that truely mene,  
But for ſuch, as of guile maken gayne,  
No ſuch countreye, as there to remaine.  
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,  
And maken a Hart of theyꝝ good name.  
The ſhepheards there robben one another,  
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.  
Or they will buy his ſheepe out of the cote,  
Or they will caruen the ſhepheards throte.  
The ſhepheards ſwayne you cannot wel ken,  
But it be by his pyꝝde, from other men:  
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And

And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,  
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,  
That vnech may I stand any moze:  
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth soze,  
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,  
Beating the withered leafe 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 skounde,  
That euer I cast to haue lozne this grounde.  
Wel-away the while I was so sonde,  
To leaue the good, that I had in hande,  
In hope of better, that was vncouth:  
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.  
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)  
That here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,  
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,  
Vene all sterued with ppyne and penuree.  
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,  
Dziuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll,

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

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht  
Wich bayne desyre, and hope to be curicht.  
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre  
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:

September.

I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:  
But nowe I wote, it is nothing lich.  
For eyther the shepheards bene yole and still,  
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they wyll:  
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,  
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.  
But the moze bene fraught with fraud and spight,  
He in good nor goodnes taken delight:  
But kinde coales of conteeck and pre,  
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:  
Which when they thincken agayne to quench  
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.  
They saye they con to heauen the high way,  
But by my soule I dare vnder saye,  
They neuer sette foote in thac same troade,  
But balk the right way, and strapen abroad.  
They boast they han the deuill at commaund:  
But aske hem therefoze, what they han paund.  
Harrie that great Pan bought with deare hozrow,  
To quite it from the blacke bowze of sozrow.  
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:  
For thy woulden draue with hem many moe.  
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:  
As they han byewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke.  
Such myster saying me seemech to mirke.

Diggon.

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

That

# The generall argument of the whole booke.



Titule I hope, needeth me at large to discourfe the first Originall of Ælogues, hauing alreadye touched the same. But for the word Ælogues I knowv is vnknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I vvyll say somevwhat thereof, being not at all impertinēt to my present purpose.

They vvere first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called Ælogogaj as it vvere *αἰγών* or *αἰγονόμων λόγος*. that is Goteheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be most shepheards, and Goteheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriuings, as from the first head and vvelspring the vvhole Inuicicion of his Ælogues, maketh Goteheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, vvhoe seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs belecue that they are more rightly termed Eclogai, as they vwould say, extraordinary discourses of vnnescessarie matter, vvhich difinition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowhit answereth with the *αἰγονόμων* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogues, but Ælogues, vvhich sentence this authour very vvell obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede few Goteheards haue to doe herein, nethelesse doubteth not to cal the by the vsed and best knowven name. Other curious discourses hereof I referue to greater occasion. These xij. Ælogues euery where answeringe to the seasons of the twelue monthes may be vvell deuided into three formes or ranckes. For cyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, & the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, vvhich conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: vvhich for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitternesse, namely the second of reuerence deuue to old age, the fift of coloured deceipt, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepheards & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasaunt vvits. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, vvhose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these xij. Ælogues. Now vwill vve speake particularly of all, and first of the first. vvhich he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, vvhich beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stoutely mainteyned vvith stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March. for then the sonne renevvet his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter novv vvorne avvay, reliueth. This opinion maynteine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which account also vvas generally obserued both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, vve mayntaine a custome of coumptring 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 Sauour and eternal redeemer the L. Christ, vvhoe as then renevving the state of the decayed vvorld, and returning the compass of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. vvhich reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaueth also vpon good prooffe of

special iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the yere was not perfected, as afterwards it was by Julius Caesar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is layd in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Iewves to count the moneth Abil, that vvhich vve call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in government of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Julius Caesar vvhich first obserued the leape yeere vvhich he called Bissextile Annum, and brought in to a more certain course the odde vvhandering dayes vvhich of the Greekes were called *Calendæ* of the Romanes intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombred xij. vvhich in the first ordinance of Romulus were but tenne, counting but CCCiij. dayes in every yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, vvhich was the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither vvhith the course of the sonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, Ianuary and February: wherein it seemeth, that vvhise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuare, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entraunce of the yeere, 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 vvorlde, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeere. vvhich account for the most part hath hetherto continued. Notwithstanding that the Ægyptians beginne their yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the scripture selfe, God made the vvorlde in that Moneth, that is called them Tisri. And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pavillions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, vvhich before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquite of thother, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to begin vvhith Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decoru, that Sepheard should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginneth he, & so continueth he throughout.



## Epistle.

judgement jangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirit had newly raiued them about the meanenesse of common capacitie. And being in the middelt of all theyr brauery, suddenly cyther for vvant of matter, or of tyme, or hauing forgotten theyr former conceipt, theyr seeme to be so pained and traueiled in theyr remembrance, as it vvere a woman in childbirth or as that same Pythia, vvhen the traunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum fera corda domans &c.

Nethelisse let them a Gods name feede on theyr ovyne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vvnder vvwhose person the Authour selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shoyves, both him selfe sheweth, vvhere he sayth.

Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no skill.

And,

Enough is me, to paint out my vnrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the baseness of the name, vvherein, it seemeth, he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argumēt courtly, then prof. fling it, not suffice thereto according ly. vvwhich moued him rather in Æglogues, then other wise to vvrite, doubting perhaps his habitie, vvich he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue vvith this kinde, vvherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best & most auncient Poetes, vvich deuised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habitues? and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to proue theyr tender vvyngs, before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceiue he vvvas all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yettwell feeling his vvyngs. So flew Mantuane, as being not full somd. So Petrarque. So Boecace; So Marot, Sanazarus, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, vvwhose foting this Author euery vvhere folloved, yet so as few, but they be welfented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete, as a bird, vvwhose principals be scarce grovven out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Now 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 vvistayed yough had long vvandred in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vvwhich 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 vvunfortunate folly, he compiled these xij. Æglogues, vvwhich for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij. monethes, he termeth the SHEPHEARDS CALENDAR, applying an olde name to a new vvork. Hereunto haue I added a certain Glosse or scholion for the exposition of old vvordes & harder phrases: vvwhich maner of glosing and commenting, vvll I vvote, vvill seeme straunge & rare in our tongue; yet for somuch as I knew many excellent & proper deuises both in vvordes and matter vvould passe in the speedy course of reading, either as vnknowne, or 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 vvvas made priuie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other vvorks of his. vvwhich albeit I know he nothing so much bareth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, him selfe being for long time surr estranged, vvhoping that this vvill the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent vvorks of his, vvwhich slepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legendes, his Court of Cupide, and sondry others; vvwhose commendations to set out, vvvere vvay

## Epistle.

vayne; the things though vvorthy of many, yet being known to few. These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine ovvn good Maister Haruey, to vvhom I haue both in respect of your vvorthinesse generally, and other vvyse vpon some particular & special considerations vyoued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen friends Poetrie, him selfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vvorthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning. ) VVhose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stir vp any wrongful accusation, defend vwith your mighty Rhetorick & other 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 sparks 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 singuler account of tyvo so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartely far vvel, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the tuicion of the greatest.

Your owne assuredly to  
be commaunded E. K.

### Post scr

**N**Ovv I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vnworthy Quidams, vvwhich catch at the garland, vvwhich to you alone is devve, you vvill be persvaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemes of yours, vvwhich lye hid, and bring the forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depruiing them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smoothing your deserued prayses, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, vvwhich they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, vvwhich in my opinion both for inuention aud 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 Haruey, his

verie special and singular good frend E. K. commended the good lyking of this his labour, and the patronage of the new Poete.

(..)



VCOVIHE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete Chaucer: vvhom for his excellencie and vvonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a vvorthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Locestare of our Language; and vvhom our Colin clout in his Æglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, compating hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. VVhich prouerbe, mynt owne good friend Ma. Haruey, as in that good old Poete it serued vvell Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very vvell taketh place in this our nevv Poete, vvho for that he is vncouth (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and vnkown to most mē, is regarded but of few. But I doat not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowvledg of men, and his vvorthines be founded 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 vvittinesse in deuising, his pitchness in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenessse, his morall vvifenessse, his devve obseruing of Decorum euerye vvhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemly simplicitie of handeling his matter, and framing his vvords: the vvhich of many thinges which in him be straunge, I knowv 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 roundnessse, and so graue for the straungenessse. And firste of the vvordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of moit men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authours and most famous Poetes. In vvhom vvhenas this our Poet hath bene much trauciled and throughly redd, hovv could it be, (as that vvorthy 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 auncient Poetes still ringing in his cares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choise, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenessse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde vvould make his tymes more ragged, and rusticall, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I thinke, and think I thinke not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one vvould say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be obiected of Valla against Liuius, and of other against Saluste, that vvith ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one & in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discourting matters of grauitie and importunce. For if my memo- ry sayle not, Tullie in that booke, vvherein he endeouureth to set forth the paterne of a

perfect Oratour, sayth that oftentimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme graue, and as it were reuerend: no otherwise then yve honour and reuerence gray heares for a certein religious regard, which yve haue of old age, yet neither euerie where must old words be stuffed in, nor the cominen Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings it seeme disorderly & ruinous, but all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blize and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thicketts and craggy cliffs, that by the balcenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftentimes we synde ourselues, 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 harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue & glorious vvords. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a wel shaped body. But if any vvill rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vvvonted vvords, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of vvitleesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning, for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he vvill iudge of the length of his cast, for in my opinion it is one special praye, of many vvhych are due to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of vse & almost cleare ditherited. VVhich is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truly of it self is both full enough for prose & stately enough for verse, hath long time ben coued most bare & barein of both. which default when as some endeuoured to salue & recure, they patched vp the holes with peces & raggs of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euerie where of the Latine, not vveighing howvill, those tongues accorde vvith themselves, but much vvorse vvith ours: So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufay or hodgepodge of al other speeches. Other some no so wel eme in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if the happen to here an old vword albeit very naturall and significant, crye out freight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Euaders mother spake. vvhose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge strangers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they freight vvay deeme to be sencelesse, and not at al to be vnderstood. Much like to the Mole in AEsopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, vvould inno wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their ovvne country and naturall speech, vvhich together vvith their Nources milk they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they vvill not onely themselves not labor to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can cate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faire vvould feede: vvhole curiously kind though cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting.

Nowv for the knitting of sentences, vvhych they call the ioynts and members thereof, and for al the compasse of the speech, it is round vvithout roughnesse, and learned vvithout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceiued of the leaste, vnderstoode of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned, for vvhat in most English wryters vseth to be loose, and as it were vnnytt, in this Authour is vvell grounded, finely framed, and strongly trusted vp together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the raskellye route of our ragged rymers (for so theselues vse to hunt the letter) vvhych vvithout learning bolse, vvithout  
 iudgement





That like mischiefe grafech hem emong,  
 All for they casten too much of woꝝlos care,  
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:  
 For such enchealon, If you goe nye,  
 Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye  
 The fatte Dre, that wone ligge in the stal,  
 Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.  
 Thus chatten the people in theyꝝ steads,  
 Plike as a Hontfer of many heads,  
 But they that shooten necest the pyicke,  
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.  
 For bigge Bulles of *Basan* brace hem about,  
 That with theyꝝ hoznes butten the moze stouter:  
 But the leane soules treaden vnder foote.  
 And to seeke redyelle mought little boote:  
 For liker bene they to pluck away moze,  
 Then ought of the gotten good to restore.  
 For they bene like foule wagmoires ouergrast,  
 That if thy galage once sticketh fast,  
 The moze to wiꝝd it cut thou doest swinck,  
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.  
 Yet better leaue of with a little losse,  
 Then by much wꝝestling to leese the gosse.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaines  
 Better it were, a little to seyne,  
 And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.  
 Such il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured  
 But of like pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?

Diggon.

Like as the shepheards, like bene her sheepe,  
 For they will listen to the shepheard's voyce,  
 But if he call hem at theyꝝ good choyce,  
 They wander at wil, and stray at pleasure,  
 And to theyꝝ foldes yeld at their owne leasure.  
 But they had be better come at their call,  
 For many han into mischiefe fall,

K.

And

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September.

And bene of rauenous **Woolues** yrent,  
All for they moude be burome and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Fye on thee **Diggon**, and all thy foule leasing,  
Well is knowne that lich the **Saxon** king,  
Neuer was **Woolfe** seene many nor some,  
Nor in all **Kent**, nor in **Chyriendome**:

But the fewer **Woolues** (the soch to sayne,)  
The more bene the **Foxes** that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete 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 pziuely prolling two and froe,  
Enaunter they mought be truly knowe.

Hobbinoll.

Oz pziue oz vere pf any bene,  
We han great **Bandogs** will teare their skinne.

Diggon.

Indeede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,  
And could 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 countenance,  
The bene so graue and full of mayntenance.

But shall I tell thee what my selke knowe,  
Chaunced to **Roffynn** not long ygoe?

Hobbinoll.

Say it out **Diggon**, what euer it hight,  
For not but well mought him betticht.

He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,  
And with his word his worke is conuenable.

**Colin** clout I wene be his selke boye,  
(Ah for **Colin** he whilome my toye)

Shepheards lich, **God** mought vs many send,  
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

Diggon

Diggon.  
 Think same shepheard mought I well marke:  
 He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,  
 Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurre,  
 That waketh, and if but a lease sturre.  
 Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,  
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.  
 And euer at night went to repayze  
 Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,  
 Vcladde in clothing of seely sheepe,  
 When the good old man bled to sleepe,  
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,  
 (For he had est learned a curre's call.)  
 As if a Wolfe were emong the sheepe.  
 With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,  
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)  
 To raunge the fields with wide open throte.  
 Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye.  
 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 bled this slippery pranck,  
 Ere Koffy could for his laboure him thanck  
 At end the shepheard his practise spied,  
 (For Koffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)  
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,  
 Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,  
 And tooke out the Wolfe in his counterfect cote,  
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Diggon.

Harry Diggon, what should him affraye,  
 To take his owne where euer it laye?  
 For had his weland bene a little widdier,  
 He would haue deuoured both hidder & thidder.

Diggon.

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

September?

For it was a perilous beast about all,  
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.  
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,  
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,  
As if it the old man selfe had bene.  
The dog his maisters 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 steuen,  
Lowder had be staine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,  
All for he did his deuoyr beliuē.  
It like bene Wolues, 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 sittes not playe,  
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:  
But euer ligger in watch and ward,  
From soddein force they flockes for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,  
All the cold season to wach and waite.  
We bene of flethe, men as other bee,  
Why should we be bound to such misere?  
What euer thing lackech chaungeable rest,  
Mought needes decaie, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,  
Mought ease the care, that doth me forhaile.  
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,  
My piteous plight and losse to amend?  
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,  
Of adde or counsell in my decaie.

Hobbinoll

Hobbinoll.  
 Now by my soule Diggon, I lament  
 The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,  
 Methelisse thou leest my lowly saile,  
 That troward fortune doth euer auaille.  
 But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,  
 Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.  
 But if to my cotage thou wilt resoꝛt,  
 So as I can: I wil thee comfort:  
 There mayst thou ligge in a betchy bed,  
 Till saynt Foꝛtune shewe soꝛth her head.  
 Diggon.  
 Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.  
 Diggon on fewe such freends did euer lute.

Diggon's Embleme.

*Fropem me copia fecit.*



G L O S S E.

The Dialecte and phraſe of ſpeache in this Dialogue, ſeemeth ſomewhat to differ from the comen. The cauſe wherof is ſuppoſed to be, by occaſion of the party herein meant, vvhobeing very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forraine countreyes, and there ſeene many diſorders, vvhich he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

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

VVrightly) quickly, or ſodenlye. Chaffred) ſolde. Dead at miſchiefe) an vnſuall ſpeache, but much vſurped of Lidgate, and ſometime of Chaucer.

Leeſe) deare. Ethe) eaſie. Theſe three moones) nine monethes. Meaſured) ſor traueled.

VV) voe Northernly. Eeked) encreaſed. Caruen) cutte. Kenne) know.

Cragge) neck. State) ſtoutely Stanck) vvearie or fainte.

And novve) He applieth it to the tyme of the yeare, vvhich is in the end of harueſt, which they call the fall of the leaſe: at vvhich tyme the VVeſterne vvynde beareth moſt ſvayne.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis. Lorne) leſte Sootte) ſvete.

Vncouthe) vnknownen. Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Tranſlated

out of Mani) iane. Emprife) ſor enterpriſe. Per Syncopen. Contek) ſtriſe.

Trode) path. Mat rie) that) that is, their ſoules, vvhich by popiſh Exorcismes & practiſes they damme to hell.

# September.

Blacke) hell. Gange) goc. Miſter) maner. Mirke) obſcure. VVarre) vvorſe.  
 Crumena)) purſe. Brace compaſſe. Encheſon) occaſion. Ouergraft) ouergrowvve  
 vvith graſſe. Galage) thoc. The groſſe) the whole.

Buxome and bent) meeke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde.  
 vvhich king cauſed all the VVolues, vvhercof then vvvas ſtore in this countrye,  
 by a proper policie to be deſtroyed. So as neuer ſince that time, there haue ben  
 VVolues here ſounde, vnleſſe they were brought from other countries. And  
 therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying there be VVolues in  
 England.

Nor in Chriſtendome) This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vnreaſonable; but indeede  
 it vvvas vvont to be an olde prouerbe and comen phraſe. The original vvhere-  
 of vvvas, for that moſt part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvvas  
 chriſtened, Kent onely except, vvhich remayned long after in myſ beliefe and  
 vnchriſtened, So that Kent vvvas counted no part of Chriſtendome.

Great hunt) Executing of lawes and iuſtice. Enaunter) leaſt that.

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

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

Colin cloute) Nowe I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Au-  
 thour ſelfe. vvhoſe eſpeciall good freend Hobbinoll ſayth he is, or more rightly  
 Maſter Gabriel Hauy: of vvhoſe ſpeciall commendation, aſvvell in Poetrye  
 as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, vve haue lately had a ſufficient try-  
 all in diuerſe his vvorkes, but ſpecially in his *Muſarum Lachrymæ*, and his late  
*Gratulationū Valdinen ſum* vvhich boke in the progreſſe at Audley in Eſſex,  
 he dedicated in vvriting to her Maieſtie, after vvard preſenting the ſame in print  
 vnto her Highneſſe at the vvorſhipfull Maſter Capells in Hertfordſhire. Beſide  
 other his ſundrye moſt rare and very notable vvritings, partly vnder vvuknown  
 Tytles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as his *Tyrannomaſtix*, his *Ode*  
*Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and eſpecially that parte of *Philomufus*, his diuine  
*Anticoſmopolita*, and diuers other of lyke importance. As alſo by the names of  
 other ſhepheardes, he couereth the perſons of diuers other his familiar freendes  
 and beſt acquayntance.

This tale of Roffy ſeemeth to colour ſome particular Action of his. But vvhat, I certein  
 lye knowv not. VVonned) haunted. VVelkin) I kie aforeſaid.

A VVeanel vvaffe) a vveaned youngling. Hidder and ſhider) He & ſhe. Male  
 and Female. Steuen) Noyſe. Belue) quickly. VVhat euer) Ouid verſe  
 tranſlated. Quod caret alterna requie, durable non eſt. vvon baſ.

Forchaile) dravve or diſtreſſe. Vetchie) of Peaſe ſtravve.

## Embleme.

This is the ſaying of Narciffus in Ouid. For vvhen the fooliſhe boye by beholding his  
 face in the brooke, fell in loue vvith his ovne likenefſe, and not habile to con-  
 tent him ſelfe vvith much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him  
 poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of ſence. But our Diggon vv-  
 ſeth it to other purpoſe, as vvho that by tryall of many vvayes had founde the  
 vvorſt,

September.

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vvorst, and through greate plentye vvas fallen into great penurie. This poesie I knowe, to haue bene much vsed of the author, and to suche like effecte, as fyrste Narcissus spake it.

October.



*Aegloga decima.*

ARGVMENT.

**I**N Cuddie is set out the perfecte patern of a Poete, whishe finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and enen amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular account & honor, & being indeede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and beauenly instinct not to bee gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine celestiall inspiration, as the Author here of 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.

**C**vddie, for shame hold by thy heape head,  
And let vs cast with what delight to chace:

R.4.

And

October.

And weary thys long lnynging *Phebus* race.  
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leaue,  
In rymes, in riddles, and in bydding base:  
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead?

Cuddie.

*Piers*, I haue pyped erft so long with payne,  
That all mine *Oten* reedes bene rent and wore:  
And my pooze *Huse* hath spent her spared store,  
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.  
Such pleasaunce makes the *Grashopper* so pooze,  
And ligge so layd, when *Winter* doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,  
To seede youtyes fancie, and the flocking fry,  
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?  
They han the pleasure, I a slender pryse.  
I beate the bush, the byzds to them doe flye:  
What good there of to *Cuddie* can arise?

*Piers*.

*Cuddie*, the prayse is better, then the pryce,  
The glozy eke much greater then the gaynes  
O what an honoz is it, to restraine  
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:  
Oz prycke them forth with pleasaunce of thy valne,  
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,  
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:  
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,  
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his daine  
From *Plutoes* balefull bowze withouten leaue:  
His musicks might the hellith hound did tame.

*Cuddie*.

So praysen babes the *Peacocks* spotted traine,  
And wondzen at bright *Argus* blazing eye:  
But who rewards him ere the moze for thy?  
Oz feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,  
Sike words bene wynd, and wassen soone in bayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the bale and biler clowne,  
Lpft by thy selte out of the lowly dust:  
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,  
Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne.  
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,  
And helmes vnbruzed wepen dayly browne.

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

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

Cudde.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,  
Through his *Mecenas* lest his *Daten* reede,  
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,  
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,  
And est did sing of warres and deadly drede,  
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecenas* is yclad in claye,  
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:  
And all the worthies liggenn wrapt in leade,  
That matter made for Poets on to play:  
For euer, who in derring doe were dreade,  
The loffie verse of hem was loued aye.

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

And if that any buddes of Poetrie,  
 Pet of the old stocke gan to shooote agayne:  
 Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,  
 And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudyne.  
 Or as it syrong, it wicher must agayne:  
 Com Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then the place?  
 If not in Princes pallace thou doe sit:  
 (And yet is Princes pallace the most fit)  
 He best of baler birch 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 soze, and make so large a flight:  
 Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,  
 For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne:  
 He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,  
 Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers

Ah son, for loue does teach him climbe so hig,  
 And lytes him vp out of the loathsome myze:  
 Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,  
 Would rayse ones mynd aboute the starry skie.  
 And cause a captiue corage to aspire,  
 For losty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,  
 For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:  
 That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

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

Who euer casts to compasse weigh tye prize,  
And thinks to thzowe out chondzing words of theate:  
Let powre in lauish cups and thyrstie bites of meate,  
For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phabus wise.  
And when with Wine the bzaine begins to sweate,  
The numbers slowe as fast as spyring doth rple.

Thou kenst not Percie howe the ryme shoud rage.  
D if my temples were distaind with wine,  
And girt in girlonds of wild Puie twine,  
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,  
And teache her tread aloft in bus-kin fine,  
With queint Bellona in her equipage.

But ah my corage 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.

Pires.

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

Cuddies Embleme.

*Agitante calescimus illo &c.*



GLOSSE.

This Eglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, vwherein hee repro-  
ued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poeses, in whome  
is the power to make men immortal for their good dedes, or shameful for their  
naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane, The style hereof as also that in  
Theocritus, is more losyfe then the rest, and applied to the heighte of Poeticall  
vvitte.

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

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# October.

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

**V**Whilome) sometime. Oaten reedes) Aucna.

Ligge so layde) Iye so faynt and vnlustye. Dapper) prettye.

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

To restraine.) This place seemeth to conspyre wvith Plato, who in his first booke de Le-gibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry vvas of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, vvhich they vsed euery five yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable thē the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, vwould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse cythet of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderfull gyft all men being astonied and as it vvore rauished, vvith delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he vvas inspired from aboue, called him vatem: vvhich kinde of men after vvarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuerfely eke affect the mynds of me) found out lighter matter of Poecie also, some playing vvith loue, some scotning at mens fashions, some povvred out in pleasures, and so vvore called Poetes or makers.

Sence bereaue) vvhat the secrete vvorking of Musick is in the myndes of men, as well appeareth, hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste wise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd vvas made of a certaine harmonie and muscicall numbers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to vvhom vvhen as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he vvas distraught vvith such vnvvonted fury, that streight vvay ryfing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to vvarre (for that musick is very vvare like.) And immediaty vvhen as the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvas so furr from warring, that he sat as styll, as if he had bene in mattes of counsell. Such might is in musick, vvherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Aradian Melodie from children and youth. for that being altogether on the fyft and vij, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, vvich vseth to burne in yong brests. So that it is not incredible vvich the Poete here sayth, that Musick can bereaue the soule of sence.

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

Argus eyes) of Argus is before sayd, that Iuno to him committed hir hus band Iupiter his Paragon Iō, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury vvith hys Musick lulling Argus allepe, slevv him and brought Iō away, vvwhose eyes it is sayd that Inno for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle, for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

VVoundlesse armour) vnwounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poeticall metaphore: vvhereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shovve his skil

skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious soueraign, vvhō (as before) he calleth Elifa. Or if mater of knight-hood and cheualrie please him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both vvorthy of his payne in their deserued prayfes, and also fauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The vvorthy he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erle of Leycester, vvhō by his cognifance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bevrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be knowvn to country clovne.

Slack) that is vvhen thou changeft thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce, Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) vvell knowē to be Virgile, vvho by Mecenas means vvvas brought into the fauour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moued to vvrite in loftier kinde, then he erst had doen.

Vvhereon) in these three verses are the three scuerall vvorkes of Virgile intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of vvares and deadly dreade, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhoode and cheualrie.

For euer) He sheveth the cause, vvhy Poetes vvvere wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their vvorthines & valor shold through their famous Poses be comēded to al posterities. vvherfore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortal verses, vvwhich is the only aduantage, vvwhich he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great comēg to his tombe in Sigeus, vvith naturall teares blessed him, that euer vvvas his hap to be honoured vvith so excellent a Poets work: as so renowned, and ennobled onely by hys meanes. vvwhich 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 tromba. Trouasti &c.

And that such account hath bene alvvayes made of Poetes, as vvell sheweth this that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvares against Carthage and Numantia had euermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhen he vvvas enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus vvvas borne in that citie, not onely commaunded strightly, that no man should vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or othervvise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that vvere of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. vvwhich prayse otherwise vvvas in the same man no lesse famous, that vvhen he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, vvhom he lately had ouerthrowen, he founde in a little coffe of siluer the two bookes of Homers vvorkes, as layd vp there for special ieuells and richesse. So fauoured he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother euerly night layde vnder his pillowe.

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

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

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

Ne bract) the meener sort of men. Her peeced pineons) vnperfe& (skil. Spoken vvyrh humble modestie.

As soote as Svvanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the svvanne hath euet yvonne small commendation for her svvete singing; but it is sayd of the learned that the svvan a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecyng by a secrete instinct her nere destinie As vvell sayth the Poete els vvhere in one of his sonetts.

The siluer svvanne doth sing before her dying day

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

Immortall myrrhour) Beauty, vvwhich is an excellent obie& of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrachs saying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno

A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.

A caytiue corage) a base and abie& minde.

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

A vacante) imitateth Mantuanes saying, vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.

Lauish cups) Resembleth that comen verse Færandi calices quem non fecere disertum.

O if my) He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poeticall furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so full, & the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanensse of shepheards Itate and stile.

Vvild yuic) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is sayd that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or fauelins, vvrapped about with yuic.

In buskin) it vvas the maner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to vsë stockes & light shooes. So that the buskin in Pockty is vsed for tragical matter, as it said in Virgile. Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.

And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.

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

Equipage) order.

Tydes) seasons.

Charme) temper and order. for Charmes vvere vvont to be made by verses as Ouid sayth.

Aut si carminibus.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the vvhole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a diuine in-  
 stinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. VVhom Piers an-  
 swereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellencye of the skyll vvhereof  
 in Cuddie hee hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

## Nouember.



## Ægloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT.

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

Thenot.

Colin.

**C**olin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,  
 As thou were wont songs of some iouissance?  
 Thy Muse to long stambeth in sorrowing,  
 Lulled a sleepe through loues misgouernance,

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

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,  
Noꝝ Pan to herpe, noꝝ with loue to playe:  
Slike myrth in May is meetest foꝝ to make,  
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.  
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,  
And Phobus weary of his perely tal-ke:  
Vstabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,  
And taken by his ynnie in Fishes haf-ke.  
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth al-ke:  
And loatheth like delighes, as thou doest prayse:  
The moꝝnesfull Muse in myrth now list ne ma-ke,  
As shee was wont in yongth and sommer dayes.  
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,  
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong  
Who but thy selfe deserues like Poetes prayse?  
Relieue thy Daren pyppes, that sleepe long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,  
Besoze him sits the Titmose silent bee:  
And I vnfitte to thruit in f-kilfull thronge,  
Should Colin make iudge of my foolerree.  
May, better learne of hem, that learned bee,  
And han be watered at the Muses well:  
The kindly dewedrops from the higher tree,  
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.  
But if sadde winters wrathe and seasoꝝ chill,  
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:  
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,  
And sing of soꝝrowe and deathes dyceriment.  
Foz deade is Dido, dead alas and dyent,  
Dido the greate shephearde his daughter sheene:

The

The fayrest Day she was that euer went,  
 Her like thee has not left behinde I weene,  
 And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull tene,  
 I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne,  
 And if thy rymes as rownd and rusfull bene,  
 As those that did thy *Rosalind* coniplayne,  
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,  
 Then Kilde or Collet, which I thee bynemye,  
 Then by I say, thou iolly shepheard swayne,  
 Let not my small demaund be so contemp.

Colin.

I benot to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,  
 But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,  
 And howe my rymes bene rugged and bukempt,  
 Yet as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

**V** Then *Melpomene* thou mournefull Dule of nyne,  
 Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afoze,  
 Up grieellie ghostes and by my rusfull ryme,  
 Watter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.  
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of poze.

*Dido* my deare alas is dead,

Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:

O heauie herse,

Let streaming teares be poured out in floze:

O carefull herse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,  
 Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke:  
 Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pyde:  
 Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.  
 The sonne of all the world is dunne and darke.

The earth now lacks her wonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night,

O heauie herse.

Breake we our pydes, that shild as lowde as Larke,

O carefull herse.

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Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)  
Whole better dayes death hath shut vp in woes  
The fayrest flour e our gyrlond all emong,  
As faded quite and into dust ygoe.  
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no more  
The songs that Colin made in her prayse,  
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,  
O heaue herse,  
Now is time to dye. May time was long ygoe,  
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,  
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:  
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth dislaye,  
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?  
But thing on earth that is of most auaille,  
As vertues bzaunch and beauties budde,  
Reliuen not for any good.  
O heaue herse,  
The bzaunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaille,  
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)  
For beauties prayse and pleasaunce had no pere:  
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,  
With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.  
He would she scozne the simple shepherds swaine,  
For she would cal hem often heme  
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.  
O heaue herse,  
Als Colin cloute she would not once disloyne.  
O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heaue chauce,  
Such pleasaunce now displaist by dolours diure:  
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,  
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.  
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

The gaudie gilfonds deck her graue,

The faded flowres her cozse embrace,

O heaue herse,

Moze nowe my Muse, now moze with teares besprynt.

O carefull verse.

O thou greate shepheard *Lobbin*, how great is thy grieffe,

Where bene the nosegayes that the dight for thee:

The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiete,

The knotted rushrings, and gilte *Rosemaree*?

For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah they bene all yclad in clay,

One bitter blast blewe all away.

O heaue herse,

Thereof nought remaynes but the memoze.

O carefull verse.

By me that dzeerie 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 dzyed is theyr soule,

And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce.

The mantled medowes mozone,

Theyr sondry colours tozone.

O heaue herse,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remoze.

O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,

And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:

The beastes in forest wayle 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 bzaunch,

Laments the wound, that death did launch,

O heaue herse,

And *Philomele* her song with teares doth keepe.

O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,  
 And for her girlond Oliue bzaunches beare,  
 Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduantage:  
 The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,  
 Now bringen bitter Cloze bzaunches seare,

The fatall sisters eke repent,  
 Her vitall threde so soone was spent,

O heaue herse,

Hoyme now my Muse, now moyne with heaue cheare.

O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope

Of mortal men, that swinke and sweate for nought,

And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:

Now haue I learnd (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 heaue herse,

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought

O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded 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 corpe.

Why then weepes Lobbis so without remorse?

O Lobb, thy losse no longer lamente,

Didst nots dead, but into heauen hent.

O happye herse,

Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorowes soure,

O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then, why weary we the Gods with playnts,

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 nowe in heauens height.

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

O happy herse,

Night I once come to thee (O that I might)

O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,

The dreame of Death as doome of ill desert :

But knewe we fooles, what it vs bzinges vntil,

Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.

No daunger there the shepheard can asert:

Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,

The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:

O happy herse,

Take hast ye shepheards, thether to reuert,

O ioyfull verse.

*Dido* is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next?)

There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,

There drincks shee the *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,

And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.

The honor now of highest gods she is,

That whilome was pooze shepheards pryde,

While here on earth shee did a byde.

O happy herse,

Ceasse now my song, my woe now waked is.

O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

By francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meine

With doofull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,

Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraintes?

Thyne be the collette, well hast thou it gotie.

By *Colin* vp, prough thou mozned hast,

Now gynes to mizze, hye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

*La mort ny mord.*

# November.



- Touifaunce)** myrth.      **Souenaunce)** remembraunce.      **Herie)** honour.  
**VVelked)** thortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the vvaine is fayde of Lidgate to vvellk.
- In lovvly lay) according to the season of the moneth Noucember, when the sonne dravyeth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.
- In fishes hafke) the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all November. a hafke is a vvicker pad, wherein they vse to cary fish.
- Virelaies)** a light kind of song.
- Bee vvatred)** For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses vvell Castias, vvhereof vvvas before sufficiently sayd.
- Dreeriment)** dreery and heavy cheere.
- The great shepheard) is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God Pan. The person both of the shepheard and of Dido is vnknovven 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)** fayre and shining.      **May)** for mayde.      **Tene)** sorrow.  
**Guerdon)** reward.      **Bynempt)** bequethed.      **Coffet)** a lambe brought vp without the dam. **Vnkenmpt)** Incópti Not comed, that is rude & vnhanfome.
- Melpomene)** The sadde and wayefull Muse vsed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as faith Virgile Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæsta boatu.
- Vp grieffly gofts)** The maner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.      **Herfe)** is the solemne obseque in funerall.
- VVast of)** decay of so beautifull a peece.      **Carke)** care.
- Ah vvhy)** an elegant Epanorthosis. as also soone after.      **may time was long ago.**
- Flouret)** a dimumtine for a little floure. This is a notable and sententions comparifon **A minore ad maus.**
- Reliuen not)** liue not againe .f. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enioy their due reward.
- The braunch) He meaneth Dido, vvho being, as it vvete the mayne braunch now vvithered the buddees that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourish.
- VVith cakes)** fit for shepheards bankts.      **Heame)** for home. after the northerne pronouncing.      **Tuifst)** deyed or stayned.
- The gaudie) the meaning is, that the things, which vvete the ornaments of her lyfe, are made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burials.
- Lobbin)** the name of a shepherd, vvwhich seemeth to haue bene the louer & deere frende of Dido.      **Rushrings)** agreeable for such base gyftes
- Faded lockes)** dryed leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.
- Sourfe)** spring.      **Mantled medowes)** for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.
- Philomelle)** the Nightingale. vvhome the Poetes saine once to haue bene a Ladye of great beauty, till being rauished by hir sisters husbände, she desired to be turned

ned into a byrd of her name. vvhose complaintes be very vvell set forth of Ma. George Gas kin a wittie gentleman, and the very chefe of our late rymers, vvhoh and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is vvell knowven he altogther vvvanted no learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of vvitt and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym a boundantly.

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynimis in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. and properly the of all sorow and heauinesse.

The fatal sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropoda, ughters of Hercebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes sayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they draue out in length, till his fatal hovvre & timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to haue cut the threde in twain. Hercof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized vvvith great vvifedom and passionate wyth great affection.      Beare) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be feyned to be three, Persephone Alecto and Megera, vvvhich are sayd to be the Authours of all cuill and mischiefe.

Eternall might) Is death or darknesse of hell.      Betight) happened,

I see) A liuely Icon, 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 happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

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

Alster) befall vvvvares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and soode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be vvwhite like Creme, vvvhcreof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Authour.      Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

VVhich is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as vvwith a timely haruest, vve must be gathered in time, or els of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert) For though the trespassse 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 novv made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth vvell vvwith that vvas sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurtech not at all.



## Ægloga Duodecima.

## ARGVMENT.

**T**His Æglogue (euen 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 hys youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His man-hood to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasinge starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable barueste wherein the frutes 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 bushye here,  
 That Colin hight, which wel could pype and singe,  
 For he of Tityrus his songs did here.  
 There as he satte in secreate shade alone,  
 Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,  
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:  
 And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,  
 Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwary sheepe:  
 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 tunc to shepheards Daten reede,  
 O: if I euer sonet song so cleare,  
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)  
 Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,  
 The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flowrd my soyfull spring,  
 Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:  
 For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,  
 That I of doubted daunger had no feare.  
 I went the wastefull woodes and forestt wyde,  
 Withhouten dreade of Wolues to bene espyed.

I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,  
 And gather nuttes to make me Christmas games:  
 And toyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,  
 O: hunt the hartlesse hare, til they were tame.  
 What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,  
 Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,  
 All to dislodge the Rauens of her neste:  
 Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,  
 The stately Walnut tree, the white the rest  
 Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife:  
 For plike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,  
 (Whether the Pyle, so wrought me from my birth,  
 O: I to much beleueed my shepherd peres)  
 Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth.

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December.

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

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare  
With shepheards swayne, what euer fedde in field:  
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,  
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.  
Foz if the flocking *Nymphes* did folow *Pan*,  
The wiser *Dufes* after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pype at length was ill repayde,  
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)  
By hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill bybrate,  
By freedome lozne, my life he leste to mone.  
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,  
But better mought they haue behote him Pace.

Tho gan my louely *Spyng* bid me farewel,  
And Sommer season sped him to display  
(Foz 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 wont afore,  
When choise I had to choole my wandring wayes  
But whether luck and loues unbridled loze  
Would leade me forth on *Fancies* bitte to playe.  
The bush my hedde, the *bramble* was my bowre,  
The *Woodes* can witnesse many a wofull stowe.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,  
Working her foymall rowmes in *Wexen* frame:  
The grieellie *Codestooke* growne there mought I see  
And loathed *Daddocks* lording on the same.  
And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,  
The ghastlie *Dwle* her grieuous ynne doth keepe.

Then

Then as the springe giues place to elder time,  
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pynde:  
 Also my age now passed yongthly pynde,  
 To changes of ryper 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 wout:  
 Who to entrapp the fish in winding sale  
 Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?  
 I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,  
 How Phebe sayles, where Venus sittes and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater things,  
 The sodain ryling 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 wont to tenrage the restlesse sheepe,  
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vntwise and wicless Colin cloute,  
 That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede:  
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy soze hart roote,  
 Whose ranckling wound as yet does rselfe bleede.  
 Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deaches wounde?  
 Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliue art founde?

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

My boughes with bloosmes that crowred were at firste,  
 And promised of timely fruite such store,  
 Are left both bare and barrein now at erst:  
 The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd befoze.

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And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:  
By haruest 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 dzyed by for lacke of dewe,  
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.

Ah who has wrought my *Rolalind* this spight  
To spyl the flowres, that should her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,  
Unto the shifring of the Shepheards foote:  
Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe,  
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnseote.

The loser Lasse I cast to please nomoze,  
One if I please, enough is me therfore.

And thus of all my haruest hope I haue  
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care:  
Which, when I thought haue chrest in swelling sheare,  
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.

Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,  
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,  
By spring is spent, my sommer burnt by quites:  
By harucle hatts to Airre by winter sterne,  
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage bys right.

So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy scoure,  
So now his blustering blast eche coste doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,  
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:  
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,  
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright.

Desight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,  
No sonne now shines, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye Shepheards hopes your merry gleez,  
By Dafe is hoarle and weary of thys stounde:

Here

Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,  
 Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde.  
 Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaffe,  
 And after Winter dreerie death does haue.

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 bzeede you greater grieke.  
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull bzeath,  
 And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delightes, 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 weret:  
 Adieu good *Hobbinol*, 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.*  
*Deigne*) vouchsafe.      *Eabinet*) *Colinet*) *dimi nutines.*  
*Mazie*) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.  
*Peres*) felowes and companions.  
*Musick*) that is Poetry as Terence sayth *Qui artem tractant musicam*, speking of Poetes.  
*Derring doe*) aforclayd.  
*Lions house*) He imagineth simply that *Cupid*, vvhich is loue, had his abode in the whote  
 signe *Leo*, vvhich is in middest of *iomer* a pretie allegory, vvhicof the meaning  
 is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.  
*His ray*) vvhich is *Cupides* beame or flames of Loue.  
*A Comete*) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which vvas the cause of his vvhote loue.  
*Venus*) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So  
 he meaneth that beautie, which hath alvayes aspect to *Venus*, vvas the cause of  
 all his vnquietnes in loue.  
 VVhere I was) a fine discription of the change of hys lyfe and likings for all things nowe  
 seemed

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seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

**Lording)** Spoken after the maner of Paddockes and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vnlesse they be stirred.

**Then as)** The second part. That is his manhoode.

**Cotes)** sheepecotes. for such be the exercises of shepheards.

**Sale)** or Salovv a kind of vwoodde like VVyllovv, fit to vvreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish vvithall.

**Phæbe sayles)** The Eclipse of the Moone, vvwhich is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

**Venus)** .i. Venus starre othervvise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All vvwhich still in starres being conuenient for shepheardes to knowve as Theocritus and the rest vse.

**Raging seas)** The cause of the swelling and cbbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime waining and decreasing.

**Sooth of byrdes)** A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, vvwhich they gathered by the flying of byrdes; First (as is sayd) niuenced by the Thulcanes, and frō them deriued to the Romanes, vvho (as is sayd in Liuius) vvere so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thulcans, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

**Of herbes )** That vvonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, as vvell appeareth by the common vvorking of them in our bodies, as also by the vvonderful enchaunments and forceries that haue bene vvrought by them; in so much that it is sayde that Circe a famous forcereffe turned mē into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete sayth *Dea sœua potentibus herbis &c.*

**Kidst) knewest.** Eare) of corne. Scathe) losse hinderance.

**Euer among)** Euer and anone.

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

**The flagraunt flovvres)** sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, vvherein how our Poete is seene, be they vvitnesse vvwhich are priuie to his study.

**So now my yeere)** The last part, vvherein is described his age by comparison of vvyntrye stormes.

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

**Hoary frost)** A metaphore of hoary heares scatted lykē to a gray frost.

**Breeme)** sharpe and bitter.

**Adievv delights)** is a conclusion of all, vvhere in fixe verses he 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 keeping of sheepe, vvwhich is the argument of all Æglogues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed frendship and good vvill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

**The meaning wherof is** that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned vvits 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

weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

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

Therefore let not be enuid, 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 Ouid in the like.

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



Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,  
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:  
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,

It shall continue till the worlds dissolution,  
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,  
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.

Goe litle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,  
Goe but a lowly gate amongste the meaner sorte,  
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus hys style,

Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde a while:  
But followe them farre off, and their high Steppes adore,  
The better please, the worse despise, I aske nomore.

*Merce non mercede.*



*Imprinted at London by Hugh  
Singleton, dwelling in Creede lane  
at the signe of the gylden  
Tunn neere vnto  
Lndgate.*

TO HIS BOOK

*T H E*  
*Shepherd's Calender*

Conteyning twelue Eglogues proportionable  
to the twelue monethes.

Entitled  
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-  
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles  
both of learning and cheualrie M.  
Philip Sidney.



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 solde.

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 hardyhedde.

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 ieopardee,  
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:  
Ana I will send more after thee.

*Fmmeritò.*