



~~Ref. 53. e.~~

SCS. STES2. 6





# A FVNERAL SONET.

Written vpon the death of the Honorable, and maiest

*vertuous Gentlewoman*, ELIZABETH DOUGLAS,  
spouse to M. SAMVELL COBVRNE Laird of  
*Temple-Hall*,

I F vertue could haue died, here vertue lies,  
If Bewtie, Bountie, and vnspotted fame,  
If euier glorie, glorifieng a dame,  
Could be deforst, here death his forces tries.  
O! with quhat eyes? quhat teares? or with quhat cries?  
Might I lament this losse, and C L O T H O blame.  
Eyes, pearse the Heauens. Cries, sound throgh earth her name  
Teares dimme the air through woe, and cloud the Skies.  
To the chaste *Dame*, the *Heauens* dois serue for graue:  
Thy Funerall my *Muse* with heauie tone  
Shall celebrate, and sound in all mens eares:  
This doth thy vertue, and thine honour craue.  
Though carelesse thou, how euer this be done.  
Quha sits in Heauen, and smyles to see my teares.

ABIIIT, NON OBIIT.

M. W. F.

*Printed by Robert Walde-graue*







The Scottish Text Society

THE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM FOWLER

Secretary to Queen Anne, wife of James VI.





X

THE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM FOWLER

Secretary to Queen Anne, wife of  
James VI.

EDITED

*WITH INTRODUCTION, APPENDIX, NOTES,  
AND GLOSSARY*

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1914



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POEMS FROM PRINTED TEXTS





I.

SONNET.\*

WHen as my minde exemed was from caire,  
 Among the *Nymphis* my self I did repose :  
 Where I gaue eare to one, who did prepaire  
 Her sugred voice this sequele to disclose.  
 Conveine your selfs (ô sisters) doe not lose 5  
 This passing tyme which hasteth fast away :  
 And *thow* who wrytes in stately verse and prose,  
 This glorious Kings immortall gloire display.  
 Tell how he doeth in tender yearis essay  
 Aboue his age with skill our arts to blaise. 10  
 Tell how he doeth with gratitude repay  
 The crowne he wan for his deserued praise.  
 Tell how of *Ioue*, of *Mars*, but more of *God*.  
 The gloire and grace he hath proclaimed abroad.

M. W. F.

\* Prefixed to James VI's *Essayes of A Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*.  
 Edin. 1584. The original punctuation of Nos. I, III, IV, V, and VI has  
 been retained.

## II.

## SONNET,\*

The *Muses* nyne haue not reueald to me  
 What sacred seedes are in their gardens sowne,  
 Nor how their *Salust* gaines the *Laurer* tre  
 Which throw thy toyle in *Brittain* groūd is grown ;  
 But sith they se thy trauell treuly showne 5  
 In verteus skooles th' expyryng tyme to spend,  
 So haue they to his hienes made it knowne,  
 Whose Princely power may dewly the defend.  
 Then yow that on the *Holy mount* depend  
 In christall ayr, and drinks the cleared spring 10  
 Of *Poetrie*, I do yow recommend  
 To the protection of this godly King,  
 VVho for his verteus and his gifts deuyne  
 Is only *Monark* of the *Muses* nyne.

FINIS.

M. V. F.

\* Prefixed to Thomas Hudson's *Historie of Iudith*. Edin. 1584. The original is unpunctuated.

## III.

## SONET\*

TO THE ONELY ROYAL  
POET.

W Here shall the limits lye of all your fame?  
 Where shall the borders be of your renowne?  
 In East? or where the Sunne again goeth down?  
 Or shall the fixed Poles impale the same?  
 Where shall the pillars which your praise proclaime 5  
 Or Trophees stand, of that exspected crowne?  
 The Monarch first, of that triumphant towne  
 Reuiues in you, by you renewes his name.  
 For that which he performd in battels bold,  
 To vs his bookes with wonders doth vnfold. 10  
 So we of you far more conceaue in minde,  
 As by your verse we plainelie (Sir) may see.  
 You shall the writer and the worker be,  
 For to absolue that CÆSAR left behinde.

M. W. FOVLER.

*Musa Cælo beat.*

\* Prefixed to *His Maiesties Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres*. Edin.  
[1591].

## IV.

EPITAPHE VPON  
 THE DEATH OF SIR IOHN SE-  
 TON of BARNS Knight, ane of the Lords of  
*our Soueranes privie Counsell and Session.\**

TO win in heaven, perpetuall praise and prise,  
 And that this Land, shuld seik and sigh for thee :  
 Yea, that our joies, even by thy death might dee ,  
 Heir with thy corps, our confort also lies,  
 No private losse, bot publik all men spies. 5  
 And in this wrack, thair ruine dois foresee :  
 Whiles that the better sort ; by heauens decree  
 Defaced are, quhais fame filles Earth, and Skies.  
 Thou rests with God, quha was belou'd of Kings,  
 And graced in their Court, quhais grace thou was, 10  
 The *Pyrenees*, nor *Alpes*, not bounds these things,  
 Quhilk from thy vertuous valiant mind did pas.  
 The limmits be the Polles of South and North :  
 With *Ibere*, *Garon*, *Seine*, *Rhein*, *Thames* and *Forth*.

ABIIT NON OBIIT.

M. W. F.

\* This poem and the two following are bound up with the MS. of *The Triumphs of Petrarke*, F. 44 (2) a et seq.



## V.

AN EPITAPHE VPON THE  
DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONO-*nable, M. Robert Bowes Esquire, Thesaurer of Barwick :*

who ended this life, the sixteenth of NOVEMBER,

1597. Being at that present Ambassadour

for the Queenes Majestie, to the King

of SCOTLAND.

**B** Vilde vp, O England ! Statuaes, Arches BOWES,  
 And Tombes, and Pillers, to his liuing fame,  
 Who was the wisdom of the valiant BOWES,  
 And solide honour, of that ancient name.  
 And you white Swannes, of Thames, and Tweide, proclame 5  
 Your grievous losses, and his high desert,  
 Who both his courses, and his cares did frame,  
 All dangers from your bankes aye to divert.  
 He lou'd his Queene, and crowne, with vpriight heart :  
 Postponing private wealth, to publicke weale : 10  
 He all his thoughts, and counsels did convert :  
 To peace For CHVRCH, & for the STATE with zeale.  
 And now at last, hath pearst the heauens a-laft,  
 Whose bodie was the BOWE, and Soule the SHAFT.

**T** He Raine-Bowes now of peace, are cloudes vn-cleare : 15  
 And Concordes mouth, now speachlesse lyes alace,  
 Yea Englands MERCVRE, passing MERCVRES sphære,  
 By grace hath gone, to the EMPERIALL place.  
 Where neither bounds, nor limits, endes, nor space,  
 Nor was, nor shall, nor time to come, or past : 20  
 But all in presence are, before his face :  
 Who was the MAKER first, and MOVER last.

Why then should I, such projects seeme to cast?  
To make him famous, who is elles divine.  
(Whose soule with heauenly MANNA is repast, 25  
To whom the Lord, doth lasting crownes propine.)  
Or yet him offer? which he doth not craue,  
In making TEARES his TOMBE, & GRIEFS his GRAVE.

ABIIT NON OBIIT.

By M. *WILLIAM FOWLER* Secretarie to the Queenes  
Majestie of SCOTLAND.

Printed by ROBERT VVALDE-GRAVE.

## VI.

## A FVNERAL S O N E T,

Written vpon the death of the Honorable, and maist  
*vertuous Gentlewoman*, ELIZABETH DOVVGLAS,  
 spouse to M. SAMVELL COBVVRNE Laird of  
*Temple-Hall.*

I F vertue could haue died, here vertue lies,  
 If Bewtie, Bountie, and vnspotted fame,  
 If euer glorie, glorifieng a dame,  
 Could be deforst, here death his forces tries.  
 O! with quhat eyes? quhat teares? or with quhat cries? 5  
 Might I lament this losse, and CLOTHO blame.  
 Eyes, pearse the Heauens. Cries, sound throgh earth her name.  
 Teares dimme the air through woe, and cloud the Skies.  
 To the chaste *Dame*, the *Heauens* dois serue for graue:  
 Thy Funerall my *Muse* with heauie tone 10  
 Shall celebrate, and sound in all mens eares:  
 This doth thy vertue, and thine honour craue.  
 Though carelesse thou, how euer this be done.  
 Quha sitts in Heauen, and smyles to see my teares.

*ABIIT, NON OBIIT.*

M. W. F.

*Printed by Robert Walde-graue.*



# THE TRIVMPHS OF PETRARKE

(From the DRUMMOND MS., University Library, Edinburgh,  
and the HAWTHORNDEN MSS., vol. xi., Library of the  
National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh.)





I a.

THE TRIVMPHS OF THE  
MOST FAMOVS POET MR<sup>R</sup>  
FRANCES PETRARKE  
TRANSLATED OVT OF  
italian into inglish by Mr<sup>r</sup>  
W<sup>m</sup> Fouler P. of  
Hauicke.



*Giuen to the colledge of Edinb.*

*by*

*William Drummond*

1627.

THE CONTENTS OF  
*this booke*

1.

*The triumphe of Loue.*

2.

*The triumphe of Chastetie.*

3.

*The triumphe of Death.*

4.

*The triumphe of Fame.*

5.

*The triumphe of Tyme.*

6.

*The triumphe of Eternetie.*

*Ingenio stat sine morte decus.*

F. 2 a  
**TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE**  
*and most verteous Ladye IEANE FLEMING, Ladye*  
*THIRLSTAIN, spous to the right honorable SIR*  
*IOHNE MAETLAND, Knight, prenci-*  
*pal SECRETAIR to the KING*  
*his Mat<sup>ie</sup> and great*  
 CHANCELLAR  
*of*  
 SCOTLAND.

**M**ADAME, thair be twoe causes, speaking morally, whiche boithe In weir and in peace encourageth men in the interpryse and executioun of great things: The first is honour and renowne, The seconde is proffeit and commodetie. Noble harts and generous high aspyring mynds dois cheiflie choose the first; The baisier and les noble searchis for the other, whiche ar the wages only off auarice: So that these things being so well considered by that ornat orator, MARK. cicero, he is mowed in his oraisoun for ARCHIA POETA to sett down for a settled sentence that by nature we ar all driwen to a desire of praise and commendatioun, and that he that is of most account and most gretest is most cowetous of renoune, and seiketh for no other guerdon of his vertew than glorie; And in his pithye and eloquent defence of his accused MILO subioyneth that the valiant Men and maist Indewed with wisdome dois not endeuour them selfs so muche to practise and exercise thair vertewis for rewarde of gane, than for the praise and honour that aysis of thair actionis. Which things being so well ingrawed in the marble breists and more deiplye imprinted in the plotts of the ROMANE harts than of anye other natioun, Thay hawe sought bothe abowe and beyonde all others, besyds the recompence of proffeit, by the pryce of eternall fame and ever leving glorie to Illustrat and

DRUMMOND]

mak more commendable the names of thair vertewous, wysest, and valiant victors by thrie hunder and twentie victorious and vndecayinge Triumphs vnto the declyning tyme of thair decayinge Impyre after PROBRUS: In imitatioun whairof, *our* Laureat Poet, FRANCIS PETRARCH, a noble Florentine, hes dewysed and erected these TRIUMPHS in the honour of her whome he lowed, thairby to mak hir more glorious and him selff no less famous; which when I had fullye perused, and finding thame bothe full and fraughted in statelye verse with morall sentences, godlye sayings, brawe discoursis, propper and pithie arguments, and with a store of sindrie sort of historeis, enbelleshed and inbroudered with the curious pasmentis of poesie and golden freinzeis of Eloquence, I wes spurred thairby and pricked fordward incontinent be translatioun to mak thame sum what more populare

F. 2 b. then they ar in thair Italian originall; And especiallye when as I perceawed, bothe in Frenche and English traductionis, this work not onelie traduced, bot evin as It war magled, and in everie member miserablie maimed and dismembered, besydis the barbar grosnes of boyth thair translationis, whiche I culd sett down by prwif (wer not for prolixitie) in twoe hundreth passages and moe. BOT, MADAME, as I purpose not be debaising of thair doingis to enhawse my awin, nor by extenuating thair trawellis and derogating from thair desertis to arrogat more praise to my self, So do I now expose the same to the sight and vew of all the world whose iudgement and censeur I must vnderlye, And consecratis tham to your ladishipe whose courtesie, gravitie, godlines, goodnes, wisdom, honestie, and honour Is suche that it dryweth not only the deuotioun of tham who ar acquainted with the same in a farder continuance and lyking of your L., bot enforced also the vnacquented beholders and hearers thairof with wonder to reuerence, and almost amaisd to merwell at the same: Which thing as they bring furth in yow the desartis and prwifes of perfyte praise, So I rather chwise to be a trew reportar thairof, when I am asked, than with my vnexercised style debaise suche graces so worthye ane<sup>1</sup> highest commenda-

<sup>1</sup> MS. and.

[DRUMMOND

tioun. NATHER am I ashamed in this point to mak confessioun of my weaknes, who now standing at the brink and riwer syde of my Lord CHANCELLOURS your husbands and your l. owen propper praises to mak a willing entrie and passage thairin, am letted in my Interpryse and stayed in the promptitude of my Intentioun through the largnes and deipnes of the same; who more encreasing and inlarging by his famous vertewis the great glorye his worthye father hes left him, and his peerles PRENCE procwred him, dois deserwe the first place amangis these whose names and renowns surwiweth to this day. BOT, MADAME, seing I hawe to muche mater ministred onto me, and both your honour and your praises be more then my page, I am forced to shorten this preface, surceasing whill better tyme and oportunitie afford the occasioun to pen sum day your praises in a more larger discourse, which now abruptlye I drywe to a short connectioun. bot in this I rest satisfied, that although I am not a sufficient praiser of both your vertewis, yet your honouris desartis sal be ane oppin testimonie of my opinioun; And the world sall sie that, albeit I want cunning to commend yow, I laik not good will to speik what I think of yow trewlye. These things than considered, to whome ather in respect of former fauour, present credeit, or future fortoun and better happ, (if poetts may be propheitts) more fitlye can be offred these TRIUMPHS then to a triumphing ladye, Triumphing over all vice, and who hes ellis passed her ouations and fixed Trophees in all vertew? So haifing assured hope of your l. accustomed courtesie that your honour will fauorablye receawe this voluntarie obligatioun as pledge of my gretar service and affectioun, I humblie tak my leawe, submitting my selff to the censeur of the learned, and committing your L. to the protectioun of the almightie. from Edinburght the 12 of December 1587.

Your honouris humbly to command

M. W. F.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Added in a later, probably Drummond's, handwriting. The corrections by the same hand are incorporated in the text, the original reading being given in the footnotes.

DRUMMOND]

F. 3 a.

## Sonnet to the authoure.

*WE finde by pruwif that into euerie aige*  
*In phœbus art sum glistring starr did shyne,*  
*Who, worthy Scollaris to the muses saige,*  
*Fulfild thair countreis with thair works dewyne :*  
*So Homer was a sounding trumpet fyne* 5  
*Amangst the Greikis into his learned dayes ;*  
*So Virgill was amongst the Romans syne*  
*A spreit sublimed, a pillar of thair prayse ;*  
*So loftye Petrark his renoun did blayse*  
*In tounge Italique in a sugred style,* 10  
*and to the circled skyes his name did rayse ;*  
*For he by poems that he did compyle*  
*Led in Triumphe lowe, chaistnes, death, and fame ;*  
*bot thow triumphs ouer PETRARCHS propper name.*

I. REX.<sup>1</sup><sup>1</sup> "ex" added by the same hand.



[DRUMMOND]

F. 3 b.

E. D. in praise of Mr. W<sup>m</sup>. Foular her freind.

**T**he glorious greiks dois praise thair HOMERS quill,  
 And citeis sevin dois strywe quhair he was borne;  
 The Latins dois of Virgill vant at will,  
 And Sulmo thinks her Ouid dois adorne;  
 The Spanzoll laughs (sawe Lucan) all to scorne, 5  
 And France for RONSARD stands and settis him owt;  
 The better sort for BARTAS blawis the horne,  
 And Ingland thinks thair SURRYE first but dout.  
 To praise thair owen these countreis gois about:  
 Italians lykes PETRARCHAS noble<sup>1</sup> grace, 10  
 Who well deserwis first place amangs that rout.  
 Bot FOULAR, thow dois now thame all deface,  
 No vantage grece nor Romane now will strywe;  
 Thay all do yeild Sen foular doith arrywe.

<sup>1</sup> propper.

E. D. in commendatioun of the authour  
 and of his choise.

**W**hen ALEXANDER entered PHRYGIAN land,  
 Achilles toumbe he weping did behoulde:  
 O happie wight who suche a trumpet fand!  
 And happie thow who hes his verteuis toulde!  
 Than happie LAURA, thow by fame inroulde! 5  
 And happ to the, o petrarch, dois befall:  
 Thye glorie shee, hir praise thow dois vnfoulde.  
 How may thye fame, o FOULAR, than be small,  
 Who sings Dame Lauras praise, but feinzeit all?  
 This vertewis Dame, to quhome thy work thow gevis, 10  
 To hir of right These triumphs sing thow sall:  
 No Laura heir, bot LADYE IEANE it is.  
 O Ladye liwe! thy foular the extolls,  
 Whose golden pen thy name in fame Inrolls.

DRUMMOND]

F. 4 a. Sonnet in Mr. W<sup>m</sup>. Foulars commendatioun.

I saw ones all the MUSES in my thought,  
 With poets als bedeckt in scarlet gownes;  
 before with sacred troupe MERCURIUS brought  
 A youth vpon whose face was yet bot downes;  
 Thair saw I thame present him laurell crownes : 5  
 And with the rest the TOSCAN PETRARCH came,  
 Who said : " my Sonne, receawe these right renownes  
 As he who dewlie dois deserve the same ;  
 Bot more triumphant hes thow maid thy name  
 Vpon the Throne of Memorie to stand 10  
 To chwise for Patron suche a worthy dame,  
 Who onely Is the LAURA of this land."

Than Fowlars laude so lowde I herd them sound,  
 That through the world his praise sall ay rebound.

RO. HUDSOUN.

In commendatioun of the Translatour and the  
Ladye to whome thir Triumphs ar derved.

I F pithye PETRARCH wha thir Poemes pend  
 Hes purchest prayse promulgat ells by fame,  
 Reviving her <sup>1</sup> quhais lyfe by death twik end,  
 And after death triumphant maid her <sup>2</sup> name,  
 Than Poetts prease his Triumphe to proclame, 5  
 Whaise compast course conducted hes with cair  
 From FLORENCE heir, and fraughted PETRARCH hame,  
 Deckt with his Dames ascending in the air,  
 Into triumphe ; and to augment It mair,  
 To yow, madame, thir Dames be all derved, 10  
 Wha (ane) including all thair vertewis rair,  
 Is with Triumphe abowe them all erect :

As PETRARCH plaist triumphing heir we sie,  
 So FOULAR self, and yow, MADAME, all thrie.

M. R. COKBURNE.

<sup>1</sup> him.<sup>2</sup> his.

[DRUMMOND

F. 4 .

Ane Summarie and a Sonett  
vpon the Triumphs and the Translatour.

**I**F conquering Cupid, captane of Renoune, . 1.  
 Who chaines his captiues to his chariot bright,  
 By CHASTETIE is chaist and beaten doune, . 2.  
 And by her vertew spoyled is of might ;  
 If DEATHE, the daunter of the humane wight, . 3.  
 Triumphe vpon that Dame and doeth hir thrall,  
 Surviving FAME clames bot hir propper right . 4.  
 To liue<sup>1</sup> through land or lak as doth befall :  
 Bot thow, O TYME, that long and short we call, . 5.  
 The Triumphe of the rest thow wouldest retane,  
 Wer not ETERNITIE confounds tham all, . 6.  
 as nothing more Triumphant may<sup>2</sup> remane.  
 Than what abyds to Fowlar thame hes pend?—  
 Eternitie, to which he dois pretend.

TH. HUDSOUN.

When matcheles Homere his Achilles sings,  
 Achilles onely meaning to decore,  
 Him selfe to greater prayse by praying brings,  
 And so begetts by geving all his glore ;  
 So Foulter æternised hes his name  
 With noble Petrarch and his Laura's fame.<sup>3</sup>

A. COLVILLE.

<sup>1</sup> leawe.<sup>2</sup> man.<sup>3</sup> These six lines are in a different hand.

DRUMMOND]

F. 5 a.

## The Argument.

Oure famous and morall Poet in these his morall Triumphs purposeth to descrywe the dywers<sup>s</sup> states and conditionis of Man, who being formed mortall is indowed with two principall powers and faculteis: The one is a sensuall appetite, the other is a naturall reasoun; The one of these haveing soveraintie in his youthe at that tyme when the senses hes most force and vigeur, The other agane when youth and lustines decayeth; Who, being deid, yit hes his memorie surviving by his famous actis through a more and longer FAME, which at last, evin as all other things vnder heaven, is ouercummed and vanquished by TYME which intoumbeth FAME in an eternall obliuion; Yit seing that turning tyme is a thing bounded, limited, and in it self finit, dois remane subdewed by Immoweable Immortalitie, be whose ayd and help FAME is delyvered from the Iniurie of consuming tyme, dois liue<sup>1</sup> as fermour in the revenewis and possessionis of Eternitie; For whiche cau<sup>s</sup> The first Triumphe of our sensuall parts and youthlie affectioun is decyphered by Lowe. The seconde is of Reason, when we by<sup>2</sup> more rypar and mature aige with the wings of discretioun dois subdew our affectioun; And this Is figured vnder the name of CHASTETIE in the Persoun of his ladye LAURA. The thrid is of death, who defaces all the operationis of our appetite and power of our reasoun which wer wonnt to be wrought during our lyfetyme. The fourt is of fame, when men after thair death recreasis and refloorishis thair renoune. The fyft is of TYME, that suppressis and extinguishis the same. The sext and last Is of IMMORTALITIE, that ouercummeth all tyme, becaus of things that ar infinit thair is no proportioun. It is more to be noted that these first two

<sup>1</sup> leawe.<sup>2</sup> be.

[DRUMMOND

Triumphs of LOWE AND CHASTETIE ar in this lyfe the thrid,  
when *our* saule is in departing from *our* bodye, and the other  
thrie after it is frie of the same. Which sex Triumphs our Poet  
dois depaint partlye by visioun, partlye by Imaginatioun, par-  
ticularlye interlaceinge the discourse of his estait and his ladeyis,  
and how her chastetie ouercame him, and agane death hir, yit  
how by FAME she reviveth agane, when although that TYME dois  
prease to dark the glorye of hir famous name, yit shall it be  
through Immortalitie ETERNALL.

DRUMMOND]

F. 6 a.

# THE TRIUMPHS

## OF M<sup>R</sup>. FRANCES PE-

### TRARCHA.

*The first triumphe of Loue.*

#### CAP. I.

THAT TYME that did my sobbing sobbs and sorye sighs renew,  
 Through sweitt remembrance of that day on which my  
     lowe first grew,  
 Which was the first beginnar of my panis and future smart,  
     and of my longsome martyrdome that martered had my hart,  
 The SUNN alreddye warmed had the BULL his doubled horne, 5  
     and TITHUS wyfe,<sup>1</sup> AURORA cleir, vprysing reade at morne,  
 All ycye and most frostye lyk had then hir selff adrest  
     vnto hir wonnted ancient place, hir auld frequented rest ;  
 Lowe, greif, disdanis, and planing plaintis, and seasoun of the  
     3eir  
     had caused me to a secreit place my self for to reteir, 10  
 Whair all the causis and fashereis that did oppres my hart  
     might thairby all affected be and all my doole auert.

Thair on the grafs and plesant grene, my voyce be plaints maid  
     waik,  
 my watching eyne orcumd through sleip at lenth sum rest did  
     tak :

<sup>1</sup> Titans chyld.



[HAWTHORNDEN. XI.]

F. 39 a.

## The triumphe of loue.

## Cap. i.

In that time that I did my sobbs  
 and heauie sighs renewe,  
 through sweet remembrance of the day  
 on which my loue first grewe,  
 which was the first beginner off 5  
 my pains and longing smart,  
 and off this longsome martirdome  
 which galled hathe my hart,

The sunn alreddie scortched had  
 the bulls doubled horne, 10  
 And Titans chyld, aurora cleere,  
 vprysing reade at morne,  
 al ycye and most frosen lyke,  
 had then her self adrest  
 Vnto her wonted ancient place, 15  
 her mansion and her rest ;

Loue, rage, disdaines, and blubbring plaints,  
 with season of the yeere,  
 did leede me to a schut-vp place  
 to which I did reteere, 20  
 where euery weryed hart, o'rcharg[d]e  
 with bundles of there greif,  
 doth lay thame vp and set asyde  
 for there more fresh releef.

There then amongst the hearbs and plants,<sup>1</sup> 25  
 my voyce be plaints made hoarss,  
 and weryed eys o'rcummd with caire,  
 sleepe did to rest enforce.

grass.

DRUMMOND]

Quhair then I saw a Meruellous light, and in the same much  
wo, 15

with litill Ioy, and sadnes full, and as me seamed, lo !

Amidst thair of I saw a duke, victorious, high of might,

Lyk on who to the capitoll triumphs in chariot bright.

Than I who was not much acquainted with such vnquented sight,  
evin through this noysum wicked world so full of craft and  
slight, 20

In whiche to long I liwe, alace, and it of valeur voyde,

bot full of pryde, of graces bair, which vertew hes destroyde,

The habit proude, vnsene, vnvsd, all new and vn acquainted,

I thair beheld with cairfull eyes both heavie tyrd and faint ;

Through lingring lowe and drowsie sleip this sight I did  
discerne, 25

for that I had no other ioy than such a sight to lerne.

Thair than I saw four coursers fair, more whyte than anye snaw,  
a chylidish boy and youngling raw in fyrie chair to draw,

F. 6 b. Who in his hand his bow did beare, his arrowes be his syde,

as nother helmet nor yit targe thair pearceing shottis can  
byde ; 30

Above his shoulders ther<sup>1</sup> wer plaist twoe fleing feddered wings,

Imbrowdered with Ten thousand hewis, all bair in other things ;

<sup>1</sup> they.

[HAWTHORNDEN. XI.]

F. 39 b.

Whils then I sau a lightning greate,  
 and in the same muche woe, 30  
 with solace schort and breef<sup>1</sup> delyte,  
 and as me seemed, loe!

Amidst thereof I spyed a duck,  
 Victorious, high of might,  
 Like on whoe to the Campidoll 35  
 triumphs in chariott bright.

I not much wont for to enioy  
 Such aspect, grace, and sight,  
 euen through this noysome wicked world  
 so ful of craft and slight, 40

In which I liue, alas, to long,  
 and it of verteu voyd,  
 and emptie of al worthines,  
 yet filled is with pryde,

The proud attyre and fashion strange, 45  
 vnvsed, and al new,  
 be rearing vp my fainting eyeis  
 and heaue I did veue;  
 and in this moode and drousines  
 this sight I did discerne, 50  
 for that I had no other ioy  
 then things vnsene to learne.

There then I sau four courser faire,  
 more whyte then any snawe,  
 Vpon a fyrie chariot 55  
 a youngling boy to draw,  
 who in his hand his boue did beare,  
 his arrowes be his syde,  
 as nather helmet nor yet targe  
 their pearcing shotts might byd. 60

aboue his shoulders there wer plaist  
 two fleying feddered wings,  
 embrodered with a thousand heues,  
 but baire in other things.

<sup>1</sup> MS. breعف.

DRUMMOND]

And round about him thair did stand and round about his chair  
 a number of suche mortall men that none can tham declair,  
 Whereof than some wer prisoners by him in battall tane, 35  
 some pearced by his pearcing darts, and som by him lay slane.

I wandring than to know sum newis of him and of his trane,  
 and so far fordwart marched on, all weryed all with pane,  
 Did than perceawe my selff evin one of such a flok to be,  
 when lowe from lyfe long tyme befor had far dewyded me. 40  
 Than stayed I a whyle to see if<sup>1</sup> onye one I knew  
 within the Thikkest of that troupe that lowe so with him drew,—  
 Who is a king that fasting is, and hountrie ay for teares,  
 who makks men die, and daylie dois tham feid with lingring  
 feares—

Bot none thair wes I culd discerne ; and yit if thair was one 45  
 with whome I ones acquainted was and now to death is gone,  
 His face wes chaingd and countenance by preasoun or by death,  
 whome crwell weird or fatall parks bereaued of his breath.

Thus as I wes astonished and looking thair and heir,  
 behould thair did rancounter me and to me did appeir 50  
 A sight and shaddow sumwhat leß then that I saw befor,  
 sad, pansiwe, dark, obscur, and pail, vnknownen to me the  
 moir,

Which be my name me cald, and said, “let no thing this thee<sup>2</sup>  
 mowe,

for all this Pompe and this Triumphe is purchessed by lowe.”  
 Whair at I merveld verye muche, and said in speaches plane, 55  
 “how kenst thou me, when swirlye I do know the not agane.”  
 He answerd than : “ this cums to pass, and this dois so appeare,  
 evin through the burden of my bands and chanes that I do  
 beare,

And be this thick congested air, and be this foggie mist,  
 which duskish is that so thy eyes with darknes dois resist ; 60

<sup>1</sup> gif.

<sup>2</sup> the.

[DRUMMOND

Bot I am he evin he thy freind to the was traist and trew,  
 In thoskan bred, and thairin borne, whair first *our* freindship  
 grew."

His speaches than and freindlie words and reason which of ould  
 he wonnt to vse did quickly than this muche to me vnfold,  
 Discouering at that instant tyme that which his face did hyde, 65  
 as efterwart we satt ws doun eache one at others syde,

F. 7 a. Whair he began to speik to me: "long tyme is sen I thought  
 To sie the heir with ws among, and in this band be brought,  
 Becaus that we evin from thy aige and tender yeares did sie  
 the verye sings within thy face that lowe shuld captiwe the." 70  
 Than ansuerd I: "that is most trew: at first I was so bent  
 and trewlie I had yeild to lowe my hart and whole consent;  
 Bot oh! alace! these troubles<sup>1</sup> cryes that lovers do sustane  
 afrayd me, and maid me from that course for to refrane;  
 So that I left my interpryse to which I first did tend, 75  
 bot in my breist the rev[i]uing raggs of lowe may yit be kend."  
 So said I than, bot as yit as he did heir in what a sor[t]  
 I ansuer maid, he smyling than to me this did report,  
 "O my deir chyld, what flams for the be kendled and prepaired!"  
 bot oh! alas! at that tyme I did not his words regaird, 80  
 Which now so deiplie be imprent within my head eache one,  
 that none more fast nor solidlie be grawed in marble stone.

Syne I, whoe be my neirest aige which so dois rage and burne  
 alreddie learnd both tounge and mynde the vse to speik and  
 murne,  
 Demanded of this shaddow dark, "I pray the tell of grace 85  
 and courtesie what folk be these that marches in this place."  
 Than he replied: "within short tyme thou by thy selff sall know,  
 for of this cumpanye thou shalbe evin one of thame I shaw,

<sup>1</sup> troubled.

DRUMMOND]

And be this lord thow salbe led, so fettred fast and bound,  
     this thow sall prowē, and yit not know how thow man cwir thy  
     wound ; 90

Thy fortoun Is, thy fates ar so, thy destineis and thy lott,  
     that this sal chance or thow dissolue or yit vnloose that knott ;  
 Thow first thy plesant face sall change, thy hairis sall first be  
     gray,  
     er from thy neck and rebell feit these bands be tane away.

Bot yit that I may satisfie the in thy young desyrs, 95  
     what thow now crawist I will the tell, and shaw what thow  
     requyrs.

And first of him I will declair that gretest is of state,  
     who dois at ones the lyfe of man and libertie abait,  
 The sam Is he who by this world is named bitter lowe,—  
     bot better sall thow know the sam and better sall it prowē, 100  
 When that his force sall the subdew and so sall captiwe the,  
     that ouer the he salbe lord, and thow his vassall be—  
 In youthe a meik and modest chyld, bot in his yeiris and aige  
     A cancard throward Tyran strong of fearsnes full and rage.

F. 7. b. Woe ! woe to him that kenst so weill ! and thow the same sall  
     know 105  
     before a thousand yeares be past : awake ! for I it shaw.

He also gendred is and bred of Idilnes and slouth,  
     with wantonnes of mankynds mynd ; his nurishing and his  
     grouth

Is of suche thoughts within tham selfs dois seme both douce and  
     sweit,  
     And deyfeid and made a god of pepill in discreit ; 110

To whome he is thair only death, and whome with hardest lawes  
     dois vnder thousand chaines and nailles keip fast within his  
     clawes,

Thay leiding on and drawing furth thair dayis and lingring lyfe,  
     sharpe, hard, seveir, and bitter als, all full of sturt and stryfe :



[DRUMMOND

This is the principall of this pompe and heigh triumphant  
lord, 115

whose Triumphe is be many man so gloriouslie Decord.

But whom thou seest so lordlyke goe and staitlie first dois come

It is the Monark CÆSAR greit, the emprionr first of Rome,

Whome that ægyptian CLEOPATRA in ægipt land did binde

among the flouers with bewtye brawe and bountye of the  
minde ; 120

Now she ouer him triumpheth so with reasoun, lowe, and right,

that he who did the world ouercum so with his manlye might

Suld be subdewed by hir agane, and he suche change might see,

And that the victors honoꝛ might the vanqueists glorie bee.

The nixt to him It is his sone, AUGUSTUS greit by name, 125

whose fervent lowe more loyall was and iustar more his flame,

Who though he might his LIIUIA by force hir gett and gane,

yet would he with maist humble suit vnto hir love attane,

And by hir husbands owen consent obtened hir at his hand,

suppose she was with chyld that tyme, to Ioyne in mariage  
band." 130

The thrid that marched with these twoe wes NERO the vniust,

dispytfull, bloodie, cruell, fearse, and faythles, voyde of trust,

Who passed on with visage full of yre and proud disdane,

and yit for all [his] force and strenth SABINA hes him tane ;

And MARK AURELIUS lykwyse thair went with this valiant king,

full of all praise and honoꝛ als in glorie moist condng, 136

Whose golden tounge and sacred breist full of philosophie

was for the luif of FAUSTINE maid a sing and mark to be.

"These other two that standeth by so fearfull be mistrust

Is ALEXANDER PHEREUS and DYNNEISS the vniust, 140

Tane bothe in lowe, and in thair lowe afrayed night and day,

Whose Ielous mynds through Ielousie did purches thair decay,

F. 8 a. And this effect thairof did ryse. Now he who nixt comes on

Is that ÆNEAS that lamentis vpone ANCANDRUM stone

DRUMMOND]

Dame CREUSAS death, king PRIAMS chyld, who reft from him  
his wyiff, 145

quha from EUANDER tooke his sone, and reft him of his lyiff:  
Hes ever thow hard one reasoun of or yit of him to talk  
that to his stepdames furious lust and bed wald no wayes  
walk,

Quhome PNÆDRA so with prayers prayd, with lovelie lookes and  
sight,

yit he thairto did talk no heade but shund that Dame by  
flight? 150

Bot woe ! alace ! his chaist intent, his goodlie thoughts and mynde,  
did bring his deathe and als hir hate bothe terrible and  
vnkynde ;

And yit thairthrough shee wrought hir death, be love she  
thairto ran,

a vengeance iust for HIPPOLITE whome she exyled than,  
For THESEUS consent thairto and also ARIADNE, 155

From whome hir sister reft hir spous and had from hir  
witt/hadden ;

But yit not iustlye may shee plaine, nor think hir much misvsd,  
she wrought her brothers dreidfull death, and father had  
abusd.

SOME PEPILL BE WHO OTHERS BLAMES WHEN THEY THAME  
SELFS SULD BLAME,

AND SPYETH FAULTES IN OTHER MEN AND SEING NOT THAIR  
SCHAME, 160

YET HE WHO MAKETH SPORTS AND PLAY AND DOIS IN FRAUDE  
DELYTE,

HE SULD NOT MUCHE BE GREUED BE IF HE GET QUYTE FOR  
QUYTE."

Thair saw I then his father nixt with all his pompe and praise  
Led prisoner in that Triumphe, on whome my eis did gaise  
To sie him thair tuix sisteris two brought thair in that conuoye,  
And ARIADNE of his death and he of PHÆDRAS Ioy. 166

[DRUMMOND

“ He that is nixt is HERCULES, that martiall man so bould,  
 by DIANIRE and IOLE and OMPHALE maid thrauld ;  
 The other who dois fauour him is that ACHILLES stout,  
 quho in his lwiff had all his lwkt evin full of doole and  
 dout. 170

Heir standeth lykwyse DEMOPHON, with him dois PHILLIS  
 mwiff,

quho for his stay and long abode did hang hir selff for lwiff.  
 This Iason is, with him his Dame, MEDEA, ætas chylde,  
 that followed him and lowe also through tounes and deserts  
 wyild ;

And looke how muche she guyltie wes aganis hir father deir, 175  
 or cruell in hir brothers death so voyde of shame and feir,

So wes she more crueller and mowed in furious Ire,  
 in grit despyte aganis Iasons love to sett his hous in fyre ;

And not content with this reweng she forder of did go

To cutt in blads befor his eyes the children of tham two ; 180

F. 8 b. Sche thought this rigour no thing greit, nor yit to hurt hir hart,  
 Nor yit beleued that by hir fact REVENGE did pass desert.”

Than after cam HYSIPHYLE, who semed to complane  
 that be the barbar lowe of one she was brought in disdane.

Than saw I hir who by hir face of bewtye beare the name, 185  
 fair HELENE, MENELAUS wyiff, the farest grecian Dame,

Who had with hir that Shiphirdd thair that to his great disgrace  
 did fixt his eyes and gaised vpon hir fair and hevinlie face,

Wheare through greit tempests of grit wars, grit murders wyld  
 & strange,

did ryse thairbye, and all the world did wp and dounsyid  
 change. 190

I after hard ÆNOME amangs these Troups full sad

weip for the death of PARIS toe, and for his luiff die mad.

Thair lykwise MENELAUS was who did for HELENE mone

To sie hir thoughts not fixt on him bot on him that was  
 gone ;

DRUMMOND]

And after wes HERMIONE<sup>1</sup> who for ORESTES cryed 195  
 To succour hir from PYRRHUS hands who had hir bewtye  
 spyed.

Thair also I did thair behould ACCASTUS daughter fair,  
 LAODOMIE, muche makking for hir PROTESILAUS cair.  
 With hir I saw trew ARGIA, most fayithfull to hir spous,  
 that maid his funerallis for his corfß even with his teares & vowes,  
 More iust, more trew, and fayithfull more, more loveing in  
 effect, 201  
 than ERIPHYLE that for a chaine AMPHIARUS did detect.

O PETRARK! heare the sad complants, the sighs, and grevous  
 sounds,  
 That from these lovers miserable so miserablie rebounds,  
 Who ar about to rander wp to him thair spreits and lyfe, 205  
 that in suche sort thame governeth and gwydeth in such stryfe.  
 I can not all thair names reherse that wer about that chair :  
 not onlye men wes tham amongs, bot evin the gods wer thair ;  
 Thair preß and number wes so great quhom CUPID led in chanes,  
 that all the shaddowing MIRTELL woods wer filled with thair  
 tranes. 210

For thair I saw the CYPRIAN dame, dame VENUS bright and fair,  
 with Mightie MARS, both neck, feitt, armes, bound be  
 VULCANS snair,  
 And PLUTO that PROSERPINA did revish to the hell,  
 who half the yearé did with hir dam, the other with him did  
 dwell ;  
 Thair IUNO IELOUS did I see, and brawe APOLLO bright, 215  
 that did despyse CUPIDOIS aige, his youth, his bow, and might,  
 Yit<sup>2</sup> for all that this youngling boy his puissance maid him prowé,  
 when in THESSALIA he him shakt, and made him for to lowe.

F. 9 a.

<sup>1</sup> Herminion.

<sup>2</sup> Catchword "yet."

[DRUMMOND

What sall I say than to be breiff and in this passage short?—

behoulde these goddis and goddessis that VARRO dois report,  
All Prisoners and captiwed now, and charged with thousand  
chaines; 221

and with the same evin IOUE him self his charged leggs furth  
straines,

And goes infettered hard afore this high Triumphant chair,  
subdewed be LOUE, and led by lowe, to mak his pompe more  
fair.

*Finis i cap.*

DRUMMOND]

F. 9 b.

## The Seconde Chapter of the First Triumphe of Lowe.\*

**A**lreddye<sup>1</sup> these my weryed eyes<sup>2</sup> all weryed so to vew  
 that brave Triumphe and princelie<sup>3</sup> pomp that bravely  
 did ensew,  
 And yit thairwith not satisfied, desyrous more to sie,  
 now heir and thair, to this and that, I did convert myne<sup>4</sup> ee;  
 Which things for to repeate and shaw as I did sie thame  
 frame 5  
 so<sup>5</sup> short a houer will not permit nor thole<sup>6</sup> I shaw the  
 same.  
 Than did my hart from thoughts to thoughts by intercourse so  
 pass,  
 when as I spyed two folkis a part<sup>7</sup> togeather them amass,  
 And hand in hand, so ioyntlie ioyned, promening softlye went,  
 and reasoning in swetest words, they thus thair progres  
 spent; 10  
 Thair vncouth habit light and strange<sup>8</sup> did mak me much to  
 muse,  
 and speache vnknownen to me, obscwre,<sup>9</sup> which none bot they  
 did vse;  
 Yit all thair talk and conference which was betuix these twane,  
 my marrow and interpretar and truiche man<sup>10</sup> maid it plane;

\* There is another copy of this chapter, in Fowler's handwriting, in the Hawthornden MSS. xi. ff. 40 *et seq.* The chief variants are given in the footnotes.

<sup>1</sup> Alreddie.<sup>2</sup> eis.<sup>3</sup> prencleie.<sup>4</sup> my.<sup>5</sup> sua.<sup>6</sup> or thoale.<sup>7</sup> pairt.<sup>8</sup> strainge.<sup>9</sup> obscur.<sup>10</sup> truuch man.

[DRUMMOND

And after that I knew thame bothe I nerer did approche, 15  
 And bouldlye did my self inqyre, and on thame bothe  
 encrochte,  
 Quair I perceaved the one to be a freind vnto our name,  
 The other ane adversar seveir and ennemie to the same.

Vnto the first I me adrest And thus began to say :  
 "O Massinissa, princelie prince,<sup>1</sup> forgiwe me, I the pray, 20  
 Evin for thy SCIPIONS sake, and hirs<sup>2</sup> be whome I now begin,  
 that thow would pardoun what I speik and not be grewed<sup>3</sup>  
 heirin."  
 Thairefter<sup>4</sup> than he me beheld and speiking thus began :  
 "I willinglie than first would know quhat art thow for a man,  
 Sen thow [so]<sup>5</sup> well in me hed spyed and dois so weill discerne  
 my double lowe vnto these twoe so stable and eterne." 26  
 I humblie answered him agane : "O peirles prince of praise,  
 my pwir<sup>6</sup> estate will not permit<sup>7</sup> that thow me know these<sup>8</sup>  
 dayes ;  
 Baß<sup>9</sup> is my port, obscure<sup>10</sup> I am, my meanes ar meane and  
 might,  
 and from small flams that far ar plaist [thair]<sup>11</sup> can not com  
 grit<sup>12</sup> light ; 30  
 But thy renowme<sup>13</sup> and royall fame through all the world  
 arraywes,  
 whose force is suche that it coziones the hartis, the spreittis,<sup>14</sup>  
 and lywes  
 Of those that never hes the sene nor sal heirafter see  
 with knottis and bandes of lasting lowe that sall ay lasting be.  
 Now tell me if this gratious<sup>15</sup> DUKE in whose Triumphe yow  
 go, 35  
 if that in peace and quietnes he dois conduct yow two,

<sup>1</sup> prencelie prence.    <sup>2</sup> hers.    <sup>3</sup> greifd.    <sup>4</sup> thairafter.<sup>5</sup> so.    <sup>6</sup> poore.    <sup>7</sup> sustaine.    <sup>8</sup> thir.<sup>9</sup> base.    <sup>10</sup> obskeur.    <sup>11</sup> Drummond MS. they.    <sup>12</sup> great.<sup>13</sup> renoun.    <sup>14</sup> sprets.    <sup>15</sup> glorious, orig. gracious.



DRUMMOND]

F. 10 a. Whiche couple makis<sup>1</sup> me think such things to be so strange  
and rare,  
and of the fayithfull rarest fayith that anye can declair."

Than answered he: "thy tounge dois prowē In naming me so  
prest  
that thou dois know evin by thy self<sup>2</sup> my state and all the  
rest; 40  
Yit for to chaise far from my hart the doole which dois it  
grewe,  
and so results<sup>3</sup> evin by hir death who now no more dois  
lewe,  
To thy requēst I yeild consent. I having than my hart  
Vpone that high victorious Duke, whose lowe hes wrought  
my smart,  
So stedfastlye implaist on him which no thing might sup-  
plant, 45  
That LELIUS in this respect with no small pane could vant,  
Whairevir might his standart than or enseigne be found,  
thair wes I lykwyse prest in armes to combat on the ground;  
To him was fortoun fauorable, from him she did not swerve,  
yit<sup>4</sup> not so far as did his actis and doughtie deids  
deserve; 50  
Suche valeur was implaist in him, suche manhoode in his  
mynde,  
his lyke was never sene befor, nor yit sall com behynde.  
Now after that the ROMANE armes with honoꝝr wer besprent,  
and sparpled to the vtmaist<sup>5</sup> parts of east and occident,  
With him I me adioyned then, and lowe with hir me  
ioyned 55  
in such a sort that deathe hir self yit not hes vs disioyned.

<sup>1</sup> maks.<sup>2</sup> that by thy self euen thou dois know.<sup>3</sup> dois result.<sup>4</sup> yet.<sup>5</sup> outmest.

[DRUMMOND

Was never suche a sweitlie flame two lowers breists did burne,  
 nor never sall, as I belewe, for which I mone and murne,  
 And wepeth that suche few short nights which makis me cair  
 and crye

suld all my pleasour's ouercroß and my deserts all drye. 60  
 For being in vane conducted both vnto our mariage bed,  
 and all our iust and lawfull links to brokken be and shed,  
 And thairwith all my trew despysed,<sup>1</sup> and no excuse prewaill  
 In this my fwrie and my lowe that did me so assaill,  
 Be him whose valour in it selff than all the world was more, 65  
 be him whose words wer holy all and full of fame and glore,  
 Be him who had no pittye on of both our sighs and wo,  
 be him, and by his holye speache, we parted wer in two.

From thence, alas, did<sup>2</sup> ryse our<sup>3</sup> doole : and yit, I must confes,  
 in doing so he hes done weill, suppose my Ioyes ar leß; 70  
 I saw suche perfyte proofes of grace in him suche vertew flame  
 within the mynde of SCIPIO that ay sall liwe in fame :

F. 10 b. And as the man is stony blinde that can not see the Sun,  
 even so Is [he]<sup>4</sup> that not remarques<sup>5</sup> the splendure he hes  
 wun :

GREIT IUSTICE IS TO LOUERS TREW A SORE AND GREIT  
 OFFENCE : 75  
 so that his counsell grawe and wyse that stayed our gude  
 pretence

Was evin a rok and craggye stone to brek that interpryse,  
 which we by force of fervent lowe amangs ws did dewyse ;  
 By aige to me he brother was, by lowe my sone, I say,  
 By honour evin my father deir, quhome I must neids  
 obey, 80

Suppose I was with heavie hart with sadnes full and wo,  
 and with a lowring<sup>6</sup> countenance constraned to do so ;

<sup>1</sup> and all my reuth desprysed.<sup>4</sup> he.<sup>2</sup> dois.<sup>5</sup> remarqs.<sup>3</sup> my.<sup>6</sup> loving.

DRUMMOND]

From whose command and counsell cam My SOPHONISBAS death,  
 quho seing hir self so prosecute<sup>1</sup> by romans spytefull  
 wreath,  
 And almost brought within thair bands, she chused first to  
 die 85  
 than to be brought in servitude, and throught thame shamed be.  
 And I my self evin of hir death the minister even was ;  
 she prayed me to do that whiche her prayers brought to pass ;  
 So doing that whiche she desyred, and bringing it to end,  
 hawe wrought offence against my self that would not hir offend ;  
 So that I than hir sent a coupe, within a poysoned drink, 91  
 with such a wofull sort of thoughts and sorrow yow may think,  
 As I do know, and she believes,<sup>2</sup> and thow thy self may Trow,  
 if that<sup>3</sup> suche coales of kendled<sup>4</sup> flames hes kendled bene in  
 yow.

And now the heareshipp<sup>5</sup> which I hawe and partage be my  
 wyfe 95  
 ar Onelie PLAINTS, GREIF, [DOOLE],<sup>6</sup> and WOE, and Long and  
 Lasting stryfe ;  
 In hir did rest my onelie hoipe, in hir wes all my blifs,  
 these hawe I lost for to conserwe my fayith but stane or misf.  
 But searche gif that thow now may see in all this trowpe and  
 dance  
 A thing so wonderfull and strange and of so rare a chanse ;  
 Consider this in tyme becaus the tyme is light and swift, 101  
 And thair is mater more than day that bydis a longer drift."

As I was panning full of reuthe and pittie for thame two,  
 and of the short tyme of thair lowe so wrapped full off wo,  
 Togeather with thair fervent fyre which feirsleie had begun, 105  
 me thought my hart wes maid of Snow, and set against the sun ;

<sup>1</sup> sa prosecuit.

<sup>4</sup> broyling.

<sup>2</sup> beleues.

<sup>5</sup> hearship.

<sup>3</sup> pat.

<sup>6</sup> Doole.

[DRUMMOND

And thuswayes musing in my mynd, I hard hir as she went  
 say to hir lowe, "this man me grewis, and makis me malcontent;  
 I firmelie keip within my mynd, and earnistlie in thought,  
 To hate him for his nationis saik who our distruction wrought."

F. 11 a. Than this to hir I spak agane, "do this for my requeist:<sup>1</sup> 111  
 O SOPHONSIBA, be at peace, and put<sup>2</sup> your mynde to rest;  
 Your CARTHAGE hes be these our handis bene wrackt and ruined  
 thryse,

and at the thrid tyme all vpraisd and on the ground now lyifß."  
 Bot quicklye she this spak agane, "shaw me this other  
 thing: 115

quhen AFRIK weipt, did ITALYE than ather laugh or sing?  
 For prooffe heirow cast ower your bookes, and these your stories  
 wryte,<sup>3</sup>

And they will shaw gif yow enqyre, for thay of bothe Indyte."  
 And thus our freind, hir lowe also, did smyling than depairt,  
 and to the thickest of the Troup thair steps they did convert,  
 So that these eyes, these lights of myne, that on thame gaisd  
 afore, 121  
 through multitude evin of the preß culd not behoulde thame  
 more.

Than as a man by doutfull wayes dois at adventure ryde,  
 now standis now restis at euerye place, and can not tell quhat  
 syde

Or yit quhat way to turne him to, bot looketh heir and thair, 125  
 so that his doubtfull wandring thoughts his passage dois empair,  
 Evin so the number of these men who captiwed went with lowe  
 did mak my going doubtfull slow whair evir I did mowe.

And yit I had a more desyre and semed more content

To know how muche, and through what fyre, these lovers all  
 wer brent: 130

<sup>1</sup> request.

<sup>2</sup> putt.

<sup>3</sup> The rest of the Hawthornden version, extending to half a folio, is indecipherable.

DRUMMOND]

Quhair on my left hand I had espyed, without the commoun  
way,

evin one who dois resemble him who earnistlye dois pray,  
And cowittis things with greit desyre, and in his suit hes sped,  
bothe blythe and blushinglie departs his former stepps to tred ;  
Evin in suche sort I saw that king who gawe his loving wyiff 135  
and chosen spous vnto his sone to lenght his lingring lyiff.

O lowe ! o lowe in high degre ! O courtesie most strange !

O wounder greit more far agane to see hir in that change  
And that excambion so content that she but blusht for ioy !

This marching on they to thair troupe did then thame selfis  
conwoy, 140

Conferring on thair sweit desyris, bot sighing that she cost  
The SYRIAN scepter, and hir crowne and kingdome thairby lost.

I drew me neir vnto these spreitts that wer about to stay,  
consulting how that thay might go and tak a nother way,  
And saying to the formest man that narest wes my syde, 145

"I pray the now maist instantlye that thow wold me abyde ;"

F. 11 b.

And he evin at the first resound of that my latine tounge,  
with troubled face depaint with Ire vnto a musing dounge,  
Restrained his stepps to know who cald, and quiklie did  
dewyne

what wes my will and my desyre, and so me answered syne :

"I am SELEUCUS heir, with me ANTIOCHUS gois, my sone, 151  
who had grit warrs against yow all, and bothe by them vndone ;  
Bot right nor reason contrar force hes nather rowme nor place ;  
and this is she first wes my wyiff whome now my sone dois  
brace,

Whome I did quyte and did resing to be his lauchefull wyiff 155

To free from death and chase away the danger of his lyiff,  
To whiche his lowelie hid desyris and closet secreit flame  
conducted him, and so that gift wes lawchfull than but blame.

STRATONICA she named is, and so our chanse and lott

is, as thow seist, indiuisable, and, by this sing, the knott 160

[DRUMMOND]

Of this *our* long and lasting lowe is yit so tewche and strong  
 that no thing that can sepat which first was ws among ;  
 Schee was content to quyte to me the kingdome, I my wyiff,  
 than my beloved deirlye spoufs, and he agane his lyiff ;  
 So warlye went he in his lowe, so far by reason furth, 165  
 that he more maid him so estemed of one and other wurth ;  
 And if it had not bene by skill, by help and ayd discreit  
 of that expert physicien, with practise full compleit,  
 Who well espyed where lay the caus that did his helth doun  
 ding,  
 his youth, evin in hir flowris, had endit and finisht in hir  
 spring : 170  
 For he in scilence and in lowe did ryn vnto his death,  
 his feitt him failed, his voyce was waik, his powers, lyfe, &  
 breath ;  
 FATES caused him lowe, his VERTEW maid him hyde It to the end,  
 and my paternall pietie the succour hes extend.”  
 Thus as he spak, than as a man that dois mak change for change  
 of hailsing others mutuallye dois boythe by other range, 176  
 So at the end of these his words he turned his stepps and heill,  
 that I with grit difficultie might bid him than fairweill.

Than after that from these my eyes the shade away had  
 gone,  
 which wer with pittie heavie maid, I sighing progrest one, 180  
 For that my hart from these words was not vnbound nor losed,  
 bot reuthfullie remembered that *which* he to me disclosed.  
 At last to me that tyme wes said, “thow standeth to to muche  
 vpon one thought in dywers so and of varietie suche,  
 F. 12 a. Whiche<sup>1</sup> shortnes of the slyding tyme, as thow to weill dois  
 know, 185  
 will not permit in large discourse that I thame to the shaw.”  
 Not XERXES to the seis of grece conwoyed suche a band  
 of armed men by Nawall host as thair with thame did stand,

<sup>1</sup> Catchword “which.”



DRUMMOND]

Evin suche a trowpe of lowers all, both nacked, bound, and  
tane,

as that my eyes vnable wer to suche a sight sustane; 190  
They wer in toungis so different, and of suche dywers landis,  
as scarslye I evin one can name of thousands led in bandis,  
So that the storye whiche I wryte, and Poeme I compyle,  
sall be of these, and thame a few, whome I thair knew that  
whyle.

AND PERSEUS first sall prease in place, whose lowe maid me  
desyre 195

to know how that ANDROMEDA did sett his hart on fyre,  
And how in Æthiopia land that virgine, blak of hew,  
did with hir eyes and crisped hair him to his lowe subdew.  
Nixt him wes thair that lower vane quhose bewtye was his  
wrack,

Who through to muche desyre wes quyte destroyed and all  
sackt, 200  
And onelie pwir maid by his welth and by abundance skant,  
and now transformed in a flour that seid and fruite dois  
want.

Besydis him was that ECHO nymphe who for NARCISSUS cryed,  
whose corse was changed in a stone, and voyce in rocks was  
dried.

With hir wes IPHIS in that rank, so bent vnto hir deathe, 205  
That hate hir self for others lowe, and reft hir self of breathe;  
And manye other damned soules condemned to lyke pane,  
and in thair marche did all lyke croß and fortoun hard  
sustane,

A Pepill who through to muche lowe did lothe in lyfe to  
liue,  
through rigour of thair cairles dames whose pryde thame most  
did griue: 210

Quhair also I did thair perceawe of this our aige ane ost,  
whose names for to recount or tell wer work and labour lost.



[DRUMMOND

With thame wer those whome lowe hes maid Eternall marrowis  
two,

Trew, iust, and fayithfull CEICE, and constant ALCIO,  
Who at the borders of the seis, and at the shoers his syde, 215  
did big thair nests evin at the best and calme of wintar tyd.

Along from thame wes ESACUS who pansiwe thair did stand,  
and searching for EPERIA, now sitting on the land,  
Than on the watrie floods agane, and now to mount more  
highe,

and SYLLA, NISOS cruell chyld, far from hir father flie. 220

F. 12 b. Thair than I ATALANTA saw, be aples thrie of gould  
and with the bewtye of a face ourcummed and contrould ;  
With hir, hir lower, HIPPOMENES, who far abowe the rest  
of all that Troupe of lowers wer and wretched rinners best,  
Who only by his valeur did hir vowes and othes supplant, 225  
And Ioyfull of the victorie so marching on did vant.

Among the faboulus lovers vane which poetts dois reherse  
was GALATEA, ATIS eik, and Polipheme so ferse,  
Who Atis slew whils as he did within hir bosome ly ;  
and so with noyse and rumour greit these thrie than passed  
by. 230

Thair GLAUCUS fleting on the wawes to enter in that band  
but Sylla whome he did desyre and with such zeale demand,  
And blameing CIRCE named her a lower fell and ferß ;  
with them wes then these other two which OUID dois reherß,  
CANENCE with hir PICUS chaist, sumtyme one of our kingis, 235  
bot now by CIRCE maid a fowle that chatters and not singis,  
Whose sorcerye did change him from his name and browdered  
robbs,  
for which hir weilbeloued lowe ay sighing waillis and sobbs.

I saw lykwise EGENAS teares, and SCYLLA haif for bones  
in place thairof a hard sharpe rock, that sounds, that rores  
and grones, 240

DRUMMOND]

And from hir name the crage so called, so that vnto that sie  
whair it is plaist dois ever grow greit shame and infamie.

I Also CANACE beheld who haveing in one hand  
a fatal, nacked sworde, as did hir father hir command,  
And in hir right a Pen to wryte in doole and deip dispair, 245  
and to hir lower than hir lowe hir dolent deathe declair.

With hir wes thair PIGMALION, with him his dame did byid,  
and thousandis moe, who singing then wer at the fountanis  
syid

OF AGANIPP and CASTALIE; whear then I saw in end  
CYDIPPE with that aples scorned ACCONTIUS did hir send. 250

*Finis • 2 • cap.*

[DRUMMOND

F. 13 a.

## The thrid chapter of the first Triumphe of Loue.

**S**O MUCHE my hart wes then amaised, so much of mervell full,  
that I thair stoode, euen as a man that stupid stands and  
dull,

And can not speik, bot holdis his tounge, and lwikis if anye man  
be neir of yit him round about to giue him counsell than,

When that my shaddow and my freind began thus for to say : 5

“quhat dois thow now, quhat looks thow on, quhairon thy  
thoughts dois stay?

Knowis thow not weil that I am one evin of this troupe and  
band

whome lowe dois leade, with whome I go, that can not him  
with stand?”

Than answered I : “my brother deir, thow best my state dois  
knew,

and als the lowe that in my breist dois to suche kendling  
grow, 10

Whose force is suche that evin what thingis of the I suld requyre  
togeather with suche lyke affairis ar stayid by greit desyre.”

Than he thus spak agane and said : “alreddie I hawe knawen,  
thought thow through Silence speik no thing, what thow  
woldest hawe the shawen.

Sen thow wold know what folk be these and pepill thow hes  
spyed, 15

I will the tell if to my tounge the vse be not denyed.

Behold that greit and glorious man so honoured of all,  
he POMPEI is, that leidis with him Cornelia with all,

DRUMMOND]

Who with hir salt and wattrye teares condooles his dolent death,

which PTOLOME that vyld did caus through terrorr more then  
wreath. 20

He whome thou seis more farrer off is that greit valiant greik,  
conductour of the valiant ost, And heir EGISTUS eik,  
That murderer, adulterer, that poltroun, paliard preist.

This cruell CLYTEMNESTRA is, that cruell godles beist  
Be<sup>1</sup> whome it may now weill be knowen. and be thame we may  
fynde 25

if lowe inconstant be and vane, Incensat, furious, blynde.  
Bot yit behold yon other Dame of gretar fayith and lowe,  
that fayithfull HYPERMESTIA fair, and so did LINUS prowē.  
See PYRAMUS and THISBE both to stand the shadow by,  
with HERO at the window, and in seis LEANDER ly. 30

This shaddow that thou pansiwe seis is that VLISSES whome  
his chaistfull wyiff dois long exspect and prayeth to come  
home,

F. 13 b. BOT CIRCES that enchantireß through lowe dois him detane,  
and dois empesch his fordwart stepps, and maks him stay  
agane.

This other whome thou dois behold it is AMILCARS sone, 35  
bold HANNIBALL, who stoutlye did with the Romans conione,  
Whome Rome thought not in manye yeares nor Italie might  
abaise,  
yit hes ane abiect woman him of PULIA led in lace.

Sche that with hair both cutt and short dois follow so hir  
lord

was quene of PONTUS, that for lowe dois now to this  
accord 40

With servile clothis and suche attyre MITHRIDATES to serwe,  
that in his Iornayis and conflicts from him did never swerwe.

<sup>1</sup> MS. He.

[DRUMMOND

This other Dame Is PORTIA bould, Brutus fayithfull wyiff,  
 that sharps hir sword hard by the coalis and ends by tham  
 hir lyiff;  
 Thair also IULIA thow may sie, that weped for hir spous, 45  
 for that vnto his second flamms he more Inclynes and bowes.

Now turne thyne ene and thame conwert vnto that other syde,  
 whair *our* greit father, IACOB scorned, dois with these folke  
 abyde,  
 And yit for all that dois not forthink or mened from hir to  
 swerwe  
 for whome with constant loyall lowe he twyse sevin yeres did  
 serwe. 50

O lywelie lowe! O force most strange that dois not only lest,  
 bot growis be griefis, and alwayis Is by troubles more encrest!  
 Behold the father of this man, with him his guidshir toe,  
 departing from his duelling place, and SARA lyk to doe.  
 Than after lwik how cruell lowe and weked DAVID wan, 55  
 enforceing him to do that work from whence he after than  
 Within a dark and secreit cawe, withdrawing him a part,  
 weipt for his faults and for his sinnis in anguish of his hart.

Behold also how suche a mist and suche lyke darkned  
 clwde  
 dois so obscure his sone his face and darknes owershrude, 60  
 And cower the praise of all his witt, and mak the sam be<sup>1</sup>  
 smored,  
 which publisht wes through all the world by *our* supernall lord.  
 Than AMNON spye whoe at one tyme did THAMAR lowe and  
 hate,  
 and how she Then to ABSALON hir brother did repeate,  
 Disdanefull and maist dolorous, the caus of all hir woe, 65  
 his raging lust and hate agane his kyndnes to *our*throe.

<sup>1</sup> MS. the.

DRUMMOND]

Before a litill thow may see one stronger more then wyse,  
 I SAMPSON meane, who with his wyiff did foolishly dewyse,  
 And through hir clattering trifling tryes than she did than  
 delair,  
 did putt his heid within hir lappe, that cutt away his<sup>1</sup> hair. 70

F. 14<sup>7</sup>/<sub>2</sub>. Beholde<sup>2</sup> also how that amangis so manye speares and swordis,  
 LOUE, SLEIP, and als a wedow fair, with manie plesant wordis,  
 And with hir cumlye clenelye cheikis, accompaned with hir  
 maid,  
 hes killed holipherne the proude, and vengeance him  
 repayid,  
 And thay returnyng to thair toun, and in thair handis his  
 heid, 75  
 at midnyght gevin god the thankis, to which thay haist with  
 speid.

See SICHEM, and with him his bloode, how that the same is mixt  
 with circumcisioun and with death, and with the slaughter nixt  
 OF bothe his father and all these that pisht aganis the wall.  
 o force of lowe both strong and greit that maid suche suddane  
 fall! 80

beholde ASSUERUS in what sort he begging seikis his lowe,  
 that he in peace may heir possess, and how he<sup>3</sup> dois remowe  
 And so vnloose his former knottis, and frie him of these bandis  
 that bound him fast, I meane his wyiff that kept not his  
 commandis,  
 And how that be ane other knott agane he hes him bound, 85  
 whiche onlye is the salve that may in *contrare* lowe be found;  
 And all suche malice to efface thair is no better thing,  
 EVEN AS A WADGE ANE OTHER DOITH AND NAIL AND NAILL  
 FURTH BRING.

Now wold thow sie within one hart the bitter with the sweitt,  
 and lothesomnes with lowe agane evin in one mynd to fleit, 90

<sup>1</sup> MS. hir.

<sup>2</sup> Catchword "behold."

<sup>3</sup> MS. de.

[DRUMMOND

Behold HERODES, cruell, fearse, of kyndnes full and rage,  
 whome lowe with crueltie and hate so long tyme dois assuage ;  
 Regaird how that the first dois burne and lye in fervent flame,  
 and after how he gnawes [his] hart in memorie of the  
 same,  
 And calling for his MARION, which than dois not him heir, 95  
 To late he now repented him of suche his rage seveir.

Beholde agane these other thrie both good of lyfe and lowe,  
 DEIDAMIA with ARTHEMISE and PROCRIS so did prowē ;  
 Now sie lykwyse these thrie so curst and toucht w<sup>th</sup> raging  
 flame,  
 SEMIRAMIS, with BIBLIS eik, and MYRRHA, voyde of  
 Schame, 100  
 how ewerye one of thame appeiris for shame to blush and stay,  
 that thay can hawe no licence for to walk with tham that way,  
 But for to tak the throwen streit, and evin of that denyde.  
 beholde that Troupe that fillis with dreames the papers on  
 all syd,  
 Quhose workis dois mak the vulgar sort to reid thame and  
 requyre, 105  
 and vanelye through thair erring dreames so for thame haif  
 desyre,

F. 14 b. These ar the wandring loveing knights of ARTHURS table round,  
 wheare GENEURE with hir LANCELOT with others may be  
 found,

As TRISTAN with ISOTA fair, the king of CORNUALLIS wyiff,  
 And als that counte of AREMINE who lost for lowe thair lyiff ”  
 LORD PAUL of MATATESTAS houß, and FRANSCHESCINA fair 111  
 in makking mone and sad lamentis and wailing marched thair.

Thus as my freind and shaddow spak I at that tyme did stand  
 Evn as a man that is afrayid for ill that is at hand,  
 And trembleth fast before he heir the Trumpet shaw his dome, 115  
 and feillis his dolent deathe befor the same by sentence come :



DRUMMOND]

So was my state evin at that tyme ; my face such cullour kept  
as one drawin furth evin of his grawe wherin he long did  
sleip ;

Quhen than with palish face and wan befoir me<sup>1</sup> I espyde  
a lywelye Nymph, more fairer than a dow, stand by my syde,  
Who thair me twik and captiwe led ; and I who wold have  
sworne

121

To haif defended well my selff, and men of armes ourborne,  
Was with the smyrcling of her eyes and smyling of hir face  
and with hir plesant gracious words than snared in hir lace.

As I was thinking on this thing, and for the treuthe to shaw, 125  
My freind more nerer did approche and towardis me did  
draw,

And lawghin rounded in my eare (whose laughter caused my wo  
That at my losses he suld smyle) and thus began he so :  
“ Now hes thow licence for to speik evin quhat thow [       ] and  
pleis,<sup>2</sup>

To shaw how lowe evin in his moode dois both the pane and  
eif,

130

Sen now we both sail in one bark, and both one liquour lik,  
and bothe Together marked lyke and touched with one pik.”

I Than becam as one of those who more is discontent  
of others happ and better lwck and prosperous event  
Than of my lofs and haples chance, and so more grewed  
wes I

135

when as I did the Dame me led in peace and fredome spy ;  
And after as to late my lofs and dommage I did knaw,  
so from the bewtye of my dame I maid my death to grow.  
For brunt with lowe and with his flame, and with Inwy enrage  
And IELOUSIE was than my hart which no thing culd asswage ;  
Nor wold I turne my staring eyes away from hir fair face, 141  
bot as a man by feawers weakt so semed I in that cace,

<sup>1</sup> my ee.

<sup>2</sup> This line is defective in MS.

[DRUMMOND

Who, thought he seik and feaverous be, yit hes a gredie  
will

FOR THAT WHICHE TO HIS TAIST IS SUEIT BOT TO HIS HELTH  
IS ILL;

F. 15 a. So that to anye other Ioy whiche more might glaid my mynde  
my eares war deaffe and stopped bothe, my eyes wer shutt  
and blynde 146

In following hir whose steppis me led by manie doubtfull pace,  
so that in thinking on the same I tremble yit, allace.

For ay since syne my eyes through teares wer on the ground  
fixt wak,

my hart was sad and pansiwe ay; the INS that I did tak 150  
And solitarie resting place was then the wellis and woods,

The fountanis, rivers, mountanis, hillis, the craggie rokkis, and  
floods;

Sensyne the Papers and the scrollis which I haif sperst alwayes  
with thoughts, with teares, with Ink, to pen my panis and  
paint hir praise,

Sometymes through lowe, sometymes through wreath, I forced  
was and spyte 155

To teare them all in peaces small, and ower agane to wryte.

Sensyne I know how lowe retanis within his cloyster now

DOUBT, DREID, DISPAIR, AND DEIP DISTRUST, AND HOPE with  
constant wow;

So that the man that weill wold knaw the feates and fruittis of  
lowe,

the panis, the plagues, the lingring tymes, that lowers hozrлие  
prowe, 160

Gif he can reade, than lift his eyes vnto my forrett now,

whan he sall sie all these effectis fair writtin on my brow.

And hir I sie so cairles walk, that fair and gallant dame,

not toucht with rewth for all my panis, bot cairleß of the  
same,

DRUMMOND]

And rekles bothe of them and me, she taketh no account 165

Now whither I sink or yit I fleit, I fall<sup>1</sup> or yit I mount ;  
Sic graces now dois grow in hir, such bewtye she dois shroude,  
that of hir vertew now she gois and of my spuilzei proude.

And on the other part I spy, and seis on other syde,

Evin lowe him self to stand in feare, and from hir him to  
hyd ; 170

Althought he winneth all the world, he can not hir subdew,  
so that past hope of help am I, nor lowe can mak reskew ;  
In my defence thair none that standis, no succour comes to me  
and in my ayde no boldnes can nor force can mak supplie.  
For lowe him self in whome I hoipe and confidence dois byde, 175  
whose custume is most cruellie to flyte if lowers hyde,  
And fleish with myne thair skin from thame, [dois] dalley wíth  
his dame,

and flattringlye carressis hir, yit cairis she not the same ;  
Nor anye be that more or lesß may force yit or constrane  
This RAMMAGE and rebelling mayde wíth lowe for to remane,  
F. 15 b. Bot going be hir self allone, and frie from lowe his lace, 181  
with drawis hir from his enseingze a long and distant space.

And trewlye in hir bewtye shee, and in hir port and pace,  
and in hir smyles and high disdanis, and in hir wordis and  
grace,

Sche in this sort surpassis so, compared with other dames, 185  
evin as the sun the litill sparkis exceedeth be his flames ;  
So fair appeiris hir hair to be that they do seme of goulde,  
all shaking softlye by the winde which dois thair trefß vnfoulde ;  
Her eyes lyke hevinlie lamps and lighs that so inflams my hart,  
that through thair grace I am content that they increß my  
smart. 190

Quho can with hir behaviou<sup>r</sup> and angelyke adrefß,  
with maners meik and custumes high, compair or yit expres ?

<sup>1</sup> MS. full.

[DRUMMOND

For he who would in poeme prease condinglie to report  
 hir vertewus deidis and glorious acts, I think he suld come  
 short :

It far my learning dois surpafs, my wawering pen dois shake, 195  
 my style, my verse, my voyce, my phraise ar owerbafs and  
 wake ;

No pen can more depaint hir praise or yit aduance hir glore  
 than litill strandis the largest seis dois be thair course mak  
 more.

O thingis most new, and never sene befor vnto this day,  
 nor more bot ones, nor after sall thair glorie more bewray !  
 It is a thing sall never be, hir lyke sall never cume, 201  
 and on hir vertew and hir grace all voyces salbe dume.

So do I finde my self now bound, and she in fredome frie,  
 and I exclaming in this sort, "O starr, how gydis thow me ?  
 O cursed starr ! o fates vniust ! what thingis do ye portend ? 205  
 how chanseth It that for my panis I rype no fruit in end ?"  
 I day and night bewaillis my woe, and ay dois call and pray  
 To hir quho cairis not for my moane, nor yit to heir will stay,  
 So that with grit difficultie, with trawell, toyle, and pane,  
 I skarslye for ten thousand wordis can one obtane agane. 210  
 O law seveir of Cupidis court ! yit thought it crooked be  
 and inderect, yit must we all to follow it aggrie,  
 Becaus It is so ancient, so vniuersall ould,  
 that it conioynes to the heavin earth so law & could,  
 Whose potent power and strong effect not onlye men hes  
 proven, 215  
 bot evin the Manhoode of the gods by it hes bene our-  
 throwen.

F. 16 a. And now sen lowe hes me subdewed I knaw and haif espyed  
 how that he dois the hart of man far from his corfs dewyid,

DRUMMOND]

And how he can gif pane and peace, long lasting weiris with  
trewis,

and doolefull tydingis to dispair, and than more better newis,  
And how he forces outwardly men for to hyde thair woe, 221  
when Inwardly thair breistis brunt, suppose it seme not so ;

And how evin in one instant tyme the blwid in haist departis,  
and quiklye from his vanes dois rin and in his cheikis  
convertis,

If so it chance that anye feare dois than his mynde posses, 225  
or shamefastnes constrane him blush or terrorr him oppres.

I know how that the serpent lyis all hid within the floure,  
The snaris, the gurnis, the Nettis, and baitts, the loweris dois  
devoure ;

And also how he Ielous walkis and sleipis in dreid and doubt,  
suspecting ay his riwall foe by lowe shuld thrust him owt. 230

I also know how this my lyfe dois languish by dispair,  
and how I dieing never die, nor death can end my cair ;

I also know how for to trace the fitsteppis of my foe,  
and how for feare to find hir syne I stand in dreid than goe ;

I also know in quhat a sort and quhat a guyse so strange 235  
the lingring lower in his lowe dois him transforme and  
change,

And how among so longsome sighs and shortned smylingis I  
can change my state, my will, and hew, and cullovr sone  
thairbye ;

And how to liwe and stand but lyfe, when as my wofull hart  
Is soundred from his spreit and soule, her lyiflie vitall part. 240

I also know how lowe hes led me in this danse this whyle  
a thousand wayes and vane deceittis my selff for to beguyle ;

I also know how for to burne in following so my fyre  
wheare it dois flie, and how at hand so fresis my desyre,

And farder of dois rage agane, and burne in gretar flame, 245  
and nearer than how I congeall and fresis in the same.

I also know how lowe dois bray and rout abowe the mynd,  
and how it dois all reasoun smore and chaise vnto the mynd ;

[DRUMMOND

I also know the dywers artis that lowe through craft dois vse  
 For to subwert the lowers hart, and how him to abuse; 250

F. 16 b. I know how that a gentle mynd Is suddanlie disgraist,  
 and how that be a litill Cord it stronglie Is vnlaist  
 When it is left vnto hir selff, disarmed of reason than,  
 and when none Is to mak defence aganis the lustis of man.

I also know how luiff dois shutt, and than dois flie away, 255  
 how that he boastis and stryketh both, and puttis all in a fray;  
 I also know how that he rubbis and playis the theif perforce,  
 how that he revis and spuilzeis all his pillage but remorce;

And how instable is his wheill, how doubtfull is his hoipe,  
 how certan is his wrack and woe, and how his course and  
 scope 260

Is for to mak such promesis that ar of fayith dewoide,  
 by which the trew and fayithfull hart is scorned and destroide.  
 I also know how in his bonis the raging flam dois lurk,  
 how in his vanis the hiddin hurt dois his consumptioun wurk,  
 From whence dois cum his oppin death and fyre through  
 smoak's exprest, 265  
 that secreitlie in secreit did harbour in his breist.

In end, for one conclusioun, I know the lowers lyfe  
 to be inconstant, wandring, vane, and full of sturt and stryfe,  
 both feirfull and bothe hardye to, and how dois lowe repay  
 the litill sweit with bitterneß so long to lest for ay; 270  
 I know thair custumes, maners, vse, thair sighis, thair gronis  
 & song,  
 thair brokken words, thair suddane peace, thair silence,  
 dombe and long,  
 Thair shortest smylis, thair long complaints, thair teares, þair  
 grevous fall,  
 thair pleasour's with displeasour crost, thair honye mixt with  
 gall. 274

*Finis 3. cap.*



DRUMMOND]

The 4. Chap. of the Fi[r]st  
Triumphe of Lowe.

F. 17 a.

**Q**UHEN after that my fortoun had and lowe me forwards  
thrust  
within ane others force and strenght, and so had brought to  
dust

And cutt in two the vains, and nervis, and fredome of my will  
and libertie, which long tyme I frie remaned still,  
Than I who was afore als frie and wyld as hony hart 5  
was quiklye tamed and sone subdewed with litill pane and  
art,

And brought to know the lukles lott and vnexpected chanse  
with these my marrowis miserable whome lowe led in his  
danse.

Than did I spye thair Trawell, panis, thair cummer, and lament,  
The throwin wayes, the crwiked lanis, the paith, and stratis  
they went, 10

And be what art and laubour they conducted thairto wer,  
quhair all that lowelie flok and troupe did then so wandring err.  
And quhillis I rold in ewerye syd my gasing restles ene,  
gif I culd spy thair any man whose fame so cleir hes bene  
Be historeis of ancient tymes, or Poems in our dayes, 15  
in whiche more late and recentlie included is his praise,

I saw evin then fair ORPHEUS, of him I first will tell,  
who onelie lowed EURIDICES, and following hir to hell  
Obtened hir with him agane, yit lost hir thane agane,  
And being deid yit callis on her with tounge most could in vane



[DRUMMOND

I ALCEUS saw, so pregnant, prompt, of lowe that culd indyte, 21  
 And PINDAR with ANACREON that of the same did wryte,  
 Who had thair muse, thair rymes, and verse all penned in behowe  
 Of CUPIDS court, whose Poems lay within the Port of lowe.  
 I VIRGILL saw, and him about his brawe companions stwide, 25  
 brawe Poettis of ane high ingyne and of a mirrie mwide,  
 Whose works this world so estesmes that they them first elect,  
 extolling thame in highest praise and honorable respect,  
 OUIDIUS with CORINNA<sup>1</sup> caught, and TIBULL, PLANIA,  
 PROPERTIUS who so whotlie song in praise of CYNTHIA; 30  
 CATULLUS also thair I spyed, whome LESBIA led in lowe,  
 with hir that lerned SAPHO greik, that passionis lyke did prowē,  
 F. 17 *b*. Resounding with hir noble voyce, with Poettis who wer thair,  
 hir swetest songs, and shew hir style to gallant be and raire.  
  
 So lwiking heir and thair agane, to this and to that syid, 35  
 vpone ane flowrye plesant grene I quiklye than espyid  
 A Pepill speiking on to walk, and reasoning as they went :  
 and so I saw than first appeir evin DANT incontinent  
 With BEATRICE, SELUAGGIA nixt, and CIN OF PISTOI bred ;  
 and GUIDO OF ARESSO was with thame in that trowpe led, 40  
 That semed for to be displeased, and angrie, malcontent,  
 that he was not thair first with lowe and formest with him went ;  
 With them two other GUIDOS wer and those of SCICILIE,  
 and that gude natured BOLONGUESE, a honest man was he ;  
 SENNICIO with FRANCESCHIN thair lykwyse did tham shaw, 45  
 the gentlest men and courtesest that evir men did know.  
 And after such a sort of folk In vulgar clothis<sup>2</sup> I spyed,  
 and habittis of suche strange attyre that marched on that syd :  
 Amongst them first they wer in preiß ARNALDO DANIELL,  
 a maister gritt in CUPIDS court that did in lowe excell, 50  
 Who yit dois by his plesant speiche and his Inventionis new  
 renown his natiwe countrey soyle by these thair sight and vew.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Coruina.<sup>2</sup> MS. chothis.

DRUMMOND]

Thair also was whome lightlȳ lowe with litill pane *our*came—  
on PETER, and ARNALDO wes the other of leſſ fame.

Thair also was these sort of men subdewed by gretar war, 55  
two of one name, ROMBALDI cald, that song in mountferrar

Vpoun thair Dames, fair BEATRICE; with him GIRALDUS, loe,  
and aged PETER of Auerne; with him was FELCHETTO

That gaue the name to MARSEILS toun, and did from GENIS  
awfer,

and changed his countrie, clothes, and state, and better had  
for war. 60

GIAUFRE RUDD also was who more through lowe than wreath  
did vse the speid of sailis and ores to speid his fereth death;

And also thair that WILLIAM was who with his lowers songs  
dois frie his name from all decay, that mucche his praise  
prolongs;

AMERIGUS, and BERNARD to, and HUGO with ARSELME, 65  
and thousand moe who vsed ther touns for lanſ, sword,  
bukler, helme.

And now since it is semelie than my dollour I dewyd,

I hawe conuert my daseled eyes all weryed to that syd,  
Wheare I haif spyed my fayithfull freind, good THOMAS that dois  
grace

BELONGNA toun with lasting fame, and makis his praise encreſſ,

F. 18 a. And by his songs and sonetts so MESSINA makis to grow 71  
more fatt in praise, and ratcher more, and more in brawer  
show.

O FLEING SUEIT! O FAIDING IOY! O WERYED PANEFULL LYFE!  
who is it that dois vnto me procure this sturt and stryfe?

Who is it hath than tane from me my freind and onelie Ioy? 75

who quiklye now befor his tyme dois him to grawe conwoy,  
But whome and but whose cumpanie, such now is my mishapp,  
that I can nather space nor pase nor forther go a stapp?

Well now I knaw which thing I might hawe better knownen afore,  
how that the lyfe of mortall men, whairin so mucche we glore

[DRUMMOND]

And lyketh in the same to liue, is but a stage of noyes, 81  
 a seik mans dreame, or foolis conceat, and fable full of toyes.

I was a litill sumwhat furth owt of the vulgar way,  
 when SOCRATES and LELIUS did first thame selfis bewray ;  
 With thame it me behowed than to walk and farder go, 85  
 and searche for leirning in thair workis and for thair scyence  
 know.

O what abundance of my freinds with vertew so decord  
 wes led at that Triumphant chair whose gifts non can record,  
 Whose ornat talk and eloquence nor witt can none reherse  
 in facill prose, in loftye style, in ryme, and staitlie verse ! 90  
 And with these two I walking went, and searched dywers  
 wayes,

to thame I opned wp my plaintis and hurt my hart assayes ;  
 From thame no nather tyme nor place sall evir me dewyde,  
 bot as I wish to do I hoipe with tham so long to byde  
 Vnto the last gaspe of my breath, and never to reteir 95  
 vntill the Cynders of my corss be burned on the pire.  
 For with these two I have obtened that glorious laurell bough  
 which dois the Tempills of my heade environ and my brow,  
 Whiche hes perchance befor the tyme my forrett so bedeckt,  
 in mynde of hir whome yit I lowe and dois so muche respect.  
 Bot yit of hir whose praise I paint and fillis my hart with  
 thought, 101

I never culd get branche nor leaffe *which* I with service sought,  
 Nor anye pleasour culd obteane, so stable wes the rwit  
 and so vniust to which she leaned that I culd rype no fruiit ;  
 From whense althought sumtymes my greiff and grevous doole  
 did ryse, 105  
 as his who hes ressaued offence to stay his interpryse,  
 Yit she on whome my eyes did gase so rewled and ranged my  
 will,  
 that now no more I do regrait that she refused me till

## DRUMMOND]

A mater swir of stately style and of heroicall verse

To which no dolts nor ignorantis can yit attane or perse, 110

F. 18 b. Nor yit suche Poets of suche stuff of base and vulgar ryme,  
may well conceawe how I did see CUPIDO tane that tyme.

But first to tell I will proceid, and first I will recount,

how lowe so leading ws in linkis did so ower ws surmount ;

Than after this I sall furth shaw what he of hir sustaned, 115

and how my Dame did vanqueish lowe and all his artis  
disdaned.

This work and subiect is not myne, nor only maid by me,

bot long before by ORPHEUS pend and HOMER semes to be.

Than followed we the noyse and sound of Cupids purple penns,

and of his fleing horßs that ran through thousand dykis &  
denns, 120

And through a thousand hillis and daillis ; at last in end we  
came

vnto his mothers countrie whair soiorned then that dame,

And in whiche way whair we through brayes, through brearis  
& busses went,

through montanis, medowis, hillis, and wooddis, *our* chaines  
did not relent,

Nor yit wer we unloused of thame, but hurlet, meinzeit, riwin,

as none of ws knew whair he was, nor wist how he wes  
drewin. 126

Beyond whair that EGEUM sea dois sigh and murne so oft

thair lyes ane Ile delectable, more plesant, plane, and soft

Than anye vther Ile that is bothe wett and washt *wit*h see,

or warmed with the SUNNYE beames or yit enflammed be.

In midst thair of thair is a hill of shaddow full and grene, 131

with sawour sweet and fragrant sent, *wit*h water sweet &  
clene,

Whose vertew is and whose effect to tak owt of the mynde

all sad and pansiwie blottis & markis that hes *wit*h greif it  
pynde.

[DRUMMOND

This is the land wherwith so much fair VENUS is content, 135  
 which consecrat was to that QUENE that tyme be mens  
 consent

Whillis as the treuth was lying hid and veritie vnshoven,  
 and chryist his incarnatioun was not reweilled nor knowen.  
 And yit albeit this day it be of vertew leane and bair,  
 yit dois it holde and it retenis some custumes keiped thair,  
 That seames to these whose reasoun lowe & vertew dois  
 exclude 141  
 both pleasant, sweet, and verye douce, and bittar to the gude.

Thair than Triumphed ower ws that souerane gentle lord,  
 and caried at his golden chair thair coupled in a cord  
 These whome he twik in circling so the world round about 145  
 Evin from the Inds to Thule Ile, the westmest part without;  
 Thair in that place he did expose his spoyle, his pray, and gane,  
 and from his bosome pulled furth the LOVERS thoughtis most  
 vane.

He had thair VANITIE in his armes, thair SUDDEN fleing Ioy,  
 thair constant woe, thair solide greiff, thair stable firme anoy,  
 F. 19 a. Thair roses gathered in that tyme when wintaris blast dois  
 boast, 151  
 Thair Ice evin on the hatest dayes, at Midsommer thair froist;  
 He also had before him than DISTRUST and doubtfull hope,  
 and bakward on his shulders than agane he caryed bound  
 with rope

Repentance with displeasour sore, and anguish with anoy, 155  
 most lyke the same that wes in Rome & in the waisted  
 Troy.

The valley quhair this Triumphe was with murmour did rebound  
 off watters, brookes, of Birdis and fowles, that gaif a clamorous  
 sound,

Whose bankis wer all imbroudered with flouers of variant hew,  
 some whyte, some grene, and some agane red, yellow, &  
 some blew; 160

DRUMMOND]

And thair besydis cleir riwers from so lywelie fountanis ran,  
whair than vpon the colde freshe herbis the SUNN to shyne  
began.

Thair also was a shaddow thick of Treis both high and fair,  
owt of the which than did cum owt a sweit and breathing  
air;

And after when the wintar tyd dois mak the seasoun coulede, 165  
yit thair the SUN so dois his flames most temperatlie  
vnfoulde,

And so dois mak the place and ground and meits almost lew  
warne,

and through a Idilnes all slow the simple hartis incharme.

And as that place so wes the tyme and seasoun than I say,  
quhen as the ÆQUINOCTIALl lyne dois victor mak the Day,

And when that PROGNE laughs and chantis and dois at morning  
spring, 171

Returning to hir sister than on thair lowers to sing.

O TRUSTLES STAY! O STAYLES FAYITHE of all *our* chanse and  
lott!

for to resist or to withstand that lord It vailed nott:

within that place, that seasoun, tyme, and in that instant hower,  
whaire lowe required ws from *our* eyes at larger dew to  
power, 176

He *in* that *hour* that place and tyme whome vulgar dois adore  
wald than Triumphe in chariot bright as victor full of glore.

So thair I saw what service he and servill death dois prowē,  
and to what vengeance is he brought that is infect *wit*  
lowe:

And sen the tyme and place is showen, so will I now declair 181  
which things war than plaist round about his high Triumphant  
chair.

FIRST ERROUR, nixt DELUDING DREAMES, and deadlie SHAPES and  
pail,

And FALS OPINIOUN at the Port That dois ower myndis  
prewail,



[DRUMMOND

Than SLIPPER HOPE and Slyding trust wes in the ladder stapps,  
 and DAMNED GANE with ganing lost that castis men in  
 mishapps. 186

The nature of the Greis was suche that they that highest went  
 The lawer and the deiper doun agane was thair dissent ;  
 Than WERYED REST was on the heigh, and thair repose in  
 pane

with oppin Shame and glore obscwre and duskish did remane  
 F. 19 b. VNFAYITHFULL FAYITHE, DISLOYALL LOWE, and othes bot trew  
 in shaw, 191

SOLISTFULL FURYE, MADFULL CAIR, and reasoun, sweir and  
 slaw.

Tuix these a preiß it was to which we cam by oppin way,  
 but narowlie with straitnes pane *owr* owtgait did assay ; 194

The steps thairof and enteres was both downward sliding quik,  
 the passage owt and going furthe wes high and rair vnthik ;

Within wes all confusioun, and trouble mixt with noy,  
 a fray of Certen Woe and doole and of incertan Ioy.

These Illis did never broyle so fast nor bray in burning rage  
 of VULCAN, ishia, lippari, whose flams non can asswage, 200  
 Nor STROMBOLIS with ÆTNA, mount MONTGIBELL cald by  
 name,

as did that place and presoun strong combur in burning flame ;  
 So that I think he hates him self, and leß him self dois lowe,  
 that would be practise know that yok and by his perrell prow.

Within that Cage and dungeoun dark, that preasoun stark &  
 strong, 205

we captiuat wer prisoneris, and thair enclosed long,  
 Wheare that my hairis and wonnted flight wer turned be tymes  
 ecclips,

and vnto pailnes all the fresh and rudenes of my lipps ;  
 So that my soule, so toucht with cair for that hir fredome past,  
 which greit desyre makis prompt and light, was confortat at  
 last, 210



DRUMMOND]

When as it spyed (thought but in dreme) these thingis so hard &  
strange

coequall with my state and plagis, and so go in thair change.  
Bot vewing thair so manye spreittis which in that pitt did wun,  
my piteous hart did melt lyke snow so sett against the Sun;  
And lyke as one who in short tyme dois vew sum picturis long,  
wherin ar draught and variant lynes and storeis tham among,  
With one fwte fordwart goeth on, yit after with <sup>1</sup> his Ee 217  
dois backward lwkt with better sight the more to mark and see,  
Evin so did I thair cast my eyes and roll thame round about  
the more perfytlie for to vew that band agane and rowt. 220

*Finis Triumphi amoris.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. wis.

[DRUMMOND]

F. 20 a.

## The Seconde Triumphe called the Triumphe of chastetie.

WHEN THEN I saw, evin at one tyme, and in the self same  
place,

the courage dantound of the gods whome lowe did so deface,  
And lykwise with these god[s] evin those who mortall men wer  
cald,

and to the world did liwe lyke Sants, subdewed all and thrald,  
By thair estait and guiltie fall I did example tak, 5

and by thair losses and thair harmes this proffeit did I mak ;  
So thairbe confort cam to me which eased me of my woe,  
when as I spyed me tred that trace when gods and men did  
go.

For thair I saw and did beholde fair PHŒBUS full of glore  
with Cupids bow and with his dart lye strukned verye sore ; 10

With him also that lustie youthe, LEANDER, Heros lowe,

The one a god, the other a man, and so his death did prowē.

I lykwise saw within one snair with IUNO DIDO led,

who for the woe hir husband deid hir vitall blood furth shed,

Not as the publict voyce dois bruit, or commoun fame dois tell,

becaus ÆNEAS went his way, and would not with her duell. 16

Thus seing than, wherefore suld I regrett or yit lament,

or yit bewaill my fredome lost, or yit seme malcontent,

Yf now I be by lowe ourcum whils as I wes but armes,

young, rekles, and not well adwysed, vnwar of all my harmes ?

Or wherfore suld I than complane if LOUE and not my lowe, 21

or might not mak my freindlie foe his puissant power prowē ?

DRUMMOND]

Nor yit haif I iust caus of doole that thair I saw agane  
 Lowe in habit naked, spoyld, so pwrelie thair remane,  
 Berewed of his feddered wings, and spoyled of his flight, 25  
 though sorrow maid me to complane for to behoulde that  
 sight.

And thus when CUPID sone espyed, Evin as wyld lyons two  
 with roring rumour other beasts<sup>1</sup> in rage rancounters so,  
 Or as two thundring thunderbolts doun dingeth heir and thair  
 all thingis they find whair ever they light in heavin, earth, and  
 air, 30

No otherwyse I CUPID spyed adres him to my dame  
 with all the argumentis he might hir to his yok reclame ;  
 Bot shee vpon the other part against him did proceid  
 with swifter courß, so that she past both wind and fyre through  
 speid.

No gretar sound more terrible did ÆTNA mountane mak 35  
 evin at that tyme ENCELADUS the giant it dois shak,  
 Nor SCYLLA with CHARIBDIS seis so ragis in thair Ire,  
 that day nor night thair sturdie stormes dois ather waist or  
 tyre,

F. 20 b. Than wes evin at the first conflict for to be sene and hard ;  
 so full of doubt wes that assault it can not be declaird. 40  
 Than euerie man retired him self vnto the highest place,  
 the better for to mark and vew who in that cruell cace  
 And interpryse so horrible victorious maist suld be,  
 with hart and eyes of Plaster maid, such succes for to see.

This conquerour who first did prease to giue the first on sett 45  
 did tak in his right hand his dart, in left his bow did gett ;  
 Than for to put my dame in fray and in a gretar feare,  
 he had alreddye bended It, and drawin it to his eare ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. breasts.

[DRUMMOND]

And this did he so haistelie that not the flying hart  
 more spedelie to foord and wood his course dois so convert, 50  
 Persewed by the Leopard, discha[r]ged of his chane,  
 or yit that in the wydest woodis in fredome dois remane ;  
 Yea, they had both bene Late and slow thair in respect of lowe,  
 who with his visage full of flams did fast him fordwartis mowe.

Thair might be sene within my breist, which all wes set in  
 fyre, 55

a sore conflict and doubtfull feyght tuix pitie and desyre :  
 Desyre me mowed for to desyre that lowe suld victor be,  
 and that my dame, by him subdewed, I might my marrow see ;  
 Bot Pittie than did pleade remorse, and caused me say agane,

“It pittie war and hard to sie MY LAURA so lye slane.” 60  
 YET VERTEW THAT DOIS NEUER FROM THE VERTEUOUS FOLKE  
 ESTRANGE,

evin at that instant shaw hir self that she dois never change,  
 Nor yit thame leawe who trustis in hir, thought sum thairbe hir  
 blame,

from whome she hes hir self w~~it~~drawen to ludge them nixt  
 thair shame.

Was never suche a scimeur than so able, war, and quik, 65  
 for to awaird or to eshew the blow, the stogg, and prik ;

Was neuer Mariner so prompt nor so reddie a hand  
 To turne the shipp furth of the rokkis and from the sinking  
 sand.

Thair was my Ladie, LAURA fair, who with a bould defence,  
 with honestie and shamefastnes, did lett his high pretence : 70  
 Sche suddenlye hir visage fair did from his strykes so hyde  
 that she both sharpe and egerlie did lowis assaults abyde.

I was that tyme with eyes attent and bent for to behoulde  
 the succes and the end of this greit feyght and battell  
 boulde,

And hoping that the victorie suld fall on Cupids syid, 75  
 whair it is wonnt, and not from Lowe hir self dois oft dewyd ;

DRUMMOND]

And in this hope I so became than through to muche desyre  
 evin as a man vnmeasurablie who dois sum thing requyre  
 F. 21 a. Hes<sup>1</sup> first his suit first putt in writt or he to speik begin,  
 And in his eyes and forrett hes his tounge and talk within : 80  
 "I would," I say, "O thow, my lord, if thou me worthie think,  
 that with this Dame, if thow *ourcum*, I chanced wer and link ;  
 Feare not I swerwe from thy impyre, or yit my self sall frie  
 furthe of these knottis wharwith thow hes so bund and  
 coupled me."  
 Whils thus I spak and this did say, I saw my dame agane 85  
 with face depainted full of Ire, and full of proude disdane,  
 Demeur within her countenance, sad, sober, and so grawe,  
 that no man is to shaw the same or able to conceawe,  
 Althought his wittis wer singular and almost all dewyne ;  
 how than can I the same display that is of base ingyne? 90  
 For thair it might hawe weill besene CUPIDOIS golden darts,  
 that kendled wer in fyrie flams, and waisted so mens harts,  
 Through outwart blast of beautie brawe, with honestie quyte  
 quainshed,  
 and through the coldnes of my dame his ardent pleasouris  
 stanchd  
 So greit hir mynde and courage was with valeur of the same 95  
 that nather was the VOLSIAN QUENE, nor AMAZONIAN dame  
 That did support the TROIANIS and the GREIKIS of lyfe bereft,  
 and vsed ay for to combat and shute ay with the left,  
 In anye point of worthines with LAURA to be compared,  
 whose valeur far surpast thame bothe that I afore declared ; 100  
 Nor CÆSAR great, that worthye wight, who in PHARSALIA feild  
 defaited POMPEI with his host, and maid him to him yeild,  
 Wes neuer so scharpe nor ardentar, or bouldar on his foes,  
 than was my dame in contrare him who dois all *armour* lose.  
 With hir than armed wer at ones evin all the verteus fair— 105  
 o what a hevinlie cumpanie and glorious troupe was thair !

<sup>1</sup> MS. "And," but the catchword is "hes."

[DRUMMOND

Thay progrest so in this thair Pompe and brawe triumphant  
band,

all Pair and pair, and two with two, and marching hand in  
hand.

Vpoun the vanguarde thair wes plaist high HONESTIE that dame,  
with shamefastnes who trimlie did conduct and guyde the  
same, 110

Two noble verteus of great praise, and in thame selfs dewyne,  
which maid my ladie, LAURA fair, abowe the rest to shyne;  
WITT than with MODESTIE ensewid, and wer thair nighbouris nixt,  
DELYTE, and GOOD BEHAUIOUR, who in her [ ] wer fixt;<sup>1</sup>

Than PERSEUERANCE marched on, and GLORYE cam behind, 115  
ENTREATIE fair, with GOODE ADUYSE of ane forseing mynd;  
And round about that valiant dame they wer in midle garde  
RARE COURTESIE AND CLENELINES for which sche mucche ay  
cairde,

F. 21 b. Than FEARE OF SCHAME, DESYRE OF GLORE, and<sup>2</sup> thoughts in  
youthfull age,  
and CONCORDE RARE (within this world) all rancour to  
assuage. 120

In ARIRE GUARD TREW CHASTETIE and BEUTYE brawe did go,  
and in this sort my ladie fair went to hir feghting so  
Against that souerane lord of Lowe with full intent to win,  
with fauour of the heavinis, and all the blissed sowlis thairin:  
And as my eyes vnable war thair fulnes to behoulde, 125  
so is my toung the meanest part thair of for to vnfoulde.

Thair saw I this cleir cumpanie from lowe and from his bandis  
a thousand thousand famous sonnes spoyle by thair spoyling  
handis,  
And shake and strype furth of the same with victors voyce and  
psalmes  
a thousand thousand branches brawe of cleir victorious  
Palmes. 130

<sup>1</sup> Line defective in MS.<sup>2</sup> MS. OUID.



DRUMMOND]

That sudden fall and ouerthrow was never than so strange

To ANNIBALL, that victor long who did the ROMANIS range,  
And sextene yeares in Italie did brangill thair estait,  
and in the end by SCIPIO was vanqueist and defait;

Nor yit that GIANT GOLIATH with feare was more abasht 135  
when that the HEBREW chyld his branes & head w<sup>th</sup> stones  
had dasht;

Nor CYRUS more astonished when that wedow came<sup>1</sup>  
and killed him and all his route with lasting glore and fame,  
As than that tyme appeared LOUE, who stooode evin in that place  
resembling him who now is whole, but in a litill space 140  
Is suddenlie in seiknes brought, with wonder is amased  
to sie his weilfair and his helth so suddanlie vpraised;  
Or evin as one who, touchte for doole for thingis he not forsees,  
dois with his handis bothe wyepe and rubb sham furt<sup>h</sup> owt of  
his eyes:

LOUE evin so did thair remane, yea, in a worser state, 145  
for all his forcis and his folkis wer brawelie thair defait.

Thair might be sene than in his face both dollour, dreid, and  
feare,

and at one traict both shame and yre and anger greit appeare.  
The stormye seis not ragis so when they so angrye grow,  
and by thair contrare wyndie tydis thair bordouris dois  
owrflow, 150

Nor yit that ILE, INARIME, which lyes on TIPHEUS bake,  
which he with boyling, foming rage and panefull pane dois  
shake,

Nor yit MOUNTGIBELL brayeth so when that ENCELADUS sighs,  
And brusteth furth his rageing sobbs from bouldned breast  
& lighs,

As lowe did than both chawfe and rage and sighinlie did  
plane, 155

To sie him self and all his folkis disconfited remane.

<sup>1</sup> Line defective in MS.



[DRUMMOND

F. 22 a. Thus passed this greit cumpanie, so glorious in thair trane  
 that for to tell thair valiancie my tounge I must restrane;  
 I am vnable that charge to tak leist I thair praise impair;  
 I thairfoir turne vnto my Dame and to the rest wer thair. 160

Sche had that tyme vpone hir bak a glorious gowne of whyte,  
 and in hir hand That CRISTALL targe that wrought medusa spyte,  
 And in the same a Piller was erect of IASPAR stone,  
 wherin a chane of DIAMANTS wer placed one by one,  
 And Topassis mixt in the midst which verteous dames did vse, 165  
 bot now no more they keip that vse sen they them selfs abuse.  
 Thair saw I hir before my ene so fast CUPIDO tye,  
 and plaging him so cruellie whair he did vanqueist lye,  
 That suirle than it semed to me the vengeance to to muche;  
 bot yit I wes content thairwith, and thairat did not grucht. 170  
 My wittis ar waik, my MUSE to slow, and slender my ingyne,  
 To pen the number of these Dames and virgins maist dewyne:  
 Nor CLIO with CALLIOPE and all these of that sect  
 be able what these ladeis wer to shaw or yit detect;  
 Off manye yit few sall suffice, and of these will I tell, 175  
 who on the Topp of HONESTIE and dignitie did duell.

Amangs the number of these Dames that staitlie thair did stand  
 was fair LUCRETIA first in place, and keped the right hand;  
 To whome PENELOPE wes nixt, who by hir force and might  
 bespoyled lowe of all his armes and of his winged flight, 180  
 And reaving from that froward lord his quawer, bow, and darts,  
 they crusht, they brust, they threw, and brake tham in a  
 thousand parts.  
 Than nixt approchte VIRGINIA, with hir hir father ferse,  
 armed with disdane and pietie, and with a blaid to perse  
 And wound his chaistlie dochters breist, which bothe to hir and  
 Rome 185  
 brought change of state, and by hir death thair fredomes both  
 did come.

DRUMMOND]

Than afterwart the GERMANE DAMES marcht fordwart in that  
band,

whō for to sawe thair chastetie did in thame selfis putt hand ;  
IUDITHA chaist, that Hebrew dame and wedow wyse and stronge,  
wes with these other daintie dames triumphing thame  
amonge. 190

Nixt hir that brawe couragious dame, that HIPPO heght by name,  
To sawe hir bodye ondefylit, and frie hir selff from shame,

F. 22 b. Did with a valiant worthye mynde, hir hard mishapp to sawe,  
that to hir chaist and cumlie corß she maid the sea hir  
gawe.

With hir and other blissed Santis I saw Trumphe in glore 195  
my Dame and Lowe who ouer the world had first Triumpht  
before.

Amangs the same I thair perceawed the VESTALL virgine chaist,  
fair THUCIA, who falslie wes by Infamie disgraist,  
Who for to purge hir of the same this miracle did giwe,  
she brought from Tiber floode to church furth water in a  
siwe ; 200

And after hir HERSILIA, that brawe SABINIAN dame,  
whose worthines dois euerie booke and storrye furth proclame ;  
With hir was these hir countrie maids whome Romanis through  
defait

had rewishit to be thair wyiffis for to prolong thair state.  
And thair amangis these strangeris als I hir did thair espye 205  
that for hir fayithfull loveing spous did tak hir death thairbye—  
Lat them the vulgar people peace, It DIDO is, I say,  
who for the doole of SICHEUS death she put hir self away ;  
Thought VIRGILL wryte and publict bruit by ÆNEË do hir shame,  
It was but cair of honestie that poust hir to the same ; 210  
And in the end thair prest in place one who did hir enclose  
within a place at ARNO syde, bot she hir tyme did lose ;  
For what she would effectuat and purpose bring to paß,  
hir honest thoughts and chaistfull mynde by force impeached  
was.

[DRUMMOND

This valiant and victorious band went fordwart in that tyme 215  
 when that the wintar waxed hote, and spring was in his pryme ;  
 And so they all past Ioyfullie togeather in that way  
 wheare that the saltish watrie wawes dois brek on bayas bay ;  
 And so they walked on a pace, and towards the right hand  
 they marched on till they did come vnto that solide land, 220  
 from whence betuix these mountanis two of BARBARE and AUERNE  
 they progrest on till they did come vnto SIBILLA derne ;  
 And further of they passed on vntill LINTERNO fort,  
 in whiche so solitare a place that great man<sup>1</sup> did resort  
 And chiften brawe who hes his name from APHRICA with  
 prayse, 225  
 for that he was the first who thair did by his sworde mak  
 wayes,  
 Who did not thair in anye sort diminishe or abate  
 by his renoun and purchest glore the newnes of thair state,  
 Bot with his eyes most pleasantly thame pleased with Mirrie  
 cheir ;  
 AND SHEE THAT WES MAIST CHAIST IN LYFE MOST FAIREST  
 DID APPEIR. 230

F. 23 a. In others pompe It would him grewed so in thair bandis to  
 walk,  
 who onelye was (gif mens beleiff be not in vane and talk)  
 The onelye man borne to Truimphe and thairto to aspyre,  
 and onelye bred to countreis win and conqueiſſ ane Impyre.  
 Whair after they and all arrywed vnto that souerane toun, 235  
 and first vnto that holye church so famous by renoun  
 Which CHAIST SULPICIA had erect, and to that end did frame,  
 to quensht within the mynde of man all mad and raging  
 flame ;  
 And after they thair progrefſ maid vnto that church whose name  
 Is CHASTETIE, that honorable and maist renowned Dame, 240  
 Who kendleth in a gentle hart chaist will and high desyre,  
 Not of the vulgar sort, bot such as vnto praise aspyre :

<sup>1</sup> MS. men.

DRUMMOND]

Quhair in that church that Glorious dame did all hir spoyle  
expose

before that goddes godlie feitt, and þair lykwyse depose  
Victorious leawes and sacred Palmes which she before had  
tane 245

and reft from lowe, that to hir glore the same might thair  
remane.

Thair was with hir that TOSKANE YOUTHE, SPURINNA heght by  
name,

that Maigled had his visage fair for to eshew defame,  
Whose Bewtye was of such great force all wemen to subdew,  
that they wer win all to his lowe at his first blinke and  
vew ; 250

Thair did that youth with LAURA fair displey and did vnhyde  
his bloodie wondis and magled cheikis with CHASTETIE to  
byde.

With hir compered manye moe whose names my Guyde did  
knew,

and at the tyme of Thair Triumphe he did thame to me  
shaw,

Who did dispyse CUPIDOIS force and power in that band, 255  
And whome amongs fair HIPPOLITE and IOSEPH iust did stand.

*Finis Triumphi Castitatis.*

[DRUMMOND]

F. 23 b.

## The thrid Triumphe of Deathe.

### Cap. i.

**T**HIS STATELIE, brawe, and weill disposed, this gallant,  
glorious Dame,

that is a naked spreit and peace of earth within the same,  
Who sometymes was the Pillar heigh, the forrest full of store  
of Valeur, and of worthines, returned bak with glore  
Moist Ioyfullie from these hir wayes, triumphing over hir foe, 5  
that all the world dois with his craft and his desait ourthrooe;  
And not with other armes or strenght this foe she hes subvert  
than with a visage fair and mylde, and with a chaistly hart,  
With thoughts most poore, with speache most wyse, with  
langage most discr[eit],  
that ay wer freindis to honestie, with shamefastnes repleit. 10

A wounder great it wes to sie, a thing bothe strange and rare,  
the armes, the bow, the shafts of lowe for to ly brokned  
thair,

And round about him to aspye sa manie thair lye slane,  
with manye captiwed presoners that did in lyfe remane,  
This ladie with hir chosen folk bak makking thair retrait 15  
from hir Triumphant victorie marche vnder clothe of stait;

In number few hir people were, this is no strange to heir,  
BECAUS THAT TREW AND SOLIDE GLORE IS SEILDOME SENE  
APPEIR;

DRUMMOND]

Yit everie one who wes with hir deserued worthie praise  
in historie, in loftye verse, in statelie style and phraise. 20

At that tyme was thair Enseingzie, within a feild of grene  
ane ERMIND whyte depainted was, all lylie whyte and clene,  
Whose nek did beare a TOPAS chane insert with fynest gold,  
To witnes weill that Puritie which they did alwayes hold.  
No humane pace nor earthlie stepps thair walking was & trace, 25  
bot hevinlie all, and all thair wordis wer full of hevinlie grace.  
O blist be these ! weill be these blist ! and happie thryse agane  
that to suche destine creat be and such good fate sustane !  
As Twinkling starris they all appered in midst a SUN of light,  
decoring thame evin with these beames which daisled not  
thair sight ; 30

F. 24 a. Thair headis with garlandis wer bedect of reid incarnat rose,  
with violes of brawest hewis, and flouers of brawest chose ;  
And as a noble gentle hart great glorie dois obteane,  
so did this Ioyfull cumpanie with Ioy eache fitsteppe<sup>1</sup> trane.

Quhen then I saw, evin suddanelie, a banner borne of blak, 35  
and in the same, of that same hew, a furious woman shak ;  
Sad, paill, obscure, and sensles shee appeared, alace, to me,  
with fureis wrapt and fureis worne at that tyme seamed shee ;  
The sight heirof so hideous was as skairslye I can tell  
gif suche a sight at PHLEGIA was when that The Giantis fell. 40  
Than did this greizelie, ghaislie ghaist addres hir to me dame,  
with trotting trace and haistie voyce did call hir by hir name :  
“ O ladie fair, that so dois go decord with youthe and grace,  
and dois not knaw of this thy lyfe the fixed terme and space,  
I she am she that importune and Cruell cald by yow, 45  
who ar a people deafe and Blind, and makis all creaturis bow,  
Who fearfullye dois all arrest evin be my force and might,  
that shortis the day, and haistis before or evening come the  
night ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. fitsteps.



[DRUMMOND

I she am she that hes conwoyed the GREIKIS vnto thair end,  
 The TROIANS and the ROMANS to I haif maid to discend 50  
 Within thair dreidfull grawe and tombe be this my fatall brand,  
 That sheares and slayes, that prikis and cuttis, and killeth owt  
 of hand,

With manye other people moe, both Barbar, groß, and strange,  
 arryving first before they know thair lyfe for death to change,  
 Ransacking all thair pansiwie thoughts long ludged in thair  
 mynde, 55  
 and brakking doun thair vane conceattis to death they haif  
 declynde.

And now to yow, when yow must list to liwe in lyfe so long,  
 I do adres my deidlie course with deadlie Dart and strong,  
 Before dame fortoun with hir wheill in sum vnhappie houer  
 with luckles happ ourcroß your hope, and mixt your sweit with  
 souer." 60

Than answered she who was within this world onely one,  
 "thow hes not in these cumpaneis no right nor reasoun none ;  
 Thow may in me far leß pretend, bot gif that thow wilt haiff,  
 The onelye spoyle is that thow shalt my corß conwoy to graiff.  
 Bot thair is one who sall hawe more displeasour be my deathe, 65  
 For in my weifair and my helth depends his lyfe and breathe.  
 It sall to me most thankfull be from this world to goe,  
 which is the Port of Miserie, and harbrough for our woe."

F. 24 b. Than as a man who bendis his eyes on vncouthe things & new,  
 and seing thame more than first he spyeth far vtherwayes  
 ensew, 70

With wounder is astonished, and than him self dois blame,  
 so dois this ferse and cruell death with wounder pause for  
 shame ;

And as be chance she mused awchyle these words at lenth she spak,  
 "I know the tyme wherin my teith ar drest to spoyle and sak."  
 So afterwart with calmie face, leß vglie than before, 75  
 she thus began to speik : "o dame, adorned so with glore,



DRUMMOND]

That dois conduct this chaistlye band, yit though thou hes not  
known

my poysned shafts and deidlie dartis which many hes our-  
throwen,

if to my counsell at this tyme thou bothe gif trust and eare,  
what I enforce is for the best, and so it sall appeare. 80

Ould, harie, lothesom, crooked age I far from the sall chase,  
with all the cairis and fashereis that dois with age recrease ;

I am resolwed and purposed now suche honour the to doe,

Sawe the to none was never before such fauour shawin vnto ;

Thou shalt exchange thy lyiff for death, thy spreit sal part but  
feare, 85

no sorrow thairby sall thou feill, Nor dollour sall the deir."

This earthlie Sant this spak agane : "evin as it pleafß the lord  
that standis in heavin to rewill from thence all thingis in gude  
accord,

Who governeth all this vniuerß, and reullis this massiue round,  
do he to me and in suche sort as other folkes hes found." 90

Thus as she spak : then suddanlie behold the spacious place  
was quiklye with deid bodeis filled whom death did so deface ;  
The number was so hudge and greit as none culd have tham  
pend,

suppose he shuld in prose and verse thame prease to compre-  
hend ;

OF INDIA, CATAIA, with MARRACOS, and of Spane, 95

of all these people wes the midst replenisht with the plane ;

The lowest partis and hollow place the multitude vpfilled,  
whom death with longer tract of tyme had cruellie so killed.

Thair was these men whom men<sup>1</sup> most cald most happie & most  
blist,

Triumphant kingis and empreouris, and Popes whose feit men  
kist, 100

<sup>1</sup> MS. mein.

[DRUMMOND

Who now lyes spoyled of thair Pompe and skant dois plague þair  
pryd,

and poorer ar then beggaris be who oft for crommes hes cryed.  
Now tell me than, whair is thair welth, whear is thair glorie  
great?

Whair ar thair Gems and pretious stones, and Sceptaris of  
estait?

Whair ar they now? whair ar they gone? whair ar thair princelie  
crownis? 105

whair ar thair forked myters now? whair are thair purple  
gownis?

O wretched he, and Miser more, that fixis so his trust  
on mortall things to which all men that mortall be hawe lust!

F. 25 a. But who is he that dois not so? yit they salbe in end  
with reasoun iustlye scorned and scuft that to that course did  
tend. 110

O blinded folk to tofs yow so! what Ioy can yow befall?

vnto your mother ould yow must returne bothe one and all,  
And than *your* titillis and your stylis sall so obscured lye,  
that yow sall all forgotten be, none sall yow hawe thairbye.

Than tell me now for what effect do yow youre cair intend, 115  
although one gane for thousand panis do to yow ryse in end;

Who dois not sie [that] all is vane, a folye flatt exprest?

Or what awaillis that be *your* force suche countreyis be posest  
Which ar not yours, and Tributare to mak the strangeris sole,  
with damage of *your* corpfß and soule that for *your* sinnis  
sall thole? 120

Or after perrellous interpryse, bothe bloodye, vane, and wrong,  
To purchefs land be losß of bloode that dois yow not belong?  
Or yit to muk and gather gold, and so *your* handis defyle?

It better for your soules had bene to liwed with breid this  
whyle,

And water more had yow beseamed, rough treis, and brittill glaß  
had more besett than Gems and gould in which your glorie  
waß. 126

DRUMMOND]

Bot now will I draw in my saillis and to my purpose Turne,  
which is the subiect of my woe that makis me so to murne.

So when I say the houer was come, Alace, that latter houer  
of that hir short and glorious lyfe which death did so  
dewouer, 130

Wherein she must that doubtfull pace and passage than assey,  
whereof the fearfull world standis in dreid and in a fray,  
Thair cam a troupe of valerus dames, a band so chaist and fair,  
To sie if this fair ladie lewed, or deathe hir lyfe would spair;  
About hir bed they gathered thame to mark and vew the end 135  
To which bot ones, bot no more oft, must all inclyne and  
tend.

As all hir freindis and nighbouris neir hir bewtie did behold,  
death rooted wp and did dissolue hir hair as fyne as gould,  
So that the choisen fairest flouer that in this world did sprout,  
death foully to the worldis disgrace did rywe and pull it owt,  
Nor for to hate nor yit Envye that he to it did beare, 141  
but that in thingis most excellent his pouer might appeare.  
Sore sad laments, and sparpled teares, deip sighs, and reuthfull  
cryes

was thair amongs these wemen all that rave to reuth the skyes.  
O what a hart brek was it to see these eyes so fair and bright 145  
for which I manye a Sonet maid to lose thair lucent light!

F. 25 b. Betuix sa manye scalding sighs and havie layes of woe,  
betuix sa manye shrilling shouts and sobbis in number moe,  
That hevinlie Dame, that Ladie fair, did peacelye sit but bruit,  
and of hir vertewis deidis did rype the glorious gane & fruit. 150

“O mortall goddes, go thow hence! in peace dois thow  
depart!”

so said the people who wer thair with sad and murnfull hart.

“Quhat sall be cum or yit befall to others, mortall wights,  
sen suche a dame hes brunt and fresed, and past in such few  
nights?”

[DRUMMOND

Thair speache forsuith deservd praise, bot it not mucche awaild  
 against that death that in hir rage so roughlye hir assaild. 156  
 O Trustles hope of humane thingis! O hope bothe blind &  
 vane!

Incerten ar thow in thye course, and so sall ay remane.

If that for pittie of hir death the earth was washt with teares,  
 as he best knowest who saw it so, so lat him think that  
 heares.

It wes the sex day of Appryle, thairof the Primal houer, 161  
 in whiche my fervent flam began be cupids puissant pouer;  
 And looke what houer she did me in her loyall lowe insnair,  
 The self same tyme now by hir death renewed hes my cair;  
 Att that same day that hes me bound the same hes sett me  
 frie, 165  
 As fortoun in hir fickill course hir style dois change we sie.

None evir yit did so complane, none ever so bewaild  
 his fredome lost, or dreidfull death that over him prewaild,  
 Than I of this my libertie brought by hir losf of lyfe,  
 whose threid by gretar richt suld bene first cutt by fatall  
 knyfe: 170  
 For thow suld first, o death, me kild, my debt by age wes  
 dew,  
 that formast stood vpoun that front from which hir glorye  
 grew.

Who can beleif my doolefull woe, my dollo<sup>ur</sup>, and my cair,  
 my sadnes, and my loude lamentis, my sorrow, and despair?  
 No none thair is Imagine may the greatnes of the same; 175  
 how than can I in prose and verse them bouldlye furth pro-  
 clame?

These ladeis fair that stooode about that ladeis chaistlie bed,  
 with wofull woe, with murning mone, and cheikis w<sup>it</sup>h teares  
 ou<sup>er</sup>sprede,

DRUMMOND]

Began to crye, "now, now, alace! Dame vertew is decayid, 179  
 fair BEUTYE now hes lost hir lampe, and courtsie is astrayed.  
 Woe! woe! alace! who sall ws sawe? what sal be come of ws?  
 since she is deid what sall we hope, who sall this doubt  
 discus?

Who evir saw in suche a dame suche perfyte proofes of praise?  
 who evir hard so sweit a speache so full of wit alwayes?  
 Who evir hard, or yit did sie, though he suld liwe to long, 185  
 from suche ane Angell Angellis voyce so Angelic a song?"

F. 26 a. Her spreit before it did depairt from bosome of hir rest,  
 and from that place which to toe short it shortlie had possest,  
 With all his vertewis and his giftis conioyned vnto one, 189  
 did light the air in euerie part, and cleir the heavinis anone;  
 Nor none of all the furious Spreittis durst than ones vndertak  
 for to compeir before that dame with visage foule and blak,  
 Before, alace, that dreidfull death, that dame but blame or fault,  
 vpon hir chaistlye cumelie corfß had finisht his assault.  
 Bot after they had end thair plaintis and left thair lowde  
 lament, 195  
 and by dispair war maid seceur, they had thair eyes all bent  
 Vpon hir visage meik and myild, and markt hir angellis face,  
 Most bewtifull, most angelik, and full of hevinlie grace.

Not as a fyre or flamming flame blawen owt by busling blast,  
 bot as a spark that through hir self consumis and deith last,  
 And as we sie a sweit cleir light that cummeth to decay, 201  
 whose nurishing by peice and pece dois softlye weir away,  
 And to the end hir ancient vse and custumes keipis eache on,  
 So to hir fading deing lyfe hir deing day drew on. 204  
 And so but pane so dyed my Dame, hir lyfe so past and went,  
 hir hevinlie soule to hevinlie rest in peace did pairt content.  
 Not Paill that lowely ladie lay, bot whytar than the snow  
 which gathered is in flokkis but winde, and dois togeather  
 row;

[DRUMMOND

And as a man through Trawell long and exercise is faint,  
in suche a sort my ladie lay when deathe did hir attaint. 210  
Her soule than being parted so, that which maid foolish men  
Callis vglie death a plesant Sleip did in hir eyes seme then,  
So that that deidlie Monster wyld, that dois all folk disgrace,  
did than appeir most bewtifull within my Ladeis face.

*Finis . i . cap.*



DRUMMOND]

F. 26 b.

## The Secounde chapter of the Triumphe of Deathe.

THE NIGHT that after did ensew this wofull vglie chance,  
 that deathe my dame so suddanlie did to hir grawe  
 adwanse,  
 That night in maner maid the SUN his lucent light to lose,  
 and sped him from the earth in haist in heavin to repose.  
 So being left I knew not weill whose fitstepps for to trane,      5  
 I lost my guyde, and I did lyke a blinded man remane.

Quhen that the sweit and sommer frost was sparpled by the air,  
 and quhill AURORA did begin agane to earth repair,  
 That dois despoyle and tak away evin by hir wholesome  
 streames  
 the coverture and mantle braid of fals confused dreames,      10  
 Evin at that tyme a ladie fair did to my sight appeir,  
 resembling right on euerie point the season of the yeir.  
 Sche was bedect with precious pearle, and crouned with orient  
 stones,  
 yea, crowned she was with thousand crownes of Iewellis brawe  
 at ones,  
 Who, moweing softlye in hir self, she towardis me did walk,      15  
 and lowinglye besydis my syd did sett hir down to talk,  
 And streatching owt hir plesant hand, that hand so long desyrd,  
 she sighing, speiking, yeild it furth, and me to speik requyrd :  
 From whense his rissen the pleasant Ioy & that eternal blis  
 that in my woefull havie hart so long so ludged Is.      20



[DRUMMOND

“Knowst thou not hir,” thus spak my dame, “who first thy  
wandering pace

hes turnd asyid from vulgar way and from the vulgar race?

Knowst thou not hir who the w<sup>it</sup>/held from that which youth  
did rage,

whose chastlie hart both caused thy lowe and als thy lust  
did swage?”

This pansiwe dame, in deids most wyse, and in hir actis discreit,  
satt doun quhair meiklie she did me to sit with hir intreit: 26

It was a pleasing bank that place whairon we than reposed,  
with laurell grene and branchely beach o<sup>ur</sup>rshadowed all and  
closed.

Than answered I euen as a man who speiking shedds his teares,  
and through the greitnes of his greiff his tounge from talk  
forbeares: 30

“O LAURA, thou! O Ladye fair! O goddes of my mynd!

my eyes dois knaw the verie weill, o glore of womankynd!

Tell me, my Dame, tell, hevinlie soule, from whense my grace  
dois grow,

if thou be leving or yit deid becaus I long to know.”

“I am in lyfe, not deid,” sayis she, “I liwe, and thou is deid, 35  
and salbe whill the later houer that death to earth the leid.

And now, for that the tyme is short o<sup>ur</sup>r will is alwayes long,

I counsell that thou [ ]<sup>1</sup> It that so thou go not wrong;

F. 27 a. Lose not the brydill to the same, thy speache to goode employ,  
before the day that draweth neir the to thy grawe conwoy.” 40

Than I in end replied thus: “tell me, my hevinlie dame,

that now of lyfe and death hes prowine the practyse of the same,

And knowst the prooffe what is to liwe and what to die agane,  
if death a thing so feirfull be, or yit so full of pane.”

Than answered she: “so long as thou with vulgar folk will  
hould, 45

whose iudgement is ay wauering, and to thair will Inthrauld,

<sup>1</sup> Blank left in MS.

DRUMMOND]

And thair opinionis so embrace that blinde ar, hard, and auld,  
thow nevir happie salbe named nor blissed salbe cald.

To noble spreittis and gentle myndis death is the end of cair,  
of presoun strong, of Dungeonis dark, of dollowr and dispair ;  
Bot vnto these who hes thair thoughts so fixt on earthlie  
things, 51  
to suche eternall noy and sturt and sorrow death inbringis.  
And this my woefull doolefull death for which thow hes lament,  
for whiche thow hes sae manie teares so vanelie shed and  
spent,  
I am assured suld confort the, and quyte efface thy noy, 55  
if that thow felt the thousand part of this my hevinlie  
ioy."

Quhen thus she spak she cwist hir eyes vnto the highest heavin,  
and then her<sup>1</sup> roselye lipps war closed, and I to purpose  
dreavin,  
"O dame," said I, "these tyrantis strong that rewld that  
last empyre,  
as SYLLA, MARIUS, NERO vyld, that sett all Rome in fyre, 60  
CALLIGULA, MAXENTIUS, with murder so acquent,  
that daylie so to torture men all Tormentis did Invent,  
The burning boyling feaveris whote, the seiknes in the breist,  
the sorenes in the Liffis and nervis that so dois men molest,  
Makis death for to accounted be with euerie one and all 65  
abhorred be, and so esteemed more bitter than the gall."

"I can not weill denye," sayis she, "but that the pane and woe  
that goeth before or death dois come dois mak ws think  
it soe ;  
Bot that which greweth most of all, it is that dreidfull feare  
To loß our long and lasting lyfe, this is that most ws deare ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. his.

[DRUMMOND

Bot to the spreit that dois in god his confort all repose, 71

And to that hart that for his sinnis his waiknes dois disclose,  
Vnto that hart, and to that spreit, What death can vther be  
than evin a short and litill sigh, as men dois breath we sie?

F. 27 b. The prooffe thair of evin be my self most planelie may be proven,  
who nerest was my latest course or death had me *our-*  
throwen : 76

When fleshe was frayle and bodie seik, & spreit more prompe  
agane,

I hard with heavie sound a voyce most heavelie complane,  
'O wretched he and miserable that rekneth LAURAS dayes,  
to whome eache one a thousand yeares appeares to him  
alwayes ! 80

He euerie houer hes suche desyre to visie hir and sie,  
and, if he sie hir not euerie houer, he can not happie be ;  
He seikis for hir through all the earth, bot yit can not hir finde,  
and euerie houer and moment small he hes hir in his mynde ;  
He seikis for hir the fomeing seis, and searcheth all the bankis,  
the bayes, the brayes, the brookes, the floods, the deip and  
watrie stankis, 86

Whair euerie he, walkt or holdis his stepps, ay holding still one  
style  
to think on hir, to speik on hir, and verse of hir compyle.'

Than hearing thus, my fanting ee I turned to that syde  
from which that heavie sounding sound I hard and had  
espyde, 90

And thair persaweth that GENTLE DAME that long thy passionis  
knew,  
that thrust me fordwart in thy lowe, and bakwart the with  
drew ;

The sugred wordis owt from hir mouth did mak hir knowen  
to me,

hir visage and hir countenance did shaw the same wes she  
That oftentymes my wofull hart reconforted and glad, 95  
when heavines did it assayle, or sorrow made it sad ;

DRUMMOND]

Sche was acquent with *our* effaires, with witt she was repleit,  
and fayithfull was she in our lowe, and at my deathe discreit.

And planelie now I will the tell, Evin in my brawest state,  
and in my grene and growing yeares to the both brawe and  
feate, 100

Which caused hes the thoughts and touns of men to talk and  
think

in praise of that which was the chaine that did in lowe ws link,  
That lyfe which I that tyme than ledd more bittar wes to me,  
and swetar than my gentle death that hes me maid to die ;  
A thing most rare to mortall men, and strange it is to heir, 105  
that death to me more better semed than bitter did appeir ;  
Becaus to me that passage wes more ioyfull and content  
than he that from exyle is cummed and to his countrie went ;  
The thing that onlye dois me vex, and most my mynde dois grewe,  
Is that thow in this wicked world so long, alace, sall lewe." 110

Than answered I and spak agane: "O pretious pearle of  
praise,

F. 28 a. I the adjeur by that same fayth that all the world dois blaise,  
Whiche<sup>1</sup> tyme I trow hes manifest and oppinlie dois proclame,  
and now the more in sight of him that liwis in lasting fame  
Dois more appeir, whose eyes dois perse and seis in euerie part,  
than tell me if thow ever had ones pittie on my smart, 116  
Or one the panis that lowe hes ludgt within my macered breist,  
or of the thoughts that in suche hudge did long my heade  
molest,

Not leving of your chaistlye wayes nor honest interpryse,  
whiche yow wer wont for to oppone aganis my rauthfull cryes ;  
For that your pleasant gracious Ire and these *your* sweet  
disdanes, 121

So mixt with lowe and than with heate redoubling so my panes,

<sup>1</sup> Catchword, "which."

[DRUMMOND

Togeaether with the platt of peace imprinted in your eyes,  
 the Seales of grace, the nest of blis that all my sorrow seis,  
 Did holde so long my whote desyris in such incertan sort, 125  
 as ay my mynde dois stand in doubt disparing of support.”  
 I skarslie had my wofull wordis owt from my mouth declaird,  
 when as I saw a smyrcling smyle with douce and sweet regaird  
 Paß from the passage of hir eyes, which sometymes of my  
 Ioy  
 was both the salve and medicine for to abaitt my noy. 130

So afterhend she sighing said : “ O Petrark, iust and trew,  
 mark weill my wordis and credeit giwe to that which dois  
 ensew :

My hart nor yit my lasting lowe did euer from the depart,  
 Nor yit that lowe my hart had ones death euer sall subwert ;  
 Bot warlye I prowtydid so To temper so thy flame, 135  
 with coy regaird to mitigat the fearsnes of the same,  
 Becaus they wer no other way to keip in honest fame  
 my chastetie and thye renoun of ewill bruit and blame ;  
 And so thow ought not for to think that LAURA not the loved,  
 or had not pittie on thy plaints or yit to reuth not mowed. 140  
 For looke how that a mother deir dois chastise so hir sonne,  
 correctis him for amendiment to frame in better toone,  
 Evin so did I so vse my selff, and to my self oft said,  
 ‘ PETRARCHA lowis not but dois burne, this fyre must than be  
 stayd.’

It is my part for to foirsee these ewillis before they grow, 145  
 leß commoun bruit vnto our shame our Infamie furth blow ;  
 Bot so to do It is verie hard : for how can they prowtyde  
 against these things for which they feare and ernistlie abyde ?  
 Fame would ay evin as I did the to my lowe reclame,  
 but slaunder maid me ay mistrust and feare a gretar shame ;  
 And to my selff I oft hawe said, ‘ he markis but owtward  
 thingis, 151  
 yit Inwardlie he seis it not that so me woundis and stingis ;’

## DRUMMOND]

- F. 28 b. I vsed this craft to draw the bak and spur the thick agane,  
 Evin as a brydle backward beares the Wantonn horß and vane ;  
 And yit this more I will confes, a thousand tymes hes Ire 155  
 depanted in my face what lowe within had sett on fyre,  
 And thousand tymes my face hes shownen, and thousand tymes  
 exprest,  
 the sore conflictis and Inwart flamms that brunt my hart &  
 breist.  
 And looke how muche thye lowe appeird so swirle greit wes  
 myne,  
 bot WILL did not my REASOUN rewill nor maid from right  
 repyne ; 160  
 And after when I the beheld ourcome by lowe his rage,  
 Than sweetlie wold I cast my eyes thy sorrowis to assuage,  
 With purpose and with full intent, and with a cairfull cair,  
 To sawe thy honoꝝr with my lyfe that languisht by dispair ;  
 And when the passionis that the paind so panefull did appeir,  
 I purposed then to confort the with visage calme and cleir, 166  
 So that my forrett and my voyce did for thy saiftye mowe,  
 now full of woe, than full of Ioy, and dreid full mixt w<sup>th</sup> lowe :  
 This was the practise of my hart, these war my honest wayes,  
 That I through honoꝝr with the vsed vntill my deing dayes,  
 Now shawen furth a blythe aspect all gathered full of grace, 171  
 And than agane a coy disdane, and than a sourer face.  
 Thow knowst that all these thingis be trew, thy Sonettis this  
 reveillis,  
 and all thy songs proclames the same which of thy woe  
 bewaillis.  
 In end I vsed such sindrie salwes to salwe thy sore diseis, 175  
 that bothe my cair and studie was how the to pane and pleis :  
 For when I saw thy watrye eyes so full of streames of teares,  
 which trickling down in suche a pace did wash thy cheeks and  
 eares,  
 Than would I say, ' this man dois rin a course vnto his deathe,  
 I sie things thairfoir must help prolong his lyfelie breathe ; '



[DRUMMOND

And Thairfore than I did prowye some help and honest ayde  
 To eifß thy woes, redrefß thy soares, aud mak thy state be  
 stayde; 182

Then when I saw sa manie spurris so fordwart in thy syde,  
 than would I say, 'an<sup>1</sup> harder bitt must mak this man abyde;'  
 And thus when then I so espyde how thow had hope of gane, 185  
 'convenient is,' said I, 'this hope be drowned with disdane;'  
 So that amidst these contrareis, sometymes both whote and  
 coulde,

Now whyte, now reid, now blythe, now sad, I haif evin as  
 I woulde

Conducted the now to this point, though I now weryed be, 189  
 Whair through I leid a glorious lyfe, and so sall all men see."

F. 29 a. Than I replied with face besprent and visage wak with teares,  
 and tremblinglye with Trembling voyce all faint with thousand  
 feares,

"O glorious dame, of this my fayithe greit gane thow suld me  
 giwe,

gif that I could thy loveing words so steidfastlie beliwe."

"O MAN, o man of litill faythe," she answerd in disdane, 195

"gif thow not knowst which that I speik to be both trew and  
 plane;

Quhat reasoun is suld me induce to tell these thingis to yow,  
 and thow no wayes that which I speik will credeit yit or trow?

I wer vniust, o PETRARK myne, gif I the treuth suld hyde :

whils as I liwed thow in my hart and in my eyes did byde ;

In treuth, that sweit and loving knot most plesant was to me 201

be which thow preast by fervent lowe with me to coupled be ;

That brawe renoun (if trew I heir) which through the world dois  
 perse,

which far and nar thow hes me won by thy Immortall verse,

Dois pleis me muche, for that I knew thow had no other suit

than by a lawfull honest meanes to reape thy wished fruit. 206

<sup>1</sup> MS. ar.

DRUMMOND]

And this was it that onely faild, this onely did inlake,  
 for to perfyte that perfyte lowe which did not thyne forsake :  
 For whils that thow in havie act thy sadnes did bewray,  
 thow maid thye flams to publisht be through all the world,  
 I say ; 210

Hence came my zeale to mollifie, and so thye flame to soft ;  
 bot yit in all suche other thingis such concord than was  
 wrought

As loyall lowe with honestie dois temper and Immixt,  
 so in my lowe bothe honestie and shamefastnes was fixt :  
 This difference was tuixt thame bothe, thow publisht furth thy  
 flame, 215  
 when secreitlie I in my hart had buried wp the same ;

And when that thow for mercie cryed, so that thye voyce was  
 hoarse,

I held my tounge, yit in my hart I had on the remorse.  
 For shamefastnes vpon the one, on other syde a feare,  
 did make my many whote desyrs far fewer more appeare ; 220  
 For nather is that doole the leß that dois a nother vex,  
 nor yit be MONING mone growis more that men dois so perplex,  
 As nather thingis that ar of treuthe, and hes by treuthe thair  
 stay,  
 by feinzeit fortoun dois increß, or yit by It decay.

Yit did not I dissolue these doubts when I with the did  
 sing 225

thy sugred songs that with my panis thy praises all did ring.  
 And this muche more I will the tell : my hart wes ay with the,  
 suppose my eyes wer turned asyde, and seemed not the to  
 see ;

Off which thow verie oft complained, as of these partis vniust,  
 That quainsht thy hope and esperance and raised thy mistrust ;

F. 29 b. Yit so to doe thow had no cause, for that of me the best 231  
 vnto thy handis I did it yeild so that the worst bot rest.

[DRUMMOND

And know when that my eyes sumtymes war turnd from vewing  
 the,  
 that they a thousand tymes agane with mercie did the see ;  
 And in this same persuaide thy self they on the ay had lookt, 335  
 wer not I fear that through thair flammes they had rekendled  
 thy smok.

Now sumquhat more I am to say afore that I mak end,  
 that may the pleis or I depart or I to go intend :  
 It is that I in euerie point sufficientlie am blist,  
 and yit in one thing (to my greiff) this happines I mist ; 340  
 It dois me greiff my natiue soyle and birth place is so basß,  
 from whiche I had my levinge lyfe, in which I gendred waß ;  
 And one thing more augmentis my woe, I was not borne besyde  
 that floorish nest, fair FLORENCE toun, in which thou did  
 abyde ;  
 and yit my countrie soyle & ground contentit much thy  
 mynde, 345  
 if not the place perhapps my lowe it was that maid the  
 kynde.

I wisht this change becaus I feared that thy trew constant hart  
 through change to some vnknownen face and vncowthe be  
 conwert,  
 And so that glorious famous praise, which thou to me procured,  
 suld darkned be so of les fame and bruit it had indured." 350

To this I said, "not so, O Dame, suche change culd never  
 chance ;"  
 and than the thrid fair hevinlie spheir did so me far adwanse,  
 Evin with hir whirling circled wheill to suche a sort of lowe,  
 as VENUS stooode Immoveable and I might not remowe.

Than answered she : "sen so it is suche glore I haif by the, 355  
 that yit Immortall thou dois lest, and so sall follow me,

## DRUMMOND]

Grawe thairfoir this within thy mynde, and in thy hart imprent,  
The tyme dois slipp, and through thy Ioy thou knowst not  
how is spent."

Alreddie I AURORA saw Ryse from hir golden bed,  
rebringing bak the day to men, and all the cluddis to shed,  
Alreddie than fair PHEBUS was mount in his golden cairt, 361  
and owt from the bosome wyde of NEPTUNE to depairt,  
When that my ladie, LAURA fair, from me was to resort,  
whose going than renewed my woe, and prayed me to be  
short,  
And with the tyme to distribut and all my speache dewyde, 365  
becaus she was not long to stay nor with me to abyde.

F. 30 a. THUS answered<sup>1</sup> I: "O thou, my Dame, thy goodlie wordis and  
sweitt,  
so lowelie, chaist, and pitifull, so wyse, and so discreit,  
They mak me tak my panefull panis, my martirdome, and smart,  
my lingring lyfe, and havie los, far in a better part; 370  
Bot this, alace, dois most me grewe, and this dois most me  
pane,  
that yow no more in Lyfe sall liwe, and I but yow remane;  
Now one thing thairfoir to me shaw, sall I thy futstepps trace,  
or sall a longer space of tyme my lingring yeares increase?"  
Than did my lowe, my Iem, and Ioy, speik so, as I belewe, 375  
"thow sall but me drywe furth thy dayes and long in earth  
sall liwe."

*Finis Triumphi Mortis.*

<sup>1</sup> Catchword, "answerd."

[DRUMMOND

F.30 b.

## The Fourt Triumphe called Fame.

### i. chap.

NOW AFTER HEND that cruell deathe had Triumpht in hir  
face,

which oftentymes so ouer me Triumphed in lyke cace,  
And after that furth from this world my SUN wes taken away,  
and that dispytfull wicked beist, which dois all folk affray,  
Paill, sad in visage, horrible, and in hir countenance prowde, 5  
had bewteis light extinguished, which did all brightnes  
shrowd,

Than lookeing so me round about vpoun the growing graß,  
I quiklye on the other part espyde a dame to paß,  
And nerar me for to arrywe, who drawis men from thair grawe  
and from thair tombe, thought being deid, in longer lyfe dois  
sawe. 10

And looke how dois the morning starr at brek of day appeir,  
and cam from eist befor the SUN within hir purpled spheir,  
Who willinglie dois marrow hir with all his light and flame,  
So in suche sort and all alyke approched then this DAME.

Oh, sall I sie now from what scoole a maister sall proceid, 15  
that can at large descrywe what I do speik in simple leid !  
The heavinis about hir wer so cleir, so that through grit  
desyre

whairwith my lingring hart wes brunt and waisted in a fyre,

DRUMMOND]

My daisled eyes, vncapable of suche a splendant light,  
 war than maid leß, and culd not weill sustane suche fair a  
 sight. 20

Vpon thair forheades wer ingrawen the valeur of these men  
 who wer a people honorable ; amangis thame saw I then  
 Great sort of these whome lowe before had with him captiwe led  
 as presoneris, and thame enforst his tract to trace and tred.

And first vnto my sight appered to be in FAMES right hand 25  
 great CÆSAR and brawe SCIPIO about hir than to stand ;  
 Bot who of thame was nerest hir I culd not weill perceawe,  
 for one of them to vertew was, and not to lowe, a slawe,  
 The other subiect was to bothe, and with thame both indewed.  
 so after this beginning brawe and glorious ensewed 30  
 A cumpanie & rank of men, a people warlike wyght,  
 with valeur and with armour armed, and full of force and  
 might,

F. 31 a. Lyke these who in the ancient tymes, in high Triumphant chair,  
 To CAPITOLL by SACRA STREIT or LATA did repair ;  
 These all so orderlyke, I say, with famous FAME thame sped, 35  
 whair thair in euerie bree and brow might than his name bene  
 red,  
 Who most through gretest glorye to this glorious world was  
 freind,  
 and by his valiancye and deadis obtened great commend.

As I did mark attentiwely thair Noble secreit talk,  
 thair gesture, acts, and countenance, behold, I saw to walk 40  
 With thame two other in array, the one ones NEUCIS was,  
 the other his SONE, who through his deadis did all the world  
 surpaß.  
 Thair also these men I beheld who by thair valiant corß  
 did cloiß the passage to thair foes, and staide thair force  
 perforce,



[DRUMMOND

Two fatheris brawe, accompanied with the victorious sones, 45  
 and one before and two behind so marched to thair thrones ;  
 Of whose the last and hindmest was the cheifast first in glore,  
 thought not in marche yit far in praise the formest wes  
 before.

Thair after, lyke a CARBUNCLE great, CLAUDIUS flamd and shynde  
 that by his counsell and his handis from Italie declynde 50  
 The tempestes of more greit effairis, that secreitlie at night—  
 as weill the flood METAURUS yit can weill recorde his might—  
 Cam quiklye thair, and did defait ASDRUBALLIS sacking host,  
 that threatninglie the ROMANE armes so threatned and did  
 bost,  
 Who thair did purge the romane feildis of that most noysum  
 seid, 55  
 and in this fact he had both eyes and wingis to mak more  
 speid.

Thair oulde great CAPTANE FABIVS did second him nixt fame,  
 who by great craft ferse ANNIBALL and drift of tyme ourcame ;  
 With him a nother FABIVS, with thame Two CATOIS toe,  
 two PAULS with thame, two BRUTI als, and eik MARCELLI  
 twoe, 60  
 One REGULUS that lowed Rome and did him self more hate,  
 on CURIO with FABRICIVS, more fair in poore estait  
 Than MIDAS or yit CRASSUS to, for all thair glanceing gold,  
 whose auarice thair greadie myndis from vertew did with hold ;  
 With thame did CINCINNATUS march, with him SERIANUS  
 walk, 65  
 not distant be a stapp or pace from thame of whome we talk.  
 And thair I saw CATVLLVS go, that great CAMIVLLVS come,  
 that rather lothe to liwe or that he did not good to Rome,  
 F. 31 b. So that the goddes him fauouring so did bring him bak agane  
 by his great prooffe of manfull mynde and thair for to  
 remane, 70

DRUMMOND]

When that the blinde and furious rage of Vulgar people vyle  
did banish him from native soyle and chaist vnto exyle.

So thair I did TORQUATUS sie to giue command to kill  
his valiant and victorious youth that disobeyed his<sup>1</sup> will,  
And chosed rather to indure, to liue but chylde and sone, 75  
than that the discipline of wars by him suld be vndone ;  
Heir One and other DECIUS who with thair breists maid way  
owt through the thikkest of thair foes thame ferslie to assay.  
O cruell vow which with the Sone the father rest of breathe,  
and caused thame bothe offer wp thair lyfe vnto one  
deathe ! 80

Now CURTIUS with thame dois walk no less then those devote  
that to the Cawe did both him self and armour all alote,  
And filled wp that vglie den, alace, by horrible vow,  
in midst within the market place that trembling so did bow ;  
LEVINIUS with MUMMIUS ATTILIUS was, with thame 85  
FLAMMINIUS who bothe by force and pittie greikis ourcame.

Thair also was that Roman bauld who, bounded with a wand,  
the SYRIEN king within a rounde to answer did demand,  
And with his gesteure and his brow, and with his tounge con-  
straind  
vnto his will and his desyre which he afore disdained ; 90  
And him I spyed who all Inarmed alone did keip the hill  
from whense he afterwart wes thrust and hurled by thair will ;  
With him also HORATIUS that did alone defend  
the bridge aganis the Thoskan force and brought thame to  
thair end ;  
And him I saw who in the midst and thikkest of his foes 95  
in vane did thrust his hand in fyre his boldnes to disclose,  
And thair so long did it retane till it was burned quyte,  
for anger than effaist his pane and all his doole despyte ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. hill.

[DRUMMOND

With him was he who first *ou*rcame the AFRICANS by sea,  
 and with him had that man who tuix SARDENE and  
 SCICILIE 100  
 Disparpled all thair Nauall ost, and brought thame all to sak,  
 and one part brak, ane other drowned, the rest did captiwe  
 mak.

I APPIUS knew evin by his eyes that heavie war and blinde,  
 against the vulgar sort of <sup>1</sup> folk vnplesand and vnkynde.  
 F. 32 a. Than after thair I did espye that chiften goode and greate, 105  
 the conquerour of manye realmes which he did all defait,  
 Sweit, courteous, douce in all his deidis, who him behawed so  
 that nixt to Fame and to renoun he well deserwed to go,  
 Wer not his light wes neir at hand, and glorie in decay,  
 and yit with ws Italian folk he might bene weill, I say, 110  
 Evin he alone, as all these thrie was vnto Thebes toun,  
 ALCIDES, BACHUS, EPAMINOND, of fame and brute renoun.  
 BOT OH! ALACE! TO LIUE TO LONG IS TO SURUIUE TO SHAME,  
 AND LONGEST LYFE THROUGH LENTHE OF YEARES DOIS  
 SHORTEN BUT OUR NAME.

And him I saw who had his name for to be brawe disposed, 115  
 and in his youth great valiancy and proofes of praise disclosed;  
 And looke how Raw and how seueur he bloodye was and fearse,  
 evin far more courtesß and beninge was he whome I reherse,  
 Whose manhoode was so excellent as skairslie I can tell,  
 Now whidder he as chiften did, or suldartlyke, excell. 120

Than after came VOLUMIUS who through weill knowen deids  
 repress the ranckled swelling rage that wepeth sore mens heids,  
 And swellis the bloode, and it infectis maliciouslye with byillis,  
 and putrefeing the corß of man both plageth and defyllis.  
 With him I spyed RUCILIUS, with COSSUS PHILON nixt, 125  
 and after hend to stand apart this thikkest light betuixt

<sup>1</sup> MS. and.

DRUMMOND]

Thrie valiant knyghts whose memberis war both lamed and hurt  
with wounder,

whose armour was both loß and clowen and hinging all a  
sunder,

LUCE DENTAT, and MARK SERGIUS, and CETIUS SCEUA named,  
thrie thunderboltis, thrie fyrie flaughts, thrie rokis of wars  
vntamed; 130

With thame wes cursed CATELINE that did from SERGIUS springe,  
successour of a wrongus fame, and cruell, inbeninge.

Than MARIUS after thair I spyed who IUGURTH did subdew,  
and CYMBAIS with the duchemens rage and furie owerthrew;  
And FULVIUS FLACCUS thair I saw, who purposlye did err 135  
in heading of these thankles men that so ingraitfull wer;  
Nixt him more noble FULVIUS, with him I GRACCHUS spyed,  
the fater of these other two who did the toun dewyid,  
Whose clattering nest and combersome the ROMANS oft hes rent,  
and wes the cauß that so greit death and so muche blood wes  
spent. 140

F. 32 b. And him I saw who dois appeir to others blythe and blist,  
bot not to me who dois not sie suche grace in him consist,  
Or yit to be within his thoughts and secrecie inclosed  
a closed hart on which all happ and mishappe is reposed:  
Heirby I do METELLUS meane, his fater and his air, 145  
That from NUMIDIA and from SPANE the spoyle and booting  
baire,  
From MACEDONE and CRETAS ILE to ROME great riches brought,  
and from these townis whairin such loß and saccage he hes  
wrought.

Than after hend VESPASIAN I spyed to walk with FAME,  
with him his sone, both good and fair, who TITUS heght by  
name, 150

And not that curst DOMITIAN, vnworthie ay of praise;  
GOODE NERUA, and TRAIANUS eik, iust princes in thair dayis,

[DRUMMOND

- And HELIUS ADRIANUS I with ANTONIE PIUS spyed,  
 whose offspring and successioun in MARIUS did abyde,  
 Who had at leist to rewill and ringe a naturall desyre, 155  
 and gouerne in iustice and in right thair noble large impyre.  
 And whils with wandring eyes I lookt to spye the wandring  
 way,  
 I saw the first foundatour of the ROMANE walls, I say ;  
 With him fywe other KINGS w<sup>it</sup>h fame did fordwart march and  
 stapp,  
 The sevint lay charged on the ground with Ill and all  
 mishapp, 160  
 EUIN AS IT OFT BEFALLIS TO THESE THAT VERTEU DOIS FORSAKE  
 TO FOLLOU EUILL AND WICKIDNES AND VNT0 VYCE THAME  
 TAKE.

*Finis . i . cap.*

DRUMMOND]

F. 33 a.

The Secound<sup>1</sup> chapter of the  
Triumphe of Fame.

QUHEN AS WITH MERWELL infinit and suche a noble  
sight

I was surprysed by deip desyre to sie these folk of might,  
And that good martiall people brawe who wer in world but  
pane,

as suche a race within the same sall nevir appeare agane,  
I Than vnto my scrolles and bookes reioyned so my eyes, 5  
wherin thair names wer writtin all which wer in high degreis,  
And these of gretest praise and pryce bot than I quikly knew;  
my language was in nameing thame inferiour to my vew,  
So that my speache thair praise impaired or all them not reherst;  
and whils my mynd on this was sett ane other thought me  
perst, 10

And turned my eyes ane other way, when as I saw encroche  
a trim consort of strangers stout more nerer to approche.

Amongs the first was HANNIBALL, with him ACHILLES brawe,  
whose praise by HOMER is depaint to frie from death and  
grawe,

With freinzeis he imbroudered was of euerliving fame, 15  
These TROIANS two who by thair deidis demereted the same;  
With thame two PERSEANS great I saw, and PHILIP and his sone,  
that to the Inds from PELLA toun established his throne.

<sup>1</sup> Catchword "Seconde."



[DRUMMOND

Not far from these I thair did sie ane other ALEXANDER,  
 To whome dame fortoun in his feght such succes did not  
 rande, 20  
 He ran not so as other did, HE HAD LYKE KYNDE OF STAY  
 QUHEN FORTOUN FROM TREW HONOUR DOITHE DEUYDE HER  
 SELF AUAY.

Thair in one knott the THEBANES thrie I spyed, as I hawe  
 showen ;

thair DIOMED with AIAX and VLISSES might be known,  
 Who had to sie this spacious world so greit and deip desyre, 25  
 and NESTOR who forsaw so mucche, and knew all that impyre.

I AGAMEMNON lykwyse vewed with MENELAUS thair,  
 that threw this world by cursed wyiffis in greit debait and  
 cair ;

LEONIDAS was thame amongs, who did with mirrie cheare  
 Propyne a denner hard and sharpe vnto his men of weir, 30  
 Bot harder and more horrible the supper he assingis  
 who in a litill part of ground did work greit wondrous  
 thingis.

Than ALCIBIADES I espyed that oft did ATHENIS toun  
 evin when it list him to rewolt and turne vpsyde doun,

F. 33 b. With sugred speache, and langage dowce, and with alluring  
 words, 35

and with his brow and forret cleir restraned oft thair swordis.

With him was thair MILCIADES who tooke the yok from greace,  
 with him his sone, THUNONUS good, was marcheing in that  
 place,

Who with a perfyte pietie, and with a godlie mynde,  
 did chaine alywe him with these chaines that did his father  
 bynde. 40

With these who so wer recompenst THEMISTOCLES drew neir,  
 and THESEUS with ARISTIDE a FABRICE might appeir,

To whome, alace, was interdyte thair kyndlie natiwe grawe ;  
 bot yit the vyce of these that so suche malice did consawe

DRUMMOND]

Enobled more thair noble deids, for nothing more makis knowen  
two contrareis than one by one by interspace is shoven. 46

And PHOCION with thame wes thair, whom I abowe hawe named,  
rewarded evin with these alyke and equallie defamed ;

For so his thankles countrie men not caused him onelye dee,<sup>1</sup>  
bot banisht evin his bouldest bones and maid vnburyed be. 50

As I me turned thair PYRRHUS I amang that troupe espyed,  
with MASSANISSA that good king besydis him to abyde,

Who semed to be than malcontent, and for to gottin Wrong,  
becaus he was not with his freindis the Romans plaist among.

With him I lookeing thair did sie the SYRACUSIAN king 55  
called HERO, and thair than agane with him prease to thring

HAMMILCAR, distant far from thame, a man both ferse and  
raw ;

and him who nacked from the flams escaped thair I saw,  
Riche CRÆSUS, king of LIDIA, who teaches ws this tale,

THAT NO DEFENCE IN FORTOUNS SPYTE NOR BUCKLER CAN  
PREUALE. 60

I also SYPHAX than beheld Tormented in lyke sort,  
and BRENUS vnder whom did fall full manye a man athort,  
And he agane yit afterwart in spoyling DELPHOS temple  
was beaten doun and quyte outhrownen to serwe for lyke  
example.

In strange attyre and vncouth cloths, and in that thickest band,  
this cumpanie wes thair amongs and with thame thair did  
stand : 66

And whils I bakwart turned my eyes I spyed a sort of men  
all gathered wholie in a round, whair him I spyed then  
Who first to god wold bwild a houß and church to him erect,  
to dwell amang his creatures and for that same effect ; 70  
Bot he that did compleit the same I saw him cum behinde,  
to whome this work was destitute, as we in scripture finde,

<sup>1</sup> MS. doe.

[DRUMMOND

Who from the lowest partis thairof evin to the highest topps  
 did bwiuld the same, and mounted wp be manye Pinnis and  
 propps,

F. 34 *a.* And as I may coniectour weill and so the treuthe recorde, 75

he was not suche a Maister work nor builder with his Lorde.  
 Than after hend I him espyed to marche within that place  
 that with his god so homely was and Spak him face to face ;  
 Few wer they, yea, none ever was, that heirin so might want  
 or with his god familiarlie so long a time did hant. 80

Thair him I spyed who band the SUN evin by his potent tounge,  
 as beastis with thair bandis ar bound and beaten led and  
 dounge,

So he did mak the SUN to stay his foes to tract and trace,  
 till that he thame ourcuming all did all by death deface.

O gentle trust ! O noble fayithe of these that servis thair god,  
 that all which he created hes makis subiect to thair nod, 86

And dois not only mak the SUN within his circle stay,  
 bot stable makis vnstable heavinis evin by one word, I say !

Than after I our father saw, to whome was gevin in charge  
 for to depairt out of his land by waistis and desertis large, 90

And for to go vnto that place which was be god elect  
 vnto the weill of mankyndis sowle and that for gude respect ;

With him his sone and newew was who trumped by his wyiff,  
 and Ioseph that was chaist and wyse and honest all his lyiff.

Extending than sa far my eyes as I had force and might, 95  
 beholding that which corporall eyes can not attane by sight,

I Thair iust EZECHIAS spyde, and SANSON thair defaist,  
 and him who first vpone the seis the Spacious ARKE hes  
 plaist ;

And him I vewid who afterhend did builde that stable tour  
 that chargit was with Syn and shame by god his puissant  
 pouer ; 100

Than Iudas good from whome culd none draw from his fathers  
 lawis,

who franklye for the lowe of treuth did rin in death hir clawes.

DRUMMOND]

ALREDDIE was my great desyre all weryed, evin content,  
and satisfied by these brawe sightis that so with fame than  
Went,

When that a quik and gallant lwik did mak me craue to sie, 105  
and stay for to behoulde the trowpe that Trimlie drew to me.  
I saw within that rounde and ring a sort of brawelyk Dames,  
ANTIOPE and EURITHEA, and so wer both thair names,  
Fair in thair face, in armour cled; HIPPOLITA also,  
afflicted for HIPPOLITUS, and pansiwē, full of woe, 110  
And MENALIPPE thair I saw; these dames so agill wer  
and reddie to withstand that force, that any Would infer  
That it was evin a gretast prooffe of THESEUS manly might  
and HERCULES who thame ourcame by hard and doubtfull  
fight.

F. 34 b. I thair that Wedow saw who did securelie sie hir sone, 115  
whose happie dayes of grettest hope wer by his death vndone,  
Bot shee revengde the same with speid on CYRE who wrought  
the same,  
as she in cutting of his heide hes cut away his fame :  
For seing his unhappie end, and als his shameles deathe,  
It dois appeir that be his fault he hourly daylie heathe 120  
So maid him selff to daylie die, and all his former fame  
to be suppresst and buryed be togeather with his name.

Than saw I hir who happelie did sie the toun of Troy,  
togeathir with that VIRGINE fair that did ÆNEAS noy,  
And that courageous Valiant QUENE, with one tress of hir hair  
knitt wpp when that the other hang evin sparpled to hir  
spair, 126  
So sone she hard that BABILON rewolted from hir croun  
did bring thame bak, and stayed the reiff begun with in hir  
toun.

With hir I saw CLEOPATRA, toucht with vnworthie flame,  
and likwyse saw I in that dance ZENOBIA of greate fame, 130

[DRUMMOND

Bot very sparing of hir glore, and of hir hono<sup>ur</sup> hard,  
 in vsage fair, and in hir youthe of cumelie sweet regard ;  
 And lwik how muche she in hir age and bewtye praise possest,  
 So muche hir glorye and renoun by honestie increst ;  
 Within hir hart thought womanlye suche constancye remaned  
 that she thame caused to stand in dreid that others had  
 disdaned ; 136

Hir visage fair, hir face most sweit, hir hair *wit* helmet armed,  
 abaist *our* emperou<sup>er</sup>'s hart and mynde, and courage queld and  
 charmed,

Although at last he sore assayld and captiwe twik that quene,  
 and maid hir to *our* brawe Triumphe a rechar pray be sene.  
 And now suppose vpone these names I both be breiff and short,  
 yit will I more discourse, and of fair IUDITHE mak report, 142  
 That bould and hardie wedow chaist, who brought vnto the  
 deid

that dronkin foolish HOLIPHERNE, and cut from him his heid.  
 And sall I now lewe me behind or NINUS sall forgett, 145  
 from whome all historeis beginnis, and not with thame him  
 sett?

Or yit is heir in that empyre whose arrogance and pryde  
 conducted to a bestiall lyfe in It sevin 3eir to byde ?  
 Or BELUS yit sall I *oursie*, from whome did error<sup>our</sup> spring,  
 not by his fault, bot by his sone who did it first in bring ?  
 Wheare now dois lurk ZORASTRES that magik artis Invent, 151  
 or yit these men who of *our* dwkes that in a curst ascent  
 And frowar star did Euphrate paß with lose and shame also,  
 Whose evill conduct in Italie emplasters yit thair woe ?

F. 35 a. Quhair Is MITHRIDATES the greit, a mortall foe to Rome, 155  
 and our eternall ennemie vnto his deathe and dome,  
 Who soldring wp his brokkin loß and his oft crased harmes,  
 in sommer and in wintar fled befoir the ROMANE armes ?

I manye thingis of great reporte dois in ane boundell knitt :  
 whair is he now king ARTHURE that at Table round did sitt ?

DRUMMOND]

Wheare be these AUGUSTIS CÆSARS, thrie victorious, one of  
 Spane, 161  
 of APHRICA ane other was, the last of LORRANE ane?  
 Whills I so this victorious FAME triumphing so dois sie,  
 I lykwise spyed tuelf noble knights his Palladins to be.

THAN GODEFRAY cam syne a lone, a DUKE of fayithe and trust,  
 who maid a holy interpryse, whose stepps and wayes wer iust;  
 He, he alone, that valiant prince did with his valiant handis 167  
 rebuild that keped Cairles NEST that in IERUSALEM standis;  
 This thing, alace, dois cauß my woe, this worketh my disdane,  
 this is the thing for which I crye, and-call so oft in vane, 170  
 Is prydefull christians miserable;—goe! goe! yea misers now,  
 and drink eache one ane others bloode with setled othes and  
 wow!  
 Goe wourke eache one ane others wrake and others eache  
 destroy,  
 and euerie one against your selff dois all your spyte employ!  
 3e cairles ar how that the grawe of IESUS CHRYSIST REMANIS 175  
 within the handis of fayithles dogs and Turkis who it retanis.  
 Bot after these whome I did sie, if I be not deceawed,  
 I saw but few, or none at all, that might renoun hawe crawed,  
 That by thair art in planting peace, or skill in hardie fight,  
 or doubtfull yok in hard combatt appeared to my sight; 180  
 Zit as the chosen men behind and cheifest oftest goe,  
 I saw in end of all the troupes that SARRASYNE our foe,  
 That brought vnto our christianis bothe skayith and blushing  
 shame;  
 and HEGUIUS, sone of LURIA, did follow him with fame;  
 The Duke of LANCASTER wes thair, who with his sworde and  
 lance 185  
 a nighboor curst and troublesome was to the realme of france.

Thus gasing on this famous sight, I at that tyme and space  
 did lwik lyke one who did aduance his fitstepps and his pace



[DRUMMOND

To mak sum thingis he hes not sene, so I did forward goe

To sie gif thair war anye moe then these that I did knoe : 190  
 Quhair thair I spyed two noble wightis who laitlye, oh, did die,

Who of our countrie men wer glore and praise of Italie,

F. 35 b. Who wer inclosed in that band, and marched on with Fame,

good ROBERT OF SCICILIA, king of vndefamed name,

Who in his knowledge most sublime and foresight most pro-  
 found 195

did ARGUS lyke sie thingis far of and weill discerned thair  
 ground ;

The other that did marche with him was my COLONNA great,  
 courageous, gentle, constant, large and liberall in his state.

*Finis · 2 · cap.*

DRUMMOND]

F. 36 a.

## The thrid Chapter of fame.

I CULD NO WAYES returne my eyes from suche a famous  
 sight,  
 nor yit convert thame from these men of manhoode full of  
 might,  
 When that I hard one say agane, " Looke on thyne other syde,  
 whair Fame and Praise and brawe renoun with other folk dois  
 byde  
 By other meanes than vse of armes." So turning to my left 5  
 I PLATO first espyed thairin with hono<sup>ur</sup> first infest,  
 Who in that cleir and cumelie band did nerrest marche these  
 sings,  
 to whiche he narrest dois approche, to whome the heavinis  
 these brings.  
 Than nixt to Plato thair did go, so godlie and dewyne,  
 great ARISTOTILL, replenished with full and high ingyne, 10  
 And after him PITHAGORAS, that homelie first did name  
 PHILOSOPHYE evin by the same so worthye of greit fame ;  
 Than SOCRATES with ZENOPHON, nixt him that aged Man  
 To whome the Muses wer his freindis, as TROY and ARGUS  
 can  
 With MICEN yit resent his pen, who song the long astrayes 15  
 and erroris of LAERTES sone and boulde ACHILLES praise ;  
 In hand cam singing on that MANTUAN POET brawe,  
 and strywing which of thame suld first the way and passage  
 hawe ;

[DRUMMOND

The one I spyed whose stepps the graß transformed in a flour,  
 MARK CICERO, who cleirlye shawes what fruit, what force and  
 power 20  
 Hes<sup>1</sup> eloquence and ornat speache, so that these two be thame,  
 which wer the eyes of LATINE tounge, hes lightned muche the  
 same.

Than after cam DEMOSTHENES, all in a flame he went,  
 disparing of the formest place and not with nixt content ;  
 Nixt him was ÆSHINES in preiß, who thair might weill have  
 knowen 25  
 in what respect his voyce was hoarse and by the other our-  
 throwen.

I can not weill in ordour tell whome first I saw and when  
 to follow or yit go afore amangs these leirned men,  
 For windring at Ten thousand things of that fair trowpe and  
 band,  
 my eyes and thoughts did both astray and wer not at  
 command. 30

I SOLON saw who of goode lawis establish[t] first the plant  
 that now soe will manwred Is, and dois hir fruit now want ;  
 With him these other leirned SAX, the grecian sax and wyse,  
 of whome dois greik so noblye vaunt and yeildis thame first  
 the pryse ;

With these I also did behold him whome our countrye men 35  
 as chiften had for to conduct thame evin with other Ten,  
 I Varro meane, the thrid greit light of Romans high ingyne,  
 whome more that I in face beheld he semed more to shyne.

F. 36 b. CRISP. SALUST than appered nixt, with him I LVIUS spyed,  
 who frowardlie did him regaird and greitlye him Inwyed. 40  
 Whills I thame than did sie, behoulde than quiklye did I sie  
 GREIT PLINIUS his nighbour nixt and marrow for to be,

<sup>1</sup> MS. his.

DRUMMOND]

Who tooke more cair to wryte his bookes than to foirsee his  
death,

whom SOMMA hill with brinstone blasts did stopp his vitall  
breath.

Than after I PLOTINUS saw, one<sup>1</sup> learnd of Platois sect, 45

who trusting secreitlie to liwe did for the same effect

With draw him quietlie apairt with no man to be sene ;

bot him his fearse and cruell fates and desteneis did prevene,

Which he contraited in hir wombe from whence he first did  
come,

so not his foresight him awaild, this was his fatall dome. 50

Than CRASSUS, GALBA I beheld, CALVUS with POLLIO,

HORTENSIUS with ANTONIUS, who so in pryde did go

To arme thair touns and scharpe thair mouthes in CICEROIS  
disgrace,

and searcheing for vnworthie fame did falslye thairs increß.

THUCICIDES I lykwyse saw that weill distings the place, 55

the tyme, togeather with the feates, the querrell, and the cace,

And trewlie tellis be whose mens bloode so feirslye shed in store  
the barren feildis was fertill maid and fatter then before ;

HERODOTUS I lykwyse saw of all HISTORIENS greik

the father, that thair workis full wreitt and trewlie of thame  
spak. 60

And EUCLIDE, geometrien, that dois depaint most sound

Triangls with the quadrat formes, the Circles, and the round ;

And PORPHIR quho aganist the trewth became as hard as stone,

who with<sup>2</sup> his SILOGISMES vntrew and fals he did compone

Assaild to shake the rockis of treuth, bot in DIALECTIK quick, 65

and fild the same with argumentis in number great and thick.

I also saw HIPOCRATES, both bred and borne in Co,

that more had maid his workis perfyte and far more better so

If that his subtill APHORISMS had weill bene vnderstand.

APPOLLO than with ÆSCULAP I saw than neir at hand, 70

<sup>1</sup> MS. me.

<sup>2</sup> MS. wish.

[DRUMMOND

Bot thay war plaist abowe my sight, with tyme war worne away,  
 so nather by thair face nor name I culd thame know, I say.  
 Than GALENE great of PERGAME toun did follow nixt that band,  
 of whome did hinge that noble art on which *our* helth dois  
 stand,

That now amangs ws lyis abused, so clene corrupt and waist, 75  
 vyle, abiect, and prophaned now, by euerie one disgraist ;  
 Bot in his dayes it wes not so, thought dark it was and short,  
 Yit furslie he declared of It, and largelie did report.

I feirles ANAXARCHES saw, of manly port and mynde,  
 with him ZENOCRATES the chaist, that nowayes him Inclynde

F. 37 a. Vnto infamous vyld attemps, bot thame withstoode eache one, 81  
 So that in euerie point he did resemble a solide stone.

Thair followed ARCHIMEDES nixt with visage baise on ground,  
 and Democrit that pansiwe walkt thair in that trowpe was  
 found,

Who with his will and but constraint did with his sight inlake  
 the light, the gold, the Riches great, whiche he did all  
 forsake ; 86

And HIPPIA I saw lykwyse, with him ould GORGEAS,  
 that bouldlye wanted that he knew all thingis that ever was ;  
 And after him ARCHESILAUS of all thingis for to doubt,  
 and HERACLITE within his sworde more planer spokken owt.

DIOGENES I also spyed, so doggish in his wordis, 91  
 and planer than more plesanter a scuffer in his bwrdis ;

And ANAXAGORAS I beheld who blythelie did regaird  
 his feildis to ly desert and wyld of which he litill caird,

Whiche he did deme to bring Envy, so that he thame forsooke,  
 and charged with raches and with skill his raches he did  
 brooke. 96

Thair CURIUS DICEARCHUS was, nixt him wer other thrie,  
 in discipline most different, and distant in degree,

QUINTILIANUS, SENECA, PLUTARCHUS maist renound,  
 that so in learning muche exceld as dois thair work resound.

DRUMMOND]

I saw a rowt of clattering men the seis of Treuthe to storme 101  
 with contrare windye argumentis, not to the treuthe conforme,  
 Who through thair erring vaginge thoughts wer famous maid and  
 cleir,

yit rather by contentioun than wisdome they did leir ;  
 They shuldringlie rusht other owt, togeather they did rail, 105  
 as Lyonis two togeather knitt, and Serpentis tail by Tail.

O now quhat bedlem men be these, quhat madlyke fools  
 indeid,

that are content with trifling toyes and further not proceid !  
 And then I saw CARNEADES, who was of suche a witt,  
 and in his studeis so expert, so reddie, prompe, and fitt, 110  
 And in his speaches and brawe discourse his tounge he had at  
 will,

that skairsly suld one be him knowen the right almost from  
 Ill ;

His lyfe so long, his high ingyne, and greit abundant vane  
 Did mak him than to vndertak with trawell greit and pane  
 For to accorde these contrare sects that then war at great  
 Iarrs, 115

whom literall furour did conduct vnto such lasting warrs ;  
 Bot this he culd not weill performe, for evin as arts did grow,  
 so lykwyse did enwy and stryfe and discord with thame flow,  
 And with thair knowlege and thair skill, and with thair learned  
 artis,

arayse lykwyse that poysned spark within thair bowdned  
 hartis. 120

F. 37 b. And Epiceur, who wold him self aganis that gracious man,  
 who raising wpp mans mortall hope, I thair espyed than,  
 Did prowhe his soule Immortall be, that so yit epiceur  
 that bouldye spak aganis that man dois now greit shame  
 indeur ;

Bot gif he preiſs to challenge fame, what can it ellis more be  
 than borrowing it from Platois stryfe with whome he culd not  
 grie? 126



[DRUMMOND]

And LIPPUS thair lykwyse I saw, with him two wer at hand  
 that to his maister equall war that progreſt in that band,  
 I METHRADORE with ARISTIPP do meane, for theaſe be thay  
 that in the EPICURIEN ſect wer iudged beſt that day. 130

Than did I ſpye CHRYSIPPUS ſo evin with a woundrouſ ſpindill  
 and with a large and brodeſt roll his threid & webbs to  
 windill,

Who by greit tyme and high Ingyne did glorious works compoſe,  
 and in the ſame much learned ſkill did learnedlie diſcloſe.

Than after thair I ZENO ſpyed, the father of his ſect, 135  
 and for his ornat clerest ſpeache abowe the reſt erect,

Who for to gif more prooffe of It this ſing and ſhow did giwe,  
 was opning wpp his hand and palme and falding than his  
 Niwe.

I ſaw CLEANTES, who to ſtay and ſtable his intent  
 did gentlye Weawe his braweſt webbs on which he was moſt  
 bent, 140

And curiouſlye, with earneſt cair, to cairfullye prowyeid

To mak thair fals opinionis with Verite to byid :

Bot I him leawe heir with the reſt who did by fame ſurmont,  
 that I more grawe and better things heirafter may recount.

*Finis Triumphi fame.*

DRUMMOND]

F. 38 a.

## The Fyift Triumphe of Tyme.

FURTHER from his golden Ins and tent, afore AURORA fair,  
 The SUN evin belted in his beames did from his place repair,  
 And Isseued owt with swifter course than one Would evin hawe  
 said

he was abowe our HEMISPHERE vplifted with a braid ;  
 And heir a litill staying, than he lookes him round about, 5  
 as dois the wyse and sagest men for thingis thay stand in dowbt,  
 And to him selff with in him selff with rage beginnis to say :

“quhat thinkis thow best now to be done, what will thow do  
 this day ?

Now is the houer that thow sould hawe evin of thy selff more cair,  
 becaus thow seis that mortall men, whose dayis dois death  
 impair, 10

Yit being deid do no wayes die bot by thair fame dois liwe,  
 and by thair vertewus famous acts do far thair death surviwe.

If it so be as it dois seme that law salbe in vane,  
 that so the heavins fixt with ws so stable to remane,  
 And gif the fame of mortall men by death dois more increß, 15  
 which ought by death to quenshed be and quickly brought to leß,  
 Than of my gloure and excellence must cum my fall and end,  
 and suddenlie for which I rage sall all to ruine tend.

What gretar wrong must I looke for, quhat worser may be fall,  
 that I no more sall hawe in heavin than man on earthlie ball ?  
 So far inferiour is my state, and basser is my cace, 21

That I might equall be with man, I crye of special grace ;

[DRUMMOND

And yit four barded breathing horß with cair I intertane,  
 and in the OCCEAN tham dois feid so long as I remane,  
 I with my spous dois spur thair sydis and whipps thame with my  
 wand, 25

and yit aganis me dois a mans vndantound fame with stand.

If I war in the glorious heavins of Starrs not onelye he  
 who first is of the Planettis all and highest in degrie,  
 Bot evin the secunde, or the thrid, It wer, as I now say,  
 ane Iniurie by hatred cumed, and not through sport and play.  
 So now it weill besemeth me to kendle all my 3eill, 31  
 and to my flight Ioyne double wingis that I may more prewaill.

Now do I grudge at mortall men, I beare them now Inwye,

I hate and now despysis thame, nor can I this denye,

F. 38 b. Whome all I sie, yea, afterhend a thousand thousand yeares, 35  
 thay floorish more than in thair lyfe and famous more appeares,

And I not more, bot to remane Environed with woe,

and can not gett beyond my greifis, nor yit beyond thame goe ;

I am evin as I was at first, no better is my state,

nor yit my glorie more hes growen, nor yit my fame more greate ;

And so I am as first I was before the earthe was plaist, 41

AY TURNING IN A CIRCLED SCHEIT, DAY, NIGHT, but end, IN  
 HAIST."

When that the SUN these wordis had said with greif & grit disdane,  
 he than reseumd a swifter course far spediar more agane,

So that the same more sudden was than falcon In his flight, 45  
 that from the high descending down vpone his pray do light.

The thought of man may not attane, far les his tounge and style,  
 for to Imagine what I saw with feare and dreid this whyle.

Than did I reckon all our lyfe most abiect, vyle, and vane,

evin by his swift and rinnig course which nothing might  
 restrane, 50

Whose solid course and movement did cause me Iudge much more  
 the same to be contemptebill which gentle I held before.

DRUMMOND]

Whair than I thought it vanitie, a vaneß wondrous great,  
 that so *our* hartis suld liwe to that whose stay and whole estait  
 Tyme dingeth and depressis doun, and whillis we more do  
 think 55  
 to holde thame fast, we leist tham hold and passeth at a clink ;  
 He thairfore who hes of his state ones sowcy, cair, and feare,  
 let him prowid and weill foirsee that so it may appeare,  
 Whillis as he may through hevinlie grace, his <sup>1</sup> hope so founded be  
 and stablisht in a stable place of long eternitie. 60

For when I saw the Turning tyme so gallantlie to go,  
 and lightlie rin behind his gwyde that hes no rest nor ho,  
 Whose swiftnes was so wonderfull, so infinit and large,  
 that for to tell my tounge nor thought be able of that charge ;  
 For thair without distructioun at all at any tyme 65  
 I saw the frost with Roses mixt, the harwest *wit*h the pryme,  
 And that which semed more wonderfull, I saw, evin at one point,  
 the nipping colde with ferwent whote and fyrie flams conioynt ;  
 And he who with a Iudgement firme dois all these thingis regard,  
 in tyme sall sie thame so to be ; for which I litill caird 70  
 In these my rekles youthles dayes, and in my lustie age,  
 which makis me now dispyte my selff and with my selff to rage ;  
 F. 39 a. For than my hope did follow muche my foolish vane desyre,  
 and bothe my hope and foolish thoughts to folye did aspyre,  
 Quhair now in eild before my eyes of CONSCIENCE is a glaß, 75  
 whairin my self and faultes I spye, and what sumtymes I was,  
 And as much as I may see me to my deathe declyne,  
 remembring of my litill lyfe and of my latter fyne,  
 Whair in the morning I see me a gallant chylde and light,  
 and now a havie, feble, waik, and aged man at night. 80

What than is more mans mortall lyfe or longer than a day,  
 coulde, cluddie, short, and full of woe, that quiklye waistis  
 away ?

<sup>1</sup> MS. Is.

[DRUMMOND]

It brawe may seme and long appeir through outward shaw to be,  
 bot all that fair apparance Is of litill worthe we sie.

Quhat humane hope, quhat mortall trust, quhat ioy dois men so  
 blinde, 85

what makis these mortallis folke to be so proude in mynde,  
 Or yit so puftlye lift thair headis in vanetie and pryde,  
 and knowest not how they sone sall die, or long in lyfe sall  
 byde?

I now behoulde evin of my lyfe the flight to be at hand,  
 and with the same the dayes of all whairin men liwe and stand,  
 And in the swift and fleing course of this resplendant SUN, 91  
 I sie the world wrack is cūmed and rwine is begun.

O lustye bloods, I sie yow now *yowr* selfis to confort soe,  
 and in *yowr* folye all delyte and further thairin goe;  
 Yow all ar cairles of *yowr* death, yow measure all the tyme 95  
 evin with the largest, thinking it salbe ay in pryme:

LIUE FOR TO DIE, THINK ON YOUR DEATHE, FOR DEATHE ON  
 YOU DOIS CALL;

THE HURT FOIRSENE BRINGIS LESSER HARME AND DOOLE  
 WHEN IT DOTHE FALL.

Perchance I sparple all my speache most vanelie to the wind,  
 bot that I tell for treuth it hould and keip it in *yowr* mynd; 100  
 if to my speache yow tak no heade and not my counsell keip,  
 your branes do all oppressed lye with heaue deidlie sleip.

For this mucche more yow ought to mark, becaus the houer and  
 dayis,

the Monthis, the yeaes to gretar goes, togeather all decayis,  
 And we with litill Interwall and litill distant space 105

have all to searche for other partis, for other rowmes and place;  
 Do not against the treuthe thairfoir your hardned hartis indure,  
 as ye haif done and practised vnto this tyme and houer,

Bot turne your eyes vnto your self, and spye quhair *ʒe* offend,  
 and prease *yowr* selfis, whils as *ʒe* may, *yowr* faultis and sinnis  
 to mend; 110

DRUMMOND]

- F. 39 b. Abyde whill deathe bend his bow or yit delashe his shaft,  
as dois the moist part of the world *which* is a band most daft.

Than after that I had espyed, as I now cleir espye,  
the flight and chaise of PHŒBUS fair that rolleth in the skye,  
from which by Tyme such heavie losß and harmis I do sustane, 115  
I saw a sort and kynde of folk in silence walkt agane,  
But feare of tyme, or of his rage, or of his furious faird,  
whome Poets and Historiens did keip within thair guaird ;  
The Sun had more enwyie at thame, and bwir thame more  
despyit,  
who by thair knowlege and thair witt and verteuis most  
perfyit 120  
Wer mounted to suche topp of praise that never semed decay,  
who passed from the vulgare trace and cage and *commoun*  
way ;  
In contrare thame he, onlye he, who onlye fair dois shyne,  
with gretar force did him adres to mak thame all declyne,  
So that he than began agane a course more swift & greate, 125  
and to his horse redoubled wer thair prowendare & meate ;  
And shee of whome I wreit before, I meane the quene of  
FAME,  
deworst hir self from some of hirs who lyeth now but name.

I sometymes hard, bot yit of whome I can not tell nor say,  
and this much also hawe I red and tane the same away, 130  
that all these humane worldlie workis, that PRIMPRIINT may be  
cald,  
ar pittis of blind obliuioun whare darklye men ar thrauld ;  
Ane other sentence hawe I red, that Phebus in his spheir  
sall by his force revolt, and turne not ones a single yeare  
Bot LUSTRES and that longer age of hunder yeares accoũt, 135  
sall ouer the death of mortall men victoriouslye surmount,  
And by this revolutioun we sall beholde agane  
mens famous and illustrious fames to paß away in vane.



[DRUMMOND

For looke how muche they wer renound who wer betuix these  
floods

whair PENEUS rinnis and HEBRUS slydis, and all these folkis  
includis 140

OF MACEDONE, OF THRACIA, and of THESSALIA,

that borders with Boetia and landis of Attica,

Or yit so sunder distant be as far as ZANTHUS rins

whair Troianis duelt, and Tiber now whairin the Romans wins ;

The fame of all these people brawe hawe haisted to thair end, 145  
and, gif not yit, they yit sall sone all to that Iornay tend.

I hard lykwyse one say : “ your fame no otherwise dois byid

than dois a plesant changeing blenk shyne in the Wintar tyd, .

F. 40 a. Whiche<sup>1</sup> sone a litill cludde obscuris and brekis and maketh dark,  
and to great names great tymes to be a great and vennemous  
spark ; 150

Your Triumphs and your prydfull pompe sall all to dust declyne,  
your lordshippes sall all paß away, & than your kingdomes  
syne ;

YOUR HELTHE, STRENTH, AGE, ALL MORTALL THINGIS, LYFE,  
fame WITH FAIR RENOUN,

TYME WAISTIS, MAKES WAKS, DEFACES, KILLIS, DISTROYES AND  
BEATED DOUN ;

And alß from these of menest rank sall than be tane away 155  
not only that whiche outwardlie tyme brought vnto decay,

Bot evin thair knowlege, learning, skill, proportioned with thair  
witt,

thair eloquence, and thair ingyne, sall quiklie from thame flitt ;

Nor yit sall tyme, who dois this world turne in his wandring  
flight,

that never restis, not yit returnis, leawe of to shaw his  
might 160

Afore all mortall men be him, both godlie and vniust,  
be all reduced to earthlie ash and to a litill dust.

<sup>1</sup> Catchword “ which.”

DRUMMOND]

Bot sum may say, 'sen humane glore and this thair famous  
pryde

hes suche a multitude of hornes and prickes against hir syde,  
No merwell is that it be perst, if it sojourne and duell 165

beyond the commoun custumed vse, this dois the vulgar tell.'  
Bot lett thame pratt; if that *our* lyfe in haist did not consume,  
we sone suld sie all humane gloir to pass away like fume."

I hearing this, and now becaus none shuld the treuth with stand,  
Bot thairto fayith and credeitt gif but doubt or more  
demand,<sup>1</sup> 170

I saw *our* glore incontinent, our pompe and glorious show,  
to faid, to waist away, to melt evin as the Sun dois snow;  
And than I saw that Turning tyme to hawe brought bak agane  
the spoyle and pray of all *your* names which I estemed all  
vane,

And to be of no importance, suppose the vulgar sort 175  
beleueth not, nor yit dois know, bot otherwayes report.

O people blinde, that so yow playes and sportis yow with the  
winde,

and dois on fals opinioun feid and *erroris* of the mynde,  
With gretar praise advanceing more that death that growis by age,  
than that which in the Credhill comes and futur greifs dois  
swage! 180

How happie ar alreddie these that deitt in swadling bandis!  
how wretched more that through thair age death to thair grawe  
demandis!

And some thair be manteneth this, and hold it for no scorne,  
To deme thame happie most and blist that never hes bene  
borne.

F. 40 b. Bot lett this people answer me, with *erroris* so acquent, 185  
that through the lentheninge of thair lyfe they seme so weill  
content,

<sup>1</sup> Orig. *command*.

[DRUMMOND

And thinkis thair growing age sall mak thair fames more famous  
grow,

quhat is it worthe whiche they so pryse? I pray thame let  
me know—

CONFUSED DREAMES, AND PUFTS OF WINDE, VANE FABLES, STURT,  
AND STRYFE,

this is the fame that they do crowe be long desyred lyfe. 190

So far is tyme so cowetous, and wars so much in wreath,

that that which now is called fame he makis a seconde death,

For whose defence and steidfast stay thair is no more remeid

than wes for *our* first former lyfe, so swiftly tyme dois speid

For to Triumphe abowe the fame and glore of mortall men 195

and of this world miserable, a dungeoun dark, and den.

*Finis Triumphi temporis.*

DRUMMOND]

F. 41 a.

## The Saxt and Last Triumphe of Immortalitie.

QUHEN THAN I SAW no mortall thingis so ferme and  
stable stand

now whether the same in seis may be, in air, or earthe,  
or land,

Or vnder heavin anye thing bot totteringlie declyne,  
vnstable in thair trustles course, I left these eyes of myne,  
And with my selff vnto my selff to speik I than began, 5  
“one Whome hes thow thy hoipe and fayith now fixed, o<sup>1</sup>  
wratched man?”

My answer wes than in this sort: “Evin in that god and Lorde  
who fayithfull in his promeis is, all falsett hes abhorde,  
Who in his treuthe most steidfast Is, and in his doingis iust,  
and blissit thame of speciall grace that in him puttis thair  
trust. 10

Bot now, alace, I know<sup>2</sup> to weill, and to my shame I see,  
how that this blinde deceatfull world hes blindlinis scorned me;  
Now is the vayle tane from my eyes, I sie now what I am,  
and quhat in tymes past hawe I bene I now beholde the sam,  
And now I lwik how that the tyme dois paß, dois goe, and flie, 15  
and knoweth none bot evin my self for this suld blamed be;  
For that the fault cam be my self, who tymelie suld foirsene  
to opned wpp the lowring lidds and windowis of my ene,  
And not so driftinglie deferd, nor taryed to this tyme  
that hes to long prolonged my aige so cairles in hir pryme. 20

<sup>1</sup> MS. or.<sup>2</sup> MS. to know.

[DRUMMOND

Bot when agane I call to mynde the goodnes of *owr* lord,  
 and how from age all ages dois his merceis great record,  
 Who of his hevinlie gracious grace wes never late nor slaw,  
 on him I fix my confidence, that he sall mak me shaw  
 Some worthie workis of ferwent fayith or I from hence do pass,  
 or yit this catiffe combred corss returne to dust or ass." 26

Thus as I wes within my self discoursing to and froe—  
 "thow that all earthlie mortall thingis dois in thair changeing  
 goe,  
 Who hes thair standing so vnsure, what than thair end sal be,  
 that thus the heavins circled course do guyde thame so we  
 see?"— 30

This pansing so, and whils my mynde the more on this was bent,  
 Or it semed to me that to this world a change in haist wes sent,  
 In place thairof a new in age, not subiect to decay,  
 Eternall and Immoveable, that sall no change assay.

F. 41 b. Thair than appered the splendant SUN with all the heavinis  
 round, 35  
 the twinkling starris, the spacious seis, and all this earthlie  
 ground,

With all thair bewtye and thair grace so suddanlie defaist,  
 and in thair rowme a mirrier world and newar brawelie plaist.  
 Quhat wonder and quhat merwell than did not my thoughts  
 assay, 39

quhen that I saw the moveing heavinis vpone one fute to stay,  
 That never wonnt to stable stand, bot in thair race and course  
 confusedlie all thingis to change, renverss, and to rebourne.  
 And thair the thrie partis of the SUN I saw all brough to one,  
 and that same one not haveing course, nor motioun haveing  
 none,

Nor yit to be as it was wonnt to speid him self and haist, 45  
 bot for to be evin lyke the earthe, of herbis full bair and  
 waist.

DRUMMOND]

For nather sall nor was nor Is, afore or yit behinde,  
nor such distructioun of the tymes that by the heavins we  
finde

Sall more haif place, which wonnt to mak the lyfe of man with all  
waik, seiklie, fragill, and infirme, and bitterer than the gall; 50  
And as the SUN transparant Is owt through the glistring glafs,  
so sall the thoughts of mortall men more through & swiftlie  
pafs;

For they no fancie sall retane whairin the glafs Is sene  
some object through the sonnys beames that so resplendant  
bene.

O what a grace sall be to me if so that I culd gane 55  
that high, that cheiff, and souerane good, and thairto might  
attane,

Whair is no ewill, which only tyme so mixis and Inwertis,  
and with the tyme dois only come and with the tyme departis!

Nor sall the SUN more hawe his place or mansioun in these sings  
of PISCES or the HORNED BULL, *which* saesoun change inbringis  
Vpon *our* laubouris and *our* workis, in which they faid and grow,  
and gendered ar or ellis consumed, as we by prooffe dois know.

O blissed spreittis that ar so found within his holys queare, 63  
or in that hevinlie cumpanie so happie dois appeare,

Who makis tham self of mortall folk to be Immortall men, 65  
and registers thair noble names by long eternall Pen!

O happie he that findis the fwirde of this sharpe raging flood  
that lyfe is cald, to worldlie men both Ioyfull, glad, and good!

O cateiff ar these vulgar sort, blinde both in eyes and mynde,  
that hes thair hoipe, thair trust, thair thought, to these things  
all inclynde, 70

Which eating and consumi~~ng~~g tyme so quiklye dois destroy,  
and nothing ellis dois leawe behind bot sorrow and any!

O people deiff, in hearing hard, both naked, fraill, and waik,  
of reasoun woyde, of counsell poore, that Iudgement dois  
inlaik,



Not vain again I call to mind  
and so from age all ages did  
tho of his glorious grating grate  
was nobler late we saw

Dr. G. of Lib. Robinson's grate with modern late we can



# The Saxe and East Triumphe of Immortalitie

When than I saw no mortall thinge so firme and stable stand  
 now neether the same in sea may be in air or earth or land  
 Under heaving any thing but tottering like a downe  
 unstable in their trustles course (I lost these eyes of mine  
 And with my selfe unto my selfe to speake I began began  
 one wofull word how the sorow and feare now fixed or riveted may  
 My answer was in this sort as in that God and Lord  
 was farthest from his promise is all false and abhorred  
 Who in his temple most steadfast and in his temple just  
 and blessed frame of speciall grace that in him put his trust  
 But now alas (I to know to woe and to my shame (I see  
 how that his blinde deceitfull world has blinded turned me  
 Now is the daye come from my eyes (I see now what I am  
 and great in him past care I bene I now begin to see  
 And now I see how that he him doth past doth got and felt  
 and knoweth none but him my selfe for his selfe blamed be  
 for that the fault can be my selfe was himselfe selfe prone  
 to spend with the loving lidds and window of my eye  
 And not so driftlike as I was tarried to his home  
 that he to long prolonged my age so carried in his prime  
 But now againe I call to mynde the goodness of my Lord  
 and how from age all ages doth his mercies great record  
 Who of his goodness grating grate was never late we saw  
 on him I find my confidence that he will make me saw  
 Some worthe worke of fervent faith or I from hence do pass  
 or yet his tuffe combed corse returne to dust or ash  
 And as I was with my selfe discomfing to and fro  
 how that all earthly mortall thinge doth in their changinge goe  
 who are then standing so unstable what then then end shall be  
 that then the heaving circle course doth gyde frame so we see  
 This passing so and woe my mynde the more on this was bent  
 Or it seeme to me that to his world a change in earth was sent  
 In place thereof a well in age not subject to decay  
 Eternall and Immutable that shall no change assay





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[DRUMMOND

- 42 a. Seik euery quhair, diseased in all, and destitute of grace! 75  
 O mortall misers miserable, that knowest not god this space,  
 That with the twinkling of his ee dois rewl this massiwe round,  
 that calmes and stormes the elementis of contrars so com-  
 pound,  
 Whose glorie is so infinit none can it comprehend,  
 no mortall wights, nor nather I, nor angellis that attend 80  
 Vpone his Maiestie dewyne, who ar with him acquent,  
 and of his glorie to sie on pairt for thousandis ar content!  
 O wandering myndis that hingis in doubt and hountrie ay  
 in end!  
 to what effect dois all your thoughts to trouble yow intend,  
 When that a moment of ane houer sall shaddowles leawe voyd  
 that vpon which so many yeares yow have your panis em-  
 ployid? 86  
 For that which long tyme past before or present is in sight,  
 which was the strene, or yit tomorrow, in morning, or at  
 night,  
 Or anye vther course of tyme, all changed sone sall be,  
 and not one point sall pass away as we a shaddow sie. 90  
 Thair sall no more heirafter than Is, was, nor sall hawe place,  
 bot only all in present be in nor this day and space,  
 And sall eternitie be gathred whole inteir,  
 and all such other obstacles sall from ws far reteir ;  
 And all these markis vnited of before or yit behinde 95  
 sall quiklye thair defaced be that occupeid the mynde ;  
 Nor nather sall such obiect be, nor yit suche sight remane,  
 on which our hope and memorie sall thairto farther strane,  
 Which variant vew makis oftentimes impudent men to pans, 100  
 and vanelie in thair vanetie to tak a foolish trance,  
 Whose thoughts ar in thame selfis so vane, they think thair lyfe  
 a play  
 in deming<sup>1</sup> suirleie they sall be to morrow as the day.

<sup>1</sup> MS. deuing.

DRUMMOND]

Thair salbe no diuisioun of les from les at all,  
 bot all sall ioyntlie be conioyned and framed in this ball;  
 Nor after that great tryall day the sommer tyme sall last, 105  
 nor wintar with the sturdie stormes and with hir busling blast,  
 bot all sall change, and with the same evin tyme by death sall  
 die,  
 and all this changeles solid place that day sall changed be.  
 For nather than sall haistie tyme, that waists away and weares,  
 and swiftlye passis but returne, nor yit these present yeares 110  
 heirafter hawe within thair hand the goverment of fame,  
 that dois belong to mortall men, and purchest hes the same;  
 But that which ones was pure and cleir sall ay be cleir and suir,  
 and that which ones so famous was Eternall sall indwir.  
 F. 42 b. O blissed sowles and happie these that ar vpoun that way, 115  
 or yit heirafter ar to cum that iornay to assay,  
 Or to that end thair lyfes addres on which I do indyte,  
 and with such zeale and feruencie thairof dois speak and  
 wryte!

And thair amongs these glorious sancts and Pilgrims she sal be  
 whome death afore hir dayes defaist and maid vntymelie die;  
 Than salbe sene before these sancts hir angelict discourse, 121  
 hir honest wordis, hir chaistfull thoughts of honestie the  
 sourse,  
 All which Dame nature to hir praise, to mak hir more be graist,  
 within hir young and tendar hart for hono<sup>ur</sup>r had implaist.  
 These faces fair that tyme with death had so distroyed and  
 slane 125  
 sall to thair flooruishing state returne bak agane,  
 Whair then the visage of my dame most hevinlie salbe sene,  
 whose loyall lowe so long a space did so me bound detene.

And for that euerie thing sall be vnto the sanctis maid knowen,  
 so thair sall I amongs that band whome lowe hes so ou<sup>er</sup>-  
 throwen 130



[DRUMMOND

Be pointed at with all thair handis, and euerie one sall say :

“beholde the man for LAURAS saik that plaine both night  
and day,

Yit notwithstanding all his plaints, his woe, his doole, his noy,  
he happier Is than anye man that hes enioyed more Ioy.”

And than to hir of whome I wryte and wepinglie dois sing, 135  
my constant fayith and loyall hart great wounder sall inbring,  
And mak hir merwell at hir selff, when all that hevinlie rowt  
sall haue thair touns, and all thair voyce furth in hir prais  
brek owt.

Quhen this salbe I know not well, bot LAURA weill dois ken,  
for that the credeit of these thingis belongs vnto these  
men 140

And wemen who are of that trowpe and cumpanie elect,  
companions with the fayithfull flok whom god with crownis  
hes deckt.

Bot sen these secreatis secret be, who thairto can attane,  
or who sall then dissolwe this doubt, or gif ane answer plane? ·  
bot yit so far as mortall men coniecteur may or gefs, 145  
evin as the day dois neir approche, so dois the world wax less ;

Quhair than the conscience of all men sall giwe a iust account  
bothe of thair fals and iustest gane before his throne and  
mount,

Quhair thay thair laubouris, panes, and workis, and trawellis all  
sall sie

the instrumentis vnto thair wrak and spyders webbs to be ; 150  
Thair sall they lykwise sie and know how presentlie in vane  
thay plundge thame selfis in vanest cairis to conqueif worldlie  
gane,

And how to long, most folishlye, they tyre thame selfs and sweat,  
when so in end they sall perceawe thame troumpet by deceat.

And at that tyme and on that day no secret sall be than 155

To cower or close, to hyde or shute, the hartis & thoughts of  
man,

DRUMMOND]

F. 43 a. Bot euerie conscience than sall be dark, duskish, or ellis cleir,  
 and naked sal before the world and opned than appeir;  
 And than that glorious god and Iudge, who weill these thingis  
 do knaw,  
 pronounce sall then his Iudgementis iust and sentence furthe  
 sall shaw, 160  
 Whair after It the godles men sall tak thame to thair way,  
 as dois the wyld dispersed beasts, whome houndis dois putt  
 in fray,  
 Returne with speid vnto the woods to hyde thame in thair hole,  
 so wicked men sall haist to hellis, thair for thair sins to thole;  
 And at that tyme thair salbe sene, and on that tryall day, 165  
 possessionis earthlye, ratches greit, and glorie without stay,  
 High digniteis, and Princelie Pompe, to which men did attane,  
 no proffeit nor yit glorie bring bot rather loß than gane.

Bot on the other syid, the iust whom god hes tane to grace  
 salbe vpliftit to the heavinis and thair beholde his face, 170  
 For thay did brydle so thair willis, and vsed thair fortoun so,  
 that it was reinzed with modestie and did not higher go;  
 Whair thay sall ioy in happines and in eternall blifs,  
 but pompe or pryde or glorie vane that so men leadis amifs.

These Triumphs fywe we on this earth hawe sene thame bothe  
 and knowen, 175

The sax, when it sall pleis *our* god, sall ws abowe be shoven,  
 Whair tyme that all thingis dois vndoe and bringis vnto ane end,  
 and greadie death that in hir rage dois on hir pray intend,  
 Sall both togeather be defaist, and bothe to death be brought,  
 who by the force of thair impyre suche spoyle on all hes  
 wrought. 180

Bot these who mereitis lasting Fame, though quhill they liwed  
 heir

Tyme with despyte conseuminge It did waiste away and  
 weir,

[DRUMMOND

And these fair lookes and bewtye brawe, that gallant sight and  
hew

That death and tyme did palish mak, sall brawe agane  
renew;

OBLIUION and suche vglie sights,<sup>1</sup> so hideous, horrible, sad, 185  
salbe agane to thame restored, so felloun and so mad;

and in a far more fresher age our soules sall than reclame

Immortall bewtye ay to last with long eternall fame.

Wheare then afore all other folk in that eternall glore,

MA DONNA LAURA, ladye fair, sall formost be before, 190

Whome now this world dois with his plaintis and with my tounge  
requyre,

and with my weryed Pen to sie dois earnistlye desyre;

The heavinis likwyse dois earnistlie prease to hawe the same,

that they may hir whole ioyned inioy vnto hir former frame.

F. 43 b. Thair Is a floode from GIBEN flowes vpone whose bank and  
syde 195

thair lowe so long a lasting woe did vnto me prowde,

The memorie whairof, alas, dois make me yit to shrink,

so that I tremble night and day and fantis thairon to think.

O blissed stone! o happie grawe, that dois within inclose  
the fairest face of feminine, yea, of the world the chose! 200

If I was happie than estemed, or Iudge my self than blist,

when I on earth beheld thy corps, or Death hath cutt the  
twist

That did Prolong thy glorious lyfe, whois wrak dois work my  
woe,

and causis so my sore lamentis my pleasouris to ourthroe,

When sall I be when I sall sie the in the heavinis decord 205

with glorye, and thy glorious corps vnto hir soule restord?

<sup>1</sup> MS. sigths; orig. sighs.

DRUMMOND]

*Epiloge*

Now with this work my panis sall end, and heir my pen sall stay,  
 with earnest prayer to my god to leade me in that way  
 Of lasting lyfe and livinge fame, and that I may forsake  
 these trifling toyes and vane conceats that dois my vertew  
 shake,  
 And by example of this wight, who first this work<sup>1</sup> dois wryte,  
 my tounge may speik, my pen may of the glorye of god Indyte.

*Finis.**Deo honor et gloria.*

*Plurimum facere, nimium de se ipso loqui  
 prudentioris est.*

*Plautus.*<sup>1</sup> world.

## THE TARANTULA OF LOUE

(From the DRUMMOND MS., and the HAWTHORNDEN MS.,  
vols. xi. and xii.)

DRUMMOND]

## THE TARANTULA OF LOUE :

BY

M. WILLIAM FOWLER.

I.\*

F. 1 a.

I.

O yow who heres the accents of my smart  
 diffusd in ryme and sad disordred verse,  
 gif euer flams of love hathe touchte your hart,  
 I trust with sobbs and teares the same to perse ;  
 yea, euen in these ruid rigours I reherse, 5  
 which I depaint with blodie bloodles wou[n]ds,  
 I think dispared saules there plaints sal sperse,  
 and mak the haggard rocks resound sad sounds.  
 yet whils as 3e the causes reids and grounds  
 off her immortal beautye and my payne, 10  
 through which greit greiffs and grace in bothe abounds,  
 with huimble speache speake this to her agayne :  
 "O of this stayles thought the stayed sing  
 breide him not deathe that glore to the dois bring."

\* The Roman numerals are editorial, the Arabic are those in the MS. The title and probably the first eleven numerals are in Drummond's handwriting. The footnotes give the original readings before correction by Fowler. The numbers refer to the lines. Unless otherwise stated, the Hawthornden MS. is vol. xi.

2. and In.

11. by which bothe greiffs.

7. I hope.

13. wandring thought ; the solid.

9. bot whils.



[HAWTHORNDEN]

## I.

F. 51 a.

## SONET.

O you who heres the accents of my smart  
 diffus'd in ryme and sad disordered verse,  
 Gif euer flams of loue hath toutcht youre hart,  
 I trust with sobbs and teares the same to perse ;  
 Yea, euen in these rude rigoures I reherse, 5  
 Which I depaint with bludie bloodles wounds,  
 I think dispared saules there plaints sall perse,  
 & mak the haggered rocks resound sad sounds.  
 Yet whils that 3e the cawses reids and grounds  
 Of her immortall beautie and my paine, 10  
 through which greate greiffs and grace in bothe abounds,  
 With humill speche speik this to her againe :

"O OFF THIS STAYLES THOUGHTS THE STAYED SING  
 BREID HIM NOT DEATH THAT GLORE TO THE DOIS BRING."

II. both grieffs ; in her.

DRUMMOND]

## II.

F. 1 b.

2.

The fyres, the cordes, the girns, the snairs, and darts,  
 quhairwith blind love hes me enflamd and wound,  
 the maist fair face, and the maist cruell hart,  
 I weiping wryte, and sighing dois resound ;  
 and therwithall the beautyes that rebound 5  
 from her quha is of dames maist chaist and fair,  
 quha is the obiect, subiect, and the ground  
 of my lothd love, and vnderdervd dispaire,  
 the sweit soure Iarres, the ioyes, the noyes, and caire,  
 my perIurd othes, and my denyed vowes, 10  
 her eyes, her hands, her hyde, her hewe, and haire,  
 hir lipps, her cheikes, hir hals, and her brent broues,  
 and things yet hidd, and to the world vnseene,  
 to wryte w<sup>it</sup>h teares, and paint w<sup>it</sup>h plaints, I meane.

DRUMMOND]

## III.

F. 2 a.

3.

Sence spreits, thoughts, harts, you haue frome me, faire, taine,  
 then these lamenting and complayning lynes  
 may Iustlye to your mereits appertaine,  
 and dois belang to yow as dewe propynes ;  
 bot sen my style and muse not weill defynes, 5  
 bot rather darks your prayse then right descryve,  
 your Iust disdaynes of reasoun now enclynes  
 to cast my songs asyde and thame to ryve,  
 whiche now half deade I have reviud alyfe,  
 and as the laymed birthe of my blunt brayne, 10  
 whils your despyte dois theme of spreits depryve,  
 I send thame to your plesant hands agayne,  
 to die by thame, to perrishe in there yre,  
 to burne by flams as they wer borne by fyre.

1. Sen spreits thoughts hart yow have frome me (faire) taine.

## III.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## 3.

F. 31 a.

## INTROD[UC]TI[ON].

Sen spreits, thoughts, hart, 3e have frome me, fair, tay[ne],  
 then these lamenting and compleyning lynes  
 may Iustyle to your mereits appertayne,  
 and dois belong to yow as dewe propynes ;  
 bot sen my style & muse not weill defynes, 5  
 bot rather darks your prayse then weill descryve,  
 your iust disdaynes of reason now Inclynes  
 to cast my songs asyde and theme to ryve,  
 which now half deade I have reuiud alyfe,  
 and as the laymed birth of my blunt brayne, 10  
 quhils your despyte dois theme of spreits depryve,  
 I sends them vnto your plesant hands agane,  
 to die be thame, to perrish by your yre,  
 to burne by flams as they were borne be fyre.

- |  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| 6. doth descryve.  | 12. and sends.             |
| 10. maymed birth.  | 13. and perrish.           |
| 11. which your despyte of<br>spreits dois theme depryve. | 14. and burne ; were bred. |

[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 51 b.

## III.

Sen spreits, thoughts, hart, you haue frome me (Faire) taine,  
 then these lamenting and compleyning lynes  
 Maie iustlie to youre merites appertaine,  
 And dois belong to you as dewe propynes ;  
 Bot sen my style and Muse not weill defynes, 5  
 Bot rather darks youre prayse then richt descryue,  
 Youre iust disdaines of reason nowe inclynes  
 to cast my Songs asyde and thame to ryue,  
 Which nowe half dead I haue reuiu'd alyue,  
 And as the laymed birth of my blunt brayne, 10  
 Quhils youre despyte dois thame of spreits depryue,  
 I send thame to youre plesand hands againe,  
 TO DIE BY THAME, TO PERRISH IN THERE IRE,  
 TO BURNE BY FLAMES AS THEY WERE BORNE BE FIRE.

I. harts.

13. the IRE.

DRUMMOND]

## IV.

F. 2 b.

4.

Pryde of my spreits and brightnes of my eyes,  
 Lamp of my lyfe and onlye hartes delyte,  
 hope of my paynes, sueit causer of my cryes,  
 cheife worke of heaven, and naturs mould perfyte,  
 glass of al bontye and of beautye quhyte, 5  
 deare sant on earthe, and yet of heuinlye race,  
 blist bright suborner of these theames I wryte,  
 cleire schyning Sun which darknes dois displace,  
 strong centryeis and wyde storehouß of al grace,  
 scharpe quik reviuer of my slow ingyne, 10  
 wha bothe my wills and witts reulis by thy face,  
 receave these verse which humblie I propyne,  
 and in theme reid that which thy beutye bred,  
 whose wondars hathe me in my folyeis fedd.

1. my thoughts and glorie of my eyes.

6. heuinlye grace.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## IV.

4.

F. 27 a. INVOCATI[OU]N. I. Last.

pryde of my thoughts and glorie of my eyes,  
 Lamp of my lyfe and onlye harts delyte,  
 hoipe of my paynes, sueit causer of my cryes,  
 cheife work of heaven, and naturs mould *perfyte*,  
 glasß of al bontye and of beautye quhyte, 5  
 dere sant on earth, and yet of holye race,  
 bright blist suborner of these themes I wryte,  
 cleire shyning sone which darknes dois displace,  
 strong centryes and wyde storhouß of al grace,  
 sharpe quik reviuier of my slow ingyne, 10  
 quha haith my will and witts reuld by thy face,  
 receave these verse which humblye I propyne,  
 and In theme reid that which thy beutye bred,  
 quhose wondars heth me In my folyes fedd.

1. and honour.

2. harts desyre.

6. heunlye grace.

7. and blist; these things.

11. quha baith.

14. fedd "or led."

[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 51 b.

## IV.

Pryde of my spreits, proud obiect of my eyes,  
 lamp of my lyfe and onlie harts delyte,  
 Hope of my paines, sweit cawser of my cryes,  
 cheif worke of heauen, and Natures mould *perfyte*,  
 Glasse of all bontie and of beautie quhyte, 5  
 Deare Sant on earth, and yet of heauenlye race,  
 Blist bright suborner of these theames I wryte,  
 cleir schyning Sun which darknes dois displace,  
 Strong centreyis and wyde storehowse of all grace,  
 Scharp quick reuiver of my slowe ingyne, 10  
 Who both my wills and witts rewles by thy face,  
 ressaue these verse which humillie I propyne,  
 AND IN THEME REID THAT WHICH THY BEAUTIE BRED,  
 WHOSE WONDARS HATH ME IN MY FOLLIES FEDD.

DRUMMOND]

## V.

F. 3 a.

5.

If great desyre the move to see my harte,  
 mak in my breist a bore by knyfe or blaid,  
 and there yow sal your beautyes al advert  
 to have theme Maistres of my fredome maid ;  
 there sal yow see how fayntinglye I faide, 5  
 and how my lighs, lyke bellowes full of wynd,  
 dois blaw furthe deadlye sighs for laike of aide,  
 and draw deip grones out of a mornfull mynde.  
 bot, dea[r]e Bellisa, cruell and vnkynde,  
 desist for deathe dois suche effects efface : 10  
 behold my verse, and in theme 3e sal fynd  
 my hart, my love, your favours, and your face,  
 my plantes, my paynes, my longours, and vnrest,  
 your high disdaynes to my disgrace exprest.

2. a passage be thy blaid.

DRUMMOND]

## VI.

F. 3 b.

6.

O most vnhappie and accursed wight  
 to prayse her most who doith me most disgrace,  
 or her extoll that by her pryde and slight  
 dois circumvene me by a snaring face !  
 and yet in all my greiffs and cairfull cace, 5  
 plunged in the poole of payne and wheil of woe,  
 by loving and by lothed verse I prease  
 to eternise her prayse who paynes me soe  
 shee, obiect, maks me obiects all forgoe  
 which may displace or yet resent disdaynes ; 10  
 shee, subiect, subiect not, as wyld as roe  
 or any hynde that in the woddess remaynes,  
 dothe mak me of my self with shame reherse  
 that I am first in love as last in verse.

2. to grace the dame that dois me so disgrace.



[HAWTHORNDEN]

## VI.

F. 29 *b*.

## INTRODU[C]TION.\*

O maist vnhappie and accursed wight  
 to grace the dame that dois me so disgrace,  
 or her extoll that by her pryde and slight  
 dois circumvene me by a snaring face!  
 and yet in all my greifs and carful cace, 5  
 plu[n]dge in the poole of payne and quheil of woe,  
 by loving and by lothed verse I prease  
 to eternise her prase that pay[n]es me so.  
 shee, object, maks me objects all forgoe  
 which may displace or yet resent disday[n]es; 10  
 shee, subiect, subiect not, as wyld as roe  
 or any hynde þat in the wods re[m]ans,  
 dois force[?] me of my self w<sup>it</sup>h sha[m]e reherse  
 that I am first in love as last in verse.

\* '8' deleted and '6' added at  
the side.

6. well of woe.

8. her grace that galls; that griues.

11. not no mo then foe.

12. quho vndetened and Inthrald  
remans.

13. dois mak.

DRUMMOND]

## VII.

F. 4 a.

7.

With vncouthe flams lyke never felt afore  
 I feile the pouars of my lyfe decay,  
 and passions strainge more strongar worke the more  
 I spye of deathe bot yet of lyfe no way.  
 O fatal starrs, fearse destins of that day, 5  
 quhilk gaue me light and lyfe to love and see  
 and prayse the face that dothe al prayse despley,  
 quhilk gendrethe love, and maketh lust to flie !  
 yet in this curse quhat hap sal happen me  
 whiche may requyte my love or quenshe my flame, 10  
 to the belangs, Sweit Sante, (as lyes in the  
 to haile and hurt) for to reveale the same :  
 for looke in me and yow sall see appeare  
 great fyres of hope bot gretar frosts of feare.

4. I spye of lyfe.

7. al grace.

8. that gendrethe.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## VII.

F. 33 b.

9.

With vncouthe flams than euer felt afore  
 I feele the pouars of my lyfe decay,  
 and passions strainge more strongar worke, and more  
 I spy of hurts bot yet of helth no way.  
 o fatal stars, fearce destins of that day, 5  
 quhilk gave me lyfe and light to love and see  
 and prayse the face that dois al grace despley,  
 that gendreth love and makketh lust to flie !  
 yet in this course quhat happ sal happen me  
 which may requyte my love or quensh his flame, 10  
 to the belangs, sueit sant, (as lyes in the  
 to hail or hurt) for to reveale the same :  
 for looke in me and yow sal see appeire  
 great fyres of hope bot gretar frosts of feare.

1. stranger flams.

3. the strongar.

DRUMMOND]

## VIII.

F. 4 b.

8.

Through feare and hope, through fervent flams and frost,  
 through certen dreid, and maist vncerten caire,  
 I have the flouer of age and youthe so lost  
 as now my heade begins to chainge his haire;  
 nor yet do I forsee how tyme may paire, 5  
 or yet the heavens deminish may my griefe;  
 nor can I see how to avoyde the snaire  
 quhairin I rin with ioy to my misheife;  
 nor spye I yet quhat confort or releif  
 can I pretend, or yet will shee extend, 10  
 sen shee vnto my doole is dombe and deif,  
 and dois my plaints disdainfullye perpend,  
 and with her eyes, which sprinkleth frostes and fyre,  
 maks reasoun, saule, and sence attones exspyre.

14. almost exspyre.

DRUMMOND]

## IX.

F. 5 a.

9.

Perhapps yow think with your disdainfull words,  
 with ruid repulse, with noyes reherst in yre,  
 with threatning eyes, mair offensiue then suords,  
 and silent pryde, to baise my high desyre.

Reclame these thoughts which dois yow so inspyre: 5  
 Love fearles is of deathe or yet disgrace,  
 And how les happ he hopeth for his hyre,  
 so muche the more his baldnes dois encrease.  
 your beautye was the first that wan the place,  
 and skaild the walls of my vndantond harte, 10  
 which captiue now pynes in a catiue cace,  
 Vynkndlye mett with rigour for desert:  
 yet, *nocht*theles, your servant sal abyde  
 in spyte of ruid repulse or silent pryde.

4. to quensche.

[DRUMMOND]

## X.

F. 5 b.

10.

2.

gif mortal prayers move immortal pouers,  
 gif pittie (love) may once *wit* the prevayle,  
 empaire my paines reviving att all houres,  
 or mak thy flams vs equallyie assayle,  
 no glorious triumphe nor trophe be my baile 5  
 can come to the of my orconqueist corse,  
 who never in my faithe did fant or fayle,  
 nor rebell lyke resisted ones thy force :  
 adreß thy chariot and thy swift quhyte horse  
 gainst her who vants hes muredred men by love ; 10  
 despley thy flags, subvert her but remorse,  
 that doth a Mairmayde and Medusa prove ;  
 spaire me, vnarmd, quho at the first did yeild,  
 and conquer her quho last yet keips the feild

[DRUMMOND]

## XI.

F. 6 a.

11.

O wakned thoughts of my incensed mynde,  
 eternall noyes of vnconseumd desyres,  
 O endles plaintes dispersed in the wynde,  
 O sobbs, o sighs, my smokyie vapourd fyres,  
 O eyes sent dovne from heau<sup>n</sup>lye thrones and fyres, 5  
 the movers first of my mad mour[n]ful muse,  
 O vncontrolled love, quho never tyres  
 to sakk the humbled hartes and theme abuse,  
 O trustles hope, deceaving *wit* excuse,  
 who maks the feblest harts exempt of feares, 10  
 O vndecaying doole through ruid refuse,  
 O fontaynes tuo of euerflowing teares,  
 O vndermyning will which works my noy,  
 possesß her hart that hathe displaist my Ioy !

9. but excuse.

DRUMMOND]

## XII.

F. 6 b.

3.

But spurr to prick, but brydle for to turne,  
 to quintessence great ioyes of gretest greif,  
 to fyre a harte and not the hyde to burne,  
 to steile a saule but takeris of a theif, 5  
 to kill and save, to giue and stey releife,  
 frie wills but cords to captiuat and bind,  
 but blaid to drawe my bloode from senews cheife,  
 and to enflame a breist but fyre or wynde,  
 In closest stokkes to hold a oppen mynde, 10  
 but entrie in the feght to win the feild,  
 and to surpasß all wemen of her kynde,  
 mak wyntar flouers and sommer yce to yeild,  
 to hayle to heaven through ioy and noy to hell,  
 the wondars ar quhairin thow doist excell.

9. oppen stokkes.

DRUMMOND]

F. 7 a.

## XIII.

Enflamed by hope, by frost attones I feare,  
 and quhils my eyes do gase vpon my dame,  
 and to her face dois glewe thair gasings neire,  
 I grone and ioy whils tounge no speache can fram[e]. 5  
 thus hardned by the yce and melt by flame,  
 I leiue, yet deid, seik sore, I find me sound,  
 I fal and ryse, I stakkring stand for schame,  
 I skayle the skyes, yet groveleth on the ground,  
 proud in my self, an abiect I am found, 10  
 commixing hope with doubt, I die disgraist,  
 payne, ioyes, mirthe, mone dois fra my breist reboun[d],  
 greif and annoyes my reason hes displaist;  
 so that my saul displesantlye doth prove,  
 euen at one tyme, a heaven and hell in love.



[DRUMMOND]

F. 7 *b*.

## XIV.

Besyde these sorroues I sustened long  
 quhairwith my spreits did faynte and senses faide,  
 besyds your cruell thoughts, ay working wrong  
 vpon my huimbled harte but feare or dreide,  
 besyd the floods of woe quhairin I wayde, 5  
 besyde the burdens of my heauye cairis,  
 besyde these wonds which store of beutye maid,  
 which skant of bontye mair and mair prepairs,  
 besyde my great disgraces and dispairs,  
 besyde your coy contempt and high disdaynes, 10  
 I see new glewe, new girns, newe netts, new snairs  
 adrest to trapp me faster in your traynes,  
 and mak me crye, as feiling I do prove,  
 "I did afore bot looke, bot now dois love."

6. lasting cairis.

8. of beautye

[DRUMMOND]

F. 8 *a*.

## XV.

Bellisa keips vnder her calmye grace  
 a thick tempestowous clud of blak disdayne,  
 cold snowe in harte, and kendled flams in face,  
 reuthe in her broues, bot rigour in her brayne;  
 through her faire eyes and myne my hart is tayne, 5  
 and pouring poyoun sprinkleth oh all quhaire,  
 quhilk harte dois sulk as therbye I lye slayne,  
 and cruell shee taks of my deathe no caire.  
 her fretts the brightnes of her browes empaire,  
 her frosts dothe pittie from her harte remove, 10  
 her blushing yet decoris her beutye maire,  
 her hardned harte is rebell vnto love:  
 yet howe muche more in her doit[h] [?] hardnes growe,  
 so love in me more high and I more lowe.

DRUMMOND]

## XVI.

F. 8 b.

20. [?]

Ten thousand wayes love hes enflamd my harte,  
 and nature greivd me with far moe agayne;  
 yea, fortoun in my losses playes her parte,  
 and with dissembled shawes protracts my payne.  
 Love doth in hardest knotts my harte enchayne, 5  
 and nature discords in my senses place,  
 and fortoun crosses iust deserts agayne,  
 and maks me cludds of toyes for ioyes embrace:  
 so liue I plunge, yea, drovned in disgrace,  
 and triple foes doth mak me perrish thryse; 10  
 I see my wrak, and authours I embrace;  
 Vnlovd, I love theme that my deathe devyse:  
     thus wemen tuoe and a chyld forlorne  
     conspyr all thrie in killing me to scorne.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XVI.

F. 23 a.

20.

Ten thousand wayes love hes enflamd my hairt,  
 and nature griud me *wit<sup>h</sup>* fare moe agane ;  
 yea, fortoun in my losses playes her part,  
 and *wit<sup>h</sup>* dissempbla[n]d schewes protracts my payne.  
 Love dois in hardest knotts my hart enchay[n]e, 5  
 And nature discords in my senses place,  
 and fortoun crosses iust desyrs agane,  
 and maks me cludds of toyes for ioyes embrace :  
 so liue I plundge, yea, drovned in disgrace,  
 and triple foes dois mak me perrish thryse ; 10  
 I see my wrak, and authours I embrace ;  
 Vnlovd, I love *them* that my death devyse :  
     thus wemen<sup>n</sup> tuo and a chyld forlorne  
     conspyrs al thrie in killing me to scorne.

9. and drovned.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 33 a.

## XVI.

Ten thousand wayes love hes inflamd my hart,  
 And Nature griud me *wit<sup>h</sup>* far moe agayne ;  
 yea, fortoun in my los[s]s dois play her part,  
 and with a fein<sup>z</sup>et face protracts my payne.  
 Love dois in hardest knotts my hart inchaine, 5  
 and nature discord in my senses place,  
 And fortoun crosses dewe deserts agay[n]e,  
 and maks me cludds of toyes for ioyes embrace :  
 so liue I plu[n]dge and drovned in disgrace,  
 so triple foes dois mak me *per<sup>r</sup>[i]sh* thryse ; 10  
 I see my wrak, and causer I embrace ;  
 Vnlovd, I love thame that my deathe devyse :  
     thus wemen tuo *wit<sup>h</sup>* a poore chyld forlorne  
     conspyreth *wit<sup>h</sup>* me cruel me to scorne.

7. crosses Iust desyres. 11. and<sup>r</sup>worker. 14. *wit<sup>h</sup>* my.

This version is cancelled in the MS.

DRUMMOND]

## XVII.

F. 9 a.

4.

Suld I not heate these harmefull hands and blame  
 which shott the shafts of love streight in that part,  
 that by the bloode that yssewd of the same  
 is paynte her fatal name with in my harte?  
 yet ar the wonds so sueit of that sueit darte, 5  
 that seing thame the more I theme adore,  
 and fayne wald kiss thame though they cause my smart,  
 that the revenge might equal losß and sore.  
 faire hurting hand, hyde not your hewe no more,  
 whase quhytnes graces and dothe glad my vewe : 10  
 and quhils In wonding me I tak for gloure  
 to perrish and to perrell by your hewe,  
 how far suld then my ioyes and glaidnes growe,  
 gif pittie anes culd from your fairnes flowe?

DRUMMOND]

F. 9 b.

## XVIII.

Vnto the Sunn her eyes I do compaire,  
 which dothe resemble in euerye pointe the same :  
 the Sunn his course hes in a speire maist faire,  
 her eyes with in my harte dois roll the same ;  
 quhils he dois schyne, the daye he doith proclame, 5  
 her eyes my Suns the dayes ar of my light ;  
 quhils he declynes, obsceureth is this frame,  
 quhils shee is gone, I nought dois see bot night ;  
 the Sun the starrs surmont, and is more bright,  
 my dame in beautye doth all dames surpass. 10  
 thought theirin lyke, yet differs here there might :  
 he, schyning, lyfe gives to this worldlye masß,  
 bot yet her eyes, the fairer they dothe schyne,  
 they drawe my deathe more nerr to their declyne.

14. and maks me dwyne ; as I duyne ; quhils I do duyne.

[DRUMMOND]

F. 10 a.

## XIX.

There never ran more fearse and ouglyie beare,  
 nor cruell beaste in vnmaneured land,  
 who, gif the Echoes of my playnts culd heare,  
 wald not have steyd for woe and taymed stand ;  
 there never lyon was in lybia sand, 5  
 nor hill so high bot might bene lowe and playne,  
 nor bird nor fishe subdewed by lyme or wand  
 bot wald have wayld with me my endles payne :  
 yet onlie shee frome pittie dois refrayne,  
 and voyde of grace shee laughs to see me loure, 10  
 the humbler I, shee prouder growes agayne,  
 and never will one dropp of pittie pouer.  
     why hest thowe, nature, then thy worke invert,  
     that framd her not a face lyke to her harte ?

[DRUMMOND]

F. 10 b.

## XX.

I fallowe her that fleithe far from me,  
 and flie from her that wald me maist content ;  
 I leave the land to sayle on sands and see ;  
 I lothe the fruit, and feids vpon the sent ;  
 I thurstie am, yet from the wells I went ; 5  
 I may reape ioy, yet do I sorrow seike ;  
 I suit for grace, and will na w[a]yes relent ;  
 I mercye move, and yet I am not meike ;  
 I speache requyre, and yet I will not speike ;  
 In flamms consumd, I am bothe frost and yce ; 10  
 I wishe my woes empaid, I others eike,  
 and profferd love I had of litill pryce ;  
 I seike redress, and will not giue releife ;  
 gaynde love I lothe, vngaynd I seik with greife.

DRUMMOND]

F. II a.

## XXI.

O quhat great power lurketh in these eyes  
 which brings me deathe quhen I there beames behald !  
 O how bothe sueit and soure ar these bright rayes  
 which att one instant maks me whote and cold !  
 proud eyes, meik eyes, which maks in doubts me bold,      5  
 and dimmis my sight, and dois subdewe my harte,  
 fair eyes which bothe dois plagues and peace vnfold,  
 and by sueit discord dois my saule subvert.  
 stey ! stey ! my faire, and do not theme devert  
 which beares the message of my future payne ;      10  
 go ! go ! my dame, and theme no more convert  
 to summond me vnto your love agayne ;  
     stei ! stei ! go ! go ! I wott not quhat I wishe,  
     bot this I knaw, they bring me bayle and bliss.



[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XXI.

F. 27 b.

25.

O quhat great pouer Lurketh in these eyes  
 quhilk brings me deathe quhen I there beames behold !  
 O how both sueit and soure ar these bright rayes  
 which att one instant maks me whote and cold !  
 proud eyes, meik eyes, which maks in feares me bold,      5  
 and dimms my sight, and dois subdewe my hart,  
 fair eyes which both dois plagues and peace vnfo[ld],  
 and by sueit discords dois my saul subverte.  
 stey ! stey ! my fair, and do not thame devert  
 which beares the message of my future [payne] ;      10  
 go ! go ! my dame, and theme no more convert  
 to summo[n]d me vnto your love agane ;  
     stei ! stei ! go ! go ! I watt not quhat I wiß,  
     bot this I knaw, they bring me bail and bliß.

5. in feares which.

DRUMMOND]

F. II b.

## XXII.

The day is done, the Sunn dothe ells declyne,  
 night now appr[o]aches, and the Moone appeares,  
 the twinkling starrs in firmament dois schyne,  
 decoring with the poolles there circled spheres ;  
 the birds to nests, wyld beasts to denns reteirs, 5  
 the moving leafes vnmoved now repose,  
 dewe dropps dois fall, the portraicts of my teares,  
 the waves within the seas theme calmlye close :  
 to all things nature ordour dois Impose,  
 bot not to love that proudly dothe me thrall, 10  
 quha all the dayes and night, but chainge or choyse,  
 steirs vp the coales of fyre vnto my fall,  
 and sawes his breirs and thornes within my hart,  
 the fruits quhairoff ar doole, greiff, grones, and smart.

[DRUMMOND]

## XXIII.

27.

F. 12 a.

## A DREAME. 7

Is this lovs toure, is this this forrett brent,  
 that calmes and stormes my discontented mynde?  
 is this the Muskett mouthe of maist sueit sent,  
 that lyfe reviud theirbye in me I find?  
 ar these the eyes quhase brightnes maks me blynde,      5  
 in depest of my harte ay kendling fyre?  
 is this the breist quhair chastetie is schrynde?  
 ar these the hands proud rebells to desyre?  
 now in my armes I hald my hoped hyre,  
 now in my armes I glaspe my gracious dame:      10  
 conteneuwe, love, my conquaist I requyre.  
 so in my sleip and dreames these words I frayme:  
 bot oh! quhils wakned I behalds the day,  
 my pleasurs past all with my dreames away.

14. my glore and ioy in smoke past all away.

DRUMMOND]

## XXIV.

F. 12 b.

28.

I hope, sueit saule, to see at my retorne  
 the heu<sup>n</sup>lye couleur of your angell face,  
 which is the fyre and flamme quhairby I burne,  
 and never is empaird by tyme nor place ;  
 quhair 3e sall als behold in me this space  
 no other chainge bot that of haire and hewe ;  
 as for my harte, which livs in payne but peace,  
 euen as it was, so sal yow find it trewe :  
 bot quhat sal I agayne in youe revewe  
 bot rigours, frosts, denyells, and disdaynes,  
 and in that face (from which doth ay ensewe  
 the streaming course of my vnceasant paynes)  
 a farder fairnes with a farder pryde,  
 which dothe my senses from my saul devyde.

5

10

14. which till my deathe so long with the must byde.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XXIV.

F. 30 b.

28.

I hope to see, sueit soule, at my returne  
 the heu<sup>n</sup>lye couleur of your angel face,  
 which is the fyre and flame quhairby I burne,  
 and never is empaired by tyme nor place ;  
 quhair 3e sal als behald in me this space 5  
 no other chainge bot that of haire and hewe ;  
 as for my hart, which liues in payne but peace,  
 euen as it was, so sal yow find it trewe :  
 bot quhat sal I in yow agane revewe  
 bot rigours, frost, denyells, and disdaynes, 10  
 and In that face (through which dois ay ensewe  
 the streaming course of my vnceasent paynes)  
 a farder fairnes w<sup>i</sup>t<sup>h</sup> a farder pryde,  
 which til my deathe so long w<sup>i</sup>t<sup>h</sup> the must byde.

14. which quhil I die ; sal byde ; quhilk for my deathe does there to long abyde.

DRUMMOND]

F. 13 a.

## XXV.

Newe wonder of the world, one mo then seaven,  
 whose presence was my pryde and absence payne,  
 whils this vyld pest in distance heth vs driven,  
 I equal absence losß with deaths agayne :  
 for quhen by her we mortallye lye slayne, 5  
 to the immortall thrones our soule dois flie,  
 euen so my harte in this impatient payne  
 abandons this my corß and fleyes to thee.  
 deathe maks vs leave the derest things we see,  
 this pest depryvs me of your heunlye face ; 10  
 deathe cruell is, so absence is to me ;  
 deathe full of frayes, all ioyes doth absence chase :  
     yet death putts end to all our noysome caire,  
     bot in this absence myne revius the maire.

9. vs love.

DRUMMOND]

## XXVI.

F. 13 b.

## 30.

I tred the futstepps of a thorted gate,  
 quhaire love me leades and doole doth me convoy  
 In couleours cledd conforme to my estate,  
 with eyes In teares, and hart surcharged with noy.  
 my second sunn, quhose presence is my ioy, 5  
 by absence now maks darke my way and pathe ;  
 yea, senses all my reasoun dois destroy,  
 and all is fallen that I buildt by faithe.  
 quho then sall drye my teares quhairin I bathe ?  
 quho sall my harte deburden of his greif, 10  
 and tak from senses the empyre they hathe ?  
 quho to my schaking feares sal giue releife ?  
     quho, quho bot shee, to whome the gods hes geven  
     to be the pryde of earthe as pompe of heaven.

4. by teares.

14. the glore of earthe and glore of

6. dothe darke.

heaven.

7. yea all my senses.



[DRUMMOND]

F. 14 a.

## XXVII.

although this poyarning pest, blak, rid, and paile,  
 disperseth some and others als infect,  
 and boith the cyteis and the land assayle,  
 and terrefyeis with dangers and suspect,  
 yet vnaffrayed these terrours I neglect. 5  
 I have no feare of a pestiferous breathe,  
 sen of lovs force I feil the full effect,  
 whoe in my breist his poyson sparpled hathe.  
 thus wayes prepaired I walk a cairles pathe,  
 and baldned so I feare no pest nor boache, 10  
 which by my senses may proceure my deathe :  
 for so lovs venom dois on me encroache  
 as no infectioun can infect my corse :  
 for quhaire that pest is poyson tynes her force.

14. for quhair lovs poyson is pest tynes her force.

[DRUMMOND]

## XXVIII.

F. 14 b.

## 32.

Far from these eyes, and sondred from that face  
 which with alluring lookes hethe me ortayne,  
 I move vnmove, I chainge vnchaingde eache place,  
 and therbye thinks to mitigat my payne.  
 and quhils I thus wayes fra your sight remayne, 5  
 remembring all the moments that ar past,  
 yea, euerye houer that I have spent in vayne  
 in following yow quhair ze have fled als fast,  
 Vnto this dyell horologe att last  
 I me compaire, quhaire love the neidile is, 10  
 my hart the glass which schawes al grace is past,  
 the threid my thoughts, the schaddow a reft kiss :  
 See me quho then wald morning knaw by noone,  
 I am the dyell, sirs, and shee the sune.

12. but a kiss.

L

DRUMMOND]

## XXIX.

F. 15 a.

33.

Though now no more I see for which I sight,  
 nor yet behold the temple of my voues,  
 I have not yet preaste to escape by flight  
 furth of your yok, which nek and fredome boues :  
 for ay my thoughts which chainging disavoues, 5  
 trewe secretars of my affections all,  
 and high extollers of your lovlyie browes,  
 presents your absent schape more me to thrall,  
 and in this distance dothe to mynde recall  
 your rare perfections and theme right recyte, 10  
 which maks all men in madnesß for to fall,  
 and die for love as wemen for despyte :  
     so present, absent, I my noyes renewe,  
     And Fouler rins not Foule to girnis and glewe.

4. your nek.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XXIX.

## ABSENCE.

F. 34 b.

33.

thought now no more your eyes which cleir my sight  
 I see, nor yet the temple of my vowes,  
 yet have I not preast to escape by flight  
 furth of your yok, which nek and fredon[e] boues :  
 for ay my thoughts which chang[ing] disavoues, 5  
 trew secretars of my affections all,  
 and high extollers of your lovlye broues,  
 present your absent shape more me to thrall,  
 and In this distance dois to my[n]de recall  
 your rare *per*fections and *them* right recyte, 10  
 which maks al men in madnes for to fall,  
 and die for love as wemen for despyte :  
     so present, absent, I my noys renewe,  
     and fouler rins not foule to girns and g[lewe].

1. quhils now.

2. nor I see more.

7. right extollers of your holye  
broues.

10. the rare ; right record.

13. paynes renewe.

14. and to my thraldome rins by  
girns ; and to my death I rin.

DRUMMOND]

## XXX.

F. 15 *b*.

27. [?]

if never for to ioy nor yet enioy  
 ane spark of plesour in my fervent love,  
 if vaynlye paines and pen and spreits employ  
 the hardneß of her harte to mercye move,  
 or yet by absence seike for to remove 5  
 my hope that by dispair dois more encrease,  
 if euerye houer a hell of paynes to prove,  
 and see for service trewe assynde disgrace,  
 iff all these things may yet my flams efface,  
 and quensche the fyres that burne wit<sup>h</sup>in my brest, 10  
 iff these things may devert or yet displace  
 my thoughts from loving her hathe me distrest,  
 then am I frie ; bot this agayne sayes reason,  
 he goes not quhair he wald who is in preason.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XXX.

F. 30 a.

## ABSENCE.

Iff never for to ioy or yet enioy  
 a spark of plesour in my fervent love,  
 if vainlye pains and pens and spreits employ  
 the hardnes of hir hart to mercye move,  
 if 3et by absence seik for to remove 5  
 my hope that by dispair dois more encrease,  
 if euerye houer a hel of paines to prove,  
 and see for service trew assingd disgrace,  
 if all thir things may yet my *flams* efface,  
 and quenshe the fyrs that burne *wit<sup>h</sup>* in my brest, 10  
 if these things may devert or yet displace  
 my thoughts from loving her hath me distrest,  
 then am I frie ; bot this aga[n]e sayes reason,  
 he goes not quhair he wald that is in preasoun.

3. witt *wit<sup>h</sup>* verse and pen employ.

9. 11. things might.

DRUMMOND]

F. 16 a.

## XXXI.

O thetis be thow calme and Iuno cleire !  
 O boreas assuage the bosteous wynde !  
 O neptune, whils the seas doth rore and reare,  
 protect from rocks the maistres of my mynde !  
 O phebus lenght thy light, stey not behind ! 5  
 O Cynthia expose the starrs to vewe,  
 whose double brightnes maks vs confort fynde !  
 O night destell of poorest aire the dewe !  
 So night, starns, moone, sun, neptane, Iuno trewe,  
 quhils my bellisa sayleth now on forthe, 10  
 delyver her from dangers and reskewe  
 who is this kingdomes glore and worlds worthe ;  
 And love guyde thow the rudder, sayles, and oare,  
 and saiflye lanche faire lesbia on the schore.

12. who is the pryde of earthe.      13. the rudder in thyne hand.  
 14. lanske ; bring bellisa to the schore.



[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XXXI.

35.

F. 25 *a*. ABSENCE RET[URNE].

O thetis be thow calme and Iuno cleire !  
 o boreas assuage the bosteous wynd !  
 O Neptune, quhils the seas dois rore and reare,  
 protect from roks the maistres of my mynde !  
 O phebus lenght thy light, stey yet behind ! 5  
 O Cynthia expose the starrs to vewe,  
 quhose double brightnes maks vs confort fynd !  
 O night distell of poorest aire the dewe !  
 so night, starrs, moone, sone, neptune, Iuno trewe,  
 quhils my bellisa sayleth now on forthe, 10  
 delyver her from da[n]ger and reskewe  
 quho is the pryde of earth and wor[l]ds worthe ;  
 and love tak thow baith rudder and the oare,  
 and saiflye bring thy glorye to the shore.

2. o eolus.

12. glore of earth.

13. the rudder in thy hand.

14. bellisa to the land ; corr. indeciph.

DRUMMOND]

## XXXII.

F. 16 b.

36.

Vnto theumeur of Bellisas harte  
 I see the season of thir dayes applye,  
 freshe in there hewe, yet cold in euerye pairt,  
 obscuring by the cludds the clerest skye ;  
 wynds, tempests, haile, vpon the earthe dois lye, 5  
 and vncouthe stormes expells his wonted hate ;  
 as euerye man amased dois espye  
 some strainge exchange and rare in there conceate,  
 So my bellisa, on quhome steyes my state,  
 by her soure lookes and by her high disdayne 10  
 the calmness of my Ioyes doth far abate,  
 not caring how shee doith proceur my payne :  
 shee maks my eyes to hayle and breist to thunder,  
 shee loths my love, and dois my lyfe dissunder.

13. my eyes to weip.

[DRUMMOND]

## XXXIII.

F. 17 a.

37. [?]

Euen as the painfull pylot day and night,  
 in surging seas with tempests overtost,  
 depryvd of Sun, of Moone, and starrye light,  
 perplexedlye drawes narr and shunns the cost,  
 euen so my tossed saule through fyres and frost, 5  
 conseumd with feares, confunded w<sup>th</sup> dispaire,  
 desyrous of the eyes quhase sight shee lost,  
 doeth covet more the causer of her caire :  
 alyke far aff, nar hand, now heire, now there,  
 succumbing in lovs seas I faynte and tyre ; 10  
 far aff, your face enflams me mair and maire,  
 nar hand, your eyes dothe burne me in ther fyre :  
     Alas ! quhat paynes and plagues ar these I prove,  
     to purches death for lyfe in this my love.

DRUMMOND]

## XXXIV.

F. 17 b.

38.

Ar these thy weres O brave bellisa now  
 quhaire thow vnto my wrak by theme aspyres?  
 ar these the harralds which thow will avowe  
 for to denunce the message of thy yres,  
 to cast thy eyes that may subdewe impyres 5  
 vpon that face which thow dois maist disdayne,  
 and sighing sobb for to rekendle his fyres,  
 quhome thow hes wrapt in euerlasting payne?  
 will thow with me be trapped in lyke trayne?  
 will thow with me this mater now compone, 10  
 yeild love for love, giue lyfe by love againe?  
 we sal agrie if thow amend my mone :  
 bot this thow sayes, and brings for thy excuse,  
 Love is the swetar seasound with refuse.

6. that sight.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XXXIV.

F. 29 a.

38.

Ar these thy wers O brave bellisa now  
 quhair thow vnto my wrak by theme aspyres?  
 ar these the harroulds that thow will avowe  
 for to denu~~n~~ce the message of thy yres,  
 to cast thy eyes that may subdewe impyrs 5  
 Vpon the man that thow dois maist disdayne,  
 And sighing sobb for to rekendle his fyres,  
 quhome thow hes wrapt in euerlasting payne?  
 will thow *wit*h me be trapped in lyk trayne?  
 will thow *wit*h me this mater now compone, 10  
 yeild love for love, gife lyfe by love agane?  
 we both sal gre iff thow amend my mone :  
     bot this thow sayes, and brings for thy excuse,  
     love is the suetar seasond *wit*h refuse.

1. of brave.

13. she sayes ; her excuse.

DRUMMOND]

## XXXV.

F. 18 a.

39.

The rearding thoundars highest tries abate,  
 and staitlye touers dothe with there fal ding dovne,  
 yet they not ay contenewe in that state,  
 nor yet they always furiouslye dois frovne ;  
 bot thy fearse yre is euer bent and bowne 5  
 with sad effects my gladnes to efface,  
 and maks me scheaver trimblinglye and swowne,  
 and by disdaynes prolongs my deip disgrace.  
 the godds there Iust conceaved wreathe release,  
 and ar appaysed by a humbled harte ; 10  
 yea, plagues deservd by fervent prayers cease :  
 bot thow thy thoughts from pittie dois avert,  
 as nather may my treuthe nor traynes availe  
 the rampiers of thy rigour for to skayle.

3. estate.



[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XXXV.

39.\*

F. 28 b.

## SIMILITUD.

The rearding thunder highest tryeis abaite,  
 and staitlye touers dois *wit* there fall ding dovne,  
 Yet they not ey conteneu in that state,  
 nor yet they alw[a]yes furiouslye dois frovne ;  
 bot thy fearce yre is euer bent and bovine 5  
 with sad effects my gladnes to efface,  
 and maks me sheaver tr[i]mblyn[g]lie and swone,  
 and by disday[n]es *pro*longs my deip disgrace.  
 The gods there Iust conceaved wreath release,  
 and ar appaysed by a hu[m]bled harte ; 10  
 yea, plag[u]es deservd by fervent prayers cease :  
 bot thow thy th[o]ug[h]s fro pittie dois avert,  
 as nather may my treuthe nor avayle  
 the ra[m]piers of thy rigour for to skayle.

\* Also marked "40" at the side.

8. high disgrace.

11. plagues *pro*ceurd.

13. blank in MS.

DRUMMOND]

F. 18 b.

## XXXVI.

Although the earthe dois bound the occeane sees,  
 and boreas blasts disturbs with stormes the same,  
 thoughe strands and floodes the tribut of theer sees  
 dois dewlye pay to theme that theme doth clayme,  
 yet for all this they dothe not proudlye frame 5  
 there stormye face in euerye streaming tyde  
 at euerye houer, bot quyet, calme, and tame,  
 dothe thole the fleiting schipps on theme to slyde :  
 bot thow, fearse damme, of fairnes ful and pryde,  
 yea, beautyes sea to quhome the tribut dewe 10  
 of teares, and sighs, of prayers oft denyed,  
 I have deburdend from a harte maist trewe,  
     dois rease thy stormes, and maks thy wynds more  
         blaw[e],  
     to drone me in lovs sees and overthrawe.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XXXVI.

40.

F. 28 a.

## SIMILITUD.

Although the earthe dois bound the occean seas,  
 and boreas blasts disturbs w<sup>it</sup>h stormes the same,  
 though londs and floodes the tributs of the sees  
 dois dewlye pay to them that theme dois clayme,  
 yet for all this they does not proudlye frame · 5  
 there stormye face in euerye streming tyde  
 at euerye houer, bot quyet, calme, and tame,  
 dois thole the fleiting shipps or thee to slyde :  
 bot thow, fearse dam, of fairnes full and pryde,  
 yea, beautyes sea to quhome the tribut dewe 10  
 of teares, of sighs, of [prayers oft] denied,  
 I have deburdend from a hart most trewe,  
 dois raise thy stormes, and maks thy wynds more blaw,  
 to drov[n]e me in [lovs sees and] overthraw.

2. w<sup>it</sup>h blasts.

DRUMMOND]

F. 19 a.

## XXXVII.

Sad and displeased my sorroues I lament,  
 and venteth furthe the accents of my bayle,  
 and with salt teares I bitterlye repent  
 that euer thow or love did me assayle;  
 and since no plaints nor prayers can prevayle 5  
 the rampiers of your rigour to subvert,  
 I will my langour and my losses vayle,  
 and pass my dayes but ather hope or harte.  
 Loue maks me de, and deathe dothe spair her darte,  
 bot in this sparing thousand deaths dois bring, 10  
 for whils I so do liue I do advert  
 newe subiects of moe deaths from yow to spring :  
 thus lyfe lenghts love, and deaths draws on the more  
 that thow dois me disdayne quhome I adore.

4. sche or love.

13. and I do die the more.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XXXVII.

F. 26 a.

41.\*

Sad and displeised my sorroues I lament,  
 and venteth furth the accents of my baile,  
 and with salt teares I bitterlye repent  
 that euer thow or love did me assayle ;  
 and since my plaints nor prayers could prevayle 5  
 the rampiers of your rigour to subvert,  
 I will my langour and my losses wayle,  
 and pass my dayes but ather hope or harte.  
 Love maks me die, and deathe dois spair her dart,  
 yea, in this sparing thousand deathes dois bring, 10  
 for quhils I so do liue I do advert  
 new subiects of moe deathes from yow to spring :  
     thus lyfe lenghts love, and I do die the more  
     that thow dois me disdayne quhom I adore.

\* 40.

2. the burden.  
 4. euer shee.  
 11. and quhils.

13. so lyfe.  
 14. that she.

DRUMMOND]

## XXXVIII.

F. 19 b.

42.

O might it plesse the high supernall pouers  
 for to redress my sore afflicted state,  
 or short my lothed lyfe and happles houers,  
 which confort dois abase and ioyes abate !  
 from day to day my dollours grow so greate, 5  
 as love insists to wound me more and more ;  
 I rin so far I can not mak retrait ;  
 ther is no herbe may cuir or salve my sore.  
 And quhils, faire dame, I do deaths help implore,  
 I call to mynde that deathe will then deny ; 10  
 I pen your prayse quhome I with zeale adore ;  
 zea, gif I die, we bothe sal loss heirbye,  
 for yow sal tyne the obiect of your yre,  
 And I the subiect of my high desyre.

13. MS. your.



[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XXXVIII.

F. 26 b.

42.\*

O might it plesse the high supernall pouers  
 for to redress my sore afflicted state,  
 or short my lothed lyfe and happles houers,  
 which confort dois abaise and ioyes abait !  
 from day to day my dolleours grow so great, 5  
 as love Insists to wond me more and more ;  
 I rin so far I can not mak retrait ;  
 there is no herbe may cuir and salve my sore.  
 And quhils, fair dame, I do deaths help *implore*,  
 I cal to mynde that death will then denye ; 10  
 I pen your prayse quhome I *wit*h zeale adore ;  
 yea, if I die, we both shall tyne therbye,  
 for you sal los the obiects of your yre,  
 and I the subiect of my high desyre.

4. dois not bring but.

6. that love.

\* 41.

10. that then I sal forgoe ("omitt"  
written at the side).

12. tyne by it.

DRUMMOND]

## XXXIX.

F. 20 a.

43.

O cruell love, why dothe thow sore assayle  
 my humbled harte with torments overtorne?  
 quhat triumphs dost thow mereit of avayle  
 in thralling me who is so far forlorne?  
 and to quhat end is shee as yet forborne 5  
 who, cairles of thy flams, thy bowe and darte,  
 in her great pryde doeth all thy pouer scorne,  
 and dois remark my flams with frosen harte?  
 now through my loss I am maid more expert,  
 and now dois see to be bot tael and dremes 10  
 that thow hes Mars and Iove him self subvert,  
 with phebus bright in his resplendant beames,  
     sen that my dame, the glorye of myne eyes,  
     dispyseth the, and dois disdayne my cryes.

DRUMMOND]

## XL.

F. 20 b.

44.

Within this mortal vayle I coverd beare  
 a solid doubt of ane vnsolid stey,  
 with fearfull baldnes and a hardie feare,  
 which doeth vncertene ioyes and noy bewray;  
 Anonder pittyeis schade schee dois display 5  
 the fulnes of her rigour and her pryde,  
 quhilk to beate downe by service I assey,  
 and trewe deserts which maks me more confyde.  
 grace bids me hope, dispair agane defyde,  
 hence courage comes, and thence dois feare encres, 10  
 the ane alreddie quenschte and spent vntryed,  
 the other growing on groues never leß:  
     thus whils suche contrairs dothe my lyfe subvert,  
     I might sone perrish if I had a harte.

13. such stryfe.

14. sone dee.

13 and 14. Thus whils I am sore strukken in this stryfe

I see moe marks of deathe then sings of lyfe.

[DRUMMOND]

## XLI.

F. 21 a.

45.

I walk within this wood to vent my woes,  
 remembring all my greiffs and endles grones,  
 whils growing ioyes deip sad conceates orgoes,  
 and loades my hart with love and mynde *wit*h mones :  
 the playsant singing birds my plaints expones ; 5  
 my teares from springs and wells semes to discend ;  
 yea, baith the highest hills and hardest stones,  
 gif eare they have, a eare to me extend.  
 then att the aeks and allers that perpend  
 my plaints I speire, quhat way will they me feid, 10  
 if for to stey with theme I condiscend :  
 “on grene,” say they, “for grene dois hope ay breid,  
 which fedethe wrachles as by prooffe they prove,  
 and brings disparing saules some ease in love.”

14. disparing hartes,

[DRUMMOND]

F. 21 b.

## XLII.

O nights, no nights bot ay a daylye payne !  
 o dayes, no dayes bot cluddie nights obscure !  
 o lyfe most lothd, transchandge in deathe againe !  
 o doole, no doole bot certen deathe and suire !  
 o harte, no harte bot rok and marble dure 5  
 quhair wawes of woe with tempests stryketh soare !  
 o eyes, which ay against my harte conteure !  
 o teares, no teares bot of salt streames the store !  
 o heavens, no heavens bot cahos of disgloure !  
 o godds, the guyers of my best hard happ ! 10  
 o dame, quho dothe depress all reuthe and smore !  
 o nights, day, lyfe, o doole of deathe the trapp,  
     o harte, o eyes, o teares, o godds, and dame,  
     quhen sal her frosts be warmed be my flame ?

DRUMMOND]

## XLIII.

F. 22 a.

47.

If from my love thow partes, I will from thyne;  
 if thow denyes it, I will it disclayme;  
 if thow vntuist the cordes, I will vntwyne;  
 if thow but fyre remayne, I sal but flame;  
 if thow substract thy hart, I will the same;  
 if thow contemis, I lykwyse will disdayne;  
 if thow refuse, I will no more the blame,  
 and if thow finds no fault, I will not playne.  
 thow reules vnreuld, and so will I agane;  
 thow fixed love, I vnprofest sal vowe;  
 thow thyne, I myne, thow quyet, I but payne;  
 thow scoffs, I scorne, thow drifts, I disallow;  
 thow lovsse, I frie, thow mirrye, I will easde,  
 so in this chainge we thus w[a]yes baith ar pleasde.

DRUMMOND]

## XLIV.

F. 22 b.

48.

Aire be thow ferme, O fyre agane be cold,  
 sea stand vnmovd, Earthe rin a restles race;  
 deathe become sweit, that kills bothe yong and old;  
 heavens chainge your course, your circles, and your place;  
 rage, hete, disdaynes, wreathe, rigour, and disgrace,  
 trewe lovers hartes content; lat theme for play  
 there greate contempts, that does there ioyes efface,  
 tak in gud pairt, and beare with all deley;  
 Lat all things chainge and alter without stey;  
 impossible things posseble may be,  
 sen these my flams be quenscht which boore the suay,  
 and to to long of ioyes hes spoyled me:  
 for now the cordes ar cutt and lousse the chaynes  
 of my affectioun and afflicting paynes.

[DRUMMOND]

## XLV.

F. 23 a.

49.

Blist be that houer, and blissed be that day,  
 that opned vp the wyndowes to disdayne,  
 whair through my eyes there blyndnes dothe bewraye,  
 which, whils they servd, they served but ay in vayne :  
 my harte now knawes quhat sore perpetuell payne      5  
 adoring yow with zeale it hes susteande,  
 and quhat conceates to honour yow did frame,  
 and quhat trewe markes of doole it long reteand :  
 now more advysde this muche by greif I gaynde,  
 that, as I hope, so sall I see your face      10  
 with weake encroaching age baith spoyld and staynde,  
 as pailnes dothe your purpill cheikes deface,  
 and see the roses faid which they have worne,  
 and from my harte with theme to feill the thorne.

[DRUMMOND]

## XLVI.

F. 23 b.

50.

Full of desyre bot fraught agane with feare,  
 I burne by hope, and by dispaire dois freise ;  
 with speide I merche, with als muche I reteire,  
 and bakward the beholds with lotts wyffs eyes ;  
 I seme content, yet nothing can me pleise,      5  
 and in this battell beares a naked harte,  
 and cairles of my lyfe I scoure the sees  
 of stormye thoughts and of tempesteous smart ;  
 baith of my weill and woe I pyle the cairt ;  
 I humblye crave, yet allwayes comes behind ;      10  
 I mereit muche, but rigour smores desert ;  
 I seik for grace, and dois displeasour fynde :  
     thus do I see approche my fatal houters  
     quhair loß and shame is myne and blame al yours.

3. I returne.

DRUMMOND]

F. 24 a.

## XLVII.

Quhen that her eyes giues hope of better happ,  
 and pittie in bellisas face appeirs,  
 then to my playntes I do the passage stapp,  
 and dois orpass my grones, my greifs, and teares ;  
 quhils thow, fair saule, incace thow len thy eares 5  
 vnto the mornfull accents of my mone,  
 hes revisht me above ten heu[n]lye spheres,  
 then I conceate I sitt above Ioves throne ;  
 and quhen these hands, which schame the yvore bone,  
 I softlye touche, though they not gripp agayne, 10  
 I feill my former sorroues all ar gone,  
 as no remembrance of my noyes remayne :  
     with suche sueit thoughts love dois my thoughts possess,  
     that hope groues more and I dispair the lefs.

DRUMMOND]

F. 24 b.

## XLVIII.

Schip brokken men whome stormye seas sore tosf  
 protests with oaths not to adventur more,  
 yet all there perrells, promeses, and losfs  
 they quyte forgett quhen they come to the schore :  
 Euen so, fair dame, whils sadlye I deplore 5  
 the schipwrak of my witts procedd by yow,  
 your lookes rekendleth love as of before,  
 and dois reviuue which I did disavowe ;  
 so all my former voues I disallowe,  
 and buryeis in oblivions grave my grones ; 10  
 yea, I forgiue herefter euen as now  
 my feares, my teares, my cares, my sobbs, and mones,  
 in hope, gif I agane on roks be dreven,  
 3e will me thole to ancer in your heaven.

14. (in a later hand) ye will me grant to harbour in your heauen.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XLVIII.

52.

F. 31 b.

## SIMILITUD.

Schip brokken men quhome stormye seas sore toß  
 protests wit<sup>h</sup> oths not to adventur more,  
 bot all there perrells, promeses, and loss  
 they quyte forgett quhen they come to the schore :  
 Euen so, fair dame, quhils sadlye I deplore 5  
 the shipwrak of my witts proceurd by yow,  
 3our lookes rekendleth love as of before,  
 and dois reviuue which I did disavow ;  
 so all my former voues I disavow,  
 and buryes in obliuions grave but grones ; 10  
 yea, I remitt hereafter euen as now  
 my feares, my teares, my cairs, my sobbs, and mones,  
 in hope, if anes I be to shipwrak driven,  
 3e will thoale me to ancour in your heave<sup>n</sup>.

10. all grones.

14. me thoale.



DRUMMOND]

## XLIX.

F. 25 a.

53.

Sueit lovlye kisse and vncontrold disdaynes,  
 sueit lovlye frosts, sueit kyndlye loving flams,  
 sueit burning fyres, which suetar cold restraynes,  
 eyes full of peace and eyes that deathe proclaymes,  
 face full of bliss, which *nocht* bot rigour shames, 5  
 strong rok of faythe and feble reide of love,  
 harte soft with hope, harte that al happ disclaymes,  
 myndes that *wit* myldnes wyldnes dois approve,  
 this humeur her, that humeur me doth move,  
 this is her state, and that is myne agayne, 10  
 now lowting lowe, now monting high above,  
 so none of vs can tell quho feils more payne ;  
     bot this I knaw, shee smyles quhen I do dwyne,  
     so all the dommage and the doole is myne.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XLIX.

53.

F. 35 *b*.

## CONTRAIR.

Sueit lovlyie kiss and vncoltro[l]d disdaynes,  
 sueit lovlye frosts, sueit kyndlye loving flams,  
 sueit bur[n]ing fyres, which swetar cold restraynes,  
 eyes full of peace and eis that death proclay[m]es,  
 face full of blifß, which nought bot rigour shames, 5  
 strong rok of faithe and feble reide of love,  
 hart soft *wit* hope, hart that al hap discl[a]y[m]es,  
 mynds that *wit* myldnes wyldnes dois approve,  
 this humeur her, that humeur me dois move,  
 this is her state, and that is myne agayne, 10  
 now louting lowe, now montinge high above,  
 so none of vs can tell quho feils more pane ;  
 bot this I knaw, shee smyles quhen I do dwyne,  
 so all the dommage and the doole is myne.

1. lovlyie kisses and vndisprovd  
disdaynes.

5. face ful of light quhair nought bot  
dark night schynes.

6. hard rok.

7. that al hardnes claymes.

9. that humeur her.

11. now baising lowe.

12. as none.

DRUMMOND]

L.

F. 25 b.

54.

O faire whyte hand, who onely ought to hold  
 of cupids chariott the triumphant reanes,  
 whils he with conquests chargd of young and old  
 will all the world and heavens did feil his traynes ;  
 O lyvlye snow, lovs sceptar that susteanes, 5  
 from whome proceids bothe fyre and golden darte ;  
 quhyte silk, quhyte Milk, which spredeth in my vaynes,  
 by heire, by touche, by taist, that kills my harte ;  
 whyte polisht yvore, wondar of gods arte,  
 Faire obiec of the heavens eye and beames, 10  
 Lows pryde and pompe of his triumphant cairte,  
 yeild grace to me the trophee of extremes,  
 and panse the wonds of my vnceasant payne,  
 for as yow hurt so can yow hail agayne.

[HAWTHORNDEN

## L.

F. 35 *a*.

54.

o faire quhyte hand, quha onlye ought to hold  
 of cupids chariot the triumphant reanes,  
 quhils he *wit* conquests chargd of yong and old  
 wald all the earthe and heave*n* had feel his traynes ;  
 O Lyvlye snow, lovs sceptar that sustaynes, 5  
 from quhome procedes both fyre and golden dart ;  
 quhyte silk, quhyte milk that spredeth in my va[ne]s,  
 quhase heire, touche, taist, enpoysned hath my hart ;  
 quhyte polisht yvore, the wondar of gods art,  
 fair obiect of the heavens eye and beames, 10  
 Loves pryde and pomp of his triumphant cart,  
 yeild grace to me the trophee of extremes,  
 and panse the wonds of an vnceasant payne,  
 for as thow hurt so can thow hail agane.

4. all the world.

6. from which.

5. his sceptar.

8. quhase sight.

DRUMMOND]

## LI.

F. 26 a.

55.

Love sayes its tyme that I agane returne  
 to wayle my wonted woes and sad lament,  
 and to resume the flams by which I burne,  
 and which hethe bothe my blood and bodye spent.  
 thus wayes I feil his bow ay euer bent 5  
 but intermissioun to perseue my harte,  
 who never yet his rigour hethe relent,  
 yea, in trewes to play a tratours parte :  
 for whils that he dothe seme for to convert  
 bellisas face from rigour vnto reuthe, 10  
 and gentlye now and then to spair his darte,  
 that hes him servd twelf Moones and months *wit<sup>h</sup>* treuthe,  
 I feill him now agane prepaired the more  
 to mak freshe wonds of a half heald sore.

DRUMMOND]

## LII.

F. 26 b.

56.

Bellisa faire, as I am bound I byde :  
 deathe me devyde er I from yow refraine ;  
 no proude disdayne of yours nor spytful pryde,  
 quhilk love hathe tyde, dissunder sal in tuayne.  
 suppose I payne in this my constant vayne, 5  
 which is bot vayne, though it be constant kythd,  
 yet I assyde layes all that ought restrayne  
 me to remayne so daft of love denyed.  
 3ow sene and spyde my faithe lyk to your hyde,  
 and hathe it tryed trewe gold by rigours stayne : 10  
 it brings bot stayne to yow to have defyed  
 the god, my guyde, who hathe afore yow tayne,  
 and may agayne yow stay fra wandring wyde,  
 and say with me, "as I am bound I byde."

9. faithe gold purefyd.

10. tryed *wit<sup>h</sup>* touche of.

[DRUMMOND]

## LIII.

F. 27 a.

57.

Muse, yow fair dame, from whence doth flow this vayne  
 quhilk dois incense me in your lasting fame?  
 whils 3ow do dryve my thoughts to speachles payne,  
 which, for your love, I to this age proclame,  
 No Muses help, nor yet appollos flame 5  
 reclered hathe the cludds of my conceate.  
 but sence I vewed your beautye but al blame,  
 verse flowes but art as skill comes alwayes late :  
 your browe, your hair, your compast vaults maist fate,  
 tua starns, a mouthe with perle and rubyis dekt, 10  
 whyte hands, which suld weire sceptars of estate,  
 whyte breist, quhyte hyde, quhyte alabaster nek,  
 grave paece, quik witt, and wisdome maist devyne,  
 appollo ar to me and muses nyne.

7. thy beautye.

[DRUMMOND]

F. 27 b.

## LIV.

O of my barren muse the birthfull seed !  
 o quik reviver of my deid conceates !  
 o scharpe persewar of my slow retraits,  
 In whose fair face bothe lyfe and deathe I reid !  
 o thow my foe in love and freind in feed, 5  
 that rayes vp my courage and abaites,  
 that saves by hope, and by dispair defeats,  
 that semes to help, and geveth no remeide !  
 O chanell of my ioy, and well of woe !  
 O tempests of my noyes, and calme of caire, 10  
 who nather halds me stil nor letts me goe !  
 o heavens bliss, and hell of all dispaire !  
     o glore of earthe and pryde of euerye place  
     dispachte my lyfe or ells do grant me grace !

9. O welspring.

DRUMMOND]

F. 28 a.

## LV.

My langour dothe by lingring gretar growe ;  
 my greiffs ar graven baithe in bronse and brasß ;  
 my harte first hurt now kendled lyes in lowe ;  
 my miserye her mercye dothe surpass ;  
 my bitter hope, no better then it was, 5  
 whils as it is, sua must it ay remayne,  
 which weathers wadther [?] lyke and groues as grasß ;  
 as I doe boyle in bayle and pyne in payne,  
 bound in loves bands I liue, and fayne do fayne  
 for to be fried quhair I am fingar fangd, 10  
 exeimd, exeimend baith of his trone and trayne :  
 in vane conceate whils I am wringd and wrangd  
 I thus wayes crye, "O Ioyles, ielous man,  
 that feares to loss the lass I never wan !"

12. I thus wayes speik whils.

14. loss the things.

DRUMMOND]

## LVI.

F. 28 b. blank.

F. 29 a.

## 59.

In serving yow I see my losse insewe,  
 and to my ruyne that I rin with speide ;  
 I see that deathe, with terrour to my vewe,  
 dothe with her darte vnto my fall proceide ;  
 I see I must dispaire to find remeid, 5  
 quhils pittie hathe no place nor plaints prevayle ;  
 I see yow cruel, cairles of my deide,  
 and cairfullye your murder I conceale :  
 yet thow, curst, blist engendrer of my bayle,  
 extend thy grace at last and harte relent, 10  
 perpend my woes in ballances of zeale,  
 and trye my treuthe and my vnstaynd intent :  
 iff they be light, downe wey thame with a kiss,  
 the gayne wer great, and geuer I wald bliss.

7. see her.

9. o blist.

8. her murder.



[DRUMMOND]

F. 29 b.

## LVII.

Ten thousand tymes from syde to syde I turne,  
 and restles rowe as on a edge of thorne ;  
 all thir cold nights I gant, I glow, and burne ;  
 I wishe for day, yet languish quhil the morne ;  
 and thinking all that quhyle I here a horne 5  
 announcing that aurora dois appeire  
 to glad my harte by langour all forlorne,  
 and closed darknes of my eyes to cleire,  
 I mak thir verse, but light and beames *perqueire*,  
 not knawing yet the sequell of the same, 10  
 disturbd with youling hounds that hourlye beare,  
 and kekling crawes that semes my paynes proclame,  
 and aye crye off her quhose beutyeyes works my smart,  
 reuthe in thy eyes and rigour in thy harte.

9. and bemis.

[DRUMMOND]

F. 30 a.

## LVIII.

Loue for my loss is changde in fyres and wormes,  
 which doith inflam my spreits and hert dois gnawe,  
 and vowing treuthe all falseoode euen performes,  
 pretending reuthe, yet rigour dois bot shawe :  
 my forces ar bot frayle, yet gainst all lawe 5  
 he armed me vnarmed dois invayde ;  
 he sees my teares, he heares the sighs I blawe,  
 and maks my service thankleslye repayed.  
 I see him now in ambushe closlye layd  
 amangs the roses rid and lillyies quhyte ; 10  
 I see him now to mak my forces fayde  
 be rubyeis which me burne and perles that byte ;  
 And thought I see this loss I can not shun,  
 quhils naked now into the fyre I run.

1. is inaid a fyre and worrne.

4. he rigour.

3. dois performe.

DRUMMOND]

F. 30 b.

## LIX.

I burne by hope, I freise agayne by feare ;  
 I fredome searche, yet spoyles me of the same ;  
 I peace embrace, from rest I doe reteire ;  
 I am In hel, and yet the heavens I clayme ;  
 I see far off, yet vayles to eyes I frame ; 5  
 as I me yeild, so bakward I withdrawe ;  
 I her extoll quhome I agane doe blame,  
 and puft w<sup>it</sup>h pryde I prostrat me more lawe ;  
 yea, dombe I crye, and smyling sadnes schawe ;  
 I walk with light, and taks a blynd for guyde ; 10  
 yea, not attentiuē, I bothe heare and knawe ;  
 the more I crave, the more I am denyde :  
     thus love me binds and drawes by double rope,  
     and maks me fondlye perrish be my hope.

4. In hell I am.

8. and fild w<sup>it</sup>h pryde.6. I willinglye me yeild and dois  
withdrawe.

13. "rope" changed to "cord."

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## LIX.

62.

F. 24 *b*.

## CONTRAIR.

I burne by hope, and frese agay[n]e by feare;  
 I fredome searche, yet spoyles me of the same;  
 I peace embrace, from rest I do reteire;  
 In hell I am, and yet the heavens I clayme;  
 I see far aff, yet vayles to eyes I frame; 5  
 I willingly me yeild, and dois withdrawe;  
 I her extoll quhome I agane do blame,  
 and fild *wit* pryde I prostrat me more lawe;  
 yea, dombe I crye, and smyling sadnes shawe;  
 I walk *wit* light, and taks a blynd for guyde; 10  
 yea, not attentive, I bothe here and knawe;  
 the more I crave, the more I am denyde:  
     thus love me binds and draws by double rope  
     to mak me fondlye perrish by my hope.

3. I eull.

14. perrish by vncertaene hope.

12. I after crave.

DRUMMOND]

## LX.

F. 31 a.

64.

As that poure foolish fliee, quhase custome is  
 by flams to fyre her wings and lyfe to lose,  
 dothe fondlye flie to her conceated blisf,  
 and purches deathe in place of her repose,  
 so in beholding thee, my fragrant rose, 5  
 thy sweit aspect hethe quikned vp desyre,  
 which of my ruiyne doth the cause disclose,  
 and forceth me for to refanne my fyre ;  
 So that in this for quhilk we bothe aspyre,  
 we equall doole and disadvantage prove ; 10  
 with lyke effects of our imagind hyre  
 we lose our lyfe and onlye bot by love.  
     disequall yet in this ar thow and I :  
     thow quiklyee dees, I deing never die.

1. Even as the foolish.

5. love hathe me lent the wings of  
high desyre.

DRUMMOND]

F. 31 b.

## LXI.

This is the actioun I intend to move  
 and pleye at beautyes barr but all appeale :  
 whils your faire eyes wer summons first of love,  
 and then my lookes the lybells of lyke zeale,  
 I doe accuse yow that ze mak me vayle, 5  
 and restleslye dryve over my nights and dayes ;  
 by burdings of the greifs quhilk I conceale,  
 quhair love dois grow, and lyfe, alas, decayes,  
 my tymles, aged, silver haire bewrayes  
 there tymles chainge by rigour and my smart ; 10  
 and sence my flams with coldnes thow repayes,  
 contemning cairleslye all trewe deserte,  
     ryve thow the charters of my fainting breathe,  
     sen from thy skarlet lipps proceids my deat[he].

14. sen in my face is red my doolefull deathe.

[DRUMMOND]

F. 32 *a*.

## LXII.

As one quhome trembling feaver hathe ortayne,  
 by intermitted tymes bothe hote and cold,  
 dothe faintlye on his right and left syde leane,  
 and finds his bedd more harder then he wold,  
 euen so in love suche passions I vnfold, 5  
 now frost, now fyre, now waxing reade and paile ;  
 al night on left and right syde I have rold,  
 and seaking ease, all ease, alas, doeth faile ;  
 and quhils that hee quhome thirst dois sore assayle,  
 remembring drink, recessis mair his drouthe, 10  
 so I remembring the rebreids my bayle,  
 quho can not sucke these lipps nor kifs that mouthe :  
 yet though our doole be lyke and our desyre,  
 Les painfull feavers ar then lovs his fyre.

[DRUMMOND]

## LXIII.

F. 32 *b*.

66.

Vpon this firthe, as on the sees of love,  
 my beaten bark, with waltring wawes tost sore,  
 to the bright fyre her wandring course dothe move,  
 imagining I see the on the schore :  
 thy words, the Mapp and cairt is, O my glore, 5  
 thy eyes, the ey attractiue calamite,  
 thy winks, the twinkling stars which I adore,  
 the pointed compass ar thy proper feite,  
 the rudder is my reason vndiscreit,  
 the airs my greiffs, the reas my piteous plaint, 10  
 the ancar doubt, the suits sowre suet,  
 the schip my half deade harte through mad Intent,  
 the see my teares, my sighs the whirling wynde,  
 which maks me seik the heaven I can not fynd.

14. that seiks the port of rest that can not fynde.

DRUMMOND]

## LXIV.

F. 33 a.

67.

This lark releiud by yow, greate soverane queene,  
 refigurs not my paynes nor yet my plight,  
 which in the foulers hand with feare hethe bene,  
 conceating causes baith of deathe and flight :  
 schee fredome hes recoverd by your sight, 5  
 fred of the cage whair shee suld bene enclosd,  
 miracoulously hethe on your neck now light,  
 and ioying lairgar lyfe hathe there reposd ;  
 Bot I, alas, no lark to deathe exposd,  
 no Fouler cachting bot a Fouler caught, 10  
 intralled by the [whose] beautye hathe me glosd,  
 and sereinlyke hes at my thraldome laught,  
 can never fredome to my harte procure,  
 quho might to mercye euen wyld beastes alleure.

14. euen the stones.

[DRUMMOND]

## LXV.

F. 33 b.

68.

Tuix hevenes and her whome onely I adore  
 I euery wheare discerne resemblance greate :  
 theme phebus bright and phebe faire decore,  
 shee in her breist and hair is lyke perfyte ;  
 theme bloodie Mars and Mercure dois delyte, 5  
 sueite speache doth her and harte severe maist grace ;  
 they Saturne Sad possess with venus quhyte,  
 shee witts maist grace *wit<sup>h</sup>* faire and lovlye face ;  
 In theme great Iove dois thundar furthe a pace,  
 in her ar lyke effects of calme and storme. 10  
 quha then to see the heu<sup>n</sup>lye Spheres wald prease,  
 veue her who to the heavens is most conforme ;  
 And he agane who wold behold my faire,  
 convert his eyes to heaven and sie her thaire.

3. theme golden sone and silver Moone decore.

6. her dothe sueite speache.



DRUMMOND]

F. 34 *a*.

## LXVI.

Wurk as thow list my wrak, and frame thy face  
 to reuthe, to yre, to rancour, and disdayne ;  
 my thoughts vnto suche wrongs gevs no more place  
 then does searocks vnto the Occean Mayne ;  
 be as thow art and as thow wast remayne ; 5  
 not as I was I am, for I am frie,  
 and sore ashaymed so long to serve in vayne,  
 but any gayne by bontethe or by fee.  
 I was a catiue slave to love and thee,  
 and humblye on thy plesour did abyde, 10  
 bot scorns the now as thow haste scoffed me,  
 and maister of my self doith dant thy pryde :  
     yea, lovles now I do my workes disclayme,  
     which for thy prayse I spent and to my schame.

1. yow list ; your face.

5. yow ar and as yow was.

8. Correction indecipherable.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## LXVI.

6.

## F. 32 b. CONCLUSION CONTRAIR.

Work as 3e list my wrak, and frame your face  
 to wreathe, to yre, to rancour, and disdayne ;  
 my thoughts vnto such wrongs givs no more place  
 then dois sea rokks vnto the ocean mayne ;  
 be as 3e ar and as 3ow was remayne ; 5  
 not as I was I am, for I am frie,  
 and sore ashamd so long to serve In vayne,  
 but any gayne by bonteth or by fee.  
 I was a catiue slave to love and thee,  
 and hu[m]blye on thy plesour did abyde, 10  
 bot scornes the now as thow hes scoffed me,  
 and maister of my self dois dant thy pryde ;  
 and lovles now I do my workes disclayme,  
 which for your prayse I spent and to my shayme.

11. bot proudlye scornes.

13. all love disclayme.

DRUMMOND]

F. 34 b.

## LXVII.

Quhat more can I performe or thow exspect  
then consecrat to the my lyfe and harte,  
and that sueit fredome which men maist affect  
into a slavishe thraldome to convert?  
quhat more can I, faire dame, to the imparte 5  
then houers, then oulks, then monthes and yeres to spend,  
devysing how thow may resist deaths darte  
be these my verse whiche for thy prayse I pend?  
I fraymd my witts thy vertewe to comend,  
I sought by gifts and service the to gayne, 10  
I sought by slights and treuthe thy yres to end,  
I sought thy love be my eternal payne;  
yet to thy lasting glorie and my shame,  
I gett no guerdon of the, cruell dame.

[DRUMMOND]

F. 35 a.

## LXVIII.

Not for thy sake, o fair disdanfull dame,  
 whome I weill know how euil thow thinks of me,  
 I do my passions and thy prayse proclayme,  
 who lenghts my lyfe that I may alwayes dee ;  
 not for thy sake, that thow suld here or see 5  
 the melancolik accents of my mone,  
 I vent my woes, and sings of love and thee,  
 and to this age and future theme expone ;  
 Bot that al these with me may sobb and grone,  
 who through trewe love hathe chaingd bothe hewe & haire, 10  
 and folishlye vnto there deaths hes gone,  
 and not resents the horrours of dispaire,  
     may now lament there loss, there shame, and smarte,  
     in geving homage to a rebell harte.

1. vngraitfull dame.

13. sore lament.



[HAWTHORNDEN]

## LXIX.

F. 24 a.

## CONTRAIRE.

how can I be cald constant in my love  
 sen In Inconstancye my deids consists?  
 I mont, I fall; I baith stand stil and move;  
 I feare, I hope; I leave aff yet insists,  
 my laulines all proud disdaynes resists; 5  
 baith glad and sadd, I freise and yet I burne;  
 and through dispyte in pacience more persists;  
 content, displesd, at anes I smyle & murne;  
 as I wald go, als sone I wald returne;  
 my plaints sueit music ar, my confort caire; 10  
 I bakward stay *wit<sup>h</sup>* bitt, and forward spurne;  
 thus of Inconstant constant am I maire:  
 And sen thow, love, such contrars dois agrie,  
 Ioyne me to her and her agane to me.

1. so constant.

9. as I depairt.

11. I stay with reynes and.

DRUMMOND]

F. 36 a.

LXX.

E ternal lord, God of immortal glore,  
 though I in love my self and sense have lost  
 by vainlie vowing quhome now I do abhor,  
 with sighs and teares causd baithe by flams & frost,  
 though, soverene prence, I have in playning most 5  
 bewaild my panis bot not bewaild my sinn,  
 and so maid sad in me thy holie ghost,  
 yet drawe my saule from hell that thense doth rin.  
 this, O Sueit lord, to grant I will begin,  
 that I have blaikned beutyas lovd and servd, 10  
 and hethe adord bot outward bark and skin,  
 and earthlie things to heu<sup>u</sup>lye hes preferd :  
 yet let thy mercie the to mercie move,  
 and off my mortal mak immortal love.

2. in foolish love.

3. and vainlie.

3. quha did me abhore; quhome I  
did adore.



[DRUMMOND]

F. 36 b.

## LXXI.\*

Lord quha redemes the deid and doth reviuē,  
 and stumbling things preservs fra farder fall,  
 quha mercyeis maks the sinfull saul to live,  
 and dothe to mynde na mair there guylt re[call],  
 abolis, lord, my faults baith great and smal, 5  
 and my contempt and my offence efface;  
 by thy sweit meiknes and thy mercye thral  
 my stubborne thoughts, proud rebels to thy grace;  
 In thy sonnes bloode my sinns, great god, displace,  
 and giue me words to cal vpon thy name. 10  
 Lord in thy wonted kyndnes me embrace,  
 that to this age I may these words *procla[m]*e:  
 “as I IN ONE GOD EVER ay haith trust,  
 so ar his promiseis steadfast, trewe, and Iust.”

W. FOULER.

1. the life and dead reviuīs.

5. my sins.

\* This is the last sonnet in the Drummond MS. Nos. LXXII, LXXIII, LXXIV, and LXXV are found only among the scroll copies of the Hawthorn-den MSS.

HAWTHORNDEN]

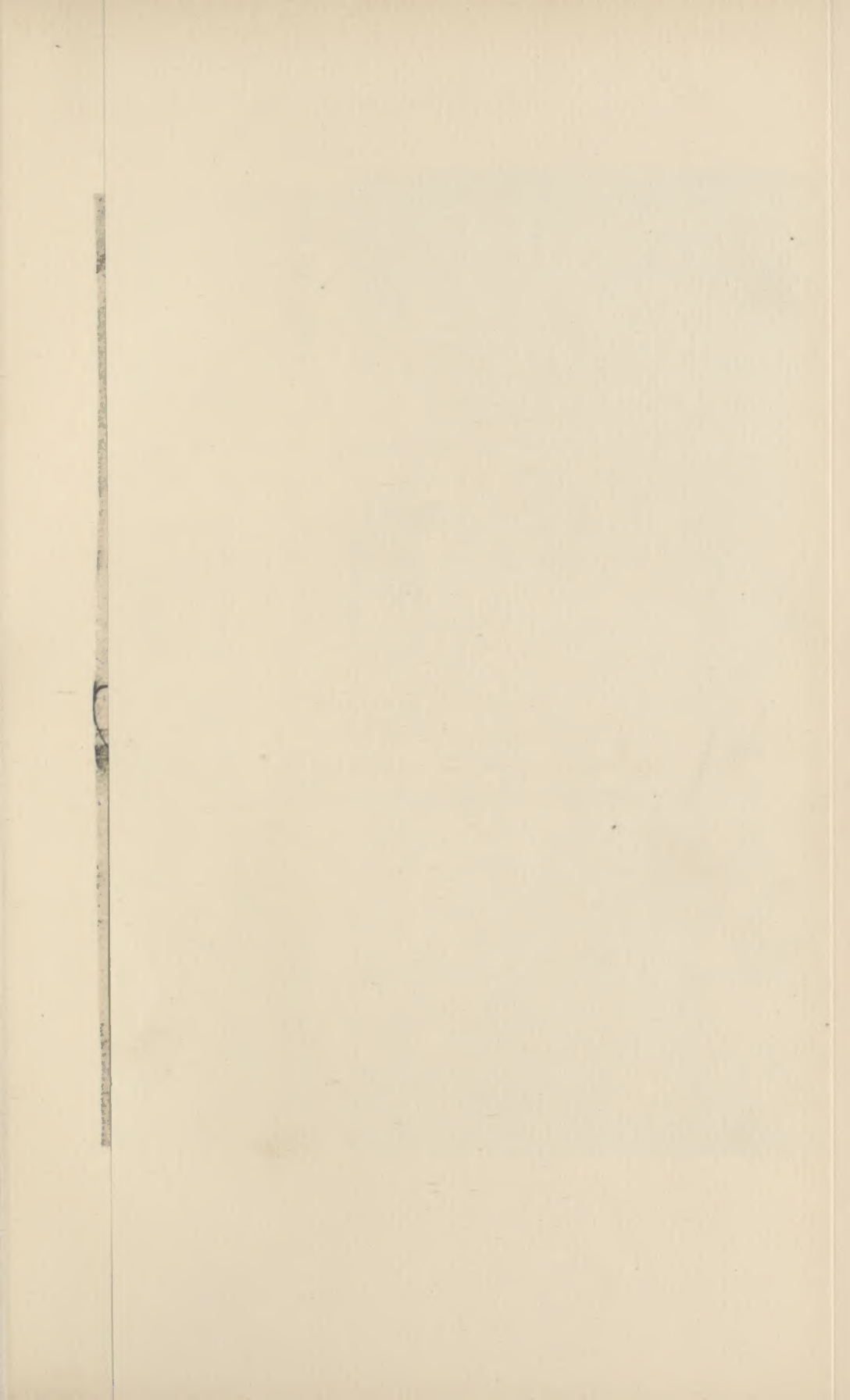
F. 23 b.

## LXXII.

It is thy plott and [            ], mightie love,  
 to trayne me to thy girns agane and snair,  
 and mak my thoughts, fraught now *wit<sup>h</sup>* present caire,  
 my former wonted woes agane to prove.  
 thow Sone quha sees and shynes from heavens above            5  
 did euer thow behald a face more faire,  
 the wondar of this age and phenix rare,  
 quhase grace to honour her my hart dois move?  
 and thow, faire dame, In quhome the heaven<sup>n</sup> hes steld  
 attons al that which soundrie hath in *part*,            10  
 Let me not entrie be expeld  
 of this my offered service and my hart :  
 so sal the prayse be yours and pa[i]ns be myne,  
 and *wit<sup>h</sup>* your beautye sal your bontie shyne.

This version is cancelled in the MS.

1. indecipherable.













[HAWTHORNDEN, xii.]

F. 134 a.

## LXXII.

It is thy plat and course, o Mightye Love,  
 to trayne me to thy girns agane & snaire,  
 and mak my thoughts, fraught now *with* present cair,  
 my former wonnted woes agane to prove.  
 thow sunn that sees and shynes from heavens above 5  
 did euer thow behald a face more fair,  
 the wonder of this age, a phenix rare,  
 quhose grace to honour her my hart dois move?

And thow, fair dame, on quhome the heavens hes steld  
 attanis all that which sondrie hes in part, 10  
 Let me not in the entrie be expeld  
 of this my offerd service and my hart :  
 so sal the prayse be yours and paynes all myne,  
 and with your beutye sal your bontye shyne.

- |                                 |                                  |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 3. frie from this present cair. | 6. thow never yet did see a dame |
| 5. Sunn quhair thow shynes and  | so fair.                         |
| sees.                           | 10. sondrie dois bot possess.    |
|                                 | 13. bot myne.                    |



HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 25 b.

## LXXIII.

Bellisa pansiue satt, and in her hands,  
 more whyte then snaw, did hald the holye booke,  
 and reiding that which shee weill vnderstands  
 devoltlye *wit* her eyes did thairin looke ;  
 and quhils her heide was boued her brest shee strooke, 5  
 and with a godlye and a gudlye zeale  
 pourd furth her sighs of vapours ful and smoke,  
 and with such incence did her plantis revele.  
 "O god," sayd [?] I, "and [?] dois my day[m]e bewayle  
 my sore afflicted and distressed state?" 10  
 "O god," sayd [?] I, "repents shee of her fayte,  
 her wrathe, her rigours, and her m[u]rder [?] greate?  
 no ! no ! for this I see and am asseurd,  
 her godlines dois mak her mair indurd."

5. her breist with boued heide.

HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 32 a.

## LXXIV.

Quhils *wit* more reuthfull and alluiring eyes  
 thow wings my hope that I may yet aspyre,  
 and dois prepair the tymber, colls, and treis,  
 for to reviuie my half exti[n]gisht fyre,  
 so sone I feel the force of thy desyre 5  
 tak full effect and fuller me enflame ;  
 yea, never Lunt more Lint nor poulders yre  
 inkendled soner then *zow* me, my dame.  
 bot seing the Vntouched [?] *wit* the same,  
 I twirle [?] a roll of love, and rubb eache part  
 of your suet corse for to enflame the same, 11  
 quhilk sone was quensht by coldnes of thy hart :  
 so nather booke [?] nor songs contentment brings,  
 for paper flams not *wit* saddnes sings.

9. and seing yow.

10 and 14. indeciph.

12. suet bulk.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## LXXV.

F. 34 a.

## RAPPORT.

So hard a hart, so could, so frie then myne,  
 no arrow, flame, nor cord, perst, brunt, nor band;  
 bot captiue now I am through these assaults of thyne;  
 sore hurt I am, flamd, chainde by feit and hand,  
 more ferme then stone, more cold then frost or sand; 5  
 frie and exemd fra force of lovs impyre,  
 I feard no wond, no letts, nor bur[n]ing brand,  
 by bow, by netts, by sparks of whote desyre;  
 bot now by shott I am destroyed in yre,  
 as never dart, nor fewell, chayne so sore, 10  
 a hart more oppned, fastned, or did fyre;  
 and yet save death I see no help therfoi  
 to staunche, quenshe, lousse, the bloode, the bleise, and  
 knott,  
 that binds, waists, rinis, which I to stey meanes not.

11. oppned fyred or did bind.

14. binds, burns; and yet to stey

12. nor other help bot death I see    lovs not.

assin[gd].



[A SONNET-SEQUENCE]

(From the HAWTHORNDEN MSS., vol. xi.)



[HAWTHORNDEN]

## [A SONNET-SEQUENCE.]

## I.

F. 9 a.

## SONETT.

heues rid and paile which litts bell[isaes face],  
 and dortye maks her eyes and deafe her eares,  
 howe canst yow wyne soure lookes and spite in peace,  
 and for my wrak theme arme and mak suche weres?  
 yet since of me so myndles shee apperes, 5  
 as shee dothe seme her self for to forgett,  
 quhy wakned wakns yow vpp neire hopes and feares,  
 and blawes deade coales, cold cindars bringing lett?  
 iff yow my torments for your trophees sett,  
 and of my martyrdome your triumphs mak, 10  
 why maks yow me through coy contempt to frett,  
 and vnto reasoun for to turne my bak,  
 and former voues with solemne othes disclayme,  
 adoring farder her who dothe me schame?

1. Disdayne which staynes by yre  
bellisaes face.

3. howe canst thou wyne baithe  
wreathe.

8. cold ashes.

9. iff thou; thy trophees.

10. thy triumphs.

11. thou me for coy contempt.

HAWTHORNDEN]

## II.

F. 9 b.

2.

[Greive not, faire flouer of couleur,  
sight, and sent.]

Greive not, faire flouer of couleur, sight, and sent,  
though in this glasſ inclosed now thow stand,  
for shee quhose favour the to me hes sent  
more straytlye holds my harte w<sup>i</sup>th<sup>i</sup>n her hand ;  
and gif that water want of well or strand, 5  
teares from my eyes thy feading sal renewe,  
and by the wound which love giuis by his brand,  
my lyflyie bloode sal the restore thy hewe.  
and since that I depryved am of her vewe,  
and feare doithe force her from my love refrayne, 10  
I will with kisses the, sweite flouer, persewe,  
with hope schee sal tak pittie of my payne :  
bot gif schee fayle, then cruell shee sal see  
a FLOUER to perrishe and a FOULER dee.

anagramme.



[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 10 a.

## III.

[Quho to the heavens gaue starns  
and wynds to aire.]

Quho to the heavens gaue starns and wynds to aire,  
grene herbs to earthe, and wawes vnto the see,  
dothe to our age his woundars more declaire,  
since things more strainge then these we see in thee.  
yea, that we suld cast baith our mynde and eye 5  
vpon his gracious and his glorious frame,  
in yow he hethe maid placed for to bee  
quhat most was raire, quhat most is faire, faire dame,—  
bright haire that sunne and eyes that starnes dothe schame,  
quhaire love his toarche dois light and netts dothe mak, 10  
sueit smyles, chaiste words, that peace and weres *proclame*,  
grave pace, auld witt in youngest yeres but lak,  
with store of graces and of beautyeis strainge,  
which gius to nature lawe and stey to chainge.

8. my dame.

HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 10 b.

## IV.

[Quhils I beheld, bellisaes breist was baire.]

Quhils I beheld, bellisaes breist was baire,  
 and cupids belloues to myne eyne appeird ;  
 amangs the lillyes and the roses faire  
 my faynting spreits to feide theme did reteire.  
 no honey beyes there wings more suift did steire 5  
 to see the paynted flouers and sulk the same,  
 then they quhen floachs of snawe they sawe ly cleire,  
 and from there coldnes theme to fechte there flame :  
 so hungrie now, to searche foode for the same,  
 to lenghte my lyfe furthe of my eyes they fliee, 10  
 and leaves my harte within your breist, fair dame :  
 a breist thought quhyte more cold then snaw I see,  
 with hope of help, thought I *wit* feare be lost,  
 that fyres of love may melt your honours frost.

6. couleurd flouers.

7. so cleire.

9. so hungrie more.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 11 a.

V.

[Hou oft I see your face and blisshed eyes.]

Hou oft I see your face and blisshed eyes,  
 how oft the same agane on me do gase,  
 so oft my thoughts, bathtd in there beautyes sees,  
 breids thrist of theames for to proclayme your praise ;  
 bot quhat most cheife and rare I suld first blaise 5  
 toung can not weill recounte, nor pen weill frame :  
 for store stopps choyse, chainge dothe my muse amaise,  
 and your great gifts a gretar poete clayme.  
 yet high desyre to win more lasting fame  
 by yow, the glorious subiect of my muse, 10  
 and great renoune in to eternise the same,  
 dothe ympe [?] my wings and to suche soaring vse,  
 with hope I may attene quhar I drect  
 my flight and flams, and by theme lyfe exspect.

3. how oft.

6. nor yet.

13. and 14. with hope I may, though 3e suld me neglect,  
 of flight and flams a langar lyfe exspect.

HAWTHORNDEN]

F. II b.

## VI.

[Quho wald here see the Sunn but  
heate to burne.]

Quho wald here see the Sunn but heate to burne,  
 quhat harmonie the circled spheres dothe move,  
 how starns mens states by there aspect dothe turne,  
 and how that spreits ar blist and curst by love,  
 cast he his lookes not to these lights above, 5  
 bot theme devert on her proud humble eyes,  
 and on these blissings quhilk for her behove  
 to poure on her supernal pouers pleayse.  
 her soure sueit words ar vncoltrold decreyes,  
 which breathd from lyflye snaw engendreth flamme, 10  
 her port, her pace, her gesteure, as men sees,  
 proportion keipeth *wit* the hevnylye frame,  
 which breiding chaist desyrs and vaine dois schift,  
 doith spurr the sluggish harts, and steys the swift.

1. quho heare wald.

5. his eyes.

10. flammes.

13. Kendleth chaiste desyrs; cherisheth.

14. shee spurs; which spurs the slowest myndes.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## VII.

F. 12 *f.a.* SONET. IN ORKNAY.

Vpon the vtmost corners of the warld,                      orknay.  
 and on the borders of this massiue round,  
 quhaire fates and fortoune hither hes me harld,  
 I doe deplore my greiffis vpon this ground ;  
 and seing roring seis from roks rebound                      5  
 by ebbs and streames of contrair routing tyds,  
 and phebus chariot in there wawes ly dround,  
 quha equallye now night and day devyds,  
 I cal to mynde the storms my thoughts abyds,  
 which euer wax and never dois decreß,                      10  
 for nights of dole dayes Ioys ay euer hyds,  
 and in there vayle doith al my weill suppress :  
     so this I see, quhaire euer I remove,  
     I chainge bot sees, but can not chainge my love.

M. W. F.

11. sones ioy.

HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 12 b.

## VIII.

[By fals suspect, baithe Ielous &amp; vnkynde.]

By fals suspect, baithe Ielous & vnkynde,  
 and vyld perverter of my trewe Intent,  
 the humble offers of my humbld mynde  
 ar otheruyse constructed then I ment :  
 for quhils to honour yow my spreits wer bent, 5  
 and reverentlie your beautie to adore,  
 for quhase sueit sake I wald my lyfe have spent,  
 to lust not love my zeale is imput more.  
 bot yow al seing gods, quha knaws afore  
 mens thoughts or euer men thame weil conceive, 10  
 dois know my thoughts such baldnes dois abhore,  
 and not presums sic favours for to crave :  
     for al my hap and houpe quhairin I trust  
     is for to serve and love and not to lust.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 13 a.

## IX.

[Iff wering tyme dois mortal beautyes waist.]

Iff wering tyme dois mortal beautyes waist,  
 and w<sup>it</sup>h his suiftest course there glore destroy,  
 quhy, cruel faire, do yow no soner haiste  
 to bring me ease quhen ȝe have bred me noy?  
 iff lyfe doith lightlye pass to short our Ioy, 5  
 and maks our hops vncertayne, vayne, and frayle,  
 Qhwy, soure bellisa, will ȝe not employ  
 your sueteist yeres vnto your awen awayle?  
 bot, oh ! I see, quhils as my foulds dois fayle,  
 and tymles silver hairs on me to grow, 10  
 your yeres draw on and will w<sup>it</sup>h tyme revaile  
 repentance late quhen skairse I will yow know :  
 then save me first from my approching deathe,  
 quhils beutye is in yow and in me breathe.

1. beautye.

9. my flouers.

10. on heid.



HAWTHORNDEN]

## X.

## F. 13 b. SONETT PEDANTESQUE.

transcendant Sun ! Sublime irradiant lux !  
 quhase solshyne rayes my eyes to vewe dar vix,  
 quha in tempestuous procells is my dux,  
 and keips my name fro Lethes Laike and stix,  
 o charming circe ! o lesbia faire as nix ! 5  
 quha to my cupidineous thoughts is trux,  
 quha liquefacts my spreits as fyre dois pix,  
 and maks my lyfe exspyre as theif on crux,  
 lat thir hoarse [?] clamours of my vaucal vox  
 perverberat your eares or orcus vex, 10  
 facilitat the passage of my nox,  
 and w<sup>it</sup>h his darte accelerat my nex :  
 bot gif the fates will not permitt me pax,  
 Lat atrops kill by falx as love be fax.

2. quhase splendant beames.

11. apert the passage of my supreme

5. o circe myne, o phillis.

nox.

9. loud clamours of my debile vox.

13. not conceade.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 14 a.

## XI.

## THE SAME MAIR SENSEBLE.

bright schyning sun and faire reflexing light,  
 quhase golden beames my eyes dar skairslye vewe,  
 quha is my conduct in the cluddie night,  
 and doth my bark fra roks and cregs reskew,  
 bellisa sueit, coy lesbia of fair hewe, 5  
 quha deife vnto my plaints disdaynes my paynes,  
 and melts my spreits as fyre doith pik and glewe,  
 and doth my lyfe conseume & wonds my raynes,  
 Lat thir complay[n]tis vpon your high disdaynes  
 perse in your eares, or dethe in me have pouer 10  
 to pathe the passage of his mortal traynes,  
 and w<sup>it</sup>h his heuk draw on my fatal houer :  
 for gif your harte will pittee ay disclayme,  
 deathe sal me kill by darte as loue by flame.

- |                               |                                   |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. maist reflexing.           | 6. and deife.                     |
| 3. my pilot.                  | 7. quha melts.                    |
| 4. and to my name maks honour | 12. his darte.                    |
| ay insewe.                    | 14. deathe will me kill by hooke. |

HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 14 b.

## XII.

[No roring sees which roanting strykes on roks.]

No roring sees which roanting strykes on roks  
 and hills off spindriffs rayse on the shore,  
 na rearding thundars that abbaitis and knocks  
 the highest trees which theme *wit<sup>h</sup>sta[n]*d the more, 5  
 na damned soules ar terrefyed so sore  
 quha sees the gibbet of there fatal day,  
 na windie tempests nor yet stormes that rore,  
 and dothe there blasts on lands and sees display,  
 Dothe lossed schippis *wit<sup>h</sup>* terrour more afray,  
 nor wandring pilgrims stryks *wit<sup>h</sup>* shaking feare, 10  
 quha walking on ar doubtfull of the way,  
 and turning there, and now return<sup>ing</sup> here,  
 as I do feare the starnes of her ees,  
 more fearfull far then thundars roks and sees.

1. thir orknays sees.
4. highest topps.
5. damned men.

12. as I dothe turning.
13. the anger.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## XIII.

F. 15 a.

## ORKNAY.

As charming Circe did vlisses stey  
 within the bounds of the sicilian yles,  
 transforming men euen to there awen decay,  
 and chainging theme in foules and beastes by wyles,  
 so thow, chaist love, quha in my long exyles 5  
 from my Penelope haithe me deteind,  
 conluring wynds, which ay my hope beguyles,  
 hes me with the but greif in greif reteind ;  
 And though this grace I have of yow obteind,  
 as not to be in foule nor beaste transformd, 10  
 quhairthrough the loss the lossar may be meind,  
 yet, charming charmer, thow hes me deformd,  
 quhils my weake witts now wittles doe becum,  
 and eyes but sight, and tounge baith tyed and dum.

8. hes the with me.

HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 19 b.\*

## XIV.

[Thought vnsene Echo hyde frome me her face.]

Thought vnsene Echo hyde frome me her face,  
 Shee semes yet by her workes to beare my love,  
 For quhen I would her wittnes my disgrace,  
 With piteous voyce shee dois my plants approve ;  
 Sua shee a stone to reuthe her tones dois move, 5  
 And frames her accents to my fayinting mone,  
 As wishing that the plagues which I ay prove  
 might *wit* my teares be dried vp and gone.  
 Bot cruell shee quha maks me crye and grone,  
 baithe deafe and nyce [?] to ansuer mak disdaynes, 10  
 yea, when I cal, her eares shee stopps anone,  
 and baithe frome speache and pittie shee refraynes :  
     so shee laments conpond of stone and aire,  
     quhils shee which fleshe is brings me croß and caire.

\* ff. 15 a to 19 a are blank.

4. piteous plaints.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 20 b.

## XV.

[Lord quha did marche vpon the stormye sees.]

Lord quha did marche vpon the stormye sees,  
 quhase wawes uer high lyke hills and law lyk hell,  
 quha bounds the same by thy eterne decreyes,  
 and calms them maist quhen they in rage did swell,  
 Lord quha did save that saule that did rebell, 5  
 and did repyne aganst thyne holye will,  
 and succourd quhen in sees they did expell,  
 that he thairefter might the same fulfill,  
 Calme, lord, thir wawes more high then ony hill,  
 and stey the tempests that ws all afray, 10  
 quhilk haith the our nighbours dround, bot mak them still,  
 that we might happie passage have this day :  
     here ws, great god, quha did the wynds rebuik,  
     and on thy servants of thy mercye looke.

10. and brek.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 21 b.

## XVI.

## SONETT SPIRITUELL.

**I**f I thir lipps have closed through my faults  
 fra dewe extolling of thy sacred name,  
 and faithfull to this faithles uorld exhaults  
 Ingraitfull obiects, raisers of my schame,  
 iff I thir lipps to foolish songs did frame 5  
 the mothers fosters [?] sawers [?] of vayne toyes,  
 if I thir lipps, which lesings did *proclame*,  
 have harroulds maid of vaine and fragil Ioyes  
 to this suite I my pen and speache employes,  
 with skill and art proportiond to my spreits, 10  
 now oppen theme, lord, quha mercie ay convoyes  
 vnto the sinning saule that the Intreits.



## OF DEATH

(From the HAWTHORNDEN MSS., vol. xi.)



[HAWTHORNDEN

## OF DEATH.\*

## I.

F. 38 a.

## ELEGIE.

**F**rom teares to teares I pasß, and spend my lothsome dayes ;  
 I find na confort for the greif my heavey hairt assayes.  
 Alas, to think vpon the pleasours I posest !  
 Alas, to think vpon the pains *which* reaves me off my rest !  
 My Ioy was in his spring, my harvest now is past, 5  
 and wintar cumis by sturdie storms to schak thame by hir blast.  
 And as I so the breir enviround *wit*h the rose,  
 as darkfull nights the brightest day by mystie cludds do close,  
 as feare dois fallow hope, so sadnes dois my Loye,  
 and sall till that the sisters thrie to earth my corpsß convoy. 10  
 then fairweill confort now ! awant 3e from my pains !  
 both counsell, reasoun, hope, fairwell ! to greif I lose the vains !  
 so off my freinds lat none, lat none *wit*h me conferr  
 of vther purpose then of graves, of bluid, of death, & warr !  
 thair spechthe must be of sights, thair talk of fearfull ghosts, 15  
 or off the roring foming seis quhilk brekks vpon the coasts :  
 then tell they how thair wawes hes drowned many a schipp,  
 and how the wandring pyratt hes the marchand spoyld and swipt  
*wit*h thundring schott and fyre, and so be thair report  
 of wichthes, warlowes, who at night to buryed banis resort : 20  
 In this be all thair cair, for reasoun wauld it so,  
 that thair regrets and talking be conformed to my woe.

\* The title is taken from *The Tabill*, p. 334.

15 MS. speihthe.

HAWTHORNDEN]

## II.

F. 38 b.

## SONETT.

My witts and thoughts togeather ar att stryfe,  
 and *wit*h myself this questioun I debaitt :  
 sen love and death hes vext my weryed lyfe,  
 quha off thir two more troubled hes my state ?  
 for love by cairis my youtheid hes defaitt, 5  
 and maed me oft for death to call and crye,  
 preserving it before that rage and hate  
 by *wh*ich my hairt in burning fyre did frye.  
 bot to my self agane I do replie,  
 that loue hes lost the starne off his Impyre, 10  
 this lothsome earth hir grace & glore heirbye,  
 and I my hope *wit*h my deserved hyre.  
 must I then Iudge ? o strainge vnhappie cace !  
 yit more than love death hes me wrought disgrace.

10. the glore.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## III.

## F. 38 b. SONETT. A DREAME.

Sche quhome I loued, quhase death is all my woe,  
 to me In sleip this night did hir adrefß,  
 w<sup>it</sup>h sugred speache, to move me to forgoe  
 and leave these sobbs which dois my ioyes suppress.  
 "can these availl" (quod sche) w<sup>it</sup>h plesant Ire, 5  
 "can these availl to rander me my lyfe?  
 no! no! my deire, it is not my desyre;  
 blist is my state which is exeimd from stryfe;  
 I ioy my ioyes w<sup>it</sup>h the celestiall troupe:  
 w<sup>it</sup>hin my grave then troubill me na more, 10  
 raise vpp thy spreits, and longer do not droupe;  
 thy faithfull hairt dois weill my death decore:  
 adieu, my loue! receave off me this kiss,  
 for faith nor love no gretar I culd wiss."

HAWTHORNDEN]

## IV.

F. 46 a.

## DIAL.

Thow Cruall death, thow noysome plage and pest,  
 quhilk w<sup>it</sup>h thy dairt my derest hairt hes slaine,  
 quhy spairs thow me quhase bodye is adrest  
 to tak thy straiks to frie me of my paine?  
 hir love w<sup>it</sup>h myne so coupled did remaine, 5  
 hir hairt w<sup>it</sup>h myne so hairtfully conIoynde,  
 as I do muse, quhat suld my death restraine?

Ansuer. thought hairts wer one yet bodyis war disjoyn[de];  
 and thought that I the for a tyme hes spaird  
 to waist w<sup>it</sup>h woe thy ouercummed corpse, 10  
 3it att the lenght my sling sal be prepaired  
 to end thy lyfe, and mak the feill my force.

Quest. come quiklye then. A. no. q. quhy? A. I will  
 prolon[ge]  
 in woe thy lyfe to sing a suanlyk songe.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## V.

## RENPOSIT. [?]

O thow myne hairt full fraughted *wit*h regrett,  
 Quhat can the lett to sunder not for woe?  
 thow mynde also, *wit*h crabed cairs befrett,  
*wit*h pains *oursett*, canst thow hir death forgoe?

Ans. No! *suirlye* no! hir curtesie dois crave 5  
 that I suld have hir lasting in my thought,  
 Quhome death hes brought to sone vnto hir grave,  
 and dois receave the Mould that nature wrought.  
 might mends be sought off the, o murdring death,  
 that hes in wreath the glore of earth defaist? 10  
 then thow in haist, thought waisted be my breath,  
 euen as thou heath demereit, suld be chaist  
     quhair I have plast a flood out from myne [ene]  
     to drowne the, death, that hes so cruell bene.

4. in sorrow *oursett*.



HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 46 b.

## VI.

[My cheare and mirth, my plesour is exyld.]

My cheare and mirth, my plesour is exyld ;  
 by duyning thoughts I feill my hairte conseume ;  
 my daisled eyis by sorrows ar oursyld ;  
 my peace and rest euanishis lyke fume ;  
 gif any Ioy to me I do assume, 5  
 the same dois comm by memorie of my greif.  
 off better state how can I weill presume,  
 sen cruell death hes wrought me this mischeif?  
 o foolish I ! how fonde was my beleif,  
 quhen as I thought the graces of my dame 10  
 and heuinly port might served for releif,  
 and stop these straits quhair cruel death did ame !  
 bot now I see the errour of my mynde,  
 sen farest things to wrak ar maist inclynde.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 46 b.

## VII.

[That farest things to wrak ar maist inclynde.]

That 'farest things to wrak ar maist inclynde,'  
 ways me! alas! that saying is to trew.  
 the farest work of nature in hir kynde  
 and womans glore is deid without reskew,  
 quhose heavye losß *wit*h teares I sal *per*sew, 5  
 lamenting sare that vnexpected chance.  
 bot weill I know, bycaus the heavens did rew  
 that earth so long was honourd by hir glance,  
 inforced death to stryke hir *wit*h hir lance,  
 to spoyle the earth thair place for to decore. 10  
 O blissed luk! my spreit no mair in trance  
 nor into dumps contenew sal thairfore:

GOD HES HER TAINÉ IN MERCYE NOT IN YRE,  
 THAT VNTO HIM MY THOUGHTS MAY ALL ASPYRE.

HAWTHORNDEN]

## VIII.

F. 48 a.

## COMPLAINT.

O mournfull muse, Melpomene, bewaill !  
 o mournfull muse, lament hir losß & death  
 with trikling teares ! thought they not muchte prevail  
 In this behalf agane to vitall breath  
 hir to restore quhome atropos hes kild, 5  
 and cutt the threid quhilk did hir lyfe prolong,  
 3it lat your nots *wit*h sorrow fully fild  
 at hir disease resound this woefull song.

A las ! I see the tennor of my muse  
 by spytfull death is forst to chainge his tone, 10  
 and leave these noats quhilk he was wont to vse  
 to sound hir praise, as he suld allwayes done.  
 O cursed death ! quhy haist thow made such wrak ?  
 o cursed death ! quhy haist thow me off Ioy  
 depryved clene, quhy haist thow maid such sak 15  
 off hir quhase want dois plundge me In anoy ?

Culd not hir sight thy mortall straiks restrain[e] ?  
 culd not hir face thy deidlie dairt resist ?  
 culd not hir gifts compeld the to refraine  
 from wonding hir ? quhairto sal I insist 20  
 to curss or crye on thy vntymlye wound,  
 quhilk hes not spaird the floure off all her kynde ?  
 o heaven ! o earth ! how am I tort[urd] and . . .  
 with hellysh pains Insetled in my [mynde] !

[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 48 b.

O eyne of myne, myne eyne, poure furth your teares ! 25  
 gusch furth in floods to wail my wrethched state !  
 bedew my cheiks in quhome no Ioy appeirs,  
 sen all my mirth hes 3eild *wit*hout debait  
 to vapour'd sights ! and thow, o atropos,  
 vnfreind to hir, and to to freind to me, 30  
 my lyflye threid *wit*h speid in sunder losß,  
 dissolve this corpsß quhilk languish after thee !

D isdaning death, quhy hes thow stop thyne eares ?  
 wilt thow not list to heare my piteous plaint ?  
 can thow prolong the lyfe conseumd *wit*h cair[s] ? 35  
 gud death, draw neir, resolud *wit*h quhole In[tent]  
 to slay the man quha is resolud to die,  
 and frie the wight from his renewing smart,  
 quhase opned breist sic stoggs dois crave off [the]  
 as may it pearce to mortefie his hairt. 40

B ot, sluggish death, thow schaws thy self so slo[w]  
 to further me in this my bent desyre,  
 as I suld prease to latt the world know  
 quhat furious rage hes sett my thoughts in fyre.  
 gif feare of god had not repress my will, 45  
 [in]to my bluid my hands I suld Imbrew,  
 [to] [se]ik baith end of lyfe and pains which still  
 [in]c[re]isis [?] sore, and hourlye dois renew.

F. 49 b.

Bot as I may so sall I dryve my daye[s],  
 such crossß to me the heavens hes assingd ; 50  
 and as my mynde such plags and pangs ass[ayes],  
 so sall my corpsß be vnto these resingd.  
 thought thow, my deire, heirby sall rype not fruit,  
 thought thow, my deire, expect not such of me,  
 3it sall our love rest fixed in this ruit, 55  
 and all wayes budd in memorie of the.

46-48. MS. defective.

Q

Petrarcha laure did never so lament,  
 nor pyramus his precious thisbe waill,  
 Guiscardus death maid not the hand relent  
 of sigismund so much as yours dois quail 60  
 [my] restles mynd, my loveing dame, my deir,  
 your death, my deir, bereavis me of my rest ;  
 your death, my love, hes alterd all my cheire ;  
 your death, my love, my ioy hes dispossest.

It sall not then without lamenting pass 65  
 vpon thy grave these verse I will erect :  
 she, while she liud, off all beloued was,  
 she, quhyle she liud, quhome al men did respect ;  
 zit after death refflorish sall hir fame  
 althought hir corps interred be in clay ; 70  
 and I with sobbs the echo off hir name  
 sal still resond til death my lyfe assay.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## IX.

F. 49 a.

## A FANTASIE.

Thus as I wrett, *wit~~h~~* full Intent to end  
 these doolfull songs which dois hir death deplore,  
 me thought I saw downe from the heavens discend  
 that peirles perle quhome I in hairt adore,  
 In courtlye grace, in semlye schaw & glore, 5  
 In heuinlye [*fr*]ame, and beautye *wit~~h~~*out blame,  
 with all these g[*i*]fts which she posest before,  
 most lovingly[*e*] to call me be my name :  
 "O FOULER ! o immortall be thy fame !  
 Lat never dame thy honest suit disdaine ; 10  
 thy machth[*l*]es faith of trewth deservs the same ;  
 though thow my loue by death did not obtea[*ne*],  
     thow death hes kild ; thy verse dois mak me liue,  
     and *wit~~h~~* thy name my fame sal ay reviuue."

*Finis.*





## MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

(From the HAWTHORNDEN MSS., and the TALBOT MSS.  
College of Arms, London.)



[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 47 *a*.

I.

25.

[Quhat euill presage is this that I behold?]

Quhat euill presage is this that I behold?  
 my name, alas, quhilk thow, my nymphe, ingraued  
 Vpon that Plane quhair I my plaints furth told  
 is baith off forme, off squair, and schape bereued.  
 bot quhen agane quhen I thy name perceaued, 5  
 distelling gumm lyke teares both wakk and . . .  
 ten thousand thoughts I in my heid concea[ued],  
 ten thousand things I in my mynde re . . .  
 these strainge effects my senses all . . .  
 my witts thairof an comentarye . . . 10  
 then this I sayd sen that our name . . .  
 no more thair forme and from the . . .  
 hir love is chainge this gum dois . . .  
 the teares quhilk sche euen for my f . . .

6 *et seq.* MS. torn.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 47 a.

II.

## ANSUER.

Gif that my thoughts in loving yow . .  
 a fainting ons off thair affectioun trew,  
 gif they haue not fra tyme to tyme bene paind,  
 and daylye mair *witʒ* furie dois persew  
 your gracious grace, that dois my hart subdew, 5  
 and *witʒ* the bands of love hes me inchaind,  
 then lett al plags vpon me, wrechte, insew,  
 and let me ay heirafter be disdained ;  
 Let thir myne eyne by blindnes so be staind  
 quhilk did abeus your sparks and heuinly hew, 10  
 and lett my toung, sa falcefyd and faind,  
 serve to none vse bot ay my faults to rew ;  
 And let my hairt become a seat of hell,  
 and alls my soul the scourger off hir sell.

1. MS. torn.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 47 *b*.

## III.

[My winding scheits my steidfast love sal end.]

My winding scheits my steidfast love sal end,  
 my heid sal tend vnto his buriall toume,  
 to tak that rowme this bodye sal be bend ;  
 or I make end of love, al this sal cume.  
 then sen my dome and death I wiß, respect 5  
 my faith, suspect no chainge for to insew ;  
 na vncouth hew sall hinder thy aspect.  
 Let prove detect and furyis all persew,  
 and 3eild thair dew to my deserved hyre,  
 gif I desyre in vthers to mak chose, 10  
 or in thame Ioyse quha would my lovlye fyre  
 Quensche through impyre of faucos [?] wanton toys.  
     fame schaine may noyse, and foull be my report,  
     and all my deids to serve fro skorne and sport.



[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 75 a.

V.

[Fairwell! fair saint, may not the seas nor vinds.]

Fairwell! fair saint, may not the seas nor vinds  
 Swell lyk the hairts and eyeis yow leave behind,  
 bot calme and gentle lyk the lookes yow beare,  
 Smylle in yovr face and whisper in yovr eare :  
 Lett no bold billow ofer to aryse 5  
 That it may neirer look vpon hir eyeis,  
 Lest vind and vave, enamord of hir forme,  
 may thronge and crowd themselves into a storme.  
 bot if it be yovr fate wast seas to love,  
 of my becalmed breast learne how to move : 10  
 Move then bot in a gentle lovers pace,  
 No Wrinkles nor no furrowes in yovr face.  
 And yow, feirce vinds, sie that yow tell yovr taille  
 In such a breath as may bot fill hir sail :  
     That whilst yow both doe covrt *your* severall waye 15  
     yow may hir saiflie to hir port convey,  
     And loose hir in a noble waye of woving,  
         whilst both contributes to yovr owne vndoing.



HAWTHORNDEN, xiii.]

F. 13 b.

## VI.

[In by way roadds I ran a restles race.]

**I**n by way roadds I ran a restles race,  
 as best besemd my vaine vnlaufull lust,  
 quhair I haue found long pains with cares vnIust,  
 and feading ioyes my pleasours to displace.  
 Bot nou the glass of sin before my face 5  
 presents my eyes the schaps of uordly trust,  
 that trusting to the same confes I must  
 that verteu vyce, and errour reuth, doth chase.  
 So uith my age my sad complaints sal growe,  
 my yeres sal shaw the horroure of my sin, 10  
 and dayes that rests the errour of my hart ;  
 The uatrye teares that from myne ees sal flow  
 the liccour ar quhairw<sup>it</sup> I will begin  
 to wash my wounds, and for to uryte [?] my Smartt.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xiii.]

F. III a.

## VII.

[Can eagells birdis flie lower then thair kynd.]

Can eagells birdis flie lower then thair kynd,  
 or can ambition stowpe to servill gaine?  
 can frie born briestis be forcit against thair mynd  
 To put the mask of loue wpon disdain?  
 can loue be cost? can averice constraine 5  
 grit cupid do homadge wnto gowld?  
 or can his wing or can his flames remaine  
 To wishe such wishes as the worldlingis wold?  
 no! no! my faitis are in the heavins Inroled;  
 mens laws may force my lyfe bot not my loue, 10  
 men may my eyes bot not my heart be hold,  
 my looks ar his, my thoghts my owin selfe prove:  
 yit or I chandge, by hevins, I vow to leave  
 ane Ioyles bed and chose ane Ioyfull grave.

HAWTHORNDEN, xiii.]

F. 115 a.

## VIII. (a)

[O fatall death, that wnexpected came.]

O fatall death, that wnexpected came  
 And puld the sueitest rose of fragrant smell  
 Amongst the rest of floures, that wise and worthie dame  
 Thou hast removed hence whair scho did duell.  
 In witt, in worth, in grace scho did excell 5  
 The comoun sort and sex of woman kynd;  
 Her inward greif was hid w<sup>it</sup>h<sup>in</sup> her sell;  
 Her outward schow declard a cheirfull mynd;  
 To riche and poore scho was so weill inclynd;  
 A loueing mother to her children deir, 10  
 A faithfull matche vnto hir husband kynd,  
 Who vailles her loß w<sup>it</sup>h<sup>o</sup> mone and dolfull cheir:  
     God gives, God taks, God hes her plact at rest,  
     His will *our* weill, his name for evir be blist.

5. thow did.

9. thow.

7. thy inward.

10. thy children.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xiii.]

F. 114 a.

## VIII. (b)

[O fatell death, that wnexpected came.]

O fatell death, that wnexpected came  
 and puld the sweittest rose of fragrant smell  
 amongst the rest of floures, that wyse that worthie dame  
 Thow haest removed hence wher sho did dwell.  
 In wit, in worth, in grace sho did exsell 5  
 the comon sort and sexe of women kynd ;  
 thy inward grieve was hid within hir sell,  
 To owtward show declaired a cheirfull mynde ;  
 to Rich and poore sho was soo well inclynd ;  
 A louing mother to hir childrin deir, 10  
 A faithffull mach wnto hir husband kynd,  
 who wailles her lose *wit* mone and dullfull cheir :  
     god giues, god takes, god hes hir placit at rest,  
     his will our weill, his name for ever be blist.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 21 a.

## IX.

## TO THE ERLE OF CAITHNES.

i dece[m]ber in roß 1598.

But mereit men to love and but desert,  
 and them embrace w<sup>it</sup>h cairles constant will,  
 to mak his actions answer to his harte,  
 and all his words by workes for to fulfill,  
 to keip in iustice all his pepill still, 5  
 and baith with love and feare to governe thame,  
 to save the poore anes, and to punish ill,  
 and w<sup>it</sup>h great valeur purches glore and fame  
 for to decore his house and noble name,  
 quhils baser spreited lords doth stayne there race, 10  
 and by degendring gendreth not bot shame,  
 and liuis in slothe to die in vyld disgrace—  
 thir war, these ar your workes, and nones bot yours,  
 quhase prayse na tyme sal waist, nor yeres, nor houers.

3. his ansuers.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 50 a.

X.

TO THE R. HONO<sup>BL</sup> SIR IOHNE  
COLVILL.

gif valeur wun through thousand shott and speirs  
 avail for to advance a noble name,  
 or gif a hart devoyd of threatning feares  
 proceur to him an vndecaying fame,  
 if geven wonds and als receavd but bla[m]e 5  
 In battells bould hes rights [to] be extold,  
 gif men by birth and blood may honour clame,  
 or through the same deserved fame vnfould,  
 then, sone of Mars, thow weill may be Inrould  
 w<sup>th</sup> golden pen in glorious books of praise, 10  
 whose hardy hart, whose courage stout and bould,  
 no age sal end, nor yet no futur dayf,  
 bot stil sal swim and fleit in endles glore  
 from twede to tems from garron vnto Loire.

8. deserved praise.  
 10. in registers of praise.

13. sal suell and suim.  
 14. from tueide thr[ou]g[h] thames,  
 through garon, seine, and loir.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 53 a.

## XI.

ana. g :

## I FEAR NOT LOUE :

Janett : Foullar.\*

O Loue who may thy youthfull 3eeres repres,  
 Thy wanton winges, and thy lasciuious radge?  
 who may thy willffull blindles will redres,  
 Thy subtill shaftes and furious flames asswadge?  
 Who shall them ffrie frome the, o princleie padge, 5  
 That playes the pleasant in thy youthffull yeers,  
 Then triumphs lyke a tarrant in thy adge,  
 And payes thy subiects treu w<sup>th</sup> sobb and tears?  
 Ye virgin gods, that all our prayers hiers,  
 assist me now sence I am yet your own! 10  
 defend your doughter as to you affeirs,  
 sein that my heart to you was euer known!  
 I ffear not loue, bot yfe to loue I yeeld,  
 grant that I may w<sup>th</sup> honowr win the ffield.

\* Note at the side—"this is wrong."

1. thy lawles loue.

3. will repres.



[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 57 a.

## XII.

SONETT  
TO THE CONTESS OF ERROLL.

He quho to heauen gaue starns and Winds to aire,  
 flouers, hearbs to earth, and waues vnto the see,  
 doeth to our age his woundars more declaire,  
 since things more strainge then these we see in the :  
 and that we suld cast bothe our mynds and Ee 5  
 vpon his gracious and his glorious frame,  
 In you he hathe maide placed for to be  
 quhat most was raire, quhat most is faire, Madame,—  
 bright haire and eyes, that starns and sunn dothe schame,  
 whense love his flammes dothe fechehe and netts doeth  
 make, 10  
 sueit smyles, chaist wourds, that peace and weres proclame,  
 graue port, auld witt in youngest yeares but lak,  
 with store of graces and off beautyes strainge,  
 which giues to Nature Law, and stay to chainge.

4. quhils things.

5. yea that.

10. Quheare loue his toarche dois light and netts dois mak.

HAWTHORNDEN, xiii.]

F. 113 a.

## XIII.

UPPON A HOROLOGE OF THE CLOCK  
AT S/R GEORGE MOORE'S, AT HIS  
PLACE OF LOSELEY, 1603.\*

COURT hath mee nowe trannsfourm'd into a clock,  
 and in my Braynes her restles wheeles doth place,  
 Which makes my thoughtes the tick tack there to knock,  
 and by ay-turninge Courses them to chase;  
 Yea, in þe Circuit of þat restles space 5  
 TYME takes þe stage to see them turne alwayes,  
 Whilst Careles FATES doth iust desires disgrace,  
 and bringes mee SHADES OF NIGHTES for SHYNES of DAYES;  
 My hart her BELL on which DISDAYNE assayes  
 ingratefully to hamber on þe same, 10  
 And beating on þe Edge of Truth Bewraies  
 DISTEMPERED HAPP to be her proper name:  
 But here I staie: I feare supernall powers:  
 Vnpoized hambers strikes vntimely howers.

*Finis.*

\* The title is taken from the text in E. Lodge's *Illustrations of British History* (Lond. 1791), III., 169.

[TALBOT MSS. K.

F. 121.

## XIV.

TO THE MOST VERTEOUS AND  
TREULYE HONORABLE LADYE,  
LADYE ARBELLA STEWART.\*

Whilest organs of vaine sence transportes the minde,  
 Embracing objectes both of sight and eare,  
 Touth, smell, and tast, to *which* fraile flesh inclin'de,  
 Prefers such trash to thinges which are most deare,  
 Thou, godlie nymph, possesst with heavenlie feare, 5  
 Devine in soule, devote in life, and grave,  
 Rapt from thy sence and sex, thy spirites doth steire,  
 Tries to avoyd *which* reason doth bereave.  
 O graces rare ! which tyme from shame shall save,  
 Wherein thou breath'st (as in the seas doth fish, 10  
 In salt not saltish) exempt from the grave  
 Of sad remorse, the lott of worldlinge's wish.  
 O ornament both of thy selfe and sex,  
 And mirrour bright wher vertues doth reflex !

*In salo sine sale.*

8. Lodge prints "toies."

\* As the Talbot MSS. were not available for the present work, the text is taken from Lodge, *op. cit.*, III., 170.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XV.

## TO MY LADY ARBELLA.

F. 247 a.

Extempore.

This is the night, the v[er]y night indeid  
 of his birthday for whose we drink such soles,  
 and cairles of our helth breks braynes and heades,  
 and bedlem lyke doth danse about [?] the coales :  
 I drink indeid, but yet my senses thoales 5  
 a sore conflict in ioy depryvd of ioy,  
 whils yow, fair dame, dothe mak my eyes lyke moles,  
 through absence blind, and not your sight inioy.  
 yow in your self grave, modest, and most coy,  
 would sig[h]te to see vs hogsheades hogsheads drink, 10  
 and apish lye w<sup>it</sup>h wemen men and boy,  
 w<sup>it</sup>h bootes in bonfyres for to stobe and skink ;  
 yet in this gladnes remembring this deutyie,  
 I drink your helth, madame, and pledge your beautye,  
 whils ink and drink ar both together, 15  
 It [?] brings to yowe as to my brother ;  
 And as in lyfe so to my grave,  
 I rest, grave dame, your drukken slave.

FOULER.

4. mad men lyke.

8. through gasing.

## XVI.

## DEDICATION.

more then humaine, yet les be one deuyne  
 then she that beare th' incarnat sone of god,  
 whose chastfull hands disdayned for to sweye  
 both sceptars crownes w<sup>it</sup>h all imperial rod, 5  
 vouchaue, fare dame, thy blissed face and nod,  
 thy gracious eare, and sweit correcting eye,  
 which dothe discerne the right and trye the odd,  
 to reade these drukken lynes and faults supplie.

3. MS. disdanyed.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 68 a.

## XVII.

VPON MY LORD MORDENT  
HOROLOGE.\*

7 aug[u]st.

My mistres and this horloge be a lyke  
 in wheils, in signs, in hammer, brod and bell,  
 In paces, motions, in slownes not to stryke,  
 devyding tymes, and yet no tyme can tell :  
 these wheils dothe turne, and yet the marks not move      5  
 which gius apparance of approaching houers,  
 so doth her words so oft her promeis proves  
 as ferme as trees in showe but weake lyk flouers :  
 tuyse tuelf be signs depainted on this brod,  
 and tuyse tuelf tyme shee hath me tyme assynd      10  
 to mak al reknings euen which now ar od,  
 bot in these all I euer cum behind :

Thus losing tyme through an Inconstant . . .

I must observe the dyell of the . . .

3. whils shee stryke.

13. be an. 13-14. MS. torn.

12. bot of.

14. I will.

\* Endorsed on fol. 68 b. : "Folyeis Vpon my lord Mordant horologe."

HAWTHORNDEN, xiii.]

F. 13 a.

## XVIII.

## TO SIR EDUARD DYMOK.

Ful of desyre, yet driuen abake by feare,  
 I rin and stayes the carrier of my muse,  
 for quhils in yours great learning dois appeir,  
 In vulgar verse I must spreits defuse :  
 yet trusting, sir, your grace will me excuse, 5  
 that spreids her wings vp in a higher heauen,  
 grou, sir, in hope the pardoun you sal vse  
 vnto a hart maist thankfull sal be geuen.

And sure in yow euen verteu self is dreuen,  
 quikilk doith adorne the glorie of your name, 10  
 and noble blood in ancient house long thriuen,  
 from age to age in vndecaying fame.

I nothing feare bot yow sal loue him then,  
 quhase hart, quhase hands, quhase spreits ar yours, and  
 pen.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 54 a.

## XIX.

Sonetto sopra la Morte DI Antonio Dargasso  
philosopho, platonico, philologo, phisiognomo,  
astrologo et theologo, Monacho Dominicano.  
a la Macoronesca.

obiit Lond. 10 May 1605.

Doncq is it vray que atrapos te rapuit  
tam subito, et non hablando meco?

O Cruda morte et com' amore ceco [?]  
Creca [?] cur corpus curis ita tabuit?

Dedans the Gipsier of his Ceruell habuit 5  
of Scyence plus then any learned gręco,  
et cum de Mie lodi erat pręco  
appresso Todos hombres, tunc euanuit.

Quid faciam in questo strano caso?  
Cauar gli occhi and lacerat my petto, 10  
romper my collo and tagliar this naso.

Guarda mi dios! non feray, for sospetto:

Yet shal I macerat my self in tali sorte  
that his externe shal be my Inword morte.

*prosopopœia defuncti*

*Non redamas, sed me vis In amore mori.*



HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 65 a.

XX.

## SONETTE PEDANTESQUE.

Transfretant fleshe by Sol by luna's Lux,  
 whose bookes I doe admyre, Commend deare vix,  
 who after perrelous procells is redux  
 to keepe thy fame from Letheen Laik and Stix,  
 O singled simple soule, als whyte as nix, , 5  
 who neuer was to hard constructions trux,  
 who liquefacts our eyes as fyre dothe pix,  
 and moves more teares then theeues who murnns on crux,  
 Let these my Lynes, besetting not my vox,  
 perverberat eache eares er Orcus Rex 10  
 apert the passage of your fatal nox,  
 or by muche prayse accelerat your nex,  
     force of your poets encomiastics pax,  
     who lights there pitchte but from your flaxen fax.

*Annag. Nomen**Thomas Cariotius odeombiensis.**Comis asinus christi beato modo.**Comis asinus christi, domo ; Tobe.**cribb. scabbe.*

14. there lincks but from your waxen fax.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 82 a.

XXI.

Σοραιοσμος

ceu coaceruatio et Miscella quædam de diuersis  
ac variis idiomatibus.

I pistomrise he is sogonimate  
dessoubs the planet of Mercurial sphere,  
And peripheriat with colescential fat,  
that bibaseis anthropien penns his paines to reare,  
Ophthalm to see, Oreachias for to heare, 5  
Miracula Mensium and mouths commend  
per tantos trabaïos, as it doeth appeare,  
which periergos cariotts plume hathe pend.  
Ma pegaso L'ale' hathe him lend,  
Neptunus horse boreas helps his passage, 10  
flouds, hils, denns stand Largo to this end,  
for his returne, de foy, qui n'est pas-sage,  
    wheare now he hathe imprinted this brave booke,  
    whils without poets helps had gone in smooke.

Gulielmus Ornitheutes.

*Quis leget hæc? nemo. cur nam? quia sanna petulcus  
quesitus multis et iocus omnis abest.*

*Il Incognito.*

*Quod si nemo legat tamen haud scripsisse pigebit  
nam quæ nemo legit carpere nemo solet.*

*Il Candido.*

The following words are explained in the margin :—

- |                                    |                           |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. pistomrise, belive; sogonimate, | 4. bibaseis, draweth.     |
| procreat.                          | 5. ophthalm, eyeis.       |
| 3. peripheriat, circumvolued.      | 8. periergos, curiouslye. |

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XXII.

F. 72 a.

MEDITATION VPON VIRGIN  
MARYES HATT.

Apostrophe.

Thow, *Pallas*, hathe thy *helme* chaingd in thy *hatt*,  
 and hathe thy *Sheeld* transformed in thy *breastes*,  
 wheare louelye *Cupids* sucke, as thow begatt  
 these youngling *boyes* which in thy eyes makes feastes ;  
 But as *helme Sheild* ar chainged as thow plese, 5  
 and att thy pleasour yet resume thair *Shaepe*,  
 O might it plese the, Virgin *Marye*, ease  
 me of my wounds which *Minerus* lance maks gaepe.  
*Tritonia* strong, thow brangleth in thy hands  
 these pearcing dartes which maks my breaste to bleede, 10  
 and, cairles of my lyfe, at breache yet stands  
 for to redouble thy bloues with double speede.  
 o wishes vaine, whils to my *hart*  
 is deeplie fixt my *Murther* by thy *dart* !  
 Fairwell my Loue.

The words in italics are in red in the MS.

1. My Pallas hathe her helme chaingd in her hatt; personal poems changed throughout the poem.

7. Minerua Mary.

11. at barriers stand.

8. Pallas lance; Maryes lance.

13. but oh! o wishes vaine.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XXIII.

## AETNA.

F. 78 a.

My harte as Aetna burnes, and suffers *More*  
 paines in my *Middle* then euer *Mary* proued ;  
 but yet in this affliction and deepe sore,  
 where in I frise and frye, she is not moued ;  
 Though thees salt tears which droppeth from my eyes, 5  
 and thees whoot sighs which blasteth from my breaste  
 both haile and flames should quench by fyres and seaes,  
 Contrarius combatts of my lyfe at least.  
 but oh ! alase, thees beams which from her gemmes,  
 as she doth pleas to shyne thame or to shutt, 10  
 eternall maks my harmes, whiles shee contemns  
 with courteous *Lippe* [?] my greeffs *Lous throt* to cut.  
 Fairuuell ! my loue, in these my torments cruell,  
 to droune and die in teares, yet breaths in feuuell.

The words in italics are in red in the MS.

7. MS. flaes. 9. but then againe thees.  
 13. O lasting constant Caire ! o torments crewell !  
 for I do droune and die in teares yet breaths in feuuell.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XXIV.

F. 77 a.

[QUHILS AS THE SUN IS IN  
AQUARIUS.]

Quhils as the Sun is in aquarius,  
 and ye have past your course in capricorne,  
 by theme that vs[i]s sagittarius,  
 and by your tolrance [?] giues yow taurus horne,  
 a cancer may yow tak that may yow storne 5  
 through pisces in the monthe of februar,  
 and leo lye of al the beastes forlorne.  
 as virgo may w<sup>it</sup>h gemini bewar,  
 quhase yoaw will stryde, if aries be nar,  
 to liue a scorpions merk vpon your brow : 10  
 Iudge you by libra gif these sings [?] be far  
 quhilk the whole Zodiak dois portend to yow ;  
 and thank your deame who in devyne degrie  
 heth maid yow fourt beast w<sup>it</sup>h the horned thrie.

12. dois fortell.

13. By devyne.

14. yow brother to.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

XXV. (*a*)F. 67 *a*.

2 Jun. 1610.

Houers suif[t]lye Comes, yea, dayes with thame draues yeares,  
 and teares and fyres aryse with plaints and paine,  
 hopes but al hap with houpless cairful feares,  
 grace with disgrace which doeth al Ioyes restraine.

Fraud and deceate comes also with vaine scorne, 5  
 suspicious, vyld, hatchd in capricious thought,  
 Conceates inconstant, oathes faithles, falslyie suorne,  
 speache, spyte, prose, rymes, which folylie bred and brought.

Yea, these inkblotted lynes and measeurs groue  
 as heade or hand ar by Invention led : 10  
 but, o you fates, to help to harme not sloue,  
 from you nothing to better me is sped !  
     my hopes decay, from you no ioyes aryse,  
     whils yow my faithe and mereits iust despyse.

6. MS, haechd.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XXV. (b)

F. 66 a.

2 Junii . 1610.

Houers comes apace, and dayes with thame draues yeares,  
 and flamms and fyres aryse with plaints and paine,  
 hopes as desyres with caire and causles feares  
 disteats disgrace which dothe all ioyes restraine.  
 fraud and deceate comes also with vaine scorne, 5  
 suspitious, vylde, with mad capricious thoughts,  
 Conceates Inconstant, Vniustlyie, falslyie borne,  
 speache, spyte, prose, rymes, which folylie hatchd and wrought;  
 And these inkblotted lynes and sillabs groue  
 as heade or hand ar by Invention led. 10  
 But, o you parkes and faites, to succour sloue,  
 from you nothing to better me is sped!  
 my hopes decay, from yow no helps aryse,  
 which trewe deserts and hoped happes despysse.

*Mortalibus eripior vt Immortalibus reddar.*

*Haec moribundus gemibunde scripsi.*

3 Junii.

4. my ioyes.

5. groues also.

6. suspitious als.

8. prose, verse.

13. no helps to me aryse.

14. and trewe.





CERTAINES PSALMES MEDITATED  
BE THEODORE BEZA

(From the HAWTHORNDEN MSS., vol. xi.)



[HAWTHORNDEN, vol. xi.]

F. 1 a.

CERTAINE PSALMES MEDITATED  
BE THEODORE BEZA. Reduced in  
ane inglish poeme by M. W. Foulser.

Ps. 6.

O Lord, re-  
buk me not  
in thyne  
anger, na-  
ther chastise  
me in thy  
wreath.

[1] **W**hat wight more wretched is than I who am so sore  
assayld,

so pressed with the wardes of woe, that all my ioyes ar skaild?

quhat wight more wretched is than I, outraged on al syds,  
and wounded be my conscience a farther wound abyds?

The touch of my trespasses all hath pearst me Through and  
through, 5

Thy soft correcting hand is nou becommed more hard and rough ;  
and nou at brink of that great deip and dungeon of dispair,  
my bodye with al euils oruhelmd and corpsps inuolud in cair,  
my mynde in sorrouis plundged so, and with al torments torne,  
dois reu The houer whairin it was so creat, framed, and borne. 10

Quhat shal I do? quhat sal I say? or whether sal I goe?  
or quhat May I find in my self bot subiects for my woe,  
and causis of my suffering for brekking Thy command?  
who thairfor then sal succour me or help be helping hand?

if to the heauen I cast my eyes, I see in heauens my Iudge; 15  
The sunn, The great Eye of the world, dois beare me deadlye  
grudge,

The sunn, I say, which hath me seene so often to offend  
his maker great and also myne, to summon me dois tend,  
and semes to giue the uorld light, and bot his beames explaine,  
for to behold me whilst I thoale my iust deserued paine. 20

The night which semes to couer al with her dark mantle blak,  
 alas ! quhat dois sche als portend bot for to scheu my wracke ?  
 for sooth sche semes to doubled hath her darknes double more  
 in lothsome hatred of my sinnis in which I long did glore.

It yrks The earth for to sustaine a createur so curst : 25  
 Me Thinks I see her solid plaines a sunder for to burst ;  
 Me thinks I see alreddie sche hath opned vp the throate  
 off her great gulf to suallou me and burie in her goate ;  
 me thinks my self into her self sche nou dois redamand,  
 as hauing much abusd that mass of which I formed stand ; 30

Me thinks The nurishment which dois my bodye intertaine  
 is only geuin me to prolong my lyffe in longar paine ;  
 Me thinks That death her self recails, and from me her astrayes,  
 and semeth by her lothing me for to protract my dayes,  
 lest sche suld seme to giue at least some senslesnes of greif, 35  
 and lest this bodye miserable by death suld find releif.

And as for men they ather be my foes and ennemeis strong,  
 or ells such freinds as haue no might for to remeid my wrong.  
 quhat sal I say ? wheare sal I go ? or whether sal I go  
 bot Euen to The, eternal god, although I be thy foe ? 40  
 for quhat aduantage can I gett auay from The to run,  
 whose presence present is alwheare, which I no wayes can schun ?  
 F. 1 b. who can me hyde from him which sees these things which ar  
 vnseene ?

what createur, althought it culd, my querrell dois maintene ?  
 yea, if it culd, what would ensewe bot thair ruine and myne, 45  
 my fall thair losß, my death thair doole, and both our wraks in  
 fyne ?

now since my greif and my disease none can remeid save the,  
 to quhome then shuld I haue recourse, to whome then shuld I  
 flie,

bot vnto the, eternal god, more great then greatnes self ?  
 behold him than who hes him cast vpon this sandye schelf ; 50  
 behold him who is nothing les, onles his gretest yll  
 be something which may giue the caus both lyfe and soule to kill.

Creator great ! thy creature behold disfigurat quyte :  
 o louer man ! behold him that contemnd the in despyte :

perfectlye good behold him that conceaved is in sinn, 55  
 borne in iniquitie, and long conteneued hes thairin :  
 behold the timbar drye and trees now sett against the fyre.  
 how can it then so hardye be to speik or the requyre?  
 his miserie constranis him, lord, some remedie to seik ;  
 thy goodnes dois him boldnes giue that thus wayes he dar  
 speik ; 60

thy favour, lord, off which the world hes such ane oppen prooffe,  
 dois oppen my mouth to crye to the, and call in my behoofe.  
 Lord, in thy wreath reprove me not, nor in thyne yre correct,  
 auert thairfor, o lord, thy rage for Iesus christs respect.  
 o god, that hes so often sayd, the way not to be Iudge 65  
 is for to Iudge our selfs, and haue to the our whole refuge,  
 behold me, most vnhappy man, that dois in treuth confes  
 before the angells, heaven, and earth, that sore I do transgres  
 and hes transgrest against the, lord, yea, many thousand tymes,  
 and, guyltie off thy precepts all, committed guyltie crymes. 70

2. haue  
 mercye vpon  
 me, o lord;  
 for I am  
 weake: o  
 lord, heale  
 me; for my  
 bonis ar  
 vexed.

[2] yet what emboldeneth me, my god, thy mercyeis for to sew,  
 bot euen thy pittie and thy grace and thy compassions trew,  
 which so muche greatar ar, for that they to the worthles streache,  
 abounding most whair sin surmounts deaths plagues for to  
 impeache?

I dust and asses am, o lord, yet suffer me suppose 75  
 so bold in the, not in my self; my state I now disclose.  
 O euerleving god, I learned euen in thyne house be the,  
 and in my self by thy great grace which thow hes schawen to me,  
 that thow a fathers angar hath, and als a Iudges yre :  
 I worthy am, lord, of the last, yea, and of hellish fyre ; 80  
 I mereit it, lord, I confes, bot I beseache the turne  
 the same from me, and with thy plagues which maks me now to  
 murne.

the other I will not refuse becaus it buildeth vp,  
 for who be chaistisd those be loued, and drinks of ple cupp.  
 now then, my god and gracious lord, correct bot not confound,  
 smyte bot keip in the violence that in this blow is bound, 86

an[d] in a word tak pittie, lord : for who hath neid of grace  
 bot he that guyltie is, and dois so feare thyne angrye face?  
 who craveth confort bot euen those who ar of confort voyd,  
 or who dois physick bot the sicke who ar with sickenes noyd?

F. 2 a.

My soule is  
 also sore  
 troubled:  
 but, lord,  
 how long wilt  
 thou delay?

3. Bot yet againe who can or may raise vp the wretched wight,  
 orwhelmed with the weght of sinne In his and al mens sight, 92  
 so beaten by thy puissant hand, and crushed, bones and all,  
 Disparing in his conscience, and in dispair to fall,  
 bot thou, great god and glorious god, who by thyne onely  
 word 95  
 giuis being to all that is or was, and through this wark is  
 glord?

confirme then that which remanis of thy great pouer In me,  
 or rather wourk that work anew which is vndone by me.  
 how long wilt thou, my gracious god, to thole me languish soe?  
 how long sal I crye yet onhard and vnreliued of woe? 100  
 how long sal I thy mercyeis waite or for thy grace attend?  
 o lord, how long wilt thou delay my sorroues for to end?  
 Lord, suffer that my dollour may this language lairglie vse,  
 yet craving pardoun for my fault my boldnes to excuse.

returne, o  
 lord, delyuer  
 my soul: saue  
 me for thy  
 mercyis saik.

4. turne then, I say, o god, againe to me thy Ioyful face, 105  
 which with one look the deid reuiues, and death euen doith  
 deface :

lay furth these great compassions to heale my fainting soule,  
 for only on thy grace I suit, my suit, lord, not controule.

for in  
 death thair  
 is no remem-  
 brance of me:  
 in the graue  
 who sal  
 prayse the?

5. O god, thou knowest quhat great desyre I haue to be the  
 meane  
 and instrument of thy great glore, as dois to me pertaine, 110  
 and to employ my voyce and lipps, my mouth, my hart, and tounge,  
 thy prayses, lord, to publish all the sonnes of men among.  
 alas! then, lord, sal these my sinnis, thus sending me to death,  
 be able to reprefß my course or stopp my purposd breath?  
 for being dead and lying In dust my good intent wer crost, 115  
 my purposß brokken off wer voyd and resolutioun lost,  
 my memorie shuld the forgett, my tounge suld speik no more  
 off the, nor yet my mouth suld it force [?] to praise or speik thy  
 glore ;



and to be short, this wrethced corß, this poore corß of grace  
denud,

whairin suld it serve ather the or do to others good? 120

Besydes this, lord, if I not die this ordinarye death,  
bot euen sal die so smitten *wit* yre of thy consuming wreath,  
o god! my god! how can I then remember the that houer  
in which death shal her triumphe mak, and bring me in her pouer?  
how can I call vpon the, lord, so in my gretest neid, 125

whils then the memorie of my sinne thy mercyies sal exceid?  
what shal become of me, o wrechte, who going to a Iudge  
aireddie hes condemned me, and sentence shawen with grudge?  
oh god! great god eternal! save me from this woe of woes,  
restrength this lyfe within my corß that so forlorned goes, 130

assuire my soule with suired sings, be wittnes in this cace  
that both thyne yre and anger is appaised by thy grace,  
that quhen that vglie death sal come and to me sal appeir,  
no messinger of terrour it nor post sal be off feare,

F. 2 b. bot rather to bring newes of Ioy and tiddance of trew grace, 135  
of lasting lyfe to be Inioyd within that heuizlye place.

1 fainted  
in my morn-  
ing.

6. And as thow hast had now ane Eye and straightlye markt my  
sinnis,

which thow dois mak me throughlye feale, which al my corß  
owrins,

consider now my chainged mynde, mark, lord, the chainged man,  
which dois condemne which he approued and that to lyke began.

1 causd my  
bed euerye  
night to  
suimme, and  
water my  
couch *wit*  
my teres.

I haue long sleped in my ioyes, in plesour, and in rest, 141  
bot now my sleip disturbed is by sighing in my brest.

heare, o yow nights! that hertofore wer wittnes of my noyes,  
and off tenthousand vaner thoughts and vaine Imagened Ioyes,  
and off the schamefull sequel of these vyld and curst conceates,  
which wittnes now these wailings all which all these ioyes awaits;  
and thow my secretar, o bed, a bed eearewhile of rest, 147

bot ill employed all in sinn which sathan did suggest,  
be moystned with these fontanis tuoe as it but weill affears!  
fleit thow in surging wawes of woe, and swim thow with my teares!



Myne eye  
is dimmed  
for despite,  
and sunke in  
bycaus of  
al my enne-  
myes.

7. O {Sunne, the great light of the uorld! O Sunn! o Sunn!

I say,

151

whose brightnes I vnworthye am for to behold this day,  
my dimmed eyes, tuoe sinful pairts so iustlye plagued, alace,  
no more beholds the golden beames nor yet thy glancing face,  
they being soaked in my heade, and drawen drye by teares 155  
that they haue shed for my trespass which wittnes weill my  
feares;

they be with yrksomnes, I say, and heavines quyte worne,  
the wittnesses which vexes me, and makst me most forlorne.  
bot quhat, sal I then peirish, lord? then is thair no more hope?  
am I without recoverye, or must I lose the scope 160  
and butt to which I did intend? sal so dispair possesse  
my marred mynde sans hop of grace that faith may grow the les?  
No, no, my god, thow wilt not so: for this my plaint for sinne,  
whense cummis it, lord, or yet this trust to call thy name  
heirin? 164

whense growes this hatred of my self, or this desyre to mend?  
whense cummes it that I in my soule my sinfull deids expend?  
It certes is thy grace, my god, from whense al grace dois grow:  
for whense cummis any good but from the or from the dois  
flow?

o mightie maker of the heaven, how woundrowes be thy wayes,  
Incomprehenseble by witt, and so all wight asseyes! 170  
for can it be thyne yre, o god, that may me quyet make?  
or can it be my heavines that courage caufs me tak?  
or can my death the causer be of this more Ioyfull lyfe?  
or can my warrs me peace proceur, or can ease come be stryfe?  
no, no, my god, that bennefeit no white of one proceids, 175  
nor is it any work of myne, nor cummis it be my deids.  
bot, lord, In wourking against him as much as in him lay,  
who had vndone and wrakt him self, thow shewest by this the  
way

the self to be the self same god that al of nothing wrought, 179  
and out of darknes canst bring light, as thow hes euer brought.  
grace cummeth then from the to me my self from self to driue,  
that I may find my self and weill and both in the to liue.

Away from  
me al 3e  
uorkers of  
iniquitie; for  
the lord hath  
heard the  
voy[c]e of  
my weping.

8. yow then my foes who wened haue to cast me flat on ground,  
shal yow now dar your faces shaw or any more be found?

And thow malicious satan vyld, the authour first of ill, 185

quhat ganest thow to throw me low, or yet me seik to kill,

savè thairbie that my victorie and conquest much is more

to be remarked and renouned, more notableye thairfor?

for, maugre the, thow seest that god will triumphe ouer In the,

and be my weaknes the orthroe, and force the for to flie. 190

And thow my self, vnto my self my most and dangerous foe,

yeild vnto god thy self againe, gainst him no further go;

whome whilst as thow withstood w<sup>it</sup>h rage, and more did him

resist,

the more thow camest ner to death, and whils that least thow

wist.

And yow, o cursed miser man, whose trade is to do ill, 195

and yow who hes these many yeres so sought my blood to spill,

and yow who me perseued, I stand In fray of yow no more,

nor do I feare yow al this houer Though feared I was afore.

The lord  
hath hard  
my petition.  
The lord will  
recaue my  
prayer.

9. for the eternal which hes semed to cast me off but cair

hes sene my teares, and hard my sighs, which perced hes the air;

and he which semed to rander me into your cursed hands, 201

through humble prayers of my hart against yow fechting stands.

and thairfor ye who ouerbold hes sought to wourk my shame,

Al mine  
enimeis sal  
be confunded  
and sore  
vexed: they  
sal be turned  
bak and put  
to schame  
suddenly.

10. go, get yow hence, for now the lord your misheifs will

proclame.

as this I speik, me thinks I see yow euerye one forlorne, 205

and leave your interpryse in shame w<sup>it</sup>h great reprochte and

scorene,

a chainge so much more wounderfull, a chainge more hard and

rair,

as it hes cumd beyond al hope when leß thairof was cair.

*deo gloria.*

188. MS. remomed.

198. In margin, "or no more Than I before."

HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 89 a.

## [PSALM 32.]

[1] . . . . . trew souveraine good and blissidnes be found  
 . . . . . men wit<sup>h</sup>in thame selfs wenēs for to find but ground  
 . . . . . he that this may saye my soule is frie from sin  
 . . . . . from that poole his father plundge him in  
 . . . . . fallowes so and punishment offence 5  
 Quhat blissednes consists in soule or yet in inuward sence?  
 yea, in the bodye much far les: for who is such an ass  
 that can belieue the soueraine good suld fal in to a mass?  
 and sence the noble better part dois not assume the same,  
 sal then the servill massiue lump and bodye it acclame— 10  
 a lump, a mass, and bodye toe, so subiect into euill,  
 that both wit<sup>h</sup>in and als wit<sup>h</sup>out his actions serves the diuill?  
 whair sal we seik this blissed good, quhair sal we find it then?  
 in beastes? that beastlye wer to much, so beastes wer more than  
 men.

In creatueris and sensles things far les it may be found, 15  
 for not in thame nor yet for thame may any blis<sup>s</sup> rebound.  
 o glistren gold, so higlye valved of men of litill witt,  
 that burning in the breist of thame mak conscience [ ] to flitt,  
 how can yow happye mak a man, whose vse and service stands  
 in leaving him aga[in]st his hart to pa<sup>s</sup>s to other hands, 20  
 and quhils wit<sup>h</sup> him you ar his gasts, and wit<sup>h</sup> him dois remaine,  
 yow bring him nothing ells but some conceate of worldlie gane,  
 And thairwith cair in keping yow, and feare yow for to lose,  
 desyre to hoord yow vp but vse, and in a wall to close?

1-5. MS. torn.

9. part can not the good posse<sup>s</sup>s.16. wit<sup>h</sup> thame bot cair and greif  
abound.

18. indeciph.

23. keping yow to lose yow greta  
feare.

24. vp at last.

And thow, o feiding faiding foode, canst thow bring blis to  
man, 25

whose taists hads not *wit*hin the corſs the space of half a span,  
which can not feid nor nourish yet bot in corruptioun thyne,  
nor is bot in the losing felt, and Instrument is syne  
of maladyies of sondrie sorts, and finallye of death,  
proceurd be the which maks the cors be lothed of the breath?  
and yow celestial circles all which endlesye doe move, 31  
dois man vpon your influence his hap or wanhap proue?  
how sensles ar they so dois think and thame from sence  
estrainge,

F. 89 b.

such that yow must a caddence thole and in your self a chainge!

And being such euen as you ar, yow for to know vs send 35  
one getar far then yow be all, on quhome you al depend.

And yow expectent spiritual . . . . .

sal furnish vs of *per*fyte hap and of felicitie?

yow happie creaturs be indeid, yet yow bot cr[eaturs be],  
vnable thairfor to repair the grace [of god In me]; 40

and will yow say yow creat wer on me that to bestow  
which yow your selfs hes not receaved, nor in your garden  
grow?

now since I nothing found ells whair, below or yet aboue,  
that can giue me in part or whole that which I seik & moue, [?]  
suld I be then so voyd of witt, or yet of wisdom voyde, 45  
to think that be my self on me this hap may be employd?

how can our bliss in barren things, or Iustice in our sin,  
or [ ] lyfe in gyltie death be found be vs heirin,  
sith we be barren of good works, and ar bot sin and death,  
and thr[ou]gh our fault of our great god deserved hes the wreath?  
bot, o my god, so stands the cace, and so it is we see 51  
no hurt so sore in euil is incurable to the.

theme, lord, which hes of nothing maid, of nothing all things  
drawen,

can thow be hindred in thy work to mak agane thy ouen?

25. MS. brings.

37. MS. torn.

39-40. from the margin.

45. or understanding.

47. sal I find bliss.

48. indeceiph.





but whence dois *cum* this pardon, lord, bot from thy bontye pure  
which quickneth vs quhen we are deid and maks [?] be faith vs  
suire?

[2] and how dois come this pardon, lord? by quitting but my  
faults,

and covering my sins eache one, not rekkneth vp my haults, 90  
nor me vpbradeth *wit* my sin, nor calling thame to compt,  
dois me alone my wekednes by bontye far surmont.

yet must thy Iudgments, Iustful Ioue, be satisfied euen whole,  
for not a myte nor farthing thus vnpayed past will thoale.

heire then behold an other deip of gods eternal grace, 95

behold the secret sene al great maid now a ma[i]st cleir cace,

and manifested by effect, whair god in pardoning all

hes punisht all, and quhair as we be debt be all in thrall

yet find ourselves to haue repayed the debt we neuer payed,

and satisfied the dew which we haue euer more delayed. 100

now Iudgment *mercy* is become, and death hes brought vs life,

and out of curs hes blessing drawen, and

o god, al this thy doing was : for quho culd haue it done

but thow that hes emanuell sent, thy weill beloued sone,

for to repayre within him self this naturs [ ] poore, 105

which is and was conceived in sin and sinful sal indure?

this righteous pledge of righteousness the ransom payd al large,

the suretie quho ought nothing, and payed vs to discharge.

quhairfor then troublest thow thy self, o heaueie conscience sad?

is thair not mater much enuegh the more to mak the glad? 110

that frailtie and corruption that dois *wit* sin the spott

is by the holy holy one and be his blood out blott;

that want of righteousness in the which is requird in the

is be obedience of this lord fulfilled in al degrie.

quhat resteth bot that thow but glosse vnfainedlie confes 115

thy self to be in death, that thow herby may death suppres,

and may receave this saving lyfe, this lyfe be lyflye faith,

which be effects may schew it self thow tradst a rightlye paith?

96. corr. indecipherable.

102. *sic*.

105. this natur poore of ours; indeciph.

108. for our discharge.

109. or why is thow so.

115. MS. vnfainedglie.

for euen as god can nowayes [?] be be man deceaved this  
 whyle,  
 so he deceavers will not save nor bauldful spreits of guyle: 120  
 F. 90 b. He is a god, a god of treuth, who falshood al di . . .  
 And weil discernes these spreits of gyle who . . .  
 who tharefor will wash his filth from him and clense him self from  
 sin  
 for to returne to the filth he first hes fyld him In?  
 Is pardoun geven that we suld sin, forgeivnes to forgett? 125  
 or suld remissioun cast contempt?  
 dois light vs into darknes bring, can grace vs bring dispair?  
 suld mercie or the hop of it to further sins vs snair?  
 not so, o god, our gracious lord, from vs this mynd remove.  
 and as no fitter prove may be then which my self I prove, 130  
 so will I publisht to this end, and for a mirrour serve  
 and paterne to other folk, that they no forther suerve.  
 alas, in quhat paine was I, lord, wer not my febill bones  
 w<sup>it</sup>h heavines dried vp, alas, and w<sup>it</sup>h my grevous grones.  
 was thair euer sommers drought more parching then this heate,  
 which vterlie hes marred me and al [ ] abait? 136  
 thow oft haue bene overque[l]hmd with anguish of my hart,  
 not able to vter fu[r]th on word of my cons[umin]g [?] smart.  
 how often on the other syd I houled have and cryed  
 the day long, night long, at all houers, o lord, to the besid! 140  
 [4] and not w<sup>it</sup>hout Iust caus, o god, for al the tymes I felt  
 the terrible strokes of thyne awen hand that maid my moysture  
 melt.  
 bot yet, good god, although that I did so torment my self,  
 and tost the ship of al my helth vpon a sandye schelf,  
 whair fou[n]d I remedie at length, or helth in such d[is]ease, 145  
 whair fou[n]d I plasters for my sore my sorrouis to appease?  
 attend herto then euerye one, forgett it not my soule,  
 and in the memorie of thy mynd as regester inroule:  
 [5] so long I sought me to excuse and cover my offence  
 in all or any part *hairof* most vaine was my *pretence*, 150



so long as I did go about to counterpaise agane  
and conterbalance al my faults with my tormenting pane,  
so long as I aga[in]st the spurre did spurr the more and more,  
my mischeif grew ay farther one, which now I do deploir ;  
bot blissed be that name which heath me ane vther way, 155  
and draweth me from my sinful course which maid me [go] astrey.  
I come to the, eternal god, o god I come to the,  
whom I, o lord, as righteo[u]s Iudg and adverse partie se.

HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 91 a.

## [PSALME 102.]

[19] rebring agane that golden world that we may better say,  
 with better caus and better speed then euer before this day,  
 That thow eternal god now sett vpon thy highest thrane,  
 aduanced far aboue the heauens, yea, highest heauens each  
 an[e],

hath cast thy cherful gracious Eye vpon the earth so low, 5  
 to giue an eare vnto the grones which from thy child dou flow.  
 heare then hir capatiue children now wh[ic]h looketh bot for  
 death,

who ar appointed to be slaine with vndererued wreath ;  
 [21] and gather thame togeather, lord, into thyne holy hill,  
 which scattred wer in wyldernes amongst such tigers still ; 10  
 [22] and vnite, lord, to the agane these realmes which ar with-  
 drawn

by satans slight from the, o god, and hes thy word not knowen.  
 this thow may doe sith thow art king, yea, king aboue al kings,  
 to quhome al pouer dois belong in creating all things.  
 let then thy name be called on, and thair thy prase proclaimd, 15  
 within that [ ] whair thow will haue thy name with honour  
 named.

[23] I haue a thousand thousand tymes afflicted sorlye bene,  
 the course wherein I walked haue in twoe is cutt, I mene ;  
 my deing dayes drawes on, o lord, yea, shortned as it were,  
 death semes to dryve me to my grave and to [ ] with feare.  
 so I haue come, euen forced, lord, for to beseache thy name 21  
 thou would not pluk me so away nor thole that death me  
 clayme,

bot that thow would me suffer, lord, to finish this my race,  
 and end my dayes *wit<sup>h</sup>* greater lenght and in thy further grace.  
 bot quihils that I *considder* soe thetternetie of god, 25  
 this change dois nothing me amaze nor yet my hope is snod,  
 for that my sure fondations be far more suerlye layd  
 then iff they wer be heauen and earth vpholden and vpstayed :  
 for though the earth be settled well by his miraculous frame,  
 and settled so substantiallye be him that layd the same, 30  
 and though these heu[n]lye circled spheres so neuer yet hes suervd,  
 may [ ] such great revolts *wit<sup>h</sup>* thunder be  
     *preservd*,  
 and In such measeur moved one, and *compaß* as exact,  
 as none can euer yet amend nor better euer mak,  
 yet notheles must al this geare and glorie pass away, 35  
 and all this changles solid mas sal changed be one day,  
 and all this goodlye glorious shew sal vanish as we see  
 a garment old to wer away and older for to be.  
 bot thow, o god, o mightie god, so in thy self *perfyte*,  
 is from al change and altering exempted euer quite : 40  
 beginning none nor end thow hast, thou did thy pouer declair  
 in the varietie of thy workes, in fyre, seis, earth and air.  
 91 b. [28] and for as [m]uch as I, o lord, am stayed vpon thy pouer,  
 and am assured of thy will vnchangful euerye houer,  
 and am assured on that throne, whairof thy glorious sonne 45  
 hath taken ful possession and for vs al hes wonn,  
 that I sal be coheare *wit<sup>h</sup>* him through the *eternal* treuth,  
 integrit[i]e, obedience, the mercie, mercie, reuth,  
 whair*wit<sup>h</sup>* he hath me purchessed that blist eternal realme,  
 whair holye angells *wit<sup>h</sup>* thair h[ar]ps dois praise him and with  
     psalme, 50  
 so am I certenlye resolued this stafe will me v[p]hold,  
 so as I may to trust thairto be most assurd and bold ;  
 and that through al the tempests, lord, by which thow dois me  
     leed,  
 that to thy bountye and thy pouer men might the more tak  
     heed,

my hope is that I shal arryve in that eternal heaven, 55  
which thow euen in thy *mercy*es great vnto theme al hes geuen ;  
whairin sal these thy servants all, *wit*h children thyne elect,  
from age to age refflorishing, and quhome thow dois protect,  
sal haue our duelling world but end, and in that lasting glore,  
whair they, thy church, and children als sal deirlye the adore. 60

*fnis.*

[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 91 b.

## PSAL. 38.

[1] Eternal god, permit me now my mynd her mone beuray,  
 and suffer, lord, my guyltie hart his crymes then to desplay :  
 to the do I adres myself who both dois cuir and kill,  
 and potent is als well to hail as thow ar bent to spill.  
 I not complaine off the, o lord, who doest no thing but well, 5  
 whose ire I haue deserved, yea, and thairby euen the hell ;  
 but I beseache [the], gracious lord, according to thy word  
 and promeis maid, thow will thy reuth and pardon me afford,  
 and spair these Iudgments which thow dois for damned soules  
 reserve,  
 and such as by thy furie iust and Indignation sterve. 10  
 but rather, lord, if so thow wilt, then chaise me in [thy] grace,  
 that whi[l]st thow straik I may not schrink nor hyde me fro thy  
 face.  
 [2] thow wotest weill that I cry not as [they] that houles for  
 nought,  
 or cryeeth loud for a smal greif which on thame chanse hes  
 brought :  
 for it is euen depe to the quik, thyne arrow heides ar kene 15  
 which now be shot off so at me, whairwit~~h~~ I pearcest haue bene :  
 I see that now thy earnest hand is roughlye on me sell,  
 and now I se euen from thy heade thy plagues ar on me fell.  
 [3] but, lord, regard this wreched life, and this my bodie poore,  
 which hes me parted [?] of the same, that dois plagues indure. 20  
 but yet, o great god, respect my teares, my sighs, and grevous  
 grones,  
 regard my sheaivering shaiky limbs, and my poore grunded  
 bones,

F. 92 a.

3. dois smite and hate.

4. to save.

which iustlye now dois thole these panis, such that these causes  
whole

off al my plague ar in my self, which Iustlye I doo thole.

this I *confes*, and so it is the spring of al my woes, 25

of sorrowes and my torments all, so from myself euen floues,  
the spring, I say, whairin I am so soused ouer heade and eares,  
and maks me faint vnneth this weght and burden of my feares,  
a loade, a weght, and burden great, to great for me to beare,  
if thow sustane and stay me not. 30

[5] those killing bloues which thou me gauest corrupted matter  
bred,

euen such as rotten maid my wonds which ouer my bodye spred,  
which putrefieth my carcase poore, which altogeather smells  
of these firste fruits of foolish sin which in my bodye dwells.

[6] bot now behold, o gracious god, I will not stiffen my nek ;

I bow my bodye vnto the, and dois my hart derect, 36

and drawes my leggs to fallow thee, now parched and al broyld  
through heate [and] woe and la[n]gour great whairw~~it~~h I am  
now foyld.

alas, my reynes ! alas, they burne ! o god, quhat sal I say ?

I altogeather am maid vp each sorrow to assay ; 40

I am as in a mortar brayd and in a mil as ground,  
so that I crye, or rather rores, for greatnes of my wound.

[9] bot, o my lord, yit for al this thow art my suir retraite,

my longing is for the alone who may my woes abate,

my gronings al derect thame selfs, my lord and god, to the. 45

although through mightie greif my hart did pant w~~it~~h<sup>in</sup> my brest,

and had in it a thousand thoughts and vaine *conceates* off rest,

yet both my strenghe heare failed me, my eis did losse thair light,

and then my fote so far ouerthrowen did fail me w~~it~~h my sight.

[11] bot heire my greifes, lord, dois not end, more sorrows ar  
behind, 50

that dois w~~it~~h greater tempest teare the calm[n]es of my mynd :

for whils my wreched plight suld move the very haggard stones

and sensles bloks w~~it~~h me to waill and sorrow for my grones,

they which in former tymes had cald them selfs my nerest  
friends,

whose part it was for to pertak the 55  
they stand stone still in steade to run or come theme selfs  
to me,

or in my [ ] to giue help [ ] my [ ] supplie ;  
yea, those which ar my nixt of kynd and me belongs in blood  
with much a doe will look at me to do me any good, 59

F. 92 b.

Quhils thus my bloodye cruell foes lay snaires to have my lyfe,  
desyring nothing bot my death to put thair mynds fro [?] stryfe ;  
and quhills they can not *compas*s this they slander me meane  
while,

and dois assay al meanes they can to chase me in exyle.

[13] and thow agane considereth this, and knowest this ful well,  
how that *wit*h thame I skirmisht not, nor *wit*h theme wold anes  
mell : 65

I have not rendered euil for ill be ether deid or word,  
but passed ouer al these wrongs (as thow dois knaw, o lord)

As if I had bene dumb & deafe, not giuing therto eare ;  
I gaue no sing nor tokens, yet I did such Inureis heare,  
nor did [I] any word reply more then the dumbest man, 70  
which hes no vsage of his tounge nor yet to speik well can :

I only silence haue opposed to al these grevous wrongs  
which slandrouslye they bidew on me by thair Detracting tonges.

not that I had not iust defence to ansuer thame agane,  
bot I had rather, lord, referd to the, who dois sustane 75

as pure protector of these men which ar *wit*h wrongs opprest,  
these Iniuries aga[n]st me done, who will revenge be tymes  
these sinning men which runs in sin from sins to greater crymes.

[15] Now than, eternal holy god, it is thou, lord, alone  
on quhome I wholly wayte and lookes for help to ease my  
mone : 80

thou art my god and so will not me now vnanswered leave,  
bot pondring al my iust *com*plaints thow will thame al receave :

55. *sic*.  
57. indeciph.

60. *oppen* foes.  
80. MS. mease.



for is it possible (quoth I) that thou, lord, will Indure  
 these weked men of [ ] misheif aga[n]st me that conIure,  
 and which asseyes to hinder, lord, thy promise and thy will, 85  
 which thou, quhen as it plesis the, will both *per*forme and fil?  
 or wilt thou thoale my kind vnkynd which dois the lord assayle,  
 when as they fall vpon me now and would or me *pre*vail?  
 will thou permitt or suffer, lord, that they haue causis to noy,  
 by setting thame ag[ain]st me, lord, whome they mene to  
 destroy? 90  
 mak speed to me, o gracious god, and from this danger frie,  
 or o[the]rwayes I sal succumb if thou not giue supplie :  
 for sorrow is befoir my eyes, my troubles ar in sight,  
 which falloueth along the day and ar *wit*h me al night.  
 [18] and for my part I alwayes am most reddie to *confes* 95  
 and to aknauledg my trespass, and al my faults expres,  
 the paine quharof I carye now with in me quhair I goe,  
 my body casten in to cair, my spreit al fra[u]ght *wit*h woe.

[HAWTHORNDEN]

## [PSALM I.]

F. 93 a.

[1] Alas, poore wreche and catife wight and miser creatur now !  
Which neuer is more reasonles Then quhen the reasoun gydes,

5

The path of thy first infancye what better may men name  
Then brutish simplenes which fooles for innocensie clame ?—  
a way of all vncleannes full, and ane great heape of woe,  
among which this is not the least, yea, of the greatest one,  
that nather infants can forsee hou Thame This uorld expone 10  
to proue [?] the plagues they not forsee, nor present can conceave  
the euil hingeth ouer thair heade not ending at thair grave.

F. 93 b.

from this pathe whither entredst thou, oh, o vnhappy chyld ?  
alas ! into that wilde desart of youth, a desert wilde,  
uell tred and tracked euery way, and througlye beaten, I say, 15  
in which thair was not for al that no paith or yet right way,  
and yet frequented notably with witches of mischeif,  
to quhom this weked damned world Dois giue to much beleif.  
thair found I that old sorceress which vanetie is cald,  
and sche would needs my guyder be as sche hes others thrald, 20  
who offering me

but in effect more vaner then the wind.

There did these tuo wilde savag beastes ambitiou  
acquient thame selfs familiar and mak thame with me tame,  
So that I was euen at thair beck, so far forth thame to fallow 25  
into a sea al bottomles and in a schoare most schallow,

3-5 [?]. left blank in MS.

11. to taist.

13. vnhappy man.

21-22. *sic*.23. *sic*; "oeruening" is written above  
"wilde."

wheare they endeuourd all thair best to mak me with thame duel,  
 and all (quoth they) to bring to me the treu and blissed well ;  
 in steade whairof I was betrayed within dame pleasours hands,  
 That harlot nice and strumped dere, and fettred in her bands, 30  
 a harlot whome none vylder is, inticing euerye way  
 al those which doe bot looke at her, and which is more, I say,  
 Sche them bewitcheth in such sort, and with her cup dois peepe,  
 that suddenly thair conscience becommeth lulled asleip ;  
 all Iudgment quicklye then is lost, our senses senses all, 35  
 As that we loue which is our woe and loth our weale.  
 for quhat most foule is semeth fair, and quhat is hurtful most  
 most healthful semeth, and which is most soure dois seme most  
 sueit ;

yea, oftentimes our fading ioye and filthie pleasours vane  
 dois bring vs thousand woes and schame and sorroues on vs  
 vaine. 40  
 oh blissed and most happy man which balkst this streight right  
 way,  
 and singlest the from persouns such which wourks but thy decay !

but woe is me, yet haue I done more worser then al this :  
 for going foorth of this desart and wildernes amiss,  
 I entred am into a realme and to ane other land 45  
 war pepilld *witʒ* far worser folk, a folk of sinful band :  
 for hithertoe I rather bene deceaved *witʒ* such slight,  
 which vanetie did cast befor my eyes and dimm thair sight ;  
 my error not of nature came, not yet through wilful will,  
 bot did of ignorance proceid, not of intent to ill ; 50  
 yet from Thencefurth insteade that I suld be my harme have  
 learnd,  
 and al my faults amended which *witʒ* reason wer discerned,  
 I gaue myself to do muche worse, and did my [     ] apply  
 to couetousnes and deceat, to whoordome and envye,  
 and Into euerye kynd of vyce, and did myself persuade 55  
 this was the nerrest way to blisʒ, that me most blissed made.

F. 94 a. And quhen my conscience me sometymes did iustlye then  
reproue,

I sought the meanes to vail my Sinn and cherish *wit<sup>h</sup>* self loue :  
I went about for to beleif that vyce was vertew then,  
and gredines bot husbandrie and thriftines of men ; 60  
envie I nothing ells esteemed bot euen a good desyre  
to haue of things about me such as others did requyre ;  
deceat *wit<sup>h</sup>* me bot cūzing was, and craft I counted skill,  
and drounkennes good fellouschip, and whoordomes not ill ;  
but youthful toyes of young delyht I murder manhood thought,  
and pryde I counted cleinlines, and to be short I sought 66  
all vyces vnder vertew schade to couer and excuse.  
bot, wretched catiue man I am ! I did me far abuse :  
for nothing in this sinful way nor in her end haue found  
bot that which far against these thoughts my hart *wit<sup>h</sup>* woe  
dois wound. 70

So blissed is that persoun which not giues him self to vyce,  
nor fallowes such a uay of folk vpon so slyding yce,  
which to our bodye danger brings, and to our consc[i]enc[e]  
paine,  
destruction to our better pairts, and [to] our soul againe.

for wither such a custome doeth of ill doing thrust vs then? 75  
bot certenlye euen to this point That ue may god not ken,  
and lose all feling of his pouer, of conscience al remorse,  
So that we straine our selfs and soule to godles things *wit<sup>h</sup>* force ;  
of ignorant we curst become, of cursed more pervers,  
and finally despysing god *wit<sup>h</sup>* scorers we convers. 80  
oh most great god, and can it be that dust and ashes now  
should doate so in presumptioun, not only not to quaike  
at wairning of his conscience, and of it self awake,  
bot also for to set him self against the, potent lord,  
to schut his eare against the voce that al his sins record, 85  
to put out of his heed his eyes, that he might not perceau  
thy horreble great Iudgments all that his offences craue ?  
oh most good god and patience self ! Thou louer of al mankynd !  
So much as Thou didst not [him] spair bot him to death assynd

who was Thy Sonne, Thy Equal to, yea, one self god with the, 90  
The Saviour of all Sinful men designed for to be.

O patience self! how can it be, or can it come to pass  
That man suld so forget himself, who wethereth lyk the gras[s],  
as to reiect thy goodnes great, and al thy patience mock,  
which bearest *wit<sup>h</sup>* his rebell deids which dois thy wreath provok?  
yea, lord, alak! this is to trewe, and this we have done all, 96  
the worst, the least, from high to low, from gretest to the small.

F. 94 b.

Yet, god of all treuth, Mercie, grace, reteir my steps  
from those far crooked wayes wheirin alreddie I have gone:  
and since thow hes put in my hart of bless. a good desyre, 100  
Scheu me The readie good adreß thairto I the requyre;  
and giue me will to fallow It, and it to pursue strenght[t],  
euen til I may attaine The same to thine great proof at leng[ht].

F. 93 a.

5. and though that this great difference not in this world is  
learnd,

as be confusions of the same it can not be discerned, 105  
bot contrarie the ueked men seme surest to be planted,  
which knawen is to uell to those who prences courtes hes hanted,  
yet sal not this vaine sheu indur, bot thair Estait sal be  
thrauen doune, so sone as thy great justice they sal see  
to set disordered things in frame, which men discourereth soe  
when that great tryal day sal come, so dreadful, ful of Woe, 111  
whairon the weked sal not know to quhat place them to turne,  
bot al amais sal houle for woe and al Through sorrou mur[ne],  
wherein the godlye being all regathered from al coastes,  
Thou sal do iustice of these wrongs which art the lord of  
hooste[s], 115  
Thou sal do iustice of thair deaths, Thair massac[r]es, and sak,  
and wipe their teares from al thair eis The wittnes of thair wrak.

6. nou then, my soule, sithe that the franck frie bountye [of thy]  
God

hath drauen the furth of these wayes, The paith, and trayning rod,

109. maid manifest so sone.

118. MS. bountye the lord; the God.

and ualks of deip destructioun, and al vnto this scop 120  
 to leade the in the onlye way of thy most blissed hop,  
 tak heede that thou it not forsaike, Bot fallou on thy way  
 and lywelye course ; and suffer not The to be led astray,  
 or be inticements more misleade, or more to be dismayed  
 by any threatnings or yet feare which ar by some bewrayed ; 125  
 bot hold thou fast this maxime Then, and keip this in thyne hart,  
 aganst al threats and flatteries which many hes subuert :  
 Since god is God and uorlds Iudge, The righteous walking right  
 to be al [?] blissed can not miss and happye in his sight ;  
 wheare on The other syde, al those who ueked ar and euil 130  
 sal perish in their ueked sins, condemned to the deuil.

*deo honor.*

128. going right.





## THE PEST

(From the HAWTHORNDEN MSS., vol. xi.)



[HAWTHORNDEN]

F. 6 a.

## TO THE CHRISTIAN REIDAR.

Efter the concepcioun and delyverie of this poesie I wes driven in a long doubt with my selff how to name It; but being at last resolwed I haif called It "the pest," not for noveltie, naþer yit for terrour, bot after the practised example of the Hebrew wemen, quha gawe ther children thair names by sic accidentis as surprised tham in thair delyverie: *quhilk* thing sall serve for a testimoniall in thair handis quha standing a scar from the reiding and in feare from the pervsing the sam will be afrayed to touche It. for Inscriptions and titillis of bookes ar occasioned veray oft through the materiall subiect quhair of thay intreat, as VIRGILL his *ænead*, Ronsard his *franciad*, Bartas his *Babilon*, Aristotill his *Ethykis*, Plato his *republikt*, Plutarch his *Lyfes*, Petrarch his *Triumphs*; And somtymes from the place in *quhilk* thay wer dewysed, as CICERO his *tusculans*, ouid his *Pontus*, Bembo his *azolains*: so that I being furnished with sik *argumentis* as this *present* pest importeth am dryven to name simple this wark according to the subiect and circumstance of the tyme.

F. 6 b.

I culd in following and in borrowing from others (lyk to the Inglish wrytars who Intitulats þair bookes with glorious inscriptionis of "the Gorgeous gallerye of gallant Inventionis," or "the Paradice of dayntie dewysis") haif niknamed the same also with "the deplorable and more than Tragicall discourse of all the infernall furies"; bot that wer boythe vanitie and follye. I rest *contented* with the simple, naked, lothed titill, not thairbye to mak It more lothesum bot loued. yit if anye denye this Poeme passage for his name, let him gif it entrie and acces for the authouris *intentioun*: for it may fall owt that in reading the sam he find a lancere rather for his galled *conscience* than an infection to impest his holesom bodye. so cravinge a fauorable *construction* of my good *intentioun*, I surcease with humble Prayer for both *our* protections.

Thy loveing freind

M. W. F.

## THE PEST.

F. 7 a.

i part.

Now is it tyme the tenno<sup>ur</sup> of my Muse  
 Through suddane chainge should chainge his vonnted tone,  
 And leawe sic notes as it was wonnt to vse  
 To sounde his woes whome lowe hes long vndone.  
 Now must I poure my plaints before his throne  
 Whose Iudgements Iust aboue o<sup>ur</sup> heades dois hing,  
 And summonds vs that with o<sup>ur</sup> hartis right sone  
 We turne vnto o<sup>ur</sup> souerane lord and king.

Prologue  
of the  
author.

5

Bot sen the sound of this my warbling string  
 Must from abowe of speciall grace discend,  
 Now to the ground my kneis I humblie thring,  
 And both my hands vnto the heavinis dois tend,  
 With humble suit to bring this work to end  
 With als great Ioy as it begins with woe,  
 And that to me his spreit he would extend,  
 whose comfort now is cutted in to twoe.

10

15

F. 7 b.

My propper losß dois not me trouble soe,  
 nor do I plaine for wrak of my estait,  
 but for the doole that others dois orthroe,  
 and for the Pest that dois all folk defait.  
 This is the thing my courage dois abait,  
 This is the cause that causes all my noy,  
 This is the thing whairof I am to trait,  
 and am thairon my trawell to employ.

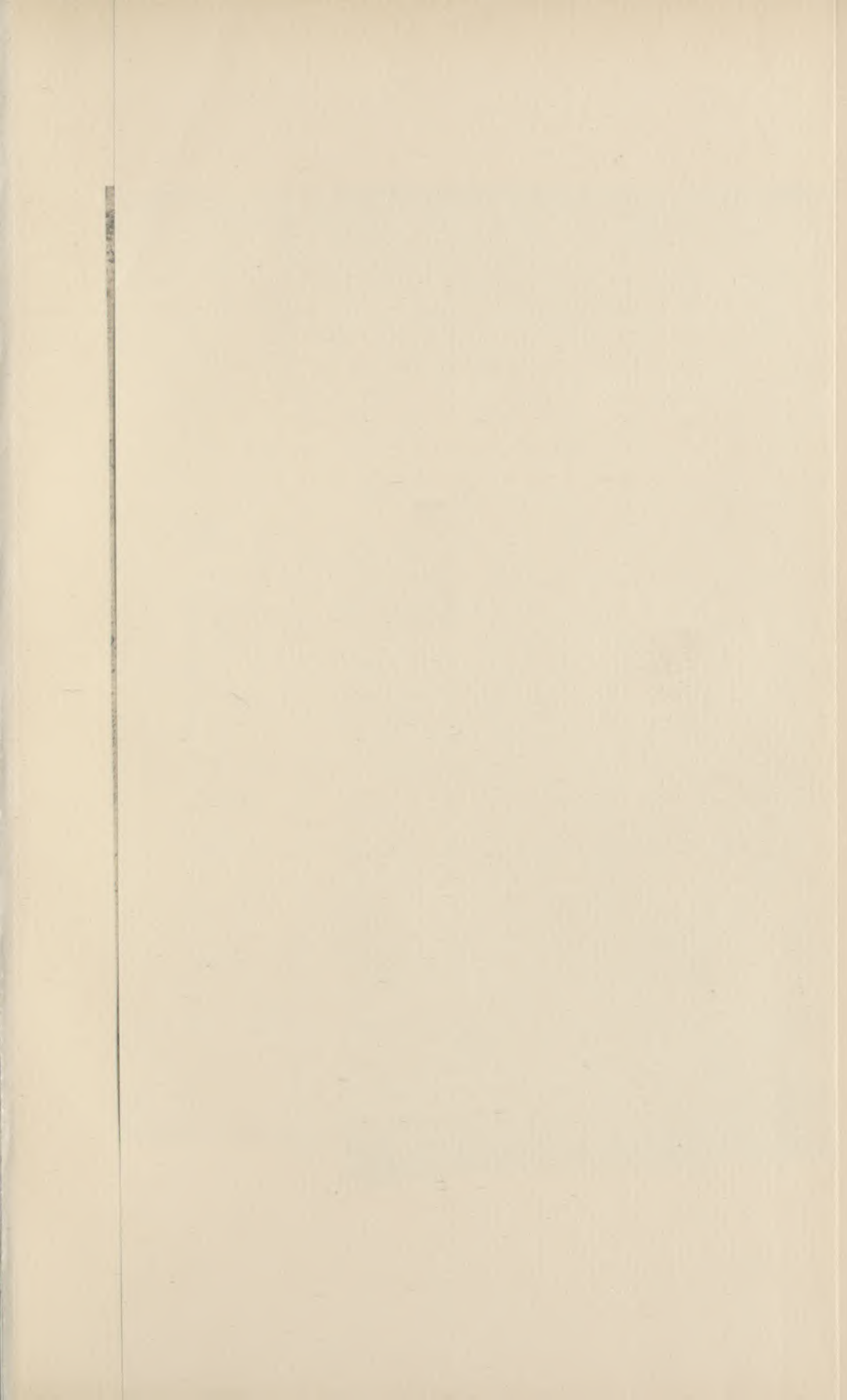
20

Inuocat-  
ioun.

O god, thairfoir, the well of all o<sup>ur</sup> Ioy,  
 thye holie spreit within my spreit inspyre,  
 and so me guyde that I may well conwoy  
 these lynes vnto the Scope qu<sup>h</sup>ilk I desyre ;  
 So furneis me, o lord, I the requyre,  
 with wit and will to bring this wark about,  
 that this my muse, Inflamd w<sup>th</sup> sacred fyre,  
 May routhfullye thye Iudgements iust print owt.

25

30





Good gude a redde me the good gude  
and stumblinge to the great for the fall  
gude me that mak to the sinfull soul to live  
and to the to mynde na min here  
abolish the my sinne cause great and small  
and my tempt and my offence estate  
O the sweet merke and the merke that  
my subboone thought proud wold be  
In the sweet blood my sinne great and disple  
and give me wits to sit upon the name  
Lur in the sweet blood my sinne  
that to the age I will these words  
to I will one god ever and ever  
shall be my comfort and my life

J. Fowler









## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

(From the HAWTHORNDEN MSS., vols. xi. and xii.)



[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 4 a.

## I.

THE TRIVMPHE  
OF DEATH

· I · chap.

The deploration of the  
Vntymly death of Sir Frances  
Walsy[n]gha[m]e,<sup>1</sup> k[ni]gh[t], her  
maiestie[s] secretair, and of her  
maiestie[s] honor<sup>bl</sup> privy se[al],  
and chancellour of the duche  
of lancaster :

herto ar adioned other  
Epitaphes of most  
famous prences and  
other parti[cu]lar and  
pr[iu]at persons.

Composed  
be M<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Fo[wler] of Hau[ic]k.  
E[tatis] sui  
lix.

<sup>1</sup> The funeral songs of Sir Frances Walsy[n]ghame.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 4 b.

To The Right Honorble Lady, my Ladye  
 Eleanor Baes, wyffe to the right hon<sup>bl</sup>  
 Mr robart Bowes. of ask, Embassadour  
 for his ma<sup>tie</sup> the King<sup>1</sup> [?] of Scotland.

F. 5 a.

Madame, hou fordwart men hath bene, yea, rather superstitious, in the prayse of these who, whils they liued, did by thair estait carye both countenance and creddit to the aduancement of thair defendars, and hou cold, sluggart, and silent ar they nou becomd agane (thair patrons being deade) nather age nor realme dois better verefie and more wittness it then þair awen. So whils as I now enter in consideratioun of the same, I am resolved, yea, and I suppose treulye, that the proiects of these wrytars hath bene but priuat, and thair mynds bot mercenary. for why suld they ells haue stayed from the celebrating of there funeralls, whose bennefeits and bennefices uer both fatt and fertill vnto these who gaped and gripped be thair moyen to preferment and promotioun, and hath both obtaned and attened to the same, except they now looke nather for thanks nor for courtesie of the deade, quhome of mortal they promesed to mak immortall whils they liued, and vnto quhome they wer and ar yet oblischd? do we not see and heire that the memorye of some who caryed both peace and pouer in thair brains, and, as it wer, no les burden then commoun welthe on thair schalderis, lyes now so obscured and so suddanly forgotten that as the florentene poete has song in his "triumphs,"

E'L nome loro a pena si ritrova—

Scarse can thair name bot euen w<sup>th</sup> pa[n]e be found?

Bot my meaning, madame, is not of him whose funeralls I

<sup>1</sup> hir ma<sup>tie</sup> the Queene.

F. 5 b.

haue euen in my seiknes, as your L. knawes, celebrated, and very feuerlyk composed: for yet the memorie of his death is so fresh, and the wound that ingland hath gotten be the same is so raw and recent, that his wannt is bewaled of all, yea, as no successour yet designed vnto him who be futur hope or better works may darken his glorie. I pray yow, thairfor, madame, receaue with no less courtesie the celebratioun of his funeralls then with sorrow. my lord embassadour, your husband, and yourself w<sup>th</sup> dolour hath beualed and lamented his vntymlye death, and vnto whome I myself, be the course of his accustomed courtesie which he alwayes vsed and scheued towards honest strangers, In a part was oblesched. Wherein, if his noble freinds find or reape any honour be these my trauells, let thame, if they please, afford unto<sup>1</sup> me a gramercye, ascrybing the whole praise and cause heiroy vnto my lord embassadour and yourself, whose oft request hath brought it now in publict, which for the dischaarge of my priuat and particular affectioun I haue penned; vnto which I haue adioned the Epitaphs of many great and mightie personages whome I thought more easie to inburye in my book than any longer in my bosome.<sup>2</sup> Fra my house In<sup>3</sup> Edinb. the 9 of Ian[u]ar 1590.

<sup>1</sup> MS. into.<sup>2</sup> brest.<sup>3</sup> ludgene at.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 37 a.

## II.

The lamentatioun of the desolat olympia furth  
of the tent cantt of Ariosto. To the right  
hono<sup>ll</sup> Ladye Marye Betoun Ladye Boine.

The love, the treuth, the steidfast faith, the kynd and loyall hart,  
the greatnes of a graitfull mynd, the wyse and constant pairt,  
the plaints, the smarts, [the] griefs and grones, the schrilling cryes  
and cair,

the trikling teares, the loud laments that perst the poorest air  
of fair olympia will I tell, of help *wit<sup>h</sup>* ayd bereft, 5  
And to the wyld and savage beasts by fals bireus left.

O betoun brave! o noble boyne, and glorie of your sex!  
whose courteous beames beyond desert dois mak on me reflex,  
receave these verse, and thame pervse, euen of that wonnted grace  
that planted is within your brest, and buddeth in your face. 10

. . . l . . . ts tyme afford vnto my Muse some mater of more art  
. . . . . yow for gretar glore and prayse I may impart,  
whair 3e sal se my painting pen, appropriat in your praise,  
conspyre *wit<sup>h</sup>* that quhilk trew report gius furth of yow thir dayes.  
And look, quhat fame hes blowen abroad, and VERLEN hes furth  
shawen, 15

quhat beutye hes *wit<sup>h</sup>* wounder spred, and PONNTE hes maid  
knownen,

Quhat bountye, beautye, vertew, fame hes so of yow record,  
I meane some day for to proclame, gif so it pleis the lord  
that to this work he giue me force and pouer to my will,  
and that vnto my reddye mynd proportiond be my skill. 20

3. MS. torn.

6. how noble brave and gallant dame.

11 and 12. MS. torn.





HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## IV.

F. 44 b.

## FOR HIS VALENTYNE.

Prepair and prease as papists dois,  
 o poetts, ȝour ingyne,  
 And celebratt the memorye  
 off blist sant valentyne.

Sound furth your voce, and sing his praise                   5  
 with learned verses fyne,  
 And with my dames resound the glore  
 off blist sant valentyne.

Off all the sants within the heaven,  
 baith godlye and devyne,                                   10  
 none more I love or honoureth mair  
 then blist sant valentyne.

For he by lott to me hir name  
 in taken dois propyne  
 baith off hir love and constancye ;                   15  
 then blist be valentyne.

Tak in gud pairt thir haistye lynes,  
 o yow sueit maistres myne,  
 And, giue ȝe pleis, a ring or poynts  
 send to your valentyne.                                   20

Bot gif ȝe faille, I sueir I sall,  
 suppose my hart repyne,  
 burne in the fyre ȝour gracious name,  
 And curss sant valentyne.

F. 45 a.      Quhat is the cauß, my dearest dame,  
                     that thow so long deleyes  
                     to send me silken couleured poynts?  
                     quhat is the caus thow stayes?

25

Is it bycaus your schamefastnes  
                     your courtesie restrains?  
                     or 3it bycaus your chastlye mynde  
                     sic hamlines disdains?

30

Gif so it be, it suld not be :  
                     for custome this dois crave  
                     off euerye one, and byndeth yow  
                     to giue and to receave.

35

Or is it for 3our doubtfull mynde  
                     Is not in it resolud  
                     Quhat chose to mak of chaingin hews,  
                     or thame 3our hands vnfold,

40

Quhase lyflye couleurs might expresß,  
                     and properteis furth paint,  
                     your graces lykwyse w<sup>it</sup>h my faith,  
                     and favour represent?

so, so it is : me thinks I see  
                     w<sup>it</sup>hin your window lye  
                     the dyvers sorts of schewing silk,  
                     lyk rainbows in the skye.

45

Me thinks I see these tendar hands  
                     vntwist the plesant quhyte,  
                     as badge of 3our virginie,  
                     quhairin 3e do delyte.

50

Me thinks I see than after that  
 the blak cum in your hand,  
 as maist aggreing *wit* his doole, 55  
 quhome ze may maist command.

Then these layd by, me thinks I see  
 the Ridd layd nixt in place,  
 quhilk baldnes shawes, bot mair that hew  
 quhilk gius your lipps *pair* grace. 60

Incarnatt after followeth nixt,  
 quhilk schaws your gud complexioun,  
 and mixt *wit* gray in taken of happ  
 and houp of your perfectioun.

F. 45 *b*.      Immediatlye I see you take 65  
 In ordour nixt the fallow,  
 declairing furth your wyttie hairt,  
 And liberallness to follow.

And with the same me think I see  
 baith quhyte and darkned gray, 70  
 this for to tell my patience,  
 the other my decay.

Then afterwart me think I see  
 for to appeir the blew,  
 quhilk dois decore your asurd vains, 75  
 and provis my love be trew.

The pourpour lykwyse to me semes,  
 quhilk tells you ar beloved,  
 Then tanny after to declair  
 the greiffs and pains I proved. 80

In end the violett *cums* nixt,  
my perseverance schawen,  
And constancye in all the scorns  
quhilk hes my hope *ourthrauen*.

And to be short, I think that 3ow 85  
the tynder ass assewme,  
to wittnes how that pansiue thoughts  
to ass dois me conseume.

then dois the grene your work conclud,  
quhilk dois this muche *profesß*, 90  
that as my pains dois florish still,  
so sal they neir decresß.

now quhither this or vther hews  
your purpose is to fallow,  
I cair not, so 3e send me not 95  
the woefull blak and 3allow.

*finis.*

W<sup>m</sup> FOULER.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 98 a.

V.

## ANAGRAMME.

*Anna Britannorum Regina.*

21

*In anna regnantium arbor.*

21

*Perpetuo vernans* ARBOR REGNANTIUM IN ANNA  
*Fert fructum et frondes, germine læta nouo.*

Freshe budding blooming trie,  
 from ANNA faire which springs,  
 Groue on blist birth, with leaues and fruit,  
 from branche to brainche in kings.

The words in small capitals are in red in MS.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 58 a.

## VI.

## VERSES.

To the true, Ho:<sup>ble</sup>, most vertuous, and onlie =  
 deseruing La: of Highest titles: The La: Arbella =  
 Steward: vppon my passage downe the Thames to =  
 London: Ianuarie the : 8 : 1603.

Scotlande.	I	haue the Orcades seen, Dee, Done, and Forth,	
Englande.		Tay, Tweid, Esk, Humber, Leei, and nowe	
		faire Thames,	
Zeilande.		with Scalt and Ishell, with Zuindersea more North,	
Hollande.		and Mais, and Weissell, Elbe, and also Eymes,	
Guelders.		The Baltique Sea, and all along that Coast,	5
Iuliers.		and Vindar Floud, vnder the Artique Pole,	
Denmark.		And Rhine, wher meane and measieres are lost,	
Sweiden.		with Nekar, Vr, to Rhine that paieth tole ;	
Norwaie.		I haue seen Danube, Leigh, with Inn, and Trent,	
Franconia.		the Adriatique and the Tirrhen Sea,	10
Hildeberg.		And Mynce, from Poo, and Adegis with Brent,	
Tirols.		triumphant Tibre, the worldes pride and Eye ;	
Palatina.		Vulturno haue I seen, with Sebet, Arnn,	
Almaine.		and Rubicon, with Ticine, Loier, and Rhon,	
Zuitzerland.		With Douick, Seyn, both Garroun, Some, and	
		Marne,	15
Venetian Sea.		and all the Swannes, that swimmeth theruppon ;	
the South Sea.		Yet neuer sawe I swann so faire to singe	
Lombardie.		more sweiter Carrolles of perpetuall fame	
Romagnia.		Then shee who ioyes to sence and spirites doth	
		bringe	
Mantua.		next to our kinge, as next by bloud and name.	20

2. Humber, Trent.



Ferrara. But here I stay : Geese singes not with the Swanne ;  
 Verona. her songes and Hew doth glad both Eies and  
           Eares ;  
 Padua. Then must my trauail'd Muse but pipe like Pan,  
 Capua. and Hobbinol her Rondleis with her Peers.  
 Neapolis. Go back then Cignetts to Apollos troupe,           25  
 Florence. salute his Vestall Preist, his Sainct and Shrine,  
 Vrbín. Abase your Plumes, your Necks to her make stoope  
 Padua. who is the Tenth Muse to þe Muses Nine.  
 Premont. Present from mee my Seruice and my Vowes,  
 France. successfull wishes *which* may her befall,           30  
 By platted Crounes, *which* Circle maie her browes,  
 and in the Thrones of Honour may enstall.

Though that I liue from laue,  
 nor subiect to eache will,  
 Yet shal my seruice fredome be           35  
 if grace so grace me still.

WILIAME FOULER.

32. highest Thrones.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 68 a.

## VII.

## TO MY ONLY L. ARB.

*Patrona mia supra titulos,*  
Chast-loue engendrer, chaser-lust away,  
adord be al, admyrd *ad sículos*,  
whose hands I hope shal statlye scepters suay,  
your ouen *foulero* and your humble sclaue 5  
to god his prayers for your safty offers ;  
to yow so many blissings dois he crave  
as *nummi* ar within your grandames coffers.

7. and vnto yow suche store of grace doeth crave.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

VIII.  
TO SIR DAUID WOD.

F. 60 a.

Dogrell.

Sir, I devyned what would insewe,  
 that double drinks would mak yow spew ;  
 bot wheather yow liue, or wheather yow die,  
 deuil tak most caire, al is one for me ;  
 or wheather yow brek your gal or melt, 5  
 or faill be fewers or by felt,  
 tome bottells ful and pischpotts fill,  
 or reaving trouble bothe braynes and scill,  
 or rail on theme that home yow led  
 yestreene vnto your lothed bed, 10  
 against your will, good knight, I grant,  
 but store of wyne will mak wit skant ;  
 yet out of love I send my man  
 to know if yow looke paile or wan,  
 coght whomsell snuff and suering wounds, 15  
 or if with colere flegme abounds,  
 what domineres in this exceß,  
 or wheather your witts be fresh or les,  
 or if this day yeil come abrod,  
 or keipe your bed, or blaspheme god, 20  
 or come to sun your moulyie cunze,  
 or crye at dyce, deuil tak that gronze,  
 yow lie, fals knave, yow limmar skybell :  
 bot here I end and byds your libell.

BE HIM WHOSE RYMES AR NAUGHT AS PROSE, 25  
 YOUR FREEND, BUT NASO BE HIS NOSE.

6. or faint.

7. pischpotts full.

8. and scull.

10. thestreene.

12. wit want.

15. coght nese [?] snuff fyste.

23. cokswond yow, lyeid.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## IX.

## TO M. MELVIN

F. 69 a.

21 Sept. 1610.

no more of cupids quavers nor his foyles,  
 no more of Mars, his battells and his broyles,  
 no more of bothe, things ar not for al season,  
 I now will sing off patience bred by preason,  
 a theame not yet by others spookt or pend, 5  
 by sonndryie proven, by yow, sir, in the end.  
 then, Melvin, len me some portion of thy muse,  
 & rub thy front on myne and It infuse ;  
 as pegase feet the hyppocreniem well,  
 so may thy parnass muses in me duel 10  
 but for a tyme, whils I this theame of mine  
 may bring to end, that thou may it refyne,  
 and in thy censure giue it lyfe and sence,  
 which is proiected for thy patience.  
 The soule yow wil confess to be in preson : 15  
 our inward gifts, facultyies, and reasoun  
 invested ar and founded in our fleshe ;  
 So long we liue they doe but vs refreshe,  
 we have but vse of thame so long we breathe,  
 and as deathe comes, so do they pairt by deathe ; 20  
 but doith not die, immortal ar the same—  
 I meane the soule, and all which it may clame

4. keip by.

6. MS. your.

9. heliconien well.

In faith or hope by mereits of our christ,  
 both god and man in whome we all ar blist.  
 but here I stay and putteth doune my pyke 25  
 fixd in the ground; I will not phormio lyke  
 discourse of warrs afore a anniball,  
 so guyltie in my self of learning smal;  
 and to relate to yow things so devyne  
 were to obtruð to yow which ar but thyne : 30  
 for in this kynd my muse can not afford  
 nor bring yow confort by wryting or be word :  
 Learne of yourself who hath so may learnd,  
 and in your [       ] this [       ] hathe decernd.

28. correc. indeciph.

34. and be your doctrines; indecipher.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## X.

[ON THOMAS CORYATE THE  
73 a. TRAVELLER.]\*

Thou ass-Vlisses lyke, Ass far from home,  
 ass-painful on thy leggs as he on foote,  
 and thou on foote asslyke from thy Odeomme  
 hathe circueted soyles with a clouted boote,  
     contemning toyle with resolut advyse, 5  
     for to susteane the bytes of fleas and lyce.

But to what end? but for thy contryies good :  
 thy painful penn vnto our eyes layth oppen  
 the travells of fyve monnths with litill food,  
 who hathe suche seaes orsaylde and lands orloppen : 10  
     Cæsar did wryte, he camm, he veued, he wan,  
     but thow In the hathe playd a brauer man.

Sicilien wonders and Cyanez Rockes,  
 caribdis suelling waues and Scyllas Sees,  
 the siren songs and Lestrigoniem knocks 15  
 thow hast escapd (not veued by thy eyes);  
     pheacien feeldes thou left (as yet vntraced)  
     for tymes to come to mak the more then graced.

*Lex hæc lineis imposita est Iocosis*  
*Vt nisi pruriant non possint Valere.* 20

\* In pencil in David Laing's handwriting. There is a draft of the poem on F. 88 a.

HAWTHORNDEN, xii.]

## XI.

EPITAPHE VPON IAMES STEUUARTS  
DEATHE.

F. 74 b.

With courage full of splene I did combatte,  
 orcumming, I succumb, so bothe subdewed,  
 and bounding in my tombe my hopes and fate,  
 with euil aspect of starrs deathe hathe enseued.

## XII.

## VPON SIR GEORGE WHARTON.

Greate was the wrong but gretar the report ;  
 yet credit was repayed with reuenge,  
 with loss of lyfe after such martial sort,  
 as to faint hartes this boldnes will seme strange.

But vnto those which ar to honour borne,  
 and mynds resents the valeur of there race,  
 suche noble harts which couardyce ay scorne  
 may well condoole our deathe but not disgrace.

5

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XIII.

F. 95 a.

## THO. DURYIE.

He spak, spat, speued, struk, pisht his hose in anger  
 A catholiguer, and catolik wrongar ;  
 he tymlic dyed for to prevent the othe  
 to which to sueare al know he would bene loathe.



[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 95 a.

## XIV.

## M. D. DRUMO[N]D [?].

He was tuo d'd, but not of bothe my race,  
 nor uood, nor mad, but taistyne tarnd alyke,  
 oynt, not anoynt, a courteour through his place,  
 messt spreit in cariage, no girning in his face,  
 from falshood clere, but in his menage found 5  
 with 3 in welth and more a thousand pound.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XV(A).

F. 70 a.

## [Cold bontie did me warne.]

Cold bontie did me Warne,  
 bright beautie did me Warme,  
 such warning did me learne,  
 such warming did me harme :  
 Thus warmed and harmed, 5  
 thus warned and learned  
 through smal bontie, greate beautye  
 of hers which I did ones adore,  
 plaist in the middle of my hart and more,  
 and now me holds of litill wourthe. 10  
 fairwell ! my Loue, from hencefurthe  
 I owe yow no deautye.

3. MS. warniing ; harme.

9. within the middle.

7. muche beautye.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XV(B).

F. 71 a.

## RECANTATION.

Bright beautye did warme me,  
 Colde bontye did warne me :  
 such warming did harme me,  
 such wairning did learne me  
 to playne thus warned and warmed, 5  
 to pen thus learned and harmed  
 by smal bontie, greate beautye  
 of hers which ones I did adore,  
 pla[i]st in the Middle of my harte and more,  
 and now me holds of littill wourthe. 10  
 then fairwell ! my loue, hencefurth  
 I oue yow no deautye.

6. to wryte.

9. within the Middle.

7. to say.

11. from hencefurth.

8. of yow.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XVI.

F. 87.

[Blist Blist and happie he.]

Blist Blist and happie he  
 whose eyes behoulde her face,  
 but blissed more whose eares hathe hard  
 the speaches framd with grace.

And he is half a god 5  
 that these thy lipps may kisse,  
 yet god al whoale that may enioy  
 thy bodye as it is.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XVII.

[Wheare art thow, echo, who suld my planctus  
F. 54 b. heare.]

Wheare art thow, echo, who suld my planctus heare?  
 que faict madonna, when I theme despley?  
 whilst I spend lyfe, will shee not lend a teare?  
 from eare to hart it is no distant way.  
 how can shee honour me in mortis fluctu? 5  
 per quod will shee resound to men my losſ?  
 an with cordoglio, an cum eructu?  
 shees gentle, and kyndnes kiefs her *νῦσιμος*[?].  
 Vale! sad echo, thou maks this tempus grave,  
 bot shal these words come to her conclaue. 10

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XVIII.

## TESTAMENTO.

F. 55 b. Quatrains Macorones.

Prest pour m'eloingner from this Monde, Madame,  
 I leaue my Sinns to it, to heauens mon ame,  
 my sight aux vents, mes pleurs vnto the sees,  
 my flams to fewe, mes gasings vnto your ees,  
 mon Cœur to yours, avec his chaud affections, 5  
 bothe bred and buryed be your rare perfections.

4. mes yeux.

6. in.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 86 a.

## XIX.

Ie hay.

I do detest the florentine his vsuryce is so gritt ;  
 I do abhore the sienies for his vnstable witt ;  
 I hate the guylfull genevois for fals deceatful leyes,  
 and malice of the venismen which citeis stands in seis ;  
 I hate the ferrarois also for some vyld secreit vyce ; 5  
 I do abhore the lombards faith for there vntrewe advyse ;  
 I do detest all naples men for they ar fearse and vaine ;  
 I hate the romane sluggart for he dois tak litill paine ;  
 I hate the inglish mutin man, the scottish brave and neate ;  
 I hate the traitur bourguigion and frenshman vndiscreit ; 10  
 I hate the glor[i]ous spa[n]3art proude and duchte ay tane wit/  
 drink ;  
 and to be short in eury land there case to lothe I think ;  
 I hate my self and all my faults, bot mair a pedant foole,  
 quhase skill is nought and dois conduct the children to the  
 shoole.

1. do abhore.

2. euil steyed witt.

4. I hate the craftye.

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 86 a.

## XX.

[I will confes and will the treuth disclose.]

I will confes and will the treuth disclose  
 that 3e have court mair favorable then me :  
 yet our fames lests quhen 3e yo[u]r favor lose ;  
 we have les cair, and 3e mair vexed be ;  
 ye iest at vs, we Iyve at yow aga[n]e ; 5  
 your words dois pass, our verse will ay remane.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XXI.

F. 147 a. [It is to yow, o Iesuits crewe.]

It is to yow, o Iesuits crewe,  
 to whome king henrys hart is de[w]e,  
 for when the harts ar hounted hard,  
 the entralls ar the dogs reuard.

[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XXII.

F. 265 a. [*Quid pluma leuius? pulvis.*]

*Quid pluma leuius? pulvis.*  
 What lightar is then feather? dust.  
*Quid pulvere? ventus.*  
 What more then dust? the wind.  
*Quid vento? mulier.*  
 What more then wind? a woman's trust.  
*Quid muliere? nihil.*  
 What more? nought more I find.

5

*pater transtulit, Ludouicus  
 Fouler f. exscripsit.*

HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

## XXIII.

F. 96 a. *de me ipso cum decumberem.*

[3 7bris. 1610.]

*Vaga mihi fuit vita: in curia Incuria, Incerta certa fides,  
 certior mors, at in christo salus certissima.*

*pater posuit,  
 Lud. filius  
 moerens scripsit.*



## THE TABILL.

(From the HAWTHORNDEN MSS., vol. xi.)





[HAWTHORNDEN, xi.]

F. 253 a.

## The tabill.

Lat thame be blist  
 that happy end  
 off rasch attemps  
 the suelling waues  
 I know o love  
 My murnful mynd  
 Sweit ar the flams  
 wold god the laud  
 by al 3our graces  
 o havye hart  
 o god forbeid  
 gif these be signs  
 and sal my state  
 all things I see  
 Quhen I sic dayes  
 paill ar the deid  
 blist be the houre  
 o cursed star  
 Luif weryed through  
 gif that it pleisd  
 3our glancing hair ar  
 quhen as I do  
 suppose 3our cruell  
 so long as raging  
 sa long as lyfe and blood  
 the mair o nyphe  
 I often by excus  
 as snaw aga[n]st the sun  
 Quhy [?] did 3e eis them

vnhappy ar <sup>1</sup> . . .  
 the burn[in]g flam  
 to walled tounes  
 o taveid eyne  
 quha seis the b . . .  
 o love subde[w]  
 she quha my  
 your chaist . . .  
 sen that my sta . . .  
 euen att the t . . .  
 the lyons bl . . .  
 quhat greter . . .  
 sen that 3e kna . . .  
 euen as a hard . . .  
 my wandring ey[ne]  
 thought often by . . .  
 deserveth thow o m . . .  
 o scattred steps  
 the vyldest todes  
 the soring halk [?] . . .  
 heir icarus  
 love as he lists  
 before 3e doe  
 lat furyies work  
 quhat heapes  
 thought love suld  
 suppose my faithe  
 can not my faith . . .  
 deludge o cair

your trimly grace  
 baith plaints and hop  
 can thou not mak  
 vpon ane day  
 no end of dayes  
 hir glancing eyne my  
 o passions o the  
 the eyne of man

go sleik [?] your  
 gif hencfurth  
 sen by thy  
 he can m . . .

F. 253 b.

It *can* not be  
 Quhat valeth it  
 Quhat euer he was  
 Gif it be trew  
 All things in heaven  
 3e montains high  
 3e cheviott hills  
 the cheviott hills  
 gif I suld rest  
 love at one tyme  
 sen in hir hairt  
 will 3e o ny[m]phe  
 O would to god  
 I haue in sleip  
 o cupid I comence  
 ye scalding sights  
 tel ioyfull sights  
 3e bracetts  
 My daisled eyne  
 the heavens that dy<sup>1</sup> [?]  
 sen now alas  
 not hearing more  
 O 3e myne eyne  
 † quhat euil *presage*  
 † gif that my thoughts  
 † my winding sheits  
 of death.

Of death \*

my constant faith  
 quhen phebus hes  
 I see the yeir  
 \* from teares to teares  
 \* my witts & thoughts  
 \* she quhom I lovd  
 \* thow cruel death  
 \* o thow myne hairt  
 \* my cheare & mirth  
 \* that farest things  
 \* o mur[n]ful muse  
 \* thus as I wr[ett].

*Finis.*

1. ey [?].

† *V. ante*, pp. 247-249.\* *V. ante*, pp. 233-243.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF  
DOUBTFUL AUTHENTICITY

(From the HAWTHORNDEN MSS., vol. xiii.)



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## I.

## ODE.

F. 16 a.

AS MAYE most worthy we doe call  
 Of all the moneths in the yeare,  
 As MAYE doth comforte creatures all  
 And maks them looke with lyvelye cheare,  
 As MAYE so brave the soyle adorneſ 5  
 With bewtye that the heaven it ſcorneſ .

Right ſo my love moſte worthye iſ  
 Of euerye lyffe that I haue ſeene ;  
 Hir countenance baiths ther hartes in bliſſe  
 That dothe beholde hir cherfull eyne ; 10  
 And then hir bewtye & hir grace,  
 Wherſo ſhe comes, adorneſ the place.

What pleaſures MAYE vnto vs brings,  
 What frutes or flowers, what herbs or grasse,  
 What treis or beisteſ, what fouls that ſingeſ, 15  
 What lookes or wordes, what thoughtes that paſſe,  
 What ſighs for love, what ſonges or playe,  
 What kyndes or mocions moves in MAYE,

As manye bewtyes in hir flowes,  
As manye vertues flowringe forthè, 20  
As manye graces in hir growes,  
As manye prayses is she worthe :  
Were all thinges tongus that spreides in MAYE  
They could not half hir prayse displaye.

And as she is the maie that maye 25  
Transforme to MAYE my winter colde,  
So nowe in Maye some mayenge daye  
I hope she maye my cares vnfould,  
That I in prayse of hir maye saye,  
“ Loe, all my ioyes began in MAYE.” 30



## II.

F. 16 b.

## PASTORELL.

Why should not pleasures plant in me  
 And hoyse aloft my harte,  
 Since that eche liuinge thinge I see  
 dothe playe the semblie parte?

The vglye darke & werye night 5  
 Is fettered fast in chaine ;  
 Nowe brings the blisfull Eous bright  
 The dawninge sweit againe.

The winter with his stormes is past ;  
 The soñer dothe repaire ; 10  
 From mountes the snow distills as fast,  
 And lyvelye lookes the ayer.

The skyes with PHEBUS beames are clad  
 In clokes of golden hew ;  
 The siluer fountains dull & sadd 15  
 Ther course againe renewe.

The trees with natures tapistryes  
 Are hunge in budes & leavs ;  
 The spyder for to catche the flies  
 hir webb & nettes now weaves. 20

Dame FLORA, sommers seemlye Quene,  
 hathe dect hir gardens fayre,  
 And medows maskt in mantles grene,  
 Wher beastes doe make repaire.

The harte, the hynde, the Bucke, the doe, 25  
 The swift recoursing hayre,  
 The Baggers, and the foxes goe  
 As matched, payer by payre.

F. 17 a. The little foules amongst the leaves, .1  
 In haies of hathorne tree, 30  
 Doe buyld ther bowers in shaded greaues—  
 A ioyfull sight to see.

Nowe flockes they breake, & couplinge springe  
 Eche little one by his make ;  
 With sugred throates they sonettes singe, 35  
 Eche for his swetings sake—

The Robin, Wraine, & whutinge quail,  
 The leñett & the Larke,  
 The goldfinch & the nightingall  
 That sighs in shaddowes darke. 40

The siluer haruest people diue  
 In christall channells cleare,  
 And euerye wight ther sprittes revyue  
 As newe revyves the yeare.

Nowe ZEPHIR sweat dispercheth from 45  
 The topps of buddinge trees,  
 And honye from eche pleasant blome  
 Nowe suckes the bussinge bees.

“ Saint Vallentyne ! all haile to the ! ”  
 These louers loud they shout ; 50  
 Nowe bagpipes blawes to warme on he  
 These younkens rownde about.

The wenches spoyle the motlaye grounde,  
 And primrose garlandes plett,  
 And hand in hand in ringes full rownde 55  
 About the grene they Iett.

F. 17 b.

And nowe I thincke I feile in me  
A newe desyre to move,  
And eche one saithe, for ought they see,  
The cause thereof is loue. 60

Then if that love so shott his darte  
That none his bowe maye flee,  
I would to god I knewe that arte,  
Or might the manner see.

Nowe that my love woulde me resauē,  
That would I first assaye,  
What other sportes these louers haue  
Then woulde I learne the waye. 65

For loue, they saye, is Lorde of Ioye,  
Whence lyvelye bloode dothe springe;  
He liues beneath a lawlesse boye,  
Alofte a galliard kinge. 70

My weides of woe, my mournfull mynde,  
And cares I caste asyde;  
To loue a seruānt I me bynde;  
So VENUS be my guyde. 75

*Finis.*

## III.

## EPIGRAMME.

F. 17 b.

The fame is Ryffe of this,  
 And oft affirmed trewe :  
 A man that murdred is,  
 And after laid to veiwe,  
 If that the murthring wight 5  
 approche that did the deid,  
 The woundes burste open quight,  
 Begining fresh to bleid ;  
 Contrarywyse dothe shewe,  
 If that the murderer scape, 10  
 The woundes doe keip ther hew,  
 The man his deadlye shape.

F. 18 a.

So farethe loue by me—  
 Thexample is to plaine—  
 For daye & night I dee, 15  
 Even murdred with disdaine ;  
 But if my love approche  
 To me, by hap or grace,  
 My woundes, as newe abroach,  
 Begins to bleid apace ; 20  
 And otherwyse if I  
 may noght hir *presence* haue,  
 As murdred wight I lye,  
 Euen redye for the graue.

*Finis.*

## IV.

## ELIGYE.

The sorye sighs, the sobbs, the sharpe assayes,  
 The deadlye woes, the dangers & dispayres,  
 The sondrye sutes rewarded with delayes,  
 The restles thoughtes that newe in me repaires,  
 The cruell pangues, the tormentes & the cares, 5  
 That loue hath lodgd within my dolefull breist,  
 Might warne some wight all loue for to deteste.

The Ioyfull mynde the daye soone ouer dryues,  
 But slowlye slydes it with the wofull wight ;  
 My medecyne against my health so stryues 10  
 That yet she sayeth my sicknes is but slight,  
 Though euer hower a year is in my sight,  
 And all tymes tymelesse tymes for my release,  
 For with the tyme I feile my cares increase.

Wherefore all hope in me dothe come behynde ; 15  
 My haples happ puttes hope out of his place ;  
 Though hope a whyle did feid my feruent mynde,  
 And hopinge still I hopt for better grace,  
 F. 18 b. Hope to dispaire is tournd nowe, allace !  
 his hap is hard in haste that dothe pursue, 20  
 And spendes the worste in love that is most trewe.

For if I absent be a daye or twaine,  
 Though she be neuer absent from my harte,  
 My sute is even as newe to dresse againe  
 As when hir bewtye caused firste my smarte. 25  
 For looke, howe well at ease we can departe,  
 I fynde hir always come of womans kynde ;  
 Thus of my woes no perfect end I finde.

If faithfull seruice or a constant harte,  
 A steidfast thought, & meaninge always trew, 30  
 Might purchase hope of guerdon for his parte,  
 I ame assur'd the same to me were due :  
 For sooner shall the worlde be formd anewe,  
 The frost be fyre, the day no more giue light,  
 Eare I will falce one worde I hir behight. 35

*Finis.*

## V.

### EPIGRAMME.

I sicknes took me late agoe  
 That greveth me at euery Ioynt ;  
 No part of me is voyde of woe,  
 But yet my harte is worst in poynt.  
 I asked at a skilfull man 5  
 If he could tell my greife aboue :  
 He said : " my frind for soothe I can ;  
 Thou arte with chylde of feruent loue ;  
 And since thou haste no better chance,  
 God send the good deliuerance." 10

*Finis.*

## VI.

### EPIGRAMME.

If ARGUS eys, BRIARIUS handes, or STENTORS voyce I had,  
 To looke at lardge, To write at will, to showte lyke fyfttye  
 madd,  
 my sight would faile, my fist would tyre, my voyce wax dull &  
 horce,  
 Ere I could spye, or yet could pen, or sound your bewtyes force.

*Finis.*

F. 19 a.

## VII.

[My dolefull harte, the tombe of deadly care.]

My dolefull harte, the tombe of deadly care,  
 My wearye ghost, that flickereth to & fro,  
 My bailfull breste, the deñ of darke dispaire,  
 May witnes well my deip ingraved woe ;  
 Complaintes do followe me wherso I goe, 5  
 And I am right the register of rewe—  
 Lo, what it is to love & to be trewe !

Wher are become those Ioyfull dayes & hours  
 When euerye wishe so well to me applyed ?  
 Howe fynde I love & FORTUNE on me lowres 10  
 That did the bridle of my fancye guyde ?  
 I feele thy sworde (O sorrowe) throw me slyde ;  
 My blood doth faile ; my mynde, opprest with paine,  
 dothe curse eche cause that dothe my life sustaine.

Those sugred wordes, thaucthors of my smarte, 15  
 Those golden hayres that first my fredome lent,  
 Those streaminge lightes that heald & hurtes my hart,  
 Those lyvely looks that from my self me rent,  
 That heavenly face, & all should me content  
 Is fled, (alace !) and plaintes & endlesse smarte 20  
 accompanyes my guiltlesse martyred harte.

A stormy Cloude eclipsed hathe the soone  
 Whose beames did light my harte at euerye vayne ;  
 My barke that earst in wished baye did wonne  
 Is broken on the rocke of falce disdaine ; 25  
 The floodes of woe wherein my breist I baine,  
 The wavinge sighs, the teares of Inward stryffe,  
 Hathe drownde the hope that ancord earst my iyffe.



O who shall calme this tempest of my greife,  
 Or who shall drye these seas of sorrows deipe ? 30  
 O deathe, (alas !), the troubled hartes releiffe,  
 Be thou my Bote ! O rocke my soule a sleipe !  
 F. 19 b. That sweite desyre that earst my lyffe did keipe  
 Throughe newe desyre to bitter plaintes is brought,  
 And all my thoughtes are turned into nought. 35

O yee myne eyes, the herauldes of my hart,  
 Why looke ye so, or ells why were ye blynde ?  
 O loue, when first thou peirst me with thy darte,  
 Would god to death that charge had bene assigned !  
 Woe to ech wight that to my will inclynd ! 40  
 But when my tongue did first my cares out caste,  
 Would god my formost wounde had bene my laste !

*Finis.*

## VIII.

### EPIGRAMME.

If that the MARQUES OF SALUCE  
 Were liuinge in these dayes  
 With GRISILD, who for pacience once  
 Did winn so great a prayse,  
 This MARQUESS might a meter match 5  
 Conforme to his degree,  
 A grauer GRISILD get then his,  
 More patient by suche three.  
 No storme of FORTUNE may hir sturr,  
 Nor worldly chaunce hir scarr : 10  
 Yet say I not a man should prove  
 A woman ouer farr.

*Finis.*

## IX.

F. 20 a.

## ELIGYE.

Now find I well what fevers followe love  
 To them thats secrett, trew, & pacient aye.  
 The secrett thoughtes that secretlye I prove,  
 And secretlye pursues me night & daye,  
 The passions that my pacience dothe assay, 5  
 my truthe tormented with that feruent fyre  
 wherwith your bewty wastes my hart awaye,  
 might haste some harte of longsome loue to tyre.  
 But hope dothe so my constant spreit inspyre,  
 That in my care me thinckes she always sayes : 10  
 "Thou haste so highly placd thy hartes desyre  
 Thou cannot faile rewarde & lastinge prays."

Yet say I not my truth deserues rewarde ;  
 I merit nought, the lesser can I craue.  
 But if your bewtye list for to regarde 15  
 The wight whose harte no hart but yours may haue,  
 That were the wished wealth I would receaue.  
 But if disdaine shall dryve me in dispaire,  
 And bringe my corps with sorrow to the grave,  
 Yours is the falte, & deathe shall end my caire. 20  
 But lo ! when I beholde the bewtyes rare  
 That God & nature doth in you compounde,  
 I saye of force some pittye must be ther,  
 Wher all suche heavenly graces doe abound.

Since first your bewty thralde my youthfull mynde, 25  
 And forst my thoughtes vnto your thoughtes to bowe,  
 To worke your will my will was ay inclynde,  
 And wills no will saue that ye will allowe.

What vayles myne eyes if they beholde not you?  
 What serues my harte but service you to make? 30  
 Vnto your sweit regards my thoughtes I vowe;  
 No sighs I sighe but onely for your sake;  
 Nought but your presence may my sorrows slake;  
 Nought but your absence causeth me to mone.  
 Of my desyres ye haue the fortresse take; 35  
 I ame not myne if not for you alone.

F. 20 b. But O! who nowe saue I hathe cause to plaine?  
 Who may but I nowe curse the destnyes three?  
 O crewell absence! aucthor of my paine!  
 Alas! I haue no deadlye foe but the. 40  
 I seeke hir presence forst the same to flye,  
 Whose absence presentes me a worlde of care;  
 But be I absent, *present*, faste, or free,  
 My harte is hirs in hope or in dispaire.  
 The sory sighs lets not my tongue declare 45  
 The sadd adews my soule to you would send;  
 Yet to your bewtyes, grace, & vertues rare,  
 Ten thousand tymes my harte I recomend.

*Finis.*

F. 20 b.

X.

[If tyme might cause me tyre.]

If tyme might cause me tyre,  
 Or reason wreste my will,  
 Or if my hote desyre  
 Might coole throughe carefull skill,

Then would these woes distill 5  
 Out of my troubled breist,  
 And *love* with pleasant ill  
 No more should me molest.  
 But since my will dothe reste  
 In others wills then myne, 10  
 My will is well addrest  
 To serue that Sainct devyne.

And since my will dothe will  
 to followe my desyre,  
 Let tyme be tyming still, 15  
 No tyme shall me retyre  
 Till tyme that I aspyre  
 Vnto my hoped gaine ;  
 That tyme sall paye the hyre  
 Of all my passed paine. 20  
 For who will not sustaine  
 A little tyme of toyle,  
 he *neuer* shall obtaine  
 In love the pleasant spoyle.

F. 21 a.

If solace make me singe, 25  
 Or cares doe cause me crye,  
 Or if dispayre me stinge,  
 Or hope me hoyse on hye,  
 If hote desyre me frye,  
 Or coold releive my smarte, 30  
 With bothe content am I,  
 And pleased in eche part.  
 No tyme shall change my harte ;  
 My will is in *your* powers ;  
 What *euer* me astarte, 35  
 my harte is onely *yours*.

*Finis.*

## XI.

[Thoughe tyme & absence worketh  
wonders strange.]

**T**houghe tyme & absence worketh wonders strange,  
And 'out of sight forgott' to often trewe,  
Thoughe frowarde FORTUNE sowethe cause of change,  
And sondry sightes engendreth fancies new,  
Yet otherwyse my steidfast mynde shall shew : 5  
For one alone with me is in eche parte,  
And she alone contentes my constant harte.

**I**f I with bewtye seik my mynde to ease,  
Whom should I wish but she that is my choyse?  
If comly grace & wisdome may me please, 10  
Who ought but she to haue the vulgar voyce?  
And as I iustlye cause haue to reioyce  
That she in vertue farr exceides the reste,  
So shall my truthe to hir surmownt the best.

**A**nd as my harte is wholly to hir bent, 15  
So hope assures me happy happ for hyre,  
That when that tyme & FORTUNE shall assent,  
My chance shall present me my hartes desyre.  
Thoughe tyme against me semes for to conspyre,  
And crewell absence threatens me with disdaine, 20  
Yet sweit remembrance comfortes me againe.

*Finis.*

## XII.

F. 21 b.

## BALLAD.

Powre out my plaintes, o pyned sprites,  
 And lett my langour come to light,  
 Syne all is noght fyne gold that gleites,  
 Nor Iewells best that shyne most bright ;  
 Now lett my hevvy harmes be hard, 5  
 That for my truthe is my rewarde.

Show him that laughs to se my smarte  
 but one of all my thousand woes,  
 And lett the rest torment my harte,  
 as suche as thought cannot disclose ; 10  
 And showe him, if he right regarde,  
 My truth deserues some more rewarde.

Then aske him, if ye may haue place,  
 wher be those Othes with teares besprent,  
 Those sobbs, those sighs, that feyned grace, 15  
 That hart that eu~~er~~ falshood ment ;  
 And saye he shall miscompt a carde  
 That truthe with treason would rewarde.

Well may we see the owtwarde shape,  
 But hard it is to iudge the harte ; 20  
 The mouse by guyle is tane in trap,  
 Sweit baites makes foules & fishes smarte ;  
 So I, alas ! through fained fared  
 Am lyke to reap the lyke rewarde.

But if to longe ye waile to late, 25  
 he may perchance showe more disdaine ;  
 For wher that loue tournes once in hate  
 No pacience sure dothe ther remayne ;  
 But from him thoughe ye be debard,  
 Yet say my truthe deserues rewarde. 30

*Finis.*

## XIII.

F. 22 a.

## SONET.

A gainst the streame to stryve it is but vayne,  
 M ore follye were to fight against the fyre,  
 A nd what winns he in loue that takes no payne?  
 G od wote he hathe but hevy hap for hyre.  
 E che thing hathe tyme, then saith my hartes desyre ;     5  
 M y hart not myne, my harte is from me gone  
 V nto that hart first set my harte on fyre ;  
 R egardlesse nowe of all my plaintes & mone,  
 N one nowe companions me but cares alone ;  
 S uche is the guerdon loue his seruantes sendes.     10  
 A he faithe, good hope, take courage, man, anone,  
 Y et FORTUNE may for all this make amendes :  
 A s first hir bewtye tooke from the thy harte,  
 M ay not hir bownty heale againe thy smarte ?



## XIV.

## SONETT.

Cast of thy dole, thou dreyye, dolent wight,  
 It semes the noght suche weides of woe to weare ;  
 Let widdows olde in murninge blacke them dight  
 By outwarde robes to shewe ther inwarde cheare ;  
 Lyke to thy self now lett thy self appeare ; 5  
 Thou canst not let the Soone to shyne out right,  
 No more thy weides can darke thy bewtye cleare,  
 But euery wher of force it must giue light ;  
 Showe nowe thy vertues lyke thy bewty bright ;  
 Showe nowe thy pacience buried in thy breist ; 10  
 Let vs not mourne to lacke thy lonesome sight  
 Vppon whose lookes so manye lookes do reste ;  
 Hoyse vpp our hartes, and cast from the thy geare ;  
 Tis AGE MURNES AYE & not younge ladyes fayre.

*Finis.*

14. "age murnes aye" in brackets in MS.

## XV.

F. 22 b.

## ELEGYE.

O loue who leidethe at thy will  
 The hartes of humanis good & ill,  
 Whose puissance PLUTOES raigne dothe reach,  
 And to the cristall skyes doe streach,  
 No power ther is that may resist 5  
     The violence of thy darte !  
 No highe nor lowe, but when thou list  
     Thou makst them feile the smarte.

To the these louers doe complaine,  
 To the they showe ther ioye & paine, 10  
 To the ther solempne vowes they swere,  
 conformd with manye a sighe & teare ;  
 Thou frames ther gestures, countenance, speach,  
     And lendes them wit & grace,  
 Attyres them trim, & to ther leache 15  
     Thou leides them in thy lace.

At the then would I aske the cause  
 Why last not these thy lustye lawes ;  
 The pleasour neuer perfitt was  
 That dothe conclude with 'Ohe ! Alas !' ; 20  
 And oft tis sene that all thy Ioyes  
     Thy seruantes doe posesse  
 Conwertes in passions & annoys,  
     In dollours & distresse.

I heare them curse thy courte & the, 25  
 Ther FORTUNE & the destinies three,  
 disdaines themselues the daye & hower  
 That first the fortun'd in thy power ;

The[y] flye, the[y] presse, theye hate the light,  
 All mirth augmented ther woe, 30  
 They feid on teares, they waik the night,  
 Ther harmes haue neuer ho.

Art thou the causer of this change?  
 Or is it men of manners strange?  
 Or do these ladies sowe the same? 35  
 For they against the most exclaim.  
 I heare them say that faith & troth  
 In loue is ane exyle,  
 And louers now no pleasures haue  
 But louers to beguyle. 40

F. 23 a. If Loue be good, then would I aske  
 Why settest thou vs so harde a taske;  
 If thou be still, what is the cause  
 That we obey thy fickle lawes?  
 Vnhappie is the wight to loue 45  
 his harte dothe wholl direct,  
 For to his truthe thend shall prove  
 That loue hathe no respect.

Ye that haue loued, or louers be,  
 Or myndes to loue, take this of me; 50  
 And Ladies, ye that haue your hartes  
 All francke & free from CUPIDS dartes,  
 Since loue is falce & full of care,  
 As euerye daye ye see,  
 I counsell you, sweet Ladies faire, 55  
 Trust none in loue but me.

*Finis.*

## XVI.

## SONETT.

Lyke as the heavens with dowries hathe you dect  
 Aboue the comon course of humaine race,  
 As nature hath you clad in eche respect  
 With bewtye, bounty, witt, & comly grace,  
 As all the Gods ther vertues in you place, 5  
 What heaven what earth or man may you devyse,  
 As loue himself is painted in your face  
 To hurt & heale with Archers of your eyes,  
 As chastety close hidden in you lyes,  
 As al your graces euerye man dothe muse, 10  
 As you to serue eche one ther spreit applyes,  
 So wish I you (A TRUSTIE ANE) to chuse :  
 And, *mistris* myne, if ye my truthe will trye,  
 Ye shall not fynde a trustier then I.

XVII.  
SONETT.

O, in my rage I saide, once as me thoght,  
 O loue, o hope, o danger & dispaire,  
 Curst be the tyme that I to loue was broght!  
 for ere that tyme I knew no kynde of care.  
 but when againe I se hir bewtyes rare 5  
 for whom so longe I languisht haue in pyne,  
 hir rosy lipps, hir heavenly glistring hair,  
 hir twincklinge starrs, that, CUPID, once was thyne,  
 hir comly grace & vertues most devyne,  
 As, lo, she is a mirroure of hir age, 10  
 So yeild I hir this constant hart of myne,  
 Thoug[h]e otherwyse I said, lo, in my rage :  
 My hart to you my hart I wholly giue ;  
 Yours would I haue or ells to longe I liue.

F. 23 b.

*Finis.*

## XVIII.

## ELEGYE.

Scarce PHŒBE of the flowers had drawne  
 The mantle blacke of night,  
 Scarce had the morninge opened yett  
 hir husbandes windows bright,  
 Nor PANDIONS daughters plaintes lent place                   5  
 For VENUS clarkes to singe ;  
 On buddes & flowers AURORAES teares  
 As yet lyke perles did hinge ;  
 And still the sillver streames did slyde  
 On christall gravell sweet,                                   10  
 The topps of tremblinge trees & herbs  
 In balmye dewes did fleit,  
 The warblinge tunes of birdes about  
 In broken ayre reboundes,  
 And echo throughe the woodes & rockes                   15  
 Ther latter notes resoundes ;  
 The soyle was sweet, & pleasant was  
 The sweet & pleasant ayre,  
 The season pleasant, & the daye  
 moste pleasant cleare & fayre,                           20  
 When I to doe myne observance  
 To maye, as is my guyse,  
 was ranged forth with hauke on hande  
 To see APOLLO ryse.  
 And even as EOUS in the east                           25  
 kept vp his crimson crowne,  
 And PHEBUS on the ocean old  
 Spred out his golden gowne,

Another sonne I sawe whose beams  
So peirst me in eche part, 30  
That *with* the sight I *thoght* my self  
deprived of a hart.  
For pluckinge vp the blossoms of  
The beames of hir *regarde*s,  
I felt that loue al soddaine tooke 35  
Me captiue in his *ward*e*s*.  
That she some goddesse was I demed,  
Or nimph of heavenly race,  
With VENUS bewtyes, IUNOES welth,  
And *with* dame PALLAS grace. 40  
Devynlye was inspyrd me *thought*—  
AURORA pale & colde  
Did blushing hyde hir head so rare  
A bewtye to beholde.

35. MS. tooke me.



## XIX.

## F. 24 a.      4 SONET. HARUEST.

Then, Madam, if this longe desyred springe  
 may once haue holde within *your* tender hart,  
 What Ioy shall suche automney to vs bringe,  
 when bothe shall reape the frute of loues desert?  
 howe soone then shall these stubborne stormes depart      5  
 That misted hath the mourninge of myne eyes?  
 howe soone may ye, sweit *sommer*, slake the smart  
 That cold dispaire lyke winter made to freise?  
 Allas, howe longe with tyme *our* tyme we leise!  
 The springe dothe passe, the *sommer* dothe expyre,      10  
 Autumnye reapes, with winter all thinge dyese:  
 yet for my *part* no guerdon I requyre,  
 Saue with *your* will I wist to reape the rose,  
 For *which* I haue sustaind so manye woes.

*Finis.*

II. deese.

## XX.

## SONGE.

The flaminge fyre that in the furnace fryes  
 Will breake at lengthe his forced boundes,  
 And sparcklinge springe in skyes;  
 The furious floode, when furious stormes aryse,  
 Oerflows his banckes, and spreides the groundes 5  
 That lardge about him lyes;  
 Right so the hidden mischeife,  
 That burnes the bailfull breist,  
 Must neides consume, or showe what greife  
 Dothe martyred myndes molest. 10  
 What then should stay my tonge  
 To vtter out my smarte,  
 That hathe throughe loyall loue to longe  
 Consumed a constant hart?  
 But feare to'ffend 15  
 Dothe still attend,  
 Allas!  
 And drownes in dreid my hote desyre:  
 Yet hope dothe tell  
 All shall come well 20  
 to passe.

F. 24 b. Thus fainte I twixt the floodes & fyre.  
 But then againe, when I throughe hap behold  
 Hir heavenly hewe that hath my hart controlde,  
 Hir bewty & hir grace, 25  
 And hir celestiall face,  
 Hir glisteringe crisped haire,  
 Lyke PHEBUS in his chaire,  
 Hir eyes the starrs that always light  
 My hevye harte bothe daye & night, 30

hir lipps lyke buddes of roses newe,  
 hir vaines lyke Indian SAPHERS blewe, -  
     And euery thinge so well,  
     That all thinges dothe exell,  
     Then to my self I tell, 35  
     Some pittye heare muste dwell.

Then FORTUNE, REASON, LOUE, HOPE, & DISPAIRE,  
     That kindled causeles first the flame,  
     That causeth all my care,  
 dothe push me forthe my dollours to declare, 40  
     And grantes my suite so that, madame,  
     Your free consent be ther.  
     Nowe, madam, since you prove  
     My harte is to you thrall,  
 And ye my FORTUNE, REASON, LOUE, 45  
     My HOPE, DISPAIRE, & all,  
     And since that you may see,  
     Nowe cure or cause my smarte,  
 O lett it not be said that ye  
     haue kild a constant harte ! 50  
     Thincke that the paines  
     my harte sustaynes,  
         Allas !  
 And thousand more all tymes & howers  
     I compt nothinge, 55  
     So loue could bringe  
     To passe  
 That ye would hold me wholly yours.

The TROIAYNE prince that spoyle the flower of grece,  
 Nor yet the duke that wan the golden fleice, 60  
     No, nor that famous knight  
     That MINOSE daughters bright  
     Did free from all aſſoye  
     Might me compare in ioye.

F. 25<sup>1a</sup>.      As TROYOLUS then I should be trewe,      65  
                  A PIRAMUS myne end shall shewe,  
                  my steidfast *part* should then be knowne,  
                  howe I ame yours or not myne owne.  
                  But lett loue or disdaine  
                  Augment my ioye or payne,      70  
                  What euer I sustaine,  
                  Yours will I still remayne.

*Finis.*

## XXI.

### SONET.

Once wandringe forthe in Maye to take the ayre,  
 A court of gallant courtiers came me by ;  
 With them A troupe of Ladyes sawe I ther,  
 Whose lyvely lookes did seme to scorne the skye.  
 Before these dames A nimphe I did espye,      5  
 Lyke IUNO dect, adorned with PALLAS grace ;  
 Not PARIS chose, nor PHŒBE chaste, thincke I,  
 Might matche that peirles pearle in anye case.  
 And as she walkt with graue & comly pace,  
 I askt hir name of one came last of all.      10  
 "hir name," *quod* he, "a nimphe of heavenly race."  
 "That's trew," said I, "but what shall I hir call?"  
 Quod he, "if thou so curious be to knawe,  
 hir name beginis & endeth with añ A."

*Finis.*

## XXII.

SONET VPPON HOPE HELPS HEVYE  
HARTES.

Hope helps eche hevye harte saue myne alone ;  
 My hope, alas, hathe drownd me in dispaire.  
 What help haue I? I can but sighe & mone,  
 And breathe my heavy hartes desyres in ayre ;  
 My tongue cannot my hevye hart declare. 5  
 But yett they saye hope helps his frindes at neid,  
 And courage comfortes hartes besett with care ;  
 We see them want that will not see them bleid.  
 So, hevye harte, expell from the thy dreid,  
 For hope shall helpe thy hevye hartes desyre ; 10  
 They neuer wañ that neuer hopt to speid ;  
 Who leavs good hope, good hope of him will tyre :  
 For when *our* myndes are thrust with thousand dartes,  
 Then, then it is, that hope helps hevye hartes.

*Finis.*

## XXIII.

F. 25 b.

## ENIGME.

The CIPRIAN QUENE more Ioyfull could not be  
 When PARIS gaue to hir the ball of golde  
 Then I whenas my ladye gaue to me  
 The Iewall that my hote desyres dothe holde,  
 And when about my neck she did it folde, 5  
 And kissinge me thus in my eare did saye :  
 "As longe as thou this tablett kepes, be bolde ;  
 None absence sall thy constant hart affraye."

Lyke him who seethe APPOLLO in his chayre  
 So was myne eyes eclipsed with the sight : 10  
 For lo ! my ladyes picture sawe I ther  
 As vyve as love hathe in my hart it pight,  
 That who beholdes hir heavenly visage bright,  
 my tablet, or hir Image in my thought,  
 Would sooner saye they were all one aright, 15  
 Then Iudge *which* of the three were lyveler wrought.

Ther might I se the golden Archers bright  
 That ore hir little heavens doe skirmish brave,  
 Those crisped hayres I meane that thralls my might,  
 And soñond first my hart hir help to crave ; 20  
 hir allabaster front I might *perceau*e,  
 The firmament that chasethe all my smart  
 Sustained by the bowe *which* VENUS gaue  
 hir sonne, what tyme he pearst my humble hart.

Then lyke a blossome closd in Christall cleare, 25  
 Hir slender eare appeared to me ther, .  
 Hir chin & nose so formed to hir cheir  
 That thought of man can no way it declare.  
 But what shall I vnto those lipps compare,  
 Those Ruby Twynes, those buddes of roses sweet? 30  
 Or to those teath, those peirlesse peirles so rare,  
 That wardes thaffeccions of my pleased spreit?

Ther I beheld the rosed lyllyes newe  
 That flowers the fresh AURORA of hir face,  
 And vaynes that stayne the Indian Saphir blew, 35  
 Eche bewtye stryvinge for eche others place ;  
 Hir eyes, the poles that dothe derect my pace,  
 And lightes the darkest of my hevvy thought,  
 Ther sawe I, drawne with suche imortall grace  
 That euerye blincke halfe in a trance me brought. 40

Staye heare your lookes, then saide I to myne eyes,  
 Rest hear my thoghtes, rest heare my highe desyres,  
 For rarer sight is no wher vnder skyes,  
 And of the reste my sprite so me inspyres :  
 All is devyne, so nought my harte requyres 45  
 But ay to serue that saint whyll that I sterve,  
 Who gaue that geñ to me which beates the fyres,  
 That holdes my lyffe thoughe nought I can deserue.

*Finis.*



## XXIV.

ELIGYE.

F. 26 a.

Away from me ye plaintes & cryes  
That all these comon louers frame ;  
No plainte may thoght of man deuise  
That can vnfolde my secret flame.

The flood~~es~~ sone fleit away 5

that haue no staye ;

Who can his woes declare

he knowes no kynde of care ;

but smuldred fyre, ye wote,

dothe burne moste hote ;    10

So he that hydes his greife

Is martred wíth mischeife.

When I would shoue one of the woes  
Of many a thousand that I haue,

The sighs & sobbs my spreit so close 15

That no way can I *mercy*e crave ;

then leavs the blood my vaynes,

the teares downe raynes,

In feruent fyre I fleit,

in snowe I swelt w<sup>th</sup> sweit;                      20

The thinge that dothe me greve

should me releive ;

dispairinge of all rewth

I murder vp my truthe.

Suche is my chance, suche is my lyffe, 25

So loue rewardes his seruantes trewe ;

He bringes me with my self at stryfe,

And for anothers peace to sewe ;

My hope dothe me deceaue,

no hap I haue. 30

What fury deip in hell  
can halfe these tormentes tell ?  
A hart of hardest stone  
would seme to mone  
to see me in suche woes 35  
as thog<sup>ht</sup> cannot disclose.

O come, ye cruell sisters three,  
That first my fatall threid did twyne !  
What happie hand shall close myne eye,  
Or wynde this carefull corps of myne ? 40  
O sing my deargy hear,  
and bringe my beare !  
Some wailfull wight, alas !  
Ingraue in stone or brasse  
This EPITAPH in vearse 45  
Vppon my hearse :  
“heare lythe the truthe in grounde,  
whose trewthe no rewthe yet found.”

*Finis.*



## XXV.

## HIMPNE.

F. 26 b.

Ye curteouse louers which possesse  
 At list your ladyes sight,  
 A happy lyffe, I must confesse,  
 hathe FORTUNE you behight ;  
 But happier call you well I might, 5  
 If so your happs might fall,  
 To see hir heavenly bewtye bright  
 To whom my thoughtes are thrall.  
 For who would see in perfect sorte,  
 depainted in one place, 10  
 The chastety, the humble porte,  
 That rigour dothe enchace,  
 The bewtye, bounty, wit, & grace,  
 dame NATURES prooffe of fame,  
 Lett him behold hir Angells face 15  
 That men my m<sup>is</sup>tris name.  
 Ther may ye see howe loue intreates  
 his folkes in eche degree,  
 howe some he flatters, some he threat<sup>es</sup>,  
 distroys, & sett<sup>es</sup> on hee ; 20  
 The bitter sweit ther may ye see,  
 The hope, the pale dispaire ;  
 And howe that loue dothe rander me  
 For euerye ioye a care.  
 But O ! that she is passinge fayre, 25  
 Excellinge euerye wight,  
 O ! what to hir shall I compare ?—  
 The heavens & planettes light ?  
 Nay ! who beholdes hir bewty bright  
 may say vnto his eyes : 30  
 “ Leave heare your lookes, for fayrer sight  
 The godes cannot devyse.”

*Finis.*

2 A

## XXVI.

F. 27<sup>a</sup>.

## HIS LADIES DREAME.

O glory great of PATTARA !  
 Thou light of LICIA lande !  
 Thou fame of DELPH & TENIDOSE  
 Wheras thy temples stand !  
 APOLLO bright ! to whom the thinges 5  
 Forepassed & to come  
 Be always present as they were  
 prescribed be thy doñe,  
 At whom these problemes darke beyne sought,  
 These prophesyys vnseld, 10  
 These vissions strange reuald, & dreames  
 Moste dreadfull truly teld,  
 None Imphe of thyne am I, nor of  
 The Sibills seruantes thyne,  
 Of HELENUS no soñe, nor of 15  
 TIRISIAS double lyne.  
 Howe should I then, without thyne ayde,  
 Attempt a thinge so lardge  
 As to expound my Ladyes dreame,  
 As she hathe giuen me charge ? 20  
 Sine that to the pertayned, on the  
 My burthen must I laye,  
 Suffyseth me wher, what, & when,  
 It was for to displaye.  
 Farr in that yslc which the ocyan old 25  
 Imbracethe lyke a wall,  
 Which thanciantes named thother worlde,  
 Nowe BRITTAINE we it call—

- Of *which* the middowes *partes* bespreides  
 The hardye English knight, 30  
 The Northern boundes is bordred by  
 The warlyke Scottish wight—  
 Wher rears the dreadfull mownt so styld  
 Of olde, who on his breast  
 The broughe of Sterlinge beares, and high 35  
 The Castell on his creaste,  
 When IANUS tooke his Inn at signe  
 Of CAPRICORNUS colde,  
 In hope that thou, O PHEBUS great,  
 Thy Ryottes ther should holde, 40  
 Lo! in this yсле, this tyme, & place,  
 As ther my Ladye slept,  
 Into hir harmlesse head the godd  
 MORPHEUS closelye crepte,  
 F. 27 b. Dispersinge deip his dreames *which* showe 45  
 Hir sleipinge sences sought,  
 And lyke as *dyuerse* humours stird  
 So *dyuerse* was hir thought.  
 And first she dreames of hills & dailes,  
 And nowe in waylesse woodes 50  
 She wenes she wanders wylde, & treades  
 In streames of furious floodes,  
 Till on a pathe that ditches deipe,  
*Which* walls vpp flancketh thin,  
 With water vglye blacke that beastes 55  
 Full monstrous wallowe in,  
 Agast, she thinckes she go'the, wher feare  
 asaltinge on hir sett  
 A swarme of serpent~~e~~s that almoste  
 Into the trenche hir bett. 60  
 Three tymes they on sett made & thryse  
 repulst; they semed to fight  
 By might vnknowne, till at the last  
 Amid the mote they light.

	With this she thinkes she mendes hir pace,	65
	As dothe the chased hayre	
	Eschapte the greyhoundes lawes, and skipps	
	And madlethe heare & ther ;	
	As mynde of feare hir moues nowe faste,	
	Nowe slowe, with pantinge breith,	70
	Beleivinge at hir backe hir foe	
	pursewinge thristes hir deathe,	
	So stryues this slombringe soule affrayde	
	That perrills seikes to shun.	
	But oft who dreadethe dangers most	75
	In dangers soonest ronne ;	
	As hapened hir who thought hir selfe	
	drawn from all danger deipe,	
	And ticklinge Ioye began about	
	hir quakinge harte to creipe.	80
	Behould a dreadfull beast she thought	
	She sawe of portlye state,	
	Who, capteu of his owne accorde,	
	stood peñed in a grave ;	
	Who, as he sawe my ladye, to	85
	hir lept with gastlye pawe,	
	As he dovoure hir should, or all	
	In peices would hir drawe.	
F. 28 a.	But veiwinge well hir highe regarde	
	And steidfaste countenance graue,	90
	It seemd a soddaine feare him shooke :	
	For backe with that he gaue,	
	Lyke one who at a soddaine meittes	
	his better in the streit,	
	And quicklye giues the waye & with	95
	Lowe curtesye dothe him greit ;	
	Or lyke the hownd rebukt before	
	his lord dothe humblie lye,	
	So fell this lordlye beast, & semd	
	hir mercye for to crye.	100
	With this my Ladyes dreame & my	

Request at once tooke end.  
 And thervvpon HIPERIONS sonne  
 This anſſer forthe did ſend.  
 Quod he: "ſomtyme the evidence 105  
 Of theſe thinges viſions be,  
 But thryſe as oft of none effect  
 And fruſtrate ye them ſee.  
 Of cogitacions of the daye  
 Some ſay they haue ther ground, 110  
 But of complexion moſte they ryſe,  
 When humours highe abownde.  
 To dreame of floodes & ſwellinge ſeas  
 And drowninge in the deipe,  
 The perſons that are ſlematyke 115  
 oft metethe in ther ſleip;  
 The malenholique dreames of gahostes,  
 Of bulls & lyons wood,  
 The Colloricke of ſtryffe, of fyre,  
 Of weapons, & of blood 120  
 That downe the Mare his breiſt doth beare,  
 The rudye Sanguyne vaynes.  
 Thus ſondry ways they ryſe; But this  
 Thy Ladyes viſſion meanes.

The Narrowe paſſage that ſhe paſt 125  
 Foreshowes this combrouſ vaile  
 So hard to trace; the Serpentes flee  
 That did hir ſpritt aſſayle  
 And almoſte bett hir downe, that is,  
 The tongus of wicked wightes 130  
 That ſeikes hir deip decaye, but farr  
 It ſhall ſurpaſſe ther mightes:

F. 28 b.

For lyke as in the vglye pond  
 She thoght ſhe ſaw them blowne,  
 So they ther false deſertes & ſlightes 135  
 In Leathy ſhalbe throwne.



The galliard beist in wilfull warde  
That semed for to remayne,  
Some youthe it is that lawlesse loue  
Hathe fettered in his chayne, 140  
Who rautisht with hir lyvely youthe,  
Hir bewtye, & hir grace,  
Beleyved at first she linckt hir mynde  
Vnto his lassyve lace ;  
But pondringe well hir stately race, 145  
Hir witt, & manners grave,  
he sees that loue & bewtye made  
Throughe luste his hart to rave ;  
So nowe with tyme he hopes to win  
Which haste drewe in extremes. 150  
Iudge thou the rest : so fare the wele !  
'Thou vexest me with dreames."

*Finis.*

## XXVII.

F. 29 a.

## ELEGYE.

What greater pleasure would ye wish to haue  
 Then fynde all thinges conforme to *your* desyre?  
 But what more greife maye any wight receave  
 Then lack the thinge his hart dothe moste requyre?  
 Suche is my chance, suche is my haples hyre, 5  
 Since first of loue I felt the hopinge dread:  
 Hope bides me hope when moste I seme to tyre,  
 But colde dispayre, faithe, I shall neuer speid;  
 I spye the right, and yet the wronge I frame;  
 I beit the fyre, and burne me in the flame. 10

Those sugred sighs that sinckethe to my hart,  
 The sweit regardes of those celestiaall eyes,  
 Thalluringe speache that lendes me ioye & smart,  
 Me thinckes a meaner hope dothe me devyse;  
 But yet so slowlye dothe this hope aryse, 15  
 That black dispayre I maye it better name:  
 For nother grantes I gett nor flatt denies,  
 But as betwixt the furious floodes & flame  
 I frye in hope, and drownes in dreid agayne;  
 Desyre me burnes, yet freise I throughe disdayne. 20

Goe ye, my sighes, dissolue those frosen Ise  
 That rewthe nor pittye neuer could relent!  
 Goe, plead my peace! I yelde to hir the pryce,  
 And peace must fall when all hir warrs are spent.  
 The pleasant peace that *partyes* dothe content 25  
 More worthy is then conquest gott with stryffe.  
 What helps the succour that to late is sent?  
 Shorte deathe is better then a lothed lyffe;  
 A hatefull lyffe engendrethe but dispayre;  
 Sweit is the deathe that makes an end of care. 30

*Finis.*

## XXVIII.

[O well of witt, Of vertues head & springe.]

O well of witt, Of vertues head & springe,  
 With pardon be it spoke, of others moe,  
 Moste *perfitt*, faire, & good in *euerye* thinge,  
 If *euer* yett ther was a woman soe.

## XXIX.

F. 29 b.

## ELEGYE.

The tormentes strange, the grevous care  
 So longe that burnt my breist  
 In servinge of those butyes rare  
 That first my hart posest,  
 dothe not so muche my minde moleste 5  
 with passions night & daye,  
 As absence when I seme at rest  
 dothe eat my hart awaye.

I want, & yet I haue at will  
 The cropp of my desyre ; 10  
 I haue that [may] my mynde fulfill  
 Yet lackes that I requyre.  
 O absence, quensher of the fyre  
 That should my lyffe sustayne,  
 By the I feile my ioyes expyre, 15  
 By the I swelt in payne !

Sore might thou sighe, o prince of Troy,  
 When CRESEYD the beguyld ;  
 Great was the THEBANS knightes annoy  
 When THESIUS him exyled ; 20  
 But tribble is this furye wylde  
 That breides my hartes dispayre ;  
 I feare my fortune so vnmylde  
 That death shall end my care.

But woe is me that suche dispayres 25  
 Should harbour in my harte,  
 Since she for whom I feile these cares  
 Is *partner* of my smart,  
 And that I knowe hir constant *part*,  
 That rather wishethe deathe 30  
 Ere from hir *promise* she astart  
 So longe as lastethe breathe.

F. 30 a. When absence dothe depart vs two  
 Whose hartes are knitt in one,  
 Me thinckes I feile hir secrette woe 35  
 And all hir dreyry mone,  
 And howe she sighinge saythe alone :  
 "Ah ! when shall I him see  
 Who with my hart from me is gone,  
 And left his harte with me ? 40

What is this lyffe but deathe to me  
 If he be not in sight ?  
 Wher he is not my light should be,  
 What is my daye but night ?  
 And as he is to me the wight 45  
 Whose truthe surbraues the best,  
 So shall I be the rocke aright  
 Wher his trewe hart shall reste.

Then, then, me thinckes, eche christall flood  
 That tricklethe downe hir face 50  
 Are at my hart lyke springes of blood,  
 Newe persed in eche place.  
 Eche sighe she sighs dothe quyte arace  
 The harte out of my breist ;  
 Of sorrowes all I am the case, 55  
 Of cares I am the chist.

Yet is it not suche Ielous fears  
 As comon louers proue,  
 Suche inward sighs suche outward teares  
 As dayly followe love : 60  
 The fury fearce that dothe me move,  
 And downe my ioyes dothe caste,  
 Is that the hope wheron I houe  
 Will worke my Wracke at laste.

And dreadinge thus the haples end 65  
 Wherto our truths shall tourne,  
 Dispayre dothe so my mynde offend  
 That nought I can but mourne.  
 Yet shall my hart with her so iorne  
 In ioye or endlesse payne ; 70  
 But fortune fawne or at me spurne,  
 Hirs will I still remayne.

*Finis.*

## XXX.

THE LASTE EPISTLE OF CRESEYD  
TO TROYALUS.

F. 30 b.

Healthe, healthe to worthy troylus dothe  
 His sometyme Cresyed send,  
 If so she may whose lothed lyfe  
 and lynes at ones must end.  
 My wish vnseene was but to see 5  
 The ones before my deathe,  
 Which sight vnawares yet longe desyred  
 Dothe stopp my vitall breathe :  
 For destinies hathe me well assured  
 My rewoffull race is ronne, 10  
 And ATROPOS with sythe in hande  
 Is redye to vndone  
 The fatall threid that Lashesses  
 and CLOTHO once did Twyne,  
 And hightes to haste my welcome deathe 15  
 And longe desyred fyne.  
 The cruell goddes to CREASEYDA  
 Vnfrindlye foes have beyne,  
 That would to god some sauage beaste  
 had me deuoured cleane. 20  
 When I of TROYE was calld a chylde,  
 And PHRIGIA soyle I sawe,  
 Would [that] the earthe my little lymms  
 Into hir wombe had drawe.  
 Then should no poet haue the cause 25  
 Faire CREYSEYDES treuthe to blame,  
 nor after this with ladyes falce  
 Remember CRESEYDES name ;

Ne yet no mann his fickle dame  
 With CRESEYD should vpbraid, 30  
 Nor by examples bringe me in  
 Howe TROYOLUS was betrayde.  
 But would to god that HECUBA  
 Had PRIAMUS will fulfilld,  
 And PARIS as the PROPHEETS had 35  
 Vnlucky ladd had killd ;  
 Or ells that he with OENON yet  
 Had taried still in IDE,  
 And lyke a Sheperd fed his flocke  
 by old FLAMANDERS syde, 40  
 And not for PRIAMS sonne beyne know,  
 nor HECTORS brother namde.  
 But O ! the fates, the froward fates,  
 hath thus his fortune framde  
 F. 31 a. That he the Swelling seas should sayle, 45  
 And MENELAUS wyfe  
 By rape should bringe, & breid tweene Greekes  
 And TROIANS mortall stryfe ;  
 Which in thend, as godes forbidd,  
 Should tourne in flashye flame 50  
 The princely pallace, ILLION braue,  
 Of moste renowme & fame.  
 O ! rather wish I that the songe  
 Of sousinge seas had drencht  
 The leiches twayne, & all the fyre 55  
 Of loue by water quencht.  
 Then should no greater EAGEON sandes  
 With shearing shipp haue sought,  
 Mo thousande barged to thy shore,  
 O TROYA towne, haue brought ; 60  
 Then should my father CALCAS not  
 His natyve soyle haue fledd,  
 When he to TENIDOS was sent  
 To seeke APPOLLOES neid ;



And then my haples husband had 65  
     Not stand in deadly feilde,  
 In sight amongst the furious Greekes  
     All armed vnder sheilde ;  
 Then should myne honour haue beyne kept,  
     Myne honestye vnfoulde. 70  
 But TROYALUS thou didst that defend  
     As well as thester colde :  
 For thou most trewe, most pacient was,  
     Moste secret to thy loue,  
 That euer ladye had ere this 75  
     Or after this may prooue ;  
 For .3. yeares space no lyffe but one,  
     One loue that did espye.  
 But why doe I thus wish & woulde ?  
     I waste but tyme therby ; 80  
 All thinges that womans prayse should bringe  
     In me is quyte defyled,  
 That ought a worthy ladye haue  
     A Grekisk kinge hathe spoylde ;  
 That shrouded is the shyninge light 85  
     As night dothe blisfull daye.  
 So curse I may the hatefull hower,  
     Yea, well it curse I maye,  
 That ANTHONO by chance of warr  
     And force of greekes was take, 90  
 For whom they me & THOAS sende  
     A full exchange to make.  
 Was ther no other pledge, allas !  
     Or was it me they seike ?  
 Why might not for a TROIAYNE duke 95  
     Suffise a kinge, a GREIK ?  
 Nay, mans provision was it not :  
     It was the deadlye doome  
 The fates ay from my birthe did threat  
     Vppon my head should come. 100

Than out on all these dreyry dames  
 That destenyes dothe dispyse!  
 And out on FORTUNE, fy on HOPE,  
 The weauer of my woes!  
 And now you angry nimphes whose plagues 105  
 I feile vppon me ryffe,  
 Your hate from hence can harme me nought,  
 Except ye lengthe me lyfe.  
 But, O my TROYLUS, if I darr  
 Vsurpe this phrase aright, 110  
 Howe could thy knightly harte consent,  
 Or eyes abyde the sight,  
 To see me vnder DIOMEDES garde  
 From TROY to GREIKES so stray?  
 Why slewest thou not thy mortall foe, 115  
 And fled with me awaye?  
 No, thou extemed myne hono<sup>ur</sup> soe  
 Myne honestye to blott;  
 Thou was affrayde, or ells thou shouldst  
 Haue done it well, I wote. 120  
 For thou no sooner tooke thy loue  
 Of me, nor from me went,  
 When DIOMEDE with his sleated lipps  
 Hathe faste my bridle hent.  
 And then he sharpenes his subtill will, 125  
 And faste his brayne he fyles,  
 And tipps his tongue with RETHORICKS sweit,  
 Bewitchinge me with wyles,  
 And layethe me forthe his loue alonge,  
 he no *persuasion* spares. 130  
 Sometymes he Piteous tears dothe shedd,  
 Some tyme as madd he stayres;  
 F. 32 a. Then dothe he bragg of Parentes stout,  
 And in these eares of myne  
 He ringes me out his royall race, 135  
 And tells his stately lyne.

Of MELIAGERS force he boast<sup>es</sup>,  
 And howe the BORE he smight<sup>es</sup>,  
 And howe his father TEDEUS slewe  
 Well armed fiftye knight<sup>es</sup>. 140  
 Then dothe he *promise* Golden hills,  
 Nowe hight me gift<sup>es</sup> full large,  
 Forthwith he swears to make me Quene  
 of CALLIDON & ARGE.  
 But looke, even as the whiskinge wynd<sup>es</sup> 145  
 Of BORIAS blasting boulde  
 Amid the playne & champion feild<sup>es</sup>  
 May take no staye or holde,  
 His talke so one eare fills & out  
 At t'other streight dothe goe : 150  
 For then I was to TROYALUS vowed,  
 I swore to loue no moe.  
 And thus he prates me on the waye,  
 Till of the GREKISH hoste  
 We had a sight : he seinge then 155  
 His mynde in vayne was loste,  
 Did hartely pray & me intreat,  
 As humblie as he can,  
 T'accept him as my seru<sup>ant</sup>. Lo !  
 What should I doe ? as then 160  
 I tooke him, so his painted word<sup>es</sup>  
 So muche did me abuse.  
 But Troyalus, O moste worthy knight !  
 Of the I craue excuse.  
 Too hastye thou may thinke I was, 165  
 I might haue yet delayed.  
 Allas ! to hastye may I saye—  
 What travells longe thou made  
 And PANDARUS, eare ye could bringe  
 The half of this to passe ! 170  
 His cursing<sup>es</sup> weighe me downe to hell,  
 I feile ther payse, allas !

- Nowe, nowe my witt, wher be *your* help  
 Some apte excuse to make?  
 All women can devyse at will, 175  
 Yet myne, alas! are slacke.  
 F. 32 b. But what excuse may me availe?  
 My consience is attaint;  
 For shame I feile my blood to faile,  
 My dyenge lyñes are faynte. 180  
 And nowe amidd the campe. of GREEKES  
 We came, & as we paste,  
 Myne aged father, glad to se  
 me, ledd me in as faste.  
 Thatredes wreakfull brethern bothe 185  
 Doe muche my bewtye prayse,  
 The Lordes of GREECE me welcomes bring,  
 The soldiers on me gaze.  
 Assoone as PHÆBUS on the moone  
 From coutche did clymbe the skyes, 190  
 Sir DIOMEDE to the Tent ILAY  
 With spedy pace him plyes;  
 And faste he prayes, desyres, intreates  
 Me him some signe to plight,  
 Wherby he might be knowne my man, 195  
 My *seruant*, or my knight.  
 And kyndenes dothe he on me threape,  
 As all were his at firste,  
 But yet he frustrate was as then,  
 Althoughe his harte should burste. 200  
 But then my father tolde me that  
 I must still ther sojourne,  
 And me assurd I neuer shoulde  
 To TROYE againe retourne.  
 Then caste I in my troubled mynde 205  
 That TROYALUS I had lorne,  
 Who sorrowed then but CRESYDA  
 As ta fountaine he should tourne;

No consolacion could I fynde,

And then considderinge well 210

Howe I a woman was alone,

And dayly fortunes fell,

What happs might chance me I ne knewe,

I studyed this full longe ;

My father olde, Sir TROYALUS loste, 215

Then must I beare eche wronge.

Nowe this, nowe that, I ryfle vpp

Within my buissy brayne ;

Whyles will I with my father staye,

Whyles steale to TROYE againe. 220

A sevenight thus I liued—huge fight

was dayly still without,

Stronge garde within—eche thinge presentes

Vnto my harte a doubte.

F. 33 a. I pondringe thus, thou sent the GREIK, 225

Sir DIOMEID, to his tent,

With woundes profounde & lardge which thou

In Irefull rage him lent ;

To whom I came not myndinge evill,

But frindely him to veiwe, 230

And tooke my leave, lest he anon

Did fresh his mater shewe,

And me besought in humble wyse

To rewe vppon his smarte.

I, reckless wight, to soone, alas ! 235

Did hight him then my harte.

Thou demed full lyte of all this fare,

Thou thoght I was none suche,

Till that on DIOMEDS cote of armes

Thou spyed the little bruche. 240

For after that full oft thou wouldste

With CRESEYD him vprayde,

And for my sake, as was me tolde,

Thou haste him sore outrayde ;

- With thawked armes & helme to dasht, 245  
     With speare full sharpe Igrounde,  
 Scarce curable thou pearst his fleshe  
     With many a grevous wounde.  
 Why on this traytour stay I thus?  
     The goddes me on him wreake. 250  
 Let fate worke on : lyfe leaves my limms,  
     Even scarcely may I speake.  
 He falsed hathe his faithe to me,  
     And light lied me, allas !  
 Of force the courte I left, & to 255  
     My fathers house did passe.  
 The crewell goddes not yet content  
     With me to make accordd,  
 My luringe face they leaper made,  
     To se me men abhord. 260  
 To hospitall by night I stole  
     My self from sight to saue,  
 Wher me was giuen a clappinge dishe  
     My wretched cromms to crave,  
 As thou me foundst, when as thou caste 265  
     Thy golde into my lapp.  
 Wouldst thou, O TROYALUS, thought ther should  
     haue chanst me suche mishapp?  
 Ye famous painters wonted were  
     To drawe with coulers pure 270  
 The forme of thinge, with dainty hande,  
     For euermore endure ;  
 F. 33 b. And ye ingrauers, purposely,  
     Suche artes as erste were paste,  
 Did beate in massy marble stronge 275  
     Eternally to laste ;  
 But loue in mowld of memory  
     Imprintes in *perfitt* harte  
 The loued, so that deathe it self  
     Can noght the same devert. 280

As nowe by the, O TROYALUS deare,

I plainly may appeare,

Dothe ought resemble yet the shape

That CRESYADE once did beare?

It cannot be: but nowe, but nowe,

285

My ghost must hence depart,

I feile the stinge of gaspinge deathe

Dothe strayne me by the harte.

No gratefull token may I send,

My golden giftes are scante;

290

My harte to send thou might refuse,

And say it truthe dothe wante.

Except a ringe nought ells I haue

Which thou me gave that night

That ioyned was *our* hartes in one,

295

And faythe to others plight;

The *which* I send in Paper lapte,

Bewashed *with* my teares,

By him that beares my latest lynes

And funerall that heares.

300

But this had I almoste forgott,

So troubleth deathe my mynde,

That thou voutchsafe tentere the corps

That of thyne armes hathe wynde,

And on my Tombe some Epitaphe

305

Engraue as *lykes* the beste.

So fayre the well!—this lipers knight

Can showe of me the rest.

*Finis.*



F. 34 a.

## XXXI.

[Whilst brazen bodies breathing flames of fire.]

Whilst brazen bodies breathing flames of fire  
 So fierclie charge that euen themselues retire,  
 The noice seemd that which doth so fearfull proue  
 When lightning guides the thunderbolt of Ioue ;  
 But Thowtes more lowde then it did soundes conuoy, 5  
 Which shew loue lightned, and the clapp was joy,

A joy by rauish'd myndes so reall proud  
 As proues some mightie influence it mou'd.  
 This uniuersall sympathie of myndes  
 A great conjunctione most stronglie bindes ; 10  
 The lights most glorious of our undersphœres  
 Are joyn'd in one yet no eclipse appeares :  
 For both propitious as to cleare our dayes  
 Doe shyne while thus combyn'd with doubled rayes.

No wonder then though all thinges act a part 15  
 Where joy so naturall is and needes no art :  
 The fire, the aire, the earth, the water, each  
 Showes that it feeles the same though wanting speach.  
 The fire (so scorning a confined flame)  
 Doth blaze in publict as enlightning fame ; 20  
 The aire, glade messenger of joyfull soundes,  
 Proude to be beaten entertaines their woundes ;  
 The earth (else dull) is nowe constrain'd to moue,  
 Whilst joy doth beate the measure of our loue ;  
 The water, too, as to confyne them all, 25  
 Is link'd to heauen by liquid chaines that fall ;  
 Yea, euen those symboles of ambiguous voice  
 (For some bells sing, some howle with equall noice)  
 Now as inspir'd with ioy speak clearelie thus :  
 "Joy rings our rowling rounds then sing with vs : 30  
 'Day neuer shin'd so cleare as doth this night,  
 Whilst hearts all fir'd with zeale as sunnes give light.'"

10. powerfullie bindes.

19. whilst scorning.

F. 34 b.

## XXXII.

[What is beutie.]

What is beutie? if it be  
 A reall thing, why may not I  
 As well anothers beutie spie  
 As thine, faire thing? for if alone  
 Beutie were thine, the world wold mone 5  
 A losse of judgement, haueing eys to see,  
 Since others others loue as I doe thee.  
 Therefore beleue mee, beutie, as eyes foode  
 Is but as they esteeme or badde or goode,  
 I make the faire in thinking thou art so : 10  
 Then, faire, denye me not what I bestowe.

## XXXIII.

[Be as thow seemst, faire creature.]

Be as thow seemst, faire creature,  
 Or call not it unconstancie  
 To change when that doth change I lou'd in thee.  
 I think that nature wold haue made the faire :  
 No questioune but shee aim'd to make the goode. 5  
 But 't seemes thy froward nature her withstoode,  
 So litle didst thou scape of being rare  
 Of vertue : pittie onlie dost thou lake,  
 And onlie frownes thy beutie fowle doe make.  
 Haue pittie then : want frownes : the world shall see 10  
 Thy beeing as thou seemst my constancie.

4. It seemes that.

5. To change with what I lou'd.

F. 35 *a.*

## XXXIV.

[If when I die to hells eternall shade.]

If when I die to hells eternall shade  
 As ane idolater condemn'd I bee,  
 Because a mortall beutie that doth fade  
 I haue too long ador'd in creuell thee,  
 Think not to scape, for, for thy tyrannie, 5  
 Thou there shall be condemn'd as well as I.

And for thy greater plague two hells shalt proue :  
 The one the trew, wherein thy self shalt be ;  
 My hated lookes the other, pale *wit*h loue,  
 Shall seeme each day and howre new hell to the. 10  
     But I beholding thy bright shyning eyes  
     Shall heauen enjoy amidst hells miseries.

POEMS ADDRESSED TO THE  
AUTHOR.

(From the HAWTHORNDEN MSS., vol. xiii.)



## I.

F. 6 a.

## SONET.

If high desyre the preasß to win that crowne  
 that wearing tyme shall never wast awaye,  
 (frend fouler) Lay thy song's of Love adowne  
 wheron thy Lute to Liberall was to playe :  
 for thow maist on a stronger piller staye 5  
 the gift's wherwith the heavens have thee instorde,  
 if thou the learned THUSKAN wolde assaye,  
 and in thy tyme his TRIUMPHES doe record  
 of LOUE, of CHASTETIE by DEATH devord,  
 of FAME, of tyme ; if so thow list to sing, 10  
 theß verses shall to thee such fame afford  
 that in remembrance newe thy name shall bring,  
 when men shall see þat all thing els decayes  
 except IEHOVAS high eternall prayes.

M. L. B. [?]

*Finis.*

F. 39 a.

## II.

[The princleie pallace braue, the gloriuſ gouldin halls.]

The princleie pallace braue, the gloriuſ gouldin halls,  
 the curiuſ costlie caruit vark, the new deuyce of walls,  
 surpassinge sarueice [?] alls of dentie d[i]shis thair,  
 w<sup>th</sup> euerie kynd of costlie Caics and rich desert so rair ;  
 but more a nobil lord whois verteus doth surpas, 5  
 whois gloriuſ deids doth steane the rest as costlie ston the glas,  
 whois perfyt prais to paint my pen haith no such skil,  
 his verteu and his valour both wil sound his prasis stil ;  
 a verteus ladie rair, a mirrour to the rest,  
 for beutie and behauour she is the onlie best— 10  
 theis al ar to be found, my fouller, whair thow art.  
 3it hier the counsal of thy freind who lous the w<sup>th</sup> his hart :  
 hipocrates doth tech, and galen doth prescryue,  
 the onlie medcin for to keip and to presarue alyue  
 is skerfſ by dyet wsd on homlie cheir to fead : 15  
 cum to my houss, such stow *pair* is skerfſ stands in plenteis  
 stead.

Thyn as his awne

I. C.



F. 37 a.

## III.

## ANE ANSWER

To his vnknowin freind, whom he wisheth  
with all his hart to knowe.\*

Although that VERTUE soverane, and LOVE bene most condong  
For to have praise, and gaine renown aboue all earthlie thing,  
Wherethrough is gott, as men deserve, of right eternall name,  
That tract of tyme can not destroy, or blot away the same.  
My freind of laitt, unknowin ȝit, I hold me close a whyill, 5  
If oght I can, whill tyme may serve to vtter furth my styill,  
My scribling and vnskillfull pen hath brought now to ane end  
The worke which I vnto ȝour fyill most glaidlie wold commend.  
Sen that ȝe vrge, and vthers so no longer to delay,  
If that my Muse will grant me ayd, I shall do as I may. 10  
I haue not drunkt of HELICON, nor hant PARNASSUS hill,  
for to profesß in POËSIE that I have art, or skill,  
Bot as now this, now that did move, and fancie tuik delytt,  
When tyme wes sparde from gryter cares I vsde sum thing to  
wryt,  
And not so much in to this sort, where vulgar tounge is hard, 15  
As in the Latin most to frame I had alway regard,  
I thank ȝow for ȝour courtesie till I may know, or sie  
My loving freind, which lovinglie hath wrytt thus vnto me.

\* The punctuation of Nos. III. and IV. is that of the MS.

## IV.

A coniecture of this his vnknowin freind  
takin out of his awin wordes.

As everie man doth vse the termes belonging to his art,  
My freind I think a FOWLER bene, a POËT most expert,  
with falcone flight acquentit well, such thing his words doth  
say,

And for his skill he worthie is to weare the laurell bay.  
youris at power

THOMAS CARGILL.

## V.

F. 10 a.

[Ther is a Certaine Fowler, as I vnderstand.]

Ther is a Certaine Fowler, as I vnderstand,  
a Fowler of Woodcocks, borne in Scotland,  
Whoe envyinge the Noble Sports of Sir Tristram,  
and of all the Noble hounters of Waltham,  
esteeminge the lyninge of a mooddie doock 5  
before the poursute of a Statlie boock,  
hath written an epitath in greate Scorne  
both in disgrace of the Hound and the Horne.  
It is true that hes giftes are exceedinge Rare;  
with whome I will not presewme to Compare: 10  
for there is not any Sorte or kinde of wine  
but Mast William can Speake the Launguage of the Vine.

He Carowseth Stoutlie of the best Renish  
 either in the Almane tongue or in the flemish ;  
 for the Wine of Courte of aniee and Maine, 15  
 for wine of Can<sup>b</sup>prie and Sack of Spaine, a/  
 for the Sweet wine of greece or of Fronnteinock,  
 for gasconie wine or white wine of Courte,  
 though he Speake not all theis language so well,  
 as he loues the Lecor as I here tell, 20  
 yet for soe much as to liquor doth belonge  
 he can answere them all in their owne tongue.  
 Now his other Vertues are so exceedinge  
 as thay cannot be exprest by a man of my breeding :  
 for such a Cosmogarpher I did neuer know 25  
 betwene Charinge Crosse and Stratforde bowe,  
 where there is not one Taverne ould or Newe  
 but Mast William thereof hath taken a viwe.  
 oh, what a Secrytarie he were at a neede,  
 whoe Neuer vseth Candle of weeke or of reede ! 30  
 for he putteth the hard wax no sooner to his Nose  
 then by vertue thereof the hard wax flowes,  
 but Seeinge the Hote fumes of his fierie Face  
 Sarue for a Stone where he Comes in place.

F. 10 b. And that he may no longer a Seoretorie be - 35  
 to any Princes or bewtifull Ladie,  
 because he Sonn bournes their fases as faste  
 as Phebus frie beames vpon them Cast,  
 I wishe that his head were giuen in Charitie  
 to some honest man decaed and in powertie : 40  
 for let him in his next epitath Cale me a lier  
 if it Sarue not instead of a seacole fier.

Now this is enough for a dead mans dittie ;  
 I will goe no fourther even for pure pittie.

F. 5 a.

## VI.

[Virtutes (Fowlere) tuas ego semper amabo.]

Virtutes (Fowlere) tuas ego semper amabo,

Non igitur et te cogor amare simul?

Ex te proueniunt Virtutes, te quoque Virtus

Nobilitat : Quid ni semper utrumque colam?

Reciproci precor hoc nostri sit pignus Amoris :

5

Dilige me, quod te cogor amare. Vale.

Tuus quantus

E. L. DYMOKE.

F. 11 a.

## VII.

Clarissimo omni uirtutum genere Ornatissimo

uiro præstantissimoque Domino, M. Willyam

Voller, Reg : Maiest : Angliæ &amp; Scotiæ &amp;c.

Secretario fidelissimo, Domino

Suo omni obseruantia colendo.

5

S. P. D.

Clare uir Aonii non infima gloria cœtus,

Mitis &amp; humani dulcis imago uiri,

Tu bonus es musis, studiis &amp; amicus honestis,

Tu bonus Aonidum fautor, amator, odor.

10

Tu pretiosa uiris doctas profitentibus artes

Munera largiris diuite sæpe manū.

Nulla licet sit docta meis facundia musis  
     Nec quoque Pierio flumine uerba fluant,  
 Cum tamen in duris rebus me uexet egestas                   15  
     Cogor ego auxilium quærere ritè tuum.  
 Hostis adest mihi crudelis, nec Turca nec Indus,  
     Ah sed paupertas insidiosa mihi.  
 Hunc ego quo melius possim depellere, tela  
     Da mihi, ne noceat sors onerosa mihi,                   20  
 Quæ mihi si dederis, duce te calcabo premamque  
     Hostis tam duri castra maligna mei.  
 Certe ego iam sine te nequeo uolitare per auras,  
     Sed subeo madidas Icarus alter aquas.  
 Dædalus ergo modo si tu uir clare futurus                   25  
     Es mihi, stelliferas peruolitabo uias.  
 Ipse tuis Christus benedicet rebus in æuum,  
     Nec tibi propterea diminuentur opes.  
 Te Deus incolumem seruet tueatur & ornet  
     Sumptibus ut multis utilis esse queas.                   30  
 Viue ualeque diu per longos Nestoris annos,  
     Magne uir ingenio, uiue ualeque diu.

T. E. & H.

addict :

Georgius Opitius à Leippa,  
 Cantor & exul.















