ROBERT CHESTER'S

LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601,

WITH

SHAKSPERE'S "PHŒNIX AND TURTLE,"

ETC., ETC.
[The Editors alone, and not the Committee of the New Shakspere Society, are responsible for the opinions expresst in the Society's publications.

The Title-page of the present book differs slightly from that issued to Dr. Grosart's subscribers, and the Contents, Argument and Index—for none of which Dr. Grosart is responsible—are now added.]
ROBERT CHESTER'S
"LOVES MARTYR,
or,
ROSALENS COMPLAINT"
(1601)

WITH ITS SUPPLEMENT,
"Diverse Poeticall Essaies" on the Turtle and Phoenix
BY
SHAKSPERE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN,
JOHN MARSTON, ETC.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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To

F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq.,

M.A.,

AND THE

COMMITTEE AND MEMBERS OF

"The New Shakspere Society."

TO YOU CO-WORKERS ON OUR ANCIENT BOOKS
OF TIMES ELIZABETHAN, I HERE GIVE
CHESTER'S OLD TOME. O MAY IT ONCE MORE LIVE
BENEATH YOUR EYES, THRO' INSIGHT THAT NOR BROOKS
NOR FEARS DULL FOLLY'S SUPERcilIOUS LOOKS,
WHEN FROM REMOTER DAYS, THINGS FUGITIVE
AND LONG-FORGOTTEN, WE WOULD FAIN REVIVE.
'LOVE'S MARTYR:' THAT I BRING FROM HIDDEN NOOKS,
A QUICK KEEN MESSAGE BEARS FOR US TO-DAY:
AS I, BY HAPPY FORTUNE, FIRST HAVE PROV'D;
FOR IT INTERPRETS 'BIRD OF LOUDEST LAY'—
TELLING, HOW GREAT ELIZABETH, ESSEX LOV'D.
TURN THEN, GOOD FRIENDS, TO THESE LONG-SEALèD PAGES:
YOUR KIND APPROVAL MORE THAN COUNTED WAGES.

ALEXANDER. B. GROSART.

** See page xxiv. on my friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson’s independent arrival at
the same conclusions. By ‘give’ I mean simply furnish, as the gift is only partial,
viz., permission to the Society to stereotype the book as set up for my own
Occasional Issues of unique or extremely rare books (50 copies).—G.
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‡ The references are to the top-pagings, and not the foot ones as in Dr. Grosart's Notes.
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† That is, Turtle-Dove No. I. (male), and Phœnix No. I. (female) = Turtle-Dove No. II. (female).
THE ARGUMENT.

At a Parliament of the gods—present [? with others not mentioned] Jove, Vesta, Juno, Venus, Pallas, Bellona, and Cupid—Rosalin, in the person of Dame Nature, comes to beg assistance. She has established on earth the most perfect Φωκις* that ever existed—a maiden whose personal beauties she describes. Parenthetically, as it were, p. 5/13,† st. 3, she wishes that "Arabian Φωκις," ‡ "love's Lord," would come and take possession of this incomparable beauty. Her fear is that her Φωκις will decay and that no other will arise from her ashes, because

"The Arabian fiers are too dull and base
To make another spring within her place."—p. 7/15, st. 2.

She therefore begs Jove to pity her (Rosalin = Nature) and list to her laments.

The gods are somewhat startled and incredulous at her wondrous account of her Φωκις, but she confirms her statements by exhibiting a picture in which they

"———behold
The rich wrought Φωκις of Arabian gold."—p. 8/16, st. 3.

Jove thereupon bids Nature

"———hie thee, get thee Φωβος chaire
Cut through the skie, and leave Arabia,

* Φωκις No. 1, female.
† 5/13 : 5 is the number at the top of the page; 13, that at its foot.
‡ Φωκις No 2, male.
Leave that ill working piece* of fruitlesse ayre
Leave me the plaines of white Brytania,
These countries have no fire to raise that flame
That to this Phoénix bird can yeeld a name.”

p. 9/17, st. 3.

and fly to Paphos Ile,

“Where in a vale like Ciparissus groue
Thou shalt behold a second Phoénix love.”—p. 9/17, st. 4.

i.e. the love or mate of another Phoénix.†—This lover of Phoénix
No. 3, female, is the Turtle-dove described at p. 123/131, who is
to die with Phoénix No. 1, female, and with her produce Phoénix
No. 4, female.—He is the hero of the Allegory: he is “true
Honors louely squire;” his name is “Liberal honor,” and he

“Give him,” continues Jove, “this ointment to anoint his head
This precious balme to lay unto his feet.
These shall direct him to this Phoénix bed
Where on a high hill he this bird shall meet
And of their Ashes by my dome shall rise
Another Phoénix ‡ her to equalize.”—p. 12/20, st. 2.

“This said the Gods and Goddesses did applaud
The censure of this thundring Magistrate
And Nature gave him euerlasting laud
And quickly in the dayes bright coach she gate
Downe to the earth, she’s whirled through the ayre;
Joue joyne these fires, thus Venus made her prayer.”

p. 12/20, st. 3.

Then follows “An Introduction to the Prayer” addressed to the
“great Guider of the Sunne and Moone” craving guidance and the
blotting out of offences, and

“Then arm’d with thy protection and thy loue
Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-doue.”

Qy. is this introductory prayer, and the prayer proper which

* Piece = place; so used by Stowe, of London, and frequently by Fenton in
his translation of Guiccardini’s History of Italy, 1599.
† Phoénix No. 3, female.
‡ Phoénix No. 4, female. See Chester’s “Conclusion,” p. 133/141.
The Argument.

follows, made by Venus, or is Venus’s prayer confined to the four words quoted above:—“Joue joyne these fires”? In either case the Turtle-dove here mentioned is Dame Nature’s (Rosalin’s) Phenix, No. 1.

Then follows the prayer: “A Prayer made for the prosperitie of a siluer coloured Doue, applied to the beauteous Phenix.”

This prayer is addressed to Jehova, Christ, the God of Israel, in favour of “the siluer coloured earthy Doue,” “thy siluer Doue,” i.e., of course, the Phenix, and ends with—

“Let her not wither Lord without increase
But blesse her with joyes offpring of sweet peace.

This prayer certainly proceeds from the same person as the introductory petition.

The author himself now addresses three stanzas to readers of “light beleefe,” claiming their indulgence.

Then follows, p. 16/24, “A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature, the Phenix, and the Turtle Doue.”

The last of these three personages of the Allegory does not appear on the scene till p. 123/131.

Nature arrives in her chariot and greets the Phenix. It is not very clear where this meeting takes place. It is a place where “gross cloudie vapours” prevail (p. 18/26, st. 5); the air is “noysome” (p. 20/28, st. 2). It is a

“barren country,
It is so saplesse that the very Spring
Makes tender new-growne Plants be with’ring.”

p. 21/29, st. 4.

“The noysome Aire is growne infectious,
The very springs for want of moisture die,
The glorious Sunne is here pestiferous,” etc., etc.

p. 22/30, st. 1.

Here the Phenix has long suffered from the power of Envie = Malice; here, she says,—

“—with Adders was I sting’d,
And in a lothesome pit was often flung:
The Argument.

My Beautie and my Vertues captiate
To Loue, disembling Loue that I did hate.”

p. 22/30, st. 3.

She complains of Fortune—

“That she should place me in a desart Plaine,
And send forth Enuie with a Judas kisse
To sting me with a Scorpions poisoned hisse.
From my first birth-right for to plant me heare,
Where I haue alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare.”

p. 23/31, st. 3.

And much more, more or less intelligible, to the same effect. She was about to take her flight from this horrid place when Nature met her, for, says she,—

“Upon the Arabian mountaines I must die,
And neuer with a poore yong Turtle graced.”

p. 16/24, st. 3.

[Qy. what is meant by this “poore yong Turtle?” a son or a husband?]

It would seem then that the place of meeting is not in Arabia; indeed in st. 4, p. 21/29 Arabia is specially distinguished from this barren country—

“—-in Arabia burnes another Light,
A dark dimme Taper that I must adore,
This barren countrey makes me to deplore,” etc.

and yet in the previous parts of the Allegory (see p. 7/15, st. 2 and p. 9/17, st. 3, both quoted above) it is evident that Arabia was intended as the place of meeting; and the Phoenix herself says when she meets the Turtle-dove in Paphos (p. 125/133, st. 4) that she had left Arabia for his sake.

However, be the place where it will, Nature consoles her Phœnix; conjures up Envie and banishes him; and then Nature and the Phœnix together enter Phœbus' coach and set out on their travels.

Their course seems rather devious. We will, says Dame Nature,—
The Argument.

"——ride
Ouer the Semi-circle of Europa
And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
That parts the Continent of Africa,
Where the great Cham governes Tartaria
And when the starrie Curtain vales the night
In Paphos sacred Ile we meane to light."

p. 24/32, st. 4.

They behold the Pyramids and Euphrates, p. 25/33, st. 2, but in a very short time they are apparently hovering over Great Britain, several of the towns of which are described. The history of the nine female Worthies is also briefly given, and then, from p. 34/42 to p. 77/85, follows an account of the birth, life, and death of King Arthur. This done, they come in sight of the Tower of London, p. 77/85: a few more stanzas on London and its glory, and then they each indulge in a song: Nature in dispraise of Love, the Phoenix in praise of it as a holy thing. This at last brings them to Paphos, and they

"——are set on foote neere to that Ile,
In whose deep bottome plaines Delight doth smile."

p. 81/89, st. 1.

But Nature is inexhaustible, and from this point to p. 123/131 she amuses the Phoenix with an account of the plants, trees, fishes, minerals, beasts, reptiles, insects, and birds which are the denizens of Paphos. The account of the birds naturally leads up to the introduction of the hero of the Allegory, the Turtle-dove, who at last makes his appearance, and proves to be a "sad-mournefull dooping soule."

"Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes."

p. 123/131, st. 3.

Nature having introduced the Phoenix to the Dove she had long'd so much to see, now takes her departure, leaving the unhappy pair together, p. 124/132, st. 3.

The Turtle-dove is stricken with admiration of the beauteous Phoenix, and soon lets her know that the cause of all his moan is
The Argument.

for his "Turtle that is dead," p. 125/133, st. 3. [We learned, p. 9/17, st. 4, that this lost mate of his was a "second Phoenix," Phoenix No. 3.]

To ease their pain, they share their griefs, and after mutually vowing chaste love, they prepare a pyre on which, in a manner sacrificingly, they propose to burn both their bodies in order to revive one name, p. 128/136, st. 3; and they pray to Apollo to

"Send [his] hot kindling light into this wood
That shall receive the Sacrifice of blood."

p. 129/137, st. 1, 2, 3.

At this point the Phoenix spies a Pelican behind a bush; but the Turtle-dove tells her this bird is quite harmless.

"Let her alone," says he, "to view our Tragedy,
And then report our Loue that she did see."

p. 130/138, st. 1.

The Phoenix would now wish to sacrifice herself only, but the Turtle-dove will not hear of this, and sets the example of mounting the funeral pile; when he is consumed, the Phoenix also enters the fire.

"I come sweet Turtle, and with my bright wings
I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye;
I hope of these another Creature springs
That shall possesse both our authority:
I stay to long, o take me to your glory,
And thus I end the Turtle Doues true story."*

Finis. R. C.

The Pelican now comments on the tragic scene she has beheld; praises the love and constancy of the two victims, and laments the degeneracy of lovers of these later times.

Chester then gives a "Conclusion" (p. 133/141), in which he describes Phoenix No. 4, foretold in p. 12/20, st. 2. He states that

"From the sweete fire of perfumed wood
Another princely Phoenix vpright stood:

* Is this last line supposed to be uttered by the Phoenix or by R. Chester himself?
The Argument.

Whose feathers purifid did yeld more light
Then her late burned mother out of sight
And in her heart restes a perpetuall loue,
Sprong from the bosome of the Turtle-Doue.
Long may the new uprising bird increase,
Some humours and some motions to release,
And thus to all I offer my devotion,
Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion."

Finis, R. C.

Then follow a series of "Cantoes Alphabet-wise to faire Phoenix made by the Paphian Doue." And after them another series of "Cantoes verbally written"—the first words of each line forming a separate series of posies—all apparently addressed to the Phoenix.

[In the second stanza of canto 13, p. 154, is, I think, a misprint. "Not my dead Phoenix," etc.; dear, or perhaps dread, should be substituted for dead.]

The book closes with the contributions of Shakespeare, Jonson, Marston, etc., all evidently "intended to celebrate precisely what Love's Martyr celebrated."—P. A. D.

CORRECTIONS.

1. As a matter of interest to students of Ben Jonson, it should be noted that the changes in his "Preludium" and "Epics," p. 181-6, attributed to Gifford (p. Ixi Introduction, and p. 245 Notes), were really made by Jonson himself, when he gathered these two pieces into his Forest, in his Folio, 1616. He apparently did not consider "The Phoenix Analysed" and the "Ode" worthy of transplantation.

2. In his "Postscript" C., p. lxxv—viii, Dr. Grosart inclines to attribute to Chester a series of poems called The Partheniade. It is—or should be—well known that these poems were certainly composed by the author of The Arte of Englishe Poeties, 1589; and George Puttenham is, I believe, universally accepted as the writer of the latter work. See Mr. Arber's Introduction, etc., to his reprint, 1869.—P. A. D.
INTRODUCTION.

In the Notes and Illustrations appended to this our reproduction, in extenso and in integrity, of Love's Martyr, everything that seemed to call for notice will be found—it is believed—noticed with less or more fulness. Thither the student-reader is referred on any point that may either interest or puzzle him. Here I wish to bring together certain wider things that could not well go into the Notes and Illustrations, so as to shew that, in the present strangely neglected book, we have a noticeable contribution to Elizabethan-Essex-Shakespeare literature.

I purpose an attempt to answer these questions:
(a) Who was Robert Chester?
(b) Who was Sir John Salisburie?
(c) Who were meant by the Phoenix and the Turtle-Dove of these Poems?
(d) What is the message or motif of the Poems?
(e) What is the relation between the verse-contributions of Shakespeare and the other "Moderne Poets" to Love's Martyr?
(f) Was the 1611 issue only a number of copies of the original of 1601, less the preliminary matter and a new title-page?
(g) Is there poetical worth in the book?
(h) Who was Torquato Célliano?

(a) Who was Robert Chester? His name, it will be observed, appears in full, ‘Robert Chester,’ in the original title-page of 1601; as ‘Ro. Chester’ to the Epistle-dedicator to Salisbury (p. 4); as ‘R. Chester’ to “The Authors request to the Phoenix” (p. 5); as ‘R. Ch.’ in address “To the kind Reader” (p. 6); as ‘R. C.’ to “Con-
clusion" (p. 142); and as ‘R. Chester’ at close of “Cantoes” (p. 167). I have sought almost in vain—and I have had capable and earnest fellow-seekers—for contemporary notices of either the man or his book. Even later, the bibliographical authorities, e.g., Ritson, Brydges, Lowndes, Collier, Hazlitt, beyond giving the title-pages and other details with (on the whole) fair accuracy, yield not one scintilla of light. Neither do the county-histories, nor editors as Gifford and Cunningham in their Ben Jonson, nor Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in his natty little reprint (in ten copies) of the “new compositions.”

I was thus shut up to an examination of the genealogies of a somewhat large and widely-distributed tribe, viz., the CHESTERS. I never doubted of finding in Mr. R. E. Chester Waters’s most laborious and trustworthy work on the CHESTERS,* some “certain sound” on our poet as the solitary Chester, who, in poetry at any rate, has any fame or interest for us in this late day; but even in his matterful tomes I was doomed to disappointment. Equally unexpected was my failure to obtain from my many-yeared friend Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester of Bermondsey—than whom one rarely meets with so thoroughly-furnished, unwearied, accurate, and generous a worker—anything approaching certainty of identification. After very considerable reading and comparison of authorities, I found only one member of the known families of Chester bearing the Christian name of ROBERT, whose position, circumstances and dates fitted in with the possible authorship of Love’s Martyr. From his dedicating his book to Sir John Salisbury, and many incidental evidences of familiarity in courtly and high circles, I fixed on him. On communicating my conclusion to Dr. Chester, he was inclined to doubt; but since, he has conceded that there is nothing in the facts of his life against the identification, and that there really is no other claimant. Accordingly he has aided me with characteristic

* Memoirs of the Chesters of Chicheley.
Introduction.

painstaking and ardour, from his abundant stores, in giving such data concerning him (ehu! meagre enough) as remain.

I mean a Robert Chester, who became Sir Robert Chester. The first of his family distinctly recognisable, was William Chester of Chipping Barnet, Herts; who died early in 1566. By his wife Maud (or Matilda) he was father of Leonard Chester, of Blaby, co. Leicester—whose family is embraced in the Heraldic Visitations of their County—and of Sir Robert Chester of Royston, Herts, who was the eldest son. The family is said to have descended from an ancient one in Derbyshire, where Chesters had large possessions, and members of which represented the town of Derby in Parliament, temp. Edward II and III. The Derbyshire estates were expended in supporting the claim of the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII) to the crown. This Sir Robert Chester was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1532, and is subsequently described in various M.S.S. as "Standard Bearer," "Gentleman Usher" and "Gentleman of the Privy Chamber" to King Henry VIII; from whom he obtained a Grant of the Monastery of Royston, with its manors and possessions, in the counties of Herts and Cambridge. He was knighted by King Edward VI at Wilton, 2nd September 1552, and was High Sheriff of Herts and Essex in 1565. He died 25th November 1574, and was buried at Royston.* By his first wife Catherine, daughter of John Throgmorton, Tortworth, co. Gloucester, Esquire, he had a numerous issue.† He was succeeded by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester Esquire of Royston, who was about thirty years old at his father's death. Curiously enough, Sir Robert Chester married as his second wife, Magdalen, widow of Sir James Granado, Knt., on the same day and at the same place, that his son Edward Chester,

* Among the "Nativities" in Ashmole's M.S.S. in Bodleian Library, pp. 166, 176, &c., is one which states that Sir Robert Chester was born 25th November, 1510, and died on his birthday, aged 64.
† Clutterbuck, s.n., describes her as daughter of Christopher Throckmorton of Coarse Court, co. Gloucester, Esq. Cl. Chauncy, s.n.
married Sir James Granado's only daughter and heiress, i.e., father and son married respectively mother and daughter. This took place at Royston on 27th November 1564. The wife of Edward Chester survived her husband and was again married, viz., to Alexander Dyer, Esq. He was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1562, and was subsequently in service as a Colonel in the Low Countries. Besides two daughters (a) Mary, who married an Edward Thornburgh, or Thornborough of Shaddesden, co. Southampton, Esq. (b) Another, who married an Edward Roberts—Edward Chester left a son Robert, who was declared heir to his father by Inquisition post mortem, dated 15th January 1578–9, being then aged twelve years, six months and sixteen days, which fixes his birth about the last of June 1566. This Robert Chester, I indentify with the author of Love's Martyr. In 1596 Henry Holland dedicated his Christian Exercise of Fasting to him, in grave and grateful and admiring words.* He was a J.P. for Herts and Sheriff of Herts in 1599. From Nichols' Progresses of King James I, I glean the following slight notice of him:—"His Majestie being past Godmanchester, held on his waye towards Royston; and drawing neere the Towne, the Shiriffe of Huntingtonshire [Sir John Bedell] humbly tooke his leave; and there he was received by that worthy Knight Sir Edward Denny, High Shiriffe of Hartfordshire...and... in brave manner he conducted his Majestie to one Mafter Chester's house, where his Majestie lay that night on his owne Kingly charge."† On this Nichols annotates:—"Though 'Master Chester' was then owner of the Priory at Royston, and attended on the King at his entrance into the Town, it was more probably at his mansion of Cockett-hatch (in the parish of Barkway, near Royston), that he had the honour of entertaining his Royal Master. A view of this house may be seen in Chauncy, p. 102."‡ The words that the King "lay" at "Master Chester's house" on "his

* See Postscript A to this Introduction for this golden little Epistle-dedicatory.
† Vol. i, pp. 104-5.
‡ Ibid, p. 105.
owne Kingly charge" does not seem to indicate lavish hospitality on the part of the host. But he must have given satisfaction to the King; for he was knighted along with a shoal of others, at Whitehall, on 23rd July 1603.* The exact date of his marriage does not appear; but his wife was Anne, daughter of Henry Capell, Esq., of Essex, by his wife, the Lady Catherine Manners, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Rutland. She survived him not quite two years, residing at Hitchen, Herts.† They had issue at least six sons and six daughters; and their issue in turn were for a time equally numerous, but the late Mr. Harry Chester (who died in 1868) believed himself the last representative of the race.‡ He died on 3rd May 1640. On his death he was possessed of the manor and rectory of Royston, the manors of Nuthamsted, Cockenhatch, Hedley, &c., &c. His Will, dated 3rd May 1638, with codicils, 16th March and 7th April 1640, was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on 3rd February 1640–1, by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester, Esq., whose age at his father's death was, according to the Inquisition, forty years and upwards.||

On these facts I would note—(a) In 1601, when Love's Martyr was published, he was in his thirty-fifth year; but the phrase in his Epistle-dedicator to Salisbury, 'my long expected labour;' may carry its composition back some few years at least. (b) Specifically, while long portions were probably written much earlier, the 'Turtle-dove' being Essex and being in Ireland, ascertains date of composition of all referring to 'Paphos Ile' 1598–9—the period of Essex's absence. (c) In 1611 he was in his forty-fifth year, and no longer plain 'Robert Chester,' but Sir Robert Chester

* Vol. i, p. 218. Doubtless when the King afterwards built himself a residence at Royston there would be frequent intercourse.
† Her Will is dated 12th and was proved the 26th of March 1642.
‡ The chief line of descent of these Chesters was by this Edward, son of our Sir Robert, who was also knighted. The sons entered the various professions. I notice two of them onward. Harry Chester, above mentioned, was son of another Sir Robert Chester, well-remembered as Master of the Ceremonies during the reigns from George III to Victoria. || See Postscript B for Abstract-
Knight, and husband of an Earl's daughter linked to the Sidneys. Is the explanation of the withdrawal of his name from the new title-page of 1611 that his early literary fervours had chilled with his social dignities? (d) At his death he was in his seventy-fourth year. One longs to know more of a man who in his prime personally acquainted with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and other of the 'mighties,' survived them all. The “new compositions” for his own book, drawn from them, especially the fact that it stands alone in having a contribution from Shakespeare, would make any man remarkable.

(b) Who was Sir John Salisbury? Love's Martyr is dedicated to him as “To the Honourable, and (of me before all other) honored Knight” and “one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie” (p. 3), and in the title-page of the “diverse Poeticall Effais” he is designated “the true-noble Knight” (p. 177). Even these slight descriptions guide us to the Salisburys or Salisburyes of Lleweni, Denbighshire—long extinct. Dr. Thomas Nicholas, in his Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales, commences his account of the Salusburys thus:—“The long standing and distinguished alliances of the Salusburys of Lleweni, in the Vale of Clwyd, and the high character borne by several of the line, render them a notable house, and awaken regret at their disappearance. The name is spelt differently in early writings—Salisbury, Salesbury, Salsbury; Dunn almost always adopting the phonetic method, spells this name “Salsberie.” They were of Lleweni and Machymbyd. At what time they first came to Denbighshire, or how the surname originated, is not known, but it is believed that their origin was Welsh. John Salisbury, the third of the name known to us, was the founder of the Priory of White Friars at Denbigh, and died A.D. 1289. He must therefore have witnessed the great struggle of Llewelyn and Edward, which was very hot in those parts. His grandson, William Salisbury, was M.P.
for Leominster 1332, long before members were appointed
for Wales. William's grandson, Sir Harry Salusbury (died circa, 1399), was a Knight of the Sepulchre, and his brother
John was Master of the House for Edward III, and suffered
death in 1388." (p. 392.)

He thus continues: "Sir Harry's grandson, Sir Thomas
Salusbury, Knt., the first mentioned in the pedigrees as of
Llewenni, was a man of great note as citizen and soldier.
His consort was Jonet, daughter and heir of William
Fychan of Caernavon. He took a distinguished part in the
battle of Blackheath (1497) against Perkin Warbeck's
insurrection, for which he was rewarded by Henry VII.
with the order of knighthood. He died 1505, and was
buried at the White Friars, Denbigh (Whitchurch). Sir
Roger, his son, married a Puleston of Emral, and was
followed by Sir John of Llewenni, who married a Myddleton
of Chester, of the Gwaenynog line. He was constable of
Denbigh Castle in 1530, and served in several parliaments
for the county of Denbigh—died 1578. His son, John
Salusbury, Esq., of Llewenni, was the member of this house
who married the celebrated Catherine Tudor of Berain;
and his son by Catherine, Thomas Salusbury, Esq., married
Margaret, daughter of Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder, but
had no male issue; his second son, John, married Ursula,
daughter of Henry Stanley, Earl of Derby, and was suc-
cceeded by his son, Sir Henry Salusbury, Bart., who married
Hester, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddleton, Knt., of Chirk
Castle. His line terminated with his grandson Sir John,
whose daughter and sole heir married Sir Robert Cotton,
Bart., of Combermere, Cheshire, from whom the Combermere
family are derived. Cotton-Hall, named after the Cottons,
was the birth-place of the great General Lord Combermere.
The Llewenni estate was sold by Sir Robert Cotton to the
Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice" (p. 392).

Turning back on these names, our Sir John Salisburie
was John, second son of John Salusbury—who died in his
father Sir John Salusbury's life-time—by (as above)
Catherine Tudor of Berain.* He was born "about 1567" — a portrait of him having been at Lleweny, dated 1591, æt. 24.† He became heir of his brother Thomas, who was executed, in 1586, for conspiring to deliver Mary, Queen of Scots, from imprisonment. His wife was (as above) Ursula, a 'natural' daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Derby. The record of administration of her estate, as of the town of Denbigh, is dated 9th May 1636. They had four sons and three daughters. Henry, the eldest and only surviving son, was created a baronet, as of Lleweni, 10th November 1619, and died 2nd August 1632. His only surviving son was Sir Thomas Salusbury, author of "Joseph," a poem (1636) — who died in 1643.‡ Our Sir John was surnamed "the

* Dr. Nicholas, as before, gives an interesting account of this famous "Catherine"; and I deem it well to avail myself of it, as follows:— "Catherine of Berain," the most noted of her race in this country, was of the clan or tribe of Marchwerthian, and was left sole heiress of Berain. She married four husbands, each of a high and honourable house, and had such a numerous offspring that the name was given her of Mam Cymru, "the mother of Wales." Her first husband was John Salusbury, Esq., of Llyweni, and her estate of Berain was inherited by her children gotten by him. The second was Sir Richard Clough of Denbigh, Knt. of the Sepulchre, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; the third, Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder; and the fourth, Edward Thelwall of Plas-y-Ward. Catherine of Berain's father was Tudyr ap Robert ap Ieuan ap Tudyr ap Gruffyd Lloyd ap Heilwyn Frych, which Heilwyn Frych was ninth in descent from Marchwerthian, Lord of Isaled, founder of the eleventh noble tribe." . . . "The portrait of Catherine, given in Yorke's Royal Tribes, marks a person of firmness and intelligence, and these qualities, added to her estate and numerous alliances and offspring, supplied her with a charm which the bardic heralds of the time knew not how to resist; they spared no pains, accordingly, to provide her with a lineage whose antiquity would comport with their idea of her merits. Tudyr was carried back to Uren Rheged, and he of course to Coel Godebog, who, although a reputed contemporary with Herod the Great, was vouched by the bards to have a full blown heraldic coat — 'Arg., an eagle displayed with two heads, sable.' Coel was in the twelfth degree from Beli Mawr, King of Britain 72 B.C., who bore, they said, 'Az., three crowns Or in pale'; and he was about the fifteenth from Brutus, who, as the bards believed, came to Britain about B.C. 1136, bearing along with his father Sylvius, an escutcheon charged thus: — 'Quarterly: 1, Or, a lion rampant passant Gu.; 2, Az., three crowns Or in bend.'" (p. 393.)

† Pennant's Tour in Wales, vol. ii, p. 145.
‡ The Bibliographers overlook that Sir John Salusbury has a longish poem prefixed to Erwenn, 1632, folio.
Introduction.

strong"; and that explains Hugh Gryffith's playing on 'might'—of which anon. He was M.P. for co. Denbigh 43 Elizabeth (1600–1). All the authorities say he died in 1613; but no Will nor administration of his estate has been found. A shadow of obscurity thus lies on the memory of Chester's "true-noble Knight"—unlifted even from his (exact) death-date. Spelling of names was so arbitrary and variant then, that I should have attached no difficulty to the family-spelling of ‘Salusbury’ as against ‘Salisburie’ of Love's Martyr. As I write this I am called upon to annotate a Sir Stephen Poll —according to one of Nicholas Breton's Epistles-dedicatory—while he really was Sir Stephen Powle, and so is it endlessly. But I am enabled absolutely to identify Sir John Salusbury of Lleweni with Chester's Salisburie. For this is placed beyond dispute by another Epistle-dedicalory addressed to him as —be it noted —(a) of ‘Llewen,' (b) as ‘Esquier for the Bodye to the Queene's most excellent Maiestie,' as in Chester; and which, in the sorrowful absence of other information, is of peculiar interest. It is found in the following little volume of Verse, of which only a single exemplar (preserved at Isham) is known:

"Sinetes
Passions upon his fortunes,
offered for an Incense at the
shrine of the Ladies which gui-
ded his disoempered
thoughts.
The Patrons pathetical Po-
ties, Sonets, Maddrigals, and
Roundelayes. Together with
Sinetes Dome.
Plena verencundl culpa pudoris erat.
By Robert Parry
Gent.
At London
Printed by T. P. for William
Holme, and are to be/owl on
Ladgate hill at the signe of
the holy Lambe.
1597" (sm. 12mo)
The Epistle-dedicatory shews (1) That being plain 'John Salisburie' in 1597 he must have been knighted between 1597 and 1601, (2) That he was of the Queen's household; and so could well introduce his friend Chester into court. It thus runs:

"To the right worshipfull John Salisburie, of Llewes, Esquier, for the Bodie to the Queenes most excellent Majesty.

To Honors throne that euer hath been inclyn'd.
Geue leaue a while vnto my breathing Muse,
To pause vpon the accent of her smyte,
From the respite of this short-taken truce,
For to recorde the actions of my Harte:
Which vowed hath, to manifeest thy worth,
That noble fruities to future age brings forth.
Eu'n thou alone, which strengthen'd my repose,
And doest geue life vnto my dead desire,
Which malice daunt'le, that did thy fame oppose,
Now, with reuiving hope, my quill infloure:
So he may write, and I may glorie finge,
That time, in time, may plucke out emil's fling.
Renowned Patron, my wayling verses,
To whose protect I flye for friendly ayde,
Vouchsafe to heare, while I my woes rehearse:
Then my poore mufe, will never be dimdaile,
To countenance the babling Eccho's browne,
That future age may ring of thy renowne.
I that ere-while with Pan his hindes did play,
And tun'd the note, that best did please my Minde,
Content to sing a sheapheards Round-delay;
Now by thy might, my Mufe the way did finde,
With Madrigals, to store my homely filfe,
Graced with th' applause, of thy well graced smile.
Eu'n thou I say, whose trauaille hope doth veldse,
That honours worth, may reape a due reward,
Which flyes with native plume vnto the fielde;
Whole paines deferues thy cuntreys just regarde:
Introduction.

Time cannot daufe, nor enuie blemish thofoe,
Whom on fam's strenghi haue built their chiefe repose,
Tis only that, which thou mayst clayme thine owne,
Devouring time, cannot obscure the fame,
In future age by this thou mayst be knowne,
When as posterities renewe thy fame:
Then thou being dead, shalt lyfe a newe posseffo,
When workes nor worrdes, thy worthynes expresse:
Then shall my rime a fort of strengh remaine,
To shield the florish of thy high renoune,
That ruin's force may neu'r graces staine,
Which with fame's found shall through the world bee blowne:
Yf that the ocean which includs our flile,
Would passage grant out of this noble Ile.
For feel'ng tym'e of mules lowe remaine,
Will from the fountain of her chiefe conceyte,
Still out the fame, through Lymbecke of my braine,
That glorie takes the honour to repeate:
Whole subiect though of royall accents barde,
Yet to the fame, vouchsafe thy due rewarde:
So shall my felse, and Pen, bequeath their toyle,
To sing, and write prayses, which it felse shall praye,
Which time with cutting Sithe, shall never depoyle,
That often worthy Heros fame delays:
And I encouraged by thy applauce,
Shall teach my mule on higher things to paufe." (pp. 2-4.)

ROBERT PARRY, Gent., is but a sorry poet; for, except here and there a touch of passion and a well-turned compliment, 'Sinetes' is sere and scentless. But it is clear that Salisburie's patronage was highly valued. Besides, an 'H. P.' who writes 'In prayse of the Booke' thus speaks of him:

...... "thy worthie patron is thy fort
Thou needes not shunne t' approach into ech place,
Thy flowering bloome of wit shall thee report."

Still further helpful in identification is another poem in the tiny volume, signed "Hugh Gryffyth, Gent.," which is headed "Pofie & nolle nobile." That by this our Salisburie was intended is confirmed by our Chester's placing the same motto at the head of his Epistle-dedicatory (p. 3), in addition to his name being introduced in the poem itself. I gladly make room for the lines:
Introduction.

“A worthie man deferes a worthie motto,
As badge thereby his nature to declare,
Wherefore the fates of purpose did alot,
To this brave Squire, this simbole sweete and rare;
Of might to spoyle, but yet of mercie spare,
A simbole sure to Saliferie due by right.
Who full doth ioyne his mercy with his might,
Though lyon like his Posie might take place,
Yet like a Lambe he Nolle vieth aye,
Right like himselfe (the flower of Saliferies race)
Who neuer as yeit a poore man would difmay:
But princockes finde be vi'd to daunt alway
And so doth full: whereby is knowne full well
His noble minde and manhood to excell,
All crauen curres that comes of cattrell kinde,
Are knowne full well whè they their might would straine,
The poore t' opprelle that would there favour finde?
Or yeilde himselfe their freindship to attayne:
Then feruile fottes triumphes in might a mayne,
But such as comes from noble lyons race,
(Like this brave Squire) who yeeldes receaues to grace.
Haud fitcta loquor.

I suppose “Posie et nolle, nobile”—evidently his motto or impressa—gathers into itself Sir John Salisbury’s name of “the strong” as over-against his gentleness—To have the power [strength] to do and yet to be unwilling to do [harm] is noble. It is just Isabella’s pleading in Measure for Measure (act ii, sc. 2, ll. 107–9):

———“O, it is excellent
To have a giant’s strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.”

Nor is this all ‘Sinetes’ gives us. For before the ‘Posies’—within an arched temple gate-way—is this repetition of the principal title-page:

“The
Patrone his pat-
thetical Posies,
Sonets, Maddi-
galls, & Roun-
delayes.
Together
with SINETES
Dompe.
Plena, verce
di culpa pu-
doris erat”
Introduction.

This is somewhat ambiguous; for one is left in doubt whether the 'pathetical Posies, Sonets, Maddrigalls, and Roundelayes' are Salisburie's, as his productions, or by gift of Parry. The following are the contents of the division: 1. The patrones conceyte; 2. The patrones affection; 3. The patrones phantasie; 4. The patrones pauze an ode; 5. The dittie to Sospiros (2); 6. The patrones Dilemma (2); 7. The Palmers Dittie vpon his Almes; 8. The Patrones Adieu; 9. Fides in Fortunam (2); 10. My sorrow is ioy; 11. An Almon for a Parrat; 12. The authors mufe vpon his Conceyte; 13. Fides ad fortunam; Sonnettos 1-31. To Paris darling—Buen matina—Maddrigall—Roundelay—Sinettes Dumpe—Posse & nolle nobile—The Lamentation of a Male-content, &c. I select from these verses, three, to give a taste of the quality of this other eulogist of our Chester's Salisburie, and because it is just barely possible (though I confess improbable) that Sir John Salisburie is their author. There are gleams in these selections from 'the Patrone's' division, not in the body of the poems.*

I. The Patrone's Pauze an Ode.
Dimpl'd florish, beauties grace,
Fortune smilith in thy face,
Eye bewrayeth honours flower,

* These hitherto utterly unknown and unused 'poems' form part of that lucky find of my friend Mr. C. Edmonds at Isham. But he had no idea whatever of their bearing on Love's Martyr. I am indebted to Sir C. Isham of Lamport Hall for a leisurely loan of this, as of other of his book-treasures. Note that I have silently corrected two or three slight misprints and punctuations, as 'Whose' for 'Who,' &c. With reference to the possible Salisburie authorship of the most of the second division of the small volume, perhaps II. 37-40 in the Epistle-dedictory, were meant to refer to his Verses — thus:

"'Tis only that, which thou mayft clayme thine owne,
Denouring time, cannot obscure the fame,
In future age by this thou mayft be knowne,
When as pofteritie repaye thy fame, &c."

Then the phrase in the title, 'The Patrone his pathetical Posies,' &c., and especially its interposition between 'Sinete's Dompe,' makes one hesitate in rejecting the Salisburie authorship. It does not add to the belief that these Verses are by the Patron that the lady addressed seems to be one 'of honour' or 'high rank'; for Parry himself was a 'Gentleman' as he tells us in his title-page.
Introduction.

Love is norif'd in thy bower,
In thy bended brow doth lye,
Zeale impref with chaflitie.
   Love's darling deere.
O pale lippes of coral hue,
Rarer die then cheries newe,
Arkes where reason cannot trie,
Beauties riches which doth lye,
Entomb'd in that fayreft frame,
Touch of breath perfumes the fame.
   O rubie cleere.
Ripe Adon fled Venvs bower,
Ayning at thy sweeteft flower,
Her ardent love forft the fame,
Wonted agents of his flame:
Orbe to whose enflamed fier,
Love incen'd him to aspire.
   Hope of our time.
Oriad's of the hills drawe neere,
Nayad's come before your peere:
Flower of nature shining shoes,
Riper then the falling rose,
Entermingleed with white flower,
Stayd with vermilion's power.
   Nest'd in our clime.
The filuer swann finging in Poe,
Silent notes of new-fronge woe,
Tuned notes of cares I finge,
Organ of the mufes springe,
Nature's pride inforceth me,
Ea'n to rue my deflinie.
   Starre fhew thy might.
Helen's beautie is defac'd,
Io's graces are disgrac'd,
Reaching not the twentith part,
Of thy glossies true defart,
But no marnaille thou alone,
Ea'n art Venus paragone.
   Arm'd with delight
Iris coulers are to[o] bafe,
She would make Apelles gaze,
Retfing by the filuer freame,
Toffing nature fame by fame,
Pointing at the chriftall skie,
Arguing her maieftie.
Introduction.

II. Loutes rampire stronge.
Hayre of Amber, frest of hue,
Wau'd with goulden wyers newe,
Riches of the fineft mould,
Rareft glorie to behould,
Ympe with natures vertue graft,
Engines newe for dolors fraught;
En'th there as fronge.
A Item fram'd with Diamounds,
In whose voice true concord founds,
Joy to all that ken thy smyle,
In thee doth vertue fame beguile,
In whose beautie burneth fier,
Which disgracest Queene defier:
Saurence all compare.
Loure it selfe being brought to gaze,
Learns to tredde the lowers maze:
Lying vnconuer'd in thy looke,
Left for to unclape the Booke:
Where enrol'd thy fame remaines,
That Iuno's blush of glory staines:
Blot out my care.
Sphere containing all in all,
Only fram'd to make men thrall:
Onix deck'd with honor's worth,
On whose beautie bringeth forth;
Smiles ou'r-clouded with disdaine,
Which loyall hearts doth paine:
Voyde of disgrace.
Aurora's bluth that decks thy smyle,
Wating lovers to beguile:
Where curious thoughts built the nef,
Which nev'r yeilds to louver's nef:
Wating till the yeilding eye,
Whilft he doth the beautif spie.
Read in her face.
Lampe enrich'd with honour's flower,
Blofome gracing Venus bower:
Bearing plumes of feathers white,
Wherein Turtles doe delighte,
Senfe, would seeme to weake to finde,
Reason's depth in modest minde:
Yeilding desire.
Lode-starre of my happie choyse,
In thee alone I doe rejoyce:
Introduction.

O happie man whose hap is such,
To be made happie by thy tutch:
Thy worth and worthynes could move,
The floutest to incline to love.
Enflam'd with fier.

III. Pofie xi.
An Almon for a Parrat.

Disdainful dames that mountaine moue in thought,
And thinke they may Iouves thunder-bolt controul,
Who paft compare eech one doe fet at naught,
With fquamifh scorn's that nowe in rethorick roule:
Ye fcorne that will be fcorne'd of proude disdain,
I fcorne to beare the fcornes of fneft braine.
Gefures, nor lookes of finpring coy conceyts,
Shall make me moue for flately ladies' mocks:
Then Sirens ceafe to trap with your deceytys,
Leaft that your barkes meete vnexpected rocks:
For calmeft ebe may yield the roughest tide,
And change of time may change in time your pride.
Leave to conceite if needes you mutt imay,
Let meaneer fort feede on their meane entent,
And foare on till, the lark it fied awaye,
Some one in time will pay what you have lent,
Poore hungry gnates falls not on wormes to feede,
When gothawkes milfe on hoped pray to speede. (pp. r8-20.)

I add just one other snatch:—

Buen matina.

Sweete at this mornge I chaunced
To peep into the chamber; loe I glanced:
And fawe white fheetes, thy wherby skinne dicing:
And fote-fweete cheeke on pyllowe fote repofing;
Then fayde were I that pilowe,
Deere for thy love I would not weare the willowe.

As with Sir Robert Chester himself, it is to be lamented that no personal details have come down to us concerning Sir John Salisburie. It demands infinitely more than rank and transient influence to keep a name quick across the centuries. How pathetically soon the small dust of oblivion settles down— not to be blown off— on once noisy and noised lives! So is it—spite of Chester and Parry and Gryffyth— with our ‘true-noble-knight.’
One little after-link between a Salisbury and a Chester I like to regard as going toward the identification of our Chester along with Sir John Salisbury of Llewenti. It is this—Our Sir Robert Chester, having two sons in the church, viz., Dr. Granado Chester, Rector of Broadwater, co. Sussex, and Dr. Robert Chester, Rector of Stevenage; it is found that the former was in the gift of Sir Robert Salusbury of Llanwhern, Monmouthshire, Baronet, of the same house. One is willing to think that the ancient family friendship between the two houses led to this 'presentation' to a son of Sir John Salisburie's friend by a Salisbury. It is likewise to be recalled that the Chesters of Derbyshire—as we have seen—would be brought into relation with the Salisburys by their common opposition in the field to Perkin Warbeck, and in support of Henry VII.

(c) Who were meant by the 'Phoenix' and the 'Turtle-dove' of these poems? Turning to the original title-page, we find that immediately succeeding the large-type words:

"LOVES MARTYR:
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT."

are these other:

" Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue, in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle."

Then below is this further or supplementary explanation:

"To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers whose names are subscrib'd to their severall workes, upon the first subject: viz. the Phœnix and Turtle."
Introduction.

Looking next at "The Authors request to the Phenix"—which, as it is annexed to the Epistle-dedicatory to Sir John Salisbury, 'one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queens most excellent Maiestie,' so it is in itself a second dedication, though not so designated—I ask the student-reader to weigh the compliments in these Lines, and especially these:

"Phenix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any"
"That feedit all earthly fences with thy favor"

"thy perfections passine beautie"

I ask also that it be noted how the 'allegory' of the birds—as Phœnix and Turtle-dove—is incidentally, though not I think accidentally, dropped even thus early, and two things indicated (a) That the Author's poems in so far as she, the 'Phœnix,' was concerned, sang the "home-writ praises" of her 'love':

"Accept my home-writ praises of thy loue"

(b) That he was not pleading for himself but another, viz., her 'loue'or him whom she loved. He seeks that she will accept these "home-writ praises" and her 'kind acceptance' of him (the 'loue' of the prior line)

"kind acceptance of thy Turtle-dove"

Thus far the 'home-writ praises' are comparatively in "a lowly flight" (p. 6); but in the Poems-proper all is exagger-ate and hyperbolical. As pointed out in the Notes and Illustrations frequenter, it very soon appears that the 'Phœnix' is a person and a woman, and the 'Turtle-dove' a person and a male, and that while, as the title-page puts it, the poet is "Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love," it is a genuine story of human love and martyrdom (Love's Martyr). It further very evidently appears—as also shewn in the Notes and Illustrations (p. 17, st. 2) that the 'Phœnix' was not woman merely, but a queen, and queen of 'Brytain' (st. 3, l. 4). In short, no one at all acquainted with what was the mode of speaking of Queen Elizabeth to the very last, will hesitate
in recognizing her as the ‘Rosalin’ and ‘Phenix’ of Robert
Chester, and the “moderne writers,” of this book. Let the
reader keep eye and ear and memory alert, and he will (meo
judicio) find throughout, that in Love’s Martyr and the
related poems, he is listening to the every-day language of
the Panegyrists of the ‘great Queen.’ That is to say, apart
from theories, he will see that all the epithets, and much of
the description pointed, and could point alone, to Elizabeth.
Her ‘beauty’ and her kind of beauty, “beauty that excelled
all beauty on earth”—her ‘princely eyes,’ her ‘majestical’
appearance, her palms kissed like a saint’s, her chastity—
over and over celebrated—her ‘deep counsels,’ her fond-
ness for and skill in music, her gift of poetry, her
eloquence, the “sweet accents of her tongue,” her being a
‘Phenix,’ ‘Earth’s beauteous Phœnix’ (p. 9), and a Phœnix
a prey to the want of a successor—all inevitably make us
think of Elizabeth, and none other possible. Let any one
who may hesitate, take Nichols’ ‘Progresses of Elizabeth’
and study the addresses in verse and prose or the incense of
flattery of the ‘Devices’ and similar entertainments of her
nobles. It will surprize me if he hesitate longer. There is
this also to be remembered, that so peculiar, so fantastically
unique, was Elizabeth’s position, that no one—with his
fortune to make—would have dared to write thus hyper-
bolically of any woman on English ground while Elizabeth
was alive, he thereby putting Elizabeth in the back-ground,
and infinitely below her. Even Sir Walter Raleigh in 1602,
_i.e._, subsequent to the date of Love’s Martyr, thus closes a
letter to her Majesty: “And so most humblie imbracing
and admiring the memory of thos celestial bewtynes, which
with the people is denied mee to revew, I pray God your
Majestie may be eternall in joyes and happines. Your
Majesty’s most humble sluae.”

* 2 vols., 4to. See Postscript to this Introduction, C, for quotations from
Nichols. Even Sidney—whose fortune was made—did not publish ‘Astro-
phel and Stella.’ Besides, it differs into eels.
† Edwards’ Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, vol. ii, p. 260 (2 vols., 8vo, 1868,
Macmillan.)
Introduction.

By my Notes and Illustrations I put it in the power of anyone to confirm (or to confute if he may) this interpretation of the ‘Phœnix’ as intended for Elizabeth. I am not aware that anyone has ever so much as hinted at the interpretation; but neither do I know that any one before has read or studied the extremely rare book. The exceptional interest of the "new compositions" by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston, and others, seems to have over-shadowed the larger portion, and thereby, likewise, left these "new compositions" without a key.*

This internal evidence, from Love's Martyr, as to Elizabeth having been meant by the ‘Phœnix’ is equally established by external. That is to say, another contemporary Poet—and only supercilious ignorance will deny the name to the author of The Tragedie of Shores Wife, were there no more—THOMAS CHURCHYARD— the 'Old

* I must state that, having communicated my interpretation of the ‘Phœnix’ and ‘Turtle-dove’ to my dear friend and fellow-worker in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson of London, I was more than gratified to learn that, on reading the proof-sheets of Love's Martyr (which he had never been fortunate enough to see previously) he had come to the same conclusions. Thus wrought-out in absolute independence, the conclusions themselves may, perhaps, be deemed all the more probable. I must add, that I have had the very great advantage of Dr. Nicholson's reading of the entire proof-sheets of the text and of my Notes and Illustrations. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and insight of my richly-furnished friend, whose restored health we are all rejoicing over. As I write this a letter reaches me from Dr. Nicholson with additional illustrations and confirmations of the 'Phœnix' being Elizabeth—as follows:

"In reading Henry Peacham, M.A., his Minerva Britannia or Garden of Heroicall Devices, 1612, a series of pictorial Impresas or Emblems, with verses in English and Latin, glorifying James and his family and the chief men of rank and note in England, I came across a passage which seems to show that Elizabeth had adopted the Phœnix as 'her own' Emblem. At the conclusion he has a poetical vision in which Minerva Britannia, as I suppose, shows him a hall filled with their Impresas and Emblems limned on the shields of renowned Englishmen, both kings and peers; and having enumerated some he continues:

'With other numberlesse beside,
That to haue seene each one's deuise,
How liuely limn'd, how well appli'de
Introduction.

Palæmon’ of Spenser’s _Colin Clout_—had explicitly celebrated Elizabeth, years before (1593), as the ‘Phœnix.’ His ‘Churchyard’s Challenge’ is so very rare and unknown, that I think it well to reproduce here his celebrations; for as I take it, it makes what was before certain certainty itself.

The Poems I refer to are these: 
(a) A fewe plaine verfs of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maiestie was laft at Oxenforde;  
(b) A discourse of the only Phœnix of the worlde;  
(c) A prafie of that Phenix;  
(d) A discourse of the ioy good subiefts haue when they fee our Phenix abroad;  
(e) This is taken out of Belleaux made of his own Miftrufle. The whole of these follow. ‘I prefix the Epifte-dedication of the entire volume, because in it the ‘Queenes Maiestie,’ as being the ‘Phœnix,’ is again designated.

You were the while in Paradife:  
Another fide the did ordaine  
To fome late dead, fome living yet,  
Who fere’d Eliza in her raigne,  
And worthily had honour’d it.

Where turning trift I fpide aboue,  
_Her own dear Phœnix hovering,  
Whereat me thought in melting Loue,  
Apace with teares mine cies did fpring;  
But Foole, while I aloft did looke,  
For her that was to Heauen flowne,  
This goodly place, my fight forfooke,  
And on the fuddaine all was gone.’

It is worth adding, that in the body of the book, Peacham gives the Phœnix to Cecil.” It may be recalled here that Shakespeare put the ‘emblem’ of the ‘Phœnix’ into Cranmer’s mouth at the baptism of Elizabeth— as thus:

“Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,  
Her ashes new create another heir  
As great in admiration as herself,  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one.”

(_Henry VIII_, act v, sc. 5, ll. 39-43.)

Cf. also my edition of Sylvester, p. 5, for kindred prefatory compliment.
Introduction.

I. The Epistle-dedactory of "Churchyards Challenge." (1593.)

To the right worshipfull the Ladie
Anderson, wife to the right honorable
Lord chiefe Justice of the common
Pleas.

My boldnes being much, may passe the bounds of duty, but the goodnes of your honourable husband (good Madame) paffeth so farre the commendacion of my penne, that vnder his judgement and field (that is so lust a Judge) I make a fanegard to this my presumption, that hazardeth where I am vnown to prefront any peece of Poetrie or matter of great effect, yet adventuring by fortune, to give my Lady your sisster somewhat in the honour of the Queens Maiestie, in the excellencie of her woorthy praffe that neuer can decay; I haue translated some verses out of French, that a Poet semed to write of his owne mistreffe, which verses are so apt for the honouering of the Phenix of our worlde, that I cannot hide them from the sight of the worthy, nor dare commit to groffe a fault as to let them die with my felle; wherfore and in way of your favoure in publifhing these versies, I dedicate them to your good Ladiehippe, though not so well penned as the first Authour did polish them, yet in the best manner my mufe can affoord, they are plainly expressed, hoping they shall be as well taken as they are ment, to the blefed and great Judge of all daily bleffe you.

II. A few plaine verses of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maiestie was last at Oxenford.*

Silent Poets all,
that praife your Ladie so:
My Phenix makes their plumes to fall,
that would like Peacocks goe.
Some doe their Princes praife,
and Synthia some doe like:
And some their Mistreffe honour raffe,
As high as Souldiers pike.
Come downe yee doe premmount,
the warning bel it founds:

*In the Contents it is entitlled "A discouer of the only Phenix of the worlde."

Lady Anderson, supra, was Magdalen, d. of Christopher Smyth, of Annables, co. Herts.
Introduction.

That calls you Poets to account,
for breaking of your bounds.
In giving fame to thofe,
faire flowers that foone doth fade:
And clean forget the white red robe,
that God a Phenix made.
Your Ladies also doe decline,
like Stars in darksome night:
When Phenix doth like Phoebus shine,
and leands the world great light.
You paint to please desire,
your Dame in colours gay:
As though brave words, or trim attire,
could grace a clod of clay.
My Phenix needs not any art,
of Poets painting quill:
She is her selfe in cuerie part,
so shapte by kindly skil.
That nature cannot well amend:
and to that shapte most rare,
The Gods such special grace doth fend,
that is without compare.
The heavens did agree,
by constellations plaine:
That for her vertue fhee should bee the only queene to raigne,
(In her most happie daisies) and carries cleane awake:
The tip and top of peerlefe prayfe, if all the world say may,
Looke not that I should name, her vertue in their place,
But looke on her true well-won fame, that anfwers forme & face.
And therein shall you read, a world of matter now,
That round about the world doth spread her hauenly graces throw.
The seas (where cannons roar) hath yeilded her her right,
And sent such newes vnto the shore, of enemies foile and flight.
That all the world doth found, the glorie Phenix goe
Whereof an echo doth rebound, in fuch a tune and note,
(That none alive shall reacht) of Phenix honor great,
Which shall the poets mufes teach, how they of her hold treat.
O then with verses sweete, if Poets have good flore,
Fling down your pen, at Phenix feet, & praffe your nimphes no more.
Packe hence, she comes in place, a royally Royall Queene:
That takes away your Ladies grace, as soone as she is feene.
FINIS.
III. A praife of that Phenix.*

Verfes of value, if Vertue bee feene,
Made of a Phenix, a King, and a Queene.

My Phenix once, was wont to mount the skyes,
To fee how birdes, of bafer feathers flew :
Then did her Port and preference please our eies :
Whose abfence now, breeds nought but fancies new.
The Phenix want, our court, and Realme may rue. 
Thus fight of her, fuch welcome gladnes brings,
That world loois much, who Phenix claps her wings.

And flies abroad, to take the open aire,
In royall fort, as bird of stately kinde :
Who hates foul storms ; and loves mild weather fair,
And by great force, can lore the bloftring wind,  
To flew the grace, and greatness of the minde,
My Phenix hath, that vertue growing greene,
When that abroad, her gracious face is feene.

Let neither feare of plagues, nor wits of men,
Keepe Phenix clofe, that ought to live in light :
Of open world, for abfence wrongs vs then,
To take from world, the Lampe that giues vs light,
O God forbid, our day were turnde to night,
And fhining Sunne, in clowds fhould throwed be,
Whose golden rayes, the world defires to fee.

The Dolphin daunts, each fih that swims the Seas,
The Lion feares, the greateft beast that goes :
The Bees in Hive, are glad theyr King to pleafe,
And to their Lord, each thing their duety knowes. 
But firt the King, his Princely prefence showes,
Then fubiects floopes, and prostrate fals on face,
Or bowes down head, to giue their maitter place.

The funne hath powre, to comfort flows and gras,
And purge the aire, of foule infections all :
Makes eche thing pure, wher his clear beams do passe,
Draws vp the dew, that mifts and fogs lets fall :
My Phenix hath, a greater gift at call,
For vaifalls all, a view of her doe crane,
Because thereby, great hope and hap we have.

* I take this heading from the 'Contents,'—there is added, "and verfes translated out of French." Throughout these poems of Churchyard there are various instances of verb singular after nominative plural.
Introduction.

Good turnes it brings, and suiters plaints are heard,
The poore are pleasde, the rich some purchase gains,
The wicked bluffs: the worthy wins reward,
The servant findes a meanes to quit his pains:
The wronged man, by her some right attaines,
Thus euer one, that help and succour needes,
In hard distresse, on Phenix favour feedes.

But from our view, if world doe Phenix kepe,
Both Sunne, and Moone, and flars we bid farewell,
The heauens mourne, the earth will waile and weep.
The heavie heart, it feeles the paines of Hell,
Woe be to thofe, that in despaire doe dwell,
Was neuer plague nor pettence like to this,
When foules of men haue loft such heauenly blisse.

Now suiters all, you may shooe vp your plaints
Your Goddes now, is lockt in shrine full saft:
You may perhaps, yet pray unto her Saints,
Whose cares are stopt, and hearing sure is past,
Now in the fire, you may such Idols cast.
They cannot helpe, like flockes and shekes they bee,
That haue no life, nor cannot heare nor see.

Till that at large, our royall Phenix comes,
Packe hence poore men, or picke your fingers endes,
Or blow your nailes, or gnaw and bite your thoms,
Till God aboue, some better fortune sends.
Who here abides, till this bad world emends,
May doe full well, as tides doe ebe and flow,
So fortune turnes, and haps doe come and goe.

The bodies ioy, and all the loines it beares,
Lies in the head, that may command the reft:
Let head but ake, the heart is full of feares,
And armes acroosse, we clap on troubled breft:
With heuies thoughts, the mind is so opprest,
That neither legs, nor feete haue will to goe,
As man himselfe, were cleane overcome with woe.

The head is it, that still preferues the fence.
And feekes to faue, each member from dileafe:
Devise of head, is bodies whole defence,
The skill whereof, no part dare well displease:
For as the Moone mones vp the mighty Seas,
So head doth guide the body when it will,
And rules the man, by wit and reaons skil.
Introduction.

But how should head, indéede doe all this good,
When at our néeede, no vfe of head we haue:
The head is felt, is féene and underfoolde.
Then from disgrace, it will the body faue,
And otherwise, sick man drops downe in grave,
For when no helpe, nor vfe of head we finde,
The féete falls lame, and gazing eies grow blinde.

The lims wax stifé, for want of vfe and aide,
The bones doe dry, their narrow waste away:
The heart is dead, the body lines afraide,
The finnowes shrinke, the bloud doth still decay:
So long as world, doth want the Star of day,
So long darke night, we shall be sure of hère,:
For clowdy skies, I feare will neuer cléere.

God send some helpe, to sake sick poore mens fores,
A boxe of baulme, would heale our woundes vp quite:
That precious oyle, would este out rotten cores,
And give great health, and man his whole delightes.
God send some dure, in frostie mornng white,
That cakes of yee may melt by gentle thaw,
And at well-head wee may lome water drawe.

A Riddle.

Wée wih, wee want, yet hauw what we defire:
We free, wee burne, and yet kept from the fire.
FINIS.

IV. A discourse of the ioy good subiects haue when they see our
Phenix abroad.

This is to be red fine vaine.

In hat a fawour worne, a bird of gold in Britaine land,
In loyall heart is borne, yet doth on head like Phenix stand.
To set my Phenix forth, whose vertues may the al fawmout.
An orient pearle more worth, in value, price & good account.
The gold or precious stome, what tong or verfe dare her deftaine,
A pereleffe paragon, in whom such gladisme gifts remaine.
Whose feemly shape is wroght as out of wax who made yé mold
By fine deuife of thought, like shrined Saint in beaten gold:
Dame Nature did didaine, and thought great feorn in any fort,
To make the like againe, that should deferne such rare report.
Ther néeedes no Poets pen, nor painters pencial, come in place,

* This heading is from the 'Contents.'
Introduction.

Nor flattering farse of men, whose fied speech glues each thing grace,
To praise this worthy dame, a Nymph which Diana holds full dear
That in such perfect frame, as mirror bright & chriftal clear
Is set out to our view, threefold as faire as shining Sunne,
For beauty grace and hue, a worke that hath great glory won,
A Goddes dropt from Sky, for causes more than men may know,
To please both minde & eie for those that dwells on earth below,
And shew what heavenly grace, and noble secret power divine
Is feme in Princely face, that kind hath formed & framed so fine.
For this is all I write, of sacred Phenix ten times blest,
To shew mine own delight, as fancies humor thinketh best.
FINIS.

V. This is taken out of Belleau made of his own Mistresse.*

Sad sighes doth shew, the heat of heartes defire,
And sorrow speakes, by signes of enseul eyes:
So if hot flames, proceed from holly fire,
And love may not, from vicious fancies eyes.
In tarying time, and favour of the skies,
My only good, and greatest hap doth lie:
In her that doth, all fond delight disspies:
Than turne to mee, sad sighes I shall not dye.

If that bee she, who hath so much mee bound,
And makes me hers, as I were not mine owne:
She must to praise, that maie alue be founde,
Most great and good, and gracious throughly knowne.
Shee all my hope, in brieue yea more than mine,
(That quickly maie, bring life by looke of eye)
Then come chaest sighes, a close record divine,
Returne to mee, and I shal not drie.

If from young yeares, shee gaide the garland gaye,
And wan the price, of all good gifts of grace:
If princely port, doe vertuous minde be ware,
And royall power, be found by noble face,
If shee bee borne, most happie graue and wife,
A Sibill face, sent downe from heauens heu,
Of smothering sighes, that faine would clofe mine eyes,
Returne to mee, so shal I never dye.

* While this piece has nothing of the 'Phenix' in it, it is equally good for our purpose, as shewing how Elizabeth was addressed (as in Chester) by the titles of 'Sun,' &c.
Introduction.

If most upright, and faire of forme shee bee,
That may beare life, and sweeteest manner shoues,
Loues God, good men, and Countries wealth doth fede,
A queene of kinges, all Christlian princes knowes,
So iustly liues, that each man hath his owne,
Sets straight each state, that else would goe awrde:
Whereby her fame, abroad the world is blowne,
Then seace sad sijges, so shall I never die.

If shee the heart of Alexander haue,
The sharpe efprite, and hap of Haniball,
The constant mind, that Gods to Scipio gave,
And Cesars grace, whose triumphs passe all,
If in her thought, do dwell the judgement great,
Of all that raigues, and rules from earth to skie:
(And fits this houre, in throne and regall feate),
Come sijges againe, your maister cannot die.

If she be found, to toast the pearcing ayr,
In heate, in cold, in frost, in snowe and rayne:
As diamond, that shines fo paffing faire,
That sunne nor moone, nor weather cannot staine:
If blastes of winde, and storms to beautie yeld,
And this well springe, makes other fountains drye:
(Turnes tides and floods, to water barren field,) Come sijges then home, I liue and cannot die.

If her great giftes, doth daunt dame fortunes might,
And she haue caught the hayres and head of hap:
To others hard, to her a matter light,
To mount the cloudes, and fall in honours lip.
If shee her selfe, and others conquer too,
Lives long in peace, and yet doth warre defie:
As valiant kinges, and vertuous victors doe,
Then sijge no more, o heart I cannot die.

If such a prince, take her highnesse than,
For some good thing, the world may geffe in mee:
And sijpes so low, too like a sillie man,
That little knowes, what Princes grace may bee.
If thee well waie, my faith and feruice true,
And is the judge, and toouch that gold shall trie:
That colour cleare, that never changeth hue,
Heart sijgh no more, I liue and may not die.

If I doe yfe, her favoure for my weale,
By reason off, her gracious countenance fill:
And from the sune, a little light I steale,
To keepe the life, in lampe to burne at will.
Introduction.

If robberie thus, a true man may commit,
Both I and mine, unto her merits flie;
If I presume, it springes for want of wit,
Excuse me then, sad figues or eile I die.

If shee do know, her shape in heart I heare,
Engraved in breast, her grace and figure is,
Yea day and night, I thinke and dreame each where,
On nothing else, but on that heavenly blisse,
If she transformde, my mind and body lues,
But not confunde, nor finde no cause to cry,
And waite on her, that helpe and comfort gies,
Than come poore figues, your maister shall not die.

If she behold, that here I wish no breath,
But live all hers, in thought and word and deede:
Whose favoure lost, I crave but present death,
Whose grace attained, lean foule full fat shall feed.
If any cause, do keepe her from my sight,
I know no world, my self I shall deny,
But if her torch, doe lend my candle light,
Heart fighe no more, the body doth not die.

But if by death, or some disgrace of mine
Through enimies fling, or false report of foes,
My view be hard, from that sweete face divine.
Believe for troth, to death her servant goes,
And rather sure, than I should ill conceiue:
Sighes mount to skies, you know the cause and why.
How here below, my lusty life I loose,
Attend me there, for wounded heart must die.

If shee beloove, without her presence here,
That anything, may now content my minde:
Or thinke in world, is spark of gladfome cheere,
Where she is not, nor I her presence finde:
But all the toys, that man imagine may,
As handmaides wayt, on her here vnder sky,
Then figues mount vp, to heauens hold your way,
And slay me there, for I of force must die.

If I may feare, that fragill beauty light,
Or semblance faire, is to be doubted fore:
Or my vaine youth, may turn with fancies might,
Or figues full fallies fains griefe or torment more,
Than heart doth feel, then angry stars aboue,
Doe band your felues, gainst me in heauens lie.
And rigor worke, to conquer constant love,
Mount vp poore figues, here is no helpe, I die.
Introduction.

And so sad fighges, the witnes of my thought,
If lone finde not, true guerdon for good will:
Ere that to grue, my body shalbe brought,
Mount vp to cloudes, and there abide me still,
But if good hope, and hap some succour fend,
And honor doth, my vertuous minde supply,
With treble bliffe, for which I long attend,
Returne good fighges, I mean not now to die.

Translated out of French, for one that is bounde much to Fortune.

FINIS.

It were easy to multiply contemporary and funereal "flatteries" of Elizabeth under the name of the 'Phoenix,' and from Cynthia in Spenser to the Rosalind and Orianas of many 'Madrigals,'* and Atropeion Delion of Thomas Newton (1603), shew that she was even to old age receptive of the loftiest names and the most celestial praise, especially if they lauded her 'beauty' or her intellect. But for our present purpose more cannot be required.

Having thus determined that Elizabeth was the 'Phoenix,' I proceed now to inquire who was intended by the 'Turtle-doue.' As with the 'Phoenix,' I must request attention to our Notes and Illustrations on the places wherein the 'Turtle-doue' occurs. It will there be found that, contrary to ordinary usage, the 'Turtle-doue' is distinctly 'sung' of as a male, by the necessities indeed of the 'love' relations sustained towards the 'Phœnix,' and of the 'Phœnix' towards the 'Turtle-doue,' e.g.:

Nature.

"Fly in this Chariot, and come sit by me,
And we will leave this ill corrupted Land,
We'll take our course through the blue Azure skie,
And set our feete on Paphus golden sand.
There of that Turtle Doue we'll understand;
And visit HIM in those delightful plains,
Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty still remains." (p. 32.)

It will also be found that, as with Elizabeth as the 'Phoenix,'

* See an interesting paper on 'Madrigals' in honour of Elizabeth in Notes and Queries, first series, vol. iv, pp. 185-188. See Postscript D for additional 'Phoenix' references, &c.
so with the ‘Turtle-doue,’ epithet and circumstance and the
whole bearing of the Poems, make us think of but one pre-
eminent man in the Court of Elizabeth. Let the Notes
and Illustrations on portions of these Poems relative to the
‘Turtle-doue’ be critically pondered; and unless I err
egregiously, it will be felt that only of the brilliant but
impetuous, the greatly-powered but rash, the illustrious
but unhappy Robert Devereux, second earl of Essex, could
such splendid things have been thought. Inevitably
‘Liberal Honour’ and ‘Love’s Lord,’ are accepted as his
titles of right; while his Letters to Elizabeth and of
Elizabeth to him reveal the ‘envy’ and ‘jealousy’ and
hatreds against which he fought his way upward.† I invite
prolonged scrutiny of this description and portraiture:

“Hard by a running streame or crystall fountaine,
Wherein rich Orient pearle is often found,
Emviron’d with a high and steepie mountaine,
A fertill foile and fruitful plot of ground,
There shalt thou find true Honors lonely Squire,
That for this Phanix keepes Prometheus fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
Is fram’d of Cedars and high loftie Pine,
I made his house to chaffice thence despight,
And fram’d it like this heavenly roofe of mine:
His name is Liberall honor, and his hart,
Ayms at true faithfull seruice and defart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth sit,
Bloud and sweete Merrie hand in hand vaited,
Bloud to his foes, a president most fit
For such as hate his gentle humour spited:
His Haire is curl’d by nature mild and mecke,
Hangs careless downe to throd a blushing cheeke.

Gieue him this Ointment to anoint his Head,
This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,
These shall direct him to the Phanix bed,
Where on a high hill he this Bird shall meet:
And of their Ashes by my doome shal rite,
Another Phanix her to equalize.”

† See Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex, &c., &c. By the
Hon. W. B. Devereux, 2 vols. 8vo, 1853. (Murry.)
Introduction.

The 'Turtle Dove,' as thus described, was then in 'Paphos Ille'; and what was meant by it will appear in the sequel. But I ask any one familiar with the men and events of the reign of Elizabeth, if Essex is not instantly suggested by these and parallel passages and allusions in Love's Martyr? This being so, we should expect that Essex would be found elsewhere similarly described; and if, in giving Churchyard’s remarkable 'Phœnix’ poems, I felt that I was by them placing our interpretation beyond cavil, I have much the same conviction in now submitting certain extracts from a poem avowedly in his honour, when he was in the golden sunshine (yet not without broad shadows) of his favour with Elizabeth. I refer to "An Eglogue Gratulatorie. Entitled: To the right honorable, and renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall. Done by George Peele." (1589).*

Let these speak for themselves, by help of our italics occasionally:

Piers.

"Of arms to sing I have nor luft nor skill;
Enough is me to blazon my good-will,
To welcome home that long hath lacked been,
One of the jollieft shepheard of our green;
10, io pean!

Pilinode.

Tell me, good Piers, I pray thee tell it me,
What may thilk jolly swain or shepheard be,
Or whence y-comen, that be thus welcome is,
That thou art all so blithe to see his blisse?

Piers.

.... Thilk shepheard, Pilinode, whom my pipe praviefeth,
Where glory my reed to the welkin praveth,
He's a great herdgroom, certes, but no swain,
Save hers that is the flower of Phæbe's plain;
10, io pean!

* Dyce's Greene, pp. 559-563, i vol., 8vo, 1861. It is much to be regretted that, here as invariably, so competent a scholar and so noble a worker as the late Mr. Dyce modernised the orthography of his texts, thereby obliterating all philological and critical value.
Introduction.

He's well-allied and lovéd of the best,
Well-thew'd, fair and frank, and famous by his crest;
His Rain-deer, racking with proud and stately pace,
Giveth to his flock a right beautiful grace;
Io, io pean!

He waits where our great shepherds doth wun,
He playeth in the shade, and thriveth in the sun;
He shineth on the plains, his lofty flock him by,
As when Apollo kept in Arcady;
Io, io pean!

Fellow in arms he was in their flow'ring days
With that great shepherd, good Philisides; Sir Philip Sidney.
And in fad fable did I see him light,
Moaning the mis'd of Pallas' peerles knight;
Io, io pean!

With him he serv'd, and watch'd, and waited late,
To keep the grim wolf from Eliza's gate; Anjou, Tyrone, &c.
And for their mis'ry, thoughten these two swains,
They moughten never take too mickle pains;
Io, io pean!

But, ah for grief! that jolly groom is dead,
For whom the Muses, silver tears have shed;
Yet in this lovely swain, source of our glee,
Mun all his virtues sweet reviven be;
Io, io pean!

Again:

Palinode.

"Thou foolish swain that thus art over-joy'd,
How soon may here thy courage be accoy'd!
If he be one come new from western coast,
Small caufe hath he, or thou for him to boast.
I see no palm, I see no laurel boughs
Circle his temples or adorn his brows;
I hear no triumphs for this late return,
But many a herdsman more dispos'd to mourn.

Piers.

Pale lookest thou, like spite, proud Palinode;
Venture doth lofs, and war doth danger bode:
But thou art of those harvefters, I see,
Would at one flock spoil all the fild herd tree;
Io, io pean!

For shame, I say, give virtue honour's due!
I'll pleafe the shepherd but by telling true:
Introduction.

Palm mayst thou see and bays about his head,
That all his flock right forwardly hath led;
Io, io pean!"

Then comes ENVY, as so frequently in Love's Martyr and
the Essex letters (to and from), with sinister influence:—

"But woe is me, lewd lad, fame's full of lies,
Envy doth aye true honour's deeds despise,
Yet chivalry will mount with glorious wings
Spite all, and nestle near the seat of kings;
Io, io pean!"

Finally, Chester’s ‘Liberall Honor’ is introduced:—

"O honour’s fire, that not the brackish sea
Mought quench, nor foeman’s fearful harums lay!
So high those golden flakes done mount and climb
That they exceed the reach of shepherds rhyme;
Io, io pean!"

Palinode.
What boot thy welcomes, foolish-hardy swain?
Louder pipes than thine are going on the plain;
Fair Eliza’s lasses and her great grooms
Receive this shepherd with unseign’d welcomes.
Honour is in him that doth it beflow .........

Piers.
So ceafo, my pipe, the worthies to record
Of thilke great shepherd, of thilke fair young lord."

The line of Palinode,
"Honour is in him that doth it beflow,"
as well as the title of ‘Liberal Honour,’ refers doubtless,
among other things, to the dubbing of knights by Essex as
commander-in-chief—a matter which caused much ‘evil-
speaking’ and jealousy.

Subsidiary to this specially noticeable poem of GEORGE
PEELE is another by THOMAS CHURCHYARD. Intrinsically
it is of little or no poetical value; but from its direct bear-
ing on our interpretation of ‘Paphos Ile’—as in Love’s
Martyr, designating Ireland,—it has no common interest.
For it is a Greeting to Essex on his departure for Ireland
to put down the rebellion of Tyrone. There is nothing of
that exaggerate laudation of Essex common at the period; but the very homeliness and humbleness of the poem serve the better to reflect the gravity of his summons to do this service for his Queen. One phrase in the Epistle-dedactory gives a parallel to Shakespeare's assurance of welcome on return, and to us now the quaintest possible use of the word 'impe.' The august names, e.g., Scipio, Mars, and the like, tell us of the popular conception of the hero of the Expedition; and in relation to the 'Liberal Honour' of Love's Martyr, it does not look like a mere coincidence that Churchyard names Essex 'Honour'—"Who must ask grace on knees at Honor's feet" (p. xlii, l. 26). I deem it well to reproduce the whole, from (it is believed) the unique exemplar in the British Museum. Unfortunately the headline of the opening of the poem is cut off by the binder, and only the word 'happy' can be guessed at in it. The title-page is as follows:

THE

FORTUNATE FAREWELL

to the most forward and noble Earle
of Essex, one of the honorable privie
Council, Earle high Marshal of Eng-
land, Master of the hoys, Master of the
ordinance, Knight of the garter, &c
Lord Lieutenant general of all
the Queens Maiesties
forces in Ireland.

Dedicated to the right Honorable the Lord
HARRY SEAMER, second sonne
to the late Duke of
Sommerfet.

Written by Thomas Churchyard
Esquire.

Printed at London by Edm. Bollifant,
for William Wood at the Weit
doore of Powles.
1599

Next comes the Epistle-dedactory—following up the odd mention of his name in the title-page—to Henry, second son of the Duke of Somerset, by his second wife, Anne,
daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, Knt. Churchyard calls him 'the Lord Harry' by courtesy; for of course when his father was stripped of his titles, those of the sons also fell. But he was knighted, though no record of this appears to have been preserved. Dr. Chester has notes of the administration to his estate, dated 6 February, 1606-7, when he was described as Sir Henry Seymour, Knt., of St. Anne, Blackfriars, London, the letters being granted to his sister, Lady Mary Rogers. He married Lady Joan Percy, third daughter of Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland, but died without issue; and as his sister administered his estate Lady Seymour probably died before him. The Epistle thus runs:

To the right honorable the L. Harry Seamer
Thomas Churchyard wishes continuance of
verue, blessednesse of minde, and
wished felicitie.

In all duty (my good Lord) I am bold, because your most honorable father the Duke of Somerset (vnde to the renowned impe of grace noble King Edward the fist) fauoured me when I was troubled before the Lords of the Counsell, for writing some of my first verses: in requital whereof, ever since I have honored all his noble race, and knowing your Lordship in fea seruices forward and ready in all honorable maner (sparing for no charges) when the Spanyards approched neere our countrie, I bethought me how I might be thankfull for good turnes found of your noble progenie: though vnable therefore, finding my selfe vnfurnished of all things woorthy presentation and acceptance, I tooke occasion of the departure of a moat woorthy Earle towards the seruice in Ireland, so made a preuent to your Lordship of his happy Farewell as I hope: and trust to live and fee his wishe welcome home. This Farewell onely deuiled to shewe vp a threefold manely courage to the mercenary multitude of soldiers, that follow this Marshall-like [Martial-like] Generall, and especially to moose all degrees in generall loyalty to ferue our good Queene Elizabeth, and valiantly to go through with good resolution the acceptable seruice they take in hand. Which true seruice shall redouble their renowne, and enroll their names in the memorialis-bookke of fame for ever. I fawe I leade your Lordship too farre with the flourishe of a fruitefull pen, whose blandishing phrasing makes many to gaze on, and few to consider well of and regarde. My plot is onely laide to purchase good will of vertuous people: what the rest thinke, let their mishcon-fruiting conveits anfwer their owne idle humors. This plaine preuent winning your Lorships good liking, shall passe with the greater grace to his honorable

* = descent, or as we would say, ancestry, i.e., the 'before-births,' a sense common at that time. Cf. Shakespeare and Lové's Martyr.
hands, that the prizers & power of good men waite willingly vpon towards the reformation of wicked rebellion.  
Your L. in all at commandement, Thomas Churchyard.

And now we reach the poem itself.*

and forward most noble  
Earle of Essex.

Now Scipio fails to Affrick far from hom,  
The Lord of hoofts, and battels be his gied :  
Now when green trees, begins to bud and bloem,  
On Irih fees, ELIZAS ship shall ried ;  
A warlick band, of worthy knights I hoep,  
Aer armd for fight, a bloody brunt to bied ;  
With rebels shal, boeth might and manhood coop,  
Our contres right, and quarrell to be tried :  
Right macks wrong bluth, and troth bids falshed fly,  
The sword is drawn, Tyroens dispatch draws ny.  
A traitor must be taught to know his king,  
When MARS shal march, with shining sword in hand,  
A craven cock, cries creak and hangs down wing,  
Will run about the thraep and daer not stand,  
When cockes of gaeem, coms in to glue a bloe :  
So fall Tyroen, may faint when he would fight,  
Thogh now alowd, on dunghill doth he croe ;  
Traitors wants hart, and ofthen tacks the flight :  
When rebels fee, they aer surprized by troeth,  
Pack hence in haeft, away the rebels goeth.  
Proud trecherous trueth, is curd & knotcht with bloes,  
Hy loftic mindes, with force are beaten down :  
Against the right, though oft rued rebels roes,  
Not oen sped well, that did impeach a crowne.  
Read the Annaels, of all the Princes pati,  
Whear treasons still, are puniht in their kinde,  
Thear shall you see, when faithfull men fland fae,  
False traytors still, are but a blast of winde :  
For he that first formed kings and all degrees,  
The ruel of flates, and kingdoms overfees.  
Riot and rage, this rank rebellion breeds ;  
Hauock and spoyl, fets bloudhied fo abroetch,  
Troethles attempts, their filthy humor feeds,  
Rathines runs on, all hedlong to reproetch :

* The spelling of Churchyard is so peculiar in this poem that I must state that our text is an exact reproduction of the original throughout. We have here a most noticeable example of a then common practice of making rhyming words agree in spelling, e.g., ll. 1 and 3; ll. 2, 4, 6, &c., &c.
Introduction.

Boldnes begaet theas helhounds all a roe,
The sons of theam, and children of Gods wrath;
With woulish minds, liek breechles bearis they goe,
Throw woods and bogs, and mayna crooked paeth;
Lying lick dogs, in litter, dung and strawe,
Rued as bruet beastis, that knees ne ruel nor lawe.
Forred from faith, and fear of God or man,
Valernad or taught of any graces good,
Nurft vp in vice, whear falschad first began,
Mercyelas boern, still fleading guiltles blood.
Libertines lewd, that all good order haets,
Murtherers viel, of women great with childes,
Cruell as kiets, despiing all eftaets,
Dulishly bent, boeth currish, stern and wilde:
Their whole deuice, is rooet of mischeues all,
That seekes a plaeg, on their own heds to fall.
Will God permit, such monsters to bear away?
His injuste haets, the feeps of tyrants fill,
Their damnable deeds, cranes vengeance every day;
Which God doth scourge, by his own blessed will.
He planteth force, to fling down feebles strength,
Men of mutch worth, to weaken things of noght,
Whoees cloked craft, shall fier be feen at length,
When vnto light, dark dealings shall be broght:
Sweet ciuill Lords, shall fawfy fellowes meet,
Who must ask grace, on knees at honors feet.
Ruednes may range awhile in ruffling fort,
As witlesse wights with wandring maeks world mues;
But when powre coms, to cut prowld practife fluret,
And showe by fword, how fabiecles Prince abues,
Then confhens shall Peccaunt cry in feeld,
Tremble and quack, mutch liek an Aspin leaf,
But when ou knees, do conquer captives yeild,
The wicher turns his hedd as he wear deaf:
Ruestos is grown cold, revenge is hot as fier,
And mercy fits with frowns in angry attier.
VWorld paft forgaue great faults, and let them pas,
Time preuent locks on futuer time to com.
All aegis fawe their follies in a glas,
Yet were not taught, by time nor found of drom.
This world groes blinde, and neither sees nor heers,
Their fenes fail, the wits and reaon faints,
Old world is waxt worm-eaten by long yeers,
And men becom, black dieuls that were faints:
Yet Gods great grace, this wretched caus reforms,
And from fayr flows, weeds out the wicked worms.
Introduction.

They com that shall redresse great things amis,
Pluck vp the weeds, plant roeses in their place,
No violent thing endurers long as hit is,
Falledhe flies faff, from sight of true mens face,
Traitors do fear the plaeks for them prepar'd
And hieds their beds, in hoolels when troeth is seene,
Tho[u]gh[th] graceless gives to duty small regard,
Good subiects yelds obedience to their Queen:
In quarrells inuit, do thousands offer lines,
They feel fowl bogs that for the bucklers strikes.
This Lord doth bring, for strength the fear of God,
The lone of men, and fword of iustice boeth,
Which three is to Tyroen an iron rod,
A birchlin twig, that draws blood whear hit goeth.  
[= it]
When Ioah went, to warr in Davids right,
He brought home peace, in spite of emmies beard,
For Iozias, the Lord above did fight,
With Angels force, that made the foes afeard:
The world doth shake, and tremble at his frown,
Vhoes bec foon caufes the brags of rebels down.
Stand fast and fuer, false traitors turn their back,
True subiects vew, maeks haebraine rebels bluffs;
Stout heavy blos, maeks higheft trees to crack,
An armed peck, may bruely bied a push:
Wheel not about, rand fille lick brazen wall,
For that's the way, to win the feeld in deed;
Charge the foer front, and fee the emmies fall,
The cowards brag, is but a rotten reed:
Victors must beare the brunt of eury fchoek,
A confanta minde, is likey a flony rock.

Farewell sweet Lords, Knights, Captains and the reft,
Who goes with you, tacks threefold thankfull pain,
Who fets you forth, is ten times treble blest,
Who ferues you well, reaps glory for their gain,
Who dies shall live, in fam in among the beft,
Who lines shall looke and laugh these broils to scorn:
All honest harts, doth ciuill warre delite,
And curfe the time that ear Tyroen was born:
We hoep good hap waits on the fleet that goes,
And Gods great help, shall clean destroy our foes.

FINIS.

I venture to assume that I have sufficiently answered our question, Who were meant by the 'Phoenix' and the 'Turtle-dove' of these Poems? I must hold it as demon-
Introduction.

 stroated, that the ‘Phoenix’ was Elizabeth and the ‘Turtle Dove’ Essex.* No one has, hitherto, in any way thought of this interpretation of the ‘Turtle Dove’ any more than the other of the ‘Phoenix’; but none the less do I hope for acceptance of it.†

Our interpretation of Chester’s ‘Phoenix’ and ‘Turtle Dove’ is the more weighty and important, in that it for the first time enables us to understand Shakespeare’s priceless and unique ‘Phoenix and Turtle’—originally attached to Love’s Martyr. Perhaps Emerson’s words on Shakespeare’s poem, as well represents its sphinx-character even to the most capable critics, as any. They are as follow in his preface (pp. v, vi) to his charming Parnassus (1875)—

“Of Shakespeare what can we say, but that he is and remains an exceptional mind in the world; that a universal poetry began and ended with him; and that mankind have required the three hundred and ten years since his birth to familiarize themselves with his supreme genius? I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare’s poem, Let the bird of loudest lay, and the Threnos with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem. I have not seen Chester’s Love’s Martyr, and “the Additional Poems” (1601), in which it appeared. Perhaps that book will suggest all the explanation this poem requires. To unassisted readers, it would appear to be a lament on the death of a poet,

* In a small prose book by Thomas Dekker, of which I know no other exemplar than my own (unfortunately not perfect)—the “Prayers” that compose it are given respectively to the ‘Done,’ the ‘Eagle,’ the ‘Pelican,’ and the ‘Phoenix.’ This unique little volume is dated 1609. Anything richer spiritually or more exquisite and finely quaint in its style, of the kind, I do not know. His preliminary description of the four birds is exceedingly well-done, and those of the ‘Done’ and ‘Phoenix’ vividly set forth what the ‘Phoenix’ and ‘Turtle Dove’ of Love’s Martyr are—only the love and aspiration are heavenward. Does any one know of another copy of this book? I should rejoice to hear of it.

† The late Mr. Richard Simpson had doubtless studied Chester critically; but he gave no inkling of his interpretation beyond announcing through the New Shakespeare Society that he would connect Love’s Martyr with Cymbeline. I fear this must have proven another of his ‘School of Shakespeare’ discoveries. I have looked in vain in Cymbeline for anything save the slightest verbal illustrations of Love’s Martyr. None the less do I regret that Mr. Simpson was not spared to give us his view of Love’s Martyr, &c.
and of his poetic mistress. But the poem is so quaint, and charming in diction, tone, and allusions, and in its perfect metre and harmony, that I would gladly have the fairest illustration yet attainable. I consider this piece a good example of the rule, that there is a poetry for bards proper, as well as a poetry for the world of readers. This poem, if published for the first time, and without a known author's name, would find no general reception. Only the poets would save it."

Perchance there is truth in the close of this penetrative bit of criticism; but to myself the 'Phœnix and Turtle' has universal elements in it at once of thinking, emotion and form. Its very concinnity and restraint, e.g.—compared with the fecundity of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—differentiate it from all other of Shakespeare's writings. I discern a sense of personal heart-ache and loss in these sifted and attuned stanzas, unutterably precious.

*(d) What is the message or motif of these Poems?* I recall that the original title-page informs us that in *Love's Martyr, or Rosalins Complaint*, we have poems "Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love." I cannot take less out of this than that the author believed he was celebrating a 'true love.' More than that, I cannot explain away the so prominently-given chief title, of Love's *Martyr*, or the subtitle, *Rosalin's Complaint*; which so manifestly folds within it Elizabeth, as the 'Tudor Rose' (just as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, is called 'my sweet Rose, my dear Rose,' act i, sc. 2). To me all this means a 'true love' that 'ran not smooth,' that was defeated or never completed, and that led to such anguish as only the awful word 'martyr' could express. With queen Elizabeth, then, as the 'Phœnix,' and as the 'Rosalin' whose 'Complaint' the poems en-sphere, and Essex as the 'Turtle Dove,' it seems to me unmistakable that ROBERT CHESTER, as a follower not to say partisan of Essex, designed his *Love's Martyr* as his message on the consummation of the tragedy of his beheading. That there is nothing beyond the insinuated martyrdom of the title on the scarcely less wrong
than blunder of Elizabeth— the execution of Essex—is to be explained by (1) That the words 'long expected labour' in the Epistle-dedicatori, intimate that the poems had been composed, substantially, some years before, probably in 1599, when Essex was on his memorable errand to Ireland; (2) That Elizabeth was still alive—and a terrible old lioness still when her pride was touched. The fact that Elizabeth was living when Love's Martyr was published fills me indeed with astonishment at the author's audacity in so publishing. This, however, is mitigated by these considerations (a) That throughout Love's Martyr there is abundant titillation of her well-known vanity in compliments that 'sweet fifteen' only might have looked for; (b) That if we had access to the full data it seems manifest that they would show that somehow or other Chester had intimate, almost confidential, knowledge of Elizabeth's feeling for Essex. Sir John Salisbury, as being 'Esquier of the body to the Queenes moft excellent majesty,' could tell him much if he, personally, had not access. (c) That in her unlifted melancholy over the death of her favorite, the might-have-been came back upon her with sovran potency and accusation, and perchance imparted a strange satisfaction to her to have it re-called by a mutual friend; much as her Biographers have remarked, she chose to simulate quarrels with Essex, that she might have the pleasure of hearing him defend himself. Throughout Chester fulfilled his word in "The Authors request to the Phoenix" (p. 5), [I] "Endeuored haue to please in praising thee."* Even in "Sorowes Ioy" on her death, there seems to me a hint at the martyrdom, e.g.:

"That Pellican who for her peoples good
Shirkt not to spill (alas) her owne deare blood:
That maid, that Pellican."†

* See Postscript E, for an incident in Elizabeth's life that vivifies one of Chester's compliments to her.
† See further quotations in Postscript D,
Introduction.

In the Notes and Illustrations I bring out indubitable allusions that bear us back to Elizabeth's girl-hood, when she was 'suspect' and watched and plotted against by her sister, 'Bloody Mary' (alas! for epithet so tremendous associated with name so holy and tender!)—bear us back to her radiant prime when her marriage was the national hope and prayer—bear us back emphatically, to her first flush of captivation by the glowing eyes and eloquent tongue of Essex; and so onward. That Elizabeth was 'led captive,' there are a hundred proofs. Take one in a bit of a letter of Anthony Bagot to his father in May 1587—"When she [the queen] is abroad, nobody near her but my L. of Essex; and at night, my Lord is at cards, or one game or another with her that he cometh not to his own lodgings till birds sing in the morning."* I find here the motif of the poems. Chester interprets with subtility and power the real 'passion' of Elizabeth for Essex—the actual feeling on her part, that if 'I dare' might wait on 'I would' she should have lifted him to her throne. Our Poet puts himself in her place, and with a boldness incomparable utters out the popular impression that Elizabeth did 'love' Essex. Hence—as I think—those stings of pain, throbs of remorse, cries of self-reproach, 'feeling after' died-out emotion and rapture, that in most unexpected places come out and lay bare that proud, strong, prodigious heart as none else has ever done. I am in the dark as to Robert Chester's relation to Elizabeth; but it is in broad-breaking light that he pierces to the core, while in simple-seeming and even 'skilless' phrase, he tells us in these strange discoursings between 'Nature' and the 'Phoenix' the 'truth of Loe.' This is 'allegorically' done—his phrase is 'allegorically shadowing'—but beneath the allegory is solid fact.

I care not to go searching for 'scanda against Elizabeth.' The hate of the Jesuits probably manufactured most of them. But I do not see how any one can study the Life

Introduction.

and Letters of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, as told by Captain Devereux, without having it immovably established to him, that to the close Elizabeth had a deep passion of love for him — thwarted earlier by her sense that it would not do for 'Queen' to marry 'Subject,' and later by his capricious marriage to the widow of Sidney, but never extirpated and destined to a weary 'martyrdom' of resurrection when the decollated body lay in its bloody grave. Except the love-tragedy of Stella and Sidney,* I know nothing more heart-shatteringly tragic — for pathetic is too weak a word — than the 'great Queen's' death-cushion moanings and mutterings over her dead Essex. I, for one, believe in that story of 'the ring' as John Webster has put it:

—— "let me die
In the distraction of that worthy prince's
Who loathed food, and sleep, and ceremony,
For thought of leaving that brave gentleman
She would fain have had, had not a false conveyance
Expressed him stubborn-hearted: let me sink
Where neither man nor memory may e'er find me."†

That Webster did not thus introduce the 'ring' at random seems certain. A hitherto overlooked little book supplies a self-authenticating record of it, as well as other glimpses of Elizabeth that strikingly illustrate Love's Martyr. The title-page is as follows — Historical Memoirs on the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, 1658 (12mo).‡ The 'ring' story and related reflections thus run:

* Poems of Sir Philip Sidney in Fuller Worthies' Library, and in Chatto and Windus's Early English Poets — with Memorial-Introduction, Essay, &c.
† The Devil's Law Case, act iii, sc. 3, Dyce's Webster, p. 128, 1 vol., 8vo, 1857.
‡ I am indebted to Dr. Brisley Nicholson for supra. Earlier reference is made (as in Love's Martyr) to Elizabeth's poetical gift, e.g., "professing herself in public a Muse, then thought something too Theatrical for a virgine Prince" (p. 61). Her prominent part in "the gayeties" of the Court is contrasted with its ceasing after the death of Essex (p. 70). There are also several other passages which speak of her affection for Essex. The introductory heading is "Traditional Memoirs," &c.
"But the Lady of Nottingham coming to her death-bed and finding by the daily sorrow the Queene expressed by the losse of Essex, her self a principall agent in his destruction could not be at rest till she had discovered all, and humbly implored mercy from God and forgiveness from her earthly Sovereign: who did not only refuse to give it, but having shook her as she lay in her bed, sent her accompanied with most fearfull curses to a higher Tribunall. Not long after the Queenes weakness did appeare mortall, hastened by the wishes of many [Cecil and his circle?] that could not in reason expect pardon for a fault they found she had condemned so severely in her selfe as to take comfort in nothing after

* * * But upon all occasions of signing Pardons would upbraid the movers for them with the hasty anticipation of that brave man’s end, not to be expiated to the Nations losse by any future endeavours" (p. 95) * * * "[It were] no great hyperbole to affirm the Queene did not only bury Affection but her Power in the Tombe of Essex" (p. 97) * * * * "For after the blow was given, the Queene presaging by a multitude of tears shed for him, the great drouth was likely to appeare in the eyes of her subjects, when the hand that signed the warrant was cut off, fell into a deep Melancholy wherein she died not long after."*

Each Reader of Love’s Martyr will discover for himself its allusions to the real under the avowedly ‘allegorical.’ I would note, in rapidly glancing through the book a few details that are certainly unmistakeable, e.g.:

"Bellona rau’d at Lordlike cowardice" (p. 9).

One has but to read Essex’s ‘Letters,’ and to master the facts about Cobham and other ‘coward’ lords in relation to Essex’s ‘Expeditions,’ to perceive the blow of this line

Of the ‘Phenix’ we have this:—

"One rare rich Phenix of exceeding beautie,
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed;
One faire Helena, to whom men owe dutie:
One countrey with a milke-white Dove I graced:
One and none such, since the wide world was found
Hath euer Nature placed on the ground” (p. 10).

* * * * * * * * * * *
Like to a light bright Angel in her gate:
For why no creature on the earth but he,
Is like an Angell, Angell let her be” (p. 14).

The former is the universal language of the period, e.g., Raleigh in his Cynthia sings of her as a ‘milke-white Dove’;

* See Postscript F, for a very striking contemporary letter in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, on the death-bed, &c., of Elizabeth.
the latter was Essex's favourite word. Thus in acknowledging the queen's gift of her portrait in a ring, he writes:

"Most dear Lady,—For your Maj. high and precious favors, namely, for sending this worthy knight to deliver your blessing to this fleet and army, but above all other for your Maj. bestowing on me that fair angel which you sent to guard me; for these, I say, I neither can write words to express my humble thankfulness, nor perform service fit to acknowledge such duty as for these I owe" (Lives of the Earls of Essex, as before, vol. i, p. 414).

Here is the 'Queen,' and the proud sovereign of England, speaking, not the mere 'Phoenix':

"Honor that Isle that is my sure defence" (p. 33, st. 1, l. 7).

Into whose mouth but Elizabeth's could ever such an exclamation have been placed? Then, to render the 'Isle' certain as not some foreign 'Paphos Isle,' but one near England, there succeeds an enumeration and celebration of England's chief cities and sights.

In accord with this, the 'nine (female) Worthies' (pp. 38–40) are appropriate as connected with the 'Phoenix = Queen Elizabeth; while with equal appropriateness in such case, but only in such case, 'Windsor Castle' and the Knights of the Garter, connect the Queen and King Arthur, and also render the Arthur part of Love's Martyr not wholly out of place.

Next, here is self-evidently an Elizabethan fact—danger of no heir to the throne of England if the 'Phoenix' married not:

"This Phoenix I do feare me will decay,
And from her aftes neuer will arise
An other Bird her wings for to display,
And her rich beauty for to equalize:
The Arabian fiers are too dull and base,
To make another spring within her place" (p. 15).

.......

Then thus Ioue spake, tis pittie she should die,
And leaue no ofspring for her Progenie" (p. 17).

That the 'Phoenix' was Queen of Britain is implied in this stanza:
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"Nature go hie thee, get thee Phabus chaire,
Cut through the fixe, and leaue Arabia,
Leaue that ill working peace of fruitelle syre,
Leaue me the plaines of white Brytanias,
These countries haue no fire to raife that flame,
That to this Phoenix bird can yeeld a name" (p. 17).

That the "delightfome Paphos Ile" (p. 17 and onward) was Ireland—whither Essex had gone—let the reader verify by studying its characteristics under all its mythical and impossible assemblage of productions. Specifically it is to be marked and re-marked that from where the 'Phoenix' is, i.e., England (p. 32), 'Paphos ile' is to be visited, because there the 'Turtle Doue' was to be found. The 'course' of the chariot-borne pair ('Nature' and the 'Phoenix'), was to be through 'the blue Azure skie,' as thus:

——— "we will ride
Ouer the Semi-circle of Europa,
And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
That partes the Continent of Africa,
Where the great Cham gouernes Tartaria:
And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night,
In Paphos sacred Ile we meane to light."* (p. 32, st. 4.)

This might very well have taken us to some ideal island of love, out of space and time, or at least to now much spoken of Cyprus with its renowned love-shrine of Paphos. But the real in the Poet's thought effaces the ideal; for no Mediterranean or Aegean is passed, and no 'vision' of the

* Probably Chester drew his designation of 'Paphos Ile' from his friend Marston's Metamorphosis of Pigmation's Image (1598); in the 'Argument' to which he says—"After Pigmation (being in Cyprus) begat a sonne of her [Venus] which was called Paphos; whereupon that island Cyprus, in honor of Venus, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, Paphos." So to at the close of the poem itself

"Paphos was got; of whom in after age
Cyprus was Paphos call'd, and evermore
Those Ilanders do Venus name adore."

Marston is mistaken—for 'Paphos' does not appear ever to have been a name of the entire island of Cyprus—but he was sufficient authority for Chester's purpose. Marston, be it noted, contributed to the 'additional poems.'
countries between London and it, is given. Contrariwise — the ‘chief cities’ of England are successively described, and just after leaving London ‘Paphos Ile’ is reached. As being Ireland, all this is harmonized, but not otherwise. And as being Ireland, Essex, and Essex alone, and Essex in every detail — answers. It may be permitted me to ask the critical weighing of this by my fellow-students of Shakespeare.* Note also Elizabeth’s girlhood and its perils by suspicion and malice (pp. 22, 24, 26); and later her mature age — ‘Ile drowne my selfe in ripeneffe of my Yeares” (p. 29), and again:

Nature. “Raile not gaine Fortunæ facred Deitie,
In youth thy vertuous patience she hath tyred,
From this base earth thee’le lift thee vp on hie,
Where in Contents rich Chariot thou shalt ride,
And never with Impatience to abide:
Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
And on thy feathered head will set a crowne” (p. 31).

i.e., the ‘crown’ of marriage or ‘heauenely crown’ (cf. l. 3, and ll. 4–5.) Then let the reader ‘inwardly digest’ the description of the ‘Turtle Dove’ by the ‘Phoenix’ on arrival in Ireland (‘Paphos Isle’):

Phoenix. “But what sad–mournfull drooping foule is this,
Within whose wary eyes fits Discontent,
Whose fnaile–pac’d gate tels somthing is amisse:
From whom is banish’d sporting Meriment:
Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes?

Nature. This is the carefull bird the Turtle Dove,
Whose heavy croking note doth shew his grief,
And thus he wanders seeking of his lone,
Refusing all things that may yeild relief:
All motions of good turnses, all Mirth and Loy,
Are bad, fled, gone, and false into decay.

* No doubt Chester is anything but skilful in expressing himself and ceteris paribus, I should have explained the absence of the ‘vision’ of intervening countries thereby. But as it is design not ‘skill-less’-ness is the explanation. At p. 17, st. 3, the Poet intermixes the mythical seat of the ‘Phoenix’ (Arabia) with that of his ‘Phoenix’; and so elsewhere. In st. 4, l. 6, ‘a second Phoenix lous’ doubtless points back to the mythical ‘Phoenix’ as first.
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**Phoenix.**
Is this the true example of the Heart?
Is this the Tutor of faire Constancy?
Is this Loues treasure, and Loues pining smart?
Is this the substance of all honesty?
And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore foule,
That Deftinies foule wrath shoulde thee controule.

See Nourfe, he stares and lookes me in the face,
And now he mournes, worce then he did before,
He hath forgot his dull flow heavy pace,
But with twifte gate he eyes vs more and more:
O shall I welcome him, and let me borrow
Some of his grieue to mingle with my sorow.

**Nature.**
Farwell faire bird, Ile leave you both alone,
This is the Done you long'd fo much to see,
And this will prove companion of your moue,
An Vmple of all true humilitie:
Then note my Phoenix, what there may enue,
And so I kisse my bird. **Adieu, Adieu.**

**Phoenix.**
Mother farewell; and now within his eyes,
Sits forrow clothed in a sea of teares,
And more and more the billowes do arise;
Pale Grieue halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,
His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke.” (pp. 131-2.)

Finally, the words in the 1601 title-page *constant fate* have no sense if not = constancy, *i.e.*, to be *constant,* with martyrdom as the penalty for breaking the fate or decree.

The letters of Essex to Elizabeth are a commentary on the whole of this. One of the many remarkable, very remarkable letters of Essex to Elizabeth, preserved among the Hulton *M.S.S.,* may be accepted as a type of the others. It is suggestive of a great deal.

“Madam.—The delights of the place cannot make me unmindful of one in whose sweet company I have joyed as much as the happiest man doth in his highest contentment; and if my horse could run as fast as my thoughts do fly, I would as often make mine eyes rich in beholding the treasure of my love, as my desires do triumph when I seem to myself in a strong imagination to conquer your resisting will. Noble and dear lady, though I be absent, let me in your favour be second unto none; and when I am at home, if I have no right to dwell chief in so excellent a place, yet will I usurp upon all the world. And so making myself as humble to do you service, as in my love I am ambitious, I
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[1593.]

Love’s Martyr throughout, as between the ‘Phœnix’ and ‘Turtle Dove,’ makes it a mutual contest, of subduing the ‘Will,’ one of the other. So is it in Elizabeth’s letters to Essex, and her sayings of him earlier and later.

That the ‘passion’ and ‘truth of love’ were reciprocal; that Essex apart from ambition, felt that if he was worthy of Elizabeth, Elizabeth was worthy of him; I cannot for a moment doubt. There are words—glowing and alive—intensities of appeal, wistfulness of longing and odd capriciousnesses of jealousy that only reality can explain. Let the Reader turn to his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him; let him even look within the mad out-break of his rush over from Ireland and straight going into ‘the presence,’ and he will be satisfied that a personal experience lay behind all that, to which nothing short of ‘truth of love’ in the Past, gives congruity or meaning.† Let his Poems also speak for him. Curiously enough in his Loyal Appeal in Courtesy, we have the line

“O let no Phœnix look upon a Crowe.”

and these exclamations follow:—

“Woe to the world the sonne is in a cloude
    And darksome mists doth overrunne the day
In hope, Conceit is not content allow’d,
    Fanour must dye & Fancye weare away,
    Oh Heauens what Hell! The bands of Loue are broken
Nor must a thought of such a thing be spokn,

† In the volume of 1658 (already quoted from) it is expressly stated that Cecil had laid a trap for Essex; caused him to get news of the Queen’s illness and even death, and embargoed all other vessels, hoping that Essex would join with Tyrone and others, and cross to England at the head of his army. His sudden appearance with but few followers disconcerted Cecil’s plot, who had troops ready to oppose him. There seems no reason to doubt the authenticity and good faith of the volume of 1658.
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Mars must become a coward in his mynde
While Vulcan standes to prate of Venus toyes:
Beautie must seeme to go against her kinde
In crosting Nature in her sweetest toyes.
But ah no more, it is too much to thinke
So pure a mouth should puddle-watters drinke!

But since the world is at this woefull passe,
Let Loue's submisston Honour's wrath appeale:
Let not an Horfe be matched with an Asse,
Nor hateful tongue an happie hart difafe:
So shall the world commend a sweet conceipt
And humble Fayth on heavenly Honour waite."

I suppose that was for Anjou. Then "The Buzzinge Bees' Complaint" will reward full thinking-out. It thus closes:

"Fieue years twice tould, wth promafes perfum'd,
My hope-fluffe heede was cast into a flumber;
Sweete dreams of golde; on dreames I then perfum'd
And 'mongst the bees thought I was in the number."

"The False, Forgotten" is a wail of a bruised heart, e.g.

"Loue is dead and thou free,
She doth lyue but dead to thee.

When she lou'd thee best a whylle,
See how flyll she did delay thee:
Vlying sheues for to beguyle
Thofe vayne hopes wth haue betrayd y's.
Now thou feest butt all too late
Loue loues truth, wth women hate."

His 'Cantus' is explicit enough, e.g.

"I loued her whom all the world admirde,
I was refusde of her that can loue none:
AND MY VAINE HOPES WHICH FAR TOO HIGH ASPIR'DE
IS DEAD AND BURI'D AND FOR EVER GONE."

By the necessities of semi-revelation, semi-concealment, there are things in Love's Martyr that might be brought up.

* I have collected the Poems of Essex in my Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library, vol. iv, pp. 430-450.
in objection to our interpretation; but the lines, otherwise, are so deep and broad and sure that I cannot think it possible to erase them. Fact and fiction however are inter-blended, e.g., the ending of the poem-proper by the Author's evident wish, furtively to pay homage to James, introduces a disturbing element into our interpretation; but this and other accidents cannot be permitted to affect the substance of the motif of these poems. The word 'allegorical' covers all such accidents.*

(e) What is the relation between the 'new compositions' and 'Love's Martyr'? In the original title-page is this explanation: "To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, upon the first subjicet: viz. the Phoenix and Turtle." This makes it plain that these 'new compositions' of those 'moderne Writers' in 1601, were intended to celebrate precisely what Love's Martyr celebrated. So that granted, my premiss, viz., that Love's Martyr had the motif and message for which I have argued, we have Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, George Chapman, John Marston and others (anonymous), siding (so-to-say) with Robert Chester in doing honour to Essex. I do not greatly concern myself with any in this matter save one—Shakespeare. Now, one may be sure in one's own mind of his admiration, in common with the Nation, for Essex, though the proofs be comparatively slight in themselves. But with this 'new composition' super-added, the conviction deepens. Omitting the 'Phoenix and Turtle' for the moment, there are three things that favour the view that Shakespeare sympathized with Essex.

1. There is the great praise in the Chorus of Henry V:

* Were it not that Love's Martyr was certainly published in 1601 and left unchanged (except by withdrawal of preliminary pages) one might have deemed p. 37, st. 2, a later insertion concerning James. As it is, it is impossible. The explanation is, that James was for long set down as Elizabeth's heir-presumptive.
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"But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,
Like to the Senatorus of th' antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their hecles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring Cæsar in:
As by a lower, but by loving likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword:
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him?" (Act v, sc. 1 (Chorus).

This splendid tribute is so brought in by head and shoulders on very purpose to win hearts for Essex, that it is scarcely possible to doubt that Shakespeare was for him pronouncedly, maugre the evil-speaking and jealousies and enmities of the day in 'high places.' This is one of those asides that take new significance from the circumstances under which it was introduced. It may, or may not, have been an after-thought and insertion. In either case its significance and declarativeness of opinion and sympathy is untouched.

2. The acting of Richard II, before Essex made his final wild and ill-advised attempt. There was probably in the minds of those who thus acted a Play so full of warning to princes who pushed their right to edge of wrong, suggestive bits in the Play that might be meant to be caught up. But there is no proof that Shakespeare himself was concerned in the coincidental playing, or that he knew what such playing was meant to precede. Neither do I think that Shakespeare would have countenanced Essex in so unwise an act, albeit I never can think it was born of disloyalty to his 'great Queen.' I do not, therefore, receive the playing of Richard II as proof that Shakespeare was a partizan of Essex's. Yet is the thing noteworthy.

3. The silence of Shakespeare on the death of Elizabeth. Amid the abounding elegies and eulogies contemporaneous
and later, you search in vain for anything by Shakespeare. Everyone knows that he was reproached in print for his silence. I regard it as specially memorable. Inferentially I take it as his verdict for Essex. Perhaps equally worthy of note is his after-compliment to James; for he was the friend of Essex’s friends. Southampton’s close relations with Essex also furnished an element of alienation from Elizabeth to Shakespeare.

Any further evidence, even if it be slight, is important. And further evidence I find in the ‘new composition’ of the ‘Phenix and Turtle’ contributed by Shakespeare to Love’s Martyr. The fact of such a contribution by him is, in itself, noticeable. For while Ben Jonson and Chapman and others contemporary lavished their ‘Commentatory Verses,’ Shakespeare, with this solitary exception, wrote none as he sought none. This surely imparts special significance to the exception.

Internally, the ‘Phenix and Turtle’ is on the same lines with Love’s Martyr. To my mind there is pathos in the lament over the ‘Tragique Scene.’ Essex himself, as we have seen—and his Letters to Elizabeth that are still open to be read, have the same burden—had sung

“ I am not liuing, though I feeme to go,
Already buried in the graue of wo” (p. 133).

and earlier,

“Lone is dead,”

and in the Threnos, Shakespeare regards not the beheaded Essex only, but his ‘Phoenix’ too as dead:

“Truth may feeme, but cannot be,
Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this vrne let thofe repaire,
That are either true or faire,
For thofe dead Birds, figh a prayer” (p. 184).

En passant ‘Imogen’ later is named ‘the dead bird’ (Cymbeline.)
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All this, be it noted, fits in with the 'allegorical shadowing' of Love’s Martyr; for therein BOTH die. Thus, after the ‘Turtle Dove’ has craved “pardon for preumption’s foule offence” (p. 133), and avowed his life-weariness much as Essex’s letters to Elizabeth did, he is strengthened to endure and prepared for his own and her martyrdom (Love’s Martyr), e.g.:

Phoenix. “Come poore lamenting foule, come fit by me,
We are all one, thy sorrow shall be mine,
Fall thou a teare, and thou shalt plainly see,
Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine:
Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou give a groane,
I shall be dead in answerung of thy mone” (p. 134).

After exactly such love-talk as we can imagine between Elizabeth and Essex, when after inevitable quarrelling there came as inevitable reconciliation (pp. 134–36), their twin-death — the death of "Truth and Beautie" (the ‘dead Birds,’ Phoenix and Turtle Dove, of Shakespeare) is set before us. We have, first, the relation:

Phoenix. “Then to you next adioynge groue we’ll flye,
And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,
And in a manner sacrificingly,
Burne both our bodies to reuie one name:
And in all humblenesse we will intreate
The hot eart-parching Sunne to lend his heate” (p. 136).

Then the tragedy itself, which I ask the reader to ponder (pp. 138–9). Both are ‘dead’ in the pathetic and suggestive close:

Phoenix. “O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
More pure then that ore which faire Dido mones,
More sacred in my louing kind desyre,
Then that which burnt old Efyon aged bones,
Accept into your cuer hallowed flame,
Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.

Turtle. O sweet periamed flame, made of those trees,
Vnder the which the Muses nine hace song
The praise of vertuous maidens in misteries,
To whom the faire-fac’d Nymphes did often thron
Accept my body as a Sacrifice
Into your flame, o. whom one name may ride.
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Phoenix. O wilfulneffe, see how with smilling chese,
My poore deare hart hath flong himselfe to thrall,
Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
Spreading his wings abroad, and joyes withall:
   Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,
   Friendships unsotted true sincerety.
   I come sweet Turtle, and with my bright wings,
   I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
   I hope of these another Creature springs,
   That shal possess both our authority:
   I stay to long, do take me to your glory,
   And thus I end the **Turtle Doves true Story**” (pp. 138-9).

I ask further, that the ‘Comment’ of the ‘Pellican’ (pp. 139-41) be critically studied. Finally, I recall the title-page of the ‘new compositions’ thus: — Hereafter follow diverfe Poeticall Essayes on the former Subiect; viz: the **Turtle and Phoenix.**” This explains how, in Shakespeare’s ‘Phoenix and Turtle’ and ‘Threnos,’ both are dead (‘dead Birds’), though Elizabeth was still living in her great anguish.

I ask special attention to this; for otherwise the close of his ‘Phoenix and Turtle,’ as not conformable to history, will perplex and be regarded as not pointing to Elizabeth and Essex. I must iterate and reiterate that (a) The 1601 title-page expressly states that the “new compositions” (and so Shakespeare’s) were “upon the first subiect: viz., the Phoenix and Turtle,” and again, were “diverse Poeticall Essayes on the former Subiect; viz: the **Turtle and Phoenix.**” (b) The story is ‘allegorically’ told, as a ‘shadowing’ of the ‘truth of love’ — a very different thing from bare historic data. (c) The title ‘Love’s Martyr’ meant infinitely more than ‘death’ itself. To conform therefore to Love’s Martyr and to fall in with the ‘allegory,’ Shakespeare, like Chester, represents BOTH as dead (‘dead Birds’). There might indeed be policy and wariness alike in Chester and Shakespeare in such representation.

Let the reader take with him the golden key that by the ‘Phoenix’ Shakespeare intended Elizabeth, and by the ‘Dove’ Essex, and the ‘Phoenix and Turtle,’ hitherto re-
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I cannot say that I see my way through it all—st. 5 (p. 182) I do not quite understand; but it is a mere accident of the poem. But I do see that Shakespeare went with Robert Chester in grief for Essex, and in sad-heartedness that the 'truth of love' had not been accomplished. Herein I find, likewise—I would re-impress—why it was that Shakespeare, though well-nigh stung to do it in print, wrote nothing on the death of Elizabeth.*

The other 'new compositions' are of unequal value. Our Notes and Illustrations invite attention to certain points in them. They all go to confirm our interpretation of the 'allegory' of the 'Phenix' and the 'Turtle Dove.' As I read, all from p. 190 to the end belongs to Ben Jonson (spelled 'Johnson' as he was himself wont in earlier years). I only add that Gifford, after his unhappy manner (with Cunningham following suit), has deplorably corrupted the text of these poems of Jonson—as I record in the Notes and Illustrations. Probably Jonson wrote also the 'Chorus Vatum.'

(f) Was the 1611 issue only a number of copies of the original of 1601, less the preliminary matter and a new title-page? I answer—yes. The identity of the two books—as thus put—is certain. Not only do all the signatures correspond, but the mis-pagings, 5 for 11, 41 for 14, 59 for 63, are the same. Then, the spur of the L in Libanon, p. 10, l. 5 (=p. 18), is off in both; a broken O, p. 71, l. 3 from foot, is the same in both; a turned 'e,' spaces, dislocated letters, &c., are all the same. It is also to be specially observed that the 1601 title-page of the "new compositions" is retained in the 1611 copies. All (in our reproduction) preceding the title-page of 1611, belongs to the copies of 1601 alone. The new title-page mispells 'Annals' as 'Anuals,' which suggests that Chester did not get

* See Postscript G.
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a proof—if indeed proofs were then given to Authors—albeit on the instant having occasion to turn to Bp. Ellicott's New Testament Commentary for English Readers (1878), I find in the first line of his lordship's Preface, this similar slip—"The present Commentary may in many respects" for, of course, 'many.' As elsewhere noticed, Chester omits his own name in the new title-page of 1611. In naming the book no longer Love's Martyr, seeing that Elizabeth and Essex were long dead, and a new sovereign—King James I—reigning, there was policy. There was policy too in describing the book as Annals of great Brittaine; for in the Poems, Scotland is scarcely named, and 'great Brittaine' might save any offence to the royal stickler for his authority and dignity. Besides, in 1601 the Arthur portion is an episode in the poem of Love's Martyr or Rosalins Complaint; but in 1611 the episode becomes (in the title-page) the main poem, albeit even then Love's Martyr's story is a part of the 'Annals.'

(g) What is the poetic value of "Love's Martyr"? Speaking generally, I do not rate Robert Chester as a poet very high. The poem of Love's Martyr wants proportion in its parts. The opening has a certain brightness (pp. 1-6), and the brightness returns when the 'Annals' being ended the Poet resumes with this 'Note'—"& now, to where we left." The 'Annals' themselves are thinly done. With Arthur for main theme they look meagre and prosaic beside the old stories of the 'renowned Prince,' such as Mr. Furnivall has furnished us in his golden little book, and such as the 'Legends' of many Chronicles—verse and prose—furnish, and placed beside the purple splendour of our Laureate's celebration.* Sooth to say, his 'singing' of

* With reference to Chester's address "To the courteous Reader" my ever-obliging friend, Mr. Furnivall, has sent me a number of notes on the various Arthurian romances and MSS., and through M. Paulin Paris, further. I must content myself with a reference to the numerous Arthurian publications in
Flowers and Plants and Trees, Birds and Beasts and Fish, and precious Stones and Shells and Minerals grows wearisome; although there are bits of Folk-Lore and quaint myths and superstitions in wonderful fulness and variety. Whatever he felt inclined to write, or whatever came into his head, of which he could manufacture a few or even a couple of stanzas, is brought in by Chester. The book is, in fact, an omnium gatherum. It is just possible that this jungle of irrelevances was of design, that he might conceal in hidden brake (if I may so speak) the fair flowers and fragrances and tendernesses of the story he celebrates in Love’s Martyr. I question if Elizabeth had chanced on the volume during the dim sad days that succeeded the death of Essex, that she would have persevered to read or to listen.

The poetry itself, is, as a rule, poor. There are almost innumerable instances of lines and phrases inserted, more to complete the rhythm and rhyme, than for reason’s sake. For the same reason there are not a few forced, and I might almost say, unidiomatic constructions. Only “few and far between” have we aught of inspiration or of fine expression. All the more remarkable is it that Chester so dared to interpret the popular belief of what Essex was to Elizabeth.

But with every abatement I can promise a sympathetic reader that he will come, now and again, on “brave translunary things.” Thus in the description of the Person of the ‘Phoenix,’ that is of Elizabeth, you have daintinesses that make you pause, e.g.:

Her Hair.

"When the leafe whirlifing wind begins to sing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,

England and France. Suffice it that the most unlikely-looking, viz., the Greek, has been published by F. Michel in his Tristram (Pickering), albeit it refers, says M. Paulin Paris, not to Tristram, as he supposed, but to Guiron le Courtois; and there are other Greek Arthur celebrations. M. Paulin Paris, is amused with Chester’s credulity, and writes—that it reminds him of a respected friend, the Marquis of ———, who asked, “Can I doubt of the existence of Homer when I possess his bust and portrait?” See Hazlitt’s Warton, s.n.
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Like to a chime of bels it soft doth ring,
And with the pretie noise the wind doth checke,
Able to lull asleepe a pensive hart,
That of the round worlds sorrowes beares a part” (p. 10).

Eyes.

"Vnder this mirrour, are her princely eyes:
Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights;
That ore the day and night do soueraigne,
And their dimme tapers to their rest the frights:
Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
And when the rieeth al their force is donne” (p. 11).

Cheekes.

"Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac’d,
A Lillie lying in a bed of Roses;
This part above all other I haue grace’d,
For in the blew veines you may reade sweet posies:
When the doth blush, the Heavens do wax red,
When the lookes pale, that heavenely Front is dead” (Ibid.)

Chin.

"Her chimne a little little pretie thing
In which the sweet carnation Gelli-flowre,
Is round encompast in a chrifall ring,
And of that pretie Orbe doth bear a power:
No forme of Emie can this glorie touch,
Though many shoulde assay it overmuch” (Ibid.)

Lips.

"Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth spring,
Sweet honied deaw by an intangled kiffe,
From forth these glories doth the Night-bird sing,
A Nightingale that no right notes will miss:
True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,
Do come betwene these dores of excellencie” (Ibid.)

Hands.

"Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade
His firste houres deftiny, or weale or woe,
When she this sky-like map abroad doth spreede,
Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
And in her hand, white hand, they there do see
Louve lying in a bed of yorue” (p. 13).

Fingers.

"Her fingeres long and smale do grace her hand;
For when she toucheth the sweete founding Lute,
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The wild untamed beasts amazed do stand,
And caroll-chanting birds are sudden mute:
O fingers how you grace the filier wires,
And in humanitie burne Venus fires!” (Ibid.)

Feet.
““And if by night the walke, the Marigold,
That doth inclose the glory of her eye,
At her approach her beauty doth unfold,
And spreads her selfe in all her royaltie,
Such vertue hath this Phoenix glaify shield,
That Flowers and Herbs at her faire fight do yeeld” (p. 14.)

There is occasionally a pleasant ‘smoothness’ and harmony, as in the ‘Phoenix’ in her lament for her years so swiftly passing away without a mate, e.g.:

““What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?
Wherein men see their deep-conceived Thrall,
Alluring twentie Gallants in an howe,
To be as suruile vassalls at my Call?
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senees do exhale:
But (6 my grieve) where my faire Eyes would loue,
Foule bleare-eyed Enuis doth my thoughts reprooue.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
Which if I did bellow would more increafe?
What is my Wit but an inhumane glory:
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?
But O vaine Bird, give ore in silence, cease;
Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
That cutes thy thread of Loue with twentie swords”
(pp. 25-6).

Equally flowing, and informed with a subdued passion is ‘Nature’s’ remonstrance:

““Is this the summe and substance of thy woe?
Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote?
Is this thy Sea of Griefe doth overfow?
Is this the Riuers seth thy ship affote?
Is this the Lefson thou hast leam’d by rote?
And is this all? and is this plot of Ground
The substance of the Theame doth thee confound?” (p. 30).

There are also now terse and now vivid things, e.g.:
Laft.
“... Laft is such a hot inflamed thing
It gouerneth mans fenes, rules a King” (p. 45).

Cities.
“Great peopled Cities, whose earth-gracing show,
Time is aham’d to touch or overthow” (p. 33).

Polition.
“Hels dammed fent with this may not compare” (p. 28).

Majefly.
“Stand by faire Phoenix, spread thy Wings of Gold,
And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye” (p. 27).

Cleaning.
“... the white snowe the shall excell in whiteneffe” (p. 22).

White-luftre of neck.
“... More glorious then the day with all his light” (p. 12).

Lady’s hand.
“Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louver” (p. 51).

Troops.
“His barbed Horfes beat the yeielding ground,
And with their neighing terrifide their foe,
Proud of their riders, in whose harts are found
A promife to the Romanes overthow.
The gliftering shine of their well-fashion’d armour,
Tels all men here doth ride a Conqueror” (p. 71-72).

Slaughter.
“... all the greene graffe with their bloud they died” (p. 75).

Arthur.
“... they found King Arthurs skull,
Of such great largeneffe that betwixt his eyes,
His foreheads space a fpanne broad was at full” (p. 82).

Diamond.
“The Diamond the worlds reflecting eye,
The Diamond the heauens bright shinning flarre,
The Diamond the earths moft pureft glorie:
And with the Diamond no flone can compare;
She teacheth men to speake, and men to loure,
If all her rareft vertues you will proue” (p. 111).

The “fire burns” and flames o’ times, e.g.:
Introduction.

True and false love.

Turtle. "False love puts on a Maske to shade her folly,
True love goes naked wishing to be seene,
False love will counterfeit perpetually,
True love is Troths sweete emperizing Queen,
This is the difference, true Love is a jewel,
False love, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruel.

Phoenix. Thou shalt not be no more the Turtle-Dove,
Thou shalt no more go weeping al alone,
For thou shalt be my false, my perfect Louise,
Thy griefe is mine, thy sorrow is my mone,
Come kiss me sweetest sweete, O I do blefe
This gracious luckie Sun-shine happinesse" (p. 135).

The "Cantoes, alphabet-wise, to faire Phœnix made by
the Paphian Dove" (pp. 142-48), and "Cantoes, verbally
written" (pp. 149-73), fold within them real love-passion,
though arbitrarily fettered in its expression. The more I
study these the more I am impressed with Chester's evident
knowledge of the secret history of Essex and Elizabeth.
There are touches and allusions throughout that I can
explain alone by interchange of conversation between the
Poet and Essex, if, indeed, Elizabeth herself is to be
excluded. The songs of "Nature" (pp. 86-7) and of "The
Phoenix" (pp. 87-8) have the indefinable graciousness of
Elizabethan poetry.

Besides all this, there are a number of current poetic
phrases of the day, such as we would look for in such a
poet. And while some of them—as pointed out in Notes
and Illustrations—are used by Shakespeare, there is in my
judgment some probability for thinking that these are not
casual coincidences. He clearly alludes, in the lines "To
the kind Reader" (p. 6), to the Rape of Lucrece; and
doubtless he had also his Venus and Adonis, and not
improbably saw and heard some of the plays. Not only
would these things be natural in a young man of his birth,
but I think I can detect in some of his lines a reflex or
remembrance of the rhythm of Shakespeare's lines. There
Introduction.

is, also, the unforgettable fact that Shakespeare, with special exceptionalness, gave his 'new compositions' to the book; also, that all the known contributors were Dramatists, and connected with the theatre.*

Altogether, few I hope will differ from me in affirming that it had been pity to have left Love's Martyr in the hazards of a couple of known exemplars (at most);—literary and historical loss longer to have allowed such a book to be inaccessible to Shakespearian students. I indulge the expectation that my interpretations of the 'truth of love' in the story of the 'Phenix' and 'Turtle Dove' will take their place as a substantive addition to our critical literature, and give new interest and its true meaning to Shakespeare's incomparable 'Phenix and Turtle.'

(b) WHO WAS 'TORQUATO CÆLIANO'? By accident or design Chester has here combined the Christian name of Tasso, and the surname of one of the minor poets of Italy of the same period. The following little book was probably known to Chester:

RIME
DI DIVERSI
CELEBRI POETI
Dell' età noftra;
novamente raccolte.
è poste in luce
in bergamo, M.DLXXXVII.
Per Comino Ventura, e Compagni.

Pp. 95–148 consists of selections from the Rime of Livio Celiano; and then pp. 149–81 of similar selections from Torquato Tasso—the latter immediately following Celiano's. Whether this circumstance led our Poet to misremember the name of the "venerable Italian Poet"

* The conjunction of Ben Jonson and Marston in the book in 1601 is of special interest; for it was in the same year Jonson produced his Poetaster, attacking Dekker and Marston. See Ward's Eng. Drama, s.m. Later (1604–5), Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, were together in prison for Eastward Hoe.
under whose mask—as a professed translator—he had elected to sing *Love’s Martyr*, we can only guess. Certes the selections from Celiano, in the small volume of Geo. Battista Licinio, contain nothing whatever to justify Chester’s description of *Love’s Martyr* as a translation; as, indeed, the entire scope and substance of his poems forbid.

It is further to be remembered that, while in the 1601 title-page the Poems are designated translations, in the second title-page of 1611 this is withdrawn, and its native origin and growth affirmed, *e.g.*, “The Anuuals [= Annals] of Great Britaine. Or A Most Excellent Monument, wherein may be seene all the antiquities of this Kingdome.” Our late-given interpretation of the main subject of *Love’s Martyr* and related Poems, reveals that the author’s own consciousness of their ‘burden’ would make him very willing to be mistaken for a translator, rather than to be known as the actual composer of such ‘perilous stuff.’ Notwithstanding willing helpers at home and in Turin, Florence and Rome, I have not succeeded in obtaining, or so much as hearing of, an *exemplar* of any edition of the Poems of Livio Celiano.* Quadrio mentions also this: “Celiano (Livio) Rime. Pavia, 1592.” I have no expectation that, were this other volume before me, any ground-work for *Love’s Martyr* would be found in it. For Chester’s poems are English throughout, with no touch of Italian grace or melody or such allusions as were inevitable in any actual translation of an Italian poet. In the British Museum copy of the selections of 1587, some former possessor informs us that Celiano was a native of Genoa. I cherish the pleasures of hope that some specialist may hereafter enable me to recover the *Rime* of 1592, and perchance other works of Livio Celiano. In such case I shall not fail to communicate the result. Meantime Dr. Todhunter of Dublin—author

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* I owe special thanks to my friends E. W. Gosse, Esq.; W. M. Rossetti, Esq.; Dr. Steele, Rome; and Messrs. Dulau and Co., London. Mr. Gosse guided me to the Selections in the British Museum.
Introduction.

of Laurella and other Poems, having the genuine mint-mark — has most kindly favoured me with verse-renderings of some of Celiano’s love-lays, as typical. The translations are as close to the original as for our object was deemed needful. I have now to give them, as follows:

The Lovers Parallel.

This lovely new-born plant,
Whose grace doth so enchant,
Mimics that maiden fair
Whose virgin beauty is my life’s despair.

It in earth’s heavy crust
Its delicate roots has thrust;
Her’s round its cisterns deep
Of my life-drained heart do cling and creep.

It a sweet river laves,
Her my full eyes’ sad waves;
It joys in sun and air,
She in the warm sighs of my love’s despair.

It hath its leaflets green
Her tresses fair, my Queen;
It hath its glowing flowers,
She her sweet face, like roses after showers.

But it with fruit is graced
Most pleasant to the taste;
Bitter is hers, heigho!
Gall of my life, since I desire it so!

The Envious Lover.

O many-coloured flowers!
Joy of the meadows, and ye verdurous leaves!
Ye whole beloved brood
Of Earth’s great motherhood,
How do I envy your thrice-happy state!
When you the hot noontide grieves
The blessed dawn bedews your fainting bud;
And ah! how happier far
Than me ye are,
When the beloved feet
Ye bend to kiss, of my Urania sweet;
And how in your frail form I long to be
When in her lap she takes you tenderly!
Introduction.

The Lover's Complaint.

1. Who would behold a park
   Of trees, thick-planted, dark;
   Let him come see my daily-pierced heart,
   Thick full of arrows, full of cruel smart:
   Thus Love hath shewn his art!

2. Who would behold a sea
   Of tears wept hopelessly:
   Let him come see the wells of bitter brine
   Which night and day I weep from out my eyne:
   Thus Love's poor captives pine!

3. Who would behold a pyre
   Of hell's eternal fire;
   Let him come see my bosom, full of flame,
   Tormented with love's craving and love's shame:
   Thus Love doth write his name!

4. And she desires to know
   The cause of all this woe——
   Why Love hath made of me park, sea, and hell,
   Let him know this my tigress, loved too well,
   So fair, but ah! so fell!

The Lover's Plea.

1. If I might pleasure thee
   By crying: "Woe is me!"
"Woe's me! woe's me!" a thousand times I'd scream,
So I might compass all my blissful dream!

2. Or if by sighing deep
   Thy favour I could keep,
   If that would win thy pity for my plight,
   Sweet heavens! I'd sigh all day and sigh all night!

3. Or if when I should cry
   "Oh help me, sweet, I die!"
   Thy comfortable presence I might have,
   How oft I'd pray thee lift me from the grave!"
Alas! I still may sigh,
"Woe's me!" for ever cry,
And crave thy help in my despairful state;
All will not serve to change my cruel fate!

It only remains to state that, throughout, my anxious aim has been to reproduce the book in absolute fidelity to the original. Below, I record certain errors of the original and other minor points.* I would, in conclusion, express my very cordial sense of obligation to the various friends who have aided me in my labour. I have to add to the names that appear in their places, that of the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., of Middleton Cheney, for excellent aid in tracing Chester's classical and other quotations; but I wish emphatically to reiterate my gratitude to Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON for his sustained and minute carefulness of reading after and with me, and giving me the benefit of his ripe acquaintance with Elizabethan-Jacobean literature. I send forth the book, especially my Introduction and Notes and Illustrations, with less hesitancy, that he has read the whole, and approved, if not in every detail, yet substantially. I have to thank my friend Professor DOWDEN for several suggestions that have been utilized.

And so I invite thee, 'gentle Reader,' to the thoughtful perusal of this ancient book, in the light and shadow of my interpretation of its 'shadowing the truth of love,'—viz., as telling the story of Elizabeth and Essex, with Shakespeare's version as well. I regard it as no common honour to address so 'fit audience.' I confidently count on every genuine fellow-student of Shakespeare receiving generously myendeavour and weighing text and notes together. HENRY ELLISON—subtle and vivid Singer of our generation, and destined to be more amply recognized a century hence—may close these introductory words:

"Oh turn unto the days of yore,
When Faith her martyr-sons could name;
And Liberty's untainted lore,
From heart to heart, passed as a flame.

* See Postscript H.
Introduction.

Oh turn unto the days when Faith
Could build cathedral piles thro’ love;
And hosts therein, as with one breath,
Their true heart-offering sent above!
Oh turn unto the days of old,
When unreprovèd all, and free,
Old songs were sung, old tales were told,
And Hall and Bower rang to their glee.

Turn ye unto the times I say,
When noble thoughts were welcome more
To English ears, than at this day
Vile clinking gold, by knaves told o’er!
Oh turn ye to the household laws,
The fireside laws of Peace and Love;
Where Wisdom feeds her little ones,
And fashions them for Him above!
Oh turn unto our Shakespeare’s page,
And read of Harry’s chivalry;
Of gallant deeds, which are a gage
For like unto Posterity.
Oh then shall Freedom on Time’s lyre
Strike with a willing hand the strain
Of olden days; and Hampden’s fire,
And Milton’s tongue, be heard again!
Then Faith shall have her martyr-names,
Tho’ not fire-tested be their worth,
And patient Charity, who tames
Old hatreds, give to Love new birth!
Then Freedom’s bright electric chain
Shall stretch o’er hamlet, town, and tower;
And good old songs be heard again
In knightly hall, in cot, and bower!
Then too my Fatherland, thy fame
With rainbow-breadth once more shall rise;
Scattering the storms thro’ which it came,
Like dawn unto long watcher’s eyes!
And thus, when thou must sink again
Within thine own eternal Sea;
The guardian-angels still their strain
Shall sing, and hail thee, ‘bless’d and free.’*

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George’s Vestry, Blackburn, Lancashire.
August, 1878.

POSTSCRIPT.

A. Page viii.

Epistle-dedictory of The Christian Exercise of Fasting, Private and Publick &c. 1596.

"To the right worshipfull and his very Christian good friend, master Robert Chester, Esquier &c. mercele and peace in Jesu Christ.

"I must look for many adversaries, for the greatest part hath ever declined from pietie to superstition and prophetenes. Therefore, (right worshipfull) I come vnto you for protection of Gods truth : being the more bolde to aske this favor, because I am so well assured of your loue thereunto, and full resolution to defend the same with all your might during life. Againe, I haue nowe for many yeares known you Christian loue towards me for the truths sake. I desire to testifie my hearts affection towards you in the best manner that I can. The most blessed spirit of Jesus Christ guide and governe your spirit, keepe and comfort you and all yours. Februarie 12. 1596.

"Yours assuredly ever to see in Jesus Christ during life. Henry Holland."

Judging from this Epistle one must conclude that Chester was of the Puritan side as against the Papal. Essex was avowedly with the Puritans.

B. Page ix.

Abstract of Sir Robert Chester's Will, made by Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester, London.

"I, Robert Chester, of Royston, in the county of Herts, Knight"—dated 3 May 1638—to be buried at Royston, next the body of my sister Mrs. Mary Thornburgh—to my wife all my plate, jewels, household stuff, goods, chattels, &c., in my mansion house called Cockenhatch and in and upon my lands in Barkway and elsewhere in co. Herts.—my said wife to provide for the weekly distribution forever of 16th worth of bread to the poor of Barkway and 8th worth to the poor of the hamlet of Northampsted in Barkway aforesaid—to my son Robert Chester, Doctor of Divinity £100, with which to educate my godson Robert Chester son of Henry Chester till he reach the age of fifteen, and then £100 more to bind him apprentice or make him a scholar—to my said godson Robert Chester £300. when 24 years of age—to my said son Henry a Mourning cloak, and to his wife £10. for mourning—to my son Granado Chester, Doctor
of Divinity £100. — to my son Robert Chester D.D. and his wife each £10 for mourning, and to his son Robert my godson £100. — to my brother in law Mr. John Stone a mourning gown — to my son Edward Chester a gown, my horse, and my seal ring with arms — to my brother in law Mr. Edward Capon a cloak — to my son in law Sir Thomas Nightingale Baronet, a cloak — to my son in law Edward Ratcliffe Esquire, a cloak, and to my daughter his wife £20. for mourning and a ring — to my daughter Theodosia Nightingale widow £20. for mourning and a ring — to my son in law Samuel Hinton, Dr of the Civil Law a gown. And to my daughter his wife £20 for mourning and a ring, and to their daughter Anne Hinton £20. when 18 years of age — to my son in law John Piggott Esq. and my daughter his wife, mourning — to each of my grandchildren a ring of the value of 20 shillings, with this posy, "Christus unica salus" — to my kinsman Thomas Smith, Gent. a cloak — to the poor of Royston £5. — to the poor of Barkway and Northampsted £5. — to my cousin Magdalen Deane alias Addams 40 shillings a year for life, and to her daughter Anne, my cousin, wife of [blank] Tymberrell, 20 shillings — to my nephew Henry Thornburgh £20. and mourning, and to each of his children £5. — to Mr. More, vicar of Royston, 20 shillings and a gown — to my godson Chester Greene 20 shillings — to Dr. Smith, vicar of Barkway, 20 shillings — all residue of personalty to my son Edward Chester, Esquire, whom I appoint my sole executor.

Codicil, dated 16 March 1639/40 — to my said sons Granado Chester, D.D., and Robert Chester, D.D., £300. which they shall dispose for the benefit of my son Henry — to my said son Henry an annuity of £20 for life — All my messuages, lands, tenements, &c. to my said son Edward for life, with remainder to his son John Chester and his heirs male, remainder to the other sons of my said son Edward and their heirs male in succession, remainder to my said son Granado, &c., remainder to my said son Robert, &c., remainder to my said son Henry, &c.

Codicil, dated 7 April 1640 — to Granado, second son of my said son Robert Chester, £50. — to Anne Hinton daughter of my said son Samuel Hinton £30. more when 18 years of age, or, if she die before, then same to her 2 younger sisters when 18."

[The Will was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 3 February, 1640–1, by Edward Chester, son and executor.

Recorded in Book "Evelyn," at folio 25.]

C. Page xxiii.

NICHOLS' PROGRESSES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Were it not that the title-page of Chester's Love's Martyr (1601) designates it "the first Essay of a new Britishe Poet," I should have felt disposed to assign a somewhat vivid piece
Postscript.

in Nichols' Progresses, to Chester. It is entitled "The Principal Addresse in Nature of a New Year's Gift; seeminge thereby the Author intended not to haue his Name knowne." It is taken from Cotton MSS., Vespasian, E 8. It is possible that, notwithstanding the words "the first Essay," this anonymous production really was Chester's, but not re-claimed by him later. Be this as it may, there are memorable and illustrative things in it. Thus, in relation to the prominent part 'Nature' fills in Love's Martyr, it is noteworthy that, similarly here, 'Nature' gives the "principal Addresse." Equally noteworthy, too, is it, that one of Chester's titles, Love's Martyr, occurs in this set of courtly poems, e.g.:

"Horace, honour'd August, the high'ft of names,
And yet his harte from Mecene never swerde;
Ovid helde trayne in Venus courte, and servde,
Cheife Secretarve to all thofe noble dames,
Martyres of love, who so brayde in his flames,
As bothe their truth and penance well defervde
All in fine gold to have theryr image kervde."

More noteworthy still is the precise lamentation of Chester over Elizabeth's un-married state as in our closing quotation. Again, she is sung of as 'the Mayden Queen' with many lovers:

".... two Capetts, three Cezares affayde
And had repulf of the great Britton Mayde"

And:

"For we suppoze thou haft forfwore
To matche with man for evermore"

And:

"In woman's breft .......
Hath harbourd safe the lyon's harte"

And the gazeur on her 'bewyte' has a

"..... fable eye
That cannot view her feldiaflye"

Broadly looked into, this "Principal Addresse in Nature," throughout, is quite in the same vein with Love's Martyr
in its laudation of Elizabeth. A few quotations will doubtless be acceptable. This is the opening:

"Gracious Princeflfe, where Princes are in place
To geve you gold, and plate, and perles of price,
It seemeth this day, sawe your royall advice,
Paper prefentes shoule have but little grace;
But sith the tyme fo aptly ferves the cafe,
And as some thinke, you’re Highnes takes delighte
Oft to peruse the styles of other men,
And eft youreself, with Ladye Saphhoe’s pen,
In sweet measures of poeeye t’endite,
The rare affectes of your hevenly sprighte;
Well hopes my mufe to skape all manner blame,
Uteringe your honours to hyde her owner’s name."

Avowedly the author regards Elizabeth as a pre-eminent theme, e.g., “The Author choosinge by his Verfe to honour the Queens Majestie of England, Ladye Elizabethe, boldly preferreth his Choife and the Excellencye of the Subject before all others of any Poet auncient or moderne.” And again: “That her Majestie furmounteth all the Princesses of our tymge in Wifedome, Bewtye, & Magnanimitie: & ys a Thinge verye admirable in nature.” In accord with this are the several ‘addresses’ placed under the nine Muses. I must content myself with one further quotation: “That her Majestie (two things except) hath all the Parts that justly make to be sayd a most happy Creature in this World.”

Parthe III. Erato.

"Youthfull bewyte, in body well disposed,
Lovely favoure, that age cannot deface;
A noble harte where nature hath inclosed
The fruitful seeds of all vertue and grace,
Regall estate coucht in the treble crowne,
Ancefrall all, by lineage and by right,
Stone of treaures, honor, and just renowne,
In quiet raigne, a fure redoubted might:
Fuit frinues, foes few or faint, or overthrown,
The stranger toonges, and the hartes of her owne,
Breife bothe Nature and Nourriture have done,
With Fortune’s helpe, what in their cunning is —
To yele the erthe, a Princelye Paragon.
But had thee, oh! the two joys she doth misfie,
A Cæsar to her husband, a Kinge to her soone,
What lacks her Highnes then to all earthly bliss? \[son\]

I add, that "Parthe VII, Euterpe," is a summary description of Elizabeth's person, of which that in Love's Martyr is simply an expansion.

D. Page xxxiv.

Other 'Phoenix' and Kindred References.

In "Sorrowes Joy"—a somewhat interesting set of poems among the many that 'speeded' the departing Queen and welcomed the coming King, which Nichols also has reprinted—there are exactly such descriptions of Elizabeth as are found in Love's Martyr, with the 'Phoenix' perpetually recurring, e.g.

"Nature, Art, Fortune vexed out of measure,
All firmly vowed to frame her equall neuer."

"Wild Savedges ador'd her living name . . . . . .
The Earth's bright glorie and the Worlds cleare light."

"Such one Eliza was whilst shee did liue:
One Phoenix dead, another doth suuive."

"Thus is a Phoenix of her ashes bred . . . . .
"Since that to death is gone that sacred Deltie
That Phoenix rare."

"A sweeter Muse neare breathed on these lands."

"Loue strowed cinnimon on Phoenix nest."

"Or when as Phoenix dies: Phoenix is dead,
And so a Phoenix followes in her stead;
Phoenix for Phoenix."

See our Introduction (p. xlvi) for one very remarkable parallel with Chester's title of Love's Martyr. With relation to the superlative flatteries of Elizabeth by Chester and contemporaries, Hume has observed—"Even when
Postscript.

Elizabeth was an old woman, she allowed her courtiers to flatter her, with regard to her excellent beauties." Cf. Birch, vol. ii, pp. 442–43. When Elizabeth was nearly 70, Coke, at the trial of Essex in 1601, said gravely, that he and his partisans "went rather into the city than to the Court, in regard the lustre of the divine Majesty glistered so brightly in the Royal Majesty, and did so dazzle their eyes, that they durst approach no nearer." (Camden, Trans. 614, Orig. 11, 230, and cf. my Dr. Farmer Chetham MS., in Narrative of the Trial of Essex and Southampton.)

E. Page xlvi.

Melvill's Account of Elizabeth.

Whitaker, in his "Additions and Corrections made in the second edition of Mary, Queen of Scots, Vindicated" (1789), has worked in under a passionate animus, many extracts from contemporary letters, &c. Bating the twist, he gives them all, they are of the rarest interest, and go to confirm and illustrate almost every detail in Love’s Martyr. I refer the student-reader to the book. I content myself here with an incident at Court that vivifies Chester’s praise of Elizabeth’s musical gifts (p. 13, st. 2).

"She [Elizabeth] asked, if she [Mary] played well? I said, Reasonably for a Queen. That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdean [Hundson] drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some musick (but he said he durst not avow it) where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber; and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward seeming to strike me with her hand; alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary to shun melancholy. She asked, how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my lord of Hunsdean, as we past by the chamber-door, I heard such melody as ravished me; whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how: excusing my fault of homeliness [familiarity] as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed, the French easiness of manners being then as eminent, as it has since been . . . . . She then called for my lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the Queen was alone. She inquired, whether my Queen or she played best? In that, I found myself obliged to give her the praise." (pp. 145–6.)
Postscript.

F. Page xlix.

Letter from a Correspondent in England to a Scottish Nobleman, at the close of Elizabeth's Reign.

I am indebted to my friend J. M. Thomson, Esq., Edin-

burgh, for an exact copy of this very noticeable Letter. As it has never been printed in extenso I deem it expedient to give it without mutilation. The italicized lines are surely very remarkable in their revelation of Elizabeth's too-late discovery of the wrong against her truest and noblest self in sacrificing Essex. The Letter is valuable, also, as reflecting the troubled state of the nation at the time. The original unsigned MS.—for it was perilous to sign such a letter—is in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, and it runs thus:

"Albeit that I have not answered your Lordships letter; nevertheless I hoope, that my silence shal receiue that favorable construction[n] which my innocency may challenge of right. For I was resolved to commit no letter to the hands of Fortune, seing that the expectation of a litl tyne, might secure the passage of those papers, which I decreed to consecrate only to your self. And if the debt I owe you, might be payed by woordes, I would frank[ly] spende al my tyne in acknowledgement of your favours; which heare fruites of such sorte, that so soone as I have receaued them, they begin to bud forth, & produce new blossomes.

"Neuerthelesse my hoope is, that al the world shal knowe, that power[r] in re- quiring, hath rather fayled mee then will. Therfor pardon mee I beseech you, if wanting meanes to discharge the debt I owe I am constreined to rum on the old skoare, & to spende stil out of your L[ord] stocke.

"I haue at length sent his M[ajesty] an abstract of such Gentlem[ens] names, as are in greatest accompt in En glande. The greatest part whereof are knowne vnto my self: the rest I haue had intelligence of, by many wary questions, & sundry relations, of those, that were well assured of that which they informed. And concerning the Apologetical preface, I haue deliuered my opinion, therin I jumpe just with your L[ord] censure therof: hooping that h[is] highnes will take your woord in my behalfe, that my difference in the forme of an Apology, springeth not from any spirit of contra[diction], but from the obedience I owe, to answer, truly, vnto every demande his Majesty shal propose vnto mee. Also I haue sent a discourse of aanswer vnto certeyne questions: wherin I suppoose[se] that though p'haps I may seeme to shooete at reuers, I haue not short very wide from the marke. Our Queene is troubled with a Rheume in her arm, which vexeth her very much: besides the greefe she hath conceiued for my L[ord] of
Postcript.

Essex his death, shee sleepeoth not somuch by day as shee used, neither taketh rest by night: her delight is to sit in the darke, & sometimes with sheddings of tears to bewayle Essex. This is the reason, that wee haue so many horses about London: the particularitie whereof I refer to Mr. Foulis. In any case let mee intreate you to sollicite his Ma: to send often, & though the journey bee longes, & payenfull, I doubt not, but that Mr. Foulis, will gladly undertake the charge, wherein so good service may bee performed. For it is expedient that the messenger bee skilful in our present estate, trusted by us, & knowne to bee confident with the king. Concerning my self, or the seruice which I may performe, ether in this place, or any whatso euer, I protest that I remayne firme, & ready to bee imploied, whenssoever his Majesty, shal grace mee with his commandement. For I breathe no other contentment, then that, which may turne to the advancement of so gratious a Prince, & the ease of this distressed Countrie. In what state wee stande at this present, may better bee related by Mr. Foulis, Queque ipse miserrima vidit, then by a short narration of perpetual woes.

"Therfor I will aduertise your Lp, of your owne affaire: wherein I haue trauayled to the vtermost of my power, & gotten a particular information of all Caris proceedings touching Whorlton. The common voice of the Tennants is, that hee payed only a 1000 marks to the Queene: but haung conferred with himself, I founde him much discontented as hee pretended, for the great price hee had payed Videlicet: £800: But I beleue him not therin. Neither doth £: or I thinke it fitt that any thirde person should compounde with him for it. For it is certeyne that seing it is already leased, it wil not bee bought but at an unreasonable rate: & the tyme wil come when hee wilbe glad to take half the money hee hath disbursed for his interest therin. The Queen hath sold a great part of the Duchy of Cornwell & Lancaster, which landes must eather bee recalled, as wee haue a president therof in Henry the fourths tyme, or bought agayne to vnitie them to the Crowne. I haue sent your Lp a draught of the survey of Whorilton, which I got cunningly out of the Checker. Likewise you shall receiue a copy of a Letters Patents, taken out of the . . . . which is counted to conteyne the most general woordes, that may bee used in a good & perfect assurance. And albeit [hat] the name of a Rectory agree not with your Manors, it importeth not, seing that mutatis mutandis, forsasmuch [as] concerneth the names, the whole process of the graunte is to [be] obserued. I feare that you can hardly redete it, for it is written in badd Lattin, & abbreviations, which is the manner of the clarks that copypy any recorde out of the Channcery. The graunte you sent mee with the clause of renewinge the Letters patents in Die Illa is held to bee better then any other assurance that can nowe bee made by the kinge. I will deteyne your Lp no longer: beseeching you to build upon that good foundation of my affection, which your merite hath firmly layd. For my desir is to streyne my vtermost ability, to bee alwaies the formost in

Your Lp: Service."
Postscript.

G. Page lxii.

SHAKESPEARE CENSURED.

I refer to Henry Chettle's England's Mourning Garment, &c. (1603). In this somewhat remarkable celebration of Elizabeth, Shakespeare, as author of the Rape of Lucrece, is thus appealed to:

"Nor doth the silver tonged Melicert
Drop from his honied mufe one fable teare
To mourne her death that graced his defert,
And to his laies open'd her Royall care,
Shepheard remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her Rape, done by that Tarquin, Death."

Is it accidental that CHAPMAN and MARSTON—other two of the authors of the "new compositions," be it noted—are similarly censured and urged? Could these lines in Chettle be possibly meant to hit at Chester and the "new compositions"?

———"wolft of wolft,
Bayards and bayets accruft, with grosft flattery murft:
Hauft fung her sacred name, and prai'd her to their shame,
Who was our last and first."

H. Page lxxii.

ERRATA OF THE ORIGINAL.

Page 12, st. 3, l. 2, comma after 'springs' instead of period ()—corrected.

" 13, st. 3, l. 2, comma after 'flower' instead of period ()—corrected.

ibid., st. 4, l. 1, 'yee' for 'yea'—corrected.

" 14, st. 1, l. 4, 'Venus' printed 'Venvs'—corrected.

" 22, numbered 41 instead of 14—corrected.

" 23, To those of light beleefe—st. 1, l. 5, no comma after 'conceit'—corrected.

ibid., st. 2, l. 5, comma after 'find'—corrected.

" 77, st. 2, l. 6, no stop after 'spight'—corrected.

" 83, Johannis Leylandij, &c., l. 12, the comma after 'petit.'
Postscript.

Page 89, Heading—'Dialogue' for 'Dialogue'—corrected.
" 92, st. 1, l. 3, no comma after 'enchantment'—corrected.
" 104, st. 3, l. 2, 'gods' for 'godd[es]s.'
" 111, numbered '101'—corrected to '103.'
" 113, st. 1, l. 3, 'cle' for 'clere,' and l. 6, 'the m' for 'the m[inde].'
" 128, st. 1, l. 1, 'Memnodides' should have been 'Memnonides' certainly.
" 131, st. 2, l. 3, 'someting' for 'something'—corrected
   , 137, st. 4, l. 4, 'frecely' for 'secretly.'
" 142, 143, are mis-numbered '118' and '119' for '134'
   and '135'—corrected.
" 153 to 175, numbered 141 to 163 for 145 to 167—corrected.
" 167, margin—l. 14, 'feele' for 'feele,' and l. 20, 'poreft'
   for 'pureft'—corrected.
" 179-195, are mis-numbered 167 to 183 for 171 to 187—corrected.

See also various suggestions and criticisms in the Notes
and Illustrations. A comma at the end of a line was a
favorite contemporary punctuation.

Errata of our Reprint.

Page 11, st. 3, l. 1, put comma after 'thing.'
" 29, st. 1, l. 4, spell 'keepe' for 'keep.'
" 31, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'harmelieffe' for 'harmelfe.'
" 34, st. 1, l. 1, put comma after 'Ejfleda.'
" 37, st. 4, l. 7, spell 'deedes' for 'deeds.'
" 38, st. 4, l. 2, spell 'tooke' for 'took.'
" 43, l. 7, spell 'owne' for 'own.'
" 44, heading, l. 2, put comma after 'Coronation.'
" 47, l. 3, spell 'little' for 'little,' and st. 1, l. 2, 'wel' for 'well.'
" 77, st. 2, l. 1, spell 'battell' for 'battel.'
" 78, st. 1, l. 1, spell 'prepar'd' for 'prepared.'
Postcript.

Page 84, l. 8, read ‘offspring’ for ‘offspring,’ and l. 11, spell ‘sweete’ for ‘sweet.’

", 85, Hee endeth, &c., l. 2, put comma after ‘feate.’

", 93, st. 4, l. 3, put comma after ‘Hercules.’

", 96, st. 2, l. 5, capital to ‘Fishes’; and st. 4, l. 1, spell ‘Jacke’ for ‘Jack.’

", 98, st. 3, l. 7, spell ‘verie’ for ‘very.’


", 112, st. 4, l. 6, spell ‘food’ for ‘foode.’

", 115, st. 2, l. 4, spell ‘meate’ for ‘meat.’

", 127, st. 2, l. 5, put comma after ‘way.’

", 128, st. 5, l. 3, spell ‘dayly’ for ‘daily.’

", 168, st. 3, l. 5, spell ‘tels’ for ‘tells.’

", 172, st. 2, l. 6, spell ‘fauoring’ for ‘faouring.’

", 194, Heading of Ode—I have extended the contractions for ov and ot.

A. B. G.
ROBERT CHESTER'S

LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601,

WITH

SHAKSPERE'S "PHŒNIX AND TURTLE,"

ETC., ETC.
LOVES MARTYR:
OR,
ROSALENS COMPLAINT.

Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love,
in the constant Fate of the Phoenix
and Turtle.

A Poeme enterlaced with much varietie and raritie;
now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato
Caéliano, by Robert Chester.

With the true legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine
Worthies, being the first Essay of a new Brytish Poet: collected
out of divers Authentickall Records.

To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers
whose names are subscribed to their severall works, upon the
first subject: viz. the Phoenix and
Turtle.

Mar: — Mutare dominum non potest liber notus.

LONDON
Imprinted for E. B.
1601.
TO THE HONORABLE, and (of me before all other) honored Knight, Sir John Salisbury
one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie, Robert
Chester wisheth increase of vertue
and honour.

Posse & nolle, nobile.

Honorable Sir, hauing according to the directions of some of my best-min
ded friends, finished my long expected labour; knowing this ripe iudging
world to be full of enuie, euery one (as sound reason requireth) thinking his owne
child to be fairest although an Æthiopian, I am emboldened to put my infant wit to
the eye of the world vnder your protectiō

A 3
THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

knowing that if Absurditie like a theefe haue crept into any part of these Poems, your well-graced name will ouer-shadow these defaults, and the knowne Caracter of your vertues, cause the common back-biting enemies of good spirits, tobesilent. To the World I put my Child to nurse, at the expence of your fauour, whose glorie will stop the mouths of the vulgar, and I hope cause the learned to rocke it asleepe (for your sake)in the bosome of good wil. Thus wishing you all the blesings of heauen and earth; I end.

Yours in all service,

Ro. Chester.
The Authors request to
the Phænix.

Phænix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any
To thee I do entitle all my labour,
More precious in mine eye by far then many,
That feed'st all earthly fences with thy favour:
Accept my home-writ praises of thy love,
And kind acceptance of thy Turtle-dove.

Some deepe-read scholler fam'd for Poetrie,
Whose wit-enchanting verse deserveth fame,
Should sing of thy perfections passing beautie,
And elevate thy famous worthy name:
Yet I the least, and meanest in degree,
Endeavoured have to please in praising thee.

R. Chester.
To the kind Reader.

Of bloody warres, nor of the sacke of Troy,
Of Pryams murdred sonnes, nor Didoes fall,
Of Hellens rape, by Paris Troian boy,
Of Cæsars victories, nor Pompeys thrall,
Of Lucrece rape, being rauished by a King,
Of none of these, of sweete Conceit I sing.

Then (gentle Reader) ouer-reade my Muse,
That armes herselfe to fliie a lowly flight,
My untun'd stringed verfe do thou excuse,
That may perhaps accepted, yeeld delight:
I cannot clime in praises to the skie,
Least falling, I be drown'd with insamie.

Mea mecum Porto.

R. Ch.
THE

Anuuals of great
Brittaine.

OR,

A MOST EXCEL-
lent Monument, wherein may be
seene all the antiquities of this King-
dome, to the satisfaction both of the
Vniuersities, or any other place flir-
red with Emulation of long
continuance.

Excellently figured out in a worthy Poem.

LONDON
Printed for Mathew Lownes.
1611
Solemne day of meeting mongst the Gods,
And royall parliament there was ordained:
The heauenly Synod was at open ods,
And many harts with earthly wrongs were pained;
Some came to craue excufe, some to complain;
Of heauie burdend griefes they did suftaine.

*Vesta* she told, her Temple was defiled:
*Juno* how that her nuptiall knot was broken;
*Venus* from her fonne *Cupid* was exiled:
And *Pallas* tree with ignorance was shoken:
   *Bellona* rau'd at Lordlike cowardice,
   And *Cupid* that fond Ladies were fo nice.

To this Assembly came Dame *Nature* weeping,
And with her handkercher through wet with teares,
She dried her rosie cheekes, made pale with fighing,
Hanging her wofull head, head full of feares:
   And to *Joves* selle plac'd in a golden feate,
   She kneeld her downe, and thus gan to intreate:

Thou mightie Imperator of the earth,
Thou euer-liuing Regent of the aire,
That to all creatures giu'ft a liuely breath,

B
And thundrest wrath downe from thy firie chaire,
Behold thy handmaid, king of earthly kings,
That to thy gracious sight sad tidings brings.

One rare rich Phoenix of exceeding beautie,
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed;
One faire Helena, to whom men owe dutie:
One countrey with a milke-white Doue I graced:
One and none such, since the wide world was found
Hath euer Nature placed on the ground.

Head. Her head I framed of a heavvenly map,
Wherein the feuenfold vertues were enclofed,
When great Apollo slept within my lap,
And in my bosome had his rest repos'd,
I cut away his locks of purest gold,
And plac'd them on her head of earthly mould.

Haire. When the leaft whistling wind begins to sing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,
Like to a chime of bels it soft doth ring,
And with the pretie noife the wind doth checke,
Able to lull asleepe a penfiue hart,
That of the round worlds forrowes beares a part.

Forehead. Her forehead is a place for princely Ioue
To fit, and cenfure matters of import:
Wherein men reade the sweete conceipts of Loue,
To which hart-pained Louers do refornt,
And in this Tablet find to cure the wound,
For which no suale or herbe was euer found.
Rosalins complaint

Vnder this mirrour, are her princely eyes:
Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights;
That ore the day and night do soueraignize,
And their dimme tapers to their rest she frights:
   Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
   And when she riseth all their force is donne.

Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd,
A Lillie lying in a bed of Roses;
This part above all other I haue grac'd,
For in the blew veins you may reade sweet posies:
   When she doth blush, the Heauens do wax red,
   When she lookes pale, that heauenly Front is dead.

Her chinne a little litle pretie thing
In which the sweet carnatian Gelli-flower,
Is round encompast in a chrifall ring,
And of that pretie Orbe doth bear a power:
   No fforme of Enuie can this glorie touch,
   Though many should assay it ouermuch.

Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth spring,
Sweet honied deaw by an intangled kiffe,
From forth these glories doth the Night-bird sing,
A Nightingale that no right notes will misse:
   True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,
   Do come betwene these dores of excellencie.

Her teeth are hewed from rich crytal Rockes,
Or from the Indian pearle of much esteem,
These in a closet her deep counsell lockes,
Rosalins complaint

And are as porters to so faire a Queene,
They taste the diet of the heav'nyly traine,
Other base grossenesse they do still disdaine.

*Tongue.* Her tongue the vtherer of all glorious things,
The siluer clapper of that golden bell,
That neuer foundeth but to mightie Kings,
And when she speakes, her speeches do excell:
He in a happie chaire himselfe doth place,
Whose name with her sweet tongue she means to grace.

*Necke.* Her necke is *Vejtas* siluer conduic't pipe,
In which she powers perfect chafttie,
And of the muskie grapes in somer ripe,
She makes a liquor of ratietie,
That dies this swanne-like piller to a white,
More glorious then the day with all his light.

*Breastes.* Her breasts two crystal orbes of whiteft white,
Two little mounts from whence lifes comfort springs.
Between those hillockes *Cupid* doth delight
To sit and play, and in that valley sings:
Looking loue-babies in her wanton eyes,
That all grosse vapours thence doth chaffe and size.

*Armes.* Her armes are branches of that siluer tree,
That men surname the rich *Hesperides*,
A precious circling shew of modeftie,
When she doth spred these glories happines:
Ten times ten thousand blessings he doth taffe,
Whose circled armes shall cling about her waste.

Her
Rosalins complaint.

Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade
His first hours deftiny, or weale or woe,
When she this sky-like map abroad doth spreade,
Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
  And in her hand, white hand, they there do see
Loue lying in a bed of yuorie.

Her fingers long and small do grace her hand;
For when she toucheth the sweete founding Lute,
The wild vntamed beasts amaz’d do stand,
And carroll-chanting birds are sudden mute:
  O fingers how you grace the filuer wires,
And in humanitie burne Venus fires!

Her bellie (6 grace incomprehensible)
Far whiter then the milke-white lillie flower.
O might Arabian Phenix come invisiblie,
And on this mountaine build a glorious bower,
  Then Sunne and Moone as tapers to her bed,
Would light loues Lord to take her maidenhead.

Be still my thoughts, be silent all yee Mufes,
Wit-flowing eloquence now grace my tongue:
Arise old Homer and make no excuses,
Of a rare piece of art must be my fong,
  Of more then moft, and moft of all beloued,
About the which Venus sweete doues haue houered.

There is a place in louely paradize,
From whence the golden Gehon overflowes,
A fountaine of such honorable prize,
Rosalins complaint.

That none the sacred, sacred vertues knowes,
Walled about, betok'ning fure defence,
With trees of life, to keepe bad errors thence.

**Thighes.**
Her Thighs two pillers fairer far then faire,
Two vnderprops of that celestiall houfe,
That Mansfion that is Iunos siluer chaire,
In which Ambrosia VENUS doth caroufe,
And in her thighs the prety veines are running
Like Chriftall riuers from the maine freames flowing.

**Legges.**
Her legges are made as graces to the ref,  
So pretie, white, and fo proportionate,  
That leads her to loues royall sportiue neft,  
Like to a light bright Angel in her gate:  
For why no creature in the earth but she,  
Is like an Angell, Angell let her be.

**Feete.**
Her Feete (now draw I to conclusion)  
Are neat and litte to delight the eye,  
No tearme in all humane inuention,  
Or in the veine of sweet writ Poetri  
Can ere be found, to giue her feet that grace,  
That beares her corporate Soule from place to place.

And if by night she walke, the Marigold,  
That doth inclofe the glorie of her eye,  
At her approch her beauty doth vnfold,  
And spreeds her selfe in all her royaltie,  
Such vertue hath this Phœnix glaffy shield,  
That Floures and Herbs at her faire sight do yeeld.

And
Rosalins complaint.

And if the grace the Walkes within the day,
Flora doth spreade an Arras cloth of flowers,
Before her do the pretie Satires play,
And make her banquets in their leauie Bowers:
   Head, Haire, Brow, Eyes, Cheeks, Chin and all,
   Lippes, Teeth, Tong, Neck, Brefts, Belly are maiesticall.

This Phanix I do feare me will decay,
And from her ashes neuer will arise
An other Bird her wings for to displye,
And her rich beauty for to equalize:
   The Arabian fiers are too dull and base,
   To make another spryng within her place.

Therefore dread Regent of these Elements,
Pitie poore Nature in her Art excelling,
Glue thou an humble eare to my laments,
That to thee haue a long true tale beene telling,
   Of her, who when it please thee to behold,
   Her outward fight shalt bewties pride unfold.

At these words Ioue stood as a man amazed,
And Iunos Ioue-bred bewtie turnd to wight,
Venus she bluht, and on dame Nature gazed,
And Vesta she began to weepe outright:
   And little Cupid poore boy strucke in Ioue,
   With repetition of this earthly Doue.

But at the last Ioue gan to roufe his spirt,
And told Dame Nature in her sweet discourse;
Her womens Toung did run before her Wit,
Rosalins complaint.

Such a faire soule her selfe could neuer nurfe,
    Nor in the vastie earth was euuer liuing,
    Such beauty that all beauty was excelling.

*Nature* was frucke with pale tementie,
To see the God of thunders lightning eyes;
He shooke his knotty haire so wrathfully,
As if he did the heauenly rout despise:
    Then downe vpon her knee dame *Nature* falls,
    And on the great gods name aloud she calls.

*Ioue* thou shalt see my commendations,
To be vnworthie and impartial,
To make of her an extallation,
    Whose beauty is deuine maiesticall;
    Looke on that painted picture there, behold
    The rich wrought *Phenix* of Arabian gold,

*Ioues* eyes were setled on her painted eyes,
*Ioue* blushing smil'd, the picture smil'd againe:
*Ioue* spake to her, and in his heart did rife
Loues amours, but the picture did disdain
    To loue the god, *Ioue* would haue flole a kiffe,
    But *Iuno* being by, denied him this.

When all the reft beheld this counterfeit,
They knew the subsstance was of rarer price:
Some gaz'd vpon her face, on which did waite
As messengers, her two celestiall eyes;
    Eyes wanting fire, did giue a lightning flame,
    How much more would her eyes mans fences tame?

Then
Kotalins complaint.

Then all the Gods and Goddeses did decree,
In humble maner to intreat of Ione
And euer power vpon his bended knee,
Shewd faithfull seruice in dame Natures loue,
   Intreating him to pacifie his Ire,
   And raiie another Phenix of new fire.

Her picture from Iones eyes hath banisht Hate,
And Mildnesse plaind the furrowes of his brow,
Her painted shape hath chaftised debate,
And now to pleasure them he makes a vow:
   Then thus Ione spake, tis pittie she should die,
   And leaue no offpring of her Progenie.

Nature go hie thee, get thee Phæbus chaire,
Cut through the skie, and leaue Arabia,
Leaue that ill working peece of fruitlesse ayre,
Leaue me the plaines of white Britania,
   These countries have no fire to raiie that flame,
   That to this Phenix bird can yeeld a name.

There is a country Clymat fam’d of old,
That hath to name delightsome Paphos Ile,
Ouer the mountaine tops to trudge be bold,
There let thy winged Horfes rest awhile:
   Where in a vale like Ciparissus groue,
   Thou shalt behold a seconcd Phenix loue.

A champion country full of fertill Plaines,
Green graffie Medowes, little prettie Hils,
Aboundant pleasure in this place remaines,

C
Rosalins complaint.

And plenteous sweetes this heauenly clymat fillis:
   Faire flowing bathes that ifue from the rockes,
   Aboundant heards of beasts that come by flockes,

High frately Cædars, fturdie bigge arm’d Okes,
Great Poplers, and long trees of Libanon,
Sweete smelling Firre that frankenfence prouokes,
And Pine apples from whence sweet iuyce doth come:
   The fommer-blooming Hauthorne; ynder this
   Faire Venus from Adonis ftole a kiffe.

Fine Thickeats and rough Brakes for sport and pleasure,
Places to hunt the light-foote nimble Roe:
These groues Diana did account her treaure,
And in the cold shades, oftentimes did goe
   To lie her downe, faint, weary on the ground,
   While left that her Nimphs about her daunft a round.

A quire of heauenly Angels tune their voyces,
And counterfeit the Nightingale in singing,
At which delight some pleasure the reioyces,
And Plenty from her cell her gifts is bringing:
   Peares, Apples, Plums, and the red ripe Cherries,
   Sweet Strawberries with other daintie berries.

Here haunt the Satyres and the Driades,
The Hamadriades and pretie Elues,
That in the groues with skipping many please,
And runne along vpon the water fhelues:
   Heare Mermaides fing, but with Ulysses eares,
   The country Gallants do disdain their teares.
Rosalins complaint.

The Crocodile and hissing Adders sting,
May not come neere this holy plot of ground,
No Nightworme in this continent may sing,
Nor poifon-spitting Serpent may be found:
    Here Milke and Hony like two rivers ran,
    As fruiteful as the land of Canaan.

What shall I say? their Orchards spring with plente,
The Gardens smell like Floras paradise,
Bringing increafe from one to number twentie,
As Lycorice and sweet Arabian spicem:
    No place is found vnder bright heavens faire bliss,
    To beare the name of Paradise but this.

Hard by a running streame or crystall fountaine,
Wherein rich Orient pearle is often found,
Environ'd with a high and sleepeie mountaine,
A fertill foile and fruitful plot of ground,
    There shalt thou find true Honors louely Squire,
    That for this Phantix keepes Prometheus fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
Is fram'd of Caedars and high loftie Pine,
I made his house to chaflice thence despight,
And fram'd it like this heavensly roofe of mine:
    His name is Liberall honor, and his hart,
    Aymes at true faithfull seruice and defart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth fit,
Bloud and sweete Mercie hand in hand unite,
Bloud to his foes, a president most fit

C 2
Rofalins complaint.

For such as haue his gentle humour spited:
    His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,
    Hangs carelesse downe to lowd a blushing cheeke

Gieue him this Ointment to anoint his Head,
This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,
These shall direct him to this Phænix bed,
Where on a high hill he this Bird shal meet:
    And of their Ashes by my doome shal rise,
Another Phænix her to equalize.

This saide the Gods and Goddeses did applaud,
The Censure of this thundring Magistrate,
And Nature gaue him euerafting laud,
And quickly in the dayes bright Coach she gate
    Downe to the earth, she's whirled through the ayre;
  Iowye ioyne these fires, thus Venus made her prayer.

---

An Introduction to the Prayer.

Gvide thou great Guider of the Sunne and Moone,
Thou elementall fauourer of the Night,
My vndeferrated wit, wit fpronog too foone,
To giue thy greatnesse euery gracious right:
    Let Pen, Hand, Wit and vndeferuing tongue,
Thy pralfe and honor fing in euery fong.

In my poore prayer guide my Hand aright,
Guide my dull Wit, guide all my dulled Senfes,
Let thy bright Taper giue me faithfull light,
A Prayer.

And from thy Booke of life blot my offences:
Then arm'd with thy protection and thy loue,
Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-doue.

A Prayer made for the prosperitie of
a siluer coloured Doue, applied to the
beauteous Phenix.

O
Thou great maker of the firmament,
That rid'ft upon the winged Cherubins,
And on the glorious shining element,
Hear'ft the sad praier of the Seraphins,
That vnto thee continually sing Hymnes:
Bow downe thy liffning eares thou God of might,
To him whose heart will praife thee day and night.

Accept the humble Praiers of that foule,
That now lies wallowing in the myre of Sinne,
Thy mercie Lord doth all my powers controule,
And searcheth reines and heart that are within:
Therefore to thee Ichouah Ile begin:
Lifting my head from my imprisoned graue,
No mercie but thy mercie me can faue.

The foule vntamed Lion still goes roring,
Old hell-bread Sathan enemy to mankind,
To leade me to his iawes that are denouring,
Wherein no Grace to humane flesh's assign'd,
A Prayer.

But thou celestial Father canst him bind:
Tread on his head, tread Sinne and Sathan downe,
And on thy seruants head set Mercies crowne.

Thus in acceptance of thy glorious fight,
I purge my deadly finne in hope of grace,
Thou art the Doore, the Lanthorne and the Light,
To guide my sinfull feete from place to place,
And now O Christ I bow before thy face:
And for the siluer coloured earthly Doue,
I make my earnest prayer for thy loue.

Shrowde her o Lord unde thy shadowed wings,
From the worlds enuisious malice and deceit,
That like the adder-poisoned serpent stinges,
And in her way layes a corrupted baite,
Yet raise her God vnto thy mercies height:
Guide her, o guide her from pernitious foes,
That many of thy creatures ouerthrowes.

Wash her O Lord with Hyfope and with Thyme,
And the white snow she shall excell in whitenesse,
Purge her with mercie from all sinfull crime,
And her soules glorie shall exceed in brightnesse,
O let thy mercie grow vnto such ripenesse:
Behold her, O behold her gracios King,
That vnto thee sweet fongs of praife will sing.

And as thou leadst through the red coloured waues,
The hoast of thy elected Irael,
And from the wrath of Pharoe didst them faue,
A Prayer.

Appointing them within that land to dwell,
A chosen land, a land what did excell:
So guide thy fluer Doue vnto that place,
Where she Temptations enuie may outface.

Increase thy gifts bestowed on thy Creature,
And multiply thy blessings manifold,
And as thou hast adorned her with nature,
So with thy blessed eyes her eyes behold,
That in them doth thy workmanship unfold,
Let her not wither Lord without increase,
But bleffe her with ioyes offspring of sweet peace.


To those of light beleefe.

You gentle fauourers of excelling Muses,
And gracers of all Learning and Defart,
You whose Conceit the deepest worke peruses,
Whose Judgements skill are governed by Art:
Reade gently what you reade, this next conceit,
Fram'd of pure love, abandoning deceit.

And you whose dull Imagination,
And blind conceited Error hath not knowne,
Of Herbes and Trees true nomination,
But thinke them fabulous that shall be showne:
Learne more, search much, and surely you shall find
Plaine honest Truth and Knowledge comes behind.

Then gently (gentle Reader) do thou fauour,
C 4
A Dialogue.

And with a gracious looke grace what is written,
With smiling cheare peruse my homely labour,
With Enuius poisoned spitefull looke not bitten:
So shalt thou cause my willing though to friue,
To adde more Honey to my new-made Hive.

A meeting Dialogue-wifte betweene Na-
ture, the Phenix, and the Turtle Done.

Nature. All haile faire Phenix, whither art thou flying?
Why in the hot Sunne dofst thou spread thy wings?
More pleasure shouldest thou take in cold shades lying,
And for to bathe thyselfe in wholesome Springs,
Where the woods feathered quier sweetely sings:
Thy golden Wings and thy breasts beauteous Eie,
Will fall away in Phoebus royaltie.

Phenix. O stay me not, I am no Phenix I,
And if Ibe that bird, I am defaced,
Vpon the Arabian mountaines I must die,
And neuer with a poore yong Turtle graced;
Such operation in me is not placed:
What is my Beautie but a painted wal,
My golden spreading Feathers quickly fal.

Nature. Why doft thou shead thy Feathers, kill thy Heart,
Weep out thine Eyes, and staine thy golden Face?
Why doft thou of the worlds woe take a part,
And in relenting teares thy selfe diifrace?
Joyes mirthful Tower is thy dwelling place;

All
A Dialogue.

All Birdes for vertue and excelling beautie,
Sing at thy reuerend feet in Loue and Dutie.

Oh how thou feed'st me with my Beauties praisyng!
O how thy Praife Founds from a golden Poung!
O how thy Toung my Vertues would be raisyng!
And raisyng me thou doft corrupt thy fong;
Thou feef't not Honie and Poison mixt among;
Thou not'ft my Beautie with a jealous looke,
But doft not fee how I do bayte my hooke.

Tell me, o tell me, for I am thy friend,
I am Dame Nature that first gaue thee breath,
That from Ioues glorious rich feate did descend,
To set my Feete vpon this lumpifh earth:
What is the cause of thy sad fullen Mirth?
Haft thou not Beauty, Vertue, Wit and Fauour:
What other graces would'ft thou craue of Nature?

What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiued Thrall,
Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower,
To be as seruile vassalls at my Call?
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senfes do exhall:
But (o my griece) where my faire Eyes would loue,
Foule bleare-eyed Enuie doth my thoughts reprooue.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
Which if I did beftow would more increafe?
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?
A Dialogue.

But O vaine Bird, glue ore in silence, cease;
Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
That cuts thy threed of Loue with twentie words.

Nature. Tell me (O Mirrour) of our earthly time,
Tell me sweete Phoenix glorie of mine age,
Who blots thy Beauty with foule Enuiues crime,
And locks thee vp in fond Suspitions cage?
Can any humane heart beare thee such rage?
Daunt their proud stomacks with thy piercing Eye,
Vnchaine Loues sweetnesse at thy libertie.

Phoenix. What is't to bath me in a wholesome Spring,
Or wafh me in a cleere, deepe, running Well,
When I no vertue from the same do bring,
Nor of the balmie water beare a smell?
It better were for me mongst Crowes to dwell,
Then flocke with Doues, whē Doues fit always billing,
And waste my wings of gold, my Beautie killing.

Nature. Ile chaine foule Enuy to a brazen Gate,
And place deepe Malice in a hollow Rocke,
To some blacke deuerf Wood Ile banish Hate,
And fond Suspition from thy sight Ile locke:
Thefe shall not flirre, let anie Porter knocke.
Thou art but yong, freshe, greene, and meste not passe,
But catch the hot Sunne with thy steeled glasse.

Phoenix. That Sunne shines not within this Continent,
That with his warme rayes can my dead Bloud cheerish,
Gresse cloudie Vapours from this Aire is sent,
A Dialogue.

Not hot reflecting Beames my heart to nourish.
O Beautie, I do feare me thou wilt perish;
    Then gentle Nature let me take my flight,
But ere I passe, let Ennie out of sight.

Ile conjure him, and raise him from his grave,
And put vpon his head a punishtment:
Nature thy sportive Pleasure meanes to faue;
Ile send him to perpetuall banishment,
Like to a totterd Furie ragd and rent:
    Ile baffle him, and blind his Jealous eye,
That in thy actions Secrecie would prye.

Ile conjure him, Ile raise him from his Cell,
Ile pull his Eyes from his conspiring head,
Ile locke him in the place where he doth dwell;
Ile starue him there, till the poore flaebe be dead,
That on the poisonous Adder oft hath fed:
    These threatenings on the Helhound I will lay,
But the performance beares the greater sway.

Stand by faire Phoenix, spread thy Wings of gold,
And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye,
Like Juno bird thy Beautie do unfold,
And thou shalt triumph o're thine enemie:
Then thou and I in Phæbus coach will flye,
    Where thou shalt fee and taft a secret Fire,
That will adde spreading life to thy Desire.

Aris thou bleare-ey'd Ennie from thy bed,
Thy bed of Snakie poison and corruption,
A Dialogue.

Vnmaske thy big-swolne Cheeke with poyson red,
For with thee I must trie Concluion,
And plague thee with the Worlds confusioin.
   I charge thee by my Power to appeare,
   And by Celestial warrant to draw neare.

Phænix. O what a miftie Dampe breakes from the ground,
Able it felse to infect this noyfome Aire:
As if a caue of Toades themselves did wound,
Or poyfoned Dragons fell into difpaire,
Hels damned fent with this may not compare,
   And in this fogge cloud there doth arife
   A damned Feend ore me to tyrannize.

Nature. He shall not touch a Feather of thy wing,
Or euer haue Authoritie and power,
As he hath had in his dayes secret prying,
Ouer thy calme Looke to send a shouer:
Ile place thee now in fecrecies sweet Bower,
   Where at thy will in fport and dallying,
   Spend out thy time in Amarous discoursing.

Phænix. Looke Nurce, looke Nature how the Villaine sweates,
His big-swolne Eyes will fall vnto the ground,
With fretting anguiſh he his blacke breaft beates,
As if he would true harted minds confound:
O keepe him backe, his fight my heart doth wound:
   O Ennie it is thou that mad'lft me perifh,
   For want of that true Fire my heart shold nourifh.

Nature. But I will plague him for his wickednesse,

   Ennie
A Dialogue.

Ennie go packe thee to some forreine foyle,
To some desertfull plaine or Wildernesse,
Where fauage Monsters and wild beafts do toyle,
And with inhumane Creatures keep a coyle.
  Be gone I say, and neuer do returne,
  Till this round compaft world with fire do burne.

What is he gone? is Ennie packt away?
Then one fowle blot is moued from his Throne,
That my poore honest Thoughts did feke to flay:
Away fowle griefe, and ouer-heauie Mone,
That do ore charge me with continuall grones.
  Will you not hence? then with downe-falling teares,
  Ile drowne my felfe in ripeneffe of my Yeares.

Fie peeuifh Bird, what art thou franticke mad?
Wilt thou confound thy felfe with foolifh Griefe?
If there be caufe or meanes for to be had,
Thy Nurfe and nourifher will find reliefe:
Then tell me all thy Accidentes in briefe;
  Haue I not baniift Enny for thy fake?
  I greater things for thee ile undertake.

Ennie is gone and baniift from my right,
Baniift for euer comming any more:
But in Arabia burnes another Light,
A dark dimme Taper that I must adore,
This barren Countrey makes me to deplore:
  It is fo capleffe that the very Spring,
  Makes tender new-growne Plants be with'ring.
A Dialogue.

The noisome Aire is growne infectious,
The very Springs for want of Moisture die,
The glorious Sunne is here pestiferous,
No hearbes for Phisicke or sweet Surgerie,
No balme to cure hearts inward maladie:
    No gift of Nature, she is here defaced,
    Heart-curing Balmamum here is not placed.

Nature. Is this the fumme and substance of thy woe?
    Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote?
    Is this thy Sea of Grieue doth ouerflow?
    Is this the Riuere sets thy ship afloate?
    Is this the Leſson thou haft learn'd by rote?
        And is this all? and is this plot of Ground
        The substance of the Theame doth thee confound?

Phoenix. This is the Anker-hold, the Sea, the Riuere,
The Leſson and the substance of my Song,
This is the Rocke my Ship did secke to shiuer,
And in this ground with Adders was I stung,
And in a lothsome pit was often flung:
    My Beautie and my Vertues captiuate,
    To Loue, dissembling Loue that I did hate.

Nature. Cheare vp thy spirit Phoenix, prune thy wings,
    And double-gild thy Fethers for my newes;
A Nightingale and not a Rauen singes,
That from all blacke contention will excuse
Thy heauy thoughts, and set them to peruse
    Another Clymat, where thou maift expresse,
    A plot of Paradice for worthinesse.

Ioue
A Dialogue.

Ione in diuine diuinesse of his Soule,
That rides vpon his firie axaltree,
That with his Mace doth humane flesh controule,
When of mans deedes he makes a Registrie,
Louing the good for singularitie:
    With a vail'd Count'nance and a gracious Smile,
    Did bid me plant my Bird in Paphos Ile.

What ill diuining Planet did prefage,
My timelesse birth so timely brought to light?
What fatal Comet did his wrath engage,
To worke a harmlesse Bird such worlds despight,
Wrapping my dayes blisse in blacke fables night?
    No Planet nor no Comet did confpire
    My downefall, but foule Fortunes wrathful ire.

What did my Beautie moue her to Diddaine?
Or did my Vertues shadow all her Bliffe?
That she should place me in a deiar Plaine,
And send forth Ennie with a Judas kisse,
To sting me with a Scorpions poisoned hisse?
    From my first birth-right for to plant me heare,
    Where I haue alwaies fed on Grieue and Feare.

Raile not gaineft Fortunes sacred Deitie,
In youth thy vertuous patience she hath tyred,
From this base earth she's leift thee vp on hie,
Where in Contents rich Chariot thou shalt ride,
And neuer with Impatience to abide:
    Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
    And on thy feathered head will set a crowne.
Phanix. T'was time to come, for I was comfortlesse, And in my Youth haue bene Infortunate: This Ile of Paphos I do hope will blesse, And alter my halfe-rotten tottering state; My hearts Delight was almost ruinate. In this rich Ile a Turtle had his nest, And in a Wood of gold tooke vp his rest.

Nature. Fly in this Chariot, and come fit by me, And we will leave this ill corrupted Land, We'le take our course through the blew Azure skie, And fet our feete on Paphos golden fand. There of that Turtle Doue we'le vnderstand: And visit him in those delightfull plains, Where Peace conioynd with Plenty still remains.

Phanix. I come, I come, and now farewell that strond, Vpon whose craggie rockes my Ship was rent; Your ill befeeming follies made me fond, And in a vaftie Cell I vp was pent, Where my fresh blooming Beauty I haue spent. O blame your felues ill nurtred cruell Swaines, That fild my scarlet Glorie full of Staines.

Nature. Welcome immortal Bewaye, we will ride Ouer the Semi-circle of Europa, And bend our course where we will fee the Tide, That partes the Continent of Affrica, Where the great Cham gouernes Tartaria: And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night, In Paphos sacred Ile we meane to light. How
A Dialgoue,

How glorious is this Chariot of the day,
Where Phæbus in his crystall robes is set,
And to poore passangers direct's a way:
O happie time since I with Nature met,
My immelodious Diſcord I vn fret:
    And sing sweet Hymnes, burn Myrrhe & Frankeſſence,
    Honor that Ifle that is my fure defence.

Looke Phænix ore the world as thou doft ride,
And thou fhalt see the pallaces of Kings,
Great huge-buil’d Cities where high States abide,
Temples of Gods, and Altars with rich off’rings,
To which the Priefts their sacrifices brings:
    Wonders paft wonder, ifrange Pyramides,
    And the gold-gathering Strond of Euphrates.

O what rich pleaure dwelleth in this Land!
Greene springing Medowes, high vpraed Hils,
The white-fleef Ewe brought tame vnto the hand,
Faire running Riuers that the Countrie fils,
Sweet flowers that faire balmy Deaw diſtils,
    Great people’d Cities, whole earth-gracing fhow,
    Time is afham’d to touch or ouerthrow.

Be silent gentle Phænix, Ile repeate,
Some of theſe Cities names that we descrie,
And ow their large foundation Ile intreate,
Their Founder that firſt reard them vp on hie,
Making a glorious Spectacle to each eie:
    Warres wald Defender and the Countries grace,
    Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace.

E
This Alfred 
first deigned 
England into 
Shires, being 
King of Nor-
thumbers.

Alfred the father of faire Elfleda
Founded three goodly famous Monasteries,
In this large Ile of sweete Britania,
For to refreshe the poore foules miseries,
That were afflicted with calamities:
   One in the Towne furname Edlingsey,
   Which after ages called Athelney.

The second House of that Deuotion,
He did erect at worthy Winchester,
A place well planted with Religion,
Called in this age the newly-builted Minster,
Still kept in notable reparation:
   And in this famous builted Monument,
   His bodie was interd when life was spent.

The last not least surpassing all the rest,
Was Oxfords honorable foundation,
Since when with Learnings glorie it is blest,
Begun by the godly exhortation
Of the Abbot Neotus direcition:
   From whose rich womb pure Angell-like Diuinitie,
   Hath spronget to faue vs from Calamitie.

Leyre the sone of Baldud being admitted,
To bear the burden of the British sway,
A Prince with Natures glorie being fitted,
At what time Ioas reigned King of Iuda,
To make his new got Fame to last for aye,
   By Sore he built the Towne of Caerleir,
   That to this day is called Leycester.
A Dialogue.

Belin that famous worthy Brytaine King,
That made the Townes of France to feare his frowne,
And the whole Romish Legion to sing,
And to record his gracious great renowne,
Whose hoft of men their Townes were firing:
    Builted in Southwaits height Carlson,
Or termed Arwiske Caerleston.

This glorious Citie was the onely Pride,
In eldeft age of all Demetia:
Where many notable Monuments abide,
To grace the Countrey of Britania,
That from Times memorie can neuer slide:
Amphibulus was borne in this sweete place,
Who taught S. Albon, Albon full of grace.

King Lud surnam'd the great Lud-hurdibras,
The fonne of Leil, builded the famous Towne
Of Kaerkin, with a huge Tower of braffe,
Now called Canterburie of great renowne,
Able to bide the raging Foes flout frowne:
    The Metropolitans feate where Learning fits,
    And chiefe of all our English Bishoprickes.

This noble King builded faire Caerguient,
Now cleped Wincheſfer of worthish fame,
And at Mount Paladour he built his Tent,
That after ages Shafisburie hath to name,
His first foundation from King Leys fonne came:
    About which building Prophet Aquila,
    Did prophesie in large Brytania.

In this Citie were three famous Churches one of S. Julius the Martyr, the second of S. Aaron; and the other the mother Church of all Demetia.

This Belin also built a notable Gate in London now called Billingsgate & Belins Castle.

Lud, father to Baldud, a man well seen in the Sciences of Astrogo¬mie and Necromante.

This Baldud fonne of Lud-Hurdibras, made first the hot Baths at Caerbran, now called Balke.
A Dialogue.

King Leill a man of great religion,
That made his bording neighbours for to yeld,
And on their knees to pleade Submission,
Being eldest sonne to Brute surnameed Greenshield,
The Citie of Caerleits he did build,
Now called Carleyle by corruption,
And Time that leades things to confusion.

Cambridge a famous Vniuersitie,
The Nurfe of Learning and Experience,
The Cheerifher of true Diunitie,
That for the Soules good wisedome doth commence,
Confuting Vice, and driuing Error thence:
Was built by Sigisbert: but wrought effectually
By Kings and Lords of famous memorie.

Ebranke the sonne of stout Mempritius,
Hauing in martrimoniall copulation,
Twentie one wiuers in large *Britanicus,
And thirtie daughters by iust computation,
And twentie sones of estimation,
Builded Caerbrenke famous for the name,
Now called Englands Yorke a place of Fame.

He in Albania large and populous,
Now termed Scotland of the Scottishe Seft,
Because his deedes shoulde stille be counted famous,
The Castle of Maidens there he did erect,
And to good purpose did this worke effect:
But iron-eating Time the Truth doth stain,
For Edingburgh the Citie doth remaine.

And
A Dialogue.

And in that Maiden Castle he did frame,
To grace the building to the outward cie,
Nine Images of stone plac’d in the same,
Which since haue stay’d times perpetuitie,
In the true forme of worke-mans excellencie:
    Not any whit diminisht, but as perfect
    As in the first-dayes minute they were set.

Nature I muse at your description,
To see how Time that old rust-cankard wretch,
Honors forgetfull Friend, Cities confusion,
That in all Monuments hath made a Breach,
To auncient names brought alteration:
    And yet at this day such a place remaines,
    That all Times honor past with honor staines.

Those carued old-cut stone Images,
That beautifie the Princes stately Towers,
That graces with their grace the Pallaces,
And high imperiall Emperizing bowers,
Were never raz’d by Times controlling houres:
    Nine worthie women almost equialent,
    With those nine worthie men io valient.

Three of the nine were Iewes, and three were Gentiles,
Three Christians, Honors honorable Sexe,
That from their foes did often beare the spoiles,
And did their proud controlling neighbours vexe,
Which to their name did Noblenesse annexed,
    An Embleame for true borne Gentilitie,
    To imitate their deeds in chivalrie.

E 3
A Dialogue.

The first Minerva a right worthie Pagon,
That many manlike battailes manly fought,
She first deuiz'd Artillerie of yron,
And Armour for our backes she first found out,
Putting our lues deare hazard from some doubt:
She governed the Libians, and got Victories,
With Honor by the lake *Tritonides.*

Our maune pitcht Battels she first ordered,
Setting a Forme downe to this following Age,
The orders of Incamping she first registred,
And taught the lawes of Armes in equipage,
To after time her skill she did engage:
_Apollo_ was her deare begotten fonne,
In Abraham's time she liu'd till life was donne.

_Semiramis_ Queene of Assiria,
Was seconde worthie of this worlds great wonder,
She conquered large _Æthiopia_,
And brought the Necke of that stout Nation vnnder,
Wafting the Countries of rich _India_:
Her dayes of Honor and of Regiment,
Was in the time of Ishaacks gouernment.

The third and chiefeft for Audaciousness,
And Enterprizes that she took in hand,
Was _Tomyris_ full of true Noblenesse,
Queene of the _North_ (as I do vnderstand),
From forth her eyes she lightned Honors Brand,
And brandished a Sword, a sword of Fame,
That to her weake Sexe yeelded _Hecator's_ name.

When
A Dialogue.

When she receiued newes her sonne was dead,
The Hope and Vnderprop of Scithia,
She put on Armour, and encountered
The Monarch Cyrus King of Persia,
And Gouernor of rich Getulia:
    Slue him in fight her Fame for to renew,
    Two hundred thousand Souldiers ouerthrew.

Amongst the Hebrew women we commend,
Talhel the Kenite for the first in bountie,
Whose vncomprehensible valour in the end,
Did free and set at large her captiu'd Countrie,
Oppressed with tyrannicall Miferie :
    From dangers imminent of fire Warre,
    By killing hand to hand her foe great Sifar.

Debora an Hebrew worthie the second place,
She fortie yeares did gouerne Israel,
In peace preferu'd her Land, her land of Grace,
Where honest sportiue Mirth did alwaies dwell :
Her holy holinesse no tongue can tell,
    Nations astonied at her happinesse,
    Did grieue to loose her Wifedomes worthinesse.

Judith the third that redelivered,
The strong besieged Citie of Bethulia,
And when the proud Foe she had vanquished,
And ouercame hot-spur'd Assyria,
Bringing in triumph Holofernes head,
    She got a great and greater Victorie,
    Then thousand Souldiers in their maiestie.
A Dialogue.

The first of Christians was faire Maud the Countesse, Countesse of Aniow, daughter to a King, Englands first Henry: Almaines Empresse, Heire indubitate, and her Fathers offspring, She titles to the English Crowne did bring:
   She ne're desifted from the warlike field,
   Till that vpurbed Stephen of Blois did yeeld,
   And condiscended to her sones dear right,
   That war-like Maude had reobtain'd by might.

The second was Elizabeth of Aragon,
Queene and wife to honorable Ferdinando:
She stoutly sought for propagation
Of Christian Faith; brought to subversion,
The forfaken infidels of Granado,
   Reducing that proud prouince all in one,
   To follow Christ's vnpotted true Religion.

The last was Johane of Naples true borne Queene,
Sister to Ladislaus King of Hungarie,
A woman that defended (as twas seene,) Her countries great and gracious libertie,
By force of laudable Armes and Chualrie,
   Against the Sarafins invasion,
   And proud hot warres of princely Aragon.

Thus haue I in the honor of their worth,
Laid ope their Progenie, their Deedes, their Armes,
Their offspring, and their honorable Birth,
That is a Lanthorne lightning their true Fames,
Which Truth can neuer burne in Enuies flames: Worthy
King Arthur.

Worthy of wonder are these three times three,
Folded in brazen leaves of memory.

*Windsor* a castle of exceeding strength,
First built by *Arthurus Britaïnus* King,
But finished by *Arthur* at the length,
Of whose rare deeds our *Chronicles* do ring,
And poets in their verse his praise do sing:
  For his Round-table and his war-like Fights,
  Whose valiantness the coward mind affrights.

This *Brytish* King in wars a conquerer,
And wondrous happy in his victories,
Was a companion of this noble order,
And with his person grac'd these dignities,
Great dignities of high exceeding valour:
  For he himselfe the selfe-fame Honor tooke,
  That all his following States did euer brooke.

This *Paragon* whose name our time affrights,
At *Windsor* castle dubbed in one day,
One hundred and iust forty valiant knights,
With his keenest trusty sword, and onely slay,
(Cald *Druidwin*) that his love did ouerway:
  And with that sword the very day before,
  He slue as many *Saxon* foes or more.

But *Engliš Edward* third of memorie,
In blessed and religious zeal of love,
Built vp a college of exceeding glory,
That his kind care to *England* did approve.
A Dialogue.

This Colledge doth this Caftle beautifie:
The Honor of the place is held so deare,
That many famous Kings are buried there.

But one rare thing exceeding admirable
That to this day is held in great renowne,
And to all Forreiners is memorable,
The name of which makes Englands foes to frowne,
And pul's the pride of forreine Nations downe,
Knights of the Garter and Saint Georges Crosfe,
Betok'ning to the Foe a bloudie losse.

Here followeth the Birth, Life
and Death of honourable Arthur
King of Brittaine.

To the courteous Reader.

Ourteous Reader, haung spoken of the first foundation
of that yet renowned castile of Windfor by Aruiragus
king of Britaine, & finishted by that suceeding prince of worthy
memory famous king Arthur; I thought good (being interat-
ted by some of my honourable-minded Friends, not to let flip so
good and fit an occasion, by reason that there yet remains in
this doubtfull age of opinions, a controwerfie of that esteemed
Prince of Brittaine) to write not according to ages obliuio, but
directed onely by our late Historiographers of England, who
no doubt have taken great paines in the searching forforth of the
truth of that first Christian worthie: and wheras (I know not
directed
directed by what blindness) there have been some Writers (as I
think enemies to truth) that in their erronious cenfures have
thought no such manner ever to be living; how fabulous that should
seem to be, I leave to the judgement of the best readers, who
know for certain, that that never dead Prince of memory, is
more beholding to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Ital-
ian, yea to the Greekes themselfes, then to his own Coun-
trymen, who have fully and wholly set forth his fame and lively-
hood: then how shamelesse is it for some of us, to let slip the truth
of this Monarch? And for more confirmation of the truth, looke
but in the Abbey of Westminster at Saint Edwards shrine,
there shalt thou see the print of his royal Seale in red wax clos-
ed in Berrill, with this inscription, Patricius Arthurus Gallie,
Germaniae, Daciae Imperator. At Douer likewise you may
see Sir Gawins skull and Cradockes mantle: At Winchester,
a Citie well knowne in England, his famous round Table, with
many other notable monuments too long to rehearse: Besides I
my selfe have seen imprinted, a French Pamphlet of the armes
of King Arthur, and his renowned valiant Knights, set in co-
lours by the Heroulds of France: which charge of impressio
would have been too great, otherwise I had infurmed them or-
derly in his Life and Actions: but (gentle Reader) take this
my paines gratefully, and I shall hereafter more willingly strive
to employ my simple wit to thy better gratulation; I have here
set downe (turned from French profe into English meter) the
words of the Herald under the armes of that worthy Brittaine.

King Arthur in his warlike Shield did bear
Thirteene rich Crownes of purified gold:
He was a valiant noble Conquerer,
As ancient Memorie hath truly told:

His great Round-table was in Britanlie,
Where chosen Knights did do their homage yearely.
The strange Birth, honorable Coronation and most unhappie Death of famous Arthur King of Brytaine.

Of noble Arthurs birth, of Arthurs fall,
Of Arthurs solemne Coronation,
Of Arthurs famous deeds Heroyicall,
Of Arthurs battels and inuaion,
And that high minded worthie Brytish King,
Shall my wits memorie be deifying.

In the laft time of Vter surname'd Pendragon,
So called for his wittie policies,
Being a King of estimation,
In famous Brytaine mongst his owne allies,
There was a mightie Duke that govern'd Cornwaile,
That held long warre, and did this King affaile.

This Duke was nam'd the Duke of Tintagil:
After these hot bred warres were come to end,
He sojourn'd at a place cald Terrabil,
From whence Pendragon for this Duke did fend,
And being wounded sore with Cupids stling,
Charg'd him his Wife vnto the Court to bring.

His Wife a passing Ladie, lovely, wife,
Chaste to her husbands cleare unspotted bed,
Whose honor-bearing Fame none could supprize,
But
King Arthur.

But Vestal-like her little time she led:
Igrene her name on whose unequall beautie
Pendragon doted, led by humane folly.

At length he broke his mind vnto a Lord,
A trustie Counsellour and noble Friend,
That sone vnto his minds griefe did accord,
And his Kings louing loue-thoughts did commend,
    Telling Pendragon this should be his beft,
    To tell the Dutchesse of his sweete request.

But she a Woman, fterne, inexorable,
Willing fond Lufts inchauntments to reft,
All his tongues smoothing words not penetrable,
In her chast boomes Gate could not insist,
    But ftraight she told her Husband how she sped,
    Left that his grace fhould be dishonoured.

And counfled him to pafs away in hafte,
That Nights darke duskie mantle might ore shade,
Their flying bodies, leaft at lafts they taffe,
More miferie then Time did ere inuade,
    "For Luft is fuch a hot inflamed thing,
    "It gouerneth mans fenfes, rules a King.

And as the Duchesse spake, the Duke departed,
That neither Vier nor his Counsell knew,
How his deepe boomes *Lord the Dutchesse thwarted,
But marke the ftorie well what did enfue:
    Soone as the King perceived their intent,
    Intemperate Rage made him impatient.

* Cupid.
Away with Musicke for your strings do iarre,
Your found is full of Discord, harsh and ill,
Your Diapason, makes a humming ware
Within mine cares, and doth my fences fill
   With immemotions mourning; She is gone
That rul'd your felines and Instruments alone.

Away fond riming Ouid, left thou write
Of Prognes morther, or Lucretias rape,
Of Igrens journey taken in the night,
That in the blacke gloom'd silence did escape:
   O could no Dogge haue bark'd, no Cocke Laue crow'd,
   That might her passage to the King haue show'd.

No mirth pleas'de Vter, but grimme Melancholy
Haunted his heeles, and when he fate to reft,
He pondred in his mind Igrenas beautie,
Of whom his care-craz'd head was full posleft:
   Nothing was now contentiu to his mind,
   But Igrenes name, Igrene to him vnkind.

At laft his noble Peeres with pitie mou'd,
To see the Kings sodaine perplexitie,
With a great care that their Liege Emperour lou'd,
For to allay his great extremitie,
   Did counfell him to send for Garloyes wife,
   As he would anfwer it vpon his life.

Then prefently a Messenger was sent,
To tell the Duke of his wifes secret folly:
This was the substance of his whole intent,
King Arthur.

To bring his wife to Court immediatly:
   Or within threescore dayes he did profeet,
   To fetch him thither to his little rest.

Which when the Duke had warning, straung he furnisht
Two Castles with well-fenced artillerie,
With vitailles and with men he garnisht,
His strongest Holds for such an enemie:
   And in the one he put his hearts-deare Treasure,
Faire Igrene that he loued out of measure,

That Castle which the Duke himselfe did hold,
Had many Posterns out and issues thence,
In which to trust his life he might be bold,
And safely the warres Furie to commence:
   But after-telling time did wonders worke,
   That Foxes in their holes can neuer lurke.

Then in all haste came Viter with his hoast,
Pitching his rich pavilions on the ground,
Of his aspiring mind he did not boast,
For Loue and Anger did his thoughts confound,
   Hot warre was made on both sides, people flaine,
   And many Death-doore-knocking Soules complain.

Loue and minds anguished so perplext the King
For Igrene that incomparable Dame,
That Cupids sicknesse pearced him with a stinging,
And his warres lowd Alarums ouercame,
   Venus intreated Mars awhile to stay,
   And make this time a sporting Holiday.
Then came sir Ulfius, a most noble Knight,
And askt his King the cause of his diseafe,
Being willing in a subject's gracious right,
Iter Pendragons mind in heart to please:
    Ah said the King, Igrene doth captivate
    My Heart, and makes my Senfes subjugate.

Courage, my gracious Liege, I will go find
That true divineing prophet of our Nation,
Merlin the wife that shall content your mind,
And be a Moderator in this action:
    His learning, wisedome, and vnscene experience,
    Shall quickly giue a Salue for loues offence.

So Ulfius at the length from him departed,
Asking for Merlin as he past the way,
Who by great fortunes chance for Ulfius thwarted,
As he went by in beggers base aray:
    Demanding of the Knight in bafenesse meeke,
    Who was the man he went so farre to seeke?

Ulfius amazed at his base attire,
Told him it was presumptuon to demand
The name of him for whom he did enquire,
And therefore would not yeeld to his command:
    Alas said Merlin I do plainly see,
    Merlin you seeke, that Merlin I am he.

And if the King will but fulfill my heft,
And will reward my true defereing heart,
In his loues agonies he shal be blest

So
King Arthur.

So that he follow what I shall impart,
Vpon my Knighthood he will honor thee,
With fauour & rewards moft royally.

Then Víflus glad departed in all haft,
And rode amaine to King Pendragon's fight,
Telling his Grace Merlin he met at laft,
That like a Lampe will giue his Louelaiés light.
   Where is the man? I wifht for him before.
   See where he stands my Liege at yonder doore.

When Vter saw the man, a sudden joy,
And vncompre'nded gladnesfe fild his hart:
With kind embracments met him on the way,
And to him gan his secrets to impart.
   Leave off, quoth Merlin, I do know your mind,
   The faire-fac'd Lady Igrene is vnkind.

But if your Maiesty will here protest,
And sweare as you are lawfull King annointed,
To do my will, nothing shall you molest,
But follow my directions being appointed.
   I sweare quoth Vter by the Evangelif's,
   He dyes for me that once thy will refits.

Sir, said the Prophet Merlin, this I craue,
That shall betoken well what ere betide,
The firft faire sportiue Night that you shall haue,
Lying safely nuzled by faire Igrene's fide,
   You shall beget a fonne whole very Name,
   In after-ftealing Time his foes shall tame.

G
That child being borne your Grace must give to me,
For to be nourished at my appointment,
That shall redound much to his majesty,
And to your Graces gracious good intent:
That shall be done: (quoth Merlin) let's away,
For you shall sleep with Igrane ere't be day.

And as love stole to faire Alcmenas bed,
In counterfeiting great Amphytrio,
By the same luft-directed line being led,
To Igranes louely chamber must you go:
You shall be like the Duke her husbands greatnesse,
And in his place possess her Husbands sweetnesse.

And you my noble Lord, sir Virius,
Shall be much like sir Brufias a faire Knight,
And I will counterfeit the good Jordanus,
And thus weele passe together in the night,
But see you question not, say you are diseased,
And lie to bed there shall your heart be pleased.

But on the morrow do not rise my Liege,
Vntill I come to counell for the best,
For ten miles off you know doth lie the Siege,
That will not turne these night-ports to a left,
Pendragon pleas'd haste for to embrace,
The sweet'ft got pray that ever King did chafe.

Soone as the Duke of Tintagell did perceive,
That Vter left alone his royall armie,
He issued from his Castle to bereave,
King Arthur.

The souldiers of their liues by pollicie:
But see his fortune, by that wily traine,
That he had laid for others he was slaine.

The subtill-luft directed King went on,
Maskt in a strange deuised new found shape,
To simple-minded Igrene unlike Pendragon,
And three long houres lay in his louers lap:
There he begat the christain King of Kings,
Whoe fame Caifer Swannes in pleasure signgs.

Asloone as day-betok'ning Phæbus Chariot,
Had croft his fifters waggon in the skie,
Merlin in hafte to Viers chamber got,
Bidding good morrow to his Maiestie:
And told him vnrecalled Time did stay,
To hafte him from his pleasure thence away.

Vier amaz'd with Igrene in his armes,
Wisht that the Prophet had no vfe of tongue,
Whoe dolefulf found breath'd forth these harth Alarymes,
And like the night-Crow craokt a deadly song;
Ah what a hell of griefe t'was to depart,
And leaue the new-got Treasure of his heart.

Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louver,
Being warne'd with blood of a disembling Husband,
Defire in her cheekes she could not smother,
And her Loue-dazeling eye none could withstand:
He kift her twice or thrice and bad adue,
As willing his nights pleasure to renue:
But when the late betrayed Lady knew,
How that her true betrothed Lord was flaine,
Ere that nights recuelling did first enfue,
In secret to her selfe she wept amaine:
   Amaz'd and marwelling who that should be,
    That rob'd her husband of his treaurie.

And to her selfe she gan for to relate,
The injuries of her vnfpotted life,
And in her mind she liu'd disconfolate,
Banning her base-bad Fortune being a wife;
   Wishing for euer she had liu'd a maide,
    Rather than her chaft thoughts should be betrail.

The noble Counsell that attended Vier,
Began with grauitie for to deuise,
That (where their King had doted much vpon her)
Her beautie his young thoughts to equalize,
    To knit them both in Hymens sacred right,
     And then in lawfull wife to taft delight.

This motion made vnto their Soueraigne,
Of a warme lustie stomacke youthfull bloud,
Thought it a heauen such a Saint to gaine,
That would reuie his spirtus, do him good:
    And gaue consent to have her honoured,
     With maruiage Rites, the which were foone performed.

Halfe a yeare after as the King and Queene,
Then growing great with child a bed were lying,
The Curtaines drawne vnwilling to be seene:

This
King Arthur.

This pollicie the King himselfe deuising:
   Asking whose child it was that she did beare,
   Speake gentle Igrene tell me without feare.

The Queene amazed at this question,
Being fully wrapt in pale timiditie,
Knew not to answere this sad action,
Because she fully knew her innocencie:
   He vrg'd her still, at length she waxed bold,
   And floutly to the King the truth she told.

With that he kist his Queene that was beguil'd,
And did recomfort her being halfe forlorne,
Telling t'was he that did beget the child,
The child that from her faire wombe shoulde be borne:
   With that a sudden ioy did reposeffe
   Her penfiue hart, whome Fortune late did bless.

Then Merlin (that did alwaies loue the King,
As bearing chiefe affiance to his countrey)
Sought to prouide for the childs nourishing,
Therein to shew his well disposed dutie.
   As thou decreesst said Vter, muft it be,
   My deare Sonnes fortunes Ile commit to thee.

Well said the Prophet, I do know a Lord,
A faithfull passing true disposed man,
That to your Graces pleasure will accord,
And in your seruice do the beft he can:
   Commit your child vnto his custodie,
   A man renoun'd in famous Britany.

G 3
His name Sir Hector: send a Messenger,
To will him come vnto the Court with speede,
And that your Maiestie must needs conferre,
Of matters helpefull in a Princes neede.
    When he is come your Grace may certifie,
    You'll put your sone & heire to his deliuerie.

And when that Fortunes child kind Fortunes heire,
(For so the Deftinies prognosticate)
Shall be brought forth into the open aire,
That of faire Igrene lately was begate:
    At yonder priuie Pofterne being vnchristened,
    You must deliuer it me to be baptized.

As Merlin had deuised, so t'was done:
For all the Court to him did yeeld obedience:
And now Sir Hector to the king is come,
And to Pendragon made his deare affiance,
    Withing his Wife might nourish that bright sone,
    Whole Mornings glorie was not yet begunne.

Then when the louely Queene was soone deliuered,
Of that rich bearing Burthen to her ioy,
The King himselfe in perfon hath commaunded,
Two Ladies and two Knights to beare the boy,
    Bound vp in cloth of gold being rich of State,
    And give it to the pooreman at the gate,

So Merlin had the Prince at his disposing,
Committing it to Hector's faithfull wife:
Now nothing wanted but the sweete baptizing,
King Arthur.

To grace the Prince of Princes all his life:
    A holy reuerent Man indu'de with fame,
        Arthur of Britaine cald the Princes name.

After the royall Solemnation,
Of that blacke mournfull weeping funerall,
Of Vler that we name the great Pendragon,
By subtill praetife brought vnto his fall:
    The sixteenth yeare of his victorious raigne,
        By poifon was this braue Pendragon flaine.

His body vnto Stone-heng being brought,
Hard by his brother Aurelius is he laid,
In a faire Monument then richly wrought,
Dead is the King whose life his foes dismaid,
    But from his loynes he left a fonne behind,
        The right Idea of his fathers mind.

Great Arthur whom we call the Britaines King,
A man renown'd for famous victories,
    Saxons and Pictes to homage he did bring,
As you may read in auncent histories:
    Our later Chronicles do testifie,
        King Arthurs noble mind in Chialrie.

Twelve noble battels did King Arthur fight,
Against the Saxons men of hardie strength,
And in the battels put them full to flight,
Bringing them in subjection at the length:
    He neuer fitte to drive them quite away,
        But stragling here and there he let them flye.
In Southry, Kent, and Norfolke did they dwell,  
Still owing homage to king Arthures greatnesse,  
Whole puissance their pride did alwaies quell,  
Yet did he temper rigour with his meeknesse:  
And like a Lion scorn’d to touch the Lambe,  
Where they submissiue-like vnto him came,

Against the Piëles he held continuall warre,  
The which vnto the Saxons were allide,  
And with the subtil Scot did alwaies iarre,  
Who neuer true to Arthur would abide:  
But (forning his aduancement to the Crowne)  
Did thinke by force to pull his greatnesse dowre.

The chiefeft caufe of this hot mortall strife,  
That mou’d thefe Kings to be diﬀentious,  
Was that the King of Piëles had tane to wife  
The eldeft fifter of Aurelius,  
And Corone King of Scots had married  
The youngeft fifter to his Princely bed.

Wherefore they thought the Brytish Regiment,  
Should haue descended to the lawfull heires  
Of Anna, wife to both in gouernment,  
And he as King to rule their great affaires:  
And do inferre king Arthures barftardie,  
And vniuuf claime to that high dignitie.

And prestently they do dispatch in haft,  
Ambaßadours to famous Brytanie,  
Of their great Peeres for to demaund at laft,
The coronation of King Arthur, and
the Solemnitie thereof: the proud meslage
of the Romanes, and the whole resolution of King
Arthur and his Nobles.

The appointed time and great Solemnitie,
Approched of king Arthurs Coronation,
To which high states of mightie Dignitie,
Assembled at the Citie of Caerleon,
In Cæsars time cal'd Vrbs Legionum:
A Title doubtlesse bearing some import,
Where many famous Brytaines did refoft.

To grace king Arthur whom the Britaines loued,
Came three Arch bishops Englands chiefe renowne,
Both London, Yorke, and Dubright Honor moued,
On Arthurs head to fet the Britifh Crowne,
That after puld the pride of Nations downe:
Vnto the Pallace of this princely King,
They were conuay'd where true-born Fame did spring.

Dubright (because the Court at that time lay
Within the compaifie of his Dioceffe)
In his own perfon on this Royall day,
Richly to furnish him he did addresse,
His loue vnto his King he did expresse,
H
And at his hands the King was dignified,
When *Aue Caesar* lowd the people cride.

This happie Coronation being ended,
The King was brought in sumptuous royaltie,
With all the peoples harts being befriended,
To the Cathedrall church of that fame See,
Being the *Metropolitan* in nobilitie,
    With lowd exclaiming joy of peoples voyce,
That God might bleffe their Land for such a choice

On either hand did two Archbishops ride,
Supporting *Arthur of Britania*,
And foure Kings before him did abide,
*Angisell* King of stout *Albania*,
And *Cadual* King of *Venedocia*,
    *Cador of Cornewale* mongst these Princes paft,
    And *Sater of Demetia* was the laft.

These foure attired in rich ornaments,
Foure golden Swords before the King did beare,
Betokening foure royall Gouernments,
And foure true Noble harts not dreading feare,
That *Ennie* from their breasts can never teare:
    Before them playd such well-tun'd melodie,
    That birds did sing to make it heauenly.

*King Arthur* Queene vnto the Church was brought,
With many noble Peeres being conducted:
Her Armes and Titles royally were wrought,
And to her noble Fame were garnished,

That
King Arthur.

That Infamie had neare diminished:
    Four Queens before her bore four silver Doues,
    Expressing their true Faith and husbands Loues.

To braue King Arthur on this solemn feast,
This day of high unspeakable dignitie,
Came four grave discreet persons of the best,
From Romeus Lieutenant, proud in Maiestie,
    Carrying in token of their Embassage
    Greene Oliue boughs, and their dear Lieges meslages.

The Epistle of Lucius Tiberius the
Romane Lieutenant, to Arthur
King of Britain.

Lucius Tiberius, Rome's great governor,
To Arthur King of large Britania,
As he deserveth favour at our hands:
Rome and the Romane Senators do wonder,
And I my selfe exceedingly do muse,
To thinke of thy audacious haughty mind,
And thy tyrannicall dealing to our State:
Haste fire Anger Boyleth in my breast,
And I am mou'd with honour of the cause,
For to revenge thy Injuries to Rome:
And that like one or proud of his estate,
Refusest to acknowledge her thy head,
Neither regardest speedily to redresse,
Thy base and blind obliuous oversight,
And unfit dealing to offend the Senate.

H 2
King Arthur.

Unto whose high imperiall Dignitie,
Valeste Forgetfulness do bleare thine eyes,
Thou know'st the whole huge Circle of the world,
Are made Contributorie and owe vs homage.
The tribute that the Britaines ought to pay,
The which the Senate did demaund of thee,
Being due unto the Romaine Emperie:
For that braue Iulius Cæsar had enjoy'd
And many worthy Romanes many yeares,
Thou in contempt of vs and our Estate,
Our honorable Estate and our dignitie,
Presumptuous in yourly for to detaine:
The confines of well-seated Gallia,
The Provinces of Sauoy and Daulphine,
With hot-flamed fierce warre haft thou subdued,
And gotten in thy large possession;
The Islands of the bordering Ocean,
The Kings whereof jo long as we enjoy'd them,
Paid tribute to our Noble ancesftors.
The Senate highly mou'd with thy presumption,
Determine for to redemand amends,
And restitution for thy open wrongs:
I therefore from the noble Senators,
Command thee on thy true Allegiance,
To Rome, to them, to me, and our Estate,
That in the midst of August next ensuing,
Thou do repaire to Rome, there for to answer,
Before the worthie Senate and the Lords
Thy Trepsasse; and abide arbitrement,
Such as by them shall there be ordred,
And justice shall impose upon thy head:
Which
King Arthur.

Who thing if thou presumptuously refuse,
I will forthwith invade thy Territories,
Wash thy whole Country, burn thy Towns and Cities;
And what so ever thy rashness hath detain'd,
From Rome or from the Roman Emperie,
I will by dint of sword subdue again.
Thus arm'd with hopefull Resolution,
Weele slay thy answer of submission.

Lu. Tib.

Cador the Duke of Cornwall his
Oration to the King.

Renowned Arthur and thrice worthie Britaine:
O how a lively blood doth fill my veins,
At this proud message of the haughty Romanes,
I hitherto my Lord have bene in feare,
Left that the worthy Britaines with much ease,
And long continuall, peace and quietness,
Should grow to too much sloth and cowardize,
And lose that honorable Reputation,
Of Chivalrie and Martiall discipline:
Wherein (right Noble King) we have bene counted,
For to surmount all Nations of the world.
For where the use of Armes is not esteemed,
But buried in Oblivions loathsome cause,
And wanton dallying held in occasion,
It cannot chuse but pale-fac'd Cowardize,
Must dimme and cleanse deface all worthy Vertue.
Five yeares have fully runne their monthly course,

H 3

61
Since we put off our armour from our backes,
Or heard the Trumpets clangor in our eares,
Or Marcht in triumph with the ratling Drum,
Being nuzzled in effemenate delights,
God willing that our names should not be blotted
With the soule staine of beastly sluggardie,
Hath stirr'd up the proud insulting Romanes,
To whet our dull edg'd swords not now in use,
To cut their heads off in this rightfull cause,
And Secure our rustie Armour long laid up,
To buckle with so proud an enemie,
Therefore great Arthur in thy greatnesse raise
Thy colours vp, for to vprefare thy praife.  

The Oration of King Arthur to his Lordes
and Followers.

My Fellowe's and my deare Companions,
Both in the adverse chances of our age,
And prosperous successful happinesse,
Whose true unspeakable fidelities,
In giving counsell touching warres abroad,
And home-bred mutinies amongst our felues,
With good successfulnesse have I perceiv'd,
In your deepe wisdomes and your grauitie.
Afford me now your honorable aides,
Wisely foreseeing what you thinke convenient,
Touching the proud command'ment sent from Rome,
A thing at first carefully deliberated,
Is in the end most easly tollerated:

We
We therefore shall with easier burden brooke,
The hawtie message of Tiberius Lucius,
If mongst our faiues in wisedome we conferre,
How and which way to answere his demaund,
And surely (noble Followers) I suppose,
We have no cause to feare their forreine braues.
For that upon a moﬆ uniuﬆ requesß,
He sekes to have a tribute paid from Britaine,
Because forfooth in Iulius Cæfars time,
Through iarres and discordes of the ancient Brytaines,
The tribute hath beene due and payable:
For when our countrie was at full posßß,
With ciuill garboiles and domesticke brawles,
Their Cæfar did arive within this land,
And with this armed fouldiers full of force,
Brought in subiection that vnquiet Nation,
By this alleadgance they vnuiﬆly craue,
Tribute and satisfaccion at our hands,
For nothing that is got by violence,
May unjustly be posßß by violence.
Sith therefore he presumeth to demaund,
A thing being moﬆ unlawfull at our hands,
By the same reason let vs demaund of him,
Tribute at Rome manger their Romiﬁh power,
And he that is the mightier in force,
Let him posße the honor of the tribute,
For if his allegations and demands,
Be forcible and worthie to bekept,
Because their Cæfar and some Romane Princes,
Hawe sometimes conquered Brytania,
By the like reason I do thinke that Rome,
Ought to pay tribute and to do us homage,
Because my Predecessors conquered it:
Bellin the noble King of Brytanie,
With his brave brother Brennus warlike ayde,
Being then accounted Sauoies noble Duke,
Razed the walls of Rome, and set his Standard
With victorie upon the Citie gates,
And in the middle of their Market place,
Hung vp twenty of their chiefe Noblemen.
And Constantine the sonne of Helena,
And Maximinianus my neere Cousins,
Were both inthroniz'd in the Imperiall seate,
And government of Romes great Emperie.
As touching Fraunce and other Ilands there,
We neede not answere their out-brauing termes:
For they refused to defend their owne,
When we by force redeem'd them from their hands.
Then counsell me thrife-worthy Brytaine Peeres,
Abandoning base cowardize and feares.

K. Arthur.

The Answer of Howell King
of little Brytaine.

Though all your wisdomes and your gravities,
Handmaides to Counsell and Nobilitie,
Should be engraved in one golden leafe,
More to the purpose could not you inferre,
Then thy most grave and exquisitie Oration,
Thy eloquent and Tully-like adviſe

Hath
King Arthur.

Hath furnish'd us with such experiment,
Whereby we ought incessantly to praise,
In you the wisdome of a constant man:
For if with all post expedition,
You will prepare a voyage unto Rome,
That doth expect our haste and royall comming,
According to the reasons you allege,
I doubt not but that faire Victoria,
Will sit in triumph on our conquering Helmes,
To fright the mindes of Romish aduersaries,
Sith we defend our aunctient libertie,
Disdaining for to beare a feruile yoke,
Which to this day the Britaines do maintaine:
Let us go chearefully and demaund of them,
With Injustice what uniuifully they demaund:
For he that doth deface anothers right,
And thinkes uniuifully for to dispossesse,
And take from him his owne inheritance
Deservedly, and with a worthy meanes,
Not violating large and hostile Armes,
May he be put from that which is his owne,
By him to whom the wrong is offered.
Seeing therefore that the Romanes would usurpe,
The royall dignitie of worthy Britaine,
Due to your honorable auncestors,
I doubt not noble King but weele regaine,
That which your Predecessors haue possess'd,
Even in the middle of their proudest Citie,
If we may come to buckle with our foes.
This is the conflict that true hearted Britaines,
So long have wifht to happen to our age.
These be the prophesies of wise Sibilla,
Long time agoe, plainly and truly told,
And now at length fulfilled to our joy,
That of the third race of the worthie Britaines,
There should be borne a Prince to reposese,
The Romish Empire and their Dignitie:
For two of these the prophese is past,
In Belin and that worthie Constantine,
Who ouercame, and gane the Armes of Rome:
Now haue we none but you my gracions Liege,
The third and last, not least in all our eyes,
To whom this high Exploit is promised:
Make haste therefore most royall Soueraigne,
For to receive that which our God will give,
Hasten for to subdue their willing minds,
Which profer up their honor to your hands,
Hasten deare Liege for to advance us all,
That willingly will spend our lives and lands,
For the advancement of our libertie.
And to atchieue this Labour worthie King,
Ten thousand armed soldiers will I bring.

Ho. K. of Brit

Anguelf King of Albania his
Answere to the King.

Since first I heard my Soueraigne speake his mind,
Ful fraught with Eloquace and learned Counsle,
A sodaine joy did so poseffe my soule,
As that in words I cannot vitier forth
King Arthur.

The explanation of my willing thoughts:
In all our Victories and Conquests wonne,
Subduing many Regions, many Kings,
Nothing at all in honour have we gain'd,
If that we suffer the proud-minded Romanes,
And hautie Germanes to usurpe upon vs,
And do not now revenge those bloudie slaughters,
Enacted on our friends and countrymen.
And fift occasion now is proffered,
And Libertie to trie our force of Armes,
I do reioyce to see this happie day,
Wherin we may but meet and joyn with them:
I thirst my Lord in heart for sweet reuenge,
As if three dayes I had beene kept from drinke;
The wounds I should receiue upon that day
Would be as pleasanet to my labouring soule,
As Water to a thirstie Traveller,
Or else Releasement to a man condemned,
Nay death it selfe were welcome to my bosome,
For to revenge our Fathers injuries,
Defend our libertie, advance our King:
Let vs giue onset on that meacocke Nation,
Theose fonde effeminate unruly people,
And fight it out unto the latest man;
That after we have spread our waning Colours,
In signe of Triumph and of Victorie,
We may enjoy the Honors they possesse,
And for my part renowned valiant King,
Two thousand armed horfemen will I bring.

12

An. K. Alb.
King Arthur.

A Royall armie Arthur hath prouided,
To beard the brauing Romans in their Countrie,
And like a Martialist hath them diuided,
To buckle with so proud an Enemie:
    And Courage ioyn'd with Resolution,
Doth pricke them forwards to this Action.

The Britains hawtie and resolued men,
Stout, valiant, of Bellonas warlike brood,
Chear'd on their Followers, and began agen
For to reuie their new decayed blood:
    And to redeeme to Arthur and his Line,
What once was wonne by valiant Conflantine.

Now founds his Drumme a march in chearfull fort,
Now his loud winded Trumpets checke the aire,
And now the Britaines to him do refort,
Not fearing warres affliction or defpaire:
    But all with one voyce promife victorie
To Arthur King of famous Britainy.

His Colours they are wauing in the wind,
Wherein is wrought his Armes of ancestrie,
His Pendants are in formall wife assign'd,
Quartred at large by well read Heraldrie:
    Cuffing the ayre that struggles for to kisse,
The gaudinesse of faire King Arthurs blisse.

Within his spreading Ensigne first he bore,
Allotted from his royall familie,
Three flying Dragons and three Crownes he wore,
King Arthur.

Portraict de Or, the field of Azure die,
   His fathers Coate, his Mothers Countries grace,
   His honors Badge, his cruell foes deface.

At last vnto himselfe he hath assumed,
And tooke to Armes proper to his desire,
As in his faithfull mind being best accounted,
And fitting to those thoughts he did require:
   A croze of Siluer in a field of Vert,
   A gracious Embleame to his great defert.

On the first quarter of this field was figured,
The image of our Ladie with her Sonne
Held in her armes; this he defired,
Wherein his new-growne valour was begonne:
   And bearing this same Figure forth right nobly,
   Did maruellous Actes and teates of Chialerie.

This Signe in elder ages being odious,
And hated of the bad deferuing mind,
By his deare blood is made most pretious
Our vnpure Sinne by him being full refin'd:
   A great triumphant Signe, a Signe of joy,
   A blessed Cross to free vs from annoy.

To this the righteous man bowes downe his head,
And this the heavenly Angels do adore,
By this our vnpure foules with life is fed,
And Dinels fearing this do much deplore:
   Hereon he vanquishe Sathan, Hell, and Sinne,
   And by this Signe our new-life we begin.

1 3
King Arthur.

Wise, learned Historiographers do write,
That this pure Signe of the most holy Croffe
Was sent from God, to Mercuries delight,
Julian the Apostate's onely losse,
    And that an Angel brought to Mercurie,
All Armour for his backe most necessarie.

A Shield of Azure herein coloured,
A flowrie Croffe between two golden Roses,
That the proud Jews minds much distempered,
Whose vertue in it selfe true Time enclopes
    A rich wrought Shield and a most heauenly Armour,
That to the proud Foe strucke a deadly terour.

And in the time of Charles the seventh french King
The Sunne giuing glorie to the dim-fac'd Morne,
When early rising Birds alowd did sing,
And faire cleare clouds the Element did adorne,
    To Englishmen and French from heauen was sent
A milke-white Croffe within the Firmament.

Which heauenly Signe of both these nations feene,
The haughtie French mou'd with rebellion
Against their lawfull King and true-borne Queene,
Began to yeeld their true submision,
    And tooke it as a great admonishment,
And Signe betok'ning bitter detriment.

Thus we may see, that the Religion
Which they conceiued of this blessed fight,
Altred their minds to veneration,
King Arthur.

And mollified their harts then full of spight,
Yielding vnto their Prince obedience,
And true submission for their great offence.

This sight of honor, to the French Kings fame
They did behold, a spectacle to Fraunce,
At the same time when the third Edward came,
And in the land his colours did advance,
Sending to Clodoueus then their King
Which there became a Christian by Baptizing.

Hee sunt Francorum celebranda insignia Regum,
Quae demissa polo, sustinet alma fides
Et nobis celica dona:
Et pia Francorum placeant insignia Regum,
Aurea caelestis primum suflulta colore
Lilia, Caesaris olim iam credita ceruis
Auri flammas dehine, veterum victoria Regum.

And ever since great Clodoueus raigne,
They did remaine as Ensignes to that Nation,
Where still before three Toades they did sustaine,
Their onely pourtraiture of commendation,
   By honor to the English Kings pertaining, (ning.
   That conquer'd Fraunce, when all their pride was wai-

His barbed Horses beat the yeelding ground,
And with their neighing terrifide their foe,
Prowd of their riders, in whole harts are found
A promise to the Romanes ouerthrow.
King Arthur.

The glittering shine of their well-fashion'd armour,
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour.

Their Armour strongly made and firmly wrought,
Not to the vse of old decayed Time,
Who with their guilded shewes are good for nought,
But like to ftonie wals not made with lime,
    The Bryptaines went not proudly armoured,
    But strong, as scorning to be conquered.

In Calis he his colours doth advance,
Who all for feare do entertaine this Prince,
And passeth through the regiment of France,
And doth with puissance the French convince:
    Still marching vp to Paris and to Roane,
    Bringing that Countrie in subiection.

And hauing got his Title and his Name
A Title got with famous victorie,
He marcheth forward to enlarge his Fame,
Leauing faire France in his authoritie,
    By sword and clemencie he conquer'd Island,
    And wonne by famous warre the land of Gothland.

Now more and more his armie doth increase,
And mightie Kings do offer him their aide,
So in the country they might liue in peace,
His warlike followers so their minds difmaid:
    The name of Arthur King of Britanie,
    Hath fear'd the Romish force from Italy.

At
King Arthur.

At last he comes to meete his enemie,
High-harted Lucius that his letters sent,
To great Carleon with such Maiestie,
That stiffely did demaund a base intent:
   But now he wisht King Arthur were away,
   For feare he loft the Honor of the day.

The Britaines valour was so admirable,
As when a Lion meeteth with his Pray;
King Arthurs courage so inestimable,
That nere a Romaine durft his strength assay:
   But like the duft with wind did take their flight,
   Yeelding by Warre what they demaund by Might.

Here lay a heape of Romans slaughtered,
Trode vnder foote by proud victorious Steedes,
And here one Friend another murthered,
Not able for to helpe him in his neede:
   Here bruised Souldiers that alowd did cry,
   Braue Arthur helpe vs in our miserie.

And after he had wonne so great a Field,
And overthrew the Romaine Lucius,
He pardon'd those that graciously would yeeld,
And leave their Leader proud Tiberius:
   Who left his men for feare, and would not fight,
   But hid himselfe in darknesse of the Night.

This base retraite and glorious Victorie,
To Arthur's honour and Tiberius shame,
Was spred through Rome, through France, through Italy,
An extollation to the Brytishe name:
   Whoorraged about, yet all did flie,
   Till Arthur take them to his pitying mercie.

Forwards towards Rome these Britaines make their way,
Sounding Defiance as they passe along,
Their conquering Ensignes still they do display,
In Armes and hautie courage passing strong:
   All Cities offer peace, all Townes submite
To Arthurs greatnesse, as a thing most fit.

But as they passe huge Mirmedons do strive,
Surnamed Giants, for to stope this King.
And vow by Paganimes (by which they thrive,)
His bodie in Oceanus to fling:
   And daunt his followers, who as Fame hath said,
Of great bigge monstrous men were not afraid.

At last they march upon a large broade plaine,
When first these hautie Giants he doth spie,
The Britaines scorne for to retire againe,
But either winne the honor, or else die:
   Courage quoth Arthur, better die with fame,
Then yeeld or turne to our immortall shame.

At length they meete, and meeting cope together,
As when two fawning Boares are full of ire,
The Victorie as yet inclin'd to neither,
But from their Creafs and Shields did sparcle fire:
   Inkindled Wrath from Arthurs breast hath sprong,
That he made passage through the thickest throng.
King Arthur

The King of Giants Arthur meetes withall,
And copes with him: for in his strength did stand
His Kingdomes great advancement, or his fall,
His Subject's peace, his quietnesse of land:
But this renowne to Britaine doth remaine,
The Giant, Arthur hand to hand hath slaine.

When he was downe the rest did faint for feare,
Which when the British armie had espied,
Their true-borne valour did they not forbear,
But all the Greene graffe with their bloud they died:
And made such slaughter of these monstrous men,
That after-time hath registred agen.

After this Conquest is King Arthur minded,
With all his royall power to march to Rome,
And with his Lords he hath determined,
This gallant Resolution, and this Doome:
To crowne himselfe by warre their Emperour,
And over all a mightie Gouernour.

And had not Fortune and Rebellion,
Stir'd vp his Cousin Mordred's hautie mind,
At home to make ciuill inuasion,
Who fought King Arthur's glory for to blind,
With honour had he re-kindled fire,
To burne the walls of Rome to his desire.

But O sale Mordred, thou deceitfull Kinsman,
(Begot or Treasons heyre) thus to rebell,
Against thy noble Nephew, who hath wonne
King Arthur.

Cities and peopled Townes that did excell:
And all he did was for to glorifie
His Royall kindred and his Noble countrey.

But thou some base-borne Haggard mak'ft a wing,
Against the Princely Eagle in his flight,
And like a hissing Serpent seek'ft to fling
The Lion that did shield thee from despight:
But now being wakened by his Countries wrong,
With warre he means to visithe you ere long.

The news of this proud Rebell in his Land,
Was like deepe piercing arrowes at his hart,
Intemperate Rage did make them vnderstand
King Arthurs furie, and fond Mordred's smare,
Who vow'd reuengement most unnaturall,
On him that sought to bring his friends to thrall.

He founds Retraite with heart-swelne heauninesse,
That he must leaue faire Rome vnconquer'd,
And marcheth through the Land in quietnesse,
To be reueng'd on the Vfurper Mordred:
At this sweet newes of his departing thence,
The Romanes praife the Rebels excellence.

King Arthur heard at his returne towards Brytaine,
How Mordred had proclaim'd himselfe there King,
Those that resifted, he by force hath slaine,
Vnto their Countries ground a gentle offeringe,
And to the Saxon Cheldricke is allide,
Who landing to their lawfull King denide.

By
King Arthur.

By force they drive King Arthur from the shore,
And like rebellious Monsters kill his men,
Which when he viewes, he striueth more and more,
And his great puissant strength renewes againe,
   And maugre all the power they withstand,
At Sandwich Noble Arthur taketh Land:

And ioyning battel with his enemies,
The traytrous Rebels are discomfited,
And Mordred all in haft away he flies,
By Treafos bloudie Traine & murther led,
   To gather Power to renew the fight,
Vrg'd forward by the Saxon Cheldricks spight.

The Noble Arthur in this conflict loft
Some of his followers whom he lou'd too deare;
The death of gentle Gawen grieu'd him moft,
As by his outward forrow did appeare:
   This Gawen was proud Mordred's lawfull brother,
    Legitimate by father and by mother.

O mirrour of true borne gentilitie,
Faire mappe of Honor in his gentle blood,
That rather chofe to loue his noble countrie,
And secke the meanes to do his life Liege good,
    Then to defend his kindred by that warre,
    That made the Sonne and most kind Father iarre.

Kind Gawen, truflie worthie Gentleman,
Belou'd of Arthur, as deferuedly,
Recording Time thy faithfulneffe shall scan,
   K 3
And loyall Truth wrapt vp in memorie:
    Shall say in thy Kings quarrell being iuft,
    At last thou diedst, not in thy Brothers truft.

Thy gentle King prepared thy Funeral,
And laid thy bodie in a Sepulchre,
In thine owne country richly done and royall,
At Rosse whose auncestrie shall stille endure:
    And like a Nephew, mourn’d and wept for thee,
Griev ing to loose Britishe Nobilitie.

But to proceede in this vnluckie fight,
King Angusel was slaine whom Arthur loued,
A man in whom his countrie tooke delight,
That ne’re with home-bred Treacherie was moued
    In falle-faith’d Scotland was his bones interd,
    To which before King Arthur him prefer’d.

That vnuiuft Mordred, Mischiefes nourisher
Times bad infamer, Traitor to the State,
Of his whole Countrie bounds the chiefe perturber,
Whose name to this day mongst them growes in hate.
    Fled from the battell, getting ships he faile
    Westward towards Cornwall whě his force was quail’d.

But when King Arthur heard of his departure,
Causing the refuse Rebels for to flie,
To make the way of his defence more sure,
With speed he re-inforst his royall armie,
    With new supplie of hardie men at Armes,
    Whose Resolution fear’d no following harmes.
King Arthur.

With his whole force he marcheth after him,
Where all the Kentish men rejoyce to see
King Arthur's Colours, whose rich pride doth dim
The faire-fac'd Sunne in all his Maiestie:
Not resting till he came unto the place,
Where Mordred was encamped for a space.

By Winchester a City of renowne,
The Traitorous armie of this Mordred lay,
On whose proud gather'd troupe the Sunne did frowne,
Fore-shewing to his men a blacke-fac't day:
And so it proud before the selfe-fame night;
Mordred and his best friends were slaine in fight.

At Camblane was this bloudie battell ended,
Where fame-achieuing Arthur fore was wounded,
With gallant Britaine Lords being attended,
Whose sword (cald Pridwin) manie had confounded,
Yet Fortunes vnseen immortalitie,
Sometimes cuts downe sprigs of a Monarchie.

At this dayes dolefull stroke of Arthurs death,
The glorious shining Sunne lookt pale and wanne,
And when this Monarch lofed forth his breath,
The Britaines being amaz'd about him ranne:
And with their nailes did teare their flesh asunder,
That they had loft their King the worlds great Wonder.

Ouer this little Iland he had reigned,
The full iuft terme of sixe and twentie yeares,
When twelve most famous battels he obtained,
As in our auncient Chronicles appeares,
    And in the Church-yard of faire Glaftenburie,
They held King Arthurs wofull obsequie.

And in the time of second Henrys dayes,
Betweene two pillars was his body found,
That in his life defenu's immortall praise,
Layd sixteene foote deepe vnderneath the ground;
    Because his Savon foes whom he did chase,
Should not with swords his liuelesse corps deface.

In the last yeare of Henrys royaltie,
More then sixe hundred after his buriall,
By the Abbot of the house of Glaftenburie,
At last they found King Arthurs funerall:
    Henry de Bloys the Abbots name they gaue,
Who by the Kings commaund did find the graue.

The principall and chiefe occasion
That mouu'd King Henry for to seeke the place,
Was that a Bardth in Welth diuision,
Recorded Arthurs actes vnto his Grace:
    And in the foresaid Church-yard he did sing,
That they should find the body of the King.

And thofe that dig'd to find his bodie there,
After they enterd seuene foote deepe in ground,
A mightie broade stone to them did appeare,
With a great leaden Crosse thereto bound,
    And downwards towards the corpes the Crosse did lie,
Containing this inscripted poesi.
King Arthur.

Hic iacet sepultus incolitus Rex,
Arthurus in Insula Avalonia.

His bodie whose great actes the world recorded,
When vitall limitation gauze him life,
And Fames shrill golden Trump abroad had founded,
What Warres he ended, what Debate, what Strife,
What Honor to his countrey, what great Loue,
Amongst his faithfull subiects he did proue.

Was not interd in sumptuous royaltie,
With funerall pompe of kindred and of friends,
Nor close he in marble stone wrought curiously,
Nor none in mourning blacke his King attends,
But in a hollow tree made for the nonce,
They do enter King Arthurs princely bones.

Their outward habite did not shew their mind,
For many millions of sad weeping eies,
In evry streete and corner you might find,
Some beating their bare breast, and some with out cries,
Crying and bawling that proud Mordred's foule,
That did by warre his princely life controule.

The Kings that were attendant on his traine,
Forgot their kingdomes, and their royall crownes,
Their high proud hautie hearts with griefe were flaine,
Strucke in amaze with Fortunes deadly frownes:
For they had loft their Scepter, Seate, and all,
By princely Arthurs most vn happie fall.
King Arthur.

The trunke being opened, at the laft they found
The bones of Arthur King of Brytannie,
Whole fhin-bone being fet upon the ground,
(As may appeare by auncient Memorie)
   Reacht to the middle thigh within a fpanne,
   Of a tall proper well fet bigge lim'd Man.

And furthermore they found King Arthurs skull,
Of fuch great largenesse that betwixt his eyes,
His foreheads fpace a fpanne broad was at full,
That no true Historiographer denies:
   The forenam'd Abbot liuing in thofe daies,
   Saw what is written now to Arthurs praine.

The print of tenne wounds in his head appeared,
All grown together except onely one,
Of which it feemes this worthie Brytaine died:
A true Memoriall to his louing Nation;
   But that was greater far then all the refte,
   Had it bene lefser Brytaine had bene blest.

In opening of the Tombe they found his wife,
Queene Guiniuere interred with the King,
The Trefies of her haire as in her life,
Were finely platted whole and glistering:
   The colour like the moft pure refin'd gold,
   Which being toucht ftraight turned into mould.

Henry de Bloyes at the length translated
The bones of Arthur and his louely Queene,
Into the great Church where they were interred,

Within
King Arthur.

Within a Marble toombe, as oft was seene:
Of whom a worthie Poet doth rehearfe,
This Epitaph in sweete Heroicke Verse.

Hic iacet Arthurus flos regum, gloria regni,
Quem mores, probitas commendant laude perenni.

Iohannis Leylandij antiquarij Encomion funerale, in
vitam, facia, mortemq; Regis Arthurii inclitiissimi.

S
Axonicas toties qui fudit marte cruento
Turmas, & peperit spolij sibi nomen opinis,
Fulmineo toties Piilos qui contudit ense,
Imposuitque iugum Scotti cernicibus ingens,
Qui tumidos Gallos, Germanos quique feroce
Pertulit, & Dacos bello confregit aperto:
Denique Mordredum & medio qui suffulis illud
Monstrum, horrendum ingens, dirum fœumque tyrannum,
Hoc iacet extinctus monumento Arthurius alto,
Militia clarum decus & virtutis alumnus,
Gloria nunc cuius terram circumulat omnem,
Ætherij quæ petit, sublimia tela tonantis.
Vos igitur gentis Proles generosa Britannæ
Induperatori ter magno asurgite vestro:
Et tumulo facro Rofæas inferre Corollas,
Officij testes redolentia munera vestri.

Thus Englished.

He that so oft the Saxon Troupes did foile,
And got a name of worth with richest spoile:
He that with brandisht sword the Piëls destroyd,
And yok'd the Scots, their stubborn necks annoy'd:
He that the loftie French and Germaines fierce did smite,
King Arthur

And Dacians force with Warre did vanquish quite:
He lastly which cut off that monstred Mordred’s life,
A cruell Tyrant, horrible, mightie, full of strife:
Arthur lies buried in this Monument,
Warres chiefeft garland, Vertues sole intent;
Whose Glorie through the world flit diſtantly flies,
And mounts with Fames wings vp to the thundring skies.
You gentle Offpring of the Britaines blood,
Vnto this puiffant Emperour do honours good,
And on his Tombe lay Garlands of sweete Roses,
Sweete gifts of Dutie, and sweet louing posies.

Finis Epitaphij.

No. Arth.

The true Pedigree of that famous
VWorthie King Arthur, collected
out of many learned Authors.

Welue men in number entred the vale of Avalon:
Iofeph of Arimathea was the chiefte we confefe,
Iofue the fonne of Iofeph his father did attend on,
With other ten, these Glaſſon did posſesse,
Hilarius the Nephew of Iofeph first begate
Iofue the Wife: Iofue Aminadab,
Aminadab Castellors had by fate:
Castellors got Manael that louely Lad,
And Manael by his wife had faire-fac’d Lambard,
With another deare fonne furname’d Vlard;
And Lambard at the length begot a fonne,

That
That had Igrene borne of his wife,
Of this Igrene, Ver the great Pendragon
Begot King Arthur famous in his life,
Where by the truth this Pedigree doth end,
Arthur from Iosephs loynes did first descend,
Peter Cousin to Ioseph of Arimathea,
Being sometimes King of great Arcadia,
Begot Erlan that famous worthy Prince,
And Erlan gat Melianus, that did convince
His neighbour foes, Melianus did beget
Edor, and Edor Lothos name did fet,
That tooke to wife the sifter of King Arthur:
A Virgine faire, chast, louely, and most pure,
Of whom this Lotho had foure louely boyes,
Their fathers comfort and their mothers loyes,
Walvanus, Agranarius, Garelus and Guerelese,
That in their countrey much did foueragnize:
   All which were men of great authoritie,
   And famous in the land of Britanie.

*Here endeth the Birth, Life, Death, and Pedigree of
King Arthur of Britanie, & now, to where we left.*

O Nature tell me one thing ere we part,
What famous towne and situated Seate
Is that huge Building that is made by Art,
Against whose wals the crystall streams do beate,
As if the flowing tide the stones would eate:
   That lies upon my left hand built so hie,
That the huge top-made Steeple dares the Skie?

*Phænx.*

L 3
Nature. That is the Britaines towne old Troyouant,
The which the wandring-Troyans Sonne did frame
When after shipwracke he a place did want,
For to reuie his Honor-splitted Name,
And raifd againe the cinders of his Fame,
   When from Sydonian Dido they did steale,
   To reare the Pillars of a Common-weale.

Since when to come more nearer to our time,
Lud the great King did with his wealth enlarge,
The famous builded Cittie of this Clime,
And Ludstone to be cald he gaue in charge,
And London now that Towne is growne at large:
   The flowing Riuier Thanais is nam'd,
   Whose Sea-ensuing Tide can neare be tam'd.

Phœnix. O London I haue heard thee honoured,
And thy names Glorie rais'd to good intent,
Lawes Counsell chamber in thy wals is bred,
The schoole of Knowledge and Experiment:
Wife Senators to gouerne thee is lent.
   All things to beautifie a Royall Throne,
   Where Scarfittie and Dearth did neuer grone.

Nature. Leave off thy Praifes till we haue more leasure,
And to beguile the weareling Day,
Whose long-drawne Howers do tire vs out of measure:
Our cunning in Loue-fongs let vs aßay,
And paint our Pleasure as some good Array:
   I will beginne my cunning for to taft,
   And your Experience we will try at laft.

Here Nature singeth to this dittie following:

WHat is Loue but a toy,
To beguile mens Senses?

Wha
King Arthur.

What is Cupid but a boy,
Boy to caufe expences,
A toy that brings to fooles oppressed thrall,
A boy whose folly makes a number fall.

What is Loue but a child,
Child of little subftance,
Making Apes to be wild,
And their pride to advance,
A child that loues with guegawes to be toying,
And with thinne shadowes alwaies to be playing.

Loue is sweete, wherein sweete?
In fading pleasures, wanton toyes,
Loue a Lord, and yet meete,
To croffe mens humours with annoyes:
A bitter pleafure, pleafing for a while,
A Lord is Loue that doth mans thoughts beguile.

O finge no more, you do forget your Theame,
And haue prophan'd the sacred name of Loue,
You dip your tongue in an vnwholsome Strame,
And from the golden Truth your notes remoue
In my harsh Dittie I will all reprooue:
And vnaccuftom'd I will trie my skill,
To pleafe you, and to confute your will.

The Phoenix her Song to the Dittie before.

O Holy Loue, religious Saint,
Mans onely hony-tafting Pleasure,
Thy glory, learning cannot paint,
For thou art all our worldly Treasure:
Thou art the Treasure, Treasure of the soule,
That great celeftiall powers doft controule.

What greater bliffe then to embrace
The perfect patterne of Delight
Whose heart-enchaunting Eye doth chafe
All storms of sorrow from man's sight
   Pleasure, Delight, Wealth, and earth-joyes do lye
   In Venus bosome, bosome of pure beautie.

That mind that tasteth perfect Loue
Is farre remotest from annoy:
Cupid that God doth sit aboue,
That tips his Arrows all with joy:
   And this makes Poets in their Verse to sing
   Loue is a holy, holy, holy thing.

Nature. O voice Angelical, O heauenly song,
The golden praise of Loue that thou haft made,
Delier'd from thy sweete smoothd honied tong,
Commandes Loue selfe to lye within a shade,
And yeele thee all the Pleasures may be had:
   Thy sweete melodious voice hath beautyside
   And guilded Loues rich amours in her pride.

Phænix. Enough, enough, Loue is a holy thing,
A power deuine, deuine, maiestical:
In shallow witted braineas you did sing,
It cares not for the force materiall,
   And low-born Swaines it nought respects at all:
   She builds her Bower in none but noble minds,
   And there due adoration still she finds.

Nature. Stay Phænix stay, the evening Starre drawes nie,
And Phæbus he is parted from our sight,
   And
A Dialogue.

And with this Wagon mounted in the Skie,  
Asfoording passage to the gloomie night,  
That doth the way-faring Passenger affright:  
    And we are set on foote neere to that Ile,  
    In whose deep bottome plaines Delight doth smile.

O what a muskie sent the ayre doth caft,
As if the Gods perfum'd it with sweete Myrrhe:
O how my bloud's inspired and doth taffe,
An alteration in my ioynts to stirre,
As if the good did with the bad conferre:
    The ayre doth moue my Spirites, purge my Sence,
    And in my body doth new warre commence.

Looke round about, behold yon fruitfull Plaine,
Behold their meadow plots and pasture ground,
Behold their chryftall Riuers runne amaine,
Into the vaste huge Seas deouuring found,
And in her bowels all her filth is found:
    It vomiteth by vertue all corruption,
    Into that watrie plaine of defolation.

And while the day giues light vnto our eies,
Be thou attentiuë, and I will relate,
The glorie of the plaines that thou descrifft,
Whose fertill bounds farre doth extenuate,
Where Mars and Venus arme in arme haue fate:
    Of plants of hearbs, and of high sprienging trees,
    Of sweete delicious favours, and of Bees.

In this delightsome countrey there doth grow,

M
A Dialogue.

The Mandrake cal’d in Grecke Mandragoras,
Some of his vertues if you looke to know,
The iuyce that freishly from the roote doth passe,
Purgeth all fleame like blacke Helleborus:
  Tis good for paine engendred in the eies;
  By wine made of the roote doth sleepe arife.

Theres Yellow Crowbels and the Daphadiill,
Good Harry, herbe Robert, and white Cotula,
Adders graffe, Egplantine, and Aphodill,
Agnus Caflus, and Acatia,
The Blakke Arke-Angell, Coloquintida,
  Sweete Sugar Canes, Sinkefoile, and boies Mercurie,
  Goosefoote, Goldsnap, and good Gratia Dei.

Moss of the Sea, and yellow Succorie,
Sweete Trefoil, Weedwind, the wholesome Wormewood,
Muskmealdons, Mouftaile, and Mercurie,
The dead Arkeangell that for wennes is good,
The Souldiers perrow, and great Southernewood:
  Stone hearts tongue, Blessed thistle, and Sea Trifoly,
  Our Ladies cushion, and Spaines Pellitorie.

Phenix. No doubt this Clymate where as these remaine,
The women and the men are fam’d for faire,
Here need they not of aches to complaine,
For Phisickes skill growes here without compare:
All herbes and plants within this Region are,
  But by the way sweete Nature as you go,
Of Agnus Caflus speake a word or two.

That
That shall I briefly; it is the very handmaid
To Vefla, or to perfect Chafttie,
The hot inflamed spirite is allaid
By this sweete herbe that bends to Luxury,
It drieth vp the feede of Venerie:
   The leaues being laid upon the sleepers bed,
   With chaftnesse, cleannesse, purenesse he is fed.

Burne me the leaues, and straw them on the ground,
Whereas soule venemous Serpents vie to haunt:
And by this vertue here they are not found,
Their operation doth such creatures daunt,
It caueth them from thence for to auaunt:
   If thou be flung with Serpents great or leffe,
   Drink but the feede, and thou shalt find redresse.

But to proceed, heres Clary or Cleare-eie,
Calues foint, Cukoe flowers, and the Cuckoes meate,
Calathian Violets, Dandelion, and the Dewberrie,
Leopards foote, and greene Spinage which we vie to cete,
And the hot Indian Sunne procuring heate:
   Great wild Valerian, and the Withie wind
   The water Cresses, or ague-curing Woodbind.

There's Foxgloae, Forget me not, and Coliander,
Galingal, Goldcups, and Bupreflis,
Small honesties, Eyebright, and Coculus Pantor,
Double tongue, Moly, and the bright Anthillis,
Smelling Clauer, and Æthiopis:
   Floramore, Euphorbium, and Esula,
   White bulbus violet, and Caffia fijfula.
84

A Dialogue.

Phœnix. By the way sweete Nature tell me this,  
Is this the Moly that is excellent,  
For strong enchautments, and the Adders hysse?  
Is this the Moly that Mercurius sent  
To wife Vlysses, when he did preuent  
    The witchcraft, and foule Circe's damned charmes,  
    That would haue compaft him with twentie harmses?

Nature. This is the Moly growing in this land,  
That was reueal'd by cunning Mercurie  
To great Vlysses, making him withfand  
The hand of Circes fatall forcerie,  
That would haue loden him with misferie:  
    And ere we passe I shall shew some excellency,  
    Of other herbs in Phisickes noble Science.

There Mugwort, Sena and Tithimailes,  
Oke of Jerusalem, and Lyryconfaucie,  
Larkes Spurre, Larkes clow and Lentiles,  
Garden Nigella, Mill, and Pionie,  
Woody Nightshade, Mints, and Sertorie,  
Sowbread, Dragons, and Goates oregan  
Pelemeum, Hellebore, and Osmond the Waterman.

First of this Mugworth it did take the name,  
Of Artemesia wife to Mausoleus,  
Where funne-bred beautie did his heart inflame,  
When she was Queene of Helicarnassus,  
Diana gaue the herbe this name to vs:  
    Because this vertue to vs it hath lent,  
    For womens matters it is excellent.

And
A Dialogue.

And he that shall this herbe about him beare,
Is freed from hurt or daunger any way,
No poifned Toade nor Serpent shall him feare,
As he doth trauell in the Sunne-shine day,
No wearinesse his limmes shall ought affray:
    And if he weare this Mugwort at his breast,
        Being trauelling, he nere shall couet reft.

There is blacke Hellebore cald Melampodium,
Because an Arcadian shepheard first did find
This wholsome herbe Melampus nam’d of some,
Which the rich Proetus daughters wits did bind,
When she to extreame madnesse was inclind:
    It cured and reiu’d her memorie,
        That was posseft with a continuall frenzie.

There Centrie in Greeke Centaurion,
That from the Centaure Chiron tooke the name,
In Spaine t’was cald Cintoria long agone,
And this much honor must we giue the same,
Wild Tygers with the leaues a man may tame:
    Tis good for finewed aches, and giues light
        To the blacke mistie dimnesse of the fight.

Fames golden glorie spreadeth this report,
Upon a day that Chiron was a guest,
To arme-strong Hercules and did reforct
Vnto his house to a most sumptuous feast,
And welcome was the Centaure mongst the reft.
    But fee his lucke, he on his foote let fall,
    Great Hercules shaft, and hurt himselfe withal.

M 3
A mightie arrow not for him to weeld,
The wounde being deepe, and with a venom’d point,
To Deaths areftment he began to yeld,
And there with fundrie Balmes they did annoint,
His wounded foote being strucken through the ioynt:
    All would not ferue till that an old man brought,
This Centaurie that ease to him hath wrought.

There’s Osmond balepate, Plebane, and Oculus Christi,
Sleeping nightshade, Salomons seale; and Sampire,
Sage of Jerusalem, and sweete Rosemarie,
Great Pilofella, Sengreene, and Alexander,
Knights Milfoile, Masticke, and Stocke gillofer,
  Hearts eafe, herbe twopence, and Hermodeststill,
   Narcissus, and the red flower Pimpernell.

Phanix. That word Narcissus is of force to steale,
Cold running water from a stony rocke:
Alas poore boy thy beautie could not heale
The wounde that thou thyselfe too deepe didst locke;
Thy shadowed eyes thy perfect eyes did mocke.
  False beautie fed true beautie from the deepe,
When in the glassie water thou didst peepe.

O Loue thou art imperious full of might,
And doft reuenge the crie disdainning louver
His lookes to Ladies eyes did giue a light,
But pride of beautie, did his beautie smother,
Like him for faire you could not find another:
   Ah had he lou’d, and not on Ladies lower,
He neare had bene transformed to a flower.
A Dialogue.

This is an Embleame for those painted faces, Where deuine beautie refts her for awhile, Filling their browes with stormes and great disgraces, That on the pained foule yeelds not a smile, But puts true loue into perpetuall exile: Hard hearted Soule, such fortune light on thee, That thou maist be tranform'd as well as he.

Ah had the boy bene pliable to be wonne, And not abusde his morne excelling face, He might haue liu'd as beauteous as the Sunne, And to his beautie Ladies would giue place, But O proud Boy, thou wroughtst thine owne disgrace: Thou loue't thy selfe, and by the selfe fame loue, Didst thy deuinesse to a flower remoue.

But to proceed, theres Christi oculus, The seede of this Horsinum drunke with wine, Doth flirre a procurations heate in vs, And to Libidenous lufts makes men incline, And mens vnable bodies doth refine: It brings increafe by operation, And multiplies our generation.

There's Carrets, Cheruile, and the Cucumber, Red Patiens, Purflane, and Gingidiun, Oxsee, theepe killing Penygraffe, and the golden flower Cuckoe pintell, our Ladies seale, and Saga pinum, Theophraftus violet, and Vincetoxicum: Saint Peiers wort, and louely Venus haire, And Squilla, that keepes men from foule despaire.
O this word Carrets, if a number knew
The vertue of thy rare excelling roote,
And what good help to men there doth ensue,
They would their lands, and their liues fell to boote,
But thy sweete operation they would view:
   Sad dreaming Louers flumbring in the night,
   Would in thy honie working take delight.

The Thracian Orpheus whose admired skill
Infernall Pluto once hath rauished,
Causing high Trees to daunce against their will,
And vntam'd Beast with Musicks Harpe hath fed,
And fishes to the shore hath often led,
   By his experience oftentimes did proue,
   This Roote procur'd in Maides a perfect loue,

Purflane doth comfort the inflamed hart,
And healeth the exulcerated kindies:
It stoppeth all defluxions falling smart,
And when we sleepe expelleth dreames and fancies:
It driues Imaginations from our eyes,
   The iuyce of Purflane hindreth that desire
   When men to Venus games would faine aspire.

Theres Rocket, Iack by the hedge, and Loue in idlenesse,
Knights water Sengrene, and Siluer maidenheare,
Paris Nauews, Tornesol, and towne Crefses,
Starre thistle that for many things is deare,
And Seia that in Italy Corne doth beare:
   Wake-robbins, Hyacinth, and Hartichocke,
   Letuce that mens fence asleepe doth rocke.

O poore
A Dialogue.

O poore boy *Hyacinthus* thy faire face
Of which *Apollo* was enamored,
Brought thy lifes Lord too timely to that place,
Where playing with thee thou waft murdered,
And with thy bloud the graffe was sprinckled:
    Thy bodie was transformed in that hower,
    Into a red white mingled Gilli-flower.

But yet *Apollo* wept when he was flaine,
For playing with him, cleane against his will
He made him breathlesse, this procur'd his paine:
True loue doth feldome seeke true loue to kill;
O Loue thou many actions doft fulfill!
    Search, seeke, & learn what things there may be shewn,
    Then say that Loues sweet secrets are vnknowne.

And as a token of *Apolloes* sorrow,
A sluer coloured Lillie did appeare,
The leaues his perfect sighes and teares did borrow,
Which have continued still from yeare to yeare;
Which shewes him loueing, not to be feuere,
    *As a* is written as a mourning Dittie,
    Vpon this flower which shewes *Apolloes* pittie.

O Schoole-boyes I will teach you such a shift,
As will be worth a Kingdome when you know it,
An herbe that hath a secret hidden drift,
To none but Treauants do I meane to shew it,
And all deepe read Phisitons will allow it:
    O how you play the wags, and faine would heare
    Some secret matter to allay your feare.

N
A Dialogue.

Theres garden Rocket, take me but the seed,
When in your Maifers brow your faults remaine,
And when to faue your felues there is great need,
Being whipt or beaten you shall feel no paine,
Although the bloud your buttocks feeme to flaine:
   It hardneth fo the flesh and tender skin,
   That what is feene without comes not within.

The Father that desires to haue a boy,
That may be Heire vnto his land and liuing,
Let his espousd Loue drinke day by day,
Good Artichocks, who buds in Auguft bring,
Sod in cleare running water of the spring;
   Wiuues naturall Conception it doth strengthen,
   And their declining life by force doth lengthen.

In Sommer time, when sluggisht idlenesse
Doth haunt the bodie of a healthfull man,
In Winter time when a cold heauie flownesse
Doth tame a womans strengthe do what she can,
Making her look both bloudlesse, pale and wan,
   The vertue of this Artichoke is such,
   It stirres them vp to labour very much.

Theres Sowbread, Stanwort, and Starre of Hierusalem,
Bafe or flat Verwine, and the wholefome Tanfie,
Go to bed at noone, and Titimalen,
Hundred headed thistle, and tree-claeping Juie,
Storks bill, great Stonecrop, and seed of Canary,
   Dwarfte gentian, Snakeweed, and former Saucory,
   Bell rags, prickly Boxe, and Rapsis of Cowentry.

This
A Dialogue.

This *Sowbread* is an herbe that's perillous,
For howsoever this fame Roote be vfed,
For women growne with child tis dangerous,
And therefore it is good to be refud:
Vnlesse too much they seeke to be misuved.
   O haue a care how this you do apply,
   Either in inward things or outwardly.

Those that about them carrie this fame *Sowbread*.
Or plant it in their gardens in the Spring,
If that they onely ouer it do tread,
Twill kill the issue they about them bring,
When Mother *Lullabe* with joy should sing:
   Yet wanton scaping Maides perhaps will taft,
   This vnkind herbe, and snatch it up in haft.

Yet let me giue a warning to you all,
Do not presume too much in dalliance,
Be not short-heeld with euer wind to fall:
The Eye of heauen perhaps will not dispence
With your rash fault, but plague your fowle offence,
   And take away the working and the vertue,
   Because to him you broke your promis'd dutie.

Theres *Itie*, that doth cling about the tree,
And with her leauie armes doth round embrace
The rotten hollow withered trunke we fee,
That from the maiden *Cissus* tooke that place,
Grape-crowned *Bacchus* did this damzell grace:
   Loue-piercing windowes dazeled so her eye,
   That in Loues ouer-kindnesse she did dye.

   N 2
A Dialogue.

A rich-wrought sumptuous Banquet was prepared,
Into the which the Gods were all invited:
Amongst them all this Ciffs was in fracture,
And in the sight of Bacchus much delighted:
In her faire bosome was true Loue unied,
She dauncet and often kist him with such mirth,
That sudden ioy did stop her vitall breath.

Asfoone as that the Nourisher of things,
Our Grandam Earth had taist of her bloud,
From foorth her bodie a fresh Plant there spriings,
And then an Iuy-climing Herbe there stood,
That for the fluxe Diffenterie is good:
   For the remembrance of the God of wine,
   It therefore alwaies clapes about the Vine.

There is Angelica or Dwarf Gentian,
Whose roote being dride in the hot shining Sunne,
From death it doth pre ferue the poyfoned man,
Whose extreame torment makes his life halfe gone,
That from deaths mixed potion could not shunne:
   No Peftilence nor no infectious aire,
   Shall do him hurt, or cause him to dispaire.

Theres Carduus benedictus cald the Blessed thistle,
Nefwort, Pentroyall, and Asirolochia,
Yellow Wolfs-bane, and Rose-smelling Bramble,
Our Ladies Bedstraw, Brookeline, and Lunaria,
Cinque foile, Cat's tail, and Creffe Sciatica,
Hollihockes, Moufeare, and Pety Morrell
Sage, Scorpiades, and the garden sorrell.

Firfl
A Dialogue.

First of the Nefewort, it doth drive away,
And poysoneth troublesome Mice and long-tail'd Rats,
And being sod in milke, it doth destroy
Bees, Wasps, or Flies, and little stinging Gnats:
It killeth Dogs, and reft disturbing Cats,
Boyled with vinegar it doth affwage
The ach proceeding from the tooths hot rage.

Sage is an herbe for health preferuatie,
It doth expell from women barrenesse:
Ētius faith, it makes the child to liue,
Whose new-knit ioynts are full of feebleness,
And comforteth the mothers weariness:
Adding a liuely spirit, that doth good
Vnto the painefull labouring wiuers sicke bloud.

In Egypt when a great mortalitie,
And killing Pestilence did infect the Land,
Making the people die innumerablie,
The plague being ceas'd, the women out of hand
Did drinke of iuyce of Sage continually,
That made them to increafe and multiply,
And bring forth store of children prefently.

This herbe Lunaria, if a horse do grafe
Within a medow where the fame doth grow,
And ouer it doth come with gentle pace,
Hauing a horflocke at his foote below,
As many haue, that faueguard we do know,
It openeth the Locke, and makes it fall,
Delpight the barre that it is lockt withall.

N 3
A Dialogue.

Theres Standergras, Hares balockes, or great Orchis,
Prouoketh Venus, and procureth fport,
It helpeus the weakned body that’s amiffe,
And fals away in a consumptuous fort,
It heales the Helique feauer by report:
   But the dried shrieulde roote being withered,
   Hindreth the vertue we haue vtered.

If Man of the great springing rootes doth eate, 
Being in matrimoniall copulation,
Male children of his wife he shall beget,
This speciall vertue hath the operation,
If Women make the withered rootes their meate, 
   Faire louely Daughters, affable, and wife,
   From their frefh springing loines there shall arife.

There’s Rofemarie, the Arabians iustifie, 
(Phisitions of exceeding perfect skill,)
It comforteth the braine and Memorie,
And to the inward fence giues strength at will,
The head with noble knowledge it doth fill,
   Conferues thereof restores the speech being loft,
   And makes a perfect Tongue with little coft.

Theres Dwale or Nightshade, tis a fatall plant, 
It bringeth men into a deadly sleepe,
Then Rage and Anger doth their fenes haunt,
And like mad Aias they a coile do keepe,
Till leane-fac’d Death into their heart doth creepe,
   In Almaine graue experience hath vs taught,
   This wicked herbe for manie things is nought.

Oke
A Dialogue.

Oke of Jerusalem being thoroughly dried,
And laid in presses where your clothes do lie,
No Mothes or venome mongst them shal abide,
It makes them smell so odoriferously,
That it doth kill them all immediately:
   It helpes the breast that's stopped with corruption,
   And giues mans breath fit operation.

Bleft be our mother Earth that nourisheth,
In her rich womb the seede of Times increase,
And by her vertue all things flourisheth,
When from her bosome she doth them releafe,
   But are their Plants and Trees in this faire Ile,
   Where Floras sweete spread garden seemes to smile?

As plentifull vnto these Ilanders,
Are the fruit-bearing Trees, as be the Flowers:
And to the chiefeft Lords that are commanders,
They serue as pleafant ouer-shading bowers,
   To banquet in the day, and iport being late,
   And most of them I meane to nominate.

Ther's the great sturdie Oke and spreding Vine,
Vnder whose branches Bacchus vid' to sleepe,
The Rose-tree and the loftie bearing Pine,
That seemes (being toucht with wind) full oft to weep,
   The Hawthorne, Chrifts-thorne and the Rosemary,
   The Tamariske, Willow, and the Almond-tree.

The most chaste tree, that Chaffnesie doth betoken,
The Hollyholme, the Corke and Gooseberrie,
A Dialogue.

That neuer with tempestuous fromes is shoonen,
The *Olive, Philbert, and the Barberie,*
    The *Mistletoe* tree whose liquid gumme being drie,
    Is good for them that Rheume hath terrified.

Theres *Iudas* tree, so cal'd because that *Iew,*
That did betray the innocent Lambe of God,
There first of all his followes to renew,
Did hang himselfe, plagu'd with a heavie rod,
    A iust reward for such an vniust slae,
    That would betray his Masteer to the graue.

Theres *Ash-tree, Maple, and the Sycamore,*
*Pomegranate, Apricockes and Juniper:*  
The *Turpentine* that sweet iuyce doth deploure,
The *Quince, the Pears-tree, and the young mans Medlar,*
    The *Fig-tree, Orange, and the sweet moist Lemmon,*
    The *Nutmeg, Plum-tree, and the louely Cytron.*

Now for the *Mistle* tree, it beares the name,
Being once the gods *Pallas* best beloued,
Of *Merfin* the yonge fair *Athenian* Dame,
Becausse in actiuenesse she much excelled:
    The lustie young men of *Athenia,*
    She still was honour'd of the wife *Minerva.*

Who willing her at Tilt and Tournament,
At running, vaulting, and Actiuitie,
And other exercise of gouernement,
Not to be absent from her Deitie:
    Because that she as Judge might giue the Crowne,
    And
A Dialogue.

And garland to the Victors great renowne.

But no forepassed age was free from Ennie,
That spitefull honor-crazing enemy:
For on a time giuing the equall glorie
To him that wan it most deferuedly,
   The vanquisher in furie much displeased,
   Slue Merfin whom the Goddeffe favoured.

Pallas offended with their crueltie,
Did gratefully reuenge her Maidens death,
Transforming her into a Mrtle tree,
Sweetly to flourishe in the lower earth:
   The berries are a meanes for to redresse
   (Being decocted) swolne-fac'd Drunkenesse.

The stormie Winters greene remaining Bay
Was Daphne, Ladon and the Earths faire daughter,
Whom wise Apollo haunted in the day,
Till at the length by chaunce alas he caught her:
   O if such faults were in the Gods aboue,
   Blame not poore fylly men if they do loue.

But she not able (almost out of breath)
For to refist the wife Gods humble fute,
Made her petition to her mother Earth,
That she would succour her, and make her mute:
   The Earth being glad to eafe her miferie,
   Did swallow her, and turn'd her to a Bay tree.

Apollo being amazed at this fight,

O
A Dialgoue.

Named it Daphne for his Daphnes honour,
Twisting a Garland to his hearts delight,
And on his head did weare it as a fauour:
   And to this day the Bay trees memorie
Remaines as token of true Prophezie.

Some of the heathen, men of opinion,
Suppose the greene-leau’d Bay tree can refiit
Inchauntments, spirites, and illusion,
And make them seeme as shadowes in a mift,
   This tree is dedicate onely to the Sunne,
Because her vertue from his vice begonne.

The Mele-tree hath such great large spreading leaues,
That you may wrap a child of twelve months old
In one of them, vnlesse the truth deceaues,
For so our Herborists haue truly told:
   By that great Citie Aleph in Assyria,
This tree was found hard by Venetia.

The fruite hereof (the Greeches and Christians)
That do remaine in that large-spreading Citie,
The misbelieuing Jewes and Persians,
Hold this opinion for a certaintie:
   Adam did eate in lively Paradifie,
That wrapt mans free-borne foules in miseries.

Phanix.  These trees, these plants, and this description,
Of their sweete liquid gums that are distilling,
Are to be held in estimation,
For faire-fac’d Tellus glorie is excelling:

But
A Dialogue.

But what white siluer'd rich refembling plaine,
Is that where wooddie mooing trees remaine?

That is the watry kingdom of Neptunus,
Where his high wood-made Towers dayly flote,
Bearing the title of Oceanus,
As hony-speaking Poets oft do quote:
   And as the branches spreading from the tree,
   So do the Riuers grace this louely Countrie.

Wherein is bread for mans sweete nourishment,
Fishes of sundry sorts and diuerse natures,
That the inhabitants doth much content,
As a relieuement to all mortall creatures,
   But for to make you perfect what they be,
   I will relate them to you orderly.

There swimmes the gentle Prawne and Pickerell,
A great deouerer of small little fish,
The Puffin, Sole, and Sommer louing Mackrell,
In seaon held for a high Ladies dish:
   The bigge bon'd Whale, of whom the skilfull Marriner,
   Sometimes God knowes standes in a mightie terroure.

The musicke-louing Dolphin here doth swimme,
That brought Arion on his backe to shore,
And stae'd a long while at the Seas deepe brimme,
To hear him play; in nature did deplore,
   As being loth to leave him, but at last
   Headlong himselfe into the Sea he caft.

O 2
A Dialogue.

Here swimes the Ray, the Sea-calfe and the Porpoise,
That doth betoken raine or stormes of weather,
The Sea-horse, Sea-hound, and the wide-mouth’d Plaice,
A Spitchcoke, Stocke-fish, and the little Pilcher,
Whose onely moisture preft by cunning Art,
Is good for those troubled with Aches smart.

Here swimes the Shad, the Spitsfish, and the Spurling,
The Thornebacke, Turbot, and the Perewinkle,
The Twine, the Trout, the Scallop, and the Whiting,
The Scate, the Rock, the Tench and pretie Wrinkle:
The Purple-fish, whose liquor visually,
A violet colour on the cloth doth die.

Here swimes the Pearch, the Cuttle and the Stocke-fish,
That with a wooden flaffie is often beaten,
The Crab, the Pearch, which poore men alwayes wifh,
The Ruffe, the Piper good for to be eaten:
The Barbell that three times in euery yeare,
Her natural young ones to the waues doth beare.

Phoenix. His great deuine Omnipotence is mightie,
That rides vpon the Heauens axeltree,
That by increafe amongft vs lends fuch plentie,
If to his MIGHTINESSE grateful we will be:
But stubborne necked Tewes do him prouoke,
Till he do loade them with a heauie yoke.

Nature. Truth haue you laied; but I will here expresse
The richeffe of the Earths hid iecrecie,
The salt Seas vnseeene, vnknowne worthinesse,

That
A Dialogue.

That yeelds vs precious stones innumerably,
The rarenesse of their vertue fit for Kings,
And such this countrye climate often brings.

Herein is found the Amatiss, and Abeleone,
The Topaze, Turches, and Gelatia,
The Adamant, Dionife, and Calcedon,
The Berill, Marble and Elutropia,
The Ruby, Saphire, and Afferites,
The Iacinth, Sardonix, and Argirites.

The Smaragd, Carbuncle, and Alabafier,
Cornellis, Crusopaffe, and Corrall:
The sparkling Diamond, and the louely Iafer,
The Margarite, Lodefonie, and the bright-ey'd Chryaffal,
Ligurius, Onix, Nitrum, and Gagates,
Abrislos, Amatites, and the good Achates.

Here in this Iland are there mines of Gold,
Mines of Siluer, Iron, Tinne and Lead,
That by the labouring workman we behold:
And mines of Braffe, that in the Earth is fed,
The stone Lipparia, Galalettes, and Panteron,
Enidros, Iris, Dracontites, and Aftiron.

The Adamant, a hard obdurate stone,
Inuincible, and not for to be broken,
Being placed neare a great bigge barre of Iron,
This vertue hath it, as a speciall token,
The Lodefionie hath no power to draw away
The Iron barre, but in one place doth stay.

O 3
A Dialogue.

Yet with a Goates warme, fresh and liuely blood,
This Adamant doth breake and rieue in funder,
That manie mightie, huge strokes hath withstood:
But I will tell you of a greater wonder,
   It reconciles the womans loue being loft,
   And giueth prooue of Caftnesse without cost.

The purple coloured Amatij doth preuaile
Against the wit-oppressing Drunkennesse,
If euill Cogitations do affaile
Thy sleepe thoughts wrapt vp in heauinessse,
   It foone will driue them from thy minds disturbing,
   And temporize thy braine that is offending.

The white-veind enterlin'd stone Achates,
Bespotted here and there with spots like blood,
Makes a man gracious in the peoples eyes,
And for to cleare the fight is passing good:
   It remedieth the place that's venemous,
   And in the fire smels odoriferous.

The Gemme Amatites hath this qualitie,
Let a man touch his vesture with the same,
And it resisteth fier mightily:
The vertue doth the force of burning tame,
   And afterwards caft in the fiers light,
   Burnes not at all, but then it seemes moast bright.

The faire stone Berrill is so precious,
That mightie men do hold it verie rare:
It frees a man from actions perillous,

If
A Dialogue.

If of his lifes deare blood he haue a care,
   And now and then being put into the Eyes,
Defends a man from all his enemies.

The stone Ceranicum spotted ore with blue,
Being safe and chaftly borne within the hand,
Thunders hote raging cracks that do enflue
It doth expell, and Lightnings doth withstand,
   Defending of the house that many keepe,
And is effectuall to bring men asleepe.

The Diamond the worlds reflecting eye,
The Diamond the heauens bright shining starre,
The Diamond the earths most purest glorie:
And with the Diamond no Stone can compare;
   She teacheth men to speake, and men to love,
If all her rarest vertues you will proue.

The Diamond taught Muficke first his cunning,
The Diamond taught Poetry her skill,
The Diamond gave Lawyers first their learning,
Arithmeticke the Diamond taught at will:
   She teacheth all Arts: for within her eye,
The knowledge of the world doth safely lye.

Dradocos is a stone that's pale and wan,
It brings to some men thoughts fantastical:
It being layd upon a cold dead Man,
Lofeth the vertue it is grac'd withall;
   Wherefore tis called the most holy stone:
For, whereas Death frequenteth it is gone.
A Dialogue.

_ Achites _ is in colour violet,
Found on the Bankes of this delightfome place,
Both male and female in this Land we get:
   Whole vertue doth the Princely Eagle grace;
     For being borne by her into her neft,
      She bringeth foorth her young ones with much reft.

This ftone being bound faft to a womans fide,
Within whompe pureft wombe her child is lying,
   Doth haften child-birth, and doth make her bide
But little paine, her humours is releafing.
   If anie one be guiltrie of Deceit,
      This ftone will caufe him to forfake his meate.

_ Enidros _ is the ftone that's alwayes sweating,
   Distilling liquid drops continually:
And yet for all his daily moifture melting,
   It keepes the felfe fame bigneffe ftedfaftly:
      It neuer leffeneth, nor doth fall away,
         But in one ftedfaft perfectnesse doth ftaie.

_ Perpetui setus lachrymas distillat Enidros,
Qui velut ex pleni fontis securigine manat. _

_ Gagates _ smelling like to Frankenfence,
   Being left whereas the poifnous Serpents breed,
Driues them away, and doth his force commence,
   Making this beaft on barren plaines to feed,
      And there to flarue and pine away for meate,
         Becauie being there he finds no foode to eate.

This ftone being put in a faire womans drinke,
A Dialogue.

Will testify her pure Virginitie,
A most rare thing that some men never think,
Yet you shall give your judgment easily,
   For if she make her water presently,
   Then hath this Woman lost her honestie.

The Iacinth is a neighbour to the Saphire,
That doth transforme it selfe to fundrie lights,
Sometimes is blacke and cloudie, sometimes clear.
And from the mutable ayre borrowes lights:
   It giveth strength and vigor in his kind,
   And faire sweete quiet sleep brings to the mind.

Rabiates being clearly coloured,
Borne about one doth make him eloquent,
And in great honour to be favoured,
If he do use it to a good intent,
   Foul venemous Serpents it doth bring in awe,
   And cureth paine and grieue about the mawe.

The iron-drawing Lode-stone if you set
Within a vessell, either Gold or Brass,
And place a piece of Iron under it,
Of some indifferent size or smallest compass,
   The Lode-stone on the top will cause it moue,
   And by his vertue meete with it above.

The Meade stone coloured like the grassie greene,
Much gentle ease vnto the Goute hath donne,
And helpeth those being troubled with the Spleene,
Mingled with Womanes milke bearing a Sonne:

P
A Dialogue.

It remedĭ'th the wit-assailing Frenzie,
And purgeth the fad mind of Melancholie.

The scone Orites spotted ore with white,
Being worn, or hung about a woman's necke,
Prohibeth Conception and Delight,
And the child-bearing wombe by force doth checke:
Or else it haft'neth her deliverie,
And makes the birth vnperfect and vntimely.

Skie colour'd Saphire Kings and Princes ware,
Being held most precious in their judging sight:
The verie touch of this doth thoroughly cure
The Carbuncles enraging hatefull spight:
It doth delight and recreate the Eyes,
And all base grossenesse it doth quite despise.

If in a boxe you put an inuenomd Spider,
Whose poisonous operation is annoying,
And on the boxes top lay the true Saphire,
The vertue of his power shewes vs his cunning,
He vanquisheth the Spider, leaues him dead,
And to Apollo now is consecrated.

The fresh green colour'd Smaragd doth excell
All Trees, Boughs, Plants, and new fresh springing Leaues:
The hote reflecting Sunne can neuer quell
His vertue, that no eyesight ere deceuies,
But ore faire Phæbus glorie it triumpheth,
And the dimme duskie Eyes it poliſheth.
A Dialogue.

The valiant Caesar tooke his chiefe delight,
By looking on the Σμαυρος excellencie,
To see his Romane foulediers how they fight,
And view what wards they had for their defence,
   And who exceld in perfect chialrie,
   And noblest bore himselfe in victorie.

This Stone doth ferue to Diuination,
To tell of things to come, and things being past,
And mongst vs held in estimation,
Giuing the sicke mans meat a gentle taft:
   If things shall be, it keepes in the Mind,
   If not, forgetfulness our Eyes doth blind.

The Turches being wore in a Ring,
If any Gentleman hath caufe to ride
Supports, and doth sustaine him from all falling,
Or hurting of him selse what ere betide:
   And ere he suffer aie fearefull danger,
   Will fall it selse, and breake, and burst a sunder.

These wondrous things of Nature to mens cares
Will almoft prove (sweete Nature) incredible,
But by Times ancient record it appeares,
These hidden secretes to be memorable:
   For his diuineffe that hath wrought this wonder,
   Rules men and beasts, the lightning and the thunder.

For the worlds blindnesse and opinion,
I care not Phænix, they are misbeleeuing,
And if their eyes trie not conclusion,

P 2
A Dialogue.

They will not trust a strangers true reporting,
With Beasts and Birds I will conclude my storie,
And to that All-in-all yeeld perfect glorie.

In yonder woodie groue and fertile plaine,
Remaines the Leopard and the warrie Badger,
The Bugle or wild Ox doth there remaine,
The Onocentaure and the cruel Tyger,
   The Dromidary and the princely Lion,
   The Bore, the Elephant, and the poifnous Dragon.

The strong neck'd Bull that never felt the yoke,
The Cat, the Dog, the Wolfe, and cruel Viper,
The lurking Hare that pretie sport prouokes,
The Goatelbucke, Hedgehogge, and the swiftfoote Panther,
   The Horse, Cameleopard and strong pawd Beare,
   The Ape, the Affe, and the most fearefull Deare.

The Mouse, the Mule, the Sow and Salamander,
That from the burning fire cannot liue,
The Weasell, Cammel and the hunted Beauer,
That in purflute away his stones doth give:
   The Stellio, Camelion and Vnicorne,
   That doth expell hot poison with his Horne.

The cruel Beare in her conception,
Brings forth at first a thing that's indigest,
A lump of flesh without all fashion,
Which she by often licking brings to rest,
   Making a formal body good and sound,
   Which often in this Island we have found.

Hie
A Dialogue.

Hic format lingua fetum, quem protulit Vrfa.

The great wild Bore of nature terrible,
With two strong Tufhes for his Armorie,
Sometimes affaires the Beare most horrible,
And twixt them is a fight both fierce and deadly:
   He hunteth after Marioram and Organie,
   Which as a whetstone doth his need supplie.

The Bugle or wild Ox is never tam'd,
But with an iron ring put through his snout,
That of some perfect strength must needs be fram'd,
Then may you leade him all the world about:
   The Huntsmen find him hung within a tree,
   Fast by the horns and then thy vse no pittie.

The Camell is of nature flexible,
For when a burden on his backe is bound,
To eafe the labourer, he is knowne most gentle,
For why he kneeleth downe vpon the ground:
   Suffering the man to put it off or on,
   As it seemes best in his discretion.

They live some fiftie or some hundred yeares,
And can remaine from water full foure dayes,
And most delight to drinke when there appeares,
A muddy spring that's troubled many wayes:
   Between them is a natural honest care,
   If one conioyneth with his Damme, tis rare.

The Dragon is a poifnos venom'd beast,
A Dialogue.

With whom the Elephant is at enmitie,
And in contention they do never rest,
Till one hath slaine the other cruelly:
The Dragon with the Elephant tries a fall,
And being under he is slaine withall.

The bunch-back'd, big-bon'd, swift-footed Dromidary
Of Dromas the Greeke word borrowing the name,
For his quick'c flying speedy property:
Which easily these countrymen do tame,
    Hel' go a hundredth miles within one day,
    And never seek in any place to stay.

The Dogge a natural, kind, and loving thing,
As witnesses our Histories of old:
Their master dead, the poor fool with lamenting
Doth kill himselfe before accounted bold:
    And would defend his master if he might,
    When cruelly his foe begins to fight.

The Elephant with tusches Iuorie,
Is a great friend to man as he doth trauell:
The Dragon hating man most spitefully,
The Elephant doth with the Dragon quarell:
    And twixt them two is a most deadly strife,
    Till that the man be past, and sawd his life.

The Elephant seene in Astronomy,
Will every month play the Phisition:
Taking delight his cunning for to try,
Giving himselfe a sweete purgation,

And
A Dialogue.

And to the running springs himselfe address'd,  
And in the same wash off his filthinesse,

The *Gote-bucks* is a beast lascivious,  
And given much to filthy veneration;  
Apt and prone to be contentious,  
Seeking by craft to kill his enemy:
  His blood being warme suppleth the Adamant,  
That neither fire or force could euer daunt.

The *Hedghogge* hath a sharpe quicke thorned garment,  
That on his backe doth serve him for defence:  
He can prefetch the winds incontinent,  
And hath good knowledge in the difference
  Betweene the Southerne and the Northren wind,  
These vertues are allotted him by kind.

Whereon in *Constantinople* that great City,  
A marchant in his garden gave one nourishment:  
By which he knew the winds true certainty,  
Because the *Hedgehogge* gave him just prefacement:  
  Apples, or peares, or grapes, such is his meate,  
Which on his backe he caries for to eate.

The spotted *Linx* in face much like a *Lyon*,  
His vrine is of such a qualitie,  
In time it turneth to a precious stone,  
Called *Ligarius* for his property:
  He hateth man so much, that he doth hide  
His vrine in the earth, not to be spied.
A Dialogue.

The princely Lion King of forest-Kings,
And chiefe Commandeur of the Wilderneffe,
At whose faire feete all Beasts lay downe their offrings,
Yeelding alleageance to his worthineffe:
   His strength remaineth most within his head,
   His vertue in his heart is compassed.

He neuer wrongs a man, nor hurts his pray,
If they will yeeld submisshue at his feete,
He knoweth when the Lionefe playes false play,
If in all kindnesse he his loue do meet:
   He doth defend the poore and innocent,
   And those that cruel-hearted Beasts have rent.

Then is't not pittie that the craftie Foxe,
The rauenous Wolfe, the Tyger, and the Beare,
The flow-past-dull-brain'd heauie Oxe,
Should friue so good a state to ouerweare?
   The Lion sleepe and laughes to see them friue,
   But in the end leaues not a beast alieue.

The Onocentaur is a monstrous beast;
Supposed halfe a man and halfe an asse,
That neuer shutts his eyes in quiet rest,
Till he his foes deare life hath round encompast,
   Such were the Centaures in their tyrannie,
   That liu'd by humane flesh and villainie.

The Stellio is a beast that takes his breath,
And liueth by the deaw thats heauenly,
Taking his Food and Spirit of the earth,
A Dialogue.

And so maintains his life in chafttie,
    He takes delight to counterfeit all colours,
And yet for all this he is venimous.

Tis strange to heare such perfect difference,
Phaenix.
In all things that his Mightinesse hath fram'd
Tis strange to heare their manner of defence,
Amongst all creatures that my Nurfe hath nam'd:
Are there no Wormes nor Serpents to be found
In this sweete smelling Ile and fruitful ground?

Within a little corner towards the East,
Nature.
A moorish plot of earth and dampish place,
Some creeping Wormes and Serpents vfe to rest,
And in a manner doth this bad ground grace:
    It is vnpeopled and vnhabitied,
    For there with poisonous aire they are fed.

Here lives the Worme, the Gnat and Grasshopper,
    Ribatrix, Lizard, and the fruitfull Bee,
The Mothe, Chelidras, and the Bloodsucker,
That from the flesh fuckes bloud most speedily:
    Ceretis Assis and the Crocadile,
    That doth the way-faring pasienger beguile.

The labouring Ant, and the beeckled Adder,
The Frogge, the Tode, and Sommer-haunting Flie,
The prettie Silkeworme, and the poifnous Viper,
That with his teeth doth wound most cruelly:
    The Hornet and the poifnous Cockatrice,
    That kills all birds by a moft flie deuice.

Q
The *Aphis* is a kind of deadly Snake;
He hurts most perilous with venom’d sting,
And in pursueth doth neare his foe forfake,
But flais a Man with poyfnous venoming:
  Betweene the male and female is such loue,
  As is betwixt the most kind *Turtle dove*.

This is the Snake that *Cleopatra* vfed,
The *Egyptian* Queene belou’d of *Anthony*,
That with her breasts deare bloud was nourishe’d,
Making her die (faire foule) most patiently,
  Rather than *Cesars* great victorious hand,
  Should triumph ore the Queene of such a land.

The *Lizard* is a kind of louing creature,
Especially to man he is a friend:
This property is giuen him by nature,
From dangerous beasts poore Man he doth defend:
  For being fleepe he all fence forfake’th,
The *Lizard* bites him till the man awaketh.

The *Ant* or *Emote* is a labouring thing,
And haue amongst them all a publike weale,
In sommer time their meate they are prouiding,
And secrets mongst themselfes they do conceale:
  The monstrous huge big Beare being sickly,
  Eating of these, is cured prefently.

The fruitfull pretie *Bee* liues in the huiue,
Which unto him is like a peopled City,
And by their daily labour there they thrive,
  Bringing
A Dialogue.

Bringing home honied waxe continually:
They are reputed ciuill, and haue kings,
And guides for to direct them in proceedings.

When that their Emperour or King is present,
They live in peacefull fort and quietnesse,
But if their officer or king be absent,
They flee and swarm abroad in companies:
If any happen casual-wife to dye,
They mourn and bury him right solemnly.

The Crocadile a saffron colour’d Snake,
Sometimes vpon the earth is conquerant,
And other times liues in a filthy lake,
Being oppressed with foule needy want:
The skin vpon his backe as hard as stone,
Resieth violent strokes of steel or iron.

Rinatrix is a poyenous enuemon’d Serpent,
That doth infect the rivers and the fountains,
Bringing to cattell hurt and detriment:
When thirsty they forfake the steepy mountaines,
Rinatrix violator Aquae, and infects the earth,
With his most noysome stinking filthy breath.

The Scorpion hath a deadly stinging taile,
Bewitching some with his faire smiling face,
But prefently with force he doth affaile
His captiu’d prais, and brings him to disgrace:
Wherefore tis cald of some the flattering worme,
That subtilly his foe doth ouerturne.

Q 2
A Dialogue.

*Orion* made his boast the earth should bring
Or yeeld no serpent forth but he would kill it,
Where presently the *Scorpion* vp did spring,
For so the onely powers above did will it:
Where in the peoples presence they did see,
*Orion* stung to death most cruelly.

Of *Wormes* are divers sorts and divers names,
Some feeding on hard timber, some on trees,
Some in the earth a secret cabbine frames,
Some live on tops of Ashes, some on Oliues;
Some of a red watrif colour, some of greene,
And some within the night like Fire are seene.

The *Silkworme* by whose Webbe our Silkes are made,
For she doth dayly labour with her weauing,
A *Worme* that's rich and precious in her trade,
That whilst poor foule the toyleth in her spining,
Leaues nothing in her belly but empty aire,
And toyling too much falleth to despaire.

Here liues the *Caddes* and the long leg'd *Crane*,
With whom the *Pigemies* are at mortall strife,
The *Larke* and *Lapwing* that with nets are tane,
And so poor silly foules do end their life:
The *Nightingale* wrong'd by Adulterie,
The *Nightrow*, *Goshawke*, and the chattering *Pie*.

The *Pheasant*, *Storke*, and the high towering *Faucon*,
The *Swanne* that in the riuer takes delight,
The *Goldfinch*, *Blackebird*, and the big neck'd *Heron*.

The
A Dialogue.

The skreeching Owle that loues the duskie night,
The Partridge, Griffon, and the liuely Peacocke,
The Linnet, Bulfinch, Snipe, and rauening Puttocke.

The Robin Redbreaste that in Winter fings,
The Pelican, the Iay, and the chirping Sparrow,
The little Wren that many yong ones brings,
Hercin, Ibis, and the swift wingd Swallow:
The princely Eagle and Caladrius
The Cuckow that to some is prosperous.

The snow-like colour'd bird, Caladrius,
Hath this inestimable natural prosperitie,
If any man in fickness dangerous,
Hopes of his health to haue recoverie,
This bird will alwaies looke with chearefull glance,
If other wise, fad is his countenance.

The Crane directed by the leaders voice,
Flies ore the feas, to countries farre vnknowne,
And in the secret night they do rejoice
To make a watch among them of their owne;
The watchman in his clawes holds fast a flone,
Which letting fall the rest are wak'd anone.

The Spring-delighting bird we call the Cuckow,
Which comes to tell of wonders in this age,
Her prettie one note to the world doth shew,
Some men their destinie, and doth prefage
The womans pleasure and the mans disgrace,
Which she fits finging in a secret place.

Q 3
A Dialogue.

The Winters enuous blast she never tafteth,
Yet in all countries doth the Cuckoe sing,
And oftentimes to peopled townes she hafteth,
Ther for to tell the pleasures of the Spring:
   Great Courtiers heare her voyce, but let her flye,
   Knowing that she prefageth Destiny.

This pretty bird sometimes vp on the steeple,
Sings Cuckoe, Cuckoe, to the parish Priest,
Sometimes againe she flies amongst the people,
And on their Croffe no man can her refist,
   But there she sings, yet some disdaining Dames,
   Do charme her hoarse, left she should hit their names.

She scorns to labour or make vp a nest,
But creepes by stealth into some others roome,
And with the Larkes deare yong, her yong-ones refit,
Being by subtile dealing overcome:
   The yong birds are restoratue to eate,
   And held amongst vs as a Princes meate.

The Princely Eagle of all Birds the King,
For none but she can gaze against the Sunne,
Her eye-sight is so cleare, that in her flying
She spies the smallest beast that ever runne,
   As swift as gun-shot vying no delay,
   So swiftly doth she flye to catch her pray.

She brings her birds being yong into the aire,
And sets them for to looke on Phæbus light,
But if their eyes with gazing chance to water,
A Dialogue.

Those she accounteth bastards, leaues them quight,
    But those that haue true perfect constant eyes,
She cherisheeth, the rest she doth despise.

The *Griffon* is a bird rich feathered,
His head is like a *Lion*, and his flight
Is like the *Eagles*, much for to be feared,
For why he kils men in the vgly night:
    Some say he keepes the *Smaragd* and the *Iasper*,
    And in pursute of Man is monftrous eager.

The gentle birds called the faire *Hircinie*,
Taking the name of that place where they breed,
Within the night they shine so gloriously,
That mans aftoied fenfes they do feed:
    For in the darke being caft within the way
    Giues light vnto the man that goes atray.

*Ibis* the bird flieth to *Nilus* flood,
And drinking of the water purgeth cleane:
Vnto the land of *Ægypt* he doth good,
For he to rid their Serpents is a meane;
    He feedeth on their egges, and doth destroyed
    The Serpents nefts that would their Clime annoy.

The *Lapwing* hath a piteous mournefull cry,
And fings a sorrowfull and heauy fong,
But yet shee's full of craft and fubtilty,
And weepeth moft being farthest from her yong:
    In elder age she seru'd for Southfayers
    And was a Propheteffe to the Augurers.
A Dialogue.

The birds of Ægypt or Memnodides,
Of Memnon that was slaine in refuing Troy,
Are said to flie away in companies,
To Priam's pallace, and there twice a day
  They fight about the turrets of the dead,
  And the third day in battell are confounded.

The Nightingale the nights true Chorister,
Musickes chiefe louer in the plesant Spring,
Tunes Hunts-vp to the Sunne that doth delight her,
And to Arions harp aloud will sing:
  And as a Bridegroome that to church is comming,
  So he salutes the Sunne when he is rising.

The Romane Cæsars, happie Emperours,
Especially those of the yongest fort,
Haue kept the Nightingale within their towers,
To play, to dally, and to make them sport,
  And oftentimes in Greeke and Latine tong;
  They taught those birds to sing a plesant song.

This bird as Histories make mention,
Sung in the infant mouth of Stesichorus,
Which did foretell due commendation,
In all his actions to be prosperous:
  So bees when Plato in his bed did lie,
  Swarm'd round about his mouth, leauing their honie.

The sluggishe slouthfull and the daftard Owle,
Hating the day, and louing of the night,
About old sepulchers doth daily howle, Frequenting
A Dialogue.

Frequenting barnes and houses without light,
And hides him often in an Iuy tree,
Leaft with small chattering birds wrong'd he shoulde be.

Faedaque sic volucris venturi nutritia lucetus,
Ignauus Bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.

The filthy messenger of ill to come
The fluggish Owle is, and to danger some,

This ill bedooming Owle fate on the speare,
Of warlike Pirrus marching to the field,
When to the Gracion armie he drew neare,
Determining to make his foes to yeeld,
    Which did foreshew finifter happinesse,
    And balefull fortune in his businesse.

The Parrat cald the counterfeiting bird,
Deckt with all colours that fair Flora yeelds,
That after one will speake you word for word:
Liuing in wooddie groues neare fertile fields,
    They have bene knowne to giue great Emperors wine,
    And therefore some men hold them for deuine.

The proud sun-brauing Peacocke with his feathers,
Walkes all along, thinking himselfe a King,
And with his voyce prognosticates all weathers,
Although God knowes but badly he doth sing:
    But when he lookes downe to his bafe blacke Feete,
    He droopes, and is agham'd of things unmeete.

The mighty Macedonian Alexander,
A Dialogue.

Marching in louely triumph to his foes,
Being accounted the worlds conquerour,
In Indie spies a Peacocke as he goes,
   And maruelling to see so rich a fight,
   Charg'd all men not to kill his sweete delight.

The Pelican the wonder of our age,
(As Ierome faith) reuiues her tender yong,
And with her purest bloud, she doth affwage
Her yong ones thirst, with poifonous Adder stong,
   And thofe that were suppos'd three dayes dead.
   She giues them life once more being nourished.

The vnfatiate Sparrow doth prognosticate,
And is held good for diuination,
For flying here and there, from gate to gate,
Foretels true things by animaduertion:
   A flight of Sparrowes flying in the day,
   Did prophesie the fall and sacke of Troy.

The artificiall nest-composing Swallow,
That eates his meate flying along the way,
Whose swiftnesse in our eyght doth allow,
That no imperiall Bird makes her his pray:
   His yong ones being hurt within the eies,
   His helpes them with the herbe Calcedonies.

Cecinna and the great Volateran,
Being Pompeis warlike and approued knights,
Sent letters by thefe Birds without a man,
To many of their friends and chiefe delights,

And
A Dialogue.

And all their letters to their feete did tie,
Which with great speed did bring them hastily.

The sweete recording Swanne Apolloes ioy,
And firy scorched Phaetons delight,
In footed verfe fings out his deep annoy,
And to the filuer riuers takes his flight,
Prognosticates to Sailers on the feas,
Fortunes prosperitie and perfect ease.

Cignus in auspicijs semper latissimus ales,
Hoc optant nauta, quia se non mergit in vndis.

But what sad-mourneful drooping soule is this,
Within whose watry eyes fits Discontent,
Whose snaile-pac’d gate tels something is amisse:
From whom is banisht sporting Meriment:
Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes?

This is the carefull bird the Turtle Doue,
Whose heavie croking note doth fhow his griefe,
And thus he wanders seeking of his loue,
Refusing all things that may yeeld reliefe:
All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,
Are bad, fled, gone, and falne into decay.

Is this the true example of the Heart?
Is this the Tutor of faire Constancy?
Is this Loues treasure, and Loues pining smart?
Is this the substance of all honesty?

R 2
And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore soule,
That Deftinies soule wrath shoule thee controule.

See Nourfe, he flares and lookes me in the face,
And now he mournes, worse then he did before,
He hath forgot his dull flow heauy pace,
But with swift gate he eyes vs more and more:
O shal I welcome him, and let me borrow
Some of his griefe to mingle with my forrow.

Nature. Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,
This is the Doue you long'd so much to see,
And this will proue companion of your mone,
An Vmpire of all true humility:
Then note my Phoenix, what there may enuie,
And so I kisse my bird. Adue, Adue.

Phœnix. Mother farewell; and now within his eyes,
Sits sorrow clothed in a fea of teares,
And more and more the billowes do arise:
Pale Grieue halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,
His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke.

Turtle. O stay poore Turtle, whereat haft thou gazed,
At the ey-eazling Sunne, whose sweete refLECTION,
The round encompaft heavenly world amazed?
O no, a child of Natures true complektion,
The perfect Phœnix of rariety,
For wit, for vertue, and excelling beauty.

Haile
A Dialogue.

Let me wipe off those teares vpon thy cheekes,
That stain’d thy beauties pride, and haue desil’d
Nature it selfe, that so vfurping seekes
    To fit vpon thy face, for I le be partener,
Of thy harts wrapped forrow more hereafter.

Natures faire darling, let me kneele to thee,
And offer vp my true obedience,
And facredly in all humility,
Craue pardon for presumptions soule offence:
    Thy lawne-snow-colour’d hand shall not come neare
My impure face, to wipe away one teare.

My teares are for my *Turtle* that is dead,
My forrow springs from her want that is gone,
My heauy note founds for the soule that’s fled,
And I will dye for him left all alone:
    I am not liuing, though I feeme to go,
Already buried in the graue of wo.

Why I haue left *Arabia* for thy fake,
Because those fires haue no working substance,
And for to find thee out did undertake:
Where on the mountaine top we may advancce
    Our fiery alter; let me tell thee this,
*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Come poore lamenting foule, come fit by me,
We are all one, thy forrow shull be mine,
Fall thou a teare, and thou sh all plainly see,

R 3
Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine:
    Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou giue a grone,
    I shall be dead in answereing of thy mone.

_Turtle._

Loues honorable Friend, one grone of yours,
Will rend my sickle-pining hart afunder,
One sigh brings teares from me like _April_ showers,
Procur'd by Sommers hote loud cracking thunder:
    Be you as mery as sweet mirth may be,
    Ile giue and sigh, both for your selfe and me.

_Phænis._

Thou shalt not gentle _Turtle_, I will beare
Halfe of the burdenous yoke thou doft sustaine,
Two bodies maie with greater ease outwaere
A troublesome labour, then Ile brooke some paine,
    But tell me gentle _Turtle_, tell me truly
The difference betwixt false Loue and true Sinceritie.

_Turtle._

That shall I briefly, if youle giue me leaue,
Falseloue is full of Eneie and Deceit,
With cunning shifts our humours to deceive,
Laying downe poifen for a fugred baite,
    Always inconstaunt, falsel and variable,
    Delighting in fond change and mutable.

True loue, is louing pure, not to be broken,
But with an honest eye, the eyes her lover,
Not changing variable, nor neuer shoken
With fond Suspition, secrets to discouer,
    'Ne loue will tell no lies, nor ne're disiemble,
    But with a bashfull modest feare will tremble.

_False_
A Dialogue.

Falfe loue puts on a Maske to shade her folly,
True loue goes naked wishing to be seene,
Falfe loue will counterfeite perpetually,
True loue is Troths sweete emperizing Queene:
   This is the difference, true Loue is a iewell,
   Falfe loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

What may we wonder at? O where is learning?
Where is all difference twixt the good and bad?
Where is Apelles art? where is true cunning?
Nay where is all the vertue may be had?
   Within my Turtles boosome, she refines,
   More then some louing perfect true deuines.

Thou shalt not be no more the Turtle-Doue,
Thou shalt no more go weeping al alone,
For thou shalt be my selfe, my perfect Loue,
Thy grieue is mine, thy forrow is my mone,
   Come kisse me sweetest sweete, O I do bleffe
   This gracious luckie Sun-shine happinesse.

How may I in all gratefulnesse requisite,
   This gracious fauor offred to thy seruant?
The time affordeth heauinesse not delight,
And to the times appoint weele be obseruant:
   Command, O do commaund, what ere thou wilt,
   My hearts bloud for thy fake shall straignt be spilt.

Then I command thee on thy tender care,
   And chiefe obedience that thou owft to me,
   That thou especially (deare Bird) beware
A Dialogue.

Of impure thoughts, or vncleanse chastity:
   For we must waft together in that fire,
   That will not burne but by true Loues desire.

Turtle. A spot of that foule monster neare did staine,
These drooping feathers, nor I neuer knew
In what base filthy clymate doth remaine
   That spright incarnate; and to tell you true,
   I am as spotlesse as the purest whight,
   Cleare without staine, of envy, or despight.

Phenix. Then to yon next adioyning groue we're flye,
And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,
And in a manner sacrifisingly,
   Burne both our bodies to reunue one name:
   And in all humblenesse we will intreate
   The hot earth parching Sunne to lend his heate.

Turtle. Why now my heart is light, this very doome
Hath banish't sorrow from my pensiue breast:
And in my bosome there is left no roome,
   To set blacke melancholy, or let him rest;
   He fetch sweete mirrhe to burne, and licorice,
   Sweete Juniper, and straw them o're with spice.

Phenix. Pile vp the wood, and let vs invocate
His great name that doth ride within his chariot,
And guides the dayes bright eye, let's nominate
Some of his blessings, that he well may wot,
   Our faithfull seruice and humility,
   Offer'd vp to his higheft Deiety.

Great
A Dialogue.

Great God Apollo, for thy tender love,
Thou once didst bear to wilful Phaeton,
That didst defile thy chariots rule above,
Which thou didst grieve in heart to thinke upon:
    Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
    That shall receive the Sacrifice of blood.

For thy sweet Daphnes sake thy best beloved,
And for the Harpe receiv'd of Mercury,
And for the Muses of thee favoured,
Whole gift of wit excels all excellency:
    Send thy hot kindling fire into this wood,
    That shall receive the Sacrifice of blood.

For thy sweet fathers sake great Jupiter,
That with his thunder-bolts commands the earth,
And for Latonas sake thy gentle mother,
That first gave Phoebus glories lively breath:
    Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
    That shall receive the sacrifice of blood.

Stay, stay, poor Turtle, we are betrayed,
Behind yon little bush there sits a spy,
That makes me blush with anger, halfe afraid,
That in our motions secrecly would pry:
    I will go chide with him, and drive him thence,
    And plague him for presumptions foule offence,

Be not afraid, it is the Pelican,
Looke how her yong-ones make her brood to bleed,
And drawes the bloud foorth, do the best she can,

Turtle.

Phænix.

Turtle.
A Dialogue.

And with the same their hungry fancies feed,
Let her alone to view our Tragedy,
And then report our Loue that she did see.

See beauteous Phænix it begins to burne,
O blessed Phæbus, happy, happy light,
Now will I recompence thy great good turne,
And first (deare bird) Ile vanish in thy sight,
And thou shalt see with what a quicke desire,
Ile leape into the middle of the fire.

Phænix.
Stay Turtle stay, for I will first prepare;
Of my bones must the Princely Phænix rise,
And if it be possible thy bloud wele spare,
For none but for my sake, dost thou despise
This frailty of thy life, 0 live thou still,
And teach the base deceitfull world Loues will.

Turtle.
Haue I come hither drooping through the woods,
And left the springing groves to seeke for thee?
Haue I forfooke to bathe me in the flouds,
And pin’d away in carefull misery?
Do not deny me Phænix I must be
A partner in this happy Tragedy.

Phænix.
O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
More pure then that ore which faire Didon mones,
More sacred in my louing kind desire,
Then that which burnt old Esons aged bones,
Accept into your cuer hallowed flame,
Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.

O sweet
Pelican.

O sweet perfumed flame, made of those trees,
Vnder the which the Myfes nine haue song
The praine of vertuous maids in misteries,
To whom the faire fac'd Nymphes did often throng;
     Accept my body as a Sacrifice
     Into your flame, of whom one name may rife.

O wilfulness, see how with smiling cheare,
My poore deare hart hath flong himselfe to thrall,
Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall:
     Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,
     Friendships vnsptotted true sincerity.

I come sweet Turtle, and with my bright wings,
I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
I hope of these another Creature springs,
That shal possesse both our authority:
     I stay to long, o take me to your glory,
     And thus I end the Turtle Doues true story.

Finis.  R. C.

Pelican.

What wondrous hart-grievous spectacle,
Haft thou beheld the worlds true miracle?
With what a spirit did the Turtle flye
Into the fire, and cheerfully did dye?
He look't more pleasant in his countenance
Within the flame, then when he did advance,
His pleasant wings upon the naturall ground,
True perfect love had for his poor heart bound,
The *Phaenix Natures* deare adopted child,
With a pale heavy countenance, wan and mild,
Grieu’d for to see him first possess the place,
That was allotted her, her selfe to grace,
And followes cheerfully her second turne,
And both together in that fire do burne.
O if the rarest creatures of the earth,
Because but one at once did ere take breath
Within the world, shoudl with a seconed he,
A perfect forme of love and amitie
Burne both together, what shoud there arise,
And be presented to our mortall eyes,
Out of the fire, but a more perfect creature?
Because that two in one is put by Nature,
The one hath giuen the child inchaunting beautie,
The other giues it love and chaftitie:
The one hath giuen it wits rarietie
The other guides the wit most charily:
The one for vertue doth excell the rest,
The other in true constancie is blest.
If that the *Phaenixe* had bene separated,
And from the gentle *Turtle* had bene parted,
Loue had bene murdred in the infancie,
Without these two no loue at all can be.
Let the loue wandring wits but earne of these,
To die together, fo their griefe to ease:
But louers now a dayes do loue to change,
And here and there their wanton eyes do range,
Not pleased with one choise, but seeking many,
And in the end scarce is content with any:

Loue
Conclusion.

Loue now adayes is like a shadowed light,
That shewes it selfe in Phebus golden light,
But if in kindnesse you do strive to take it,
Fades cleane away, and you must needs forfake it.
Louers are like the leaves with Winter shoken,
Brittle like glasse, that with one fall is broken.
O fond corrupted age, when birds shall show
The world their dutie, and to let men know
That no finifter chaunce shoulde hinder loue,
Though as these two did, deaths arrest they prove.
I can but mourn with fadnesse and with griefe,
Not able for to yeeld the world reliefe,
To see these two consumed in the fire,
Whom Loue did copulate with true desire:
But in the worlds wide eare I meane to ring
The fame of this dayes wondrous offering,
That they may sing in notes of Chaftitie,
The Turtle and the Phamix amitie

Conclusion.

Gentle conceivers of true meaning Wit,
Let good Experience judge what I haue writ,
For the Satyrical fond applauded vaines,
Whose bitter worme-wood spirite in some straines,
Bite like the Curses of Ægypt thofe that loue them,
Let me alone, I will be loth to moue them,
For why, when mightie men their wit do proue,
How shall I leaft of all expect their loue?
Yet to thofe men I gratulate some paine,
Because they touch thofe that in art do faine.

S 3
But those that have the spirit to do good,
Their whips will will never draw one drop of blood:
To all and all in all that view my labour,
Of every judging sight I crave some fauour
At least to reade, and if you reading find,
A lame leg'd staffe, tis lameness of the mind
That had no better skill: yet let it passe,
For burdrous lodes are set vpon an Asse.
From the sweet fire of perfumed wood,
Another princely Phenix vpright stood:
Whose feathers purifid did yeeld more light,
Then her late burned mother out of sight,
And in her heart restes a perpetuall loue,
Sprong from the bosome of the Turtle-Doue.
Long may the new vprifing bird increafe,
Some humors and some motions to release,
And thus to all I offer my devotion,
Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion.

Finis R. C.

Cantoes Alphabet-wise to faire Phenix made by the Paphian Doue.
A. 1.

A Hill, a hill, a Phenix seekes a Hill;
A promontorie top, a flately Mountain,
A River, where poore foule she dippes her bill,
And that sweete filuer streame is Natures fountaine,
Accomplifhing all pleasures at her will:
Ah, be my Phenix, I will be thy Doue,
And thou and I in secrete will loue.

B. 2.
Cantoes.

B. 2.
Blaze not my loue, thou Herald of the day,
Blesse not the mountaine tops with my sweet shine,
Beloued more I am then thou canst say,
Blessed and blessed be that Saint of mine,
Balme, honie sweet, and honor of this Clime:
    Blotted by things vnseene, belou'd of many,
    But Loues true motion dares not glie to any.

C. 3.
Chaftnesse farewell, farewell the bed of Glorie,
Contraint adew, thou art loues Enemie,
Come true Report, make of my Loue a Storie,
Caft lots for my poore heart, so thou enjoy me,
Come come sweeet Phenix, I at length do claime thee,
    Chafte bird, too chafte, to hinder what is willing,
    Come in mine armes and wele not fit a billing.

D. 4.
Deuout obedience on my knees I profer,
Delight matcht with delight, if thou do craue it,
Denie not gentle Phenix my sweet offer,
Despaire not in my loue, for thou shalt haue it,
Damne not the foule to woe if thou canst faue it:
    Doues pray deuoutly, O let me request,
    Delicious loue to build within thy nest.

E. 5.
Enuie is banisht, do not thou despaire,
Euill motions tempt thee sooner then the good:
Enrich thy beautie that art fam'd for faire,
Every thing's silent to conioyne thy blood,
Esteeme the thing that cannot be withstood:
    Esteeme of me, and I will lend thee fire,
Euen of mine owne to fit thy sweet desire.
F. 6.
Faint harted foule, why doft thou die thy cheekes,
Fearfull of that which will reuie thy fence,
Faith and obedience thy sweet mercy seckes,
Friends plighted war with thee I will commence,
Feare not at all, tis but sweet Loues offensive,
Fit to be done, so doing tis not seene,
Fetcht from the ancient records of a Queene.

G. 7.
Gold beautifying Phenix, I must praiye thee,
Granut gracios heauens a delightfome Mufe,
Gieue me old Homers spirit, and Ie raise thee,
Gracious in thought do not my Loue refuse,
Great map of beauty make thou no excuse,
Gainst my true louing spirit do not carpe,
Grant me to play my Sonnet on thy Harpe.

H. 8.
Health to thy vertues, health to all thy beauty,
Honour attend thy steps when thou art going,
High heauens force the birds to owe thee duty;
Hart-groning care to thee still standes a woing,
Haue pitty on him Phenix for so doing:
Helpe his diseafe, and cure his malady,
Hide not thy secret glory leaft he die.

I. 9.
I Loue, o Loue how thou abuelft me,
I see the fire, and warme me with the flame,
I note the errors of thy deity:
In Vesta honor, Venus lufts to tame,
I in my humors yeeld thee not a name,
Cantoes.

I count thee foolish, fie Adultrous boy,
I touch the sweete, but cannot taft the joy.

K. 10.
Kisses are true loues pledges, kisse thy deare Turtle,
Keepe not from him the secrets of thy youth:
Knowledge he'le teach thee vnder a greene spred Mirtle,
Kend shalt thou be of no man, of my truth,
Know first the motion, when the life ensueth:
Knocke at my harts dore, I will be thy porter,
So thou wilt let me enter in thy dorter.

L. 11.
Loue is my great Aduotrix, at thy shrine
Loue pleads for me, and from my tongue doth say,
Lie where thou wilt, my hart shall sleepe with thine,
Lamenting of thy beauty freth as May,
Looke Phanix to thy selfe do not decay:
Let me but water thy dead faplesse flore,
Loue giues me hope t'will flourish in an houre.

M. 12.
Make not a Iewell of nice Chalitie,
Mutter and summon all thy wits in one,
My heart to thee sweares perfect constancy:
Motions of zeale are to be thought vpon,
Marke how thy time is ouerippent, and gone,
Mis-led by folly, and a kind of feare
Marke not thy beauty so my dearest deare.

N. 13.
Note but the freth bloom'd Rose within her pride,
(No Rose to be compared vnto thee)
Nothing so foone vnto the ground will slide,
Not being gathered in her chiefeft beauty,
Neglecting time it dies with infamy:
    Neuer be coy, left whil'ft thy leaues are spred,
    None gather thee, and then thy grace is dead.
   O. 14.
O looke vpon me, and within my brow,
Officious motions of my hart appeares,
Opening the booke of Loue, wherein I vow,
Ouer thy shrine to shed continuall teares:
O no, I see my Phenix hath no Eares,
    Or if she haue Eares, yet no Eyes to fee,
    O all disgraced with continuall follie.
   P. 15.
Proud Chastity, why doft thou seeke to wrong
Phenix my Loue, with lessons too precife?
Pray thou for me, and I will make a fong,
Pend in thine honor, none shall equalize,
Poffeffe not her, whose beauty charmes mine eyes,
    Plead, fue, and seeke, or I will banisfh thee,
    Her body is my Caffle and my fee.
   Q. 16.
Question not Phenix why I adore thee,
Quite captiuate and prifner at thy call,
Quit me with Loue againe, do not abhor me,
Queld downe with hope as subiugate to thrall,
Quail'd will I neuer be despight of all;
    Quaking I stand before thee, still expeecting
Thine owne consent, our ioyes to be effecting.
   R. 17.
Remember how thy beauty is abused,
Ract on the tenter-hookes of foule disgrace,
Riuers are dry, and must be needs refused

Restore
Cantoes.

Reflore new water in that dead founts place,
Refresh thy feathers, beautifie thy face:
Reade on my booke, and there thou shalt behold
Rich louing letters printed in fine gold.

S. 18.

Shame is ashamed to see thee obstinate,
Smiling at thy womanish conceit,
Swearing that honor neuer thee begat,
Sucking in poyfon for a fugred baite,
Singing thy pride of beauty in her height:
Sit by my side, and I will sing to thee
Sweet ditties of a new fram'd harmony.

T. 19.

Thou art a Turtle wanting of thy mate,
Thou crok'ft about the groues to find thy Louer,
Thou fly'ft to woods, and fertile plaines dost hate:
Thou in obliuion dost true vertue smother,
To thy sweete selfe thou canst not find another:
Turn vp my bosome, and in my pure hart,
Thou shalt behold the Turtle of thy smart.

V. 20.

Vpon a day I sought to scale a Fort,
Vnited with a Tower of fure defence;
Vncomfortable trees did marre my sport,
Vnlucky Fortune with my woes expence,

Venus with Mars would not sweet war commence,
Vpon an Alter would I offer Loue,
And Sacrifice my foule poore Turtle Doue.

W. 21.

Weepe not my Phenix, though I daily weepe,
Woe is the Herald that declares my tale,

T 2
Worthy thou art in Venus lap to sleepe,
Wantonly couered with God Cupids vale,
With which he doth all mortall fence exhale:
Wash not thy cheekes, vnlesse I sit by thee,
To dry them with my sighes immediatly.

X. 22.

Xanthae faire Nymph; resemble not in Nature,
Xantippa Loue to patient Socrates,
Xanthe my Loue is a more milder creature,
And of a Nature better for to please:
Xantippe thought her true loue to diseafe,
But my rare Phanix is at last well pleas’d,
To cure my passions, passions seldom cal’d.

Y. 23.

Ye thou haue pitty, pitty my complaining,
Ye is a badge of Vertue in thy sexe,
Ye thou do kill me with thy coy disbaining,
Ye will at length thy selfe-will anguish exexe,
And with continuall sighes thy selfe perplexe:
Ile helpe to bring thee wood to make thy fire,
If thou wilt giue me kisises for my hire.

Z. 24.

Zenobia at thy feete I bend my knee,
For thou art Queene and Empresse of my hart,
All blesied hap and true felicity,
All pleasures that the wide world may impart,
Befall thee for thy gracious good defart:
Accept my meaning as it fits my tune,
For I with thee to ashes meane to burne.

Finis.
Cantoes Verbally written.

1.

Pittie me that dies for thee.

Pittie my plainings thou true nurse of pittie,
me Me hath thy piercing lookes enioynd to sighing,
that That cannot be redressed, for thy beautie
dies Dies my fad heart, fad heart that's drown'd with weeping:
for For what so ere I thinke, or what I doe,
thee. Thee with mine eyes, my thoughts, my heart, I woe.

2.

My life you saue, if you I haue.

My My eyes, my hand, my heart seeke to maintaine
life Life for thy loue, therefore be gracious,
you You with your kindnesse haue my true heart flaine,
faue Saue my poore life, and be not tyrannous,
if If any grace do in thy breast remaine,
you You women haue bene counted amorous;
I I pine in fadnessse, all proceeds from thee,
haue Haue me in liking through thy clemencie.

3.

Do thou by me, as I by thee.

Do Do not exchange thy loue, left in exchanging,
thou Thou beare the burd'noys blot of foule difgrace,
by By that bad fault are many faults containing,
me, Me still assuring nothing is so base,
as As in the worlds eye alwayes to be ranging:
l I I sweare sweete Phœnix in this holy cafe,
by By all the sacred reliques of true loue,
Cantoes.

Thee to adore whom I still constant prove.

4.

Vountsafe to thinke how I do pine,
In loving thee that art not mine.

Vountsafe with splendor of thy gracious looke,
To grace my passions, passions still increasing:
Thinke with thy selfe how I thy absence Brooke,
How day by day, my plaints are never ceasing,
I haue for thee all companies forfooke;
Do thou reioyce, and in reioycing say,
Pine, Pine nere so much Ile take thy grieafe away.

In that great gracing word shalt thou be counted
Loving to him, that is thy true sworne lover,
Thee on the stage of honor haue I mounted,
That no base mistie cloud shall euer couer:
Art thou not faire? thy beautie do not smother;
Not in thy flowering youth, but still suppose
Mine owne to be, my neuer dying Rose.

5.

My definie to thee is knowne,
Cure thou my smart, I am thine owne.

My time in loues blind idlenesse is spent,
Definie and Fates do will it so,
To Circes charming tongue mine eare I lent,
Thee loving that doft with my overthrow:
Is not this eorld wrapt in inconstancie,
Knowne to moft men as hels miferie?

Cure of my wound is past all Phisickes skill,
Thou maift be gracious, at thy very looke

My
My wounds will close, that would my bodie kill,
Smart will be eafe that could no plaintiffs brooke;
I of my Phenix being quite forooke,
Am like a man that nothing can fulfill:
Thine euer-piercing eye of force will make me,
Owne heart, owne loue, that neuer will forfake thee.

Ore my heart your eyes do idolatrise
Ore the wide world my loue-layes lye being fending,
My loue-layes in my Loues praiie always written,
Heart comfortable motions still attending,
Your beautye and your vertuous zeale commending,
Eyes that no frofts-cold-rage hath euer bitten:
Do you then thinke that I in Loues hot fire,
Idolatriz and furphet in desire.

I had rather loue though in vaine that face,
Then haue of any other grace.

T being forc’d to carrie Venus shield,
Had rather beare a Phenix for my crest,
Rather then any bird within the field,
Loue tells me that her beautie is the beft:
Though some desire faire Venus Turtle-dowe,
In my Birds bosome refeth perfect loue.

Vaine is that blind vnskilfull heraufdrie,
That will not cause my bird that is so rare,
Face all the world for her rarietie,
Then who with her for honor may compare?
Haue we one like her for her pride of beautie,
Of all the feathered Quier in the aire?
Cantoes.

Any but unto her do owe their dutie:
Other may blaze, but I will alwayes say,
Grace whom thou lift, she beares the palme away.

8.
What ever fall, I am at call.
What thunder storms of enuie shall arise,
Euer to thee my heart is durable,
Fall fortunes wheele on me to tyrannize,
I will be always found inexorable:
Am I not then to thee most stable?
At morne, midnight, and at mid-dayes sunne,
Call when thou wilt, my deare, to thee Ie runne.

9.
I had rather loure, though in vaine that face,
Then haue of any other grace,
I now do with my loure should be releuued,
Had I my thoughts in compasse of my will,
Rather than liue and forfeit being grieued,
Loue in my breast doth wondrous things fulfill,
Though loues vnkindnesse many men do kill,
In her I truft, that is my true sworne louer,
Vaine he doth write that doth her vertues smother.

That she is faire, Nature her selfe alloweth,
Face full of beauty, eyes resembling fire,
Then my pure hart to loue thy hart still voweth,
Haue me in favour for my good desiere,
of
Of holy loue, Loues Temple to aspire;
Any but thee my thoughts will nere require,
Other sweet motions now I will conceale
Grace these rude lines that my hearts thoughts reveale.

10. Dif-
Cantoes.

10.

Disgrace not me, in loving thee.

Disgrace Disgrace be banished from thy heavenly brow,
not Not entertained of thy piercing eye,
me Me thy sweet lips, a sweet touch will allow,
in In thy faire bosom would I always lie,
loving Louing in such a downe-bed to be placed,
thee Thee for to please, my selfe for ever graced.

11.

I had rather love though in vaine that face,
Then have of any other grace.

I I lie enrich'd with gifts of great content,
had Had my desires the guerdon of good will,
rather Rather then taste of Fortunes tickle bent,
love Loue bids me die, and fcorne her witlesse skill,
though Though Loue command, Defpaire doth still attend,
in In hazard proves oft times but doubtfull end.
vaine Vaine is the loue encountred with denayes,
that That yeelds but grieue, where grace should rather grow,
face, Face full of furie, void of curteous praife:
then Then since all loue consits of weale and woe,
have Haue still in mind, that loue deferues the best,
of Of hearts the touchstone, inward motions louing,
any Any that yeelds the fruit of true-loues rest,
other Other I loue unworthe of commending,
grace Grac'd with bare beautie, beautie most offending.

12.

My selfe and mine, are always thine.

My My care to have my blooming Rose not wither,
felse Selfe-louing Enuiue shall it not denye,
and And that base weed thy growth doth seek to hinder,
mine Mine hands shall pull him vp immediatly,
are Are they not envious monsters in thine eie,
alwayses Alwayses with vaine occasions to inclose
thine. Thine euer growing beautie, like the Rose?

13.

The darting of your eies, may heale or wound.
Let not empring lookes my heart confound.
The The ey-bals in your head are Cupids fire,
.darting Darting such hot sparkles at my breft,
of Of force I am enthralled, and do desire
your Your gracious loue, to make me happie blest:
eyes Eyes, lippes, and tongue haue caufed my vnrest,
may May I vnto the height of grace aspire,
heale Heale my sicke heart with loues great grieve opprest,
or Or if to fire thou wilt not yeeld such fuell,
wound. Wound me to death, and so be counted cruell.

Let Let the wide ope-mouth'd world flaunnder the guiltie,
not Not my dead Phenix, that doth scorne such shame,
.empiring Empiring honor blots such infamie,
.lookes Lookes dart away the blemish of that name;
.my My thoughts prognosticate thy Ladies pittie:
.heart Hearts-eafe to thee, this counfell wil I giue,
.confound Confound thy foes, but let true louers liue.

14.

You are my ioy, be not so coy.
You You best belou'd, you honor of delight,
are Are the bright shin'ing Starre that I adore,
.my My eyes like Watchmen gaze within the night,
Cantoes.

15.

...Ioy fills my heart when you do shine before,
be not Be not disgrasiue to thy friend therefore:
too Too glorious are thy lookes to entertaine
coy. Coy thoughts, fell peecuith deeds, our base disdaine.

For you I die, being absent from mine eye.

For For all the holy rites that Venus vfeth,
you You I conjure to true obedience:
I I offer faith, which no kind hart refuseth,
die, Die periur'd Enuie for thy late offence,
being Being enamored of rich Beauties pride,
absent Absent, I freeze in Winters pining cold,
from From thee I fit, as if thou hadst denide,
my My loue-sicke passions twentie times retold:
eye. Eye-dazling Mifris, with a looke of pittie,
Grace my fad Song, and my hearts pining Dittie.

16.

Send me your heart, to ease my smart.

Send Send but a glaunce of amours from thine eie,
me Me will it rauish with exceeding pleasure,
your Your eye-bals do enwrap my destinie,
heart Heart sicke with forrow, forrow out of measure,
to To thinke vpon my loues continuall folly:
ease Ease thou my paine from pitties golden treausre;
my My grieue proceeds from thee, and I suppoie
smart. Smart of my smart will my lifes bloud inclofe.

17.

Seeing you haue mine, let me haue thine.

Seeing Seeing my passions are fo penetrable,
you You of all other should be pittifull,
haue Haue mind of me, and you’le be fauourable,
Cantoes.

mine Mine hart doth tell me you are mercifull,
let Let my harts loue be alwayse violable,
me Me haue you found in all things dutifull,
haue Haue me in fauour, and thy felse shalt see,
thine. Thine and none others, will I all wayes be.

18. Within thy breft, my hart doth rest.

Within Within the circuit of a Chrifall spherae,
thy Thy eyes are plaft, and vnderneath thofe eyes,
breff, Breft of hard flint, cares that do fcorne to heare
my My dayes fad gronings, and night wakings cries,
hart Hart fore ficke passions, and Loues agonies,
doth Doth it become thy beauty? no, a faine
refl. Refts on thy bright brow wrinkled with disdaine.

19. O let me heare, from thee my deare.

O O tongue thou haft blasphem’d thy holy Goddesse,
let Let me do penance for offending thee,
me Me do thou blame for my forgetfulness:
heare, Heare my submission, thou wilt succor me:
from From thy harts clofet commeth gentleness:
thee Thee hath the world admir’d for clemency,
my My hart is forrie, and Ile bite my tongue,
dear. Deare that to thee, to thee I offred wrong.

20. My Phenix rare, is all my care.

My My life, my hart, my thoughts, I dedicate,
Phenix Phenix to thee, Phenix of all beauty,
rare, Rare things in hart of thee I meditate,
is Is it not time, I come to shew my duty?
all All fauors vnto thee I confecrate,

My
Cantoes.

my My goods, my lands, my selfe, and all is thine,
care. Care those that lift, so thou faire bird be mine.

21.

I would I might, be thy delight.

I I wish for things, would they might take effect,
would Would they might end, and we enjoy our pleasure,
I I vow I would not proffered time neglect,
might, Might I but gather such vnlook't for treasure,
be Be all things envious I would the respect,
thy Thy favours in my heart I do enroule,
delight. Delight matcht with delight, doth me controule.

22.

If I you have, none else I crave.

If If adoration euer were created,
I I am a Master of that holy Art,
you You my aduotrix, whom I have admired,
haue, Haue of my true devotion bore a part:
one None but your selfe may here be nominated,
else Elfe would my tongue my true obedience thwart:
I I cannot flatter, Loue will not allow it,
crave. Craue thou my hart, on thee I will beftow it.

23.

Be you to me, as I to thee.

Be Bee the poore Bee, fuckle hony from the flower,
you You have a spacious odoriferous field,
to To taft all moyfture, where in sweet Floras bower,
me, Me shal you find submiuiously to yeeld,
as As a poore Captiue looking for the hower;
I I may haue gracious lookes, else am I kild,
to To dye by you were life, and yet thy shame,
thee. Thee would the wide world hate, my folly blame.

V 3
Cantoes.

24

You are the first, in whom I trust.

You are in your boisme hauing plac'd a light,
are Are the chiefe admirall vnto my Fleet,
the The Lanthorne for to guide me in the night,
first, Firt to the flore, where I may set my feet
in In safegard, void of Dangers cruel spight,
whom Whom in diigrace Loue and fel Eunie meet,
I I muste up my spirts, and they flie ;
trust. Trust of thy faith controules mine enemie.

25.

You are the last my loue shall taste.

You You standing on the tower of hope and feare,
are Are timerous of felfe-will foolishnesse,
the The onely Viper that doth loue-laiies teare,
last, Laft can it not, tis womans penuifhnesse,
my My kind affections can it not forbeare,
loue Loue tells me that tis bred in idelenesfie,
shall Shall such occasion hinder thee or me?
taste. Taste first the fruit, and then commend the tree.

26.

If you I had, I should be glad.

If If the Sunne shine, the haruest man is glad,
you You are my Sunne, my dayes delightfome Queene,
I I am your haruest laborer almost mad,
had, Had I not my glorious commet scene,
I I wish that I might fit within thy shade,
should Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade:
be Be not Narcifius, but be alwaies kind,
glad. Glad to obtain the thing thou neare couldft find.

27. Thou
Cantoes.

Though place be far, my heart is nar.

Though thou my Doue from me be separated,
Place, nor the distance shall not hinder me,
Be constant for a while, thou maist be thwarted,
Far, Far am I not, Ile come to succour thee.
My My heart and thine, my sweet shall nere be parted,
Heart Heart made of loue, and true simplicitie:
is Is not Loue lawlesse, full of powerfull might,
nar. Nar to my heart that still with Loue doth fight.

28.

My thoughts are dead, cause thou art sped.

My My inward Muse can sing of nought but Loue,
thoughts Thoughts are his Heralds, flying to my breast
are Are entertained, if they thence remoue,
dead, Dead shall their master be, and in vnrest;
cause Caufe all the world thy hatefnd to reprooue,
thou Thou art that All-in-all that I loue best:
art Art thou then cruel? no thou canst not be
sped. Sped with so foule a fiend as Crueltie.

29.

I send my heart to thee, where gladly I would be.

I I of all other am faire Venus thrall,
send Send me but pleafant glances of thine eie,
my My soule will leape with joy and dance withall,
heart Heart of my heart, and soules feliciteit:
to To beauties Queene my heart is sanctified,
thee. Thee aboue all things haue I deified.

Where Where is Affectious? fled to Enuies cause?
gladly Gladlie my Thoughts would beare her companie,
I I from foule bondage will my Phoenix saue,
Would she in loue requite my courtesie,

Be louing as thou art faire, else shall I sing,

Thy beautie a poifous bitter thing.

If you me iust haue knowne,
Then take me for your owne.

If you be faire, why should you be vnkind?
You haue no perfect reason for the same,
Me thinkes it were your glorie for to find
Luft meaure at my hands, but you to blame
Haue from the deepest closet of your heart,
Knowne my pure thoughts, and yet I pine in smart.

Then in the deepest meaure of pure loue,
Take pittie on the fad sicke pining foule,
Me may you count your vnknowne Turtle-Doue,
For in my bofores chamber, I enrroule
Your deepe loue-darting eie, and still will be
Owne of your owne, despight extremitie.

My heart I send, to be your friend.
My deare foules comfort, and my hopes true solace,
Heart of my heart, and my liues secret ioy,
I in conceit do thy sweete selfe embrace,
Send cloudie exhalations cleane away
to the blind mistie North, there for to stay:
Be thou my arbour, and my dwelling place,
Your armes the circling folds that shall enclose me,
Friend me with this, and thou shalt never lofe me.

I have no loue, but you my dowe.
Cantoes.

I pine in sadnesse, and in sad fongs singing
haue Haue spent my time, my ditties harsh and ill,
no No fight but thy faire fight would I be seeing:
love Loue in my bosome keepe his castle still,
but But being dispeuered I sit alwayes pining,
you You do procure me Niobes cup to fill,
my My dutie yet remembred I dare proue,
done. Doues haue no power for to exchange their Loue.

34.
I will not change, though some be strange.

I I cannot stir one foote from Venus gate,
will Will you come sit, and beeare me company?
not Not one but you can make me fortunate:
change Change when thou wilt, it is but cruelty,
though Though vnto women it is giuen by fate,
some Some gentle minds thefe ranging thoughts do hate:
be Be thou of that mind, else I will conclude,
strange Strange haft thou alter'd Loue, to be fo rude.

Thoughts keepe me waking.

Thoughts Thoughts like the ayrie puffing of the wind,
keepe Keepe a sweet faining in my Loue-sicke breft,
me Me still assuring that thou art most kind,
waking Waking in pleasure, sleepeing fure in reft:
That no sleepees dreamings, nor no waking cries,
To our sweet louing thoughts, sweet reft denies.

Seeing that my heart made choise of thee,
Then frame thy selfe to comfort me.

Seeing Seeing Loue is pleaf’d with Loues enamor’d ioyes,
that That Fortune cannot croffe sweet Cupids will,
Cantoes.

my My Loues content, not with fond wanton toyes:

heart Hart of my hart doth Loues vnkindnesse kill,

made Made by fond tongues ypbraiding hurtfull skill:

choife Choife now is fram’d to further all annoyes:

Of all sweete thoughts, of all sweete happie reft,

thee, Thee have I chofe, to make me three times blest.

Then Then let our holy true aspiring loue,

frame Frame vs the sweetest musick of Desire:

thy Thy words shall make true concord, and remoue

selfe Selfe-will it selfe, for Venus doth require

to To be acquainted with thy beauties fire:

comfort Comfort my heart, for comfort tells me this,

me. Me haft thou chofe of all to be thy blisse.

My heart is bound to fauour thee,
Then yeeld in time to pittie me.

My My Phenix hath two starre-resembling Eyes,

heart Heart full of pittie, and her smiling looke,

is Is of the Sunnes complexion, and replies,

bound Bound for performance by faire Venus booke
to To faithfulnessse, which from her nurfe she tooke:

favour Fauour in her doth spring, in vertuous praife,

thee, Thee Eloquence it selfe shall seeke to raife.

Then Then in performance of this gracious right,
yeeld Yeeld vp that piteous heart to be my Louer,
in In recompence how I haue lou’d thy fight,
time Time shal from time to time to thee discouer:
to To thee is giuen the power of Cupids might,
pittie Pittie is writ in gold vpon thy hart,
Cantoes.

Me. Me promising to cure a cureless smart.

I joy to find a constant mind.

I am encompass round about with joy,
Joy to enjoy my sweete, for she protesteth
To comfort me that languish in annoy,
Find ease if any sorrow me molesteth,
A happie man that such a love possesseth:
Constant in words, and always vows to love me,
Mind me she will, but yet she dares not prove me.

My heart by hope doth live,
Desire no joy doth give.

My My loue and dearest life to thee I confecrate,
Heart Heart of my hearts deare treasure, for I strive
by By thy deuinenesse too deuine to nominate,
hope Hope of approved faith in me must thrive:
doth Doth not the God of Loue that's most deuine,
lieu. Lieue in thy bosomes closet and in mine?

Desire Desire to that unspeakable delight,
no No sharpe conceited wit can nere fet downe,
joy Joy in the world to worldly mens ey-fight,
doth Doth but ignoble thy imperiall crowne:
gieu. Give thou the onset and the foe will flye,
Amazed at thy great commanding beautie;

Death shall take my life away,
Before my friendship shall decay.

Death Death that heart-wounding Lord, sweet louers foe,
shall Shall lay his Ebone darts at thy faire feete,
Cantoes.

*take* Take them into thy hand and worke my woe,
*my*  My woe that thy minds anguifh will regret:
*lif*  Life, hart, joy, greeting and all my pleasure,
*away.*  Away are gone and fled from my deare treasure.

*Before* Before one ftaine shal blot thy scarlet die,
*my*  My bloud shal shall like a fountaine wafh the place,
*friendship* Friendship it selfe knit with mortality,
*shall*  Shall thy immortal blemifh quite disgrace:
*decay.*  Decay shal all the world, my Loue in thee
Shall liue vnstain'd vntoucht perpetually

*Let truth report what hart I beare,*
*To her that is my dearest deare.*

*Let*  Let not foule pale-fac'd Enuy be my foe,
*truth*  Truth must declare my spotlesse loyalty,
*report*  Report vnto the world shal plainly show
*what*  What hart deare Loue I alwayes bore to thee,
*heart*  Hart fram'd of perfect Loues sincerity:
*I*  I cannot flatter, this I plainly say,
*beare,*  Beare with falle words, ile beare the blame away.

*To*  To change in loue is a bafe simple thing,
*her*  Her name will be orestain'd with periury,
*that*  That doth delight in nothing but difembling?
*is*  Is it not shame so for to wrong faire beauty,
*my*  My true approued toung muft anfwer I
*dearest*  Dearest beware of this, and learne of me,
*deare.*  Deare is that Loue combin'd with Chaftity.

*Scene hath the eye, choien hath the hart:*  *Firme*
Cantoes.

Firme is the faith, and loth to depart.

Scene Seene in all learned arts is my beloved,
hath Hathanie one so faire a Loue as I?
the The stony-hearted savage hath she moved,
eie, Eye for her eye tempts blushing chastitie,
chopen Chosen to make their nine a perfect ten,
hath Hath the sweet Muses honored her agent.

The The bright-ey'd wandering world doth alwayes seek,
heart, Heart-curing comfort doth proceed from thee,
firme Firme truist, pure thoughts, a mind that's alwayes meeke,
is Is the true Badge of my loues Soueraignty:
the The honor of our age, the onely faire,
faith, Faiths misfries, and Truths deare adopted heire.

And And those that do behold thy heavenly beautie,
loth Loth to forfake thee, spoile themselfes with gazing,
to To thee all humane knees proffer their dutie,
depart. Depart they will not but with sad amazing:

To dimme their ey-fight looking gainst the sunne,
Whose hot reflecting beames will neare be donne.

No woe so great in loue, not being heard,
No plague so great in loue, being long deferd.

No No tongue can tell the world my hearts deepe anguish,
woe Woe, and the minds great perturbation
so So trouble me, that day and night I languish,
great Great cares in loue seake my destruction:
in In all things gracious, sauing onely this,
loue. Loue is my foe, that I account my blisse,
Not' Not all the world could proffer me disgrace,
being Being maintained fairest faire by thee,
hard, Hard-fortune shall thy servant nere outface,
no No stormes of Discord should discomfort me:
plague Plague all the world with frownes my Turtle-Doue,
so So that thou smile on me and be my loue.
great Great Mifris, matchless in thy soueraignty,
in In lue and recompence of my affection,
loue Loue me againe, this do I beg of thee,
being Being bound by Cupid's kind dirextion:
long Long haue I fu'd for grace, yet stil I find,
deferd. Deferd I am by her that's most vnkind.

And if my loue shall be releu'd by thee,
   My heart is thine, and so account of me.
And And yet a stedfast hope maintains my hart,
if If anie faour faourably proceede
my My deare from thee, the curer of my smart,
loue Loue that eafeth minds opprest with neede,
shalt be Shall be the true Phisition of my grieve,
releu'd Releeu'd alone by thee that yeeld't reliefe.
by By all the holy rites that Loue adoreth,
thee, Thee haue I lou'd aboue the loue of any,
My My heart in truth thee awayses faoureth,
heart Heart freed from any one, then freed from many:
is Is it not base to change? yea so they say,
thine Thine owne confezion loue denies delay.
and And by the high imperiall seate of loue,
so So am I forc'd by Cupid for to sweare,
account Account I must of thee my Turtle-doue,
Cantoes.

Of thee that Times long memorie shall outweare:
Me by thy steadfast truth and faith denying,
To promise any hope on thee relying.

My passions are a hell and death to me,
Vnlesse you feele remorce and pitie me.

My sweetest thoughts sweet loue to thee I send,
Passions deeply ingrafted, vnremovable
Are my affections, and I must commend
A steadfast trust in thee most admirable:
Hell round enwraps my bodie by disdain,
And then a heauen if thou loue againe.

Death haunts me at the heeles, yet is affraid,
To touch my boforme, knowing thou loueft me,
Me sometimes terrifying by him betraid,
Vnlesse vnlesse sweete helpfull succour come from thee:
You You well I know, the honor of mine eie,
Feele Feele some remorcesfull helpe in miserie.

Remorse fits on thy brow triumphantly,
And smiles vpon my face with gentle cheere;
Pittie Pittie, loues gracious mother dwels in thee,
Me sauouring, abandoning base feare,
Death is amazed, viewing of thy beautie,
Thinking thy selfe perfect eternitie.

My purest loue doth none but thee adore,
My heartie thoughts are thine, I loue no more.

My My comfortable sweete approved Mistris,
Purest Purest of all the pure that nature framed,
Louve Loue in the height of all our happiness,
doth Doth tell me that thy vertues are not named:
none None can giue forth thy constancie approved,
but But I that tride thy faith, my best beloued.

Thee Thee in the temple of faire Venus shrine
adore, Adore I must, and kneele vpon my knee,
my My fortunes tell me plaine that thou art mine,
heartie Heartie in kindnesse, yeelding vnto me:
thoughts Thoughts the much-great diufturers of our rest
are Are fled, and lodge in some vnquiet brefet.

Thine Thine euer vnremou'd and still kept word,
I I pondred oftentimes within my mind:
love Loue told me that thou never wouldst afford,
none None other grace but that which I did find,
more. More comfortable did this found in mine eare,
      Then sweet releafement to a man in feare.

I do refolue to love no love but thee,
Therefore be kind, and favour none but me.

I I sometime sitting by my selfe alone,
do Do meditate of things that are ensuing,
refolue Resolue I do that thou must end my mone,
to To strengthen Loue if loue should be declining.
love Loue in thy boosome dwells, and tells me still,
no No envious stormes shal thwart affection will.

Loue Loue hath amaz'd the world, plac'd in thy brow,
but But yet flauish disdain fekees for to croffe
thee Thee and my selfe, that haue combind our vow,
therefore Therefore that monster cannot worke our losse:

Be
Be all the winds of Anger bent to rage,
Kind shalt thou find me, thus my hart I gage.

And from my faith that’s vnremoueable,
Fauour be seate in thy maiden eie,
None can receiue it loue more acceptable
But I my selfe, waiting thy pitying mercie:
Me haft thou made the substance of delight,
By thy faire funne-reflecting heavenly light.

Ah quoth she, but where is true Loue?
Where quoth he? where you and I loue.
I quoth she, were thine like my loue.
Why quoth he, as you loue I loue.

Ah thou imperious high commaunding Lord,
(Quoth he) to Cupid gentle god of Loue,
He that I honor most will not accord,
But stries against thy justice from aboue,
Where I have promised faith, my plighted word
Is quite refused with a base reprooue:
True loving honour this I onely will theee,
Louve thy true loue, or else fale loue will kill me.

Where shall I find a heart that’s free from guile?
Quoth Faithfulness, within my louers breit.
He at thefe pleasing words began to smile,
Where Anguish wrapt his thoughts in much vnrest:
You did with pretie tales the time beguile,
And made him in conceited pleasure blest,
I grac’d the words spoke with so sweet a tong,
Louve being the holy burden of your song.
Cantoes.

I
I grac'd your song of Loue, but by the way,

quoth
(Quoth true Experience,) fit and you shall see,

she
She will enchant you with her heavenly lay:

were
Were you fram'd all of heavenly Pollicie,

thine
Thine eares should drinke the poison of Delay,

like
Like as I said, so did it prove to be,

my
My Mistress beautie grac'd my Mistress song,

love
Loue pleas'd more with her Eyes than with her Tong.

Why
Why then in deepeness of sweete Loues delight,

quoth
Quoth she, the perfect Mistresses of Deire,

he
He that I honor most bard from my sight,

as
As a bright Lampe kindles Affections fire:

you
You Magicke operations worke your spight,

love
Loue to the mountaine top of will aspires:

I
I chalenge all in all, and this I sing,

love
Loue is a holy Saint, a Lord, a King.

Ah Loue, where is thy faith in sweete love?
Why love where hearts conioyne in true love:
Why then my heart hopes of thy Loues love,
Else let my heart be plagued with false love.

Why art thou strange to me my Deare?
Not strange when as I love my deare;
But thou esteemst not of thy deare.
Yes when I know my dearest deare.

Why is my Loue so false to me?
My love is thine if thou lovest me:
Thee I love, else none contents me.
Cantoes.

If thou loue me, it not repents me.

Ah quoth he, wher's faith in sweete loue?
Why quoth she, conioynd in true loue.
Ah quoth he, I hope of thy loue:
Else quoth she, Ile die a false loue.

Ah my Deare, why dost thou kill me?
No my deare, Loue doth not will me.
Then in thine armes thou shalt enfould me.
I, my deare, there thou shalt hold me:
And holding me betweene thine armes,
I shall embrace sweete Louers Charmes.

Though death from life my bodie part,
Yet neare the leffe keepe thou my hart.

Though some men are inconstant, fond, and sckle,
Deaths aathie count'nanse shall not alter me:
From glasse they take their substance being brittle,
Life, Heart, and Hand shall awaies favour thee,
My Pen shall write thy vertues registrie,
Bodie conioyn'd with bodie, free from strife,
Part not in sunder till we part our life.

Yet my soules life to my deare lifes concluding,
Nere let Absurditie that villaine, theefe,
The monster of our time, mens praine deriding,
Lesse in perfeuerance, of small knowledge chiefe,
Keep the base Gate to things that are excelling,
Thou by faire vertues praine maift yeeld reliefe,

Y 2
my heart. My lines are thine, then tell Absurditie,
Hart of my deare, shall blot his villainie.

Where hearts agree, no strife can be.

Where Where faithfulnesse unites it selfe with loue,
hearts Hearts pin'd with sorrow cannot disagree:
agree, Agree they must of force, for from aboue
no No wind oppressing mischiefe may we fee:
strife Strife is quite banisht from our companie.
can Can I be fad? no, Pleasure bids me sing,
be. Be blessed, for sweete Loue's a happie thing.

Thy vowes my loue and heart hath wonne,
Till thy vntruth hath it vndone.

Thy Thy true unspeakable fidelitie,
vowes Vowes made to Cupid and his faire-fac'd mother,
my My thoughts haue wonne to vertuous chaftitie:
loue Loue thee alone I will, and loue none other,
and And if thou find not my loues fecrecie,
heart Heart fauouring thee, then do thou Fancie smother.
hath Hath all the world such a true Bird as I,
wonne, Wonne to this fauour by my constancie?

Till Till that leane fleshles cripple, pale-fac'd Death,
thy Thy lovely Doue shall pierce with his fell dart,
vntruth Vntruth in my faire boforme nere takes breath:
hath Hath any loue such a firme constant heart?
it It is thine owne, vnlesse thou keepe it still
vndone. Vndone shall I be, cleane against my will.

Time
Cantoes.

Time shall tell thee, how well I love thee,

Time the true proportioner of things,
shall Shall in the end shew my affection,
tell Tell thee from whence all these my passions spring,
thee, Thee honoring that of love have made election:
how How often I have made my offerings,
well Well knowne to Venus and her lovely sonne,
I I to the wide world shall my passions runne:
love Love is a Lord of hearts, a great Commander,
thee Thee challenging to be my chief defender.

Most divine and sacred,
Haue I found your love unsotted.

Most Moft reuerend Miftris honor of mine eie,
divine Deuine, most holy in religious love,
and And Lord hiselfe of my hearts emperie,
sacred Sacred in thoughts admitted from aboue,
haue Haue in remembrance what affection willeth:
I I it reuies the mind, and the mind killeth.
found Found haue I written in your skie-like brow,
your Your neuer ceasing kind humilitie,
love Love for your sake to me hath made a vow,
unsotted Unsotted shall I find your constancie,

And without staine, to thy pure stainlesse beautie,
Shall my hearts boosome offer vp his dutie.

The want of thee is death to me.
The The day shall be all night, and night all day
want Want of the Sunne and Moone to give vs light.

Y 3
Of a blacke darkness, before thy loue will stay
Thee from thy pleasure of thy hearts delight.
Is not Affection nurse to long Delay?
Deaths Messenger, that barres me from thy sight?
To be in absence, is to burne in fire,
Me round enwrapping with hot Loues desire.

I loue to be beloved.
I do acknowledge of all constant pure,
Loue is my true thoughts herrald, and Ile sing
To be of thy thoughts closet, firme and sure,
Be the world still thy vertues deifying:
Beloued of the moft, yet moft of many,
Affirme my deare, thou art beloued of any.

I scorne if I be scorned.
I being not belou'd by my affection,
Scorne within my thoughts fuch bad disgrace,
If thou of me do make thy firme elecution,
To none other loue will giue my place:
Be thou my Saint, my bosomes Lord to proue,
Scorned of all, Ile be thy trueft loue.

The heart's in paine, that loues in vaine.
The grieue poore louers feele being not beloued,
Hearts anguish, and sad lookes may teftifie:
In night they sleepe not, and in day perplexed,
Paine, Paine of this sorrow makes them melancholy,

That
Cantoes. 167

That in disdaine their silly minds are vexed,
Loues terror is so sharpe, so strong, so mightie,
In all things vnrefiutable, being alivie,
Vaine he resists that gainst loues force doth strive.

*What greater ioy can be then this,*  
*Where loue enjoys each louers wish?*

What may we count the world if loue were dead?  
Greater in woe, then woe it selfe can be,  
Joy from mans secret boosome being fled,  
Cannot but kill the heart immediatly,  
Because by joy the heart is nourished:  
Then entertaine sweete loue within thy breft,  
This motion in the end will make thee blest.

Where two harts are unitet all in one,  
Loue like a King, a Lord, a Soueraigne,  
Eniowes the throne of blisse to sit vpon,  
Each sad heart craving aid, by Cupid flaine:  
Louers be merrie, Loue being dignified,  
Wish what you will, it shall not be denied.

Finis. quoth R. Chester.
HEREAFTER
FOLLOWV DIVERSE
Poeticall Essaies on the former Subject; viz: the Turtle and Phoenix.

Done by the best and chieuest of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes:
never before extant.

And (now first) consecrated by them all generally,
to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight,
Sir John Salisburie.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

Anchora Spei.

MDCI.
INVOCATIO,
Ad Apollinem & Pierides.

Ood Fate, faire Thesopian Deities,
And thou bright God, whose golden Eies,
Serue as a Mirrour to the siluer Morne,
When (in the height of Grace) she doth adorne
Her Chryftall preffence, and inuotes
The euer-youthfull Bromius to delights,
Sprinkling his fute of Vert with Pearle,
And (like a loose enamour'd Girle)
Ingles his cheeke; which (waxing red with fame)
Inflinc'ts the fenfleffe Grapes to do the fame,
Till by his sweete refleffion fed,
They gather spirit, and grow discoloured.

To your high influence we commend
Our following Labours, and fufpend
Our mutuall palmes, prepar'd to gratulate
An honorable friend: then propagate
With your ilufrate faculties
Our mentall powers: Instruc't vs how to rife
In weghty Numbers, well pursu'd,
And varied from the Multitude:
Be lauih once, and plenteoufly profufe
Your holy waters, to our thirftie Mufe,
That we may giue a Round to him
In a Caflalian boule, crown'd to the brim.

Vatum Chorus.
Z 2.
To the worthily honor'd Knight
Sir John Salisbury.

Noblest of minds, here do the Muses bring
Vnto your safer judgements tafl,
Pureixon that flow'd from the Pierian springs,
Not filch'd, nor borrow'd, but exhaust
By the flame-hair'd Apollos hand:
And at his well-observer'd command,
For you infus'd in our retentive braine,
Is now diffus'd thence, through our quilles again.

Value our verse, as you approve the worth;
And thinke of what they are create,
No Mercenarie hope did bring them forth,
They tread not in that servile Gate;
But a true Zeale, borne in our spirites,
Responsible to your high Merites,
And an Invention, freer then the Times,
These were the Parents to our severall Rimes,
Wherein Kind, Learned, Envious, all may view,
That we have writ worthy our selves and you.

Vatum Chorus.
The first.

The silver Vault of heaven, hath but one Eye,
   And that's the Sun: the foule-maskt Ladie, Night
(Which blots the Cloudes, the white Booke of the Skie,)
But one sickle Phæbe, fever-shaking Light:
   The heart, one string: so, thus in single turns,
The world one Phænix, till another burnes.

The burning.

Suppose here burnes this wonder of a breath,
   In righteous flames, and holy-heated fires:
(Like Mucicke which doth rapt it selfe to death,
Sweet'ning the inward roome of mans Desires;)
   So she waft's both her wings in piteous strife;
"The flame that eates her, feedes the others life:
   Her rare-dead ashes, fill a rare-liue vrne:
"One Phænix borne, another Phænix burne.

Ignoto.

Z 3
Let the bird of lowdest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald fad and trumpet be:
To whose found chast wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foule precurre of the fiend,
Augour of the feuers end,
To this troupe come thou not neere.

From this Session interdict
Euer foule of tyrant wing,
Saue the Eagle feath'rd King,
Keepe the obequie fo stric.

Let the Priest in Surples white,
That defunctue Musicke can,
Be the death-deuining Swan,
Left the Requiem lacke his right.

And thou treble dated Crow,
That thy fable gender mak't.
With the breath thou giu'ft and tak'ft,
Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the Antheme doth commence,
Loue and Conftancie is dead,
Phoenix and the Turtle fled,
In a mutuall flame from hence.

So they loued as loue in twaine,
Had the essence but in one,

Two
Two distincts, Division none,
Number there in love was slaine.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance and no space was seen,
Twixt this Turtle and his Queene;
But in them it were a wonder.

So betwixt them Love did shine,
That the Turtle saw his right,
Flaming in the Phoenix flight;
Either was the others mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the selfe was not the same:
Single Natures double name,
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason in itselfe confounded,
Saw Division grow together,
To themselfes yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded.

That it cried, how true a twaine,
Seemeth this concordant one,
Love hath Reason, Reason none,
If what parts, can so remaine.

Whereupon it made this Throne,
To the Phoenix and the Dove,
Co-supremes and stars of Love,
As Chorus to their Tragique Scene.
Threnos.

Beadie, Truth, and Raritie,
Grace in all simplicitie,
Here enclos'de, in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phænix nest,
And the Turtles loyall breft,
To eternitie doth reft.

Leauing no posteritie,
Twas not their infirmitie,
It was married Chaftitie.

Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this vrne let those repaire,
That are either true or faire,
For these dead Birds, sigh a prayer.

William Shake-speare.
A narration and description of a
most exact wondrous creature, arising
out of the Phoenix and Turtle
Doues ashes.

O Twas a mouing Epicidium!
Can Fire? can Time? can blackest Fate confume
So rare creation? No; tis thwart to fence,
Corruption quakes to touch such excellence,
Nature exclames for Iustice, Iustice Fate,
Ought into nought can never remigrate.
Then looke; for fee what glorious issue (brighter
Then clearest fire, and beyond faith farre whiter
Then Dius tier) now springs from yonder flame?
Let me stand numb’d with wonder, never came
So strong amazement on astonish’d eie
As this, this meatureless pure Raritie.

Lo now; th’ xtracture of deuinest Essence,
The Soule of heauens labour’d Quintesseence,
(Peans to Phaebus) from deare Louers death,
Takes sweete creation and all blesling breath.

What strange effect is’t that from the Turtles ashes
Assumes such forme? (whose splendor clearer flashes,
Then mounted Delius) tell me genuine Mufe.

Now yeeld your aides, you spirites that infuse
A sacred rapture, light my weaker eie:
Raife my inuention on swift Phantastie,
That whilst of this fame Metaphysicall
God, Man, nor Woman, but elix’d of all
My labouring thoughts, with strain’d ardor fing,
My Mufe may mount with an uncommon wing.

A a
The description of this Perfection.

Dares then thy too audacious sense
Presume, define that boundlesse Ens,
That amplest thought transcendent?
O yet vouchsafe my Muse, to greete
That wondrous rareness, in whose sweete
All praise begins and endeth.
Divinest Beautie? that was lightest,
That adorn'd this wondrous Brightest,
Which had nought to be corrupted.
In this, Perfection had no meane
To this, Earths purest was vn cleanse
Which virtue even instructed.
By it all Beings deck'd and stain'd,
Ideas that are idly fain'd
Onely here subsist inuested.
Dread not to giue strain'd praiue at all,
No speech is Hyperbolical,
To this perfection blessed.
Thus clofe my Rimes, this all that can be sayd,
This wonder neuer can be flattered.

To Perfection.
A Sonnet.

Oft haue I gazed with aptonish'd eye,
At monstrous issues of ill shaped birth,
When I haue seene the Midwife to old earth,
Nature produce most strange deformitie.
So have I marueld to obserue of late,  
   Hard sauor'd Feminines so scant of faire,  
   That Maskes so choicely, sheltred of the aire,  
As if their beauties were not theirs by fate.

But who so weake of obseruation,  
   Hath not discern'd long since how vertues wanted,  
   How parcimoniously the heauens haue scanted,  
Our chieffe part of adornation.

But now I ceaue to wonder, now I find  
   The caufe of all our monstrous penny-showes:  
Now I conceit from whence wits scarc'tie growes,  
Hard fauour'd features, and defects of mind.  
   Nature long time hath flor'd vp vertue, fairenesse,  
Shaping the rest as foiles vnto this Rarenesse.

---

**Perfectioni Hymnus.**

What should I call this creature,  
   Which now is growne vnto maturitie?  
How should I blase this feature  
   As firme and constant as Eternitie?  
Call it Perfection? Fie!  
   'Tis perfecter the brightest names can light it:  
Call it Heauens mirror?  
   Alas, best attributes can neuer right it.  
Beauties resiftlesfe thunder?  
   All nomination is too straighe of fence:  
Deepe Contemplations wonder?  
   That appellation glie this excellence.  
Within all best confin'd,  
   (Now feebler *Genius* end thy slighter riming)

A a 2

---

187
No Suberbes* all is Mind,
As farre from spot, as possible defining.

John Marston.

Peristeros : or the male Turtle.

Not like that loose and partie-liuer'd Sect
Of idle Louers, that (as different Lights,
On colour'd subiects, different hewes reflect);
Change their Affections with their Misstris Sights,
That with her Praife, or Dispraife, drowne, or frote,
And must be fed with frefh Conceits, and Fashions;
Neuer waxe cold, but die: loue not, but dote:
"Loues fires, flaid Judgement blow, not humorous Pat-
Whose Loues vpon their Louers pomp depend,
And quench as falt as her Eyes sparkle twinkles,
"(Nought lafts that doth to outward worth contend,
"Al Loue in smooth browes born is tomb'd in wrinkles.)

* The Turtle. But like the consecrated *Bird of loue,
* The Phoenix. Whose whole lifes hap to his *fole-mate alluded,
Whome no proud flockes of other Foules could movue,
But in her felse all companie concluded.
She was to him th' Analisde World of pleafure,
Her firmenesse cloth'd him in varietie;
Exceffe of all things, he ioyd in her meafure,
Mourn'd when she mourn'd, and dieth when she dies.
Like him I bound th' inftinct of all my powres,
In her that bounds the Empire of defert,
And Time nor Change (that all things else deuoures,
But truth eterniz'd in a constant heart)
Can change me more from her, then her from merit,
That is my forme, and giues my being, spirit.
Praeludium.

We must sing too? what Subject shall we choose?
Or whose great Name in Poets Heauen use,
For the more Countenance to our Aelian Mufe?

Hercules? alas his bones are yet sore,
With his old earthly Labors; t' exact more
Of his dull Godhead, were Sinne: Let's implore

Phœbus? No: Tend thy Cart still. Envious Day
Shall not give out, that we haue made thee slay,
And foundred thy hote Teame, to tune our Lay.

Nor will we beg of thee, Lord of the Vine,
To raise our spirites with thy conjuring Wine,
In the green circle of thy Iuy twine.

Pallas, nor thee we call on, Mankind Maide,
That (at thy birth) mad'lt the poore Smith afraide,
Who with his Axe thy Fathers Mid-wife plaide.

Go, crampe dull Mars, light Venus, when he furs,
Or with thy Tribade Trine, invent new sports,
Thou, nor their loufenesse with our Making forts.

Let the old Boy your sone ply his old Taske
Turne the stale Prologue to some painted Maske,
His Absence in our Verfe is all we aske.
Hermes the cheater, cannot mixe with us,
Though he would steale his sisters Pegafus,
And rifle him; or pawne his Petafus.

Nor all the Ladies of the Thespian Lake,
(Though they were crusht into one forme) could make
A Beauty of that Merit, that should take

Our Muse vp by Commission: No, we bring
Our owne true Fire; Now our Thought takes wing
And now an Epode to deep eares we sing.

**Epos.**

"N ot to know Vice at all, and keepe true State,
   "Is Vertue; and not Fate:
   "Next to that Vertue, is, to know Vice well,
   "And her blacke spight expell.
Which to effect (since no breft is so sure,
   Or safe, but shee'l procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
   Of Thoughts, to watch and ward
At th' Eye and Eare, (the Ports vnto the Mind;) 
   That no strange or vnkind
Obiect arrive there, but the Heart (our Spie)
   Gieue knowledge instantly.
To wakefull Reafon, our Affections King:
   Who (in th' examining)
Will quickly taste the Treafon, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.

"Tis the securest Policye we have,
    "To make our Sense our Slave.
But this fair course is not embrac'd by many;
    By many? scarce by any:
For either our Affections do rebel,
    Or else the Sentinel,
(That shal ring lorum to the Heart) doth sleepe,
    Or some great Thought doth keepe
Backe the Intelligence, and falsely sweares
    They'r safe, and idle Pears.
Whereof the loyal Conscience do complaines.
    Thus by these subtill trains,
Do seuerall Passions still invade the Mind,
    And strike our Reason blind:
Of which vffurping ranke, some have thought Lous,
    The first; as prone to moue
Most frequent Tumults, Horrors, and Vnrests,
    In our enflamed breasts.
But this doth from their cloud of Error grow,
    Which thus we ouerblow.
The thing they here call Lous, is blind Defire,
    Arm'd with Bow, Shafts, and Fire;
Inconstant like the Sea, of whence 'tis borne,
    Rough, swelling, like a Storme:
With whomse who failes, rides on the surge of Fear,
    And boiles as if he were
In a continuall Tempest. Now true Lous
    No such effects doth proue:
That is an Essence most gentile, and fine.
    Pure, perfect; nay divine:
It is a golden Chaine let down from Heauen,
Whose linkes are bright, and even
That falls like Sleepe on Louers; and combines
The soft and sweetest Minds
In equal knots: This beares no Brands nor Darts
To murder different harts,
But in a calme and God-like vnitie,
Preferues Communitie.
O who is he that (in this peace) enjoyes
Th' Elixir of all ioyes?
(A Forme more freth then are the Eden bowers,
And lasting as her flowers:
Richer then Time, and as Times Vertue rare,
Sober, as faddest Care,
A fixed Thought, an Eye vntaught to glance ;)
Who (bleft with fuch high chance)
Would at fuggfeftion of a flleepe Defire
Caff himfelfe from the Spire
Of all his Happineffe? But foft: I heare
Some vicious Foose draw neare,
That cries we dreame ; and fweares, there's no fuch thing
As this chaffe Love we finge.
Peace Luxurie, thou art like one of thofe
Who (being at fea) fuppofe
Because they moue, the Continent doth fo:
No (Vice) we let thee know,
Though thy wild Thoughts with Sparrowes wings do flie,
"Turtles can chaftly die;
And yet (in this t'expreffe our felfe more cleare)
We do not number here
Such Spirites as are onely continent,
Because Luftes meanes are fpent:
Or thofe, who doubt the common mouth of Fame,

Because
And for their Place, or Name,
Cannot so safely finne; Their Chaflitie
Is mere Necesfitie,
Nor meane we those, whom Vowes and Conscience
Haue fild with Abstinence:
(Though we acknowledge who can so abstaine,
Makes a most blessed gaine:
"He that for loue of goodnesse hateth ill,
"Is more Crowne-worthy still,
"Then he which for finnes Penaltie forbeares,
"His Heart finnes, though he feares.)
But we proposte a person like our Dow,:
Grac'd with a Phœnix loue:
A beauty of that cleare and sparkling Light,
Would make a Day of Night,
And turne the blackest sorrowes to bright ioyes:
Whole Od'rous breath destroyes
All tansfe of Bitternesse, and makes the Ayre
As sweete as she is faire:
A Bodie so harmoniously compos'd,
As if Nature divido'd
All her best Symmetrie in that one Feature:
O, so divine a Creature
Who could be false too? chiefly when he knowes
How onely the bestowes
The wealthy treasure of her Loue in him;
Making his Fortunes swim
In the full floud of her admir'd perfection?
What sauage, brute Affection,
Would not be fearefull to offend a Dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble and right generous Mind,
(To vertuous moodes enclin'd)
That knowes the weight of Guilt: He will refraine
From thoughts of such a straine:
And to his Sense obiect this Sentence euer,
"Man may securely sinne, but safely never."

Ben Johnson.

The Phoenix Analys'd.

Ow, after all, let no man
Receive it for a Fable,
If a Bird so amiable,
Do turne into a Woman.

Or (by our Turtles Augure)
That Nature's fairest Creature,
Proue of his Mistress Feature,
But a bare Type and Figure.

Ode ἐνθονυμαστική.

Splendor! O more then mortall,
For other formes come short all
Of her illustrate brightnesse,
As farre as Sinne's from lightnesse.

Her wit as quicke, and sprightfull
As fire; and more delightfull
Then the flolne sports of Louers,
When night their meeting couers.

Judgement
Judgement (adornd with Learning)
Doth shine in her discerning,
Cleare as a naked vestall
Closte in an orbe of Christall.

Her breath for sweete exceeding
The Phanix place of breeding,
But mixt with found, transcending
All *Nature* of commending.

Alas: then whither wade I,
In thought to praise this *Ladie,*
When seeking her renowning,
My selfe am so neare drowning?

Retire, and say; Her *Graces*
Are deeper then their *Faces:*
Yet shee's nor nice to shew them,
Nor takes she pride to know them.

*Ben: Johnson.*

FINIS.
[In consequence of Dr. Grosart having top-paged his Notes from the foot-pagings of his Text, the top-numbers 189—196 are wanting. The Notes begin with 197.]
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The References are to the Pagination at the bottom, not at the top.

Title-page (1601), p. 1. On this see our Introduction. Therein the significance of these words, "Loves Martyr"—"Rosaline Complaint"—"truth of Lorn"—"the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle"—"enterlaced with much varietie and raritie"—"now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Celiano"—"some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers"—"whose names are subscribed to their severall works, upone the first subject: viz. the Phoenix and Turtle," &c., are elucidated. The Latin motto is from Martial, Epigr. i. lxvi. 9.

(1611), p. 7. On this, similarly see as above. "Anualls" is a misprint of the original for "Annals."

Epistle-dedicatory, pp. 3, 4. SIR JOHN SALISBURY. See Introduction for full notices of this specially "honored Knight." Page 3, l. 8, "Pace et vola, nobile"—see our Introduction on this motto; l. 14, "ripe juding" = ripe-judging; ll. 16-17, "his owne child to be fairest although an ethiopian"—a proverbial saying found in all languages; cf. Love's L. L., iv. 3, "Ethiops . . . their sweet complexion"; l. 18, "infant vit" = first literary production—answering to the title-page "the first Essay of a new British Poet." Page 4, ll. 6-7, "To the World," &c. = this shews that "Imprinted for E. B." does not mean a privately-printed book, but one 'published' for 'learned' and 'vulgar,' if so they were minded to buy.

The Authors request to the Phoenix, p. 5. For abundant proofs that by the 'Phoenix' was meant Queen Elizabeth, and by the 'Turtle-dove' the Earl of Essex—see our Introduction; also the same for the further confirmation herein of Shakespeare's having favoured Essex. Note—this is the 'Author's request,' not a translation. Line 1, "beauteous Bird of any" = the most "beauteous" of "any" one, and of all birds; l. 9, "preying" = surpassing; l. 12, "Endeavored have to praise in praizing thee" = noticeable and noticed in our Introduction.

To the kind Reader, p. 6, l. 1, "the face of Troy" = Homer; l. 2, "Pryams murdred Sonnes" = Homer; l. 9, "nor Diomede full" = Virgil; ll. 4-5, "Of Cæsars Victories," &c., &c. = Shakespeare—"Julius Cesar" is now generally attributed to 1599-1601; l. 8, "untuned stringed" = untuned-stringed. The motto 'Mea mecum Porto,' are found in Emblem books under a tortoise.
Notes and Illustrations.

Page 9, Heading, l. 2, "Metaphorically applied to Dame Nature"—See page 232 on this; l. 4, "high Star-chamber" = in the starry sphere—a sphere above the mundane; l. 6, "heavie burdend" = heavy-burdened; st. 2, l. 5, "Lording cowardice"—on this allusion, see Introduction; l. 6, "fond" = foolish; st., "nice" = precise, scrupulous, as in Shakespeare, frequenter; st. 4, l. 1, "Imperator" = supreme ruler, emperor (so Love’s L. L., iii, l. 187)—one of Jupiter’s titles was "Imperator," and "firie chair" is used because he was the prince of light and thunder: cf. p. 16, st. 1, and p. 15, st. 3; l. 4 (p. 10), "firie chair" = throne.

,, 10, st. 1, l. 2, "none-like," cf. l. 5, "none such." Hence not = mune-like, albeit there may possibly have been intended, after the manner of the times and Shakespeare, a quibbling pun and the secondary meaning of ‘nun-like’ hinted at; l. 4, "milke-white Dove"—not = the "turtle-dove," but = the Phoenix; st. 2, l. 1, "heavenly map" = a representation in miniature of the heavens; l. 5, "locks of purest gold." The ‘lock’ of Elizabeth’s hair preserved at Wilton (within lines by Sir Philip Sidney), remains to attest that her’s was of sunbeam-gold, and ‘red’ only as ‘gold’ was called "red monie" in ancient ballad and story; st. 4, l. 2, "confere" = judge; l. 5, "find" = find [wherewithal] to cure the wound? "Table" = table-book—which were often made of ivory.

,, 11, st. 1, l. 2, "Two Carbuncles"—from the brilliance, not certainly from the ‘red’ colour of this gem. "Shinet as Fire . . . whose shining is not overcome by night . . . and it seemeth as it were a flame" (Bateman upon D. B., xvi, c. 26; cf. p. 16, st. 4, l. 5). l. 3, "foueraigniz" = rule as a sovereign; l. 5, "Sonne" = sun. Spenser, without metri gratia, thus spells the word. . See Shepherd’s Calendar, frequenter, and throughout. St. 2, l. 6, "heavenly Front"—hyperbolical and explained by l. 5 as the "front of Heaven," the sky. So Shakespeare, "the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes," Henry IV, act i, sc. 1, l. 14, et alibi; st. 3, l. 5, "Ennie"—it would seem that ‘crystal’ was supposed to prevent or “over-come” = envy; st. 4, ll. 1–2. Cf. Venus and Adonis, ll. 451–2.

"Once more the ruby-colour’d portal open’d, Which to his speech did honey passage yield."

II. 5–6—universally said of Elizabeth; and st. 1, p. 12, and indeed throughout the portraiture. See Introduction. ll. 5–6 (p. 12), ought to have been put back as in the other stanzas. This has been inadvertently neglected in two or three instances; but is here noted once for all.

,, 12, st. 2, l. 2, "powers" = disyllabic form of "pours"; l. 4, "ratificia,"
Notes and Illustrations.

sic; but doubtless a misprint for ‘rarie’=rarity, moti causa; st. 3, l. 5, “loue-babies”=reflections of himself in her eyes; ibid., “wanton eyes.” See st. 2, l. 2, “perfect chastitie” and l. 6 of the present stanza, “doth chastise”=make chaste, with a play perhaps on ‘chastise’ in its ordinary sense. Hence ‘wanton’ is used here much as Shakespeare speaks of “wanton boys,” i.e., pleasure-loving or gamesome or fondling. See Schmidt, S.v. So in Spenser, &c., &c. St. 4, ll. 1-2—mingling of ancient and (apparently) modern fable; l. 4, “glories”=glories.

Page 13, st. 1, ll. 1-2, “men may reade His”—men = each man of all men; l. 2, evidently the comma after ‘woe’ is a misprint for a period(s.) Note—all these celebrations from “Hend” to “Bellie” and onward (p. 6 to “Feete”), show that a person and a female was intended by the “Phoenix.” The “Arabian Phoenix,” or bird so-called, is distinguished from the other (st. 3, ll. 3-4); st. 2, l. 1, see our Introduction for an incident in Elizabeth’s life illustrative of this; st. 4, “yea”—this is misprinted in the original “yee,” and perhaps ought to have been so left and noted here. See Postscript to our Introduction for other similar errors, and also certain ‘slips’ of our own (of no great moment). St. 5, l. 2, “Gehon”=Gihon, Genesis ii, 13; l. 3, “prize”=prized with such honour.

14 st. 2, ll. 5-6. Punctuate (neo judicio) “why, ... she ... Angell”; st. 3, l. 4, “sweet torit”=sweet-writ; l. 6, “corporate Soule”=soul existing in her conjoint body; st. 4—the “Marigold” that has at night, i.e., after the setting and so absence of the sun, closed the glory of her eye, now at her approach unfolds again as she would at the sun’s approach; l. 5, “Phoenix”=Phoenix; l. 6, “yedd”=yield obeissance, as acknowledging their inferiority.

15 st. 1, l. 2, “Arras cloth”=a rich kind of tapestry, and so named because the best was made at Arras the capital of Artois; l. 3, “Satires”=Satyrs; st. 2, l. 1, “This Phainix I do feare me will day”=will decay,” &c. Elizabeth in 1601, when Love’s Martyr was published, was well nigh the close of her long life and reign; and making as long an interval as one can well suppose between the composition and publication of the poem, she must have been long past possible maternity before these words could have been written. In the Epistle-dedication the Author speaks of his “long expected labour”; but the “long” could scarcely cover more than comparatively a few years. Every one knows, however, that strong-brained as was the great Queen, she sniffed to the last gratefully and graciously whatever incense of flattery of her person courtiers and poets chose to offer her.
See our Introduction for more on this; st. 4, "wight"=white—
to agree with its rhyme "outrigt" (l. 4); l. 5, "frucke"=
[wax] frucke; l. 6, "Dowce"—again as in page 10, st. 1, l. 4,
not the "turtle dove" but = the Phoenix still; l. 5 (p. 16),
"vast"=vast, limitless. So in Shakespeare, frequenter.

Page 16, st. 1, l. 1, "temerite"—used as from timor = timidity, fear; st. 2,
l. 3, "extallation"=extollation; l. 4, either "deune-maiestical" or
comma after "deune"; l. 5, "painted picture there"=
portrait of Elizabeth as was her wont in all the splendor of
"rich wrought... gold" and jewels; st. 4, l. 5, "Eyes
wanting fire"=wanting the fire of living eyes. Or does he
mean that they flamed or gleamed, but wanted the anger or
rage of fire like the carbuncle, as before?

"17, st. 1, ll. 5-6. In plain prose, get Elizabeth to marry—see next
stanza, ll. 5-6; st. 2, l. 2, "plain'd"=made smooth. So
Dr. Henry More (Cherbury Worthied Library edition of his
complete Poems, p. 15):

"Such as this Phyllis would, whenas she plains
Their Sunday-cloths, and the washt white with azure stains."

(Psychosota, st. 21.)

l. 3, "painted shape"=portrait, as before; st. 3, l. 3, "il
working"=ill-working; l. 4, "white Brytania"—so that the
Phoenix, beside which that of Arabia was but "fruitless
ayre," was within the "white cliffs" of Britain. Be it noted
specially—for the punctuation is bad—that while it is
"leue" (l. 2) and "leue" (l. 3) as = let alone, seek not there,
in l. 4, it is "leue me"=leave to me, in my keeping, or qu.,
Do you leave? So that neither in Arabia (named as the seat of
the mythical 'phoenix') nor in "white Brytania"=England,
was there a fitting 'mate' (husband) for the Phoenix. Cf. st. 3,
ll. 5-6; st. 4, ll. 1-2, "There is a country, &c... Paphos Ile."
See our Introduction on this very noticeable bit; meanwhile, I
here record, that by "Paphos Ile," I understand Ireland,
whither Essex—as we all know—proceeded. The description
that follows is idealized in correspondence with the love-
imaginative name given to it of "Paphos Ile," a name than
which none could have been more happily chosen, being that
of the supreme seat of the worship of Venus (i.e., in such a
love-story as this of Love's Martyr). l. 5, "Cyparisus grove"
=Cyparissus—the 'grove' of Phocis, not far from Delphi;
1. 6, "a second Phenis love"=Phoenix love; st. 5, l. 1,
"champign"=champagna.

"18, st. 1, l. 1, "bigg-arm'd"=big-arm'd; st. 2, l. 5, "lie"=lay; l. 6,
"round"=dance; st. 3, l. 3, "delight some"—clearly mis-
Notes and Illustrations.

print for 'delightsome'; st. 4, l. 4, "shelues" = banks; ll. 5-6 = but the country Gallants with Ulysses cares.

Page 19, st. 1, ll. 1-2 and 4, "hissing Adders sting, May not come neere this holy plot of ground" and, "Nor poision-spitting Serpent may be found." How could Ireland have been more deftly indicated than by the two-fold characteristics of (1) The banishing of all serpents (by St. Patrick), (2) Its proud title of "the Isle of Saints"? st. 2, l. 4, "Lycorice" = a plant of the genus Glycyrrhiza; ib., "sweet Arabian spice" = cinnamon; stas. 3-4, with equal deftness are the Irish residence, and the personal characteristics, and personal appearance, and the services of Essex herein set forth. Who, of all her subjects, could have taken this name of "Liberall honor" save Essex? See our Introduction for quotations from Churchyard, Peele, and others, wherein he is exactly thus spoken of.

St. 5, l. 3, "prejident" = precedent, exemplar; l. 4 (p. 20), "his gentle humour fpited" — very noticeable in relation to Essex; ll. 5-6 — a word-photograph of Essex.

20 st. 1, l. 4, "high hill" = royal crag-enthroned Windsor; st. 2, l. 2, "Censure" = judgment; st. 2, l. 6, "ioue bye thes; fire," &c. = marry Elizabeth and Essex.

20, An Introduction to the Prayer, st. 1, l. 2, "Thou elementall favourer of the Night" — Is the reference to God's manifestation of Himself, e.g., on Sinai, and within the temple in "clouds and darkness"? Cf. Deuteronomy, iv, 11; 2 Samuel, xxii, 12; Psalm, xcii, 2; and 1 Kings, viii, 10-12; Levitius, xvi, 2; and cognate passages. St. 2 (p. 21), l. 6, "Turtle-done" = Essex — as hereafter will appear.

21, A Prayer made, &c. See Introduction on this "finer coloured Done" (not the "Turtle-done"), and the force of "applied"; st. 1, l. 4, "fad" = serious or solemn: or qu. intensive?

22, st. 2, l. 1, "her" — shewing it is not the ‘Turtle-done’ (described as "he" onward); l. 4, the comma after "baite" certainly ought to have been a period (.); st. 4, l. 1, "leadth" = led, i.e., past tense; ib., "red coloured wauer" = red-coloured. The 'Red Sea' is meant — see Exodus, xiv, and parallel passages. I remember seeing the 'Red Sea,' off the Desert of Sinai, red as blood, not merely under the purple splendor of the marvellous sunset — a hue common to all sunsets — but from myriad infusoria so far as I could make out. So that "red-coloured wanes" is not a mere fancy, much less a blunder — such as Wordsworth's when he speaks of Baalbec rising from bare sands, whereas its site is a glorious fertile plain. L. 5 (p. 23) "whet" — qu. misprint for 'that' or 'which'?

23, st. 1, ll. 6-7 = do not let her [Elizabeth] remain a "Virgin Queen".
Notes and Illustrations.

— let her marry — she the “siluer coloured done” to him the “turtle-done.”

Page 23, To those of light beleefe, st. 1, l. 6, “abandoning deceit” = fiction has hitherto been mingled with fact, e.g., in the hyperbolical and so ‘deceptive’ description of Ireland as “Paphos Iis”; st. 3, l. 1, “gentle Reader”—another note of publication.

,, 24, A meeting Dialogue-wife betweene Nature, &c., st. 1, l. 6, “thy broches beauteous Eie” = spots eye-like, as of the peacock, pheasant, and (of course) the mythical ‘phoenix’; st. 2, l. 4, “neuer with” = never [bc] with; st. 3, l. 4, “relenting” = sorrowful or sorrowing. Here is touched the popular and indestructible belief that the only genuine love-passion Elizabeth ever had was for Essex. More anon. L. 6 (p. 25), “for vertue” = on account of thy, or in admission of thy virtue, &c., sing; l. 7, “reuerend” = reverenced.

,, 25, st. 1, l. 7, “I do boye my hooke”—a throb of penitent confession of her lying ‘baits’ for Essex, drawing him on and ‘hooking’ him, winning his burning love and devotion, yet playing him false; st. 2, l. 5, “sullen Mirth”—the very type of Elizabeth’s moody mirth and sadness, bursts of scorn and passion and aching melancholy; st. 3, l. 1, “vading.” I may refer here to a note in my edition of Southwell, s.v., for the distinction between ‘vading’ and ‘fading.’ L. 5, “Sunne-bred” — speaking as the ‘Phoenix’; ibid., “exhale” = exhale; ll. 6–7 — “Ennie” is the uttermost word that the poet dared use. He makes the Queen hint at the contest between the Queen and the woman, the passionate love and the self-restraint thought to be due to herself. She saith “would loue” and follow it up with marriage; but what, marry a subject? “There was the rub.” Other considerations were also blended, e.g., I fear what my subjects may say to my marrying a subject and what their ‘envy’ may attempt on him. We must remember that the nobles were far more powerful and jealous of one another than in our day, and even Elizabeth might well fear displeasing them by such a step. See st. 4, l. 5, beginning at p. 26, and p. 26, st. 1, ll. 3–6; also p. 27, st. 1, and p. 28, st. 2 and 3. See too “Ennie” is changed to “Malice” (p. 26) ll. 6–7; st. 4, l. 1, “Tablitoriæ” = the old tablet (metri gratia, as “glorie” is the rhyming word) given by Minshew as a necklet, necklace or brooch: “Monile quod gestantem virtutis admonet, nam primum ob aliquod egregium factum clari solebat.” One can’t vouch for the accuracy of this Latin explanation; but it shews the prevalent idea, and it agrees with the use of “tablitorie” in the text— a tablerium, is called mappula, mantle.
Notes and Illustrations.

Page 25, st. 1, l. 4, "fond suspiutions cage"—here and elsewhere there is a glance back on the early perilous years of Elizabeth under her sister Mary; l. 7, "thy"—sic, but somewhat obscure; st. 2, l. 7, "And Wolfe"—while I waste; st. 3, l. 6, "yong, frith, greene"—no doubt with application to the 'Phoinix,' but underlying this a reference, as already noted, to Elizabeth's beautiful youthhood, when beyond all question she was a magnificent creature; ibid, "paffle"—pass away, die; l. 7, "pasted gaffe"—mirror of steel. Note—There is intentional anachronism in order to give scope for just 'praise' of Elizabeth; nor are these touches on her 'yong' maiden days the least precious bits for us to-day; st. 4, l. 1, "Continent"—container is that which contains anything. So frequent in Shakespeare and contemporaries, and later.

27, st. 1, l. 5, "tattered"—tattered—as in Shakespeare and contemporaries; ibid, "raged"—ragged; st. 2, l. 7, "the performance bear the greater sway"—deed better than words, action, than threats.

28, st. 1, l. 3, "Teades themselves did wound"—i.e., did wound one another—so letting out by their 'wounds' their unfragrant poison (mythical); l. 4, "poisoned," i.e., infected with poison, being a poison-natured thing = poisonous; l. 5, "scent"—scent; st. 2, l. 3, "As he hath had in his days secret praying"—hints at 'secret' influences against Elizabeth in the days of Mary; l. 4, "calm"—calming or qu. — tranquil? l. 7, "Amorous"—sic = amorous; st. 3, l. 1, "Villanie"—Envie—as previously described; l. 4, "true harted"—true-hearted; l. 6—another genuine cry out of the woman's heart—let the title of the poem be remembered of Love's Martyr, &c. Let it also be remembered, that so early as Peele's "Eglwae Gratulatioria." Entituled: To the right honourable, and renowned Shephard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugal" (1589), the burden is "Every doth eye true honours deeds despise." See our Introduction.

29, st. 1, l. 4, "coyle"—tumult. Cf. Tempest, act. i, sc. 2. St. 2, l. 2, "his Throne," i.e., of Essex, who really held the 'Throne' of Elizabeth's heart—the 'his' here is subtle and fine; l. 5, "our charge"—o'er charge; st. 3, l. 1, "petulant," fretful; l. 7, "I"—Aye; st. 4, query, should the punctuation be 'Light,' 'deplor.'

30, st. 1, l. 7, "Balsamum"—balsam. Comedy of Errors, act iv, sc. 1. st. 2, l. 2, "Anker-hold" and l. 6, "plot of Ground"—the soil that holds your anchor, or fastners of the flukes on the ground; st. 3, l. 3, "the Rocke my ship did seek to shiver"—seek to shiver my Ship; l. 7, "defembling Loue"—another sting of
conscience — she dissembled the love that was really in her heart; st. 4, l. 5, *peruse* = survey or run over with an
observant eye; l. 6, "*where*" = which?

Page 31, st. 1, l. 3, "*Mace*" = sceptre, as before; l. 7, "*Paphos Ile*" = the
island of Venus (Love) as before; st. 2-3 — a passionate
description of Elizabeth’s ‘suspect’ and dangerous early
years; st. 3, l. 2, "*shadow*" = over-shadow, eclipse; st. 4, l. 2,
"*In youth, *" &c. — peculiarly true of Elizabeth—‘tyred’ seems
a misprint for ‘tyred’; l. 7, "*feathered head*" = adorned with
feathers as young high-stationed maidens were, but of course
here as being to the ‘Phoenix’; ib., "*a crown*" — explicit enough
surely as to the "*Phoenix*" being Elizabeth, albeit this ‘crown’
(in 1601) is a heavenly crown, or per chance of marriage. See
l. 3, et seq. of the stanza.

" 32, st. 1.  The real heart-thoughts of the Queen are here expressed. Be
it thoughtfully marked, that this "*Ile of Paphos*" (l. 3) "this
rich Ile" had held the ‘Turtle’ and that the ‘Turtle’ is a
male — "*his neft*" (l. 7) and so Nature conducts them thither,
*i.e.*, to Ireland — as before; st. 2, l. 5, "*understand*" = learn
of his whereabouts; st. 3, l. 5, "*fond*" = foolish; l. 4, "*vaile Cell, *" i.e., however "*vaste*," a palace itself becomes a prison-
cell where Suspicion and Envy are the keepers — as in Eliza-
abeth’s case.

" 33, st. 1, l. 5, "*envret*" = musical term with reference to frets or cross
bars; l. 7, "*Honor that Ile that is my faire defence*" — here
the Queen speaks rather than the ‘Phoenix,’ and thus through-
out the mask (not unintentionally) slips aside and shews not
‘bird’ (however lustrous and wonderful), but the august face
of Elizabeth herself; st. 2, l. 3, "*high flates*" = people of
state; l. 6, "*Pyramides*" — a quadrissyllable as frequent
contemporaneously, being long of naturalizing; l. 7, "*Strond*"
= strand, shore; st. 3, l. 2, "*Greene Springing*" = Green-
springing; l. 4, "*Faire running*" = Faire-running; l. 5,
"*Sweet flowers . . . . . . Dew*" [= dew] distills — example of
verb singular after nom., plural (perhaps through the inter-
position of ‘that’) and so the previous line; ib., "*balny Dew*"— on Hermon I found the abundant dew thus frag-
rant. The southern-wood and thyme and other richly-
scented under-growths, being literally steeped in the dew,
so filled the air with perfume as to ‘nip’ (so-to-say) one’s
eyes. I have found the same in Greece, and indeed in many
places. l. 6, "*Great peopled*" = Great-peopled; st. 4, l. 3,
"*intrete*" = treat, elongated, i.e., speak of; l. 4, "*Their
Founder*" = [And of] their Founder; l. 6, "*Warres wald*"—
this must be intended for ‘walled,’ albeit the meaning is not
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exactly clear. Query—each of the 'cities' being 'walled' was a 'Defender' in time of 'Warres.' The singular 'Defender' answers to the singular 'Founder' where we might have expected the plural. It cannot well have been a misprint for 'wild,' i.e., wild warres Defender, "wa" coming in through the "wa" of "warres"; l. 7, "Not battered yet with Times controlling Mace," i.e., the 'walls' of the cities celebrated, which, though no longer in their original strength, were still to be seen in part, as is still the case.

Page 34, Margin—"Northumber" = Northumberland; l. 3, "this large Ile of sweete Britania"—be it noted once more that the 'Phoenix' as = Elizabeth is naturally observant of the 'cities' of her own "Large Ile." There is no meaning in the full enumeration and description of these cities except as they were under the sovereignty of Elizabeth. It is not deemed expedient to annotate here the numerous persons and places celebrated. The historical and county authorities are readily accessible, and thither the student-reader is referred; st. 2, l. 3, "well planted" = well-planted; l. 4, "Called in this age the newly-builted Minster, Still kept in notable reparation"—Stowe, in his Chronicles, tells us of the 'reparation' of Winchester Cathedral in Elizabeth's reign, s.v.; l. 6, "famous builted" = famous-builted; st. 3, l. 5, "Notus direction" = Notus; st. 4, "new got" = new-got.

"35, st. 1, ll. 3-4, "the whole Romish Legion to sing. And to record," &c. —"sing" points apparently to ballads of his exploits, albeit there is the objection that it was his defeated enemies whom he made to sing. But our poet is not skilful and 'o' times oblivious. Line 4 can scarcely be otherwise explained. Does this use of 'sing' reveal the age of our present expression or of an equivalent to it, of 'singing small,' as evidence of defeat. There is also "singing in a lower key," and the like. St. 4, l. 5, "His" = his; l. 6, "Leys" = Leif of st. 3, l. 2. But all this semi-fabulous or wholly fabulous chronicle calleth for no 'pains' of elucidation; l. 7, "large Britania" = "large Ile," p. 34, st. 1, l. 3. So also p. 36, st. 3, l. 3, "large Britannicus"—doubtless an early phrase for "Great Britain"—for he evidently supposed that Scotland was, at that time, a tributary of England, and the last name he avoids. See p. 36, st. 3, l. 3. His use of the word (Scottish) "sect" agrees; for a "sect" is a part cut off. But "sect" in text is applied to the people, not to the country.

36, st. 4, ll. 6-7 = the city doth only remain under the newer name of Edinburch, i.e., Edinburgh.

37, st. 1, l. 4, "stay'd" = out stay'd; st. 2, On this significant stanza, see
our Introduction; st. 3, l. 2, "the Princes" = James VI; l. 3, "graces"—singular verb, instead of the previous plural one, "beautifie," metri causa; l. 4, "Emperioing." This type of verb is frequent contemporaneously. The meaning is—imperial towers so magnificent as to be worthy of an emperor, or such as will, of themselves, imperialize either the statues adorning it, or the persons inhabiting. l. 5, "Times controlling houres," cf. p. 33, st. 4, l. 7, "Times controlling Mace"—"Controlling seems a favorite word. See again here, st. 4, l. 4, "controlling neighbours."

Page 38, st. 1, l. 1, "Pagon"—metri causa, i.e., "yron" in l. 3; st. 2, l. 5, "after time" = after-time; l. 6, "doare begotten" = deare-be-gotten. What an odd jumble of mythology and history we have here! St. 3, l. 2, "this worlds great wonder" = the great wonder of this world; l. 6, "Regiment" = government; st. 4, l. 5, "lightned" = gave light to; l. 7, "That to her weke Sexe yielded Hector's name" = qu. = that the stronger sex had to yield or vail Hectors name to hers?

" 39, st. 2, l. 2, "bountie"—deriving it from bonitas, one sense of which is goodness or honesty; l. 3, "vuncomprehensible" = [The character of her deed] not to be duly estimated. The word is used as justification of her act in killing a 'guest.' l. 7, "Sfjaro" = Siscra; st. 3, l. 1, a comma after Hebrew would have shewn 'worthie' to be an adjective here.

" 40, st. 1, l. 4, "indubitate"—we should say 'indubitable,' i.e., not to be questioned; l. 7, "efurfaced" = usurping—the common interchange of such words is explained by considering that the ed form is not passive, and that as a past or perfect it gives the idea of continuance in, or being in the state of usurpation; l. 8, "cond evident" = submit; l. 9, "re obtain'd" = re-obtained; st. 2, l. 2, "Queene," &c.—one wonders how this was scanned by the author; l. 5, "forsaken" = God-forsaken; st. 3, l. 1—punctuate "Naples, true-borne"; st. 4, l. 2, "Progenie" = birth (by descent) or pedigree—similarly used in 1 Henry VI, iii, 3, l. 61; Coriol. i, 8, l. 12—not offspring as now; l. 5, "Which Truth can never burne," &c.—Truth is not here the burner or person who would burn their names, but a truth which can never burn, &c.; l. 7 (p. 41) "memorie" = memorial.

" 41, st. 2, l. 7, "States" = people of state; "brooke" = bear but rithmi gratia.

Here followeth the Birth, Life, &c.

" 43, l. 3, "no such man ever to be living" = to have lived; l. 6, "more belonging to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Italian," &c. See our Introduction on this and other books, &c., referred to. l. 8, "who" = refers not to countrymen, but to the previous
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Page 44. The strange Birth, &c., st. 1, l. 5, “high minded” = high-minded; st. 2, l. 2, “wittie” = wise; l. 4, “allies” — not as now used, but = the verb “ally,” i.e., the feudatory princes of next stanza; st. 3, l. 2, “hot bred” = hot-bred; st. 4, l. 1, “passing” = surpassing; l. 3, “suffrize” = suppress, causa metri; l. 5 (p. 45), “unequal” = unequalled — probably a printer’s error.

45, st. 2, l. 2, “fond” = foolish; l. 3, “not penetrable” = not [being] able to penetrate; l. 4, “could not interf” — licentiously for could not keep [it] in, &c., i.e., how it sped with her; st. 3, l. 2, “darks distaste mantle” — so the analogous phrase in Shakespeare “Night’s black mantle,” not only in Romeo and Juliet, but also in 3 Henry VI, act iv, sc. 2; l. 4, “invaide” = cause to invade or make invade any one; ll. 5-6 — the inverted commas may or may not indicate a quotation; for the practice was loose. They seem to have been used to direct attention to what the writer would hold as a noticeable saying or golden sentence, much as we use italics.

46, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma after “Muficke,” certainly; l. 2, “found” = sounding, i.e., striking or touching; l. 5, “immelodious” — better than our unmelodious; st. 2, l. 4, “black gloom’d” = black-gloom’d; st. 5, l. 2, “secret fully” = done in secret; but it was the king’s folly, not her’s; besides, she had told her husband. See p. 45, st. 2, l. 5, “Bet straight,” &c.

47, st. 1, l. 3, “vitaless” = victuals; st. 2, l. 2, “eat” = giving egress; st. 4, l. 4, “his warres loved Alarums overcame” &c. Cf. Venus and Adonis, l. 700; Taming of a Shrew, l. 1. No doubt a phrase of the day, an ‘alarum’ being, from its nature, peculiarly loud.

48, st. 1, l. 2, “dysafe” = uneasiness, trouble; st. 2, l. 4, “Moderator” = mediator! In Presbyterian Church-order, the president or chairman, ruler or guider of the Session of a Congregation, of a Presbytery, of a Synod, of a General Assembly, is still called the ‘Moderator’; see “Synod” at p. 9, st. 1, l. 3. It was also used in same way in English Universities later. Cf. Cleveland’s Vindicia, 1677, p. 214. l. 5, “venience” = experience, such as never in other has been ‘seen’; st. 3, l. 3, “theveted” = crossed — an odd adaptive use of the word; l. 5, “bajenesse” = lowliness, humility; l. 5, “Alas” = interjection merely, not meaning as now, something to be lamented; st. 5, l. 1, “left” = behest.
Page 49, st. 1, l. 2, "amainge" = suddenly or forcefully; st. 2, l. 2, "uncom-prented" = uncomprehended; l. 3, "embracements met" = [sic] met.

50, st. 1, l. 4, punctuate rather "intent." (period); l. 5, "done." (period); for "That . . . done" is the king's reply; st. 2, l. 6, "pofesse her Husband's fuentneffa," i.e., the 'sweetnesse' she gives to her husband — as frequently in Shakespeare; st. 3, l. 5, "diseased" = uneasy, troubled, as before; st. 4, l. 4, period, not comma, after 'left'; but in our author the comma serves for every other punctuation-mark; l. 6, "swee't got" = sweet's-got.

51, st. 1, l. 1 — rather subtill lust-directed; l. 2, "new found" = new-found; l. 6, "Czifer" [= Caÿster] Swannes. Cf. p. 43, l. 7 [Greek]: l. 6, verb singular to plural nominative again; st. 2, l. 5, "unrecalled time" = time past, time already spent, i.e., as other -ed forms — time that is in a state not to be recalled; st. 3, l. 4, "crooked" = crooked — it may have been accidental, but "crook'd" is the more imitative word; st. 4, l. 1, "lawne-like Hand" = white as 'lawne' — taken with next line, it seems like a poor remembrance of Venus and Adonis, l. 590, and Lucrece, l. 238-9; l. 2, "dismfelling Husband" = passing himself off as her husband; cf. p. 30, st. 3, l. 7, for the word. = [She] Being, &c.

52, st. 1, l. 1, "late betrayed" = late-betrayed; l. 4, "amainge" — from Saxon a and megn = to do a thing forcibly or with one main object, and therefore also quickly, suddenly. Here it means much or plentifully. St. 2, l. 2 = the injuries done to her life 'unspotted' hitherto in intent. Cf. p. 53, st. 1, l. 4. St. 3, l. 3, "where" = whereas, since; st. 4, l. 2, "lustie stomacke youthfull" = lustie-stomacke youthfull.

53, st. 1, l. 3 = to anwer [as to] . . . st. 2, l. 6, "late did blisse" = late in the day; st. 3, l. 4, "well-disposed" = well-disposed; st. 4, l. 2, "paffing true" = surpassing true; or it may be "passing true" in the sense of Goldsmith's humble Vicar, "passing rich on forty pounds a year."

54, st. 2, l. 1 — punctuate comma after "child," and also after "Poterne" (l. 5); st. 3, l. 2, "rich bearing Burthen" = rich, bearing-Burthen.

55, st. 4, l. 2 — punctuate comma after "Saxons."

56, st. 4, l. 1, "Regiment" = government, rule, as before. Every one remembers John Knox's "Monstrous Regiment of Women"; st. 4, somewhat jumbled.

57, The Coronation of King Arthur, &c., st. 1, l. 3, "high flates" = people of high state, as before; st. 3, l. 4, "him" = himself, as frequently at that time; l. 6 (p. 58) "dignified" = crowned.

58, st. 1, l. 5, "Being the Metropolitical in nobilitie" — hexameter?; st. 2,
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L. 3—a syllable wanting and apparently before "Kings"—qu. ['stoute'] "Kings": st. 3, ll. 4, 5—such that Envy is unable to
tear the nobility or trueness of their hearts from their breasts;
st. 4, l. 5 (p. 59), "neare"=ne'er.

Page 59, The Epistle, &c. Be it noted that we have here and onward blank
verse: l. 11, "or' proud"=over-proud.

60, l. 7, "Empirize"=empire, and so p. 61, l. 5, and p. 64, l. 13; l. 8—
punctuate comma after "that"; l. 21, "re demand"=re-
demand; l. 29, "arbitrement"=arbitrament.

61, Cador the Duke, &c. l. 1, "Renowned"=renowned, as before. See
=Britaine[us] to rhyme with 'veines'; l. 6—
bad comma after 'continuall'—p.rhaps I ought to have in this
instance deleted it and noted the fact here: qu.—"long-
continuall"=long-continued? l. 13, "But buried in oblivions
lothome case"—cf. "Envy in her lothesome cave," 2 Henry
VI., iii, 2; l. 15, "pale-faced cowardize"—cf. "pale-faced
coward," Venus and Adonis, l. 569.

62, l. 1, "our armour from our bache"—cf. "armour on our back,"
2 Henry VI., v, 2; l. 8, "dull edg'd"=dull-edged.

63, l. 6, "braves"=bravadoes; l. 13, "garboilles"=Garbouille, Fr.,
tumults: l. 15="this"—put comma after "this"; or qu.—
misprint for 'his'!; l. 2 (from bottom), "sometimes"=afore-
times (not 'aforetime') it being notorious that there were several
subjuctions of Britain after Julius Caesar.

64, l. 8, "Market place"=Market-place; l. 12, "introniz'd"=en-
throne. See Nares, *s.v.,* for interesting examples; l. 15,
"their"=the Roman; and so l. 17.

65, The Answer, &c., l. 1, "experiment"=experience; l. 4, "post expedition"=
post-expedition; l. 5, "voyage"=journey (not necessarily as now
by sea); l. 8, "Victoria"=victory; l. 13, "Which" [read]... wit
with; l. 12, parenthetical; l. 17, "for to" and see p. 66,
ll. 14, 15, 17; p. 73, st. 3, l. 4; p. 74, st. 2, l. 2, and st. 3,
l. 3; p. 76, l. 2; p. 80, st. 3, l. 2; in Spenser, but rarely
in Shakespeare; l. 20, "Not violating," &c.—this line is obscure.
Its intention is to express, probably, that the so doing violates
no laws of arms, or is not a course without justification according
to the established laws which regulate the employment of arms
in defence of one's rights; but it falls in giving expression to
such a thought. The laws of the duello, *i.e.*, the causes which
would justify such an appeal, were in that age rigidly laid
down. Query—should we read "Not violating lawe and
hostile Armes"? This comes a little nearer to the above-given
meaning; l. 30, "true hearted"=true-hearted.

66, l. 9, "gave the Armes"—The 'armes' that Constantine was supposed
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to bear was a representation of the miraculously-appearing cross—a white cross (I think) in an azure field. It is the “Roman empire” Chester refers to; but there may have been a sub-reference, and a Protestant argument that the ‘armes’ of Rome did not come from St. Peter; the first Pope according to the Roman Catholic myth. Angryfall King, &c., l. 2, “ful fraught” = full-fraught, i.e., freighted well or fully.

Page 67, l. 6. “haunte” = haughty, and cf. p. 68, st. 2, l. 1. “hauie”; see also p. 74, st. 1, l. 4, “hauie courage”; p. 75, st. 4, l. 2, “hauie mind”; p. 81, st. 4, l. 3, “hauie hearts”; l. 12, “but meet”—a not uncommon form of phrase at the time, and equivalent to our now only colloquial and vulgar “let me only meet you, that’s all”; l. 13, “thiry” = thirst — so in Spenser, Fairie Queen, ii, vi, 17; ib. “sweet revenge.” Cf. “sweet as my revenge” (Coriolanus, v, 3). So too (Titus Andronicus), “O sweet Revenge, now do I come” (v, 2), and “sweet revenge grows harsh” (Othello, act v, sc. 2); l. 22, “meacocks” = tame, or cowardly or milk-sop; so Taming of Shrew (ii, 1) “a meacock wretch can make the curseth shrew.” Cf. Euphris M, l. 6; l. 23, “fond” = foolish.

68, st. 1, l. 3. “Martialife” = soldier. So William Browne—“A brave heroicke, worthy martialist” (Brit. Past., i, 5); st. 2, l. 4, “new-decayed” = only lately decaying; st. 3, l. 2, “loud winded” = loud-winded; ib. “check the aire.” Cf. st. 4, l. 5, “Cuffing the aire”; st. 4, l. 4, “well read” = well-read; l. 6, “gauyneffe”—The reference is to the well-appointed and fine and, as it were, holiday-appearance of King Arthur’s joyfulness. Cf. p. 79, st. 1, ll. 3-4 — there is a sub-reference to ‘joyfulness’ as an attendant meaning; st. 5, l. 4 (p. 69), “de Or” = of gold or golden.

69, st. 1, l. 1, “assimpted” = assumed, taken up; l. 5, “Vert” = green (in heraldry); st. 3, l. 2, “bad deseruing” = bad-deserving; l. 4, “full refind” = full-refined; st. 4, l. 3, “smurfure” = impure; l. 6, “by this Signe” = in baptism, i.e., the sign of the cross as used by Roman Catholics and Church of England in baptism.

70, st. 1, l. 4. “Apploratas” = apostate in its transition-form. It occurs thus in the well-known Optick Glasse of Humors (1639), applied to Julian and elsewhere; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate with a comma (,) after ‘Charles’; l. 3, “early rysing” = early-rising.

71, st. 3, l. 3. “three Toades” — The nickname for a Frenchman to this day or for a Jerseyite is Johnny Crapaud = Johnny (the) toad. The line is parenthetical; for the only “pourtraiture of commendation by honor” belonging to the English Kings were the 3 fleurs de lis or lilie, st. 2, l. 6; st. 4, l. 1, “barbed” =as in Shakespere (Richard II, act iii, sc. 3) “barbed steeds to stables,” and
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(Richard III, act i, sc. i) "mounted barbed steeds"—barbed by corruption from barde or barred = armed; st. 4, ll. 5–6, wrong grammar 'their' and 'conqueror.'

Page 72, st. 1, l. 3, "Who"... no antecedent to this "Who"—Who (= Time) with their guided shews in opposition to those whose armour is strongly made (l. 1)—the combined nominative to "are"; st. 2, l. 1, "Calis" = Calais; l. 3, "regiment" = rule, government; l. 4, "conwine" = conquer—so too p. 85, l. 9; l. 5, "Roane" = Rouen; st. 3, l. 5, "Iland" = Iceland—a very mythical conquest of Arthur, if he be meant. Query—is "Iland" a misprint for "Ireland"? Singularly enough the same question has to be put on the use of the word by Raleigh, e.g., "If my fleet go for Ilande, and that your Lordshippe," &c. The Editor annotates, "So in MS." (Edwards' Raleigh, vol. ii, p. 121.)

73, st. 1, l. 6, "loaf"—perhaps the Author intended "lose"; st. 2, l. 2—a third example of a parenthetical line; l. 3, "so inestimable" = [was] so inestimable—understood from l. 1; st. 4, l. 2 and 4—Lucius and Tiberius of course the same man; st. 5, l. 1, "retrieue" = retreat; l. 5, "Who" (p. 74)—another example of "Who" with an odd antecedent "Who foraged about" meaning they [the British], but the only expressed antecedent is the "British name" and only becomes "Britains" in next stanza.

74, st. 2, l. 1, "Mirmidons," i.e., myrmidons—Primarily a people on the borders of Thessaly who went with Achilles to the Trojan war. Hence it came to designate unscrupulous followers.

75, st. 4, l. 2, "Cousin," i.e., for relationship generally. He was uncle. Such is royal style still.

76, st. 1, l. 1, "Haggard" = a wild hawk, i.e., a hawk un-mannered or un-reclaimed, agrius, unnansuetus; st. 2, l. 4, "fond" = foolish; Mordred's smart, i.e., the smart caused by Mordred. The "who" (l. 5) is "Arthur," as shown by next line, though the ill-chosen word "unnatural" (like the "intemperate" of l. 3) seems to make against this; st. 4, l. 6, "landing" = a landing (ib.)

77, st. 1, l. 5, "withstand" = stand against him with or withstand him with; st. 4, l. 2, "maple of Honor." Cf. Richard II, act v, sc. 1, "Thou map of honor," and so 2 Henry VI, act iii, sc. 1, l. 4, "life Liege" = life-Liege; st. 5, l. 3, "foon" = punctuate with; and, after 'memorie' in next line—'foon' is used, as so often, rhythmica causa.

78, st. 1, l. 4, "auncfrie"—odd use of the word; l. 6, "loose" = lose; st. 2, l. 2, "Anuyfel"... He was king of Scotland and brought 10,000 horse-men to assist Arthur; l. 5, "was" = verb singular after nominative plural ('bones' = body); st. 3, l. 6, "quaull" = quelled—so spelled to rhyme with 'sall'd.'
Page 79, st. 2, l. 3, "proud-gather'd": st. 3, l. 2, "fame-achieving" = fame-achieving or achieving; l. 4, "Pridwin" = Arthur's shield. Drayton has celebrated it (along with his sword) — "With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof could bear." (Polyolb. song iv.) Chester calls it his 'sword' (erroneously.) st. 3, l. 5, "vsefame immortalitie" = mere "words, words, words," rythmi causa; st. 4, l. 3, "loosed" = loosened; l. 4, "anast'd" = frequently used contemporaneously for 'amated' or disheartened or disturbed — also in the sense of our own 'maze,' signifying to be in a maze, or as one in a maze — the latter in the text.

"So, st. 1, l. 3, "deferu's" — perhaps 'deferu'd' was intended by the Author; st. 2, l. 5, "gaue" = again, and like the use of 'funeral' in line before, rythmi causa; st. 3, l. 3, "Bardith" — sic; ibid., "divisjon" = Welsh (divided into) verse, or music. Cf. Romeo and Juliet, act iii, sc. 5, "The lark makes sweet division"; l. 5, "forefaid" = fore-said; st. 4, l. 6, "inscripted" = inscribed, as 'assumpted' before (p. 69, st. 1, l. 1.)

"St, st. 1, l. 2, "vital" = actes when vital; st. 2, l. 6, "enter" = enter; st. 3, l. 4, "out cries" = out-cries; l. 6, "controule" = have power over; metri causa: st. 4, l. 3 = high-proud or high-proud-hautie.

"St, st. 1, l. 4, "Memorie" = memorial, as before; l. 6, put hyphen (-) thus certainly — "well-fet ... bigge-lim'd"; st. 3, ll. 5-6 — a typical instance of Chester's extremely unskilful use of language sometimes. Line 4 and ll. 3-4 must be accounted parenthetical, and then we obtain this — But that [one] was greater than the rest; had it been 'lesser' [,] Britain would have been blessed, i.e., Arthur had not died.

"St3. Iohannis Leylandij, &c. l. 12, the "gue" has got somehow disjoined from "Ætherij." The comma after 'petit' is an error of the original.

"St4, l. 5, "Virtues sole intent" = curious translation of or rather substitute for "virtutis alumnus."

"St5. The true Pedigree, &c. The 'curious reader' of ll. 3-4 must refer to the Chronicles. The matter does not seem worth an Editor's labour. l. 1, "borne" = born in pronunciation, i.e., dissyllabic — also [fair] is needed before "Lyrene"; l. 4, "end" = close or conclude, r.g.; l. 7, "sometimes" = sometime, as before: l. 9, cf. with l. 10, where "Melianus" is tri-syllabic; "convince" = conquer, as before (p. 72, st. 2, l. 4); l. 16 = qu., did he intend this to be scanned as an hexameter or pentameter line? Probably as the latter; l. 17, "souernize" = frequent verb form with Chester, and later.

The Poem-proper resumed.

"St6, st. 1, l. 1, "Troyanount" = new Troy — the mythic name of 'Lon-
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don'; l. 5, "raifd"—qu. 'raife'? st. 2, l. 1—punctuate comma after 'when'; ibid., "more nearer"—reduplicated comparative; l. 3, "famous built"=famous-built; l. 7, "near"=ne'er; ibid., "tame'd"—a quaint etymology for 'Thames' certes; st. 3, l. 2, "rai'd d"=praised; l. 3, "Coun-
cel chamber"=Council-chamber; l. 4, "Experiment"=experience. Here Nature, &c.

Page 87, l. 2—What's Cupid but a boy? (of Poem continued)—ought doubt-
less to have had 'Phenix' in the margin.

,, 88, st. 2, l. 2, "farré remoted"=farré-remoted, i.e., removed; Poem con-
continued—st. 2, l. 3, faweete finthód"=sweete-smoothed; l. 4, "Loue"=Loue's, the 's' being in "felse"; st. 3, l. 3, "shal-
low witted"=shallow-witted; l. 4, "force materiall"=a forced
phrase for the gow-gaws and wanton toys of which Nature had
said Loue [in shallow-minds] was fond; st. 4, l. 2, "parted"=departed; ibid. l. 3 (p. 89), "this Wagon"—printer's error for
"his Waggon" the 'th' being caught from previous 'with'.
Chester has here lapsed; they are in Phoebus' chariot—see
p. 17, st. 3. But now Nature says that Phoebus has 'parted'
from their sight and mounted into the sky with his Waggon,
thus giving passage to the 'gloomye night'; l. 7, "bottome
plaines"=bottome-plaines.

,, 89, st. 1, l. 3, "raff"=ref. So Chapman (Odysse xxii), "He now began
to taste the bow." St. 2, "Looks," &c. Here again, 'Nature'
should be in the margin; l. 2, "meadow plots"=meadow-plats;
l. 3, "amaine"=forcefully; l. 4, "found"=in a quasi-nautical
sense, &c.; st. 3, l. 4, "extenuate"=extend—a curious use of
the word, rythmi causa; ll. 6 7, "Of plants," &c. =the glories
of, &c. (l. 3)—ll. 4-5, as so frequent in Chester are of a paren-
thesetical character.

,, 90, st. 1, l. 1, "Mandrake"—I found it still believed in, here on, and
in the villages at the foot of, Carmel in Palestine. It abounds
near Nazareth; st. 2, l. 1, "Yellow Crowbels"—said to be
peculiar to Wilt's (Aubrey) = Crowbells—Tent lily, asphodal,
dafodil,—Narcissus Pseudonacissus. So Prior; but in text we
have Daphedill immediately following; l. 2, "Good Harry"—
in full, Good-King-Harry, i.e., Allgood, English Mercury,
goose-foot, Chenopodium Bonus Henricus L.; ibid., "herbe
Robert"=stork-bill, i.e., Geranium Robertianum L.—its de-
rivation is differently accounted for; ibid., "white Cotula"=Mayweed, fetid, and otherwise, Matricaria Chamomilla, L.
and Pyrethrum Pathenium, L; l. 3, "Adders graffe"—ac-
cording to Gerardc cynororchis; probably = adder's tongue—
for this is called in old MSS. nederdis gres (grass) as well as
nederis tonge, Serpentaria, Ophioglossum vulgatum, L.; ibid.,
"Aphodill" = asphodill, i.e., a species of daffodil; l. 4, "Agnus Caucas" = the chaste tree; *ibid.,* "Acacia" = acacia, an American Robinia — Rob. Pseudocacia; l. 5, "Blakee Arkle-Angell" = the dead, deaf or blind nettle — colours white, red and yellow, not 'black' Lamium alb, purpur. L. and Galeobdolon Cr. — the name was also applied to the umbelliferous plant Angelica, archangelica L.; *ibid.,* "Coloquintida" — still well known = colocynth; l. 6, "Sinkfoile" = Cinquefoil = five-leaved grass, Potentilla, L.; *ibid.,* "Boies Mercure" qu. — Child's or Childing Mercury, of which Parkinson gives a drawing and calls it Phyllum manuicum and feminicum; l. 7, "Goofefoot" = Chenopodium L. See l. 2, under "Good Harry"; *ibid.,* "Goldcup" = qu. golden cudweed? or a form of 'gold-knappe' = gold or butter-cup = King or Gilt cup, ranunculus, L.; *ibid.,* "Gratia Dei" = Gratiola, Hedge Hyssop, Scutellaria minor, L.; st. 3, l. 1, "Moffe of the Sea" = sea-moss, coraline; *ibid.,* "Succurie" — still so called = wild endive, Cichorium Intybus; l. 2, "Westwind" = Withwind, convolvulus arvensis, L.; l. 3, "Muskealons" — or 'musk-million,' a species of sweet melon in opposition to the water-melon; *ibid.,* "Moufle" = little stone-crop = a species of the house-leek — said by Prior to be Myosorus minimus; *ibid.,* "Mercurie" = as before, st. 2, l. 7, but the French M. seems to be called the 'Mercury' Mercur. annua, L.; l. 4, "Arkvangell" — as before, st. 2, l. 5; l. 5, "Soulders ferrow" — qu. soldiers' yarrow, millefoil, achillea millefolium, L.? *ibid.,* "Southernwood" = Southern wormwood, Artemisia Abrotanum, L. — I found this covering acres on the gentler slopes of Sinai; l. 6, "Stone hearts tongue" = Abrotanum, L.; *ibid.,* "Bleffed thistle" = sacred — the emblem of Scotland, i.e., Carduus benedictus; *ibid.,* "Sea Tripoly" — can find none with epithet 'Sea'; l. 7, "Ladies cushion" = Thrift? Sea Gilliflower, Cushion Pink, Armeria Vulgaris, W.; *ibid.,* "Spaines Pellitourie" — called in Latin Pyrethrum, L., "by reason of his hot and fiery taste," Gerarde, Anaceys Pyrethrum, De Candole; st. 4, l. 1, "where az" = whereat; l. 3, "aches" — disyllabic as in Shakespeare; l. 7, "Agnus Caucas" — as before, st. 2, l. 4 — a fitting request by the 'Virgin-queen.'
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Ireland—all this is peculiarly appropriate; st. 3, l. 1, "Clary or Cleare-trie" = Oc. Christi, God's eye, Seebright, from M. Lat. scarea, Salvia scarea, L.; l. 2, "Calvus festus" = Lion's Snap, Snap-dragon, Antirrhinum Majus, L., but in old works given to ragged robin, Lychnis flos cuculi, L.; ibid., "Cuboe flowers" = wilde water cresses, cardamine (Gerarde); ibid., "Cuckoes meat" = C. Bread or Gowks Meat—blossoms at the season that the cuckoo is heard—Oxalis acetosella, L. Wood sorrel; l. 3, "Calathius Violeta" = Autumn bells, Sing flower, Gentiana Pneumonanthe, L.; ibid., "Dewberrie" = Rubus chamaemorus; l. 4, "Leopard's foot"—can't find; l. 5, "Indian Sunne"—ibid; l. 6, "Valerian" = capon's tail and (improperly, Parkinson) Setwal, Valeriana Officinalis, L.; ibid., "Withie wind" = A.S. Wib, about same as bindweed, Convolvulus arvensis, L., also 'Weedwind,' p. 90, st. 2; l. 7, "Woodbind"—given by Parkinson as the honeysuckle: but it must have been also used for a different plant. Cf. Mids. N. D., iv, 1. Prior says it may be the bitter sweet, Solanum Dulcamara; also he gives it to the Lonicera Periclymenum, L. The 'honey-suckle' was not age-curing. It is simply impossible that Shakespeare meant that the honeysuckle enwreathed the honeysuckle and called it by two different names. There is, however, no reason why the 'withwind' or 'bind-weed' (i.e., convolulus) should not have been called in Warwickshire or elsewhere the woodbine, the derivation being not a 'bine' found in woods, but a 'bine' that clings to a tree or other shrub; st. 4, l. 1, "Colyander" = Coriander C. Sativum, L; l. 2, "Galengal" = aromatic root of the rush cyperus longus, L.; ibid., "Goldcups" = meadow ranunculus = butter cups; ibid., "Buprestis" = Buprestis Theophrasti referred by Parkinson to the hares-cares, genus Bupleurum, L.; l. 3, "small honefties" = Pinckes (pinks) in Parkinson; ibid., "Eye-bright" = Ocul. Christi, q.v.; ibid., "Coculus Pantser"—can find nothing but Cocculus Indus or Indi; l. 4, "Double tongue" = the plant horse-tongue; ibid., "Moly" = Homer's plant—called by Parkinson Hungarian or Saracen's Garlic; ibid., "Anthillis" = sea chickweed and sea ground pine according to Parkinson; but it seems to be a name of Dioscorides, on which no definite conclusion could be come to: p. 281 and at p. 569, he speaks of the ground pine as called by some Anthyllis; l. 5, "Claver" = clover, also called Mellilot; ibid., "Ethiopis" = an Ethiopian plant which Parkinson first classed among the Mulleins (the Verbascas, L.) but afterwards put with the Clarys (the Salvia, L.); l. 6, "Floramore" = fleur d'amour, Fr., from a mistaken etymology of
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Amaranthus, Am. tricolor, L.; ibid., "Euphorbium" = see on st. 3, l. 1; ibid., "Eufula" = some of the Tithymales or Spurges (Euphorbia) (Parkinson, s.n.); l. 7, "Caffia fibula" = an Indian plant producing a pulp still used medicinally. It has preserved its name to this day.

Page 92, st. 1, "By the way"—note this now familiar phrase; l. 2, "Moly"—as before; l. 5, "laden" = laden; st. 3, l. 1, "Mugwort"—said by Prior to be a form of Mothwort, also called Mothnwort Artemisia Vulgaris, L.; ibid., "Senna" = senna, the well known drug; ibid., "Tithymales" = "Herbe à laict, Spurge, Tithimal, Milkweed (Milkwort, Parkinson), Wolves Milk." Cotgrave; l. 2, "Oke of Jerusalem" = (leaf supposed to resemble oak leaf)—Oak of Cappadocia Chenopodium Ambrosioides, L.; ibid., "Lycraconcuieor Liriconcuncy" = corruption of lilium convallium, or lily of the valley, Convallaria majalis, L.; l. 3, "Larkes spurre"—so known at present, L. heel—toe or claw, Knights spurs Delphinium, L.; ibid., "Larkes claw"—I find no such word, but Prior gives it as a synonym for Lark's spur, and Chester is no authority; l. 4, "Garden Nigella" = a Fennel flower, Nigella damascena, L.; ibid., "Mill"—I can't find; ibid., "Ponie" = peony; l. 5, "Setoria" = centaury; l. 6, "Sowbread"—its tuber eaten by swine, Cyclamen europaeum, L.; ibid., "Goates organ" or goat's organy, or goat's marjoram; l. 7, "Perleum"—I can't find; ibid., "Onomd the Waterman" = Osmund Fern, Os. royal, St. Christopher's Herb = Osmunda regalis, L.; st. 4, l. 1—punctuate, after "Mugwort"—see before, p. 92, st. 3, l. 1.

93, st. 2, l. 3, "Mlampus," l. 4, "Proetus"—see Myth. Dict., s.n., the first mortal endowed with prophetic powers and medical skill undertook to cure Proetus' daughters, king of Argos, and got two-thirds of kingdom and married one daughter (one account); st. 3, l. 1, "Centrie"—see p. 92, st. 1, l. 5; l. 6, "aches"—dysyllabic, as before noted.

94, st. 1, l. 7, "kath"—another of the author's curious change of tenses; st. 2, l. 1, "Omond baleate"—I know not unless = Osm. the Waterman, that being "singular for wounds, bruises and the like"—see p. 92, st. 3, l. 7; ibid., "Plebane"—I can't find—might be error for Fleabane = Inula Pulicaria, L.; ibid., "Oculus Chrifti" = Wild clary, God's eye, See-bright, Salvia Scarea, L.; l. 2, "Salomons seale" = Solomon's, i.e., Ladder to heaven, Convallaria Polygonatum, L., root stock cut across, being marked like two triangles reversed; ibid., "Sampire" = sapphire—every one knows Shakespeare's reference to it—"one that gathers sapphire" (Lear, act iv, sc. 6); Fr. St.
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Pierre, and so Sampire from its growing on sea cliffs; 1. 3'
"Sage of Jerusalem" = cowslips of Jerusalem, Lingwort,
Bugloss cowslip, spotted Comfrey, Pulmonaria officinalis, L.;
l. 4, "Great Pilosella" = Mousear, Hieracium Pilosella, L.
ibid., "Sengreene" — see note under 'Water Sengreene,' p. 96,
st. 4, l. 2; ibid., "Alexander" = horse-parsley, Smyrnium
Olaus atrum, L.; l. 5, "Knights Mistletoe" — qu., the hooded
Mistletoe, Bladder-wort, Utricularia vulgaris, L.; ibid., "Mastic-
tich" = Mastic, gum from Pistacia Lentiscus, from Scio;
ibid., "Stoeche gilother" = Our present 'stock,' Matthiola
incana, L.; l. 6, "herbe twopence" = moneywort from its pairs
of round leaves, Lysimachia Nummularia, L.; ibid., "Hermot-
dactil" = roots sold as medicine in Parkinson's time, but the
plant unknown — 'Reedflower Pimpernell' Anagallis arvensis,
L.; st. 4, l. 1, "imperious" — punctuate with , after; l. 2,
"cree diseaining" = cry-disclaiming; l. 6, "lower" = lowered;
l. 7, "neare" = nearer.

Page 95, st. i, l. 6, "Hard hearted" = hard-hearted; st. 2, l. 2, "morne
excelling" = morne-excelling; st. 1-2 — profoundly suggestive
of the radiant, impulsive, passionate Essex. See our introduc-
tion; st. 3, l. 5, "refine" — odd yet noticeable use of 'refine';
st. 4, l. 1, "Carrets" — see p. 96, st. 1; ibid., "Cheroule" =
Cherophyllym sylvestre, L., χερούλιο, χορο, I rejoice,
φύλλο, leaf; ibid., l. 2, "Red Patiens" = Patience or Monks
rhubarb, dock, Rumex Patentia, L.; l. 5, "Purflane" — see p. 96,
st. 3; ibid., "Gingidium" — Parkinson calls it strange chevrell,
and says that all the varieties come from Syria, except one from
Spain; l. 3, "Oxe eie" = the great daisy, from Lat. buphthal-
mus, Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum, L.; "Penygrafies" —
The sheep-killing p. g. is — penny-rot, the white-rot — marsh
pennywort, Hydrocotyle vulgaris, L. Cogtave gives, "Herbe
qui tue les brebis, Moneywort, herb two-penny, two-penny
grass," and Parkinson the same; but these names seem to have
been given rather confusedly to Hydrocotyle vulg., Pinguicula
vulg., and Lysimachia Nummularia, L.; l. 4, "Cutkoe pintell"
= arum maculatum, L. See wake-robin, p. 96; ibid., "Ladies
false" = Sigill. S. Maris = Bryonia nigra. Prior, following
some of our old herbalists, says that it and Solomon's seal are the
same, i.e., Convallaria Polygonatum, L.; but Parkinson differs
and makes the S. S. Maris, black bryony, Tamus communis, L.;
ibid., "Sagae pinum" = Sagapenum, a gum like Galbanum
from Media; l. 5, "Thurgraftus violet" = (old names) white
violet or wallflower; ibid., "Vincentzicium" — Parkinson calls
it Gentianella minor verna; l. 6, "Saint Peters wort" = cow-
slip, from resembling a bunch of keys, Primula veris, L.; ibid.,
"Venus hair" = Maiden hair fern, Adiantum, L.; l. 6, "Squilla" = squilla. I saw huge shrub-like plants of it in Palestine.

Page 96, st. 1, l. 6, "Sad dreaming" = Sad-dreaming; l. 7, "honie-working" = honie-working; l. 5, "But" — They would sell, &c., rather than not view or experience thy sweete, &c.: st. 2, l. 2, "ravished" = ravished eternal Pluto; st. 3, l. 1, "Purlane" — Portulaca oleracea, L., as before, p. 95, st. 3, l. 2; st. 4, l. 1, "Rocket" — corruption of diminutive of eruca, eruca sativa Lam.; ibid., "Jack by the hedge" = more properly 'Jakes,' from its offensive garlicky smell, Sauce alone, Allaria officinalis, L.; ibid. "Lost in idlenee" = [small] pansy: Viola Tricolor, L.; l. 2, "Knights water Sengreene" — Sengreene is the houseleek, sin (Sax.) ever, also aigreen, Jupiter's eye, Bullock's eye, Jupiter's beard, Sempervivum Tectorum, L. Parkinson speaks of an Egyptian water plant looking like a houseleek which was called Stratotiotes, and this or the Stratotiotes Aizoides he calls in his Index Water Sengreen; l. 3, "Paris Nauces" — query, Herbe Paris or Truelove, its four leaves resembling a truelove knot — but 'Navews' are rapes, turnips, and sometimes it would seem radishes; ibid., "Tornefild" = (sun-flower?) Wartwort, Euphorbia helioscopia, L.; l. 4, "Starre thistle" — so called from its spiny involucrum, Centaurea Solstitialis, L.; l. 5, "Seia" — I can't find this; l. 6, "Wake-robbins" = Cuckoo-Pint, Wake-Pintle, Arcm maculatum, L., one among several repetitions, shewing that Chester repeated without knowledge: cf. 'Cuckoe Pintle,' p. 95, st. 1, l. 4, et alibi; ibid., "Hartichocke" = artichoke.

"Hyacinthus." See Apollo'd, l. 3, § 3, for the ancient myth. l. 5, "springched" — a trisyllable here; l. 7, "red white mingled" = red-white mingled, or red-white-mingled; ib., "Gilli-flower" = carnation. But Shakespeare distinguished between the carnation and gillyflower, e.g.

"The fairest flowers of the season, Are our Carnations and streaked Gillyflowers"

Winter's Tale, iv, 3.

which is kindred with Spenser's distinction between 'Carnations' ('Coronations' as he rightly spells — from corona = garlands) and Sops-in-wine, which, nevertheless, are only two of the numerous names of this one beautiful plant. I met with it wild on the plain of Esdraelon, at the foot of the mountains of Gilboa in Palestine — white, streaked with pale red. Cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, act. ii, sc. 2, for an exquisite descriptive bit. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson — to whom, as throughout, I am extremely indebted for most painstaking researches on
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Chester’s flowers, &c.—thus writes me hereon: “The carnation and gillyflower seem to have been different species (or at least varieties) of the same genus. Parkinson (Paradisi Ter., p. 314) says, ‘Most of our later writers call them by one general name, Caryophyllum sativum and fax Caryophyllus, adding thereunto maximus, when we mean carnations, and maior when we would express gillyflowers, which name is taken from cloves, in that the sent of the ordinary red gillyflower (quasi July flower) especially doth resemble them.’ I give this to clear up the difficulty that has always existed as to Shakespeare’s and Spenser’s lines. Even now I find a distinction made between carnations and pinks and gillyflowers, and I am much inclined from this to believe in the derivation from carnis and not from corona—the ‘popular carnation’ being, as I understand it, of a red colour with the rarest mingling of a reddish white.” St. 2—this and other contextual stanzas are to be read between the lines. ‘Nature’ is pleading with the ‘Phoenix’ (Elizabeth) for the ‘Turtle dove’ (Essex). St. 3, l. 2, “silver coloured Lulie” = silver-coloured. Cf. p. 21, heading of ‘A Prayer’—‘a silver coloured Dove’; l. 6, “At ad” = the exclamation of woe by Apollo for the mortally wounded Hyacinthus or the letter Τ of “καρνοθορ”; st. 4, l. 1, “slieft” = trick; l. 4, “Traantins” = truants; l. 5, “deepe reade” = deepe-reade.

Page 93, st. 1, l. 1, “Rocket”—see on p. 96, st. 4, l. 1; l. 2, “in your Majours brood” = frowns indicative of displeasure? l. 7, “That what is feene without comes not within,” i.e., I suppose, the ‘wheels’ are there but no ‘blood’ drawn or pain caused; st. 2, l. 4, “Artichooke”—see p. 96, st. 4, l. 6; ib., ‘who’—note this for which; l. 5, “Sod” = sudden or steeped; st. 3, ll. 1 & 3, put hyphen in ‘Sommer-time and Winter-time’; st. 4, l. 1, “Saw-bread”—see p. 99, sts. 1–3, and note p. 92, st. 3, l. 6—Cyclamen Europeum, L.; ib., “Stamwort”—qu. stonecrop? or as we have had stonecrop, qu. error for Stab-wort, Oxalis acet., L., or Star-wort, Aster Tripolium, L.? ib. “Starre of Hiersalem”—qu. Star of Bethlehem? Prior makes the Star of Bethlehem to be Ornithogalum umbellatum, L., and the Star of Jerusalem or girasole, Tragopogon porrifolium; but Parkinson in his Index makes them the same, and gives as synonyms Goats-beard, Go-to-bed-at-noon, Joseph’s flower, also a Tragopogon (pratense), L.; l. 2, “Fernine” = vervain or ver-vine—ancently used in sacred rites and ceremonies—also called holy herb, pigeon’s grass, Juno’s tears, &c., Verbena officinalis, L.; ib., “Tanfie”—a yellow ill-savoured wild plant, still so-named—Tanacetum vulgare; Fr., tanaise—
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"Tansy" from Athenasia. Gr. from a misinterpretation of Lucian (Dial. of Gods, iv); l. 3, "Go to bed at noon"—see 'Starre Hierusalem,' l. 1; ib., "Titilalem"—see note on p. 92, st. 2, l. 1; l. 4, "Hundred headed thistle"—I imagine the reference is to the abundant 'thistle-down' that bears the seed in a 'hundred' directions; ib., "Isis"—see p. 98, st. 4. Shakespeare says—

"The female Ivy so
Entrings the barky fingers of the elm."

Midsummer Night's Dream, act. iv, sc. 1.

One rarely or never sees it round the (traditional) 'vine.' Pliny tells us (iv. iv.) that the yellow berries of ivy drunk secure one from drunkenness, and Cato and Varro that there is such antipathy between the ivy and wine that if wine and water be put into an ivy cup, the water remains but the wine soaketh through. Hence the appropriation of both to Bacchus might have arisen from the ivy being thought a preservative from all but the good effects of the grape. Milton sings of "the ivy never bear." l. 5, "Storks bill"—an herb still so named; ib., "Stone-crop" = the Satum acre of Linnaeus; ib., "Canary" = canary-seed—so known still; l. 6, "Dwarfe gentian"—see p. 100, st. 3; ib., "Snake-wood" = adder’s wort or bistort, Polygonum Bistorta; ib., "Sanory." This plant gets its name from the Latin Saturnis through the Italian Sraoregia. Winter’s Tale, act. iv, sc. 3 (Ellacombe). l. 8, "Bell rages" = a kind of water-cress? ib., "prickly Boxe" = either our buck-thorn rhamnus catharticus, L., "the buck being a misrendering of Germ. buxdorn = box-thorn τυρώσαχα" Prior; or another plant called by Parkinson box-thorn (p. 1009) Lycium sive Fyxcacanthe, he having spoken of buck-thorn in the previous chapter; ib., "Raspis of Country" — the ‘raspberry,’ Gerard describes it by the name of ‘Rubus ideus, the raspis bush, or hind-berry. He has this notice of it:—"The raspis is planted in gardens: it groweth not wide that I know of, except in a field by a village in Lancashire, called Harwood, not far from Blackburn" (p. 1273). As resident in Blackburn I may state that the ‘raspberry’ abounds in the woods all around us. See Nares’s s.v. for a full note.

Page 99, st. 1, l. 5, "Flishst too much," &c., i.e., unless they wish abortion or miscarriage; st. 2, l. 5, "When Mother Lullable with joy should sing" = Mother sing Lullabie with joy; l. 6, "Yet wanton fancying Maides," &c. Cf. st. 1, l. 5, and relative note; also the next stanza here. St. 4, l. 4, "the maiden Cissus" = κυσος Ivy. There seems at p. 100, st. 1, ll. 1-5, a reminiscence of the story of Ariadne and Dionysus.
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Page 100, st. 1, l. 3, "infarned" = drawn thither; but by stress of rhyme, and so too in l. 5. St. 3, l. 2, "hot flaining" = hot-shining; l. 5, "not shamne" = not [otherwise]; st. 4, l. 1, "Cardius benedictus . . . . Blessed thistle. So Shakespeare—

Margaret. Get you some of this distilled Cardius Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a Thistle.

Beatrice. Benedictus! Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

Margaret. Moral! No by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain Holy Thistle."

(Much Ado About Nothing, sc. iii, sc. 4.)

The 'Holy Thistle' or 'Blessed Thistle' was long held to be a heal-all. See Steevens' Shakespeare in loco; l. 2, "Nefwurt," see p. 101, st. 1 — Parkinson calls it White Hellebore. Prior, under sneeze-wort, says = Achillea Parmicina; ibid., "Ponroyall" — (so called still) Latin paleum regium and L. Mentha pulegium — supposed to destroy fleas — also called pudding grass, because used in 'stuffings'; ibid., "Aftrolochia" — cannot find anywhere; l. 3, "Yellow Wolfs-bane" = aconite — usually blue, but one kind has pale yellow flowers; ibid., "Bramble." See a most interesting note on this familiar plant (or shrub) in Ellacombe's Plant-Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare (1878), s.v. l. 4, "Our Ladies Belfraw" = the plant Galium; ib., "Brookeline" = water-pimpernel, Veronica Beccabunga, L.; ibid., "Lunaria" — see p. 101, st. 4; l. 5, "Cinque foile" = five-leaved grass, but Prior makes them different — Typha latifolia and Phleum pratense L.; ib., "Cats tail" = the plant horse-tail? Potentilla, L.; ib., "Creffe Sciatica" — so-called (I suppose) as good for alleviating sciotic and rheumatic pains — a kind of candytuft, Iurus amara, L.; l. 6, "Hollikoeche" = holly-hock — still well-known and admired; ib., "Monfear" = Latin, myosotis, Hieracium Pilosella, L. — appearance of chickweed, but the flower larger and the fruit ox-horn shape, open at the top and full of small round seeds. There is a mouse ear chickweed and a mouse ear scorpion grass, but they are both different. Holland's Phiny, however, gives as a synonym for mouse ear (Myosotis) chickweed. Prior gives mouse ear chickweed, stellaria media; ib., "Pety Morrell" = garden night-shade, i.e., solanum nigra; l. 7, "Sage" — see p. 101, sts. 2–3; ib., "Scorpiades" = scorpion-grass or caterpillars, though the word ought to be Scorpioides. It is the mouse ear scorpion grass, now called forget-me-not — Myosotis palustus, L., from its spike, says Prior, resembling a scorpion's
tail, it was supposed by the doctrine of signatures to be good against a scorpion's bite; *ib.* "garden forrell" — the wild 'wood' sorell cultivated — a sallet.

Page 101, st. 1, l. 3, "fod" = sodden or steeped. Cf. p. 98, st. 2, l. 5; st. 2, l. 3, "Aetius" = probably Aëtius of Amida, a physician and writer on medicine? He refers to Egyptian medicine in his Ιατρικά έκκαιδεκα; st. 4, l. 4, "horblache" = a horse's fetter to prevent anything but a gentle pace and straying — qu. — get twisted among the leaves and stems and so un-locked?

,, 102, st. 1, l. 1, "Standergras" — having double tubers, it was thought on the doctrine of signatures to have aphrodisiac powers, Prior, Orchis mascula, L. This and 'Hares ballocka' and 'great Orchis' are different names for one plant, as shown by description and name, and by the text 'provoke th' and 'procureth,' l. 2, and 'It,' ll. 3 and 5, et seq.; ll. 6-7 = only to be used fresh or newly pulled; st. 3, l. 1, "Rosmarie" — See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note on this once wonderfully popular plant; *ib.* "iufticf" = uphold or state or make just; l. 6, "Conferres . . . . refros" — plural nominative to verb singular; st. 4, l. 1, 'Dwale or Nightshade' — the latter explains the former name. The 'Dwale-Bluth' of young Oliver Maddox-Brown has revived the older name unforgettable; l. 4, "eile" = disturbance, tumult; l. 6, "Almaine" = Germany; l. 7, "nought" = naught, naughty, bad.

As this ends our Author's rapid naming and description of plants and flowers, I must semi-apologize for my attempt to give each its scientific name. I have ventured to do so (through Dr. Nicholson's ready aid) first from the tendency people then had to give the same name to different flowers, second that the then Botanists placed different species of different genera under under one generic name. I would now introduce here a hitherto unprinted poem from a MS. in the Chetham Library, Manchester, wherein the most popular flowers are daintily introduced, as follows:

**Musa Amatoria.**

1. In funny fumers heathing
   Cloffe in an arbour fittenge
   Under a miftle fhaide;
   For my kinde loue the fairest
   With flowers of the rarest,
   A Pofie thus I made.

2. The firft of maidens fancie
   With purple colourd panie,
   The goold that flutt at night;
And then I platt a maidens blufl,  
A Tuulp and Narcissus,  
Wth Campions red and white.

3. The violett and the Eglantine,  
Wth Cowflips sweet and fops in wine,  
Sweete marjoram and ox eye;  
The flowers of muske millions,  
Come blowe me downe, sweet Williams,  
Wall-flowers and favorye.

4. The cheifest flowers for pofes,  
Are pinks, gilliflowers and roses;  
I pluckt them in their prime,  
The Larkheele and the Lillie,  
The fragrant Daffa-dillie,  
Wth Lauender and tymne.

5. The cheifest flowers for taftinge,  
The flower everlaftinge  
I pul'd it from the bawe;  
The blew and coloured collobine,  
The Dafe and the woodbine,  
And next, the flower of Maye.

6. These flowers beinge culled  
And from their branches pul'd  
They yield a fragrant sent;  
And I oblerud their places  
And had them in bride-laces,  
And to my Loue I went.

7. Where I perceiued her sportinge  
With other maides resportinge,  
Nigh by a riu'r stode;  
When she had well perused  
My posie not refused  
Upon her arme she tyed.

8. With modest kind behawor  
She thanks me for my favow,  
And weares it for my fake;  
And with ten thoufand kiffes  
The ref't remayne in wishes  
Her Loveinge leave she takes. Finis.

(See Chetham Library, 8055 Farmer's Catal.)

Page 103, st. 1, l. 1, "Oke of Ierusalem" or of Cappadoceia, Chenopodium Ambrosioides, L. — leaf supposed to resemble that of the oak;
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St. 2, l. 2, "Times increase." So Shakespeare 'earth's increase' (Tempest, act. iv, sc. 1 (Song) and 2 Henry VI, act iii, sc. 2) and 'womb's increase' (Coriol, act i, sc. 1); l. 5, "their" = there, as frequenter contemporaneously; l. 6, "sweete spread" = sweete-spread; st. 3, l. 6, "nominaté" = name, r.g.; st. 4, l. 3, "loftie bearing" = loftie-bearing; l. 5, "Christ's thorne" = Spina Christi—I found it in enormous growth near Jericho; l. 6, "Tamariske"—tamaris, Fr. and Sp.; tamarisco, It.; tamariscus, Latin—wood and fruit medicinal; st. 5, l. 1, "moft chest tree, that Caftainne doth betoken"—no opportunity is 'let slip' of pleasing the 'Virgin-queen,' as she rejoiced to be called, by such references; l. 2, "Holholyhole" = a holm holly; l. 3, "Corke"—Gerarde and Parkinson describe this tree, though it was not planted in England until the latter part of the seventeenth century; ib., "Goosberrie." It may be noted that Dr. Prior has shown that this word is a corruption of 'Cross-berry,' and so has nothing to do with the 'goose'; l. 3 (page 104) "shooken" = shaken, r.g.; l. 4, "Plubbert" = fibert; ib., "Barberie" or Berberry = the pipperidge-bush—a prickly shrub, bearing a long red tart "berry"; l. 5, "Meafike"—lentisk tree—I saw it plentiful in Cyprus and Scio = gum from it.

Page 104, st. 1, l. 1, "Iudas tree"—resembles the apricot—grows in hedges of Italy and Spain, but in England it was the elder of Shakespeare; st. 2, l. 1, "Afh-tree." See Ellacombe, as before, e.v.; ib., "Maple"—a fine naturalized English tree, with odd-shaped winged seeds that when I was a boy used to be called 'cocks and hens'; ib., "Sycamore"—Acer pseudoplatanus, L., of the maple genus; l. 2, "Pomegranate" = the kernelled apple (pomum granatum)—delicious in Palestine as I proved at Shunem, &c.; ib., "Apricokes." See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note (e.v.) hereon; ib., "Juniper"—Latin, juniperus—the well known tree or shrub. It grows very large in the Sinaitic peninsula; l. 3, "Turpentine"—resinous clear gum from the pine, juniper, &c.; ib., "delphor" = weep or pour out; ib., "Poore-tree"—poire, French: pyrum, Latin—innumerable varieties; ib., "Medlar"—mespilum, Latin—like the laurel; l. 5, "Orange." See Ellacombe for a matterful note, e.v.; ib., "Lemon"; ibid., l. 6, "Nutmeg"—see Gerarde, e.v., but it was not introduced into England for two centuries later; ib., "Plum-tree." See Ellacombe, as before, e.v.; st. 3, l. 1, "Mirth"—"Holy Writ," and the classical myths have immortalized it. See Ellacombe, as before, e.v.; l. 2, "gods"—misprint for 'goddess'; l. 3, "Mersin." Is this mythological story of Mersin a classical one? Or is it coined by Chester? I do not remember it, nor can I find it. Moreover, the 'myrtle' was
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sacred to Aphrodite or Venus (Murcia or Murtea), and not to Athene or Pallas. I incline also to think it Chester's because he has made rather a mess of the name, μορφημεν being a myrtle branch, and μυροσ the myrtle tree" (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me). l. 4, the colon (-) certainly ought to have been deleted here; st. 4, l. 3, "governmene" = of set rule.

Page 105, st. 1, l. 1, "fore passad" = fore-passed; l. 5, "vanquishe," i.e., the vanquished — a probable misprint; st. 3, l. 1, "grene remaining" = greene-remaining; ib., "Bay." See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note, s.v.; ll. 5-6. See note on p. 97, st. 2; st. 5 (p. 106), l. 3, "to his hearts delight" = for the delight of his own heart.

"106, st. 1, l. 1, "opinion" = good repute in knowledge; ll. 5-6 = Apollo as god of the sun. Cf. the preceding context; st. 2, l. 1, "Mole-tree" — see on ll. 5-6; l. 4, "Herborists" = "one skilled in herbs" (Ash., s.v.). It occurs in its more correct form of Herborist in Philemon Holland's Pliny, either in this sense, or as one who gathers herbs for medical purposes. ll. 5-6, unintelligible to the editor. It can't possibly mean that near er in Niniveh or the 'Aleph' (= first or foremost — as being the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet) cite some merchant-ship trading from 'Venetia' found this 'Mole-tree' there. The next stanza only deepens the obscurity; st. 4, l. 4, "Tellus gloric" — Tellus' gloric; l. 5 (p. 107), put hyphen in "white siluer'd" and "rich resembling."

"107, st. 3, l. 1, "Prawone" = a small crustaceous fish, like a shrimp, but larger; ib., "Picerell" = young pike; l. 3, "Puffin" = a kind of sea water-fowl then called 'feathered fish' (Rider, s.v., 1640); ib., "Sole" — the well-known flat marine fish, of the genus Pleuronectes, P. solea of Linnaeus — so called probably from its keeping on or near the bottom ('sole') of the sea; ib., "Sommer louing" = Sommer-louing; st. 4, l. 3, "brimme" = edge.

"108, st. 1, l. 1, "Ray" = a genus of cartilaginous plagiostomous fishes, e.g., sting ray, spotted torpedo, thornback, skate, &c.; ib., "Sea-calfe" = the common seal, a species of phoca — phoca vitulina of Linnaeus; ib., "Porpoise" — from porco, a hog and pescu — a fish (Italian), hence called hog-fish and sea-hog — in zoology cetaceous mammals of the genus Delphinus of Linnaeus; l. 3, "Sea-horse" — the morse, a species of Trichechus or walrus, the T. rosmarus; ib., "Sea-hound." Cotgrave gives, 'Hound fish' = Fr., sorrat, Ash, 'name of a fish.' Rider gives, 'Hound fish' = Galerus; and under 'Galerum,' a Dogge-fish, also a Sea-Calfe. ib., "Plaise" = flat fish of the 'sole' species; l. 4, "Spitchcock" = was not as now, an eel broiled, &c., but 'a great
eel,' *Anguilla decumana* (Rider, and so Kersey) — possibly the conger. So 'stocke-fish' was not a salted fish as now, but was used as the name of the live fish (Rider). *Ib.,* "Pilcher" = pilchard; l. 6, "Aches" = disyllabic as usual; st. 2, l. 1, "Spittish" = sea-pike. Cf. for further description Cotgrave, *s. v.*, Spet. *Ib.,* "Spurling" = spurling or spurling? l. 2, "Thornbach" — a kind of 'ray,' as before; l. 3, "Twine" — Rider has "A fish called a twine before it be a year old. Pelamys — and pelamys is a thunny or tunny. *Ib.,* "Scallop" — a fish in hollow and pectinated shell; l. 4, "pretie Wrinkle" = a wele; st. 3, l. 1, "Cuttle" = cuttle-fish; *Ib.,* "Stocke-fish" = already named supra (st. 1, l. 4); l. 4, "Ruffe" = a small fish, a species of Perca, *Pirch, cerneia*, native of England; *Ib.,* "Piper" = pipe-fish — or Horn-back, or Horn or Gorn-fish — of the genus *Symphatus*, so called from the length and slenderness of its body, which in its thickest part is only equal to a swan's quill; l. 5, "Barbells" — of the genus Cyprinus, of the order of the Abdominals; st. 4, l. 5, "stubborne necked" = stubborne-necked; st. 5, l. 3 — remove comma (,) certainly after "un-".

Page 109, st. 1, l. 1, "Amatify" = amethyst — see p. 110, st. 2; *Ib.,* "Abesfleone" = asbestos? but see infra; l. 2, "Turche" = turquoise; l. 3, "Adamant" — see p. 109, st. 4; l. 3, "Dionife" = Dionisias — Batman (xvi, 35) calls it Dionysos, a stone, black or brown, having red spots. See Batman, as supra, and Isidore for more on it. *Ib.,* "Caleddon" = caledony; l. 4, "Elutropia" = qu. heliotrope? l. 5, "Aferites" — a gem shining within like a star, mentioned by Isidore; l. 6, "Argitives" — a silver-like gem mentioned also by Isidore; l. 4, "Berill" — see p. 110, st. 5; l. 5, "Saphire" — see p. 114, st. 2—3; l. 6, "Iacinth" — see p. 113, st. 2; st. 2, l. 1, "Sinaraged" — see p. 114, st. 4; *Ib.,* "Alabaster" — so spelled contemporaneously, and onward. So too the Poet — Spenser's friend — had his name spelled; *Ib.,* "Cruofafe" = chrysoprase; l. 3, "Sparkling Diamond" — see p. 111, st. 2—3. The most exquisite thing I ever have met with on the diamond was in a most unlikely place, viz., in James Arbuckle's poem of "Snuff." He describes the tapered, pink-nailed finger of Beauty, whereon "The diamond spils its drop of light." l. 4, "Margurite" = pearl; *Ib.," bright-eyd Chryfull." This recalls Sir John Davies' splendid description of the sea, looking up with his 'great crystal eye' to the moon; l. 5, "Ligurius" = a species of caruncle or the lynx stone, or jacinth, or amber; *Ib.," Onix" = onyx; *Ib., "Gagastes" — see p. 112, st. 4 — Minshen and Cotgrave give it = agate, but Rider and Lovell as 'jeat' or agath stone, and so Pliny, xxxvi,
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19 ; l. 6, "Abysfos"—Batman gives Abston for Asbestus, but Abscis from Isidore as a precious stone, "black heavie and fierce with rôde veins," &c.; ib., "Amatiles"—see p. 110, st. 4; ib., "Achates"—see p. 110, st. 3; st. 3, l. 5, "Lipparia" = Liparium or rock alum; l. 6, "Einidos"—see p. 112, st. 3. This gem, enhydros = ὑθρός, is now unknown. Pliny 37, 11, 73; Solin. 37, 67; st. 4, l. 1, "Adamant" = lode-stone.

Page 110, st. 1, l. 1, "lively" = living. Cf. "lively oracles" (Acts vii, 38), "lively hope" (1 Peter i, 3), "lively stones" (1 Peter ii, 5); st. 2, l. 1, "purple coloured" = purple-coloured; ib., "Amatiles" = amethyst — see p. 109, st. 1, l. 1; st. 4, l. 5, "fairs light" = in the fire, r.g.

111, st. 1, l. 5, "the house" = life; st. 2-3. Cf. note p. 109, st. 2, l. 3, and note the feminine there as here; st. 4, l. 6, "wherest" = whereat.

112, st. 1, l. 1, "Achates"—qu. = cf. description p. 112, st. 1, l. 1, and p. 110, st. 3, l. 1. Minsheu gives as = Gagates; but Lovell, making Gagates or Agath one of the sulphurs = a black stony earth full of bitumen, gives Achates among the stones or jewels most precious, as like the jasper. Doubtless Chester meant the 'agate.' l. 6, "set" = ease from pain; st. 2, l. 4, "his humours is releasing" — sic, and another example of verb singular following a nominative plural; l. 6, "forfalle his meate" = lose his appetite; st. 3, l. 1, "Einidos"—see p. 109, st. 3, l. 6; after st. 3, "Perpetui," &c., from Marbod of Carmen de Gen. § 47: Francia, Lips. 1791 — Chester slightly different; st. 4, l. 1, "Gagates"—see p. 109, st. 3, l. 5; l. 2, "wherest" = whereat, as before; st. 5 (p. 113), l. 3, "fome men never thinke" = will not believe.

113, st. 1, l. 1, "Jacinth." Cf. Batman upon Barthol., B xvi, c. 57. Our Poet has drawn on one or other; l. 3, "clear" — the original's misprint for 'clere' or 'cleare' through length of the line; l. 6, "the m" — not misprint for 'them' but for 'to the m[inde]' — as revealed by the rhyme and scansion; st. 4, l. 1, "Mayde stone" — see Batman upon Barthol. B xvi, c 67 Medo — whence this is fetched; l. 4, "Mingled," &c., i.e., mingled with the milk of a woman having a male infant (not a female one).

114, st. 1, l. 1, "Orites"—see Batman, as before, B xvi, c. 74; st. 2, l. 1, "Skie colour'd" = Skie-colour'd; ib., "Saphire"—see Batman, as before, B xvi, c 87; l. 2, "judging" = judicial, well-judging; st. 3, l. 5-6. Whence this 'consecration' of the sapphire to Apollo? Batman, lxvi, c. 87, gives the story of the spider and says he has oft seen it proved. St. 4, l. 1, read — "fresh-greene-colour'd" or 'fresh greene-colour'd'; ib., "Smaragd" — see Batman, as before, B xvi, c 88.
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Page 215, st. 1, l. 1, "valiant Caesar," viz., Nero; l. 2, Σαπος, sic, but = Σαπος, doubtless written contractedly by Chester Σαπος, r.g. See Batman, xvi. 88, from Isidore; l. 4, "wards" = acts of guard or guarding, fences; st. 2, l. 5, "keeps" = disyllabic; st. 3, l. 1, "Turches" = turquois. Mentioned in Batman, but no virtues given it nor in Pliny. I gathered a handful myself in the ancient turquois mines of the Sinaitic peninsula.

st. 116, st. 1, l. 3. "Buggle" = Bagill or Buffell, Latin, Bubalus, i.e., the buffalo; l. 4, "Oncentaure" = a mythical animal compounded of ass (ovos) and man, as the hippocentaur was of horse and man. Even Batman has his doubts of its existence; l. 5, "Dromidary," i.e., standing for itself and the 'camel'; but see st. 3; l. 6, "Bore" = boar, see p. 215, st. 1; i.e., "Dragon" = mythical serpent; st. 2, l. 1, "strong neck'd" = strong-neck'd; l. 4, "Goatbucke" = he-goat? Batman speaks of the he-goat as 'goat-bucke' (B xviij, c. 89); but in his index gives 'of the goat bucke' c. 101, where he treats of the hicococcus or tragelaphus, but never calls it goat-bucke, contrariwise in explaining trigelaphus calls tragus a goat-bucke. From p. 219 (st. 1, l. 1) it is quite clear that Chester intended the he-goat; l. 5, "Cameleopard" = a fabulous Æthiopian beast, not the animal now so named; l. 6, "Deare" = deer; st. 3, l. 3-4 = a common and classical belief (e.g., Juvenal, xii. 3, 4) he knowing himself to be hunted for them as being greatly esteemed in various diseases. It was similarly said of the 'hunted' elephant that he clashed and broke his tusks, knowing that was why he was hunted (Batman, xviij, 44); Richard Barnfield (Poems, p. 28, st. xiii — my edition for the Roxburghe Club), and Humph. Gifford (Poets 1580) — my edition — have the same myth; l. 5-6, "Stello, Camelion, Vunicorne." Either Chester has borrowed from Batman (or Bartholomew Glantville from whom he translated) or both have taken from a common source. Batman mentions under 'camelion' the 'stello, a lizard' said by some to be one with the 'camelion.' Philemon Holland's Pliny, calls it the star-lizard stellion, and Holyoke's Rider, gives 'stello' a beast like a lizard having spots on his neck, like stars. "Vunicorne," &c. Sir Thomas Browne, s.v., will interest and amuse with his quaint lore and as quaint credulity and incredulity (Works by Wilkin, 4 vols., 8vo., 1835.) The old Preachers abound in illustrations fetched from the 'unicorn' whereby to exalt our Lord; st. 4, "Bear." See Batman, B. xviij, c. 112, where he quotes Avicecenna for this. The virtue of bear's grease dates from Batman's days (1582) at least.
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Page 117, Latin line—from Isidore; lib. xii, cap. ii, but 'Sic' for 'Hic,' and 'cum' for 'quem'; st. 1, "Bore"—boar; l. 2, "Tusser"—tusks—still in use for the tusks of boar and elephant, and in the nursery for infant's teeth—see also p. 118; st. 3, l. 1; l. 5, "Marioram and Organie"—marioram and penny-royal—see Ellacombe, as before; st. 2, "Bugle"—see p. 116, st. 1, l. 3, and relative note; l. 6, "thy"—sic—they; st. 3, "Canell," st. 3-4. No one who has travelled on camel-back across a desert will refuse praise to the camel's long patience and liquid ever-onward-looking eye. Times over I have seen the camel go without water for more than the 'four days' here named. He has faults of temper and otherwise, and it is a kind of martyrdom to use him at all for one's self; yet with every deduction he is an admirable and extraordinary creature; st. 5, l. 1, "Dragon," &c. The mythical 'dragon' was supposed to love the elephant's blood (Batman); (p. 118); l. 5-6—the slayer is timely slain, says Batman.

118, st. 1, l. 1, "bunch-back"—hunch-backed, or with protuberance; st. 2, "Dogge"—Baroness Coutts has raised a monument (combining a 'fountain') to a little Scotch terrier that broke its heart over its dead master, scraping its way down to the coffin-lid and there dying. It is one of the sights of Edinburgh; st. 3, l. 6, "faul'd his life"—his life sav'd; st. 4, l. 1, "jovine"—skilled, knowing.

119, st. 1, l. 1, "Goat-bucke"—goat, as before; st. 2, l. 1, "quicke"—lively; l. 3, "incontinent"—instantly; l. 6, "by kind"—of his nature; l. 4, "Ligurius"—rather Ligurius. See Batman, as before, B xvi, 60 and B xviii, c. 69, and Pliny Lyncurium viii, 38. Cf. p. 111.


121, st. 1, ll. 5-6—the 'Ile' being Ireland, as before; read l. 6, with hyphen, 'fweete-smelling'; st. 2, l. 2, "moorish plot"—one of the bogs for which Ireland was and is celebrated, and in which still, spite of St. Patrick, frogs if not serpents are found. Be it noted this held only of "a little corner" (l. 1); l. 6, "poisonous ayre"—two disyllables; st. 3, l. 2, "Rinatrix." See page 123, st. 3, l. 3, ib., "Arist." See page 122, st. 1.

122, st. 1, l. 3, "near"—ne'er; st. 2, "This is," &c. Chester would later read his friend Shakespeare's great celebration of it; st. 3, "Lizard"—anything prettier or more amusing than the swift-darting lizards of the desert (of Sinai) can scarcely be imagined. Their agility is very remarkable. Closely examined their jewel-like colouring is exquisite. In the loneliness of some of the Wadys it was a kind of living companionship
to have these interesting little creatures beside one. Some were very very large and hideous—as large as a good-sized kitten; st. 4, l. 1, "Ant or Emote is a labouring thing." Sir John Lubbock imagines that he has disproved the 'wisdom' of the 'ant' by his sets of experiments and by observations. A greater delusion I can scarcely conceive. Why, the very disregard of the 'ants' for the near roads provided and the humanly-contrived plans for ingress and egress, and removal of difficulties, goes to confirm the little creature's quick 'wisdom.' If it could speak, it might retort on the great-eyed human monster stooping over and 'planning' for it, and say, 'I will take my own way—I will manage for myself—I don't know what of evil may be under all these nice arrangements.' Personally I have made scores of observations on the 'ant' both at home and in foreign countries, especially in the East; and all confirm its 'wisdom'—as in the text; 1. 2, "publike wende," i.e., commonwealth; st. 5, l. 5 (p. 123) "ciuile"—living a common ordered and subordinate life, like ants and men.

Page 123, st. 4, l. 5, "cald of some the flattering worme" Batman (B xviij, c. 98) says, "This maner scorpion commeth of Scorte that is sweet, and of pogo, is, that is to feine; for before [stinging] he feineth pleaunce."

"124, st. 2, l. 4, "Olimes" = ol-i-ues—a trisyllable to rhyme with 'trees'—note 'some' verb singular (ll. 2-4), and in l. 7 with verb plural; st. 4, l. 1, "Caddis" = cadesse, i.e., jackdaw (Wright, s.v.)—from its place among birds cannot be the caddes, or caddis, or cadworme (Ash, Kersey, and Bailey); st. 5, l. 3, put hyphen thus, "big-neck'd"; l. 5 (p. 125) "Giffon" = mythical bird; l. 6, "Puttocks" = greale, i.e., kite.

125, st. 1, l. 4, "Hercin"—"Hircania is a province in Asia . . . . . it is sharpe of woodes . . . . . There breedeth birds that are called Hircanie; their feathers shine by night, and such birds are founde in Germany, as Isidore sayeth" (Batman, B xv, c. 74). I presume = the Hercinian forest, Germany; ib., put hyphen, "faufy-winged"; l. 5, "Caladrius." See next stanza—Batman (B xii, c. 22) speaks of Caladrius in the same terms, and says it "hath no parte of blacknest." If the man is to die he turns his face from him. His only authority is "as the Philosopher faith"; st. 2, l. 2, "prosperitie"—qu. propertie or propensitie? line is unsannable; st. 3, "Crane"—curious old-fashioned lore, found everywhere.

126, st. 1, l. 1, "The Winters enfrous blaff she never tafteth." Michael Bruce in that Ode to the Cuckoo, which John Logan so treacherously sought to rob him of, has very daintily put this—

"Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;"
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Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

(my edition, p. 124, 1855).

1. 4, "for to"—so also st. 5, l. 2—rare in Shakespeare.

Page 126, st. 2, l. 3, "Croffe" = ill-fate or luck; st. 4, l. 4, "runne" = ranne, r.e.

127, st. 1, l. 1, "Griffon"—fabulous bird, as before; st. 2, l. 2, "Hirminie"—see on p. 125, st. 1, l. 4.

128, st. 1, l. 1, "Memonides"—the original's misprint for 'Memonides'; st. 2, l. 3, "Hunts-up." Mr. J. Payne Collier has printed a curious song, from which it appears that 'hunts vp' was known as early as 28 Henry VIII. Cf. Barnfield in his 'Affectionate Shepheard':

"And every Morne by dawning of the day,
When Phalus riseth with a blushing face,
Siluanms Chappel-Clarks shall chaunt a Lay,
And play thee hunts-up in thy resting-place."

(My edition of his complete Poems for the Roxburgh Club, p. 12, st. xix.)

1. 3, "doth delight her," i.e., his mate—for it is the male which alone sings. This Chester knew and so likens the male-bird to a 'Bridegroome' (l. 5); ll. 5-6—unskilful verse; but the meaning is that Greeks and Romans trained the ‘nightingale’; st. 4, l. 2, "Stesichorus" = the Greek poet of Himera in Sicily. For the fable see Christod. Ecphr. ap. Jacobs, Anth. Graec. 1, p. 42: Pliny, H. N., x, 29; ll. 5-6, the well-known legend; st. 5, l. 1, "daftard Owle"—much too strong a word for this timid but not at all 'cowardly' bird.

129. Latin couplet—from Ovid, Met. v, 549, 550. l. 7, "flaggish"—because he 'sleeps' all day, possibly; st. 2, l. 1, "ill bedooming" = ill-bedooming, i.e., adjudging or pre-judging ill or evil; Cf. 3 Henry VI, v, 6, "cried, aboding luckless time"; st. 3, l. 5, "They have bene known to give great Emperors volue"—some now forgotten anecdote of trained parrots; st. 4, ll. 5-6. The old Puritans are never weary of pointing 'a moral' from the 'base blacke Feete' of the peacock, swan, &c., &c., in contrast with their plumage; and so too the elder Poets; st. 5 (p. 130), l. 4, "In Indie spies a Peacocks," &c., one of the many myths about this bird.

130, st. 1, "The Pelican"—this myth is met with in all the Fathers, &c.
The pressure of the huge bill on its crop or pouch wherein is store of food, doubtless originated it. This mention of the 'Pelican' calls for special note of the curious and remarkable turn given to the fable, in that the 'Turtle dove' dies first, and
then the Phœnix. Also, be it observed, that the 'Turtle dove'—"cheerfully did die," &c., while the Phœnix "with a pale heavy countenance grieved for to see him first possess the place." Only as of Essex and Elizabeth is this appropriate or explicable. I take the opportunity here to supplement preceding notes on the same lines as all this. 'Applied' (p. 9) appears to mean that 'The Complaint of Rosalin' is put into the mouth of Dame Nature; for Dame Nature's Complaint is a complaint in behalf of Rosalin or the Phoenix, or in other words Rosalin's own 'Complaint.' Again, at p. 21, the explanation is that like Raleigh he had spoken before of Elizabeth as 'the silver-coloured dove' as he calls her in st. 4 (and in 5, 6, 7). But as he is now speaking of her as the 'Phœnix' in his 'Love's Martyr,' he applies it (really to the same person) to her as to the 'Phœnix.' This is surely reduplicated proof that the 'silver-coloured Dove' (= sacred, holy) and the 'Phœnix' are one, and that both are Elizabeth. Note finally here, that in the 'Prayer' she is 'the' and 'thy' silver-coloured dove, but in the title 'a,' because he would avoid the very obvious absurdity that she was both the silver-coloured dove and the phoenix. She could be the 'Phœnix' and 'a' silver-coloured dove, i.e., the 'Phœnix' with the properties of such a dove, though not the bird the dove itself; st. 2, "envivitiate Sparrow." Dean Donne has quaintly celebrated the 'vivatitiate' amorousness of this bird in his Melanpsychosis; l. 4, "animaduersion" = perception. In this sense Glanville also uses it, and, spite of the Dictionary-makers, it is correct; ll. 5-6, "A flight of Sparrows,"—'the old myth and superstition; st. 3, l. 1, read rather, 'The artificial-nest-composing'; l. 6, "His"—caught doubtless from previous line, should be 'He'; ib., "Caledonies"—is this a mistake of a gem for a flower ('herb')? st. 4, l. 1, "Cecina" = Cecina; ib., "Volatera" = Cecina of Volaterra—Etruscan remains still extant preserve this once great family-name. Qu.—Has Chester confounded Cecina and L. Cinna? l. 3, "Sent letters," &c. Carrier-pigeons have been long so used and still are (e.g., in the recent German-Franco war), but it is doubtful if the 'swallow' ever has been similarly trained.

Page 131, st. 1, l. 1, "sweet-recording" = sweet-recording, i.e., sweet-singing. Cf. Two Gent. of Ver., act v, sc. 3. One is utterly at a loss to account for the everywhere-found notion of the swan's 'singing,' especially on the approach of death. As for the 'footed verse,' l. 3, it is of course mere credulity. Latin couplet—from Isidore, Hist. Episcop. Origines, lib. xii, cap. vii, in Gothofredi Auctores Linguae Latinae 1622, who quotes it from an old
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Poet Cæmilius. Chester inadvertently prints 'Hoc' for 'Hanc' and 'undis' for 'undas.' st. 2, l. 5, "moult" = moult; l. 6, put hyphen, "hart-pining"; st. 3, l. 1, "the carefull [ = full-of-care] bird the Turtle Down," be it noted, is designated by 'Phoenix' in preceding stanza "drooping soule," and again in st. 4, l. 5; ll. 3-4, "And thus he wanders seeking of his love." This goes right to the mark for Essex.

Page 132, st. 1, l. 1, "looks me in the face." Another touch in Elizabeth for Essex; l. 4, "gait" = gait; l. 4, "he eyes us more and more" — as in l. 1; l. 5, "O shall I welcome him." The oft-put question of the woman against the queen of and the queen against the woman in Essex's case. The context has no sense unless you bring to it the story of Elizabeth's love-passion — the passion, if not the love in its deepest and tenderest sense — for Essex, from her first sight of him in his young bloom onward; st. 3, l. 4, "half pin'd" = half-pin'd; st. 4 — The placing of 'Turtle' in the margin seems at first a mistake; but the 'Turtle' is addressing itself (i.e., himself) in gazing on the "eye-dazzling Sunne" of the 'Phoenix's' "excelling beauty." This was the mode, to the last, of speaking of and to Elizabeth. See our Introduction for quotation from Coke. With all her brain-force, Elizabeth had not courage to refuse the idle flattery of her 'beauty,' or to recognise that she really was growing old and haggard. I know not that the following very striking bit in Nichols Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, from an Harleian MS. (contemporary) 6207, has been noticed — "Afterward, in the melancholy of her sickness, she desired to see a true looking glass, which in twenty years she had not seen, but of such a one as was made of purpose to deceive her sight: which glasse being brought her, she fell presently into exclaiming against [those] which had so much commended her; and took it so offensively, that some which before had flattered her, dourst not come into her sight" (vol ii, pp. 25-30 — end of the volume). Surely anything more tragical than the italicised words is inconceivable; l. 5, "variety" = rarity. Cf. former note on this; l. 6, "For wit," &c., the bird is forgotten and the queen-woman remembered.

133, st. 1, l. 1, "Tus," seems wrongly placed here, being intended for the left margin in the words 'Haile map of sorrow' (see p. 124, st. 1, ll. 5-6); whilst 'Phoenix' in the right margin begins 'Welcome,' &c. st. 2, l. 4, "presumption soule offence." Essex, on his departure for Portugal and elsewhere later, was again and again brought to his knees for his 'presumption' and kindred impulsive faults, as facts and letters superabundantly prove. See Devereux Lives, &c. Meanwhile it is all-important...
to note that the ‘wooing’ is dated by circumstances in Essex’s early time — not later when he had married and when Elizabeth was old; st. 3, l. 1, “Turtle” = mate; l. 2, “her want” = her loss; l. 3, “the foule that’s fled,” &c. How natural all this was in the mouth of Essex on the death of his noble young brother who fell so miserably at Rosen. See Devereux, as before. st. 4, l. 3, “for to,” as before, common contempo-
rance, rare in Shakespeare: see p. 132, l. 4: p. 133, l. 12; st. 4, l. 4, “advane” = lift up ‘our fiery altar.’ So Shakespeare, “the fringed curtains of thine eye advance” (Tempest, act i, sc. 2); l. 6, “Solamen,” &c. The origin of this has long been sought for in vain. It is in most collections of Common-places; and was enquired about in Notes and Queries, iv, x, but not traced back to its source; st. 5, Elizabeth actually thus comforted Essex for his brother when he ‘came over’ at the queen’s imperious summons. See Devereux, as before.

Page 134, st. 2, punctuate l. 4 with semi-colon or period after ‘labour,’ and again, period after ‘paine’; but except in misleading cases I shall not note the singular punctuation of the original. My part is to reproduce it. St. 3, punctuate period or semi-colon after ‘leave’ (l. 1); l. 6, “fond” = foolish, as freqventer.

135, st. 1, l. 4, “emperizing” — verb-form, as before; st. 3, l. 1, “shall not be no more” — a double negative for emphasis; st. 3, Elizabeth’s autograph letters fully warrant more than this; st. 4, l. 2, “thy fervent” — Essex’s constant assurance in his letters to Elizabeth; st. 5, Historically, it is a common-place that Elizabeth exercised a mother’s watchfulness over Essex.

136, st. 1, l. 4, “spreight incarnate” = impurity (as in preceding stanza); l. 5, “wight” = white; st. 2, l. 6, put hyphen, ‘earth-parching.’

137, st. 3, l. 4, “lively” = living; st. 4, l. 4, “fiercely” = should be ‘secretly.’

138, st. 4, l. 2, “Dido mone” — see ‘To the Reader.’ This reminds me to note on l. 4 of ‘To the Reader’ that Lucan was probably in Chester’s mind on ‘Cesars victories.’

139, st. 1, l. 4, put hyphen, “faire-fac’d”; st. 3, l. 6, “true Iory.” On all this symbolism veiling a real martyrdom, and so fulfilling the title, Love’s Martyr — see our Introduction. Pelican:

140, l. 6 (from bottom), put hyphen, “lone-wandering.”
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Page 141, l. 7, "fond" = foolish; ll. 15-16, &c., i.e., suggesting how Elizabeth sacrificed her 'true desire' to State-craft or expediency.

Conclusion. l. 1, put hyphen, "true-meaning"; l. 9, "paine" = painstaking.

142, Cantoes Alphabet-wife, &c., l. 2, the second 'will' no doubt a printer's mistake; l. 4, put comma after 'favour'; l. 6, put hyphen, "lame-leg'd"; ll. 9-18. See Introduction on these suggestive lines. James I. is evidently intended. He was the friend of all Essex's friends.

* * In the 'Cantoes Alphabet-wife' that follow, we must not look for ordinary construction or much sense.

The self-imposed fetters hinder both.

143, st. 1, l. 7, "dares not give to any." There lay the secret. It recurs and recurs. In l. 6, 'Blotted by things vnfeene' = secretly spoken of by some of no fame. Most clearly Elizabeth here again. St. 2, l. 1, "Chafinesse" = virginity; ib., "the bed of Glorie" = thoughts of the 'Queen' marrying a subject; st. 4, l. 7, "Ennie is banifht." See Introduction on the 'Ennie' that beset Essex as recognized by other poets as well as Chester; l. 4, "thing's" = thing is.

144, st. 1, l. 3 — verb singular to plural nominative; l. 7, "Fetch from the ancient records of a Queene." Query — marrying a subject? St. 2, l. 5, "map of beauty" — Cf. p. 77, st. 4, l. 2, and relative note; st. 4, reflection of Elizabeth's would and would not.

145, st. 1, l. 3, read 'greene-spread'; l. 5, "when" = whence; l. 7, "dorter" = dortour, i.e., sleeping-place — here bed-room — audacious enough certes; but Essex knew to whom he was speaking, and Chester knew both. St. 2, l. 1, "Aduotrix" = advocate (feminine); st. 3, l. 1, "nice Chafity" = virginity, as before; l. 5, "time is over fent" — a perilous reminder to Elizabeth; l. 6, "a kind of fear" — admirable selection of words, revealing yet concealing; st. 4, l. 1, put hyphen, "freeth-bloom'd"; l. 2, "Rofe" — fitting symbol of England's Queen ('Rosalin') in this faint anticipation of Herrick's delicious 'Gather the rosebuds while ye may.'

146, st. 1, l. 7, read, 'all-disgrace'; st. 3, l. 3, "Quit" = requisite or quite; st. 4, l. 2, "Ract" = racked or rakt.

147, st. 2, l. 2, "womanish" — not a mere 'Phenix' bird; l. 7, put hyphen, "new-framed"; st. 4, l. 4 (p. 148), "valle" = veil.

148, st. 1, l. 1, "Xanthe" = Xanthe, one of the daughters of Oceanus; l. 3, 'more-milder' — double comparative; l. 5, "difease" = disturb, make ill-at-ease; st. 2, l. 4, "self-will" — again the mark is hit. Read with hyphens, 'selfe-will-anguish.'
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Cantoς Verbally written.

The headings of these stanzas seem to be posies out of rings. Cf. As You Like It, act iii, sc. 2. Be it kept in mind that Chester is not speaking in his own person, but is interpreting the 'truth of love' between Elizabeth and Essex.

Page 149. 1. 4, "Dies"— used as causal; 1. 6, "woe" = woo; 2. 1. 5, punctuate '; for comma; 3. l. 3, "containing" = contained.

150. 4. st. 2. 1. 2, put hyphen, "true-fwores"; l. 6, "Not in thy flourishing youth"— repeat 'do not smother' (in thought), and read [do] Not in thy flourishing youth [another]— else you turn a compliment into a jeer; 5. l. 1 (motto) 'u,' misprint for 'n'; l. 8, "Knowe"— to be read as 'known.'

151. 5. l. 4, "fulfill" = fill full r.g.; 6. motto, "idolatric"— verb-form, frequentes in Chester; l. 3, put hyphen, "Heart-comfortable"— qu. comfortable? l. 7, "furphlet" = surfet; 7. st. 2. l. 3, "rarite"— rarity, as before.

152. 8. l. 1, "What"— whatever, and put hyphen, "thunder-formes"; l. 4, "inevorable"— unchangeable; l. 6, 'dayes,' disyllabic unless 'the' have been omitted, at [the] or [at] midnight; 9. l. 6, put hyphen, "true-fwores," as before; st. 2. l. 5, "Of holy love, Love's Temple to aspire" = the Church and marriage therein; st. 3. l. 4, delete comma after 'desire.'

153. Motto. This third repetition of this couplet shews skilful flattery of the kind that most pleased Elizabeth; 11. 2, punctuate '; after will; l. 7, "denayes" = denials.

154. Motto, l. 2, "empiring" = over-queenly, stately— see st. 2, l. 3; l. 4, read 'happe-bleth'; l. 9— metre faulty— some word left out.

155. 14. l. 2, "dygrafue" = disgracing; l. 4, "our"— misprint for 'or'; 15. l. 1, "For"— through; l. 5, punctuate '; after 'pride.'

156. 18. l. 4, put hyphen, "night-waking"; l. 5, read "Hart-fowe"; 19. l. 1, "O tongue," &c., viz., by talking of her 'bright brow wrinckled with disdain'—the wrinkles, not the 'disdain,' being the ground of offence; l. 8— qu. 'Dear [I give] that to thee [to whom] I offered wrong.'

157. 21. l. 6, "the" = thee; 22. l. 3, "aduotrix"— see p. 145; st. 2. l. 1; 23. ll. 5-6— certainly at most a comma for '; in l. 5, or, 'hower I may,' &c.

158. 25. l. 2, "selfe-will" = self-will or foolishnesse sprung of self-will— a constant word between Elizabeth and Essex in their Letters; 26. l. 3, put hyphen, "haruef-labor"; l. 4, put '; after 'feene,' and delete comma in next line; l. 6, "Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade"— another perilous reminder, but just the bold kind of speech fitting from Essex to Elizabeth— as witness their letters. See Devereux, as before.
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Page 159. 27. Motto, and l. 8, "Nay" = near; 28. l. 5, "Cause" = [Thou are] cause, and ' ; for comma and comma after 'best,' l. 6; 29. st. 2, l. 1, "Affections" = qu. 'Affection' = cf. l. 2, 'her'; l. 3, "foul bondage" = slavery of 'selfe-will.'

160. 29. l. 1 — put (.) after 'courtefie' — required by change of person in next line ('Thou'); 31. l. 6, put hyphen, "dwelling-place."

161. 32. l. 6, "Nobes cup" = of tears; l. 7, "My dutie yet rememberd" = Essex's ever-recurring phrase in letters to Elizabeth; 34. This should have been numbered '33' in order, it will be noticed. From this the numbering ceases without explanation. l. 3, "Not one" = No one; l. 4, punctuate ' ;' after cruelty; Thoughts, &c., l. 2, "faining" = fanning — but with a double sense; l. 3 (p. 162), "fond" = foolish, as before; l. 4, "further" = cast further or off.

162, st. 1, l. 4, "Selfe-will" — the thing in Elizabeth that needed overcoming; ll. 6-7 suggestive of Essex's conscious self of his royal Mistress's favour (to say the least); l. 6, "tell" = qu. 'tel ' ; st. 3 — the very things wherein Elizabeth was pre-eminently praised, and the very strain followed by all who essayed to recount her virtues and greatnss.

163, l. 1, "courtefie smart" = so Shakespeare, 'cureless ruin' (Merchant of Venice, act iv, sc. 1); st. 1 = a reflection again of Elizabeth's capricious favour and as capricious anger and withdrawals; st. 2, l. 3, "nominate" = name, as before, qu. — punctuate ' ;'; st. 3, l. 2, put hyphen, "sharpe-conceited"; ib., "mere" = 'er — double negative otherwise; l. 4, "ignoble" = courage of the author; specially note "imperiall crowne" — again no sense unless to Elizabeth or of Elizabeth; st. 4, Motto. Essex's letters to Elizabeth are full of the word and thing 'friendship.' See Devereux, as before. l. 2, "Ebene" = ebony or black?

164, l. 2, "regret" = salute; st. 3, l. 5, "I" = aye; l. 6, read "true-approved."

165, st. 1, l. 1, "Scene in all learned arts my beloved" — true as simple matter-of-fact of Elizabeth, who was of rare and unquestionable accomplishments as well as of natural intellectual capacity after the type of her prodigious father, 'King Hal.' 'Scene' = skilled, as in Taming of the Shrew, "It's a schoolmaster well seen in music" (act i, sc. ii); l. 4, "Eye for eye" — the first 'Eye' so spelt on account of the marginal 'eie,' is really the old 'I' = aye, i.e., she not only moves the stony savage, but her eye indeed tempts chastity itself; ll. 5-6 — this is a very frequent contemporary tribute to Elizabeth. I have been surprized at the universality of belief in her poetical gifts; and I have a suspicion that much of her verse has perished; st. 2, l. 1, "soke" = used as sometimes in that age without an objective
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== try to find and does not — query semicolon (;) after 'seeke' and colon (:) after 'thee'; st. 3, l. 4, "amazing" = confused wonderment, as elsewhere; ib., punctuate comma (,) after 'not' and nothing after 'amazing,' or at most a comma (,); l. 5, "To" — infinitive form used as in that age. We should write 'Do or [continue] to'; st. 4, motto — reflection of Essex's suspense and mingled hope and despair, expectation and weakness, as expressed in his poems and letters to Elizabeth; ll. 5-6 — In this rather oddly-constructed sentence, the subject to 'In all things gracious' is his unnamed Mistress, i.e., Elizabeth. For throughout these 'Cantoes,' as in Lond's Martyr, Chester is interpreting his conception — based on close personal knowledge — of the 'feeling' between Elizabeth and Essex. All the known facts make it simply impossible that he could have been speaking for himself. Besides, in "The author's request to the Phoenix" he avows his purpose. There his pleading is —

"Accept my home-writ praises of thy love
And kind acceptance of thy turtle-dove (p. 5)."

l. 5, "gracious" — he means [thou art] gracious.

Page 166, st. 1, l. 2, "fairest faire" — not objective after 'maintained,' but = O fairest faire; l. 5, "Turtle-Done" = mate of himself the Turtle Done. See note on st. 1, ll. 5-6, supra; st. 2, l. 1, "Great Misfor" — clearly applicable (and in those times most especially) to Elizabeth, and to no subject; st. 3, l. 4, "Lone" — being emphatic is counted as one foot, 'Lone | that ead | eth minds | oppreft | with neede |'; l. 6 = only to be relieved by thee that [always] yeeld'st relief. Again words only at that time to be applied to Elizabeth; st. 4, l. 5, "yea so they say" — is supposed to be her answer, and therefore her 'one confection'; st. 5, l. 2, "for to" — as before. See also p. 168, st. 4, l. 2; l. 4 (p. 167) — Of whom in the Court of Elizabeth could this be said but of Elizabeth? ll. 5-6 — not intelligible to me; but qu. — faith-denying?

167, st. 1, l. 4, "thee most admirable" = O most admirable [one]; st. 2, l. 3, "Me sometimes," &c. — this line is made rather mysterious by the necessity of finding a rhyme to "afraid" = yet sometimes terrifying me that I am nevertheless given up to him, "unless," &c.; st. 3, l. 1, "Remorse . . . triumphantly" = (as frequently at that time) pitifulness, albeit here tacitly implying penitence for past delays and cruelty. So in Shakespeare and in Parry, quoted in our Introduction. st. 4, l. 4 (p. 168, l. 1), "not named" = not [to be] named, unnameable.

168, st. 2, l. 1, "Thine ever vemou'd and still kept word" — most notice-
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able as between Elizabeth and Essex. It seems to me more than ordinarily remarkable that Chester does throughout with such triumphant audacity give expression to the popular belief of Elizabeth's real sentiment toward Essex. The way in which he works into his pleadings personal traits seems to me declarative of dramatic ability of no mean type. I have no idea that Elizabeth herself ever made revelation of her 'love' for Essex to Chester. One can only guess whether Essex exchanged confidence with him. But certes from first to last our Poet shows perfect skill in his giving shape and colouring to what was in the air concerning the 'Phenix' and her 'Turtle-done.' These 'Can toes,' with Posies for ground-work that perchance were known in society as circulating in the Court, equally with Love's Martyr, bring Chester before us as consecrating all his gifts and knowledge and sympathy to celebrating this story, 'shadowing the truth of Love' between Elizabeth and Essex when the latter burst upon her in her still susceptible and passionate mid-age in all the brilliance and fascination of his young prime. I would also here notice what follows in the title-page (of 1601) "in the constant fate of the Phenix and Turtle," i.e., 'fate to be constant' to each other. Chester evidently believed that the 'love' awakened in Elizabeth for Essex lived on uneradicated even by his marriage and her advancing age. Save Sidney's and Stella's 'love' so tragically re-discovered when it was 'too late,' I know nothing more truly a 'Love martydom' than that of Elizabeth and Essex. The great Queen's closing melancholy and bursts of weeping with the name of Essex on her lips, and slow-drawn-out dying, reveal Chester's prescience of insight.

Page 169, st. 1, l. 1, "from"—qu. error for 'for.' The latter yields sense, the former scarcely; l. 6, "By thy faire," &c. — again only applicable to Elizabeth in her Court. See Churchyard's Poems given in our Introduction; motto, l. 3, "I"= aye; st. 2, l. 3, "he," as in the margin and as required by the sense should be "she."

170, st. 2, l. 6, "mountaine top of will aspire" = ambition. In the Song (in italics) it is to be noted that the 2nd and 4th lines of each stanza (the alternate lines) are answers to the question or remark in 1st and 3rd. In st. 1, l. 2, the first 'love' should be 'Love' and have comma (.) after it.

171, st. 2, l. 4, "I"= aye; st. 3, l. 4, "awake"=awake; st. 4, l. 1, read 'foules Life'= his Mistress; l. 2, delete comma (.) after "villaine"; st. 4, l. 8 (p. 172, l. 3), "deare" delete comma (.) —it is —'deare' shall, or 'deare' is the nominative to 'shall.'

172, st. 1, l. 4, read 'wind-oppressing.' I may as well note here that
there are so many compounded words in Chester not marked by
hyphen, that I could only call attention to the more important;
ones the reader will fill in or not at his discretion; st. 2, l. 8,
"by my"—qu.—"by thy"—true Bird as I = true Bird as I
[am]—see ll. 1–3, for these interpretations; st. 3, l. 1, "Till
that loose fights cripple, pale-fac’d Death"—so in Old Fortu-
natus "There’s a lean fellow beats all conquerors."

Page 173, l. 3, read 'spring[s], i.e., whence springs all these my ‘passions’;
punctuate in l. 6; after ‘sonne’; "Most divine," &c., l. 6,
"I"=aie; l. 8, put hyphen, "never-seeing." The want,
&c., l. 2, "want"—verb—its nominative ‘day and night.’

174, st. 3, l. 1, "my affection"=[by the object of] my affection; st. 3,
l. 2, punctuate ‘;’ after ‘disgrace.’

175, st. 2, l. 1, "Where two harts," &c.—a final impassioned appeal to
Elizabeth to let ‘Lone’ be ‘Souveraine’—quite in accord with
the style she was addressed to the end, as though she never
could be other than ‘young,’ and with possibilities or imposs-
ibilities of result at her command; l. 5, "dignified"=given
dignity.

177, Title-page—The Latin motto is from Horace, Od. iv, 8, 28. In the
original is a rude wood-cut of an anchor.

179, l. 6, "Bramius"—one of the varying names of Bacchus; l. 9, "Tigges
his cheke"=treats his check as one does one’s ingle or delight,
or loved youth playfully pinches or strokes it; l. 12, "fastend"
=our present ‘subtend’; l. 14, "honorable friend," viz., Sir
John Salisbury, as on title-page; l. 15, "illustre"—used as =
ilustrious or giving lustre, and by Ben Jonson on p. 182, last
st. but one; l. 19, "profuse"=pour forth. In olden days
each did not as now drink the health from his own glass, but
a large bowl being filled, it was passed to each successively,
thus going the ‘round.’(l.21)

180, Heading—Sir John Salisbury. See our Introduction on this
‘worthily honor’d Knight’; l. 4, "exanify"=drawn out; l. 14,
"Reposible"=answering. These ‘Vatum Chorus’ pieces
are in good sooth poor enough. They have touches like
Chapman at his worst.

181, l. 5, "But one fiche Phaeb"—an unmistakable allusion to Elizabeth
as ‘sick’—such indeed as it was impossible to apply to any
other at the time; ibid., "fever-shaking Light." "The influ-
ence of the moon on disease was so prevalent an opinion that
this may have meant =‘causing fever-shaking’; but it might
also refer to the shaking glimmering light of the moon likened
to the shivering in a fever. Possibly both meanings were
intended to be understood by the reader.” So Dr. Brinsley
Nicholson to me; but qu.—is not the latter half of the line an
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ep-exegesis of the former, i.e., 'one fickle Phoebe' = 'Light fevershaking' by its sickness the nation? Men spoke even recently of England as in a 'feverish state of excitement and suspense' during the illness of the Prince of Wales. Note likewise that Shakespeare in his 'Phoenix and Turtle' introduces the 'fever'—p. 182, st. 2, 'Augour of the fevers end.' Notice also that the 'urne' of "The Burning" (l. 7) reappears in 'Threnos,' st. 3, l. 1, 'To this urne'—see on ll. 15-16; l. 6, "the world one Phoeinix"—once more who would have then dared to sing of any save Elizabeth as the 'one Phoeinx' of 'the world'? ll. 15-16, —these are purposely enigmatical— the words, "Her rare dead ashes, fill a rare-line urne," evidently point at the fact that the Phoenix or Elizabeth was really living, although as 'Love's Martyr,' dead. The last line is obscure; l. 17, "ignoto."—This was Raleigh's signature; but it is also contemporaneously found attached to pieces certainly not his. Everything forbids our regarding these Lines as by him.

Page 182, st. 1, l. 1, "bird of love most lay"—Because the 'Phoenix' is the bird associated with the 'Turtle' in Love's Martyr, and throughout, it has been assumed, by apparently all the commentators on Shakespeare, that it is intended here. Surely this is a gross mistake, inasmuch as (1) It is the 'Phoenix's' death ('shadowing' Elizabeth) that the poem celebrates; and it were absurd to imagine it could be called on to 'sing' its own death. See 'Threnos' and st. 6 of this poem. (2) Nowhere—even supposing the 'Phoenix' possible—is this legendary bird represented as gifted with 'song.' I think it was left intentionally indefinite. I would suggest the 'Nightingale'; others may think of another. l. 2, "On the sole Arabian tree." Malone has excellently adduced a parallel passage in The Tempest:

"Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne: one phoenix
At this hour reigning there" (act iii, sc. 3, p. 23).

He remarks: "This singular coincidence, likewise, serves to authenticate the present poem" (Variorum Shakespeare, vol. xx, p. 421, edition 1821). By the 'sole Arabian tree' the Palm is meant. In Greek phoinix, and meaning both phoenix and palm-tree (Dr. Cobham Brewer's Dictionary, s.v.) l. 3, "trumpet." Steevens addresses King John—

"Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay" (l. 1).

Variorum Shakespeare, as before; l. 4, "chaste wings obey." I have, myself, often watched the lifting and tremulous motion
of the ‘singing’ Nightingale’s wings, and chaste was the exquisitely chosen word to describe the nightingale, in reminiscence of the classical story; st. 2, l. 1, “shreiking harbinger” = shreek or scritch-owl; l. 2, “precursor” = fore-runner — scarcely ‘procurer.’ Cf. Midsummer Night’s Dream:

“Now the wasted brands do glow,
While the scritch-owl, scritchting loud;
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud” (act v, sc. 2).

Steevens, as before; l. 3, “Augour” = augur, fore-teller; ib., “fever’s end” = death (by fever); l. 4, “To this troupe come thou not nere.” Steevens, as before, recalls another bit in Midsummer Night’s Dream — “Ye spotted snakes, &c. . . . come not near our fairy queen.” St. 3, l. 3 — punctuate “feather’d King” — “So in Gray’s Ode on the Progresses of Poetry:

——“thy magick hulls the feather’d King
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing”

(Steevens, as before).

St. 4, l. 2, “defunctiae Musices can” — “That understands funereal musick. To can, in Saxon, signifies to know” (Malone as before). But query — Is it here used from the Latin ‘cano’? (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me.) St. 5, punctuate and read —

“‘And thou treble-dated Crow,—
That thy fable gender mak’st
With the breath thou giu’st and tak’st;
Mong’st our mourners shalt thou goe.’

Steevens, as before, on l. 1, ‘treble dated Crow’ aptly quotes Lucretius [5, 1053]:

——“cornicum ut secla vetusta,
Ter tres etates humanas garrula vincit
Cornix.”

1, 2, “that thy fable gender mak’st,” &c. It is a ‘Vulgar Error’ still, that the ‘Crow’ can change its ‘gender’ at will. My friend Mr. E. W. Gosse puts it — ‘thou Crow that makes [change in] thy sable gender, with the mere exhalation and inhalation of thy breath’ (letter to me). l. 3, “With the breath,” &c. — query, Is there a sub-reference to the (mythical) belief that the crow re-clothes its aged parents with feathers and feeds them? As being ‘sable’ it is well fitted to be a ‘mourner.’ It is so introduced in our child-hood favorite of the ‘Death and Burial of Cock Robin.’ Cf. Batman upon Barth., B 12, C 9.
Sir Thomas Browne has a note on 'White Crows' (= the aged). St. 6, This, as supra, makes it impossible that the 'bird of lowdest lay' could be the 'phoenix'; st. 7, ll. 1-2. Query — punctuate comma (,) after 'loued,' and delete comma (,) after 'twaince'? It is to be remembered that the composer of Love's Martyr was especially fond of a comma at the end of a verse line. We have an exactly similar instance in p. 183, st. 1, as infra.

Page 183, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma for (,) ; l. 2, punctuate comma after 'Distance' and delete it after 'feene,' as supra; l. 4, 'But in them it were a wonder'"—Except—another Elizabeth sign; for only of the 'Queene' as placing no 'distance and no space' betwixt herself and 'this Turtle,' could it have been said 'it were a wonder'; ib., punctuate comma after 'them'; st. 2, l. 2, "his right," &c.—It is merely a variant mode of expressing seeing love-babies (or one's self imaged) in the other's eyes. This gives the true sense to the 'mine' of l. 4; st. 3, l. 1, "Property was thus appald'd," &c.—great proprietors, or the nobility. I imagine there is an enigmatical hitting at the jealousy of Essex among the nobility of England, in the possibility of marriage between him and Elisabeth. Malone, in loco, muddles the matter (meo judicio); l. 2—qu.—delete comma after 'together,' and put comma after 'themselves' —making the whole from 'saw' to 'themselves' one clause; l. 4, "simple," &c. were so well compounded into a simple, i.e., into one. Punctuate comma for period; st. 5—as in Loves Martyr, I detect here, and throughout, Shakespeare's feeling, that Elizabeth's and Essex's relations meant infinitely more than 'friendship'; st. 6, l. 1, "Whereupon," &c. 'This funeral song.' So in Kendal's poems, 1577:

"Of verses, threnes and epitaphs,
Full fraught with tears of teene."

A book entitled David's Threne's, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards, it was reprinted under the title of David's Tears; the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer (Malone, as before).

,, 184—Thenas—st. 2, l. 3, "refl." Punctuate with comma; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate ; or : for comma. On the significance of these Poems by Shakespeare, in relation to Elizabeth and Essex, see our Introduction.

,, 185, l. 9, "Dian's tier" = Dian's tyre; l. 3 (from bottom) —read 'all'[,]
and delete comma after 'thoughts' in next line. Perhaps comma should also be deleted after 'Woman' in l. 3 (from bottom).
Note, that though in the heading it is out of the ‘ashes’ of both, the ‘wondrous creature’ arises, in the poem (l. 17) he only speaks of what arises from ‘the Turtle’s ashes’—all this natural, for Essex really was dead, but the ‘Phoenix,’ or Elizabeth, only allegorically so. And so is it throughout, the real peeps through the ‘agalorical,’ and the ‘agalorical’ loses itself in the actual.


Page 186, l. 2—qu.—delete comma after ‘prefume,’ the sense being ‘Prefume [to] define,’ rithmi causa; l. 4 = vouchsafe that my Muse may greet; l. 7, “flightise,” i.e., [the] slightest [of the perfections] that adorn’d, &c. Query — lightest, i.e., most light, the ‘s’ being caught from ‘was’; l. 10, “Perfection had no moane” = was limitless; l. 12, “instructed” — which ‘even instrocted vertue, clothed [‘inwested’] and therefore substantial; l. 17, remove comma after ‘Hyperbolicall’; st. 4, l. 1, “moane” = was limitless or had no equal; st. 5, l. 1, “deck’d and finis’d” = decked and adorned, or were lively coloured as an adornment.

187, st. 1, l. 3, “Maketh” — verb singular, nominative plural, through intervention of ‘that,’ as frequenter. Punctuate ‘Maskes [.] fo choicey sheltred’; st. 2, l. 2, “wanted”—used as neuter = were or have been wanting; l. 10, “penny-flower,” i.e., made-up shows, as at penny shows at a fair. Perfectioni Hymnius, l. 3; “feature” = making, or thing made; used also in the following verses by Ben Jonson: Cf. p. 193, l. 22, and p. 194, l. 14; and also, some think, by Touchstone to Audrey in the sense of ‘the verses he has made.’ Punctuate ‘excellence, . . . confin’d.’ This excellence, [that is] confined within all that is best; l. 7, “I” = Aye; l. 10, “nomination” = naming; ib. “straight” = narrow; l. 12, “gues” — may be = ‘guess’ delete period and supply comma.

188, l. 1, punctuate comma after “Suberbes”; l. 2, “Has” = as, with the unlucky ‘H’; the signature “John Marston” includes Perfectioni Hymni and preceding poems from p. 183; “Periferos,” &c., l. 4, “Sight” = eyes, or mode of view; l. 8 = ‘faint Iudgemeats blow Loses fires, but humorous Passions only blow false fires whose Louses, &c., and quench,’ &c.; l. 11, “contend”—in Latinate sense = aim at or stretch forward to; l. 18, “alluded”—another Latinate word = had reference to, with perhaps a sub-reference to ‘favoured’; l. 19, “Exceffe,” &c. It would be a little more intelligible if we read Exceffe[d]; but all is in Chapman’s most forced manner; l. 23, “Exceffe of all things” = [He that was], &c.; l. 24, “But” = except; l. 25,
“change me from”= [her] that is. Specially note the change to ‘me,’ showing that the Phoenix is not only a living person but a present person. So that albeit Love’s Martyr necessitated an ‘allegorical’ death, the ‘Phenix’ really was alive while the ‘Turtle Dove’ was dead. All this has no motif, much less significance, unless Elizabeth were meant. See our Introduction. Last line, “forme” seems to be a word in vogue (probably from the philosophy of the day) and = pattern, mould, or ideal thought on which I act. Cf. p. 192, l. 10.

Page 189, “Pretulium.” As noticed in our Introduction, Gifford—to put it mildly—prints this most corruptly. He deliberately changes all the we’s to I’s, and our’s to my’s; l. 6, “Let’s”—in Gifford, ‘I!’; st. 5, l. 1, “Mankind” = masculine; st. 6, l. 1—construction is, Light Venus go cramp, &c.; l. 2, “Tribade”—one may hope he used this word as = artful only. See Latin Dictionary and Martial; st. 7, l. 2, “old Boy,” i.e., Let Cupid turn to lie, &c., alluding to the custom exemplified by Moth in Love’s Labour Lost.

190, st. 1, l. 1, “cannot”—‘shall not’ in Gifford; l. 3, “Pitaful” = broad-leaved hat or cap; st. 3, l. 3—note the words ‘deep cares’ last line, “tafe” = discover.

191, l. 8, “shal” = ‘should’ in Gifford; l. 20, “their” = ‘the’ in Gifford; l. 3 (from bottom) “gentile” = Latinate, whence ‘gentle’ = one of good or honourable family. In Gifford, ‘far more gentle, fine.’

192, l. 22, “Luxurie” = lasciviousness or lust; l. 5 (from bottom), “our felte” = in Gifford ‘ourselves.’

193, l. 1, “or,” in Gifford ‘and’; l. 22, “Feature” = making. So in ‘The Phoenix Analytide,’ st. 2, l. 3. In connection with this word it is to be noted that Shakespeare uses it curiously in verb form, e.g., “a glass that feateth them” (Cymbeline, act i, sc. 1) = featured; ‘Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard’ (Othello, act i. sc. 3) = defeature or disfigure.

194, l. 5, “Man may securely finne, but safelie never.” Note the distinction between ‘securely’ and ‘safely’; note the spelling ‘Johnfon’ always used by ‘rare Ben’ prior to 1604. The Phoenix Analytide. St. 2, l. 1, “our Turtles Augur” = Robert Chester’s augury; l. 3, “Feature” = making, as before. Ode ‘ενθονιστική, l. 3, “illustrate” = illustrious in Gifford.

A. B. G.
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ROBERT CHESTER'S
"LOVES MARTYR,
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT"
(1601)

WITH ITS SUPPLEMENT;
"Diverse Poeticall Essaies" on the Turtle and Phœnix
BY
SHAKSPERE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN,
JOHN MARSTON, ETC.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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