



PR
2342
A7
1888

FRAGILE DOES NOT
CIRCULATE

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



FROM A FUND
RECEIVED BY BEQUEST OF
WILLARD FISKE
1831-1904
FIRST LIBRARIAN OF THIS
UNIVERSITY : 1868-1883



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

Of this Book, 1,000 Copies have been printed, 250 of which are for America.

50 Copies have also been printed on Large Paper, signed and numbered.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S
ASTROPHEL & STELLA

WHEREIN THE EXCELLENCE OF
SWEET POESY IS CONCLUDED

EDITED FROM THE FOLIO

OF MDXCVIII. BY

ALFRED POLLARD



LONDON

DAVID STOTT, 37^o, OXFORD STREET

MDCCCLXXXVIII

A.283642



INTRODUCTION.

ON the morning of Thursday, September 22, 1586, a body of two hundred English horsemen, with Sir Philip Sidney at their head, advanced, in the midst of a thick mist, to attack a Spanish convoy on its way to the town of Zütphen. As Sidney left the camp he had met its Marshal, Sir William Pelham, clad only in light armour, and, with the emulation of a knight-errant had thrown aside his own cuisses, that he might be no better protected. Now the fog lifted, and the little force found itself under the very walls of Zütphen, and confronted by the enemy's cavalry, a thousand strong. Twice the English charged, and only retreated after hard fighting, during which Sidney's horse was killed under him. Reinforced from the camp, a third time they hurled themselves against the Spanish troops, once more to be forced to retire, after having slain almost their own number of the enemy,

and lost in killed and wounded a fourth of their own men. Amongst the wounded in this last charge, was Sidney. A bullet, by some thought to have been poisoned, had struck his left leg, some distance above the knee, (where the discarded cuisses should have been his protection), and after shattering the bone, had torn the flesh far up the thigh. By an effort the wounded man kept his seat, and rode a mile and a half back to the camp, there, when parched with thirst, to show that spirit of fortitude and self-sacrifice which has made the story of Philip Sidney and the cup of cold water among the best known anecdotes in English history. From the camp he was borne in the Earl of Leicester's barge to Arnhem, and here he lingered twenty-six days, suffering the most wearing agonies with a patience that won the admiration of his surgeons. During these days his thoughts were set almost wholly on religion. "The guilt of sin" (his friend George Gifford records of him), "the present beholding of death, the terror of God's judgment seat, which seemed in hot displeasure to cut him down, concurring, did make a fear and astonishment in his mind, which he did overcome after conference had, touching both the doctrine and the example of the Scripture in that matter." To the exhortations of the

divine “he answered, in words expressive of his unfeigned repentance, and of his firm resolution not to live as he had done ; for, he said, he had walked in a vague course. And these words he spake with great vehemence, both of speech and gesture, and doubled it, to the intent that it might be manifest how unfeignedly he meant (should he recover) to turn more thoughts unto God than ever before.” A strange interlude in these religious exercises was Sidney’s composition of a poem on *La Cuisse Rompue*, which he caused to be set to music and sung at his bed side. Another incident was the dictation of a will, which deserves all his friend Fulke Greville’s encomiums of its thoughtfulness, and love towards all with whom he had relations, especially his poorer dependants. But his chief thoughts were given to the preparation for death, and when this came to him on the 17th of October, it found him ready. Twice after his hands seemed to have lost all power, so stiff and cold had they become, he raised them bravely in answer to the chaplain’s call for a sign of his faith, but the second time it was a friend who replaced them by his side ; for in that last act of devotion the soul of Sidney had passed away. When we think that he was but a private gentleman—only knighted, it may be said, by

chance, because his friend Prince Casimir had chosen him as his proxy to receive the Order of the Garter—the sensation produced by his death is astounding. The mocking lament of the Spaniard that England having been so many years in breeding one eminent spirit should in a moment be bereaved of him, seemed for the time to find a deeper echo. Elizabeth wrote that in Sidney she had lost her sturdiest champion against Spain; the Netherlands pleaded hard to be allowed the honour of his burial; we know of more than two hundred elegies and orations upon his death; “it was accounted a sin,” says the author of one of his biographies, “for any gentleman of quality, for many months after, to appear at Court or City in any light or gaudy apparel.”

To look forward to the poet's death-bed in introducing a volume of passionate love-sonnets, may seem, at first sight, infelicitous, but it is submitted that in Sidney's case it is not so. Of no man was it ever more true that his death was but the epitome of his life. The too chivalrous hardihood that earned his wound; the thoughtfulness for others; the deep sense of religion; the Platonic discussions on the soul; the lighter side of the man breaking forth in the little ode on *La Cuisse Rompue*, and the fancy of having it sung

by his death-bed ; all these are but so many echoes of the Sidney in the full vigour of youth, who had been the delight of Elizabeth's court. Even the dying command that his *Arcadia* should be burnt is in full accordance with his life-long abstinence from publication, and the small value he ever set on his own compositions. For the sensation created by his death, we have in this only the passionate climax to that eager recognition that this was no common man which had been accorded to him all his life, from his very schoolboy days at Shrewsbury. And to read these songs and sonnets of *Astrophel and Stella* aright it is essential to remember that they were written by the same Sidney who, in his hatred of Spain and Catholicism, his deep religious feeling, and the sweet gravity of his demeanour, is typical in so many ways of the earlier and yet unnnarrowed spirit of Puritanism. If this be forgotten the epithets "vain and amatorious," which Milton applied to the *Arcadia*, may well be transferred to the poems, as an Archbishop and a Dean have united in suggesting. If this be remembered, then, these sonnets have a psychological interest only surpassed by that still greater series written by the Author of Hamlet and King Lear. But to bring out this interest we have now to consider the circumstances

under which these poems were written, and the person to whom they were addressed.

Sir Henry Sidney was fully alive to the advantages of making a good match for his son. As early as 1569, when Philip was only fourteen, his father made overtures on his behalf to Sir William Cecil for a contract of marriage with his daughter Anne. The reply, if cautious, was kindly, and matters went so far that articles of agreement were drawn up and signed, on the one hand by Cecil, and on the other by Philip's all-powerful uncle, the Earl of Leicester. But the negotiations were gradually allowed to drop, and "our daughter Anne," as Sir Henry Sidney had playfully called her, was married in December, 1571, to the rich, pleasure seeking, and brutal Earl of Oxford, with whom Sidney afterwards came into violent collision. In the May following this inauspicious beginning of love-making, Sidney went abroad in the suite of the Earl of Lincoln, Elizabeth's Ambassador-Extraordinary to the French court. After having witnessed and escaped the horrors of the Saint Bartholomew Massacre in Paris, he spent more than two years in travelling in Germany, Italy and Austria, and did not return to England till May 31, 1575. In the following July he assisted his uncle in the

gorgeous festivities at Kenilworth, and then accompanied Elizabeth to her more modest entertainment by Lady Essex at Chartley Castle. Here, probably for the first time, he made acquaintance with the Lady Penelope, the Lord Essex's eldest daughter, then a girl of scarcely more than twelve. But at twelve years old little Elizabethan ladies were already on the look-out for husbands, and the strange beauty of the Lady Penelope would hardly have made her less precocious than her plainer 'playmates. Hubert Languet, the veteran Huguenot politician, over whose old age Sidney exercised such a fascination, is full, at this time, of allusions to the advisability of his friend marrying. "May God grant" he writes on August 15th, "that our excellent young friend Wotton's new purpose of matrimony may prove successful and happy. He is going before to set you an example; but I believe you are well inclined of yourself, and do not need exhortation." How Sidney received this hint we are left to gather from another letter of Languet's, under date December 3rd. "What you write in jest about a wife," he there says, "I take seriously. Be not too confident in your own firmness: more cautious men than yourself are sometimes caught. For my part I should be glad if you were

caught, that so you might give to your country sons like yourself. Whatever is to happen in the matter, I pray God it may turn out well and happily for you. You see," he goes on, "with what high courage our friend Wotton has passed through this peril; his boldness seems to convict you of cowardice. Destiny has a good deal to do with the matter, and so you must not suppose that by your own foresight you can so conduct it as to be entirely happy, and that all shall turn out as you desire."

Languet's counsel would not have been very cheering to an ardent lover; but whether, when Sidnéy received it, he deserved that name, is hard to decide. All this year, we are told, he was a frequent visitor to the Earl of Essex, at Durham House, and the Earl began to call him his son by adoption. About this time also Sir Henry Sidney by his despatches from Ireland incurred Leicester's displeasure by his warm sympathy with Essex. On May 9th, 1576, that nobleman obtained the appointment of Earl Marshal of Ireland, and left Holyhead for Dublin the following July 21st. Probably Philip Sidney crossed with him, but after the ceremony of the Earl's investiture in August, followed his father into Galway. There, a week or two later, he heard that Essex was dangerously ill, and

he himself "most lovingly and earnestly wished for" by him. Sidney hastened at once towards Dublin, but travelling over Irish roads was slow. On September 19th, Essex was within two days of death, and Philip had not yet arrived. "Oh that good gentleman," the dying man exclaimed, when his name was mentioned, "have me commended unto him. And tell him I sent him nothing, but I wish him well—so well, that if God do move their hearts, I wish that he might match with my daughter. I call him son—he so wise, virtuous and godly. If he go on in the course he hath begun, he will be as famous and worthy a gentleman as ever England bred." The message was given to Sidney when he at last arrived, and we have evidence that the idea of a match between him and the Lady Penelope soon gained ground. On November 14th of the same year (1576), Edward Waterhouse, a confidential agent of the Sidneys, wrote to Sir Henry of the favour shown at Court to the little Earl of Essex: "and all these Lords," he continues, "that wish well to the children, and I suppose all the best sort of the English Lords besides, do expect what will become of the treaty between Mr. Philip and my Lady Penelope. Truly my Lord, I must say to your Lordship, as I have said to my Lord of Leicester and Mr. Philip, the breaking off from this match, if the default be on your

parts will turn to more dishonour than can be repaired with any other marriage in Europe." With this allusion to a definite treaty of marriage, and strong opinion on the advisability of its fulfilment, the curtain falls on the first Act of the *Astrophel and Stella* love-drama.

For the opening of Act II. of our tragedy we must once more quote a letter, one that three hundred years after it has accomplished its work of misery is still preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum; its ink brown, but as clear as ever.

To the right honourable my very good Lord, the Lord Treasurer. May yt please your Lordship, hearyng that God hathe takyn to hys mercye my Lord Ryche, who hathe lefte to hys heyre a propper gentleman and one in yeares verry fytt for my ladye Penelope Devereux, yf with the favor and lykyng of hyr majestie the matter myghte be broughte to passe. And because I knowe your Lordship's good affection to their father gone, and also your favor to hys chyldren, I am bolde to praye your furtherance nowe in thys matter, which may, I truste, by your good meanes bee broughte to soche passe as I desyre. Hyr majestie was pleased the last yeare to geave me leave at tymes convenient to put hyr hyghnes in mynde of thease younge ladyes (Penelope and her sister), and therefore I am by thys occasion of my Lordes death the bolder to move your Lordship in thys matter. I have also wrytten to Mr. Secretary Walsingham hearin. And so hoppyng of your Lordship's favor, I doo comytte you to the tuition of the Allmyghtye.

At Newcastle, the 10th of Marche 1580 (o.s., *i.e.*, 1581).

Your Lordship's most assured

H. HUNTINGDON.

This is the text : here is Sidney's commentary :

Ring out your bells, let mourning shews bee spread,
 For love is dead :
 All Love is dead, infected
 With plague of deep disdain,
 Worth as nought worth rejected
 And faith fair scorn doth gain.
 From so ungratefull fancie,
 From such a female franzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us.

And then, as he learnt more details of what had happened, in lines, whose very metre is full of stubbornness :—

For me, alas, I am full resolv'd,
 Those bands, alas, shall not be dissolv'd,
 Nor break my word, though reward com late,
 Nor fail my faith in my failing fate,
 Nor change in change, though change change my state.

The Lady Penelope Devereux was married to my Lord Rich, and Philip Sidney was determined to remain her lover !

What had happened in the long *entr'acte* between these two letters of November, 1576, and March 10th, 1581? In 1577, Sidney had executed, with distinguished success, a special embassy to Germany ; the next eighteen months were passed in fighting his

father's battles at Court and eating his own heart out with vexation that he should have to call the prime of his manhood his "idelest times." In 1579 the threatened marriage of Elizabeth with the Duke of Anjou roused him to energy. He quarrelled with and challenged the Earl of Oxford, as much on political as on personal grounds, and at the end of this year, or the beginning of the next, addressed to his "Most feared and beloved, most sweet and gracious sovereign," an extraordinarily bold letter against the French match. The letter was ill-received, and Sidney retired from Court until the autumn, spending most of his time at Wilton, the home of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. His gifts to the Queen on New Year's Day 1581—a gold-handled whip, a golden chain, and a heart of gold—must be taken as symbolizing the abandonment of an opposition to the Queen's will, which could only have been useless. From January 16th to March 18th the House of Commons was in session, and Sidney, a hard-working member of it, serving on several committees. These details from his public career help us but very little. More important for our purpose is the marriage of the Earl of Leicester to the Dowager Countess of Essex on Sept. 20th, 1578. When this union of his powerful

uncle with the mother of the woman he himself loved was followed by the birth of a little cousin, Sidney's prospects were seriously damaged. As Lord Leicester's heir he was a match for the richest woman in England; as Sir Henry Sidney's son he was a poor gentleman who had great difficulty in meeting the expenses of a life at Court. The next time Philip entered the tilt-yard he bore on his shield the word *Speravi* crossed through, in token that his hopes were at an end, and among these vanished hopes may have been that of a marriage with the Lady Penelope. If this were so, however, he had apparently made no man his confidant, certainly not his old friend Languet. In a letter dated January 8th, 1578, Languet had returned to the subject of matrimony, as on the previous occasion beginning in jest and ending in very tender earnest. This time Sidney's answer is still extant, and we quote it, as in the case of Languet's earlier letter as translated from the Latin by Mr. S. A. Pears in his 1845 edition of the correspondence of the two friends.

“But I wonder, my very dear Hubert,” Sidney proceeds, after writing on other matters, “what has come into your mind, that, when I have not as yet done anything worthy of me, you would have me

bound in the chains of matrimony, and yet without pointing out any individual lady, but rather seeming to extol the state itself which, however, you have not yet sanctioned by your own example. Respecting her, of whom I readily acknowledge how unworthy I am, I have written you my reasons long since, briefly indeed, but yet as well as I was able. At this present time, indeed, I believe you have entertained some other notion, which I earnestly entreat you to acquaint me with, whatever it may be : for everything that comes from you has great weight with me ; and, to speak candidly, I am in some measure doubting whether some one, more suspicious than wise, has not whispered to you something unfavourable concerning me, which, though you did not give entire credit to it, you nevertheless prudently, and as a friend, thought right to suggest for my consideration. Should this have been the case, I entreat you to state the matter to me in plain terms, that I may be able to acquit myself before you, of whose good opinion I am most desirous : and should it only prove to have been a joke, or a piece of friendly advice, I pray you nevertheless to let me know ; since everything from you will always be no less acceptable to me than the things which I hold most dear."

De illa, qua quam indignus sim facile agnosco :—this *illa* can hardly be any other than Stella, but with the disappearance of the letter in which they were contained, the allusion to the “reasons written long since” remains only to tantalize us.

In this failure of Elizabethan historians and Sidney's own early biographers to give any clear account of his relations with the Stella of his poems, we must fall back on an examination of the poems themselves as the only resource left us for piecing together the scanty facts and allusions which we have so far recorded. As regards these poems, to avoid interrupting our love story by bibliography, leave is asked to postulate for the present certain facts which will be fully dealt with a few pages further on. Thus, with regard to the Sonnets, we accept them, with the one exception of xxiv., as substantially in their right order. The place of the Songs we take to be so far correct that the order cannot be improved, though the positions of two or three out of the whole number have no particular appropriateness. The reference to Stella of the selection from the “Certain Sonets” printed as an appendix is also assumed. Lastly we rely on our notes as proving that the most probable date for the composition of Sonnet xxii. is June, 1580, of Sonnet

xxx., January, 1581, of Sonnet xli., not later than May 15th, 1581, and probably a few weeks earlier. The only remaining time-reference is the "May then yong" of Song viii., and this we have no hesitation in assigning to May, 1581, though with a frank confession that the preference of this over the following year, is a matter of theory, and in no wise proved.

/ This much premised we begin to turn over the leaves of the Sonnets. Confining our attention at the outset to the first thirty, we note that no less than six (i., iii., vi., xv., xix., xxviii.) of these might fairly be entitled "How to write Love Sonnets"; five others (vii., ix., xx., xxvi., xxix.) are in praise of Stella's beauty, a theme to which in the later Sonnets Sidney returns with strange infrequency; another six (viii., xi., xii., xiii., xvii., xx.) are playful addresses to Cupid; three (xxiii., xxvii., xxx.) are on the wearisome intruders on his love-dreams; ii. and xvi. are autobiographical, the first telling us of the slow growth of Sidney's passion for Stella, the second referring to earlier love-affairs from which he had escaped heart-whole. Excluding for the moment the savage attack on Lord Rich in xxiv., the seven sonnets which remain are all concerned with the struggle in the writer's soul between "Virtue" or

‘Reason’ on the one side, and ‘Love’ or ‘Desire’ upon the other. Upon the interpretation placed on these seven sonnets much depends. Bearing in mind Sidney’s interest in Platonism, I am convinced that they can only be rightly understood in the light of his letter to Languet of March 1st, 1578, where, as already quoted, he expresses his wonder that out of a purely theoretical admiration for the state of matrimony his old friend should wish him to bind himself in its chains, before he had yet done anything worthy of himself. In 1580, moreover, we know that Sidney was engaged on Book I. of the *Arcadia*, so that a quotation from it has all the force of his contemporary opinion. “Now the eternal Gods forbid” exclaims Musidorus in that delightful book, when Pyrocles hints that he is in love:—“Now the eternal Gods forbid that ever my ear should be poisoned with so evil news of you. O let me never know that any base affection should get any Lordship in your thoughts.” There was nothing base in the affection of poor Pyrocles, and Sidney soon gives Musidorus reason to repent his words, but none the less he distinctly recognizes that view of love which called forth the *υφήμει* of Sophocles when its name was mentioned—the view that love is a disturbing passion, which

diverts the soul from its higher aims, and which men entrusted with a mission will do well to avoid. Such a mission Sidney conceived himself to have as a champion against Spain, and against anything which threatened to divert him from it he rebelled, yet all the while, as is sufficiently shown by the last lines of each of these seven sonnets, with a pleasingly human consciousness that the real weight of argument might not be on the side of the philosophers. To refer the spiritual struggles in these sonnets to Sidney's scruple in loving a married woman appears, for these reasons, a total mistake.

Summing up then we may say that, always with the exception of xxiv., these first thirty sonnets bear on their face the marks of having been written while Stella was yet the Lady Penelope Devereux, giving Sidney no real marks of favour, but not ill-pleased to be courted by such a lover. With these sonnets should be read the first seven of the poems printed in our appendix, notably the sixth and seventh, in which the poet speaks of a temporary absence from his lady. Taken together, and in connection with the fragments of biography previously set forth, these two groups of songs and sonnets suggest the following explanation of Sidney's relation to Stella

up to her marriage with Lord Rich. At the time of her father's death, in 1576, the Lady Penelope could not have been more than thirteen or fourteen; not an impossible age for an Elizabethan marriage, but still unduly young. Her mother had the best possible reasons for doubting Sidney's continuance as Lord Leicester's heir. Sidney himself (setting apart all neoplatonic objections), was too interested in politics, and too conscious of the narrowness of his income to be anxious for marriage. Thus by mutual consent the contract to which Edward Waterhouse alludes in his letter, was allowed to remain in abeyance. But with the one exception of Wilton, wherever Sidney went, to Court, to his uncle Lord Leicester's, to his Aunt Lady Huntingdon's, he was likely to have had opportunities of seeing Stella. As she ripened in grace and beauty between her fourteenth and eighteenth years, such meetings, rendered all the more interesting by the former talk of marriage, would become increasingly dangerous. If Stella did not flirt with her serious "cousin," she forwent unusual opportunities, and it is a patent deduction from these earlier poems that she was by no means so thriftless. Sidney, then interested in founding his poetic Areopagus, as Stella's beauty and charm of

wit and manner took ever deeper hold upon him, expressed his love, and the inward conflict of his theories and passions in the sonnets we have been considering. These probably represent the love and the poetry of rather over a year, some dating from before Sidney's flight from Court, others from his retirement at Wilton; others again appear to have been written while he was seeing Stella in the house of one of their common relatives during the summer of 1580, and yet others after his return to Court in October. For this theory to stand, the presence of Sonnet xxiv. in this group of poems must be attributed to a desire on the part, perhaps of the writer himself, perhaps of a copyist or editor, to mislead too curious readers, on which point more hereafter.

If the foregoing theory of the relations of Sidney and Stella be in any way correct, when Lord Huntingdon's letter took effect, and the Lady Penelope Devereux was informed that by Her Majesty's pleasure she was to be united in marriage to the young Lord Rich, her fate found her still heart-whole: certainly until nearly the sixtieth sonnet there is no trace of her evincing any affection for Sidney. But Lord Rich, though described by the Earl of Huntingdon as a "proper gentleman," receives a less favourable

character from other sources, and (like Sidney's earlier supplanter, Lord Oxford), appears to have been coarse, brutal, and overbearing, acceptable as a suitor in nothing but his wealth. In itself most untrustworthy, but partly corroborated by probabilities, a letter of the Earl of Devonshire to James I. distinctly asserts that by Stella Lord Rich was never accepted as a husband, but that "being in the power of her friends, she was by them married against her will unto one against whom she did protest at the very solemnity and ever after," who instead of being her "comforter did strive in all things to torment her," and with whom "from the very first day" she lived in "continual discord." It is true that the value of this letter as evidence is enormously diminished by the fact that it was to the protection of its writer that Lady Rich had fled from her husband's asserted cruelty. All the same it remains deserving of at least qualified credence, as offering the only adequate explanation at once of Sidney's conduct and of certain passages in his poems. Where and when this unholy marriage took place we are left to conjecture. Stella was now of full marriageable age, and at all events in Shakespeare, the period of Elizabethan engagements seems to have been reckoned rather by days than weeks. Granting

that the marriage was a forced one, the bride's relatives had every reason to hurry it on ; and when, if ever, a record of it is discovered, it will be matter for surprise if the date proves to be later than the first or second week in April, 1581. The marriage would, of course, be followed by the speedy appearance of the bride at Court, and at Court, from Sonnet xli., we are assured that Stella was playing her part at the end of this month or early in the next.

And what of Sidney? Up to March 18th, when Parliament was adjourned preparatory to its dissolution, he was working hard as a legislator, apparently in complete ignorance of the family plots against his own happiness and that of the woman he loved. When the news of the marriage reached him, his first feeling was a hopeless bitter anger.

From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us.

But he was too closely connected with Stella's guardians for her true feelings towards her husband to be long concealed from him,

Alas, I lie : rage hath this error bred :
Love is not dead ;
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatched mind,

Where she his counsell keepeth
Till due deserts she find.
Therefore from so vile fancie
To call such wit a franzie,
Who love can temper thus,
Good Lord deliver us !

So Sidney wrote, making his last verse a palinode for the bitterness of its three predecessors. But the palinode has more mischief in it than the invective, and the mischief is more pronounced in the quaintly titled "Smokes of Melancholy" from which we have already quoted. Penelope Devereux was married to Lord Rich, and Sidney—Sidney, the embodiment of all that is pure, and wise, and brave in his times—was determined to remain her lover. The shock is great, and it is small wonder that his biographers pass hastily over his relations with Stella as an unpleasant episode in a noble career. Yet that the steady pertinacity of aim which is the characteristic of Sidney's public life should have been lacking in his love, would have stamped him as made in a weaker mould than we would willingly accept as his. To regard an enforced marriage as no marriage may be a cruelty to its victim, but marks the lover neither as wanton nor as base; and though once and again in the later sonnets Sidney returns to his lament that his love

was leading him to forget his higher mission, there is no other trace in them of any doubt as to the rectitude of his suit. Of the progress of this suit there is no need here to give a detailed account; it is written, as in a journal, in the sonnets and songs. The 31st and 32nd in their calm and splendid beauty form a magnificent pause before the turbid eloquence of their successors. If they were not written just before the news of Stella's marriage, it was a fine literary judgment which assigned them their position. With the 33rd, "I might! unhappie word—O me, I might!"—we plunge into the storm. Even if Dr. Grosart be right in referring it only to an interview missed, the sympathetic reader will hardly fail to conjecture that that interview was the first at which Sidney was to greet Stella as Lady Rich, and in the words in which he mourns his mistake there is blended a sorrow for a deeper error and a deeper loss. In the succeeding sonnets he pursues and comments on his suit in all the different notes of love's gamut. And not without result. As in Sidney sorrow had given new force and passion to his verse, so in Stella misery had procured him a more ready listener. She does not repulse, but expostulates with him. She affects to regard his poems as impersonal and lets him hear her read or

sing them. She praises him in his absence. He catches her gaze directed to him when she thinks he is not looking. She plays the metaphysician: his love for her is to make him cease loving, her own for him to wish him "anchor fast" himself "on virtue's shore." But love has made himself of their company, and in the 61st sonnet Sidney can record that Stella has confessed to it. Soon afterwards he finds her sleeping, and awakes her with a kiss. She is angry, but a few sonnets further on her anger is only against kisses become too passionate to be borne in peace. "Sonnets are not bound prentise to annoy," and for a little while Sidney's express all the raptures of a happy lover. But the climax of the drama is expressed in the songs. Twice, these tell us, Sidney asked that their passion should have its full course. Twice Stella repulsed him, the second time finally and for ever, but in words of tenderness and beauty unsurpassable:

Astrophel, sayd she, my love,
Cease, in these effects, to prove ;
Now be still ; yet still beleeve me,
Thy greefe more then death would grieve me.
If that any thought in me
Can tast comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joylesse, hopelesse, endlesse languish.

* * *

If more may be sayd, I say,
 All my blisse in thee I lay ;
 If thou love, my love content thee,
 For all love, all faith is meant thee.

Trust me, while I thee deny,
 In my selfe the smart I try ;
 Tyran honour doth thus use thee,
 Stella's selfe might not refuse thee.

Therefore, deere, this no more move,
 Least, though I leave not thy love,
 Which too deep in me is framed,
 I should blush when thou art named.

“The Argument” writes Nash, with annoying glibness “cruell chastitee ; the Prologue, hope ; the Epilogue, dispaire.” It is only the Epilogue of *Astrophel and Stella* which remains for us to recite. In the two songs and thirty sonnets which follow Stella's final refusal there is much fine poetry, and yet we cannot help feeling that Sidney's “song” is “broken.” Now he blazes forth in anger, now he rejoices that Stella shares his unhappiness. He is absent from her, and half chides, half excuses himself for taking any pleasure in other society. In one sonnet he is distressed by her illness, in another he records his overwhelming sorrow that through some “foul stumbling” of his Stella had been caused annoyance. But the prevailing tone is

one of heavy, dull, despair, and in this a man of Sidney's aims and Sidney's temperament could not abide for ever. In the 107th Sonnet he asks Stella as the "right princesse" of all his powers to allow a certain "great cause, which needs both use and art" to occupy for a time the chief place in his thoughts. In the next sonnet, the last of the book, he returns beneath the sway of "rude dispaire," but two still later poems, the last two of our appendix, show him in a state of calm serenity, once more hating "Desire" as his worst enemy, and looking away to things not of this world.

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust ;
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things ;
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
 What ever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
 Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might
 To that sweet yoke where lasting freedomes be ;
 Which breakes the clowdes, and opens forth the light,
 That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
 O take fast hold ; let that light be thy guide
 In this small course which birth drawes out to death,
 And think how evil becommeth him to slide,
 Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heavenly breath.
 Then farewell, world ; thy uttermost I see :
 Eternall Love maintaine thy life in me.

Splendidis longum valedico nugis! Thus, in a strain worthy of himself, Philip Sidney bade final farewell to

his "splendid toying." For us, in this section of our already too long introduction, it only remains to glance at the after-fates, so tragically different, of these two noble lovers. How long this passion continued at its height is a point on which different conjectures may be hazarded. For myself, I cling stedfastly to my already expressed belief that the May of the 8th song is the May of 1581, and that the magnificent series of Sonnets beginning with xxxiii. and ending with lxxxvi., together with the accompanying songs, form the immortal love-diary of some six or seven weeks after Stella's return to court as Lady Rich. The time occupied by the "Epilogue" was probably much longer. There is unfortunately nothing in Sidney's biographies (certainly not the letter of May, 1581, from the self-styled King of Portugal asking his aid) which enables us to identify the "great cause which needes both use and art" of Sonnet cvii. It is possible, indeed, that the words have only a general reference to Sidney's life-mission of political antagonism to Spain. In any case, by the autumn of the year 1581 his life seems to have resumed its accustomed tenour. In October we find him in correspondence with Burleigh, asking for impropriations to the amount of £100 a year to eke out his slender income; in

November he is writing to the Queen about a cypher for her use. The next February saw him one of the splendid escort of English noblemen and gentlemen who attended the Duke of Anjou to the Netherlands, and on his return to England in March he settled down once more to the old weary work of supporting his father's interests at Court against constant misrepresentation.

The year 1583 was more eventful. On January 8th, Sidney received the honour of knighthood, in order that he might act as proxy for his friend Prince Casimir, at his investiture as a Knight of the Garter. In March, or soon after, he married Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, a lady who at the hands of some recent writers has been somewhat hardly dealt with, partly because of her speedy re-marriages, but partly perhaps from a needless desire to pair her off with Lord Rich as an unworthy mate. At the time of Sidney's death she hastened to his side at no small risk to herself, and we have no reason to believe that she was other than a good and affectionate wife for the short space that her marriage with Sidney endured. In 1584 her husband was again in Parliament, and in the following year he was associated with the Earl of Warwick in the Mastership

of the Ordnance. But these small employments did not suffice him, and at the end of the year he formed a secret project of joining Drake in a voyage to attack Spain in the West Indies. He had actually reached Plymouth, and was waiting to embark, when the Queen (it is said by some treachery of Drake's) was apprised of his intention, and peremptorily recalled him. But it was now obvious that active employment of some sort Sidney would have, and he was accordingly appointed to the Governorship of Flushing, one of the towns placed by the Dutch in English keeping as a pledge of their good faith during the ensuing campaign under the generalship of the Earl of Leicester. On November 21st, 1585, Sidney took possession of his new office, and during his short governorship acquitted himself to admiration. He put Flushing into a thorough state of defence, formed many military plans, captured the town of Axel by surprise, and did much to lessen the friction to which Leicester's haughtiness and folly speedily gave rise. The career of useful and honourable activity for which he had so long been chafing, appeared at last to be opening brightly before him, when it was suddenly and cruelly cut short by a chance shot in an engagement, which but for the miserable accident that it

brought Sidney his death, would hardly have been recorded in English history.

Such, and so untimely, was Sidney's end : it would have been well for Stella if the one and twenty years by which she survived him had been fewer by a half. In whatever secret unhappiness, she appears to have lived blamelessly with Lord Rich for some twelve years after their marriage, during which time she bore him seven children. But about 1595 she formed an unhappy intimacy with her brother's faithful friend, Sir Christopher Blount, and though in 1600 she returned to her husband in order to nurse him through a dangerous illness, on his recovery she lived publicly with her lover, and by mutual agreement was soon afterwards divorced from Lord Rich. Her unhappy life was no bar to her advancement at Court. When on the accession of James I., Blount, who had previously gained the title of Lord Mountjoy, was advanced to the rank of Earl of Devonshire, his partner, that there might be no disparity between them, "was elevated to the title and dignity of the most ancient Earls of Essex, the Bouchiers, and thus had the precedence of all the Earls' daughters in the kingdom, with the exception of four." But when on December 26th, 1605, permanence was given to their irregular

relations by a marriage solemnized, curiously enough, by the High-Church Laud, James drove the unhappy couple from his Court ; and neither long survived their disgrace, the Earl dying in the following April, and Stella only outliving him by two years. To champion her cause with the somewhat blind chivalry of Dr. Grosart or Professor Arber is to the present writer impossible. But we may believe that, if she sinned, she was also deeply sinned against, and in the stray glimpses we catch of her life, there is much that is both touching and gracious. Certainly to Sidney she behaved as a good and true woman, and if in after years she descended nearer to the level of her husband, it is not for any lover of Sidney to speak hardly of her.

From the heights of love and romance we must now make a brief excursion into the regions of textual criticism and bibliography. As has been already noted, Sidney allowed none of his works to be printed during his lifetime ; copies, however, were made in manuscript for the use of his friends, and to the great annoyance of his family, these from time to time after the Author's death, fell into the hands of speculative publishers, who were with difficulty restrained from printing them. In 1591, according

to a dedicatory epistle "to the worshipfull and his very good Freende, Ma. Frauncis Flower," it was the fortune of a publisher named Thomas Newman, to light upon one of these copies of "the famous device" of *Astrophel and Stella*, which he straightway "thought good to publish," using, according to his own account, much care in the printing. For "Whereas," he writes, "being spred abroade in the written coppies, it had gathered much corruption of ill writers, I have used their helpe and advice in correcting and restoring it to his first dignitee, that I knowe were of skill and experience in those matters." Another publisher, named Matthew Lownes, was so pleased with Newman's edition that he straightway reprinted it, with a few trifling corrections and some new errors to counterbalance them. Within the year, however, Newman himself, probably under pressure from Sidney's family, saw fit to bring out a second edition to take the place of the first. In this second edition the dedication to Master Flower is omitted, and with it an Epistle to the Reader, by Thomas Nash, and "Sundry other rare Sonnets of diuers Noblemen and Gentlemen," which, added by Newman to swell the size of his volume, contained among them one by Sidney's old enemy the Earl of Oxford. Along with

these omissions the text of the poems was revised, obviously from a different manuscript, and while many stupid errors were allowed to remain, a large number of fresh readings were introduced in passages in which the text of the first edition makes excellent sense. So emended, Newman's edition held the field until the appearance, in 1598, of Sidney's collected works in folio, entitled from its principal content, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. In this edition *Astrophel and Stella* is placed between the *Defence of Poesie* and Sidney's *Mask of May*, the sonnets are for the first time numbered, the songs, which in the previous editions had been placed at the end, are distributed among the sonnets, and three important additions are made to the text, viz., Sonnet xxxviii., with its obvious punning on the name "Rich," the eight stanzas of Song viii., containing Stella's reply, and Song xi., where Sidney talks to Stella at her window. At the same time "Certaine Sonets of Sir Philip Sidney, never before printed" made, with one or two trifling exceptions, their first appearance, occupying a few leaves immediately before the *Defence of Poesie*. The whole of this 1598 folio was issued with the sanction and revision of Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and we are accordingly

not surprised to find that the text of *Astrophel and Stella*, while broadly concurring with that of Newman's second edition, is in every way improved.

The deductions which may be made from the facts thus recited are noteworthy. Thus we see (i.) that on each of the three occasions of printing, the sonnets are presented in the same order; (ii.) that at least two, if not three, different texts were in existence, with variations, as our notes sufficiently show, that are undoubtedly beyond the ingenuity of any mere copyist or editor; (iii.) that the manuscript in the possession of the Countess of Pembroke is the only one of the three which contains certain verses of a very intimate character, and that it is in the Countess of Pembroke's edition that such deeply personal poems as the "Smokes of Melancholy" and "Ring out your bells" are first given to the world. Two further conclusions seem sufficiently justifiable; (i.) that Sidney spent some pains in improving and altering his love poems after they had served their immediate purpose; (ii.) that he exercised some care for Stella's reputation in the form in which he permitted them to circulate among his friends, reserving the most purely biographical for his sister's eye, and possibly for hers alone. If these conclusions be granted, the appear-

ance of the invective against Lord Rich as Sonnet xxiv, may be attributed to the same reason as that which dictated the temporary suppression of xxxvii. On the other hand, the general sequence of the Sonnets is justified against its attackers by the consensus of all the manuscripts, by the failure of commentators to find any single group which has been broken up and can be reconstructed, and by the readiness with which the present order yields itself to a connected narrative. As regards the position of the songs the case is not equally clear. Here the folio and the quartos are at variance, but the obvious correctness of the placing of the more important songs, and the gap which the omission of these leaves in what may be called the narrative of the sonnets, is a strong argument in favour of following the order of the best edition.

It only remains for me to add that the text of the present edition is that of 1598 reprinted, so far as human weakness will permit such a boast to be safely made, word for word, and letter for letter, with the exception of the variations set forth at the end of the book.

The notes give all such variations in the earlier editions as seemed on a liberal estimate to possess

any literary value. Some day I hope we shall have a three-text *Astrophel and Sidney*. I doubt if any collation short of this will be ultimately accepted as satisfactory. The portrait of Sidney, which forms the frontispiece, is reproduced by Mr. Prætorius, from the copy in the British Museum of the engraving of his funeral by Thomas Lant. I have still to add that among my predecessors in Sidney-work, my chief obligations are due to Mr. Fox-Bourne, without whose life of Sidney it would have been impossible for me to gather together all the facts on which I have based this introduction. Other debts have been acknowledged as they occur.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

May, 1888.



ASTROPHEL AND STELLA.

I.

Loving in truth, and faine in verse my love to show,
That she, deare She, might take some pleasure of my
 paine,—
Pleasure might cause her reade, reading might make her
 know,
Knowledge might pitie winne, and pitie grace obtaine,—
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe ;
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertaine,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitfull showers upon my sunne-burn'd
 braine.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay ;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Studie's blowes ;
And others' feete still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with childe to speak, and helplesse in my
 throwes,
Biting my trewand pen, beating my selfe for spite ;
Foole, said my Muse to me, looke in thy heart, and write. A

II.

Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbèd shot,
Love gave the wound, which, while I breathe, will
But knowne worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.

A I saw, and liked ; I liked, but lovèd not ;
I loved, but straight did not what Love decreed :
At length, to Love's decrees I, forc'd, agreed,
Yet with repining at so partiall lot.

Now, even that footstep of lost libertie
Is gone ; and now, like slave-borne Muscovite,
I call it praise to suffer tyrannie ;
And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make me selfe beleeve that all is well,
While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

III.

Let daintie wits crie on the Sisters nine,
That, bravely maskt, their fancies may be told ;
Or, Pindare's apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold ;
Or else let them in statelier glorie shine,
Ennobling new-found tropes with problemes old ;
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbes or beastes which Inde or Afrike hold.
For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know ;
Phrases and problemes from my reach do grow ;
And strange things cost too deare for my poore sprites :
How then ? even thus,—in Stella's face I reed
What Love and Beautie be ; then all my deed
But copying is, what in her Nature writes.

IV.

Vertue, alas, now let me take some rest ;
Thou set'st a bate betweene my will and wit ;
If vaine Love have my simple soule opprest,
Leave what thou likest not, deale not thou with it.
Thy scepter use in some olde Catoe's brest,
Churches or schooles are for thy seate more fit :
I do confesse—pardon a fault confest—
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needs thou wilt usurping be
The little reason that is left in me,
And still th' effect of thy perswasions prove,
I sweare, my heart such one shall shew to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a deitie,
That, Vertue, thou thy selfe shalt be in love.

v.

It is most true that eyes are form'd to serve
 The inward light, and that the heavenly part
 Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerve,
 Rebels to nature, strive for their owne smart.

It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
 An image is, which for ourselves we carve,
 And, fooles, adore in temple of our hart,
 Till that good god make church and churchmen starve.
 True, that true beautie vertue is indeed,
 Whereof this beautie can be but a shade,
 Which, elements with mortall mixture breed.
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
 And should in soule up to our countrey move :
 True, and yet true—that I must Stella love.

G
F
E
D
C
B
A
F
E
D
C
B
A

VI. ↗

Some lovers speake, when they their Muses entertain
 Of hopes begot by feare, of wot not what desires,
 Of force of heav'nly beames infusing hellish paine,
 Of living deaths, deare wounds, faire stormes, and f
 ing fires :

Some one his song in Jove and Jove's strange tales at
 Bordred with buls and swans, powdred with golden r:
 Another, humbler wit, to shepheard's pipe retires,
 Yet hiding royall blood full oft in rurall vaine.
 To some a sweetest plaint a sweetest stile affords,
 While teares powre out his inke, and sighs breath
 his words,

His paper pale dispaire, and paine his pen doth mov
 I can speake what I feele, and feele as much as they
 But thinke that all the map of my state I display
 When trembling voice brings forth, that I do Stella l

VII.

When Nature made her chiefe worke, Stella's eyes,
In colour blacke why wrapt she beames so bright?
Would she, in beemie blacke, like painter wise,
Frame daintiest lustre, mixt of shades and light?
Or did she else that sober hue devise,
In object best to knit and strength our sight;
Least, if no vaile these brave gleames did disguise,
They, sunlike, should more dazle then delight?
Or would she her miraculous power show,
That, whereas blacke seemes beautie's contrary,
She even in blacke doth make all beauties flow?
Both so, and thus,—she, minding Love should be
Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed
To honor all their deaths who for her bleed.

VIII. *Cupid.*

Love, borne in Greece, of late fled from his native place
 Forc'd by a tedious prooffe that Turkish hardned hart
 Is not fit marke to pierce with his fine-pointed dart—
 And, pleas'd with our soft peace, staid here his flying race
 But, finding these north clymes too coldly him embrac
 Not usde to frozen clips, he strave to find some part
 Where with most ease and warmth he might employ
 art ;

At length he perch'd himself in Stella's joyfull face,
 Whose faire skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow
 Deceiv'd the quaking boy, who thought, from so pure light
 Effects of lively heat must needs in nature grow :
 But she, most faire, most cold, made him thence take
 flight

To my close heart ; where, while some firebrands he
 lay,
 He burnt unwares his wings, and cannot fly away.

IX.

Queene Vertue's Court, which some call Stella's face,
Prepar'd by Nature's choisest furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaster pure ;
Gold is the covering of that stately place.
The doore, by which sometimes comes forth her grace,
Red porphir is, which locke of pearle makes sure,
Whose porches rich (which name of cheekes endure)
Marble, mixt red and white, do enterlace.
The windowes now, through which this heav'nly guest
Looks over the world, and can find nothing such,
Which dare claime from those lights the name of best,
Of touch they are, that without touch doth touch,
Which Cupid's selfe from Beautie's mine did draw :
Of touch they are, and poore I am their straw.

X.

Reason, in faith thou art well serv'd, that still
Wouldst brabling be with sence and Love in me ;
I rather wisht thee clime the Muses' hill ;
Or reach the fruite of Nature's choisest tree ;
Or seeke heav'n's course or heav'n's inside to see :
Why shouldst thou toyle our thornie soile to till ?
Leave sence, and those which sence's objects be ;
Deale thou with powers of thoughts, leave love to will.
But thou wouldst needs fight both with love and sence,
With sword of wit giving wounds of dispraise,
Till downe-right blowes did foyle thy cunning fence ;
For, soonè as they strake thee with Stella's rayes,
Reason, thou kneel'dst, and offerdst straight to prove,
By reason good, good reason her to love.

XI.



In truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind
Thou doest proceed in thy most serious wayes,
That when the heav'n to thee his best displays,
Yet of that best thou leav'st the best behind !
For, like a childe that some faire booke doth find,
With guilded leaves or colourd velume playes,
Or, at the most, on some fine picture staves,
But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind ;
So when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet
Stella, thou straight look'st babies in her eyes,
In her cheekes' pit thou didst thy pitfould set,
And in her breast bo-peepe or couching lyes,
Playing and shining in each outward part ;
But, foole, seekst not to get into her hart.

XII.

unp. d.

Cupid, because thou shin'st in Stella's eyes,
 That from her lockes, thy day-nets, none scapes free,
 That those lips sweld, so full of thee they bee,
 That her sweete breath makes oft thy flames to rise,
 That in her breast thy pap well sugred lies, *being good*
 That her grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that she,
 What words soere she speake, perswades for thee,
 That her cleare voyce lifts thy fame to the skies—
 Thou countest Stella thine, like those whose powers
 Having got up a breach by fighting well,
 Crie "Victorie, this faire day all is ours!"
 O no; her heart is such a cittadell,
 So fortified with wit, stor'd with disdain,
 That to win it is all the skill and paine.

XIII.

Phœbus was judge betweene Jove, Mars, and Love,
Of those three gods, whose armes the fairest were.
Jove's golden shield did eagle sables beare,
Whose talents held young Ganimed above :
But in vert field Mars bare a golden speare,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did shove :
Each had his creast, Mars caried Venus' glove,
Jove on his helme the thunderbolt did reare.
Cupid then smiles, for on his crest there lies
Stella's faire haire, her face he makes his shield,
Where roses gueuls are borne in silver field.
Phœbus drew wide the curtaines of the skies,
To blaze these last, and sware devoutly then,
The first, thus matcht, were scantly gentlemen.

XIV.

Alas, have I not paine enough, my friend,
Upon whose breast a fiercer Gripe doth tire
Then did on him who first stale down the fire,
While Love on me doth all his quiver spend,—
But with your rubarb words ye must contend,
To grieve me worse, in saying that Desire
Doth plunge my wel-form'd soule even in the mire
Of sinfull thoughts, which do in ruine end?
If that be sinne which doth the maners frame,
Well staid with truth in word and faith of deed,
Readie of wit, and fearing nought but shame;
If that be sinne which in fixt hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastitie,
Then love is sinne, and let me sinfull be.

XV. ²

You that do search for everie purling spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flowes,
And everie floure, not sweet perhaps, which growes
Neare thereabouts, into your poesie wring ;
Ye that do dictionarie's methode bring
Into your rimes, running in ratling rowes ;
You that poore Petrarch's long-deceasèd woes
With new-borne sighes and denisen'd wit do sing ;
You take wrong waies ; those far-fet helpes be such
As do bewray a want of inward tuch,
And sure, at length stolne goods do come to light :
But if, both for your love and skill, your name
You seeke to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to endite.

XVI.

In nature apt to like, when I did see
Beauties which were of manie carrets fine,
My boiling sprites did thither soone incline,
And, Love, I thought that I was full of thee :
But finding not those restlesse flames in me,
Which others said did make their soules to pine,
I thought those babes of some pinne's hurt did whine,
By my soule judging what Love's paine might be.
But while I thus with this young lyon plaid,
Mine eyes—shall I say curst or blest?—beheld
Stella : now she is nam'd, need more be said ?
In her sight I a lesson new have speld ;
I now have learn'd love right, and learn'd even so
As who by being poisond doth poison know.

XVII.

His mother deare Cupid offended late,
Because that Mars, growne slacker in her love,
With pricking shot he did not throughly move
To keepe the place of their first loving state
The boy refusde for feare of Marses hate,
Who threatned stripes, if he his wrath did prove ;
But she, in chafe, him from her lap did shove,
Brake bowe, brake shafts, while Cupid weeping sate ;
Till that his grandame Nature, pittying it,
Of Stella's browes made him two better bowes,
And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.
O how for joy he leapes ! O how he crowes !
And straight therewith, like wags new got to play,
Fals to shrewd turnes ; and I was in his way.

XVIII.

With what sharpe checks I in my selfe am shent
 When into Reason's audite I do go,
 And by just counts my selfe a banckrout know
 Of all those goods which heav'n to me hath lent ;
 Unable quite to pay even Nature's rent,
 Whiche unto it by birthright I do ow ;
 And, which is worse, no good excuse can show,
 But that my wealth I have most idly spent !
 My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toyes ;
 My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
 Which, for reward, spoile it with vaine annoyes.
 I see, my course to loose my selfe doth bend ;
 I see—and yet no greater sorow take
 Then that I loose no more for Stella's sake.

XIX. *above*

On Cupid's bow how are my heart-strings bent,
 That see my wracke, and yet embrace the same !

When most I glorie, then I feele most shame ;

I willing run, yet while I run repent ;

My best wits still their owne disgrace invent :

My verie inke turnes straight to Stella's name ;

And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,

Advise themselves that they are vainely spent :

For though she passe all things, yet what is all

That unto me, who fare like him that both

Lookes to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall ?

O let me prop my mind, yet in his growth,

And not in nature for best fruits unfit.

Scholler, saith Love, bend hitherward your wit.

XX.

in bud
promise

Flie, fly, my friends ; I have my death wound, fly ;
 See there that boy that murthring boy, I say,
 Who, like a theefe, hid in darke bush doth ly,
 Till bloudie bullet get him wrongfull pray.

So tyran he no fitter place could spie,
 Nor so faire levell in so secret stay,

As that sweete blacke which vailes the heav'nly eye ;
 There himselfe with his shot he close doth lay.

Poore passenger, passe now thereby I did,
 And staid, pleas'd with the prospect of the place,
 While that blacke hue from me the bad guest hid :
 But straight I saw motions of lightning grace ;
 And then descried the glistring of his dart :
 But ere I could flie thence, it pierc'd my heart.

XXI.

Your words, my friend (right healthfull caustiks), blame
My young mind marde, whom Love doth windlas so,
That mine owne writings, like bad servants, show
My wits quicke in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame ;
That Plato I read for nought but if he tame
Such coltish yeeres ; that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires, least else that friendly foe,
Great expectation, weare a traine of shame.
For since mad March great promise made of me,
If now the May of my yeares much decline,
What can be hoped my harvest time will be ?
Sure, you say well, "Your wisdom's golden mine
Dig deepe with Learning's spade." Now tell me this—
Hath this world ought so faire as Stella is ?

XXII.

In highest way of heav'n the Sunne did ride,
 Progressing then from faire Twinnes' gold'n place,
 Having no scarfe of cloudes before his face,
 But shining forth of heate in his chiefe pride;

When some faire ladies, by hard promise tied,
 On horsebacke met him in his furious race;
 Yet each prepar'd with fannes wel-shading grace
 From that foe's wounds their tender skinnnes to hide.

Stella alone with face unarmèd marcht,
 Either to do like him which open shone,
 Or carelesse of the wealth, because her owne.

Yet were the hid and meāner beauties parcht,
 Her daintiest, bare, went free: the cause was this,—
 The Sunne, which others burn'd, did her but kisse.

1111
 1111
 1111

face

XXIII.

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bewray it selfe in my long-setled eyes,
Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
With idle paines and missing ayme, do guesse.
Some, that know how my spring I did addresse,
Deeme that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies ;
Others, because the Prince my service tries,
Thinke that I thinke state errors to redress :
But harder judges judge ambition's rage—
Scourge of it selfe, still climbing slipprie place—
Holds my young braine captiv'd in golden cage.
O fooles, or over-wise : alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start
But only Stella's eyes and Stella's hart.

XXIV. ← *attribution
Rich*

Rich fooles there be whose base and filthy hart
 Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow,
 And damning their owne selves to Tantal's smart,
 Wealth breeding want—more rich, more wretched grow.
 Yet to those fooles Heav'n such wit doth impart,
 As what their hands do hold, their heads do know ;
 And, knowing, love ; and, loving, lay apart
 As sacred things, far from all daunger's show.
 But that rich foole, who by blind Fortune's lot
 The richest gemme of love and life enjoyes,
 And can with foule abuse such beauties blot ;
 Let him, depriv'd of sweet but unfelt joyes,
 Exil'd for ay from those high treasures which
 He knowes not, grow in only follie rich !

XXV.

The wisest scholler of the wight most wise
By Phœbus' doome, with sugred sentence sayes,
That vertue, if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of love it in our soules would raise.
But,—for that man with paine this truth descries,
Whiles he each thing in Sense's ballance wayes,
And so nor will nor can behold those skies
Which inward sunne to heroicke minde displaies—
Vertue of late, with vertuous care to ster
Love of her selfe, tooke Stella's shape, that she
To mortall eyes might sweetly shine in her.
It is most true ; for since I her did see,
Vertue's great beautie in that face I prove,
And find th' effect, for I do burne in love.

XXVI. *in Stella*

Though dustie wits dare scorne Astrologie,
 And fooles can thinke those lampes of purest light—
 Whose numbers, waies, greatnesse, eternitic,
 Promising wonders, wonder do invite—
 To have for no cause birthright in the skie
 But for to spangle the blacke weeds of night ;
 Or for some brawle, which in that chamber hie,
 They should still daunce to please a gazer's sight.
 For me, I do Nature unidle know,
 And know great causes great effects procure ;
 And know those bodies high raigne on the low.
 And if these rules did faile, prooffe makes me sure,
 Who oft fore-judge my after-following race,
 By only those two starres in Stella's face.

XXVII. *intruder*

Because I oft in darke abstracted guise
 (Seeme most alone in greatest companie)
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awrie,
 To them that would make speech of speech arise ;
 They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,
 That poison foule of bubling pride doth lie
 So in my swelling breast, that only I
 Fawne on me selfe, and others do despise.
 Yet pride I thinke doth not my soule possesse
 (Which looks too oft in his unflattering glasse):
 But one worse fault, Ambition, I confesse,
 That makes me oft my best friends overpasse,
 Unseene, unheard, while thought to highest place
 Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

XXVIII.

You that with Allegorie's curious frame
Of others' children changelings use to make,
With me those paines, for God's sake, do not take :
I list not dig so deepe for brasen fame.
When I say Stella, I do meane the same
Princesse of Beautie, for whose only sake
The rains of Love I love, though never slake,
And joy therein, though nations count it shame.
I beg no subject to use eloquence,
Nor in hid wayes do guide philosophie ;
Looke at my hands for no such quintessence ;
But know that I in pure simplicitie
Breathe out the flames which burne within my heart,
Love onely reading unto me this arte)

XXIX. *Mass.*

Like some weake lords neighbord by mighty kings, *a*
 To keepe themselves and their chiefe cities free, *b*
 Do easily yeeld that all their coasts may be *b*
 Ready to store their campes of needfull things ; *a*
 So Stella's heart, finding what power Love brings, *c*
 To keep it selfe in life and liberty, *b*
 Doth willing graunt that in the frontiers he *b*
 Use all to helpe his other conquerings.
 And thus her heart escapes ; but thus her eyes *c*
 Serve him with shot, her lips his heralds arre, *d*
 Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphall carre, *e*
 Her flesh his food, her skin his armour brave ;
 And I, but for because my prospect lies *c*
 Upon that coast, am giv'n up for a slave. *d*

XXX.

Whether the Turkish new-moone minded be
 To fill his hornes this yeare on Christian coast ?
 How Poles' right king meanes without leave of hoast
 To warm with ill-made fire cold Moscovy ?
 If French can yet three parts in one agree ?
 What now the Dutch in their full diets boast ?
 How Holland hearts, now so good townes be lost,
 Trust in the shade of pleasing Orange-tree ?
 How Ulster likes of that same golden bit
 Wherewith my father once made it halfe tame ?
 If in the Scotch Court be no weltring yet ?
 These questions busie wits to me do frame :
 I, cumbred with good maners, answer do,
 But know not how ; for still I thinke of you.

XXXI.

With how sad steps, O Moone, thou climb'st the skies !
 How silently, and with how wanne a face !
 What, may it be that even in heav'nly place
 That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries
 X Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
 I reade it in thy lookes ; thy languisht grace,
 To me, that feele the like, thy state descries
 Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moone, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
 Those lovers scorne whom that love doth possesse ?
 Do they call vertue there ungratefulnesse ?

XXXII. ✧

Morpheus, the lively sonne of deadly Sleepe,
Witnesse of life to them that living die,
A prophet oft, and oft an historie,
A poet eke, as humours fly or creepe ;
Since thou in me so sure a power doest keepe,
That never I with clos'd-up sense do lie,
But by thy worke my Stella I descrie,
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weepe ;
Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,
Whence hast thou ivorie, rubies, pearle, and gold,
To shew her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well ?
Foole ! answers he ; no Indies such treasures hold ;
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
Sweet Stella's image I do steale to mee.

XXXIII. ✓

I might !—unhappie word—O me, I might,
And then would not, or could not, see my blisse ;
Till now wrapt in a most infernall night,
I find how heav'nly day, wretch ! I did misse.
Hart, rent thy selfe, thou doest thy selfe but right ;
No lovely Paris made thy Hellen his,
No force, no fraud robd thee of thy delight,
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is ;
But to my selfe my selfe did give the blow,
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me, —
That I respects for both our sakes must show :
And yet could not, by rising morne foresee
How faire a day was neare : O punishd eyes,
That I had bene more foolish, or more wise !

XXXIV.

Come, let me write. And to what end? To ease
A burthned hart. How can words ease, which are
The glasses of thy dayly-vexing care?
Oft cruell fights well pictured-forth do please.
Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare.
But will not wise men thinke thy words fond ware?
Then be they close, and so none shall displease.
What idler thing then speake and not be hard?
What harder thing then smart and not to speake?
Peace, foolish wit! with wit my wit is mard.
Thus write I, while I doubt to write, and wreake
My harmes on ink's poore losse. Perhaps some find
Stella's great powrs, that so confuse my mind.

XXXV.

What may words say, or what may words not say,
Where truth it selfe must speake like flatterie?
Within what bounds can one his liking stay,
Where Nature doth with infinite agree?
What Nestor's counsell can my flames alay,
Since Reason's selfe doth blow the cole in me?
And, ah, what hope that hope should once see day,
Where Cupid is sworne page to Chastity?
Honour is honour'd, that thou doest possesse
Thim as thy slave, and now long-needy Fame
Doth even grow rich, naming my Stella's name.
Vith learns in thee perfection to expresse,
Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is raisde:
It is a praise to praise, when thou art praisde

XXXVI.

Stella, whence doth this new assault arise,
A conquerd, yolden, ransackt heart to winne,
Whereto long since, through my long-battred eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entred in ?
And there, long since, Love, thy lieutenant, lies,
My forces razde, thy banners raisd within ;
Of conquest do not these effects suffice,
But wilt now warre upon thine owne begin ?
With so sweete voice, and by sweete Nature so
In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withall
In all sweete stratagemms sweete Arte can show,
That not my soule, which at thy foot did fall
Long since, forc'd by thy beames : but stone nor tree,
By Sence's priviledge, can scape from thee !

XXXVII.

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be :
Listen then, lordings, with good eare to me,
For of my life I must a riddle tell.
Toward Aurora's Court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see ;
Beauties so farre from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise saying she doth excell ;
Rich in the treasure of deserv'd renowne,
Rich in the riches of a royall hart,
Rich in those gifts which give th' eternall crowne ;
Who, though most rich in these and everie part
Which make the patents of true worldly blisse,
Hath no misfortune but that Rich she is.

XXXVIII.

This night, while sleepe begins with heavy wings
To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
Doth fall to stray, and my chiefe powres are brought
To leave the scepter of all subject things ;
The first that straight my fancie's error brings
Unto my mind is Stella's image, wrought
By Love's owne selfe, but with so curious drought
That she, me thinks, not onely shines but sings.
I start, looke, hearke ; but what in closde-up sence
Was held, in opend sence it flies away,
Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence.
I, seeing better sights in sight's decay,
Cald it anew, and woèd sleepe againe ;
But him, her host, that unkind guest had slaine.

XXXIX.

Come, Sleepe ! O Sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balme of woe,
The poore man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge betweene the high and low ;
With shield of prooffe shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts dispaire at me doth throw :
O make in me those civill warres to cease ;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,
A chamber deafe to noise and blind to light,
A rosie garland and a wearie hed :
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier then else-where, Stella's image see.

XL.

As good to write, as for to lie and grone.
 O Stella deare, how much thy power hath wrought,
 That hast my mind, none of the basest, brought
 My still-kept course, while others sleepe, to mone ;
 Alas, if from the height of Vertue's throne
 Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
 Upon a wretch that long thy grace hath sought,
 Weigh then how I by thee am overthrowne ;
 And then thinke thus--although thy beautie be
 Made manifest by such a victorie,
 Yet noblest conquerours do wreckes avoid.
 Since then thou hast so farre subduèd me,
 That in my heart I offer still to thee,
 O do not let thy temple be destroyd.

XLI. ♀

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes
And of some sent from that sweet enemie Fraunce ;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,
Towne-folkes my strength ; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise ;
Some luckie wits impute it but to chaunce ;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My bloud from them who did excell in this,
Thinke Nature me a man of armes did make.
How farre they shot awrie ! the true cause is,
Stella lookt on, and from her heav'nly face
Sent forth the beames which made so faire my race.

XLII.

O eyes, which do the spheares of beautie move ;
Whose beames be joyes, whose joyes all vertues be ;
Who, while they make Love conquer, conquer Love ;
The schooles where Venus hath learn'd chastitie :
O eyes, where humble lookes most glorious prove,
Only-lov'd tyrants, just in cruelty ;—
Do not, O do not, from poore me remove,
Keep still my Zenith, ever shine on me :
For though I never see them, but straightwayes
My life forgets to nourish languisht sprites ;
Yet still on me, O eyes, dart downe your rayes :
And if from majestie of sacred lights
Oppressing mortall sense my death proceed,
Wrackes triumphs be which Love high set doth breed.

XLIII.

Faire eyes, sweet lips, deare heart, that foolish I
Could hope, by Cupid's helpe, on you to pray,
Since to himselfe he doth your gifts apply,
As his maine force, choise sport, and easefull stay !
For when he will see who dare him gainesay,
Then with those eyes he lookes : lo, by and by
Each soule doth at Love's feet his weapons lay,
Glad if for her he give them leave to die.
When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where blushing red, that Love's selfe them doth love,
With either lip he doth the other kisse ;
But when he will, for quiet's sake, remove
From all the world, her heart is then his rome,
Where well he knowes no man to him can come.

XLIV.

My words I know do well set forth my mind ;
My mind bemoans his sense of inward smart ;
Such smart may pitie claime of any hart ;
Her heart, sweete heart, is of no tygre's kind :
And yet she heares, and yet no pitie I find,
But more I crie, lesse grace she doth impart.
Alas, what cause is there so overthwart,
That Noblenesse it selfe makes thus unkind ?
I much do guesse, yet find no truth save this,
That when the breath of my complaints doth tuch
Those daintie dores unto the court of blisse,
The heav'nly nature of that place is such,
That, once come there, the sobs of mine annoyes
Are metamorphos'd straight to tunes of joyes.

XLV.

Stella oft sees the verie face of wo
Painted in my beclouded stormie face,
But cannot skill to pitié my disgrace,
Not though thereof the cause herselfe she know :
Yet hearing late a fable, which did show
Of lovers never knowne, a grievous case,
Pitie thereof gate in her breast such place,
That, from that sea deriv'd, teares' spring did flow.
Alas, if Fancy, drawne by imag'd things
Though false, yet with free scope, more grace doth breed
Then servants' wracke, where new doubts honor brings ;
Then thinke, my deare, that you in me do reed
Of lovers' ruine some sad tragedie.
I am not I ; pitie the tale of me.

XLVI.

I curst thee oft, I pitie now thy case,
Blind-hitting Boy, since she that thee and me
Rules with a becke, so tyrannizeth thee,
That thou must want or food or dwelling-place,
For she protests to banish thee her face.
Her face ! O Love, a rogue thou then shouldst be,
If Love learne not alone to love and see,
Without desire to feed of further grace.
Alas, poore wag, that now a scholler art
To such a schoole-mistresse, whose lessons new
Thou needs must misse, and so thou needs must smart.
Yet, deare, let me his pardon get of you,
So long, though he from book myche to desire,
Till without fewell you can make hot fire.

XLVII.

What, have I thus betrayed my libertie?
 Can those blacke beames such burning markes engrave
 In my free side ; or am I borne a slave,
 Whose necke becomes such yoke of tyranny !
 Or want I sense to feele my miserie,
 Or sprite, disdain of such disdain to have !
 Who for long faith, tho' dayly helpe I crave,
 May get no almes, but scorne of beggerie.
 Vertue, awake ! Beautie but beautie is ;
 I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
 Leave following that which it is gaine to misse.
 Let her go ! Soft, but here she comes ! Go to,
 Unkind, I love you not ! O me, that eye
 Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lie !

Soule's joy, bend not those morning starres from me,
 Where Vertue is made strong by Beautie's might,
 Where Love is chastnesse, Paine doth learne delight,
 And Humblenesse growes one with Majestie.
 What ever may ensue, O let me be
 Copartner of the riches of that sight ;
 Let not mine eyes be hel-driv'n from that light ;
 O looke, O shine, O let me die, and see.
 For though I oft my selfe of them bemone
 That through my heart their beemie darts be gone,
 Whose curelesse wounds even now most freshly bleed,
 Yet since my death-wound is already got,
 Deare Killer, spare not thy sweet cruell shot :
 A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

XLIX. ^A

I on my horse, and Love on me, doth trie
Our horsemanships, while by strange worke I prove
A horsman to my horse, a horse to Love,
And now man's wrongs in me, poore beast, descrie.
The raine wherewith my rider doth me tie
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of reverence move,
Curb'd in with feare, but with guilt bosse above
Of hope, which makes it seeme faire to the eye :
The wand is will ; thou, fancie, saddle art,
Girt fast by memorie ; and while I spurre
My horse, he spurres with sharpe desire my hart ;
He sits me fast, however I do sturre ;
And now hath made me to his hand so right,
That in the manage my selfe takes delight.

L.

Stella, the fulnesse of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be staid within my panting breast,
But they do swell and struggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be express :
And yet, as soone as they so formèd be,
According to my lord Love's owne behest,
With sad eyes I their weake proportion see
To portrait that which in this world is best.
So that I cannot chuse but write my mind,
And cannot chuse but put out what I write,
While these poore babes their death in birth do find ;
And now my pen these lines had dashèd quite,
But that they stopt his furie from the same,
Because their forefront bare sweet Stella's name.

LI.

Pardon mine eares, both I and they do pray ;
So may your tongue still fluently proceed,
To them that do such entertainment need ;
So may you still have somewhat new to say.
On silly me do not the burthen lay
Of all the grave conceits your braine doth breed ;
But find some Hercules to beare, in steed
Of Atlas tyr'd, your wisdom's heav'nly sway.
For me,—while you discourse of courtly tides,
Of cunning fishers in most troubled streames,
Of straying wayes, when valiant errour guides,—
Meanwhile my heart confers with Stella's beames
And is even irkt that so sweet comedie
By such unsuted speech should hindred be.

LII.

A strife is growne between Vertue and Love,
 While each pretends that Stella must be his. *How?*
 Her eyes, her lips, her all, saith Love, do this,
 Since they do weare his badge, most firmly prove.
 But Vertue thus that title doth disprove,
 That Stella, (O deare name !) that Stella is
 That vertuous soule, sure heire of heav'nly blisse,
 Not this faire outside, which our hearts doth move :
 And therefore, though her beautie and her grace
 Be Love's indeed, in Stella's selfe he may
 By no pretence claime any maner place.
 Well, Love, since this demurre our sute doth stay,
 Let Vertue have that Stella's selfe ; yet thus,
 That Vertue but that body graunt to us.

LIII.

In martiall sports I had my cunning tride,
And yet to breake more staves did mee adresse,
While, with the people's shouts, I must confesse,
Youth, lucke, and praise even fil'd my veines with pride ;
When Cupid, having me, his slave, descride
In Marses livery prauncing in the presse :
What now, Sir Foole ! said he,—I would no lesse—
Looke here, I say ! I look'd, and Stella spide,
Who, hard by, made a window send forth light.
My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight,
Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries :
My foe came on, and beat the aire for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

LIV.

Because I breathe not love to everie one,
Nor do not use set colours for to weare,
Nor nourish speciall lockes of vowèd haire,
Nor give each speech a full point of a grone,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the mone
Of them who in their lips Love's standerd beare :
What, he! (say they of me) : now I dare swear
He cannot love ; no, no, let him alone.
And thinke so still, so Stella know my minde ;
Professe in deed I do not Cupid's art ;
But you, faire maides, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worne in the hart :
Dumbe swannes, not chating pies, do lovers prove ;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

LV.

Muses, I oft invoked your holy ayde,
With choisest flowers my speech to engarland so,
That it, despisde in true but naked shew,
Might winne some grace in your sweet grace arraid ;
And oft whole troupes of saddest words I staid,
Striving abroad a-foraging to go,
Untill by your inspiring I might know
How their blacke banner might be best displaid.
But now I meane no more your helpe to trie,
Nor other sugring of my speech to prove,
But on her name incessantly to crie ;
For let me but name her whom I do love,
So sweete sounds straight mine eare and heart do hit,
That I well find no eloquence like it.

LVI.

Fy, schoole of Patience, fy ! your lesson is
Far, far too long to learne it without booke :
What, a whole weeke without one peece of looke,
And thinke I should not your large precepts misse !
When I might reade those letters faire of blisse
Which in her face teach vertue, I could brooke
Somwhat thy lead'n counsels, which I tooke
As of a friend that meant not much amisse.
But now that I, alas, do want her sight,
What, dost thou thinke that I can ever take
In thy cold stufte a flegmatike delight ?
No, Patience ! if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come and heare with patience my desire,
And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

LVII.

W^o having made, with many fights, his owne
Each sence of mine, each gift, each power of mind ;
Growne now his slaves, he forst them out to find
The thorowest words fit for woe's selfe to grone,
Hoping that when they might finde Stella alone,
Before she could prepare to be unkind,
Her soule, arm'd but with such a dainty rind,
Should soone be pierc'd with sharpnesse of the mone.
She heard my plaints, and did not only heare,
But them, so sweete is she, most sweetly sing,
With that faire breast making woe's darknesse cleare.
A prety case ; I hopèd her to bring
To feele my griefes ; and she, with face and voice,
So sweets my paines, that my paines me rejoyce.

LVIII.

Doubt there hath bene when with his golden chaine
The oratour so farre men's harts doth bind,
That no pace else their guided steps can find
But as he them more short or slacke doth raine,
Whether with words this soveraignty he gaine,
Cloth'd with fine tropes, with strongest reasons lin'd,
Or else pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his owne lively forme in rudest braine.
Now judge by this : in piercing phrases late
The anatomy of all my woes I wrate ;
Stella's sweete breath the same to me did reed.
O voice, O face ! maugre my speeche's might
Which woèd wo, most ravishing delight
Even those sad words even in sad me did breed.

LIX.

Deare, why make you more of a dog then me?
If he do love, I burne, I burne in love ;
If he waite well, I never thence would move ;
If he be faire, yet but a dog can be ;
Litle he is, so litle worth is he ;
He barks, my songs thine owne voyce oft doth prove ;
Bid'n, perhaps he fetcheth thee a glove,
But I, unbid, fetch even my soule to thee.
Yet, while I languish, him that bosome clips,
That lap doth lap, nay lets, in spite of spite,
This sowre-breath'd mate tast of those sugred lips.
Alas, if you graunt only such delight
To witlesse things, then Love, I hope (since wit
Becomes a clog) will soone ease me of it.

LX.

When my good angell guides me to the place
Where all my good I do in Stella see,
That heav'n of joyes throwes onely downe on me
Thundred disdaines and lightnings of disgrace ;
But when the ruggedst step of Fortune's race
Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she,
With words wherein the Muses' treasures be,
Shewes love and pitie to my absent case.
Now I, wit-beaten long by hardest fate,
So dull am, that I cannot looke into
The ground of this fierce love and lovely hate.
Then, some good body, tell me how I do,
Whose presence absence, absence presence is ;
Blist in my curse, and cursèd in my blisse.

LXI.

Oft with true sighes, oft with uncallèd teares,
Now with slow words, now with dumbe eloquence,
I Stella's eyes assaid, invade her eares ;
But this, at last, is her sweet breath'd defence :
That who indeed infelt affection beares,
So captives to his Saint both soule and sence,
That, wholly hers, all selfnesse he forbears,
Then his desires he learns, his live's course thence.
Now, since her chast mind hates this love in me,
With chastned mind I straight must shew that she
Shall quickly me from what she hates remove.
O Doctor Cupid, thou for me reply ;
Driv'n else to graunt, by angel's sophistrie,
That I love not without I leave to love.

LXII.

Late tyr'd with wo, even ready for to pine
With rage of love, I cald my Love unkind ;
She in whose eyes love, though unfelt, doth shine,
Sweet said, that I true love in her should find.
I joyed ; but straight thus watred was my wine :
That love she did, but loved a love not blind,
Which would not let me, whom she loved, decline
From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind :
And therefore, by her love's authority,
Wild me these tempests of vaine love to flie,
And anchor fast my selfe on Vertue's shore.
Alas, if this the only mettall be
Of love new-coind to helpe my beggery,
Deare, love me not, that ye may love me more.

LXIII.

O grammer-rules, O now your vertues show ;
So children still reade you with awfull eyes,
As my young Dove may, in your precepts wise,
Her graunt to me by her owne vertue know :
For late, with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I crav'd the thing which ever she denies ;
She, lightning love, displaying Venus' skies,
Least once should not be heard, twice said, No, No !
Sing then, my Muse, now Io Pæan sing ;
Heav'ns envy not at my high triumphing,
But grammer's force with sweet successe confirme :
For grammer says,—O this, deare Stella, say,—
For grammer sayes,—to grammer who sayes nay ?—
That in one speech two negatives affirme !

FIRST SONG.

~~Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,~~
Which now my breast, orecharg'd, to musicke lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure?
Who keepes the key of Nature's chiefest treasure?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only for you the heav'n forgate all measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairenesse raigneth?
Who womankind at once both deckes and stayneth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Onely by you Cupid his crowne maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetnesse planteth ?
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth ?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Onely to you her scepter Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milke doth passions nourish ?
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish ?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Onelie through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which, without stroke, subdueth ?
Who long dead beautie with increase reneweth ?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Onely at you all envie hopelesse rueth.

Who hath the haire, which, loosest, fastest tieth?
Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voyce, which soule from sences sunders :
Whose force, but yours, the bolts of beautie thunders?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you, to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, orecharg'd, to musicke lendeth :
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

LXIV.

No more, my deare, no more these counsels trie ;
 O give my passions leave to run their race ;
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace ;
 Let folke orecharg'd with braine against me crie ;
 Let clouds bedimme my face, breake in mine eye ;
 Let me no steps but of lost labour trace ;
 Let all the earth with scorne recount my case,
But do not will me from my love to flie.
I do not envie Aristotle's wit,
 Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame ;
Nor ought do care though some above me sit ;
 Nor hope nor wish another course to frame,
 But that which once may win thy cruell hart :
Thou art my wit, and thou my vertue art.

LXV.

Love, by sure prooffe I may call thee unkind,
 That giv'st no better eare to my just cries ;
 Thou whom to me such my good turnes should bind,
 As I may well recount, but none can prize :
 For when, nak'd boy, thou couldst no harbour find
 In this old world, growne now so too too wise,
I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
 By nature borne, I gave to thee mine eyes ;
 Mine eyes ! my light, my heart, my life, alas !
 If so great services may scorn'd be,
 Yet let this thought thy tygrish courage passe,
 That I perhaps am somewhat kinne to thee ;
 Since in thine armes, if learnd fame truth hath spread,
Thou bear'st the arrow, I the arrow head.

LXVI.

And do I see some cause a hope to feede
Or doth the tedious burd'n of long wo
In weakened minds quicke apprehending breed
Of everie image which may comfort show ?
I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deed,
Fortune wheeles still with me in one sort slow ;
My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my need ;
Desire still on the stilts of Feare doth go.
And yet amid all feares a hope there is,
Stolne to my heart since last faire night, nay day,
Stella's eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,
Looking on me while I lookt other way :
But when mine eyes backe to their heav'n did move,
They fled with blush which guiltie seem'd of love.

LXVII.

Hope, art thou true, or doest thou flatter me?
Doth Stella now begin with piteous eye
The ruines of her conquest to espie?
Will she take time before all wrackèd be?
Her eyes-speech is translated thus by thee,
But failst thou not in phrase so heav'nly hie?
Looke on againe, the faire text better trie;
What blushing notes doest thou in margine see?
What sighes stolne out, or kild before full borne?
Hast thou found such and such like arguments,
Or art thou else to comfort me forsworne?
Well, how so thou interpret the contents,
I am resolv'd thy error to maintaine,
Rather then by more truth to get more paine.

LXVIII.

Stella, the onely planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chiefe good whereto my hope doth only aspire,
World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight ;
Why doest thou spend the treasures of thy sprite,
With voice more fit to wed Amphion's lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire
Fed by thy worth, and kindled by thy sight ?
And all in vaine : for while thy breath most sweet
With choisest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmly set on Vertue's feet,
Labour to kill in me this killing care :
O thinke I then, what paradise of joy
It is, so faire a vertue to enjoy !

LXIX.

O joy too high for my low stile to show !
O blisse fit for a nobler state then me !
Envie, put out thine eyes, least thou do see
What oceans of delight in me do flow !
My friend, that oft saw through all maskes my wo,
Come, come, and let me powre my selfe on thee.
Gone is the winter of my miserie !
My spring appeares ; O see what here doth grow :
For Stella hath, with words where faith doth shine,
Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchie :
I, I, O I, may say that she is mine !
And though she give but thus conditionly
This realme of blisse, while vertuous course I take,
No kings be crown'd but they some covenants make.

LXX.

My Muse may well grudge at my heav'nly joy,
If still I force her in sad rimes to creepe :
She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes to enjoy
Nectar of mirth, since I Jove's cup do keepe.
Sonets be not bound prentise to annoy ;
Trebles sing high, as well as bases deepe ;
Griefe but Love's winter liverie is ; the boy
Hath cheekes to smile, as well as eyes to weepe.
Come then, my Muse, shew thou height of delight
In well raisde notes ; my pen, the best it may,
Shall paint out joy, though but in blacke and white.
Cease, eager Muse ; peace, pen, for my sake stay,
I give you here my hand for truth of this,—
Wise silence is best musicke unto blisse.

LXXI.

Who will in fairest booke of Nature know
How vertue may best lodg'd in beautie be,
Let him but learne of Love to reade in thee,
Stella, those faire lines which true goodnesse show.
There shall he find all vices' overthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest soveraigntie
Of reason, from whose light those night-birds flie ;
That inward sunne in thine eyes shineth so.
And, not content to be Perfection's heire
Thy selfe, doest strive all minds that way to move,
Who marke in thee what is in thee most faire.
So while thy beautie drawes the heart to love,
As fast thy vertue bends that love to good :
But, ah, Desire still cries, Give me some food.

LXXII.

Desire, though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure love that I
One from the other scarcely can descric,
While each doth blow the fier of my hart ;
Now from thy fellowship I needs must part ;
Venus is taught with Dian's wings to flie ;
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie ;
Vertue's gold now must head my Cupid's dart.
Service and honor, wonder with delight,
Feare to offend, will worthie to appeare,
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite ;
These things are left me by my only Deare :
But thou, Desire, because thou wouldst have all,
Now banisht art ; but yet, alas, how shall ?

SECOND SONG.

Have I caught my heav'nly jewell,
Teaching sleepe most faire to be !
Now will I teach her that she,
When she wakes, is too too cruell.

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmèd,
The two only darts of Love,
Now will I with that boy prove
Some play, while he is disarmèd.

Her tongue, waking, still refuseth
Giving frankly niggard no :
Now will I attempt to know
What no her tongue, sleeping, useth.

See the hand which, waking, gardeth,
Sleeping, grants a free resort :
Now will I invade the fort,
Cowards Love with losse rewardeth.

But, O foole, thinke of the danger
Of her just and high disdain ;
Now will I, alas, refraine ;
Love feares nothing else but anger.

Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,
Do invite a stealing kisse.
Now will I but venture this ;
Who will read, must first learne spelling

Oh, sweet kisse ! but ah, she is waking ;
Lowring beautie chastens me :
Now will I away hence flee ;
Foole ! More foole, for no more taking.

LXXIII.

Love, still a boy, and oft a wanton is,
School'd onely by his mother's tender eye ;
What wonder then if he his lesson misse,
When for so soft a rod deare play he trie ?
And yet my Starre, because a sugred kisse
In sport I suckt while she asleepe did lie,
Doth lowre, nay chide, nay threat for only this.
Sweet, it was saucie Love, not humble I.
But no scuse serves ; she makes her wrath appeare
In beautie's throne : see now, who dares come neare
Those scarlet judges, threatning bloody paine.
O heav'nly foole, thy most kisse-worthy face
Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
That Anger selfe I needs must kisse againe.

LXXIV.

I never dranke of Aganippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorne with vulgar braines to dwell ;
Poore layman I, for sacred rites unfit.
Some do I heare of poets' furie tell,
But, God wot, wot not what they meane by it ;
And this I sweare by blackest brooke of hell,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
How falles it then, that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speake ; and what I speake doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please ?
Gesse we the cause ? What, is it thus ? Fie, no.
Or so ? Much lesse. How then ? Sure thus it is :
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kisse.

LXXV.

Of all the kings that ever here did raigne,
Edward, named fourth, as first in praise I name :
Not for his faire outside, nor well lined braine,
Although lesse gifts impe feathers oft on fame.
Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
His sire's revenge, joyn'd with a kingdome's gaine ;
And gain'd by Mars, could yet mad Mars so tame,
That ballance weigh'd what sword did late obtaine.
Nor that he made the Flouredeluce so fraid,
Though strongly hedg'd, of bloody Lyons' pawes,
That wittie Lewes to him a tribute paid :
Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause ;
But only for this worthy knight durst prove
To loose his crowne, rather then faile his love.

LXXVI.

She comes, and streight therewith her shining twins do
move

Their rayes to me, who in her tedious absence lay
Benighted in cold wo ; but now appears my day
The onely light of joy, the onely warmth of love.

She comes with light and warmth, which, like Aurora
prove

Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
With such a rosie morne, whose beames, most freshly gay,
Scorch not, but onely do darke chilling sprites remove.

But, lo, while I do speake, it groweth noone with me,
Her flamie glistring lights increase with time and place,
My heart cries, ah ! it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be ;
No wind, no shade can coole : what helpe then in my
case,

But with short breath, long lookes, staid feet, and walking
hed,

Pray that my sunne go downe with meeker beames to bed ?

LXXVII.

Those lookes, whose beames be joy, whose motion is
delight ;

That face, whose lecture shewes what perfect beautie is ;
That presence, which doth give darke hearts a living light ;
That grace, which Venus weepes that she her selfe doth
misse ;

That hand, which without touch holds more then Atlas
might ;

Those lips, which make death's pay a meane price for a
kisse ;

That skin, whose passe-praise hue scornes this poore
terme of white ;

Those words, which do sublime the quintessence of blisse ;
That voyce, which makes the soule plant himselfe in the
eares ;

That conversation sweet, where such high comforts be,
As, consterd in true speech, the name of heav'n it beares ;
Makes me in my best thoughts and quietst judgments see
That in no more but these I might be fully blest :
Yet, ah, my mayd'n Muse doth blush to tell the best.

LXXVIII.

O how the pleasant aires of true love be
Infected by those vapours which arise
From out that noysome gulfe, which gaping lies
Betweene the jawes of hellish jealousie !
A monster, others' harme, selfe-miserie,
Beautie's plague, Vertue's scourge, succour of lies ;
Who his owne joy to his owne hurt applies,
And onely cherish doth with injurie :
Who since he hath, by Nature's speciall grace,
So piercing pawes as spoyle when they embrace ;
So nimble feet as stirre still, though on thornes ;
So manie eyes, ay seeking their owne woe ;
So ample cares as never good newes know :
Is it not evill that such a devill wants hornes ?

LXXIX.

Sweet kisse, thy sweets I faine would sweetly endit
Which, even of sweetnesse sweetest sweetner art ;
Pleasingst consort, where each sence holds a part ;
Which, coupling doves, guides Venus' chariot right
Best charge, and bravest retrait in Cupid's fight ;
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Most rich when most his riches it impart ;
Neast of young joyes, schoolmaster of delight,
Teaching the meane at once to take and give ;
The friendly fray, where blowes both wound and he
The prettie death, while each in other live.
Poore hope's first wealth, ostage of promist weale ;
Breakefast of love. But lo, lo, where she is,
Cease we to praise ; now pray we for a kisse.

LXXX.

Sweet swelling lip, well maist thou swell in pride,
Since best wits thinke it wit thee to admire ;
Nature's praise, Vertue's stall ; Cupid's cold fire,
Whence words, not words but heav'nly graces slide ;
The new Pernassus, where the Muses bide ;
Sweetner of musicke, wisdom's beautifier,
Breather of life, and fastner of desire,
Where Beautie's blush in Honour's graine is dide.
Thus much my heart compelled my mouth to say ;
But now, spite of my heart, my mouth will stay,
Loathing all lies, doubting this flatterie is :
And no spurre can his resty race renew,
Without, how farre this praise is short of you,
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweet kisse.

LXXXI.

O kisse, which doest those ruddie gemmes impart,
 Or gemmes or frutes of new-found Paradise,
 Breathing all blisse, and sweetning to the heart,
 Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exercise ;
 O kisse, which soules, even soules, together ties
 By linkes of love and only Nature's art,
 How faine would I paint thee to all men's eyes.
 Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part !
 But she forbids ; with blushing words she sayes
 She builds her fame on higher seated praise.
 But my heart burnes ; I cannot silent be.—
 Then, since, deare life, you faine would have me peac
 And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
 Stop you my mouth with still, still kissing me.

LXXXII.

Nymph of the gard'n where all beauties be,—
Beauties which do in excellencie passe
His who till death lookt in a watrie glasse,
Or hers whom naked the Trojan boy did see ;
Sweet-gard'n-nymph, which keeps the cherrie-tree
Whose fruit doth farre th' Esperian tast surpasse,
Most sweet-faire, most faire-sweet, do not, alas,
From comming neare those cherries banish mee.
For though, full of desire, emptie of wit,
Admitted late by your best-gracèd grace,
I caught at one of them a hungrie bit ;
Pardon that fault ; once more graunt me the place ;
And I do sweare, even by the same delight,
I will but kisse ; I never more will bite.

LXXXIII.

Good brother Philip, I have borne you long ;
I was content you should in favour creepe,
While craftily you seem'd your cut to keepe,
As though that faire soft hand did you great wrong :
I bare, with envie, yet I bare, your song,
When in her necke you did love ditties peepe ;
Nay, more foole I, oft suffered you to sleepe
In lillies' neast where Love's selfe lies along.
What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment ?
Is sawcinesse reward of curtesie ?
Cannot such grace your silly selfe content,
But you must needs with those lips billing be,
And through those lips drinke nectar from that toong.
Leave that, sir Phip, least off your necke be wroong !

THIRD SONG.

If Orpheus' voyce had force to breathe such musicke's
 love

Through pores of sencelesse trees, as it could make them
 move ;

If stones good measure daunc'd, the Theban walles to
 build

To cadence of the tunes which Amphyon's lyre did yeeld ;
 More cause a like effect at least wise bringeth :

O stones, O trees, learne hearing,—Stella singeth.

If love might sweet'n so a boy of shepherd brood,

To make a Iyzard dull to taste love's daintie food ;

If eagle fierce could so in Grecian mayd delight,

As his light was her eyes her death his endlesse night,—

Earth gave that love ; heav'n, I trow, love refineth,—

O birds, O beasts, looke love,—lo, Stella shineth.

The birds, beasts, stones, and trees feele this, and feelir
love ;

And if the trees nor stones stirre not the same to prove
Nor beasts nor birds do come unto this blessèd gaze,
Know that small love is quicke, and great love do
amaze ;

They are amaz'd, but you with reason armèd,
O eyes, O eares of men, how are you charmèd !

LXXXIV.

High way, since you my chiefe Pernassus be,
And that my Muse, to some cares not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feete
More oft then to a chamber melodie.
Now, blessèd you beare onward blessèd me
To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet ;
My Muse and I must you of dutie greet
With thankes and wishes, wishing thankfully.
Be you still faire, honourd by publike heed ;
By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot ;
Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deed ;
And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,—
Hundreds of yeares you Stella's feet may kisse.

LXXXV.

I see the house,—my heart thy selfe containe
Beware full sailes drowne not thy tottring barge,
Least joy, by nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits straine ;
Nor do like lords whose weake confusèd braine,
Not pointing to fit folkes each undercharge,
While everie office themselves will discharge,
With doing all, leave nothing done but paine.
But give apt servants their due place : let eyes
See beautie's totall summe summ'd in her face ;
Let eares heare speach which wit to wonder ties ;
Let breath sucke up those sweetes ; let armes embrace
The globe of weale, lips Love's indentures make ;
Thou but of all the kingly tribute take.

FOURTH SONG.

Onely Joy, now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care,
Let my whispering voyce obtaine
Sweete reward for sharpest paine ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Night hath closd all in her cloke,
Twinckling starres love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keepe,
Jealouzie itselfe doth sleepe ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's yoke to loose or binde ;
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

This small light the moone bestowes
Serves thy beames but to disclose ;
So to raise my hap more hie,
Feare not else, none can us spie ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house :
Yet asleepe, me thinkes they say,
Yong folkes take time while you may ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Niggard time threats, if we misse
This large offer of our blisse,
Long stay, ere he graunt the same :
Sweet, then, while ech thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me :

Your faire mother is a-bed,
Candles out and curtaines spread ;
She thinks you do letters write ;
Write, but let me first endite ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Sweet, alas, why strive you thus ?
Concord better fitteth us ;
Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beautie stands ;
Take thee to me, and me to thee :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Wo to me, and do you swear
Me to hate ? but I forbear ;
Cursèd be my destines all,
That brought me so high to fall ;
Soone with my death I will please thee :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

LXXXVI.

Alas, whence came this change of lookes? If I
Have chang'd desert, let mine owne conscience be
A still felt plague to selfe condemning me ;
Let wo gripe on my heart, shame loade mine eye :
But if all faith, like spotlesse ermine, ly
Safe in my soule, which only doth to thee,
As his sole object of felicitie,
With wings of love in aire of wonder flie,
O ease your hand, treat not so hard your slave ;
In justice paines come not till faults do call :
Or if I needs, sweet Judge, must torments have,
Use something else to chast'n me withall
Then those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell :
No doome should make one's heav'n become his hell

FIFT SONG.

While favour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow thought ;
Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory,
I thought all words were lost that were not spent of thee,
I thought each place was darke but where thy lights
 would be,
And all eares worse then deafe that heard not out thy
 storie.

I said thou wert most faire, and so indeed thou art ;
I said thou wert most sweet, sweet poison to my heart ;
I said my soule was thine, O that I then had lyed ;
I said thine eyes were starres, thy breast the milk'n way,
Thy fingers Cupid's shafts, thy voyce the angels' lay :
And all I said so well, as no man it denied.

But now that hope is lost, unkindnesse kils delight ;
Yet thought and speech do live, though metamorphosd
quite,
For rage now rules the raines which guided were by
pleasure,
I thinke now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise,
That speech falls now to blame, which did thy honour
raise,
The same key op'n can, which can locke up a treasure.

Thou, then, whom partiall heavens conspir'd in one to
frame
The prooffe of Beautie's worth, th' enheritrix of fame,
The mansion seat of blisse, and just excuse of lovers ;
See now those feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew most
high :
See what clouds of reproch shall darke thy honour's skie :
Whose owne fault cast him downe hardly high seat
recovers.

And, O my Muse, though oft you luld her in your lap,
And then a heav'nly child, gave her ambrosian pap,
And to that braine of hers your kindest gifts infused ;
Since she, disdain^{ing} me, doth you in me disdain^e,
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer paine.
Princes in subjects wrongd must deeme themselves
abused.

Your client, poore my selfe, shall Stella handle so !
Revenge ! revenge ! my Muse ! Defiance trumpet blow ;
Threat'n what may be done, yet do more then you threat'n ;
Ah, my sute granted is, I feele my breast doth swell ;
Now, child, a lesson new you shall begin to spell,
Sweet babes must habies have, but shrewd gyrles must
be beat'n.

Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine odour'd snow
Nor blushing lillies, nor pearles' ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea, whose waves in curles are brok'n
But of thy soule, so fraught with such ungratefulnesse,
As where thou soone might'st helpe, most faith dost most
 oppresse ;
Ungratefull, who is cald, the worst of evils is spok'n ;

Yet worse then worst, I say thou art a theefe—A theefe !
Now God forbid !—a theefe ! and of worst theeves th
 cheefe :
Theeves steal for need, and steale but goods which pain
 recovers,
But thou, rich in all joyes, dost rob my joyes from me,
Which cannot be restor'd by time nor industrie :
Of foes the spoile is evill, far worse of constant lovers.

Yet, gentle English theeves do rob, but will not slay,
Thou English murdring theefe, wilt have harts for thy pray:
The name of murdrer now on thy faire forehead sitteth,
And even while I do speake, my death wounds bleeding be.
Which, I protest, proceed from only cruell thee :
Who may, and will not save, murder in truth committeth.

But murder, private fault, seemes but a toy to thee :
I lay then to thy charge unjustest tyrannie,
If rule, by force, without all claime, a tyran showeth ;
For thou doest lord my heart, who am not borne thy slave,
And, which is worse, makes me, most guiltlesse, torments
 have :
A rightfull prince by unright deeds a tyran groweth.

Lo, you grow proud with this, for tyrans make folke bow
Of foule rebellion then I do appeach thee now,
Rebell by Nature's law, rebell by law of reason :
Thou, sweetest subject, wert borne in the realme of Love
And yet against thy prince thy force dost dayly prove :
No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of treason

But valiant rebels oft in fooles' mouthes purchase fame :
I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame,
Both rebell to the sonne and vagrant from the mother ;
For wearing Venus' badge in every part of thee,
Unto Dianae's traine thou, runaway, didst flie :
Who faileth one is false, though trusty to another .

What, is not this enough ! nay, farre worse cometh here ;
A witch, I say, thou art, though thou so faire appeare ;
For, I protest, my sight never thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am chang'd, I am alive and dead,
My feete are turn'd to rootes, my hart becommeth lead :
No witchcraft is so evill as which man's mind destroyeth.

Yet witches may repent ; thou art far worse then they :
Alas that I am forst such evill of thee to say :
I say thou art a devill, though clothd in angel's shining ;
For thy face tempts my soule to leave the heav'n for thee,
And thy words of refuse do powre even hell on mee :
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are devils in true
defining.

You, then, ungratefull theefe, you murdring tyran, you,
You rebell runaway, to lord and lady untrue,
You witch, you divill, alas, you still of me beloved,
You see what I can say ; mend yet your froward mind,
And such skill in my Muse, you, reconcil'd, shall find,
That all these cruell words your praises shall be proved

SIXT SONG.

O you that heare this voice,
O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choice
Deserves the former place :
Feare not to judge this bate,
For it is void of hate.

This side doth beauty take,
For that doth Musike speake ;
Fit oratours to make
The strongest judgements weake :
The barre to plead their right
Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
These gentle lawyers, wage,
Like loving brothers' case,
For father's heritage ;
That each, while each contends
It selfe to other lends.

For beautie beautifies
With heavenly hew and grace
The heavenly harmonies ;
And in this faultlesse face
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmony.

Musicke more loftly swels
In speeches nobly placed ;
Beauty as farre excels,
In action aptly graced :
A friend each party drawes
To countenance his cause.

Love more affected seemes
To beautie's lovely light ;
And wonder more esteemes
Of Musicke's wondrous might ;
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

Musike doth witsnesse call
The eare his truth to trie ;
Beauty brings to the hall
Eye-judgement of the eye :
Both in their objects such,
As no exceptions tutch.

The common sence, which might
Be arbiter of this,
To be, forsooth, upright,
To both sides partiall is ;
He layes on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

Then reason, Princesse hy,
Whose throne is in the mind,
Which Musicke can in sky
And hidden beauties find,
Say whether thou wilt crowne
With limitlesse renowne ?

SEVENTH SONG.

Whose senses in so evill consort their stepdame Natur
laies,

That ravishing delight in them most sweete tunes do not
raise ;

Or if they do delight therein, yet are so closde with wit,
As with sententious lips to set a title vaine on it ;

O let them heare these sacred tunes, and learne in
wonder's schooles,

To be, in things past bounds of wit, fooles—if they be
not fooles.

Who have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beautie's
show,

Or, seeing, have so wodden wits, as not that worth to know

Or, knowing, have so muddy minds, as not to be in love,

Or, loving, have so frothy thoughts, as easily thence to
move ;

O let them see these heavenly beames, and in faire letter
reede

Heare then, but then with wonder heare ; see, but adoring, see ;

No mortall gifts, no earthly fruites, now here descended be :
See, do you see this face ? a face nay; image of the skies,
Of which, the two life-giving lights are figured in her eyes :
Heare you this soule-invading voice, and count it but a
voice ?

The very essence of their tunes, when angels do rejoyce.

EIGHTH SONG.

In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton musicke made,
May, then yong, his pide weedes showing,
New-perfumed with flowers fresh growing :

Astrophel with Stella sweete
Did for mutual comfort meete,
Both within themselves oppressèd,
But each in the other blessèd.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare ;
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish :

Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares themselves did smile,
While their eyes, by love directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did ; but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt ;
With arms crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and living dying.

Their eares hungry of each word
Which the deere tongue would afford ;
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake
Love it selfe did silence breake ;
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speake in love and wonder.

Stella, soveraigne of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy ;
Stella, starre of heavenly fier,
Stella, loadstar of desier ;

Stella, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of Cupid's skies,
Whose beames, where they once are darted
Love therewith is streight imparted ;

Stella, whose voice, when it speakes,
Senses all asunder breakes ;
Stella, whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth ;

Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of blisse ;
Whose face all, all beauty passeth
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth

Graunt, O graunt ; but speech, alas
Failes me, fearing on to passe :
Graunt—O me, what am I saying
But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt—O deere, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)—
That, not I, but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

Never season was more fit ;
Never roome more apt for it ;
Smiling ayre allowes my reason ;
These birds sing, “ Now use the season.”

This small wind, which so sweete is,
See how it the leaves doth kisse ;
Ech tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring.

Love makes earth the water drinke,
Love to earth makes water sinke ;
And, if dumbe things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pittty ?

There his hands, in their speech, faine
Would have made tongue's language plaine ;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling.

Then she spake ; her speech was such,
As not cares, but hart did tuch :
While such-wise she love denièd,
As yet love she signifièd.

Astrophel, sayd she, my love,
Cease, in these effects, to prove ;
Now be still, yet still beleeve me,
Thy griefe more then death would grieve me.

If that any thought in me
Can tast comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joylesse, hopelesse, endlesse languish.

If those eyes you praisèd, be
Halfe so deare as you to me,
Let me home returne, starke blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded ;

If to secret of my hart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placèd,
Be both wish and I defacèd.

If more may be sayd, I say,
All my blisse in thee I lay ;
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

Trust me, while I thee deny,
In my selfe the smart I try ;
Tyran honour doth thus use thee,
Stella's selfe might not refuse thee.

Therefore, deere, this no more move,
Least, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framèd,
I should blush when thou art namèd.

Therewithall away she went,
Leaving him to passion, rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

NINTH SONG.

Go, my flocke, go, get you hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding,
Where you may have some defence
Fro the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch, in whom all wo
Can abide to keepe no measure ;
Merry flock, such one forgo,
Unto whom mirth is displeasure,
Only rich in mischief's treasure.

Yet, alas, before you go,
Heare your wofull maister's story,
Which to stones I els would show :
Sorrow only then hath glory
When 'tis excellently sory.

Stella, fiercest shepherdesse,
Fiercest, but yet fairest ever ;
Stella, whom, O heavens do blesse,
Tho against me she persever,
Tho I blisse enherit never :

Stella hath refused me !
Stella, who more love hath provèd,
In this caitife heart to be,
Then can in good eawes be movèd
Toward lambkins best belovèd.

Stella hath refusèd me !
Astrophel, that so well servèd,
In this pleasant Spring must see,
While in pride flowers be preservèd,
Himselfe onely Winter-stervèd.

Why, alas, doth she then swear
That she loveth me so dearely,
Seeing me so long to beare
Coles of love that burne so clearely,
And yet leave me hellesse meereley?

Is that love? forsooth, I trow,
If I saw my good dog grievèd,
And a helpe for him did know,
My love should not be beleevèd,
But he were by me releevèd.

No, she hates me, wellaway,
Faining love, somewhat to please me;
For she knows, if she display
All her hate, death soone would seaze me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then adieu, deere flocke, adieu ;
But, alas, if in your straying
Heavenly Stella meete with you,
Tell her, in your piteous blaying,
Her poore slave's unjust decaying.

LXXXVII.

When I was forst from Stella ever deere—
Stella, food of my thoughts, hart of my hart—
Stella, whose eyes make all my tempests cleere—
By Stella's lawes of duty to depart;
Alas, I found that she with me did smart;
I saw that teares did in her eyes appeare;
I saw that sighes her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sence did heare.
For me, I wept to see pearles scattered so;
I sighd her sighes, and wailèd for her wo;
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was seene.
Thus, while the 'ffect most bitter was to me,
And nothing then the cause more sweet could be,
I had bene vext, if vext I had not beene.

LXXXVIII.

Out, traytour Absence, darest thou counsell me
From my deare Captainnesse to run away,
Because in brave array heere marcheth she,
That, to win me, oft shewes a present pay?
Is faith so weake? or is such force in thee?
When sun is hid, can starres such beames display?
Cannot heav'n's food, once felt, keepe stomakes free
From base desire on earthly cates to pray?
Tush, Absence; while thy mistes eclipse that light,
My orphan sence flies to the inward sight,
Where memory sets forth the beames of love;
That, where before hart loved and eyes did see,
In hart both sight and love now coupled be:
United powers make each the stronger prove.

LXXXIX.

Now that of absence the most irksome night
With darkest shade doth overcome my day ;
Since Stella's eyes, wont to give me my day,
Leaving my hemisphere, leave me in night ;
Each day seemes long, and longs for long-staid night ;
The night, as tedious, wooes th' approach of day.
Tired with the dusty toiles of busie day,
Languisht with horrors of the silent night,
Suffering the evils both of the day and night,
While no night is more darke then is my day,
Nor no day hath lesse quiet then my night :
With such bad mixture of my night and day,
That living thus in blackest winter night,
I feele the flames of hottest sommer day.

XC.

Stella, thinke not that I by verse seeke fame,
Who seeke, who hope, who love, who live but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history :
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my yong praise in lawrell tree :
In truth, I sweare I wish not there should be
Graved in mine epitaph a Poet's name.
Ne, if I would, could I just title make,
That any laud thereof to me should grow,
Without my plumes from others' wings I take :
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

XCI.

Stella, while now, by honour's cruell might,
I am from you, light of my life, mis-led,
And that,—faire you, my sunne, thus overspred
With Absence' vaile,—I live in Sorrowe's night ;
If this darke place yet shew like candle light,
Some beautie's peece, as amber colour'd hed,
Milke hands, rose cheeks, or lips more sweet, more red ;
Or seeing gets blacke but in blacknesse bright ;
They please, I do confesse they please mine eyes.
But why? because of you they models be ;
Models, such be wood-globes of glistring skies.
Deere, therefore be not jealous over me,
If you heare that they seeme my hart to move ;
Not them, O no, but you in them I love.

XCII.

Be your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you cutted Spartanes imitate?
Or do you meane my tender eares to spare,
That to my questions you so totall are?
When I demaund of Phœnix Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late:
O God, thinke you that satisfies my care?
I would know whether she did sit or walke;
How cloth'd; how waited on; sighd she, or smilde
Whereof, with whom, how often did she talke;
With what pastime time's journey she beguilde;
If her lips daignd to sweeten my poore name.
Say all; and all well sayd, still say the same.

TENTH SONG.

O deare life, when shall it be
That mine eyes thine eyes may see,
And in them thy mind discover
Whether absence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of the lover?

Or if I me selfe find not,
After parting, ought forgot,
Nor debar'd from beautie's treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high joyes I shall dwell;
Only thought aymes at the pleasure.

Thought, therefore, I will send thee
To take up the place for me:
Long I will not after tary,
There, unseene, thou maist be bold,
Those faire wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do cary.

Thought, see thou no place forbear,
Enter bravely everywhere,
Seize on all to her belonging;
But if thou wouldst garded be,
Fearing her beames, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Thinke of that most gratefull time
When thy leaping hart will climb,
In thy lips to have his bidding,
There those roses for to kisse,
Which do breath a sugred blisse,
Opening rubies, pearles deviding.

Thinke of my most princely power,
Which I blessed shall devower
With my greedy licorous sences,
Beauty, musicke, sweetnesse, love,
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts but weake defences.

Thinke, thinke of those dalyings,
When with dove like murmurings
With glad moning, passed anguish,
We change eyes, and hart for hart
Each to other do depart,
Joying till joy make us languish.

O my thought, my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts with too much thinking;
Thinke no more, but die in me,
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my nectar drinking.

XCIII.

O fate, O fault, O curse, child of my blisse!
 What sobs can give words grace my griefto show?
 What inke is blacke inough to paint my wo?
 Through me, wretch me, even Stella vexèd is.
 Yet, truth—if caitif's breath may call thee—this
 Witnessse with me, that my foule stumbling so,
 From carelesnesse did in no maner grow;
 But wit, confus'd with too much care, did misse.
 And do I, then, my selfe this vaine scuse give?
 I have—live I, and know this?—harmèd thee;
 Tho worlds quite me, shall I me selfe forgive?
 Only with paines my paines thus easèd be,
 That all thy hurts in my hart's wracke I reede;
 I cry thy sighs, my deere, thy teares I bleede.

XCIV.

Griefe, find the words; for thou hast made my braine
So darke with misty vapors, which arise
From out thy heavy mould, that inbent eyes
Can scarce discern the shape of mine owne paine.
Do thou then, for thou canst, do thou complaine
For my poore soule, which now that sicknesse tries,
Which even to sence, sence of it selfe denies,
Though harbengers of death lodge there his traine.
Or if thy love of plaint yet mine forbears,
As of a caitife worthy so to die;
Yet waile thy selfe, and waile with causefull teares,
That though in wretchednesse thy life doth lie,
Yet growest more wretched then thy nature beares
By being placed in such a wretch as I.

XCV.

Yet sighs, deere sighs, indeede true friends you are,
That do not leave your left friend at the wurst ;
But, as you with my breast I oft have nurst,
So, gratefull now, you waite upon my care.
Faint coward Joy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing hope yeeld when this wo strake him furst ;
Delight protests he is not for the accurst,
Though oft himselfe my mate in arms he sware ;
Nay, sorrow comes with such maine rage, that he
Kils his owne children, teares, finding that they
By love were made apt to consort with me.
Only, true sighs, you do not go away :
Thanke may you have for such a thankfull part,
Thank-worthiest yet when you shall breake my hart.

XCVI.

Thought, with good cause thou likest so well the night,
Since kind or chance gives both one liverie ;
Both sadly blacke, both blackly darkned be,
Night bard from sun, thou from thy owne sun light ;
Silence in both displaies his sullen might ;
Slow heavinesse in both holds one degree ;
That full of doubts, thou of perplexity ;
Thy teares expresse night's native moisture right ;
In both amazfull solitarinesse,
In night, of sprites the gastly powers to stur ;
In thee, or sprites or sprited gastlinesse.
But, but, alas, night's side the ods.hath fur :
For that, at length, yet doth invite some rest ;
Thou, though still tired, yet still doost it detest.

XCVII.

Dian, that faine would cheare her friend the Night,
Shewes her oft, at the full, her fairest face,
Bringing with her those starry nimphs, whose chace
From heavenly standing hits each mortall wight.
But ah, poore Night, in love with Phœbus' light,
And endlesly dispairing of his grace,
Her selfe, to shew no other joy hath place,
Silent and sad, in mourning weedes doth dight.
Even so, alas, a lady, Dian's peere,
With choise delights and rarest company
Would faine drive cloudes from out my heavy cheere;
But, wo is me, though Joy it selfe were she,
She could not shew my blind braine waies of joy,
While I dispaire my Sunne's sight to enjoy.

XCVIII.

Ab, bed! the field where joye's peace some do see,
The field where all my thoughts to warre be traird,
How is thy grace by my strange fortune staird!
How thy lee shores by my sighes stormèd be!
With sweete soft shades thou oft invitest me
To steale some rest; but, wretch, I am constraind—
Spurd with love's spur, though gold, and shortly rain'd
With care's hard hand—to turne and tosse in thee,
While the blacke horrors of the silent night
Paint woe's blacke face so lively to my sight,
That tedious leasure markes each wrinckled line:
But when Aurora leades out Phœbus' daunce,
Mine eyes then only winke; for spite, perchance,
That wormes should have their sun, and I want mine.

XCIX.

When far-spent night perswades each mortall eye,
To whom nor art nor nature graunteth light,
To lay his then marke wanting shafts of sight,
Clos'd with their quivers, in sleep's armory ;
With windowes ope then most my mind doth lie,
Viewing the shape of darknesse, and delight
Takes in that sad hue, which, with th' inward night
Of his mazde powers, keeps perfit harmony.
But when birds charme, and that sweete aire which is
Morne's messenger, with rose enameld skies
Cals each wight to salute the floure of blisse ;
In tombe of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forst by their lord, who is asham'd to find
Such light in sense, with such a darkned mind.

C.

O teares! no teares, but raine, from beautie's skies,
Making those lillies and those roses grow,
Which ay most faire, now more then most faire show,
While gracefull pittie beautie beautifies.
O honied sighs! which from that breast do rise,
Whose pants do make unspilling creame to flow,
Wing'd with whose breath, so pleasing zephiroes blow.
As can refresh the hell where my soule fries.
O plaints! conserv'd in such a sugred phrase,
That Eloquence it selfe envies your praise,
While sobd out words a perfect musike give.
Such teares, sighs, plaints, no sorrow is, but joy:
Or if such heavenly signes must prove annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow live.

CI.

Stella is sicke, and in that sicke bed lies
Sweetnesse, which breathes and pants as oft as she :
And grace, sicke too, such fine conclusions tries,
That sicknesse brags it selfe best graced to be.
Beauty is sicke, but sicke in so faire guise,
That in that palenesse beautie's white we see ;
And joy, which is inseparate from those eyes,
Stella, now learnes, strange case, to weepe in thee.
Love mones thy paine, and like a faithfull page,
As thy lookes sturre, comes up and downe, to make
All folkes prest at thy will thy paine to asswage ;
Nature with care sweates for her darling's sake,
Knowing worlds passe, ere she enough can find,
Of such heaven stuffe, to cloath so heavenly a mind.

CII.

Where be those roses gone, which sweetned so our eyes?
Where those red cheeks, which oft, with faire encrease,
did frame

The height of honor in the kindly badge of shame?

Who hath the crimson weeds stolne from my morning
skies?

How doth the colour vade of those vermillion dies,
Which Nature' selfe did make, and selfe engraind the
same?

I would know by what right this palenesse overcame

That hue, whose force my hart still unto thraldome ties?

Gallein's adoptive sonnes, who by a beaten way

Their judgements hackney on, the fault on sicknesse lay;

But feeling prooffe makes me say they mistake it furre.

It is but love which makes his paper perfit white,

To write thercin more fresh the story of delight,

Whiles beautie's reddest inke Venus for him doth sturre.

CIII. ✕

O happie Tems, that didst my Stella beare!
I saw thy selfe with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerefull face, joye's livery weare,
While those faire planets on thy streames did shine.
The bote for joy could not to daunce forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauties so devine
Ravisht, staid not, till in her golden haire
They did themselves, O sweetest prison, twine.
And faine those Æol's youth there would their stay
Have made, but forst by Nature still to flie,
First did with puffing kisse those lockes display:
She, so discheveld, blusht: from window I
With sight thereof cride out, "O faire disgrace,
Let Honor' selfe to thee graunt highest place."

CIV.

Envious wits, what hath bene mine offence,
That with such poysonous care my lookes you marke,
That to each word, nay sigh of mine, you harke,
As grudging me my sorrowe's eloquence?
Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, so farre thence, that scarcely any sparke
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke,
Where rigour's exile lockes up all my sense?
But if I by a happy window passe,
If I but stars upon mine armour beare—
Sicke, thirsty, glad (though but of empty glasse)—
Your morall notes straight my hid meaning teare
From out my ribs, and, puffing, proves that I
Do Stella love: fooles, who doth it deny?

ELEVENTH SONG. 

“ Who is it that this darke night
Underneath my window playneth ?”
It is one who from thy sight
Being, ah, exild, disdayneth
Every other vulgar light.

“ Why, alas, and are you he ?
Be not yet those fancies changèd ?”
Deere, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estrangèd,
Let my change to ruine be.

“ Well, in absence this will dy ;
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.”
Absence sure will helpe, if I
Can learne how my selfe to sunder
From what in my hart doth ly.

“ But time will these thoughts remove ;
Time doth worke what no man knoweth.”
Time doth as the subject prove ;
With time still the affection groweth
In the faithfull turtle dove.

“ What if you new beauties see,
Will not they stir new affection ? ”
I will thinke they pictures be,
(Image like, of saints' perfection)
Poorely counterfeting thee.

“ But your reason's purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish.”
Deere, do reason no such spite ;
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More then in my reason's sight.

“ But the wrongs love beares will make
Love at length leave undertaking.”
No, the more fooles it do shake,
In a ground of so firme making
Deeper still they drive the stake.

“ Peace, I thinke that some give eare ;
Come no more, least I get anger.”
Blisse, I will my blisse forbear ;
Fearing, sweete, you to endanger ;
But my soule shall harbour there.

“ Well, be gone ; be gone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.”
O unjust fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you ;
And from lowts to run away.

CV.

Unhappie sight, and hath she vanisht by
So neere, in so good time, so free a place !
Dead glasse, dost thou thy object so imbrace,
As what my hart still sees thou canst not spie !
I sweare by her I love and lacke, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race
Onely unto the heav'n of Stella's face,
Counting but dust what in the way did lie.
But cease, mine eyes, your teares do witsesse well
That you, guiltlesse thereof, your nectar mist :
Curst be the page from whome the bad torch fell :
Curst be the night which did your strife resist :
Curst be the cochman which did drive so fast,
With no worse curse then absence makes me tast.

CVI.

O absent presence! Stella is not here!
False flattering hope, that with so faire a face
Bare me in hand, that in this orphane place
Stella, I say my Stella, should appeare:
What saist thou now? where is that dainty cheere
Thou toldst mine eyes should helpe their famisht case?
But thou art gone, now that selfe felt disgrace
Doth make me most to wish thy comfort neere.
But heere I do store of faire ladies meete,
Who may with charme of conversation sweete
Make in my heavy mould new thoughts to grow.
Sure they prevaile as much with me, as he
That bad his friend, but then new maim'd, to be
Mery with him, and not thinke of his woe.

CVII.

Stella, since thou so right a princesse art
Of all the powers which life bestowes on me,
That ere by them ought undertaken be,
They first resort unto that soveraigne part ;
Sweete, for a while give respite to my hart,
Which pants as though it stil should leape to thee :
And on my thoughts give thy lieftenancy
To this great cause, which needes both use and art.
And as a queene, who from her presence sends
Whom she imployes, dismisse from thee my wit,
Till it have wrought what thy owne will attends.
On servants' shame oft maister's blame doth sit :
O, let not fooles in me thy workes reprove,
And scorning say, " See what it is to love ! "

CVIII.

When sorrow (using mine owne fier's might)
Melts downe his lead into my boyling brest,
Through that darke fornace to my hart opprest,
There shines a joy from thee my only light :
But soone as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my yong soule flutters to thee his nest,
Most rude dispaire, my daily unbidden guest,
Clips streight my wings, streight wraps me in his night,
And makes me then bow downe my head, and say,
Ah, what doth Phœbus' gold that wretch availe
Whom iron doores do keepe from use of day?
So strangely, alas, thy works in me prevaile,
That in my woes for thee thou art my joy,
And in my joyes for thee my only anoy.

THE END OF ASTROPHEL AND STELLA.

*A SELECTION FROM "CERTAINE
SONETS WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP
SIDNEY" FOR THE MOST PART
FIRST PRINTED IN THE 1598
FOLIO.*



CERTAIN E SONETS.

(1)

Since shunning paine I ease can never find ;
 Since bashfull dread seekes where he knows me harmed ;
 Since will is won, and stoppèd eares are charmed ;
Since force doth faint, and sight doth make me blind ;
Since loosing long, the faster still I bind ;
 Since naked sence can conquer reason armed ;
 Since heart in chilling feare with yce is warmed ;
In fine, since strife of thought but marres the mind ;
 I yeeld, O Love, unto thy loathèd yoke ;
But craving law of armes, whose rule doth teach,
 That hardly usde, who ever prison broke,
In justice quit, of honour made no breach :
 Whereas if I a gratefull gardien have,
 Thou art my lord, and I thy vowèd slave. ✓

(2)

When Love, puft up with rage of hy disdain,
 Resolv'd to make me patterne of his might,
 Like foe, whose wits inclin'd to deadly spite,
Would often kill, to breed more feeling pain ;
He would not, arm'd with beautie, only raigne
 On those affectes which easily yeeld to sight ;
 But vertue sets so high, that reason's light,
For all his strife, can onlie bondage gaine :
 So that I live to pay a mortall fee,
Dead palsie sicke of all my chieftest parts ;
 Like those whom dreames make uglie monsters see,
And can crie helpe with nought but grones and starts :
 Longing to have, having no wit to wish,—
 To starving minds such is god Cupid's dish.

(3)

To the tune of " Non credo già che più infelice amante."

The nightingale, as soon as Aprill bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her song-booke making,
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throate in tunes expresseth
What griefe her breast oppreseth
For Thereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.
O Philomela faire, O take some gladnesse,
That here is juster cause of plaintfull sadnesse :
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;
Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart invadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of anguish

 But Thereus' love, on her by strong hand wrokne,
 Wherein she suffring, all her spirits languish,
Full womanlike complaines her will was brokne.

 But I, who, dayly craving,

Cannot have to content me,

Have more cause to lament me,

 Since wanting is more woe then too much having.

O Philomela faire, O take some gladnesse,

That here is juster cause of plaintfull sadnesse :

Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth ;

Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart invadeth.

(4)

In wonted walkes, since wonted fancies change,
Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise ;
For in each thing wherto mine eye doth range
Part of my paine, me seemes, engravèd lyes.
The rockes, which were of constant mind the marke,
In clyming steepe now hard refusall show ;
The shading woods seeme now my sunne to darke ;
And stately hilles disdain to looke so low ;
The restfull caves now restlesse visions give ;
In dales I see each way a hard ascent ;
Like late mowne meades, late cut from joy I live ;
Alas, sweete brookes do in my teares augment.
Rockes, woods, hilles, caves, dales, meads, brookes
 answere me :
Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

(5)

If I could thinke how these my thoughts to leave,
 Or thinking still, my thoughts might have good end ;
 If rebell sence would reason's law receave,
 Or reason foyld would not in vaine contend ;
 Then might I thinke what thoughts were best to thinke ;
 Then might I wisely swimme, or gladly sinke.

If either you would change your cruell hart,
 Or, cruell still, time did your beautie staine ;
 If from my soul this love would once depart,
 Or for my love some love I might obtaine ;
 Then might I hope a change, or ease of minde,
 By your good helpe or in my selfe to finde ;

But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent,
~~With reason's strife by senses overthrowne ;~~
 You fairer still and still more cruell bent,
 I loving still a love that loveth none ;
 I yeeld and strive, I kisse and curse the paine—

(6)

Oft have I musde, but now at length I finde

Why those that die, men say they do depart :

Depart ! a word so gentle to my minde,

Weakely did seeme to paint death's ougly dart.

But now the starres, with their strange course, do binde

Me one to leave, with whom I leave my heart :

I heare a crye of spirits fainte and blinde,

That parting thus, my chiefest part I part.

Part of my life, the loathèd part to me,

Lives to impart my wearie clay some breath ;

But that good part wherein all comforts be,

Now dead, doth shew departure is a death ;

Yea, worse then death ; death parts both woe and joy ;

From joy I part, still living in annoy.

(7)

Finding those beames which I must ever love,
To marre my minde, and with my hurt to please,
I deemd it best, some absence for to prove,
If farther place might further me to ease.
My eyes thence drawne where livèd all their light,
Blinded forthwith in darke dispaire did lye
Like to the molde, with want of guiding sight,
Deep plunged in earth, deprivèd of the skie.
In absence blind, and wearied with that woe,
To greater woes by presence I returne :
Even as the flye which to the flame doth go,
Pleased with the light that his small corse doth burne.
Fair choice I have, either to live or dye :
A blinded molde, or else a burnèd flye.

(8)

The Smokes of Melancholy.

Who hath ever felt the change of love,
 And knowne those pangs that the losers prove,
 May paint my face without seeing mee,
 And write the state how my fancies bee,
 The lothsome buds growne on Sorrowe's tree.
 But who by hearesay speakes, and hath not fully felt
 What kind of fires they be in which those spirits melt,
 Shall gesse, and faile, what doth displease,
 Feeling my pulse, misse my disease.

O no ! O no ! tryall onely shewes
 The bitter juice of forsaken woes ;
 Where former blisse present evils do staine ;
 Nay, former blisse addes to present paine,
 While remembrance doth both states containe.
 Come, learners, then, to me, the modell of mishappe,
 Engulfed in despaire, slid downe from Fortune's lappe ;
 And, as you like my double lot,
 Tread in my steppes, or follow not.

For me, alas, I am full resolv'd
Those bands, alas, shall not be dissolv'd ;
Nor breake my word, though reward come late ;
Nor faile my faith in my failing fate ;
Nor change in change, though change change my state :
But alwayes one myselfe with eagle eyde Trueth, to flie
Up to the sunne, although the sunne my wings do frie ;
For if those flames burne my desire,
Yet shall I die in Phœnix' fire.

(9)

When to my deadlie pleasure,
 When to my livelie torment,
 Ladie, mine eyes remainèd
 Joynèd, alas, to your beames ;

With violence of heav'nly
 Beautie, tièd to vertue,
 Reason abasht retyrèd ;
 Gladly my senses yeelded.

Gladly my senses yeelding,
 Thus to betray my hart's fort,
 Left me devoid of all life.

They to the beamie Sunnes went,
 Where, by the death of all deaths,
 Finde to what harme they hastned.

M

Like to the silly Sylvan,
Burn'd by the light he best liked,
When with a fire he first met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
Lady, you have reservèd ;
Lady, the life of all love.

For though my sense be from me,
And I be dead, who want sense,
Yet do we both live in you.

Turnèd anew, by your meanes,
Unto the flowre that ay turnes,
As you, alas, my Sunne bends.

Thus do I fall, to rise thus ;
Thus do I dye, to live thus ;
Chang'd to a change, I change not.

Thus may I not be from you ;
Thus be my senses on you ;
Thus what I thinke is of you ;
Thus what I seeke is in you ;
All what I am, it is you.

(10)

To the tune of a Neapolitan song, which beginneth
"No, no, no, no."

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruell fire,
First throwne on my desire,
She sakes my rendred sprite :
For so faire a flame embraces
All the places
Where that heat of all heats springeth,
That it bringeth
To my dying heart some pleasure,
Since his treasure
Burneth bright in fairest light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
 Although with cruell fire,
 First throwne on my desire,
She sackes my rendred sprite :
 Since our lives be not immortall,
 But to mortall
Fetters tyed, do waite the hower
Of deathe's power,
 They have no cause to be sorie,
 Who with glorie
End the way, where all men stay. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruell fire,
First throwne on my desire,
She sakes my rendred sprite:
No man doubts, whom beautie killeth,
Faire death feeleth,
And in whome faire death proceedeth,
Glorie breedeth:
So that I, in her beames dying,
Glorie trying,
Though in paine, cannot complaine. No, no, no, no.

(11)

To the Tune of a Neapolitan Villanell.

All my sense thy sweetnesse gainèd ;
 Thy faire haire my hart enchainèd ;
 My poore reason thy words movèd,
 So that thee, like heaven, I lovèd.
 Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan ;
 Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei :
 While to my minde the out side stood
 For messenger of inward good.

Now thy sweetnesse sowre is deemèd,
 Thy haire not worth a haire esteemèd ;
 Reason hath thy words removèd,
 Finding that but words they provèd.
 Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan :
 Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei :
 For no faire signe can credit winne,
 If that the substance faile within.

No more in thy sweetnesse glorie
For thy knitting haire be sorie ;
Use thy words but to bewaile thee,
That no more thy beames availe thee

Dan, dan,

Dan, dan.

Lay not thy colours more to view,
Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas, she weepeth !
Foole, in me what follie creepeth !
Was I to blaspheme enraged,
Where my soule I have engagèd !

Dan, dan,

Dan, dan.

And wretched I must yeeld to this ;
The fault I blame her chastnesse is

Sweetnesse ! sweetly pardon folly ;
Ty me, haire, your captive holly :
Words ! O words of heavenlie knowledge !
Know, my words their faults acknowledge ;
 Dan, dan,
 Dan, dan.
And all my life I will confesse,
The lesse I love, I live the lesse.

(12)

Ring out your belles, let mourning shewes be spread ;
For Love is dead :

 All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain :
 Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith faire scorne doth gaine.

 From so ungratefull fancie,
 From such a femall franzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us !

Weepe, neighbours, weepe ; do you not heare it said
That Love is dead ?

 His death-bed, peacock's follie ;
His winding sheete is shame ;

His will, false-seeming holie ;
His soule exectour, blame.
From so ungratefull fancie,
From such a femall franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Let Dirge be sung, and Trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead ;

Sir Wrong his tombe ordaineth
My mistresse Marble-heart,
Which epitaph containeth,
“ Her eyes were once his_dart.”
From so ungratefull fancie,
From such a femall franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us !

Alas, I lie : rage hath this error bred ;

Love is not dead ;

Love is not dead, but sleepeth

In her unmatched mind,

Where she his counsel keepeth,

Till due desert she find.

Therefore from so vile fancie,

To call such wit a franzie,

Who Love can temper thus,

Good Lord, deliver us !

(13)

Thou blind man's marke, thou foole's selfe chosen snare,
Fond fancie's scum, and dregs of scatted thought :
Band of all evils ; cradle of causelesse care ;
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought :
Desire ! Desire ! I have too dearely bought,
With prise of mangled mind, thy worthlesse ware ;
Too long, too long, asleepe thou hast me brought,
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vaine thou hast my ruine sought ;
In vaine thou madest me to vaine things aspire ;
In vain thou kindlest all thy smokie fire ;
For Vertue hath this better lesson taught,—
Within my selfe to seeke my onelie hire,
Desiring nought but how to kill Desire.

(14)

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust ;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things ;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
What ever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be ;
Which breakes the cloudes, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold ; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth drawes out to death,
And think how evill becomneth him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell, world ; thy uttermost I see :
Eternall Love, maintaine thy life in me.

SPLENDIDIS LONGUM VALEDICO NUGIS.

NOTES.



NOTES.

- Q. 1.—Thomas Newman's first Quarto, 'with Preface by Nash,' and "Sundry other rare Sonnets of divers Noblemen and Gentlemen."
- Q. 2.—Thomas Newman's second Quarto, being a reprint of Q. 1, revised from another MS., with the omission of Nash's Preface and the "Other rare Sonnets."
- Qs.—Q. 1 and Q. 2.

I.

2. *That she, deare she.*—In Qs. "The deare she."
7. *Oft turning others' leaves.*—Cp. *Apologie*: "But truly many of such writings as come under the name of unresistable love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me they were in love, so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lovers' writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases than that in truth they feel those passions."
13. *Biting my trewand pen.*—Q. 1: "Biting my tongue and pen." Trewand = truant.

II.

1. *Nor with a dribbèd shot.*—Qs. “dribbing.” A dribbed shot appears to have been one aimed in the air to hit the mark in its fall, as opposed to a straight aim.
3. *In mine of time.*—A metaphor from mining operations in sieges. Q. 1: “tract of time”: cp. *Apologie*: “The whole tract of a comedy.”
6. *Did not what love decreed.*—An allusion to his slowness in courtship while he was still regarded as Lord Leicester’s heir, and so a fit match for Stella.

III.

3. *Flaunt they in phrases fine.*—Q. 1: “flaunt in their phrases fine.”
4. *Enam’ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold.*—Q. 1: “Enam’ling their pride with flowers of gold.”
5. *Statlier.*—Q. 1: “stately.”
7. *Strange similes.*—Cp. *Apologie*: “So for similitudes, in certaine printed discourses, I thinke all Herbarists, all stories of Beasts, Foules and Fishes, are rifled up, that they come in multitudes, to waite upon any of our conceits.”

IV.

2. *My will and wit.*—Q. 1: “My love and me”—in defiance of rhyme. ‘*Bate*’ here == debate, controversy.

4. *Leave what thou lik'st not, deale not thou with it.*—Q. 1 :
 “Leave what thou lik'st, and deale not thou with it.”
14. *That, Virtue, thou thyself shalt be in love.*—The whole tone of this sonnet suggests that the debate referred to is not between morality and immorality, but between the high ideal of patriotism which bade Sidney serve his country in fighting Spain in the Netherlands or America, and an idle life at Court, with Stella. See Introduction.

V.

A curious commentary on this sonnet, by Sidney himself, is found in the *Apologie* : “Other sorts of poetry almost have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets : which, Lord, if he gave us so good mindes, how well it might be employed, and with howe heavenly fruite, both private and publique, in singing the prayses of the immortall beauty : the immortall goodness of that God, who giveth us hands to write, and wits to conceive, of which we might well want words, but never matter ; of which, we could turn our eies to nothing, but we should ever have new budding occasions.”

13. *And should in soule up to our countrey move.*—‘Countrey’ here = heaven, or the true home of the soul, as in the medieval use of *patria*, and the German *Heimgang*.
14. *True, and yet true.*—Qs. : “true and most true.”

VI.

This sonnet is closely connected with the first and third.

These three, with the fifteenth, form Sidney's commentary on the unreality and affectation of the outpourings of other lovers. His strictures apply with equal force to many among the first twenty of these sonnets, notably the ninth, which it is hardly possible to believe that he composed after his poetic vision had attained this clearness.

6. *Freezing fires.*—Q. 1: "flashing fyres."

VII.

1. *Stella's eyes in colour blacke.*—From Sonnet IX. we learn that "Gold is the covering of that stately place," so that Stella had the striking combination of golden hair and lustrously black eyes. Her complexion was that of a blonde, "where roses gueuls are borne in silver field" (Sonnet XIII.).
7. *Mixt of shades and light.*—Q. 1: "Mixt with shadowes light."

VIII.

2. *A tedious proof.*—Constantinople passed into Turkish hands in 1453, but the outlying dependencies held out much longer. Cyprus, the special island of Love, was only surrendered by the Venetians in 1573.
4. *Flying.*—Q. : "fleeting."

5. *But finding these north clymes too coldly him embrace.*—The reading *do* for *too* of our folio is too weak to be maintained against the Qs.
6. *Clips* : embraces.—Q. 1: “lippes.”
10. *Quaking* : *i.e.* with cold.—The word is used in *Arcadia*, Book I., of the effects of anger: “He,” Amphialus, “never answered me, but pale and quaking went straight away.”

IX.

2. *Choysest.*—Qs. : “cheefest.”
3. *Comes forth her grace.*—Q. 1: “runnes”; Q. 2: “romes.”
- 11—14. *Touch.*—According to Nares’ Glossary this word “was often used for any costly marble; but was properly the *basanites* of the Greeks, a very hard black granite. . . . Harington describes a lady with a straw hat, in these magnificent metaphors :

“Ambitious straw, that so high placed is,
 What architect this work so strangely matcht ?
 An ivory house, doors, wals, and windowes *tuch*,
 A golden roof, with straw all over-thatcht.
 Where shall pearl bide when place of straw is such ?”

In line 14 *touch* is punningly used for a touch, or tinder-box.

X.

3. *Wisht*.—Qs. . “wish.”
5. *Or heav'n's inside to see*.—Q. 1 reads: “heavens unuse to thee,” the second word is worth recording, but the last is obviously wrong.
13. *Kneeld'st*.—The Qs. : “knewest.”

XI.

10. *Look'st babies in her eyes*.—*i.e.* amorously; cp. John Attey's First Book of Airs, where Venus addresses Adonis :

“Come, O come, my dearest treasure,
And look babies in my eyes.”

11. *Pitfold*.—Qs. : “pitfall.” Either word means “a snare to entrap birds or beasts” (Nares).
12. *And in her brest bo-peepe or crouching lies*.—For “crouching” Q. 2 reads “touching”; Q. 1 has “and in her brest to peepe, a lowting lyes.” “Lies” is clearly used for “liest”; “lowting” (bowing) has no force, and the same may be said of “touching,” unless indeed it be connected with the use of “toucher,” for a good archer.

XII.

2. *That from her locks, thy day-nets, none scapes free*.—I follow Dr. Grosart in adopting the reading “day-nets” (nets for catching small birds) in preference to “dances” of the folio : cp. Bateson's Madrigal :

“ Her hair the net of golden wire
 Wherein my heart, led by my wandering eyes,
 So fast entangled is that in no wise
 It can, nor will, again retire.”

The full reading of Q. 2 is : “ That from her *looks* thy day-nets *now* scapes free,” which is obscure ; Q. 1 is actually uncomplimentary to Cupid, substituting “ dim-nesse ” for “ day-nets.” Throughout this sonnet Q. 1 is very bad indeed.

XIII.

13. *Blaze* : *i.e.* “ blazon.”
 14. *Scantily*.—Qs. : “ scarcely.”

XIV.

For the whole of this sonnet compare the dialogue on Love between Musidorus and his friend Pyrocles, whom he has found attired as an Amazon, in *Arcadia*, Book I. Love for a woman, according to Musidorus, is something “ engendered betwixt lust and idleness,” and it is another Musidorus to whom this sonnet is addressed.

2. *A fiercer gripe doth tire*.—“ Gripe,” a vulture ; “ tire,” to seize with the beak ; cp. *Cornelia*, ii. 299 : “ and the eagle tyering on Prometheus.”
 5. *Rubarbe* : *i.e.* medicinal.
 13. Q. 1 : “ A loathing of all loost (*i.e.* lust), true chastitee.”

XV.

This sonnet is directed against those who, in the words of the *Apologie*, "apparell, or rather disguise, that honey flowing Matron Eloquence 'one time with so farre fet words' (*i.e.* far-fetched, cp. 'far-fet helps,' l.9), they may seeme monsters: but must seeme strangers to any poore Englishman. Another tyme, with coursing of a Letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a Dictionary (cp. l. 5); another tyme, with figures and flowers, extreamlie winter-starved" (cp. l. 3).

8. *And denisen'd wit do sing.*—Q. 1: "and wit disguised sing"; Q. 2: "and devised wit do sing."
10. *A want of inward tuch.*—"Touch" can hardly here mean kindled tinder or fire, as Dr. Grosart suggests, though with this interpretation we might see an ingeniously obscure allusion to Prometheus in the "stolne goods" of the next line. But it is better to take "inward touch" as spiritual tact or feeling.

XVI.

8. *By my soule.*—Qs. : "By my love."
14. Q. 1 reads: "As they that being poysoned poison know."

XVII.

4. *Place*, according to Nares: "the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains in its flight"; so Shakespeare (*Macb.* ii. 4): "A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place." I follow Dr. Grosart in preferring this reading from Q. 1, to *pace* of Q. 2 and the folio.

XVIII.

For the tone of this sonnet compare the 4th, and the note there on l. 14. In the first line the Qs. read "strange" for "sharp"; in the third, Q 1. has "such" for "just"; in the ninth, "wit" for "youth"; and in the eleventh an entirely different reading: "With, my rewarde, the spoiles of vain annoyés."

XIX.

8. *Avise themselves.*—Q. 1 omits this line altogether, but has the catchword "accuse"; Q. 2 reads, "against," which gives no meaning consistent with grammar.

XX.

3. *In darke bush.*—Qs. : "in a bushe."
 6. *Nor so faire levell in so secret stay.*—Aim so fairly from so secret an ambush.
 7. *Veiles the heavenly eye.*—Qs. read: "thy," which, as the sonnet is not addressed to Stella, must be wrong. For "veiles" Q. 1 has "walles."
 10. *Pleas'd with the prospect.*—Q. 1: "to see the prospect."

XXI.

In this sonnet Q. 1 offers a series of various readings; in l. 1: "Your words, my friends, me causelessly doe blame"; in l. 2: "menace" for "windlasse"; in l. 5: "Plato I have read"; in l. 7: "to my" for "friendly"; in l. 12: "Well said [*i.e.* you said well], your wit in vertue's golden mire." All of these are of more than usual interest.

2. *Windlas*, used metaphorically for a subtle and indirect attack; cp. *Hamlet* ii. 1:

“ And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
By windlases and by assays of bias
By indirections find directions out.”

6. *Yeeres*.—Q. 2: “giers” (gyres), possibly right as carrying on the metaphor in “windlas.”

XXII.

2. *From faire Twinnes gold'n place*.—The twins are Castor and Pollux, the Gemini, in whose constellation the sun is during the end of May and the beginning of June. This sonnet, therefore, was written in June. It is incredible, from its tone, that it was written in June, 1581. We must, therefore, assign it to June of some earlier year, probably 1580, for we have no proof of Sidney's residence at Wilton after April 28th of that year.
3. *Scarfe*.—*i.e.* veil; Qs.: “maske.”
4. *But shining forth of heate*.—Q. 1: “But streaming forth his heate in chiefest pride.”
10. *Which open shone*.—Q. 1: “as carelesse showne,” a reading good in itself, but conflicting with “carelesse” in the next line.
13. *Daintiest*.—Q. 2: “dainties.”

XXIII.

7. *Because the Prince my service tries.*—Nothing in the various biographies of Sidney gives any help to explain this allusion with certainty. From Languet's Letters we learn that as early as 1579 Sidney was endeavouring to obtain employment from the Prince of Orange; again, "tries" may mean "put to the test," and the allusion may be to Sidney's opposition to the French match, the "Prince" being the Duke of Anjou; or again, the Prince may be Prince Casimir. But none of these explanations are satisfactory.

9. *Ambition's rage.*—Qs. : "Ambitious rage."

12. Q. 1 reads :

"O fooles, farre otherwise, alas the case !

For all my thoughts have neither stop nor start."

Q 2. stands half-way between this and the folio, reading "or overwise," and "of" with the folio, and "case" and "have" with Q. 1, to the confusion of meaning and grammar.

XXIV.

This is the first of the sonnets playing upon the name of Lord Rich, Penelope Devereux's enforced husband. It is obviously written after their marriage. For its position among the first thirty sonnets *vide* Introduction.

4. *More rich.*—Our folio reads "blist," but "rich" of the Qs. is so much better as to claim adoption into the text.

5. Heaven makes these fools wise enough to know what they have got [*i.e.* money], knowledge makes them love it, love makes them treasure it as too sacred to touch. But there is one rich fool [*i.e.* Lord Rich] who uses no such abstinence, and for his punishment is exiled from all knowledge of the treasures of Stella's mind. This seems obvious enough, but Dr. Grosart finds it "puzzling nonsense," and by reducing the punctuation in lines 7 and 8, to commas after "love" and "things," elicits as the meaning: "and knowing [what their hands hold] they lay love and loving apart (as they would sacred things) far from even the show of danger"!

XXV.

1. *The wisest scholler, etc.*—*i.e.*: (Plato, the scholar of) Socrates, whom the oracle of Apollo at Delphi pronounced the wisest of men.
3. *Met.*—Qs. : "meete"; so "summe" for "sunne" in l. 8; "himsel" for "hersel" in l. 10; "her" for "that" in l. 13; and (Q. 1 only) "defect" for "th' effect" in l. 14—a series of bad readings.

XXVI.

1. *Dustie.*—Qs. : "duskie."
3. *Waies* (*i.e.* ways).—A reading from the Qs. Our folio has "weighs."

4. Qs. : "Promising wondrous wonders to invite."
7. *Braule* : a French dance ; cp. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iii. 1 :
 "Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?"
 The Qs. read "braue."
9. Q. 1 : "For me, I nature every deale doe know" ; where
 "every deale" = in every respect, every whit.
13. *Fore-judge*.—Q. 2 : "foresee" ; Q. 1 : "bewraies."

XXVII.

3. *Or* : Qs. : "and" ; so in l. 8 : "all others" for "and
 others" ; and in l. 10 : "*this* unflattering glass."

XXVIII.

This sonnet connects itself with the first, third, and fifteenth ;
 its chief interest lies in its proof that Sidney was in the
 habit of showing his love poems.

14. Qs. : "Love onely leading me into this art."

XXIX.

4. *Store*.—Qs. : "serve."
- 13, 14. Q. 1 reads :
 "But for because my chiefest prospect lies
 Upon the coast, I am given up for a slave."

XXX.

As will be seen from the ensuing notes, the numerous political allusions of this sonnet on the whole agree better with the first few weeks of 1581 than with any other date. It has, however, been assigned to the beginning of 1580.

1. *The Turkish new moone*.—In Languet's last letter to Sidney, dated Antwerp, 28th October, 1580, he writes: "The Archduke Mathias has heard from Vienna that peace is made between the Turks and Persians, and letters from Constantinople imply the same, but do not directly affirm it. They add, that the Sultan has commanded Ochiali to have a number of new galleys built, so that it is expected he will make some attempt against the Spaniard next summer." As peace with Persia was a necessary preliminary to war with Christendom, and the negotiations of which Languet here speaks, by the date of his letter, had already fallen through, this single reference is almost decisive as to the time of composition of this sonnet.

3. *How Poles' right King*.—*i.e.* Stephen Bathori, whose election to the throne so precipitately vacated by Henry III. of France, had been greatly disputed; hence the emphasis here on the word "right." Sidney's earlier draught, as represented by the Qs., ran: "How Poland's King."

Without leave of host.—In 1580, Bathori, after capturing several Russian towns, was obliged, at the approach of autumn, to beat a retreat, partly from want of supplies, partly apparently because the army was weakened by the plague. After having with great difficulty obtained a grant from the nobles, he invaded, the next year, the great district of Novgorod with complete success. The words, “without leave of host,” refer to his difficulties in the autumn of 1580; for to take host, as meaning the Muscovites seems weak.

5. *Of French can yet three parts in one agree.*—An allusion to the three parties, the intolerant Catholics, the Huguenots, and the Politiques or moderates.

6. *What now the Dutch in their full diets boast.*—This and the two following lines appear to refer to the meetings of the States on the subject of the acceptance of the sovereignty of Elizabeth’s suitor, the Duke of Anjou. Though the Prince of Orange was in favour of this, the Hollanders refused any other governor than himself, and the States were thus to be divided into two friendly confederations, of one of which Anjou accepted the sovereignty in January, 1581, the month in which it is probable this sonnet was written. It is better to refer the loss of the good towns as referring to these which preferred Anjou to Orange, rather than to the treachery of Count Renneberg in the matter of Groningen.

9. *How Ulster likes, etc.*—Philip's father, Sir Henry Sidney, was thrice Lord Deputy of Ireland, the third time from 1575 to 1578.
11. *If in the Scotch Court be no weltring yet.*—A reference to the turbulent scenes which preceded the Raid of Ruthven, in August, 1581. The Qs. write this line : " If in the Scottish Court be weltring yet."

XXXI.

2. *How wanne a face.*—Qs. : " How *meane* a face."
- 7, 8. The Qs. have the difficult and obscure readings :
- " I reade *within* thy lookes thy languisht grace,
To mee that feele the like, *my* state discries."
11. *As here they be.*—Qs. : " as here there be."

XXXII.

1. *The lively sonne.*—" Lively" may possibly here = life-like, but more probably, as in the "lively heat" of VIII. 11, or the "lively repentance" of the Prayer Book, makes a dignified approach to its modern meaning.
3. In this line the reading of Q. 1 : " A prophet oft of hidden mysterie," plainly represents an earlier draught of the poem.
5. *Power.*—Qs. : " hold."

6. *Clos'd up*.—The reading of the Qs. for “close up” of our folio.

XXXIII.

Two different interpretations of this sonnet are possible: the first, chiefly supported by l. 9, “No lovely Paris made thy Helen his,” construes it as Sidney’s lament for his failure to win Stella while yet he was regarded as a suitable match for her; the second, which is Dr. Grosart’s, sees in it only an even-tide repentance for the stupidity which had foregone an opportunity of seeing Stella. If we imagine the sonnet to have been written soon after Sidney heard of Stella’s marriage, when he was ignorant of the sore compulsion to which she had yielded, the line “No force, no fraud rob’d thee of thy delight,” is not an insurmountable objection to the deeper of the two interpretations, while the “respects for both our sakes” are sufficiently explained by the uncertainties of Sidney’s position. But the words “O punisht eyes” can hardly refer to anything but a failure to see Stella, and this is the interpretation which I reluctantly adopt. See, however, Introduction.

1. *O me*.—Qs. : “woe me.”

XXXIV.

8. The Qs. read: “Then be they close, and *they shall none* displease.”
9. *Hard*: *i.e.* “heard.”

XXXV.

4. *Where nature doth with infinite agree.*—The opposition between “nature” and “infinite” is so unfinished that the reading of Q. 1, “with *excellence*” appears happier, despite “within what boundes” in the preceding line.
11. *Naming my Stella's name.*—Qs.: “meaning.” For the play on Stella's name, as Lady Rich, cp. Sonnets xxiv. and xxxvii.

XXXVI.

2. *Yolden.*—*i.e.*, the old past participle of yield, restored here for the misprint “golden” of the folio, and in preference to *yeelding* of the Qs., which does not agree with “conquer'd” and “ransackt.”
5. *And there long since, etc.*—It seems better, on the whole, to connect these two lines with those that follow, by taking “there” as used for “where,” than to carry on the sense from “where to” of l. 3.

XXXVII.

This sonnet, like the Eleventh Song and part of the Eighth, first appeared in the 1598 folio.

XXXVIII.

2. *To hatch mine eyes, etc.*—Both Qs. read “close” for “hatch”; in the remainder of the line, Q. 1 has “that *my troubled* thought”; and Q. 2: “*the* unbitted thought,” for “that unbitted thought” of our text.
12. *Sights.*—Qs.: “sighs,” with other misprints in this sonnet.

XXXIX.

2. *Baiting-place*.—Qs. : “bathing-place.” Both readings denote “refreshment,” though of different kinds.
5. *Prease* : *i.e.*, press.
10. *Deafe to noise and blind of light*.—Qs. : “deafe of noise and blind of light.”
11. *A rosie garland*.—Cupid, it is said, dedicated the rose to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a reward for his assistance in the intrigues of Venus. The rose is thus the emblem of silence, hence the appropriateness of the adjective.
14. *Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see*.—Q. 1 : “Livelier than els, rare Stella's image see.”

XL.

3. *None of the basest*.—The Qs. unite in the reading, “*Now* of the basest,” which agrees with much in the tone of this sonnet. But with the reading of the folio we may compare sonnet XIV. : “Desire doth plunge my *well-formed* soul ev'n in the mire,” etc., and this is exactly the case in which it is dangerous to depart from the authority of the best edition. It is open, however, to anyone to believe that Sidney himself wrote “now,” and that the sisterly affection of the Countess of Pembroke is responsible for our reading.
5. Q. 1 has the excellent alternative reading : “Alas, *if thou*, the height of Vertue's throne, *canst but vouchsafe*,” etc.

11. *Yet noblest conquerours do wreckes avoid.*—Qs. : “ noble ” for “ noblest,” and the attractive reading “ wreake ” (*i.e.* wanton vengeance) for “ wreckes.”

XLI.

The mention of “ some sent from that sweetemie France ” makes it probable that this sonnet was composed during the visit of the French Embassy sent to arrange the marriage of Anjou and Elizabeth; *i.e.*, between April 15 and August, 1581, and probably nearer the former of these dates, as on May 15th and 16th, Sidney, with the three other “ Children of Desire,” was seriously discomfited in the great tourneying before the Queen, and would hardly have been writing then on this theme.

12. *How far they shot awrie.*—Qs. : “ shoot.”

XLII.

2. *Whose beames be joyes.*—Qs. : “ whose beames *all* joyes.”
6. *Only lov'd tyrants, just in cruelty.*—Q. I has the very attractive reading : “ Onely love tasting of your crueltie.”
9. *For though I never see them.*—Q. I : “ For thought's eye never sees them.”

XLIII.

2. *On you to pray.*—*i.e.* : “ prey.”

XLIV.

4. *And yet no pittie I find.*—Q. 1 : “and I no pittie finde.”

XLV.

In this sonnet Q. I has a whole series of earlier readings. In l. 2, “bewrinkled” for “beclouded”; l. 4, “the cause thereof” for “thereof the cause”; l. 6, “pittious” for “grievous”; l. 9, “fained” for “imag’d”; l. 10, “store” for “scope.” Two other readings deserve special mention; viz., l. 8, “As from her eyes a spring of teares did flow”; and l. 14, “And if not me, pittie the tale of me.” On the other hand, the version of l. 5, “Yet Hermes late a fable, who did show,” is quite unintelligible.

13. *Some sad tragedie.*—Q. 2 : “some thrise-sad tragedie.”

XLVI.

7. *If love learne not alone to love and see.*—“Alone” here must be taken with the words that follow, and in the sense of “only.” The meaning is, “unless love learn to love and gaze without any further desire.”
13. *Myche to desire.*—“Myche” here may be rendered as “to skulk off”; in Elizabethan English it is usually coupled with the word “truant”: cp. *Euphues*, “What made the gods so often to trewant from heaven and mich here on earth?”

XLVII.

Compare with the whole tone of this sonnet the admonition of Musidorus to Pyrocles in *Arcadia*, Book I. :
 “Remember, for I know you know it, that if we will be men, the reasonable part of our soul is to have absolute commandment ; against which, if any sensual weaknesse arise, we are to yield all our sound forces to the overthrowing of so unnatural a rebellion. Wherein how can we want courage, since we are to deal with so weak an adversary, that in itself is nothing but weakness? Nay, we are to resolve that if reason direct it, we must do it ; and if we must do it, we will do it ; for to say I cannot, is childish ; and I will not, womanish.” The similarity of the last sentence to l. 9 is remarkable.

- 13, 14. Q. 1 reads : “Woe me, that I must make my hart thus give my tongue the lye” ; Q. 2 varies from our folio only in the poor reading, “my heart give to my tongue a lie.”

XLVIII.

- 3, 4. Q. 1 reads : “Where love is chastnesse *scorning youthes delight*, and humblenesse *is linckt* with majestie.”
 7. *Hel-driven*.—Q. 1 : “blinded” ; Q. 2 : “driven.”
 14. *Slay*.—Q. 1 “kill.”

XLIX.

6. *Humbled*.—Qs. : “reverent.”
 14. *My self takes delight*.—Q. 1 : “I myself delight,” cp. sonnet 2.

L.

- 1, 2. Q. 1 reads: "Stella, the fulness cannot staid be of hidden thoughts," etc.
8. *That which in.*—Qs.: "what within"; and Q. 1 (wrongly) "blest" for "best."

LI.

2. *Fluently.*—Qs.: "flauntingly."
5. *Silly.*—In its old sense of "innocent," as in the *Apologie* it is applied to poetry.
10. *Cunning.*—Qs.: "cunning'st."
13. *Even irk't.*—Qs.: "even woe."

LII.

With the thought of this sonnet compare the trial of the faith of Argalus by Parthenia in Arcadia, Book I., and his answer to her, "With whose beauty if I had only been in love I should be so with you, who have the same beauty; but it was Parthenia's *self* I loved and love, which as likeness can make one," &c. The sonnet must of course be taken as Sidney's playful raillery of his own Platonic meditations.

2. *Must be.*—Q. 1: "may be."

LIII.

7. *I would no lesse.*—The meaning appears to be, "I would stop for nothing short of this," rather than (with Dr. Grosart) "there was no epithet I wished for less."

9. *Made a window send forth light.*—Q. 1 (less poetically): “through a window sent her light”; Q. 2: “through a window sent forth light.”

LIV.

Spencer, in his “Astrophel,” writes how “Full many maidens often did him woo, Them to vouchsafe amongst his rimes to name.” This sonnet represents the ill-natured remarks of these leap-year suitors.

9. Q. 1 reads “Protest indeed I know not,” where “protest” must refer to the courtly nymphs.
14. *They love indeed who quake to say they love.*—The “who dare not say” of Q. 1 sinks into meanness before this splendid line.

LV.

The Qs. reverse the order of this and the following sonnet. The thought here is similar to that in the first.

LVI.

3. *Without one piece of looke:*—Q. 1: “And get not half a looke.”
- 6, 7. Q. 1 has instead of these lines:
 “Within her face each vertue I could brooke,
 From what the leaden counsels that I tooke.”
- The first of these variants points to a possible earlier reading; of the second nothing can be made.

LVII.

This sonnet must refer to some "song of a lover's complaint," which Sidney had sent to Stella, and had heard her sing. It is not likely that the song is one of the eleven handed down to us in *Astrophel and Stella*. The next sonnet is on a similar theme to this. Compare with them both sonnet the 44th.

10. Q. 1: "But them so sweet, she did most sweetly sing."
 13. Q. 1: "My privie cares I holpe to her to bring To tell my grieffe," etc.

LVIII.

3. Q. 1: "That no place else their giddie steps can find."
 7. *Or else pronouncing grace.*—*i.e.*, "or else [by] grace of utterance," a singularly harsh construction.
 10. *Wrate*: *i.e.*, "wrote."
 13, 14. Q. 1 reads:

"Maugre my speche's might,
 With wooed words most ravishing delight,
 Even those sad words a joy to me did breed."

Here "ravishing" might apply to the victory of Sidney's carefully chosen words of woe over delight, but the construction is very forced.

LIX.

1. *Deare, why make you more of a dog then me?*—It is lamentable that there is no alternative reading to record in this line, for it is the very worst in all the sonnets.
11. *This soure-breath'd mate.*—Q. 1, less vividly but less unpleasantly, “this fawning mate.”

LX.

12. *Tell me how I do.*—Qs. : “tell me how to do.”

LXI.

3. *Assaid.*—Qs. : “assaild,” which has less of a lover’s modesty, but agrees with “invade.”
5. *In-felt affection.*—Qs. “a sound affection.”
9. *Her chaste mind.*—Q. 1 : “this chaste love.”
10. *I straight must shew.*—Q. 1 : “I needes must shew.”

LXII.

6. *But loved a love not blind.*—Qs. : “but with a love.”

LXIII.

It is curious to find a sonnet written in 1581 on this particular grammar rule, which English dramatists successfully defied for another half century—curious, and, at this exact conjuncture in the sonnets, disappointing. We may compare a madrigal by Thomas Weelkes :

“Yet there is hope we shall agree,
 For double *no* importeth *yea*.
 If that be so, my dearest,
 With *no*, *no*, *no*, my heart thou cheerest.”

12. *O this, deare Stella, way.*—Our folio has the obvious misprint “nay”; “way” of the Qs. = weigh.

FIRST SONG.

Page 64.

- i. 2. *Orecharg'd.*—Qs. : “surcharg'd,” but “orecharg'd” is the form used in the last stanza and in sonnet 63. In this line, and in ix. 3, the Qs. : unite in reading “with musicke.”
- ii. 4. *Forgate.*—Qs. : “forget.”
- iii. 1. *In fairenesse.*—Qs. : “with fairnesse.”
2. *Both deckes and stayneth.*—Stella's beauty made the rest of her sex seem plain.

Page 65.

- iv. 1. *Whose step of sweetnesse planteth.*—“of sweetnesse” must not be taken with “step,” but as a partitive genitive. The sense is thus nearly the same as in the reading of the Qs. : “whose steps al sweetnesse planteth.”
- v. 1. *Passions.*—Qs. : “patience.”
- vi. 2. *Long-dead beautie.*—Qs. : “long-hid.”

Page 66.

- vii. 1. *The haire, which, loosest, fastest tieth.*—Qs. read, more smoothly : “which, most loose, most fast tieth.”
- viii. 4. *Not miracles are wonders.*—Qs. : “no miracles.”

LXIV.

5. Q. 1: "Let clowdes be dimme, my fate bereaves mine eye"; where "be dimme" should of course be read as one word governing "mine eye."

LXV.

4. *But none can prize.*—Q. 1: "but cannot prize." "Prize" in this line = estimate the worth of.
13. *If learnd fame truth hath spred.*—Q. 1: "of fame most truly spred."
14. *Thou bear'st the arrow, I the arrow head.*—The Sidney arms were, argent, a pheon (or arrow head), azure.

LXVI.

6. Q. 1 reads: "Fortune's windes still with me in one sort blowe."
7. *My wealth no more.*—"Wealth" here is, of course, the wealth of love, but there is probably a double meaning, for Sidney was greatly pressed by the narrowness of his fortunes, and it was his loss of the expectation of wealth and rank by the marriage of his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, which lost him Stella.

LXVII.

3. Q. 1: "The raigne of this her conquest to espie"; where "raigne" has little meaning.

4. *Will she take time before all wrackèd be.*—“Time” is here rather “opportunitas” than “tempus”: the sense is, “will she forestall my ruin.”
8. *Fed by thy worth.*—Q. 1: “Set by thy wrath,” where both variations appear to be misprints, so in l. 11, “are” for “on,” and in 14, “annoy” with singular perverseness for “enjoy.” Q. 1 presents so many excellent readings that it is needful now and again to record its blunders, lest it appear the better text.

LXIX.

2. *State.*—Qs.: “seat.”
5. *Saw.*—Qs.: “sawst,” but this is by no means our first instance of Sidney’s dropping the termination of the second person singular.
10. *I, I, O, I may say.*—Q. 1 tamely: “and so I may.”

LXX.

2. *If still I force her in sad rimes to creepe.*—Q. 1: “Yf still I force her thus in woe to weepe,” In l. 4, for “since I Jove’s cup do keepe,” it has the ingeniously wrong variant “Jove’s Cupid”!
9. *Shew thou height of delight.*—Q. 1: “shew the force of delight”; Q. 2: “shew the height of delight.”

LXXI.

11. *Who marke in thee what is in thee most fair.*—For the second “in thee,” Q. 2 reads “indeede”; Q. 1 gives the line, “Who marking thee which art indeede most fair.”
12. *Drawes the heart.*—Qs.: “drives my hart.”

LXXII.

10. *Will worthie to appear.*—Qs.: “well” for “will.”
14. *But yet, alas, how shall?*—For this abrupt ellipse (= how shall I banish thee?) Q. 1 has the too easy reading: “Now banisht art, but yet within my call.”

SECOND SONG.

- vii. 3. *Away hence flee.*—Qs.: “for feare, hence flee.”

LXXIII.

8. *Sweet, it was sawcie love, not humble I.*—Q. 1: “sweet it was sawcie love that prest so nye.”

LXXIV.

With this sonnet, written in the joyous intoxication of love, compare the 1st, and the passage from the *Apologie* there quoted.

1. *Aganippe well.*—Nymph and fountain had both the same name, but we should have expected “Aganippe’s.”
14. *My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella’s kisse.*—Qs.: “My lips are sure inspired,” which clashes with “sure” in the preceding line.

LXXV.

4. *Although lesse gifts impe feathers oft on fame.*—Nares explains “imp” as “to insert a new feather into the wing or tail of a hawk, in the place of a broken one”; cp. *Mass., Great Duke of Florence*: “Imp feathers to the broken wing of time.” Q. 1 reads: “Although lesse guift [*sic*] are fethers of high fame.”
7. *Could yet mad Mars so tame.*—Q. 1: “make Mars so tame.”
14. *Rather then faile his love.*—For “faile” Q. 1 reads “loose.” His love = Lady Elizabeth Grey; by marrying her Edward alienated the King-maker, Warwick.

LXXVI.

3. *Benighted in cold wo; but now appeares my day.*—Q. 1: “Bathde in cold wo, but now appears my shining day.” Q. 2 has: “benighted” for “bathde,” but is otherwise as Q. 1.
13. *But with short breath, long looks, staid feet and walking head.*—It is necessary to quote the whole of this line to defend the retention of “walking,” even against the unmeaning “waking” of Q. 1, or Dr. Grosart’s conjecture “aching.” “Short breath, long looks,” requires a parallel antithesis between the epithets assigned to “feet” and “head.” This is supplied if we retain “walking,” which may surely be construed as “wandering”: cp. *Song viii. l. 23*: “but their tongues restrain’d from walking.”

LXXVII.

Compare with this sonnet the song in *Arcadia*, Book i., beginning :

“ What tongue can her perfection tell
 In whose each part all tongues may dwell,
 Her hair fine threads of finest gold,
 In curled knots man’s thought to hold ? ”

where also, as the mingled praise of golden hair and “ black stars ” of eyes sufficiently shows, Sidney was thinking of Stella.

12. *Quietest judgements*.—Qs.: “ quiet judgments,” which reads more easily, and is supported by the “ they who with quiet judgment looking a little deeper ” of the *Apologie*.

LXXVIII.

6. *Beautie’s plague, Vertue’s scourge, succour of lies*.—The rather unpleasant rhythm of this line is exactly repeated in the next sonnet but one, where l. 3 reads : “ Nature’s praise, Vertue’s stall, Cupid’s cold fire.”

14. Q. 1 reads : “ Is it not *ill* that such a *beast* wants hornes ? ”
 Q. 2 has “ ill ” and “ devill.”

LXXIX.

3. *Consort* (*i.e.*, concert).—Q. 1 reads : “ pleasing ” for “ pleasing’st,” and “ holdeth ” for “ hold a.”
9. *The meane*.—Qs.: “ the meanes.”
12. *Ostage* (*i.e.*, hostage).—Q. 1 has the earlier reading, “ a pledge ”; Q. 2, the misprint, “ a stage.”

LXXX.

3. *Stall—i.e.*, seat.

6. *Sweetner*.—Qs.: “sweetnes.”

12-14. Of these lines Q. I has a quite distinct version, viz.:

“ And no spurre can this restie race refraine ;
Wherefore, to trie if that I said be true,
How can I better prove then with a kisse.”

Here “refraine” clashes with “stay” in l. 10; but the last two lines are certainly Sidney’s. In the folio reading “how farre,” etc., is not an interjection, but must be taken with “teache.”

LXXXI.

3. *Sweetning*.—Qs: “sweetnes.”

8. *Shade out some part*.—Q. I: “set out.”

12. *Dear life*.—Q. I: “dear kisse,” wrongly.

LXXXII.

2. *In excellencie passe*.—Q. I.: “In excellence surpasse.”

3. *His who till death lookt in a watrie glasse*—i.e., Narcissus. Q. I reads “whose” for “who,” and both Qs. “lock’t” for “lookt.” The line as it stands is feeble enough, but there is little to be made of these variants. Could Sidney ever have written “His, whose still death lockt in a watrie glasse”?

11. *I caught at one of them a hungry bit.* To construe this line we must take bit=the substantive "bite," and make "a hungry bit" a cognate accusative to "caught." The Qs. read "an" for "a," and this gives probability to Dr. Grosart's emendation "and."

LXXXIII.

- 1-14. *Good brother Philip. . . . Leave that Sir Phip:* Vide Nares: "*Philip*, or contracted into *Phip*. A familiar appellation for a sparrow, from a supposed resemblance in their note to that sound:

To whit, to whoo the owle does crye
Phip, phip, the sparrows as they flye.

Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, iii. 4."

Compare, too, Skelton's charming "A little boke of Philip sparowe," where a nun laments the loss of her dead favourite.

3. *While craftily you seem'd your cut to keepe.*—From the undoubted use of "cutted" for "cross or querulous" (cp. Middleton, "she's grown so cutted there's no speaking to her"), Dr. Grosart derives a substantive "cut"=crossness, discontent, of which this will be the only instance. The meaning suits this line excellently, but the derivation is a little doubtful. In Elizabethan English "cut" still meant a "lot" (cp. Walton, "I think it best to draw cuts and avoid contention"), and a possible interpretation of "keepe your cut" would be "to adhere to your part."

THIRD SONG.

II.

The allusions in this stanza are to two stories in Pliny's *Natural History*, the first of a certain Thoas in Arcadia, who was rescued from robbers by a dragon which he had nurtured; the second of an eagle which a maid of Sestos had brought up, and which, after providing her with venison during her life, flew into her funeral fire, and was there consumed.

4. *As his light was her eyes.*—Qs. : “As her eyes were his light.” In l. 6. Qs. read “for Stella shineth.”

LXXXIV.

2. *Unsweet.*—Qs. : “unmeete.”
 6. *Safe-left.*—The reading of the folio of 1613; ours has the misprint “safelest”; Qs. : “safeliest.”
 8. The Qs. read: “Be you still carefull kept by publike heed.”

LXXXV.

1. Q. I reads: “Behold my heart, the house that thee contains.”
 7. Q. I: “Strive in themselves each office to discharge,” with “braines” for “braine” in l. 5.
 13. Q. I omits this line altogether.

FOURTH SONG.

II. (Page 93.)

4. *Jealouzie itselſe*.—Qs: “himselfe.”

III.

2. *Cupid's knot*.—Qs: “yoke”; in the next line they have the rather better reading, “these sweet flowers *our* fine bed too.”

IV. (Page 94.)

3. *Hap*.—Qs: “heart.”

V.

4. *Folkes*.—Qs: “fooles.”

VIII. (Page 95.)

5. *Take thee to me, etc.*—The Qs. give this line in the same form as in the other stanzas, and it is doubtful if its change in the folio has much meaning.

LXXXVI.

1. *Came*.—Qs: “comes.”
9. Q. I: “Cease your hard hand, threat not so hard your slave.”
12. *Use something else*.—Q. I: “seeke” for “use.”

FIFTH SONG.

I. (Page 97.)

3. *Grew*.—Qs. : “drew.”

II.

- 1-2. *Wert*.—This reading of the Qs. must be preferred to “art” of our folio.
3. *O that I*.—Qs. : “O would I.”
6. The Qs. read, “And all is said so well *that* no man it denied.”

III. (Page 98.)

4. *Thought*.—Qs. : “wrote.”

IV.

3. *The mansion seat of blisse*.—A reading of the Qs. adopted for “the mansion state” of the folio.
6. The Qs. read “whom fault once casteth downe.”

V. (Page 99.)

3. *Kindest*.—The reading of the 1613 folio; ours has the misprint “hidnest”; Qs. : “highest.”
6. *In subjects wrong'd*.—Qs. : “in subjects’ wrongs.”

VI.

3. *Threat'n, etc.*,—Qs. : “Threat, threat.”
6. *Babies*—*i.e.*, dolls.

VII. (Page 100.)

1. *Fine-odour'd.*—Qs. : “fine-shining.”
5. *Most faith dost most oppresse.*—Qs. : “there thou dost.”
6. *Evils.*—Qs. “ills”; so in xiii. 6. “ill” for “evil.”

X. (Page 101.)

2. *Unjustest.*—Qs. : “unjustice.”
4. *For thou dost lord my heart.*—Qs. : “For thou art my heart’s lord.”

XI. (Page 102.)

3. Qs. : “Rebels by Nature’s lawes, rebell by way of reason.”

XII.

2. *With vagabonding shame.*—Qs. : “with blackest blot of shame.”

XIII. (Page 103.)

3. *My sight never thy face enjoyeth.*—Qs. : “Mine eyes never thy sight.”

XIV.

6. *Tempted.*—Q. 2 : “tempting.”

SIXTH SONG.

I.

4. *Former*.—Qs. : “better.” “Bate,” in the next line = quarrel.

II.

5. *Their right*.—Qs. . “the right.”

v. (Page 106.)

1. *Loftly*.—Qs. “lustie.”

vii. (Page 107.)

4. *Eye-judgment*.—Qs. : “the judgment.”

VIII.

5. *He layes on this chiefe praise*.—Against metre and all the other editions our folio inserts “side” after “this.”

SEVENTH SONG.

I.

3. *Closde*.—Qs. : “cloi'd.”
 4. *To set a tittle vaine, etc.*—*i.e.*, to stigmatize as foolish.

II.

4. *Thoughts*.—Qs. : “hearts.”

III. (Page 109.)

1. *Adoring*.—Qs. : “admiring.”
 2. *Descended*.—Qs. : “discerned.”

EIGHTH SONG.

II.

4. *But each in the other blessed*.—Qs. : “ Either in each other.”

V. (Page III.)

1. *Sigh they did*.—Qs. : “ sigh'd they had.”
 3. *With arms crost*.—A sign of sorrow; so Ariel says of Ferdinand, ‘ His arms in this sad knot.’

VIII.

2. *Faire triumphher of annoy*.—Qs. . “ Faire triumphres (*i.e.*, triumphheress) in annoy.”

XI. (Page 112.)

2. *Each character*.—Qs. : “ the carecters.”
 3, 4. The Qs. read :
 “ Whose *sweete face* all beautie passeth,
 Save *the minde* which *it* surpasseth.”

XII.

3. *Graunt O me!*—Qs. : “ Graunt to me.” In the next line they have “ sin ” for “ fault.”

XVII. (Page 114.)

- 3, 4. *Repelling . . . Excelling*.—Qs. : “ Compelling . . . Expelling.”

XVIII.

2. *So*.—Qs. : “ with.”

XIX—XXVI.

These stanzas were printed for the first time in the 1598 edition.

XXVI. (Page 117.)

2. *Leaving him to passion, rent, etc.*—Qs. : “Leaving him with passion rent.”

NINTH SONG.

IV. (Page 119.)

1—3. The Qs. read :

“Stella, *fairest* shepherdesse,
Fairest, but yet *crulest* ever ;
 Stella, whom *the heavens still* blesse.”

V.

4. *Eawes*—*i.e.*, ewes.

VII.

5. *Helplesse*.—Qs. : “hopelesse.”

IX. (Page 120.)

3. Qs. : “Knowing if she should display.”

X. (Page 121.)

1. Qs. : “Then, my dear flocke, now adieu.”

LXXXVII

2. *Hart of my hart*.—Q. 1 : “hurt of my hart.”
 8. *Saddest*.—Q. 2 has the pretty reading “sadded” ; Q. 1
 “sad deare.”

LXXXVIII.

2. *Captainnesse*.—Q. 1: "Conqueror."
4. Q. 1: "That to entice mee profers present paye."
9. Q. 1. "When, absence, with her mistes obscures her light."
10. *Flies*.—Q. 1: "slides," and in the next line "feeds" for "sets."

LXXXIX.

3. *Wont to give me my day*.—Q. 1: "that wont give me my day."
7. *Tired*.—Q. 1: "toyled."
13. *That living thus*.—With the omission of this line Sidney's original construction would be preserved. As it is, we must understand "tired" in l. 7 to mean "so tired am I."

XC.

2. *Who live but thee*.—A splendid phrase, which needs no more explanation than the common "my light, my life" of lovers. The Qs. have the tamer reading "like"="you absorb all my powers not only of love, but even of liking."
7. *I wish not there should be Graved in mine epitaph a Poet's name*: cp. *Apologie*: "Who (I knowe not by what mischance) having slipt into the title of a Poet," and Sidney's dying injunction that his *Arcadia* should be burnt.

12. *Plumes*.—Q. 1 : “payns,” surely by error : it is impossible to suppose a pun on “pens.”

XCI.

With the theme of this Sonnet compare Song xi. verse 5.

3. *And that*.—Q. 1 · “And whiles.”
8. *Or seeing gets, blacke, but in blacknesse bright*.—Qs. : “Or seeming jett.” “Gets” and “jet” or “jets” are of course the same word (cp. Chaucer, “his toon black as the gette” of Chaunticleer’s toes). In this case the reading of the folio is undoubtedly right, for “seeming” has no relevance, since Stella’s eyes did not seem black, but were so : just as her hair was of amber-gold, her hands white, and her cheeks rosy. “Seeing gets”=“jets through which to see,” *i.e.*, jet-like eyes.

XCII.

3. *Or do you cutted Spartanes imitate*.—So Q. 2 and our folio. Q. 1 : “Or do you the Laconians imitate,” printing “Laconians” as “Caconians.” Dr. Grosart accepts from the folio of 1605 the reading “curted.” The reference in any case is to the churlish brevity of the Spartans, and the form of “curted” is but little less difficult to explain than “cutted.” As already noted, on Sonnet lxxxiii. 3, “cutted” is used by Middleton in the sense of “cross,” but here this is hardly the meaning wanted.

TENTH SONG.

I.

6. *The lover*.—Qs : “thy lover.”

II.

2. Qs. : “By thine absence oft forgot.”

v. (Page 129.)

2. *When thy leaping heart*.—The folio of 1613 has “my,” a reading which Dr. Grosart adopts. But the “hart” and “lips” are alike Sidney’s, not Stella’s.

VI., VII., VIII.

These stanzas are omitted in the Qs.

VIII. (Page 130.)

1. *O my thought*.—Qs. : “thoughts,” and in the next line “your delights” for “thy delights.”
5. *Revived*.—Qs : “received.”

XCIII.

10. *I have—live I and know this?—harmèd thee*.—Qs : “I do, sweete Love, and know this harmèd thee,” a most weak variant, for which it is to be hoped Sidney is not responsible.
11. *Tho’ worlds quite me*.—So the folio of 1613. Our text by an obvious misprint has “words” for “worlds.” “Quite” = acquit. Qs. : “The world quit mee.”

XCIV.

In this Sonnet Q. 1 offers so many earlier readings that it is simplest to reprint its version entire. The variations are marked in italics; the punctuation is as in the original.

“Greefe find the words, for thou hast made my *vaine*
 So darke with mistie vapours which arise
 From out thy heavy mould, that *euē mine* eyes
 Can scarce discern the shape of mine owne paine :
 Do thou then (for thou canst) do thou complaine
 For my poore soule which *wit* that sicknes tries,
 Which even to sense, sense of it selfe denies.
 Though harbengers of death *and of* his traine,
The execution of my fate forbears,
 As of a Caitife *not vouchsaft* to die :
 Yet *shewe thy hate of life in living* teares :
 That though in wretchednes thy life doth lie,
Thou maist more wretched be than nature beares :
 As being plast in such a wretch as I.”

XCV.

2. *Your left friend*.—Q. 1: “best” for “left”; Q. 2: “least.”
7. *Delight protests he is not for the accurst—i.e.*, he will have nothing to do with them. Qs: “Delight exclaims he is for my fault curst.”
8. Qs. : “Although my mate in arms himselfe he sware.”
9. Q. 1: “Nay, sorrow, in as great a rage as he.”

XCVI.

1. *Thought*.—Qs. : “Though” : if the latter is right Sidney must apostrophize himself as “thou.” In l. 2 the Qs. misprint “libertie” for “liverie.” Kind = nature.
6. Qs. : “Slowe Heavens in both do hold the one degree.”
9. *In both amazeful solitarinesse, . . . to stur—i.e.*, able to stir the ghostly powers of spirits. By reading in the next line, “In night, of spirits the gastly power sturr,” the Qs. reverse this construction, and make the powers of spirits disturb the solitude. The Qs. proceed, “And in our sprites are spirits gastlines.”

XCVII.

4. *From heavenly standing hits each mortall wight*.—“Standing,” an ambush from whence to shoot game. Qs. : “hurts” for “hits.”
9. *A lady, Dian’s peere*.—Not identifiable ; certainly not with Sidney’s future wife.
14. *Sight*.—Qs. : “light.” The “Sun” here, as throughout these sonnets, is, of course, Stella.

XCVIII.

4. *Lee shores*.—Qs. : “low shrowdes ;” both readings are very forced.
7. *Though gold*.—Qs. “this held.”

XCIX.

6, 8. The Qs. make nonsense of these lines by transferring the comma to the end of l. 6, and printing the next two lines as

“ And takes that sad hue, with which inward might
Of his mazde powers he keepes just harmony.”

9. Qs. : “ But when birdes chirpe aire, and sweete aire,” etc.

11. *Floure.*—Qs. : “ heaven.”

C.

The chief readings of the Qs. in this sonnet are “ shoures ” for “ raine ” in l. 1 ; “ now fairer needs must show ” in l. 3 ; “ grateful ” for “ gracefull ” in l. 4 ; “ wingèd with woes breath, so doth Zephire blow ” in l. 7 ; “ might ” for “ can ” in l. 8 ; “ That eloquence envies and yet doth prayse ” in l. 10 ; “ sightd ” (*i.e.*, sighed) for “ sobd ” in l. 11 ; “ sighs ” for “ signes ” in l. 13.

CI.

Among the “ Certaine Sonets ” printed with other works of Sidney’s in the 1598 folio, are four with the heading “ These foure following Sonnets were made when his Ladie had paine in her face.” It is probably right to identify the Lady with Stella ; but it does not follow that the sickness is the same as is here alluded to.

7. *Inseparate.*—Qs. : “ unsever’d.”

8. *In thee*.—Qs. : “with me,” probably a bad attempt to correct a somewhat obscure construction. “Stella” is, of course, the person addressed, and “thee” refers not to joy, but to her. Joy which cannot leave thy eyes, when they weep, weeps with them.
9. *Moves*.—I adopt Dr. Grosart’s emendation for “moves.”
10. *Comes*.—Qs. : “runs,” and in next line “swage” for “assuage.”
12. *Sweates*.—Qs. : “seekes.”

CII.

In this Sonnet the Qs. unite in a great number of variations, mostly trifling and sometimes (as in the reading “vermillion eyes” in l. 5) absurd. The more noteworthy are l. 1, “So sweetned earst”; l. 6, “engrave” for “engrain’d”; l. 8, “in so great thraldome”; l. 11, “sure” for “furre.” In li. 2, 3, they have the unintelligible reading, “Where be those red cheekes, which fair increase did frame No hight of honor in the kindly badge of shame.”

2. “With faire encrease,” sc. of red, *i.e.*, with a heightened colour.

CIII.

3. *Joye’s livery*.—Q. 1 : “Jove’s Livery”; Q. 2 : “Love’s Livery.”

9. *Those Æol's youth*.—Those children of Æolus. Qs. : "those friendly windes."
 12. *So discheveld*.—Qs. : "so discovered.

CIV.

6. *Scarcely*.—Qs. : "scantly."
 8. *Rigour's exile*.—Qs. : "Rigorous exile."
 12-14 Qs. : "Your morals note straight my hid meaning there
 From out my ribs a whirlwind proves that I
 Doe Stella love. Fooles, who doth it denie."

SONG XI.

This song was first printed in the 1598 folio.

CV.

3. *Dead glasse*—*i.e.*, a telescope.
 5. Qs. : "I sweare by hir Love and my lacke."
 6. *Thy dazling race*.—Qs. : "my" for "thy."
 10. *Your nectar mist*.—Qs. : "your necklace mist," an obvious misreading.
 12. *Your strife*—*i.e.*, your struggles to see. Qs. : "your will."
 14. *With no worse curse*.—Bitterly, I curse him, but can wish no greater curse than my own. Qs. : "with no lesse curse."

CVI.

3. *Bare me in hand*—*i.e.*, deluded me.
 6. *Told'st*.—Qs. : “would'st.”

CVII.

- 7,8. The sense is “and delegate your command over my thoughts to this great cause,” another historical allusion, which can only be vaguely explained by Sidney's constant endeavours to obtain employment against Spain either in Holland or on the seas. The Qs. read—

“And on my *thoughts* give *the* Lieutenancie
 To this great cause, which needes both *wit* and art.”

11. *Till it have wrought*.—Qs. : “still to have wrought.”
 12. Qs. : “For servants shame of Maisters blame doth fit.”
 13. *Reprove*.—Qs. : “approve” = test.

CVIII.

1. *Fier's*.—Qs. . “Siers,” a blunder only worth quoting^{*} as illustrating the perfunctory manner in which the Editor of the second quarto performed his task of revising the first. So too in l. 11, “darts” for “doores.”
 6. Qs. . “And my young soule once flutters to her nest.”
 7. *Most rude dispaire*.—Qs. : “most dead dispaire.”

NOTES ON THE "CERTAINE SONETS."

The fourteen sonnets and songs which here follow are a selection from the twenty-seven printed (with the exception of eight published four years earlier in Henry Constable's *Diana*) for the first time, on pp. 472-490 of the 1598 folio. It is a tenable theory that in all the poems on these pages there is some reference to Sidney's love for Stella, certainly this is the case with those here selected. The reason for their exclusion from the *Astrophel and Stella* series is matter of conjecture. It is possible that by some accident Sidney's own copies were destroyed, and that we owe these additional poems to the fortunate preservation of duplicates in the possession of the Countess of Pembroke.

(1.)

- 11, 12. *That hardly usde, etc.*—*i. e.*, that a prisoner is justified by harsh treatment, in making his escape, and does not thereby break his parole.

(2.)

10. *Dead palsie sicke.*—To be construed as a single adjective—Sick of a deadly palsy in all my parts.
12. *And can crie helpe.*—"And crie, O, helpe," *Diana*, 1594.
13. *No wit.*—"No will," *Diana*.
14. *Starving.*—"Stammering," *Diana*.

(3.)

8. *Tereus . . . Philomela.*—Tereus, King of the Thracians, persuaded Philomela to marry him by protesting that his wife, her sister Procne, was dead. Procne was alive, and, on discovering the fraud, the sisters fled together. When nearly overtaken they were changed, on prayer to the gods, Procne to a swallow, Philomela to a nightingale; while Tereus became a hoopoo, or according to other versions of the legend, a hawk.

∪(4.)

According to the theory advanced in the Introduction, this and the two following sonnets will have been written at Wilton, during the spring of 1580, while (7) is addressed to Stella on Sidney's meeting her again in the course of the summer. No record of such a meeting is preserved, but it is impossible to maintain that Sidney was deeply in love with Stella during 1580, and that he allowed nine months to pass without seeing her.

(6.)

10. *Lives to impart my wearie clay some breath.*—For the two words "clay some," *Diana* reads "day-some," surely a misprint. But the *Diana* hyphen has encouraged Dr. Grosart to read "clay-some" as an adjective applying to breath.

(7.)

7. *The moult*,—i.e., a mole.

(8.)

For the importance of this song see Introduction, pp. xiii. and xxiv. It is hardly possible that the conjecture can be wrong which associates it with Sidney's bitter resentment on hearing of Stella's marriage.

Yet shall I die in Phœnix fire, cf. Sonnet xcii. "When I demand of Phœnix Stella's state."

(9.)

From the last verse but one I imagine this poem, like the two which follow it, to have been written when Sidney was meeting Stella after her marriage, (12) is thus either out of its order, or must form part of the same series, instead of having been written when Sidney first heard of the loss of all his hopes. But the order of these "Certaine Sonets" is by no means plainly chronological.

(13.)

Dr. Grosart adopts the bold step of printing this and the following Sonnet as CIX. and CX. of *Astrophel and Stella*. There seems little justification for such a departure from the text of all the editions, but these two Sonnets, with the motto subjoined to them, are undoubtedly intended to close the book of Sidney's ill-fated love.

NOTE.

The following are the editions of *Astrophel and Stella*, published during the sixteenth century, and of importance in the construction of a text.

(I.)

Syr P.S. | His Astrophel and Stella | wherein the excellence of sweete | poesie is concluded. | To the end of which are added, sundry | other rare Sonnets of divers Noble | men and Gentlemen. | At London. | Printed for Thomas Newman. | Anno Domini. 1591. |

Pp. 80. Sig. A-L, in fours, Title, A 1, Dedication "To the worshipfull and his very good freend, Ma. Frauncis Flower Esquire, increase of all content," signed: "Tho. Newman," A ii; "Somewhat to reade for them that list," signed: "yours in all desire to please, Tho. Nash." A 3, 4; "Sir P. S. His Astrophel and Stella," pp. 1-61; "Poemes and Sonets of sundrie other Noble men and Gentlemen," pp. 62-80.

(II.)

[Another Edition.] At London. Printed for Matthew Lownes.

A reprint of the above with trifling alterations. The editor, if there were one, had no means of supplying the lines which in two or three of the sonnets had accidentally been omitted from Newman's first edition. The asserted existence of a copy of this edition of Lownes, with the date 1591 on the title page, appears to be a mistake.

(III.)

Sir P. S. his | *Astrophel* and | *Stella*. | Wherein the
excellence of sweete | Poesie is concluded. | At London, |
Printed for Thomas Newman. | Anno Domini. 1591.

Pp. 6r. Sig., A-H., in fours. Title, A.

(IV.)

The | Countesse | of *Pembroke*s | *Arcadia*. | Written by
Sir | Philip Sidney | Knight. Now the third time |
published, with sundry new additions | of the same
Author. London | Imprinted for William Ponsonbie. |
Anno Domini. 1598.

Pp. 576., preceded by three unnumbered leaves, containing the title page, Sidney's letter "To my deare lady and sister, the Countesse of Pembroke," and a preface "To the Reader" signed H. S. . pp. 1-471. The *Arcadia*; pp. 472-490, "Certaine Sonets written by Sir Philip Sidney: never before printed"; pp. 491-518, "The Defence of Poesie, by Sir Philip Sidney Knight"; pp. 519-569, "*Astrophel* and *Stella*," written by the noble Knight Sir Philip Sidney; pp. 570-576, The "Masque of May."

This edition was immediately reprinted in Edinburgh, with only trifling alterations; and also in Dublin. During the next century it went through numerous editions.

On the relations of the four editions here specified, see the Introduction, p. 36. In connection with the quartos two entries in the Register of the Stationers' Company are of interest. The first has been often quoted.

Item paid to John Wolf when he ryd with an answere to my Lord Treasurer, beinge with her maiestie in progress for the takinge in of booke intituled Sir S. P. *Astrophell* and *Stella*. xv^s.

It has been justly remarked that this entry does not enable us to decide with certainty whether the books "taken in" were those of Matthew Lownes at the instance of Newman, or those of Newman at the instance of the Sidneys. The mention, however, of the Lord Treasurer, and the despatch of a special messenger, as showing that the affair was of some importance, make the latter alternative the more probable; and another entry, only two higher up on the page, strongly confirms this view.

Item paid the xviiiith of September, (1591) for carryeing of Newman's bookes to the hall, iiiid.

It is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that the books here mentioned are those subsequently alluded to as "taken in"; for the Company would not have been at charges for the carrying of books of Newman's for that too enterprising publisher's convenience, while it would naturally have to pay the carriage of copies which it had seized.

In preparing this edition the text of the 1598 folio has been rigidly followed, with these exceptions. (i.) By an alteration, harmless, I hope, because invariable, the modern usage of the letters *i* and *j*, *u* and *v*, has been substituted for the Elizabethan. (ii.) The original punctuation has been, throughout, abandoned as hopeless. (iii.) Twenty-five obvious misprints on very plainly inferior readings have been corrected from the quartos; one such correction, *kindest* for *hidnest*, in Song v. has been made from the folio of 1613; of two others, the

first, *yolden* for *golden* in Sonnet xxxvi., is a conjecture of the editor; the second, "mones" for "moues" in ci. 9, is due to Dr. Grosart. A list of the twenty-five corrections from the Quartos is appended. It is hardly to be hoped that no single slip has been made in transcription or proof-reading, but all variations from the folio not in this list must be confessed as errors of carelessness.

Sonnet viii. 5, "too coldly" for "do coldly"; xii. 2, "day-nets" for "daunces"; xvi. 9, "this young lyon" for "this lyon"; xvii. 4, "place" for "pace"; xviii. 5, "hath lent" for "have lent"; xxiv. 4, "rich" for "blis"; xxvi. 3, "waies" for "weighs"; xxxii. 6, "clos'd up" for "close up"; xlvii. 12, "go" for "do"; lxiv. 12, "wish" for "with"; lxviii. 8, "kindled" for "blinded"; lxxxiv. 6, "safe-left" for "safe-lest"; lxxxvi. 14, "one's" for "once"; xc. 9, "could I" for "I could"; xciii. 11, "she did sit" for "she sit"; xcvi. 8, "arms" for "arme"; xcviii. 11, "markes" for "makes"; c. 9, "sugred" for "surged"; ci. 6, "palenese" for "palanese"; cv. 11, "whome" for "whence"; cvi. 6, "famisht" for "famist." Song v. 2, 1, "wert" for "art"; vi. 6, 4, "Musicke's" for "Musicke"; vi. 8, 5, "on this" for "on this side"; xi. 5, 3, "they" for "thy."

