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Volume 2 of 2, by Sir John Davies and Alexander Balloch Grosart**

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Title: The Complete Poems of Sir John Davies. Volume 2 of 2

Author: Sir John Davies

Editor: Alexander Balloch Grosart

Release date: February 22, 2014 [EBook #44978]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Barbara Tozier, Bill Tozier and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE COMPLETE POEMS OF SIR JOHN
DAVIES. VOLUME 2 OF 2 ***

Early English Poets.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

**PRINTED BY ROBERT ROBERTS,
BOSTON.**

Early English Poets.

THE

COMPLETE POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

EDITED,

WITH

Memorial-Introduction and Notes,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

London:
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.
1876.

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Those marked with [*] are either printed for the first time, or for the first time published among Davies' Poems.

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ERRATA.

A very few 'slips' have met my eyes on a final reading. They are—as says an ancient Divine—"as easily corrected as espied." Nevertheless they are here recorded that the Reader of his charity may put them right, and any others that may have escaped Editor and Printer. In *Nosce Teipsum*, the heading and head-line (Vol. I., pp. 25, 26 onward) has 'Immortalitie' misprinted 'Immortalite'—a common contemporary spelling—but it is 'tie' in the title-page (p. 5): *ib.* p. 80, l. 15, read 'be best.' In *Hymnes to Astræa*, *ib.* p. 147, l. 3, remove period (.) after 'rayes.' In *Orchestra*, *ib.* p. 181, st. 53, l. 7, read 'perfect-cunning': p. 185, foot-note 7, put G. at end: p. 192, st. 81, l. 7, 'Ply' = entwine (omitted): p. 194, foot-note 7, is 'coach,' not 'couch': p. 202, l. 10, 'shoe' was the contemporary spelling: p. 204, st. 113, l. 6, insert 'it' before 'shine.'—G.

IV. EPIGRAMS, WITH ADDITIONS.

NOTE.

I am indebted to the Bodleian copy—among Malone's books—for my text of these 'Epigrams.' I have preferred this edition to the two others that preceded, inasmuch as, while it, like them, bears the imprint of 'Middlebrough,' there seems no reason to doubt that it was printed in London: therefore most probably under the author's eye. The volume is a small 12mo. and the following is the title-page:—

All
OVIDS ELEGIES
3 Bookes
By C. M.
EPIGRAMS BY J. D.
At Middlebrough.

Malone has filled in in MS. 'Christopher Marlowe and John Davis.' Cf. Collier's *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature*: Vol I. *s.n.*

The Rev. Alexander Dyce in his collective edition of the Works of Marlowe, has given Davies' "Epigrams" *in extenso*, with a painstaking collation of the various readings from the other two editions (both undated) together with similar various readings from a Manuscript discovered by him in the Harleian Collection (1836.) Mr. Dyce with reference to his reprint of the 'Epigrams,' and the foregoing MS. says, "I have given them with the text considerably improved by means of

one of the Harleian MSS." ('Some Account of Marlowe and his Writings: p. xl: edition 1862.) I must demur to this alleged 'improvement.' The MS. has no authority whatever, the Scribe being an extremely ignorant and blundering one. These nine examples out of many, taken at random, will suffice to prove this:

[1] Epigram 1, line first.

'Fly, merry Muse unto that merry towne &c.

he actually reads, spite of its heading 'Ad Musam'

'Fly, merry Newes....

[2] Epigram 2, line 14

'And stands, in Presence, stroaking up his haire'

he gives, to neglect of the rhyme with 'yeare'

'..... stroaking up his heade'

[3] Epigram 3, line 5, for 'fry' he stupidly reads 'cry.'

[4] Epigram 13, line 9, for 'sectaries' he gives nonsensically 'scituaries.'

[5] Epigram 15, line 3.

'Thou with harsh noise the ayre doth rudely breake,'

he transmogrifies into

'..... horse nor sea the ayre doth.'

[6] Epigram 26, line 11, he substitutes 'sweete' for 'hot' oblivious of the rhyme with 'petticoat.'

[7] Epigram 36, line 19, for 'rarifie' he reads 'ratiffie' [!]

[8] Epigram 41, line 2,

'Paulus, in spite of enuy, fortunate'

he gives thus

Paulus, in fight of envy'.....

[9] Epigram 43, line 3, for 'Paris-garden' he has 'Parish-garden;' and so on ludicrously, with numerous proper names.

Any one capable of perpetrating such stupidities as these, ought not in my opinion, to be allowed to displace a text printed for the Author, more especially his cannot for a moment be allowed to over-bear the third edition, our text.

From a confused inscription on the first page of the MS. its probable writer is ascertained. It is as follows "Ex spoliis Richardi Wharfe, ex..... It is much trouble and much.... Ex spoliis R. W." Underneath is the book-plate of John, Duke of Newcastle. The general title runs "Epigramma in Musam, like Buckminster's Allmanacks servinge generallie for all England: but especiallie for the meridian of this famous Cittie of London." I regret that besides these (mis-called) 'improvements,' so admirable an Editor should have *modernized* throughout, the ORTHOGRAPHY equally of MARLOWE and of DAVIES: and all the more, that in his 'Notes' he adheres to the original orthography whenever he quotes from his wealth of illustrative extracts. The annotation condemns the text. Without any hesitation therefore, I have set aside Mr. Dyce's reprints, and returned (as *supra*) to Davies' own text and orthography, saving a slight reduction of capitals and italics. None the less do I owe thanks to Mr. Dyce for his kind permission kindly given, to use any 'Notes' that might be deemed interesting. Those that I have taken are marked with his initial, D. I have to add another important correction of Mr. Dyce. After describing the HARLEIAN MS. he observes "Though it is of a date considerably posterior to the first appearance in print of *Epigrams by I. D.*, perhaps ALL THE PIECES WHICH IT EXHIBITS ARE FROM THE PEN OF DAVIES. (page 353.) HOMER nods here: for on reading these additional 'Epigrams' thus assigned to Davies, I at once discovered that they consisted merely of a like blundering transcript of the "Satyricall Epigrams" of HENRY HUTTON, Dunelmensis, that were appended to his "Follie's Anatomie or Satyres" (1619.) The oversight is the more noticeable in that all these were reprinted in 1842, (edited by Rimbault), for the Percy Society, whereof Mr. Dyce was one of the most effective members of Council.

I confess that it was far from a disappointment to find that the 'Epigrams' of Davies were not to be increased to the extent they would have been had I accepted Mr. Dyce's opinion, and failed to discover the Hutton-authorship of nearly all those in the Manuscript, additional to his acknowledged ones. Nevertheless in the Appendix to our reprint of the 'Epigrams' I give certain additions from this Manuscript, that are found neither in Davies's nor Hutton's publications, but which seem to me to have the *ring* of Davies in them. The remainder—prefixed and affixed—may well be left in Manuscript. See the Memorial-Introduction for more on these Epigrams. G.

AD MUSAM. 1.

Fly, merry Muse unto that merry towne,
 Where thou maist playes, revels, and triumphs see;
 The house of Fame, and theater of renowne,
 Where all good wits and spirits loue to be.
 Fall in betweene their hands that loue and praise thee,^[1]
 And be to them a laughter and a jest:
 But as for them which scorning shall reprove thee,
 Disdaine their wits, and thinke thine one^[2] the best:
 But if thou finde any so grose^[3] and dull,
 That thinke I do to priuate taxing^[4] leane,
 Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,
 And knows not what an Epigramme does meane;
 Which taxeth,^[5] under a peculiar name,^[6]
 A generall vice, which merits publick blame.

OF A GULL. 2.

Oft in my laughing rimes, I name a Gull:
 But this new terme will many questions breed;
 Therefore at first I will expresse^[7] at full,
 Who is a true and perfect Gull indeed:
 A Gull is he who feares a veluet gowne,
 And, when a wench is braue,^[8] dares not speak to her;
 A Gull is he which trauerseth the towne,
 And is for marriage known a common woer;
 A Gull is he which while he proudly weares,
 A siluer-hilted rapier by his side;
 Indures the lyes and knocks about the eares,
 Whilst in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide:
 A Gull is he which weares good handsome cloaths,
 And stands, in Presence, stroaking up his haire,
 And fills up his unperfect speech with oaths,
 But speaks not one wise word throughout the yeare:
 But to define a Gull in termes precise,—
 Gull is he which seemes, and is not wise.^[9]

IN RUFFUM. 3.

Rufus the Courtier at the theater,
 Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
 Doth either to the stage^[10] himselfe transferre,
 Or through a grate^[11] doth shew his double^[12] face:
 For that the clamorous fry of Innes of Court,
 Fills up the priuate roomes of greater price:
 And such a place where all may haue resort,
 He in his singularity doth dispise.
 Yet doth not his particular humour shun
 The common stews and brothells of the towne,
 Though all the world in troops doe hither^[13] run,
 Cleane and uncleane, the gentle and the clowne:
 Then why should Rufus in his pride abhorre,
 A common seate, that loues a common whore.

IN QUINTUM. 4.

Quintus the dancer useth euermore,
 His feet in measure and in rule to moue:
 Yet on a time he call'd his Mistresse, 'whore'
 And thought^[14] with that sweet word to win her loue:
 Oh had his tongue like to his feet beene taught
 It neuer would haue uttered such a thought.

IN PLURIMOS.^[15] 5.

Faustinus, Sextus, Cinnæ, Ponticus,
 With Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rhodope,
 Rode all to Stanes^[16] for no cause serious,
 But for their mirth, and for their leachery:
 Scarce were they settled in their lodging, when
 Wenches with wenches, men with men fell out:
 Men with their wenches, wenches with their men;
 Which straight dissolues^[17] their ill-assembled rout.^[18]
 But since the Deuill brought them thus together,
 To my discovrsing^[19] thoughts it is a wonder,

Why presently as soone as they came thither,
The selfe same deuill did them part asunder.
Doubtlesse it seemes it was a foolish deuill,
That thus did^[20] part them e're they did some euill.

IN TITAM.^[21] 6.

Titus, the braue and valorous^[22] young gallant,
Three yeares together in this towne hath beene;
Yet my Lord Chancellor's tombe^[23] he hath not seene
Nor the new water-worke,^[24] nor the Elephant.^[25]
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,—
He hath beene in the Counter^[26] all this while.

IN FAUSTUM. 7.

Faustus, nor lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
To euery place about the towne doth ride;
He rides into the fields, Playes to behold,
He rides to take boat at the water side:
He rides to Pauls',^[27] he rides to th' Ordinary
He rides unto the house of bawdery too,—
Thither his horse doth him so often carry,
That shortly he will quite forget to goe.

IN KATUM.^[28] 8.

Kate being pleas'd wisht that her pleasure could
Indure as long as a buffe-jerkin would:
Content thee, Kate; although thy pleasure wasteth,
Thy pleasure's place like a buffe-jerkin lasteth,
For no buffe-jerkin hath beene oftner worne,
Nor hath more scrapings or more dressings borne.

IN LIBRUM. 9.

Liber doth vaunt how chastly he hath liu'd,
Since he hath bin seuen yeares in towne, and more,^[29]
For that he sweares he hath four onely swiude;^[30]
A maid, a wife, a widdow, and a whore:
Then, Liber, thou hast swiude all women-kinde,
For a fifth sort, I know thou canst not finde.

IN MEDONTEM. 10.

Great captaine Mædon weares a chaine of gold,
Which at fiue hundred crownes is valuèd;
For that it was his grand sire's chaine of old,
When great King Henry, Bulloigne conquerèd.
And weare it Mædon, for it may ensue,
That thou, by vertue of this^[31] massie chaine,
A stronger towne than Bulloigne maist subdue,
If wise men's sawes be not reputed vaine;
For what said Philip king of Macedon?
There is no castle so well fortified,
But if an asse laden with gold comes on,
The guard will stoope, and gates flye open wide.

IN GELLAM. 11.

Gella, if thou dost loue thy selfe, take heed,
Lest thou my rimes^[32] unto thy louer read;
For straight thou grin'st, and then thy louer seeth
Thy canker-eaten gums and rotten teeth.

IN QUINTUM. 12.

Quintus his wit^[33] infused into his braine,
Mislikes^[34] the place, and fled into his feet;
And there it wandered^[35] up and downe the street,
Dabled in the dirt, and soaked in the raine:
Doubtlesse his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaues his head, to travell in the mire.

IN SEVERUM. 13.

The Puritan Severus oft doth read

This text, that doth pronounce vain speech a sin,—
 "That thing defiles a man, that doth proceed,
 From out the mouth, not that which enters in."
 Hence it is,^[36] that we seldome heare him sweare:
 And thereof as a Pharisie he vaunts;
 But he devours more capons in one^[37] yeare,
 Then would suffice an hundred^[38] Protestants.
 And sooth, those sectaries are gluttons all,
 As well the thred-bare cobbler, as the knight;
 For those poore slaues which haue not wherewithall,
 Feed on the rich, till they devour them quite;
 And so, as^[39] Pharoë's kine, they eate up clean,
 Those that be fat, yet still themselues be lean.

IN LEUCAM. 14.

Leuca, in Presence once, a fart did let;
 Some laught a little; she refus'd^[40] the place;
 And mad with shame, did then^[41] her gloue forget,
 Which she return'd to fetch with bashfull grace;
 And when she would haue said, "I've lost my gloue,"^[42]
 My fart (qd. she:) which did more laughter moue.

IN MACRUM. 15.

Thou canst not speake yet, Macer, for to speake,
 Is to distinguish sounds significant:
 Thou with harsh noise the ayre dost rudely breake;
 But what thou utterest common sence doth want,—
 Halfe English words, with fustian termes among
 Much like the burthen of a Northerne song.

IN FASTUM.^[43] 16.

"That youth," saith Faustus, "hath a lyon seene,
 Who from a dicing-house comes money-lesse":
 But when he lost his haire, where had he beene?
 I doubt me he had seene a Lyonesse?

IN COSMUM. 17.

Cosmus hath more discoursing in his head
 Then Ioue, when Pallas issued from his braine;
 And still he strives to be deliveréd
 Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vaine;
 For, as we see at all the play-house doores,
 When ended is the play, the dance, and song,
 A thousand townesmen, gentlemen, and whores,
 Porters and serving-men, together throng,—
 So thoughts of drinking, thriuing, wenching, warre,
 And borrowing money, raging,^[44] in his mind;
 To issue all at once so forward are,
 As none at all can perfect passage find.

IN FLACCUM. 18.

The false knave Flaccus once a bribe I gaue:
 The more foole I to bribe so false a knaue:
 But he gaue back my bribe; the more foole he,
 That for my folly did not cousen me.

IN CINEAM. 19.

Thou doggèd Cineas, hated like a dogge,
 For still thou grumblest like a mastie^[45] dogge,
 Compar'st thyself to nothing but a dogge;
 Thou saith^[46] thou art as weary as a dogge,
 As angry, sicke, and hungry as a dogge,
 As dull and melancholly as a dogge,
 As lazy, sleepy,^[47] idle as a dogge:
 But why dost thou compare thee to a dogge
 In that, for which all men despise a dogge?
 I will compare thee better to a dogge:
 Thou art as faire and comely as a dogge,
 Thou art as true and honest as a dogge,
 Thou art as kind and liberall as a dogge,

Thou art as wise and valiant as a dogge.
But Cineas, I have [often][48] heard thee tell,
Thou art as like thy father as may be;
'Tis like enough; and faith I like it well;
But I am glad thou art not like to me.

IN GERONTEM. 20.

Geron's[49] mouldy memory corrects
Old Holinshed, our famous Chronicler,
With morall rules; and policy collects
Out of all actions done these fourscore yeare;[50]
Accounts the times of euery old[51] event,
Not from Christ's birth, nor from the Prince's raigne,
But from some other famous accident,
Which in mens generall notice doth remaine,—
The siege of Bulloigne and the Plaguy Sweat,
The going to St. Quintin's and New-haven,
The rising in the North, the Frost so great
That cart-wheeles' prints on Thamis face were graven,[52]
The fall of money, and burning of Paul's steeple;
The blazing starre, and Spaniard's ouerthrow:
By these events, notorious to the people,
He measures times, and things forepast doth show:
But most of all, he chiefly reckons by
A priuate chance,—the death of his curst[53] wife;
This is to him the dearest memory,
And the happiest accident of all his life.

IN MARCUM. 21.

When Marcus comes from Minnes,[54] hee still doth sweare,
By "come on[55] seauen," that all is lost and gone;
But that's not true; for he hath lost his haire,—
Onely for that he came too much at one.

IN CIPRUM.[56] 22.

The fine youth Ciprius is more tierse and neate,
Then the new garden of the Old Temple is;
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this;
He weares a hat of the flat-crowne block,
The treble ruffes, long cloake, and doublet French;
He takes tobacco, and doth weare a lock,
And wastes more time in dressing then a wench:
Yet this new fangled youth, made for these times,
Doth about all praise old George Gascoine's[57] rimes?

IN CINEAM. 23.

When Cineas comes amongst his friends in morning,
He slyly spies[58] who first his cap doth moue;
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for euer they had lost his loue.
I seeing[59] how it doth the humour fit
Of this fond[60] gull to be saluted first,
Catch at my cap, but moue it not a whit:
Which to[61] perceiuing, he seemes for spite to burst:
But Cineas, why expect you more of me,
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality,
For vault, and dance, and fence and rime I can:
You keep a whore at your own charge, men tell me,
Indeed friend (Cineas) therein you excell me.

IN GALLUM. 24.

Gallas hath beene this Summer-time in Friesland,
And now return'd, he speaks such warlike words,
As, if I could their English understand,
I feare me they would cut my throat like swords:
He talkes of counter-scarfes[62] and casomates,
Of parapets, of curteneyes, and palizadoes;
Of flankers, ravelings, gabions he prates,
And of false-brayes,[63] and sallies[64] and scaladoes.

But, to requite such gulling tearmes as these,
With words of my profession I reply;
I tell of fourching,^[65] vouchers, and counterpleas,
Of withermans,^[66] essoynes, and Champarty.
So, neither of us understanding^[67] one another,
We part as wise as when we came together.

IN DECIUM. 25.

Audacious painters have Nine Worthies made;
But poet Decius,^[68] more audacious farre,
Making his mistris march with men of warre,
With title of "Tenth Worthy"^[69] doth her lade.^[70]
Me thinks that gull did use his tearmes as fit,
Which tearm'd his loue "a gyant for her wit."

IN GELLAM. 26.

If Gella's beauty be examinèd,
She hath a dull, dead eye, a saddle nose,
And^[71] ill-shap't face, with morphew ouer-spread,
And rotten teeth, which she in laughing shows;
Briefly, she is the filthiest wench in towne,
Of all that doe the art of whoring use:
But when she hath put on her sattin gowne,
Her cut^[72] lawne apron, and her velvet shooes,
Her greene silke stockins and her petticoat
Of taffaty, with golden fringe a-round,
And is withall perfumed with civet hot,^[73]
Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound,—
Yet she with these additions is no more
Than a sweet, filthy, fine, ill-favoured^[74] whore.

IN SYLLAM. 27.

Sylla is often challenged to the field,
To answer as a gentleman, his foes:
But then he doth this^[75] answer onely yeeld,—
That he hath livings and faire lands to lose.
Silla, if none but beggars valiant were,
The King of Spaine would put us all in feare.

IN SILLAM. 28.

Who dares affirme that Silla dares not fight?
When I dare sweare he dares adventure more
Than the most braue and all-daring^[76] wight,^[77]
That euer armes with resolution bore;
He that dares^[78] touch the most unwholsome whore
That euer was retir'd into the Spittle^[79]
And dares court wenches standing at a doore,
(The portion his wit being passing little);
He that dares give his dearest friends offences,
Which other valiant fooles doe feare to doe:
And when a feaver doth confound his sences,
Dare eate raw beefe, and drink strong wine thereto:
He that dares take tobacco on the stage,^[80]
Dares man a whore at noone-day through the street:
Dares dance in Paul's and in this formall age,
Dares say and doe whateuer is unmeet;
Whom feare of shame could neuer yet affright,—
Who dares affirme that Sylla dares not fight?

IN HAYWODUM.^[81] 29.

Haywood, that did^[82] in Epigrams excell,
Is now put downe since my light Muse arose;
As buckets are put downe into a well,
Or as a schoole-boy putteth downe his hose.^[83]

IN DACUM.^[84] 30.

Amongst the poets Dacus numbred is,
Yet could he neuer make an English rime;
But some prose speeches I haue heard of his,
Which haue been spoken many an hundreth time:

The man that keeps the Elephant hath one,
Wherein he tells the wonders of the beast:
Another Bankes pronouncèd long agon,^[85]
When he his curtailes^[86] qualities exprest:
He first taught him that that keeps the monuments
At Westminster, his formall tale to say;
And also him which Puppets represents,
And also him which with the Ape doth play:
 Though all his Poetry be like to this,
 Amongst the poets Dacus numbred is.

IN PRISCUM. 31.

When Priscus, rais'd from low to high estate,
Rode through the street in pompous jollity;
Caius, his poore familiar friend of late,
Bespake him thus: "Sir, now you know not me."
 "'Tis likely friend," (quoth Priscus) "to be so,
 For at this time myselfe I do not know."

IN BRUNUM. 32.

Brunus, which deems himselfe a faire sweet youth
Is thirty nine yeares of age at least;
Yet was he neuer, to confesse the truth,
But a dry starveling when he was at best:
This gull was sicke to shew his night-cap fine,
And his wrought pillow over-spread with lawne;
 But hath been well since his griefe's cause hath line^[87]
 At Trollup's by Saint Clement's Church, in pawne.

IN FRANCIUM. 33.

When Francus comes to sollace with his whore,
He sends for rods, and strips himselfe stark naked;
For his lust sleeps and will not rise before,
By whipping of the wench it be awakèd.
 I enuie him not, but wish I had the powre
 To make myselfe^[88] his wench but one halfe houre.

IN CASTOREM. 34.

Of speaking well why doe we learne the skill,
Hoping thereby honour and wealth to gaine;
 Sith rayling Castor doth, by speaking ill,
 Opinion of much wit and gold obtaine?

IN SEPTIMIUM. 35.

Septimus liues, and is like garlick seene,
For though his head be white, his blade is greene:
 This old mad coult deserves a Martyr's praise,
 For he was burnèd in Queene Marie's daies.

OF TOBACCO. 36.

Homer, of Moly and Nepenthe sings:
Moly, the gods' most soueraigne hearb diuine,
Nepenthe, Heauen's^[89] drinke, most^[90] gladnesse brings,
Heart's griefe expells, and doth the wits refine.
But this our age another world hath found,
From whence an hearb of heauenly power is brought;
Moly is not so soueraigne for a wound,
Nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders wrought:^[91]
It is Tobacco, whose sweet substantiall^[92] fume
The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing downe, and drying up the rheume,
The mother and the nurse of each disease:
It is Tobacco, which doth cold expell,
And cleares the obstructions of the arteries,
And surfeits, threatning death, dijesteth well,
Decocting all the stomack's crudities:
It is Tobacco, which hath power to clarifie
The cloudy mists before dimme eyes appearing:
It is Tobacco, which hath power to rarifie
The thick grosse humour which doth stop the hearing;

The wasting hectick, and the quartaine feuer,
 Which doth of Physick make a mockery;
 The gout it cures, and helps ill breaths for euer,
 Whether the cause in teeth or stomack be;
 And though ill breaths were by it but confounded,
 Yet that vile medicine it doth farre excell,
 Which by Sir Thomas Moore^[93] hath beene propounded:
 For this is thought a gentleman-like smell.
 O, that I were one of those Mountebankes,
 Which praise their oyles and powders which they sell!
 My customers would giue me coyne with thanks;
 I for this ware, for sooth^[94] a tale would tell:
 Yet would I use none of these tearmes before;
 I would but say, that it the Pox will cure:
 This were enough, without discoursing more,
 All our braue gallants in the towne t'allure,

IN CRASSUM. 37.

Crassus his lyes,^[95] are not pernicious lyes,
 But pleasant fictions, hurtfull unto none
 But to himselfe; for no man counts him wise
 To tell for truth that which for false is knowne.
 He swears that Gaunt is three score miles about,
 And that the bridge at Paris on the Seyn
 Is of such thickness, length and breadth throughout,
 That sixe score Arches can it scarce sustaine;
 He swears he saw so great a dead man's scull
 At Canterbury, dig'd out of the ground,
 That would containe of wheat three bushels full;
 And that in Kent are twenty yeomen found,
 Of which the poorest euery yeare dispends,
 Fiue thousand pounds: these and fiue thousand mo,
 So oft he hath recited to his friends,
 That now himselfe perswades himselfe 'tis so.
 But why doth Crassus tell his lyes so rife,
 Of Bridges, Townes, and things that haue no life?
 He is a Lawyer, and doth well espie,
 That for such lyes an Action will not lye.

IN PHILONEM. 38.

Philo the Lawyer^[96] and the Fortune-teller;
 The Schoole-master, the Midwife, and the Bawd,
 The conjurer, the buyer, and the seller
 Of painting, which with breathing will be thaw'd,
 Doth practise Physicke; and his credit growes,
 As doth the Ballad-singer's auditory,^[97]
 Which hath at Temple-barre his standing chose,
 And to the vulgar sings an Ale-house story:
 First stands a Porter; then an Oyster-wife
 Doth stint her cry, and stay her steps to heare him;
 Then comes a Cut-purse ready with a^[98] knife,
 And then a Countrey clyent passeth neare him;
 There stands the Constable, there stands the whore,
 And, listening^[99] to the song, heed^[100] not each other;
 There by the Serjeant stands the debtor,^[101]
 And doth no more mistrust him then his brother:
 Thus Orpheus to such hearers giueth musick,
 And Philo to such patients giueth physick.

IN FUSCUM. 39.

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will;
 Yet in the course of life that he doth lead,
 He's like a horse which, turning round a mill,
 Doth always in the self-same circle tread:
 First, he doth rise at ten; and at eleuen
 He goes to Gyls,^[102] where he doth eate till one;
 Then sees a Play till sixe, and sups at seven;
 And after supper, straight to bed is gone;
 And there till ten next day he doth remaine,
 And then he dines, and^[103] sees a Comedy;
 And then he suppes, and goes to bed againe:
 Thus round he runs without variety,
 Saue that sometimes he comes not to the Play,

But falls into a whore-house by the way.

IN AFRAM. 40.

The smell-feast Afer, trauailes to the Burse^[104]
Twice euery day, the newest^[105] newes to heare;
Which, when he hath no money in his purse,
To rich mens tables he doth often beare:
He tells how Gronigen^[106] is taken in,^[107]
By the braue conduct of illustrious Vere,^[108]
And how the Spanish forces Brest would win,
But that they doe victorious Norris feare.
No sooner is a ship at sea surpris'd,
But straight he learnes the news, and doth disclose it:
No sooner hath the Turk a plot deuise'd
To conquer^[109] Christendom, but straight he knows it:^[110]
Faire written in a scrowle he hath the names
Of all the widdows which the Plague hath made;
And persons, times, and places still he frames,
To euery tale, the better to perswade:
We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth slaue
Will eate as fast as he will utter lies;
For Fame is said an hundred mouths to haue,
And he eates more than would fiue score suffice.

IN PAULUM. 41.

By lawfull mart, and by unlawfull stealth,
Paulus in spite of enuy, fortunate,
Deriues out of the Ocean so much wealth,
As he may well maintaine a lord's estate;
But on the land a little gulfe there is,
Wherein he drowneth all the wealth of his.

IN LICUM. 42.

Lycus, which lately^[111] is to Venice gone,
Shall if he doe returne, gaine three for one:^[112]
But ten to one, his knowledge and his wit
Will not be bettered or increas'd a whit.

IN PUBLIUM. 43.

Publius [a] student at the Common-law,
Oft leaves his Bookes, and for his recreation,
To Paris-garden^[113] doth himselfe withdrawe;
Where he is rauisht with such delectation,
As downe among^[114] the beares and dogges he goes;
Where, whilst he skipping cries "to head to head,"
His satten doublet and his veluet hose^[115]
Are all with spittle from aboue be-spread:
When he is like his father's countrey Hall,^[116]
Stinking with dogges, and muted^[117] all with haukes;
And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,
Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsakes;^[118]
Leaving old Ployden,^[119] Dyer, Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes, and Sacarson.^[120]

IN SILLAM. 44.

When I this proposition had defended,
"A coward cannot be an honest man,"
Thou Silla, seem'st forthwith to be offended,
And holds the contrary, and swears he can;
But when I tell thee that he will forsake
His dearest friend, in perill of his life;
Thou then art chang'd, and sayst thou didst mistake,
And so we end our argument and strife:
Yet I think oft, and thinke I thinke aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

IN DACUM.^[121] 45.

Dacus with some good colour and pretence,
Tearmes his love's beauty "silent eloquence:"
For she doth lay more colour on her face

Than ever Tully us'd his speech to grace.

IN MARCUM. 46.

Why dost thou, Marcus, in thy misery,
Raile and blasphemee, and call the heauens unkind?
The heauens doe owe no kindnesse unto thee,
Thou hast the heauens so little in thy minde;
For in thy life thou neuer usest prayer
But at primero, to encounter faire.

MEDITATIONS OF A GULL. 47.

See, yonder melancholy gentleman,
Which, hood-wink'd with his hat, alone doth sit!
Thinke what he thinks, and tell me if you can,
What great affaires troubles his little wit.
He thinks not of the warre 'twixt France and Spaine,
Whether it be for Europe's good or ill,
Nor whether the Empire can itselke maintaine
Against the Turkish power encroaching still;
Nor what great towne in all the Netherlands,
The States determine to beseige this Spring;
Nor how the Scottish policy now stands,
Nor what becomes of the Irish mutining.
But he doth seriously bethinke him whether
Of the gull'd people he be more esteem'd
For his long cloake or for his great black feather,
By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd;
Or of a journey he deliberates,
To Paris-garden,^[122] Cock-pit or the Play;
Or how to steale a dog he meditates,
Or what he shall unto his mistriss say:
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himself most fit
To be of counsell with a king for wit.

AD MUSAM. 48.

Peace,^[123] idle Muse, haue done! for it is time,
Since lousie Ponticus enuies my fame,
And swears the better sort are much to blame
To make me so well knowne for my^[124] ill rime:
Yet Bankes his horse,^[125] is better knowne then he.
So are the Cammels and the westerne hogge,^[126]
And so is Lepidus his printed Dog:^[127]
Why doth not Ponticus their fames enuie?
Besides, this Muse of mine, and the blacke feather
Grew both together fresh^[128] in estimation:
And both growne stale, were cast away together:
What fame is this that scarce lasts^[129] out a fashion?
Onely this last in credit doth remaine,
That from henceforth, each bastard cast-forth rime,
Which doth but savour of a libell vaine,
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime;
So dull, and with so little sence endu'd,
Is my grose-headed Judge, the multitude.

Finis. I. D.

Appendix to Epigrams:

(FROM THE HARLEIAN MSS. 1836.)

As explained in the Note, page 6 *ante*, I have gleaned a few additions to these Epigrams. At close of those of HUTTON,—in the MS. marked 60 and in Hutton's own volume 56,—on folio 15*d*, is the word 'finis.' Immediately under this, the MS. is continued in the same handwriting on to folio 19, whereon 'finis' is again placed: and on folios 19 and 20 Lines 'of Tobacco' with 'finis' once more. These Lines on 'Tobacco' are curious: and somewhat resemble those on 'Moly' given in the Hitherto Unpublished Poems of Davies, onward. G.

1. IN SUPERBIAM. Epi. 4.

I tooke the wall, one thrust me rudely by,
And tould me the King's way did open lye.

I thank him y^t he did me so much grace,
to take the worse, leave me the better place;
For if by th' owners wee esteeme of things,
the wall's the subjects, but the way's the King's.

2. Epi. 5.

NIX&	}	SNOW
IX		9
CORNIX		A CROW

NIX:. I that the Winter's daughter am whilst thus my letters stand,
Am whiter then the plumbe^[130] of swan or any ladye's hand;

IX:. Take but away my letter first, and then I doe encline
That stood before for milke white snowe to be the figure nine.
And if that further you desire by change to doe som trickes,
As blacke as any bird I am.

CORNIX:. by adding COR to NIX.

3. Epi. 6.

Health is a jewell true, which when we buy
Physitians value it accordingly.

4. IN AMOROSUM. Epi. 7.

A wife you wisht me (sir) rich, faire and young
with French, Italian, and the Spanish tongue:
I must confesse yo^r kindnesse verie much
but yet in truth, Sir, I deserve none such,
for when I wed—as yet I meane to tarry—
A woman of one language i'le but marry,
and with that little portion of her store,
expect such plenty, I would wish no more.

5. Epi. 9.

Westminster is a mill that grinds all causes,
but grinde his cause for mee there, he y^t list:
For by demures and errours, stayes and clauses,
the tole is oft made greater then the grist.

6. Epi. 10.

He that doth aske St. James they [?] say, shall speed:
O y^t Kinge James would answeere to my need.

V. GULLINGE SONNETS.

NOTE.

These 'Gullinge Sonnets' were first printed in my reproduction of the Dr. Farmer MS. for the Chetham Society (2 vols. 4to., 1873) in Part I. pp. 76-81. There seems no question that these Sonnets belong to Sir John Davies. Besides the "J. D." and "Mr. Dauyes" of the MS., his most marked turns of thought and epithet are readily discernible in them. See critical remarks on them and their probable *motif* in Memorial-Introduction.

The Sir Anthony Cooke to whom these Sonnets are dedicated descended from the Sir Anthony who was Preceptor to King Edward VI., and for Letters from whom whoso cares may consult the "Reformation" correspondence of the Parker Society. His daughter Mildred was second wife of Lord Burleigh, and his daughter Anne was mother of *the* Bacon. His son and heir, Richard Cooke, died in 1579, and was succeeded by his son Anthony (this Sir Anthony), who was knighted in 1596 by the Earl of Essex at the sacking of Cadiz. He was buried at Romford, Essex, on the 28th December, 1604. G.

[Dedicatory Sonnet.]

TO HIS GOOD FREINDE S^R ANTH. COOKE.

Here my Camelion Muse her selfe doth chaunge
to diuers shapes of gross absurdities,
and like an Antick^[131] mocks wth fashion straunge
the fond^[132] admirers of lewde gulleries.
Your iudgement sees wth pittie, and wth scorne
The bastard Sonnetts of these Rymers bace,
W^{ch} in this whiskinge age are daily borne
To their own shames, and Poetrie's disgrace.
Yet some praise those and some perhappes will praise
euen these of myne: and therefore thes I send
to you that pass in Courte yo^r glorious dayes;
Y^t if some rich rash gull these Rimes commend
Thus you may sett this formall witt to schoole,
Vse yo^r owne grace, and begg him for a foole.

J. D.

Gullinge Sonnets.

1— The Louer Vnder burthen of his M^{ris} love
W^{ch} lyke to Ætna did his harte oppre[s][s]e:
did giue [s]uch piteous grones y^t he did moue
the heau'nes at length to pittie his di[s]tre[s][s]e
but for the fates in their high Courte aboute
forbad to make the greuous burthen le[s][s]e.
the gracous powers did all con[s]pire to proue
Yt miracle this mi[s]cheife mighte redre[s][s]e;
therefore regardinge y^t y^e loade was [s]uch
as noe man mighte wth one man's mighte [s]u[s]tayne
and y^t mylde patience^[133] imported much
to him that [s]hold indure an endles payne:
By there decree he [s]loone transformèd was
into a patiente burden-bearinge A[s][s]e.

2— As when y^e brighte Cerulian firmament
hathe not his glory wth black cloudes defas'te,
Soe were my thoughts voyde of all di[s]content;
and wth noe my[s]te of pa[s][s]ions ouerca[s]t
they all were pure and cleare, till at the la[s]t
an ydle careles thoughte forthe wandringe wente
and of y^t poy[s]onous beauty tooke a ta[s]te
W^{ch} doe the harts of louers [s]o torment:
then as it chauncethe in a flock of [s]heepe
when [s]ome contagious yll breedes fir[s]t in one
daylie it [s]preedes & [s]ecretly doth creepe
till all the [s]illy troupe be ouergone.
So by clo[s]e neighbourhood wth in my bre[s]t
one [s]curuy thoughte infecteth all the re[s]t.

3— What Eagle can behould her [s]unbrighte eye,
her [s]unbrighte eye y^t lights the world wth loue,
the world of Loue wherein I liue and dye,
I liue and dye and diuers chaunges proue,
I chaunges proue, yet [s]till the [s]ame am I,
the [s]ame am I and neuer will remoue,
neuer remoue vntill my [s]oule dothe flye,
my [s]oule dothe fly, and I [s]urcea[s]e to moue,
I cea[s]e to moue w^{ch} now am mou'd by you,
am mou'd by you y^t moue all mortall hartes,
all mortall hartes who[s]e eyes yo^r eyes doth veiwe,
Yo^r eyes doth veiwe whence Cupid [s]hoots his darts,
whence Cupid [s]hootes his dartes and woundeth tho[s]e
that honor you and neuer weare^[134] his foes.

4— The hardnes of her harte and truth of myne
when the all [s]eeinge eyes of heauen did [s]ee
they [s]treight concluded y^t by powre devine
to other formes our hartes should turnèd be.

then hers as hard as flynte, a Flynte became
and myne as true as [s]teele, to [s]teele was turned,
and then betwene o^r hartes [s]prange forthe the flame
of kinde[s]t loue, w^{ch} vnextingui[s]h'd burned;
And longe the [s]acred lampe of mutuall loue
ince[s]santlie did burne in glory brighte;
Vntill my folly did her fury moue
to recompence my [s]eruice wth de[s]pighte,
and to put out wth [s]nuffers of her pride
the lampe of loue w^{ch} els had neuer dyed.

5— Myne Eye, mine eare, my will, my witt, my harte
did [s]ee, did heare, did like, di[s]cerne, did loue:
her face, her [s]peche, her fa[s]hion, iudgem^t, arte,
w^{ch} did charme, plea[s]e, delighte, confounde and moue.

Then fancie, humo^r, loue, conceipte, and thoughte
did [s]oe drawe, force, inty[s]e, per[s]wade, deui[s]e,
that [s]he was wonne, mou'd, caryed, compa[s]t, wrought
to thinck me kinde, true, comelie, valyant, wi[s]e;
that heauen, earth, hell, my folly and her pride
did worke, contriue, labor, con[s]pire and [s]weare
to make me [s]corn'd, vile, ca[s]t of, bace, defyed
Wth her my loue, my lighte, my life, my deare:
So that my harte, my witt, will, eare, and eye
doth greiue, lament, sorrowe, di[s]paire and dye.

6— The [s]acred Mu[s]e that fir[s]te made loue deuine
hath made him naked and wthout attyre,
but I will cloth him wth this penn of myne
that all the world his fa[s]hion [s]hall admyre,
his hatt of hope, his bande of beautye fine,
his cloake of craft, his doblett of de[s]yre,
greife for a girdell, [s]hall aboute him twyne,
his pointes of pride, his Ilet holes of yre,
his ho[s]e of hate, his Cod peece of conceite,
his [s]tockings of [s]terne [s]trife, his [s]hirte of [s]hame,
his garters of vaine glorie gaye and [s]lyte;
his pantofels of pa[s]sions I will frame,
pumpes^[135] of pre[s]umption [s]hall adorne his feete
and Socks of fullennes excedinge [s]weete.

7— Into the midle Temple of my harte
the wanton Cupid did him[s]elfe admitt
and gae for pledge yo^r Eagle-[s]ighted witt
Y^t he wold play noe rude vncivill parte:
Longe tyme he cloak'te his nature wth his arte
and [s]add and graue and [s]ober he did [s]itt,
but at the la[s]t he gan to reuell it,
to breake good rules, and orders to peruerte:
Then loue and his younge pledge were both conuented
before [s]add^[136] Rea[s]on, that old Bencher graue,
who this [s]add [s]entence vnto him pre[s]ented
by dilligence, y^t [s]lye and [s]ecreate knaue
That loue and witt, for euer [s]hold departe
out of the midle Temple of my harte.

8— My ca[s]e is this, I loue Zepheria brighte,
Of her I hold my harte by fealtye:
W^{ch} I di[s]charge to her perpetuallye,
Yet [s]he thereof will neuer me accquite.
for now [s]uppo[s]inge I wth hold her righte
[s]he hathe di[s]treinde my harte to [s]atisfie
the duty w^{ch} I neuer did denye,
and far away impounds it wth de[s]pite;
I labor therefore iu[s]tlye to repleaue^[137]
my harte w^{ch} she vniu[s]tly doth impounde
but quick conceite w^{ch} nowe is loue's highe Sheife
retornes it as e[s]loynde, not to be founde:
Then w^{ch} the lawe affords I onely craue
her harte for myne in wit her name to haue.

9— To Loue my lord I doe knightes [s]eruike owe
and therefore nowe he hath my witt in warde,
but while it is in his tuition [s]oe
me thincks he doth intreate it pa[s][s]inge hard;
for thoughe he hathe it married longe agoe
to Vanytie, a wench of noe regarde,
and nowe to full, and perfect age doth growe,
Yet nowe of freedome it is mo[s]t debarde.
But why [s]hould loue after minoritye
when I am pa[s]t the one and twentieth yeare
perclude my witt of his [s]weete libertye,
and make it [s]till y^e yoake of ward[s]hippe beare.
I feare he hath an other Title gott
and holds my witte now for an Ideott.

M^r Dauyes.

VI. MINOR POEMS.

Minor Poems.

I. *Yet other Twelve Wonders of the World.*[\[138\]](#)

I. *The Courtier.*

Long haue I liu'd in Court, yet learn'd not all this while,
To sel poore sutors, smoke: nor where I hate, to smile:
Superiors to adore, Inferiors to despise,
To flye from such as fall, to follow such as rise;
To cloake a poore desire vnder a rich array,
Not to aspire by vice, though twere the quicker way.

II. *The Divine.*

My calling is Diuine, and I from God am sent,
I will no chop-Church be, nor pay my patron rent,
Nor yeeld to sacriledge; but like the kind true mother,
Rather will loose all the child, then part it with another;
Much wealth, I will not seeke, nor worldly masters serue,
So to grow rich and fat, while my poore flock doth sterue.

III. *The Souldier.*

My occupation is, the noble trade of Kings,
The tryall that decides the highest right of things:
Though *Mars* my master be, I doe not *Venus* loue,
Nor honour *Bacchus* oft, nor often sweare by *Ioue*;
Of speaking of my selfe, I all occasion shunne,
And rather loue to doe, then boast what I haue done.

IV. *The Lawyer.*

The Law my calling is, my robe, my tongue, my pen,
Wealth and opinion gaine, and make me Iudge of men.
The knowne dishonest cause, I neuer did defend,
Nor spun out sutes in length, but wisht and sought an end:
Nor counsell did bewray, nor of both parties take,
Nor euer tooke I fee for which I neuer spake.

V. *The Physition.*

I study to vphold the slippery state of man,
Who dies, when we haue done the best and all we can.
From practise and from bookes, I draw my learnèd skill,
Not from the knowne receipt of 'Potheccaries bill.
The earth my faults doth hide,[\[139\]](#) the world my cures doth see,
What youth, and time effects, is oft ascribde to me.

VI. *The Merchant.*

My trade doth euery thing to euery land supply,
Discouer unknowne coasts, strange Countries to ally;
I neuer did forestall, I neuer did ingrosse,

No custome did withdraw, though I return'd with losse.
I thriue by faire exchange, by selling and by buying,
And not by Jewish vse,[\[140\]](#) reprisall, fraud, or lying.

VII. *The Country Gentleman.*

Though strange outlādish spirits praise towns, and country scorn,
The country is my home, I dwel where I was born:
There profit and command with pleasure I pertake,
Yet do not Haukes and dogs, my sole companions make.
I rule, but not oppresse, end quarrels, not maintaine;
See towns, but dwel not there, t'abridge my charg or train.

VIII. *The Bachelor.*

How many things as yet are deere alike to me,
The field, the horse, the dog, loue, armes or liberty.
I haue no wife as yet, whom I may call mine owne,
I haue no children yet, that by my name are knowne.
Yet if I married were, I would not wish to thriue,
If that I could not tame the veriest shrew aliue.

IX. *The Married Man.*

I only am the man, among all married men,
That do not wish the Priest, to be unlinckt agen.
And thogh my shoo did wring,[\[141\]](#) I wold not make my mone,
Nor think my neighbors chance, more happy then mine own,
Yet court I not my wife, but yeeld obseruance due,
Being neither fond[\[142\]](#) nor crosse, nor iealous, nor vntrue.

X. *The Wife.*

The first of all our Sex came from the side of man,
I thither am return'd, from whence our Sex began;
I doe not visite oft, nor many, when I doe,
I tell my mind to few, and that in counsell too:
I seeme not sick in health, nor sullen but in sorrow,
I care for somewhat else of, then what to weare to morrow.

XI. *The Widdow.*

My dying[\[143\]](#) husband knew, how much his death would grieue me,
And therefore left me wealth, to comfort and relieue me.
Though I no more will haue, I must not loue disdain,
Penelope her selfe did sutors entertaine;
And yet to draw on such, as are of best esteeme,
Nor yonger then I am, nor richer will I seeme.

XII. *The Maid.*

I marriage would forswear, but that I heare men tell,
That she that dies a maid, must leade an Ape in Hell;
Therefore if fortune come, I will not mock and play,
Nor driue the bargaine on, till it be driuen away.
Tithes and lands I like, yet rather fancy can,
A man that wanteth gold, then gold that wants a man. (pp. 1-4.)

II. A CONTENTION

Betwixt a Wife, a Widdow, and a Maide.[\[144\]](#)

Wife. Widdow, well met, whether goe you to day?
Will you not to this solemne offering go?
You know it is *Astreas* holy day:
The Saint to whom all hearts deuotion owe.

Widow. Marry, what else? I purpos'd so to doe:
Doe you not marke how all the wiues are fine?
And how they haue sent presents ready too,
To make their offering at *Astreas* shrine?

See then, the shrine and tapers burning bright,
Come, friend, and let vs first ourselues advance,
We know our place, and if we haue our right,

To all the parish we must leade the dance.

But soft, what means this bold presumptuous maid,
To goe before, without respect of vs?
Your forwardnesse (proude maide) must now be staide:
Where learnd you to neglect your betters thus?

Maid. Elder you are, but not my betters here,
This place to maids a priuiledge must giue:
The Goddesse, being a maid, holds maidens deare,
And grants to them her own prerogatiue.

Besides, on all true virgins, at their birth.
Nature hath set^[145] a crowne of excellence,
That all the wiues and widdowes of the earth,
Should giue them place, and doe them reuerence?

Wife. If to be borne a maid be such a grace,
So was I borne and grac't by nature to,
But seeking more perfection to embrace
I did become a wife as others doe.

Widow. And if the maid and wife such honour have,
I haue beene both, and hold a third degree.
Most maides are Wardes, and euey wife a slaue,
I haue my livery sued,^[146] and I am free.

Maid. That is the fault, that you haue maidens beene,
And were not constant to continue so:
The fals of Angels did increase their sinne,
In that they did so pure a state forgoe:

But Wife and Widdow, if your wits can make,
Your state and persons of more worth then mine,
Aduantage to this place I will not take;
I will both place and priuilege resigne.

Wife. Why marriage is an honourable state.
Widow. And widdow-hood is a reuerend degree:
Maid. But maidenhead, that will admit no mate,
Like maiestie itselue must sacred be.

Wife. The wife is mistresse of her family.
Widow. Much more the widdow, for she rules alone:
Maid. But mistresse of mine owne desires am I,
When you rule others wils and not your owne.

Wife. Onely the wife enjoys the vertuous pleasure.
Widow. The widow can abstaine from pleasures known:
Maid. But th' vncorrupted maid preserues^[147] such measure,
As being by pleasures wooed she cares for none.

Wife. The wife is like a faire supported vine.
Widow. So was the widdow, but now stands alone:
For being growne strong, she needs not to incline.
Maid. Maids, like the earth, supported are of none.

Wife. The wife is as a Diamond richly set;
Maid. The maide vnset doth yet more rich appeare.
Widow. The widdow a Iewel in the Cabinet,
Which though not worn is stil esteem'd as deare.

Wife. The wife doth loue, and is belou'd againe.
Widow. The widdow is awakt out of that dreame.
Maid. The maids white minde had neuer such a staine,
No passion troubles her cleare vertues streame.

Yet if I would be lou'd, lou'd would I be,
Like her whose vertue in the bay is seene:
Loue to wife fades with satietie,
Where loue neuer enjoyed is euer greene.

Widow. Then whats a virgin but a fruitlesse bay?
Maid. And whats a widdow but a rose-lesse bryer?
And what are wiues, but woodbinds which decay
The stately Oakes by which themselues aspire?

And what is marriage but a tedious yoke?
Widow. And whats virginitie but sweete selfe-loue?
Wife. And whats a widdow but an axell broke,
Whose one part failing, neither part can moouue?
Widow. Wiues are as birds in golden cages kept.
Wife. Yet in those cages chearefully they sing:
Widow. Widdowes are birds out of these cages lept,
Whose ioyfull notes makes all the forrest ring.

Maid. But maides are birds amidst the woods secure,
Which neuer hād could touch, nor yet [\[148\]](#) could take;
Nor whistle could deceiue, nor baite allure,
But free vnto themselues doe musicke make.

Wife. The wife is as the turtle with her mate.
Widow. The widdow, as the widdow doue alone;
Whose truth shines most in her forsaken state.
Maid. The maid a Phoenix, and is still but one.

Wife. The wifes a soule vnto her body tyed.
Widow. The widdow a soule departed into blisse.
Maid. The maid, an Angell, which was stellified,
And now t' as faire a house descended is.

Wife. Wiues are faire houses kept and furnisht well.
Widow. Widdowes old castles voide, but full of state:
Maid. But maids are temples where the Gods do dwell,
To whom alone themselues they dedicate.
But marriage is a prison during life,
Where one way out, but many entries be:
Wife. The Nun is kept in cloyster, not the wife,
Wedlocke alone doth make the virgin free.

Maid. The maid is ever fresh, like morne in May:
Wife. The wife with all her beames is beautified,
Like to high noone, the glory of the day:
Widow. The widow, like a milde, sweet, euen-tide.

Wife. An office well supplide is like the wife.
Widow. The widow, like a gainfull office voide:
Maid. But maids are like contentment in this life,
Which al the world haue sought, but none enioid:

Go wife to Dunmow, and demaund your flitch.
Widow. Goe gentle maide, goe leade the Apes in hell.
Wife. Goe widow make some younger brother rich,
And then take thought and die, and all is well.

Alas poore maid, that hast no help nor stay.
Widow. Alas poore wife, that nothing dost possesse;
Maid. Alas poore widdow, charitie doth say,
Pittie the widow and the fatherlesse.

Widow. But happy widdowes haue the world at will.
Wife. But happier wiues, whose ioyes are euer double.
Maid. But happiest maids whose hearts are calme and still,
Whom feare, nor hope, nor loue, nor hate doth trouble.

Wife. Euery true wife hath an indented [\[149\]](#) heart,
Wherein the covenants of loue are writ,
Whereof her husband keepes the counterpart,
And reads his comforts and his ioyes in it.

Widow. But euery widdowes heart is like a booke,
Where her ioyes past, imprinted doe remaine,
But when her iudgements eye therein doth looke;
She doth not wish they were to come againe.

Maid. But the maids heart a faire white table is,
Spotlesse and pure, where no impressions be
But the immortal Characters of blisse,
Which onely God doth write, and Angels see.

Wife. But wiues haue children, what a ioy is this?
Widow. Widows haue children too, but maids haue none.
Maid. No more haue Angels, yet they haue more blisse
Then euer yet to mortall man was knowne.

Wife. The wife is like a faire manurèd^[150] field;
Widow. The widow once was such, but now doth rest.
Maid. The maide, like Paradice, vndrest, vntil'd,
Beares crops of natiue vertue in her breast.

Wife. Who would not dye as wife, as Lucrece died?
Widow. Or liue a widdow, as Penelope?
Maid. Or be a maide, and so be stellified,^[151]
As all the vertues and the graces be.

Wife. Wiues are warme Climates well inhabited;
But maids are frozen zones where none may dwel.
Maid. But fairest people in the North are bred,
Where Africa breeds Monsters blacke as hell.

Wife. I haue my husbands honour and his place.
Widow. My husbands fortunes all suruiue to me.
Maid. The moone doth borrow light, you borrow grace,
When maids by their owne vertues gracèd be.

White is my colour; and no hew but this
It will receiue, no tincture can it staine.
Wife. My white hath tooke one colour, but it is
My honourable purple dyed in graine.^[152]

Widow. But it hath beene my fortune to renue
My colour twice from that it was before.
But now my blacke will take no other hue,
And therefore now I meane to change no more.

Wife. Wiues are faire Apples seru'd in golden dishes.
Widow. Widows good wine, which time makes better much.
Maid. But Maids are grapes desired by many wishes,
But that they grow so high as none can touch.

Wife. I haue a daughter equals you, my girle.
Maid. The daughter doth excell the mother then:
As pearles are better then the mother of pearle
Maids loose their value whē they match with men.
Widow. The man with whō I matcht, his worth was such
As now I scorne a maide should be my peare:^[153]
Maid. But I will scorne the man you praise so much,
For maids are matchlesse, and no mate can beare.

Hence is it that the virgine neuer loues,
Because her like she finds not anywhere;
For likenesse euermore affection moues,
Therefore the maide hath neither loue nor peere.

Wife. Yet many virgins married wiues would be.
Widow. And many a wife would be a widdow faine.
Maid. There is no widdow but desires to see,
If so she might, her maiden daies againe.

Widow.^[154] There neuer was a wife that liked her lot:
Wife. Nor widdow but was clad in mourning weeds.
Maid. Doe what you will, marry, or marry not,
Both this estate and that, repentance breeds.

Wife. But she that this estate and that hath seene,
Doth find great ods betweene the wife and girle.
Maid. Indeed she doth, as much as is betweene
The melting haylestone and the solid pearle.

Wife. If I were Widdow, my merry dayes were past.
Widow. Nay, then you first become sweete pleasures guest,
Wife.^[155] For mayden-head is a continuall fast,
And marriage is a continual feast.

Maid. Wedlock indeed hath oft comparèd bin
To publike Feasts where meete a publike rout;
Where they that are without would faine go in,
And they that are within would faine go out.

Or to the Iewell which this vertue had,
That men were mad till they might it obtaine,
But when they had it, they were wise as mad,

Till they were diposst of it againe.

Wife. Maids cannot iudge, because they cannot tell,
What comforts and what ioyes in marriage be:

Maid. Yes, yes, though blessed Saints in heauen do dwell,
They doe the soules in Purgatory see.

Widow. If euery wife do liue in Purgatory.
Then sure it is, that Widdowes liue in blisse:
And are translated to a state of glory,
But Maids as yet haue not attain'd to this.

Maid. Not Maids? To spotlesse maids this gift is giuen,
To liue in incorruption from their birth;
And what is that but to inherit heauen
Euen while they dwell vpon the spotted earth?

The perfectest of all created things,
The purest gold, that suffers no allay;^[156]
The sweetest flower that on th' earths bosome springs,
The pearle vnborn, whose price no price can pay:

The Christall Glasse that will no venome hold,^[157]
The mirror wherein Angels loue to looke,
Dianaes bathing Fountaine cleere and cold,
Beauties fresh Rose, and vertues liuing booke.

Of loue and fortune both, the Mistresse borne,
The soueraigne spirit that will be thrall to none;
The spotlesse garment that was neuer worne,
The Princely Eagle that still flyes alone.

She sees the world, yet her cleere thought doth take
No such deepe print as to be chang'd thereby;
As when we see the burning fire doth make,
No such impression as doth burne the eye.

Wife. No more (sweete maid) our strife is at an end,
Cease now: I fear we shall transformèd be
To chattering Pies, as they that did contend
To match the Muses in their harmony.

Widow. Then let us yeeld the honour and the place,
And let vs both be sutors to the maid;
That since the Goddesse giues her speciall grace,
By her cleere hands the offering be conuaide.

Maid. Your speech I doubt hath some displeasure mou'd,
Yet let me haue the offering, I will see;
I know she hath both wiues and widdowes lou'd,
Though she would neither wife nor widdow be. (pp 5-15.)

III. A LOTTERY.^[158]

Presented before the late Queenes Maiesty at the Lord Chancelors House, 1602.^[159]

A Marriner with a Boxe vnder his arme, contayning all the seuerall things following, supposed to come from the Carrick,^[160] came into the Presence, singing this Song:

Cynthia Queene of Seas and Lands,
That fortune euery where commands,
Sent forth fortune to the Sea,
To try her fortune euery way.

There did I fortune meet, which makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the Sea, nor seruice to the King.

All the Nymphs of *Thetis* traine
Did *Cinthias* fortunes entertaine:
Many a Jewell, many a Iem,
Was to her fortune brought by them.
Her fortune sped so well, as makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the Sea, nor seruice to the King.

Fortune that it might be seene,
That she did serue a royall Queene,

A franke and royall hand did beare,
And cast her fauors euery where.
Some toyes fell to my share, which makes me now to sing,
There is no fishing to the Sea, nor seruice to the King.^[161]

And the Song ended, he vttered this short Speech:

God saue you faire Ladies all: and for my part, if euer I be brought to answere for my sinnes, God forgiue my sharking, and lay vsury to my charge. I am a Marriner, and am now come from the sea, where I had the fortune to light upon these few trifles. I must confesse I came but lightly by them, but I no sooner had them, but I made a vow, that as they came to my hands by Fortune, so I would not part with them but by Fortune. To that end I haue euer since carried these Lots about me, that if I met with fit company I might deuide my booty among them. And now, (I thanke my good Fortune,)! I am lighted into the best company of the world, a company of the fairest Ladyes that euer I saw. Come Ladies try your fortunes, and if any light upon an unfortunate Blanke, let her thinke that Fortune doth but mock her in these trifles, and meanes to pleasure her in greater matters.

The Lots.

1. Fortunes Wheele.

Fortune must now no more in triumph ride,
The wheelles are yours that did her Chariot guide.

2. A Purse.

You thriue, or would, or may, your Lots a Purse
Fill it with gold, and you are nere the worse.

3. A Maske.

Want you a Maske? heere Fortune gives you one,
Yet nature giues the Rose and Lilly none.

4. A Looking-Glasse.

Blinde Fortune doth not see how faire you be,
But giues a glasse that you your selfe may see.

5. A Hankerchiefe.

Whether you seeme to weepe, or weepe indeed,
This Hand-kerchiefe will stand you well in steed.

6. A Plaine Ring.

Fortune doth send^[162] you, hap it well or ill,
This plaine gold Ring, to wed you to your will.

7. A Ring, with this Poesie As faithfull as I find.

Your hand by Fortune on this Ring doth light,
And yet the words^[163] do hit your humour right.

8. A Pair of Gloues.

Fortune these Gloues to you in challenge sends,
For that you loue not fooles that are her friends.^[164]

9. A Dozen of Points.^[165]

You are in euery point a louer true,
And therefore Fortune giues the points to you.

10. A Lace.

Giue her the Lace that loues to be straight lac'd,
So Fortunes little gift is aptly plac'd.

11. A Paire of Kniues.

Fortune doth giue this paire of Kniues to you,
To cut the thred of loue, if 't be not true.

12. A Girdle.

By Fortunes Girdle you may happy be,^[166]

But they that are lesse happy are more free.

13. *A Payre of Writing-Tables.*

These Tables may containe your thoughts^[167] in part,
But write not all, that's written in your heart.

14. *A Payre of Garters.*

Though you haue Fortunes Garters, you must be
More staid and constant in your steps then she.

15. *A Coife and Crosse-Cloth.*

Frowne in good earnest, or be sick in iest,
This Coife and Cross-Cloth will become you best.

16. *A Scarfe.*

Take you this Scarfe, bind *Cupid* hand and foote,
So loue must aske you leaue before hee shoote.

17. *A Falling Band.*

Fortune would have you rise, yet guides your hand,
From other Lots to take the falling band.

18. *A Stomacher.*

This Stomacher is full of windowes^[168] wrought,
Yet none through them can see into your thought.

19. *A Pair of Sizzers.*^[169]

These sizzers do your huswifery bewray,
You loue to work though you are borne to play.

20. *A Chaine.*

Because you scorne loue's Captiue to remaine,
Fortune hath sworne to leade you in a Chaine.

21. *A Prayer-Booke.*

Your Fortune may prooue^[170] good another day,
Till Fortune come, take you a booke to pray.

22. *A Snuftkin.*^[171]

'Tis Summer yet, a Snuftkin is your Lot,
But 'twill be winter one day, doubt you not.

23. *A Fanne.*

You loue to see, and yet to be vnseen,
Take you this Fanne to be your beauties skreene.

24. *A Pair of Bracelets.*

Lady, your hands are fallen into a snare,
For *Cupids* manicles these Bracelets are.

25. *A Bodkin.*

Euen with this Bodkin you may lie unharmed,
Your beauty is with vertue so well armed.

26. *A Necklace.*

Fortune giues your faire neck this lace to weare,
God grant a heauier yoke it neuer beare.

27. *A Cushinet.*

To her that little cares what Lot she wins,
Chance gives a little Cushinet to stick pinnes.

28. *A Dyall.*

The Dyal's your's, watch time least it be lost,

Yet they most lose it that do watch it most.^[172]

29. *A Nutmeg with a Blanke Parchment in it.*

This Nutmeg holds a Blanke, but chance doth hide it:
Write your owne wish, and Fortune will prouide it.

30. *Blanke.*

Wot you not why Fortune giues you no prize,
Good faith she saw you not, she wants her eyes.

31. *Blanke.*

You are so dainty to be pleaz'd, God wot,
Chance knowes not what to giue you for a Lot.

32. *Blanke.*

Tis pittie such a hand should draw in vaine,
Though it gaine nought, yet shall it pittie gaine.

33. *Blanke.*

Nothing's your Lot, that's more then can be told,
For nothing is more precious then gold.

34. *Blanke.*

You faine would haue, but what, you cannot tell.
In giuing nothing, Fortune serues you well.

SIR I. D. (pp. 42-46.)

IV. CANZONET.

A Hymne in Praise of Musicke.^[173]

Praise, pleasure, profite, is that threefold band,
Which ties mens minds more fast then Gordions knots:
Each one some drawes, all three none can withstand,
Of force conioynd, Conquest is hardly got.

Then Musicke may of hearts a Monarch be,
Wherein prayse, pleasure, profite so agree.

Praise-worthy Musicke is, for God it praiseth,
And pleasant, for brute beasts therein delight,
Great profit from it flowes, for why it raiseth
The mind ouerwhelmed with rude passions might:

When against reason passions fond rebell,
Musicke doth that confirme, and those expell.

If Musicke did not merit endlesse praise,
Would heauenly Spheares delight in siluer round?^[174]
If ioyous pleasure were not in sweet layes
Would they in Court and Country so abound?

And profitable needes we must that call,
Which pleasure linkt with praise, doth bring to all.

Heroicke minds with praises most incited,
Seeke praise in Musicke and therein excell:
God, man, beasts, birds, with Musicke are delighted,
And pleasant t'is which pleaseth all so well:

No greater profit is then self-content,
And this will Musicke bring, and care preuent.

When antique Poets Musick's praises tell,
They say it beasts did please, and stons did moue:
To proue more dull then stons, then beasts more fell,
Those men which pleasing Musicke did not loue;

They fain'd, it Cities built, and States defended
To shew the profite great on it depended.

Sweet birds (poor men's Musicians) neuer slake
To sing sweet Musickes praises day and night:

The dying Swans in Musicke pleasure take,
To shew that it the dying can delight:
In sicknesse, health, peace, warre, we do it need,
Which proues sweet Musicks profit doth exceed.

But I by niggard praising, do dispraise
Praise-worthy Musicke in my worthlesse Rime:
Ne can the pleasing profit of sweet laies,
Any saue learnèd Muses well define:
Yet all by these rude lines may clearely see,
Praise, pleasure, profite in sweet musicke be. [pp. 138-9.]

(No sig. but in 1602. I. D.)

V. TEN SONETS TO PHILOMEL.[\[175\]](#)

SONNET I.

Vpon Loues entring by the eares.

Oft did I heare our eyes the passage weare,
By which Loue entred to assaile our hearts:
Therefore I garded them, and void of feare,
Neglected the defence of other parts.
Loue knowing this, the vsuall way forsooke:
And seeking found a by-way by mine eare.
At which he entring, my heart prisoner tooke,
And vnto thee sweete Phylomel did beare.
Yet let my heart thy heart to pittie moue,
Whose paine is great, although small fault appeare.
First it lies bound in fettring chaines of loue,
Then each day it is rackt with hope and feare.
And with loues flames tis euermore consumed,
Only because to loue thee it presumed.

O why did Fame my heart to loue betray,
By telling my Deares vertue and perfection?
Why did my Traytor eares to it conuey
That Syren-song, cause of my hearts infection?
Had I been deafe, or Fame her gifts concealed,
Then had my heart beene free from hopelesse Loue:
Or were my state likewise by it reuealed,
Well might it Philomel to pittie moue.
Than should she know how loue doth make me languish,
Distracting me twixt hope and dreadfull feare:
Then should she know my care, my plaints and anguish,
All which for her deare selfe I meekely beare.
Yea I could quietly deaths paines abide,
So that she knew that for her sake I dide.

Of his owne, and his Mistresse sicknesse at one time.

Sicknesse entending my loue to betray,
Before I should sight of my deere obtaine:
Did his pale colours in my face display,
Lest that my fauour might her fauours gaine.
Yet not content herewith, like meanes it wrought,
My Philomels bright beauty to deface:
And natures glory to disgrace it sought,
That my conceiuèd loue it might displace.
But my firme loue could this assault well beare,
Which vertue had, not beauty for his ground.
And yet bright beames of beauty did appeare,
Through sicknesse vaile, which made my loue abound;
If sicke (thought I) her beauty so excell,
How matchlesse would it be if she were well.

Another of her sicknesse and recovery.

Pale Death himselfe did loue my Philomell,
When he her vertues and rare beauty saw,
Therefore he sicknesse sent: which should expell
His riuals life, and my deare to him draw.
But her bright beauty dazled so his eyes,
That his dart life did misse, though her it hit:

Yet not therewith content, new meanes he tries,
To bring her vnto Death, and make life flit.
But Nature soone perceiuing, that he meant
To spoyle her onely Phœnix, her chiefe pride,
Assembled all her force, and did preuent
The greatest mischief that could her betide.
So both our liues and loues, Nature defended:
For had she di'de, my loue and life had ended.

Allusion to Theseus voyage to Crete, against the Minotaure.

My loue is sail'd against dislike to fight,
Which like vile monster, threatens his decay:
The ship is hope, which by desires great might,
Is swiftly borne towards the wishèd bay:
The company which with my loue doth fare,
(Though met in one) is a dissenting crew:
They are ioy, grieffe, and neuer-sleeping care,
And doubt, which neere beleeuers good newes for true:
Blacke feare the flag is, which my ship doth beare,
Which (Deere) take downe, if my loue victor be:
And let white comfort in his place appeare.
When loue victoriously returnes to me:
Least I from rock despaire come tumbling downe,
And in a sea of teares be for'st to drowne.

Vpon her looking secretly out at a window as he passed by.

Once did my Philomel reflect on me,
Her Cristall pointed eyes as I past by;
Thinking not to be seene, yet would me see:
But soone my hungry eies their food did spy.
Alas, my deere, couldst them suppose, that face
Which needs not enuy Phœbus chiefest pride,
Could secret be, although in secret place,
And that transparent glasse such beames could hide?
But if I had been blinde, yet Loues hot flame,
Kindled in my poore heart by thy bright eye,
Did plainly shew when it so neere thee came,
By more the vsuall heate then cause was nie,
So though thou hidden wert, my heart and eye
Did turne to thee by mutuall Sympathy.

When time nor place would let me often view
Natures chiefe Mirror, and my sole delight;
Her liuely picture in my heart I drew,
That I might it behold both day and night;
But she, like Philips Sonne, scorning that I
Should portraiture, which wanted Apelles Art,
Commanded Loue (who nought dare her deny)
To burne the picture which was in my heart.
The more loue burn'd, the more her Picture shin'd:
The more it shin'd, the more my heart did burne:
So what to hurt her Picture was assign'd,
To my hearts ruine and decay did turne.
Loue could not burne the Spirit, it was diuine,
And therefore fir'd my heart, the Saints poor shrine.

To the Sunne of his Mistresse beauty eclipsed with frownes.

When as the Sunne eclipsèd is, some say
It thunder, lightning, raine, and wind portendeth;
And not vnlike but such things happen may,
Sith like effects my Sunne eclipsèd sendeth!
Witnesse my throat made hoarse with thundring cries,
And heart with loues hot flashing lightnings fired:
Witnesse the showers which still fall from mine eies,
And breast with sighes like stormy winds neere riuied.
O shine then once againe sweet Sunne on me,
And with thy beames dissolue clouds of despaire,
Whereof these raging Meteors framèd be,
In my poore heart by absence of my faire.
So shalt thou prooue thy beames, thy heate, thy light,
To match the Sunne in glory, grace, and might.

Vpon sending her a gold ring with this Posie.

Pure and Endlesse.

If you would know the love which I you beare,
Compare it to the Ring which your faire hand
Shall make more precious, when you shall it weare:
So my loues nature you shall vnderstand.
Is it of mettall pure? so you shall proue
My loue, which ne're disloyall thought did staine.
Hath it no end? so endlesse is my loue,
Vnlesse you it destroy with your disdain.
Doth it the purer waxe the more tis tride?
So doth my loue: yet herein they dissent,
That whereas gold the more t'is purifide
By waxing lesse, doth shew some part is spent:
My loue doth waxe more pure by your more trying,
And yet encreaseth in the purifying.

The hearts captivitie.

My cruell deere hauing captiu'de my heart,
And bound it fast in chaines of restlesse loue:
Requires it out of bondage to depart,
Yet is she sure from her it cannot moue.
Draw backe (said she) your helpeless loue from me,
Your worth requires a farre more worthy place:
Vnto your suite though I cannot agree,
Full many will it louingly embrace.
It may be so (my deere) but as the Sunne,
When it appeares doth make the starres to vanish!
So when your selfe into my thoughts do runne,
All others quite out of my heart you banish.
The beames of your perfections shine so bright,
That straight-way they dispell all other light.

I. D.

VI. TO GEORGE CHAPMAN ON HIS OVID. [\[176\]](#)

I. D. of the Middle Temple.

Onely that eye which for true loue doth weepe,
Onely that hart which tender loue doth pierse,
May read and vnderstand this sacred vierre—
For other wits too misticall and deepe:
Betweene these hallowed leaues *Cupid* dooth keepe
The golden lesson of his second Artist;
For loue, till now, hath still a Maister mist,
Since *Ouids* eyes were closed with iron sleepe;
But now his waking soule in *Chapman* liues,
Which showes so well the passions of his soule;
And yet this Muse more cause of wonder giues,
And doth more Prophet-like loues art enroule:
For *Ouids* soule, now growne more old and wise,
Poures forth it selfe in deeper misteries.

VII. REASON'S MOANE. [\[177\]](#)

When I peruse heauen's auncient written storie,
part left in bookes, and part in contemplation:
I finde Creation tended to God's glory:
but when I looke upon the foule euasion,
Loe then I cry, I howle, I weepe, I moane,
and seeke for truth, but truth alas! is gone.

Whilom of old before the earth was founded,
or hearbs or trees or plants or beasts, had being,
Or that the mightie Canopie of heauen surrounded
these lower creatures; ere that the eye had seeing:
Then Reason was within the mind of Ioue,
embracing only amitie and loue.

The blessed angels' formes and admirable natures,
their happie states, their liues and high perfections,

Immortal essence and vnmeasured statures,
the more made known their falls and low directions.
These things when Reason doth peruse
she finds her errors, which she would excuse.

But out alas! she sees strife is all in vaine;
it bootes not to contend, or stand in this defence.
Death, sorow, grief, hell and torments are her gaine,
and endlesse burning fire, becomes our recompence.
Oh heauie moane! oh endlesse sorrowes anguish,
neuer to cease but euer still to languish.

When I peruse the state of prime created man,
his wealth, his dignitie and reason:
His power, his pleasure, his greatnesse when I scan,
I doe admire and wonder, that in so short a season,
These noble parts, should haue so short conclusion:
and man himselve, be brought to such confusion.

In seeking countries far beyond the seas, I finde,
euen where faire Eden's pleasant garden stood:
And all the coasts vnto the same confinde,
gall to cruell wars; men's hands embru'd in blood,
In cutting throats, and murders, men delight:
so from these places Reason's banisht quite.

O Ierusalem! that thou shouldst now turn Turke,
and Sions hil, where holy rites of yore were vs'd:
Oh! that within that holy place should lurke
such sacrilege: whereby Ioue's name's abusde.
What famous Greece, farewell: thou canst not bost
thy great renowne: thy wit, thy learning's lost.

The further search I make, the worse effect I finde:
All Asia swarmes with huge impietie:
All Affrick's bent vnto a bloody minde:
all treachers^[178] gainst Ioue and his great deitie.
Let vs returne to famous Britton's king,
whose worthy praise let all the world goe sing,

Great Tetragramaton, out of thy bounteous loue
let all the world and nations truely know,
That he plants peace, and quarrell doth remoue:
let him be great'st on all the earth belowe.
Long may he liue, and all the world admire,
that peace is wrought as they themselues desire.

What Vnion he hath brought to late perfection,
twixt Nations that hath so long contended:
Their warres and enuies by him receiue correction,
And in his royal person all their iars are ended.
And so in briefe conclude, ought all that liue
giue thanks to him for ioy that peace doth giue.

By power and will of this our mightie king
reason doth shew that God hath wrought a wonder:
Countries distract he doth to Vnion bring
and ioynes together States which others sunder:
God grant him life till Shiloe's comming be
in heauen's high seate he may enthronized be.

VIII. ON THE DEATH OF LORD CHANCELLOR ELLESMERE'S SECOND WIFE IN 1599.^[179]

You, that in Judgement passion never show,
(As still a Judge should without passion bee),
So judge your selfe; and make not in your woe
Against your self a passionate decree.
Griefe may become so weake a spirit as mine:
My prop is fallne, and quenched is my light:
But th' Elme may stand, when with'red is the vine,
And, though the Moone eclipse, the Sunne is bright.

Yet were I senselesse if I wisht your mind,
Insensible, that nothing might it move;
As if a man might not bee wise and kind.
Doubtlesse the God of Wisdome and of Loue,
As Solomon's braine he doth to you impart,
So hath he given you David's tender hart.

Yr. Lps in all humble Duties and condoling with yr. Lp. most affectionately

Jo. Davys.

IX. TITYRUS TO HIS FAIRE PHILLIS. [\[180\]](#)

The silly Swaine whose loue breedes discontent,
Thinke death a trifle, life a loathsome thing,
Sad he lookes, sad he lyes.

But when his Fortunes mallice doth relent,
Then of Loues sweetnes he will sweetly sing,
Thus he liues, thus he dyes.

Then *Tityrus* whom Loue hath happy made,
Will rest thrice happy in this Mirtle shade.
For though Loue at first did greeue him:
yet did Loue at last releue him.

I. D.

UPON A COFFIN BY S. J. D.

There was a man bespake a thing
Which when the owner home did bring,
He that made it did refuse it;
And he that brought it would not use it,
And he that hath it doth not know
Whether he hath it, ay or no.

From "The Curtaine-Drawer of the Worlde ...
by W. Parkes, Gentleman ... 1621. [\[181\]](#)

X. EPITAPH AND EPIGRAM.

Sir John Davies had a son who became, if he were not born, an idiot. Anthony-a-Wood states "The son dying, Sir John made an epitaph of four verses on him, beginning

Hic in visceribus terræ &c."

It is much to be wished that these 'four verses' were recovered. Further, he had a daughter named 'Lucy'; and of her the same authority writes: "So that the said Lucy being sole heiress to her father, Ferdinando, Lord Hastings, (afterwards Earl of Huntingdon) became a suitor to her for marriage; whereupon the father made this Epigram:

LUCIDA VIS oculos teneri perstrinxit amantis
Nec tamen erravit nam VIA DULCIS erat."

On this WATTS remarks: "This is a remarkable anagram of Lucy Davies. See as remarkable ones on the mother Eleanor Davies, *Reveal O Daniel*, by herself, the other made on her by DR. LAMB,— Dame Eleanor Davies, *Never so mad a Lady*. Heylin's Life of Laud p. 266." Wood's Athenæ, (edn. by Bliss) Vol. II. p. 404. G.

VII. HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEMS.

METAPHRASE OF SOME OF THE PSALMS, &c.

NOTE.

The MANUSCRIPT VOLUME from which the following hitherto unpublished POEMS are taken, is the property of DAVID LAING, Esq., LL.D., EDINBURGH, who purchased it, or perhaps obtained it in exchange many years ago from the Rev. John Jamieson, D.D., author of the "Scottish Dictionary" and other learned works—a scholar of full learning and to be held in honour in many respects. It was parted with to his like-minded friend as containing the hitherto unprinted 'Psalms,' &c., by

SIR JOHN DAVIES; but no memorial remains to ascertain the quarter from whence Dr. Jamieson obtained the Volume. Mr. Laing states that, if anything was said at the time on the subject, it has escaped his recollection; and this cannot be wondered at, as it must have been from thirty to forty years ago.

Along with eminent Experts I have carefully compared this Manuscript with undoubted holographs of SIR JOHN DAVIES, preserved in Her Majesty's State Paper Office (State Papers: Domestic. James I. Vol. 173. No. 54: Oct. 18, 1624, etc., etc.) and among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum—the former being preferable as being of the same year-date with ours: and I feel constrained to pronounce it throughout non-autograph. There are at least FIVE handwritings in the volume—as more particularly described *in locis*: but none bears a resemblance to SIR JOHN DAVIES'. The Manuscript, therefore, belongs to a class that abounds at the Period, viz, a Scribe's transcript and which closely resembles that of MS. Speeches and other writings of DAVIES preserved among the HARLEIAN MSS. This is further, in accord with SIR JOHN DAVIES' practice, as appears by 'The Egerton Papers' of Mr. Collier, (Camden Society, 1840, I Vol. 40.) where in a letter to ELLESMERE (pp. 410-16) he apologizes for his own 'ill hand' and substitutes his 'man's.' The evidence for DAVIES' authorship of these POEMS is EXTERNAL and INTERNAL.

(a) The existence of the 'Metaphrase of the Psalms'—which composes the greater portion of the Manuscript—has long been on record. Thus ANTHONY-A-WOOD in his *ATHENÆ* states "Besides the before-mentioned things (as also Epigrams, as 'tis said) which were published by, and under the name of Sir John Davies, are several MSS. of his writing and composing, which go from hand to hand, as (I) Metaphrase of several of K. David's Psalms...." (edn. BLISS ii., 403.) The original of the Psalms' MS. was in possession of Sir John's own daughter, the Countess of Huntingdon, as I found in the Carte MSS. Bodleian, Oxford.

The others are MSS.—some in part since published—which WOOD describes as formerly in the Library of Sir James Ware, and then in that of the Earl of Clarendon.

(b) The handwriting of the Manuscript is exactly correspondent with that of its date '1624.' It is uniform from Psalm I. to L.

(c) Throughout the 'Psalms' and other Poems, favourite words of SIR JOHN DAVIES' occur: in part peculiar to him or used in a peculiar way. I must refer the Student to the Poems themselves for the great majority of examples: but note here half-a-dozen—all the references being to our own edition of the previous Poems.

1. '*Withall*': "... that sinne that we are borne *withall*." ('Nosce Teipsum' page 57, stanza 5th, line 4th.) So in the 'Psalms':
"Be merciful and hear my prayer *withall*." (Ps. 4th, line 4th.)
2. '*Wight*': "... this World below did need one *wight*." (page 60: stanza 4th, line 1st.) So in the 'Psalms': "... measures Iustice vnto euery *wight*." (Ps. 9th, line 16th.)
3. '*gray Winter*': "Here flow'ry Spring-tide and there *Winter gray*." (page 63, stanza 1st, line 4th.) So in 'A Maid's Hymne in praise of Virginitie': "To whome *graye Winter* neuer doth apeare." (line 7th.)
4. '*On*' meaning '*o'er*': "Will holds the royall scepter *on* the soul" ('Nosce Teipsum,' page 79, stanza 2nd, line 3rd.) "And *on* the passions of the heart doth raigne." (page 79, stanza 2d, line 4th.) So in the 'Psalms': "Let not my foes triumph *on* mee againe." (Ps. 35th, line 37th). "In that my foe doth not triumph *on* me." (Ps. 41st, line 22d.)
5. '*Detrudd*': "... such as me *detrudd* downe to Hell." (page 110, stanza 1st, line 1st.) So in the 'Psalms': Therefore although my soule *detrudd* were euen to Hell's gates.... (Ps. 23rd, line 7th.)
6. '*Center*' meaning '*Earth*': "Suruey all things that on this *center* here." (page 25th, stanza 1st, line 4th.) So in the 'Psalms': "And all that dwell on his round *Center* here." (Ps. 23rd, line 16th.)

It were easy to multiply these instances from the 'Psalms' and the other Poems.

(d) The secular Poems contain personal allusions that authenticate their authorship. In the 'Elegie of Loue' and in the lines "To the Kinge vpon his Ma^{ties} first comming into England" these are of singular interest and value. The latter harmonizes with the fact that SIR JOHN DAVIES proceeded North to meet the King: and it has a direct reference to his 'Nosce Teipsum.' Speaking of his Muse he exclaims,

"Thy sight had once an influence divine
Which gave it power the Soul of man to vew."

Another personal allusion is found in his address to the "Ladyes of Founthill" in his native Wilts.

(e) The "Verses sent to the Kinge with ffiges" is inscribed "by Sir John Davis" and the "Elegiacal Epistle" which immediately follows these 'Verses' naturally closes a Volume containing the compositions of our Worthy. 'Davis' is his own spelling in the 1608 edition of 'Nosce Teipsum,' and in Davison's 'Rhapsody.'

(f) Exclusive of the 'Psalms'—the Davies' authorship of which admits of no doubt—the other Poems have Sir John Davies' characteristics in choice of subjects and style, and specific wording, as above. 'Elegie' is herein used as in the title-page of 'Nosce Teipsum.'

The Manuscript is a thin folio of forty-one leaves and one page: but *verso* of 35th leaf consists of Memoranda headed "The State of England before the Conquest, briefly. By Henry, Lord

Hastings, amongst his Notes found": and leaves 36 and 37 and page 38 (*verso* blank) contain 'Notes' on "William Bastarde, the Norman Conquerour of England." The former is in a handwriting different from all the rest: the latter the same as the Poems that follow "Part of an Elegie in prayse of Marriage." There are a number of contemporary and of more recent blank leaves. It is bound in dark calf, with tooled ornament in the centre.

In preparing this Manuscript for the Press, my anxious endeavour has been faithfully to reproduce the original: only I have extended the contractions 'w^h' and 'w^{ch}' for 'with' and 'which' and 'o^r. y^r' for 'our' and 'your' and the like. I have somewhat modified the capitals: but in the Divine names (nouns and pronouns) and impersonations, have employed capitals. The punctuation of the Manuscript is almost *nil*: I have adopted present usage on a uniform principle; and also the apostrophe of the possessive case, &c. Only one point perplexed me a little, viz. the sign of the plural. At the period a peculiar form represented 'es' as denoting plural, but examination showed our Manuscript as using it with 'e' immediately before. Hence it is apparent the Scribe used it arbitrarily. My rule has been to represent it simply by 's' for our plural, except in the cases—pointed out where they occur—in which 'es' as an additional syllable is required for the rhythm. Throughout, the orthography is literally preserved: and besides six collations of my transcript with the Original, by myself, I have had the advantage of a minute comparison by my experienced and erudite friend, the late John Bruce, Esq., of London, and in part by W. Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. So that our first publication of the Manuscript may be relied on as absolutely true to the Original. It may be added that I have adhered to the order in which the several Poems are given, with the single exception of placing the anonymous very noticeable 'Elegiacal Epistle' on the death of Davies last. The two short pieces that precede it in our Volume, occupy in the MS. the closing page, which is a kind of fly-leaf.

I feel assured that every admirer of Sir John Davies will agree with me that a deep debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Laing for his generous consent to have the Manuscript included in our editions of the 'Poems.' Independent of the interest attaching to their illustrious authorship the 'Psalms' seem to me to possess rare merits, being as a whole strikingly faithful to the Original, and not para-phrastic—hence Anthony-a-Wood's 'Metaphrase'—simple yet picturesque, 'smooth' but melodious, and in every quality infinitely superior to the attempts of BACON, JEREMY TAYLOR, Rous, and others. Some of the Versions must find a place in the Church's Psalmody and Hymnology.

I must not omit to acknowledge the courteous attention of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt in informing me of the existence and ownership of the Manuscript. Anything further requiring to be said, will be found in the footnotes. G.

Hitherto Unpublished Poems.

METAPHRASE OF SOME PSALMS.

PSALM I. [\[182\]](#)

That man is blest which hath not walkt aside,
Takeinge ungodly counsell for his guide;
Nor in the way of synners stood and staid,
Nor in the couch of Scorners downe him layed,
But in God's Lawe hath plac't his whole delight,
And studieth to performe it, day and night:
Hee, like a plant which by a streame doth growe,
His timely fruite shall in due season showe;
Whose leafe shall not decay but flourish euer,
And all thinges prosper which hee doth endeauour
But with th' vngodly it shall not bee soe,
But as the dust, which as the whirlwindes to and fro
Upon the surface of the earth doth driue,
They shall a restless life and fruitles liue;
Nor shall they stand vpright when they are tride,
Nor in the assembly of the just abide:
But in his way God doth the good man cherish,
When wicked men in their bad way shall perish.

PSALM II.

Why doe the nations thus in furie rise?
Why doe the people such vaine plotts devise?
MONARCHES stand vp and PRINCES doe conspire
Against the Lord, and His Annoynted Heire:
'Let vs in sunder breake their bandes,' say they,
'And let vs lightly cast their yokes away.'
But Hee that sitts in Heauen shall them deride,
And laugh to scorne their follie and their pride;

And in His wrath He shall reprove them sore,
 And vex them in His anger, more and more:
 Sayinge, 'I sett on SION hill My KINGE,
 To preache my LAWE, and shew this heauenly thinge;
 Thou art My SONNE, this day I Thee begott,
 Aske, and I will assigne thee for Thy Lott
 Of heritage the Landes and Nations all,
 Betweene the Sunne's vprisinge & his fall.'
 Thou with an iron rodd shall keepe them vnder,
 And breake them like an earthen pott in sunder,
 Bee wise, yee MONARCHES, and yee PRINCES then;
 Be learned, yee that judge the sonnes of men;
 Serue yee the Lord, with humble feare Him serue;
 Rejoyce in Him, yet tremblinge Him obserue;
 Kisse yee the SONNE, lest yee Him angrie make,
 And perish, while His just wayes yee forsake,
 If His just wrath but once enkinled bee:
 Who trust in Him, a blessed man is hee.

PSALM III.

Lord! how my foes in number doe encrease,
 That rise against mee, to disturbe my peace!
 MANY there are which to my soule haue said,
 His God to him not safety yeilds nor aid;
 But God is my defence, my SUCCOUR nigh,
 My glory, and my head Hee lifteth High:
 To Him with earnest praier appealèd I,
 And from His Holy Hill Hee heard my crie:
 I layed mee downe and slept, and rose againe,
 For mee the Lord doth euermore sustaine:
 Though Thousand of my foes besett mee round,
 Noe feare of them my courage shall confound:
 Rise Lord! and saue mee; Thou hast giuen a stroke
 On my foes cheeke, that all his teeth are broke:
 SALUATION cometh from this Lord of ours,
 Who blessings on His people daily powers.

PSALM IV.

O GOD! whose righteousnes by grace is mine,
 A gracious eare vnto my voyce encline:
 Thou that hast set mee free when I was thrall,
 Bee mercifull, and heare my prayer withall.
 Vaine, worldly men, how long will yee dispise
 God's honnour, and His truth, and trust in lies?
 God for Himselfe, the good man doth select,
 And when I crie Hee doth not mee reject.
 Bee angrie, but be angrie without synne;
 Try your owne hearts in silence, close within.
 To God, of godly workes, an offeringe make,
 Then trust in Him that will not His forsake.
 For that which good is, many seeke and pray,
 'And who shall shew the same to vs'? say they,
 Lord! shew to vs thy countenance diuine,
 And cause the BEAMES thereof on vs to shyne:
 Soe shall my heart more joyfull bee and glad,
 Then if encrease of corne and wine I had.
 To peace therefore lye downe will I and sleepe¹⁸³¹
 For God alone doth mee in safetie keepe.

PSALM V.

LORD weigh my words, and take consideration
 Of my sad thoughts and silent meditation:
 My God, my KINGE, bowe downe Thine eare to mee,
 While I send vp mine humble prayer to Thee.
 Early, before the morne doth bringe the day,
 I will O Lord, look vp to Thee and pray:
 For Thou with synne art neuer pleased well,
 Nor any¹⁸⁴¹ ill may with Thy goodnes dwell:
 The foole may not before Thy wisdome stand,
 Nor shall the impious scape Thy wrathfull hand:
 Thou wilt destroy all such as vtter lies;
 Blood and deceit are odious in Thine eyes;
 But, trustinge in Thy manie mercies deare,

I will approach Thy house with holy feare.
 Teach me Thy plaine and righteous way to goe,
 That I may neuer fall before my foe,
 Whose flatteringe tongue is false and heart jmpure,
 And throat, an open place of SEPULTURE.
 Destroy them, Lord, and frustrate their devices,
 Cast out those REBELLS for their manie vices;
 But all that trust in Thee and loue Thy name,
 Make them rejoyce and rescue them from shame.
 Thou wilt thy blessinge to the righteous yeild
 And guard them with Thy grace as with a SHEILD.

PSALM VI.

To iudge me, Lord, in Thy just wrath forbear,
 To punish mee in thy displeasure spare;
 O! I am weake: haue mercie, Lord, therefore,
 And heale my bruised bones which payne mee sore.
 My SOULE is alsoe trubled and dismayed;
 But, Lord, how long shall I expect Thine aid!
 Turne Thee, O Lord, my SOULE from death deliuer,
 Euen for Thy mercie's sake which lasteth euer:
 They which are dead remember not Thy name,
 Nor doth the silent GRAUE thy praise proclaime;
 I faint and melt away with greifes and feares,
 And euery night my bed doth swymme with teares.
 Myne eyes are suncke and weaknèd is my sight;
 My foes haue vexèd mee with such dispight.
 Away from mee, yee sinfull men, away!
 The LORD of HEAUVEN doth heare mee when I pray.
 The Lord hath my petition heard indeed:
 Receaue my prayer and I shall surely speed;
 But shame and sorrow on my foes shall light,
 They shall be turn'd and put to suddaine flight.

PSALM VII.

O Lord, my God! I put my trust in Thee,
 From all my PERSECUTORS rescue mee:
 Lest my proud foe doth like a lyon rend mee,
 While there is non to succour and defend mee:
 Lord God! if I bee guilty found in this,
 Wherewith my foes haue chargèd mee amisse,
 If I did vse my freind vnfreindly soe,
 Nay, if I did not helpe my causlesse foe,
 Let him preuaile, although my cause bee just,
 And lay my life and honnour in the dust.
 Vp, Lord! and stand against my furious foes,
 Thy JUDGEMENT against them for mee disclose;
 Soe shall Thy PEOPLE flocke about Thee nigh,
 For their sakes therefore lift Thy selfe on high.
 Judge of the world, giue sentence on my parte,
 Accordinge to the cleannes of my heart:
 Let wickednes be brought vnto an end,
 And guide the just, that they may not offend.
 Thou God art just, and Thou Searcher art
 Of hart and raynes, and euery inward part:
 My helpe proceedeth from the Lord of Might,
 Who saueth those which are of hart vpright;
 A powerfull and a patient JUDGE is Hee,
 Though euery day His wrath prouokèd bee:
 But, if men will not turne, His sword Hee whets,
 And bends His bowe, and to the stringe Hee setts
 The INSTRUMENTS of death, His arrowes keene,
 GAINST such as rebels to His will haue beene.
 The jmpious man conceaues jniquity,
 Trauailes with mischief, and brings forth a ly:
 The RIGHTEOUS to entrapp hee digs a pitt,
 But hee himselfe first falls and sinks in it.
 The wicked plotts his workinge braine doth cast,
 Light with a mischeife on himselfe at last.
 MY THANKES WITH GOD'S GREAT JUSTICE SHALL ACCORD,
 and I will highly praise the highest Lord.

PSALM VIII.

O GOD, OUR LORD! HOW LARGE IS THE EXTENT
 Of Thy great name and glorie excellent!
 It fills this world, but it doth shyne most bright
 About the heauens, in th' vnapproachèd light.
 BY SUCKINGE BABES THOU DOST THY STRENGTH DISCLOSE,
 And by their mouth to silence put Thy foes.
 When I see HEAUEEN wrought by Thy mighty hand,
 And all those glorious lights in order stand,
 Lord! what is man that Thou on him dost looke!
 Or of the SONNE OF MAN such care hast tooke!
 Next ANGELLS in degree Thou hast him plac't,
 And with a crowne of honour hast him grac't:
 Thou hast him made lord of Thy CREATURES all,
 Subjectinge them to his commaund and call;
 All birds and aiery fowles are vnder him,
 And fishes all which in the Sea doe swymme.
 O Lord, our God! how large is the extent
 Of Thy great name and glorie excellent!

PSALM IX.

Thee will I thanke euer with my hart entire,
 And make the world Thy wondrous workes admire;
 In Thee rejoyce, in Thee triumph will I,
 My songs shall praise Thy name, O God, most High!
 While my proud foes are put to shamefull flight,
 And fall and perish at Thy dreadfull sight.
 Thou, righteous JUDGE, dost sitt vpon Thy THRONE
 And dost maintaine my rightfull cause alone;
 Thou checkst the HEATHEN; and the wicked race
 Thou dost destroy, and all their names deface.
 O ENEMY! behould thy finall fall,
 Thy CITTIES perish and their names withall;
 But God, our Lord, for euer shall endure,
 His judgement SEATE, Hee hath establisht sure,
 Where Hee judges the World with equall right,
 And measures JUSTICE vnto euery weight:^[185]
 He likewise will become a BULWARKE strong
 And tymely aide to them that suffer wrong.
 Who knowes Thy name in Thee His trust will place,
 Who neuer failest them that seeke Thy face.
 O, praise the Lord! you that in SION dwell,
 His noble Acts among the NATIONS tell;
 When of oppression Hee enquiry makes,
 Of euery poore man's plaint Hee notice takes.
 Haue mercy, Lord! and take into Thy thought
 My trubles, which my hatefull foes haue wrought.
 Thou from the gates of death my SOULE dost raise,
 That I in SION'S GATES may sing Thy praise;
 The sweet saluation which Thou dost jmpart
 Shall bee the joy and comfort of my heart.
 The INFIDELLS make pitts, and sinke therein,
 Their feet are caught in their owne proper synne;
 Thy judgement Lord, Thou hast thereby declar'd
 When wicked men in their owne workes are snar'd:
 Hell is a place for impious men assign'd
 And such as doe cast GOD out of their minde;
 But poore men shall not bee forgotten euer
 Nor meeke mens' patience, if they doe perseuer.
 Rise Lord! and let [not]^[186] man aboute Thee rise
 And judge the Infidel with angrie eyes:
 Strike them with feare, that, though they know not Thee,
 Yet they may know that mortall men they bee.

PSALM X.

Why standest Thou O Lord! so farr away
 And hids't Thy face when trubles mee dismay?
 The wicked for his lust the poore man spoyles;
 Lord! take him in the trap of his owne wiles.
 Hee makes his boaste of his profane desires
 Contemninge God, while hee himselfe admires:
 Hee is soe proud, that God hee setts at naught,

Nay rather, God comes neuer in his thought.
 Thy judgements Lord, are farr aboue his sight
 This makes him to esteeme his foes soe light,
 And in his hart to say, I cannot fall,
 Nor can misfortune light on mee at all:
 His mouth is full of execrat[i]ons vile;
 Under his tongue doth sit ungodly guile;
 Close in the corners of the waies he lies,
 And lurkes, and waits, the simple to surprize:
 Euen as a lyon lurking in his den,
 To assault and murther innocent poore men;
 Gainst whom his eyes maliciously are sett,
 To catch them when they fall into his nett.
 Himselfe hee humbles, bowes, and crouching stands
 Till poore men fall into his powerfull hands;
 Then, in his heart hee sayth 'God hath forgott:
 Hee turnes away his face and sees it not.'
 Arise O Lord! and lift Thy hand on high,
 The poore forgett not which oppressèd ly:
 For why should wicked men blaspheme Thee thus
 'Tush! God is carelesse and regards not us'?
 Surely Thou seest the wronge which they haue done,
 And all oppressions underneath the sunne;
 To Thee alone the poore his cause commends
 As th' only freind of him that wanteth freinds.
 Lord! breake the power of the malicious minde
 Take ill away, and Thou not ill shalt finde.
 The Lord is kinge, and doth for euer raigne,
 Nor miscreants shall within His Land remaine;
 Hee hearkeneth to the poore, but first prepareth
 Their hearts to pray; then their petition heareth:
 That Hee poore orphans, may both help and saue,
 That worldly men on them no power may haue.

PSALM XI.

I trust in God: to mee why should you say,
 'Fly like a bird to mountaines farr away'?
 Their bowes and arrowes wicked men prepare,
 To peirce the hearts of them that faithfull are:
 Euen him whome God hath made a corner-stone
 They haue cast downe; but what hath Hee misdome?
 God in His holy temple doth remaine,
 The heauen of HEAUENS: where Hee doth sitt and raigne.
 Upon the poore He casteth downe His eye,
 The sonnes of MEN He doth discerne and trie;
 The just and righteous men Hee doth approue,
 But hateth synners which their sinnes doe loue;
 On them He rayneth snares, brimstone and fire,
 This is their cup, their wages, and their hire;
 The righteous GOD loues him whose way is right,
 And on the just His gracious eye doth light.

PSALM XII.

Helpe Lord! for all the godly men are gon,
 And of the faithfull, fewe there are, or non;
 Each man to other doth vaine things jmpart,
 With lipps deceitfull, and with double hart;
 The Lord will soone cutt of the lipps that lie,
 And root out tongues that speake proud words and high.
 'With mighty words wee will preuale' say they:
 What Lord is Hee that dareth us gainesay?
 'Now for the trubles and oppressions sore
 The gronings and the sighings of the poore,
 I will arise' sayth God, 'and quell their foes
 That swell with pride; and them in rest repose.'
 God's words are pure, and chaste, like siluer tride
 Which hath with seauen fires bene purified.
 Thou wilt preserue them Lord! and guard them still,
 From this vile race of men which wish them ill.
 The ungodly walke in circles, yet goe free
 When such as feare not God, exalted bee.

PSALM XIII.

How long O Lord! shall I forgotten bee?
 How long wilt Thou Thy bright Face hide from mee?
 How long shall I my thoughts tosse to and fro
 And bee thus vext by my insultinge foe?
 Giue ease, O Lord; giue light unto mine eyes,
 Lest death in endlesse sleepe doth mee surprise;
 Lest my proud foe vaunt that hee doth preuaile,
 And laugh at mee when I shall faint or faile;
 But in Thy mercie all my trust is pight^[187]
 And thy saluation is my hearte's delight;
 Of Thy sweet kindnes therefore sing will I,
 And highly praise the name of God, Most High.

PSALM XIV.

'THERE IS NOE GOD,' THE FOOLE SAYTH IN HIS HEART,
 Yet dares not with his tongue his thought impart;
 All are corrupt and odious in God's sight,
 Not one doth good, not one doth well, vpright.
 God cast His eyes from Heauen on all mankinde,
 And lookt if Hee one righteous man could finde;
 But all were wicked, all from God were gone,
 Not one did good, in all the world, not one;
 Their throat an open graue, their flattering tongue
 And lying lips, like stinge of wasps haue stung.
 With bitter cursing, they their mouthes doe fill;
 Their feet are swift the guiltles blood to spill;
 Sad, wretched mischeife, in their wayes doth lye
 But for the wayes of peace they passe them by;
 Noe feare of God haue they before their eyes,
 Nor knowledge, while these mischeifes they devise;
 While they God's people doe with might oppresse
 And eat them up like bread with greedines;
 And since on God they neuer vse to call,
 They fear'd when cause of feare was non at all.
 But to the righteous man and to his race,
 God present is with His protectinge grace;
 Though fooles doe mocke the counsell of the poore,
 Because in God hee trusted euermore.
 Who shall saluation out of SION giue
 To ISRAELL but God? Who shall releiue
 His people and of CAPTIUES make them free:
 Thou JACOB joyfull, Israell glad shall bee.

PSALM XV.

LORD! WHO SHALL DWELL IN THY BRIGHT TENT WITH THEE
 And of Thy rest in heauen pertaker bee?
 Euen hee that is vpright in all his wayes^[188]
 And from his hart speakes^[189] truth in all hee sayes;
 Who hath forborne to doe his neighbour wrong
 Nor him deceau'd or slaunderèd with his tong;
 Who of himselfe an humble thought doth beare
 But highly valewes them which GOD doe feare;
 Who of his promis doth himselfe acquitt,
 Though losse hee suffer by performinge it;
 Nor hath for bitinge vse his monie lent,
 Nor tooke reward against the innocent;
 Who shall obserue these poynts, and doe them all,
 Assuredly that man can neuer fall.

PSALM XVI.

Mee thy poore seruant Lord! preserue and saue,
 For all my trust in Thee repos'd I haue:
 Lord! said my soule, Thou art my GOD, to Thee
 My goods are nothings when they offered bee;
 But my delight[s] are in those saints of Thine,
 Which liue on Earth, and doe in vertue shine;
 But they which runn to worshipp idolls vaine,
 Shall multiply their sorrow and their paine.
 Of their blood offerings will I not pertake,
 Nor of their names shall my lipps mention make.
 The portion of mine heritage and cupp
 Is God Himselfe who houlds and keepes^[190] mee upp;
 In a faire ground to mee my lott did chance,

Soe I possesse a rich Inheritance:
Thankes^[191] bee to God His warninge giues mee light,
My raynes with paine doe chasten me by night;
I looke to God in my endeauors all,
Hee stands soe neare mee that I cannot fall;
This hath my heart and tongue with joyes possest,
And now my flesh in hope to rise, shall rest;
My soule shall not be buryed in the graue,
Nor shall Thy Holy One corruption haue;
Shew mee the path of life; for in Thy sight
Doth endles pleasure rest and full delight.

PSALM XVII.

Heare my just cause Lord! heare my prayer and crie,
Which come from lipps not vs'd to faine or lie:
Lord, let my sentence from Thy mouth be giuen,
For Thou regards't things only just and euen;^[192]
In the darke night of my aduersitie,
Thou did'st my heart examine, proue and trie;
And yet vpon this triall did'st not finde
My heart or tongue to any ill enclinde:
For that their workes against Thy Word are done
I doe their wayes which tende to ruine, shunn.
Lord! in Thy pathes doe Thou my goings guide,
Lest in this slippery life my footstepps slide:
Thy name haue I invok't, Thou shalt mee heare
And to my humble words incline Thy eare;
O Sauour! of all those that trust in Thee
Thy mercies full of wonder shew to mee;
Preserue mee as the apple of Thine eye,
Under Thy winges in safetie let me lie;
Saue mee from them which Thy right hand oppose,
And from my ungodly circumuenting foes;
Their fatt estates doe them soe fortifie
As they presume to speake proud words and high;
In all my wayes in wait for mee hee lies,
To cast mee downe hee downewards casts his eyes
Euen like a lyon, watching for his prey,
Or lyon's whelpes which lurke beside the way.
Vp Lord! defeat, defeat this foe of mine,
That wicked man who is a sword of Thyne;
From wordly men vouchsafe my soule to saue,
Who in their mortall life their portion haue;
Whose bellies with Thy treasure Thou dost fill,
Who children haue, and leaue them wealth at will;
But I Thy face in righteousnes shall see
And with Thy presence shall contented bee.

PSALM XVIII.

Thou art my strength, O Lord! Thee will I loue,
Thou art my Rocke, which nothing can remoue:
My God, in Whome my trust I will repose,
My Sauour, sheild and horne, against my foes;
Lord, most praise worthy, pray will I to Thee
Soe shall I from my foes protected bee;
When deadly sorrowes did besett mee round,
And floods of wickednes did mee surhound^[193]
When paines of hell I felt in my desease,
And pangs of death upon my soule did sease;
On God I callèd in that instant truble,
And my complaints unto the Lord did dubble:
But when His wrath and vengeance kindled were,
The Earth did quake, and mountaines shooke for feare,
And coles grew redd with His inflaminge jre;
Hee bowed the heauens, and did descend withall,
And shadowes darke beneath His feet did fall:
Hee ridinge on the CHERUBINS did fly,
And with the wingèd windes was borne on high;
Darkness His clossett, His paultion wide
Made of blacke clouds, His face a while did hide;
But at His presence right away they flew
When haile and coles of fire abroad Hee threw;
The Lord from heauen did send His thunder lowd

With fire and haile from out the broken cloud;
A shower of arrowes on His foes did fall,
His thunderbolts and lightnings slewe them all;
Fountaines were dride and the earthe's foundation mou'd
When synners, in His wrath, the Lord reprov'd;
But Hee from heauen shall send His angell's downe
And take mee vp when waters would mee drowne;
Hee from my foe, too mightie and too strong,
Shall saue mee when Hee doth mee mightie wrong,
Preuentinge mee [in] my disastrous day:
But then the Lord was my support and stay;
When I was captiue, Hee did sett mee free,
And brought mee forth because Hee faoured mee.
He shall reward mee as my dayes bee right,
And hands be cleane^[194]: soe shall Hee mee requite;
For I still kept his pathes, and did not shunn
To walke therein, as other men haue done:
But euer sett^[195] His lawes before mine eyes,
And neuer did His holy words dispise.
My heart was vncorrupt before Him still,
Pursuinge goodnes and eschewing ill;
Hee shall reward mee as my deeds bee right,
And hands bee cleane: soe shall Hee mee requite.
Unto the good Thou wilt Thy goodnes show,
And righteous men Thy righteousnes shall know;
The pure of heart shall Thee behold most pure
But froward men Thy curses shall endure;
Them will God raise, which under pressures ly,
And proud men humble which doe looke soe high;
Hee shall sett up for mee a candle bright,
My God shall turne my darkness vnto light.
Through Thee, an host of men, I conquere shall,
And with Thy helpe transcend the highest wal;^[196]
God's way is pure, His word is tride with fire;^[197]
Hee heals all them which unto Him retire;
For who is God? or who hath strength and power
Except our Lord, our God and only our?
Hee girdeth mee with furniture to fight,
And guideth mee, and houldeth mee upright;
My feet as swift as HART'S feet Hee doth make,
And vp to honnor's tower Hee doth mee take;
Hee giues such strength unto my fingers weake,
As that my arme a bowe of steele shall breake.
Thy hands shall bee my safety and protection,
Thou shalt aduance mee with Thy sweet correction;
Thou for my feet shalt make a passage wide,
Soe as my steps shall neuer goe aside;
I shall pursue, and in pursuite outgoe,
And neuer turne till I haue quell'd my foe;
When I him smite^[198] he shall not rise at all,
If once at my victorious feet hee fall.
Thou hast girded mee with a sword of strength,
Wherewith I shall subdue my foes at length;
For thou shalt turne the stubburne necke about
Of them that hate mee till, I root them out;
Then shall they crie (but helpe there shall be non)
Euen to the Lord, Who shall not heare their mone.
My foes to powder I shall breake and bray
And tread them down like mire amid the way.
Thou my rebellious subjects shalt accord,
And ouer Heathen Nations make mee Lord;
A people whome I knowe not shall mee serue,
And with base adulation mee obserue;
These Aliens all, shall faint and bee dismaied
And in their strongest Castles bee afraid.
Liue Lord! my strength: and blessed bee therefore
And praised bee my Saiour euermore,
Who doth repay my foes with vengeance due,
And unto mee my vassals doth subdue;
Who doth not only saue but sett mee high
Aboue my foes, and there^[199] feirce crueltie.
For this, both of my thanks and praise to Thee,
The Heathen Nations witnesses shall bee;
For wealth and power and blessings manie moe,
On Dauid and his race Thou shalt bestowe.

PSALM XIX.

The workmanship of heauen soe bright and faire,
 Thy power O Lord, and glorie doth declare;
 One day Thy praise doth to another preach,
 One night another doth in order teach;
 Where euer any tongue or voyce doth sound,
 In all the world their speech is heard around.
 In midst of heauen, the hands of God hath pight^[200]
 For the sunne's lodgeinge, a paultion bright;
 Who as a bridegroom from his chamber goes;
 Or GIANT, marchinge forth against his foes,
 Hee issues; and from EAST TO WEST doth runne:
 His peircinge heat noe liueinge weight^[201] can shun.
 God's lawe is perfect and man's soule renues,
 And simple mindes with knowledge it endues;
 Right are His statutes and rejoyce the heart,
 Light to the eyes His precepts pure impart;
 His feare is cleane and soe endures for aye;
 His judgements true and righteous euery way;
 More sweet then honie, to bee valewed more
 Then many heapes of finest goulden oare.
 They rectifie withall Thy seruants minde,
 And who soe keeps them, great reward shall finde;
 But Lord who knowes how oft hee doth transgresse?
 O clense mee from my secret wickednes!
 Nor let presumptuous sinns beare rule in mee,
 Soe shall I from the great offence bee free;
 And Lord! my strength and Sauour! soe direct
 My words and thoughts as Thou maiest them accept.

PSALM XX.

The Lord giue eare to thee in thy distresse!
 And bee thy Sheilde, when troubles thee oppresse!
 And let His help come downe from heauen for thee!
 And strength from Syon Hill imparted bee!
 Let Him remember, and accept withall,
 Thine offerings and thy sacrifices all;
 And of His bountie euermore fulfill
 Thy hearts desire; and satisfie thy will.
 But wee will glory in our great God's name
 And joy in our saluation through the same;
 And pray unto the Lord our God, that Hee
 The effect of all thy prayers will graunt to thee.
 Hee now I know will heare, and helpe will bringe,
 With His strong hand to His annoynted KINGE;
 On chariots some, on horses some, rely,
 But wee inuoke the name of God Most High.
 Those others are bowed downe and fall full lowe,
 When wee are risen and vpriight doe goe.
 Saue us O Lord of Heauen! and heare us thence,
 When wee inuoke Thy name for our defence.

PSALM XXI.

Glad is the kinge, and joyfull is his hart,
 That Thou O Lord, his strength and safety art;
 That Thou hast giuen him what his heart desired,
 And not denied him what his lipps required;
 Preuentinge him with blessings manifold,
 And crowninge him with pure refinèd gould.
 Hee askt Thee life, Thou gauest him length of daies,
 Euen endlesse life, to giue Thee endlesse praise;
 His safety, through Thy prouidence deuine
 With honour great and glorie makes him shine;
 Blisse without end Thou wilt to him impart,
 The sunn-beames of Thy face will cheare his hart:
 For in Thy mercy hee doth trust withall,
 Which stayes his stepps that hee shall neuer fall;
 But Thy long hand shall reach Thy flyinge foe
 And finde him when he most secure doth goe;
 Thine enimies shall (when kindled is Thine ire)
 As in a furnace be consumed with fire;
 Their ofspringe from the Earth shall rotted bee,

Their second generation non shall see:
 For against Thee and Thine their councell was,
 Yet could not bringe their wicked plott to passe,
 But turn'd their backes and put themselues to chase,
 When Thou hadst bent Thy bowe against their face;
 Bee pleased in Thine owne strength Thyselfe to raise,
 Soe shall wee Lord, Thy power and mercie praise.

PSALM XXII.

My God! my God! why leauest Thou mee? and why
 Dost Thou soe farr withdraw Thee from my crie?
 I cry all day, but Thou dost not giue eare;
 At night I cease not, yet Thou wilt not heare;
 Yet Thou art holy still, Thou God of might,
 Thy people's great renowne and glory bright;
 When our forefathers plac't their hope in Thee
 From cruell bondage Thou didst sett them free;
 In Thee they trusted, and to Thee they prayed,
 And neuer faild of Thy celestiall aid;
 But as for mee, a worme not man, am I;
 A scorne to euery man that passeth by;
 They laugh and mocke, my poore estate to see;
 They draw their mouth and shake their heads at mee;
 And say, 'hee hop't in God, that Hee should saue him,
 Now let God rescue him if Hee will haue him.'
 But Thou Lord from my mother's wombe didst take mee,
 And when I suck't her brest, didst not forsake mee;
 Euen from my birth I was to Thee bequeathèd,
 And Thou hast bene my God since first I breathèd.
 O leaue mee not when trubles doe mee presse,
 And there is non to helpe mee in distresse;
 Many strong beasts haue mee invironèd
 As fatt and feirce as bulls IN BASHAN fedd;
 They runne on mee with open mouthes and wide;
 Like hungry lyons rampinge in their pride.
 My soule, like water on the earth is spilt,
 My joynts are loosed, my heart like wax doth melt,
 My synewes shrunke are, like a potsheard drie,
 My tongue cleaues to my jawes, dead dust am I.
 For many doggs haue compast me about,
 I am besett with a malitious rout;
 They peirce My hands and feet, and stare on Mee,
 And euery ribb of My leane bodie see;
 They spoyle Mee of My GARMENTS, and beside,
 The parts thereof by lotts they doe deuide.
 Lord! bee not farr, when I Thy help shall need,
 Thou art My strength, O succour Mee with speed!
 And sheild Mee from the sword, and from the power
 Of doggs, which would My dearest SOULE deuoure!
 And from the lyon's mouth, and from the hornes
 Of many, fearce, insultinge unicornes!
 Among My kinn will I declare Thy name,
 And in the great Assembly spread the same.
 Yee that feare Him His praise and glory tell,
 And honour Him yee seed of ISRAELL;
 Hee scorneth not the poore, nor hides His face,
 But heares his suit when hee laments his case.
 When all Thy faithfull folke assembled bee,
 I sound Thy praise and pay my vowes to Thee.
 The Lord shall fully satisfie the meeke,
 Their soule shall liue which His light face doe seeke;
 The EAST AND WEST shall turne to their right minde,
 And to the true God's worshipp be inclinde;
 Who doth, of all the world the SCEPTER beare,
 Rules and commaunds the nations euery where;
 The fatt shall eate and worshipp Him therefore,
 And they that lye in dust shall Him adore.
 Euen hee which cannot his own life preserue,
 Nor quicken his owne soule, the Lord shall serue.
 Their seed, O Lord! shall serue to worshipp Thee,
 And with Thy chosen people numbred bee;
 And to their children's children, shall expresse
 Thine euerlasting truth and righteousnes.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my SHEAPERD is, Hee doth mee feed,
 His bounty euermore supplies my need;
 When I in pastures greene my fill haue tooke,
 He leads mee forth into the siluer brooke;
 Hee turnes my soule, when it is gon astray,
 For His name's glory, to His right[eous]^[202] way;
 Therefore although my soule detruded were,
 Euen to Hell's gates, yet I not ill should feare;
 When Thou art with mee, what should mee dismay?
 Thy crooke, my comfort is; Thy staffe, my stay;
 My table Thou hast spread and furnisht soe,
 As glads my heart, and greiues my enuious foe;
 Thy balme powr'd on my head, doth sweetly smell;
 Thou makst my cup aboue the brimme to swell.
 Thy mercy, while I breathe, shall follow mee,
 And in Thy house my dwellinge-place shall bee.

PSALM XXIV.

The Earth, and all things which on the Earth remaine,
 Euen all the world, doth to the Lord pertaine;
 Amid the Sea, Hee founded hath the Land
 And made this GLOBE aboue the floods to stand.
 Who shall unto JEHOUAH'S MOUNT ascend?
 Or who shall in His holy place attend?
 Euen hee whose hands are cleane, whose heart is pure,
 Whose tongue is true, whose oath is just and sure.
 He shall receaue both righteousnes and blisse
 From God, Whose mercy his saluation is.
 Such are the seed of JACOB'S faithfull race,
 Which seeke the Lord, and loue to see His face;
 Ye euerlasting GATES, your heads upreare,
 And let the King of Glory enter there.
 That glorious name, to Whome doth it belong?
 To God Most Mightie and in warr most stronge.
 Eternall dores, lift [up] your heads, I say
 That there, the King of Glorie enter may.
 The King of Glory enters, what is Hee?
 The Lord of Hosts is knowne that Kinge to bee.

PSALM XXV.

Mine humble soule O Lord! I lift to Thee,
 On Whome my trust shall euer fixèd bee;
 O suffer not my cheekes with shame to glowe,
 Nor make me slaue to my insultinge foe;
 For they which hope in Thee incurr noe blame,
 But wilfull synners shall bee clothed with shame.
 To mee, O Lord! vouchsafe Thy wayes to show,
 And Thy right pathes, that I therein may goe;
 Teach mee the way of truth, direct my will;
 Thou art my SAUIOR, I attend Thee still;
 Receaue mee Lord, and to remembrance call
 Thy ould compassions, and Thy mercies all;
 But of Thy wonted grace to mee, O Lord
 Of the errours of my youth keep noe record;
 The Lord is good, and for His goodnes' sake
 Hee teaches sinners, godly wayes to take;
 Yet Hee His learninge doth to non impart
 But to the meeke and to the humble hart;
 His pathes are grace and truth; that only way
 Hee leads all those which doe His will obey.
 For Thy name's glorie, I doe Thee intreat
 To my great sinns, extend Thy mercie great
 To him which feares the Lord, the Lord doth showe
 How in his callinge hee may safely goe;
 His soule shall bee at ease and all his race,
 Shall in the Land possesse a blessed place;
 His couenant and His counselles neare,^[203]
 God shewes to them in whome Hee plants His feare;
 My looke to Him shall euer raisèd bee,
 Who from the nett my captiue feet doth free.
 Haue mercy Lord on mee! and turne Thy face

To see my desolate and wither'd case;
 Enlargèd is my greife and heauines,
 But Lord, enlarge Thou mee from my distresse!
 Looke on the wofull STATE that I am in;
 REMITT the cause thereof, which is my synne;
 My foes consider, and their multitude
 Which mee with deadly hatred hath pursude;
 And keepe my soule^[204] from sinne,^[205] my face from shame,
 Who trust in Thee and call upon Thy name.
 Let truth and righteousnes without deceit
 Still wait on mee, because on Thee I wait;
 And sett Thy faithfull ISRAELL at rest
 From all the trubles which doe him molest.

PSALM XXVI.

Bee thou my IUDGE, O LORD! my cause is just;
 I shall not stagger while in Thee I trust.
 Weigh and examine mee, search all my vaines,
 The bottom of my heart and inward raines;
 I sett Thy goodnes euer in my sight,
 Which in Thy truth doth guide my stepps aright;
 I use not to conuerse with persons vaine,
 Nor with dissemblers fellowship retaine;
 My soule the assembly of the wicked hates.
 Nor will I sitt among ungodly MATES;
 REPENTENCE haueing made my conscience cleare,
 Then will I Lord, approach Thine ALTER neare;
 That I may thanke [Thee] both with harte and voyce,
 And tellinge of Thy wondrous workes rejoyce
 Thy temple Lord, I loue exceeding well,
 Wherein Thy MAJESTIE AND GLORIE dwell.
 O let not sinfull men my soule enclose,
 Nor of my life let sinfull men dispose;
 Whose hands are foule, their sinnes them foule doe make,
 And full of guifts which they coruptly take;
 But I to leaue a blamelesse life entend:
 O Lord therein with mercie mee defend.
 My foot stands right and therefore all my dayes
 In all assemblies I the Lord will praise.

PSALM XXVII.

GOD IS MY LIGHT, SALUATION, strength and aid,
 Of whome and what shall I then bee afraid?
 The wicked came to haue devour'd mee quite,
 But stumbled in their way, and fell downe-right.
 Though mighty armies in my wayes were laid,
 I stand secure, I cannot bee dismaid.
 One thinge I wish, euen while I liue to dwell,
 In God's faire House, where beauty doth excell;
 His tent, in time of truble, shall mee hide,
 And I shall on His rocke of safety bide;
 Now shall Hee lift my head aboue my foes,
 Which mee with armed multitudes, enclose;
 And now will I His praise in triumph singe,
 And joyfull offerings to His temple bringe;
 And let my cries approach Thy gracious eare,
 Vouchsafe in mercie my complaints to heare;
 My heart doth tell that Thou bidst mee still
 Thy face to seeke: Lord! seek Thy face I will.
 Then doe not hide from mee Thy face soe bright,
 Nor in Thy wrath exclude mee from Thy sight;
 Thou euer wast mine aid, since I was borne:
 God of my safety leaue me not forlorne.
 My father and my mother both forsooke mee,
 But then the Lord to his tuition tooke mee;
 Teach mee the way that I therein may goe,
 Soe shall I neuer fall before my foe;
 Nor fall into their power which doe me hate,
 And brought false oathes against mee in the gate.
 My heart had fail'd but that my hope to see
 GOD's endlesse blisse in heauen, did comfort mee.
 Then stay God's time, Hee shall thee stay at length,
 And Hee till then shall arme thy heart with strength.

PSALM XXVIII.

Heare (Lord my strength!) the crie I make to Thee!
 I am but dead, if Thou seeme deafe to mee:
 Heare, when with humble prayer, I Thee entreat,
 With lifted hands before Thy mercy seate.
 But rancke me not with those which wicked are,
 Whose lipps speake peace, whose hearts are full of warr;
 Accordinge to their actions let them speed,
 And as their merrit is, soe make their need;
 For that they see Thy workes, and yet neglect them,
 Thou shalt destroy and neuer more erect them:
 The Lord bee praisd Who hath vouchsaft to heare,
 And lend unto my prayer a gracious eare;
 His SHEILD protects, His strength doth mee aduance;
 My tongue shall sing His praise, my heart shall dance;
 Hee to His seruants, force, and vertue, giues;
 Through Him in safetie His annoynted liues.
 Saue Thy peculier people, Lord! and blesse them,
 And lift their heads aboue them that oppresse them.

PSALM XXIX.

Yee kings, since by God's power and grace, yee raigne,
 Glory and power ascribe to Him againe;
 Yeild Him the honnour due to His great name,
 And in His glorious COURTS, His praise proclaime;
 His voyce doth cause the Seas, to swell and shake,
 And in the heauens the dreadfull thunder make;
 JEHOUAH's voice, effects of power doth breed,
 It is a stronge and glorious voyce indeed;
 His voyce the cedar doth in sunder teare,
 The Cedars which MOUNT LEBANUS doth beare;
 Makes LEBANUS, and HERMON hill, to tremble
 And skipinge CALUES and UNICORNES, resemble;
 Doth breake the clouds, and flames of fire deuide,
 The deserts shake, euen CADES^[206] desert wide;
 Makes hindes to calue, for feare makes forrests bare,
 While in His temple wee His praise declare;
 The Lord vpon the water-floods doth raigne,
 The Lord a KINGE for euer doth remaine;
 The Lord shall still His people's strength encrease,
 And giue to them the blessinge of His peace.

PSALM XXX.

Highly the Lord I praise Who setts mee high
 Aboue my proud insultinge enimie;
 Sicke to the death, I cried to GOD for ease,
 And Hee hath cur'd my dangerous disease;
 Hee from the graue hath lifted up my head
 And hath reduc't^[207] mee from among the dead.
 Yee SAINTS of His in songs His praise expresse,
 With thankes^[208] make mention of His holines;
 For momentarie His displeasure is,
 When in His faouour there is life and blisse;
 Sad sorrow may continue for a night,
 But joy returneth with the morninge light.
 When my estate did prosper, then said I
 I shall not fall, my seat is fixt on high.
 But when Thou Lord, didst turne Thy face aside,
 Then was I trubled, and to Thee I cride;
 To Thee began I then againe to pray,
 And in my humble prayer thus did say:
 What profit can there by my death arise,
 When buried in the graue my body lies?
 Shall dust and ashes celebrate Thy name?
 Or shall the silent TOOMBE Thy truth proclaime?
 Lord, heare my prayer, and then Thy mercie show
 In aiding mee against my cruell foe!
 Loe now to dancinge,^[209] Thou hast turn'd my sadnes,
 Out^[210] of my sackloth girded mee with gladnes.
 For this shall euerie good man singe Thy praise,
 And I shall thanke and blesse Thee all my dayes.

PSALM XXXI.

In Thee, O Lord! haue I put all my trust,
 Then rescue mee from shame, as Thou art just;
 Giue eare, and soone from perill sett mee free;
 Bee Thou a Rocke and stronge defence to mee;
 Thou art my Rocke and Castle when I stray;
 Bee Thou my Guide, and leade mee in the way.
 Thou art my strength; O cleare mee from that net
 Which priuily my foes for mee haue sett!
 Into Thy hands^[211] my soule I doe committ:
 LORD GOD of truth Thou hast redeemed it.
 I hate all those which in vain lies delight,
 For all my trust is in the Lord of might.
 Thy mercies glad my heart: for in my woe
 Thou hast vouchsaft my [weary] soule to knowe.
 Thou hast not left mee prisoner with my foe,
 But sett me free that I at large may goe.
 Yeild to my trubles mercifull releife,
 My eares waxe deafe, my heart doth melt with greife.
 Few are my yeares, in number to be tould,
 Yet sorrow, care, and greife, hath made mee ould;
 My strength with prayer and anguish doth decay,
 My joynts growe weake, my bones consume away;
 I am a scorne to all my enimies,
 But specially my NEIGHBOURS mee dispise;
 My very presence did my friends affright,
 And all my ould acquaintance shun my sight.
 I am forgott as if I buried lay,
 And viler then a broken pott of clay.
 I heard the waylings of the multitude
 And trembled while they did my death conclude;
 But all my hope hath beene O Lord in Thee,
 Whome I professe my only Lord to bee;
 My tyme is in Thy hand, O doe not leaue
 Mee in their hands which would my life bereue.
 O turne to mee the brightnes of Thy face,
 And saue mee through Thy mercy and Thy grace;
 Make not mee blush which did invoke Thy name,
 But put my foes to silence and to shame;
 And let the lipps bee dumbe which vtter lyes
 Against the righteous in spightfull-wise.
 O what blessings, dost Thou keepe in store
 For them that feare and loue Thee euermore;
 Thou shalt protect them from the great men's pride,
 And in Thy Tent from stormes of tongues them hide.
 Blest bee the Lord Whose mercies manifold
 Doe keepe mee safer then the strongest hold;
 When I with passion was transported quite,
 I said I was sequester'd from His sight;
 And yet for all my weaknes, heard was I,
 When to my MAKER I did make my crie.
 Loue Him yee SAINTS of His who guardeth those
 Who trust in Him: and pay'st^[212] their proudest foes.
 Yee that rely on Him be strong of hart
 And Hee to you shall heauenly strength impart.

PSALM XXXII.

Happie indeed and truly blest is hee
 Whose sinnes remitted and faults couerèd bee;
 To whome the Lord doth not jmpute his sinne,
 Whose single heart hath not deceit therein.
 When I was silent I consum'd away,
 And pyninge greife did waste mee day by day;
 Thy hand on mee was heauy still, whereby
 My moisture grewe like draught in Summer drie.
 My sinne I will acknowledge Lord to Thee,
 My secret faults shall not concealèd bee;
 I said, I will my synnes to God confesse,
 And God forthwith forgauæ my wickednesse.
 If good men seeke Him when Hee may be found,
 The world's high waues shall neuer them surround;
 Thou hid'st mee close and sauest mee from annoy,
 And dost enuiron me with songs of joy;
 When Thou hast sett mee in Thyne owne right way,

Thine eye doth guide mee that I doe not stray.
Then must I not be brute, as horse and mule,
Which men with bitt and bridle only rule.
With many whippes, God doth the wicked chase
But doth with mercies faithfull men embrace;
Bee glad, rejoyce, and glory in the Lord
All yee whose hearts doth with His will accord.

PSALM XXXIII.

Rejoyce yee righteous in the Lord, and singe;
To giue God thanks, it is a comely thinge:
Singe prayes unto Him and sett your songs
To harpe and lute, that speaketh with ten tongues;
Singe to the Lord a new composèd songe,
With chearefull heart and with affection stronge;
For His most holy Word is euer true,
And all His workes His constancie doe shew.
Hee loueth right and justice euermore,
And with His blessinge Hee the earth doth store;
For by His word the heauens created were;
His breath made euery STARR and euery sp'ere;^[213]
The Seas, as in a STOREHOUSE Hee doth keepe,
And heapes them up as treasures in the deepe;
The earth before the LORD shall quake for feare,
And all that dwell on His round CENTER here:
Hee spake, and they were made; at His commaund
The heauens began to moue, the earth to stand.
COUNSELLS of princes and of NATIONS great,
And peoples' plotts, His wisdom doth defeat;
But GOD's owne counsell, purpose and decree,
Eternall stand, and cannot frustrate bee.
That NATION hath true happines and blisse,
Whose GOD and LORD, the LORD JEHOUAH is;
Downe from the highest heauen the Lord did looke,
And of all men a full suruey Hee tooke;
From Heauen aboue the Lord did cast His eye,
And all mens wayes and wanderings did espie.
Hee formèd all their hearts, and understands
Their thoughts, their words, and workes of all their hands.
The greatest armies cannot saue a KINGE,
Nor strength unto a stronge man safety bringe;
His trust is vaine who trusteth in his horse,
And seekes deliuerance by soe small a force;
With gracious eye the Lord behoulds the just,
Which Him doe feare and in His mercie trust:
In tyme of dearth their hungrie soules to feed
And from deathe's jawes to rescue them with speed.
Our soules with patience for the Lord haue staid,
Who is our only sheild, support and aid;
Our hearts shall Him as our true joy embrace,
For wee our only trust in Him doe place.
Thy mercie Lord to us exceeded bee,
According to the hope wee haue in Thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

Lord euermore will I giue thanks to Thee,
And in my mouth Thy praise shall euer bee;
My soule shall boast that shee Thy seruant is,
The humble shall be glad to heare of this;
Come then, O come, and let vs praise the Lord,
And magnifie His name with sweet accord.
I sought the Lord by prayer which He did heare,
And saued mee from that ill my soule did feare.
Looke towards God, thou shalt enlightenèd bee,
And no foule shame shall euer light on thee.
The poor man's crie, the Lord doth quickly heare,
And doth for all his troubles quitt him cleare;
Such as feare God His Angell guards them all,
From euery mischeife that may them befall.
O taste the Lord, and see how sweet Hee is,
The man that trusts in Him liues still in bliss.
O feare the Lord, yee that are SAINTS of His,
Who feare the Lord noe needfull thinge shall misse.

Rich become poore, and Lyons hungrie bee,
 But such as feare the Lord noe want shall see.
 Come then yee children, listen and giue eare,
 And I will teach you this religious feare:
 What man art thou that longest long to liue,
 And wouldst that GOD to thee good dayes should giue;
 Refraine thy tongue from speaking ill the while,
 And from thy lipps let there proceed noe guile;
 Doe that is good, decline from that is ill,
 Seeke peace with God and men, and hould it still.
 Upon good men God casts a gentle eye,
 And bends a gentle eare unto their crye.
 But to the wicked shewes an angrie browe,
 Till they bee quite exterpèd, root and bow;^[214]
 But when the righteous cry, the Lord doth heare them
 And from all trubles absolutely cleare them;
 God's present helpe the Lord[^{'s} own folk] doth finde,
 And such Hee saues as are of humble minde.
 The righteous into many trubles fall,
 But God's sweet mercy brings them out of all;
 Their very bones so keepe and count doth Hee,
 As not one broken nor one lost, shall bee.
 But some foule death shall on the wicked light,
 And they which hate the just, shall perish quite;
 But of his seruants, GOD the SAUIOUR is;
 They trust in Him, their hope they cannot misse.

PSALM XXXV.

Plead Thou my cause, O Lord my Advocate!
 Against all those with whome I haue debate;
 Fight against them that doe against mee fight,
 Take up Thy shield, and helpe mee with Thy might;
 Lift up Thy lance, stopp them which mee pursue,
 Say to my soule, I am Thy SAUIOUR true;
 Let shame on them which seeke my ruin light,
 And with confusion turne them all to flight.
 Let them bee like the dust before the winde,
 With God's feirce angell followinge them behinde;
 Set them in slipperie wayes, and darke withall,
 And let God's Angell smite them as they fall;
 For they have spred a nett and dig'd a pitt,
 Euen without cause to catch my soule in it:
 But in that pitt let them fall vnawares,
 And bee entangled in their proper snares;
 But thou my soule, whom God^[215] thus guides from ill,
 Rejoyce in Him, and His saluation still;
 My bones shall say, Lord who is like to Thee?
 Who poore weake men from their strong foe dost free:
 False witnesses arose with oathes untrue,
 And chargèd mee with things I neuer knew;
 They to my greife did ill for good requite,
 And recompenc't my kindnes with dispight;
 Yet in their sicknes I did sackcloth weare,^[216]
 And fast and pray with many a secret teare;
 I could not more for friend or brother mourne,
 Or if my mother to her graue were borne:
 But in my woe they made great mirth and glee,
 The very abjects mockt and mowde^[217] at mee;
 Base flatterers and jesters came withall,
 [And] gnasht their teeth to show their bitter gall.
 How long shall this bee Lord? my soule withdraw
 From these men's wrongs, and from the lyon's jaw:
 Soe in Thy CHURCH shall I my thankes proclaime,
 And in our Great Assembly praise Thy name;
 Let not my foes triumph^[218] on mee againe,
 Nor with their mockinge eyes shew their disdain;
 They meet and parte, but peace they doe not seeke
 But to supplant the peaceable and meeke;
 They gape and drawe their mouthes in scornefull wise,
 And cry, fie, fie, wee sawe it with our eyes.
 But Thou their deed (O Lord!) dost alsoe see;
 Then bee not silent soe, nor farr from mee.
 Awake, stand up O GOD and LORD OF MIGHT,
 Auenge my quarrell, judge my cause aright;

To Thy DOOME rather lett mee fall or stand
Then subject bee to their insulting hand;
Then they should say, soe, soe, these things goe right,
We haue our will, and haue deuour'd him quite.
Shame bee to them that joy in my mischance,
And which to cast mee downe themselues aduance;
Let them bee glad that my wellwishers bee,
And blesse the Lord that hath soe blessèd mee.
As for my tongue it shall sett forth Thy praise,
And celebrate Thy justice all my dayes.

PSALM XXXVI.

The wicked man's bould sinnes my heart doe tell,
Noe feare of God before his eyes doth dwell;
Yet flattereth hee himselfe in his owne sight,
Untill his hatefull deeds bee brought to light;
His words are lies, and most deceitfull too,
He leaues off[f] quite all honest deeds to doe;
Hee on his bed doth nought but mischeife muse,
Hee shunns noe ill and noe good way doth choose;
Thy mercie Lord doth to the heauens extend,
Thy faithfullnes doth to the CLOUDES assend;
Thy justice stedfast as a MOUNTAINE is,
Thy JUDGEMENTS deepe as is the great Abisse;
Thy noble mercirs saue all liueinge thinges,
The sonnes of men creepe underneath *Thy* winges:
With Thy great plenty they are fedd at will,
And of Thy pleasure's streame they drinke their fill;
For euen the well of life remaines with Thee,
And in Thy glorious light wee light shall see;
To them that know Thee, Lord, bee loveinge still,
And just to them whose heart intends noe ill;
Let not the foot of pride tread on my Crowne
Nor the hand of the vngodly cast mee downe:
False are the wicked in their slippery wayes,
And haue no power againe themselues to raise.

PSALM XXXVII.

If ill men prosper doe not Thou repine,
Nor enuy them though they^[219] in glory shyne;
For as the grasse they shall be mowen away,
And as greene hearbes shall turne to withered hay:
Trust thou in God and still bee doinge good,
And thou shalt neuer want noe house nor food;
Delight in Him, Hee shall to thee jmparte,
The full desires and wishes of Thy heart;
On Him rely, to Him thy way commend,
And Hee shall bringe it to a blessed end;
Thine vpright light shall shine like the morninge light;
And Thy just dealinge like the NOONE-day bright;
Bee still and frett not, but God's leasure stay
Though wicked men doe prosper in their way;
Suppressse Thine anger, let offences die,
Lest thou be moued to offend thereby;
Expect a while, obserue what will befall;
Th' ungodly shall bee gon, their place and all.
The Lord shall root out sinners out of hand,
When good men and their heires shall hould their Land.
Meeke persons shall enjoy the earthe's encrease,
And shall abound in plentie and in peace;
Against the just the wicked haue combin'd,
And in dispight their teeth at them they grinde;
But God with scorne behoulds them from the skie,
For that Hee sees their day of ruin nigh;
The vngodly drawes his sword and bends his bowe
To slay the just, the weake to ouerthrowe:
But his bent bowe shall breake and make him start,
And his owne sword shall peirce his wicked heart;
That little which the just enioyes with peace,
'Tis better then th' ungodlie's great encrease;
For th' armes of jmpious men the LORD will breake,
And giue the righteous strength when they are weake;
The just man's dayes the LORD doth know and see,

That his inheritance shall endlessse bee;
 The tymes of danger shall not him confound,
 And in the dayes of dearth, hee shall abound;
 Thy foes O Lord, shall perish and consume
 Like fatt of lambes, and vanish into fume;
 Th' ungodly want and borrow, but repay not
 The good men frankly giue, [and] yet decay not;
 Their seat is firme whom God hath best belou'd
 But such as Hee doth^[220] curse shall bee remou'd.
 The good man's goings soe directeth Hee
 As it most pleasinge to Himselfe may bee;
 Oft falls the just, yet is not cast away,
 For God's owne hand is his support and stay;
 Though I am ould, the just man or his seed
 I neuer sawe forsaken or in need;
 Hee doth giue daily almes, and frankly lend,
 Which makes his offspringe blessed in the end;
 Shun to doe ill, bee euer doinge well,
 And euermore thou shalt in safety dwell;
 The LORD who loueth right, forsaketh neuer,
 Those that are His, but keepeth them for euer;
 His children Hee correcteth now and then,
 But roots out quite the race of wicked men.
 As long as HEAVEN shall moue and Earth shall stand,
 The righteous men inherit shall the Land;
 The just man's mouth is wisdome's flowinge well,
 His tongue, of truth and judgement loues to tell;
 And in his heart the lawe of God doth bide,
 Which makes him walke vpright and neuer slide;
 The wicked sees the just with enuious eye,
 And lies in waite to wound him mortally;
 But God will neuer leaue him to his hands,
 Nor him condemne when hee in judgement stands:
 Then wait thou on the Lord, and keepe His way,
 Hee shall thy patience with promotion pay;
 Thy dwellinge in the Land shall stablisht bee,
 When thou the fall shalt of the wicked see.
 The vngodly in great power myselfe haue seene,
 Soe that he flourisht like a bay-tree greene;
 But soone's^[221] I passèd by, and gon was hee,
 His place I sought, but noe where could it see;
 Keepe a cleare conscience, right and truth intend,
 For that brings peace and comfort in the end;
 When sinners shall at once together fall,
 And in the end shall be extèrpèd all;
 But good mens' safety doth from God proceed,
 Who is their strength in truble, helpe at need;
 Against the wicked Hee assists the just,
 And recues them, because in Him they trust.

PSALM XXXVIII.

If for my sinnes Thine anger kindled bee,
 Lord! let not then Thy justice chastise mee;
 Thine arrowes fixèd in my fleshe doe stand,
 I feele the pressure of Thy heauie hand;
 I haue noe health Thine anger is soe much,
 My bones noe rest; my greiuous synne is such,
 My wickednes doth mount aboue my head
 And fallinge presse mee like a load of lead;
 My ulcers are corrupted and doe smell,
 Caus'd by my folly, which I blush to tell.
 I am with greife soe broken and soe torne,
 As I all day in heart and habit mourne.
 My loynes are fillèd with a sore desease,
 Noe parte of all my bodie feeleth ease;
 I am soe faint, soe feeble, and soe sore,
 As paine and anguish make mee crie and roare;
 Thou Lord! the longings of my heart dost see,
 My sighes and groanings are not hidd from Thee.
 My heart doth pant, my sinewes faile mee quite,
 My weepinge eyes haue lost their power of sight;
 Meane while, my freinds and neighbours they looke on,
 My nearest kinsmen farthest off[f] are gon:
 And they which seeke my life haue layed their snares

And sett their trapps, to catch mee vnawares.
 They that to doe mee mischeife lye in wait,
 Doe plott and practise nothings but deceit;
 But as for mee in silent patience
 I seemèd deafe and dumbe and voyde of sence;
 As one whose eare admitts not any sound,
 And in whose mouth there^[222] is noe answeare found.
 For on the Lord I euermore rely,
 Though I stand mute, Thou shalt for mee replie:
 My suite is that my foes may not preuaile
 Who greatly joy to see my footing faile;
 For in a place of stumblinge sett am I,
 My sad estate is still before mine eye;
 But I with sorrow will confesse my synne,
 And grieue that I offend my God therein;
 And yet my foes do liue and grow in might,
 They grow in numbers which do beare me spight.
 They which doe ill for good, doe hate mee too,
 Because I loue good turnes for ill to doe:
 Lord leaue mee not nor from mee farr depart,
 Saue mee with speede: for Thou my safety art.

PSALM XXXIX.

I said I will bee wary in my way;
 Lest I offend in that my tongue should say,
 I will my mouth as with a bridle hould,
 While wicked men with enuy mee behould:
 I dumb did stand and from all speech refraine,
 Euen from good words, which was to mee a paine:
 My heart was hott: while I such doubts did cast,
 The fire brake out, and thus I spake at last:
 'Lord of my life reueale to mee the end,
 The period showe, to which my dayes doe tend'!
 My life is but the measure of a spann,
 Nought as to Thee, so vaine a thinge is man:
 Who dreaminge walks, and toyles for wealth in vaine,
 And doth not know to whome it shall remaine.
 But what doe I expect? what is my hope!
 Of my desires Thou art the only scope.
 Lord! from my synnes Thine indignation turne
 And make mee not to wicked fooles a scorne,
 When Thou didst strike I silent was and dum[b]
 Because I knewe the blowe from Thee did come.
 Remoue Thy hand, withdrawe Thy plague from me
 Wherewith my vitall spirrits consumèd bee:
 Thy plagues for sinne doth like a moth consume
 Man's beauty vaine, which is nought else but fume.
 Lord! heare my prayer, and listen to my cries,
 Let not Thy gracious eye my teares dispise:
 For I am but Thy guest, and sojourne heare,
 On earth a pilgrim as my fathers were;
 O spare a little, and my strength restore
 Before I goe from hence to come noe more.

PSALM XL.

Long on the Lord, I waited patiently,
 Till He enclin'd His eare, and heard my cry:
 Drew mee from out the pitt of mire and clay
 Did sett mee on firme ground and guide my way:
 Put in my mouth a new and joyfull song
 Of thankes^[223] and praise, that to Himselfe belong.
 Of His great mercie, many shall haue sense,
 And of the Lord haue feare and confidence.
 Blest is the man who hath on God relide,
 Not turninge vnto lies or worldly pride;
 O Lord! Thy works of wonder, they are such
 Thy care and loue to vsward is soe much,
 They are soe great, they are soe numberlesse,
 As if I would, I could not them expresse.
 My sacrifice of meates Thou would'st not take,
 But Thou mine eare didst peirce and open make.
 Thou didst not aske burnt-offerings at my hand
 Then LORD said I 'I come at Thy commaund;

Thy Booke eternall, doth of mee record,
 That I should come to doe Thy will O Lord!
 To doe Thy will, my heart is pleasèd well,
 For in my heart Thy lawe doth euer dwell;
 Thy truth I haue to all Thy people tould,
 Therein Thou knowest my tongue I cannot hould:
 Thy justice in my heart is not conceal'd,
 Thy mercy to the world I haue reueal'd;
 I haue not spar'd to make Thy bounty knowne,
 But in the Great Assembly haue it showne.
 Take not Thy wonted mercy Lord, from mee,
 But let Thy goodnes still my safety bee.
 My troubles numberlesse such hould haue tooke
 On my weake soule, as vp I cannot looke:
 My sinnes beinge more then^[224] haire upon my head,
 Make my heart faint and vitall spirrits dead:
 But bee it Lord, Thy pleasure and Thy will,
 With speed to saue and rescue mee from ill:
 Bringe them to shame that would my life destroy,
 Reproue them Lord, that wish my soule's annoy:
 Let them bee left to scorne and pride, which blame
 Which scorninge say to me, fie, fie, for shame.
 But let all those that seeke their blisse, in Thee
 Rejoyce and say, the Lord's name praised bee'.
 For mee who am contemtible and poore,
 The Lord takes care, and feeds mee euermore:
 Thou Lord art my protection, and my aid,
 Let not Thy gracious helpe bee long delay'd.

PSALM XLI.

That man is blest who doth the poore regard;
 In tymes of trouble God shall him reward,
 Prolong his life, and blesse him in the Land,
 And free him from his foes' oppressing hand:
 Shall comfort him, when sicke and weake hee lies,
 And make his bedd till hee in health doe rise:
 My synne hath giuen my soule a greiuous wound,
 Apply Thy mercy Lord, and make it sound;
 Thus speakes my foe of mee to show his spight,
 'When shall his life and honnour perish quite?'
 Hee vissitts mee, but with false heart and tongue
 And thereof vaunts, his complices amonge:
 Euen all my foes against mee doe conspire,
 And with one minde my ruin doe desire;
 'Let him,' say they of mee, 'in judgement fall
 And when hee once is downe not rise at all.'
 The freind I trusted, which did eat my bread,
 Hath lifted vp his heele against my head.
 Thy mercie's winges on mee O Lord display;
 Raise mee againe, and I shall them repay.
 By this I doe Thy gracious fauour see,
 In that my foe doth not triumph on mee.
 Thou in my health uphouldst mee with Thy hand,
 And in Thy presence I shall euer stand.
 The name of JACOB'S GOD bee blessèd then,
 From age to age for euermore: Amen.

PSALM XLII.

As for the streames the hunted hart doth bray,
 Soe for God's grace my heart doth pant and pray.
 My soule doth thirst (O God of life!) for Thee,
 When shall I come Thy blessed^[225] face to see?
 My teares are all my food both night and day,
 While 'where is now thy God?' the wicked say.
 I powrèd out my hart, while thus I thought
 And to God's House the multitude I brought:
 With songs of praise and thankfullnes withall,
 To celebrate the Lord's great festiuall:
 Then why art thou my soule soe full of woe,
 Vnquiet in thyselfe and vexèd soe?
 O put thy trust in God and thankfull bee,
 For his sweet helpe His presence yields to Thee.
 My soule is greiu'd remembringe all the ill

I felt in JORDAN'S vale and HERMON hill.
 One depth of sorrow doth to another call,
 Thy waves O God haue ouergon mee all:
 I prais'd at night God's bounty of the day,
 And vnto Him that giues mee life did pray.
 God of my strength, why hast Thou left mee soe,
 With heauy hart oppressèd by my foe?
 My foe doth cut my bones as with a sword,
 While hee in scorne repeats this bitter word,
 'Where is thy God?' his speech to mee is such:
 'Where is thy God, of which thou talk'st soe much?'
 But why art thou my soule dejected soe?
 Why art thou trubled and soe full of woe?
 Trust thou in God, and giue Him thankfull praise^[226]
 Who is Thy present helpe in all thy wayes.

PSALM XLIII.

Judge thou my^[227] cause, [O God!] and right mee then,
 Against vngodly and deceptfull men.
 O God, my strength, why sett'st Thou mee aside
 And leau'st mee to my foes' oppressing pride?
 Send forth Thy light and truth and guide mee still,
 In the right way to Thy most holy hill.
 God of my^[228] joy, before Thine Alter high,
 My thankfull harte, my harpe shall justifie.
 Then why art thou my soule dejected soe?
 Why art thou trubled and soe full of woe?
 O put thy trust in God and thankfull bee,
 For that sweete aide His presence giues to thee.

PSALM XLIV.

Lord! of Thy workes, our fathers haue vs tould,
 Some in their dayes, and former times of ould;
 How Thou hast rooted out the PAGAN race,
 And Thy choice people planted in their place:
 Who did not with their owne sword winne the Land,
 Nor make the conquest with their proper hand;
 But by Thine Arme, Thy faour and Thy grace,
 Thy countenance and brightnesse of Thy face;
 Thou art my KINGE, O God, and royal Guide,
 And Thou for JACOB'S safety dost prouide.
 Wee through Thine aid our foes doe bouldly meet,
 And by Thy vertue^[229] cast them at our feet;
 Therefore my trust I place not in my bowe,
 Nor in my sword, to saue mee from my foe.
 Thou only sau'st vs from our enimies,
 Confoundinge them that doe against vs rise.
 Wee boast and glory in our strength therefore,
 And to Thy name singe praises euermore;
 But now Thou standest off[f] and leau'st vs quite,
 And dost not lead our armies out to fight;
 Thou mak'st vs fly before our foes with feare,
 While they from vs rich spoyles away doe beare;
 Like sheepe, to feed them Thy poore flock is giuen,
 Or scatterèd into seuerall NATIONS driuen.
 Thyne owne deare people Thou dost sell for naught,
 And setts on them noe price when they are bought;
 Thou hast vs made vnto our NEIGHBOURS all,
 An object of reproch and scorne withall:
 To NATIONS which doe worship Idolls dumbe,
 Wee are^[230] a byword of contempt become;
 All the day long my shame is in my sight,
 Which makes me hide my face and shun the light,
 Not able to endure the blasphemies
 And scornes of my reuengefull enimies.
 For all these ills wee doe not Thee forgett,
 Thy blessed COUENANT wee renounce not yet.
 Our hearts recede not from the LAWE deuine,
 Nor doe our footsteps from Thy pathes declyne;
 Though wee in dennes of dragons haue bene plac't,
 And with death's fearefull shadowes^[231] ouercast.
 If wee the name of our true GOD forgett,
 And Idolls false wee in His place doe sett,

Shall not Hee search [it] out, Whose eye doth see
 The heart of man whose thoughts most troubled bee?
 But for Thy cause LORD wee are martir'd still,
 Like sheep which SLAUGHTER-MEN cull out to kill.
 Up Lord! why dost Thou seeme to slumber thus?
 Awake and bee not alwayes farr from vs:
 Why hidest Thou from vs Thy blessed face,
 Forgettinge our distresse and wretched case?
 Our soules euen to the dust are humbled lowe,
 Our prostrate bodies to the ground doe growe.
 Arise and helpe vs Lord! defend vs still,
 And saue vs for Thy mercie's sake from ill.

PSALM XLV.

My heart is mou'd to vtter some good thinge,
 Which I entend to offer to the kinge.
 My tougue shall bee the pen, and swiftly write
 What in my heart deuotion doth endite.
 Fairest of men, whose lipps with grace abound,
 Whom with eternall blessings God hath crown'd;
 Gird Thy sharp sword vpon Thine armèd thigh,
 And shew Thyselfe in power and MAJESTIE.
 Ride on with Thy great honnour prosperously,
 Raigne and triumph, and bee Thou mounted high,
 Borne vp with justice, truth and meeknes' wings:
 And Thy right hand shall teach Thee dreadfull things;
 Thine arrowes sharpe, shall make Thy foes to fall,
 Which Thou shalt shoote and peirce their hearts withall.
 Eternall is Thy judgement-seat O God!
 Thy scepter is a true directinge rod;
 Right hast Thou lou'd and loth'st vnrighteousnes,
 And therefore GOD Thy GOD Who doth Thee blesse,
 Hath pow'r'd on Thee O PRINCE OF PRINCES best,
 More oyle of gladnes then on all the rest:
 Thy garments, which Thy person shall aray,
 Brought out of luory wardrobes where they lay,
 Of MYRRH, of ALLOES, and of CASHA smell;
 Which odours doe refresh and please Thee well.
 The queene, all cladd in gould at Thy right hand,
 Daughters of Kings attendinge her, shall stand.
 Attend faire daughter, listen and giue eare,
 Forgett thy father's house and Cuntry deare.
 Soe shall the Kinge take pleasure in thy beautie;
 Hee is thy Lord, yield Him both loue and duty.
 The TYRIAN virgins shall bringe guifts to thee,
 And MERCHANTS rich, thy suppliants shall bee.
 The daughter of the Kinge is rich without,
 Her gownes embroidered all with gould about;
 And yet within, shee is more glorious farr,
 The jewells of her minde more precious are.
 In finest dressinge, with the needle wrought,
 Shee with her fellow virgins shall bee brought.
 They shall with joy, O Kinge bee brought to Thee,
 And in Thy princely COURTE receauèd bee.
 Thou in thy father's stead, O Bride shall gaine
 Sonnes, which in sundry PROUINCES shall raigne.
 Thee Lord, will I remember, all my dayes,
 And all the world shall giue Thee endlesse praise.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our hope and strength, which neuer failes;
 Our present helpe, when mischeife vs assailes.
 Though the earth remouèd, and the mountaines were
 Amid the Ocean cast, wee would not feare.
 Though raging seas a dreadfull noise doe make,
 Thou[gh] floodes and tempestes [roaring,] hills doe shake,
 There is a streame, which though it bee not great,
 Makes glad God's CITTIE, and His holy seate.
 God in her CENTER dwells, and makes His place
 Unmoueable, by His preuentinge grace.
 They were^[232] enrag'd which heathen kingdomes sway,
 But when God spake, the Earth did melt away.
 The Lord of Hosts assists vs with His power,

And JACOB'S GOD to vs becomes a Tower.
Come, and behould what workes the Lord hath wrought,
And Hee, His foes hath to destruction brought.
In all the world Hee warr to peace doth turne,
The bowe and speare doe breake and chariotts burne;
Bee quiet then and still, and know that I
Am Lord of the world and God Most High:
The Lord of Hosts assists vs with His power,
And JACOB'S GOD to vs becomes a Tower.

PSALM XLVII.

Clap hands yee people, with applause rejoyce,
Singe to the Lord with loud and chearfull voyce;
His throne is high, His judgement breedeth feare,
On all the earth Hee doth the SCEPTER beare.
Hee makes much people our commaund obey,
And many NATIONS at our feet doth lay;
And hath for vs an heritage in store,
Euen JACOB'S portion whom Hee lou'd before.
In glorious triumpth GOD is mounted high,
The Lord with trumpet's sound ascends the SKIE.
Singe, singe, vnto our God, vnto our Kinge,
All praises due, euen all due praises singe.
All KINGDOMES of the earth to Him belonge,
Singe wisely then, and vnderstand your song.
In all the heathen Hee doth raigne alone,
And sitts in judgment in His holy throne.
And heathen princes which were seuerd farr,
To Abraham's faithfull seed now joinèd are.
And God, Whose highnes doth the heauens transcend,
As with a buckler doth the earth defend.

PSALM XLVIII.

Great is the Lord and highly to bee praised,
In God's owne CITTIE, SYON hill is rays'd;
The beautie and the joy of all the Land,
The great king's CITTIE on the NORTH doth stand;
In his faire PALLACES God's name is knowne,
Where Hee doth cherish and protect His owne.
Though manie kings against her gathred bee,
They stand astonisht her great strength to see.
As when a woman doth in trauell fall,
A suddaine feare and tremblinge takes them all;
And God shall breake them though they bee combin'd,
As shippes are broken with an EASTERNE winde.
What wee haue heard, wee see Thou dost fullfill,
Thou GOD OF HOSTS vphoulds't Thy CITTIE still:
Amidst Thy Temple Lord, wee doe attend
Till Thou to vs Thy grace and fauour send.
Great is Thy name, O God, Thy praise noe lesse,
And Thy right hand is full of righteousnes.
Rejoyce O Sion, and your joyes renew,
Daughters of JUDAH,[\[233\]](#) for His judgements true.
About the walls of Sion walke yee round,
And tell the towers wherewith that forte is crownd;
Obserue her bulwarks and her turrets high,
And tell the same to your posterity.
This euer liuinge God our God is Hee,
And shall our Guide while we haue liuinge, bee.[\[234\]](#)

PSALM XLIX.

Heare this yee people, all yee people heare;
Listen to[\[235\]](#) mee and giue attentiu eare,
All yee that in the world residinge bee,
Both rich and poore, of high and low degree:
My mouth shall vtter, and my heart deuise,
Matters of greatest skill, profound and wise.
Mine eares to parables will I encline,
And singe vnto my harpe, of things deuine.
Then why should I in ill times fearfull bee,
When mischeife at my heeles doth follow mee.
Howbeit, some doe in their riches trust,
And glory in their wealth, which is but dust;

Yet non from death his brother's life can stay,
 Nor vnto God for Him a ransome pay.
 For it cost more the soule of man to saue,
 Then all the wealth is worth, which worldlyngs haue.
 Nor may men hope to liue on earth for euer,
 Though long they last, ere soule and body seuer.
 That fooles and wise men die alike they finde,
 And vnto strangers leaue their wealth behinde.
 Their houses yet they thinke shall euer stand,
 They giue their proper names vnto their land;
 Yet noe man can in honnour euer bee,
 But as the brute beast dies, euen so does hee.
 This is their follie, this their stumblinge wayes;
 And yet the children doe their fathers praise.
 They^[236] are shut vp in graues as sheepe in folde,
 And hungry Death feeds on their bodies cold,
 The just shall rule them when the sunne doth rise,
 With them their pride and beauty buried lies;
 But God shall from Deathe's power my soule deliuer,
 When Hee shall take it to Himselfe for euer.
 Then let not feare and enuy thee surprize,
 When thou seest men in wealth and honnour rise,
 For to their graues they naught away shall beare,
 Nor shall their glory waite vpon them there;
 Yet they themselues thought happie all their dayes,
 For him who helps himselfe others will praise:
 As his forefathers all are gon before,
 Soe shall hee die and see the light noe more.
 Soe man on honnour little doth foresee,
 But as brute beasts doe perish, soe dies hee.

PSALM L.

The Lord, the God of Gods, the world doth call,
 Euen from the sunn's vprisinge to his fall;
 From out of SION doth the Lord appeare,
 And shewes the brightnes of His beauty cleare.
 In triumph, not in silence come shall Hee,
 His vs her fire, His guard a storme shall bee.
 Hee by His summons heauen and earth will call,
 That Hee [may]^[237] judge at once his creatures all.
 To Mee, saith Hee, let all My saints repaire,
 Which worshipp Mee with sacrifice and prayer;
 God's justice shall from heauen declarèd bee,
 For Who is judge of all the world but Hee?
 Harke ISRAELL! I am Thy God, giue eare;
 I will against thee speake and witnes beare.
 Not for the dailie taske of sacrifice,
 Or that burnt-offerings shine not in Mine eyes:
 I want them not, nor will I take at all,
 Goat from thy fould or bullocke from thy stall;
 All beasts are Mine within the forrest wide,
 And cattle on a thousand hills beside;
 I knowe all fowles which in the aire doe fly,
 And see all beasts which in the feild doe lye.
 If I were hungrie would I begg of thee,
 When all things in the world belong to Mee?
 Art thou O man, soe simple as to thinke
 That bulls' flesh is My meat, goats' blood My drinke?^[238]

PSALM LXVII.

Shew us Thy mercy, Lord, and grace diuine:
 Turne Thy bright face that it on vs may shine,
 That all the men on Earth enlight'ned so
 Their owne saluation and Thy wayes may know.
 O let Thy people praise Thy blessed name,
 And let all tongues and nations doe the same;
 And let all mortall men rejoyce in this,
 That God['s] their judge, and iust His iudgment, is.
 O let Thy people praise Thy blessed name,
 And let all tongues and nations doe the same:
 Then shall the Earth^[239] bringe forth a rich encrease,
 And God shall blesse vs with a fruitfull peace.
 Euen God shall bless vs and^[240] His holy feare,

Possesse the harts of all men euery where.

PSALM XCI.

1 Who vnder the Most High Himselfe doth hide,
In most assurèd safety shall abide.
2 Thou art, O Lord, my hope and my defence,
My God, in Thee is all my confidence.
3 Hee shall preserue thee from the hunter's snare,
And from the pestilent contagious aier.
4 His winges shall both protect and cherish thee,
His faithfull promise shall thy buckler bee.
5 Noe terror of the night shall thee dismay,
Nor Satan's arrow flyinge in the day,
6 Nor mortall plague, which in the darke annoyes,
Nor that ill angell which at none^[241] destroyes.^[242]
7 Thousands, ten thousands shall about thee fall,
Yet noe such ill shall thee approach at all;
8 Yea with thine eyes thou shalt behould and see,
The iust reward of such as impious bee;
9 Thou art my hope, I will on Thee rely,
Thy tower of safety, Lord, is sett soe high.
10 Noe mischeefe, noe mischance shall thee betide
No plague come near the place where Thou shalt bide.
11 The Lord His angells will Thy keepers make,
In all Thy righteous wayes which thou shalte take;
12 They in their hands shall thee sustaine and stay
That Thou shalt neuer stumble in thy way.
13 Uppon the basilisk and adder's head,
Dragon and lyon thou shalt safely tread.
14 Thy loue to Mee shall saue thee from mischance,
Thy knowledge of My name shall thee aduance.
15 I will him hear, and help him in His trouble;
I will protect him and his honour duple.
With length of dayes, hee satisfied shall bee,
And hee at last shall My saluation see.

PSALM XCV.^[243]

Come let vs hartily reioyce and singe
To God our mightie Sauour, and our Kinge;
Present the prayse which doth to Him belonge,
And show our gladnes in a cheerfull songe;
For God our Lord, the greatest God is Hee,
And Monarch of all gods that worshipt bee.
The Earth's round globe, Hee holdeth in His hand:
And th' highest mountaynes are at His command.
The sea is His, Hee hath it made of old,
And the dry land His blessed hands did mould:
Come let vs worship then, and humble fall
Before our mightie God which made vs all.
Hee is our Lord, and wee His people bee;
Our shepheard, and His proper sheep are wee.
This day yf you His holy voice will heare,
Let not your hearts bee hardned as they were,
When in the desert you His wrath did moue,
And temptinge Him His mightie power did proue.
Full forty yeeres this nation greeud mee so,
Their erringe harts My wayes would neuer know;
Therefore displeas'd by oath I did protest
They neuer should possesse my Land of rest.

PSALM C.

Bee ioyfull in the Lord, yee nations all,
Cheer vp your harts in mirth, and songs withall;
The Lord is God, not wee but Hee alone
Hath made vs all, and feeds vs euery one.
Then enter yee His gates and courts with prayse,
And striue with hart and voice His name to raise.
For why? the Lord is sweet, His mercy rare,
His truth for euer constant shall endure.

PSALM CIII.

My soule with all thy powers thy Maker praise;

Forget not all His benefits to thee,
 Who pardons all thy sinnes, and doth thee rayse
 When thou art fal'n through any infirmitie:
 Who doth thee saue from mischeifs that would kill thee,
 And crowneth thee with mercies euer more.
 And with the best of thinges doth feed and fill thee,
 And egle-like thy youth and strength restore.
 When men oppressèd doe to Him appeale,
 Hee righteth euery one against his foe;
 Hee vnto Moses did His lawes reueale,
 And vnto Jacob's eare His workes did show.
 Hee is more full of grace then wee of sinne;
 To anger slowe, compassionate and kind;
 Hee doth not euer chide, and never linne,^[244]
 Nor keepes displeasure alwayes in His minde,
 Nor after our misdeedes doth Hee vs charge;
 Nor takes Hee of our faults a strict account,
 But as the space from earth to heauen is large,
 So farr His mercy doth our sinnes surmount.
 As east from west is distant farr away,
 Soe farr doth Hee from us our sinnes remoue:
 As fathers, kindnes to their sonnes bewray,
 Soe God to them that feare Him, showes His loue.
 For Hee that made vs and knowes all, doth know
 The matter whereof man was made of old;
 That wee were formèd heer on earth below
 Of dust and clay, and of noe better mold.
 Man's age doth wither as the fadinge grasse;
 He flourisheth, but as y^e flower in May,
 Which when the South-wind ouer it doth passe
 Is gone; and where it grew no man can say.
 But God's sweet kindnes^[245] euer doth consist;
 His truth, from age to age, continew shall,
 To them that in His righteous lawes persist,
 And thinke vppon them to performe them all.
 Heauen is God's seat; there doth His glorie dwell,
 But ouer all, His empire doth extend;
 Praise Him yee angells which in strength excell,
 And His command doe euermore attend.
 Praise Him yee hosts of heauen which serue Him there,
 Whose seruice with His pleasure doth accord;
 And praise Him all His creatures euery where;
 And thou my soule for thy part, praise the Lord.

PSALM CL.

To Him with trumpets and with flutes,
 With cornets, clarions and with lutes;
 With harpes, with organs and with shawmes,
 With holy anthems and with psalmes;
 With voice of angells and of men
 Sing! Aleluyia! Amen, Amen.

VIII. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

Miscellaneous Poems.

OF FAITH THE FIRST THEOLOGICALL VERTUE.

Faith is a sunbeame of th' Æternall light,
 That in man's soule infusd by grace doth shine:
 Which giues her dazled eye soe cleare a sight
 As evidently sees the truith diuine;
 This beame that cleares our eyes, inflames our hearts,
 And Charitie's kind fire doth there begett:
 For sunlike, it both light and heate imparts:
 Faith is the light, and Charitie the heate:
 This light of faith the noblest wisdom is,
 For it the onley truith allowes and a'plyes:
 The virgin's lamp, that lights the soule to blisse;

The Jacob's scales,[\[246\]](#) whereby shee clymes the skyes;
The eye that sees, the hand that apprehends;
The cause of causes, and the end of ends.

A SONGE OF CONTENTION

BETWEENE FOWRE MAIDS CONCERNINGE THAT WHICH ADDETH MOST PERFECTION TO THAT SEXE.

THE FIRST FOR BEAUTY.

Our fairest Garland, made of Beautye's flowers,
Doth of it selfe supplyall other dowers:
Women excell the perfects' men in this,
And therefore herein their perfection is:
For beautye wee the glorious heauens admire;
Faire feilds, faire howses, gold and pearle, desire.
Beautye doth alwayes health and youth imploy
and doth delight the noblest sense, the eye.

THE SECOND FOR WITTE.

Beautye delights the soule, but witte the Reason:
Witte lasts an age, and beautye but a season:
The sense is quickly cloyd with beautye's tast;
When witt's delight still quicke and fresh doth last:
Beautye, weake eyes with her illusion blindes,
Witte conquers spirits and triumphs ouer minds:
Deade things haue beautye, onely man hath witte,
and man's perfection doth consist in it.

THE THIRD FOR WEALTH.

Wealth is a power that passeth nature farre:
Makes euery goose a swanne, and sparke a starre:
Queene money, bringes and giues with royall hands
Freinds, kindred, honour, husband, house and lands;
Not a faire face, but fortune faire, I craue,
Lett mee want witte soe I fooles' fortune haue.

THE FOURTH FOR VERTUE.

Yet those perfections most imperfect bee,
If there bee wantinge vertuous modestye;
Vertue's aspect would haue the sweetest grace
If wee could see as wee conceaue her face:
Vertue guides witte, with well-affected will,
Which if witte want, it proues a dangerous ill:
Vertue gaines wealth with her good gouernment,
If not, sh'is rich, because shee is content.[\[247\]](#)

A MAID'S HYMNE IN PRAISE OF VIRGINITY.

Sacred virginity, vnconquered Queene!
Whose kingdome never hath invaded beene;
Of whose sweete rosy crowne noe hand hath power
Once but to touch, much lesse to plucke a flower:

Gainst whome proud Love—which on the world doth raigne,—
With armies of his passions fights in vaine;
In whome gray Winter neuer doth appeare,
To whome greene Springtide lasteth all the yeare.

O fresh immortall baye, vntroubled well,
Or violett, which vntoucht doest sweetest smell;
Faire vine, which without prop[\[248\]](#) doest safely stand,
Pure gold, new coynd, which neuer past a hand.

O temperance, in the supreame degree
And hiyest pitch that vertue's winges can flee:
O more then humane spirit, of Angells' kind:
O white, unspotted garment of the mind,

Which first cloathed man, before hee was forlorne;
And wherein God Himselfe chose to bee borne.
Within my soule, O heavenly vertue rest,
Untill my soule with heaven it selfe bee blest.[\[249\]](#)

PART OF AN ELEGIE IN PRAISE OF MARRIAGE.

When the first man from Paradise was driven,
Hee did from thence his onely comfort beare:
Hee still enioyes his wife, which God had giuen,
 Though hee from other joyes deuorcèd were.

This cordiall comfort of societie,
This trueloue knott, that tyes the heart and will,
When man was in th' extremest miserye
 To keepe his heart from breaking, existed still.^[250]

There is a tale then^[251] [when] the world beganne,
Both sexes in one body did remaine:
Till Joue, offended with that double man,
 Caused Vulcan to diuide him into twayne.

In this diuision, hee the hart did seuer,
But cunningly hee did indent the heart,
That if they should be reunited euer,
 Each part might know which was the counterpart:

Since when, all men and women thinke it longe,
Each of them their other part haue mett:
Sometimes the[y] meete y^e right, sometimes y^e wrong,
 This discontent, and that doth ioy begett.

It ioye begetts in there indented harts,
When like indentures they^[252] are matcht aright:
Each part to other mutuall joy imparts,
 And thus the man which Vulcan did deuide,

Is nowe againe by Hymen made entire,
And all the ruine is ræedified;
Two beeing made one by their diuine desire.
 Sweete marriage is the honny neuer cloyinge;

The tune, which being still plaid, doth euer please,
The pleasure which is vertue's in inioyng.
It is the band of peace and yoake of ease,
 It is a yoake, but sweete [and] light it is;

The fellowship doth take away the trouble,
For euery griefe is made halfe lesse by this,
And euery ioy is by reflection double.
 It is a band, but one of Love's sweete bands,

Such as hee binds the world's great parts withall:
Whose wonderous frame by there convention stands,
But beinge disbanded would to ruine fall.^[253]

[A FRAGMENT OF A LOVE ELEGIE.]

But those impressions by this forme are staynde,
 and blotted out as if they had not beene:
And yet if nothing else in mynde I beare,
 makes me not lesse learn[è]d then before:
For that in her as in a merroure cleare,
I see and learne far better things and more.
 The students of the world and Natur's booke,
 Beauty and order in the world doe noate;
 She is my little world; on her I looke,
and doe in her the same p'fections quate:
For in her eyes the beames of beauty shine,
 and in her sweete behaviour and her grace,
Order apears, and comlines diuine,
 Befitting every tyme and every place.

3.

Vnto that sparkling wit, that spirit of fire,
That pointed diomond looke, that ægle's eye
Whose lyghtning makes audacity retire
 and yet drawes on respectiue modesty,
With wings of feare and loue, my spirit doth fly
 and doth therein a flame of fire resemble;
Which, when it burnes most bright and mounts most high,

then doth it waver most and most doth tremble.
 O that my thoughts were words, or could I speake
 The tongue of Angells, to expresse my mynde:
 For mortall speach is far too faint and weeke
 to utter passion of so high a kynde.
 You have a beauty of such life and light
 As it hath power all wandring eyes to stay:
 To move dombe tongues to speake, lame hands to write,
 Stayde thoughts to run, hard harts to melt a way:
 Yet painters' can of this draw every line
 And every wittles person that hath eyes,
 Can se[e] and judg and sweare it is divine:
 For in these outwarde formes all fooles are wise.
 But that which my admireing spirit doth veiw,
 I[n] thought whereof it would for ever dwell,
 Eie never saw, the pensill never drew,
 Pen neuer coulde describe, tongue never tell:
 It is the invisible beauty of your mynde,
 Your cleare immagination, lively witt,
 So tund, so temp'rd, of such heavenly kind,
 As all mens spirits ar charmd and rapt with it.
 This life within begetts your lively looke,
 As fier doth make all metalls looke like fier;
 Or your quicke soule by choise this body tooke,
 As angells wth bright formes themselves attire.
 O that my brest might ope, and hart might cleave
 That so you might my silent wondring veiw:
 O that you might my soreing spirit p'ceive,
 How still with trembling wings it waites on you.
 Then should you se[e] of thoughts an endles chaine,
 Whose links are^[254] vertues, and yor vertues bee;
 Then should you see how your faire forme doth raigne
 Through all the regions of my fantesie.
 Then should you fynde that I was yours as much
 As ar your sharpe conceits borowd of none;
 Or as your native beautyes, that are such
 As all the world will sweare it is your owne.

4.

As they that worke in mines, rich vaines beray,
 By some few garaines^[255] of ore whereon the[y] hit:
 And as one letter found is oft a kay
 To many lines that ar in cipher writt;
 So I by your few loveing lines descry
 Of your long hiden love the golden mine;
 And reade therein with a true lover's eye
 Of the hart's volume, every secrett line.
 But what availes it now, alas to know
 That once a blessed man I might haue beene?
 Since I haue lett, by lookeing downe too low
 My highest fortunes sore away vnseene:
 And yett if I had raisd my humble eyes
 As high as heauen I could not haue discer[n]d
 Of invisible thoughts which in your hart did rise,
 Unles of you I had my lesson learnd.
 But all was darke and folden vp to me;
 As soon might I my selfe, my selfe haue taught
 To read y^e blacke records of destiny,
 As read the ridles of the silent thought:
 But whereto may I best resemble this?
 Your loue was like the springing of a tree:
 We cannot see the growing when it is,
 But that it hath sprunge up and growne, we see.
 Or it is like to wealth by fairyes brought,
 Which they bring still while they invisible goe;
 But all doth vanish and doth turne to nought,
 If once a man enricht, those fairyes know:
 But now your loue (say you) is dead and gone:
 But my strong faith shall giue it life againe.
 By strength of fancy miricles are done,
 And true beleefe doth seldom hope in vaine.
 Your Phœnix loue is vnto ashes turnd,
 But now the fier of my affection true,
 Which long within my hart hath kyndly burnd,

Shall spreade such heate as it shall liue anew.
Or if the fyer of your celestiall loue,
Be mounted vp to heauen and cannot dye:
Another slye Prometheus will I prove,
and play the theife to steale it from the skye.
When you vouchsaft to love vnworthy me,
Your loue discended like a shower of raine;
Which on the earth, euen senceles though she bee,
when once it falls, returneth not againe.
Then why should you withdraw the heauenly dew
Which fell sometymes on your despairing lover?
Though then his earthly spirit full little knew
How good an Angel did about him houer.
O you the glory of your sex and race!
You that all tymes and places hapie make!
You that in beeing vertuous vertue grace,
and make men love it better for your sake:
One sunbeame yet of favour cast on mee,
Let one kinde thought in your cleare fancy rise:
Loue but a thought, or if that may not be
Be pleasd that I may love, it shall suffise.

TO THE Q:[UEENE.]

What Musicke shall we make to you?
To whome the strings of all men's harts
Make musicke of ten thousand parts:
In tune and measure true,
With straines^[256] and changes new.

How shall wee fraime a harmony
Worthie your eares, whose princely^[257] hands
Keepe harmony in sundry lands:
Whose people divers be,
In station and degree?
Heauen's tunes may onely please,
and not such aires as these.

For you which downe from heauen are sent
Such peace vpon the earth to bring,
Haue h[e]ard y^e quire of Angells sing:
and all the sphæres consent,
like a sweete instrument.

How then should these harsh tunes you^[258] heare
Created of y^e trubled ayer,
breed but distast—when you repaire—
to your celestiall eare?
So that this center here
for you no musicke fynds,
but harmony of mynd.

[TO FAIRE LADYES.]

Ladies of Founthill,^[259] I am come to seeke
My hart amongst you, which I late did leese;
but many harts may be perhaps alike:
Therefore of mine, the proper markes, are these.
It is not hard, though true as steele it be,
And like y^e diomond, cleare from any spot;
Transmixt with many darts you shall it se[e],
but all by vertue, not by Cupid, shot;
It hath no wings, because it needeth none,
Being now arived and settled where it would;
Wingèd desires and hopes from it gon are,
but it is full of joyes as it can hold.
Faine would I find it where it doth remaine,
but would not haue it though I might againe.

UPON A PAIRE OF GARTERS.

Go loveinge woode-bynde, clip with louely grace,
those two sweet plants which beare y^e flowers of loue
Go silken vines, those tender elmes embrace,
Which flourish still, although their roots doe moue.

As soone as you possess your blessed places,
You are advancèd and ennoblèd more
Then dyodemes, which were white silken laces
That ancient kings about there forehead wore:
Sweete bands, take heed lest you vnge[n]tly bynd,
Or with your stricktnes make too deepe a print:
Was neuer tree had such a tinder rynd,
Although her inward hart be hard as flynt;
And let your knots be fast, and loose at will,
she must be free, though I stand bounden still.

[TO HIS LADY-LOVE.]

In this sweete booke, y^e treasury of witt,
All virtues, beautyes, passions, written be:
And with such life they are sett forth in it
as still methinkes y^t which I read I see.
But this booke's Mrs. is a liveing booke,
Which hath indeed those vertues in her mynde,
And in whose face though envey's selfe do looke,
Even envye's eye shall all those beautyes fynd.
Onely y^e passions y are printed here,
In her calme thoughts can no impression make:
She will not love, nor hate, nor hope, nor feare,
Though others seeke these passions for her sake.
So in y^e sonne, some say there is no heate
though his reflecting beames doe fire begett.

[TOBACCO.][\[260\]](#)

Homer[\[261\]](#) of Moly and Nepenthe singes:
Moly, the gods most soveraigne hearbe divine.
Nepenth Hellen's[\[262\]](#) drink, which gladnes brings,—
Hart's greife repells, and doth y^e witts refine.
But this our age another world hath found,
From whence an hearbe of heavenly power is brought:
Moly is not soe soveraigne for a wound
Nor hath Nepenth[e] so great wonders wrought.
It is tobacco: whose sweete subtile fume
The hellish torment of y^e teeth doth ease,
By drawing downe and drieing up y^e rume[\[263\]](#)
The mother and the nurse of each disease.[\[264\]](#)

ELEGIES OF LOUE.

Like as the diuers-fretchled[\[265\]](#) Butter-flye,
When Winter's frost is fallne upon his winge,
Hath onely left life's possibility,
and lies halfe dead untill the cherefull Spring:

But then the Sunne from his all-quickning eye,
Darts forth a sparkle of the liuinge fire:
Which[\[266\]](#) with kinde heate, doth warme the frozen flye
and with newe spirit his little breast inspire:

Then doth hee lightly rise and spread his winges,
And with the[\[267\]](#) beames that gaue him life doth playe:
Tasts euery flower that on th' earthe's bososome springs,
and is in busye motion all the day:

Soe my gaye Muse, which did my heart possesse,
And in my youthful fantasie doth raigne:
Which cleard my forehead with her cheerefullnes
and gaue a liuely warmth unto my brayne:
With sadder[\[268\]](#) studye, and with graue conceite
Which late my Imagination entertaynd:
Beganne to shrinke, and loose her actiue heate,
and dead as in a læthargy remaynd.

Long in that senseles sleepe congeald shee laye,
Untill euen now another heauenly eye,
And cleare as that which doth begett the daye,
and of a like reuiuinge simpthy:

Did cast into my eyes a subtile beame,
Which peirieinge^[269] deepe, into my fancy went,
And did awake my muse out of her dreame,
and unto her new life and vertue lent:

Soe that shee now begins to raise her eyes
Which yett are dazled with her beautye's raye;
And to record her wonted melodyes,
Although at first shee bee not full so gaye.

THE KINGES WELCOME.^[270]

O nowe or never gentle muse be gaye,
And mount vp higher on thy paper winges,
Then doth the larke when he salutes the daye,
And to the morne a merrie welcome singes.

Fly swifter then the egle sent by art
From Noremburg, to the Almaine emperour:
A hand lesse cunning, but as true a hart
Sends thee to a prince of greater worth and power.

Rencounter him thowe shalt vpon the waye,
like Phebus midst of all his golden trayne;
And knowe him too thou shalt at first suruaye
By proper notes and by distinctions plaine.

By his faire outward formes and princely port,
by honours done to him with capp and knee;
He is decyphred by the vulgar sorte,
but truer characters will rise to the[e].

Thy sight had once an influence devine.
which gave it power the soule of man to viewe;
wipe and make cleane that dazeled eye of thine,
and thowe shall see his reall markes and true.

Looke ouer all that diuers troope, and finde
whoe hath his spirites most Jouiall and free,
whose bodie is best tempred, and whose minde
Is ever best in tune, and that is hee.

See who it is whose actions doe bewraye
that threefold power, which rarely mixt we see;
A iudgment graue, and yet a fancie gaye,
Joynd with a ritche remembrance, that is hee.

Marke who it is, that hath all noble skill,
which maye to publique good referrèd bee;
the quickest witt, and best affected will,
whence flowes a streame of vertues, that is hee

If any more then other clearely wise
or wisely iust or iustly valiant be;
If any doe fainte pleasures more despise,
or be more maister of himselfe, 'tis hee

But soft, thie Egletes eye will soone be dym
If thou this rising sunne directly viewe;
looke syde waies on the beames that spread from him;
faire peace, rich plentie, and religion true

Besides a guard of blessed angells houer
about his sacred person, day and night;
and with invisible winges his head doe cover,
that dangers dartes thereon may never light

When by these proper notes thowe shalt him ken,
fly towardes him with winges of love and feare;
like fire which most doth wane and tremble then
when it doth mount most high and burne most cleare.

Yet on; for wingèd time with the[e] goes on,
which like old Æ'son hath his youth renewd;
his hower glase turnèd and his sickle gone,
and all his graye and broken fethers mewd.

On, for the braue yong sonn about his head
Comes Northward, that he may his glorie meete;
whilst the fresh earth in all her pride doth spread
greene veluit carpettes vnderneath his feete.

On, for thee birds will help to fill thie songe,
whereto all english harte stringes doe agree;
And the Irish harpe stringes, that did iarre soe long
to make the musicke full, nowe tuned be.

There is noe eye cast downe, there is noe voice
that to pronounce the harte assent, is dombe;
the world of thinges doth everie where reioyce,
in certaine hope of blessed times to come

Thousandes while they possesse and fill the waies
doth both desire, and hinder his repaire;
they fill the emptie heaven with praier and praise,
which he requites with demonstrations faire.

Then what hast thoue to doe, and what remaines?
praie as the people doth, and add but this
This little wish; that whiles he lives and raignes,
he maye be still the same, that nowe he is.

John Dauis.

TO THE KINGE

UPON HIS MA'TIES FIRST COMMING INTO ENGLAND.

O now or neuer, gentle Muse, be gaye:
And mount up higher with thy paper winges,
Than doth the larke when hee sallutes the daye,
And to the morne a merry wellcome singes.

Thou must goe meete King James, upon the way
Advanceing Southward, with his golden trayne;
And know him too thou maist at first survaye,
by proper noates and by distinctions plaine.

By his faire outward formes, and princely port,
By honour done to him with cap and knee,
Hee is distinguisht to the vulgar sort:
but truer characters will rise to thee.

Thy sight had once an influence divine,
Which gaue it power the Soule of man to vew:
Wipe and make cleare that dazled eye of thine,
and thou shall see his reall markes and true.

Looke over all that diuers troope, and finde
Who hath his spirits most joviall and free;
Whose body is best tempred, and whose mind
is ever best in tune; and that is he.

See who it is, whose actions doe bewraye
That threefold power, which rarely mixt wee see;
A judgment grave, and yett a fancy gaye
joynd with a rich remembrance, That is hee.

Marke who it is, that hath all noble skill,
Which may to publicke good referrèd bee:
The sharpest witte and best affected will,
whence floes a streame of vertues, That is hee.

If any more than other clearely wise,
Or wisely just, or justly valiant bee;
If any doe faint pleasure more dispise
or bee more maister of himselfe, its hee.

But soft, thine eagle's eye will soone bee dim,
If thou this risinge sonne directly vewe:
Looke sideways on the beames that spread from him,^[271]
Faire peace, with Plenty, and Religion true.

With that strong g'ard of Angells which doe houer

About his sacred person, daye and night:
And with invissible winges his head doe cover,
that danger's darts thereon may neuer light.

Now on, for wingèd Time with thee goes on,
Which like old Æson hath his youth renewed,
His hower glasse turnd, and his sickle gon,
and all his graye and broken feathers mewd.

On, for the brave young sonne above his head
Comes North ward, that hee may his glory meete;
While the fresh Earth in all her pride doth spread,
greene velvett carpetts underneath his feete.

On, for the birdes will helpe to fill the songe,
Whereto all English hartstringes will agree:
An' th' Irish harpstringes that have jarred soe longe,
to make the Musicke full, now tuned bee.

There is noe eye cast downe, there is no voyce
Which to expresse the harts assent, is dumbe:
The world of thinges doth every where rejoyce
In certaine hope of blessed times to come.

While thousands doe posses and fill the wayes,
The[y] both desire and hinder his repaire;
They fill the emptie aire with prayer and praise,
which hee requitts with demonstrations faire.

TO THE QUEENE AT THE SAME TIME.

If wee in peace had not received the kinge
Wee see wee had beene conquered, since wee see
The Queene such armyes doth of beauties bringe
As all our eyes and hearts her vassals bee.

The Danish armyes once great honnour wonne
Upon this Land; yett conquered but a part.
But you greate Lady more, alone, haue done;
For at first sight you conquer'd every heart.

Starre of the North! upon these Northerne Realmes
Long may your vertues and your beauties raigne:
Beyond our Cinthiae's yeares, whose golden Beames
Ar[e] sett with vs, and cannot shine againe:
Well may it bee; though sunne and moone goe downe
Seas haue noe power the North pole starre to drowne.[\[272\]](#)

MIRA LOQUOR SOL OCCUBUIT NOX NULLA SECUTA EST.

By that Eclipse which darkned our Appollo,
Our sunne did sett, and yett noe night did follow;
For his successor's vertues shone soe bright,
As they continued still, there former light; [*their*]
And gaue the world a farther expectation
To adde a greater splendor to our Nation.

CHARLES HIS WAINE.

Brittaine doth vnder those bright starres remaine,
Which English Shepheards, Charles his waine, doe name;
But more this Ile is Charles, his waine,
Since Charles her royall wagoner became.
For Charles, which now in Arthure's seate doth raigne,
Is our Arcturus, and doth guide the waine.

OF THE NAME OF CHAROLUS, BEING THE DIMINATIVE OF CHARUS.

The name of Charles, darlinge signifies:
A name most fitte, for hee was ever such.
Neuer was Prince soe deare in all mens eyes.
Soe highly valued or esteemed soe much:
Edgar was England's darlinge, once wee find,
But Charles the Darlinge is of all mankind.

VERSES SENT TO THE KINGE WITH FIGGES: BY S^r. JOHN DAVIS.

To add unto the first man's happiness,
 His maker did for him a garden make;
 And placd him there, that hee the same might dresse,
 And pleasure great with little labour take.
 And this with nature stands, and reason right,
 That man who first was formèd of the earth
 In trimminge of the earth should take delight,
 And her adorne from whom hee tooke his birth.
 Nor her for this doth hee ungratefull finde;
 For shee in gardens her best fruites doth yealde.
 The Earth in gardens is a mother kinde,
 When shee is but a steepdame in the feild.
 Sir, in your service God hath mee soe blest
 As I haue beene enabled to acquire
 A garden, ready planted, trimd and drest,
 Whereto in vacant times I doe retire.
 This garden, and the fruites thereof, indeede
 Are fruites of your great favour unto mee;
 And therefore all the fruites which thence proceed
 A proper offeringe to your Highnes bee:
 But if this verse or boldness, meritt blame,
 Those figge leaues, S^r. I hope shall hide the same.^[273]

[LOVE-LINES.]

Stay lovely boy! why flyest thou mee
 that languish in theis flames for thee?
 I'me black 'tis true—why so is night,
 yet louers in darke shades delight:
 the whole World, doe but close thyne eye
 will appeare as black as I;
 or open'd, view but what a shade
 is by thyne owne fayre body made,
 that follows thee where ere thou goe:
 Ah, who allow'd would not doe so?
 lett mee for euer dwell so nigh,
 and thou shalt need no shade but I.

[LOVE-FLIGHT.]

Black Mayel, complayne not y^t I flye,
 since fate commaunds antipathy:
 prodigious must y^t vnion proue,
 where day and night togeather moue:
 and the commotion of our lipps
 not kisses make but an eclippis;
 where the commixèd blacke and white
 portend more terrour then delight:
 yet if thou wilt my shaddow bee,
 enioy thy deerest wish, but see
 that like my shaddow's property
 thou hast away as I come nye:
 els[e] stay till death hath blinded mee
 then I'le bequeath my selfe to thee.^[274]

AN ELEGIECALL EPISTLE ON SIR JOHN DAVIS DEATH.

Morgan! to call thee sadd and discontente
 Were to proclaime thee weake; twere an evente
 Of more then folly, since the obscurest eye
 Is witness of thy magnanimity:
 And yett to tell thee that thou hast noe cause
 To greife, were to belye thy worth, because
 The gaping wound speakes out the sovdiers fame,
 And deepe despites giue fortitude a name.
 Tis true hee's dead, and the sterne fates (accurst)
 There browes haue wrinkled, and haue done their worst
 To spite this State and thee, in tearinge hence
 That Nature's Accademy, that Starre, from whence
 Streamd such full influence, of what the mind
 Accounteth quintisentiall; and the vnkinde
 And cruell Death, hath blasted such a flower,
 Stolne such a gemme, as makes the sad Earth poore.
 And yett alasse^[275] hee is not fledd for want

Of what could make the ambitious, proud soule vaunt:
 For whilst hee liv'd hee brocke up Honour's gates,
 And pluck't bright fame from snarling Envie's grates
 Doomd to obliuion; and his unmatched penne
 (Drop'd from the winge of some bright Seraphin)
 Inculpates him thus to all eternitye
 The eldest of the Muses proginie.
 Said I hee's dead? not soe; he could not die,
 But findinge that curst lucre, bribery
 And puft^[276] ambition were the scarlett crimes
 Of the Tribunall's tenants, and the times
 Not suitinge with his vertues, cause his manner
 Was to deserue and not desire, an honour;
 Hee's sor'd aloft, where nought but virtue's pris'd,
 And where base Mammon is not idoliz'd:
 To that Kinge's Bench where Iustice is not Gould,
 Nor honours with old Ladies bought and sould;
 To heauen's Exchequer, with intent to paye,
 And render thence the Royall subsidaye
 Of his rich spirit, which his soueraigne tooke
 Without subscription, and crost Nature's booke.

IX. ENTERTAINMENT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AT HAREFIELD BY COUNTESSE OF DERBY.

NOTE.

This 'Entertainment' has the additional interest of having been that wherein "The Lottery" (pp. 87-95), was introduced. The reasons for our giving the whole to Davies, we have stated in the Memorial-Introduction (II. Critical: Minor Poems). Our text is from Nichols' *Progresses of Q. Elizabeth*, Vol. III., pp. 586-94. G.

Entertainment of Q. Elizabeth at Harefield by Countesse of Derby.

After the Queene entered (out of the high way) into the Deamesne grounde of Harefielde, near the Dayrie howse, she was mett with 2 persons, the one representing a BAYLIFFE, the other a DAYRIE-MAIDE, with the Speech. Her Majesty, being on horsebacke, stayed under a tree (because it rayned) to heare it.

B. Why, how now, Joane! are you heere? Gods my life, what make you heere, gaddinge and gazinge after this manner? You come to buy gape-seede,^[277] doe you? Wherefore come you abroade now I' faith can you tell?

Joa. I come abroade to welcome these Strangers.

B. Strangers? how knew you there would come Strangers?

Jo. All this night I could not sleepe, dreaming of greene rushes; and yesternight the chatting of the pyes, and the chirkinge^[278] of the frisketts^[279] did foretell as much; and, besides that, all this day my lefte eare glowed,^[280] and that is to me (let them all say what they wil) allwaies a signe of Strangers, if it be in the Summer; marye, if it be in the Winter, tis a signe of anger. But what make you in this company, I pray you?

B. I make the way for these Strangers, which the Way-maker himself could not doe; for it is a way was never passed before. Besides, the Mrs. of this faire company, though she know the way to all men's harts, yet she knowes the way but to few men's howses, except she love them very well, I can tell you; and therefore I myselfe, without any comission, have taken upon me to conduct them to the house.

Jo. The house? which house? doe you remember yourselfe? which way goe you?

B. I goe this way, on the right hand. Which way should I goe?

Jo. You say true, and you're a trim man; but I' faith I'll talke noe more to you, except you ware wyser. I pray you hartely, 'forsooth, come neare the house, and take a simple lodginge with vs to-night; for I can assuere you that yonder house that he talks of is but a Pigeon-house, which is very little if it were finisht, and yet very little of it is finisht. And you will believe me, vpon my life, Lady, I saw Carpenters and Bricklayers and other Workmen about it within less than these two howers. Besides, I doubt my Mr. and Mrs. are not at home; or, if they be, you must make your owne provision; for they have noe provision for such Strangers. You should seeme to be Ladies; and we in the country have an old saying, that "halfe a pease a day will serve a Lady." I know not what you are, nether am I acquainted with your dyet; but, if you will goe with me, you shall haue cheare for a Lady: for first you shall have a dayntie sillibub; next a messe of clowted creame;

stroakings,^[281] in good faith, redd cowes milk, and they say in London that's restorative: you shall have greene cheeses and creame. (I'll speake a bould word) if the Queene herself (God save her Grace) [were here] she might be seene to eat of it. Wee will not greatly bragge of our posssets, but we would be loath to learne to praise: and if you loue frute, forsooth, wee haue jenitings,^[282] paremayns,^[283] russet coates,^[284] pippines, able-johns,^[285] and perhaps a pareplum,^[286] a damsone, I or an apricocke^[287] too, but that they are noe dainties this yeare; and therefore, I pray, come neare the house, and wellcome heartily, doe soe.

B. Goe to, gossip; your tongue must be running. If my Mrs. should heare of this, I' faith shee would give you little thanks I can tell you, for offeringe to draw so faire a flight from her Pigeon-house (as you call it) to your Dayrie-house.

Jo. Wisely, wisely, brother Richard; I' faith as I would vse the matter, I dare say shee would giue me great thanks: for you know my Mrs. charged me earnestly to retaine all idele hearvest-folkes that past this way; and my meaning was, that, if I could hold them all this night and to-morrow, on Monday morning to carry them into the fields; and to make them earne their entertaynment well and thriftily; and to that end I have heere a *Rake* and *Forke*, to deliver to the best Huswife in all this company.

B. Doe soe then: deliver them to the best Huswife in all this company: for wee shall haue as much vse of her paines and patience there as here. As for the dainties that you talke of, if you have any such, you shall doe well to send them; and as for these strangers, sett thy hart at rest, Joane; they will not rest with [thee] this night, but will passe on to my Mr[s.] house.

Joa. Then, I pray, take this *Rake* and *Forke* with you; but I am ashamed, and woe at my hart, you should goe away soe late. And I pray God you repent you not, and wish yourselves here againe, when you finde you haue gone further and fared worsse.

When her Maiestie was alighted from her horse, and ascended 3 steeps neare to the entering into the house, a carpet and chaire there sett for her; PLACE and TIME present themselves, and vsed this Dialogue:

PLACE *in a partie-colored roabe, like the brick house.*

TIME *with yeollow haire, and in a green roabe, with a hower glasse, stopped, not runninge.*

P. Wellcome, good *Time*.

T. Godden, my little pretie priuat *Place*.

P. Farewell, godbwy *Time*; are you not gone? doe you stay heere? I wonder that *Time* should stay any where; what's the cause?

T. If thou knewest the cause, thou wouldst not wonder; for I stay to entertaine the Wonder of this time; wherein I would pray thee to ioyne mee, if thou wert not too little for her greatnes; for it weare as great a meracle for thee to receive her, as to see the Ocean shut up in a little creeke, or the circumference shrinke vnto the pointe of the center.

P. Too little! by that reason shee should rest in noe *place*, for no *place* is great ynough to receive her. Too little! I have all this day entertayned the Sunn, which, you knowe, is a great and glorious Guest; hee's but euen now gone downe yonder hill; and now he is gone, methinks, if Cinthia her selfe would come in his place, the place that contaynde him should not be to little to receave her.

T. You say true, and I like your comparison; for the Guest that wee are to entertaine doth fill all places with her divine vertues, as the Sunn fills the World with the light of his beames. But say, poore *Place*, in what manner didst thou entertaine the Sunn?

P. I received his glory, and was fill'd with it: but I must confesse, not according to the proportion of his greatnes, but according to the measure of my capacitie; his bright face (methought) was all day turned vpon mee; nevertheless his beames in infinite abundance weere disperst and spread vpon other places.

T. Well, well; this is noe time for vs to entertaine one another, when wee should ioine to entertaine her. Our entertaynment of this Goddess will be much alike; for though her selfe shall eclipse her soe much, as to suffer her brightnes to bee shadowed in this obscuere and narrow *Place*, yet the sunne beames that follow her, the traine I meane that attends vpon her, must, by the necessitie of this *Place*, be deuided from her. Are you ready, *Place*? *Time* is ready.

P. Soe it should seeme, indeed, you are so gaye, fresh, and cheerfull. You are the present *Time*, are you not? then what neede you make such haste? Let me see, your wings are clipt, and, for ought I see, your hower-glasse runnes not.

T. My wings are clipt indeed, and it is her hands hath clipt them: and, tis true, my glasse runnes not: indeed it hath bine stopt a longe time, it can never rune as long as I waite vpon this Mrs. I [am] her *Time*; and *Time* weare very vngratefull, if it should not euer stand still, to serue and preserue, cherish and delight her, that is the glory of her time, and makes the *Time* happy wherein she liueth.

P. And doth not she make *Place* happy as well as *Time*? What if she make thee a contynewall holy-day, she makes me a perpetuall sanctuary. Doth not the presence of a Prince make a Cottage a Court, and the presence of the Gods make euery place Heauen? But, alas, my littlenes is not capable of that happines that her great grace would impart vnto me: but, weare I as large as there harts that are mine Owners, I should be the fairest *Pallace* in the world; and weere I agreeable to the wishes of there hartes, I should in some measure resemble her sacred selfe, and be in the outward frount exceeding faire, and in the inward furniture exceeding rich.

T. In good time do you remember the hearts of your Owners; for, as I was passing to this place, I found this *Hart*,^[288] which, as my daughter *Truth* told mee, was stolne by owne^[289] of the Nymphes from one of the seruants of this Goddesse; but her guiltie conscience enforming her that it did belong only of right vnto her that is Mrs. of all harts in the world, she cast [it] from her for this time; and *Opportunity*, finding it delivered it vnto me. Heere, *Place*, take it thou, and present it vnto her as a pledge and mirror of their harts that owe thee.

P. It is a mirror indeed, for so it is transparent. It is a cleare hart, you may see through it. It hath noe close corners, noe darkenes, noe unbutifull spott in it. I will therefore presume the more boldly to deliver it; with this assurance, that *Time*, *Place*, *Persons*, and all other circumstances, doe concurre alltogether in biddinge her wellcome.

The humble Petition of a guiltlesse Lady, delivered in writing vpon Munday Morninge, when the [robe] of rainbowes was presented to the Q. by the La. WALSINGHAM.

Beauties rose, and vertues booke,
Angells minde, and Angells looke,
To all Saints and Angells deare,
Clearest Maiestie on earth,
Heauen did smile at your faire birth,
And since, your daies have been most cleare.

Only poore St. *Swythen* now
Doth heare you blame his cloudy brow:
But that poore St. deuoutly sweares,
It is but a tradition vaine
That his much weeping causeth raine,
For S^{ts} in heauen shedd no teares:

But this he saith, that to his feast
Commeth Iris, an vnbidden guest,
In her moist roabe of collers gay;
And she cometh, she ever staies,
For the space of fortie daies,
And more or lesse raines euery day.

But the good St., when once he knew,
This raine was like to fall on you,
If S^{ts} could weepe, he had wept as much
As when he did the Lady leade
That did on burning iron tread:
To Ladies his respect is such.

He gently first bids Iris goe
Unto the Antipodes below,
But shee for that more sullen grew.
When he saw that, with angry looke,
From her her rayneie roabes he tooke,
Which heere he doth present to you.

It is fitt it should with you remaine,
For you know better how to raine.
Yet if it raine still as before,
St *Swythen* praies that you would guesse,
That Iris doth more robes possesse,
And that you should blame him no more.

At her Maiesties departure from Harefield, PLACE, attyred in black mouringe aparell, vsed this farewell followinge:

P. Sweet Maiestie, be pleased to looke vpon a poore Wydow, mourning before your Grace. I am this *Place*, which at your comming was full of ioy; but now at your departure am as full of sorrow. I was then, for my comfort, accompanied with the present cheerful *Time*; but now he is to depart with you; and, blessed as he is, must euer fly before you: But, alas! I haue no wings, as *Time* hath. My heauiness is such, that I must stand still, amazed to see so greate happines so sone bereft mee. Oh, that I could remoue with you, as other circumstances can! *Time* can goe with you, *Persons* can goe with you; they can moue like Heaven; but I, like dull Earth (as I am indeed) must stand vnmouable. I could wish my selfe like the enchanted Castle of Loue, to hold you

heere for euer, but that your vertues would dissolue all my inchauntments. Then what remedy? As it is against the nature of an Angell to be circumscribed in *Place*, so it is against the nature of *Place* to haue the motion of an Angell. I must stay forsaken and desolate. You may goe with maiestie, joy, and glory. My only suyte, before you goe, is that you will pardon the close imprisonment which you haue suffred euer since your comminge, imputinge it not to mee, but St. Swythen, who of late hath rayseed soe many stormes, as I was faine to prouide this *Anchor*^[290] for you, when I did vnderstand you would put into this creeke. But now, since I perceauie this harbour is too little for you, and you will hoyse sayle and be gone, I beseech you take this Anchor with you. And I pray to Him that made both *Time* and *Place*, that, in all places where euer you shall arriue, you may anchor as safly, as you doe and euer shall doe in the harts of my Owners.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE V SATYRES AGAINST THE NYMPHS.

Tell me, O Nymphes, why do you
Shune vs that your loues pursue?
What doe the Satyres notes retaine
That should merite your disdain?

On our browes if hornes doe growe,
Was not Bacchus armèd soe?
Yet of him the Candian maid
Held no scorne, nor was affraid.

Say our colours tawny bee,
Phœbus was not faire to see;
Yet faire Clymen^[291] did not shunn
To bee Mother of his Sonne.

If our beards be rough and long,
Soe had Hercules the strong:
Yet Deianier^[292] with many a kisse,
Joyn'd her tender lipps to his.

If our bodies hayry bee,
Mars as rugged was as wee:
Yet did Ilia^[293] think her grac'd,
For to be by Mars imbrac'd.

Say our feet ill-fauored are,
Cripples leggs are worse by farre:
Yet faire Venus, during life,
Was the lymping Vulcan's wife.

Breefly, if by nature we
But imperfect creatures be;
Thinke not our defects so much,
Since Celestial Powers be such.

But you Nymphes, whose veniall loue
Loue of gold alone doth moue,
Though you scorne vs, yet for gold
Your base loue is bought and sold.

finis.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] MS. "seeme to loue thee." D.

[2] Own. G.

[3] Gross. G.

[4] Blaming, censure. G. [i.e. censuring of individuals. MS. "priuate talkinge." Compare the Induction to The Knight of the Burning Pestle:

"Fly from hence
All private taxes!" &c.

Beaumont and Fletcher's WORKS, ii., 136, ed. Dyce. D.]

[5] MS. "carrieth." G.

[6] Other editions "particular": and so MS. G.

[7] MS. "Wherefore ... disclose." D.

[8] 'Fine, richly dressed.' D.

[9] In our Introductory-Note it is stated that the original edition of the 'Epigrams' is undated. From contemporary allusions the date is determined to have been prior to 1598. Among these allusions is an 'Epigram' by E. Guilpin in his 'Skialetheia' [1598] on the same subject with this by Davies. It follows here:

TO CANDIDUS [EPIGRAM.] 20.

"Friend Candidus, thou often doost demaund
What humours men by gulling understand:
Our English Martiall hath full pleasantly,
In his close nips describe a gull to thee:
I'll follow him, and set downe my conceit
What a gull is: oh word of much receipt!
He is a gull, whose indiscretion
Cracks his purse strings to be in fashion;
He is a gull, who is long in taking roote
In baraine soyle, where can be but small fruite:
He is a gull, who runnes himselfe in debt,
For twelue dayes wonder, hoping so to get;
He is a gull, whose conscience is a block,
Not to take interest, but wastes his stock:
He is a gull, who cannot haue a whore,
But brags how much he spends upon her score:
He is a gull, that for commoditie
Payes tenne times ten, and sells the same for three:
He is a gull, who passing finicall,
Peiseth each word to be rhetoricall:
And to conclude, who selfe conceitedly,
Thinks al men guls: ther's none more gull then he." G.

[10] See Note on Epigram 28. G.

[11] Malone has cited this passage (Shakespeare by Boswell iii. 81) and, if he explains it rightly, the allusion is to one of the two boxes (sometimes called *private boxes*) which were situated on each side of the balcony or upper stage. D.

[12] Other editions (as the Isham) 'doubtfull.' G.

[13] Other editions (as the Isham) 'thither.' G.

[14] MS. "Thinkinge." D.

[15] MS. "In meretriculas [*sic*] Londinensis." D.

[16] MS. "Ware." D.

[17] MS. "dissolv'd." D.

[18] "Rabble, set." D.

[19] MS. "discerninge." D.

[20] MS. "straight would." D. Isham 'thus would.' G.

[21] Mr. Dyce corrects (as Isham) to 'Titum' and line 1st 'Titus.' G.

[22] MS. "Valient." G.

[23] Viz., of Sir Christopher Hatton, whose huge and splendid monumental-tomb was long one of the London sights for country cousins. Col. Cunningham (*in loco*) adds "It was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, and Bishop Corbet says was "higher than the host and altar." G.

[24] Recently described by SMILES in his Lives of the Engineers. *s. v.* G.

[25] It is curious to find the article '*the*' Elephant. Coriat later gave his own portrait showing himself on the back of an elephant, as a great wonder, in one of his travel title-pages. But query—Is it the famous inn named by Shakespeare: "I could not find him at the Elephant" (Twelfth Night, iv. 3)? Col. Cunningham (as before) assuming it is the animal that is meant, annotates thus: "The Elephant was an object of great wonder and long remembered. A curious illustration of this is found in *The Metamorphosis of the Walnut Tree*, written about 1645, where the poet [William Basse] brings trees of all descriptions to the funeral, particularly a gigantic oak —

The youth of these our tymes that did behold
This motion strange of this unwieldy plant,
Now boldly brag with us that are more old,
That of our age they no advantage want,
Though *in our youth we saw an elephant.* G.

[26] Debtors' prison. G.

[27] Other editions "Powles," and Isham 'Poules.' G. MS. "Powels." D.

[28] Mr. Dyce reads 'Katam': being feminine the poet is here put right. G.

[29] MS. "Knowne this towne 7 years." Isham "he hath beene in towne 7 yeeres." G.

[30] 'Swiude' from Isham: other editions ——. G.

[31] MS. "wearing of that." D.

[32] MS. "lynes." D.

[33] = Quintus's wit. G.

[34] Mislikt? G.

[35] Isham 'wanders.' G.

[36] Isham 'Hence is it.' G.

[37] Isham 'a.' G.

[38] Isham 'a hundreth.' G.

[39] Isham 'like.' G.

[40] Isham 'forsook.' G.

[41] Isham 'eke.' G.

[42] Mr. Dyce says here "something has dropt out," the line being a foot short, I have supplied 'I've lost.' G.

[43] *Sic*, but should be Faustum (1st line) and is so given by Mr. Dyce and Isham. G.

[44] MS. "ranging." G.

[45] Mastiff. D. [This is an error. A 'mastiff' is not a grumbling dog, and 'masty' is = fatted, and here answers apparently to the over-fed vicious pet. See *Maste*, Prompt. Parv. & p. 151 (Way's ed.)] G.

[46] Isham 'saist.' G.

[47] 'And as' not in Isham, and being superfluous left out. G.

[48] Supplied from MS. by Mr. Dyce. Isham 'oft.' G.

[49] MS. 'Geron, his.' D. Isham 'Geron whose.' G.

[50] Isham corrects the misprint 'yeares,' and of 'time' in next line. G.

[51] Isham 'odde.' G.

[52] The reading in our text, and in all the editions, including Isham, is 'seene': but above from MS, as rhyming with Newhaven seems preferable. Newhaven was formerly called Havre de Grace. All the date-events are commonplaces of History. G.

[53] Ill-natured. D. [This is a good-natured explanation. I fear that in this place it means more and worse, though in the Taming of the Shrew we have Kate the curst, without the slightest imputation on her moral character, or any allusion to anything but her vixen temper. G.]

[54] MS. "for newes."—The first edition [and Isham] reads 'from Mins': the other two as *above*. Mins' (which perhaps should be written Min's) is, I presume, the name of some person who kept an Ordinary where gaming was practised. D.

[55] Isham 'a.' G.

[56] *Sic*: but should be, as Isham, Ciprium: Mr. Dyce reads Cyprium. G.

[57] Died October 7th, 1577. His Works have been worthily collected by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in his Roxburghe Library. G.

[58] MS. "notes." D. [first edition and Isham "lookes": others as *above*. G.]

[59] In first edition and Isham "Knowing" and MS. G.

[60] Foolish. G.

[61] Dyce's text is 'he': but 'to' is often in Davies' time printed for 'too.' Isham 'Which perceiuing.' G.

[62] Isham 'scarphes.' G.

[63] Isham 'false brayes.' In this place I have restored the reading 'false-brayes' of the 1st edition and of the MS, rejecting 'false-baits' of 2nd and 3rd editions. There is no such word in military engineering or fortification; but there is 'fausse-braye' or 'false-braye.' There is a not very intelligible description in Bailey's Dictionary. G.

[64] With this passage compare the following lines:

"See Captaine Martio he i' th' 'Renounce me' band,
That in the middle region doth stand
Wo' th' reputation steele! Faith, lets remoue
Into his ranke (of such discourse you loue):
Hee'l tell of basilisks, trenches, retires,
Of pallizadoes, parapets, frontires,
Of caluerins, and baricadoes too.
What to bee harquebazerd, to lie in perdue," &c.

Fitzgeoffrey's *Notes from Black-Friars'* Sig. E 7, a portion of the volume entitled *Certain Elegies, &c.*, ed. 1620. See our Memorial-Introduction for an impudent appropriation of this epigram. G.

[65] MS. "forginge." D. Isham 'foorching.' G.

[66] Other editions and MS. "Withernams": Isham 'whither names.' G.

[67] Isham 'vnderstanding either.' G.

[68] Drayton is here meant. [Malone's Manuscript-note in Bodleian copy. G.]

[69] [Ben] Jonson told Drummond "That S[ir] J[ohn] Davies played in ane Epigrame on Drayton's, who in a sonnet, concluded his Mistress might [have] been the Ninth [Tenth] Worthy; and said, he used a phrase like Dametas in [Sir Philip Sidney's] Arcadia, who said For wit his Mistresse might be a gyant." 'Notes of Ben Jonson's conversations with William Drummond, of Hawthornden,' p. 15 (Shakespeare Society). The sonnet by Drayton, which our author here ridicules, is as follows:

"TO THE CELESTIALI NUMBERS.

"Vnto the World, to Learning, and to Heauen,
Three Nines there are, to euery one a Nine,
One Number of the Earth, the other both Diuine;
One Woman now makes three odde numbers euen:
Nine Orders first of Angels be in Heauen,
Nine Muses doe with Learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are euer Resident;
Nine Worthy Ones vnto the World were giuen:
My Worthy One to these Nine Worthies addeth,
And my faire Muse one Muse vnto the Nine,
And my good Angell (in my soule Diuine)
With one more Order these Nine Orders gladdeth:
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angell, then,
Makes euery one of these three Nines a Ten."

[70] Isham reads badly 'woorthly.' 'Laide.' G. *Idea*: Sonnet 18 ed. 8vo. n. d. D.

[71] The other editions, as Isham and MS., 'an.' G.

[72] MS. 'cut.' D. [This is unquestionably the right word, not 'out.' Whether 'cut-lawne apron' meant curiously shaped like "the sleeves curiously cut" of Katharine's dress: or whether it was cut-wove lawn, lawn embroidered by cutting out holes and sewing them round, seems uncertain,—probably the latter. G.]

[73] MS. 'sweete.' D.

[74] Isham again badly 'ilfauoted.' G.

[75] In first edition and Isham, "then doth he this." G. [MS. "he doth all this." D.]

[76] MS. "valiant and all-daring." D. [First edition, "braue, most all daring." G.]

[77] MS. "Knight." D.

[78] Isham, 'dare.' G.

[79] Hospital: or query prison? So late as Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" (c I. 77) we have the word: "all the diseases which the *spittles* know." G.

[80] Probably most readers are aware that it was formerly the custom of gallants to smoke tobacco on the stage, during the performance, either lying on the rushes or sitting upon hired stools. D. [In Hutton's 'Satyres' and 'Epigrams' (1619) well edited by RIMBAULT for the Percy Society, there are various passages illustrative of above, *e.g.*

"Dine with Duke Humfrey in decayed Paules"
Confound the streetes with chaos of old braules,
Dancing attendance on the Black-friers stage
Call for a stoole with a commanding rage, &c. [pp. 68, 69.] Cf.

Also Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass* (1616) who censures the conduct of the gallants allowed seats on the stage. G.

[81] Mr. Dyce spells Heywodum. John Heywood's Epigrammes accompany his Proverbs: 1562. G.

[82] 1st edition, 'which in epigrams did;' Isham 'which did.' [The Epigrams of John Heywood are well known. An allusion to this epigram of Davies occurs in Sir John Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596: "This Heywood for his proverbs and epigrams is not yet put down by any of our country, though one [*Marginal Note*, M[aster] Davies doth indeed come near him, that graces him the more in saying he puts him down," p. 41, edition 1814. (In the same work we find, "But, as my good M. Davies said of his epigrams, that they were made, like doublets in Birchin-lane, for every one whom they will serve, &c. p. 133. D.) [I add from T. BASTARD'S 'Chrestoleros' [Lib. II: Epigram 15] an answer to this:

Heywood goes downe saith Daus, sikerly,
And downe he goes, I can it not deny:
But were I happy did not fortune frowne
Were I in heart I would sing Dauby downe.

Cf. also lib. iii. Ep. 3. Mr. DYCE also quotes from Freeman's *Rubbe and a great Cast*, 1614. G.]

[83] Breeches. D.

[84] This is not Decius of Epig. 25, who was Drayton, but (eheu!) Samuel Daniel. Cf. Epig. 45, and relative note. On the elephant (l. 5) see note on Epig. 6. G.

[85] Isham badly 'a goe.' G.

[86] Id est, horse's [the word means properly—a docked horse.] So much may be found in various books concerning Banks and his wonderful horse, that any account of them is unnecessary here. D. [The 'wonderful horse' is referred to by Shakespeare. G.]

[87] Lien, lain. D.

[88] Col. Cunningham emends 'himself' for 'myself'; but the 'whipping of' (l. 4) is = by: and Davies' wish is that he wielded the rods on Francus. G.

[89] Mr. Dyce reads 'Helen's' and confirms from Milton's Comus (1675)—

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena, &c.

In first edition there is a misprint "Hekens": in the other editions, as *above* "Heauens": in MS. "helvs": Isham 'Heuens.' Helen is admissible, but 'Heavens' what Davies himself printed. See the poem on Tobacco among the hitherto unpublished poems, of which the Epigram seems only a first rough draft—and relative note.

[90] Isham 'which.' G.

[91] Isham badly 'brought.' G.

[92] MS. 'subtle.' D. [Substantial is here = partaking of the substance or essence, or, as we say, properties peculiar to tobacco—a fume holding in it the virtues or substance of the tobacco. The MS. 'subtle' may be regarded as an Author's variant, especially as it is also found in 'Tobacco' among the hitherto unpublished poems, onward. G.]

[93] Mr. Dyce quotes an 'Epigramma' of Sir Thomas More, which, is headed

"*Medicinæ ad tollendos fœtores, anhelitus, provenientes a cibis quibusdam.*"

"Sectile ne tetros porrum tibi spiret odores,
Protenus a porro fac mihi cepe vores.
Denuo fœtorem si vis depellere cepæ,
Hoc facile efficient allia mansa tibi.
Spiritus at si post etiam gravis allia restat,
Aut nihil, aut tantum tollere *merda* potest."

T. Mori Lucubrationes. &c., p. 261, edition 1563. G.

[94] Isham 'so smooth.' G.

[95] That is, Crassus's lies. G.

[96] Isham 'Gentleman.' G.

[97] See our Memorial-Introduction with reference to Wordsworth's splendid filling up of this earlier sketch. G.

[98] Isham 'his.' G.

[99] Isham 'hearkening.' G.

[100] 1st edition and Isham, 'marke.' G.

[101] Isham 'debter poore.' G.

[102] No doubt some Ordinary near St. Giles, Cripplegate. Isham 'Gilles.' G.

[103] Isham 'then.' G.

[104] Bourse, = Exchange. G.

[105] 1st edition and Isham and MS. 'flying.' G.

[106] Groningen. G.

[107] Conquered and added to or 'taken in' with other conquests. G.

[108] To the truly 'illustrious' VERE—one of the noblest of England's earlier generals—DR. RICHARD SIBBES dedicated his 'Soul's Conflict' in very loving words to him and his Lady. See my edition of SIBBES *in loco*. G.

[109] Isham once more badly 'conquerie.' G.

[110] This couplet is given by Mr. Dyce from the MS.: the Isham has it. G.

[111] Recently: the MS. reads 'that is of late.' G.

[112] In our author's days, it was a common practice for persons, before setting out on their travels, to deposit a sum of money, on condition of receiving large interest for it on their return: if they never returned, the deposit was forfeited. Innumerable allusions to 'putters out' occur in the works published during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. D.

[113] That is, to the Bear-Garden on the Bank-side, Southwark. D. Near the Globe Theatre: referred to as Palace garden by Hutton, as before. Isham reads badly 'parish.' The Theatre at Paris Garden stood almost exactly at what is now the Surrey starting place of Blackfriars Bridge. In 1632 Donald Lupton in his *London and the Country Carbonadoed* says of it, "Here come few that either regard their credit or loss of time; the

swaggering Roarer; the amusing Cheater; the swearing Drunkard; and the bloody Butcher have their rendezvous here, and are of the chiefe place and respect." (Col. Cunningham's Marlowe, p. 365). G.

[114] Isham 'amongst the dogges and beares.' G.

[115] Breeches. G.

[116] Misprinted 'countrey shall': Qu—country-Hall, as above? Isham 'country Hall.' G.

[117] Dinged. D.

[118] Isham badly 'forsake.' G.

[119] Plowden. D.

[120] Harry Hunkes and Sacarson were two bears at Paris-garden: the latter was the more famous, and is mentioned by Shakespeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I., sc. 1. D. Isham 'Sakersone.' G.

[121] Daniel, I believe: [Malone's Manuscript note in Bodlean copy. See Epigram 30. G.] Mr. Dyce adds here, "I am sorry to believe that by Dacus (who is spoken of with great contempt in Epigram xxx.) our author means Samuel Daniel: but the following lines in that very pleasing writer's *Complaint of Rosamond* (which was first printed in 1592) certainly would seem to be alluded to here,

"Ah beauty syren, faire enchanting good,
Sweet, silent rhetorique of perswading eyes,
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth moue the blood
More then the words or wisdom of the wise, &c.

1611, p. 39,—Daniel's *Certaine Small Works*, &c. 1611.") G.

[122] See note on this under Epigram 43. G.

[123] Isham 'Pease.' G.

[124] Isham 'so.' G.

[125] See note on this under Epigram 30. G.

[126] Isham corrects 'Hay' here with 'hogge.' G.

[127] That is 'Lepidus's printed dog.' The following epigram by Sir John Harington determines that he is the Lepidus of this passage, and that his favourite dog Bungey is the "printed dog." In a compartment of the engraved title-page to Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, is a representation of Bungey (see too the Annotations on Book xli. of that poem); and hence he is termed by Davies the "printed dog."

"AGAINST MOMUS, IN PRAISE OF HIS DOG BUNGEY."

Because a witty writer of this time
Doth make some mention in a pleasant rime
Of Lepidus and of his famous dog,
Thou, Momus, that dost loue to scoffe and cog,
Prat'st amongst base companions, and giv'st out
That unto me herein is meant a flout.
Hate makes thee blind, Momus: I dare be sworn,
He meant to me his loue, to thee his scorn.
Put on thy envious spectacles, and see
Whom doth he scorn therein, the dog or me?
The dog is grac'd, comparèd with great Banks,
Both beasts right famous for their pretty pranks;
Although in this I grant the dog was worse,
He only fed my pleasure, not my purse:
Yet that same dog, I may say this and boast it,
He found my purse with gold when I haue [had] lost it.
Now for myself: some fooles (like thee) may judge
That at the name of Lepidus I grudge:
No sure; so far I think it from disgrace,
I wisht it cleare to me and to my race.
Lepus, or Lepos, I in both haue part;
That in my name I beare, this in mine heart.
But Momus, I perswade myself that no man
Will deigne thee such a name, English or Roman.
Ile wage a but of Sack, the best in Bristo,
Who cals me Lepid, I will call him Tristo."

Epigrams, Book iii. Ep. 21. edition folio. D.

[128] In other editions as Isham, but dropped out inadvertently from our text. G.

[129] Isham badly 'last.' G.

[130] = plumage. G.

[131] = motley-dressed jester or fool. G.

[132] = foolish. G.

[133] A trisyllable. G.

[134] = were. G.

[135] = slipper-shoes. G.

[136] = serious; and so 'sadly' = seriously, e. g. Skelton:

"I have not offended, I trust,
If it be *sadly* discust." G.

[137] = recover (a legal term) G.

[138] This and the three following, are from the celebrated collection of early English poetry called the 'Poetical Rhapsody' by Davison. Our text is from the third edition (1621) which in our case is preferable, as having presumably been revised (in his contributions) by Sir John: It is to be noted that in this edition the original simple I. D. is in the second poem changed to Sir I. D., and that to the third his name is given in full. I have included the Hymn on Music, though the initials I. D. have been assigned to Dr. John Donne by Sir Egerton Brydges and others. It seems to me that as (1) I. D. is our Poet's designation in the 'Rhapsody' throughout, and as (2) the Lines were not claimed for Donne by himself, or by his son when he collected his father's Poems—we are warranted in assigning them to Sir John Davies. Sir Egerton favours their Donne authorship simply because "they seem rather to partake of the conceits of Donne than of the simple vigour of Davies" but he forgot the 'Hymnes to Astræa' and 'Orchestra'; which are in the same vein. It is to be regretted that Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas *modernized* the text in his reprint of the 'Rhapsody': (2 vols. crown 8vo. 1826, Pickering): and perhaps equally so, that Mr. Collier in his careful and beautiful private one, has selected the first incomplete edition. The following is the title-page of the edition of the 'Rhapsody' used by us:

DAVISON'S

POEMS,

OR

A POETICALL RAPSODIE.

Deuided into sixe Bookes.

The first, *contayning Poems and Deuises.*
The second, *Sonets and Canzonets.*
The third, *Pastoralls and Elegies.*
The fourth, *Madrigalls and Odes.*
The fifth, *Epigrams and Epitaphs.*
The sixth, *Epistles and Epithalamions.*

For variety and pleasure, the like neuer
published.

*The Bee and Spider by a diuers power,
Sucke hony and poyson from the selfe same flower.*

The fourth Impression,
Newly corrected and augmented, and put into
a forme more pleasing to the Reader.
London.

Printed by B. A. for *Roger Jackson*, 1621 (small 12^o.) See our Preface for account of an autograph MS. of "Yet other Twelve Wonders of the World." G.

[139] 'The earth my faults doth hide.' This recalls the somewhat irate remonstrance of a bibulous Sexton under the reproaches of a medical church-warden at a parish-meeting: "O Sir, *you* are the last that ever I expected to expose me, seeing I have covered up many of your faults" (i.e. in the graves of his patients.) G.

[140] = usury. G.

[141] = pinch. G.

[142] = foolish. G.

[143] In Sir Egerton Brydges edition of the Rhapsody this line stands

"My *dying* husband knew," &c.

an interpolation which, though perhaps called for by the metre, does not appear to be justified by either of the four editions supposed to have been printed during the life-time of the original editor. Nicolas. [True, but as it *is* found in an autograph MS. of the poem, it is inserted. See our Preface. G.]

[144] See Introductory Note to the first of these Minor Poems, *ante*. In Mr. Collier's History of English Dramatic Poetry, Vol. I. p. 323 *seqq.* interesting details are given of an Entertainment to the Queen at Sir Robert Cecil's "newe house in the Strand," at which she was "royally entertained." From Extracts from a Barrister's Diary among the Harleian MSS. adduced herein, we glean a notice of the present Poem, *e. g.* "Sundry devises at hir entrance: three women, a maid, a widow and a wife, each contending [for] their own states, but the virgin preferred." In Nichols' Progs. of Elizabeth (iii. 601) the poem is also ascribed on authority of John Chamberlain to Davies (6th December, 1602). See Letters of Chamberlain published by CAMDEN Society, p. 169: December 23rd, 1602. Miss Sarah Williams, in her careful edition of CHAMBERLAIN'S Letters for the Camden Society, by an oversight, has annotated this reference *in loco* as to Davies of Hereford. Chamberlain calls it a "pretty dialogue." The Barrister's Diary *supra* [Manningham] has been edited for the Camden Society by the late lamented Mr. John Bruce of London. G.

[145] Misprinted 'sent.' G.

[146] A legal phrase = freedom or liberty. G.

[147] Nicolas, as before, has 'observes.' G.

[148] Nicolas, as before, reads 'net.' G.

[149] The reference is to the wavy or vandyked cutting of the vellum MS. whereby the one copy fits into the other. Recently two very ancient MSS. were thus unexpectedly brought together in H. M. Public Record Office. G.

[150] = cultivated. G.

[151] Cf. 'Orchestra,' Vol. I., page 192, with relative note. G.

[152] = in the fabric. G.

[153] = peer. G.

[154] In the previous editions of the Rhapsody, this line has always been imputed to the Wife, and the following one to the Widow; but as throughout the Contention each party praises her own state, whilst she ridicules that of the other, the transposition in the text appeared to be imperiously called for. Nicolas.

[155] By the rule of note 8, Wife seems necessary to be here prefixed; but see our Memorial-Introduction for a critical notice of this and other portions. G.

[156] = alloy. G.

[157] It was long a "Vulgar Error" that certain 'christall glasses' flew into bits on poison being put into them. G.

[158] See Introductory-note to the preceding poem. G.

[159] This Lottery was presented to the Queen in the year 1602, at York House, the residence of Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper, not in 1601, as stated in Nichols' *Progresses*, vol iii. p. 570. See our Memorial-Introduction for authority for this correction, and for the names of the ladies who drew the successive 'lots,' and also other points. COLLIER, as before, in a strangely curious remark, supposes these lottery verses may be Samuel Rowland's "When gossips meet," and as strangely does not connect them with Davies' name at all. He, however, supplies interesting *memorabilia*, relating to these Elizabethan Entertainments. He mis-names the poet-compiler of the 'Rhapsody' throughout, Davidson.

[160] Or *Caract*, a large ship. Chaucer speaks of Satan having "a tayle, broder than of a Carrike is the sayl." Sir Walter Raleigh,—a contributor to the *Rhapsody*,—observes "in which river the largest *Carack* may, &c." Nicolas.

[161] Mr. Nichols, in his *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, cites the following passage from a speech made at her entertainment at Cowdray, to prove that the line in the text was an "olde saying."
"Madame it is an olde saying '*There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to the King;*' but it holds when the sea is calm, and the King virtuous."... Vol. iii., pp. 95-571. Nicolas. The sense is that there is no fishing to be compared (in result) to sea-fishing, nor any service to be compared with the king's. G.

[162] Manningham, in the original MS., has these variants: l. 1, 'hath sent'; l. 2, 'A plaine.' G.

[163] Manningham, as before, has 'word doth'—a reading which brings it more into accord with the language of the times, 'word' being then used for a sentence of import, impressa, or posy. He has also 'fit' for 'hit.' G.

[164] Manningham again reads here:—

... "to you in double challenge sends
For you hath fools and flatterers hir best friends." G.

[165] A tagged lace used for attaching and keeping up or together various parts of the dress. G.

[166] Manningham reads, "With Fortune's ... happy may you be." G.

[167] *Ibid*, 'thought.' G.

[168] = worked openings in the dress. G.

[169] Manningham has 'scisser case,' which shows the scissors were in a case. He also reads 'you be borne.' G.

[170] *Ibid*, 'may be.' Then l. 2 was first as in text, but over 'Till that day' is inserted above 'Till Fortune come,' though the latter is not erased. G.

[171] A small muff for Winter-wear. *Ibid* in heading and l. 1, 'Mufkin': in l. 2 'It will be.' G.

[172] *Ibid*, this variant:—

"And yet they spend it worst that watch it most." G.

[173] See Introductory-Note to the first of these Minor Poems. I include this 'Canzonet' because originally it bore the initials of Davies' other pieces in the 'Rhapsody,' viz., I. D. G.

[174] Qu: sound? or it may be = their circular movement (supposed). G.

[175] In my edition of Donne I have assigned these Ten Sonnets to him, but for reasons given in Memorial-Introduction now reclaim them for Davies. Our text is as with the others from the 'Rhapsody' of 1621, where

they are numbered in the class of sonnets xxxiv. to xlii. They were originally signed Melophilus. The various readings are merely orthographical. G.

[176] From "Ovid's Banquet of | SENCE. | A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous | *Zodiacke*. | With a translation of a Latine coppie, | written by a Fryer, Anno Dom. 1400. | *Quis leget hæc? Nemo Hercule Nemo, / vel duo vel nemo*. Persius. | AT LONDON, | Printed by J. R. for Richard Smith. *Anno Dom.* 1595. | " See our Memorial-Introduction. G.

[177] From close of 'A New Post' consisting of 'Essayes' by Sir John Davies. See Prose Works in Fuller Worthies' Library. G.

[178] = traitors [treacherous]. G.

[179] I take this Sonnet from Collier's 'Bibliographical Catalogue' *sub nomine* (Vol. I. p. 192). It is thus introduced by him: "It is stated correctly by the biographers of [Sir] John Davys that he was patronized by Lord Ellesmere, and among the papers of his lordship is preserved the following autograph Sonnet, which appears to have been addressed to the Lord Chancellor, on the death of his second wife in 1599." Further: The following note is appended, also in the hand-writing of Sir John Davys:—"A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of 3 kinds of Companions, Men, Women, and Bookes: the losse of this second makes you retire from the first: I have, therefore, presumed to send y^r. LP one of the third kind, w^{ch} (it may bee), is a straunger to your LP. yet I persuade me his conversation will not be disagreeable to y^r. LP." See Memorial-Introduction for notices of Ellesmere and his wives. G.

[180] From "Englands Helicon":

Casta placent superis
pura cum Veste venite,
Et manibus puris
sumite fontis aquam.
At London

Printed by I. R. for *Iohn Flasket*, and are
to be sold in St. Pauls Church-yard, at the
signe | of the Beare. 1600. | [40.]
E 3 (verso)

The Davies authorship of this little lilt, is confirmed by a contemporary (Harleian) MS. list of contributors to England's Helicon (280), wherein his name is placed against it. G.

[181] In my Fuller Worthies' Library edition of Davies, I inserted above Riddle as kindly sent me by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, from the "Philosopher's Banquet": 2d edition, 1614, p. 261. In its text l. 6 'he' is spelled 'hee,' and 'ay' is 'yea.' G.

[182] There is a title here, "The Psalmes translated into verse, Anno Domini 1624." G.

[183] 'rest' is written and erased here. G.

[184] An illegible word erased here. G.

[185] = wight. G.

[186] This 'not' is self-evidently required. G.

[187] = pitched. Henry More in one of his Hymns uses the word:

"Lord stretch Thy tent in my straight breast,
Enlarge it downward, that sure rest
May there be *pight*."
G.

[188] Written here, as elsewhere, not by the contraction-sign of the plural 'es' but in full. G.

[189] Another example in the MS., of the plural 'es' in contraction-sign, preceded by 'e.' G.

[190] Another example of 'e' before the contraction-sign of 'es.' G.

[191] In full 'es' here, as before. Having now given several examples of the arbitrary use of the 's,' and 'es' in full and by contraction-sign, it will not be needful to note more in the sequel. G.

[192] A later handwriting substitutes for the respective rhymes of this couplet 'proceed' and 'right indeed.' G.

[193] = surround: as 'trihumph' for triumph. Cf. Psalm xxxv. line 37. G.

[194] Inadvertently written 'cleare.' G.

[195] 'My' written and erased here. G.

[196] 'Wal' is supplied in a more recent hand. G.

[197] In the MS. following on the line "God's way fire," is this:

"All those that trust in Him will He vphold."

The Original enables us to see that this was a variation not settled on. The first form was evidently as in the text, but the second line, "Hee heals," &c., not being quite the thought of the Original, Davies went nearer it in the new line, "All those," &c., thinking perhaps of varying the first line to "tride as gold;" but on reflection, seeing that was bad, left it as at first, albeit he must have neglected to cancel "All those," &c. I have not

hesitated to withdraw a line the retention of which would leave it without its fellow. G.

[198] The MS. reads 'sute' but as above, Query—contracted for 'smite'? G.

[199] = their. G.

[200] = pitched, as *ante*. G.

[201] A later hand has placed above this, 'wight': which is only a different spelling. Mr. Bruce, (as before) adds Qu: It seeme to have stood originally 'weigh.' The Corrector added a 't' and then perhaps thinking it not quite clear, or not liking the incorrect spelling, wrote 'wight' above it. G.

[202] I add 'eous' to 'right' of the MS. agreeably to the Prayer Book version—"and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness." G.

[203] Though not written with the contraction-sign of 'es' it is spelled therewith. The measure requires 'neare' to be read as a bi-syllable. G.

[204] 'face' previously written and erased. G.

[205] 'Shame' for 'sinne:' but also erased. G.

[206] The Kadesh of our Authorised Version is spelled Cades in the Prayer Book. G.

[207] = re-led. G.

[208] With reference to the 'es' here and elsewhere, it is given only when written in full and not by contraction-sign: the latter, except where the rhythm demands it, is represented by the simple 's' of our modern plural. Cf. prefatory Note to these 'Psalms,' *ante*. G.

[209] 'sadnes' written and erased here. G.

[210] I am uncertain whether this is 'But' or 'Out.' G.

[211] In MS. another example of the contraction-sign of 'es' with 'e' preceding. Cf. prefatory Note, as *supra*. G.

[212] This word has been altered in the MS. by the (original) writer, and the reading cannot be very certainly made out; but I read pay'st = plenteously rewarded. G.

[213] Qu: = sphere? G.

[214] = 'bough.' G.

[215] Written with a small 'g': the Scribe varies much in this. We have given the capital uniformly in Divine names, nouns and pronouns. G.

[216] 'Ware' written and erased. G.

[217] = to wry the mouth. G.

[218] Cf. Psalm xviii, l. 8. G.

[219] Miswritten 'thou' in the MS. G.

[220] 'Shall' written and erased. G.

[221] Another example of 'e' before 'es' as *ante*. G.

[222] Miswritten 'their.' G.

[223] Another example of 'e' preceding the contraction 'es,' as also on line 5th below this, in 'workes,' and in Psalm xli, line 19th, 'evenings.' See prefatory Note to these Psalms. G.

[224] 'On my' written here and erased. G.

[225] 'Life from thee' written and erased. G.

[226] 'O put thy trust in God and thankfull bee' written and erased. G.

[227] 'Mee' miswritten. G.

[228] 'Thy' miswritten and corrected in a later hand. G.

[229] = Through the 'vertue' of Thy name, *i.e.*, through Thee. The original is 'And in Thy name.' G.

[230] 'Become' written and erased. G.

[231] Spelled 'Shawdowes' and corrected. G.

[232] Miswritten 'warr.' G.

[233] 'Judgement' written here and erased. G.

[234] A later hand substitutes another line, 'And while we live, our only guide shall be.' G.

[235] 'Unto' written and the 'un' erased. G.

[236] The MS. begins here with 'and': but is struck out. G.

[237] I have filled in 'may' as evidently overlooked, and as it is the word of the prose version: a later hand has

written 'will' and another 'for' in the place of 'That.' G.

[238] The Manuscript thus far is in one handwriting: and since the prefatory Note to these Psalms was written, I have discovered among the Harleian MSS. a very remarkable document by Sir John Davies, viz. his "Plea spoken at the Bar of the House of Lords" on "the King's power to impose Ship-money," (126. B 10-4266) and it is *identically the same holograph with that of these Fifty Psalms*, presenting precisely the same forms and contractions throughout. So that the Scribe of the one must have been the Scribe of the other: no doubt one of Sir John's Secretaries or 'men,' as he himself calls them. I shall give above important historical Paper—which never has been published, or even referred to, so far as I am aware—in my edition of DAVIES' Prose Works. Meanwhile I need not point out how valuable is this additional verification of the Davies authorship of our Manuscript—that is in so far as the Psalms up to L. are concerned. I stand in doubt of his authorship of the remainder; but see our Memorial-Introduction on this.

The Psalms that follow have interposed a half-page and one leaf, blank, and another leaf, filled with the secular Poems that succeed them: but it was deemed better to place all the Psalms together. These other Psalms have the same orthography: but the hand-writing is different and plainer. It will be noticed that Psalm L. *supra*, is imperfect, extending only to v. 13. G.

[239] 'Nations' written and erased. G.

[240] 'Wth' written and erased. G.

[241] Noon? G.

[242] *Sic*. Qu: = departs? G.

[243] Written in the centre of the page XCV. G.

[244] = cease. G.

[245] 'to mankind for' written here and erased: 'doth consist' and its corresponding rhyme two lines below, 'persist,' written in a later hand. Originally the former line read 'But God's sweet kindness to mankind for euer,' and to rhyme with this, the corresponding line ended with 'perseuer.' G.

[246] Scala = ladder. G.

[247] The preceding are in a third handwriting. G.

[248] Miswritten 'drop' in MS. G.

[249] At bottom of this page in the MS. 'Thomas Bakewell' is scribbled twice. G.

[250] Written 'x'ested.

[251] Miswritten 'There is a tale then.' G.

[252] Miswritten 'ye.' G.

[253] Two preceding are apparently in the same handwriting with those before them. G.

[254] Miswritten 'y^r.' G.

[255] Qu: Grains? G.

[256] Miswritten 'strainest' in MS. G.

[257] 'heavenly' written and erased. G.

[258] Spelled here and elsewhere 'y^u.' It may be noted here, that throughout these Poems, as with the Psalms, my rule has been to extend mere contraction-forms. The few left have a place for philological ends. A kind of flourish at the end of a number of words, I was disposed to regard as intended to represent 's,' but instances occur in the MS. to show that it is a mere ornamental addition: and so I leave it unrepresented. G.

[259] Founthill or Fonthill in Wilts. See Prefatory Note to these hitherto unpublished MSS. G.

[260] Cf. Harleian MS. lines 'Of Tobacco' in Epigrams pp. 32-35, *ante*. G.

[261] Miswritten 'Honnour.' G.

[262] Cf. an Epigram 'Of Tobacco,' 36. The first edition thereof in its reading 'Hekens' is an obvious misprint, probably through Davies' ill writing. The reading here 'Nepen y^e Hellens' in the MS. is a scribe's misreading of 'Nepen^{the} Hellen's'—he having taken the ending 'the' for the article. Both point to the true reading, 'Nepen^{the} Helen's drink.' It is impossible that a scholar like Davies could have supposed 'Nepen^{the}' to be the drink of the gods, and equally impossible that he could have thought it drink of the Hellenes. G.

[263] Rheum. G.

[264] The handwriting of the six preceding pieces seems to be the same. G.

[265] = freckled? G.

[266] Miswritten 'with which.' G.

[267] Miswritten 'they.' G.

[268] = more serious. See Vol. I., p. 160, and related Note in Postscript. G.

[269] *Sic*: *not* peircinge. G.

[270] From the autograph MS. in All Souls' College, Oxford, MS. 155. W. W. 11, 26, fol. 72, *a* and *b*. The contractions of the MS. have been expanded, but *u* and *v* are reproduced. This full holograph of 'The Kinge's Welcome,' while it supersedes the short and imperfect copy from Dr. Laing's MS.—as first printed in our F. W. L. edition—confirms the authorship thereof. The abbreviated copy is also given after this one, as it is expedient to reproduce the MS. in its integrity. G.

[271] Miswritten 'them.' G.

[272] The allusion is to the storm on her voyage to Scotland in 1590. Cf. Constable's Sonnet to the King of Scots. See our Memorial-Introduction on these Lines. G.

[273] The six preceding pieces and the 'Elegiecall Epistle' are in the same handwriting with the 'Maid's hymne in praise of Virginitie.' G.

[274] These two are in a new and apparently less-trained handwriting. G.

[275] This use of 'alas' was common contemporaneously, and especially by the Puritan divines. G.

[276] I am not quite certain as to this word. It may be 'pust': query from pus = poisonous matter? and so intended to characterize ambition? G.

[277] A pun on the open mouth of wonder and curiosity. G.

[278] Imitative word, as the 'chirr' of the grasshopper. G.

[279] An unrecorded word. G.

[280] Folk-lore, as in Herrick, &c. G.

[281] = the last milk drawn from a cow in milking: same as strippings. G.

[282] = rennets—a kind of apple? G.

[283] = another kind of apple: see Gerard's Herbal, p. 1459 (1636 edn.) G.

[284] A species of apple like 'rennets.' G.

[285] = apple-johns, as in 1, Henry IV., iii. 3: 2, Henry IV., ii. 4 (*bis*). G.

[286] Query, a peach? See Gerard, as before, (p. 1447). Perse-boom is given as the Low-Dutch name of the peach. G.

[287] = Apricot. G.

[288] A Diamond.

[289] = one. G.

[290] A Jewell.

[291] Clymene. G.

[292] Deianeira, daughter of Oeneus. G.

[293] Mother of Romulus. G.

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