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TRANSFERRED

H



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Prolusions ;

or,

select Pieces of antient Poetry,—

*compil'd with great Care from their several Originals,
and offer'd to the Publick
as Specimens of the Integrity that should be found
in the Editions of worthy Authors,—*

in three Parts ;

containing,

- I. *The notbrowne Mayde ; Master Sackvile's In-
duction ; and, Overbury's Wife :*
- II. *Edward the third, a Play, thought to be writ by
SHAKESPEARE :*
- III. *Those excellent didactic Poems, intitl'd — Nosce teipsum,
written by Sir John Davis :*

with a Preface.

By Edward Revel.

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit ?
Barbarus has fegetes ? VIRG. Ecl. I.

†

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

1760.

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1940

To
the right honourable the Lord
WILLOUGHBY of *Parham*,
a Trustee of the *British* Museum,
Vice-president of the royal Society, and
President of the Society of Antiquaries,
this Book,
the honest Intention of which is
to do Service to good Letters by setting an Example
of Care and Fidelity to Persons who take upon them
the Publication of our best Authors,
is with great Respect presented
by, the Honourer of his Lordship's many Virtues,

his obedient humble Servant
the Editor.

The Preface.

The novelty of the present attempt, and some peculiarities in the execution of it, require that the reader should be address'd in a few words; first, to apprise him what it is that he may expect to meet with in the volume before him, and, next, to bring him acquainted with the peculiarities above-mention'd.

From what editions the several pieces were taken, is very faithfully related at the end of each piece; and the editor thinks he may with confidence affirm, that they are the first, and best, and only ones worth consulting. When a poem was to be proceeded upon, the editions that belong to it were first collated; and with what care, let that minuteness speak which may be seen in the various readings: In the course of this collation it well appear'd, that some one edition was to be prefer'd to the others: that edition therefore was made the ground-work of what is now publish'd; and it is never departed from, but in places where some other edition had a reading most apparently better; or in such other places as were very plainly corrupt, but, assistance of books failing, were to be amended by conjecture: in the first of these cases,

the reading that was judg'd best is inserted into the text of the poem, and the rejected reading may be found in it's place at the end ; and, in the other, the conjectural reading is inserted likewise, and that upon which it is built is at the bottom of the page : Where the corruption of a passage arose from omissions, — whereby the sense, the versification, or both, were defective, — it is endeavour'd to be amended by the insertion of such word, or words, as seem'd most natural to the place ; and all such words are printed in a black letter. Upon this plan, (the merit of which the publick is now to judge of) the text of one edition, the best that could be found, is made the establish'd text of that particular poem ; and every departure from it, how minute soever, is at once offer'd to the eye in the most simple manner, without parade of notes which but divert the attention. When the piece shall be gone over, there may chance to be a reader, or two, who will incline to examine the alterations, and bestow a little reflection upon the reasons that occasion'd them ; which are not always so remote, but that a small degree of it will help him to them ; and the discovery, perhaps, may be productive of more pleasure than if in some elaborate note they had been pointed out to him : If, in this or that place, what is added, or alter'd, shall to the man of judgment be not satisfactory, let him discard the addition, or restore the old reading ; the one is at hand, the other easily effected : or, if this will not

do, let him exert his happier talent in the invention of something better : To aid him in this endeavour, he has all the materials that can be procur'd for him ; for, besides the readings that have been spoken of above, he will find at the end of each poem all the other rejected readings of the editions made use of ; and, intermix'd with these, are some conjectural ones, being such as were thought to be plausible, but not of force enough to demand a place in the text : these latter readings have no mark given them, the other are distinguish'd by the mark of the edition they belong to ; and, in the table before the readings, that which is the better edition is noted by an asterisk. A regard to the beauty of his page, and no other consideration, has induc'd the editor to suspend the operation of his plan in two of the poems, and in some passages of a third ; all which must be now accounted for. And, first, in the Introduction, the following readings ought in strictness to have been found in the place assign'd to them, *viz.* the bottom of the page ;

<i>p.</i>	<i>f.</i>	<i>l.</i>	
6 ;	2,	1.	Her eyes swollen
7 ;	1,	6.	Letheus
9 ;	3,	1.	the guphe
17 ;	1,	2.	looks,
	3,	7.	prynces, his
19 ;	4,	3.	Greeks
22 ;	3,	6.	the place dyu

and these, in the *Nofce teipsum*;

p.	f.	l.	
6;	2,	2.	faire, good,
41;	5,	4.	tast, feele, or
45;	2,	3.	now his power
51;	5,	2.	a <i>wit</i> which
59;	5,	2.	heare so
69;	4,	2.	Wherein th'inward

being readings in which the copies concur, and foundations of the conjectural: but the number of them in each poem was so small, that it was thought the beauty of the edition would be more consulted, and the convenience of it but little impair'd, by throwing them thus together: In *Edward* the third, the propos'd plan is in general adher'd to; four rejected readings excepted, which could not be commodiously inserted in their due place by reason of their length: these are, [sin comes:

p. 12, *l.* 16. *Mounta.* O sommers day, see where my cou-
How fares my Aunt? [nes good.

p. 26, *l.* 11. My propper harme should buy your high-
These are the vulgar tenders of false men,
That never pay the dutie of their words.

Kin. Thou wilt not sticke

in the first passage, the name of the speaker is put a line too soon; in the second, two lines too late: again,

p. 48, *l.* 29. cal'd? tell me thy

p. 74, *l.* 23. If we feare it, why doe we follow it?

If we doe feare, how can we shun it?

If we doe feare, with feare &c.

in one, the middle words are omitted ; in the other, the middle line.

The plan, and the deviations from it, being thus imparted, it remains that the reader be made acquainted with the determinate force of certain new marks peculiar to this work : their most frequent use is in the drama, to which therefore he will have recourse for examples ; some too are in the ballad, which is also dramatic. In the first place, there seem'd to be much want of a particular note of punctuation to distinguish irony ; which is often so delicately couch'd as to escape the notice even of the attentive reader, and betray him into error : such a note is therefore introduc'd ; being a point ranging with the top of the letter, as the full stop is a point ranging with the bottom : That it is already a note of punctuation in another language is so far from a just objection, that it ought rather enforce a use of it in our own. A similar arrangement of a mark, call'd by the printers a dash or break, affords a new distinction : This in present usage is single, and put always in the middle : in this work it is otherwise ; ranging sometimes with the top, and then it serves the purposes to which it has been hitherto assign'd ; and sometimes with the bottom, and has a new signification : All dramatic works abound in single speeches that pass from one person to another, often to very many ; which cannot be understood, unless this point likewise be known and attended to : the mark spoken of is destin'd to this

service ; wherever it occurs, it denotes constantly a change of the address ; if it be at all ambiguous to whom the words are spoken, a name is added ; but it is in most cases sufficient to mark where the change begins, and where it ends, if not with the speech ; for to persons of the least intelligence the context will speak the rest. A third mark is, the cross : This, when it has one bar only, is significant of a thing shown or pointed to ; when two, of a thing deliver'd : and they are severally plac'd exactly at the very word at which it is proper the pointing be made, or the delivery should take effect. The last, and most extensively useful, of the marks introduc'd is, the double inverted comma ; which do constantly and invariably denote in this work that the words they are prefix'd to are spoke apart or aside, and have no other signification whatsoever. It is hop'd, that when these new-invented marks are a little consider'd, they will be found by the candid and discerning to be no improper substitutes to those marginal directions that have hitherto obtain'd ; which are both a blemish to the page they stand in, and inadequate to the end propos'd.

And thus much of the work in general : Something must now be added concerning each of the poems of which it is compos'd, and the reader shall then be dismiss'd to receive his better entertainment from them. The Ballad was certainly written in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and not

sooner: the curious in these matters, who shall conceive a doubt of what is here asserted through remembrance of what he has seen advanc'd by a poet of late days, is desir'd to look into the works of the great Sir *Thomas More*, and, particularly, into a poem that stands at the head of them, and from thence receive conviction; if sameness of rythmus, sameness of orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, be capable of giving it. The Induction will stand in need of somewhat a larger preface, to let the reader into the circumstances that produc'd it: He is then to know, that the book it is taken from is divided into two parts; in the second of which stands this poem, an induction or introduction to the particular history of *Henry* duke of *Buckingham*, the accomplice and victim of the third *Richard*: but it was intended by the author, that it should be a general introduction to all the histories; and that the book should be new cast, beginning with this complaint of *Buckingham*, and going backward to the conquest: which intention of his was never executed, so that the poem comes in awkwardly enough towards the middle of the second part: The first part was printed by itself in the year 1559; and again in 1563, with addition of the second part; and in the interval between those years was the Induction compos'd: *Gorboduc* (call'd, in the first edition of it, the tragedy of *Ferrex* and *Porrex*) was written within the same period, by this author, *Sackville*, and

Thomas Norton, jointly. A very great liberty has been taken with this poem by the editor, for which it is proper he should make some apology: what he has done is nothing less than the throwing out of four entire stanzas, and parcel of a fifth; his reason, for that they were so weak, and disgrac'd with other blemishes, that he fear'd they would discourage the reader from perusal of what remains, and prepossess him against the whole: the connection is not destroy'd by the omission; and who shall think it a defect may easily cure it from some old edition, which are nothing scarce. The poem that follows will stand in danger of running into a like disgrace with the reader, by reason of that indelicacy which is but too visible in many parts of it, unless he be first warn'd that it was the general vice of the author's time, and shall from that consideration be kindly induc'd to make some allowances: It is likewise a posthumous work, (appearing first in that edition which is at the head of those the editor has consulted) as is evident, among other circumstances, from the following verses, parcel of a collection which preceed the poem;

Encomium of the Wife a Widow.

This perfect creature, to the eastern use,
 liv'd, whilst a wife, retir'd from common show;
 not that her lover fear'd the least abuse,
 but, with the wisest, knew it fitter so:
 since, fall'n a widow, and a zealous one,
 she would have sacrific'd herself agen;

but, importun'd to life, is now alone
lov'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wise single men :
which &c.

And it's being a posthumous work will account for another imperfection which is noted in the present edition : two of the stanzas (*viz.* the last in *p.* 11, and the second in *p.* 12.) would, perhaps, have been expung'd by the author, had he sent it to the press himself : they are here put between hooks, signifying rejection ; and it is recommended to the reader to consider, whether, by so doing, that member of the poem is not abundantly clearer. The pieces that have been mention'd are thrown together, and made a first part, with a view to the reader's further gratification ; that he may, with the greater convenience, have the pleasure of observing in them the different state of our language at the beginning, middle, and end, of one and the same century. But what shall be said of the poem that constitutes the second part ? or how shall the curiosity be satisfy'd, which it is probable may have been rais'd by the great Name inserted in the title - page ? That it was indeed written by SHAKESPEARE, it cannot be said with candour that there is any external evidence at all : something of proof arises from resemblance between the stile of his earlier performances and of the work in question ; and a more conclusive one yet from consideration of the time it appear'd in, in which there was no known writer equal to such a play : the fable of it

B

too is taken from the same books which that author is known to have follow'd in some other plays ; to wit, *Holinshed's Chronicle*, and a book of novels call'd the *Palace of Pleasure* : But, after all, it must be confess'd that it's being his work is conjecture only, and matter of opinion ; and the reader must form one of his own, guided by what is now before him, and by what he shall meet with in perusal of the piece itself. The poems in the third part are printed page for page after the old editions : In the margin of those editions there are some scraps of an imperfect and ill-form'd analysis, which cannot by any possibility be thought the production of the great author himself, but of his printer or publisher : it has therefore been presum'd to substitute a compleater, form'd in a small degree upon some parts of the old one ; and to place it both in the margin separately, and jointly before the poems, that it may be read and consider'd at one view : These admirable pieces seem to have been compos'd about the year 1596, three years before their publication ; which presumption is grounded upon the words of a compliment, that may be seen at p. 16, pay'd to the lord keeper *Egerton* upon his receiving the seals, which was done in that year. It shall not be conceal'd, that the above remarks, which are chiefly chronological, are made with an eye to certain contrary assertions advanc'd by authors of character ; some of which appear to be something more than mis-

takes, and deserve a name that shall not be given them.

Nothing more remains, but that the reader be now requested to treat with indulgence the defects that he will certainly espy in whatever is of the editor's composition ; and to regard solely his plan, and his integrity in the pursuit of it : upon them he founds his claim to a favourable reception of the ensuing pieces : The first, and last, will content the most delicate : the play has many striking parts in it, not unworthy of the pen they are suppos'd to come from ; and is, at worst, a curiosity of which the greater part of the world has no knowledge : and All answer the editor's chief intent ; which was, to exhibit a specimen of what he conceiv'd ought to be found in that work which would truly merit the name of an edition.

Jul. 20th, 1759.

Prolusions ;
Part I.

The notbrowne Mayae ;
Master Sackvile's Induction ;
and, Overbury's Wife.

B 3

The notbrowne Mayde.

2.

Be it ryght, or wrong,
these men among
on woman do complayne ;
affyrmynge this —
how that it is
a labour spent in vayne,
to love them wele ;
for never a dele
they love a man agayne :
for late a man
do what he can,
theyr fayour to attayne,
yet, yf a newe
do them pursue,
theyr fyrst true lover than
laboureth for nought ;
for from her thought
he is a banyshed man.

¹⁴ to them

¹⁷ tought

B 4

B.

I say nat, nay,
 but that all day
 it is bothe writ and sayd,
 that womens fayth
 is, as who sayth,
 all utterly decayed :
 but, neverthelesse,
 ryght good wytnesse
 in this case myght be layed,
 that they love true,
 and continuè ;
 recorde the notbrowne mayde ;
 which, whan her love
 came, her to prove,
 to her to make his mone,
 wolde nat depart ;
 for in her hart
 she loved but hym alone.

a.

Than betwayne us
 late us dyscus
 what was all the manère
 betwayne them two ;
 we wyll also
 tell all the payne, and fere,
 that she was in :
 Nowe I begyn,
 so that ye me answère ; —

9 in his case

24 payne in fere

Wherfore, all ye
that present be,
I pray you, gyve an ere:—
I am the knyght;
I come by nyght,
as secret as I can;
sayinge,—Alas,
thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man.

B.

And I your wyll
for to fulfyll
in this wyll nat refuse;
truftyng to shewe
in wordes fewe,
that men have an yll use
(to theyr owne shame)
women to blame,
and causelesse them accuse:
Therfore to you
I answere nowe,
all women to excuse,—
*Myne owne hart dere,
with you what chere?*
I pray you, tell anone;
*for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.*

³ your gyfte

The notbrowne Mayde.

A.

*It standeth so ;
 a dede is do,
 wherof grete harme shall growe :
 My destiny
 is for to dy
 a shamefull deth, I trowe ;
 or elles to fle :
 the one must be ;
 none other way I knowe,
 but to withdrawe
 as an outlawe,
 and take me to my bowe.
 Wherefore, adue,
 my owne hart true !
 none other rede I can ;
 for I must to
 the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshed man.*

B.

*O Lorde, what is
 this worldys blyffe,
 that chaungeth as the mone !
 the somers day
 in lusty May
 is derked before the none. —
 I here you say,
 farewell ; Nay, nay,
 we départ nat so sone :*

² as dede ¹⁵ red ²¹ chaūged ²⁴ the mone

*Why say ye so ?
 whether wyll ye go ?
 alas, what haue ye done ?
 all my welfäre
 to sorowe and care
 sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone ;
 for, in my mynde,
 of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.*

A.

*I can beleue,
 it shall you greue,
 and somewhat you dystayne :
 but, aftyward,
 your paynes harde
 within a day or twayne
 shall sone aslake ;
 and ye shall take
 comfort to you agayne.
 Why sholde ye ought ?
 for, to make thought,
 your labour were in wayne.
 And thus I do ;
 and pray you to,
 as hartely as I can ;
 for I must to
 the grene wode go,
 alone, a banysht man.*

³ ye one ⁶ where

The notbrowne Mayde.

B.

*Now, syth that ye
 haue shewd to me
 the secret of your mynde,
 I shall be playne
 to you agayne,
 lyke as ye shall me fynde :
 Syth it is so
 that ye wyll go,
 I wolle not leue behynde ;
 shall it neuer be sayd,
 the notbrowne mayd
 was to her love unkynde :
 make you redy ;
 for so am I,
 allthought it were anone ;
 for, in my mynde,
 of all mankynde
 I loue but you alone.*

A.

*Yet I you rede
 to take good hede
 what men wyll thynke and say :
 Of yonge and olde
 it shall be tolde,
 that ye be gone away ;
 your wanton wyll
 for to fulfill,
 in grene wode you to play ;*

21 whā men

and that ye myght
 from your delyght
 no lenger make delay :
 Rather than ye
 sholde thus for me
 be called an yll woman,
 yet wolde I to
 the grene wode go,
 alone, a banished man.

B.

Though it be songe
 of olde and yonge,
 that I sholde be to blame,
 theyrs be the charge
 that speke so large
 in hurtyng of my name :
 For I wyll prove,
 that faythfull love
 it is devoyd of shame ;
 in your dystresse,
 and hevynesse,
 to part with you, the same ;
 to shewe all tho
 that do nat so,
 true lovers are they none :
 for, in my mynde,
 of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

²² all to

²⁴ To love lovers

The notbrowne Mayde.

A.

*I counceyle you,
 remember howe
 it is no maydens lawe,
 nothyng to dout,
 but to renne out
 to wode with an outlawe :
 for ye must there
 in your hand bere
 a bowe, redy to drawe ;
 and, as a thefe,
 thus must you lyve,
 ever in drede and awe ;
 wherby to you
 grete harme myght growe :
 yet had I lever than,
 that I had to
 the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshted man.*

B.

*I say nat, nay,
 but as ye say,
 it is no maydens lore :
 But love may make
 me, for your sake,
 as I have sayd before,
 to come on fote,
 to hunt, and shote,
 to gete us mete in store ;*

*for so that I
your company
may have, I aske no more :
from which to part,
it maketh my hart
as colde as ony stone ;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.*

A.

*For an outlarwe
this is the larwe,—
that men hym take and bynde ;
without pyte
hanged to be,
and waver with the wynde.
Yf I had nede,
(as God forbede !)
what socours coude ye fynde ?
forsoth, I trowe,
ye and your bowe
for fere wolde drawe bebynde :
And no merwayle ;
for lytell awayle
were in your counceyle than :
wherfore I wyll to
the grene wode go.
alone, a banyshed man.*

24 where

B.

Ryght wele knowe ye,
 that women be
 but feble for to fyght;
 no womanbede
 it is, indede,
 to be bolde as a knyght:
 Yet, in such fere
 yf that ye were
 with enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande,
 with bowe in bande,
 to helpe ye with my myght,
 and you to save;
 as women have
 from dethe many a one;
 for, in my mynde,
 of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

A.

Yet take good hede;
 for ever I drede
 that ye coude nat sustayne
 the thornie wayes,
 the depe valleies,
 the snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 the colde, the hete:
 for, dry, or wete,
 ye must lodge on the playne;

²⁴ frost & rayne²⁶ dry nor wete

and, as above,
 none other rose
 but a brake busb, or twayne :
 which sone sholde greue
 you, I beleue ;
 and ye wolde gladly than
 that I had to
 the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

B.

Syth I haue here
 bene partynere
 with you of joy and blyffe,
 I must also
 parte of your wo
 endure, as reson is :
 Yet am I sure
 of one plesure ;
 and, shortely, it is this,—
 that, where ye be,
 me semeth, parde,
 I coude nat fare amysse.
 Without more speche,
 I you beseeche
 that we were shortely gone ;
 for, in my mynde,
 of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

¹¹ partynere¹⁹ were

C

The notbrowne Mayde.

A.

Yf ye go thyder,
 ye must consyder,—
 Whan ye haue lust to dyne,
 there shall no mete,
 be for to gete,
 neyther bere, ale, ne wyne;
 ne shetes clene
 to lye betwene,
 maden of threde and twyne;
 none other house,
 but lewes and bowes,
 to cover your hed and myne :
 O myne hart swete,
 this evyll dyete
 sholde make you pale and wan;
 wherfore I wyll to
 the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

B.

Amonge the wylde dere,
 such an archère
 as men say that ye be,
 may ye nat fayle
 of good witayle,
 where is so grete plente :
 and water clere
 of the ryvère
 shall be full swete to me;

9 Made of

13 As myn

15 what

with which in bele
 I shall ryght wele
 endure, as ye shall see:
 and, or we go,
 a bedde or two
 I can prouyde anon;
 for, in my mynde,
 of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

A.

Lo yet, before,
 ye must do more,
 yf ye wyll go with me:
 as cut your here
 above your ere,
 your kirtel above the kne;
 with bowe in hande,
 for to withstande
 your enemyes, yf nede be:
 and, the same nyght,
 before day-lyght,
 to wode-ward wyll I fle.
 Yf that ye wyll
 all this fulfill,
 do it shortely as ye can;
 els wyll I to
 the grene wode go.
 alone, a banyshed man.

24 Do it as shortly

C 2

B.

*I shall as nowe
 do more for you
 than longeth to womanbede;
 to shorte my here,
 a bowe to bere,
 to shote in tyme of nede: —
 O my swete mother,
 before all other
 for you I have most drede:
 but nowe, adue!
 I must ensue
 where fortune doth me lede. —
 All this make ye:
 Nowe let us fle;
 the day cometh fast upon;
 for, in my mynde,
 of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.*

A.

*Nay, nay, nat so;
 ye shall nat go,
 and I shall tell you why,—
 Your appetyght
 is to be lyght
 of love, I wele espy:
 for, lyke as ye
 have sayed to me,
 in lyke wyse bardely*

³ That ⁵ ahowe to ere ²⁴ Of my love

*ye wolde anfwere
whosoever it were,
in way of company.
It is sayd of olde,—
sone hote, sone colde;
and so is a womàn:
for I must to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.*

B.

*Yf ye take bede,
it is no nede
such wordes to say by me;
for oft ye prayed,
and longe assayed,
or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I
of auncestry
a barons daughter be,
yet have you proved
howe I you loved,
a squyer of lowe degre;
and ever shall,
whatso befall;
to dy therfore anone;
for, in my mynde,
of all mankynde
I love but you alone.*

19 HED

C 3

A.

*A barons chylde
to be begylde!
it were a cursed dede:
to be felawe
with an outlawe!
almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were,
the pore squyere
alone to forest yede,
than ye sholde say
another day,
that by my cursed dede
ye were betrayed:
Wherefore, good mayd,
the best rede that I can,
is, that I to
the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.*

B.

*Whatever befall,
I never shall
of this thyng you outbrayd:
but yf ye go,
and leve me so,
than have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele
howe that ye dele;
for, yf ye be as ye sayd,*

10 solve

ye were unkynde,
 to leue me behynde,
 your love, the notbrowne mayd.
 Trust me truly,
 that I shall dy
 sone after ye be gone;
 for, in my mynde,
 of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

A.

Yf that ye went,
 ye sholde repent;
 for in the forest now
 I haue purwayed
 me of a mayd,
 whom I love more than you;
 another fayrèr
 than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe;
 and of you bothe
 eche sholde be wrothe
 with ether, as I trowe:
 It were myne ese,
 to lyue in pes;
 so wyll I, yf I can;
 wherfore I to
 the wode wyll go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

C 4

B.

Though in the wode
 I undyrstode
 ye had a paramour,
 all this may nought
 remove my thought,
 but that I wyll be your :
 and she shall fynde
 me soft, and kynde,
 and courteys every hour ;
 glad to fulfyll
 all that she wyll
 commaunde me, to my power :
 For had ye, lo,
 an hundred mo,
 yet wolde I be that one ;
 for, in my mynde,
 of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

A.

Myne owne dere love,
 I se the prove
 that ye be kynde, and true ;
 of mayde, and wyfe,
 of all my lyfe,
 the best that ever I knewe.
 Be mery and glad,
 be no more sad,
 the case is chaunged nowe ;

for it were ruthe,
 that, for your truthe,
 ye sholde have cause to rewe:
 Be nat dismayed;
 whatsoever I sayd
 to you, whan I began,
 I wyll nat to
 the grene wode go,
 I am no banyshed man.

B.

These tydings be
 more gladder to me
 than to be made a quene,
 yf I were sure
 they sholde endure:
 but it is often sene,
 whan men wyll breke
 promyse, they speke
 the wordes on the splene:
 Ye shape some wyle,
 me to begyle,
 and stele from me, I wene:
 than were the case
 worse than it was,
 and I more wo-begone;
 for, in my mynde,
 of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

³ that ye

A.

Ye shall nat nede
 furiber to drede;
 I wyll nat dysparage
 you, (God defend!)
 syth ye descend
 of so grete lynyage.
 Nowe undyrstande,
 to Westmarlande,
 which is myne berytage,
 I wyll you brynge;
 and with a ryng,
 by way of maryage
 I wyll you take;
 and lady make,
 as shortely as I can:
 than have you won
 an erlys son,
 and no banyshed man.

B.

Here may ye se,
 that women be,
 in love, meke, kynde, and stable:
 Late never man
 reprove them than,
 - - - - -
 but, rather, pray
 God, that we may
 to them be comfortable,

⁶ lynyage ¹⁷ perles ²⁷ To hym be

which sometyme proved
such as he loved,
yf they be charytable.
Forsoth, men wolde
that women sholde
be meke to them ech one;
moche more ought they
to God obey,
and serve but hym alone.

Advertisement.

The editor has seen no perfect copy of the book in which this ballad is printed : that which he made use of was perfect in the ballad, but exceedingly defective in other places ; another, and that the nearest compleat of any copy that has come to his hands, (for he has seen three) was in a sale catalogue of Mr. *Osborne of Gray's inn*, bookseller, for the year 1758, Vol. 1st, N^o 1025 : It was a small, thin, folio, in a black letter ; and in the first blank leaf of it was written — *Suum cuiq. | Tho. Hearne | The Customes of London, or Arnold's Chronicle* — in the hand-writing of that antiquarian : it began with a table of contents, (sign. A. 11.) of three leaves ; after which, (at sign. B. 1.) follow'd —

The names of the Baylyfs. Custos. Mayres and Sheriffs of | the cyte of London from the tyme of kynge Rycharde the fyrst | called Cure de Apon' whiche was crowned the 111. day of Septem- | bre The yere of our lorde god XI. C. LXXXIX. Ca. primo. Baylyfs. Henry cornhyll Rycharde reynery the fyrst yere of his regne and this table, or list of names, (which is intermix'd with a sort of chronicle) concludes, at C. iv, with these words, —
 John kyem John shepyngton sherefs the XII. yere. (i. e. of Henry the eighth.)
 John Brydgys mayre.

This yere Galy halfpens was banyshted out of eng-land & whete | was worthe XVIII. s. a quarter And this yere one Luther was ac- | countyd an eretyck and on a sonday that was the XII. day of May. | in the presence of the lorde legate and many

other bysshops and lor- | dys of england the sayd Luther
was openly declared an heretyck at | powlys crosse and
all his bookes burnyd.

These extracts may serve for a *notitia* of the edition,
in lieu of a title-page; and the last will fix the date of
it: for it is highly probable, that it was printed in the
year there mention'd, *viz.* A. 1521; or, at farthest, the
year after; the type, and all other marks, according
therewith. The ballad is at sign. B. vi, (length, three
leaves) and has there no title; but is call'd, in the
table of contents, — A ballade of the nottrowne mayde.
The form in which it is printed is exemplify'd in the
stanza that follows, with which the ballad concludes:—

Here may ye se / that womē be. In love meke kynd & stable
Late never man / reprove thē thā.

But rather pray / god that we may. To hym be confortable
Whiche somtyme proven / ſuche as he loved. If they be charytable
Forloth mē wolde / that womē holde. Be meke to thē ech one
Hoche more ought they / to god obey. And ſerbe but hym alone.

But it is to be noted, that this particular stanza is not
printed, in the copy, exactly as it is here set down;
but is put by the editor into the method of all the
other stanzas, for the purpose above-recited.

Conjectural Readings.

- | | | |
|-----|-----|-------------------------------|
| p. | 1. | |
| | 3. | women |
| 8, | 15. | <i>although</i> |
| 11, | 19. | <i>for sothe</i> |
| | 25. | <i>I'll to</i> |
| 12, | 9. | <i>day and nyght,</i> |
| | 27. | <i>we must</i> |
| 13, | 3. | <i>brake, bush.</i> |
| 14, | 16. | <i>I'll to</i> |
| 15, | 19. | <i>this same</i> |
| 18, | 7. | <i>Yea,</i> |
| | 21. | <i>upbrayd :</i> |
| 19, | 2. | <i>dele, me</i> |
| 20, | 23. | <i>in all</i> |
| 22. | 6. | <i>a lynage.</i> |
| | 16. | <i>thus have</i> |
| | 18. | <i>and not a banysht man.</i> |

Master Sackville's Induction.

The wrathful winter, 'proaching on apace,
with blustering blasts had all ybar'd the treen ;
and old *Saturnus*, with his frosty face,
with chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green,
the mantles rent wherein enwrapped been
the gladsome groves, that now lay overthrown,
the tapets torn, and every bloom down blown :

the foil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
was all despoiled of her beauty's hue ;
and foot-fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's queen
had clad the earth, now *Boreas*' blasts down blew ;
and small fowls, flocking, in their songs did rue
the winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defac'd
in woeful wise bewail'd the summer past :

hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
the naked twigs were shivering all for cold ;
and, dropping down the tears abundantly,
each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
the cruel season, bidding me withhold
myself within, for I was gotten out
into the fields whereas I walk about.

When, lo, the night, with misty mantles spread,
 'gan dark the day and dim the azure skies ;

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and *Phaeton* now, near reaching to his race, [bent,
 with glistering beams gold-streaming where they
 was prest to enter in his resting place ;
Erithius, that in the cart first went,
 had even now attain'd his journey's stent,
 and, fast declining, hid away his head,
 while *Titan* couch'd him in his purple bed :

and pale *Cynthia*, with her borrow'd light,
 beginning to supply her brother's place,
 was past the noon-stead six degrees in sight ;
 when sparkling stars, amid the heaven's face,
 with twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
 that, while they brought about the nightys chair,
 the dark had dim'd the day ere I was ware.

And forrowing I to see the summer flowers,
the lively green, the lusty leas, forelorn ;
the sturdy trees so shatter'd with the showers ;
the fields so fade, that flourish'd so beforne ;
it taught me well, all earthly things be born
to die the death : for nought long time may last ;
the summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

Then looking upward to the heaven's leams
with nightys stars thick-powder'd every where,
which erst so glisten'd with the golden streams
that chearful *Phæbus* spread down from his sphere,
beholding dark oppressing day so near,
the sudden sight reduced to my mind
the sundry changes that in earth we find :

that, musing on this worldly wealth in thought,—
which comes, and goes, more faster than we see
the flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,—
my busy mind presented unto me
such fall of peers as in this realm had be ;
that oft I wish'd, some would their woes describe,
to warn the rest whom fortune left alive.

And straight forth stalking with redoubl'd pace,—
for that I saw the night drew on so fast,—
in black all clad, there fell before my face
a piteous wight, whom woe had all forewaste ;
forth from her eyen the crystal tears outbraft ;
and, sighing sore, her hands she wrong and fold,
tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

D

Her body small, forewith'ed, and forespent,
 as is the stalk that summer's drought oppress'd ;
 her welked face with woeful tears besprent ;
 her colour pale ; and, as it 'seem'd her best,
 in woe and plaint reposed was her rest ;
 and, as the stone that drops of water wears,
 so dented were her cheeks with fall of tears :

swollen her eyes, with flowing streams afloat ;
 wherewith, her looks thrown up full piteously,
 her forceless hands together oft she smote,
 with doleful shrieks that echo'd in the sky ;
 whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany,
 that, in my doom, was never man did see
 a wight but half so woe-begone as she.

I stood agast, beholding all her plight,
 'tween dread and dolour so distrain'd in heart,
 that, while my hairs upstart with the sight,
 the tears out-stream'd for sorrow of her smart ;
 but, when I saw no end that could appart
 the deadly deule which she so sore did make,
 with doleful voice then thus to her I spake.

*Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be,
 and stint betime to spill thyself with plaint :
 tell what thou art, and whence ; for well I see,
 thou can'st not dure, with sorrow thus attain't :
 And, with that word of sorrow, all forefaint
 she looked up ; and, prostrate as she lay,
 with piteous sound, lo, thus she 'gan to say.*

*Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou see'st restrain'd
with waisting woes that never shall aslake,—
Sorrow I am; in endless torments pain'd
among the furies in the infernal lake,
where Pluto god of hell so grisly black
doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste
doth reve remembrance of each thing forepast:*

*Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
and luckless lot for to bemoan of those
whom fortune, in this maze of misery,
of wretched chance most woeful mirrours chose;
that, when thou see'st how lightly they did lose
their pomp, their power, and that they thought most sure,
thou may'st soon deem no earthly thing may dure.*

Whose rueful voice no sooner had outbray'd
those woeful words wherewith the sorrow'd so,
but out, alas, the shrigh't, and never stay'd,
fell down, and all to dash'd herself for woe:
the cold pale dread my limbs 'gan overgo;
and I so sorrow'd at her sorrows eft,
that, what with grief, and fear, my wits were reft.

I stretch'd myself, and straight my heart revives,
that dread and dolour erst did so appale;
like him that with the fervent fever strives,
when sickness seeks his castle health to scale;
with gather'd sp'rits so forc'd I fear to avale:
and, rearing her, with anguish all foredone,
my sp'rits return'd, and then I thus begun.

O, Sorrow, alas, *with* Sorrow is *thy* name,
 and that to thee this drear doth well pertain,
 in vain it were to seek to cease the same :
 but, as a man himself with sorrow slain,
 so I, alas, do comfort thee in pain,
 that here in sorrow art forefokn so deep
 that at *thy* sight I can but sigh and weep.

I had no sooner spoken of a flike,
 but that the storm so rumbl'd in her breast
 as *Æolus* could never roar the like ;
 and showers down rained from her eyen so fast,
 that all bedrent the place ; 'till, at the last,
 well eased they the dolour of her mind,
 as rage of rain doth 'swage the stormy wind :

for forth she paced in her fearful tale :
 Come, come, quoth she, and see what I shall show ;
 come, hear the plaining and the bitter bale
 of *aworthy* men by fortune overthrow ;
 come thou, and see them ruing all in row :
 they were but shades, that erst in mind thou rold ;
 come, come with me, *thine* eyes shall them behold.

What could these words but make me more agast,
 to hear her tell whereon I mus'd while-ere,
 so was I maz'd therewith ? 'till, at the last,
 musing upon her words, and what they were,
 all suddenly well lesson'd was my fear ;
 for to my mind returned, how she tell'd
 both what she was and where her won she held ;

whereby I knew that she a goddess was :
and, therewithal, resorted to my mind
my thought, that late presented me the glass
of brittle state, of cares that here we find,
of thousand woes to silly men assign'd ;
and how she now bid me come and behold,
to see with eye that erst in thought I rold.

Flat down I fell, and with all reverence
adored her ; perceiving now, that she,
a goddess, sent by godly providence,
in earthly shape thus show'd herself to me,
to wail and rue this world's uncertainty :
and, while I honour'd thus her godhead's might,
with plaining voice these words to me she shrigh't.

*I shall thee guide first to the grisly lake,
and thence unto the blissful place of rest ;
where thou shalt see, and hear, the plaint they make
that whilome here bare swing among the best :
this shalt thou see ; but great is the unrest
that thou must 'bide, before thou can'st attain
unto the dreadful place where these remain.*

And, with these words, as I upraised stood,
and 'gan to follow her that straight forth pac'd,
ere I was ware, into a desert wood
we now were come ; where, hand in hand embrac'd,
she led the way, and through the thick so trac'd,
as, but I had been guided by her might,
it was no way for any mortal wight.

But, lo, while thus amid the desert dark
we pass'd on with steps and pace unmeet,
a rumbling roar, confus'd with howl and bark
of dogs, shook all the ground under our feet,
and strook the din within our ears so deep,
as, half disfraught, unto the ground I fell,
befought return, and not to visit hell.

But she forthwith, uplifting me apace,
remov'd my dread, and, with a stedfast mind,
bad me come on; for here was now the place,
the place where we our travel end should find:
wherewith I rose, and to the place assign'd
astoin'd I stalk; when straight we approached near
the dreadful place that you will dread to hear.

An hideous hole,—all vast, withouten shape,
of endless depth, o'erwhelm'd with ragged stone,—
with ugly mouth and grisly jaws doth gape,
and to our sight confounds itself in one:
here enter'd we; and, yeding forth, anone
an horrible lothly lake we might discern,
as black as pitch, that cleped is *Averne*:

A deadly gulf; where nought but rubbish grows,
with foul black swelth in thicken'd lumps that lies;
which up i' the air such stinking vapours throws,
that over there may fly no fowl but dies,
choak'd with the pestilent favours that arise.
Hither we come; whence forth we still did pace,
in dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

And, first, within the porch and jaws of hell
fat deep *Remorse of conscience*, all besprent
with tears ; and to herself oft would she tell
her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
to fob and figh, but ever thus lament
with thoughtful care ; as she that, all in vain,
would wear and waste continually in pain ;

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there, [brought,
whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance
so was her mind continually in fear,
tost and tormented with the tedious thought
of those detested crimes which she had wrought ;
with dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next, saw we *Dread*, all trembling how he shook,
with foot uncertain, profer'd here and there ;
benumb'd of speech ; and, with a gasty look,
search'd every place, all pale and dead for fear,
his cap born up with staring of his hair ;
'stoin'd and amaz'd at his own shade for dread,
and fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this lake
fat fell *Revenge*, gnashing her teeth for ire ;
devising means how she may vengeance take ;
never in rest, 'till she have her desire ;
but frets within so far forth with the fire
of wreaking flames, that now determines she
to die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
had show'd herself, as next in order set,
with trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
'till in our eyes another fight we met ;
when fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
ruing, alas, upon the woeful plight
of *Misery*, that next appear'd in fight :

His face was lean, and some-deal pin'd away,
and eke his hands consumed to the bone ;
but, what his body was, I cannot say,
for on his carkas rayment had he none,
save clouts and patches pieced one by one ;
with staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
his chief defence against the winter's blast :

his food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
unless sometime some crums fell to his share,
which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
as on the which full daint'ly would he fare ;
his drink, the running stream ; his cup, the bare
of his palm clos'd ; his bed, the hard cold ground :
To this poor life was *Misery* ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
with tender ruth on him, and on his feers,
in thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held ;
And, by and by, another shape appears
of greedy *Care*, still brushing up the breers ;
his knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dinted in,
with tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin :

the morrow grey no sooner hath begun
to spread his light, e'en peeping in our eyes,
but he is up, and to his work yrun ;
but let the night's black misty mantles rise,
and with foul dark never so much disguise
the fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
but hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy *Sleep*, the cousin of *Death*,
flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
a very corpse, save yielding forth a breath ;
small keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
or whom she lifted up into the throne
of high renown, but, as a living death,
so, dead alive, of life he drew the breath :

the body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
the travel's ease, the still night's feer was he,
and of our life in earth the better part ;
rever of fight, and yet in whom we see
things oft that chance and oft that never be ;
without respect, esteemed equally
king *Craesus*' pomp and *Irus*' poverty.

And next, in order sad, *Old-age* we found :
his beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind ;
with drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
as on the place where nature him assign'd
to rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
his vital thread, and ended with their knife
the fleeting course of fast-declining life :

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
 rue with himself his end approaching fast,
 and all for nought his wretched mind torment
 with sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
 and fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste ;
 'Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
 and to be young again of *Jove* beseeke ?

but, an' the cruel fates so fixed be
 that time forepast cannot return again,
 this one request of *Jove* yet prayed he,—
 That, in such wither'd plight, and wretched pain,
 as eld, accompany'd with her lothsome train,
 had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
 he might a while yet linger forth his lief,

and not so soon descend into the pit ;
 where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
 with recheless hand in grave doth cover it ;
 thereafter never to enjoy again
 the gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,
 in depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
 as he had ne'er into the world been brought :

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
 unto himself, and how he would bemoan
 his youth forepast,—as though it wrought him good
 to talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,—
 he would have mus'd, and marvel'd much, whereon
 this wretched Age should life desire so fain,
 and knows full well life doth but length his pain :

crook-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-ey'd ;
went on three feet, and, sometime, crept on four ;
with old lame bones, that rattl'd by his side ;
his scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forlore,
his wither'd fist still knocking at death's door ;
fumbling, and driveling, as he draws his breath ;
for brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale *Malady* was plac'd :
fore sick in bed, her colour all foregone ;
bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
ne could she brook no meat but broths alone ;
her breath corrupt ; her keepers every one
abhorring her ; her sickness past recure,
detesting physick, and all physick's cure.

But, o, the doleful sight that then we see !
we turn'd our look, and on the other side
a grisly shape of *Famine* mought we see :
with greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cry'd
and roar'd for meat, as she should there have dy'd ;
her body thin and bare as any bone,
whereto was left nought but the case alone,

and that, alas, was gnaw'n on every where,
all full of holes ; that I ne mought refrain
from tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
and with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
when, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade
than any substance of a creature made :

Great was her force, whom stone-wall could not stay :
 her tearing nails snatching at all she saw ;
 with gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
 be satisfy'd from hunger of her maw,
 but eats herself as she that hath no law ;
 gnawing, alas, her carcases all in vain,
 where you may count each finew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
 that bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
 lo, suddenly she shrigh in so huge wise
 as made hell-gates to shiver with the might ;
 wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
 right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale *Death*
 enthrilling it, to reve her of her breath :

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
 heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
 that daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
 against whose force in vain it is to fight ;
 ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
 no towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
 but all, perforce, must yield unto his power :

his dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
 and in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
 with great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
 that most of all my fears affrayed me ;
 his body dight with nought but bones, pardy ;
 the naked shape of man there saw I plain,
 all save the flesh, the finew, and the vein.

Laſtly, flood *War*, in glittering arms yclad,
with viſage grim ; ſtern look'd, and blackly hu'd :
in his right hand a naked ſword he had,
that to the hilts was all with blood imbru'd ;
and in his left (that kings and kingdoms ru'd)
famine and fire he held, and therewithal
he razed towns, and threw down towers and all :

cities he ſack'd ; and realms (that whilom flower'd
in honour, glory, and rule, above the reſt)
he overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
conſum'd, deſtroy'd, waſted, and never ceaſ'd
'till he their wealth their name and all oppreſſ'd :
his face forehew'd with wounds ; and by his ſide
there hung his targe, with gaſhes deep and wide.

In mids of which depainted there we found
deadly Debate, all full of ſnaky hair
that with a bloody fillet was ybound,
outbreathing nought but diſcord every where :
and round about were pourtray'd, here and there,
the hugy hoſts ; *Darius* and his power,
his kings, his princes, peers, and all his flower :

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Xerxes, the *Perſian* king, yet ſaw I there,
 with his huge hoſt, that drank the rivers dry,
 diſmounted hills, and made the vales uprear;
 his hoſt and all yet ſaw I ſlain, pardy:
Thebes too I ſaw, all raz'd how it did lie
 in heaps of ſtones; and *Tyrus* put to ſpoil,
 with walls and towers flat-even'd with the ſoil.

But *Troy*, (alas!) methought, above them all,
 it made mine eyes in very tears conſume;
 when I beheld the woeful word befall,—
 that by the wrathful will of gods was come,
 and *Jove's* unmoved ſentence and foredoom
 on *Priam* king and on his town ſo bent,—
 I could not lin but I muſt there lament;

and that the more, sith destiny was so stern
as, force perforce, there might no force avail
but she must fall : and, by her fall, we learn
that cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quail ;
no manhood, might, nor nothing mought prevail ;
all were there prest full many a prince, and peer,
and many a knight that sold his death full dear :

not worthy *Hector*, worthiest of them all,
her hope, her joy, his force is now for nought :
O, *Troy*, *Troy*, *Troy*, there is no boot but bale !
the hugy horse within thy walls is brought ;
thy turrets fall ; thy knights, that whilom fought
in arms amid the field, are slain in bed ;
thy gods defil'd, and all thy honour dead :

The flames upspring, and cruelly they creep
from wall to roof, 'till all to cinders waste :
some fire the houses where the wretches sleep ;
some rush in here, some run in there as fast ;
in every where or sword, or fire, they taste :
the walls are torn, the towers whirl'd to the ground ;
there is no mischief, but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they hal'd
from *Pallas*' house, with spercl'd trefs undone,
her wrists fast bound, and with *Greek* rout impal'd ;
and *Priam* eke, in vain how he did run
to arms, whom *Pyrrhus* with despite hath done
to cruel death, and bath'd him in the baign
of his son's blood before the altar slain.

But how can I describe the doleful fight
 that in the shield so lively fair did shine ?
 fith in this world, I think, was never wight
 could have set forth the half not half so fine :
 I can no more, but tell how there is seen
 fair *Ilium* fall in burning red gledes down,
 and, from the soil, great *Troy*, *Neptunus'* town.

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw,
 that fill'd with tears as doth the springing well,
 we passed on so far forth 'till we saw
 rude *Acheron*, a lothsome lake to tell,
 that boils and bubs up swelth as black as hell ;
 where grisly *Charon*, at their fixed tide,
 still ferries ghosts unto the farther side.

The aged god no sooner *Sorrow* spy'd,
 but, hasting straight unto the bank apace,
 with hollow call unto the rout he cry'd,
 to swerve apart, and give the goddess place :
 straight it was done ; when to the shore we pace ;
 where, hand in hand as we then linked fast,
 within the boat we are together plac'd ;

and forth we launch, full-fraughted to the brink :
 when, with the unwonted weight, the rusty keel
 began to crack, as if the same should sink :
 we hoise up mast and sail, that in a while
 we fet the shore ; where scarcely we had while
 for to arrive, but that we heard anone
 a three-sound bark confounded all in one :

We had not long forth pass'd, but that we saw
 black *Cerberus*, the hideous hound of hell,
 with bristles rear'd, and with a three-mouth'd jaw
 foredinning the ayer with his horrible yell,
 out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell :
 the goddeſs ſtraight he knew ; and, by and by,
 he peac'd, and couch'd, whiles that we paſſed by.

Thence come we to the horror and the hell,
 the large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
 of *Pluto* in his throne where he did dwell,
 the wide waſte places, and the hugy plain,
 the wailings, shrieks, and ſundry ſorts of pain,
 the ſighs, and ſobs, the deep and deadly groan ;
 earth, air, and all, reſounding plaint and moan :

here pul'd the babes, and here the maids unwed
 with folded hands their ſorry chance bewail'd ;
 here wept the guiltleſs ſlain, and lovers dead
 that ſlew themſelves when nothing elſe avail'd ;
 a thouſand ſorts of ſorrows here, that wail'd
 with ſighs, and tears, ſobs, shrieks, and all yfere,
 that (o, alas !) it was a hell to hear.

We ſtay'd us ſtraight, and, with a rueful fear,
 beheld this heavy ſight ; while from mine eyes
 the vapour'd tears down-ftilled here and there ;
 and *Sorrow* eke in far more woeful wiſe
 took on with plaint, upheaving to the ſkies
 her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
 'gan all in heaps to ſwarm us round about :

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*Lo, here (quoth Sorrow) princes of renown,
 that whilom sat on top of fortune's wheel,
 now lay'd full low; like wretches whirled down
 ev'n with one frown, that stay'd but with a smile :
 and now behold the thing that thou erewhile
 saw only in thought; and, what thou now shalt bear,
 recount the same to Kesar, king, and peer.*

Then first came Henry duke of *Buckingham*,—
 his cloak of black all pil'd, and quite foreworn—
 wringing his hands; and fortune oft doth blame,
 which, of a duke, hath made him now her scorn;
 with gaffly looks, as one in manner lorn;
 oft spread his arms, stretcht hands he joins as fast,
 with rueful cheer, and vapour'd eyes upcast :

his cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat,
 his hair all torn about the place it lay;
 my heart so molte to see his grief so great,
 as feelingly, methought, it drop'd away;
 his eyes they whirl'd about withouten stay;
 with stormy sighs the prince did so complain,
 as if his heart at each had burst in twain :

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
 and thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice;
 at each of which he shrieked so withal,
 as though the heavens rived with the noise;
 'till at the last, recovering his voice,
 supping the tears that all his breast berain'd,
 on cruel fortune weeping thus he plain'd.

*The Complaynt of Henrye duke
of Buckingham.*

Who trustes to much in honours highest trone
And warely &c.

Editions, consulted:

* a. A MYRROUR FOR | Magistrates. | Wherein
maye be seen by | example of other, with howe gre- | vous
plages vices are punished : and | howe frayle and unstable
worldly | prosperity is founde, even of | those whom For-
tune see- | meth most highly | to favour. | *Fœlix quem
faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* | Anno. 1563. | Im-
printed at London in Fletestrete | nere to Saynct Dunstons
Churche | by Thomas Marshe.

(4°. b. l. Cc. 4^b. Ded.) Ded. William Baldwin.

b. A MYRROUR | for Magistrates. | Wherein may
be seene by exam- | ples passed in this realme, with |
howe greveous plagues, vices | are punished in great
prin- | ces and magistrates, | and how frayle | and
unstable worldly prosperity | is founde, where For-
tune | seemeth moste highly | to favour. | Newly
corrected and augmented. | Anno 1571. | *Fœlix quem
faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* | Imprinted at Lon-
don by | Thomas Marshe dwellynge | in Fleetstrete,
neare unto | S. Dunstons Church.

(4°. b. l. x. 4^b. Ded.) Ded. W. B.

Various Readings.

<i>p.</i>	<i>f.</i>	<i>l.</i>		
	1,	7.	every tree down	b.
	2,	5.	fowl	
	3,	7.	waskte	a.
4;	4,	5.	shoen	a.
		6.	nights	b.
5;	1,	2.	leafe	b.
	2,	2.	nights	b.
	3,	5.	the realme	b.
	4,	5.	Forth on her eyes	b.
6;	1,	4.	and <i>deepest</i> in	b.
	3,	5.	aparte	a.
	4,	2.	stint in tyme	b.
7;	1,	6.	Lætheus	b.
	4,	4.	castell	b.
8;	1,	5.	the in.	b.
	2,	4.	raind from her eyes	b.
		6.	east	b.
	3,	2.	shewe,	a.
	4,	5.	lessen'd	
9;	1,	5.	seign	b.
		7.	be bold	
	2,	5.	worlds certaintp :	b.
10;	2,	3.	heare	b.
		4.	travel's end	
		5.	I arose,	a.
		6.	astonn'd	
			we 'proached	
	4,	5.	pestilent	b.
11;	2,	4.	the <i>deepest</i> in	b.

12;	2,	6.	shoulder	b.	
	3,	4.	he <i>deeft</i> in	b.	
			he would		
	4,	4.	an ohter	a.	
13;	3,	2.	feare	b.	
14;	1,	1.	hard	b.	
			broke	b.	
15;	3,	1.	than	b.	
	4,	1.	knaiven	a.	
16;	1,	3.	ne meanes	b.	
	2,	1.	thus we		
		6.	therewith all	b.	
17;	1,	1.	gilttering	b.	
		5.	king and	b.	
18;	4,	4.	God was	b.	
19;	1,	2.	perfore,	a.	
	2,	2.	naught.	b.	
	3,	1.	uprising,	b.	
	4,	3.	<i>Greek</i> routs		
20;	1,	2.	libelike fayer	a.	
	2,	1.	my eyes	b.	
	3,	6.	than	b.	
		7.	boote	b.	
	4,	6.	hard	b.	
21;	1,	7.	while	a.	
	3,	1.	perued	b.	
22;	1,	2.	late on	b.	

The Wife.

Each woman is a brief of womankind,
and doth in little even as much contain ;
as, in one day and night, all life we find ;
of either more is but the same again :
God fram'd her so, that, to her husband, she,
as *Eve*, should all the world of women be.

So fram'd he both, that neither power he gave
use of themselves, but by exchange, to make :
whence in their face the fair no pleasure have,
but by reflex of what thence other take ;
our lips in their own kifs no pleasure find,
toward their proper face our eyes are blind.

So God in *Eve* did perfect man begun ;
'till then, in vain much of himself he had :
in *Adam* God created only one ;
Eve, and the world to come, in *Eve* he made :
We are two halves : while each from other strays,
both barren are ; join'd, both their like can raise.

At first, both sexes were in man combin'd,
man a she man did in his body breed :
Adam was *Eve's*, *Eve* mother of mankind ;
Eve from live-flesh, man did from dust proceed :
One, thus made two, marriage doth re-unite,
and makes them both but one hermaphrodite.

Man did but the well-being of his life
from woman take, her being she from man ;
and therefore *Eve* created was a wife,
and at the end of all her sex began ;
marriage their object is : Their being then,
and now perfection, they receive from men.

Marriage,—to all whose joys two parties be ;
and doubl'd are, by being parted so ;
wherein the very act is chastity,
whereby two souls into one body go :
which makes two one, while here they living be ;
and after death, in their posterity.

God to each man a private woman gave,
that in that center his desires might stint ;
that he a comfort like himself might have,
and that on her his like he might imprint :
double is woman's use ; part of their end
doth on this age, part on the next depend.

We fill but part of time ; yet cannot die,
'till we the world a fresh supply have lent :
Children are bodies' sole eternity :

Nature is God's, art is man's instrument :
now all man's art but only dead things makes ;
but, herein, man in things of life partakes.

For wand'ring lust,— I know, 'tis infinite ;
it still begins, and adds not more to more :
the guilt is everlasting ; the delight —
this instant doth not feel of that before :
the taste of it is only in the sense ;
the operation, in the conscience.

Woman is not lust's bounds, but womankind ;
one is love's number : who from that doth fall,
hath lost his hold, and no new rest shall find ;
vice hath no mean, but not to be at all :
a wife is that enough lust cannot find ;
for lust is still with want, or too much, pin'd.

Bate lust the sin, my share is even with his ;
for, not to lust, and, to enjoy, is one ;
and more or less, past, equal nothing is :
I still have one, lust one at once alone ;
and though the woman often changed be,
yet he's the same without variety.

Marriage our lust (as 'twere with fuel, fire)
doth, with a medicine of the same, allay ;
and not forbid, but rectify, desire :
Myself I cannot choose ; my wife, I may :
and, in the choice of her, it much doth lie
to mend myself — in my posterity.

O, rather let me love, than be in love ;
so let me choose, as wife and friend to find ;
let me forget her sex, when I approve ;
beasts' likeness lies in shape, but ours in mind :
our souls no sexes have, their love is clean ;
no sex, both in the better part are men.

But physick for our lust their bodies be,
but matter fit to shew our love upon,
but only shells for our posterity ;
their souls were giv'n lest man should be alone :
for but the soul's interpreters words be ;
without which, bodies are no company.

That goodly frame we see of flesh and blood
their fashion is, not weight ; it is, I say,
but their lay part ; but well-digested food ;
'tis but, 'twixt dust and dust, life's middle way :
the worth of it is nothing that is seen,
but only that it holds a soul within.

And all the carnal beauty of my wife
is but skin-deep, but to two senses known ;
short even of pictures, shorter-liv'd than life ;
and yet the love survives, that's built thereon ;
for our imagination is too high
for bodies, when they meet, to satisfy.

All shapes, all colours, are alike in night :
nor doth our touch distinguish foul, or fair,
but man's imagination, and his sight ;

and those, but the first week : by custom are
both made alike, which differ'd at first view ;
nor can that difference absence much renew.

Nor can that beauty lying in the face,
but meerly by imagination, be
enjoy'd by us in an inferior place ;
nor can that beauty, by enjoying, we
make ours become : so our desire grows tame ;
we changed are, but it remains the same.

Birth, less than beauty, shall my reason blind ;
her birth goes to my children, not to me :
rather had I that active gentry find,
virtue, than passive from her ancestry ;
rather in her alive one virtue see,
than all the rest dead in her pedigree.

In the degrees high rather be she plac'd
of nature, than of art and policy ;
gentry is but a relique of time past,
and love doth only but the present see :
things were first made, then words : she were the same
with, or without, that title, or that name.

As for, the odds of sexes, portion,—
nor will I shun it, nor my aim it make :
birth, beauty, wealth, are nothing worth alone ;
all these I would for good additions take,
not for good parts : those two are ill combin'd,
whom any third thing from themselves hath join'd.

Rather than these, the object of my love
 let it be good : when these with virtue go,
 they, in themselves indifferent, virtues prove ;
 for good, like fire, turns all things to be so :
 God's image, in her soul, o, let me place
 my love upon ; not *Adam's*, in her face.

Good is a fairer attribute than white ;
 'tis the mind's beauty, keeps the other sweet ;
 that's not still one, nor mortal with the light ;
 nor glafs, nor painting, can it counterfeit ;
 nor doth it raise desires, which ever tend
 at once to their perfection and their end..

By, good, I would have, holy, understood ;
 so God she cannot love, but also me :
 the law requires, our words, and deeds, be good ;
 religion even the thoughts doth sanctify ;
 and she is more a maid, which ravish'd is,
 than she, which only doth but wish amiss.

Lust only by religion is withstood ;
 lust's object is alive, his strength within :
 morality resists but in cold blood ;
 respect of credit feareth shame, not sin ;
 but no place dark enough for such offence
 she finds, that's watch'd by her own conscience.

Then may I trust her body with her mind ;
 and, thereupon secure, need never know
 the pangs of jealousy : and love doth find

more pain, to doubt her false, than know her so;
for patience is of evils that are known
the certain remedy, but doubt hath none.

And, be that thought once stir'd, 'twill never die;
nor will the grief more mild by custom prove;
nor yet amendment can it satisfy;
the anguish more or less is, as our love:
this misery doth jealousy ensue,
that we may prove her false, but cannot true.

Suspicion may the will of lust restrain;
but good prevents from having such a will:
a wife, that's good, doth chaste and more contain;
for chaste is but an abstinence from ill;
and in a wife that's bad although the best
of qualities, yet in a good the least.

To bar the means is care, not jealousy:
some lawful things to be avoided are,
when they occasion of unlawful be:
lust, ere it hurts, is best descry'd afar:
lust is a sin of two; he, that is sure
of either part, may be of both secure.

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
by nature wise, not learned by much art;
some knowledge on her side will, all my life,
more scope of conversation impart;
besides, her in-born virtue fortify:
they are most firmly good, that best know why.

A passive understanding to conceive,
 and judgment to discern, I wish to find ;
 beyond that, all, as hazardous, I leave :
 learning, and pregnant wit, in womankind,
 what it finds malleable maketh frail ;
 and doth not add more ballast, but more fail.

Books are a part of man's prerogative ;
 in formal ink they thoughts, and voices, hold ;
 that we to them our solitude may give,
 and make time present travel that of old :
 our life fame peeceth longer at the end,
 and books it farther backward do extend.

Domestick charge doth best that sex befit,
 contiguous business ; so to fix the mind,
 that leisure space for fancies not admit ;
 their leisure 'tis corrupteth womankind ;
 else, being plac'd from many vices free,
 they had to heaven a shorter cut than we.

As good, and knowing, let her be discreet ;
 that, to the others' weight, doth fashion bring :
 discretion doth consider what is fit,
 goodness but what is lawful ; but the thing,
 not circumstances ; learning is, and wit,
 in men, but curious folly without it.

To keep their name, when 'tis in others' hands,
 discretion asks : their credit is by far
 more frail than they ; on likelihoods it stands ;

and hard to be disprov'd lust's slanders are :
their carriage, not their chastity alone,
must keep their name chaste from suspicion.

Women's behaviour is a surer bar
than is their, no : that fairly doth deny,
without denying ; thereby kept they are
safe even from hope : in part to blame is she,
that hath, without consent, been only try'd ;
he comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

Now,— since a woman we to marry are,
a soul and body, not a soul alone,—
when one is good, then be the other fair ;
beauty is health and beauty both in one :
be she so fair, as change can yield no gain ;
so fair, as she most women else contain :

At least, so fair let me imagine her ;
that thought, to me, is truth ; opinion
cannot, in matter of opinion, err :
with no eyes shall I see her, but mine own ;
and, as my fancy her conceives to be,
even such my senses both do feel and see.

[The face we may the seat of beauty call,
in it the relish of the rest doth lie ;
nay, even a figure of the mind withal :
and of the face the life moves in the eye :
no things else, being two, so like we see ;
so like, that they two but in number be.]

Beauty in decent shape, and colours, lies ;
 colours the matter are, and shape the soul ;
 the soul, which from no single part doth rise,
 but from the just proportion of the whole ;
 and is a meer spiritual harmony
 of every part, united in the eye.

[Love is a kind of superstition,
 which fears the idol which itself hath fram'd ;
 lust, a desire ; which rather from his own
 temper, than from the object, is inflam'd :
 beauty is love's object ; woman, lust's ; to gain
 love, love desires ; lust, only to obtain.]

No circumstance doth beauty beautify,
 like graceful fashion, native comeliness ;
 nay, even gets pardon for deformity :
 art cannot it beget, but may encrease :
 when nature had fix'd beauty, perfect made,
 something she left for motion to add.

But let that fashion more to modesty
 tend, than assurance : modesty doth set
 the face in his just place, from passion free ;
 'tis both the mind's and body's beauty met :
 but modesty, no virtue can we see ;
 that is the face's only chastity.

Where goodness fails, 'twixt ill and ill that stands :
 Whence 'tis, that women — though they weaker be,
 and their desires more strong — yet on their hands

the chastity of men doth often lie :
lust would more common be than any one,
could it, like other sins, be done alone.

All these good parts a perfect woman make :
Add love to me, they make a perfect wife :
without her love, her beauty should I take
(as that of pictures) dead ; that gives it life :
'till then, her beauty (like the sun) doth shine
alike to all ; that makes it only mine.

And of that love let reason father be ;
and passion, mother ; let it from the one
his being take ; the other, his degree :
self-love (which second loves are built upon)
will make me, if not her, her love respect ;
no man but favours his own worth's effect.

As good, and wise, so be she fit for me ;
that is — to will, and not to will, the same :
my wife is my adopted self ; and she,
as me, so, what I love, to love must frame :
for, when by marriage both in one concur,
woman converts to man, not man to her.

Editions, consulted:

* a. A WIFE, | NOW | A WIDOWE. | LONDON, | Imprinted for *Laurence L'isle* | dwelling at the Tygres head | in Pauls Church-yard. | 1614.
(8°. D. 8. c, v.)

b. A WIFE. | NOW | THE WIDDOW | OF | SIR THO: OVERBURYE. | *Being* | A most exquisite and singular Poem | of the choise of a Wife. | * * * The fourth Impression, * * | LONDON | Printed by G. Eld, for *Lawrence Lisle*, and are | to be sold in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the | *Tygers head*. 1614.
(4°. H. 4. Pre. c, v.)

c. *Sir Thomas Overbury* | HIS | WIFE. | WITH | ADDITION OF | many new ELEGIES upon his | *untimely and much lamented death*. | * * * *The ninth impression* * | LONDON, | Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *Laurence L'isle*, and | are to be sold at his shop at the *Tigers head* in | *Pauls Churchyard*. 1616.
(8°. S. 3. Pre. c, v.)

Various Readings.

p. 1.

- 3. all like we a.
- 10. others
- 4, 3. Minkinde, a.
- 6. Hermophradite. a.
- 17. It makes b.
- make c.
- whiles a. b.
- 23. women's
- 25. We are but b.
- Time, and cannot a. c.
- 6, 10. least a.
- 7, 9. but that remains
- 8, 11. nor doth it &c. *This line, and the next, are omitted*
in edition b; and, in their room, we find —
Shees truly faire, whose beauty is unscene
Like heav'n faire fight-ward, but more fair
 within.
- 17. Maide that ravish'd c.
- 9, 20. is a double finne, he that a.
- 10, 13. Domestick &c. *This stanza precedes the former,*
in edition c.
- 11, 1. desprov'd b.
- 7. part too blame a.
- 10. Marie b.
- 14. as sin can a.
- 16. So Faire at least c.
- 12, 21. in her just c.
- 26. Where tis b.
- 13, 3. it, as other c.

Prolusions ;
Part II.

Edward the third,
an historical Play.

F 3

Persons represented.

Edward the third, King of England :
Edward, Prince of Wales, his Son.
Earl of Warwick ; Earl of Derby ; Earl of Salisbury ;
Lord Audley ; Lord Percy ; Lodowick, Edward's Conf-
Sir William Mountague ; Sir John Copland ; [dent ;
two Esquires, and a Herald, English.
Robert, stiling himself Earl, of Artois ;
Earl of Montfort ; and Gobin de Grey.
John, King of France :
Charles, and Philip, his Sons.
Duke of Lorrain. Villiers, a French Lord.
King of Bohemia, and } Aids to King John.
a Polish Captain, }
two Citizens of Calais ; a Captain,
and a poor Inhabitant, of the same.
another Captain ; a Mariner ;
three Heralds ; and four other Frenchmen.
David, King of Scotland.
Earl Douglas ; and two Messengers, Scotch.

Philippa, Edward's Queen.
Countess of Salisbury.
a French Woman.

*Lords, and divers other Attendants ;
Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Scene, dispers'd ; in England, Flanders, and France.

E D W A R D I I I .

A C T I .

SCENE I. London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, attended ;
Prince of Wales, WARWICK, Derby, AUDLEY,
ARTOIS, and Others.*

EDW. Robert of *Artois*, banish'd though thou be
From *France*, thy native country, yet with us
Thou shalt retain as great a signiory ;
For we create thee earl of *Richmond* here.
And now go forwards with our pedigree ;
Who next succeeded *Philip le beau* ?

ART. Three sons of his ; which all, successively,
Did fit upon their father's regal throne ;
Yet dy'd, and left no issue of their loins.

EDW. But was my mother sister unto those ?

ART. She was, my lord ; and only *Isabelle*
Was all the daughters that this *Philip* had :
Whom afterward your father took to wife ;
And, from the fragrant garden of her womb,
Your gracious self, the flower of *Europe's* hope,

⁶ Philip of Bew ? ⁷ successively

Derived is inheritor to *France*.

But note the rancour of rebellious minds.

When thus the lineage of *le beau* was out,

The *French* obscur'd your mother's priviledge ;

And, though she were the next of blood, proclaim'd

John, of the house of *Valois*, now their king :

The reason was, They say, the realm of *France*,

Replete with princes of great parentage,

Ought not admit a governor to rule,

Except he be descended of the male ;

And that's the special ground of their contempt,

Wherewith they study to exclude your grace :

But they shall find that forged ground of theirs

To be but dusty heaps of brittle sand.

Perhaps, it will be thought a heinous thing,

That I, a *Frenchman*, should discover this :

But heaven I call to record of my vows ;

It is not hate, nor any private wrong,

But love unto my country, and the right,

Provokes my tongue thus lavish in report :

You are the lineal watchman of our peace,

And *John* of *Valois* indirectly climbs :

What then should subjects, but embrace their king ?

Ah, wherein may our duty more be seen,

Than, striving to rebate a tyrant's pride,

Place the true shepherd of our common-wealth ?

EDW. This counsel, *Artois*, like to fruitful showers,

Hath added growth unto my dignity :

And, by the fiery vigour of thy words,

Hot courage is engender'd in my breast,

3 of Bew was

21 watchmen

26 And place

Which heretofore was rak'd in ignorance ;
 But now doth mount with golden wings of fame,
 And will approve fair *Isabelle's* descent
 Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
 That spurn against my sov'reignty in *France*. —

[*Cornet within.*

A messenger ? — Lord *Audley*, know from whence.

Exit Audley, and returns.

AUD. The duke of *Lorraine*, having cross'd the seas,
 Intreats he may have conference with your highness.

EDW. Admit him, lords, that we may hear the

Exeunt Lords. King takes his State. [news.—

Re-enter Lords ; with LORRAIN, attended.

Say, duke of *Lorraine*, wherefore art thou come ? [*France,*

LOR. The most renowned prince, king *John* of
 Doth greet thee, *Edward* : and by me commands,
 That, for so much as by his liberal gift
 The *Guyenne* dukedom is entail'd to thee,
 Thou do him lowly homage for the fame :
 And, for that purpose, here I summon thee
 Repair to *France* within these forty days,
 That there, according as the custom is,
 Thou may'st be sworn true liege-man to the king ;
 Or, else, thy title in that province dies,
 And he himself will repossess the place.

EDW. See, how occasion laughs me in the face !
 No sooner minded to prepare for *France*,
 But, straight, I am invited ; nay, with threats,
 Upon a penalty, enjoin'd to come :
 'Twere but a foolish part, to say him nay. —

Lorrain, return this answer to thy lord :
 I mean to visit him, as he requests ;
 But how ? not servilely dispos'd to bend ;
 But like a conqueror, to make him bow :
 His lame unpolish'd shifts are come to light ;
 And truth hath pull'd the vizard from his face,
 That set a gloss upon his arrogance.
 Dare he command a fealty in me ?
 Tell him, the crown, that he usurps, is mine ;
 And where he sets his foot, he ought to kneel :
 'Tis not a petty dukedom that I claim,
 But all the whole dominions of the realm ;
 Which if with grudging he refuse to yield,
 I'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his,
 And send him naked to the wilderness.

LOR. Then, *Edward*, here, in spite of all thy lords,
 I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

Pri. Defiance, *Frenchman* ? we rebound it back,
 Even to the bottom of thy master's throat :
 And,—be it spoke with reverence of the king
 My gracious father, and these other lords,—
 I hold thy message but as scurrilous ;
 And him, that sent thee, like the lazy drone,
 Crept up by stealth unto the eagle's nest ;
 From whence we'll shake him with so rough a storm,
 As others shall be warned by his harm.

WAR. Bid him leave off the lion's case he wears ;
 Left, meeting with the lion in the field,
 He chance to tear him piece-meal for his pride.

ART. The soundest counsel I can give his grace,

Is, to surrender ere he be constrain'd :
 A voluntary mischief hath less scorn,
 Than when reproach with violence is born.

LOR. Regenerate traitor, viper to the place
 Where thou wast foster'd in thine infancy,
[drawing his Sword.]

Bear'st thou a part in this conspiracy ?

EDW. Lorrain, behold the sharpness of this steel :
[drawing his.]

Fervent desire, that sits against my heart,
 Is far more thorny-pricking than this blade ;
 That, with the nightingale, I shall be scar'd,
 As oft as I dispose myself to rest,
 Until my colours be display'd in *France* :
 This is thy final answer, so be gone.

LOR. It is not that, nor any *English* brave,
 Afflicts me so, as doth his † poison'd view ;
 That is most false, should most of all be true.

[Exeunt LORRAIN, and Train.]

EDW. Now, lords, our fleeting bark is under sail :
 Our gage is thrown ; and war is soon begun,
 But not so quickly brought unto an end. —

Enter Sir William MOUNTAGUE.

But wherefore comes sir *William Mountague* ?
 How stands the league between the *Scot* and us ?

MOV. Crack'd and dissever'd, my renowned lord.
 The treacherous king no sooner was inform'd
 Of your withdrawing of your army back,
 But straight, forgetting of his former oath,
 He made invasion on the bordering towns :

20 Lord,

Berwick is won ; *Newcastle* spoil'd and lost ;
 And now the tyrant hath begirt with siege
 The castle of *Roxborough*, where enclos'd
 The countess *Salisbury* is like to perish.

EDW. That is thy daughter, *Warwick*, is it not ;
 Whose husband hath in *Bretagne* serv'd so long,
 About the planting of lord *Montfort* there ?

WAR. It is, my lord.

EDW. Ignoble *David* ! hast thou none to grieve,
 But silly ladies, with thy threat'ning arms ?
 But I will make you shrink your snaily horns. —
 First, therefore, *Audley*, this shall be thy charge ;
 Go levy footmen for our wars in *France* : —
 And, *Ned*, take muster of our men at arms :
 In every shire elect a several band ;
 Let them be soldiers of a lusty spirit,
 Such as dread nothing but dishonour's blot :
 Be wary therefore ; since we do commence
 A famous war, and with so mighty nation. —
Derby, be thou ambassador for us
 Unto our father-in-law, the earl of *Hainault* :
 Make him acquainted with our enterprize ;
 And likewise will him, with our own allies,
 That are in *Flanders*, to solicit too
 The emperor of *Almaigne* in our name. —
 Myself, whilst you are jointly thus employ'd,
 Will, with these forces that I have at hand,
 March, and once more repulse the trait'rous *Scots*.
 But, sirs, be resolute ; we shall have wars
 On every side : — and, *Ned*, thou must begin

19 mightie a nation :

Now to forget thy study and thy books,
And ure thy shoulders to an armour's weight.

Pri. As cheerful sounding to my youthful spleen
This tumult is of war's encreasing broils,
As, at the coronation of a king,
The joyful clamours of the people are,
When, *ave*, Cæsar! they pronounce aloud;
Within this school of honour I shall learn,
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightful quarrel spend my breath.
Then cheerfully forward, each a several way;
In great affairs 'tis naught to use delay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Roxborough. Before the Castle.

*Enter Countess of Salisbury, and certain
of her People, upon the Walls.*

Cou. Alas, how much in vain my poor eyes gaze
For succour that my sovereign should send!
Ah, cousin *Mountague*, I fear, thou want'st
The lively spirit, sharply to solicit
With vehement suit the king in my behalf:
Thou dost not tell him, what a grief it is
To be the scornful captive to a *Scot*;
Either to be woo'd with broad untuned oaths,
Or forc'd by rough insulting barbarism:
Thou dost not tell him, if he here prevail,
How much they will deride us in the north;
And, in their vile, uncivil, skipping jigs,
Bray forth their conquest, and our overthrow,
Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitless air.

Enter King DAVID, and Forces ; with

DOUGLAS, LORRAIN, and Others.

I must withdraw ; the everlasting foe
Comes to the wall : I'll closely step aside,
And list their babble, blunt, and full of pride.

[retiring behind the Works.

DAV. My lord of Lorrain, to our brother of France
Commend us, as the man in christendom
Whom we most reverence, and entirely love.
Touching your embassage, return, and say,
That we with *England* will not enter parly,
Nor never make fair weather, or take truce ;
But burn their neighbour towns, and so persist
With eager roads beyond their city *York*.
And never shall our bonny riders rest ;
Nor rusting canker have the time to eat
Their light-born snaffles, nor their nimble spurs ;
Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail ;
Nor hang their staves of grained *Scottish* ash,
In peaceful wise, upon their city walls ;
Nor from their button'd tawny leathern belts
Dismiss their biting whinyards,—'till your king
Cry out, *Enough ; spare England now for pity*.
Farewel : and tell him, that you leave us here
Before this castle ; say, you came from us
Even when we had that yielded to our hands.

LOR. I take my leave ; and fairly will return
Your acceptable greeting to my king.

[Exit LORRAIN.

DAV. Now, *Douglas*, to our former task again,

16 rust in canker

For the division of this certain spoil.

Dou. My liege, I crave the lady, and no more.

Dav. Nay, soft ye, fir, first I must make my choice;
And first I do bespeak her for myself.

Dou. Why then, my liege, let me enjoy her jewels.

Dav. Those are her own, still liable to her,
And, who inherits her, hath those withal.

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mes. My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward
We might descry a mighty host of men :
The sun, reflecting on the armour, shew'd
A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanc'd ;
Bethink your highness speedily herein :
An easy march within four hours will bring
The hindmost rank unto this place, my liege.

Dav. Dislodge, dislodge, it is the king of *England*.

Dou. *Jemmy* my man, saddle my bonny black.

Dav. Mean'st thou to fight, *Douglas*? we are too weak.

Dou. I know it well, my liege, and therefore flee.

Cou. My lords of *Scotland*, will ye stay and drink ?

[rising from her Concealment.]

Dav. She mocks at us ; *Douglas*, I can't endure it.

Cou. Say, my lord, which is he, must have the lady;
And which, her jewels ? I am sure, my lords,
Ye will not hence, 'till you have shar'd the spoils.

Dav. She heard the messenger, and heard our talk ;
And now that comfort makes her scorn at us.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, my good lord ; O, we are all surpriz'd !

24 Say, good my

Cou. After the *French* embassador, my liege,
And tell him, that you dare not ride to *York* ;
Excuse it, that your bonny horse is lame.

Dav. She heard that too ; Intolerable grief ! —
Woman, farewell : Although I do not stay, —

[*Alarums. Exeunt Scots.*]

Cou. 'Tis not for fear, — and yet you run away. —
O happy comfort, welcome to our house !
The confident and boist'rous boasting *Scot*, —
That swore before my walls, they would not back
For all the armed power of this land, —
With faceless fear, that ever turns his back,
Turn'd hence again the blasting north-east wind,
Upon the bare report and name of arms.

Enter MOUNTAGUE, and Others.

O summer's day ! see where my cousin comes.

Mou. How fares my aunt ? *Cou.* My aunt, we are not *Scots* ;
Why do you shut your gates against your friends ?

Cou. Well may I give a welcome, cousin, to thee,
For thou com'st well to chase my foes from hence.

Mou. The king himself is come in person hither ;
Dear aunt, descend, and gratulate his highness.

Cou. How may I entertain his majesty,
To shew my duty, and his dignity ? [*Exit, from above.*]

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD,

WARWICK, Artois, and Others.

Edw. What, are the stealing foxes fled and gone,
Before we could uncouple at their heels ?

War. They are, my liege ; but, with a cheerful cry,
Hot hounds, and hardy, chase them at the heels.

4 He heard

Re-enter Countess, attended.

EDW. This is the countess, *Warwick*, is it not?

WAR. Even she, my liege; whose beauty tyrant's fear,
As a may blossom with pernicious winds,
Hath fully'd, wither'd, overcast, and done.

EDW. Hath she been fairer, *Warwick*, than she is?

WAR. My gracious king, fair is she not at all,
If that herself were by to stain herself,
As I have seen her when she was herself. [here eyes,"

EDW. "What strange enchantment lurk'd in those
"When they excell'd this excellence they have,"
"That now her dim decline hath power to draw"
"My subject eyes from piercing majesty,"
"To gaze on her with doting admiration?"

Cou. In duty lower than the ground I kneel,
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart,
To witness my obedience to your highness;
With many millions of a subject's thanks
For this your royal presence, whose approach
Hath driven war and danger from my gate.

EDW. Lady, stand up: I come to bring thee peace,
However thereby I have purchas'd war.

Cou. No war to you, my liege; the *Scots* are gone,
And gallop home toward *Scotland* with their haste.

EDW. "Left yielding here I pine in shameful love,"
"Come, we'll pursue the *Scots*;" — *Artois*, away.

Cou. A little while, my gracious sovereign, stay,
And let the power of a mighty king
Honour our roof; my husband in the wars,
When he shall hear it, will triumph for joy:

24 their hate.

G

Then, dear my liege, now niggard not thy state ;
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

EDW. Pardon me, countefs, I will come no near ;
I dream'd to-night of treason, and I fear.

Cou. Far from this place let ugly treason lye !

EDW. "No farther off, than her conspiring eye ;"
"Which shoots infected poison in my heart,"
"Beyond repulse of wit, or cure of art."
"Now in the sun alone it doth not lye,"
"With light to take light from a mortal eye ;"
"For here two day stars, that mine eyes would see,"
"More than the sun, steal mine own light from me."
"Contemplative desire ! desire to be,"
"In contemplation, that may master thee !"

Warwick, Artois, to horse, and let's away. [stay?

Cou. What might I speak, to make my sovereign

EDW. "What needs a tongue to such a speaking eye,"
"That more persuades than winning oratory ?"

Cou. Let not thy presence, like the april sun,
Flatter our earth, and suddenly be done :
More happy do not make our outward wall,
Than thou wilt grace our inward house withal.
Our house, my liege, is like a country swain,
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and plain,
Presageth nought ; yet inly beautify'd
With bounty's riches, and fair hidden pride :
For, where the golden ore doth bury'd lye,
The ground, undeck'd with nature's tapestry,
Seems barren, fere, unfertil, fruitless, dry ;
And where the upper turf of earth doth boast

His proud perfumes, and party-colour'd coft,
 Delve there, and find this issue, and their pride,
 To spring from ordure, and corruption's fide.
 But, to make up my all too long compare,—
 These ragged walls no testimony are
 What is within; but, like a cloke, doth hide,
 From weather's weft, the under garnisht pride.
 More gracious than my terms can let thee be,
 Intreat thyself to stay a while with me.

EDW. As wise as fair; What fond fit can be heard,
 When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard? —
 Countess, albeit my business urgeth me,
 It shall attend, while I attend on thee. —
 Come on, my lords, here will I host to-night.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Gardens of the Castle.*

Enter LODOWICK.

LOD. I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
 His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance;
 And changing passion, like inconstant clouds,—
 That, rackt upon the carriage of the winds,
 Increase, and die,—in his disturbed cheeks.
 Lo, when she blush'd, even then did he look pale;
 As if her cheeks, by some enchanted power,
 Attracted had the cherry blood from his:
 Anon, with reverent fear when she grew pale,
 His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments;
 But no more like her oriental red,

¹ His pride ² cheek

G 2

Than brick to coral, or live things to dead.
 Why did he then thus counterfeit her looks?
 If she did blush, 'twas tender modest shame,
 Being in the sacred presence of a king;
 If he did blush, 'twas red immodest shame,
 To veil his eyes amiss, being a king:
 If she look'd pale, 'twas silly woman's fear,
 To bear herself in presence of a king;
 If he look'd pale, it was with guilty fear,
 To dote amiss, being a mighty king:
 Then, *Scottish* wars, farewell; I fear, 'twill prove
 A ling'ring *English* siege of peevish love.
 Here comes his highness, walking all alone.

Enter King EDWARD. [ther;

EDW. She is grown more fairer far since I came hi-
 Her voice more silver every word than other,
 Her wit more fluent: What a strange discourse
 Unfolded she, of *David*, and his *Scots*?
Even thus, quoth she, *be spake*,—and then spake broad,
 With epithets and accents of the *Scot*;
 But somewhat better than the *Scot* could speak:
And thus, quoth she,—and answer'd then herself;
 For who could speak like her? but she herself
 Breaths from the wall an angel's note from heaven
 Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.
 When she would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue
 Commanded war to prison; when of war,
 It waken'd *Cæsar* from his *Roman* grave,
 To hear war beautify'd by her discourse.
 Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue;

. 6 To waile

Beauty a slander, but in her fair face :
There is no summer, but in her cheerful looks ;
Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.
I cannot blame the *Scots*, that did besiege her,
For she is all the treasure of our land ;
But call them cowards, that they ran away,
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay. —
Art thou there, *Lodowick* ? give me ink and paper.

Lod. I will, my sovereign.

Edw. And bid the lords hold on their play at chess,
For we will walk and meditate alone.

Lod. I will, my liege. [Exit *Lodowick*.]

Edw. This fellow is well read in poetry,
And hath a lusty and persuasive spirit :
I will acquaint him with my passion ;
Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,
Through which the queen of beauty's queen shall see
Herself the ground of my infirmity. —

Re-enter Lodowick.

Hast thou pen, ink, and paper ready, *Lodowick* ?

Lod. Ready, my liege.

Edw. Then in the summer arbour fit by me,
Make it our council-house, or cabinet ;
Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle,
Where we will ease us by disburd'ning them.
Now, *Lodowick*, invoke some golden muse,
To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
That may, for sighs, set down true sighs indeed ;
Talking of grief, to make thee ready groan ;
And, when thou writ'st of tears, encouch the word,

Before, and after, with such sweet laments,
 That it may raise drops in a *Tartar's* eye,
 And make a flint heart *Scythian* pitiful :
 For so much moving hath a poet's pen ;
 Then, if thou be a poet, move thou so,
 And be enriched by thy sovereign's love.
 For, if the touch of sweet concordant strings
 Could force attendance in the ears of hell ;
 How much more shall the strain of poet's wit
 Beguile, and ravish, soft and humane minds ?

Lod. To whom, my lord, shall I direct my stile ?

Edw. To one that shames the fair, and sots the wise ;
 Whose body, as an abstract, or a brief,
 Contains each general virtue in the world :
 Better than beautiful, — thou must begin ;
 Devise for fair a fairer word than fair ;
 And every ornament, that thou would'st praise,
 Fly it a pitch above the soar of praise :
 For flattery fear thou not to be convicted ;
 For, were thy admiration ten times more,
 Ten times ten thousand more the worth exceeds,
 Of that thou art to praise, thy praise's worth.
 Begin, I will to contemplate the while :
 Forget not to set down, how passionate,
 How heart-sick, and how full of languishment,
 Her beauty makes me.

Lod. Write I to a woman ?

Edw. What beauty else could triumph over me ;
 Or who, but women, do our love-lays greet ?
 What, think'st thou I did bid thee praise a horse ?

² Torters

¹ 3 bodie is an

² 2 their praises

Lod. Of what condition or estate she is,
 'Twere requisite that I should know, my lord.

Edw. Of such estate, that hers is as a throne,
 And my estate the footstool where she treads :
 Then may'st thou judge what her condition is,
 By the proportion of her mightiness.
 Write on, while I peruse her in my thoughts. —
 Her voice to musick, or the nightingale : —
 To musick every summer-leaping swain
 Compares his sun-burnt lover when she speaks :
 And why should I speak of the nightingale ?
 The nightingale sings of adulterate wrong ;
 And that, compar'd, is too satirical :
 For sin, though sin, would not be so esteem'd ;
 But, rather, virtue sin, sin virtue deem'd.
 Her hair, far softer than the silk-worm's twist,
 Like as a flattering glass, doth make more fair
 The yellow amber : Like a flattering glass
 Comes in too soon ; for, writing of her eyes,
 I'll say, that like a glass they catch the sun,
 And thence the hot reflection doth rebound
 Against my breast, and burns my heart within.
 Ah, what a world of descant makes my soul
 Upon this voluntary ground of love ! —
 Come, *Lodowick*, hast thou turn'd thy ink to gold ?
 If not, write but in letters capital
 My mistress' name,
 And it will gild thy paper : Read, lord, read,
 Fill thou the empty hollows of mine ears
 With the sweet hearing of thy poetry.

Lod. I have not to a period brought her praise

Edw. Her praise is as my love, both infinite,
Which apprehend such violent extreams,
That they disdain an ending period.
Her beauty hath no match, but my affection ;
Hers more than most, mine most, and more than more :
Hers more to praise, than tell the sea by drops ;
Nay, more, than drop the massy earth by sands,
And, sand by sand, print them in memory :
Then wherefore talk'st thou of a period,
To that which craves unended admiration ?
Read, let us hear.

Lod. *More fair, and chaste, than is the queen of shades,—*

Edw. That line hath two faults, gross and palpable:
Compar'st thou her to the pale queen of night,
Who, being set in dark, seems therefore light ?
What is she, when the sun lifts up his head,
But like a fading taper, dim and dead ?
My love shall brave the eye of heaven at noon,
And, being unmask'd, outshine the golden sun.

Lod. What is the other fault, my sovereign lord ?

Edw. Read o'er the line again.

Lod. *More fair, and chaste,—*

Edw. I did not bid thee talk of chastity,
To ransack so the treasure of her mind ;
For I had rather have her chaf'd, than chaste.
Out with the moon-line, I will none of it,
And let me have her liken'd to the sun :
Say, she hath thrice more splendor than the sun,
That her perfection emulates the sun,

9 And said, by said, 25 treason of 30 perfections

That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the sun,
 That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,
 That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun,
 That she doth dazle gazers like the sun :
 And, in this application to the sun,
 Bid her be free and general as the sun ;
 Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows,
 As lovingly as on the fragrant rose.
 Let's see what follows that same moon-light line.

Lod. *More fair, and chaste, than is the queen of shades;
 More bold in constancy —*

Edw. In constancy! than who?

Lod. — *than Judith was.*

Edw. O monstrous line! Put in the next a sword,
 And I shall woo her to cut off my head.
 Blot, blot, good *Lodowick*! Let us hear the next.

Lod. There's all that yet is done.

Edw. I thank thee then, thou hast done little ill ;
 But what is done, is passing passing ill.
 No, let the captain talk of boist'rous war ;
 The prisoner, of immured dark constraint ;
 The sick man best sets down the pangs of death ;
 The man that starves, the sweetness of a feast ;
 The frozen soul, the benefit of fire ;
 And every grief, his happy opposite :
 Love cannot sound well, but in lovers' tongues ;
 Give me the pen and paper, I will write. —

Enter Countess.

But, soft, here comes the treasure of my spirit. —
Lodowick, thou know'st not how to draw a battle ;

10 the lover of 21 emured

These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons ~~here~~,
Argue in thee defective discipline :

Thou should'st have plac'd this here, this other here.

Cou. Pardon my boldness, my thrice gracious lord ;
Let my intrusion here be call'd my duty,
That comes to see my sovereign how he fares.

EDW. Go, draw the same, I tell thee in what form.

Lod. I go. [Exit LODOWICK.]

Cou. Sorry I am, to see my liege so sad :
What may thy subject do, to drive from thee
This gloomy consort, sullen melancholy ?

EDW. Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot strow
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame : —
Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd.

Cou. Now, God forbid, that any in my house
Should think my sovereign wrong ! Thrice gentle king,
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

EDW. How near then shall I be to remedy ?

Cou. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

EDW. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress :
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, countess ; else, I die.

Cou. I will, my liege.

EDW. Swear, countess, that thou wilt.

Cou. By heaven, I will.

EDW. Then take thyself a little way aside ;
And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee :
Say, that within thy power it doth lie,
To make him happy ; and that thou hast sworn,

To give me all the joy within thy power :
Do this ; and tell me, when I shall be happy.

Cou. All this is done, my thrice dread sovereign :
That power of love, that I have power to give,
Thou hast with all devout obedience ;
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.

EDW. Thou hear'st me say, that I do dote on thee.

Cou. If on my beauty, take it if thou can'st ;
Though little, I do prize it ten times less :
If on my virtue, take it if thou can'st ;
For virtue's store by giving doth augment :
Be it on what it will, that I can give,
And thou can'st take away, inherit it.

EDW. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

Cou. O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself, to give it thee :
But, sovereign, it is folder'd to my life ;
Take one, and both ; for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sun-shine of my summer's life.

EDW. But thou may'st lend it me, to sport withal.

Cou. As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,
As lend my body, palace to my soul,
Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted ;
If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me. [would?

EDW. Did'st thou not swear, to give me what I

Cou. I did, my liege ; so, what you would, I could.

EDW. I wish no more of thee, than thou may'st give:
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy,
That is, thy love; and, for that love of thine,
In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.

COU. But that your lips were sacred, o my lord,
You would prophane the holy name of love :
That love, you offer me, you cannot give ;
For *Cæsar* owes that tribute to his queen :
That love, you beg of me, I cannot give ;
For *Sarah* owes that duty to her lord.

He, that doth clip, or counterfeit, your stamp,
Shall die, my lord : And will your sacred self
Commit high treason 'gainst the King of heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance, and your oath ?
In violating marriage sacred law,
You break a greater honour than yourself :
To be a king, is of a younger house,
Than to be marry'd ; your progenitor,
Sole-reigning *Adam* on the universe,
By God was honour'd for a marry'd man,
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty, to break your statutes,
Though not enacted by your highness' hand :
How much more, to infringe the holy act
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand ?
I know, my sovereign — in my husband's love,
Who now doth loyal service in his wars —
Doth but to try the wife of *Salisbury*,
Whether she will hear a wanton's tale, or no ;

13 against

Left being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

[*Exit Countess.*]

EDW. Whether is her beauty by her words divine;
Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty?
Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauty, beauty words.
O, that I were a hony-gathering bee,
To bear the comb of virtue from this flower;
And not a poison-sucking envious spider,
To turn the vice I take to deadly venom!
Religion is austere, and beauty gentle;
Too strict a guardian for so fair a ward.
O, that she were, as is the air, to me!
Why, so she is; for, when I would embrace her,
This † do I, and catch nothing but myself.
I must enjoy her; for I cannot beat,
With reason, and reproof, fond love away.

Enter WARWICK.

Here comes her father: I will work with him,
To bear my colours in this field of love.

WAR. How is it, that my sovereign is so sad?
May I with pardon know your highness' grief,
And that my old endeavour will remove it,
It shall not cumber long your majesty.

EDW. A kind and voluntary gift thou offer'st,
That I was forward to have beg'd of thee.
But, o thou world, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words,

8 beauties, 10 from his 14 a weede.

And prize their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
 That fair performance cannot follow promise?
 O, that a man might hold the heart's close book;
 And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter
 The breath of falsehood not character'd there!

WAR. Far be it from the honour of my age,
 That I should owe bright gold, and render lead!
 Age is a cynick, not a flatterer:
 I say again, that, if I knew your grief,
 And that by me it may be lessened,
 My proper harm should buy your highness' good.

EDW. These are the vulgar tenders of false men,
 That never pay the duty of their words.
 Thou wilt not stick to swear what thou hast said;
 But, when thou know'st my grief's condition,
 This rash disgorged vomit of thy word
 Thou wilt eat up again, and leave me helpless.

WAR. By heaven, I will not; though your majesty
 Did bid me run upon your sword, and die.

EDW. Say, that my grief is no way med'cinable,
 But by the loss and bruising of thine honour?

WAR. If nothing but that loss may vantage you,
 I would account that loss my vantage too. [again?

EDW. Think'st, that thou can'st unswear thy oath

WAR. I cannot; nor I would not, if I could.

EDW. But, if thou dost, what shall I say to thee?

WAR. What may be said to any perjurer's villain,
 That breaks the sacred warrant of an oath.

EDW. What wilt thou say to one that breaks an oath?

WAR. That he hath broke his faith with God and
 [man,

24 canst answer

And from them both stands excommunicate.

EDW. What office were it, to suggest a man
To break a lawful and religious vow ?

WAR. An office for the devil, not for man.

EDW. That devil's office must thou do for me ;
Or break thy oath, or cancel all the bonds
Of love, and duty, 'twixt thyself and me.
And therefore, *Warwick*, if thou art thyself,
The lord and master of thy word and oath,
Go to thy daughter ; and, in my behalf,
Command her, woo her, win her any ways,
To be my mistress, and my secret love.
I will not stand to hear thee make reply ;
Thy oath break hers, or let thy sovereign die.

[*Exit EDWARD.*]

WAR. O doting king ! O detestable office !
Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself,
When he hath sworn me by the name of God,
To break a vow made by the name of God.
What if I swear by this right hand of mine,
To cut this right hand off ? the better way
Were, to prophane the idol, than confound it :
But neither will I do ; I'll keep my oath,
And to my daughter make a recantation
Of all the virtue I have preach'd to her :
I'll say, she must forget her husband *Salisbury*,
If she remember to embrace the king ;
I'll say, an oath may easily be broken,
But not so easily pardon'd, being broken ;
I'll say, it is true charity to love,

* 6 or detestable

But not true love to be so charitable ;
 I'll say, his greatness may bear out the shame,
 But not his kingdom can buy out the sin ;
 I'll say, it is my duty to persuade,
 But not her honesty to give consent.

Enter Countess.

See, where she comes : Was never father, had,
 Against his child, an embassy so bad.

Cou. My lord and father, I have fought for you :
 My mother and the peers importune you,
 To keep in presence of his majesty,
 And do your best to make his highness merry.

WAR. How shall I enter in this graceless errand ?
 I must not call her child ; For where's the father
 That will, in such a suit, seduce his child ?
 Then, Wife of *Salisbury*,— shall I so begin ?
 No, he's my friend ; and where is found the friend,
 That will do friendship such endamagement ? —
 Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife,
 I am not *Warwick*, as thou think'st I am,
 But an attorney from the court of hell ;
 That thus have hous'd my spirit in his form,
 To do a message to thee from the king.
 The mighty king of *England* dotes on thee :
 He, that hath power to take away thy life,
 Hath power to take thine honour ; then consent
 To pawn thine honour, rather than thy life :
 Honour is often lost, and got again ;
 But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
 The sun, that withers hay, doth nourish grafts ;

The king, that would distain thee, will advance thee.
 The poets write, that great *Achilles'* spear
 Could heal the wound it made : the moral is,
 What mighty men misdo, they can amend.
 The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
 And grace his foragement, by being mild
 When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
 The king will in his glory hide thy shame ;
 And those, that gaze on him to find out thee,
 Will lose their eye-sight, looking in the sun.
 What can one drop of poison harm the sea,
 Whose hugy vastures can digest the ill,
 And make it lose his operation ?
 The king's great name will temper thy misdeeds,
 And give the bitter potion of reproach
 A sugar'd-sweet and most delicious taste :
 Besides, it is no harm, to do the thing
 Which without shame could not be left undone.
 Thus have I, in his majesty's behalf,
 Apparel'd sin in virtuous sentences,
 And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.

Cou. Unnatural besiege ! Woe me unhappy,
 To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
 And to be ten times worse invir'd by friends !
 Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,
 But to corrupt the author of my blood,
 To be his scandalous and vile soliciter ?
 No marvel, though the branches be infected,
 When poison hath encompassed the root :
 No marvel, though the leprous infant die,

14 their misdeeds 28 be then infected

H

When the stern dam envenometh the dug.
 Why then, give sin a pass-port to offend,
 And youth the dangerous rein of liberty :
 Blot out the strict forbidding of the law ;
 And cancel every canon, that prescribes
 A shame for shame, or penance for offence.
 No, let me die, if his too boist'rous will
 Will have it so, before I will consent
 To be an actor in his graceless lust. [speak :

WAR. Why, now thou speak'st as I would have thee
 And mark how I unsay my words again.
 An honourable grave is more esteem'd,
 Than the polluted closet of a king :
 The greater man, the greater is the thing,
 Be it good, or bad, that he shall undertake :
 An unreputed mote, flying in the sun,
 Presents a greater substance than it is :
 The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
 The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss :
 Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe :
 That sin doth ten times aggravate itself,
 That is committed in a holy place :
 An evil deed, done by authority,
 Is sin, and subornation : Deck an ape
 In tiffue, and the beauty of the robe
 Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
 A spacious field of reasons could I urge,
 Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame :
 That poison shews worst in a golden cup ;
 Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash ;

Lillies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds ;
 And every glory that inclines to sin,
 The shame is treble by the opposite.
 So leave I, with my blessing in thy bosom ;
 Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
 When thou convert'st from honours golden name
 To the black faction of bed-blotting shame ! *[Exit.]*

Cou. I'll follow thee ; And, when my mind turns so,
 My body sink my soul in endless woe ! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. The same. A Room in the Castle.

Enter DERBY, and AUDLEY, meeting.

DER. Thrice noble *Audley*, well encounter'd here :
 How is it with our sovereign, and his peers ?

AUD. 'Tis full a fortnight, since I saw his highness,
 What time he sent me forth to muster men ;
 Which I accordingly have done, and bring them
 In fair array before his majesty.

What news, my lord of *Derby*, from the emperor ?

DER. As good as we desire : the emperor
 Hath yielded to his highness friendly aid ;
 And makes our king lieutenant general,
 In all his lands and large dominions :

Then *via* for the spacious bounds of *France* !

AUD. What, doth his highness leap to hear this news ?

DER. I have not yet found time to open them ;
 The king is in his closet, malecontent,
 For what, I know not, but he gave in charge,
 'Till after dinner, none should interrupt him :
 The countess *Salisbury*, and her father *Warwick*,

▪ 7 them hither,

H 2

Artois, and all, look underneath the brows.

AUD. Undoubtedly, then something is amiss.

[Trumpet within.]

DER. The trumpets sound; the king is now abroad.

Enter EDWARD.

AUD. Here comes his highness.

DER. Befall my sovereign all my sovereign's wish!

EDW. Ah, that thou wert a witch, to make it so!

DER. The emperor greeteth you: *[presenting Letters.]*

EDW. 'Would it were the countess!

DER. And hath accorded to your highness' suit.

EDW. Thou ly'st, she hath not; But I would, she had!

AUD. All love, and duty, to my lord the king! *[you?]*

EDW. Well, all but one is none: — What news with

AUD. I have, my liege, levy'd those horse and foot,
According to your charge, and brought them hither.

EDW. Then let those foot trudge hence upon those
According to our discharge, and be gone. — *[horse,*
Derby, I'll look upon the countess' mind
Anon.

DER. The countess' mind, my liege?

EDW. I mean, the emperor: Leave me alone.

AUD. What's in his mind?

DER. Let's leave him to his humour.

[Exeunt DERBY, and AUDLEY.]

EDW. Thus from the heart's abundant speaks the
Countess for emperor: And, indeed, why not? *[tongue;*
She is as *imperator* over me;

And I to her

Am as a kneeling vassal, that observes

The pleasure, or displeasure, of her eye.—

Enter LODOWICK.

What says the more than *Cleopatra's* match
To *Cæsar* now?

LOD. That yet, my liege, ere night
She will resolve your majesty. [*Drum within.*

EDW. What drum is this, that thunders forth this
To start the tender *Cupid* in my bosom? [*march,*
Poor sheep-skin, how it brawls with him that beateth it!
Go, break the thundring parchment bottom out,
And I will teach it to conduct sweet lines
Unto the bosom of a heavenly nymph:
For I will use it as my writing-paper;
And so reduce him, from a scolding drum,
To be the herald, and dear counsel-bearer,
Betwixt a goddess and a mighty king.
Go, bid the drummer learn to touch the lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum;
For now we think it an uncivil thing,
To trouble heaven with such harsh resounds:
Away.— [*Exit LODOWICK.*

The quarrel, that I have, requires no arms,
But these of mine; and these shall meet my foe
In a deep march of penetrable groans:
My eyes shall be my arrows; and my sighs
Shall serve me as the vantage of the wind,
To whirl away my sweetest artillery:
Ah but, alas, she wins the sun of me,
For that is she herself; and thence it comes,
That poets term the wanton warrior, blind;

But love hath eyes as judgment to his steps,
 'Till too much loved glory dazles them. —

Re-enter LODOWICK.

How now ?

[march,

LOD. My liege, the drum, that strook the lusty
 Stands with prince *Edward*, your thrice valiant son.

Enter Prince. LODOWICK

retires to the Door.

EDW. I see the boy. O, how his mother's face,
 Molded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,
 And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye ;
 Who, being rich enough in seeing her,
 Yet seeks elsewhere : and basest theft is that,
 Which cannot check itself on poverty. —
 Now, boy, what news ?

Pri. I have assembl'd, my dear lord and father,
 The choicest buds of all our *English* blood,
 For our affairs in *France* ; and here we come,
 To take direction from your majesty.

EDW. Still do I see in him delineate
 His mothers visage ; those his eyes are hers,
 Who, looking wistly on me, made me blush ;
 For faults against themselves give evidence :
 Lust is a fire ; and men, like lanthorns, shew
 Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.
 Away, loose filks of wavering vanity !
 Shall the large limit of fair *Britany*
 By me be overthrown ? and shall I not
 Master this little mansion of myself ?
 Give me an armour of eternal steel ;

14 cloke it 24 Lust as a fire, and me like lanthorne shew

I go to conquer kings ; And shall I then
 Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend ?
 It must not be. — Come, boy, forward, advance !
 Let's with our colours sweep the air of *France*.

Lod. My liege, the countess, with a smiling cheer,
 Desires access unto your majesty. [*advancing*
from the Door, and whispering him.]

Edw. Why, there it goes ! that very smile of hers
 Hath ransom'd captive *France* ; and set the king,
 The dauphin, and the peers, at liberty. —
 Go, leave me, *Ned*, and revel with thy friends.
[*Exit Prince.*]

Thy mother is but black ; and thou, like her,
 Dost put into my mind how foul she is. —
 Go, fetch the countess hither in thy hand,
 And let her chase away those winter clouds ;
 For she gives beauty both to heaven and earth.

[*Exit LODOWICK.*]

The sin is more, to hack and hew poor men,
 Than to embrace, in an unlawful bed,
 The register of all varities
 Since leathern *Adam* 'till this youngest hour.

Re-enter LODOWICK, with the Countess.

Go, *Lodowick*, put thy hand into my purse,
 Play, spend, give, riot, waste ; do what thou wilt,
 So thou wilt hence a while, and leave me here.

[*Exit LODOWICK.*]

Now, my soul's play-fellow ! art thou come,
 To speak the more than heavenly word, of yea,
 To my objection in thy beauteous love ?

¹ I not then ⁴ sweate the ²⁴ into thy purse,

H 4

Cou. My father on his blessing hath commanded —

Edw. That thou shalt yield to me.

Cou. Ay, dear my liege, your due.

Edw. And that, my dearest love, can be no less.
Than right for right, and tender love for love.

Cou. Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for
But, — fith I see your majesty so bent, [hate. —

That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
Your high estate, nor no respect respected
Can be my help, but that your mightiness
Will overbear and awe these dear regards, —

I bind my discontent to my content,
And, what I would not, I'll compell I will;
Provided, that yourself remove those lets,
That stand between your highness' love and mine.

Edw. Name them, fair countess, and, by heaven, I will.

Cou. It is their lives, that stand between our love,
That I would have choak'd up, my sovereign.

Edw. Whose lives, my lady?

Cou. My thrice loving liege,
Your queen, and *Salisbury* my wedded husband;
Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot bestow but by their death.

Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law.

Cou. And so is your desire: If the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other:
I cannot think you love me as you say,
Unless you do make good what you have sworn.

Edw. No more; thy husband and the queen shall die.

5 and render 16 Name then,

Fairer thou art by far than *Hero* was ;
 Beardless *Leander* not so strong as I :
 He swom an easy current for his love ;
 But I will, through a helly spout of blood,
 Arrive that *Seftos* where my *Hero* lies.

Cou. Nay, you'll do more; you'll make the river too,
 With their heart-bloods that keep our love asunder,
 Of which, - my husband, and your wife, are twain.

EDW. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
 And gives in evidence, that they shall die ;
 Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn them.

Cou. O perjur'd beauty ! more corrupted judge !
 When, to the great star-chamber o'er our heads,
 The universal sessions calls to count
 This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.

EDW. What says my fair love ? is she resolute ?

Cou. Resolute to be dissolv'd; and, therefore, this, —
 Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
 Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from thee,
 And see how I will yield me to thy hands. [*turning*
suddenly upon him, and shewing two Daggers.

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives :
 Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
 And learn by me to find her where she lies ;
 And with the other I'll dispatch my love,
 Which now lies fast asleep within my heart :
 When they are gone, then I'll consent to love.
 Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me ;
 My resolution is more nimbler far,
 Than thy prevention can be in my rescue,

5 To arrive at Cestus 22 doth hang

And, if thou stir, I strike : therefore stand still,
 And hear the choice that I will put thee to :
 Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
 And never henceforth to solicit me ;
 Or else, by heaven, [*kneeling.*] this sharp-pointed knife
 Shall stain thy earth with that which thou would'st stain,
 My poor chaste blood. Swear, *Edward*, swear,
 Or I will strike, and die, before thee here.

EDW. Even by that Power I swear, that gives me now
 The power to be ashamed of myself,
 I never mean to part my lips again
 In any word that tends to such a suit.
 Arise, true *English* lady ; whom our isle
 May better boast of, than e'er *Roman* might
 Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath talk'd
 The vain endeavour of so many pens :
 Arise ; and be my fault thy honour's fame,
 Which after ages shall enrich thee with.
 I am awaked from this idle dream ; —
Warwick, my son, *Derby*, *Artois*, and *Audley*,
 Brave warriors all, where are you all this while ?

Enter Prince, and Lords.

Warwick, I make thee warden of the north : —
 You, prince of *Wales*, and *Audley*, straight to sea ;
 Scour to *New-haven* ; some there stay for me : —
 Myself, *Artois*, and *Derby*, will through *Flanders*,
 To greet our friends there, and to crave their aid :
 This night will scarce suffice me, to discover
 My folly's siege against a faithful lover ;
 For, ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky,

12 words 30 shall guide the

We'll wake him with our martial harmony. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE I. Flanders. *The French Camp.*

Enter King JOHN of France; his two sons, CHARLES Duke of Normandy, and PHILIP; Duke of LORRAIN, and Others.

JOH. Here, 'till our navy, of a thousand fail,
Have made a breakfast to our foe by sea,
Let us encamp, to wait their happy speed. —
Lorrain, what readiness is *Edward* in?
How hast thou heard that he provided is
Of martial furniture for this exploit?

LOR. To lay aside unnecessary soothing,
And not to spend the time in circumstance,
'Tis bruited for a certainty, my lord,
That he's exceeding strongly fortify'd;
His subjects flock as willingly to war,
As if unto a triumph they were led.

CHA. *England* was wont to harbour malecontents,
Blood-thirsty and seditious *Catalines*,
Spend-thrifts, and such as gape for nothing else
But change and alteration of the state;
And is it possible, that they are now
So loyal in themselves?

LOR. All but the *Scot*; who solemnly protests,
As heretofore I have inform'd his grace,
Never to sheath his sword, or take a truce.

JOH. Ah, that's the anchorage of some better hope!

24 changing and

But, on the other side, to think what friends
 King *Edward* hath retain'd in *Netherland*,
 Among those ever-bibbing epicures,
 Those frothy *Dutchmen*, puffed with double beer,
 That drink and swill in every place they come,
 Doth not a little aggravate mine ire :
 Besides, we hear, the emperor conjoins,
 And stalls him in his own authority :
 But, all the mightier that their number is,
 The greater glory reaps the victory.
 Some friends have we, beside domestick power ;
 The stern *Polonian*, and the warlike *Dane*,
 The king of *Bobeme*, and of *Sicily*,
 Are all become confederates with us,
 And, as I think, are marching hitherward.

[*Drum within.*]

But, soft, I hear the musick of their drums,
 By which I guess that their approach is near.

Enter BOHEMIA, and Forces ; and Aid of
Danes, POLES, and Muscovites. [hood

BOH. King *John* of *France*, as league, and neighbour-
 Requires, when friends are any way distressed,
 I come to aid thee with my country's force.

POL. And from great *Moscow*, fearful to the *Turk*,
 And lofty *Poland*, nurse of hardy men,
 I bring these servitors to fight for thee,
 Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

JOH. Welcome, *Bohemian* king ; and welcome, all :
 This your great kindness I will not forget ;
 Beside your plentiful rewards in crowns,

11 drumsticke 13 Bohemia, 15 hither apace.

That from our treasury ye shall receive :
There comes a hare-brain'd nation, deck'd in pride,
The spoil of whom will be a treble gain. —
And now my hope is full, my joy compleat :
At sea, we are as puissant as the force
Of *Agamemnon* in the haven of *Troy* ;
By land, with *Xerxes* we compare of strength,
Whose soldiers drank up rivers in their thirst :
Then, *Bayard*-like, blind over-weening *Ned*,
To reach at our imperial diadem,
Is, either to be swallow'd of the waves,
Or hackt apieces when thou com'st ashore.

Enter a Mariner.

Mar. Near to the coast I have descry'd, my lord,
As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud armado of king *Edward's* ships :
Which, at the first, far off when I did ken,
Seem'd as it were a grove of wither'd pines ;
But, drawing near, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streaming ensigns wrought of colour'd silk,
Like to a meadow full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth :
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the horned circle of the moon :
On the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The arms of *England* and of *France* unite
Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus, tightly carry'd with a merry gale,
They plough the ocean hitherward amain.

25 And on

JOH. Dare he already crop the flower-de-luce ?
 I hope, the honey being gather'd thence,
 He, with the spider, afterward approach'd,
 Shall suck forth deadly venom from the leaves. —
 But where's our navy ? how are they prepar'd
 To wing themselves against this flight of ravens ?

[scouts,

MAR. They, having knowledge brought them by the
 Did break from anchor straight ; and, puffed with rage,
 No otherwise than were their sails with wind,
 Made forth ; as when the empty eagle flies,
 To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

JOH. There's † for thy news. Return unto thy bark ;
 And, if thou scape the bloody stroke of war,
 And do survive the conflict, come again,
 And let us hear the manner of the fight. — [Exit MAR.
 Mean space, my lords, 'tis best we be dispers'd
 To several places, lest they chance to land :
 First, you, my lord, with your *Bohemian* troops,
 Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand ;
 My eldest son, the duke of *Normandy*,
 Together with this aid of *Muscovites*,
 Shall climb the higher ground another way ;
 Here in the middle coast, betwixt you both,
Philip, my youngest boy, and I will lodge.
 So, lords, be gone, and look unto your charge ;
 You stand for *France*, an empire fair and large. —

[Exit CHA. LOR. BOHEMIA, and Forces.

Now tell me, *Philip*, what is thy conceit,
 Touching the challenge that the *English* make ?

PHI. I say, my lord, claim *Edward* what he can,
 And bring he ne'er so plain a pedigree,
 'Tis you are in possession of the crown,
 And that's the surest point of all the law :
 But, were it not ; yet, ere he should prevail,
 I'll make a conduit of my dearest blood,
 Or chase those stragling upstarts home again. [wine,

JOH. Well said, young *Philip* ! Call for bread and
 That we may cheer our stomachs with repast,
 To look our foes more sternly in the face.

[*A Table and Provisions brought in ; King
 and his Son set down to it. Ordinance afar off.*

Now is begun the heavy day at sea.

Fight, *Frenchmen*, fight ; be like the field of bears,
 When they defend their younglings in their caves !
 Steer, angry *Nemesis*, the happy helm ;
 That, with the sulphur'd battles of your rage,
 The *English* fleet may be dispers'd, and sunk !

[*Ordinance again.*

PHI. O, father, how this echoing cannon shot,
 Like sweetest harmony, digests my cates ! ['tis,

JOH. Now, boy, thou hear'st what thundering terror
 To buckle for a kingdom's sovereignty :
 The earth, with giddy trembling when it shakes,
 Or when the exhalations of the air
 Break in extremity of lightning flash,
 Affrights not more, than kings, when they dispose
 To shew the rancour of their high-swoln hearts.

[*Retreat heard.*

Retreat is sounded ; one side hath the worfe :

16 fir, 17 sulphure 21 sweete 26 Breakes

O, if it be the *French*! — Sweet fortune, turn;
 And, in thy turning, change the froward winds,
 That, with advantage of a favouring sky,
 Our men may vanquish, and the other fly!

Enter Mariner.

My heart misgives: — Say, mirror of pale death,
 To whom belongs the honour of this day?
 Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will serve,
 The sad discourse of this discomfiture.

Mar. I will, my lord.

My gracious sovereign, *France* hath ta'n the foil,
 And boasting *Edward* triumphs with success.
 These iron-hearted navies,
 When last I was reporter to your grace,
 Both full of angry spleen, of hope, and fear,
 Hastening to meet each other in the face,
 At last conjoin'd; and by their admiral
 Our admiral encounter'd many shot:
 By this, the other, that beheld these twain
 Give earnest penny of a further wreck,
 Like fiery dragons took their haughty flight;
 And, likewise meeting, from their smoky wombs
 Sent many grim ambassadors of death.
 Then 'gan the day to turn to gloomy night;
 And darkness did as well enclose the quick,
 As those that were but newly reft of life:
 No leisure serv'd for friends to bid farewell;
 And, if it had, the hideous noise was such,
 As each to other seemed deaf, and dumb:
 Purple the sea; whose channel fill'd as fast

With streaming gore, that from the maimed fell,
 As did her gushing moisture break into
 The cranny'd cleftures of the through-shot planks :
 Here flew a head, dissever'd from the trunk ;
 There mangl'd arms, and legs, were toss'd aloft ;
 As when a whirl-wind takes the summer dust,
 And scatters it in middle of the air :
 Then might ye see the reeling vessels split,
 And tottering sink into the ruthless flood,
 Until their lofty tops were seen no more.
 All shifts were try'd, both for defence and hurt :
 And now the effects of valour, and of fear,
 Of resolution, and of cowardice,
 Were lively pictur'd ; how the one for fame,
 The other by compulsion lay'd about :
 Much did the *nonpareille*, that brave ship ;
 So did the black-snake of *Boulogne*, than which
 A bonnier vessel never yet spread sail :
 But all in vain ; both sun, the wind and tide,
 Revolted all unto our foemen's side,
 That we perforce were fain to give them way,
 And they are landed : Thus my tale is done ;
 We have untimely lost, and they have won.

JOH. Then rests there nothing, but, with present
 To join our several forces all in one, [speed,
 And bid them battle, ere they range too far. —
 Come, gentle *Philip*, let us hence depart ;
 This soldier's words have pierc'd thy father's heart.

SCENE II. Picardy. Fields near Cressi.

³ cranny ¹² effect ^{D°} of force, ¹⁴ We lively ¹⁶ *Nam per illa*;

*Enter a Frenchman, meeting certain Others,
a Woman, and two Children, laden with
Household-stuff, as removing.* [news?

1. *F.* Well met, my masters: How now? what's the
And wherefore are you laden thus with stuff?
What, is it quarter-day, that you remove,
And carry bag and baggage too?

2. *F.* Quarter-day? ay, and quartering day, I fear:
Have you not heard the news that flies abroad?

1. *F.* What news?

3. *F.* How the *French* navy is destroy'd at sea,
And that the *English* army is arriv'd.

1. *F.* What then? [to fly,

2. *F.* What then, quoth you? why, is't not time
When envy and destruction is so nigh? [hence;

1. *F.* Content thee, man; they are far enough from
And will be met, I warrant you, to their cost,
Before they break so far into the realm.

2. *F.* Ay, so the grass-hopper doth spend the time
In mirthful jollity, 'till winter come;
And then too late he would redeem his time,
When frozen cold hath nipt his careless head.

He, that no sooner will provide a cloke,
'Than when he sees it doth begin to rain,
May, peradventure, for his negligence,
Be thoroughly wash'd when he suspects it not.

We, that have charge, and such a train as this,
Must look in time to look for them and us,
Left, when we would, we cannot be reliev'd.

1. *F.* Belike, you then despair of all success,

30 of ill success.

And think your country will be subjugate.

3. *F.* We cannot tell; 'tis good, to fear the worst.

1. *F.* Yet rather fight, than, like unnatural sons,
Forfake your loving parents in distress.

2. *F.* Tush, they, that have already taken arms,
Are many fearful millions, in respect
Of that small handful of our enemies :
But 'tis a rightful quarrel must prevail ;
Edward is son unto our late king's sister,
Where *John Valois* is three degrees remov'd.

Wom. Besides, there goes a prophesy abroad,
Publish'd by one that was a friar once,
Whose oracles have many times prov'd true ;
And now he says, *The time will shortly come,*
When as a lion, roused in the west,
Shall carry hence the flower-de-luce of France :
These, I can tell ye, and such like surmises
Strike many *Frenchmen* cold unto the heart.

Enter another Frenchman, hastily.

4. *F.* Fly, countrymen, and citizens of *France* !
Sweet-flow'ring peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandon'd and expuls'd the land :
Instead of whom, ransack-constraining war
Sits like to ravens on your houses' tops ;
Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,
And, unrestrain'd, make havock as they pass :
The form whereof even now myself beheld,
Now, upon this fair mountain, whence I came.
For so far as I did direct mine eyes,
I might perceive five cities all on fire,

23 ransackt 24 upon your 29 far off as I directed

I 2

Corn-fields, and vineyards, burning like an oven;
 And, as the leaking vapour in the wind
 Turned aside, I likewise might discern
 The poor inhabitants, escapt the flame,
 Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes:
 Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath
 Do tread the measures of their tragick march;
 Upon the right hand comes the conquering king,
 Upon the left his hot unbridl'd son,
 And in the midst our nation's glittering host;
 All which, though distant, yet conspire in one
 To leave a desolation where they come.
 Fly, therefore, citizens, if you be wise,
 Seek out some habitation further off:
 Here if you stay, your wives will be abus'd,
 Your treasure shar'd before your weeping eyes;
 Shelter yourselves, for now the storm doth rise;
 Away, away! methinks, I hear their drums:—
 Ah wretched *France*, I greatly fear thy fall;
 Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same.*

*Drums. Enter King EDWARD, marching; DERBY, &c.
 and Forces, and Gobin de Grey.* [guide

EDW. Where is the *Frenchman*, by whose cunning
 We found the shallow of this river *Somme*,
 And had direction how to pass the sea?

GOB. Here, my good lord.

EDW. How art thou call'd? thy name?

GOB. *Gobin de Grey*, if please your excellence.

3 I turned but aside, 17 Shelter you your 26 Sene,

Edw. Then, *Gobin*, for the service thou hast done,
We here enlarge and give thee liberty ;
And, for a recompence, beside this good,
Thou shalt receive five hundred marks in gold. —
I know not how, we should have met our son ;
Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

Enter ARTOIS.

Art. Good news, my lord; the prince is hard at hand,
And with him comes lord *Audley*, and the rest,
Whom since our landing we could never meet.

Drums. Enter Prince, AUDLEY, and Forces.

Edw. Welcome, fair prince! How hast thou sped, my
Since thy arrival on the coast of *France*? [son,

Pri. Successfully, I thank the gracious heavens :
Some of their strongest cities we have won,
As *Harfleur*, *Lo*, *Crotage*, and *Carentan* ;
And others wasted ; leaving at our heels
A wide apparent field, and beaten path,
For solitariness to progress in :
Yet, those that would submit, we kindly pardon'd ;
For who in scorn refus'd our proffer'd peace,
Indur'd the penalty of sharp revenge. [nate

Edw. Ah, *France*, why should'st thou be thus obdurate
Against the kind embracement of thy friends ?
How gentle had we thought to touch thy breast,
And set our foot upon thy tender mold,
But that, in froward and disdainful pride,
Thou, like a skittish and untamed colt,
Dost start aside, and strike us with thy heels ? —
But tell me, *Ned*, in all thy warlike course

¹⁶ Harllen, Lie,

Hast thou not seen the usurping king of France?

Pri. Yes, my good lord, and not two hours ago,
With full an hundred thousand fighting men,
Upon the one side o' the river's bank,
I on the other; with his multitudes
I fear'd he would have crop'd our smaller power:
But, happily, perceiving your approach,
He hath withdrawn himself to *Cressi'* plains;
Where, as it seemeth by his good array,
He means to bid us battle presently.

EDW. He shall be welcome, that's the thing we crave.

Drums. Enter King JOHN; CHARLES,
and PHILIP, his sons; Bohemia, Lorrain, &c.
and Forces. [*France,—*

JOH. Now, Edward, know, that *Jahn*, true king of
Musing thou should'st encroach upon his land,
And, in thy tyrannous proceeding, slay
His faithful subjects, and subvert his towns,—
Spits in thy face; and in this manner following
Upbraids thee with thine arrogant intrusion.
First, I condemn thee for a fugitive,
A thievish pirate, and a needy mate;
One, that hath either no abiding place,
Or else, inhabiting some barren soil,
Where neither herb or fruitful grain is had,
Dost altogether live by pilfering:
Next,—inasmuch thou hast infring'd thy faith,
Broke league and solemn covenant made with me,—
I hold thee for a most pernicious wretch:
And last of all,—although I scorn to cope

4 Side with the 5 And on the other both his 15 John the true

With one so much inferior to myself ;
 Yet, in respect thy thirst is all for gold,
 Thy labour rather to be fear'd than lov'd,—
 To satisfy thy lust in either part,
 Here am I come ; and with me I have brought
 Exceeding store of treasure, pearl, and coin.
 Leave therefore now to persecute the weak ;
 And, armed ent'ring conflict with the arm'd,
 Let it be seen, 'mongst other petty thefts,
 How thou canst win this pillage manfully.
EDW. If gall, or wormwood, have a pleasant taste,
 Then is thy salutation honey-sweet :
 But as the one hath no such property,
 So is the other most satirical.
 Yet wot how I regard thy worthless taunts ; —
 If thou have utter'd them to foil my fame,
 Or dim the reputation of my birth,
 Know, that thy wolfish barking cannot hurt :
 If slyly to insinuate with the world,
 And with a strumpet's artificial line
 To paint thy vicious and deformed cause,
 Be well assur'd, the counterfeit will fade,
 And in the end thy foul defects be seen :
 But if thou did'st it to provoke me on,—
 As who should say, I were but timorous,
 Or, coldly negligent, did need a spur,—
 Bethink thyself, how slack I was at sea ;
 How, since my landing, I have won no towns,
 Enter'd no further but upon thy coast,
 And there have ever since securely slept.

¹ one such inferior

² Now, since

But if I have been otherways employ'd,
 Imagine, *Valois*, whether I intend
 To skirmish, not for pillage, but the crown
 Which thou dost wear; and that I vow to have,
 Or one of us shall fall into his grave.

Pri. Look not for cross invectives at our hands,
 Or railing execrations of despight:
 Let creeping serpents, hid in hollow banks,
 Sting with their tongues; we have remorseless swords,
 And they shall plead for us, and our affairs.
 Yet thus much, briefly, by my father's leave:
 As all the immodest poison of thy throat
 Is scandalous and most notorious lies,
 And our pretended quarrel truly just,
 So end the battle when we meet to-day;
 May either of us prosper and prevail,
 Or, luckless curst, receive eternal shame!

EDW. That needs no further question; and, I know,
 His conscience witnesseth, it is my right. —
 Therefore, *Valois*, say, wilt thou yet resign,
 Before the sickle's thrust into the corn,
 Or that enkindl'd fury turn'd to flame? [*France*;

JOH. Edward, I know what right thou hast in
 And ere I basely will resign my crown,
 This champion field shall be a pool of blood,
 And all our prospect as a slaughter-house.

Pri. Ay, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art:
 No father, king, or shepherd of thy realm;
 But one, that tears her entrails with thy hands,
 And, like a thirsty tiger, suck'st her blood.

3 but for the 14 quarrell is truly

AUD. You peers of *France*, why do you follow him
That is so prodigal to spend your lives?

CHA. Whom should they follow, aged impotent,
But he that is their true-born sovereign?

EDW. Upbraid'st thou him, because within his face
Time hath engrav'd deep characters of age?
Know, these grave scholars of experience,
Like stiff-grown oaks, will stand immoveable,
When whirl-wind quickly turns up younger trees.

DER. Was ever any of thy father's house
King, but thyself, before this present time?
Edward's great lineage, by the mother's side,
Five hundred years hath held the scepter up:—
Judge then, conspirators, by this descent,
Which is the true-born sovereign, this, or that.

PHI. Oon father, range your battles, prate no more;
These *English* fain would spend the time in words,
That, night approaching, they might scape unfought.

JOH. Lords, and my loving subjects, now's the time,
That your intended force must bide the touch:
Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief,—
He, that you fight for, is your natural king;
He, against whom you fight, a foreigner:
He, that you fight for, rules in clemency,
And reins you with a mild and gentle bit;
He, against whom you fight, if he prevail,
Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,
Make slaves of you, and, with a heavy hand,
Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty.
Then, to protect your country, and your king,

7 Know that these 19 knowes the

Let but the haughty courage of your hearts
 Answer the number of your able hands,
 And we shall quickly chase these fugitives.
 For what's this *Edward*, but a belly-god,
 A tender and lascivious wantonness,
 That t'other day was almost dead for love?
 And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard?
 Such as, but scant them of their chins of beef,
 And take away their downy feather-beds,
 And, presently, they are as resty-stiff
 As 'twere a many over-ridden jades.
 Then, *Frenchmen*, scorn that such should be your lords,
 And rather bind ye them in captive bands.

Fre. Vive le roi! God save king John of France!

JOH. Now on this plain of *Cressy* spread yourselves;—
 And, *Edward*, when thou dar'st, begin the fight.

[*Exeunt King JOHN, CHA. PHI. Lor. Boh. and Forces.*]

EDW. We presently will meet thee, *John of France*:—
 And, *English* lords, let us resolve this day,
 Either to clear us of that scandalous crime,
 Or be entombed in our innocence.—
 And, *Ned*, because this battle is the first
 That ever yet thou fought'st in pitched field,
 As ancient custom is of martialists,
 To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
 In solemn manner we will give thee arms:—
 Come, therefore, heralds, orderly bring forth
 A strong attirement for the prince my son.—

*Flourish. Enter four Heralds, bringing
 a Coat-armour, a Helmet, a Lance, and a Shield:*

19 the day,

First Herald delivers the Armour to King Edward ;

who, putting it on his Son,

Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,
As with this armour I impall thy breast,
So be thy noble unrelenting heart
Wall'd in with flint of matchless fortitude,
That never base affections enter there ;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st ! —
Now follow, lords, and do him honour too.

DER. [receiving the Helmet from the second Herald.]

Edward Plantagenet, prince of *Wales*,
As I do set this † helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenc'd,
So may thy temples, with *Bellona's* hand,
Be still adorn'd with laurel victory ;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st !

AUD. [receiving the Lance from the third Herald.]

Edward Plantagenet, prince of *Wales*,
Receive this † lance, into thy manlike hand ;
Use it in fashion of a brazen pen,
To draw forth bloody stratagems in *France*,
And print thy valiant deeds in honour's book ;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st !

ART. [receiving the Shield from the fourth Herald.]

Edward Plantagenet, prince of *Wales*,
Hold, take this † target, wear it on thy arm ;
And may the view thereof, like *Perseus'* shield,
Astonish and transform thy gazing foes
To senseless images of meager death ;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st !

† this braine

[which, defer'd,

EDW. Now wants there nought but knighthood ;
We leave, 'till thou hast won it in the field.

Pri. My gracious father, and ye forward peers,
This honour, you have done me, animates
And cheers my green yet-scarce-appearing strength
With comfortable good-prefaging signs ;
No otherwise than did old *Jacob's* words,
When as he breath'd his blessings on his sons :
These hallow'd gifts of yours when I prophane,
Or use them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherless, and poor,
Or for the benefit of *England's* peace,
Be numb my joints ! wax feeble both mine arms !
Wither my heart ! that, like a sapless tree,
I may remain the map of infamy.

EDW. Then thus our steeled battles shall be rang'd ;—
The leading of the vaward, *Ned*, is thine ;
To dignify whose lusty spirit the more,
We temper it with *Audley's* gravity ;
That, courage and experience join'd in one,
Your manage may be second unto none :
For the main battles, I will guide myself ;
And, *Derby*, in the rearward march behind.
That orderly dispos'd, and set in 'ray,
Let us to horse ; And God grant us the day !

SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Enter a
many Frenchmen, flying ; Prince, and
English, pursuing ; and Exeunt : then*

Enter King JOHN, and LORRAIN.

JOH. O *Lorrain*, say, what mean our men to fly?
Our number is far greater than our foes.

LOR. The garrison of *Genoeses*, my lord,
That came from *Paris*, weary with their march,
Grudging to be so suddenly employ'd,
No sooner in the fore-front took their place,
But, straight retiring, so dismay'd the rest,
As likewise they betook themselves to flight;
In which, for haste to make a safe escape,
More in the clust'ring throng are press'd to death,
Than by the enemy, a thousand fold.

JOH. O hapless fortune! Let us yet assay
If we can counsel some of them to stay. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Drums. *Enter King EDWARD, and AUDLEY.*

EDW. Lord *Audley*, whiles our son is in the chase,
Withdraw your powers unto this little hill,
And here a season let us breath ourselves.

AUD. I will, my lord. [Exit AUDLEY. Retreat.]

EDW. Just-dooming heaven, whose secret provi-
To our gross judgment is unscrutable, [dence
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day giv'n way unto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselves?

Enter ARTOIS, hastily.

ART. Rescue, king *Edward*! rescue for thy son!

EDW. Rescue, *Artois*? what, is he prisoner?
Or, else, by violence fell beside his horse?

ART. Neither, my lord; but narrowly beset
With turning *Frenchmen*, whom he did pursue,
As 'tis impossible that he should scape,
Except your highness presently descend.

EDW. Tut, let him fight; we gave him arms to-day.
And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

Enter DERBY, hastily. [him;

DER. The prince, my lord, the prince! o, succour
He's close encompass'd with a world of odds!

EDW. Then will he win a world of honour too.
If he by valour can redeem him thence:
If not, What remedy? we have more sons
Than one, to comfort our declining age.

Re-enter AUDLEY, hastily.

AUD. Renowned *Edward*, give me leave, I pray,
To lead my soldiers, where I may relieve
Your grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The snares of *French*, like emmets on a bank,
Must about him; whilst he, lion-like,
Entangl'd in the net of their assaults,
Frantickly wrends, and bites the woven toil:
But all in vain, he cannot free himself.

EDW. *Audley*, content; I will not have a man,
On pain of death, sent forth to succour him:
This is the day ordain'd by destiny
To season his green courage with those thoughts,
That, if he break'th out *Nestor's* years on earth,
Will make him favour still of this exploit.

DER. Ah, but he shall not live to see those days.

EDW. Why, then his epitaph is lasting praise.

26 his courage with those grievous thoughts,

Aud. Yet, good my lord, 'tis too much wilfulness,
To let his blood be spilt, that may be sav'd.

Edw. Exclaim no more ; for none of you can tell,
Whether a borrow'd aid will serve, or no ;
Perhaps, he is already slain, or ta'en :
And dare a falcon when she's in her flight,
And ever after she'll be haggard-like :
Let *Edward* be deliver'd by our hands,
And still, in danger, he'll expect the like ;
But if himself himself redeem from thence,
He will have vanquish'd, cheerful, death, and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more,
Than if they were but babes, or captive slaves.

Aud. O cruel father ! — Farewel, *Edward*, then !

Der. Farewel, sweet prince, the hope of chivalry !

Art. O, would my life might ransom him from death !

Edw. Forbear, my lords, — But, soft ; methinks, I hear
[Retreat sounded.]

The dismal charge of trumpets' loud retreat :
All are not slain, I hope, that went with him ;
Some will return with tidings, good, or bad.

Flourish. Enter Prince Edward

*in Triumph, bearing in his Hand his shiver'd
Lance ; his Sword, and batter'd Armour, born
before him, and the Body of the King of Bo-
hemia, wrapt in the Colours : Lords run
and embrace him.*

Aud. O joyful fight ! victorious *Edward* lives !

Der. Welcome, brave prince !

Edw. Welcome, *Plantagenet* ! [embracing him.]

Pri. First having done my duty, as befeem'd,

[kneels, and kifses his Father's Hand.]

Lords, I regret you all with hearty thanks.
 And now, behold,—after my winter's toil,
 My painful voyage on the boift'rous sea
 Of war's devouring gulphs and steely rocks,—
 I bring my freight unto the wished port,
 My summer's hope, my travel's sweet reward :
 And here, with humble duty, I present
 This † sacrifice, this first fruit of my sword,
 Cropt and cut down even at the gate of death,
 The king of *Bobeme*, father, whom I slew ;
 Whose thousands had intrench'd me round about,
 And lay as thick upon my batter'd crest,
 As on an anvil, with their pond'rous glaives :
 Yet marble courage still did underprop ;
 And when my weary arms, with often blows,—
 Like the continual-lab'ring woodman's axe,
 That is enjoin'd to fell a load of oaks,—
 Began to falter, straight I would remember
 My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow,
 And then new courage made me fresh again ;
 That, in despite, I carv'd my passage forth,
 And put the multitude to speedy flight.
 Lo, thus hath *Edward's* hand 'fill'd your request,
 And done, I hope, the duty of a knight. *[Ned!]*

Edw. Ay, well thou hast deserv'd a knighthood,
 And, therefore, with thy sword, yet reeking warm
[receiwing it from the Soldier who bore it, and laying it on the kneeling Prince.]

† Whom you said had 20 would recover :

With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,
 Arise, prince *Edward*, trusty knight at arms :
 This day thou hast confounded me with joy,
 And prov'd thyself fit heir unto a king.

Pri. Here is a † note, my gracious lord, of those
 That in this conflict of our foes were slain :

Eleven princes of esteem ; fourscore

Barons, and earls ; a hundred twenty knights ;

And thirty thousand private soldiers ;

And, of our men, a thousand. [hope,

Edw. Our God be prais'd ! Now, *John of France*, I

Thou know'st king *Edward* for no wantonness,

No love-sick cockney ; nor his soldiers, jades. —

But which way is the fearful king escap'd ?

Pri. Towards *Poitiers*, noble father, and his sons.

Edw. *Ned*, thou, and *Audley*, shall pursue them still ;

Myself, and *Derby*, will to *Calais* straight,

And their begirt that haven-town with siege :

Now lies it on an upshot ; therefore strike,

And wistly follow while the game's on foot.

What picture's this ? [pointing to the Colours.

Pri. A pelican, my lord,

Wounding her bosom with her crooked beak,

That so her nest of young ones may be fed

With drops of blood that issue from her heart ;

The motto, *Sic et vos*, And so should you.

[Flourish. *Exeunt in Triumph.*

A C T IV.

* hundred and twentie

K

SCENE I. *Bretagne. Camp of the English Forces under the Earl of Salisbury; Salisbury's Tent. Enter SALISBURY; to him, the Earl of MONTFORT, attended, a Coronet in his Hand.*

MON. My lord of Salisbury, since by your aid
Mine enemy Sir Charles of Blois is slain,
And I again am quietly possess'd
In *Bretagne's* dukedom, know, that I resolve,
For this kind furtherance of your king, and you,
To swear allegiance to his majesty:
In sign whereof, receive this † coronet,
Bear it unto him; and, withal, my oath,
Never to be but *Edward's* faithful friend.

SAL. I take it, *Monfort*: Thus, I hope, ere long
The whole dominions of the realm of *France*
Will be surrender'd to his conquering hand.

[*Exeunt MONTFORT, and Train.*
Now, if I knew but safely how to pass,
I would at *Calais* gladly meet his grace,
Whither, I am by letters certify'd,
That he intends to have his host remov'd.
It shall be so; this policy will serve: —
Ho, who's within? Bring *Villiers* to me. —

Enter VILLIERS.

Villiers, thou know'st, thou art my prisoner,
And that I might, for ransom, if I would,
Require of thee an hundred thousand franks,
Or else retain and keep thee captive still:
But so it is, that for a smaller charge
Thou may'st be quit, an if thou wilt thyself;

† † would to Calice † † Yet he

And this it is, Procure me but a passport
 Of *Charles* the duke of *Normandy*, that I,
 Without restraint, may have recourse to *Calais*
 Through all the countries where he hath to do,
 (Which thou may'st easily obtain, I think,
 By reason I have often heard thee say,
 He and thyself were students once together)
 And then thou shalt be set at liberty.
 How say'st thou? wilt thou undertake to do it?

VIL. I will, my lord; but I must speak with him.

SAL. Why, so thou shalt; take horse, and post from
 Only, before thou go'st, swear by thy faith, [hence:
 That, if thou can'st not compass my desire,
 Thou wilt return my prisoner back again;
 And that shall be sufficient warrant for thee.

VIL. To that condition I agree, my lord,
 And will unfeignedly perform the same.

SAL. Farewel, *Villiers*. — [Exit *VILLIERS*.
 Thus, once I mean to try a *Frenchman's* faith.

SCENE II. Picardy.

The English Camp before Calais.

Enter King EDWARD, and DERBY, with Soldiers.

EDW. Since thy refuse our proffer'd league, my lord,
 And will not ope the gates, and let us in,
 We will intrench ourselves on every side,
 That neither victuals, nor supply of men,
 May come to succour this accursed town;
 Famine shall combat where our swords are stopt.

DER. The promis'd aid, that made them stand aloof,

7 and thou were

K 2

Is now retir'd, and gone another way;
It will repent them of their stubborn will.

Enter some poor Frenchmen.

But what are these poor ragged slaves, my lord? [*Calais.*

EDW. Ask what they are; it seems, they come from

DER. You wretched patterns of despair, and woe,
What are ye? living men; or gliding ghosts,
Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth?

I. F. No ghosts, my lord, but men that breath a life
Far worse than is the quiet sleep of death:

We are distressed poor inhabitants,
That long have been diseased, sick, and lame;
And now, because we are not fit to serve,
The captain of the town hath thrust us forth,
That so expence of victuals may be sav'd.

EDW. A charitable deed, and worthy praise—
But how do you imagine then to speed?

We are your enemies; in such a case
We can no less but put you to the sword,
Since, when we proffer'd truce, it was refus'd.

I. F. An if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,
As welcome death is unto us as life. [*treas'd! —*

EDW. Poor silly men, much wrong'd, and more dis-
Go, *Derby*, go, and see they be reliev'd;
Command that victuals be appointed them,
And give to every one five crowns apiece:—

[*Exeunt DERBY, and Frenchmen.*

The lion scorns to touch the yielding prey;
And *Edward's* sword must fresh itself in such
As wilful stubbornness hath made perverse.—

* 6 decide, no doubt, and

Enter the Lord PERCY, from England.

Lord Percy! welcome: What's the news in *England*?

PER. The queen, my lord, commends her to your grace;
And from her highness, and the lord vice-gerent,
I bring this happy tidings of success:

David of Scotland, lately up in arms,
(Thinking, belike, he soonest should prevail,
Your highness being absent from the realm)
Is, by the faithful service of your peers,
And painful travel of the queen herself,
That, big with child, was every day in arms,
Vanquish'd, subdu'd, and taken prisoner.

EDW. Thanks, *Percy*, for thy news, with all my heart!
What was he, took him prisoner in the field?

PER. A squire, my lord; *John Copland* is his name:
Who since, entreated by her majesty,
Denies to make surrender of his prize
To any but unto your grace alone;
Whereat the queen is grievously displeas'd.

EDW. Well, then we'll have a purfuiuant dispatch'd,
To summon *Copland* hither out of hand,
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.

PER. The queen's, my lord, herself by this at sea;
And purposeth, as soon as wind will serve,
To land at *Calais*, and to visit you.

EDW. She shall be welcome; and, to wait her coming,
I'll pitch my tent near to the sandy shore.

Enter a French Captain.

Cap. The burgesies of *Calais*, mighty king,
Have, by a council, willingly decreed

3 comes here to

K 3

To yield the town, and castle, to your hands ;
 Upon condition, it will please your grace
 To grant them benefit of life, and goods. [mand,

EDW. They will so ! then, belike, they may com-
 Dispose, elect, and govern as they list
 No, firrah, tell them, since they did refuse
 Our princely clemency at first proclaim'd,
 They shall not have it now, although they would ;
 I will accept of nought but fire and sword,
 Except, within these two days, fix of them,
 That are the wealthiest merchants in the town,
 Come naked, all but for their linnen shirts,
 With each a halter hang'd about his neck,
 And prostrate yield themselves, upon their knees,
 To be afflicted, hang'd, or what I please ;
 And so you may inform their masterhips.

[*Exeunt EDWARD, and PERCY.*

Cap. Why, this it is to trust a broken staff.
 Had we not been persuaded, *John* our king
 Would with his army have reliev'd the town,
 We had not stood upon defiance so :
 But now 'tis past that no man can recall ;
 And better some do go to wreck, than all. [Exit.

SCENE III. Poitou. Fields near Poitiers.

The French Camp ; Tent of the Duke of Normandy.

Enter CHARLES, and VILLIERS. [me

CHA. I wonder, *Villiers*, thou should'st importune
 For one that is our deadly enemy.

VIL. Not for his sake, my gracious lord, so much

Am I become an earnest advocate,
As that thereby my ransom will be quit. [that ?

CHA. Thy ransom, man ! why, need'st thou talk of
Art thou not free ? and are not all occasions,
That happen for advantage of our foes,
To be accepted of, and stood upon ?

VIL. No, good my lord, except the same be just ;
For profit must with honour be comixt,
Or else our actions are but scandalous :
But, letting pass these intricate objections,
Wilt please your highness to subscribe, or no ?

CHA. *Villiers*, I will not, nor I cannot do it ;
Salisbury shall not have his will so much,
To claim a passport how it pleas'th himself.

VIL. Why, then I know the extremity, my lord,
I must return to prison whence I came.

CHA. Return ! I hope, thou wilt not, *Villiers* :
What bird, that hath escap'd the fowler's gin,
Will not be ware how she's ensnar'd again ?
Or, what is he, so senseless, and secure,
That, having hardly pass'd a dangerous gulph,
Will put himself in peril there again ?

VIL. Ah, but it is my oath, my gracious lord,
Which I in conscience may not violate,
Or else a kingdom should not draw me hence.

CHA. Thine oath ! why, that doth bind thee to abide :
Hast thou not sworn obedience to thy prince ?

VIL. In all things that uprightly he commands :
But either to persuade, or threaten me,
Not to perform the covenant of my word,

Is lawless, and I need not to obey.

CHA. Why, is it lawful for a man to kill,
And not, to break a promise with his foe? [claim'd,

VIL. To kill, my lord, when war is once pro-
So that our quarrel be for wrongs receiv'd,
No doubt, is lawfully permitted us:

But, in an oath, we must be well advis'd
How we do swear; and, when we once have sworn,
Not to infringe it, though we die therefore:
Therefore, my lord, as willing I return,
As if I were to fly to paradise. [going.

CHA. Stay, my *Villiers*; thy honourable mind
Deserves to be eternally admir'd.

Thy suit shall be no longer thus defer'd;
Give me the paper, I'll subscribe to it:

[signs, and gives it back.

And, where tofore I lov'd thee as *Villiers*,
Hereafter I'll embrace thee as myself;
Stay, and be still in favour with thy lord.

VIL. I humbly thank your grace: I must dispatch,
And send this passport first unto the earl,
And then I will attend your highness' pleasure.

[Exit VILLIERS.

CHA. Do so, *Villiers*; — And *Charles*, when he hath
Be such his soldiers, howfoe'er he speed! [need,

Enter King JOHN. [trap'd,

JOH. Come, *Charles*, and arm thee; *Edward* is en-
The prince of *Wales* is fallen into our hands,
And we have compass'd him, he cannot scape.

CHA. But will your highness fight to-day?

JOH. What else, my son ? he's scarce eight thousand.
And we are threecore thousand at the least. [strong,

CHA. I have a † prophesy, my gracious lord,
Wherein is written, what succels is like
To happen us in this outrageous war ;
It was deliver'd me at Cressi' field,
By one that is an aged hermit there. [reads.

*When feather'd fowl shall make thine army tremble,
and flint stones rise, and break the battle 'ray,
then think on him that doth not now dissemble ;
for that shall be the hapless dreadful day :
yet, in the end, thy foot thou shalt advance
as far in England, as thy foe in France.*

JOH. By this it seems we shall be fortunate :
For as it is impossible, that stones
Should ever rise, and break the battle 'ray ;
Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake ;
So is it like, we shall not be subdu'd :
Or, say this might be true, yet, in the end,
Since he doth promise, we shall drive him hence,
And forrage their country, as they have done ours,
By this revenge that loss will seem the less.
But all are frivolous fancies, toys, and dreams :
Once, we are sure we have ensnar'd the son,
Catch we the father after how we can. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same. The English Camp.*

Enter Prince Edward, AUDLEY, and Others.

Pri. Audley, the arms of death embrace us round,
And comfort have we none, save that to die,

To pay four earnest for a sweeter life.
 At *Cressy*' field our clouds of warlike smoke
 Choak'd up those *French* mouths, and dissever'd them;
 But now their multitudes of millions hide,
 Masking as 'twere, the beauteous burning sun;
 Leaving no hope to us, but fullen dark,
 And eyeless terror of all-ending night.

Aud. This sudden, mighty, and expedient head,
 That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful.
 Before us in the valley lies the king,
 Vantag'd with all that heaven and earth can yield;
 His party stronger battl'd than our whole:
 His son, the braving duke of *Normandy*,
 Hath trim'd the mountain on our right hand up
 In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
 Shews like a silver quarry, or an orb;
 Aloft the which, the banners bannerets,
 And new-replenish'd pendants, cuff the air,
 And beat the winds, that, for their gaudiness,
 Struggles to kiss them: on our left hand lies
Philip, the younger issue of the king,
 Coating the other hill in such array,
 That all his gilded upright pikes do seem
 Strait trees of gold, the pendant streamers, leaves;
 And their device of antique heraldry,
 Quarter'd in colours seeming sundry fruits,
 Makes it the orchard of the *Hesperides*:
 Behind us too the hill doth bear his height,
 (For, like a half-moon, op'ning but one way,
 It rounds us in) there at our backs are lodg'd

1 We pay 28 us two the

The fatal cross-bows ; and the battle there
 Is govern'd by the rough *Cbatillion*.
 Then thus it stands,—The valley for our flight
 The king binds in ; the hills on either hand
 Are proudly royalized by his sons ;
 And on the hill behind stands certain death,
 In pay and service with *Cbatillion*. [deeds ;—

Pri. Death's name is much more mighty than his
 Thy parcelling this power hath made it more.
 As many sands as these my hands can hold,
 Are but my handful of so many sands ;
 Then, all the world,—and call it but a power,—
 Is easily ta'en up, and quickly thrown away :
 But, if I stand to count them sand by sand,
 The number would confound my memory,
 And make a thousand millions of a task,
 Which, briefly, is no more, indeed, than one.
 These quarter'd squadrons, and these regiments,
 Before, behind us, and on either hand,
 Are but a power : When we name a man,
 His hand, his foot, his head, have several strengths ;
 And being all but one self instant strength,
 Why, all this many, *Audley*, is but one,
 And we can call it all but one man's strength.
 He, that hath far to go, tells it by miles ;
 If he should tell the steps, it kills his heart :
 The drops are infinite, that make a flood ;
 And yet, thou know'st, we call it but a rain.
 There is but one *France*, and one king of *France*,
 That *France* hath no more kings ; and that same king

18 quarters, squadrons, 21 hath severall

Hath but the puissant legion of one king;
And we have one: Then apprehend no odds;
For one to one is fair equality.—

Enter a Herald.

What tidings, messenger? be plain, and brief.

Her. The king of *France*, my sovereign lord and master,
Greets thus by me his foe the prince of *Wales*: [ter,
If thou call forth an hundred men of name,
Of lords, knights, 'squires, and *English* gentlemen,
And with thyself and those kneel at his feet,
He straight will fold his bloody colours up,
And ransom shall redeem lives forfeited:
If not, this day shall drink more *English* blood
Than e'er was bury'd in our *British* earth.

What is the answer to his proffer'd mercy? [mercy

Pri. This † heaven, that covers *France*, contains the
That draws from me submissive orisons;
That such base breath should vanish from my lips,
To urge the plea of mercy to a man,
The Lord forbid! Return, and tell thy king,
My tongue is made of steel, and it shall beg
My mercy on his coward burgonet;
Tell him, my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our *English* arms as strong,
Return him my defiance in his face.

Her. I go.

[*Exit Herald.*

Enter another Herald.

Pri. What news with thee?

Her. The duke of *Normandy*, my lord and master,
Pitying thy youth is so engirt with peril,

By me hath sent a nimble-jointed jennet,
 As swift as ever yet thou did'st bestride,
 And therewithal he counsels thee to fly ;
 Else, death himself hath sworn, that thou shalt die.

Pri. Back with the beast unto the beast that sent
 Tell him, I cannot sit a coward's horse : [him ;
 Bid him to-day bestride the jade himself ;
 For I will stain my horse quite o'er with blood,
 And double-gild my spurs, but I will catch him ;
 So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone. [*Exit Her.*

Enter another Herald.

Her. *Edward of Wales, Philip*, the second son
 To the most mighty christian king of *France*,
 Seeing thy body's living date expir'd,
 All full of charity and christian love,
 Commends this † book, full fraught with holy prayers,
 To thy fair hand, and, for thy hour of life,
 Intreats thee that thou meditate therein,
 And arm thy soul for her long journey towards.
 Thus have I done his bidding, and return.

Pri. Herald of *Philip*, greet thy lord from me ;
 All good, that he can send, I can receive :
 But think'st thou not, the unadvised boy
 Hath wrong'd himself, in thus far tend'ring me ?
 Haply, he cannot pray without the book ;
 I think him no divine extemporal :
 Then render † back this common-place of prayer,
 To do himself good in adversity :
 Besides, he knows not my sin's quality,
 And therefore knows no prayers for my avail ;

Ere night his prayer may be, to pray to God
 To put it in my heart to hear his prayer ;
 So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

Her. I go.

[*Exit Herald.*]

Pri. How confident their strength and number makes
 Now, *Audley*, sound those silver wings of thine, [them!—
 And let those milk-white messengers of time
 Shew thy time's learning in this dangerous time :
 Thyself art bruised and bent with many broils,
 And stratagems forepast with iron pens
 Are texed in thine honourable face ;
 Thou art a marry'd man in this distress,
 But danger wooes me as a blushing maid ;
 Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

Aud. To die is all as common, as to live ;
 The one in choice, the other holds in chace :
 For, from the instant we begin to live,
 We do pursue and hunt the time to die :
 First bud we, then we blow, and after seed ;
 Then, presently, we fall ; and, as a shade
 Follows the body, so we follow death.
 If then we hunt for death, why do we fear it ?
 Or, if we fear it, why do we follow it ?
 If we do fear, with fear we do but aid
 The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner :
 If we fear not, then no resolved proffer
 Can overthrow the limit of our fate :
 For, whether ripe, or rotten, drop we shall,
 As we do draw the lottery of our doom. [*mours*

Pri. Ah, good old man, a thousand thousand ar-

9 art busie, and bit with

These words of thine have buckl'd on my back :
 Ah, what an idiot hast thou made of life,
 To seek the thing it fears ! and how disgrac'd
 The imperial victory of murd'ring death !
 Since all the lives, his conquering arrows strike,
 Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.
 I will not give a penny for a life,
 Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death ;
 Since for to live is but to seek to die,
 And dying but beginning of new life :
 Let come the hour when he that rules it will !
 To live, or die, I hold indifferent. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. The same. The French Camp.

Enter King JOHN, and CHARLES.

JOH. A sudden darknefs hath defac'd the sky,
 The winds are crept into their caves for fear,
 The leaves move not, the world is hush'd and still,
 The birds cease singing, and the wand'ring brooks
 Murmur no wonted greeting to their shores ;
 Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth
 That heaven should pronounce some prophecy :
 Where, or from whom, proceeds this silence, *Charles* ?

CHA. Our men, with open mouths, and staring eyes,
 Look on each other, as they did attend
 Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks ;
 A tongue-ty'd fear hath made a midnight hour,
 And speeches sleep through all the waking regions.

JOH. But now the pompous fun, in all his pride,
 Look'd through his golden coach upon the world,

And, on a sudden, hath he hid himself;
That now the under earth is as a grave,
Dark, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable.

[*a Clamour of Ravens heard.*]

Hark! what a deadly outcry do I hear!

CHA. Here comes my brother *Philip*.

JOH. All dismay'd:—

Enter PHILIP.

What fearful words are those thy looks preface?

PHI. A flight, a flight! [no flight.]

JOH. Coward, what flight? thou ly'st, there needs

PHI. A flight!

JOH. Awake thy craven powers, and tell on
The substance of that very fear indeed,
Which is so gaffly printed in thy face:
What is the matter?

PHI. A flight of ugly ravens
Do croak and hover o'er our soldiers' heads,
And keep in triangles, and corner'd squares,
Right as our forces are embattel'd;
With their approach there came this sudden fog,
Which now hath hid the airy floor of heaven,
And made at noon a night unnatural
Upon the quaking and dismayed world:
In brief, our soldiers have let fall their arms,
And stand like metamorphos'd images,
Bloodless and pale, one gazing on another.

JOH. Ay, now I call to mind the prophecy;
But I must give no entrance to a fear.—
Return, and hearten up those yielding souls;

Tell them, the ravens, seeing them in arms,—
 So many fair against a famish'd few,—
 Come but to dine upon their handy-work,
 And prey upon the carrion that they kill:
 For when we see a horse lay'd down to die,
 Although he be not dead, the ravenous birds
 Sit watching the departure of his life;
 Even so these ravens, for the carcases
 Of those poor *English*, that are mark'd to die,
 Hover about; and, if they cry to us,
 'Tis but for meat that we must kill for them.
 Away, and comfort up my soldiers,
 And sound the trumpets; and at once dispatch
 This little business of a silly fraud. [*Exit PHILIP.*

*Noise within. Enter a French Captain,
 with SALISBURY, Prisoner.* [more,—

Cap. Behold, my liege, this knight, and forty
 Of whom the better part are slain and fled,—
 With all endeavour sought to break our ranks,
 And make their way to the encompass'd prince;
 Dispose of him as please your majesty.

JOH. Go, and the next bough, soldier, that thou see'st,
 Disgrace it with his body presently:
 For I do hold a tree in *France* too good
 To be the gallows of an *English* thief.

SAL. My lord of *Normandy*, I have your pass
 And warrant for my safety through this land.

CHA. Villiers procur'd it for thee, did he not?

SAL. He did.

CHA. And it is current, thou shalt freely pass.

17 mo,

L

JOH. Ay, freely to the gallows to be hang'd,
Without denial, or impediment : —
Away with him.

CHA. I hope, your highness will not so disgrace me,
And dash the virtue of my seal at arms :
He hath my never-broken name to shew,
Character'd with this princely hand of mine ;
And rather let me leave to be a prince,
Than break the stable verdict of a prince :
I do beseech you, let him pass in quiet.

JOH. Thou and thy word lie both in my command ;
What can'st thou promise, that I cannot break ?
Which of these twain is greater infamy,
To disobey thy father, or thyself ?
Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his power ;
Nor that same man doth never break his word,
That keeps it to the utmost of his power :
The breach of faith dwells in the soul's consent ;
Which if thyself without consent do break,
Thou art not charged with the breach of faith. —
Go, hang him ; for thy licence lies in me : —
And my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

CHA. What, am I not a soldier in my word ?
Then, arms adieu, and let them fight that list :
Shall I not give my girdle from my waste,
But with a guardian I shall be controul'd,
To say, I may not give my things away ?
Upon my soul, had *Edward* prince of *Wales*,
Engag'd his word, writ down his noble hand,
For all your knights to pass his father's land,

The royal king; to grace his warlike son,
Would not alone safe-conduct give to them,
But with all bounty feasted them and theirs.

JOH. Dwell'st thou on precedents? Then be it so.—
Say, *Englishman*, of what degree thou art?

SAL. An earl in *England*, though a prisoner here;
And those, that know me, call me *Salisbury*.

JOH. Then, *Salisbury*, say, whither thou art bound?

SAL. To *Calais*, where my liege, king *Edward*, is.

JOH. To *Calais*, *Salisbury*? Then to *Calais* pack;
And bid the king prepare a noble grave,
To put his princely son, black *Edward*, in.
And as thou travel'st westward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill,
Whose top seems topless, for the embracing sky
Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom;
Upon whose tall top when thy foot attains,
Look back upon the humble vale below,
(Humble of late, but now made proud with arms)
And thence behold the wretched prince of *Wales*,
Hoop'd with a band of iron round about.
After which fight, to *Calais* spur amain,
And say, the prince was smother'd, and not slain:
And tell the king, this is not all his ill;
For I will greet him, ere he thinks I will.
Away, be gone; The smoke but of our shot
Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them not.

SCENE VI. *The same. A Part of the Field of Battle.*
Alarums, as of a Battle join'd; Skirmishings.

Enter Prince Edward, and ARTOIS. [lord?

ART. How fares your grace? are you not shot, my

Pri. No, dear *Artois*; but chok'd with dust and smoke,
And stept aside for breath and fresher air.

ART. Breath then, and to't again: the amazed *French*
Are quite distract with gazing on the crows;
And, were our quivers full of shafts again,
Your grace should see a glorious day of this:—
O, for more arrows, lord! that is our want.

Pri. Courage, *Artois*! a fig for feather'd shafts,
When feather'd fowls do bandy on our side!
What need we fight, and sweat, and keep a coil,
When railing crows out-scold our adversaries?
Up, up, *Artois*! the ground itself is arm'd
~~With~~ fire-containing flint; command our bows
To hurl away their pretty-colour'd yew,
And to't with stones: Away, *Artois*, away;
My soul doth prophecy we win the day. [Exeunt.

Alarums, and Parties skirmishing.

Enter King JOHN.

JOH. Our multitudes are in themselves confounded,
Dismayed, and distraught; swift-starting fear
Hath buz'd a cold dismay through all our army,
And every petty disadvantage prompts
The fear-possessed abject soul to fly:
Myself, whose spirit is steel to their dull lead,
(What with recalling of the prophecy,
And that our native stones from *English* arms
Rebel against us) find myself attainted
With strong surprize of weak and yielding fear.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Fly, father, fly! the *French* do kill the *French*;
Some, that would stand, let drive at some that fly:
Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,
Our trumpets sound dishonour and retire;
The spirit of fear, that feareth nought but death,
Cowardly works confusion on itself.

Enter PHILIP. [shame!

PHI. Pluck out your eyes, and see not this day's
An arm hath beat an army; one poor *David*
Hath with a stone foil'd twenty stout *Goliaths*:
Some twenty naked starvelings, with small flints,
Have driven back a puissant host of men,
Array'd and fenc'd in all accomplishments.

JOH. *Mordieu*, they quoit at us, and kill us up;
No less than forty thousand wicked elders
Have forty lean slaves this day ston'd to death.

CHA. O, that I were some other countryman!
This day hath set derision on the *French*;
And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.

JOH. What, is there no hope left?

PHI. No hope, but death, to bury up our shame.

JOH. Make up once more with me; the twentieth
Of those that live, are men enough to quail [part
The feeble handful on the adverse part.

CHA. Then charge again: if heaven be not oppos'd,
We cannot lose the day.

JOH. On, on; away. [Exeunt.

*Alarums, &c. Enter AUDLEY, wounded,
and two Esquires, his Rescuers.*

1. *E.* How fares my lord ?

Aud. E'en as a man may do,
That dines at such a bloody feast as this.

2. *E.* I hope, my lord, that is no mortal fear.

Aud. No matter, if it be ; the count is cast,
And, in the worst, ends but a mortal man.
Good friends, convey me to the princely *Edward*,
That, in the crimson bravery of my blood,
I may become him with saluting him ;
I'll smile, and tell him, that this open scar
Doth end the harvest of his *Audley's* war. [Exeunt.

Other Alarums ; afterwards, a Retreat.

SCENE VII. *The same. The English Camp.*

*Flourish. Enter Prince Edward, in Triumph,
leading Prisoners, King JOHN, and his Son Charles ;
and Officers, Soldiers, &c. with Ensigns spread.*

Pri. Now, *John* in France, and lately *John* of France,
Thy bloody ensigns are my captive colours ;
And you, high-vaunting *Charles* of Normandy,
That once to-day sent me a horse to fly,
Are now the subjects of my clemency.
Fie, lords ! is't not a shame, that *English* boys,
Whose early days are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the bosom of your kingdom thus,
One against twenty, beat you up together ?

John. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath conquer'd us.

Pri. An argument, that heaven aids the right. —

Enter Artois, with Philip.

See, see, *Artois* doth bring along with him.

The late good counsel-giver to my soul! —
 Welcome, *Artois*; — and welcome, *Philip*, too:
 Who now, of you, or I, have need to pray?
 Now is the proverb verify'd in you,
 Too bright a morning breeds a louring day. —

Enter AUDLEY, led by the two Esquires.

But, say, what grim discouragement comes here!
 Alas, what thousand armed men of *France*
 Have writ that note of death in *Audley's* face? —
 Speak, thou that woo'st death with thy careless smile,
 And look'st so merrily upon thy grave
 As if thou wert enamour'd on thy end,
 What hungry sword hath so bereav'd thy face,
 And lop'd a true friend from my loving soul?

AUD. O prince, thy sweet bemoaning speech to me
 Is as a mournful knell to one dead-sick.

Pri. Dear *Audley*, if my tongue ring out thy end,
 My arms † shall be thy grave: What may I do,
 To win thy life, or to revenge thy death?
 If thou wilt drink the blood of captive kings,—
 Or, that it were restorative, command
 A health of king's blood, and I'll drink to thee:
 If honour may dispense for thee with death,
 The never-dying honour of this day
 Share wholly, *Audley*, to thyself, and live.

AUD. Victorious prince,— that thou art so, behold
 A *Cæsar's* fame in kings' captivity,—
 If I could hold dim death but at a bay,
 'Till I did see my liege thy royal father,
 My soul should yield this cattle of my flesh,

22 A Heath 29 thy loyall

I. 4

This mangl'd tribute, with all willingness,
To darkness' consummation, dust, and worms.

Pri. Cheerly, bold man! thy soul is all too proud,
To yield, her city, for one little breach,
Should be divorced from her earthly spouse
By the soft temper of a *Frenchman's* sword:
Lo, to repair thy life, I give to thee
Three thousand marks a year in *English* land.

Aud. I take thy gift, to pay the debts I owe:
These two poor 'squires redeem'd me from the *French*,
With lusty and dear hazard of their lives;
What thou hast given to me, I give to them;
And, as thou lov'st me, prince, lay thy consent
To this bequeath in my last testament.

Pri. Renowned *Audley*, live, and have from me
This gift twice doubl'd, to these 'squires, and thee:
But, live, or die, what thou hast given away,
To these, and theirs, shall lasting freedom stay.
Come, gentlemen, I'll see my friend bestow'd
Within an easy litter; then we'll march
Proudly toward *Calais*, with triumphant pace,
Unto my royal father, And there bring
The tribute of my wars, fair *France's* king.

ACT V.

SCENE, Picardy. *The English Camp before Calais.*

Enter EDWARD, with Philippa his Queen, and

DERBY; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edw. No more, queen *Philippe*, pacify yourself;

²³ France his king.

Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
 Shall find displeasure written in our looks. —
 And now unto this proud resisting town :
 Soldiers, assault ; I will no longer stay,
 To be deluded by their false delays ;
 Put all to sword, and make the spoil your own.

Trumpets sound to Arms.

*Enter, from the Town, six Citizens,
 in their Shirts, and bare-footed,
 with Halters about their Necks.*

Cit. Mercy, king *Edward* ! mercy, gracious lord !

EDW. Contemptuous villains ! call ye now for truce ?
 Mine ears are stop't against your bootless cries : —
 Sound, drums ; [*Alarum*] draw, threat'ning swords !

1. *C.* Ah, noble prince,
 Take pity on this town, and hear us, mighty king !
 We claim the promise that your highness made ;
 The two days' respite is not yet expir'd,
 And we are come, with willingness, to bear
 What torturing death, or punishment, you please,
 So that the trembling multitude be sav'd.

EDW. My promise ? well, I do confess as much :
 But I require the chiefest citizens,
 And men of most account, that should submit ;
 You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
 Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
 Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
 Albeit severity lay dead in us :
 No, no, ye cannot over-reach us thus.

2. *C.* The sun, dread lord, that in the western fall

Beholds us now low brought through misery,
 Did in the orient purple of the morn
 Salute our coming forth, when we were known;
 Or may our portion be with damned friends.

Edw. If it be so, then let our covenant stand,
 We take possession of the town in peace:
 But, for yourselves, look you for no remorse;
 But, as imperial justice hath decreed,
 Your bodies shall be drag'd about these walls,
 And after feel the stroke of quartering steel:
 This is your doom; — Go, soldiers, see it done.

Que. Ah, be more mild unto these yielding men!
 It is a glorious thing, to 'stablish peace;
 And kings approach the nearest unto God,
 By giving life and safety unto men:
 As thou intendest to be king of *France*,
 So let her people live to call thee king;
 For what the sword cuts down, or fire hath spoil'd,
 Is held in reputation none of ours.

Edw. Although experience teach us this is true,
 That peaceful quietness brings most delight
 When most of all abuses are controul'd,
 Yet, inasmuch it shall be known, that we
 As well can master our affections,
 As conquer other by the dint of sword,
Philippe, prevail; we yield to thy request;
 These men shall live to boast of clemency, —
 And, tyranny, strike terror to thyself.

Cit. Long live your highness! happy be your reign!

Edw. Go, get you hence, return unto the town;

And if this kindness hath deserv'd your love,
Learn then to reverence *Edward* as your king. —

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

Now, might we hear of our affairs abroad,
We would, 'till gloomy winter were o'er-spent,
Dispose our men in garrison a while.
But who comes here?

Enter *Copland*, and *King David*.

DER. *Copland*, my lord, and *David* king of *Scots*.

EDW. Is this the proud presumptuous 'squire o'the
That would not yield his prisoner to my queen? [north,

COP. I am, my liege, a northern 'squire, indeed,
But neither proud nor insolent, I trust.

EDW. What mov'd thee then, to be so obstinate
To contradict our royal queen's desire?

COP. No wilful disobedience, mighty lord,
But my desert, and publick law of arms:
I took the king myself in single fight;
And, like a soldier, would be loth to lose
The least preheminance that I had won:
And *Copland*, straight, upon your highness' charge,
Is come to *France*, and, with a lowly mind,
Doth veil the bonnet of his victory.
Receive, dread lord, the custom of my fraught,
The wealthy tribute of my labouring hands;
Which should long since have been surrender'd up,
Had but your gracious self been there in place.

QUE. But, *Copland*, thou didst scorn the king's com-
Neglecting our commission in his name. [mand,

COP. His name I reverence, but his person more;

His name shall keep me in allegiance still,
But to his person I will bend my knee.

EDW. I pray thee, *Philippe*, let displeasure pass;
This man doth please me, and I like his words:
For what is he, that will attempt high deeds,
And lose the glory that ensues the same?
All rivers have recourse unto the sea;
And *Copland's* faith, relation to his king.—
Kneel therefore down; now rise, king *Edward's* knight:
And, to maintain thy state, I freely give
Five hundred marks a year to thee and thine.—

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, lord *Salisbury*: What news from *Bretagne*?

SAL. This, mighty king: The country we have
And *John de Montfort*, regent of that place, [won;
Presents your highness with this † coronet,
Protesting true allegiance to your grace.

EDW. We thank thee for thy service, valiant earl;
Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.

SAL. But now, my lord, as this is joyful news,
So must my voice be tragical again,
And I must sing of doleful accidents.

EDW. What, have our men the overthrow at *Poitiers*?
Or is my son beset with too much odds?

SAL. He was, my lord: and as my worthless self,
With forty other serviceable knights,
Under safe-conduct of the dauphin's seal
Did travel that way, finding him distressed,
A troop of lances met us on the way,
Surpris'd, and brought us prisoners to the king;

† And Charles de Mountford

Who, proud of this, and eager of revenge,
 Commanded straight to cut off all our heads :
 And surely we had dy'd, but that the duke,
 More full of honour than his angry fire,
 Procur'd our quick deliverance from thence :
 But, ere we went, *Salute your king*, quoth he,
Bid him provide a funeral for his son,
To-day our sword shall cut his thread of life ;
And, sooner than he thinks, we'll be with him,
To quittance those displeasures he hath done :
 This said, we pass'd, not daring to reply ;
 Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus'd and wan.
 Wand'ring, at last we climb'd unto a hill ;
 From whence, although our grief were much before,
 Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes
 Did thrice so much encrease our heaviness :
 For there, my lord, o, there we did descry
 Down in a valley how both armies lay.
 The *French* had cast their trenches like a ring ;
 And every barricado's open front
 Was thick imboist with brazen ordinance :
 Here stood a battle of ten thousand horse ;
 There twice as many pikes, in quadrant wise ;
 Here cross-bows, arm'd with deadly-wounding darts :
 And in the midst, like to a slender point
 Within the compass of the horizon, —
 As 'twere a rising bubble in the sea,
 A hazel-wand amidst a wood of pines, —
 Or as a bear fast chain'd unto a stake,
 Stood famous *Edward*, still expecting when

24 bowes and deadly

Those dogs of *France* would fasten on his flesh.
 Anon, the death-procuring knell begins :
 Off go the cannons, that, with trembling noise,
 Did shake the very mountain where they stood ;
 Then sound the trumpets' clangors in the air,
 The battles join : and, when we could no more
 Discern the difference 'twixt the friend and foe,
 (So intricate the dark confusion was)
 Away we turn'd our watry eyes, with sighs
 As black as powder fuming into smoke.
 And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
 The most untimely tale of *Edward's* fall.

Que. Ah me ! is this my welcome into *France* ?
 Is this the comfort, that I look'd to have,
 When I should meet with my beloved son ?
 Sweet *Ned*, I would, thy mother in the sea
 Had been prevented of this mortal grief !

Edw. Content thee, *Philippe* ; 'tis not tears, will serve
 To call him back, if he be taken hence :
 Comfort thyself, as I do, gentle queen,
 With hope of sharp, unheard of, dire revenge. —
 He bids me to provide his funeral ;
 And so I will : but all the peers in *France*
 Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody tears,
 Until their empty veins be dry and sere :
 The pillars of his herse shall be his bones ;
 The mould that covers him, their city' ashes ;
 His knell, the groaning cries of dying men ;
 And, in the stead of tapers on his tomb,
 An hundred fifty towers shall burning blaze,

§ clangor

While we bewail our valiant fon's decease.

Flourish of Trumpets within.

Enter a Herald.

Her. Rejoice, my lord, ascend the imperial throne!
The mighty and redoubted prince of *Wales*,
Great servitor to bloody *Mars* in arms,
The *Frenchman's* terror, and his country's fame,
Triumphant rideth like a *Roman* peer :
And, lowly at his stirrop, comes afoot
King *John* of *France*, together with his son,
In captive bonds ; whose diadem he brings,
To crown thee with, and to proclaim thee king.

Edw. Away with mourning, *Philippe*, wipe thine
Sound, trumpets, welcome in *Plantagenet* ! [eyes ; —

A loud Flourish. Enter Prince, Audley, Artois,
with King JOHN, and Philip.

As things, long lost, when they are found again,
So doth my son rejoice his father's heart,
For whom, even now, my soul was much perplex'd !
[*running to the Prince, and embracing him.*

Que. Be this a token to express my joy, [*kissing him.*
For inward passions will not let me speak.

Pri. My gracious father, here receive the gift,
[*presenting him with King John's Crown.*

This wreath of conquest, and reward of war,
Got with as mickle peril of our lives,
As e'er was thing of price before this day ;
Install your highness in your proper right :
And, herewithal, I render to your hands
These † prisoners, chief occasion of our strife.

EDW. So, *John of France*, I see, you keep your word;
 You promis'd to be sooner with ourself
 Than we did think for, and 'tis so indeed:
 But, had you done at first as now you do,
 How many civil towns had stood untouch'd,
 That now are turn'd to ragged heaps of stones?
 How many people's lives might you have sav'd,
 That are untimely sunk into their graves?

JOH. *Edward*, recount not things irrevocable;
 Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have?

EDW. Thy ransom, *John*, hereafter shall be known:
 But first to *England* thou must cross the seas,
 To see what entertainment it affords;
 Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad
 As ours hath been since we arriv'd in *France*.

JOH. "Accursed man! of this I was foretold,"
 "But did misconster what the prophet told."

Pri. Now, father, this petition *Edward* makes,—
 To Thee, [*kneels*] whose grace hath been his strongest
 That, as thy pleasure chose me for the man [*shield*,
 To be the instrument to shew thy power,
 So thou wilt grant, that many princes more,
 Bred and brought up within that little isle,
 May still be famous for like victories! —
 And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
 The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
 The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
 The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,
 The heat, and cold, and what else might displease,
 I wish were now redoubl'd twenty fold;

So that hereafter ages, when they read
The painful traffick of my tender youth,
Might thereby be enflam'd with such resolve,
As not the territories of *France* alone,
But likewise *Spain*, *Turkey*, and what countries else
That justly would provoke fair *England's* ire,
Might, at their presence, tremble, and retire!

EDW. Here, *English* lords, we do proclaim a rest,
An interceasing of our painful arms:
Sheath up your swords, refresh your weary limbs,
Peruse your spoils; and, after we have breath'd
A day or two within this haven town,
God willing, then for *England* we'll be ship'd;
Where, in a happy hour, I trust, we shall
Arrive, three kings, two princes, and a queen.

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*]

M

Editions, consulted:

a. THE | RAIGNE OF | KING EDWARD | the
third: | *As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about | the*
Citie of London. | LONDON, | *Printed for Cuthbert*
Burby. | 1596. (4°. K. 2b.)

* b. THE | RAIGNE OF | KING EDWARD THE |
THIRD. | As it hath bene sundry times played
about | the Citie of London. | Imprinted at London
by Simon Stafford, | for Cuthbert Burby: And are
to be sold at his shop | neere the Royall Exchange.
1599. (4°. I. 4.)

Various Readings.

- p. l.*
- 7. who all
 - 4, 15. *Art.* Perhaps a.
 - 24. And wherein
 - 5, 30. a childish a.
 - 6, 7. glasse a.
 - 16. in fight of
 - 7, 24. *Moun.* But a.
 - 28. of our armie b.
 - 9, 12. nought a.
 - 19. A cofin a.
 - wants, a.
 - 10, 5. their rabble, b.
 - 9. must a.
 - 27. I *not in 4^o.* a.
 - 11, 3. ye *not in 4^o.* b.
 - 20. flie. a.
 - 12, 10. walls, he would
 - 13. against the
 - 14. names of b.
 - 13, 4. which pernicious b.
 - 10. lurke in a.
 - 12. now their dim
 - 25. *EDW.* *not in 4^o.* a.
 - 14, 11. here to day a.
 - 22. inner house a.
 - 15, 1. His pide (*i. e.* pied)
 - presumes, and partie coloured coast, b.

5. testomie a.
20. *Lor*: I a. (This, *Lor*: for, *Lod*. occurs again
thrice in this same 4°. See p. 18.
l. 11. and 27. and p. 19. l. 1.)
23. racke a.
30. oryent all a.
- 16, 4. present of a.
19. spoke broad, a.
- 17, 9. my liege. a.
12. my soveraigne. a.
13. well *not in* 4°. b.
- 18, 6. soveraigne love: a.
9. straines a.
10. Beguild a.
18. fore of b.
21. thy worth a.
27. Writ I a.
a *not in* 4°. b.
28. on me, a.
- 19, 17. Like to a a.
- 20, 14. That love hath a.
- 21, 29. treasurer a.
- 22, 11. Thy gloomy a. [content.
17. *King*: Acquaint me with theyr cause of dis-
How neere a.
25. Counties a.
30. that *not in* 4°. b.
- 23, 6. Inploy a.
20. *EDW.* *not in* 4°. a.
leve it a.

27. leave her a.
 24, 30. Whither a.
 25, 14. To stricke a gardion a.
 27. thou profereft, a.
 26, 9. I if a.
 23. accomplish that a.
 27, 14. breakes b.
 16. *King*: O a.
 23. myne oath, a.
 28, 11. in promise of a.
 30. heye goth a.
 29, 15. portion a.
 28. marvell then though b.
 30, 3. reigne a.
 18. The fiercest
 31, 19. *King*: What newes a.
 25. these newes? a.
 32, 6. *Ar.* Hhere a.
 16. According as your a.
 23. in *not in* 4^o. a.
 34, 2. two much a.
 10. Modeld a.
 18. affaires to Fraunce, a.
 22. make me a.
 26. or wavering a.
 27. Brittainne. a.
 35, 16. these a.
 36, 30. *EDW.* *not in* 4^o. a.
 37, 4. throng a a.
 14. fession

15. packing ill,
 17. Resolv'd to
 25. this other a.
 38, 15. tafke b.
 40, 11. drum stricke a.
 41, 3. game, a.
 14. difcribde a.
 42, 6. fleete of b.
 13. ftrooke a.
 24. coft a.
 29. their concept, a.
 43, 5. yet, *not in 4^o.* b.
 44, 1. it be *not in 4^o.* b.
 2. forward a.
 4. and thither a.
 46, 5. are ye a.
 8. quartering pay I a.
 9. Have we not a.
 15. When the en'my (*i. e. enemy*)
 17. ye to a.
 24. to raigne, a.
 47, 23. of which,
 24. Sits, raven like, upon
 48. 2. the reeking
 3. Ay turned but afide, I might
 25. guidance
 49, 21. But who
 23. this obftinate, a.
 25. gently a.
 50, 29. a falfe pernicious a.

- 51, 3. They labour a.
 5. have I a.
 16. haft utter'd
 to foil
 29. the coast, a.
 52, 1. otherwise a.
 5. this grave, a.
 8. hide in a.
 22. turne to a.
 29. tear't
 53, 9. whirlwinds quickly turn
 13. hath kept the b.
 16. *Pri*: Father a.
 23. ye fight, b.
 54, 21. innocencie. b.
 55, 14. temples, by *Bellona's*
 19. manly hand, a.
 23. valiant, vanquish where a.
 57, 11. through are b.
 19. our powers a.
 28. *ART.* not in 4^o. a.
 58, 13. declying b.
 27. breath out
 59, 7. huggard a.
 60, 12. Bohemia, b.
 23. cravd a.
 28. yet wreaking b.
 61, 9. thousand | Common fouldiers, a.
 21. picture is b.
 62, 12. mine othe a.

23. whose a.
 27. a hundred a.
 63, 7. What he
 wert students b.
 19. This once
 25. their gates a.
 64, 6. partners b.
 7. are you a.
 19. ye to a.
 24. Good *Derby*,
 65, 9. the fruitfull a.
 15. A Esquire a.
 23. The Queene my a.
 The queen, my lord, herself's by
 29. *Cap. not in 4^o.* a.
 66, 10. this two b.
 67, 5. advantage on our
 6. of, unstood upon ?
 14. please himself.
 23. mine othe a.
 68, 12. thine honorable a.
 69, 1. *John. To day !* | What else,
 21. *dele,* And
 72, 8. a hundred a.
 9. Esquires a.
 20. the king, a.
 73, 10. capring a.
 24. this far a.
 25. Happily a.
 74, 11. texted a.

- 75, 18. the wood is
 23. Whence, or
 76, 5. a *not in 4^o.* b.
 14. The very substance of that fear
 30. these a.
 77, 9. these b.
 78, 4. *Vil.* I hope a.
 79, 8. whether a.
 17. Unto whose
 21. bond a.
 80, 21. *JOH.* *not in 4^o.* a.
 81, 2. *CHA.* *not in 4^o.* a.
 9. *PHI.* *not in 4^o.* a.
 20. wilt blurt a.
 82, 23. is it a.
 83, 12. thyne end, a.
 84, 19. I will a.
 85, 23. requir'd
 86, 11. dome, a.
 17. let thy people b.
 87, 9. Sots. b.
 17. law at armes a.
 23. vale the a.
 90, 4. where we stood ;
 92, 4. had ye done at first as now ye doe, b.
 7. mightst thou have a.
 93, 4. territory
 9. intercession a.
-

Prolusions ;
Part III.

Nosce teipsum,
a Poem.

*To my most gracious
dread Sovereign.*

*To that clear majesty, which, in the north,
doth, like another sun, in glory rise,
which standeth fixt, yet spreads her heavenly worth,
loadstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes ;*

*like heaven in all ; like the earth in this alone,
that, though great states by her support do stand,
yet she herself supported is of none,
but by the finger of the Almighty's hand ;*

*to the divinest and the richest mind,
both by art's purchase and by nature's dower,
that ever was from heaven to earth confin'd,
to shew the utmost of a creature's power ;*

*to that great spirit which doth great kingdoms move,
the sacred spring whence right and honour streams,
distilling virtue, shedding peace and love
in every place, as Cynthia sheds her beams ;*

*I offer up some sparkles of that fire
whereby we reason, live, and move, and be ;
these sparks by nature evermore aspire,
which makes them to so high an highness flee :*

*Fair soul,— since, to the fairest body knit,
you give such lively life, such quickning power,
such sweet celestial influence, to it,
as keeps it still in youth's immortal flower ;*

*as, where the sun is present all the year,
and never doth retire his golden ray,
needs must the spring be everlasting there,
and every season like the month of may,—*

*o, many many years may you remain
a happy angel to this happy land !
long long may you on earth our empress reign,
ere you in heaven a glorious angel stand !
stay long, sweet spirit, ere thou to heaven depart,
which mak'st each place a heaven wherein thou art !*

*Her Majesty's least and
unworthiest subject,*

JOHN DAVIES.

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 tion of immortality: 65, 1. | *That it cannot be de-*
stroy'd: 66, 3. | *it's cause ceaseth not*; D^o, 4. | *it bath*
no contrary; D^o, 5. | *cannot die for want of food*: 67, 1. |
violence cannot destroy it; D^o, 3. | *time cannot destroy it*.
 D^o, 6. | *Objections against the immortality of the soul*:
 68, 5. | *1st. objection*; D^o, 6. | *answer*: 69, 2. | *2d. objec-*
tion; 72, 5. | *answer*: 73, 1. | *3d. objection*; 74, 1. |
answer: D^o, 3. | *4tb. objection*; 75, 6. | *answer*: 76, 1. |
5tb. objection; D^o, 6. | *answer*. 77, 1. | *That there are three*
kinds of life, answerable to the three powers of the soul. 79, 2. |
An acclamation; and conclusion of the whole. 80, 2.

ELEGY I. Of human Knowledge.

Why did my parents fend me to the schools,
that I with knowledge might enrich my mind ;
since the desire to know first made men fools,
and did corrupt the root of all mankind ?

*Desire of
knowledge
the fountain
of man's cor-
ruption ;*

for,— when God's hand had written in the hearts
of the first parents all the rules of good,
so that their skill infus'd did pass all arts
that ever were, before or since the flood ;

and when their reason's eye was sharp, and clear,
and, as an eagle can behold the sun,
could have approach'd the eternal Light as near
as the intellectual angels could have done,—

even then to them the spirit of lies suggests
that they were blind, because they saw not ill ;
and breaths into their incorrupted breasts
a curious wish, which did corrupt their will :

for that same ill they straight desir'd to know ;
which ill, being nought but a defect of good,
in all God's works the devil could not show,
while man, their lord, in his perfection stood :

N

so that themselves were first to do the ill,
ere they thereof the knowledge could attain;
like him, that knew not poison's power to kill,
until, by tasting it, himself was slain:

bringing evil into the world, and even so, by tasting of that fruit forbid,
where they sought knowledge, they did error find;
ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
and, to give passion eyes, made reason blind:

the consequences of evil: for then their minds did first in passion see
those wretched shapes of misery and woe,
of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,
which then their own experience made them know:

but then grew reason dark, that she no more
could the fair forms of good and truth discern;
bats they became, that eagles were before;
and this they got by their desire to learn.

This original error continu'd, in our pursuits of human knowledge: But we, their wretched offspring, what do we?
do not we still taste of the fruit forbid,
whiles, with fond fruitless curiosity,
in books prophane we seek for knowledge hid?

vanity of that knowledge; and What is this knowledge, but the sky-stoln fire,
for which the thief still chain'd in ice doth sit;
and which the poor rude satyr did admire,
and needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it?

what is it, but the cloud of empty rain,
which when *Jove's* guest embrac'd, he monsters got?
or the false pails, which, oft being fill'd with pain,
receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

shortly, what is it, but the fiery coach,
which the youth fought, and fought his death withal?
or the boy's wings, which, when he did approach
the sun's hot beams, did melt, and let him fall?

And yet, alas,—when all our lamps are burn'd,
our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
when we have all the learned volumes turn'd,
which yield men's wits both help and ornament,—

*difficulty of
attaining to
it.*

what can we know, or what can we discern,
when error chokes the windows of the mind?
the diverse forms of things how can we learn,
that have been ever from our birth-day blind?

when reason's lamp — which, like the sun in sky,
throughout man's little world her beams did spread—
is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
under the ashes, half extinct and dead;

how can we hope, that, through the eye, and ear,
this dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

so might the heir, whose father hath in play
wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
by painful earning of one groat a day
hope to restore the patrimony spent :

the wits, that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such;
Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly ;
we learn so little, and forget so much :

for this, the wisest of all moral men
said, He knew nought but that he nought did know;
and the great mocking master mock'd not then,
when he said, Truth was bury'd deep below.

*That man is
for the most
part defective
in the one main
knowledge,
the knowledge
of himself :*

For how may we to others' things attain,
when none of us his own soul understands ?
for which the devil mocks our curious brain,
when, Know thyself, his oracle commands :
for why should we the busy soul believe,
when boldly she concludes of that, and this,
when of herself she can no judgment give,
nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is ?

all things without, which round about we see,
we seek to know, and have therewith to do ;
but that — whereby we reason, live, and be, —
within ourselves, we strangers are thereto :

we seek to know the moving of each sphere,
and the strange cause of the ebbs and floods of Nile;
but of that clock, which in our breasts we bear,
the subtle motions we forget the while :

we, that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
and pass both tropicks, and behold both poles,
when we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
and unacquainted still with our own souls :

we study speech, but others we persuade;
we leech-craft learn, but others cure with it;
we interpret laws which other men have made,
but read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
(through which it gathers knowledge by degrees) *why he is so defective :*
whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
not seeing itself, when other things it sees ?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast,
upon herself, her understanding light;
but she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
as her own image doth herself affright :

as is the fable of that lady fair
which, for her lust, was turn'd into a cow;
when, thirsty, to a stream she did repair,
and saw herself transform'd she wist not how,

at first she startles, then she stands amaz'd,
 at last with terror she from thence doth fly,
 and loaths the watry glafs wherein she gaz'd,
 and shuns it still, though she for thirst do die :

even so man's foul,— which did God's image bear,
 and was, at first, fair good, and spotless pure,—
 since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
 doth, of all sights, her own sight least endure ;

for, even at first reflection, she espies
 such strange chimæras, and such monsters, there,
 such toys, such anticks, and such vanities,
 as she retires, and shrinks, for shame, and fear ;

and as the man loves least at home to be,
 that hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites,
 so she, impatient her own faults to see,
 turns from herself, and in strange things delights :

for this, few know themselves ; for merchants broke
 view their estate with discontent, and pain ;
 and seas are troubl'd, when they do revoke
 their flowing waves into themselves again :

Whence it comes, that this knowledge is sometimes attended to : And while the face of outward things we find
 pleasing, and fair, agreeable, and sweet,
 these things transport and carry out the mind,
 that with herself herself can never meet :

yet, if affliction once her wars begin,
 and threat the feeble sense with sword and fire,
 the mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
 and to herself she gladly doth retire;

as spiders, touch'd, seek their webs' inmost part;
 as bees, in storms, unto their hives return;
 as blood, in danger, gathers to the heart;
 as men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If ought can teach us ought, affliction's looks,
 making us look into ourselves so near,
 teach us to know ourselves, beyond all books,
 or all the learned schools that ever were :

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
 and many a golden lesson hath me taught,
 hath made my senses quick, and reason clear,
 reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought ;

*why now
 sought after
 by the au-
 thor; and*

so do the winds, and thunders, cleanse the air ;
 so working seas settle and purge the wine ;
 so lopt and pruned trees do flourish fair ;
 so doth the fire the drossy gold refine :

neither *Minerva*, nor the learned muse,
 nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
 could in my brain those beams of skill infuse
 as but the glance of this dame's angry eyes ;

she within lifts my ranging mind hath brought,
 that now beyond myself I list not go ;
 myself am center of my circling thought ;
 only myself I study, learn, and know :

*his profit
 therein.*

I know, my body's of so frail a kind
 as force without, fevers within, can kill ;
 I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
 but 'tis corrupted both in wit and will ;

I know, my soul hath power to know all things,
 yet is she blind and ignorant in all ;
 I know, I am one of nature's little kings,
 yet to the least and vilest things am thrall ;

I know, my life's a pain, and but a span ;
 I know, my sense is mock'd with every thing ;
 and, to conclude, I know myself a man,
 which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

ELEGY II. *Of the Soul of Man, and
the Immortality thereof.*

The lights of heaven, which are the world's fair eyes, *Introduction—*
look down into the world, the world to see ; *That the soul*
and, as they turn, or wander in the skies, *has a power*
survey all things that on this center be : *of looking into*
itself ; but

and yet the lights which in my tower do shine,
mine eyes, which view all objects, nigh, and far,
look not into this little world of mine,
nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since nature fails us in no needful thing,
why want I means mine inward self to see ?
which fight the knowledge of myself might bring,
which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That Power, which gave me eyes the world to view,
to view myself infus'd an inward light ;
whereby my soul, as by a mirror true,
of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But, as the sharpest eye discerneth nought, *cannot exert*
except the sun-beams in the air do shine ; *that power*
so the best soul, with her reflecting thought, *without di-*
sees not herself, without some light divine. *vine assist-*
ance :

Invocation to the Divinity, to grant that assistance : O Light, which mak'st the light, which makes the day,
 which set'st the eye without, and mind within,
 lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
 which now to view itself doth first begin !

reasons why it is wanted, — for that the greatest wits have err'd in judgment of the soul; both in what it is, and For her true form how can my spark discern,—
 which, dim by nature, art did never clear,—
 when the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
 are ignorant both what she is, and where ?

One thinks, the soul is air ; another, fire ;
 another, blood diffus'd about the heart ;
 another faith, The elements conspire,
 and to her essence each doth give a part ;

musicians think, our souls are harmonies ;
 physicians hold, that they complexions be ;
 epicures make them swarms of atomies,
 which do by chance into our bodies flee ;

some think, one general soul fills every brain,
 as the bright sun sheds light in every star ;
 and others think, the name of soul is vain,
 and that we only well-mix'd bodies are :

where seated : in judgment of her substance thus they vary ;
 and thus they vary in judgment of her seat :
 for some her chair up to the brain do carry ;
 some thrust it down into the stomach's heat ;

ſome place it in the root of life, the heart ;
 ſome in the liver, fountain of the veins ;
 ſome ſay, She is all in all, and all in part ;
 ſome ſay, She is not contain'd, but all contains :

Thus theſe great clerks their little wiſdom ſhow,
 while with their doctrines they at hazard play,
 toſſing their light opinions to and fro,
 to mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they :

for no craz'd brain could ever yet propound,
 touching the ſoul, ſo vain and fond a thought,
 but ſome among theſe maſters have been found,
 which in their ſchools the ſelf-ſame thing have taught :

God, only wiſe, to puniſh pride of wit,
 among men's wits hath this confuſion wrought ; *why they did ſo err :*
 as the proud tower, whoſe points the clouds did hit,
 by tongues' confuſion was to ruin brought.

But Thou,—which did'ſt man's ſoul of nothing make ; *ſecond invocation.*
 and, when to nothing it was fall'n again,
 to make it new, the form of man did'ſt take,
 and, God with God, becam'ſt a man with men,—

thou,—that haſt faſhion'd twice this ſoul of ours,
 ſo that ſhe is by double title thine,—
 thou only know'ſt her nature, and her powers,
 her ſubtle form thou only can'ſt define :

to judge herself, she must herself transcend,
 as greater circles comprehend the less ;
 but she wants power her own powers to extend,
 as fetter'd men cannot their strength express.

But Thou,— bright morning star ; thou rising sun,
 which, in these later times, hast brought to light
 those mysteries, that, since the world begun,
 lay hid in darkness and eternal night,—

thou, like the sun, dost with indifferent ray
 into the palace and the cottage shine ;
 and shew'st the soul, both to the clerk and lay,
 by the clear lamp of thy oracle divine :

This lamp through all the regions of my brain,
 where my soul sits, doth spread such beams of grace,
 as now, methinks, I do distinguish plain
 each subtle line of her immortal face.

*Order of the
 whole work.*

The soul a substance, and a spirit, is,
 which God himself doth in the body make,
 which makes the man ; for every man from this
 the nature of a man, and name, doth take :

and though this spirit be to the body knit,
 as an apt mean her powers to exercise,—
 which are, life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,—
 yet she survives, although the body dies.

She is a ſubſtance, and a real thing,—
 which hath itſelf an actual working might ;
 which neither from the ſenſe's power doth ſpring ;
 nor from the body's humours temper'd right.

*That the ſoul
 is a ſubſtance,
 or, thing ſub-
 ſiſting by it-
 ſelf ;*

She is a vine, which doth no propping need,
 to make her ſpread herſelf, or ſpring upright ;
 ſhe is a ſtar, whoſe beams do not proceed
 from any ſun, but from a native light :

*acting by it's
 own powers ;*

for when ſhe ſorts things preſent with things paſt,
 and, thereby, things to come doth oft foreſee ;
 when ſhe doth doubt at firſt, and chooſe at laſt ;
 theſe acts her own, without the body, be :

when of the dew, which the eye and ear do take
 from flowers abroad, and bring into the brain,
 ſhe doth within both wax and honey make ;
 this work is hers, this is her proper pain :

when ſhe from ſundry acts one ſkill doth draw,
 gathering from diſverſe fights one art of war,
 from many caſes like one rule of law ;
 theſe her collections, not the ſenſe's, are :

when in the effects ſhe doth the cauſes know, [riſe,
 and, ſeeing the ſtream, thinks where the ſpring doth
 and, ſeeing the branch, conceives the root below ;
 theſe things ſhe views without the body's eyes :

when she without a *Pegasus* doth fly,
 swifter than lightning's fire, from east to west,
about the center, and above the sky;
 she travels then, although the body rest :

when all her works she formeth first within,
 proportions them, and sees their perfect end,
ere she in act doth any part begin,
 what instruments doth then the body lend ?

when without hands she thus doth castles build,
 sees without eyes, and without feet doth run ;
when she digests the world, yet is not fill'd ;
 by her own power these miracles are done :

when she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
 considers virtue, vice, and general things,
and, marrying diverse principles and grounds,
 out of their match a true conclusion brings ;

these actions in her closet all alone,
 retir'd within herself, she doth fulfill ;
use of her body's organs she hath none,
 when she doth use the powers of wit and will :

Yet in the body's prison so she lies,
 as through the body's windows she must look,
her diverse powers of sense to exercise
 by gathering notes out of the world's great book ;

nor can herself discourse, -or judge, of ought,
but what the sense collects, and home doth bring;
and yet the power of her discoursing thought
from these collections is a diverse thing :

for though our eyes can nought but colours see,
yet colours give them not their power of sight ;
so, though these fruits of sense her objects be,
yet she discerns them by her proper light :

the workman on his stuff his skill doth show,
and yet the stuff gives not the man his skill ;
kings their affairs do by their servants know,
but order them by their own royal will ;

so, though this cunning mistress, and this queen,
doth, as her instruments, the senses use
to know all things that are felt, heard, or seen,
yet she herself doth only judge, and choose :

even as our great wise Empress, that now reigns
by sovereign title over sundry lands,
borrows in mean affairs her subjects' pains,
fees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands ;

but things of weight and consequence indeed
herself doth in her chamber them debate,
where all her counsellors she doth exceed
as far in judgment as she doth in state :

or, as the man, whom she doth now advance
upon her gracious mercy-seat to fit,
doth common things of course and circumstance
to the reports of common men commit;

but, when the cause itself must be decreed,
himself, in person, in his proper court,
to grave and solemn hearing doth proceed
of every proof, and every by-report;

then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
and milk and honey from his tongue do flow;
happy are they that still are in his sight,
to reap the wisdom which his lips do sow:

right so, the foul,— which is a lady free,
and doth the justice of her state maintain,—
because the senses ready servants be,
attending nigh about her court, the brain,

by them the forms of outward things she learns;
for they return into the fantasy
whatever each of them abroad discerns,
and there enroll it for the mind to see;

but, when she sits to judge the good and ill,
and to discern betwixt the false and true,
she is not guided by the sense's skill,
but doth each thing in her own mirror view;

then she the senses checks, which oft do err,
and even against their false reports decrees ;
and oft she doth condemn what they preferr ;
for with a power above the sense she fees :

therefore no sense the precious joys conceives,
which in her private contemplations be ;
for then the ravish'd spirit the senses leaves,
hath her own powers, and proper actions, free :

her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
when on the body's instrument she plays ;
but the proportions of the wit and will,
those sweet accords, are even the angels' lays :

these tunes of reason are *Amphion's* lyre,
wherewith he did the *Theban* city found ;
these are the notes wherewith the heavenly quire
the praise of him, which spreads the heaven, doth
[sound :

Then her self-being nature shines in this,
that she performs her noblest works alone :
the work the touch-stone of the nature is ;
and by their operations things are known.

Are they not senseless then, that think the soul
nought but a fine perfection of the sense ;
or, of the forms which fancy doth enroll,
a quick resulting, and a consequence ? *

*not springing
from the sense,*

What is it then, that doth the sense accuse
 both of false judgments and fond appetites;
 which makes us do what sense doth most refuse;
 which oft in torment of the sense delights?

sense thinks the planets' spheres not much asunder;
 What tells us then, their distance is so far?
 sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder;
 What tells us then, they both together are?

when men seem crows far off upon a tower, [men?
 sense saith, they're crows; What makes us think them
 when we in ages think all sweet things sour, [then?
 what makes us know our tongue's false judgment

what power was that, whereby *Medea* saw,
 and well approv'd, and prais'd, the better course,
 when her rebellious sense did so withdraw
 her feeble powers, as she pursu'd the worse?

did sense persuade *Ulysses* not to hear
 the mermaids' songs, which so his men did please,
 as they were all persuaded, through the ear,
 to quit the ship, and leap into the seas?

could any power of sense the *Roman* move
 to burn his own right hand, with courage stout?
 could sense make *Marius* fit unbound, and prove
 the cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

doubtless, in man there is a nature found,
beside the senses, and above them far ;
though, most men being in sensual pleasures drown'd,
it seems, their souls but in the senses are :

if we had nought but sense, then only they [sould;
should have sound minds, which have their senses
but wisdom grows, when senses do decay ;
and folly most in quickest sense is found :

if we had nought but sense, each living wight,
which we call, brute, would be more sharp than we,
as having sense's apprehensive might
in a more clear and excellent degree ;

but they do want that quick discoursing power,
which doth, in us, the erring sense correct ;
therefore, the bee did suck the painted flower,
and birds of grapes the cunning shadow peckt :

sense outfides knows, the soul through all things sees ;
sense circumstance, she doth the substance view ;
sense sees the bark, but she the life of trees ;
sense hears the sounds, but she the concords true :

but why do I the soul and sense divide,
when sense is but a power which she extends,
which, being in diverse parts diversify'd,
the diverse forms of objects apprehends ?

this power spreads outward, but the root doth grow
 in the inward soul, which only doth perceive;
 for the eyes, and ears, no more their objects know,
 than glasses know what faces they receive;

for, if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
 although our eyes be ope, we do not see;
 and, if one power did not both see and hear,
 our sights, and sounds, would always double be:

Then is the soul a nature, which contains
 the power of sense within a greater power;
 which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
 but fits and rules within her private bower.

*nor from the
 humours of
 the body:*

If she doth then the subtle sense excell,
 how gross are they, that drown her in the blood,
 or in the body's humours temper'd well;
 as if in them such high perfection stood?

as if most skill in that musician were,
 which had the best, and best tun'd, instrument;
 as if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
 had power to make the painter excellent.

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
 and good complexion rectify the will?
 why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
 why doth not sickness make men brutish still?

who can in memory, or wit, or will,
or air, or fire, or earth, or water find ;
what alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
the quintessence of these out of the mind ?

if the elements — which have nor life, nor sense —
can breed in us so great a power as this,
why give they not themselves like excellence,
or other things wherein their mixture is ?

if she were but the body's quality,
then would she be, with it, sick, maim'd, and blind ;
but we perceive, where these privations be,
a healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind :

if she the body's nature did partake,
her strength would with the body's strength decay ;
but when the body's strongest sinews flake,
then is the soul most active, quick, and gay :

if she were but the body's accident,
and her sole being did in it subsist,
as white in snow, she might herself absent,
and in the body's substance not be mist ;

but it on her, not she on it depends ;
for she the body doth sustain, and cherish ;
such secret powers of life to it she lends,
that, when they fail, then doth the body perish :

Since then the soul works by herself alone,—
 springs not from sense,—nor humours well agree—
 her nature is peculiar, and her own; [ing,—
 she is a substance, and a perfect being.

that it is a But, though this substance be the root of sense,
spiritual sub- sense knows her not, which doth but bodies know;
stance, and she is a spirit, and a heavenly influence,
 which from the fountain of God's spirit doth flow.

She is a spirit,—yet not like air, or wind;
 nor like the spirits about the heart, or brain;
 nor like those spirits which alchymists do find,
 when they in every thing seek gold in vain;

for she all natures under heaven doth pass; [see,
 being like those spirits which God's bright face do
 or like himself, whose image once she was,
 though now, alas, she scarce his shadow be.

cannot be a Yet of the forms she holds the first degree,
bodily: that are to gross material bodies knit;
 yet she herself is bodiless, and free,
 and, though confin'd, is almost infinite.

Were she a body, how could she remain
 within this body, which is less than she?
 or how could she the world's great shape contain,
 and in our narrow breasts contain'd be?

all bodies are confin'd within some place ;
but she all place within herself confines ;
all bodies have their measure, and their space ;
But who can draw the soul's dimensive lines ?

no body can at once two forms admit,
except the one the other do deface ;
but in the soul ten thousand forms do sit,
and none intrudes into her neighbour's place :

all bodies are with other bodies fill'd ;
but she receives both heaven and earth together ;
nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,
for there they stand, and neither toucheth either :

nor can her wide embracements filled be ;
for they, that most and greatest things embrace,
enlarge thereby their minds' capacity,
as streams enlarg'd enlarge the channel's space :

all things receiv'd do such proportion take
as those things have wherein they are receiv'd ;
so little glasses little faces make,
and narrow webs on narrow frames be weav'd ;

Then what vast body must we make the mind,
wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, and lands,
and yet each thing a proper place doth find,
and each thing in the true proportion stands ?

doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
bodies to spirits by sublimation strange ;
as fire converts to fire the things it burns,
as we our meats into our nature change ;

from their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
and draws a kind of quintessence from things,
which to her proper nature she transforms,
to bear them light on her celestial wings :

this doth she, when from things particular
she doth abstract the universal kinds,
which bodiless and immaterial are,
and can be lodg'd but only in our minds ;

and thus from diverse accidents and acts,
which do within her observation fall,
she goddesses and powers divine abstracts,
as nature, fortune, and the virtues all :

again,—how can she several bodies know,
if in herself a body's form she bear ?
how can a mirror sundry faces show,
if from all shapes and forms it be not clear ?

nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,
except our eyes were of all colours void ;
nor sundry tastes can any tongue discern,
which is with gross and bitter humours cloy'd ;

nor may a man of passions judge aright,
except his mind be from all passions free ;
nor can a judge his office well acquite,
if he possess of either party be :

if, lastly, this quick power a body were,
were it as swift as is the wind, or fire,—
whose atomies do the one down side-ways bear,
and make the other in pyramids aspire,—

her nimble body yet in time must move,
and not in instants through all places slide ;
but she is nigh, and far, beneath, above,
in point of time which thought can not divide ;

she's sent as soon to *China* as to *Spain*,
and thence returns as soon as she is sent ;
she measures, with one time, and with one pain,
an ell of silk, and heaven's wide-spreading tent :

As then the soul a substance hath alone,
besides the body, in which she is confin'd,
so hath she not a body of her own,
but is a spirit, and immaterial mind.

Since body and soul have such diversities,
well might we muse how first their match began,
but that we learn, that he, that spread the skies,
and fix'd the earth, first form'd the soul in man :

*is the immediate creation
of God himself;*

this true *Prometheus* first made man of earth,
 and shed in him a beam of heavenly fire ;
 now, in their mothers' wombs, before their birth,
 doth in all sons of men their souls inspire ;

and as *Minerva* is in fables said,
 from *Jove*; without a mother, to proceed,
 so our true *Jove*, without a mother's aid,
 doth daily millions of *Minervas* breed.

made in time, Then, neither from eternity before,
and nor from the time when time's first point begun,
 made he all souls ; which now he keeps in store,
 some in the moon, and others in the sun :

nor in a secret cloister doth he keep
 these virgin spirits, until their marriage day ;
 nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep,
 'till they awake within these beds of clay :

nor did he first a certain number make,
 infusing part in beasts, and part in men,
 and, as unwilling farther pains to take,
 would make no more than those he framed then ;

so that the widow soul, her body dying,
 unto the next born body marry'd was,
 and so, by often changing, and supplying,
 men's souls to beasts, and beasts' to men did pass ;

these thoughts are fond ; 'for, since the bodies born
 be more in number far than those that die,
 thousands must be abortive, and forlorn,
 ere others' deaths to them their souls supply :

but as God's handmaid, nature, doth create
 bodies, in time distinct, and order due,
 so God gives souls the like successive date,
 which himself makes in bodies formed new :

which himself makes of no material thing ;
 for unto angels he no power hath given
 either to form the shape, or stuff to bring
 from air, or fire, or substance of the heaven :

nor he, in this, doth nature's service use ;
 for though from bodies she can bodies bring,
 yet could she never souls from souls traduce,
 as fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.

*not traduc'd
 from the pa-
 rents :*

Alas, that some, that were great lights of old,
 and in their hands the lamp of God did bear,
 some reverend fathers did this error hold,
 having their eyes dim'd with religious fear !

*This opinion
 held by some
 of the fa-
 thers :*

For when (say they) by rule of faith we find,
 that every soul, unto her body knit,
 brings from the mother's womb the sin of kind,
 the root of all the ill she doth commit ;

their reasons :

how can we say, that God the foul doth make,
 but we must make him author of her sin ?
 then from man's foul she doth beginning take,
 since in man's foul corruption did begin :

for, if God make her first, he makes her ill,
 Which God forbid our thoughts should yield unto !
 or makes the body her fair form to spill,
 which, of itself, it had no power to do :

not *Adam's* body, but his foul did sin,
 and so herself unto corruption brought ;
 but our poor foul corrupted is within,
 ere she hath sin'd, either in act, or thought :

and yet we see in her such powers divine,
 as we could gladly think, from God she came ;
 fain would we make him author of the wine,
 if for the dregs we could some other blame.

answer to their reasons ; Thus these good men with holy zeal were blind,
 when on the other part the truth did shine ;
 whereof we do clear demonstrations find,
 by light of nature, and by light divine.

None are so gross as to contend for this,
 that souls from bodies may traduced be,
 between whose natures no proportion is,
 when root and branch in nature still agree ;

but many ſubtle wits have juſtify'd,
 that ſouls from ſouls ſpiritually may ſpring ;
 which, if the nature of the ſoul be try'd,
 will, even in nature, prove as groſs a thing :

For all things, made, are — either made of nought, *drawn from*
 or made of ſtuff that ready made doth ſtand ; *nature,*
 of nought no creature ever formed ought,
 for that is proper to the Almighty's hand :

if then the ſoul another ſoul do make,
 becauſe her power is kept within a bound,
 ſhe muſt ſome former ſtuff or matter take ;
 but in the ſoul there is no matter found :

then if her heavenly form do not agree
 with any matter which the world contains,
 then ſhe of nothing muſt created be ;
 and, to create, to God alone pertains :

Again, if ſouls do other ſouls beget,
 'tis, by themſelves, or by the body's power :
 if by themſelves, What doth their working let,
 but they might ſouls engender every hour ?

if by the body, How can wit and will
 join with the body only in this act,
 ſince, when they do their other works fulfill,
 they from the body do themſelves abſtract ?

Again, if souls of souls begotten were,
into each other they should change and move ;
and change and motion still corruption bear ;
How shall we then the soul immortal prove ?

If, lastly, souls did generation use,
then should they spread incorruptible seed ;
What then becomes of that which they do lose,
when the acts of generation do not speed ?

and though the soul could cast spiritual seed,
yet would she not, because she never dies ;
for mortal things desire their like to breed,
that so they may their kind immortalize :

therefore, the angels sons of God are nam'd,
and marry not, nor are in marriage given,
their spirits and ours are of one substance fram'd,
and have one father, even the Lord of heaven ;

who would, at first, that, in each other thing,
the earth, and water, living souls should breed,
but that man's soul, whom he would make their king,
should from himself immediately proceed ;

and, when he took the woman from man's side,
doubtless, himself inspir'd her soul alone,
for 'tis not said, he did man's soul divide,
but took — flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone :

lastly, God,—being made man, for man's own sake,
and being like man in all, except in sin,—
his body from the virgin's womb did take;
but, all agree, God form'd his soul within :

Then is the soul from God ; so pagans say,
which saw, by nature's light, her heavenly kind,
naming her, kin to God, and God's bright ray,
a citizen of heaven to earth confin'd.

But now, I feel, they pluck me by the ear,
whom my young muse so boldly termed blind,
and crave more heavenly light, that cloud to clear,
which makes them think, God doth not make the
[mind.
God, doubtless, makes her ; and doth make her good ;
and grafts her in the body, there to spring ;
which, though it be corrupted flesh and blood,
can no way to the soul corruption bring :

and yet this soul (made good by God at first,
and not corrupted by the body's ill)
even in the womb is sinful, and accur'd,
ere she can judge by wit, or choose by will :

yet is not God the author of her sin,
though author of her being, and being there ;
and, if we dare to judge our judge herein,
he can condemn us, and himself can clear :

First, God, from infinite eternity,
 decreed what hath been, is, or shall be done;
 and was resolv'd, that every man should be,
 and, in his turn, his race of life should run ;

and so did purpose all the souls to make,
 that ever have been made, or ever shall,
 and that their being they should only take
 in human bodies, or not be at all :

was it then fit, that such a weak event
 (weakness itself, the sin, and fall, of man)
 his counsel's execution should prevent,
 decreed and fixt before the world began ?

or, that one penal law, by *Adam* broke,
 should make God break his own eternal law,
 the settl'd order of the world revoke,
 and change all forms of things which he foresaw ?

could *Eve*'s weak hand, extended to the tree,
 in sunder rent that adamantine chain
 whose golden links effects and causes be,
 and which to God's own chair doth fixt remain ?

o, — could we see how cause from cause doth spring,
 how mutually they link'd and folded are ;
 and hear how oft one disagreeing string
 the harmony doth rather make than mar ;

and view at once how death by ſin is brought,
and how from death a better life doth riſe;
how this God's juſtice, and his mercy, taught,—
we this decree would praiſe, as right, and wiſe :

but we, that measure times by firſt and laſt,
the ſight of things ſucceſſively do take ;
when God on all at once his view doth caſt,
and of all times doth but one inſtant make :

all in himſelf; as in a glaſs, he ſees,
for, from him, by him, through him, all things be ;
his ſight is not diſcourſive by degrees,
but, ſeeing the whole, each ſingle part doth ſee :

he looks on *Adam*, as a root, or well,
and on his heirs, as branches, and as ſtreams ;
he ſees all men as one man, though they dwell
in ſundry cities, and in ſundry realms ;

and, as the root and branch are but one tree,
and well and ſtream do but one river make,
ſo, if the root and well corrupted be,
the ſtream and branch the ſame corruption take ;

ſo, when the root and fountain of mankind
did draw corruption, and God's curſe, by ſin,
this was a charge that all his heirs did bind,
and all his offspring grew corrupt therein ;

P

and as, when the hand doth strike, the man offends,
(for part from whole law severs not in this)
so *Adam's* sin to the whole kind extends,
for all their natures are but part of his ;

therefore this sin of kind not personal,
but real, and hereditary, was,
the guilt whereof, and punishment, to all,
by course of nature, and of law, doth pass ;

for as that easy law was given to all,
to ancestor, and heir, to first, and last,
so was the first transgression general,
and all did pluck the fruit, and all did taste :

of this we find some foot-steps in our law ;
which doth her root from God, and nature, take ;
ten thousand men she doth together draw,
and, of them all, one corporation make ;

yet these and their successors are but one ;
and, if they gain, or lose, their liberties,
they harm, or profit, not themselves alone,
but such as in succeeding time shall rise ;

and so the ancestor and all his heirs,
though they in number pass the stars of heaven,
are still but one ; his forfeitures are theirs,
and unto them are his advancements given ;

his civil acts do bind and bar them all ;
and, as from *Adam* all corruption take,
so, if the father's crime be capital,
in all the blood law doth corruption make :

is it then just, with us, to disenherit
the unborn nephews, for the father's fault ;
and to advance, again, for one man's merit,
a thousand heirs that have deserved nought ;

and is not God's decree as just as ours,
if he, for *Adam's* sin, his sons deprive
of all those native virtues, and those powers,
which he to him, and to his race, did give ?

for what is this contagious sin of kind,
but a privation of that grace within,
and of that great rich dowry of the mind,
which all had had, but for the first man's sin ?

if then a man on light conditions gain
a great estate, to him and his for ever,
if wilfully he forfeit it again,
who doth bemoan his heir, or blame the giver ?

so, though God make the soul good, rich, and fair,
yet, when her form is to the body knit,
which makes the man, which man is *Adam's* heir,
justly forthwith he takes his grace from it ;

and then the foul, being first from nothing brought,
 when God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall;
 and this declining proneness unto nought
 is even that sin that we are born withal :

yet not alone the first good qualities,
 which in the first soul were, deprived are,
 but in their place the contrary do rise,
 and real spots of sin her beauty mar ;

nor is it strange, that *Adam's* ill desert
 should be transfer'd unto his guilty race,
 when Christ his grace, and justice, doth impart
 to men unjust, and such as have no grace :

lastly, the soul were better so to be,
 born slave to sin, than not to be at all ;
 since, if she do believe, one sets her free,
 that makes her mount the higher from her fall :

Yet this the curious wits will not content ;
 they yet will know, since God foresaw this ill,
 why his high providence did not prevent
 the declination of the first man's will :

If by his word he had the current stay'd
 of *Adam's* will, which was by nature free,
 it had been one as if his word had said,
I will, henceforth, that man no man shall be :

for what is man, without a moving mind,
which hath a judging wit, and choosing will?
now, if God's power should her election bind,
her motions then would cease, and stand all still :

and why did God in man this soul infuse,
but that he should his maker know, and love?
now, if love be compell'd, and cannot choose,
how can it grateful, or thank-worthy, prove?

love must free-hearted be, and voluntary,
and not enchanted, or by fate constrain'd;
not like that love which did *Ulysses* carry
to *Circe's* isle, with mighty charms enchain'd;

besides, were we unchangeable in will,
and of a wit that nothing could misdeem,
equal to God — whose wisdom shineth still,
and never errs — we might ourselves esteem;

so that, if man would be unvariable,
he must be God, or like a rock, or tree,
for even the perfect angels were not stable,
but had a fall more desperate than we :

- Then let us praise that Power which makes us be
men as we are, and rest contented so;
and, knowing man's fall was curiosity,
admire God's counsels which we cannot know :

and let us know, that God the maker is
 of all the souls in all the men that be ;
 yet their corruption is no fault of his,
 but the first man's, that broke God's first decree.

*Why the soul
 is united to
 the body :* This substance, and this spirit, of God's own making,
 is in the body plac'd, and planted here,
 that, both of God and of the world partaking,
 of all that is man might the image bear.

God first made angels, bodiless pure minds ;
 then, other things, which mindless bodies be ;
 last, he made man, the horizon 'twixt both kinds,
 in whom we do the world's abridgment see :

besides, this world below did need one wight,
 which might thereof distinguish every part,
 make use thereof, and take therein delight,
 and order things with industry, and art ;

which also God might in his works admire,
 and here, beneath, yield him both prayer and praise,
 as there, above, the holy angels' quire
 doth spread his glory with spiritual lays :

lastly, the brute unreasonable wights
 did want a visible king on them to reign ;
 and God himself thus to the world unites,
 that so the world might endless bliss obtain.

But how shall we this union well exprefs ?
Nought ties the foul, her subtilty is fuch ;
ſhe moves the body, which ſhe doth poſſeſs,
yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch :

*in what
manner it
is united :*

then dwells ſhe not therein, as in a tent ;
nor, as a pilot in his ſhip doth fit ;
nor, as a ſpider in her web is pent ;
nor, as the wax retains the print in it ;

nor, as a veſſel water doth contain ;
nor, as one liquor in another ſhed ;
nor, as the heat doth in the fire remain ;
nor, as a voice throughout the air is ſpread ;

but, as the fair and cheerful morning-light
doth here and there her ſilver beams impart,
and in an inſtant doth herſelf unite
to the transparent air, in all, and part ;

ſtill reſting whole, when blows the air divide ;
abiding pure, when the air is moſt corrupted ;
throughout the air her beams diſperſing wide,
and, when the air is toſt, not interrupted ;

ſo doth the piercing foul the body fill,
being all in all, and all in part diffus'd,
indivisible, uncorruptible ſtill,
not forc'd, encounter'd, troubl'd, or confus'd :

and as the sun above the light doth bring,
 though we behold it in the air below ;
 so from the eternal Light the soul doth spring,
 though in the body she her powers do show.

*how exer-
 cised it's
 powers; and
 what they
 be, Viz,*

But as this world's sun doth effects beget
 diverse, in diverse places, every day,
 here autumn's temperature, there summer's heat ;
 here flowry spring-tide, and there winter grey ;

here even, there morn, here noon, there day, there night;
 melts wax; dries clay; makes flowers, some quick, some
 makes the *Moor* black, and the *European* white, [dead;
 the *American* tawny, and the *east-Indian* red ;

so, in our little world, this soul of ours,—
 being only one, and to one body ty'd,—
 doth use on diverse objects diverse powers,
 and so are her effects diversify'd.

*I. The vege-
 tative, or,
 quick'ning
 power :*

Her quick'ning power, in every living part,
 doth as a nurse, or as a mother, serve,
 and doth employ her œconomick art,
 and busy care, her household to preserve ;

here she attracts, and there she doth retain ;
 there she decocts, and doth the food prepare ;
 there she distributes it to every vein ;
 there she expels what she may fitly spare :

this power to *Martha* may compared be,
 which busy was the household things to do ;
 or to a *Dryas* living in a tree ;
 for even to trees this power is proper too.

And though the soul may not this power extend
 out of the body, but still use it there,
 she hath a power, which she abroad doth send,
 which views and searcheth all things every where :

*II. The power
 of sense: first,
 apprehensive;
 divided into*

this power is, sense ; which from abroad doth bring
 the colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,
 the quantity, and shape, of every thing
 within the earth's center, or heaven's circle, found:

this power in parts made fit fit objects takes,
 yet not the things, but forms of things, receives ;
 as when a seal in wax impression makes,
 the print therein, but not itself, it leaves :

and though things sensible be numberless,
 but only five the sense's organs be ;
 and in those five all things their forms express,
 which we can touch, taste, smell, or hear, or see :

these are the windows through the which she views
 the light of knowledge, which is life's load-star ;
 and yet, whiles she these spectacles doth use,
 oft worldly things seem greater than they are.

fight,

First, the two eyes, which have the seeing power,
 stand as one watchman, spy, or sentinel,
 being plac'd aloft within the head's high tower ;
 and though both see, yet both but one thing tell :

these mirrors take into their little space
 the forms of moon, and sun, and every star,
 of every body, and of every place,
 which with the world's wide arms embraced are ;

yet their best object, and their noblest use,
 hereafter in another world will be,
 when God in them shall heavenly light infuse,
 that face to face they may their maker see :

here are they guides which do the body lead,
 which else would stumble in eternal night ;
 here in this world they do much knowledge read,
 and are the casements which admit most light :

they are her farthest-reaching instrument ;
 yet they no beams unto their objects send,
 but all the rays are from their objects sent,
 and in the eyes with pointed angles end :

if the objects be far off, the rays do meet
 in a sharp point, and so things seem but small ;
 if they be near, their rays do spread and fleet, [al ;
 and make broad points, that things seem great with-

lastly, nine things to sight required are,—
the power to see, the light, the visible thing,
being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,
clear space, and time the form distinct to bring :

Thus see we how the soul doth use the eyes,
as instruments of her quick power of sight;
hence do the arts optick, and fair painting, rise,
painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

Now let us hear how she the ears employs :
their office is, the troubl'd air to take ;
which in their mazes forms a sound or noise,
whereof herself doth true distinction make :

bearing,

these wickets of the soul are plac'd on high,
because all sounds do lightly mount aloft,
and, that they may not pierce too violently,
they are delay'd by turns and windings oft ;

for should the voice directly strike the brain,
it would astonish and confuse it much,
therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
that it the organ may more gently touch ;

as streams, which with their winding banks do play,
stopt by their creeks run softly through the plain,
so in the ear's labyrinth the voice doth stray,
and doth with easy motion touch the brain :

it is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense ;
 for even the ears of such as have no skill
 perceive a discord, and conceive offence,
 and, knowing not what is good, yet find the ill :

and though this sense first gentle musick found,
 her proper object is the speech of men ;
 but that speech, chiefly, which God's heralds found,
 when their tongues utter what his spirit did pen :

our eyes have lids, our ears still ope we see,
 quickly to hear how every tale is proved :
 our eyes still move, our ears unmoved be, [ed :
 that, though we hear quick, we be not quickly mov-

Thus, by the organs of the eye and ear,
 the soul with knowledge doth herself endue ;
 thus she her prison may with pleasure bear,
 having such prospects all the world to view :

these conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
 but the other three attend the body still ;
 for by their services the soul doth find,
 what things are to the body good, or ill.

tasting,

The body's life with meats, and air, is fed ;
 therefore the soul doth use the tasting power,
 in veins, which, through the tongue and palate spread,
 distinguish every relish, sweet, and sour :

this is the body's nurse ; but since man's wit
found the art of cookery, to delight his sense,
more bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,
than with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

Next, in the nostrils she doth use the smell ; *smelling,*
as God the breath of life in them did give,
so makes he now this power in them to dwell,
to judge all airs whereby we breath and live :

this sense is also mistress of an art,
which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell ;
though this dear art doth little good impart,
since they smell best that do of nothing smell :

and yet good scents do purify the brain,
awake the fancy, and the wits refine ;
hence old devotion incense did ordain,
to make men's spirits more apt for thoughts divine.

Lastly, the feeling power, which is life's root, *feeling ;*
through every living part itself doth shed,
by sinews, which extend from head to foot,
and, like a net, all o'er the body spread ;

much like a subtle spider, which doth sit
in middle of her web, which spreadeth wide,
if ought do touch the utmost thread of it,
she feels it instantly on every side :

by touch the first pure qualities we learn,
 which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist, and dry;
 by touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discern;
 by touch, sweet pleasure, and sharp pain, we try :

These are the outward instruments of sense;
 these are the guards, which every thing must pass
 ere it approach the mind's intelligence,
 or touch the fantasy, wit's looking-glass.

*imagination,
 or, the com-
 mon sense,* And yet these porters, which all things admit,
 themselves perceive not, nor discern, the things;
 one common power doth in the forehead sit,
 which all their proper forms together brings :

for all those nerves, which spirits of sense do bear,
 and to those outward organs spreading go,
 united are, as in a center, there;
 and there this power those sundry forms doth know :

those outward organs present things receive,
 this inward sense doth absent things retain;
 yet straight transmits all forms she doth perceive
 unto a higher region of the brain :

fantasy, and Where fantasy, near handmaid to the mind,
 sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
 compounds in one things diverse in their kind;
 compares the black and white, the great and small;

besides, those single forms she doth esteem,
and in her balance doth their values try,
where some things good, and some things ill do seem,
and neutral some in her fantastick eye :

this busy power is working day and night ;
for, when the outward senses rest do take,
a thousand dreams, fantastical, and light,
with fluttering wings do keep her still awake :

Yet always all may not afore her be,
successively she this and that intends ;
therefore, such forms as she doth cease to see
to memory's large volume she commends :

*sensitive me-
mory :*

this liedger-book lies in the brain behind,
like *Janus*' eye, which in his poll was set ;
the lay-man's tables, store-house of the mind,
which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here sense's apprehension end doth take ;
as, when a stone is into water cast,
one circle doth another circle make,
'till the last circle touch the bank at last.

But, though the apprehensive power do pause,
the motive virtue then begins to move,
which in the heart below doth passions cause,
joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and love :

*secondly, mo-
tive; divid-
ed into — the
passions of
sense,*

these passions have a free commanding might,
and diverse actions in our life do breed ;
for all acts, done without true reason's light,
do from the passion of the sense proceed :

But, sith the brain doth lodge these powers of sense,
how makes it in the heart those passions spring ?
The mutual love, the kind intelligence
'twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth bring :

from the kind heat, which in the heart doth reign,
the spirits of life do their beginning take ;
these spirits of life, ascending to the brain,
when they come there the spirits of sense do make ;

these spirits of sense, in fantasy's high court,
judge of the forms of objects, ill, or well ;
and so they send a good, or ill, report
down to the heart, where all affections dwell ;

if the report be good, it causeth love,
and longing hope, and well-assured joy ;
if it be ill, then doth it hatred move,
and trembling fear, and vexing grief's annoy :

yet were these natural affections good,
(for they, which want them, blocks, or devils, be)
if reason in her first perfection stood,
that she might nature's passions rectify.

Besides, another motive power doth rise
 out of the heart ; from whose pure blood do spring *the motion of*
 the vital spirits, which, born in arteries, *life, and*
 continual motion to all parts do bring :

this makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire ; *local motion :*
 this holds the sinews, like a bridle's reins,
 and makes the body to advance, retire,
 to turn, or stop, as she them slacks, or strains.

Thus the soul tunes the body's instrument ;
 these harmonies she makes with life, and sense ;
 the organs fit are by the body lent,
 but the actions flow from the soul's influence.

But now I have a will, yet want a wit, *III. The in-*
 to express the workings of the wit, and will ; *tellectual*
 which, though their root be to the body knit, *powers of*
 use not the body, when they use their skill : *the soul ;*

these powers the nature of the soul declare,
 for to man's soul these only proper be ;
 for on the earth no other wights there are,
 which have these heavenly powers, but only we.

The wit — the pupil of the soul's clear eye, *wit,*
 and in man's world the only shining star —
 looks in the mirror of the fantasy,
 where all the gatherings of the senses are ;

Q

from thence this power the shapes of things abstracts,
 and them within her passive part receives,
 which are enlighten'd by that part which acts,
 and so the forms of single things perceives ;

but, after,— by discoursing to and fro,
 anticipating, and comparing, things,—
 she doth all universal natures know,
 and all effects into their causes brings :

[ground,
 when she rates things, and moves from ground to
 the name of reason she obtains by this ;
 but, when by reasons she the truth hath found,
 and standeth fixt, she understanding is ;

when her assent she lightly doth encline
 to either part, she is opinion light ;
 but, when she doth by principles define
 a certain truth, she hath true judgment's sight ;

and as from sense's reason's work doth spring,
 so, many reasons understanding gain,
 and many understandings knowledge bring,
 and by much knowledge wisdom we obtain ;

so, many stairs we must ascend upright,
 ere we attain to wisdom's high degree ;
 so doth this earth eclipse our reason's light,
 which else in instants would, like angels, see :

yet hath the fowl a dowry natural,
and sparks of light some common things to see,
not being a blank where nought is writ at all,
but what the writer will may written be ;

for nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,—
prescribing truth to wit, and good to will,—
which do accuse, or else excuse, all men,
for every thought, or practise, good, or ill ;

and yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
making the world, and all therein, their food,
as fire so spreads as no place holdeth it,
being nourish'd still with new supplies of wood ;
[fin,
and though these sparks were almost quench'd with
yet they, whom that just one hath justify'd,
have them encreas'd with heavenly light within,
and, like the widow's oil, still multiply'd.

And, as this wit should goodness truly know, *will, and*
we have a will which that true good should choose ;
though will do oft, when wit false forms doth show,
take ill for good, and good for ill refuse :

will puts in practise what the wit deviseth ;
will ever acts, and wit contemplates still ;
and, as from wit the power of wisdom riseth,
all other virtues daughters are of will :

will is the prince, and wit the counsellor,
 which doth for common good in council sit ;
 and, when wit is resolv'd, will lends her power,
 to execute what is advis'd by wit :

wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul
 of fancy's court the judgments false and vain ;
 will holds the royal scepter in the soul,
 and on the passions of the heart doth reign :

will is as free as any emperor,
 nought can restrain her gentle liberty ;
 no tyrant, nor no torment, hath the power
 to make us will, when we unwilling be.

*intellectual
 memory.*

To these high powers a store-house doth pertain,
 where they all arts, and general reasons, lay ;
 which in the soul even after death remain,
 and no *Letbean* flood can wash away.

*Reflections
 upon the
 soul, and it's
 powers.*

This is the soul, and those her virtues be ;
 which though they have their sundry proper ends,
 and one exceeds another in degree,
 yet each on other mutually depends :

our wit is given, almighty God to know ;
 our will is given, to love him being known ;
 but God could not be known to us below,
 but by his works, which through the sense are shown :

and as the wit doth reap the fruits of ſenſe,
ſo doth the quick'ning power the ſenſes feed ;
thus, while they do their ſundry gifts diſpenſe,
the beſt the ſervice of the leaſt doth need :

even ſo the king his magiſtrates do ſerve ;
yet commons feed both magiſtrate and king ;
the commons' peace the magiſtrates preſerve, [ſpring.
by borrow'd power, which from the prince doth

The quick'ning power would be, and ſo would reſt ;
the ſenſe would not be only, but be well ;
but wit's ambition longeth to be beſt,
for it deſires in endleſs bliſs to dwell :

And theſe three powers three ſorts of men do make :
for ſome, like plants, their veins do only fill ;
and ſome, like beaſts, their ſenſe's pleaſure take ;
and ſome, like angels, do contemplate ſtill :

therefore, the fables turn'd ſome men to flowers ;
and others did with brutiſh forms inveſt ;
and did of others make celeftial powers,
like angels, which ſtill travel, yet ſtill reſt :

Yet theſe three powers are not three ſouls, but one ;
as one and two are both contain'd in three,
three being one number by itſelf alone ;
a ſhadow of the bleſſed Trinity.

An acclamation.

O, what is man, great Maker of mankind,
that thou to him so great respect dost bear;
that thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer ?

o, what a lively life, what heavenly power,
what spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
how great, how plentiful, how rich a dower,
dost thou within this dying flesh inspire !

thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine,
but thy whole image thou in man hast writ;
there cannot be a creature more divine,
except, like thee, it should be infinite :

but it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd man, since God a man became ;
the angels do admire this mystery,
and are astonish'd when they view the same.

*That the soul
is immortal,
and cannot
die :*

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
nor made them on the body's life depend ;
the soul, though made in time, survives for aye,
and, though it hath beginning, sees no end :

her only end is never-ending bliss,
which is, the eternal face of God to see,
who last of ends, and first of causes, is ;
and, to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then and dead a soul hath he,
 which thinks his soul doth with his body die ;
 or, thinks not so, but so would have it be,
 that he might sin with more security ?

for though these light and vicious persons say,
Our soul is but a smock, or airy blast,
which, during life, doth in our nostrils play,
and, when we die, doth turn to wind at last ;

although they say, *Come, let us eat, and drink ;*
our life is but a spark, which quickly dies ;
 though thus they say, they know not what to think,
 but in their minds ten thousand doubts arise :

therefore, no hereticks desire to spread
 their light opinions, like these epicures ;
 for so their staggering thoughts are comforted,
 and other men's silent their doubt assures :

Yet, though these men against their conscience strive,
 there are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
 which cannot be extinct, but still revive,
 that, though they would, they cannot quite be beasts ;

but who so makes a mirror of his mind,
 and doth with patience view himself therein,
 his soul's eternity shall clearly find,
 though the other beauties be defac'd with sin.

1ſt. reaſon ; Firſt, in man's mind we find an appetite
drawn from to learn and know the truth of every thing,
the deſire of which is connatural, and born with it,
knowledge : and from the eſſence of the ſoul doth ſpring ;

with this deſire, ſhe hath a native might
 to find out every truth, if ſhe had time
 the innumerable effects to ſort aright,
 and by degrees from cauſe to cauſe to climb :

but, ſince our life ſo faſt away doth ſlide
 as doth a hungry eagle through the wind,
 or as a ſhip tranſported with the tide,
 which in their paſſage leave no print behind ;

of which ſwift little time ſo much we ſpend,
 while ſome few things we through the ſenſe do ſtrain,
 that our ſhort race of life is at an end,
 ere we the principles of ſkill attain ;

or God (which to vain ends hath nothing done)
 in vain this appetite, and power, hath given,
 or elſe our knowledge, which is here begun,
 hereafter muſt be perfected in heaven.

God never gave a power to one whole kind,
 but moſt part of that kind did uſe the ſame ;
 moſt eyes have perfect ſight, though ſome be blind ;
 moſt legs can nimbly run, though ſome be lame :

but, in this life, no soul the truth can know
so perfectly as it hath power to do ;
if, then, perfection be not found below,
an higher place must make her mount thereto.

Again, how can she but immortal be,
when, with the motions of both will and wit,
she still aspireth to eternity,
and never rests, 'till she attain to it ?

*2d. reason ;
drawn from
the motion of
the soul :*

water, in conduit-pipes, can rise no higher
than the well-head from whence it first doth spring ;
then, since to eternal God she doth aspire,
she cannot be but an eternal thing.

All moving things to other things do move
of the same kind, which shews their nature such ;
so earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
'till both their proper elements do touch :

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
from out her womb at last doth take a birth,
and runs a nymph along the grassy plains ;

long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land
from whose soft side she first did issue make,
she tastes all places, turns to every hand,
her flowry banks unwilling to forsake ;

yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
as that her course doth make no final stay,
'till she herself unto the ocean marry,
within whose watry bosom first she lay :

even so the soul, which in this earthy mold
the spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
because at first she doth the earth behold,
and only this material world she views,

at first our mother earth she holdeth dear,
and doth embrace the world, and worldly things,
she flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
and mounts not up with her celestial wings ;

yet under heaven she cannot light on ought
that with her heavenly nature doth agree,
she cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
she cannot in this world contented be ;

For who did ever yet in honour, wealth,
or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health ?
or, having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind ?

then, as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh, and gay,
she lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
but, pleas'd with none, doth rise and soar away ;

so, when the soul finds here no true content,
and, like *Noah's* dove, can no sure footing take,
she doth return from whence she first was sent,
and flies to him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
and never rests, 'till it the first attain ;
will, seeking good, finds many middle ends,
but never stays, 'till it the last do gain :

now God the truth, and first of causes, is,
God is the last good end, which lasteth still,
being *alpha*, and *omega*, nam'd for this,
alpha to wit, *omega* to the will ;

fith then her heavenly kind she doth bewray,
in that to God she doth directly move,
and on no mortal thing can make her stay,
she cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
she cannot here so well and truly see ;
for this perfection she must yet attend,
'till to her Maker she espoused be :

As a king's daughter, being in person fought
of diverse princes, which do neighbour near,
on none of them can fix a constant thought,
though she to all do lend a gentle ear ;

yet can she love a foreign emperor,
whom of great worth, and power, she hears to be,
if she be woo'd but by embassador,
or but his letters, or his picture, see ;

for well she knows, that, when she shall be brought
into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign,
her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
himself, his state, his glory, and his train :

so, while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
she woo'd and tempted is ten thousand ways
by these great powers which on the earth bear sway,
the wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise ;

with these some time she doth her time beguile,
these do by fits her fantasy possess,
but she distasts them all within a while,
and in the sweetest finds a tediousness ;

but if upon the world's almighty King
she once do fix her humble loving thought,
which by his picture, drawn in every thing,
and sacred messages, her love hath sought,

of him, she thinks, she cannot think too much,
this honey, tasted still, is ever sweet,
the pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such
as almost here she with her bliss doth meet ;

but when in heaven ſhe ſhall his eſſence ſee,
 this is her ſovereign good, and perfect bliſs,
 her longings, wiſhings, hopes, all finiſh'd be,
 her joys are full, her motions reſt in this ;

there is ſhe crown'd with garlands of content ;
 there doth ſhe manna eat, and nectar drink ;
 that preſence doth ſuch high delights preſent,
 as never tongue could ſpeak, nor heart could think.

For this, the better ſouls do oft deſpiſe
 the body's death, and do it oft deſire ;
 for, when on earth the burthen'd balance lies,
 the empty part is lifted up the higher.

*3d. reaſon ;
 from contempt
 of death in
 the better ſort
 of ſpirits :*

But, if the body's death the ſoul ſhould kill,
 then death muſt needs againſt her nature be,
 and, were it ſo, all ſouls would fly it ſtill,
 for nature hates and ſhuns her contrary ;

for all things elſe, which nature makes to be,
 their being to preſerve are chiefly taught,
 for, though ſome things deſire a change to ſee,
 yet never thing did long to turn to nought :

if then by death the ſoul were quenched quite,
 ſhe could not thus againſt her nature run,
 ſince every ſenſeleſs thing, by nature's light,
 doth preſervation ſeek, deſtruction ſhun ;

nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
 if death took all, that they should all agree
 before this life their honour to prefer,
 For what is praise to things that nothing be ?

Again, if by the body's prop she stand,
 if on the body's life her life depend,
 as *Meleager's* on the fatal brand,
 the body's good she only would intend ;

we should not find her half so brave and bold,
 to lead it to the wars, and to the seas,
 to make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
 when it might feed with plenty, rest with ease :

doubtless, all souls have a surviving thought ;
 therefore of death we think with quiet mind ;
 but, if we think of being turn'd to nought,
 a trembling horror in our souls we find.

41b. reason ; And, as the better spirit, when she doth bear
from the fear a scorn of death, doth shew she cannot die ;
of death in so, when the wicked soul death's face doth fear,
wicked souls : even then she proves her own eternity.

For, when death's form appears, she feareth not
 an utter quenching or extinguishment,
 she would be glad to meet with such a lot,
 that so she might all future ill prevent ;

but she doth doubt what after may befall ;
 for nature's law accuseth her within,
 and say'th, *'Tis true that is affirm'd by all,*
that after death there is a pain for sin ;

then she, which hath been hoodwink'd from her birth,
 doth first herself within death's mirror see,
 and, when her body doth return to earth,
 she first takes care how she alone shall be :

who ever sees these irreligious men
 with burthen of a sickness weak and faint,
 but hears them talking of religion then,
 and vowing of their souls to every saint ?

when was there ever curst atheist brought
 unto the gibbet, but he did adore
 that blessed Power, which he had fet at nought,
 scorn'd, and blasphemed, all his life before ?

these light vain persons still are drunk, and mad,
 with surfeitings, and pleasures of their youth ;
 but, at their deaths, they are fresh, sober, sad,
 then they discern, and then they speak, the truth.

If then all souls, both good and bad, do teach
 with general voice, that souls can never die,
 'tis not man's flattering glose, but nature's speech,
 which, like God's oracle, can never lie.

*5th. reason ;
from the ge-
neral desire
of immorta-
lity :*

Hence ſprings that univerſal ſtrong deſire,
which all men have, of immortality ;
not ſome few ſpirits unto this thought aſpire,
but all men's minds in this united be :

then this deſire of nature is not vain,
ſhe covets not impoſſibilities ;
fond thoughts may fall into ſome idle brain,
but one aſſent of all is ever wiſe :

From hence that general care and ſtudy ſprings,
that launching and progreſſion of the mind,
which all men have ſo much of future things
as they no joy do in the preſent find :

from this deſire that main deſire proceeds,
which all men have, ſurviving fame to gain
by tombs, by books, by memorable deeds ;
for ſhe, that this deſires, doth ſtill remain :

hence, laſtly, ſprings care of poſterities ;
for things their kind would everlaſting make ;
hence is it, that old men do plant young trees,
the fruit whereof another age ſhall take.

If we theſe rules unto ourſelves apply,
and view them by reflection of the mind,
all theſe true notes of immortality
in our heart's tables we ſhall written find.

And though some impious wits do questions move,
 and doubt, if souls immortal be, or no,
 that doubt their immortality doth prove,
 because they seem immortal things to know.

*6th. reason ;
 from the very
 doubt and
 disputation of
 immortality :*

For he, which reasons on both parts doth bring,
 doth some things mortal, some immortal, call ;
 now, if himself were but a mortal thing,
 he could not judge immortal things at all :

for, when we judge, our minds we mirrors make ;
 and, as those glasses, which material be,
 forms of material things do only take,
 for thoughts, or minds, in them we cannot see ;

so, when we God, and angels, do conceive,
 and think of truth, which is eternal too,
 then do our minds immortal forms receive,
 which, if they mortal were, they could not do :

and as, if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
 and that conception should distinctly show,
 they should the name of reasonable bear,
 for, without reason, none could reason know ;

so, when the soul mounts with so high a wing
 as of eternal things she doubts can move,
 she proofs of her eternity doth bring
 even when she strives the contrary to prove :

R

for even the thought of immortality,
 being an act done without the body's aid,
 shews, that herself alone could move, and be,
 although the body in the grave were lay'd;

and if herself she can so lively move,
 and never need a foreign help to take,
 then must her motion everlasting prove,
 because herself she never can forsake.

*That it cannot
 be destroyed:*

But, though corruption cannot touch the mind
 from any cause that from itself may spring,
 some outward cause fate hath perhaps design'd,
 which to the soul may utter quenching bring.

*it's cause
 ceaseth not;*

Perhaps, her cause may cease, and she may die:
 God is her cause, his word her maker was,
 which shall stand fixt for all eternity,
 when heaven and earth shall like a shadow pass.

*it hath no
 contrary;*

Perhaps, some thing, repugnant to her kind,
 by strong antipathy the soul may kill:
 But what can be contrary to the mind,
 which holds all contraries in concord still?

she lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
 and life, and death, and peace, and war, together;
 ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,
 yet neither troubleth or disturbeth either.

Perhaps, for want of food the soul may pine : *cannot die for*
 But that were strange ; since all things, bad, and good, *want of food ;*
 since all God's creatures, mortal, and divine,
 since God himself is her eternal food :

bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
 and so are subject to mortality ;
 but truth, which is eternal, feeds the mind,
 the tree of life, which will not let her die.

Yet violence, perhaps, the soul destroys ; *violence cannot*
 as lightning, or the sun-beams, dim the sight ; *destroy it ;*
 or as a thunder-clap, or cannons' noise,
 the power of hearing doth astonish quite :

But high perfection to the soul it brings,
 to encounter things most excellent and high ;
 for, when she views the best and greatest things,
 they do not hurt, but rather clear, her eye :

besides, as *Homer's* gods 'gainst armies stand,
 her subtle form can through all dangers slide ;
 bodies are captive, minds endure no band,
 and will is free, and can no force abide.

But, lastly, time, perhaps, at last hath power *time cannot*
 to spend her lively powers, and quench her light : *destroy it.*
 But old god *Saturn*, which doth all devour,
 doth cherish her, and still augment her might :

heaven waxeth old, and all the spheres above
 shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
 and time itself in time shall cease to move;
 only the soul survives, and lives for aye:

our bodies, every foot-step that they make,
 march towards death, until at last they die,
 whether we work, or play, or sleep, or wake,
 our life doth pass, and with time's wings doth fly;

but to the soul time doth perfection give,
 and adds fresh lustre to her beauty still,
 and makes her in eternal youth to live,
 like her which nectar to the gods doth fill;

the more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;
 the more she feeds, her strength doth more encrease;
 And what is strength, but an effect of youth?
 which if time nurse, how can it ever cease?

*Objections
 against the
 immortality
 of the soul:*

But now these epicures begin to smile,
 and say, My doctrine is more safe than true;
 and that I fondly do myself beguile,
 while these receiv'd opinions I ensue:

*1st. objection; For, what, say they, doth not the soul wax old?
 How comes it then, that aged men do dote?
 and that their brains grow sottish, dull, and cold,
 which were in youth the only spirits of note?*

*What, are not souls within themselves corrupted?
How can there idiots then by nature be?
how is it, that some wits are interrupted,
that now they dazl'd are, now clearly see?*

These questions make a subtle argument,
to such as think both sense and reason one;
to whom nor agent from the instrument,
nor power of working from the work is known:

answer:

but they, that know that wit can shew no skill
but when she things in sense's glass doth view,
do know, if accident this glass do spill,
it nothing sees, or sees the false for true.

For, if that region of the tender brain,—
where the inward sense of fantasy should sit,
and the outward senses' gatherings should retain,—
by nature, or by chance, become unfit;

either at first incapable it is,
and so few things, or none at all, receives;
or mar'd by accident, which haps amiss,
and so amiss it every thing perceives:

then, as a cunning prince that useth spies,
if they return no news, doth nothing know;
but if they make advertisement of lies,
the prince's council all awry do go;

even so the soul,— to such a body knit,
whose inward senses undisposed be,
and, to receive the forms of things, unfit,—
where nothing is brought in, can nothing see :

this makes the idiot; which hath yet a mind
able to know the truth, and choose the good,
if the such figures in the brain did find
as might be found if it in temper stood :

but, if a frenzy do possess the brain,
it so disturbs and blots the forms of things,
as fantasy proves altogether vain,
and to the wit no true relation brings ;

then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
build fond conclusions on those idle grounds,
then doth it fly the good, and ill pursue,
believing all that this false spy propounds ;

but, purge the humours, and the rage appease
which this distemper in the fancy wrought,
then will the wit, which never had disease,
discourse, and judge, discreetly as it ought :

so, though the clouds eclipse the sun's fair light,
yet from his face they do not take one beam ;
so have our eyes their perfect power of sight,
even when they look into a troubl'd stream :

Then, these defects in sense's organs be,
not in the soul, or in her working might;
she cannot lose her perfect power to see,
though mists, and clouds, do choke her window-light:

these imperfections, then, we must impute
not to the agent but the instrument;
we must not blame *Apollo*, but his lute,
if false accords from her false strings be sent:

the soul, in all, hath one intelligence;
though too much moisture in an infant's brain,
and too much dryness in an old man's sense,
cannot the prints of outward things retain:

then doth the soul want work, and idle sit;
and this we childishness, and dotage, call;
yet hath she then a quick and active wit,
if she had stuff, and tools to work withal;

for, give her organs fit, and objects fair,
give but the aged man the young man's strength,
let but *Medea* *Æson's* youth repair,
and straight she shews her wonted excellence:

as a good harper stricken far in years,
into whose cunning hands the gout is fall,
all his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
but on his harp plays ill, or not at all;

but if *Apollo* take his gout away,
 that he his nimble fingers may apply,
Apollo's self will envy at his play,
 and all the world applaud his minstrelsy :

Then dotage is no weakness of the mind,
 but of the sense : for, if the mind did waste,
 in all old men we should this wasting find,
 when they some certain term of years had pass'd ;

but most of them, even to their dying hour,
 retain a mind more lively, quick, and strong,
 and better use their understanding power, [young ;
 than when their brains were warm, and limbs were

for, though the body wasted be, and weak,
 and though the leaden form of earth it bears,
 yet, when we hear that half-dead body speak,
 we oft are ravish'd to the heavenly spheres.

2d. objection; Yet, say these men, if all her organs die,
then hath the soul no power her powers to use ;
so, in a sort, her powers extinct do lie,
when unto act she cannot them reduce :

and, if her powers be dead, then what is she ?
for since from every thing some powers do spring,
and from those powers some acts proceeding be,
then, kill both power and act, and kill the thing.

Doubtless, the body's death, when once it dies, *answer :*
the instruments of sense and life doth kill;
so that she cannot use those faculties,
although their root rest in her substance still :

but as, the body living, wit, and will,
can judge, and choose, without the body's aid,
though on such objects they are working still
as through the body's organs are convey'd ;

so, when the body serves her turn no more,
and all her senses are extinct and gone,
she can discourse of what she learn'd before,
in heavenly contemplations all alone :

so, if one man well on a lute doth play,
and have good horsemanship, and learning's skill,
though both his lute and horse we take away,
doth he not keep his former learning still ?

he keeps it, doubtless, and can use it too,
and doth both the other skills in power retain,
and can of both the proper actions do,
if with his lute or horse he meet again ;

so, though the instruments — by which we live,
and view the world — the body's death do kill,
yet, with the body, they shall all revive,
and all their wonted offices fulfill.

3d. objection; *But, how 'till then shall she herself employ?
her spies are dead, which brought home news before;
what she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy,
but she hath means to understand no more:*

*then, what do those poor souls, which nothing get?
or, what do those, which get, and cannot keep,
like buckets bottomless, which all out let?
those souls, for want of exercise, must sleep.*

answer: See, how man's soul against itself doth strive! —
Why should we not have other means to know?
as children, while within the womb they live,
feed by the navel; here they feed not so:

these children, if they had some use of sense,
and should, by chance, their mothers talking hear,
that in short time they shall come forth from thence,
would fear their birth more than our death we fear;

they would cry out, *If we this place shall leave,
then shall we break our tender navel-strings;
How shall we then our nourishment receive,
since our sweet food no other conduit brings?*

and if a man should to these babes reply,
that into this fair world they shall be brought,
where they shall see the earth, the sea, the sky,
the glorious sun, and all that God hath wrought;

that there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,
 which by their mouths they shall with pleasure take,
 which shall be cordial too, as well as sweet,
 and of their little limbs tall bodies make ;

this would they think a fable, even as we
 do think the story of the golden age ;
 or as some sensual spirits amongst us be,
 which hold the world to come a feigned stage ;

yet shall these infants after find all true,
 though then thereof they nothing could conceive ;
 as soon as they are born the world they view,
 and with their mouths the nurser's milk receive :

so, when the soul is born, (for death is nought
 but the soul's birth, and so we should it call)
 ten thousand things she sees, beyond her thought,
 and in an unknown manner knows them all ;

then doth she see by spectacles no more,
 she hears not by report of double spies,
 herself in instances doth all things explore,
 for each thing present and before her lies.

But still this crew with questions me pursues ;

*If souls deceas'd, say they, still living be,
 why do they not return, to bring us news
 of that strange world, where they such wonders see ?*

*4th. objec-
 tion ;*

answer :

Fond men! — If we believe, that men do live
 under the zenith of both frozen poles,
 though none come thence advertisement to give,
 why bear we not the like faith of our souls?

the soul hath here on earth no more to do,
 than we have business in our mother's womb;
 What child doth covet to return thereto,
 although all children first from thence do come?

but as *Noah's* pigeon, which return'd no more,
 did shew the footing found for all the flood;
 so, when good souls, departed through death's door,
 come not again, it shews their dwelling good:

and, doubtless, such a soul as up doth mount,
 and doth appear before her Maker's face,
 holds this vile world in such a base account,
 as she looks down, and scorns this wretched place;

but, such as are detruded down to hell,
 either for shame they still themselves retire,
 or, ty'd in chains, they in close prison dwell,
 and cannot come, although they much desire.

5th. objection; Well, well, say these vain spirits, though vain it is,
to think, our souls to heaven, or hell, do go,
politick men have thought it not amiss
to spread this lie, to make men virtuous so.

Do you then think this moral virtue good ?

anſwer.

I think, you do, even for your private gain ;
for common-wealths by virtue ever ſtood,
and common good the private doth contain :

if then this virtue you do love ſo well,
have you no means her practice to maintain,
but you this lie muſt to the people tell,
that good ſouls live in joy, and ill in pain ?

muſt virtue be preſerved by a lie ?
virtue and truth do ever beſt agree ;
by this it ſeems to be a verity,
ſince the effects ſo good and virtuous be :

for as the devil father is of lies,
ſo, vice and miſchief do his lies enſue ;
then this good doctrine did not he deviſe,
but made this lie, which ſay'th, it is not true :

For how can that be falſe, which every tongue,
of every mortal man, affirms for true ?
which truth hath in all ages been ſo ſtrong,
as, loadſtone-like, all hearts it ever drew :

for not the chriſtian, or the *Jew*, alone,
the *Persian*, or the *Turk*, acknowledge this,
this myſtery to the wild *Indian* known,
and to the cannibal, and *Tartar*, is ;

this rich *Affryan* drug grows every where,
as common in the north as in the east ;
this doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
but of itself is native in the breast ;

none, that acknowledge God or providence,
their soul's eternity did ever doubt,
for all religion takes her root from hence,
which no poor naked nation lives without :

for, since the world for man created was,
(for only man the use thereof doth know)
if man do perish like a wither'd grass,
how doth God's wisdom order things below ?

and, if that wisdom still wise ends propound,
why made he man of other creatures king,
when, if he perish here, there is not found
in all the world so poor and vile a thing ?

if death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
since for our service all things else were wrought,
that daws, and trees, and rocks, should last so long,
when we must in an instant pass to nought :

But blest be that great Power, which hath us blest
with longer life than heaven, or earth, can have,
which hath infus'd into one mortal breast
immortal powers not subject to the grave ;

for, though the ſoul do ſeem her grave to bear,
and in this world is almoſt bury'd quick,
we have no cauſe the body's death to fear,
for, when the ſhell is broke, out comes a chick.

For, as the ſoul's eſſential powers are three,
the quick'ning power, the power of ſenſe, and reaſon,
three kinds of life to her deſigned be,
which perfect theſe three powers in their due ſeaſon :

*That there
are three
kinds of life,
anſwerable
to the three
powers of
the ſoul.*

the firſt life in the mother's womb is ſpent,
where ſhe her nurſing power doth only uſe,
where when ſhe finds defect of nourishment,
ſhe expels her body, and this world ſhe views ;

this we call birth, but, if the child could ſpeak,
he death would call it, and of nature 'plain,
that ſhe would thruſt him out, naked, and weak,
and, in his paſſage, pinch him with ſuch pain :

yet out he comes, and in this world is plac'd,
where all his ſenſes in perfection be,
where he finds flowers to ſmell, and fruits to taſte,
and ſounds to hear, and fundry forms to ſee ;

when he hath paſſ'd ſome time upon this ſtage,
his reaſon then a little ſeems to wake, [age,
which, though ſhe ſpring when ſenſe doth fade with
yet can ſhe here no perfect practice make :

then doth the aspiring soul the body leave,
 which we call death, but, were it known to all
 what life our souls do by this death receive,
 men would it birth, or goal-delivery, call ;

in this third life, reason will be so bright
 as that her spark will like the sun-beams shine,
 and shall of God enjoy the real fight,
 being still encreas'd by influence divine.

*An acclamation ; and
 conclusion of
 the whole.*

O ignorant poor man, what dost thou bear
 lock'd up within the casket of thy breast !
 what jewels, and what riches, hast thou there !
 what heavenly treasure in so weak a chest !

look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
 like those which drown'd *Narcissus* in the flood ;
 honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
 and all that in the world is counted good :

think of her worth ; and think, that God did mean
 this worthy mind should worthy things embrace ;
 blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
 nor her dishonour with thy passions base ;

kill not her quick'ning power with surfeitings,
 mar not her sense with sensuality,
 cast not her serious wit on idle things,
 make not her free will slave to vanity :

and, when thou think'st of her eternity,
think not that death against her nature is,
think it a birth, and, when thou go'st to die,
sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss;

and if thou, like a child, did'st fear before,
being in the dark, where thou did'st nothing see,
now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more,
now, when thou dy'st, thou can'st not hood-wink'd
[be :

And, thou, my soul,— which turn'st thy curious eye,
to view the beams of thine own form divine,—
know, that thou can'st know nothing perfectly,
while thou art clouded with this flesh of mine ;

take heed of over-weening, and compare
thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train ;
study the best and highest things that are,
but of thyself an humble thought retain ;

cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
the glory of thy Maker's sacred name,
use all thy powers that blessed Power to praise,
which gives thee power to be, and use the same.

Editions, consulted:

- * a. *Nosce teipsum.* | *This Oracle expounded in two | Elegies.* | 1. Of Humane knowledge. | 2. Of the Soule of Man, and the immortalitie | thereof. | LONDON, | Printed by *Richard Field* for *John Standish.* | 1599. (4°. M. Ded.)

b. An imperfect copy; the title-page being wanting, and the last leaf: But it is a quarto, like the preceding; and the final signature is the same, *viz.* M: from which circumstance, in conjunction with many others, it should seem to have been only a reimpression of that first edition, (but with difference, as will appear in the various readings that follow) and, perhaps, in the same year.

- c. *Nosce teipsum.* | *This Oracle expounded in two | Elegies.* | 1. Of Humane knowledge. | 2. Of the Soule of Man, and the immortalitie | thereof. | *Newly corrected and amended.* | LONDON, | Printed by *Richard Field* for *John Standish.* | 1602. (4°. L. 4. Ded.)

Various Readings.

p.	f.	l.	
			<i>Davys. (Ded.)</i> c.
	5,	3.	And all b. c.
2;	4,	2.	of God and b.
	6,	1.	Shie-ftolne a. b.
3;	1,	1.	emptie of c.
	4,	1.	know? or,
	6,	3.	those
4;	3,	1.	Mortall b.
	4,	1.	other
	6,	2.	and how therewith b. c.
5;	1,	3.	clocke within our b. c.
	2,	2.	behold the Poles, b. c.
	4,	1.	It is b.
6;	5,	3.	As Seas c.
7;	1,	2.	thereat the b.
	3,	3.	beyond our bookes, c.
	5,	2.	working lees
9;	2,	2.	view <i>deepest</i> in b.
	5,	3.	best <i>Sense</i> with b.
	4,		Seekes not h.
10;	4,	4.	by chaunge a.
12;	1,	3.	owne power b. c.
	2,	2.	latter
	4,		and in eternall b.
	6,	1.	the Spirit b.
13;	4,	1.	doth take b. c.

- 13; 5, 2. one Act of b.
 6, 3. conceiveth b.
 20; 4, 1. do then c.
 5, 2. turn'd c.
 22; 2, 3. and heavenly
 24; 2, 1. matters c.
 25; 2, 4. the other make
 28; 2, 4. hath no
 32; 1, 2. is, nor shall c.
 *36; 4, 4. for her
 42; 4, 1. are the guides c.
 44; 1, 4. what's
 4, 4. perspects
 47; 6, 4. and hope, *deeft in* c.
 49; 6, 2. th'onely a. b.
 50; 1, 2. which is en —
 71; 6, 2. gout does fall,
 73; 5, 4. lute and horse
 78; 6, 3. into our mortal
 79; 6, 3. doth fail with c.
 80; 5, 3. her vertues with c.
 6, 2. Sensualities, c.
 4. vanities. s.
 81; 2, 3. brought the *torch-light*, a.

*From the Press of DRYDEN LEACH, in
 Crane-court, Fleet-street. Oct. 6th. 1759.*

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